

The American Wrestling Alliance
Cordially Invites You To...

HOMECOMING

September 5th, 2015
Crockett Coliseum - Dallas, Texas

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

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

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

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

[The logo and fanfare fade...

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

"WE ARE... FOX SPORTS!"

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

"The recognized symbol of excellence in professional wrestling."

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

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

[Supernova comes tearing across the ring from corner-to-corner, flinging himself into the air and crushing someone with a Heat Wave splash turns into Aaron Anderson throwing Cody Mertz up into the air for the pop-up European uppercut which Mertz counters into a title-winning 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 familiar shot - the freshly-painted exterior of the Crockett Coliseum - as "Monuments" continues to play.

We slowly fade to the interior of the building, showing fans filing in as we catch a glimpse of the renovated Wall of Fame area. A wall mural depicting Blackjack Lynch and Hamilton Graham in the midst of their legendary Texas Death Match is easily spotted.

We cut again, this time into the arena bowl. The arena certainly has a different look since the last time the AWA broadcast from it. New lighting shows off the new seats that make up the modified arena bowl, reducing seating capacity for the usual Combat Corner Wrestling shows that take place in this building. The ringside seats

are a mix of green and white - CCW colors - as are the elevated seats in the bleachers.

We appear to be using the CCW ring, green-white-green ropes and turnbuckles. The ring apron is digitized, flashing and spinning the AWA logo around. Just beyond the ring are the black mats covering the ringside floors - a steel barricade just past that to keep the fans back.

The camera pans through the fans, showing the rabid AWA faithful supporting their favorites. AWA t-shirts - the kind you'd buy at AWAshop.com are littered throughout the crowd... along with quite a few shirts that look to be homemade. Those shirts are stark white, making them stand out amongst the masses, with simple red block print on the front that read "FREE CARVER."

The entrance stage is greatly reduced in size, at a bit of an incline heading towards the ring. A pyramid made up of rectangular video and lighting screens sits at the back of the ramp, creating a unique look for entrances and providing the needed "video wall" for events.

Another cut gets us down to ringside where we find two members of our announce team. On the right stands a familiar face to AWA fans but one not seen on a regular basis in some time. Jason Dane is in a black sportscoat over a white polo with the AWA logo stitched across a pocket on the left pectoral. By his side is the always colorful Bucky Wilde. Wilde is rocking a sparking silver sportscoat over a black dress shirt with a gold tie. Jason Dane finally speaks as the music fades.]

JD: WE! ARE! LIVE! Hello everyone and welcome to downtown Dallas, Texas, right here on The X! Tonight, it's home sweet home for the American Wrestling Alliance and Bucky Wilde, it feels great to be back in Dallas!

BW: Speak for yourself, Dane... this place smells worse than when we left it. Did Henrietta birth another litter in here under the ring or something?!

[Bucky wrinkles up his nose, fanning a hand in front of him as Dane shakes his head.]

JD: We come to you tonight under unique circumstances. Many of you may have tuned in tonight expecting to see us in Mexico City but if you missed the news, due to a breakdown in the relationship between the AWA and SouthWest Lucha Libre, the Copa de Trios event is going on without us. The AWA opted to pull out of the show and present our own special event right here tonight on short notice in Dallas... an event we're calling Homecoming... and these fans in Dallas couldn't be more excited to see the AWA back in town!

BW: Mexico's loss is... well, North Mexico's gain, I guess. Enough of telling these idiot Texas fans how great they are, Dane... let's get to business!

JD: Absolutely. Coming up right out of the gate is our twenty man Battle Royal with the winner moving on to face Shadoe Rage later tonight with the World Television Title on the line!

[On cue, we hear the sounds of Bruce Dickinson's "The Zoo."]

JD: And here comes one of the participants now!

[We cut to the elevated stage, revealing the Engine of Destruction, Brian James, walking into view with the towel hanging over his head.]

JD: Brian James is just one of twenty - let's hear from some of the combatants in this one right now, fans!

[We cut to an AWA backdrop, with The Gladiator pacing around in front of it. He wears his gladiator helmet, is dressed in his wrestling attire, and seldom does he turn his face to the camera as he paces.]

G: THE SCOUNDRELS AND THE CHARLATANS SOUGHT TO CONSPIRE AGAINST THE WORLD CHAMPION AND THE WORTHY WARRIOR WHO HAD BEEN CHOSEN TO DO COMBAT WITH HIM, AND ALTHOUGH THEY WILL TRY TO DENY THEIR MACHINATIONS, THEIR UNDERLYING MOTIVES WERE MADE PLAIN FOR ALL MY GLADIATORS TO SEE! IT WAS THEN THAT I ANSWERED THE SUMMON FROM JUPITER AND JUNO, MAKE MY PRESENCE KNOWN TO HARRISON FAWCETT AND HIS CO-CONSPIRATORS, MAKE THEM TREMBLE BEFORE THE POWER OF THE GLADIATOR AND REMIND THEM OF THE DAY OF RECKONING THAT IS SOON TO COME UPON THEM ALL!

[He now turns toward the camera, raising his arm and pointing a finger toward it.]

G: AND TONIGHT, I SHALL DELIVER THAT MESSAGE TO FAWCETT AND KING ONI, RIP THROUGH THE LOST BOY AND PORTER CROWLEY, LET THEM SPREAD THE WORD BACK TO THEM THAT THE POWER OF THE GLADIATOR SHALL OVERCOME ALL THEIR ATTEMPTS TO CONSPIRE AGAINST THOSE WHO SEEK WHAT IS RIGHT, WHAT IS NOBLE AND WHAT IS TRULY WORTHY OF GLORY! BUT TONIGHT AS WELL, COMES YET ANOTHER OPPORTUNITY AS I MAKE MY WAY THROUGH THESE LANDS, AN OPPORTUNITY TO SEEK YET A HIGHER CALLING, TO SEEK A COVETED PRIZE CURRENTLY HELD BY ONE OF THE MANY MONGRELS WHO INFEST THIS TERRITORY! AND THAT MEANS NOT ONLY RIPPING THROUGH THE LOST BOY AND PORTER CROWLEY, BUT SEVENTEEN OTHERS WHO STAND IN MY WAY, BE THEY NORMALS, SCOUNDRELS OR THOSE TRULY WORTHY OF NOBLE COMBAT!

[He looks upward and raises his arms.]

G: JUPITER AND JUNO, I SHALL NOT LET YOU DOWN! I SHALL OVERCOME ALL WHO DARE TO OPPOSE ME, BE THEY THOSE WHO WILL LOOK ME IN THE EYE AND NEVER ATTEMPT DECEPTION, OR THOSE FOR WHOM DECEPTION IS THE ONLY PATH THEY SHALL EVER KNOW, THEY SHALL ALL FALL BEFORE THE MIGHT OF THE GLADIAAAATOOOOOR!

[His body shakes and he lets the final syllables hang.]

Cut to Cesar Hernandez, covered in sweat - and a very noticeable FREE CARVER t-shirt - as he addresses the camera presumably shortly before coming to the ring.]

CH: Summers! There may be 18 others in that ring tonight but don't think for a second that I'm gunning for anyone but you!

[Hernandez nods, raising a clenched fist.]

CH: And I'm willing to throw ANYONE that's in my way over the top to the floor in order to get my hands on you! Vamos!

[We cut from the veteran to an AWA backdrop and the members of Next Gen standing in front of it. Daniel Harper is to the left, Howie Somers is to the right, and each wrestler is dressed in his wrestling attire.]

DH: We may be out of the Stampede Cup, but believe me, we are not done yet with Strictly Business! I made a mistake, lost my focus for a few seconds, and it cost me and my partner, but Andrew Tucker still had to break the rules to get the job done! And my uncle always told me that what goes around, comes around, and sooner or

later, that's gonna come right back to Strictly Business! And believe me, my partner and I will be there to settle it!

HS: [nodding] I'm not gonna argue with what you're saying, Daniel, but tonight, we've got something else to be focused on. We've got 18 other men in the ring with us, all with the same goal in mind, and that's to get a shot at the World Television Championship! And that means we've got a lot of questions to answer for ourselves. What's gonna happen if one of us wins this thing? What's gonna happen if one of us wins, then walks out with the TV title? What's gonna happen to our quest to rise up the tag team ranks if one of us has to focus on defending the TV title?

DH: I got a better question... what's gonna happen if it comes down to you and me?

[The two exchange a look. Howie simply nods.]

HS: I'm sure we'll be planning to find out the answer, won't we, Daniel?

[We cut from Next Gen...

...to the graphic of five stylized claw slashes, with the words "BRIAN JAMES" superimposed over the, which dissolves into Brian James, a white towel over his scowling face, his manager, Brian Lau standing in front of him.]

BL: At first I was outraged.

Brian James, a man who has caused more destruction, ended more careers and shattered more dreams than anyone in the history of professional wrestling now must compete against nineteen other men to get a shot at the World Television Title.

No one in the AWA deserves a title shot more. No one in the AWA can hold a candle to Brian James!

He is the ultimate combatant, the grandest warrior in the world of professional wrestling. He is the AWA's engine of destruction. This isn't right, it isn't fair, and it almost didn't come to pass. But then Brian James said one simple thing to me:

Line them up!

Defeating men is nothing when you're Brian James. A night when he hear the wet sound of snapping bones, or when he can watch nineteen bodies bouncing off unyielding concrete is a night right of Brian James' dreams. So O'Neill, if you want Brian James in your battle royal, you've got him.

And tonight, Brian James will demonstrate a very simple plan of attack.

Strike hard.

Strike fast.

[The camera suddenly zooms in close on Brian James' face.]

BJ: No mercy!

[Cut to Sweet Daddy Williams in a red and white FREE CARVER t-shirt.]

SDW: Dallas, Texas... who wanna sit on Sweet Daddy's lap taniiiiight?!

[He smiles a big heart-warming smiles.]

SDW: I'm climbing in there with 19 people who would bodyslam their mamas if it meant getting a shot at Shadoo Rage and the World Television Title. Sweet Daddy been there! Sweet Daddy done that! Sweet Daddy wants him another piece of Shadoo Rage... and this time, he's gonna wind up his foot...

[He winks at the camera.]

SDW: ...and kick Rage's butt right on out of Rage Country!

[Cut to the one and only "Red Hot" Rex Summers, who is covered in his full length blue robe with white sequins running down both lapels and in a zig zag formation across the front. In the lower right hand corner of the screen there is a silhouette of a standing woman, both hands behind her head holding her hair. The words 'RED HOT' written in an italic font across the silhouette in red.]

RS: They say there's nothing like coming home...

[A look of disgust falls upon the face of Rex Summers.]

RS: But when your home is Dallas, Texas, you just want to vomit! When "Red Hot" Rex Summers looks around he longs for Las Vegas, Tokyo, Paris or even London... 'cause Texas is full of steers...

[He pauses.]

RS: Heheh... I think I'd rather avoid another talking-to by the Network.

[Rex lets out his throaty chuckle.]

RS: On the other hand, it's in Dallas that Rex Summers has had his greatest accomplishments. The PCW Heavyweight Championship was won here on four separate occasions, Travis Lynch was busted open by these fists ...

[Rex balls his fists up and holds them in front of the camera for a moment, with a smirk on his face.]

RS: Sure, the PCW Heavyweight Championship may have not have been around the chiseled waist of Rex Summers but when the night ended the Longhorn Heritage... The World Television Championship belonged to this man!

[Rex points at himself with his right thumb.]

RS: Tonight, the Red Hot One has the opportunity to once again lay claim to that very title. Tonight, other nineteen men will discover they can't MEASURE up to Rex Summers.

[And once again the throaty chuckle is heard.]

RS: And once Rex Summers lays claim to that World Television Championship and begins a second run on top... maybe just maybe a certain Latina will experience an evening for red hot ecstasy like she hasn't had for years.

[Rex Summers blows a kiss to the camera before a sly smirk crosses his lips.]

Cut to backstage where Mr. Sadisuto stands before an AWA banner. Mr. Sadisuto is a middle-aged Japanese man with slick black hair, a thin mustache and Fu Manchu beard, and bushy black eyebrows. He's sporting a long cloth ring robe in a faded dark blue with white lining and trim. Under this, he wears midnight-blue full length

tights with the Japanese flag on the waistband and "NIPPON" written down the sides in red and white. He wrestles barefoot, with some athletic tape for ankle support. His wrists and fingers are also heavily taped.]

Mr.S: One yeah ago, Mistah Sadisuto challenge Ryan-kun for Wold Television Championchip belt ...

[Mr. Sadisuto touches his chin with his right, and begins to slowly twist his Fu Manchu beard around his fingers.]

Mr.S: Ryan-kun won and go to glory ... go to Wold Heavyweight Championchip belt like good hero but Ryan-kun suffah. He suffah! hahahaha He suffah at hands of Temple-san ... suffah at hands of Oni-san! Remembah Ryan-kun, Mistah Sadisuto tell you, heroes suffffffah! hahahaha

Tonight, not about Ryan-kun ... about redemption for Mistah Sadisuto! Time shame Mistah Sadisuto suffah losing to Ryan-kun ...

[Mr. Sadiusto lowers his head and speaks in nearly a whisper.]

Mr.S: Shame suffah losing to Allen-san be absolved ...

[Once again Mr. Sadisuto raises his head and looks into the camera.]

Mr.S: Mistah Sadisuto can win Wold Television Championchip belt!

[A huge smile appears on the face of the diabolical Mr. Sadisuto.]

Mr.S: Nineteen othahs but only Mistah Sadisuto shall be winnnnah! No one stop Mistah Sadisuto! No one keep championchip belt from Mistah Sadisuto! Try to stop Mistah Sadisuto and suffffah! Suffffah like Allen-san ... suffffah like Ryan-kun all suffffffah! All feel pain! hahaha.

[Mr. Sadisuto bows to the camera.

Cut. A military drum beat kicks in.]

UC3: TEN HUT!

[He salutes the camera...

...and then spits on the ground.]

UC3: I've been all over the world and fought in every sort of combat you can imagine. I've walked into a boxing ring in Germany. I've stepped into a sumo ring in Japan. I've climbed into the fighting pits in Thailand.

And when it was all over, those people in all those places KNEW that they'd been in a scrap with the Ultra Commando.

[He raises a clenched fist, glaring through his mask at the camera.]

UC3: I look around that ring tonight and see men like Hammer... like Gladiator... like Williams... like Hernandez...

[He nods.]

UC3: Yes, you better believe they will know they've been in there with the Ultra Commando.

[Cut. Willie Hammer stands in front of the AWA backdrop. He has on a Combat Corner T-shirt over a pair of white trunks with green trim around the waist and the bottom of the thighs. Hammer bugs his eyes out and puffs his cheeks, before launching into his spiel with great bluster.]

WH: Crockett Coliseum, it feels good to be home! Right here tonight, back where it all began, I get the opportunity to once again win myself another shot at the World Television title! Last time I faced Shadoe Rage for the title, Skywalker Jones and Buford P. Higgins stuck their noses where they don't belong. Jones, I've got a receipt for the cheap shot you gave me in Portland... If Sweet Daddy Williams don't get to you first! After that, we go on to show the world, that there ain't no slowing down the tick-tock, tick-tock of the clock. There ain't no stopping the striking of the bell, because when the hour is up, it's going to be HAMMER TIME!

[Cut to a silhouette of a top hat on the upper left and a spiked dog collar frame a stylish "THE HANDSOME FAMILY" logo that flashes on screen, before fading in the background as a slow wipe reveals "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett flanked by The Lost Boy and Porter Crowley.]

"D"HF: Tonight, TV title dreams are dancing above the heads of the AWA galaxy like so many sugar plums.

PC: But not for us, Uncle Harrison... for us it's only nightmares!

"D"HF: Too true, my beautiful boy. For last time we were just about to rid this world of the wretched existence of Ryan Martinez when YOU sought to stick your nose into my humanitarian ideals, Gladiator.

PC: After we toss you out of the ring it's off to the mansion for you. Because my room is ever so cold, and a Gladiator skin rug is just the thing to tie the room together!

[Fawcett laughs maniacally as Crowley runs his fingers through his slicked back hair. The Lost Boy rears his head back and howls as we cut to Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan in front of an AWA backdrop.]

WT: Eighteen men climbing in the ring. Eighteen men going right back over the top rope to the floor!

TD: Because when Wes and I get in there as a team, there's not a single person who can stop us.

WT: Shadoe Rage, you delusional piece of trash... I can't wait to get my hands-

[Wes is cut off by a nudge from Tony.]

WT: Or his hands - on you and tear that World Television Title from around your stinkin' waist!

TD: We know what it's like to have a disgrace for a father in this business, Rage... but that doesn't make us any more likely to give you a break when we're stomping you through the mat.

WT: It may be Homecoming, Rage, but the only thing you've got a date with are the four sisters on Thumb Street I've got comin' for ya.

[Taylor holds up his taped and clenched right hand for emphasis as we cut again, this time to the backstage area where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing in front of an AWA backdrop.]

SLB: Fans, there was so much that happened in Las Vegas last week, and we know that Hannibal Carver was removed from his scheduled World Title shot, after all that went down! But what you may not know about is what led President Landon O'Neill to decide that King ONI would be the challenger for that World Title shot against Ryan Martinez. I've got more of the details about what went down on my hotline, which you can call at...

[That's when "The Professional" Dave Cooper steps into the camera shot. Cooper is dressed in a white button-down shirt and blue jeans. He holds up his hands, almost waving off Lou like what he has to say is of no importance.]

DC: All right, that's enough with plugging a hotline, because I got something more important than that to discuss with you!

SLB: Dave Cooper, what are you doing here? And, may I ask, why are you not dressed to wrestle? The Battle Royal you are entered in is set to take place right now!

DC: First of all, I just informed President Landon O'Neill that I'm not taking part in the Battle Royal tonight.

[Lou does a double take.]

SLB: You have to be kidding me, Dave Cooper! I know enough about you that you would never turn down an opportunity for a title shot! What, may I ask, is your reasons for pulling out?

DC: Let me guess, this is the part where you assume I'm gonna claim to have a minor maladay or I can't shake off the common cold, aren't you? You think I'm that type, right?

SLB: Well, I think I'm gonna let our viewers at home draw their own conclusions.

DC: And they would be wrong about any conclusion they would draw. Because, Sweet Lou, as much as I would love to get my hands on the gold, if I'm going to make this Lion's Den work the way I want it to, I have to take things step by step and not just grab the first person I see. So I need to do some scouting, and there's no better time than tonight, when there's gonna be 20 AWA competitors in the ring at the same time, and I can get a chance to see what they all have to offer, figure out who may be the best to make an offer, or if I need to keep on looking to find the right combination.

SLB: Dave Cooper, I would hope you aren't planning something more than just finding out who should be part of the Lion's Den.

DC: Oh, are you implying something? That I might want to jump into the match when they least expect it? You really think I'd try something like that?

SLB: [pausing before answering] Well, I'm sure the thought occurred...

DC: [waving a hand to cut him off] Well, the thought can get out of your mind, because I can assure that not only will I not be taking part in the match, but I have a replacement in mind, and that replacement is here tonight!

[Sweet Lou with another double take.]

SLB: Wait a minute, you found somebody to take your place? Just who did you find, Dave Cooper?

DC: That's for me to know and you to find out, but the good news is that you don't have to call a hotline to find out! I've got my replacement here and, when the time comes, you'll know more then! In the meantime, I've got some prospects to line up and no more time for you, Lou!

[He walks off camera.]

SLB: That man is definitely up to something, and that's not a conclusion I need any viewer to draw. Let's get back to ringside!

[We crossfade back to the inside of the arena bowl, panning across the fans - a pair of them jumping in front of the camera with beers in both hands and FREE CARVER t-shirts on their torsos.]

JD: Some rowdy fans on hand here tonight in the Crockett Coliseum as the ring begins to fill... we've got most of the competitors out here already and-

[On cue, the curtain opens and Dave Cooper comes striding through, trailed by the Longhorn Riders.]

JD: Would you look at that? Dave Cooper, the Professional, has apparently entered one - or BOTH - of the Longhorn Riders in this Battle Royal, Bucky!

BW: A fight with nineteen other guys is like a Saturday Night in Laredo to these two, Dane. This is right up their alley.

[The trio gets down the aisle where Cooper is arguing with an official as the Riders storm past him, climbing into the ring.]

JD: It looks like they're both getting in there... and as Dave Cooper opts to sit out, putting in the Longhorn Riders in his place, this Battle Royal is set to begin. You know, Bucky, putting in both of the Longhorn Riders means this is a 21 man Battle Royal.

BW: Who's gonna complain to the Riders? They're as mean as Isabella Hernandez when she gets her shifts cut down at the Kitty Kat Klub!

JD: Contrary to what you - and Rex Summers - claim, I happen to know that Mrs. Hernandez is a lovely woman who works as a Customer Service Rep for one of the major cable operators.

BW: Customer Service, huh? You think that pays enough to not have to moonlight by showing what the Good Lord gave her?

JD: You better be careful, Bucky. Cesar might be coming after you next.

[With 21 competitors milling around inside the ring, referee Davis Warren signals for the bell!]

JD: The bell sounds and we've got a fight on our hands as 21 men battle it out to see who will take on-

[The sounds of the Olympic fanfare bellow out over the PA system.]

JD: -this guy.

[The action in the ring comes to a halt as Shadoe Rage, the World Television Champion, emerges from the locker room...

...being carried on a large traveling sedan.]

JD: You've gotta be kidding me.

BW: Hey, look at that! The champ's got the best seat in the house, Dane!

JD: He certainly does. Shadoe Rage has apparently decided to come out here and witness this showdown for himself - looking to see who he will be facing later tonight for the World Television Title.

[Rage is lounging atop the sedan being carried by several unknown preliminary wrestlers, shouting and ranting and raving as he gestures at the ring.]

JD: It makes you wonder why he didn't opt for a throne, Bucky.

BW: Would you sit on a throne and earn the wrath of the King?

JD: A fair point. Shadoe Rage has had his hands full enough lately with Supernova... I'm sure he doesn't want to get Demetrius Lake's attention on him as well. Speaking of which, we will be going to an update on the medical condition of Supernova immediately following this match so make sure you stay tuned for that, fans.

[With Rage now down at ringside, the battle inside the ring breaks out once more as Cesar Hernandez decks Allen Allen, trying to get past him to Rex Summers who ducks in behind The Gladiator, smashing him across the back with a double axehandle while The Lost Boy comes at him from the front.]

JD: Battle Royals like this one are so exciting for the fans to watch but so dangerous for the competitors in them.

BW: Absolutely. It's so easy in there to twist an ankle or catch an elbow in an eye. Not to mention having to go over the top rope and all the way down to the floor to be eliminated.

[Willie Hammer is trying to get at Skywalker Jones but Casanova is in his path, smashing him with a pair of haymakers while Pete and Jim Colt get La Fuerza backed into a corner and take turn throwing big shots to the gut.]

JD: Lots of action going on in this one. It's difficult to stay on top of all the action in a match like this, fans, but Bucky and I will give it our best.

[With Howie Somers and Daniel Harper working over Ultra Commando 3, Wes Taylor swoops in and grabs Harper, dragging him towards the ropes where he attempts to toss him over.]

JD: So many tag teams in this one - the Handsome Family, the Longhorn Riders, Next Gen, Taylor and Donovan - you have to think that one of those competitors will be at a distinct advantage having someone to watch their backs.

BW: And don't forget Hammer and Williams who may not be a regular tag team but they're as close as can be.

JD: An excellent point.

[With Hammer occupied, Skywalker Jones pulls Mr. Sadisuto towards the ropes, trying to shove him over. Allen Allen moves in, trying to help Jones eliminate the Japanese competitor.]

JD: Sadisuto's in trouble early, fans...

[Suddenly, Jones breaks away from the attempt, giving a big shove to Allen Allen, shouting at him.]

JD: And the ever ego-maniacal Skywalker Jones is mad that Allen Allen tried to help him.

BW: He didn't need that pipsqueak's help!

[We cut to Shadoe Rage, dropping a grape in his own mouth from the luxury of his sedan which now rests on the floor as he watches the action.]

JD: Shadoe Rage enjoying the action and enjoying knowing that whoever will face him later tonight will face a fresh World Television Champion while the challenger will have had to survive all of this.

[On the far side of the ring, we see Summers, Crowley, and The Lost Boy getting the Gladiator up off his feet, hanging onto the top rope with both hands.]

JD: And now it's The Gladiator in some trouble!

BW: If you didn't think Gladiator would pay for getting involved in the business of Doctor Harrison Fawcett last weekend, you're crazy. I'm sure the Handsome Family are in this one with a very clear mission - seek and destroy.

JD: Gladiator's trying to kick off Summers! Three very strong guys trying to get him over the top!

[But Cesar Hernandez breaks through, throwing a hooking right hand to the ribcage of Summers, forcing him to drop the right leg of the Gladiator. Hernandez grabs Summers by the hair, pasting him between the eyes to big cheers from the crowd as Summers falls back into the corner.]

JD: Cesar Hernandez just caught up with Rex Summers!

[Hernandez advances on Summers, hammering him over and over with right hands to the skull...

...while in the foreground, Cain Jackson and Brian James are trading big shots!]

JD: Battle Royals make for strange partners and sometimes even stranger enemies as Cain Jackson and Brian James are hammering away at one another. Cain Jackson's had a rough week following his abrupt dismissal from Team Supreme a week ago and he might be looking to take out some of that anger on the Engine of Destruction!

BW: You gotta think those two are among the favorites in this one and either one of them going up and over at this point would really open up the- OH! CASANOVA IS GONE!

[Sitting in new black trunks and boots on the floor, Casanova glares up into the ring at the Longhorn Riders who sent him up and over. Dave Cooper nods approvingly from his seat on the floor, jotting down notes.]

JD: It looks like Dave Cooper likes what he sees as we're now down to 20 men in this over-the-top-rope Battle Royal.

BW: Poor Casanova. He's so distraught over what that animal Carver did to Mickey Cherry, he's still in mourning.

JD: In mourning or not, he's eliminated.

[Back inside the ring, the roles have switched as Skywalker Jones is now trying to get Allen Allen over the ropes to the floor. Allen is hanging on for dear life as we spot Howie Somers shoving Tony Donovan back into the corner. He leans down to grab the middle rope, laying in the shoulder tackles.]

JD: Howie Somers of Next Gen who were eliminated last weekend in the Stampede Cup tournament working on Tony Donovan... remember, fans, we will also be showing some highlights of Air Strike taking on Youth In Asia in the other Stampede Cup Quarterfinal later tonight as well.

[Wes Taylor breaks off the assault with a knee to the lower back, holding back Somers' arms as Tony Donovan lays in a few hard shots.]

BW: And there's that teamwork we talked about. Taylor watching Donovan's back, breaking up the attack, and then a double-team to put a beating on Somers.

[Somers gets pushed towards the ropes as Taylor and Donovan each lean down to grab a leg, lifting the bigger competitor off the mat as he hooks his arms around the top rope.]

JD: Somers is fighting it though, looking to stay in there long enough for-

[Daniel Harper comes rushing into view, dishing out a forearm shot to the ear of both Donovan and Taylor, breaking up the elimination attempt.]

JD: More teamwork on display.

[We cut to the other side of the ring where Willie Hammer is hanging upside down over the top rope. Ultra Commando 3 has his legs, pushing hard, trying to see the young upstart down to the floor.]

JD: And Willie Hammer is in BIG trouble! Just desperately trying to hang on just like he did last weekend in this very building when he advanced in the Combat Corner Wrestling title tournament!

[With Cain Jackson tangled up with Porter Crowley, Crowley shoves Jackson back, bumping him into the Ultra Commando. Jackson drills Crowley with a right hand, sending him down to a knee before pivoting and BLASTING the masked man with one as well, knocking him off his feet as Hammer falls to the apron, rolling back inside the ring.]

JD: Cain Jackson bails out Willie Hammer and remember, fans, BOTH feet have to touch the floor before you're eliminated. Hammer landed on the apron, rolled back in, and he's safe to continue.

BW: He oughta be putting Cain Jackson on his Christmas card list though, Dane. That was REAL close.

JD: It certainly was.

[Jackson strides away from the downed competitors all around him, grabbing La Fuerza by the mask...

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

JD: Oh! La Fuerza's gone!

BW: Out of nowhere! One second, the luchador was kicking Sweet Daddy Williams in his fat gut, the next he was going over the top to the floor!

JD: That's how quick it can happen in a Battle Royal like this one, fans! We're down to 19 competitors... and Shadoe Rage is applauding.

BW: He approved of Cain Jackson's actions there.

[Jackson turns his head, glaring at Rage who pauses in mid-clap.]

JD: Perhaps Shadoe Rage didn't like the look he got right there.

BW: I sure wouldn't want that big of a man glaring at me like that.

[Rage sits up, staring at Jackson who gets blindsided by Ultra Commando 3. The big masked man lands several hard shots including a double axehandle that drops Jackson to his knees. UC3 is putting the boots to him when Mr. Sadisuto approaches and joins in.]

JD: And now there's two men putting the boots to Cain Jackson!

BW: I bet he wishes he had some Team Supreme backup right about now.

[And on cue, Tony Donovan swoops him, yanking Sadisuto away and BLASTING him with a forearm shot to the jaw!]

JD: Oh! Donovan helping out his former trainer and ally!

[The masked man turns to confront Donovan as well, burying a right hand into the kidneys as he's pre-occupied with Sadisuto...

...which brings Wes Taylor swooping in with a clubbing blow to the back of the head, knocking the masked man towards the ropes where Taylor and Donovan grab the legs, lifting in tandem!]

JD: THE COMMANDO IS GONE! HE'S GONE!

BW: Taylor and Donovan working as a unit to save Cain Jackson and eliminate the Ultra Commando!

JD: And so far, the theme of this match has been teamwork as the units that are in this thing are dominating! We're down to 18 competitors left in the quest to earn a shot at the World Television Title right here tonight in Dallas, Texas! Fans, we're going to take a quick break but we'll be right back with more Battle Royal action right here at Homecoming!

[Fade to black.

A black and white shot comes up on the screen, showing the Main Event of the original SuperClash, a snap shot of "Hotshot" Stevie Scott and Juan Vasquez colliding. A voiceover begins.]

"It began with a clash of two of the AWA's greatest of all time."

[The shot of Vasquez and Scott turns into another shot of them battling at SuperClash II before we jump ahead to SuperClash III where we see William Craven, now unmasked from his disguise as The Minion, assaulting Alex Martinez.]

"We've seen surprise clashes..."

[And then to SuperClash IV where Joe Petrow and "Big" Jim Watkins are tearing each other apart.]

“Clashes of legends...”

[On to SuperClash V with some highlights from the tag team battle between the Blonde Bombers and SkyHerc.]

“Clashes of athleticism...”

[SuperClash VI’s spotlighted footage is of Supreme Wright and Ryan Martinez lighting it up in the middle of Madison Square Garden, the Mecca of sports and entertainment.]

“Championship clashes...”

[The black and white footage goes to color, speeding up drastically to show match after match after match after match, getting faster and faster until slamming to a halt, showing an aerial shot of Minute Maid Field, the site of SuperClash VII in Houston, Texas.]

“What kind of clash will we see this year?”

[The shot slowly fades to a graphic advertising the big event...

As we fade back to live action, Allen Allen and Mr. Sadisuto are out on the floor exchanging blows as the fans cheer, many of them visible in the background in those telltale red and white t-shirts with their strong statement across the front.]

JD: Welcome back, fans! And during the break... let’s show you what you missed...

[A split-screen comes up, showing Mr. Sadisuto sneaking up on Allen Allen, grabbing him from behind to try to toss him...

...but Allen reverses it, sending the Japanese competitor up and over the top to the floor to a HUGE reaction!]

JD: Allen Allen had gotten the big elimination and was celebrating-

[And as he celebrates, Rex Summers slips in behind him and HURLS him over the top rope!]

JD: -but Rex Summers was waiting to toss him to the floor!

BW: You don’t stop to celebrate in a Battle Royal and Allen Allen is no rookie so he should know better.

JD: Well, he IS a rookie to winning and success so...

[The split screen disappears as AWA officials try to get the brawling duo back up the aisle.]

JD: And with that double elimination, we’re down to sixteen competitors, fans.

[A wide shot of the ring shows Willie Hammer being double-teamed by the Longhorn Riders while Skywalker Jones lurks nearby. Sweet Daddy Williams is blasting Porter Crowley and The Lost Boy in succession with jab punches.]

JD: The Gladiator wilting in the corner under the combined strength of Next Gen! Somers with the big forearms... ohh! Harper lands that devastating uppercut!

[With the Gladiator leaning against the buckles, we see Rex Summers with Cesar Hernandez down on his knees, his throat over the middle rope as Summers plants his knee on the back of the neck, choking his rival.]

JD: No rules in this one. That choke is perfectly legal as Summers tries to wear down Cesar Hernandez.

[Cut to the aisle where Shadoe Rage is sitting up, watching the ring with interest as Brian James traps Cain Jackson in the corner as Taylor and Donovan take turns booting him in the midsection.]

JD: A three-on-one on Cain Jackson... an interesting development with the three being Brian James, Wes Taylor, and Tony Donovan. If you recall a week ago, Taylor and Donovan had a very interesting conversation with Brian Lau and-

[Jim Colt comes charging across the ring, throwing himself into a back elbow on Jackson, nearly crashing into Donovan.]

JD: Big elbow by Colt, holding Jackson in the corner...

[And now it's a four-on-one on Cain Jackson, brutalizing the former Team Supreme member as we cut to the other side of the ring where The Gladiator is still being assaulted by Somers and Harper. Harper lands two more uppercuts, backing up to get a running start...

...and the Gladiator snatches him out of mid-air, holding him across his chest as he presses him up just over the ropes, dumping him to the floor!]

JD: OH! Daniel Harper's eliminated!

[With The Gladiator off-balance, Somers goes for the elimination from behind, lifting him up by the legs...]

JD: Howie Somers is trying to toss The Gladiator!

BW: He's strong enough to do it too!

JD: Somers is struggling, trying to up-end the Gladiator!

[The Gladiator struggles against it, kicking and swinging his legs. His powerful legs force Somers to lower him back down to the canvas...

...where the Gladiator grabs him around the head and neck, muscling him up and over to the floor!]

BW: Somers is gone too!

JD: The Gladiator somehow managed to eliminate BOTH members of Next Gen with that incredible strength and will to win! That puts us down to 14 competitors remaining in this Battle Royal as Shadoe Rage looks on, wondering who will face him for the World Television Title later tonight.

[The Gladiator pounds his chest a few times, taking aim as he spots his next victim, rushing across the ring...

...and catching The Lost Boy with a clothesline, sending him toppling over the ropes to the floor!]

JD: WHOA! The Gladiator's on a major roll now! He just eliminated The Lost Boy as well!

[A crazed Porter Crowley goes for the kill on The Gladiator, lunging at his legs, holding him as Brian James lands a trio of roundhouse kicks across the ribcage, taking the Gladiator down to a knee where Crowley kneels before him, slamming his head repeatedly into Gladiator's!]

JD: Crowley's all over him with an assist from Brian James!

[Crowley has the Gladiator down on the mat, pounding him with hammerfists to the skull repeatedly, howling like a wounded animal as Brian James peels away, grabbing Skywalker Jones by the hair...

...but Jones slaps the hand away, backflipping to land a kick to James' skull!]

JD: PELE KICK! PELE KICK CONNECTS!

[Jones comes back to his feet...

...only to get tackled around the torso, shoved back into the corner by Willie Hammer!]

JD: Hammer's got Jones! Hammer's got Jones!

[The crowd ROARS as Hammer rocks and fires, throwing haymakers at the skull of Skywalker Jones who is trying to cover up with little success...]

JD: Hammer's got him down on the mat, letting him have it for what he's done in recent weeks!

[Trying to seize the moment, Rex Summers slips in behind Hammer, grabbing a handful of tights, trying to hurl him over the ropes...]

JD: SUMMERS OUT OF NOWHERE!

[But Hammer hangs on to the ropes, falling down on the apron and rolling under them into the ring...]

JD: Hammer saves himself again!

[Summers angrily kicks the bottom rope...

...and then buries a boot into the chest of Skywalker Jones for good measure.]

BW: No friends in this one. Summers was more interested in eliminating Hammer than he was in saving Skywalker Jones.

JD: Which is to say he had no interest at all in saving Jones.

[Summers turns around...

...and gets DROPPED with a right hand from Cesar Hernandez who jumps on top of him, raining down blows to the head!]

JD: HERNANDEZ GOT HIS HANDS ON SUMMERS AGAIN!

[The fists are flying as Summers covers his face with his muscular arms. Hernandez is so distracted by his rage towards Summers, he doesn't notice a bit when Cain Jackson yanks him off Summers...

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

JD: OVER THE TOP... BUT HERNANDEZ HANGS ON!

[The fiery Mexican stays on the apron, ready to keep fighting...

...when Cain Jackson throws himself at Hernandez with a back elbow, sending him sailing off the apron to the floor!]

JD: And there goes Hernandez!

BW: Bye bye el zonzo!

[Hernandez crashes down hard to the floor, grimacing as he rolls to his hip, looking up at the ring where Cain Jackson is shouting down at him. Hernandez shakes his head as Jackson walks away...

...and Rex Summers takes his spot, pointing and mocking Hernandez out on the floor!]

JD: Of course Rex Summers wouldn't be able to resist this moment to taunt Cesar Hernandez...

[Hernandez climbs to his feet, hands on his hips as he takes the verbal pounding from his rival. The AWA officials are right there, trying to convince Hernandez to go back up the aisle without a fight...]

JD: Cesar Hernandez is standing there, taking all this abuse from a poor excuse for a man who had the unmitigated gall to go after the man's wife verbally and-

[Hernandez shoves past the official, lunging towards the ring, grabbing Summers by the ankle and yanking it out from under him, sending "Red Hot" down to the mat...

...where Hernandez drags him out to the floor, battering him with some short right hands...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: HIPTOSS INTO THE RAILING!! GOOD GRIEF!

[Hernandez grabs the top of the barricade, viciously stomping Summers over and over and over as the officials beg him to back off.]

JD: Cesar Hernandez has lost control here in Dallas and the fans are loving it!

BW: Of course they are! These bloodthirsty redneck savages! Get him off Rex!

[The officials finally get Hernandez to back off, leaving a beaten and battered Summers down on the floor as the Mexican fan favorite makes his way back up the aisle.]

JD: That had to feel good for Cesar but you have to imagine that this rivalry is NOT over, fans.

BW: Not by a long shot.

JD: Fans, we're going to take another quick break but we'll be right back with more Battle Royal action!

[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 Violence Unlimited's Danny Morton sending the Samoan, Mafu, flipping head over heels courtesy of a running lariat before Morton smashes his chest with his fists, letting loose a whoop to the crowd.]

#Guess who just got back today?#

[From the Fair Park Coliseum, Ron Houston stands up while trapped in a crucifix pin by Brian Von Braun, countering into his Fade To Black to finish off a member of that legendary family.]

#Those wild-eyed boys that had been away#

[A giant splash courtesy of MAMMOTH Mizusawa onto the chest of Raphael Rhodes ends Rhodes' night and gives the Japanese giant his second consecutive Steal The Spotlight victory!]

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

[The Prince of Darkness, Anton Layton, comes up swinging his trademark Golden Spike, driving it into the throat of the Working Man himself, Vernon Riley.]

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

[Nenshou comes flipping off the top rope with a breathtaking moonsault, crashing across the chest of Brent Maverick and becoming the very first AWA Longhorn Heritage Champion.]

#They were asking if you were around#

["The Outlaw" Bobby Taylor walks down the length of the apron, leaping off with a legdrop onto a prone "Superstar" Kevin Slater who is laid out across a wooden table.]

#How you was, where you could be found#

[A spine-tingling shot of an eyepatch-wearing City Jack, Louisville Slugger in hand and pointed right across the ring at Calisto Dufresne whose eyes are as wide as the Grand Canyon at this point.]

#I told them you were living downtown#

[With his career on the line, Juan Vasquez jogs down the aisle in his white tracksuit, ready to Main Event the biggest show of the year for the second year running.]

#Driving all the old men crazy#

[The National Champion, "Hotshot" Stevie Scott, emerges in a breathtaking white and silver robe that stretches down to the floor. It's covered in feathers and sparkles under the arena lights with "HOTSHOT" written across the back in silver as a shower of golden sparks begin to fall from the entryway.]

#The boys are back in town#

[Juan Vasquez dives off the top rope, catching Stevie Scott with a crossbody that the champion rolls through into a cover of his own, hooking the tights for a near fall.]

#The boys are back in tooooooooooown#

[Vasquez comes charging across the ring, diving between the top and middle ropes with a tope dive that wipes out the National Champion.]

#The boys are back in town#

[The challenger SMASHES the metal briefcase of Ben Waterson down onto the skull of Stevie Scott to win the AWA National Title, holding the title aloft for one final shot.]

#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 - 82 days"... and we fade to black.

As we fade back to live action, we find Pete and Jim Colt outside the ring, arguing with one another as a disappointed Dave Cooper looks on.]

JD: We're back here on The X from the Crockett Coliseum in Dallas where the Longhorn Riders just found themselves eliminated at the hands of Brian James, Wes Taylor, and Tony Donovan! Let's take a quick look!

[The split screen returns to show Donovan being held by Jim Colt as Pete gets a head start, charging in...

...but Taylor pulls his partner out of the way, causing Pete and Jim to collide. The off-balance Jim goes flying over the ropes to the floor.]

JD: There goes Jim...

[And when Brian James barrels in, throwing a clothesline to the back of Pete's head, he quickly follows.]

JD: ...and Pete was soon to follow! The Riders both eliminated! We're down to nine men left in the ring. Willie Hammer, Sweet Daddy Williams, Skywalker Jones, Porter Crowley, Cain Jackson, Wes Taylor, Tony Donovan, Brian James, and The Gladiator.

BW: And something's up with Taylor, Donovan, and James. Those three are working very well together and have helped one another out several times now. The Riders were just the latest to feel that impact.

JD: If those three men are on the same page, that could be trouble for the rest of the men in the Battle Royal.

[As the split screen fades, we cut to the floor again where Shadoe Rage is looking on with interest. He occasionally turns to shout at a fan giving him a hard time but he's obviously concerned with the level of talent still inside the ring.]

JD: Nine men remaining and Shadoe Rage may not be too interested in facing ANY of them, Bucky.

BW: Hey, he's taken on and beaten Willie Hammer AND Sweet Daddy Williams. But you're right, there's some tough competition still in there.

JD: Imagine Shadoe Rage taking on the likes of Porter Crowley or Brian James.

BW: Rage's TV Title reign could be in jeopardy of ending here tonight.

[As we cut back to the shot of the ring, Cain Jackson is trading heavy blows with Porter Crowley as Sweet Daddy Williams and Willie Hammer take turns delivering knife edge chops to Skywalker Jones in the corner. On the other side of the ring, the aforementioned Taylor, Donovan, and James are triple-teaming the Gladiator, beating him down in the corner. Taylor and Donovan are taking turns throwing knees to the body as James steps in every few blows, throwing a forearm smash to the jaw.]

JD: The Gladiator is in a bad way here as three men are pounding him down in the corner, trying to outnumber him and eliminate him from this matchup.

BW: It's a numbers game right now and the numbers are all on the side of Taylor, Donovan, and James.

[Taylor plants his cowboy boot on the throat of the kneeling Gladiator, choking the air out of him as Donovan and James look on. Donovan turns, pointing out something to James who nods...]

JD: James across the ring!

[Brian James barrels across, leaping up to the second rope, and DRIVING a knee into the skull of Skywalker Jones! Tony Donovan rushes in behind him, clubbing a surprised Sweet Daddy Williams in the ear, and quickly lifts him over the ropes, dumping him to the floor!]

JD: Sweet Daddy is gone!

[Donovan smirks, gloating at the sudden elimination as Wille Hammer rushes him, tipping him over the ropes as well...

...but Donovan hangs on, landing on the apron as Wes Taylor storms across the ring, smashing a forearm into the back of Hammer's head!]

JD: Oh! Willie Hammer tried to avenge his mentor but Donovan hung on and Taylor-

[Taylor pushes Hammer over the ropes, leaning down to grab at his legs...

...when the crowd roars to life as The Gladiator marches across the ring, yanking Taylor off of Hammer, flinging him into the ropes.]

JD: Gladiator shoots in Taylor... BOOM! He drops him with a clothesline!

[Tony Donovan jumps back in, coming for the Gladiator who drills him with a right hand before whipping him across...]

JD: BOOM! ANOTHER CLOTHESLINE!

[With Taylor and Donovan down, The Gladiator begins running in place, pumping his arms up and down before Brian James comes at him, swinging a right hand...]

JD: Right hand blocked! Big right by The Gladiator! A second right!

[The powerhouse grabs James by the arm, whipping the Engine of Destruction across the ring...]

JD: Clothesli- ducked by James!

[James slams on the brakes, twisting around, and leaping up, DRIVING his knee up into the chin of The Gladiator, snapping his head back!]

JD: OH! Flying kneestrike on the button!

[James grabs a dazed Gladiator by the hair, dragging him across the ring, attempting to hurl him over the top...]

JD: He can't get Gladiator over!

[An angry James pushes his torso, shouting behind him to Taylor and Donovan who scramble up, each grabbing a powerful leg on the Gladiator, lifting and hoisting...]

JD: They're trying to toss The Gladiator!

BW: This'll be HUGE for this match if they can do it!

JD: The Gladiator's hanging on for dear life, clinging to the top rope with everything he's got... and here comes Porter Crowley to help!

[Crowley ducks down underneath the torso of The Gladiator, rising and pushing...]

JD: CROWLEY WITH THE ASSIST!

[...and The Gladiator goes tumbling over the ropes, crashing down to the floor!]

JD: How about that?! The Gladiator is eliminated!

[Crowley grins maniacally at the eliminated Gladiator as Taylor and Donovan trade high fives...]

JD: We're down to seven!

[Across the ring, Skywalker Jones is putting the boots to Willie Hammer against the turnbuckles...]

JD: Jones and Hammer are in there but the other four... the other four seem to be united in their quest to put down anyone in their path!

BW: Lau and Fawcett have seemed pretty chummy as of late. This could be their plan. Get everyone else out of there and then slug it out between themselves!

JD: Taylor and Donovan are talking to Crowley, pointing across the ring...

[With a nod, Porter Crowley starts stalking across the ring, approaching Skywalker Jones from behind...]

...when slowly, a chant starts up.]

"PRET-TY PORT-ER!"
clap clap clapclapclap
"PRET-TY PORT-ER!"
clap clap clapclapclap
"PRET-TY PORT-ER!"
clap clap clapclapclap

[A wild-eyed Crowley shakes his head, cupping his hands to his ears, jumping up and down as Taylor and Donovan step back, looking concerned. Skywalker Jones hears the commotion, turning around towards Crowley who is still bouncing in a circle, turning back towards Jones...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

JD: OHHH! CALISTO KILLER!

[The superkick knocks Crowley flat as Jones stands over him grinning. He points across the ring at Taylor, Donovan, and James - gesturing to the downed Hammer.]

JD: Jones is asking for help in eliminating Willie Hammer. He's asking Taylor, Donovan, and James for their help in getting the bigger man over the top rope.

[James slaps Taylor on the shoulder, nodding. The son of the Outlaw returns the nod, walking across the ring, helping Jones in dragging Hammer off the canvas...]

JD: Wes Taylor and Skywalker Jones are pulling Willie Hammer out of the corner, trying to eliminate him together...

[Jones pushes Hammer up against the ropes, leaning down to grab a leg...

...and Taylor bails out, allowing Brian James to rush forward, throwing a clothesline that takes Jones over the top rope and down to the floor!]

JD: OHH!

[Skywalker Jones hits the floor, angrily looking up at the ring where James glares down at him, intensity etched in his expression.]

JD: Wow. Look at Brian James. Skywalker Jones may be upset by that turn of events but if I were him, I'd walk away.

BW: Fast.

JD: Jones is gone which leaves us with six competitors... six competi-

BW: Make it five!

[Taylor and Donovan pulled the barely-conscious Crowley off the mat, rocketing him over the ropes to the floor.]

JD: Wes Taylor, Tony Donovan, Brian James, Cain Jackson, and Willie Hammer! One of those five men will challenge Shadoe Rage later tonight with the World Television Title on the line!

[Shadoe Rage is on the edge of his seat now, looking towards the ring as Taylor turns towards him, waving him towards the ring.]

BW: That's an invite I'd pass on, champ.

JD: Wes Taylor, an arrogant smirk on his face... inviting the World Television Champion to get into the ring with what looks like an unstoppable force at this point of the matchup. Can anyone actually stand up and defend themselves against these three?

[Taylor turns back to the ring, joining Donovan and James as they look across the ring where Willie Hammer has pulled himself up off the mat...

...and in between the two sides of battle stands Cain Jackson.]

JD: Now THIS is an interesting development, Bucky.

BW: Cain Jackson, who was hung out to dry by Team Supreme last weekend, now finds himself with a choice to make. Does he ally himself with Willie Hammer and face a two-on-three disadvantage against two men he teamed with at Rising Sun Showdown this year? Does he ally himself with the James Gang - like that one, Dane?

JD: Not particularly. If he teams with them, my gut says they stick the blade in his back as soon as his usefulness is done. Or maybe he goes it alone? Maybe he stands up like a man right now and fights on his own for the very first time in his career?

[Jackson looks back and forth between the men in the ring...

...and makes a choice, throwing himself towards Wes Taylor with a straight right hand to the jaw!]

JD: OH! Big right hand!

[Brian James and Willie Hammer surge towards each other, throwing bombs as quickly as they can manage. Tony Donovan looks towards the Taylor/Jackson interaction for a moment.]

JD: And now it's Tony Donovan who has to make a decision! His partner or his teacher?!

[Donovan shakes his head at the dilemma, burying his face in his hands for a moment...

...and then rushes across the ring, leaping up as Jackson turns around...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: LEAPING SUPERKICK BY DONOVAN!

[The superkick catches Jackson FLUSH on the chin, dropping him to his knees as an irate Taylor steps out of the corner, barking orders to his teammate who struggles to lift Jackson up onto his shoulder...]

JD: He's got Jackson up... Taylor with the front facelock!

[Donovan and Taylor drop in tandem, SPIKING Jackson's skull into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: Stick a fork in Cain Jackson - he's done, fans!

[Taylor and Donovan drag the big man off the canvas, barely able to stand on his own...

...and dump him over the ropes to the floor!]

JD: And Cain Jackson's gone!

BW: For the second week in a row, someone that Cain Jackson thought he could trust - thought he could depend on - showed him that he was dead wrong, Dane.

JD: It's not been a good couple of weeks for Cain Jackson... and the... what did you call them? The James Gang?

BW: Catchy, ain't it?

JD: Taylor, Donovan, and James continue to cut a path through anyone in their way... and we're down to a Final Four as Willie Hammer is getting pounded in the corner by the martial arts skills of Brian James! The Engine of Destruction is beating him to a pulp...

[James grabs Hammer by the mini-afro, flinging him out of the corner towards Taylor and Donovan. Donovan lifts Hammer up around the waist as Taylor steps into position again, grabbing the front facelock...

...and DRIVES Willie Hammer's head into the canvas!]

JD: OHH! That's gotta do it!

BW: All that's left is to pull Hammer off the mat and dump him to the floor.

JD: That's not all that's left at all. We've still got three men left in the ring! Not all three of them can challenge Shadoe Rage for the World Television Title tonight! Not all three of them get the match!

BW: Why not? They won together. It only seems fair!

[Taylor and Donovan raise their arms as James steps forward, staring down the aisle at Shadoe Rage who suddenly looks REAL nervous about the idea of stepping into the ring to defend his title tonight...]

JD: Shadoe Rage is a marked man! Shadoe Rage has to defend the title against one of these three men-

BW: Hammer's still in there too!

JD: Not for long! Seriously, Bucky... who can stop these guys? Who can actually stop-

[Suddenly, the lights go out!]

JD: Uh oh. The lights are out here in the Crockett Coliseum! The Battle Royal was close to a conclusion in my opinion but now-

[The sounds of snarling and barking dogs fill the air causing the crowd to ERUPT in cheers!]

JD: OH MY GOD!

[The roar of the crowd continues to get louder as "War Machine" by KISS kicks in over the Crockett Coliseum PA system. The midnight blue lighting covers the Dallas crowd, many of whom are jumping up and down. The spotlights begin to swirl, in hunt of the most dangerous trio in all of professional wrestling...

...and come to rest on Wade Walker, Isaiah Carpenter, and Pedro Perez standing at the top of the aisle of one of the bleachers. The crowd gets louder as the trio starts marching down the aisle towards the ring, eyes locked on the squared circle.]

JD: THE DOGS OF WAR ARE HERE! AND THIS JUST GOT REAL!

[Carpenter hurdles over the barricade first, stepping aside as Perez hops over it. Wade Walker places one foot on top of it, throwing back his head and roaring with the support of the Dallas crowd. Inside the ring, Wes Taylor, Tony Donovan, and Brian James have fanned out... ready for the fight coming their way... maybe... who the hell knows with these guys?]

JD: The Dogs of War are surrounding the ring and you know that they're MAD AS HELL over what happened here tonight!

BW: They wanted to be in Mexico City! They wanted to prove they're the best six man tag team unit on the face of the damn planet! That got taken away from them and you better believe that they're-

JD: HERE THEY COME!

[Surrounding the ring, the three men slide into the ring under the ropes as Taylor, Donovan, and James move to attack.]

JD: WE'VE GOT A FIGHT ON OUR HANDS!

[The lights come back on as Pedro Perez takes Wes Taylor clear off his feet with a double leg takedown, pummeling him down on the canvas for a few moments before Taylor rolls him over to return the favor. Nearby, Tony Donovan is throwing rights and lefts that Isaiah Carpenter is deftly ducking like there's nothing to it, dropping back to avoid a swinging hook to his back...

...and thenipping back up, jumping up to score an enzugiri on the back of Donovan's head, sending him falling chestfirst into the middle rope, down on his knees.]

JD: WALKER AND JAMES! WALKER AND JAMES!

[The biggest two men in the ring are eye-to-eye, nose-to-nose, off-mic angry words being exchange as they prepare to throw down. The Dallas crowd are on their feet screaming and shouting for the fight they're about to see...

...when Willie Hammer comes tearing across the ring from out of nowhere, leaping up to land a split-legged dropkick on both men!]

JD: OH!

[Hammer springs up, throwing a right-left combo to the jaw of the rising James, grabbing him by the hair...

...and HURLING him over the ropes to the floor!]

JD: WHAT?! WHAT?!

BW: BRIAN JAMES GOT ELIMINATED BY WILLIE HAMMER?! WHAT IN THE HELL?!

[Hammer jumps back, throwing his arms in the air, pumping them up and down to celebrate the shocking elimination...

...and turns RIGHT into a devastating spear tackle out of Wade Walker!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: HE SPEARED HIM RIGHT IN HALF!! GOOD LORD HAVE MERCY!

[Walker rolls under the bottom rope, making his way quickly around the ring...

...and LEAPS up, driving a straight right hand into the jaw of Donovan who is still hanging over the middle rope!]

JD: OHH! Big right hand on Donovan!

[With Walker's back turn, Brian James attacks him, smashing a forearm into the back of the head, hammering... and hammering... and hammering...]

JD: James is all over Wade Walker! He's all over him!

[He grabs Walker by the head, driving his knee up into the jaw over and over and over...

...when suddenly...]

JD: AAAAABUUUUUNAAAAAAAII!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Isaiah Carpenter comes flipping over the top rope, diving onto Brian James with a somersault plancha that completely wipes out the Engine of Destruction!]

JD: CARPENTER TAKES OUT BRIAN JAMES!!

[Back inside the ring, Wes Taylor is back on his feet, hammering Pedro Perez in the corner. He grabs an arm, shooting Perez across the ring and charging in after him...

...but as Perez nears the corner, he grabs the top rope, kicking his legs up into the air as Taylor runs under him. Perez grabs Taylor by the head, tucking his knees up into the back...]

JD: What's he-?!

[...and falls to the mat, JAMMING his knees into the back of Taylor!]

JD: BACKSTABBER! LUNGBLOWER! BACKCRACKER! CALL IT WHATEVER YOU WANT, FANS!

[Taylor is flopping around on the canvas as Perez gets up, dragging a thumb across his throat. Isaiah Carpenter pulls himself back up on the apron, nodding his head as Perez grabs Tony Donovan off the mat. Perez leans down, muscling Donovan up into an electric chair as Carpenter grabs the top rope with both hands...]

JD: Carpenter's gonna fly!

[The smallest of the Dogs of War leaps into the air, springboarding off the top rope, soaring through the sky to DRIVE a knee into the skull of Donovan, sending him flipping off the shoulders of Perez and crashing down to the canvas as Perez walks away!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With James down on the floor, Wade Walker slides back into the air, grabbing Perez by the shoulder...

...and pointing to the downed Wes Taylor.]

JD: What in the world...?! They're not done, Bucky!

BW: Of course they're not done! The Dogs of War used to put people FACES through windshields! You think they're happy with a random punking?! You think that puts out the message they want to put out?!

[Walker grabs Taylor by the legs, dragging him back out of the corner as Carpenter slides out to the floor, shoving the timekeeper out of his seat and grabbing his chair.]

JD: Oh my god... oh my god... Carpenter's got a chair, fans!

BW: We've seen something like this before, Dane!

JD: We certainly have!

[Carpenter unfolds the steel chair near the corner as Walker grabs the legs of Taylor in a wheelbarrow position, lifting him up into the air...

...and flinging him facefirst down on the open steel seat!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

JD: If only that was the end of it!

[Pedro Perez, standing on the second rope, twists his fingers to look like a gun, looking down at the stunned Taylor, pointing at him...]

JD: No, no, no! Don't do this! Somebody's gotta stop this! Somebody needs to-

[Perez is ready to strike, looking down with a sadistic smile...]

“TIME TO DIE!”

[...but before he can leap, Brian James reaches under the bottom rope, dragging Wes Taylor off the chair and under the ropes to the floor.]

JD: Oh! Just in time! Just in time!

[James slings Taylor over his shoulder, backing away from the ring as a dazed Tony Donovan rolls out to join them. Perez, still standing on the middle rope, gestures for a mic.]

PP: There are places in this world where if you're caught stealing, they...

[He chops down on his own wrist with the mic, causing a “THUNK!” to ring out.]

PP: ...cut off your hand. Consider yourselves lucky, boys, that we couldn't find a good piece of steel anywhere back there in this joint.

Now, it wasn't the three of you who stole... but a theft happened all the same.

It may not have been a car... or a wallet... or my paycheck...

[Perez pauses, slapping himself across the face.]

PP: Oh wait... it WAS my paycheck. Because I was supposed to be cashing a check Monday morning for a whole of yen or yuan or centavos or whatever the hell they use down there! I was supposed to be in Mexico City tonight... WE were supposed to be in Mexico City tonight fulfilling our destiny.

[He grimaces.]

PP: But we had that stolen away from us. We were supposed to walk into a building with twenty-four other men who all think they're the best trios on the planet and we were going to prove each and every single one of them wrong.

But we had that stolen away from us too.

[Perez hops down off the ropes, turning towards the camera.]

PP: I PACKED REAL LIGHT!

[He runs a hand through his wet hair.]

PP: I packed real light because I needed room for a damned silver cup! A big one with our names written on them in Spanish! Copa de Trios champions it would say. Dogs of War it would say. And when we held that trophy in the air, you people - all

people - would know that we are exactly what we've been saying we are for over a year...

The best trio in the world.

But we had that stolen away from us too.

[Perez taps the mic against his forehead a few times, handing the mic over to Isaiah Carpenter.]

IC: Thievery will not be tolerated and I'm calling to report a crime! Because the American Wrestling Alliance in their inherent wisdom have determined that...

[He chuckles sadly.]

IC: ...they don't want to do business with SWLL anymore.

[Carpenter shakes his head.]

IC: Couldn't have decided that tomorrow, huh? You couldn't have decided that AFTER Copa de Trios when we were flying home with that big silver cup and a big paycheck to match? No, you needed to act then... you needed to act now...

You needed to do the equivalent of kicking in my front door, rifling through my drawers, and walking out with something that belongs to me.

Now... I don't know how they do things in the rest of the world... but right here in Dallas, Texas...

[Big cheer!]

IC: ...I'm pretty sure I know what happens when someone breaks into your house and steals something that belongs to you.

[Carpenter forms a gun with his fingers, taking aim at the camera.]

IC: You make sure that person never steals from you again.

But the problem is... it's not one person who stole from you. What do you do then? What do you do when an entire COMPANY steals from you?!

Because that's what happened... that's what happened last night...

The AWA STOLE from me and my brothers... and no words they can say... no apologies they can make can make up for it.

[Carpenter sneers.]

IC: So, we will exact our justice in the only way we know how...

[Wade Walker grabs the mic.]

WW: In blood. In violence. And in paaaaaaaaiiiin.

[Walker hands the mic back to Pedro Perez.]

PP: For too long now, the AWA got a Dogs of War who were behaving... a Dogs of War who were on a leash because they wanted to be in Copa de Trios...

Well, that leash got cut last night.

The Dogs are loose... and that's just too damned bad for everyone else.

[Perez drops the mic, exiting the ring up the aisle with his partners-in-crime, leaving a shocked crowd watching.]

JD: The Dogs of War have struck here in Dallas! They've struck here at Homecoming!

BW: What happened to the Battle Royal?!

JD: I don't know, Bucky! Taylor, Donovan, and James all left! They bailed out! Hammer's still down out here on the floor... Shadoe Rage ran for it as well! We've got chaos here at Homecoming! Fans, we're going to take a quick break and when we come back, we'll see if we can get some answers!

[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 backstage where Lou Blackwell stands.]

SLB: After what we just saw transpire, we're eager to hear from the three men approaching me. Gentlemen!

[Lou waves to the trio who approaches off camera. On the left is Tony Donovan, and on the right is Brian James. And strung between them, an arm over each of his comrades' shoulders is the barely conscious Wes Taylor, his head bobbing up and down on a neck that can barely support it.]

SLB: With what The Dogs of War did-

TD: What the hell kind of time for questions is this, Blackwell? Do you not see the state of this man barely standing before you?!

[Tony points at Wes Taylor with his free hand.]

TD: A _CRIME_ was just committed out there tonight, and all you care about is your stupid scoop! You should be ashamed of yourself, Blackwell! ASHAMED! What went on out there tonight was no less than aggravated assault and grand theft title shot, and you can damn well guarantee that there will be consequences!

[Tony finally stops ranting.]

SLB: You three are very understandably upset. But I have to point out that Willie Hammer did eliminate you, Brian James.

[Lou immediately regrets those words, as the six foot six son of the Blackheart stares a hole straight through him.]

BJ: Walker.

Where is Walker?

[The Engine of Destruction is seething.]

BJ: I'm going to break Walker in half! Do you hear me, Blackwell? Do you understand what I'm saying?

You bring him to me, right now!

SLB: You know very well that I can't just produce a man!

BJ: Blackwell...

[James' right hand closes into a fist.]

BJ: If you can't bring me Walker, then you're useless to me. You get me Walker, or I'm going to give you a taste of what he's got coming to him!

SLB: Now hold on just one moment. You wouldn't dare lay a hand on me!

[James makes a grab for Lou, and manages to catch him by the lapels. But before this situation can escalate further, a hand grabs James' wrist. Few people would be foolish enough to do something like that, and only one man can do it without repercussions.]

SLB: Brian Lau! I never thought I'd say this, but thank goodness you're here!

[The camera cuts to Lau, whose hand is still on James' wrist. After a nod from his manager, James finally releases his grip on Blackwell.]

BL: I didn't save you Blackwell. The only thing I did was make sure that Walker gets what's coming to him. You see, there's not going to be any chance that Walker or his other Dogs escape the hell that's headed their way.

I will not give that leathery skinned O'Neill a single excuse to play favorites. We will not be paying fines, we will not be suspended, and Lou Blackwell, we will not be silenced!

Brian James was never eliminated from that battle royal! Someone who was not sanctioned to appear interfered in that match, and by the AWA's own rule book, any actions that result from any outside interference are null and void. Willie Hammer never eliminated Brian James!

So far as I am concerned, Wes Taylor, Tony Donovan, and Brian James remain ongoing and viable participants in a match that was ended without warrant. First off, the AWA owes all three men compensation commensurate to the winners' purse.

And secondly, all three men are now owed a shot at the World Television Title!

SLB: This is outrageous! How can you possibly claim that?

BL: Because, Blackwell, the days of orange skinned tyranny are over!

I hope you're listening O'Neill. Because I will make sure that these three men get everything they are owed.

As for the Dogs of War – this isn't over!

We were happy to let you three play your games with The Dead Man's Party. We were happy to let you three do as you pleased. But our largesse, our indulgence, and your ability to breathe freely has come to an end.

You want to face an elite unit? Stop looking to Japan. And start looking at these three men. Because they will end you!

O'Neill – give us what we want, or the headaches that Hannibal Carver has caused you will be nothing to what we do.

[The four step away then, as Lou Blackwell is seen shaking his head.]

SLB: Quite the explosive situation. And these men are not the only aggrieved parties. With luck, I can reach out to the other participants, and see where their minds are at. In fact, I...

[Sweet Lou's gaze drifts off-camera.]

SLB: Willie Hammer! Willie, a quick word please!

[Willie Hammer walks into the shot, still dressed in his wrestling trunks, looking a bit the worse for wear.]

SLB: Willie Hammer, you were one of the last four men in the Battle Royal. It looked like you were facing insurmountable odds, but thanks to the arrival of the Dogs of War, you were the last man left in the ring. Do you think that makes you the winner of the Battle Royal?

WH: Firstly, Sweet Lou, considering the Dogs were involved, I'm just glad to still be walking at this point.

[Hammer grabs at the back of his head, giving it a shake.]

WH: Secondly, and we know it's still inconclusive at this moment, the way things went down, that's obviously not the way anyone wants to win a match. However, if the Championship Committee should decide in my favor, I have no problems taking a shot at Shadoe Rage and the World Television title.

Some might protest the idea of my getting another shot at the title so close to the previous one, but we don't know how that match would have ended had Skywalker Jones not gotten some members of the public who did not know better involved in a situation they should not have been put in.

Now, I'm not going to compare myself to Supernova, but if the powers that be have no problem granting him multiple shots at the title for every time a match ends in controversy, then I would say I deserve a second chance at the gold currently held by Rage.

Raspy V/O: No no no no no NO!

[Sweet Lou blanches as the Television champion bursts onto the set. He clutches the fuchsia and silver Television title over his left shoulder as he wags a finger back and forth in Willie Hammer's face.]

SR: You don't get another shot at me. You don't get another shot at my title because you didn't win. I watched the whole debacle. No one won that match. It was all a giant mess that deprived people of their opportunity to see me defend the belt again. Hammer, you weren't the winner. You weren't the last man standing. You were just the last man laid out. That's all and that's not championship material. I got rid of one piece of Sweet Daddy Williams' trash. I won't soil my hands on another.

V/O: For once Shadoe, the Red Hot One agrees with you.

[Rex Summers saunters into camera view, still attired in his full length blue and white zebra tights and white wrestling boots. He runs his hands through his hair as he continues to speak.]

RS: Willie Hammer is a far cry from championship material.

[Willie Hammer does not look pleased at all as Rex just smirks at the Los Angeles native.]

RS: Willie, my boy, Little Lou here may be filling your head with ideas of a championship match tonight but what he's not telling you is Rex Summers was never thrown over the top rope... Rex Summers' feet never hit the floor. I'm sure you know what that means, Willie.

It means "Red Hot" Rex Summers was never eliminated!

[Summers with a throaty chuckle as he looks over the obviously worse for wear Willie Hammer.]

RS: And since it's apparent you're in no shape to challenge Shadoe Rage for the WORLD Television Championship... Rex Summers should get the shot tonight!

SR: Unbelievable, Rex Summers! You're absolutely unbelievable! You're not ready for this! You don't deserve a shot at my title and you won't touch it, either! Nobody gets a shot at my title! Nobody! I'll pick my challengers! Because I'm the only one in this place that has any sense. Goodbye!

[With that, Rage storms off.]

RS: Not ready... not ready?!

[Summers glares in the direction Rage stormed off in.]

RS: Who do you thi-

[Before Summers is able to finish his thought, Willie Hammer steps up to Summers and glares at him.]

WH: Firstly, Rex, I ain't your boy.

Secondly, only YOU would think hiding under a skirt for the better part of a Battle Royal somehow makes you a winner. The title shot is mine, and if you want it, you're going to have to go through me.

[Not showing any signs of intimidation, Summers stares right back at Hammer.]

RS: Go through you?

[Summers with another throaty chuckle.]

RS: Willie, Willie, you're looking at the complete package ... a man who has climbed to the top of the mountain on multiple occasions and taken on all comers. I've beaten the likes of Captain Joe Flint, Cesar Hernandez, Travis and Jimmy Lynch, Robert Donovan... if you think you can do what they haven't, then Willie, you're in for a rude awakening!

[The two men go nose to nose as as "Sweet" Lou Blackwell speaks.]

SLB: We'll have to get to the bottom of this one, fans! Just who is going to challenge for the World Television Title?! We're going to try to find out but right now, let's go over to Mark Stegglet who has a special guest. Mark?

[We cut to another area backstage where Mark Stegglet is standing next to Dr. Bob Ponavitch, who is dressed in a white shirt, red tie and navy blue pants.]

MS: Fans, I am here with Dr. Bob Ponavitch to get an update on the condition of Supernova. You will recall that Supernova had an encounter with Shadoe Rage which ended with the World TV Champion viciously beating down the man who has been seeking another shot at that title. Let's take you to the closing minutes of that assault.

[Crossfade to footage marked "ONE WEEK AGO - LAS VEGAS" where the crowd EXPLODES as Supernova rips the expensive robe, tearing Shadoe Rage's face right in half as he tears the fabric!]

BW: This ain't right, Gordo... this ain't right at all.

GM: The crowd here in Vegas sure likes it... Supernova ripping that gaudy piece of garbage to pieces.

BW: GAUDY?! Who are you to judge Shadoe Rage's fashion sense?!

GM: The guy not wearing a light up jacket?

BW: Why you-

[Supernova rips the jacket again, tearing it once more. He rips and tears and rips and tears, throwing it down to the canvas. He looks out at the roaring fans, pounding his chest with his fists...

...when Shadoe Rage comes rolling back into the ring behind him, title belt in hand!]

GM: RAGE!

[Rage CLUBS Supernova in the back of the head with the title belt, knocking him flat on the canvas. He's muttering and shouting at the face-painted fan favorite, angrily pointing at him.]

GM: Shadoe Rage just laid out Supernova and... oh my stars, he's not done!

[Rage drops the title belt, hopping through the ropes to the apron. He quickly goes to the top rope, standing tall, arms raised over his head...]

GM: He's got Supernova laid out and-

[The World Television Champion leaps off the top rope, cocking his right arm, and DRIVES the elbow down into the throat of Supernova!]

GM: ELBOW OFF THE TOP! GOOD GRIEF!

[Rage pops back up, throwing his arms apart, shouting "HE'S DONE!" to the now jeering crowd.]

GM: Shadoe Rage drops that big elbow and... now where is he going?!

BW: He's gonna do it again! He's gonna make this punk pay for what he did!

GM: He tore up a jacket, for crying out loud! There's no call for-

[The crowd jeers as Rage sails off the top a second time, dropping the elbow down on the throat. Supernova's legs kick up into the air, trembling as they settle back down on the canvas.]

GM: The man's convulsing down on the mat! Come on! Enough is enough!

BW: Shadoe Rage will decide when enough is enough, Gordo! Supernova crossed a line tonight and Rage is gonna make sure he never crosses it again! Do it again, Shad- no, he's got something else in mind!

[The referee shouts at Rage, pleading with him to let up...

...when Rage grabs Warren by the hair, PASTING him with a right hand between the eyes, sending the referee sprawling down to the canvas! The crowd groans in shock as Rage points at the downed official!]

GM: Oh!

BW: That'll cost him... but I don't think he cares at this point! Rage has snapped!

[Stalking past the downed official, Rage pulls a limp Supernova off the canvas, setting him down on his knees. He holds the hair, shouting off-mic in Supernova's face, yelling at his rival as he sticks his finger in between his eyes...]

"THIS! ENDS! NOW!"

[Rage breaks away, running across the ring to the far side of the ring. He leans down, tapping his knee a few times...]

GM: What is he...?

BW: Oh, he's REALLY going to finish him now!

GM: NO!

[The World Television Champion barrels across the ring, taking aim at a stunned Supernova...]

...and DRIVES his knee into the skull of the face-painted fan favorite, sending him down to the mat in a pile.]

GM: OH!

[The crowd goes silent at the sight of Supernova laid out on the canvas, victim of the very move that put Tony Sunn on the shelf permanently.]

GM: My stars, fans... that knee is...

BW: A trip to the retirement home?

GM: Shadoo Rage hasn't used that move very often but when he has, it almost certainly means a trip to the hospital...

BW: Or worse.

GM: Exactly. Like we mentioned earlier, Rage used that kneestrike to capture the World Television Title at SuperClash last November and when he did it to Tony Sunn...

BW: It knocked Sunn out cold... out of the AWA... and to the best of my knowledge, out of wrestling altogether!

GM: Shadoo Rage has struck... struck hard... and struck with potentially career altering impact right here in Las Vegas.

[Retrieving his title belt, Rage plants a foot on the chest of Supernova, raising his right hand to the sky. He swings it down, slapping the face of the title belt once. He raises it again, slapping the belt a second time.]

BW: He's got him pinned, Gordo! Who says Rage hasn't beaten Supernova?!

[Rage slaps the title belt a third time before raising the belt into the air, posing with a foot on the chest of the motionless Supernova as the ring fills with AWA officials and medical team members - including Dr. Bob Ponavitch - begging Rage to vacate the ring so they can aid the downed Supernova.]

GM: Get him out of there! Get him the HELL out of there!

[Rage threatens to backhand Ponavitch before he arrogantly walks away, slinging the title belt over his shoulder as he steps through the ropes to the apron. He plants a kiss on the face of the title belt before dropping down to the floor, pointing back in the ring and continuing to trash talk the motionless Supernova as Ponavitch waves for a stretcher to be brought into the ring...

...as we fade back to live footage of Stegglet and Ponavitch.]

MS: Fans, we can tell you that Supernova was taken by ambulance to the hospital, and Dr. Ponavitch, I understand you have been in touch with the doctors who treated him. What can you tell me about Supernova's condition?

BP: Mark, I can tell you that Supernova was diagnosed with a concussion. Fortunately, he did not have any damage to the skull itself, but I can tell you that a concussion is not something to take lightly. As you may know, there is no telling how long it can take for a person to recover from a brain injury and it may be several weeks before Supernova can return to the ring... that is, if he chooses to.

MS: Hold on a minute, Dr. Ponavitch. What do you mean, if he chooses to?

BP: Mark, you are aware that Tony Sunn never returned to the AWA after the concussion he received at the hands of Shadoe Rage... from the very same maneuver that Mr. Rage used on Supernova.

[Stegglet nods.]

BP: In this era of sports, I know more athletes are taking concussions seriously. You are probably aware of a few football players who have gotten out of that sport because of their worries about the long-term effects of head injuries. Now, I don't want to speculate about what Supernova may decide, but given what we know, I can't say for certain if Supernova will return to the ring. Only he can answer that question.

MS: Understood. Fans, who knows how soon it may be before we get that answer, but it appears certain that we won't see Supernova in that ring for...

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

MS: Perhaps never again. Let's go back to-

[Stegglet stops short, turning slightly to look off-camera. The camera shot pulls back a bit to reveal a pensive-looking Dave Bryant. Bryant is pacing back and forth and looks clearly nonplussed.]

MS: I've got Dave Bryant back here, and he seems...not too happy about something. What's going on?

[Bryant pauses, staring a hole through Stegglet.]

DB: Mark, do you know how long I've been trying to get Demetrius Lake in the ring? How long I've been trying to corner him, get him into a place where I can finally, just maybe, show him which of us is the better man?

MS: Um...well --

DB: Too damned long, Mark! Too long, and now I know he's trying to talk his way out of the match he AGREED on... just because we ended up not being in Mexico tonight!

[Bryant is fuming now, and starts pacing again.]

DB: I guarantee that right now, he and that snake Graham are trying to get into O'Neill's head, trying to claim that since the agreed-upon match was gonna happen at Copa, that it's off and he can get out of facing me again. That's the type of low-down snake Demetrius Lake is -- he knows I'm ready to get in there and put an end to this, and he's doing everything in his power to drag it out! You know what the worst part of all this is, Mark?

[Bryant doesn't exactly give Stegklet a chance to answer.]

DB: He isn't afraid of me. I know I've called him every name in the book and coward was among them, but he isn't afraid. All he wants is to screw with me, to take whatever's left of my pride, whatever's left of my dignity, to leave me a broken pile of nothing in the middle of that ring...so, you know what, Mark? Let's give the King what he wants.

MS: Pardon?

DB: You hear me, Lake? I know you're trying to get out of this match as we speak, so I'm going to sweeten the pot. I know you already believe you can beat me in that ring, so let me offer you even more incentive to show up out there tonight. All the years I've spent in the wrestling business, I've always presented myself as being...well, kind of a pretty boy. I dress well, I groom carefully, and the fact that after so many years in wrestling I still have a full head of hair that's mostly not gray is one of my few points of pride. I mean, come on, I haven't been calling myself "Doctor of Love" for so many years just because it rolls off the tongue.

[Bryant pauses.]

DB: So, Lake, if this match goes on, and you beat me, as you seem so sure you'll be able to do, you get to take that away from me, too. You get to shave all the hair off my head, leaving me beaten, embarrassed, and, I'd be willing to bet, with a haircut that a three year old with safety scissors might be able to improve on.

[Bryant chuckles.]

DB: Of course, I won't just put my hair on the line...if you really believe you're the KING of Wrestling...you won't have any trouble putting your crown on the line too, right? I mean, I stand no chance, I'm facing the greatest wrestler that ever was or will be, so you'll just stomp me into the dirt, shave me bald, and leave me laying...right?

[Bryant smirks.]

DB: This is your chance, Lake. You wanted to drive me out of this business, broken and humiliated...and tonight'll be the best chance of your life to do just that. Let's do this, Lake, and get it done -- I'm sick of you, you're sick of me, let's have this out once and for all, see who's the better man...or, I guess in my case, the balder man, right?

[Bryant actually laughs out loud, then strides off.]

MS: Homecoming has already been a crazy night and it keeps getting crazier! Dave Bryant issues a challenge to Demetrius Lake for later tonight... HAIR VERSUS HAIR! Will the King accept?! We're going to find out after this commercial break so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.]

We cut to the living room of a house, where two kids are playing an Atari 2600. Some pathetic bleeps and bleeps 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 Shadoo 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 through black and backstage where Mark Stegglet is standing, a big grin on his face.]

MS: Moments ago, we heard a challenge issued by Dave Bryant - Hair Versus Hair - to Demetrius Lake! I can now confirm that that challenge has been accepted and tonight, we're going to see the Doctor of Love have his head shaved clean or the so-called King lose the crown on his head!

In addition, during the break, we received breaking news from the office of the AWA President that said that since Willie Hammer and Rex Summers BOTH have claims on the win in tonight's Battle Royal, those two competitors will meet later tonight and the winner here in Dallas will get a shot at Shadoc Rage with the World Television Title on the line in just two weeks' time! Now let's head back down to the ring for another special interview with the AWA's resident physician, Dr. Bob Ponavitch!

[Cut to ringside, where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell stands with the AWA's chief medical officer, Doctor Bob Ponavitch.]

SLB: Fans, normally this news would cost you \$1.99 a minute, but since this is Homecoming, we're bringing you the scoop, for free! Dr. Ponavitch, I understand that you've run an extensive medical exam of our World Heavyweight Champion, Ryan Martinez. Can you tell us his current medical condition?

[After a nod of his head, Dr. Ponavitch speaks.]

BP: Two weeks ago, at the behest of President Landon O'Neill, and as a result of his match against KING Oni, Ryan Martinez was sent to the Sunrise Hospital and Medical Center, and under my supervision, the medical staff made the following determinations.

First, I am happy to report that Mr. Martinez suffered no broken bones, and no internal organ damage. His shoulder, always a source of concern, was not dislocated, though he has suffered a bone bruise to his shoulder blade. Further, there has been extensive deep tissue damage to various parts of Mr. Martinez' body. Most troubling, after his head was slammed into the ring post, Mr. Martinez suffered a non-concussive brain injury. Had he suffered a concussion, the news would have been dire.

But though the injury was non-concussive, it is my medical recommendation that Mr. Martinez not compete here tonight.

SLB: Are you saying that Ryan Martinez has been medically suspended? If so, for how long?

[Ponavitch shakes his head, raising a hand.]

BP: To be clear, this is a recommendation. Mr. Martinez can compete, if he chooses, but if he does so, it is with the understanding that this is against my recommendation.

[As Ponavitch finishes, there's a roar from the crowd, as, emerging at the top of the entrance stage is the man currently being spoken of. No music heralds Ryan Martinez' arrival tonight, but he requires none. The raucous cheers and thunderous applause are enough to carry him to the ring. As he moves down the aisle, we can see that Martinez is in rough shape. His face is a mass of bruises, including a very obvious black eye whose swelling and color is only beginning to fade. There's an obvious hitch in his step as he makes his way towards the ring. Martinez is wearing his white satin ring jacket, zipped up, and a pair of black pants. On his shoulder is the richest prize in all of professional sports, the AWA World Heavyweight title. Gingerly stepping between the top and middle rope, Martinez moves to the ring.]

SLB: Mr. Martinez, I have to say, given what Dr. Ponavitch had to say, I did not expect to see you tonight.

[After a nod, Martinez motions for the microphone, which Lou hands over.]

RM: That's one of the reasons I've come out here, Lou. Because, Dr. Ponavitch, as much as I respect you, I can't take your advice. My whole life has been about not taking the easy way out. My whole career has been about proving myself through competition.

That hasn't changed. That won't change.

Especially not here in Texas!

[The cheers from the crowd momentarily drown everything else out.]

RM: But before we talk about tonight, we need to talk about two weeks ago. Because I need to do something I don't do very often.

I need to apologize.

[Martinez pauses a moment. It's clearly not easy for him to admit he was wrong.]

RM: Two weeks ago, in the heat of the moment, I threatened to leave the AWA, and to take this with me.

[Martinez pats the World Heavyweight Title on his shoulder.]

RM: I should never have done that. It wasn't fair to Landon O'Neill, and it was not fair to the AWA fans, who've never done anything to earn that kind of disrespect.

So, to Landon O'Neill, and especially to every AWA fan, I offer you my deepest and most sincere apology.

I will never make such a threat again. You have my word. And I always keep my word.

SLB: It takes a big man to admit when he's wrong, and I am certain that President O'Neill and the fans appreciate what you've said.

[Martinez nods.]

RM: There is one thing I need to make clear though. The threat came for one simple reason – because the moment I won this title, I made a promise to myself, and to every AWA fan.

I promised to compete against the best in the world.

And two weeks ago? Landon O'Neill kept that from happening. And that, Lou, is why I was upset. Not because I didn't get what I want, but because the AWA fans weren't going to get what they wanted, and what they've deserved.

There's a match that has to happen, if the AWA is going to live up to the claim of being the premier name in professional wrestling.

I have to fight Hannibal Carver!

[That name is enough to spark a familiar chant.]

"HAN-NI-BAL!" "HAN-NI-BAL!" "HAN-NI-BAL!"

[There's no consternation on the face of the AWA's White Knight as he hears the fans chanting for his rival. Instead, Martinez raises his hands, encouraging the chant.]

"HAN-NI-BAL!" "HAN-NI-BAL!" "HAN-NI-BAL!"

[As the chanting becomes deafening, Martinez reaches up and unzips his jacket, first revealing that his ribs are heavily taped. But more shocking is the white t-shirt Martinez is wearing, a t-shirt with a simple slogan emblazoned across the chest.

What does it say?

FREE CARVER!]

SLB: Whoah! That's a provocative statement!

RM: It's the same statement you've already seen and heard tonight... from men... men that I respect like Cesar Hernandez and Sweet Daddy Williams. It's the same statement you've heard from so many of the fans here tonight!

[Big cheer! Ryan nods.]

RM: And it's what needs to happen, Lou. Hannibal Carver doesn't deserve to be suspended, he doesn't deserve to miss SuperClash. And if President O'Neill thinks that Hannibal Carver should be punished?

Then give him to me, and I'll finish what we began a year ago!

[The fans start to chant again, this time alternating.]

"LETS GO RYAN!"

"FREE CAR-VER!"

[The chants, though they alternate, are not dueling. Carver fans and Martinez fans are united in their desire to see the two men battle it out.]

"LETS GO RYAN!"

"FREE CAR-VER!"

"LETS GO RYAN!"

"FREE CAR-VER!"

"LETS GO RYAN!"

"FREE CAR-VER!"

[Finally, the crowd quiets down enough that Martinez can speak.]

RM: President O'Neill, I hope you heard that. And I hope that very soon, you'll make the right call.

SLB: I am sure that we will hear from President O'Neill in the next few days. But tonight, well, Mr. Martinez, you did say you were not going to take time off. So what is on your agenda for tonight?

RM: Tonight, I'm going to keep the promise I already made.

Because Copa de Trios might be cancelled. But I said that Johnny Detson would get a title shot tonight. And I don't care if my ribs hurt, I don't care if I can barely walk. So long as my lungs are filled with air, and so long as my heart still beats...

I'm taking on Johnny Detson tonight!

[The cheer from the crowd over the match is interrupted with a voice from the back.]

VO: Oh, so you remembered?

[Out from the back storms Johnny Detson. Detson is dressed to wrestle with his long gold tights, black boots and black sweat jacket zipped up with the "X" logo embroidered on the left breast of the jacket.]

Detson: I figured you were out here playing political prisoner sympathizer and forgot what you promised me. And excuse me, Carver doesn't deserve to be suspended?

[Detson shakes his head and climbs into the ring.]

Detson: Hannibal Carver is the walking embodiment of someone who deserves to be suspended! Or perhaps you want to tell Gordon Myers why he shouldn't be suspended?

[Detson points to the announce team and smirks.]

Detson: Oh wait... that's right, Gordon's not here and why is that? Because Hannibal Carver maimed him, that's why! Free Carver? You sicken me!

[Detson shakes his head in disgust at the champ.]

Detson: And tonight, I'm going to make sure you never use that title as leverage again when I take it from you.

[Detson smirks and makes a belt motion around his waist.]

Detson: So I'm so happy to hear you'll be honoring your promise here tonight. You know the suits over at The X, they confide in me. After all, I am their biggest star.

[Detson smiles wide as he points to his embroidered jacket.]

Detson: They were worried. They said you weren't going to compete here tonight. They're already worried about time allotments what with talent getting short notice and running this show after the fiasco in Mexico, they turn to me - their biggest star - and asked for help.

[Detson nods, the smile never leaving his face as he looks straight at Martinez.]

Detson: And I told them not to worry. Ryan Martinez, he's always had more heart than brains, he'll be here tonight and he'll honor his commitment. But those executives you know how they get... worried about ad space... worried about how they didn't have enough content for the show. I told them.. Johnny Detson will be there you have only the content you need!

But if you're worried why not have the star of the show BE the show.

[The crowd is grumbling, wondering what Detson's getting at.]

Detson: You need content? You need time? Well, I have three simple words for you.

[Detson holds up three fingers and lowers a finger after each word spoke.]

Detson: IRON. MAN. MATCH.

[Detson smirks as the crowd ROARS with anticipation, Blackwell's eyes go large, and the champ's expression remains unchanged.]

Detson: So what do you say, champ? Johnny Detson vs Ryan Martinez for the AWA World Heavyweight Title in a sixty minute Iron Man Match right here tonight-

[Blackwell interrupts.]

SLB: An Iron Man Match!? Johnny Detson, you can't be serious! Ryan Martinez, whether he wants to admit it or not, is hurt. He is wrestling against doctor's orders! How is he going to compete for an hour against you?

[Martinez moves forward, taking the microphone from Lou.]

RM: I'm not so hurt that I'm going to refuse this challenge.

Detson? You want an hour long beating? You want me to spend sixty minutes making you regret your decision to ever lace up a pair of boots?

You're on!

This ends tonight, Detson. This ends with me beating you, not once, not twice, but a dozen times!

You can...

[The crowd joins in with Martinez.]

RM: Count on it!

[Detson just stares at Martinez for a moment before slowly backing away and laughing. He climbs out of the ring to the ramp as Martinez just glares at him.]

JD: Fans, GIGANTIC news here in Dallas, Texas! We knew we were getting Hammer vs Summers! We knew we were getting Bryant vs Lake - Hair Versus Hair! And now we can confirm it - believe it or not - that Johnny Detson is going to challenge Ryan Martinez for the World Heavyweight Title in a SIXTY MINUTE IRON MAN MATCH! Hooo boy! What a night this is at Homecoming!

BW: The King of the Dumb Kids just made the biggest Dumb Kid mistake of his life! He's hurt! He's banged up! He's going against the Doc's recommendation! And now he's going to wrestle for a GUARANTEED sixty minutes against the Number One Contender?!

JD: I would never call the World Champion a "dumb kid" but even I have to wonder about the wisdom in accepting this match, Bucky. We could very well see the end of Ryan Martinez' World Title reign right here tonight in Dallas, Texas.

BW: No, no... we WILL see the end of it. Right here. Tonight.

JD: We've already had one heck of a night and we've still got a whole lot more to come... including that Iron Man Match... but right now, let's go over to Mark Stegglet with our Top Ten Rundown!

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

MS: Hello everyone, I'm Mark Stegglet here to give you a quick in-depth look at the most recent AWA Top Ten Rankings updated following our last edition of Saturday Night Wrestling. Here we go!

["#10 - Calisto Dufresne" appears on the screen.]

MS: Kicking things off, we find the former World Champion, Calisto Dufresne, checking in at Number Ten. Last week, Dufresne was Number Nine but he slips one spot this week thanks to a new entry to the Top Ten we'll get to in just a bit.

["#9 - Juan Vasquez" is added to the list.]

MS: Another man who slipped one notch this week is Juan Vasquez. However, remember that Mr. Vasquez will be the Match Maker for the night two weeks from tonight on Saturday Night Wrestling AND he'll be challenging Travis Lynch for the National Title. A big night for him could catapult him up the rankings!

["#8 - Supernova" appears.]

MS: Supernova slides one notch down the list as well and when you consider his physical condition after being hit with that running kneestrike by Shadoo Rage last weekend, there are many who wonder if we've seen the last of the face-painted fan favorite.

["#7 - KING Oni" appears.]

MS: The newest addition to our Top Ten and a BIG one as KING Oni shocked the world by taking on - and defeating the World Heavyweight Champion, Ryan Martinez, via countout last weekend in Las Vegas. That win drops him right in the heart of our Top Ten rankings with the potential to climb all the way to the top if he gets a rematch with the title on the line.

["#6 - Dave Bryant" emerges.]

MS: Dave Bryant, the former World Champion is holding strong at #6 but this week's Hair vs Hair battle between he and Demetrius Lake...

["#5 - Demetrius Lake" appears.]

MS: ...will go a long way towards determining the future of both of these Main Event level superstars.

["#4 - Bobby O'Connor" is added to the list.]

MS: He holds a guaranteed World Title opportunity in his back pocket but this week, he slips one spot - right below his TexMo Connection partner, Jack Lynch...

["#3 - Jack Lynch" appears.]

MS: ...who rises in the rankings due to his victory last weekend over Cain Jackson. This analyst expects we might see these two men trade this spot back and forth a few times before SuperClash.

["#2 - Hannibal Carver" appears.]

MS: Speaking of SuperClash, Hannibal Carver found himself suspended for 90 days after the events of last weekend's Saturday Night Wrestling - a decision that would force him to miss the biggest show of the year. However, the Free Carver movement is in full effect - including from our current World Champion - so one has to wonder what will happen first - a change of heart from AWA President Landon O'Neill or Carver falling out of the rankings for inactivity.

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

MS: And of course, still the #1 Contender to the World Heavyweight Championship - and the man who will apparently challenge for the title in tonight's Main Event in a 60 minute Iron Man Challenge, Johnny Detson. Will Detson strike gold tonight here in Dallas, Texas, or will Ryan Martinez overcome another dangerous threat to his title to move onto the road to SuperClash?

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

MS: And there you have it, fans, the AWA's Top Ten Contenders as voted by the Championship Committee on August 16th. That's all for now but join me back here next time when I keep on countin' 'em down! Now let's head back to ringside to Jason Dane and Bucky Wilde!

[We crossfade from the Top 10 back to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

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

[The crowd at the Crockett is already hip to what's about to happen. Some starts chanting "U-S-A! U-S-A!" instinctively before the opening to "Nomad" by Santana starts to play over the PA.]

PW: Introducing first... about to make his way down the aisle... from Montemorelos, Mexico... weighing in at two-hundred nine pounds... CASPIAN ABARAN!

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

JD: Caspian Abaran on his way down the aisle to the ring and right now, let's go back in time... taking you back now to a few short months ago...

[Cut to archival footage from an earlier edition of Saturday Night Wrestling.]

"SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING
MAY 9, 2015"

[Caspian Abaran and Kerry Kendrick are in the midst of a match when the camera goes wide. A mesoendomorphic monster with broad shoulders, a bald head, and thick eyebrows and moustache, dressed to wrestle in a metallic grey singlet with a red star rolls into the ring.]

JD: You remember this, Bucky. Four months ago, Jackson Hunter introduced the world to this monster Maxim Zharkov.

[Zharkov raises both fists over his head and brings them down in a mighty axe-handle onto the cranium of Caspian Abaran, who instantly goes slack.]

BW: It has been a long time since I have seen destruction like that, daddy. And Caspian Abaran says he wants more of this?

[Ignoring the protesting official, Zharkov quickly waist-locks Abaran to his feet. At ringside, Jackson Hunter has appeared, clipboard in hand, barking out instructions. Zharkov lurches to one side and tosses Abaran sideways, where he crashes into the ropes. The monster follows and gutwrenches Abaran into another suplex.]

JD: The Tsar has run roughshod in the AWA since then, but Abaran has nursed his wounds, and he wants a fair shot at the man called the Tsar.

[Segue back to live footage in the Crockett.]

JD: I know Caspian Abaran was looking forward to squaring off with Zharkov on his home soil, but you have to think he'd still be the crowd favorite here tonight, or indeed anywhere, such as next week when the AWA live tour rolls into El Paso on Tuesday, Albuquerque on Wednesday, and Amarillo next Thursday.

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

BW: I've got the sneakin' suspicion that Jackson Hunter's briefcase with all that cash is going to be doing that loop too, but it's going to be staying in Jackson Hunter's fist, comrade.

[The sound of an artillery strike echoes throughout the building, and an explosion of fire on the entranceway video screens gives way to footage of Red Square's Victory Day parades, accompanying the "Soviet March." Enter Maxim Zharkov - the towering specimen from Siberia. A dark teal robe, trimmed in red and gold, conceals his frame. His thickly eyebrowed and mustached face is mostly stoic, occasionally belying a disdain for the American spectators. Behind him: advisor Jackson Hunter, his ubiquitous clipboard under one arm, and a briefcase with a red hammer-and-sickle decal on the other. His typical scowl is absent, like he's trying to conceal his anxiety over the upcoming match.]

PW: And his opponent... From Magadan, Russia... weighing 158 kilograms... MAXIM... THE TSAR... ZHARKOV!

[Zharkov, with one swift motion, leaps onto the ring apron, throws his arms upward, casting his cloak off. He quickly steps through the ropes and begins a quick series of last-minute stretches on the corner.]

JD: Maxim Zharkov, still undefeated after four months in the AWA, though from what we heard when we were in Las Vegas, this could be Maxim Zharkov's first major challenge. Jackson Hunter gave away that Zharkov may not be prepared to combat Abaran's lucha libre techniques.

"DING! DING! DING!"

JD: We're underway, the clock has started. Neither man making a move here... just staring each other down. Maybe not a wise tactic in a match with a short time limit like this.

BW: No no no, Dane. Caspian knows what he's doing; he's stalling like a coward because he wants the cash. If he had half the heart and guts he claimed he did, he'd be getting up in Zharkov's face and taking his beating like a man!

JD: Quick recap of the rules: Jackson Hunter has offered fifteen thousand in cash to any North American athlete who can last five minutes with The Tsar-

[Zharkov interrupts Jason Dane with a mighty roar in the face of Caspian Abaran, as if to offer him the first shot.]

JD: -and so far, dozens of challengers have arisen, and none of them have even been able to bring the big Soviet to even a draw!

BW: And I say if the Last Son of the Soviet Union is going to be dominating the world of wrestling for the next two decades or so, you might as well sit back and enjoy it.

[Meanwhile, Jackson Hunter paces up and down the ring apron, looking seriously agitated and worried.]

JD: We're almost thirty seconds into this match, and neither man has made a move yet- no, Zharkov with a massive palm thrust to the face of Abaran, knocking him to the ropes!

BW: "Pushka," Dane. It's called a "Pushka." He fired the "Pushka."

JD: Abaran falling back to the ropes, but Zharkov is all over his opponent with those... Pushka strikes. Davis Warren needs to administer a count here; Abaran's in the ropes.

BW: Referee should just call the match and prevent the slaughter. Zharkov WILL bury us all.

[The referee gets between Zharkov and Abaran, but Zharkov winds up for a final, huge Pushka...]

JD: One more for good measure!

[...but Abaran ducks out of the way as he slides between the massive Soviet's legs and launches his shoulder into the back of Zharkov's exposed knee in a clip, causing Zharkov's leg to buckle as he grabs the ropes for support.]

JD: Abaran going downstairs! Perhaps trying to chop the massive Russian down to the canvas!

[Abaran is a blur of motion, racing to the ropes, rebounding back...]

JD: Oh! Beautiful seated dropkick to the thigh of Zharkov!

¡SMACK.!

[Jackson Hunter pounds his clipboard on the ringpost in utter frustration.]

JD: Caspian Abaran's tactic is starting to become clear; if he can chop this monster down, he can keep himself from being steamrolled by this tank.

BW: Enough with the freaking metaphors, Dane! Abaran knows he can't survive a fair fight.

[Abaran comes back to his feet, throwing rapid kicks to the thigh and knee of Zharkov as the Russian continues to hang on to the top rope, trying to prevent himself from being knocked off his feet.]

JD: Abaran relentless with kicks to the thigh and knee of Zharkov... the Russian tank seems to have stalled here!

BW: All he needs is one shot, daddy, and it's over.

JD: Perhaps but it's hard to throw that one shot when you can't stand up!

[Abaran hits the ropes again, rebounding back at top speed towards Zharkov who stumbles off the ropes...]

...and catches the luchador under his arm, swinging him around, and dropping him down in a devastating side slam!]

JD: OHHH!

BW: You were saying, Dane?! Who's standing now?!

JD: Maxim Zharkov is standing after absolutely PLANTING Caspian Abaran with that side slam! And as we pass the two minute mark in this five minute time limit, Zharkov sits Abaran up... kneeling down beside him now...

[The massive Russian wraps his arms around the luchador in a side bearhug as Abaran howls in agony.]

JD: Zharkov, changing gears, as he appears to be trying to slow his opponent down. A lateral bearhug like that can easily crack a rib.

[At ringside, Hunter has taken a knee too, peering low over the canvas with a concerned expression, occasionally coaching Zharkov and glancing at his watch.]

JD: Much like Jackson Hunter, Zharkov has to be cognizant of time! We're over two minutes into this match and he can't spend too much time wearing his man down. He's got to be the aggressor if he wants to keep that fifteen thousand.

BW: You telling me that Russian Grizzly Bearhug isn't going to win the match right now? It's like watching a human car crusher in action!

[Down on the mat, Caspian Abaran begins pumping his fist and banging his head.]

JD: Don't look now, Bucky, but it looks like Abaran's starting to rally!

[The Crockett faithful start clapping along as he rises to a knee himself, then to his feet. Zharkov keeps the bearhug locked in, but Abaran is fighting it.]

JD: Elbow to the side of the massive head of Maxim Zharkov! Another! Zharkov's going glassy-eyed!

[Zharkov releases the bearhug, but only to fire his massive head at Abaran.]

BW: Zharkov stopping that rally with a headbutt!

[With both hands on Abaran's head, Zharkov lands a dozen unanswered headbutts in quick succession until Abaran goes wobbly legged.]

JD: And Zharkov puts that bearhug right back on Abaran-

BW: No he's not!

[Zharkov arches back, tossing Abaran overhead.]

JD: Big Belly-to-Belly suplex from-

[The crowd GASPS as Abaran over-rotates, landing on his feet behind the downed Abaran!]

JD: What the-?!

BW: How did he do that?!

[As Zharkov gets back to his feet, Abaran throws a dropkick to the chest of Zharkov, sending him stumbling back. The crowd is beginning to buzz, despite Jackson Hunter's feeble, apoplectic admonishment to "SHUT UP SHUT UP SHUT UP!"]

JD: Zharkov dives out to the floor!

BW: What?! He doesn't have time for that!

[Just as Jackson Hunter rushes over to offer shout support to the Tsar, Abaran runs the ropes...

...and HURLS himself between the top and middle rope, flipping in a somersault, and landing solidly on Zharkov and Hunter, sending them both sprawling out on the barely-padded floor!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

JD: TOPE CON HILO ON ZHARKOV! AND HUNTER! And the Crockett Coliseum crowd is on their feet! The undefeated streak is in trouble here and Abaran may find himself fifteen thousand richer!

BW: What’s the time?!

JD: We are... we’re under two minutes! Well under two minutes actually!

BW: What?! Get back in there, you big oa-

JD: What was that?

BW: Nothing! I coughed! Oaaaach!

JD: The crowd is roaring for Abaran, cheering him on!

BW: Why did it have to this punk Abaran?! Huh? There's a whole ton of other wrestlers who deserve that money a lot more than him!

[Abaran pulls Zharkov off the floor, firing him back under the ropes into the ring.]

BW: Well, that was stupid.

JD: Caspian Abaran wants to win it in the ring! He wants to fight his way to that fifteen thousand! He doesn’t want to win it through a countout!

BW: Like I said... stupid! If this is the kind of idiot that’s going to come to our country, maybe Donald Trump is right! Build a wall and make `em pay for it!

JD: Bucky Wilde, how could you even say something like that in jest?!

[With Zharkov down, Abaran climbs back into the ring. He rushes to the ropes as Zharkov climbs off the mat...]

JD: Less than ninety seconds left and-

[Abaran goes for another dropkick...

...but gets swatted out of the sky, sent crashing down to the canvas by Zharkov!]

BW: WHOA!

[Zharkov swats Abaran to the canvas like a mosquito. Zharkov doesn’t waste any time this time, grabbing the luchador and yanking him into a standing headscissors.]

JD: Zharkov’s got him hooked and-

ZHARKOV: “TSAR BOMBAAAAAAAAAAAA!”

JD: It means that huge crucifx powerbomb, we've seen Zharkov put so many people-

[Zharkov swings Abaran up, ready to go for the powerbomb...]

...but the fiesty luchador reverses, dragging Zharkov down into a rana!]

JD: REVERSAL! REVERSAAL!! ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[But the powerful Zharkov POWERS out, kicking Abaran off of him!]

JD: Ohh my... that was SO close!

BW: Fast count! These American officials are biased!

[Abaran is still down as Zharkov gets up, advancing on him...]

JD: Zharkov's running out of daylight... we're under a minute! He's trying to-

[The crowd ROARS as Abaran trips up Zharkov, taking him down in a drop toehold!]

JD: Drop toehold on the leg he was attacking earlier and-

[The crowd gets louder!]

JD: Abaran's going for Throne Of The Sun! If he hooks in this submission hold, not only will Zharkov not get out in time, he may be forced to submit!

[Hunter has leapt to the apron and is trying to enter the ring, ostensibly to complain about Caspian Abaran's dive a few moments ago.]

JD: And what is that slippery eel trying to do?!

BW: It's a legit complaint! Caspian Abaran has no business attacking Jackson Hunter like that! Again!

[The cheers intensify as Abaran locks in the leghold, turning Zharkov onto his stomach!]

JD: HE LOCKS IT IN! HE LOCKS IT IN!

[But just as Abaran cranks back on the hold, the crowd begins to buzz with concern as someone comes rolling into the ring, having jumped the Crockett Coliseum barricade...]

JD: Wait a second!

BW: It's Kerry Kendrick!

[With the referee distracted by Jackson Hunter, Kerry Kendrick, in a Ron Hextall Flyers hockey jersey steps in...

...and BLASTS Abaran with a clothesline to the back of the head!]

JD: OHH! He attacks him from behind!

[Zharkov, suddenly free, gets off the mat, dragging a stunned Abaran up, pulling him into the standing headscissors, lifting him up...]

JD: TSAR BOMBA!

[...and DRIVES him down in the crucifix powerbomb, folding up the legs of Abaran and applying a jackknife cover!]

JD: ONE! TWO! Ahhh, I can't believe it!

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: Zharkov wins it!

[Zharkov pushes up off the mat, holding his arm up in the air as he stares down at the stunned Abaran.]

JD: Maxim Zharkov scores the victory in the nick of time but... even though the record books won't show it, you have to give a major assist to Kerry Kendrick!

BW: Why?! Abaran was out of control in there. Double K put a stop to his nonsense! He's been in exile here in CCW for so long, I think it's high time he made a name for himself, and what a better way to do it than to revisit the match that exiled him so long ago, huh?

[Jackson Hunter rolls into the ring and raises his charge's massive arm. He looks like he's been sweating bullets and hasn't exhaled in over an hour. Abaran, still woozy, rolls to the outside and sees Kerry Kendrick disappear behind the video wall, a satisfied grin on his face.]

JD: Hunter and Zharkov celebrating here in Dallas as Kerry Kendrick runs for his life... and you better believe that when Caspian Abaran gets his hands on Kerry Kendrick, he's going to make him pay for this one.

BW: I'll believe that when I see it, Dane.

JD: Fans, we've got to take a quick break but when we come back, we're talking Stampede Cup Semifinals! Don't miss it!

[Fade to black on the celebration in the ring...

The words "December 1994" appears in white scrawly text. The black screen fades to reveal the founder of the EMWC, Adam Thompson. Thompson's years are showing at this point. He leans towards the camera.]

"In the mid-90s, getting anyone to bankroll pro wrestling was a hard sell. The whole business was in the toilet so if you wanted to stand a chance, you started small and put in the work."

[A black and white still photo of a bloodied Colt Patterson - then known as Narcissus - battling Lorenzo Vasquez appears. The word "Extreme" etched in a deep crimson is "written" across them as the voice of Patterson is heard.]

"Extreme was the thing. Hell, my dad had been doing extreme down in the South for years - cages, bullropes, Texas Death, whatever. He just didn't know it had a name. Did I like the idea of going through tables almost every night? Not really. But I was the champ. I was the guy. It was either do it or they'd find someone else who would. Ultimately, my career paid the price but it was a good run while it lasted."

[The shot of Patterson fades to a still photo of Chris Blue standing in a ring with Adam Thompson. Blue looks much younger than his modern counterpart who we see a moment later.]

"I bought out Adam Thompson as soon as I put the money together. I had a vision, he had a vision... too many cooks in the kitchen. I'll always be grateful to him but I

think history has shown that he made the right call to take the money and let me run the place."

[A series of stills flash by - Casey James, Tiger Claw, Steve Kowalski, Creed, Brody Thunder, Serge Annis, and JW Hardin. Blue appears again.]

"It was a war. It was a total war between us and Portland. Talent, territory, ratings, buyrates... you name it, we fought over it. I fought a lot of those kinds of wars over the years but none of them were as fun as the fight that Spreadbury put up."

[More stills. This time with some of the most famous names in EMWC - men like Mark Langseth, Alex Martinez, Kevin Slater, Jeff Matthews, "Dreamlover" Trey Porter, Curtis Hansen, Eddie Van Gibson, Simon Ezra, Luke Kinsey, Chris Courtade, and others flash by in rapid-fire before fading back to Blue.]

"You know what they don't tell you? It's a hard fight to get to the top... but when you get there, sometimes it gets a little boring. I was constantly fighting with myself to stay motivated. I'd pick fights with promotions just to try and get my competitive fires burning. It was just never the same though."

[And then another series of shots - this time with some of the names synonymous with the end of the EMWC - names we'll choose not to name to protect the innocent... and the guilty. Back to Blue.]

"The writing was on the wall long before I shut the doors, I think. It was... I don't know. Bad timing? We were fighting to stay afloat for a while. We were having financial troubles, creative difficulties, you name it. Then out of nowhere, one of my best friends got leukemia and died. That was..."

[Blue pauses, turning his head to the side as we fade to black as a title comes up - "The Rise And Fall Of The Empire - available on DVD and Digital Download now. The shot of a smiling Blue comes back up.]

"Damn. It was a good run though, wasn't it? A hell of a run. Maybe the best ever. But even the best things have to end."

[Blue smiles, staring off-camera, daydreaming of days gone by as we fade to black.

As we fade back up, we come up on backstage footage of Mark Stegglet.]

MS: Fans, after the whirlwind events of the last few days, it would be easy to forget that the Stampede Cup was scheduled to have TWO matches last night in Mexico... and so it did. After some initial confusion, it was determined that both Stampede Cup matches took place with the TexMo Connection winning their match - despite having some teamwork difficulties along the way - and in the other, it was Air Strike taking on the Tiger Paw Pro duo of Youth In Asia. Right now, we're going to show you some of the highlights of that battle and then we'll come right back with the winners to discuss the Final Four of the Stampede Cup tournament!

[We fade away from Stegglet to a long shot of an unfamiliar building which from the graphic, we can assume it's the venue for last night's SWLL show. In the ring, we can see Chaz (or is it Chet? So hard to tell the twins apart) dashing across the ring. On the floor is Cody Mertz who takes a faceful of boots with a baseball slide dropkick as our announce team of Jason Dane and Colt Patterson are heard.]

JD: Hello, fans, from Mexico!

CP: Don't even try to pull that gig, Dane. The people know the truth - we're sitting in the unfriendly confines of the original home for the AWA, the WKIK Studios, doing a voiceover on this.

JD: Thanks for pulling back the curtain, old friend.

[Chaz Wallace climbs to his feet, he grabs the top rope with both hands, stepping up on the second rope, looking out at the Mexican crowd...

...and crotch chops with a loud "CHUUUUUPA!" The crowd, appropriately, boos loudly.]

CP: Haha! You know, I like these guys, Dane.

JD: You would.

[Chaz Wallace walks down the middle rope, hopping off as he tags his partner and brother into the match.]

JD: Chet Wallace gets the tag... and what's he doing?

[Chet Wallace stays in the corner, climbing to the second rope with his back turned to the rising Cody Mertz. He puts one foot on the top before blindly leaping, flipping through the air...]

JD: MOONSAULLLLLT!

[...and crashes down on a surprised Cody Mertz, wiping him out at ringside before climbing back to his feet and high-fiving his brother who ran down the apron to supply the celebration.]

JD: These two are certainly among the most obnoxious competitors I can recall seeing in my years in this business but having spent most of the last year watching their incredible success in Japan, I also have to say they're two of the most talented.

CP: They shouldn't be wasting their time in that chopsticks factory they call a wrestling company over there in Japan. The AWA is the place to be and I wanna see Youth In Asia taking on all the AWA's top teams, jack!

[We cut to later in the match where Cody Mertz is trapped in the corner as Chet and Chaz take turns throwing roundhouse kicks to the ribcage.]

JD: Doubleteaming to great effectiveness in the corner here, working over Cody Mertz...

[Each Wallace grabs Mertz up under the arm, tossing him out of the corner with a double hiptoss, throwing Mertz into a seated position as the Wallaces cartwheel past him, throwing themselves into a double low dropkick on Mertz. Chaz covers as Chet vacates the ring.]

JD: The referee down to count... one, two... but that's all as Mertz kicks out. The former AWA - and Tiger Paw Pro for that matter - Tag Team Champions are looking to find a way to get back into this thing, get past Youth In Asia, and perhaps win this entire Stampede Cup tournament.

CP: That might be the only way they get another shot at the tag titles, Dane. Violence Unlimited is back and as much as they love a good fight, I'm not sure how eager they're gonna be to tangle with Air Strike again.

JD: It's a good point. They lost to Air Strike last year at SuperClash and then earlier this year at Rising Sun Showdown, they won but it was a very controversial decision.

[Chaz walks across the ring, tagging his brother back in...]

JD: The Wallaces both inside the ring - the younger brothers of AWA competitor "Flawless" Larry Wallace who had quite the encounter last week against-

CP: Pretty sure we're not allowed to talk about that.

JD: You may be right. My apologies to President O'Neill.

[A double whip sends Cody Mertz across the ring...

...and a double hiptoss sends Mertz flipping through the air down onto the bent knees of the Wallace twins!]

JD: Hiptoss backbreaker! That might do it!

[Chet covers this time as Chaz leaves the ring.]

JD: ONE! TWO! And Michael Aarons makes the save!

[We cut again deeper in the match where Chaz Wallace has Cody Mertz trapped in the corner, hammering him with short forearms to the jaw. He backs off, giving a shout as he hops up on the second rope in the other corner with a crotch chop before jumping down, rushing across the ring...

...and runs RIGHT into a pair of raised boots from Cody Mertz!]

JD: MERTZ CAUGHT HIM ON THE CHIN!

[Cody Mertz, with Chaz Wallace staggering away, spins around, hopping up on the top rope with his back to Chaz...

...and here comes Chet rushing down the apron to interfere...]

JD: Chet Wallace coming in!

[And as he gets there, Chaz lunges back in, each grabbing an ankle and shoving Mertz forward so that he lands crotchfirst on the top turnbuckle. Reaching up, they swing Mertz down, hanging him in the tree of woe as Chet tags in. The duo seeks out the nearest camera, rushing it, pulling the lens towards them so the entire world can hear their next two words...]

"DROPKICK PAAAAAARRRRRTYYYYYYYYY!"

[Chaz rushes in first, throwing a low dropkick at the face of Cody Mertz but Chet is right behind him, landing one of his own. The duo continues doing this for several moments, each landing three dropkicks before they go corner to corner in tandem, landing a leaping, hanging double dropkick to a big reaction before going for another cover!]

JD: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEE-

[A DIVING Michael Aarons breaks up the pin attempt by Chet Wallace! Chaz grabs Aarons by the hair, dragging him to his feet...

...where Aarons PASTES him with a right hand before grabbing him by the hair and HURLING him over the ropes and down to the floor!]

JD: OVER THE TOP GOES CHAZ WALLACE!

[The referee forces Aarons out of the ring as Chet Wallace climbs back to his feet, dragging Mertz up with him. He sets for a suplex, lifting Mertz into the air but Mertz twists around, landing on his feet behind Chet...

...and leaping up, snaring his head between his legs, and SPIKING him headfirst with a reverse rana!]

JD: HOLY- REVERSE RANA SPIKES HIS SKULL _DEEP_ INTO THE CANVAS!

CP: And if Mertz was ever gonna get the tag, now's the time!

[Mertz pushes up to all fours, crawling across the ring to where an anxious Michael Aarons is slapping the top turnbuckle, begging for the tag...

...and gets it!]

JD: MICHAEL AARONS MAKES THE TAG!

[Aarons comes in fighting, lifting Chet off the mat and slamming him down. He points to the corner, exiting the ring and making his way up to the top turnbuckle...]

JD: Aarons is up top! Michael Aarons is gonna fly!

[...but Chaz Wallace has other ideas, pulling himself up on the apron, trying to prevent Aarons from dropping the big elbow off the top!]

JD: Chaz has got him!

[An angry Aarons rifles right hands at the skull of Wallace, trying to knock him away. The referee rushes in, trying to intervene...

...and Chaz suddenly breaks away, rolling under the ropes, rolling his brother right out of the ring as Aarons and the official argue!]

JD: They switched! They switched!

CP: Huh? What are you talking about?

[Aarons comes sailing off the top rope towards Chaz Wallace, catching him with a crossbody that Chaz rolls through...

...and hooks a handful of trunks!]

JD: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[But Aarons suddenly pushes off the mat, rolling through and reversing it...

...and grabbing his own handful of trunks as the referee counts!]

CP: HEY! HE'S GOT THE TRUNKS!

JD: SO DID WALLACE!

[And the three count follows.]

JD: HE GOT HIM!

[Chaz Wallace bursts to his feet, complaining to the official wildly, pointing first to his trunks... then to his face...]

CP: Hey, he's got a point! He's not the legal man!

JD: They've only got themselves to blame for that little switch-a-roo! The referee says... he's raising Michael Aarons' hand! Air Strike's moving on to the Semifinals and what a match that's gonna be with the TexMo Connection!

[We fade out on the celebrating Air Strike in Mexico...]

...and up on the real thing standing backstage in the Crockett Coliseum. Mark Stegglet standing in between the duo known as Air Strike, Cody Mertz and Michael Aarons. Both members look as though they have just finished a workout. The duo is dressed in their green and white long tights and Aarons has a towel over his right shoulder which he uses to wipe his face.]

MS: You saw it right there and now I'm here with the winners - moving on to the Semifinals of the 2015 Stampede Cup, Air Strike. Guys, first off; it's been a crazy week.

[Aarons smiles and takes a deep breath.]

MA: Stegs, you ain't lying! But it's been a crazy couple weeks, crazy couple months – heck it's been a crazy year for Air Strike.

[Aarons holds out his fist and gets the obligatory bump from his partner.]

MA: But this tournament alone. Match delays, Team Daddy Issues whining and crying and belly aching – and then they go and become the only team stupid enough to lock us in a room and leave the necessary tools to escape said room in the room.

[Aarons shakes his head.]

MA: Then right before we face Chet and Chaz in Mexico, I mean right before we were supposed to go out – they tell us we have to leave. Leave the arena, leave the country.

[Aarons smirks.]

MA: But Stegs, we were ready for a fight and we risked arrest, deportation, and who knows what else to get in there with Youth in Asia... and we did like the name says and we put them down. We crashed their dropkick party and now we are moving on!

MS: Indeed you are and against a formidable team of the TexMo Connection, Jack Lynch and Bobby O'Connor.

CM: A formidable team they are, Mark. And we have all the respect in the world for Jack and Bobby, and I would be lying if I didn't say it's going to be nice to battle a team that isn't using underhanded tricks and fake doctors to get out of a match. To not have to worry about this person or that person interfering in the match. But we do have to worry because like you said they are a great team.

[A slight begrudging nod from Aarons in agreement.]

CM: But you see, Mike and I... we have a goal and we are just two matches away from accomplishing that goal. So Jack and Bobby, we know you're coming to win, but know that we are coming for that same thing.

MS: Well Cody, you've both said previously that you want to win the Stampede Cup as you think it's the best way to get back to where you want to be, the AWA World Tag Team Champions. As you may have noticed, the tag champs made their return to the AWA in Las Vegas...

[Aarons interrupts.]

MA: Yeah and I noticed they both managed to lose about fifteen pounds each since we last saw them.

[Aarons smirks again, as Stegglet continues.]

MS: You are, of course, referring to Violence Unlimited being stripped of the Global Tag Crown Titles by Tiger Paw Pro but what are your thoughts about their return here to the AWA?

[Mertz and Aarons exchange a glance. Aarons sort of shrugs nonchalantly as Mertz turns towards Stegglet.]

CM: Right now Mark, Air Strike is focused on the Stampede Cup and what's directly in front of us. And what's in front of us right now is the TexMo Connection and we'll be getting ready for them and then moving on to the Finals and bringing home the Cup.

MA: Yeah because when it's all said and done, we won't need to go looking for Vee Ewe. Those days are done. After this Cup, they will be looking for us. The high flying, death defying, dropkick party surviving, Stampede Cup acquiring, Teenage Dream Team – Air Strike.

[Again FIST BUMP, before leaning closer to Stegglet.]

MA: And Stegs? We've never been too hard to find!

[Stegglet grins.]

MS: It sounds like Air Strike are two men on a very clear mission! Jason, Bucky... back to you!

[We crossfade back to a panning shot of the crowd, showing some screaming fans... and some very clear shots of entire sections of fans in FREE CARVER t-shirts.]

JD: Thanks, Mark, and I-

[A chant starts up - a loud, surly chant.]

"FREE CAR-VER!"

"FREE CAR-VER!"

"FREE CAR-VER!"

[Dane pauses, letting the chant ring out.]

JD: The fans here in Dallas tonight certainly are passionate and we here in the AWA appreciate that passion. Bucky, Air Strike has set their sights on winning the Stampede Cup. Let's take a quick look at the bracket for the Final Four of that tournament!

2015 STAMPEDE CUP



JD: The left side of the bracket has the Rotgut Rustlers - the surprise of the entire tournament - making their way to the Semifinals to take on Strictly Business. Any predictions there, Bucky?

BW: Oh, you've gotta go with the experience and the Hall Of Fame-worthy resume of Strictly Business, Dane. No doubt.

JD: Alright, and the other side of the bracket has the TexMo Connection meeting Air Strike. Thoughts?

BW: It's a tough one. Four baby-kissin' twerps battling it out... but the TexMo Connection has a Stench on their side. And when given the option, I always go with the non-Stench. It's like ordering pizza with no anchovies. If you get the choice, you always go without anchovies.

JD: I... alright. Well, that would make a Final of Strictly Business and Air Strike in your opinion then. Care to make a prediction on a winner?

BW: Do you even have to ask? This is Strictly Business' year to win the whole thing and then that'll make the top challengers to take on Violence Unlimited. What a match that would be!

JD: It certainly would but there are a lot of other ways this thing could turn out as well. Fans, the AWA's Homecoming has been marked by one explosive situation after another! I can barely catch my breath. And coming up...

[But before Jason can continue, he's interrupted by the opening strains of The Black Keys' "Hard Row," a sound which immediately triggers an eruption of cheers from the Dallas faithful.]

JD: These Texas fans know what that song means, Bucky!

BW: Yeah, it means I'm about to puke up my last four meals!

[The reception for Jack Lynch is thunderous, as every Texan is on his or her feet, cheering wildly for the oldest son of the Lynch family. The Iron Cowboy is in a long black duster, and under it, he's in his wrestling gear. On his head once more is his father's hat, which he tips to more than a few fans on his way to the ring. Once inside, Lynch moves to the center of the ring, microphone in hand.]

JL: Y'all wanna hear a story?

[The crowd's reaction is thunderous.]

JL: Here's a story for ya.

Two weeks ago, in Vegas, I made Cain Jackson scream for the mercy I wasn't inclined to give him. And when I was done makin' him scream and howl, I got back my daddy's hat.

That's it. That's the end of the story.

[Lynch offers a slight grin to the crowd. The Texas fans are easy when it comes to a Lynch, and they do nothing but cheer his "story."]

JL: Except, of course, it wasn't the end of the story. Because after I'd beaten him, Cain Jackson was given his walkin' papers by his boss, Supreme Wright. And while that might be the end of Cain's story, it just marks the turnin' of a page in the real story.

The story that ends with Supreme Wright havin' to retire due to a severe case of "Jack Lynch keeps kickin' my ass-itis"!

[Again, Lynch is met with the roaring approval of the crowd.]

JL: But here's the thing about Wright dismissin' Cain Jackson. If there's one thing I know for sure, it's this – Cain Jackson was Wright's big gun. I was in the ring with the man, and I took a damn beatin' on my way to gettin' this hat back. They don't call Jackson "The Beast" for nothin'. The man's a killer. And when you're fightin' a way, you don't toss away somethin' useful on a whim.

So I gotta ask myself – what's behind Wright sendin' old Cain packin'?

And there's only one answer. If Wright don't think he needs Cain anymore, it's because he's ready to take me on himself. Supreme Wright had himself a good couple of months of sittin' down, and now, he's gotta be ready to go.

And if that's the case, well, I can't conceive of a single reason to wait.

So Supreme Wright, come on down!

JD: Fans, it looks like we're about to have another surprise here tonight, as Jack Lynch has just laid out a challenge in front of his hometown crowd to the former World Champion!

[Lynch paces back and forth across ring, shedding his coat and hat as he waits to see if Supreme Wright will indeed make his presence known...]

...and the crowd ERUPTS in anticipation at the sound of "Black Skinhead" by Kanye West!]

JD: Uh oh! It sounds like the former - and perhaps future - World Champion has got a response to Jack Lynch!

BW: I've got a response to ol' Stench too - try taking a shower. On second thought, don't bother... nothing can wash away the smell of that family... or this state!

[The fans on their feet, all eyes are on the entryway as they wait... and wait... and wait...]

JD: Supreme Wright certainly taking his time to-

[A loud screech like a needle dragging across a record is heard just before the music changes to a song unfamiliar to AWA fans.]

#Ay... this one is for all the ladies#

#My ladies#

#All the queens#

#V.I.C. queens#

[As V.I.C.'s "Flawless" starts to play over the PA system, "Flawless" Larry Wallace comes walking through the entrance curtain, a smirk plastered upon his face. Wallace takes a few steps down the aisle, clad in royal purple tights and bright yellow boots and kneepads. Wallace has a pair of purple-tinted sunglasses on. A camera cuts shows "FLAWLESS" in white script across the rump. He slides to a knee, waving the camera around him. The camera circles to the front where Wallace nudges the glasses down to the tip of nose, looking into the camera lens with an arrogant grin. He pops up to his feet, jerking a thumb across his body with a "Cut it! Cut it!" into a wireless mic he produces from seemingly nowhere.]

JD: "Flawless" Larry Wallace is out here and... well, Jack Lynch doesn't seem too happy about that.

[Wallace lifts the mic as the Dallas crowd jeers his arrival.]

FLW: Seven days ago in Las Vegas, I walked out to the ring and I gave those tourists a little reminder as to exactly who the hell I am...

I'm Larry Wallace... and I'm...

[He gestures to himself.]

FLW: Absolutely... flawless.

[He lowers the mic, spreading his arms wide as the fans jeer. He holds that pose for a few seconds before speaking again.]

FLW: But Jack Lynch, you already know who I am. I'm the man who is the BEST... DAMN... TAG TEAM PARTNER... that Bobby O'Connor has EVER had!

[Lynch shakes his head, glaring down the aisle.]

FLW: It's sad to see how far my old friend Bobby has sunk down the ladder. He used to be somebody. He used to be a contender. Now he's satisfied with carrying your bags and saying, "Tell me another story, Jack ol' buddy ol' pal!"

[Wallace grins at the crowd's negative reaction.]

FLW: That's your thing, right, Jackie? You like to come out here and spin a yarn about family... and cowboys... and hats... and whatever other garbage these people will eat up with a knife and fork.

[“Flawless” Larry Wallace is walking down the aisle at this point, pausing as he says this to look at a pair of women in the front row.]

FLW: Although judging by these two, there's very little these people WON'T eat up with a knife and fork.

[More boos! Wallace continues to walk down the aisle.]

FLW: Well, Jackie-o... let me tell you a little story. Once upon a time, there was a decrepit old fossil who thought he was the toughest man in all of pro wrestling. His name - funny enough - was Jack Lynch.

[Lynch grimaces.]

FLW: Oh, not you... not you, buddy. I'm talking about the OG Jack Lynch... your old man.

[Wallace snaps his fingers.]

FLW: Probably going to have give him ten percent of my pay tonight for saying his name. Ah well... but my point is, Jackie-o, is that your old man thought he was tough... he told everyone he was tough... he even told his kids he was tough so his kids spent the next 30 years telling anyone who would listen about how tough he is too.

[A shake of the head as Wallace steps up on the ringsteps.]

FLW: But I think we both know that when it comes down to your old man... and my old man... well, it's plain as the stupid on your brother's face... no, no, no... not James... I wouldn't speak ill of a cripp-

[And Jack's heard quite enough, racing across the ring, and BLASTING Wallace with a right hand that sends him sprawling off the apron to the floor!]

JD: LYNCH DROPS HIM WITH A RIGHT!

[An angry Jack Lynch steps out onto the apron, leaping off to catch a rising Wallace with a forearm across the back of the head, knocking him down to his knees!]

JD: And Lynch is going after him!

BW: Is this a match?!

JD: There's no referee out here so I'd say this a fight, Bucky!

[Lynch drags Wallace up off the floor by the arm, winding him up...]

“CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

JD: INTO THE STEEL RAILING GOES LARRY WALLACE!

[Lynch, still fuming over the words of Wallace, stalks towards him, fists at the ready. He grabs Wallace by the hair, smashing a fist between the eyes!]

JD: Jack Lynch has got Larry Wallace at his mercy up against the railing! Big right hand after big right hand to the skull of the Flawless One!

BW: Lynch landed that sucker punch and he's got Wallace in trouble!

[Lynch continues to tee off on Wallace for a few more moments before pulling him off the railing, rolling him under the ropes into the ring.]

JD: Lynch fires him under the ropes... and the cowboy's comin' for him, fans!

[The Texan pulls himself up on the apron, stepping into the ring. He approaches the rising Wallace, backing him into the ropes with a grip on the arm...]

JD: Irish whi- reversed by Wallace!

[Wallace throws himself at Lynch's feet, forcing Jack to hurdle over him as he goes back across the ring, hitting the far ropes...]

...and gets knocked off his feet with the trademark Wallace dropkick!]

BW: BEST! DROPKICK! IN THE WORRRRRRRRLD!

[Wallace pops back up, throwing back his head, spreading his arms wide in a pose that draws the ire of the capacity crowd. He stays that way for a few moments as Lynch rolls around on the mat, holding his jaw.]

JD: One of the best dropkicks that anyone has ever seen just put Jack Lynch down to the mat hard!

[Wallace snaps out of his pose, diving on top of Lynch, battering him with right hands to the head.]

JD: Wallace is on him, pounding away with that right hand!

[But after a few more land, Lynch rolls Wallace onto his back, drawing the right hand back and slamming it down into the jaw repeatedly!]

JD: Lynch has got him! Jack Lynch has got Larry Wallace exactly where he wants him and this crowd is loving it!

[Lynch winds up again...]

...when suddenly "Black Skinhead" kicks in a second time. Lynch freezes in mid-swing, climbing up off the mat. He turns to look down the aisle...]

JD: You can hear that music - the music from Kanye West that should herald the arrival of the former two-time World Heavyweight Champion, Supreme Wright and-

[On cue, the curtain parts and an unknown Team Supreme associate wheels Supreme Wright into view in his wheelchair.]

JD: There he is! Supreme Wright is in the Crockett, fans!

[Wright allows himself to be wheeled after halfway down the aisle where he makes a gesture, causing a second unknown Team Supreme student to hand him a pair of crutches. Wright climbs to his feet, using the crutches for support as he gestures for the two Team Supreme members to exit.]

JD: Wright's telling them to leave! Look at the long-distance staredown between these two men!

[The crowd is ROARING as Lynch and Wright lock eyes from a distance. Wright is halfway down the aisle, glaring a hole through the Texan who appears to be ready for a fight. He waves Wright forward...

...and gets blindsided by Larry Wallace from behind!]

JD: WALLACE FROM BEHIND!

[Having knocked Lynch down to the mat, Wallace starts putting the boots to the downed Texan, earning his fair share of boos from the Texas crowd. A quick cut to Supreme Wright shows the former World Champion making his way down the aisle on his crutches, heading towards the ring where Wallace drags Lynch off the mat.]

JD: Wallace shoots him to the corner... follows him in!

[Wallace leaps up, landing a flying knee to the jaw!]

JD: OH! King-sized knee by Wallace puts Lynch on Dream Street!

[As Lynch staggers out, Wallace uses a snapmare to take him over into a seated position...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: KICK TO THE SPINE!

[Wallace taunts the fans as he raises his right hand, holding it twisted into Iron Claw position...]

JD: Larry Wallace is- he's signaling for the Iron Claw!

BW: Oh yeah! Lock that illegal hold on this Texas goof in front of his biggest cheering section! Make that fat hog Henrietta feel it all the way out on the ranch!

[Wallace circles around Lynch, still holding the hand in the air as the Texan climbs up off the mat...

...and gets Lynch's right hand locked around his head!]

BW: WHAT?! WHAT?!

JD: So quick! So fast in locking in that Claw! Wallace didn't even see it coming, fans!

[Lynch is squeezing the skull of Wallace, driving his fingers into the temples as Wallace cries out, trying to bat the arm away from him...

...which brings Supreme Wright up the ringsteps onto the ring apron...]

JD: Wright's on the apron and-

[Lynch shoves Wallace aside, turning to charge across the ring...

...and throws himself into a flying lariat, clearing the top rope, catching Wright across the throat, and sending BOTH men toppling off the apron and down to the floor!]

JD: LARIAT! LARIAT! LARIAT!

[The crowd is on their feet, ROARING uncontrollably as Lynch and Wright are laid out side-by-side on the floor after the death-defying move from the Iron Cowboy.]

JD: WHAT DID WE JUST SEE?! WHAT IN THE WORLD DID WE JUST SEE?! JACK LYNCH PUTTING HIS BODY - HIS CAREER - ON THE LINE TO GET HIS HANDS ON SUPREME WRIGHT!

BW: He's crazy, Dane! He's lost his damn mind! Even his own partner thinks he's lost his damn mind!

JD: Jack Lynch is down! Supreme Wright is down! Both men are out!

[The AWA medical team comes running into view as the crowd continues to buzz over the big dive over the ropes by the King of the Cowboys!]

JD: We've got medical help out here... I'm not sure EITHER of these guys are getting up after that! Fans, we're going to take a quick break and hopefully we'll have an update when we come back!

[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 Violence Unlimited's Danny Morton sending the Samoan, Mafu, flipping head over heels courtesy of a running lariat before Morton smashes his chest with his fists, letting loose a whoop to the crowd.]

#Guess who just got back today?#

[From the Fair Park Coliseum, Ron Houston stands up while trapped in a crucifix pin by Brian Von Braun, countering into his Fade To Black to finish off a member of that legendary family.]

#Those wild-eyed boys that had been away#

[A giant splash courtesy of MAMMOTH Mizusawa onto the chest of Raphael Rhodes ends Rhodes' night and gives the Japanese giant his second consecutive Steal The Spotlight victory!]

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

[The Prince of Darkness, Anton Layton, comes up swinging his trademark Golden Spike, driving it into the throat of the Working Man himself, Vernon Riley.]

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

[Nenshou comes flipping off the top rope with a breathtaking moonsault, crashing across the chest of Brent Maverick and becoming the very first AWA Longhorn Heritage Champion.]

#They were asking if you were around#

["The Outlaw" Bobby Taylor walks down the length of the apron, leaping off with a legdrop onto a prone "Superstar" Kevin Slater who is laid out across a wooden table.]

#How you was, where you could be found#

[A spine-tingling shot of an eyepatch-wearing City Jack, Louisville Slugger in hand and pointed right across the ring at Calisto Dufresne whose eyes are as wide as the Grand Canyon at this point.]

#I told them you were living downtown#

[With his career on the line, Juan Vasquez jogs down the aisle in his white tracksuit, ready to Main Event the biggest show of the year for the second year running.]

#Driving all the old men crazy#

[The National Champion, "Hotshot" Stevie Scott, emerges in a breathtaking white and silver robe that stretches down to the floor. It's covered in feathers and

sparkles under the arena lights with "HOTSHOT" written across the back in silver as a shower of golden sparks begin to fall from the entryway.]

#The boys are back in town#

[Juan Vasquez dives off the top rope, catching Stevie Scott with a crossbody that the champion rolls through into a cover of his own, hooking the tights for a near fall.]

#The boys are back in tooooooooooown#

[Vasquez comes charging across the ring, diving between the top and middle ropes with a tope dive that wipes out the National Champion.]

#The boys are back in town#

[The challenger SMASHES the metal briefcase of Ben Waterson down onto the skull of Stevie Scott to win the AWA National Title, holding the title aloft for one final shot.]

#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 - 82 days"... and we fade to black.

When we fade back up, Supreme Wright is inside the ring, standing unsteady, with the help of his crutches and Larry Wallace. The former two-time AWA World Heavyweight Champion has a microphone in his hand, but he is barely audible over the boos of the crowd.]

SW: Jack Lynch.

[He raises his voice, ever so slightly...]

SW: JACK LYNCH.

[...but it's forceful enough to quiet down some of the crowd.]

SW: Once again, you've tried to hurt me. Cripple me. Break me.

END me.

[There's a cheer for that, from the bloodthirsty crowd.]

SW: But I'm still standing, Jack! I'm still standing! I took your best shot and you couldn't put me down! So I'm asking you...

...is that all you got, son?

[Supreme's bravado brings about a smattering of boos.]

SW: 'Cause I'm still here. You couldn't drive me away from this sport I love. You couldn't put an end to this "war."

And now?

I'm ready to return to MY ring.

[There's a shockingly loud cheer from the crowd at that proclamation.]

SW: I'm the one that started this war...and now I'm gonna' end it, Jack.

[Supreme stares straight into the camera, stone-faced, expressionless. Emotionless.]

SW: I accept your challenge.

[And with that, Wright spikes the microphone down onto the canvas, exiting the ring with Larry Wallace following closely behind him.]

JD: Wow! Challenge accepted! Supreme Wright is willing to take on Jack Lynch one-on-one... but when in the world is THAT going to happen?!

BW: Whenever it is, you better buy your tickets early 'cause that's a sell out in any arena in the world, daddy!

JD: Absolutely.

[Wright and Wallace make their exit, the former World Champion still using the crutches as we fade to black.]

Cut to a close-up of an ink painting depicting a fierce-looking Asian man, dressed in ancient Chinese garb, which includes a black robe, hat and tall boots. His large eyes are opened wide and he has a thick beard. He stands over a cowering demon, which he is holding down with his left hand, while he brandishes a sword in his right. We hear a man speak.]

M: [V/O] Legend tells of a physician from the Chinese province of Shaanxi, who wanted, above all else, to become a physician in the court of the Tang Emperor. He sat for the imperial examinations and performed brilliantly, better than all the other candidates. However, this man was so ugly that, when presented to the Emperor, he was turned away because of the way he looked. Shamed, this man killed himself. Upon hearing of his suicide, the Emperor, in deep remorse, ordered for the man to be buried in the green robes usually reserved for members of the imperial clan, and awarded him the title "Doctor of Zhongnanshan," the legendary birthplace of Taoism. This man's spirit, grateful for the Emperor's gesture, appeared to the Emperor and vowed to protect him and all his descendants from demons of illness and evil.

The story travelled from China to Japan during the Edo period and this man became a minor deity known as the Demon Queller. During that period, families with children would hang paintings such as this outside their homes to ward off oni during Tango no Sekku. Even today in Kyoto, some homes have their eaves and rooftops adorned with his effigy to ward off evil and illness and to protect any children residing within.

[The shot pulls back to reveal that the scroll upon which the image is painted is being held by a man who is no stranger to the AWA. The man to whom the voice belongs is none other than Louis Matsui, the corpulent, bespectacled Asian, dressed here in a black sports coat over a grey T-shirt and blue jeans.]

LM: The good doctor wants to call MAMMOTH Maximus' challenge to Oni a suicidal act, but, while the big man is no genius, it would be folly to think his actions foolish. Fawcett considers himself wise. He has seen the evidence. After all, the demon came nowhere near to putting Maximus down. Then, again, one ought to beware of false doctors. Are you the servant of your KING, Fawcett, or is it really the good doctor who holds the reins?

"It does not matter!"

[That's right; MAMMOTH Maximus himself, dressed in a black mask, a black singlet, with a silver M across the front; black tights, and black fingerless gloves, strides into the shot. His hulking form blocks Matsui, who can only peer out from around Maximus' side.]

MM: I have already proven that the Demon... The so-called force of nature can be quelled. He can be held back. He CAN be contained! His dominance is not absolute. I have shown it to be so! I had no need of images or effigies then. I will need neither images nor effigies come October thirtieth! Instead, maybe, just maybe, you can start telling your children about the ugly, not-too-smart man who revealed the Doctor for the charlatan that he is, and became... The QUELLER of ONI!

[With Matsui smirking behind him, Maximus lets forth a bellow, as we cut to Mark Stegglet who 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 last week in Las Vegas laid down a challenge to anyone, whether in the locker room or in the audience, to step in the ring and try to make him submit, pin his shoulders to the mat for a three count, or to knock him out. I'm guessing you're out here to lay down another open challenge, Callum?

CM: That's right, Stegglet, and this week, it's for double the money.

[Mahoney holds out the envelope in front of him.]

CM: One thousand smackaroos right here. So, let's not waste any more time. Stegglet, you see anyone out there in the Coliseum you think stands a sliver of a chance in a fight with the Armbar Assassin?

MS: You're asking me to pick out an opponent for you?

CM: Eh? Not really, but let's see you make yourself useful for once.

MS: Okay... How about, er, that guy over there?

[The shot cuts to a young man in the audience, his muscular physique filling up a Dead Man's Party T-shirt. Realizing he is on camera, he raises his arms, pointing at himself and yelling "PICK ME! PICK ME!" Cut back to Stegglet and Mahoney, who is peering out into the crowd.]

CM: No, Stegglet, I'm not going to beat on a lad fresh out of high school. Find me someone else.

MS: Um... Well... How about that gentleman right there?

[The shot cuts to a tall, strapping man in a FREE CARVER t-shirt, with a trucker cap on his head. He holds up a beverage-filled cup and lets out a loud "WOOO!!!" Cut back to Stegglet and Mahoney, who is looking doubtful.]

CM: You have got to be kidding me, Stegglet, that fella is six or seven beers deep; it would hardly be fair! Tell you what, I hear there are some football players from a nearby university in the Coliseum tonight. Is that right?

MS: Yes, I believe so. We have some A&M-Commerce Lions at ringside.

[We see a group of six or seven young men occupying the front row on one side of the ring. A couple of them are in the blue and gold of A&M-Commerce, but the rest are dressed as most trendy young men might be. The group is mainly African-

American, with two Caucasian and one Hispanic member in their midst. They all have athletic builds, with three of them being slightly larger. About half of them are posing for the camera, while the rest stay in their seats and just smile. Cut back to Stegglet and Mahoney, who is trying to appraise the group from the interview platform.]

CM: Maybe one of you fellas wants a shot at some entertainment money, huh? And I think I know who exactly would be good for this challenge... Mister Quarterback...

[The camera cuts back to the football players, zooming in on the most whitebread of the group. The young man in question is one of those who has remained in his seat. He shrugs, still smiling.]

BW: This kid probably does not know just what he is getting into. You should never so easily tell the Armbar Assassin to bring the fight to you.

JD: It appears that Mahoney has found someone who's accepting his challenge. Folks, we have to take a break, but when we come back, we'll see if this young man can win a thousand dollars off of the fighting Irishman. Don't go away.

[The crowd cheers as the young man hurdles over the barricade. Mahoney leaves the interview platform and makes his way down the aisle, pulling his T-shirt off and throwing it into the crowd, as we cut 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: AWAsShop.com.]

We return to the ring, where both Mahoney and the challenger are already in the ring. Three officials stand in front of the young man, as he is being addressed by the referee in the middle, who is explaining exactly what he is getting into, while

Mahoney paces his corner. The young man nods vigorously to whatever the official is saying, who turns to the other referee and they exchange nods. The two officials exit the ring, leaving the one in the middle, who signals to the timekeeper...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[And Mahoney comes marching out of his corner, only to stop in the middle of the ring, holding his right hand out in front of him and his left forearm behind his back.]

JD: Just like last week, Mahoney tries to sucker in the challenger with a handshake.

BW: Sucker in? He is just showing some gentlemanly, sportsmanlike conduct, Dane.

[The Dallas crowd makes it clear what they think of said conduct, as the young man looks out to see what they think. Tentatively, he reaches for Mahoney's right hand with his own. He slaps Mahoney's hand, and quickly pulls his hand away.]

BW: That's just disrespectful, Dane.

JD: That's about as much trust as this young man would allow Mahoney, and I think that's smart.

BW: He can take as much precaution as he wants, but sooner or later, the Fighting Irishman is going to have him flat on his back and tapping out. Just look at this poor form.

[The young man has his hands out in front of him in a protective stance, as he warily circles Mahoney, who shrugs, then charges the young man. The young man lunges towards Mahoney, trying to wrap his arms around the Irishman, but Mahoney ducks under and around.]

JD: Takedown from behind! Mahoney traps the legs!

[Mahoney pauses, holding the Indian Deathlock as he paintbrushes the young man across the back of the head!]

JD: Oh, come on! There's no call for that!

[Mahoney slaps the back of the head again before grabbing a handful of hair, yanking back and slapping on a crossface.]

BW: Celtic Knot! Mahoney has the Celtic Knot locked on.

[The young man flails his arms around, trying to escape but with nowhere to go, he has no choice but to tap.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: Sorry, kid, but that thousand dollars is going nowhere. Not tonight. Not ever.

[Mahoney releases the hold and rolls towards the ropes, sliding under the bottom rope to exit the ring. He holds both arms in the air, while in the ring, the official checks on the quarterback, who slowly pushes himself onto his knees. He stares in disbelief at Mahoney, who walks over to ring announcer Phil Watson, motioning for the mic and the brown paper envelope on the timekeeper's table. He swipes both items away from Watson, then turns to face the other football players in the front row.]

CM: Las Vegas, Dallas, all the way back round to Houston, no one is stopping me. The challenge continues and every city the AWA stops at, from here to SuperClash, someone is going to tap out to the Armbar Assassin!

[Mahoney shoves the mic back into Watson's hands, then holds up the brown paper envelope, as he makes his way towards the aisle and to the back.]

JD: That guy is just too much.

BW: He can be until someone stops him.

JD: Well, for all of our sake, let's hope someone stops him... and soon. Fans, let's go backstage for a special interview!

[We cut to backstage where Sweet Lou Blackwell stands in front of an AWA backdrop.]

SLB: What a night it has been here at Homecoming, fans, and there's a lot more in store not only tonight, but in the weeks to come. In just a couple of short weeks, the matches on Saturday Night Wrestling will be determined by none other than former AWA National Champion Juan Vasquez, who has not only scheduled his shot at Travis Lynch's National Title for that evening, but has other matches in mind as well. We'll talk about some of the rumored matches he may put together on my hotline. You can call 1-900-505-5500 to find out more. Kids, be sure to get your parents' permission before you call.

[He turns to his left as Julie Somers walks onto the set. Julie is dressed in her Next Gen T-shirt and blue jeans. She has a pleasant smile on her face.]

SLB: Joining me at this time is Julie Somers, who I understand is still managing Next Gen, despite not being at ringside last week for their match. Julie, may I ask you why you were not with Howie Somers and Daniel Harper when they faced Strictly Business in the Stampede Cup?

JS: Sweet Lou, I had a talk with Howie and Daniel and told them that were a few things that I wanted to concentrate on at that time, namely that open challenge that Melissa Cannon had issued. I wanted to spend some time getting ready, getting focused for that opportunity. I told them, though, that if they wanted me to be there at ringside to show my support, I would. But they told me they understood, that I had already missed out on one opportunity and that I shouldn't miss out again. They said they would be fine, but they'd always welcome me back in their corner should I ever want to be there. And make no mistake about it, that's my brother and one of my best friends, and I'll always be in their corner, whether I'm there physically or not.

[The smile goes away and her face becomes serious.]

JS: It's just a shame that I missed out on my opportunity again, only this time, it was because somebody else decided to get involved, when I was ready to accept the opportunity.

SLB: Well, Julie, that brings me to what happened. You were on your way to the ring to accept that challenge, when Charisma Knight came out and attacked you from behind. She made it clear that she was going to take that open challenge, that she had some major issues with Melissa Cannon and saying to you that it wasn't personal between you and her.

JS: [shaking her head] Wasn't personal, huh? Well, Sweet Lou, when somebody decides to jump me, pummel me, whip me into the steel barricade and slam me head first into the ringpost, and then tells me it's not personal...

[She places her hands on her hips.]

JS: I beg to differ. Charisma Knight, you say there was a lot personal between you and Melissa Cannon? Well, it's personal now between you and me.

You talk about how Melissa Cannon stole an opportunity from you at Rising Sun Showdown. Well, in Vegas, you stole an opportunity from me. You attacked me, forced me to sit in the locker room while I got stitched up, dealt with a throbbing pain in my head and know that my chance had been denied. It was bad enough that you attacked from behind, but when you cost me the chance to wrestle in an AWA ring for the very first time, that's not something I'm going to forget any time soon!

[She points a finger toward the camera, her eyes tense.]

JS: And if you think the only person you have to worry about is Melissa Cannon, you're badly mistaken. You have to worry about me. And while I would welcome any opportunity to wrestle Melissa, that's not the person I really want to face.

I want you in that ring, Charisma. Not just for the opportunity to wrestle in front of these great AWA fans, for a company that has featured some of the best matches ever, but so that I can kick that rear end of yours from one side of the ring to the other!

So that's my challenge, Charisma Knight. You. Me. In that ring. And believe me, when I get you in that ring, you will find out just how personal you have made this between you and me.

[She relaxes her gaze and takes a deep breath, then turns to Blackwell.]

JS: Sorry, Sweet Lou. Trying to restrain myself, because I'm sure you can imagine what words I could really use right now.

[Blackwell does a quick double take.]

SLB: Whoa, fans, it sounds like this young woman means business! A challenge has been issued! I wonder what Charisma Knight must be thinking right now. Let's get back to the ring for more action here at Homecoming!

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit and the winner will challenge for the World Television Title two weeks from tonight! 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"]

JD: There's no mistaking who this music belongs to.

BW: It's Rex Summers' Day!

[As Mickey Avalon finishes saying it's "It's as easy as one, two, three", the curtain opens and out walks the one and only "Red Hot" Rex Summers and a beautiful brunette beauty. She smiles widely as her arm is intertwined with Rex's. She is wearing a red crop top and a very short black mini skirt.]

BW: Wow! Take a look at that arm candy, daddy!

JD: A very beautiful young lady... makes you wonder why she's hanging around with this guy.

BW: Beautiful people go together like champagne and strawberries... not that you've ever had to worry about that.

[Phil Watson begins the introduction of "Red Hot" as the brunette blows a kiss to the camera.]

PW: Hailing from St. Paul, Minnesota, he weighs in at 251 pounds... 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 for his opponent. 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. 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 music comes to an abrupt stop as the Dallas fans who've despised Rex Summers for so long let him have it. He grins in response.]

RS: Now while I'd never say that it's GOOD to be back in Texas... I will say that it's good to be back in the state where yours truly saw his greatest successes time and time again.

[More boos from the crowd.]

RS: And just in case you Dallas Dimwits...

[The boos get even louder!]

RS: ...were expecting someone to save you from me, I've been informed that President O'Neill ordered special security to stand back there and make sure that Cesar Hernandez stays out of my business.

And just in case that fails...

[Summers snaps his fingers and the brunette produces a cell phone in her hand.]

RS: Lovely Lisa here has Immigration on speed dial.

[The brunette nods, pretending to make a phone call as the largely Latino crowd lets them both have it again.]

RS: And for those of you in the crowd with weak hearts - including my Number One fan Isabella wherever she is... avert your eyes while Lisa takes off this robe and I shatter all your expectations.

[The boos don't quiet, only get worse as Lisa pulls the robe off, revealing the chiseled physique of Rex Summers who strikes a double bicep pose, showing off his muscles as the PA system kicks to life again.]

CALIFORNIA LOVE

["California Love" by 2Pac, featuring Dr. Dre and Roger Troutman starts to play. Willie Hammer, wide grin plastered on his face, steps through the entranceway, dressed in a Combat Corner T-shirt, white trunks, with green trim around the waist and thighs, and green boots, with white trim on the tops and white laces, his arms raised, waving them to the music. He keeps his right arm raised, pumping his fist thrice, before making his way to the ring, stepping to the beat of the music.]

CALIFORNIA

KNOWS HOW TO PARTY

CALIFORNIA

KNOWS HOW TO PARTY

[As Hammer struts his way down the aisle, he tries to reach out to as many outstretched hands on either side of him as he can.]

PW: Hailing from South Central Los Angeles, weighing in at two hundred and eighty pounds, he is...

WILLIE HAMMER!!!

[Reaching the ringside area, he hops onto the ring apron, and heads to the corner. Hammer steps onto middle rope and, with one foot on the top turnbuckle, holds out his arms to either side of him, palms up, then curls his fingers, inviting cheers from the crowd. He steps onto the top rope and hops off, landing in the ring, where he proceeds to get down to the music, even as it begins to fade out.]

JD: What an encounter this should be as Willie Hammer takes on Rex Summers in a battle to see who will meet Shadoc Rage two weeks from tonight!

BW: Well, it's obvious that it should be Sexy Remy. Hammer's already had his shot!

JD: He had a shot that was spoiled by Skywalker Jones, Bucky!

BW: You can make all the excuses you want but in my book, Hammer is as big of a loser as his fat goof of a trainer, Sweet Daddy Williams. He failed against Rage just like Williams did! But Rex Summers is a former World Television Champion!

JD: To be exact, Rex Summers is a former Longhorn Heritage Champion... close but not quite.

BW: You're arguing semantics now, Dane... and starting to tick me off.

JD: Well, it's a good thing that Gordon Myers will be back at the broadcast table with you two weeks from tonight, isn't it?

BW: Now THAT we can agree on.

[The referee finishes giving instructions to both men, stepping back and waving for the bell to start the match.]

JD: The bell sounds and this one's underway. Fifteen minutes with a shot at the gold on the line!

[Hammer starts clapping his hands in rhythm, getting the fans behind him as he and the veteran circle one another...]

...and then come together in a collar and elbow tieup!]

JD: They lock up in the middle and the youthful near-300 pound Willie Hammer easily pushes Summers back across the ring into the ropes. Referee Jackie Reed is right there calling for a break...

[Hammer holds on for a few seconds before straightening up, stepping back with his hands raised...]

...and Summers delivers a two-handed shove to the chest that doesn't really budge Hammer who grins in response.]

JD: Shove by Summers... and Willie Hammer couldn't care less.

BW: That's his problem, Dane. Hammer's the fun-loving goofy guy... and you know where guys like that end up in this business? On the bottom looking all the way up the ladder at guys like Rex Summers.

[The two men circle again for a few moments, coming together in another lockup that Hammer once again marches back to the ropes. The referee steps in, calling for another break...]

JD: Hammer breaks again...

[On the break, Summers throws a right hand that Hammer blocks before throwing one of his own, sending Summers through the ropes and out to the floor at ringside as the crowd cheers!]

JD: Willie Hammer lives up to his name, sending Summers out to the floor with that right hand!

[Hammer leans over the ropes, shouting at Summers, demanding that he get back inside the ring as the brunette known as Lisa makes her way over to help Summers back to his feet. She checks his face as he gets up at his instruction as the fans boo.]

JD: Rex Summers seems concerned about his face.

BW: Wouldn't you be if you looked like that? Rex Summers could be a phone call away from being on the cover of any magazine in the world, Dane!

[With Summers being checked on, Hammer drops out to the floor, coming after him.]

JD: Hammer's coming for him!

[Summers grabs Lisa, yanking her in front of him to use as a shield!]

JD: Oh, come on!

[The fans jeer as Summers holds her by the shoulders as she shakes her head, pleading with Hammer not to hurt her. Willie Hammer looks disgusted by the scene.]

JD: What kind of a man is Rex Summers?!

BW: A smart one.

JD: He's using a woman as a shield!

BW: Come on, Dane... do you really think Hammer's going to pop her one?

[Lisa gives off a yelp as Summers shoves her towards Hammer who catches her as Summers rolls back into the ring. Hammer checks to make sure she's okay before sliding under the ropes...

...and gets clubbed with a falling forearm to the back of the head as Summers drops to his knees!]

JD: And Summers jumps him on the way in!

[Summers scrambles to his feet, dropping a second forearm to the back of the head before grabbing Hammer by the mini-afro...

...and SLAMS his face into the mat!]

JD: Facefirst into the canvas!

[A sneering Summers uses the two hands full of hair to rub Hammer's face back and forth on the mat.]

BW: Someone's going to have a serious case of mat burn by the time this one's over.

[Climbing up off the mat, Summers stomps the back of Hammer's head once... twice... three times, sending Hammer rolling out under the ropes to the floor. Summers steps out on the apron, pausing to strike an abdominal crunch pose...

...and as he leaps off, Hammer buries a right hand into the midsection!]

JD: Hammer goes downstairs!

[Hammer grabs Summers by the hair, pulling him off the floor...

...and SLAMS him facefirst into the ring apron!]

JD: Ohh!

BW: Again with the face! Hammer's just jealous that he looks like someone used his face as a tackling dummy!

[Hammer shoves Summers under the ropes into the ring, using the ropes to climb up on the apron. He grabs the top rope with both hands...

...and slingshots into a somersault, dropping a big leg across the chest of Summers!]

JD: SOMERSAULT LEGDROP FROM OUTSIDE INTO THE RING!

[Hammer stays seated, gesturing to the official who drops down to count.]

JD: Two count there off the somersault legdrop. What an impressive show of agility and athleticism by the 280 pound Willie Hammer!

[Hammer climbs to his feet, pursuing Summers who is crawling across the ring. Summers uses the ropes in the corner to pull himself to his feet as Hammer moves in...

...and Summers throws a boot into the midsection, cutting off Hammer. He grabs the afro, spinning to SLAM his head into the top turnbuckle!]

JD: Back and forth this one continues to go as Summers regains the edge, backing Hammer up and-

“WHAAAAAAAAAAP!”

JD: Knife edge chop in the corner by Rex Summers!

[A second chop connects before Summers grabs Hammer by the arm, shooting him across the ring, charging in behind him...]

JD: Running clothesline in the corner by Summers who - as he mentioned - has enjoyed a lot of success here in Texas. On four occasions, he held the PCW Championship and you know that doesn't sit well with these fans who watched him defeat men like Captain Joe Flint, Cesar Hernandez, and many others over the years.

[Summers grabs the arm again, whipping Hammer across the ring...

...and Hammer leaps up on the second rope, twisting as he leaps off for a crossbody...]

JD: CROSSBODY OFF THE ROPES!

[But “Red Hot” dives out of the way, leaving Hammer to crash and burn down on the canvas!]

JD: He missed! He missed the crossbody off the second rope!

BW: It was a nice counter but the veteran - Rex Summers - saw it coming and managed to avoid it.

[Summers steps back, leaning against the ropes, waving for Hammer to get up, watching... measuring...]

JD: Summers allowing Hammer to get back to his feet and I'm not sure if I agree with that strategy...

[Suddenly, Summers rushes forward, slamming his knee up into the jaw of Hammer, snapping him back and dropping him to the canvas!]

JD: The kneelift connects - not just the knee but the upper thigh in there, the whole leg having an impact!

[Summers spins into a lateral press.]

JD: Summers covers again - gets one... he gets two... but Hammer's shoulder comes up off the canvas again.

[Summers grumbles as he climbs to his feet, putting the boots to Hammer a few times before grabbing two hands full of hair, dragging Hammer off the mat by it...

...and Hammer slaps the hands away before snapping a left jab to the jaw... and another... and another... and another...]

JD: Hammer's jabbing his way around... oho! Check that out!

[The crowd cheers as Hammer swings his hindquarters back and forth a few times...

...and then throws a whiplash-inducing uppercut to the chin, sending Summers staggering backwards, barely able to stay on his feet as he bumps into the corner, staggering back out towards Hammer who leaves his feet!]

JD: Wow! Standing dropkick up under the chin of Summers!

[Summers goes flying backwards, arms hooking around the top turnbuckle as Hammer climbs up off the canvas, moving in on him.]

JD: That impressive show of athleticism was...

BW: Impressive? I'll give him that much, Dane. A standing dropkick out of a near 300 pounder is real impressive.

[Grabbing Summers by the arm, Hammer sends Summers across the ring, crashing into the opposite corner before Hammer charges in after him, leaping into the air to land a forearm smash on the jaw!]

JD: A whole lot of impact behind that forearm and Rex Summers finds himself in trouble here at Homecoming with a shot at the World Television Title on the line!

[Hammer backs off, waving his hands for Summers to come towards him. "Red Hot" staggers from the buckles, ending up with Hammer's arm hooked around his head and neck...]

JD: URANAGE!

[...but Hammer sits out with it, slamming Summers down on the canvas before sliding into a pin attempt!]

JD: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: Shoulder up! But as we pass the five minute mark in this fifteen minute time limit, Willie Hammer has put himself back in control of this battle!

[Hammer slams a fist down on the canvas in frustration, staying down on his knees as he watches Summers roll to his hip, trying to push up off the mat...

...and then surges forward, driving his head into Summers'!]

JD: Headbutt by Hammer!

[The blow knocks Summers back down to the mat, rolling under the ropes to the floor as Hammer climbs to his feet...]

JD: Willie Hammer's back up... and he's going out after him again!

[Hammer steps out on the apron, leaning against the ringpost as he swings his arms around one another...]

JD: What's he got in mind here, fans?

[As Summers climbs to his feet, Hammer comes running down the length of the ring apron, diving off into a somersault...

...and crashing down onto a surprised Rex Summers!]

JD: OHH! HAMMER WITH THE SOMERSAULT PLANCHA OFF THE APRON COMPLETELY WIPES OUT REX SUMMERS!

[Hammer climbs to his feet, pumping a fist to the cheering crowd and then cupping a hand to his ear, listening to the cheering fans respond...]

JD: Willie Hammer's feeling it here in Dallas as he drags Rex Summers off the mat, rolling him back inside the ring.

[Hammer slams his hand down onto the mat a few times, drawing another big cheer as he deadleaps off the floor onto the apron, stepping up onto the second rope. He puts one foot up top and gives a whoop to the Crockett Coliseum crowd before stepping to the top...]

JD: He's going for the frog splash that he calls Hammer Time!

[The Combat Corner graduate stands up top, waiting as Summers rolls onto his back...

...and then hurls himself into the air, pumping his arms and legs once!]

JD: HAMMER TIME!

[And lands RIGHT on the raised knees of Rex Summers!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: GUTFIRST DOWN ACROSS THE KNEES!

[With Hammer hurting, Summers drags himself up off the mat, leaning down to grab Hammer by the mini-afro. He grabs the arm, twisting it once...

...and then YANKS Hammer into a knee lift to the gut!]

JD: Short-arm kneelift to the breadbasket - to the already hurting ribs of Willie Hammer as Summers hooks the double underhook...

BW: Here it comes! Can you feel the temperate rising? That ain't global warming, daddy!

[Summers JERKS backwards, driving the skull of Hammer into the canvas!]

JD: HEAT CHECK DDT!

[With Hammer motionless on the mat, Summers flips him over onto his back, leaning across him.]

JD: This one's over, fans... one... two... and three.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Summers rolls off, pushing up off the mat, crawling across the ring to flash a kiss at the camera lens.]

JD: Rex Summers scores the three count and that means that two weeks from tonight, he's going to take on Shadoe Rage with the World Television Title on the line! What a showdown that should be!

BW: Summers put Hammer to sleep with the Heat Check... and someone better check on him because he might be suffering from third degree burns, daddy.

JD: Unbelievable. Fans, let's go backstage to Mark Stegglet who has an update on some exciting things going down here in the AWA! Mark?

[Cut backstage to where Mark Stegglet is standing.]

MS: Thanks, Jason! You want updates, we've got updates for you! On the medical front, we were just informed that Jack Lynch and Supreme Wright are both resting backstage after that hard fall to the floor. Neither man has suffered any serious injuries from it after a preliminary examination but Supreme Wright is currently undergoing additional testing on his knee to check for problems.

[Stegglet gives a confirming nod.]

MS: But two weeks from tonight is gonna be another big one as we continue on the road to SuperClash. Last weekend in Las Vegas was big. Tonight in Dallas is big. And two weeks from now in Oklahoma City, it's another big one as for one night only, Juan Vasquez is going to be the Match Maker! In fact, I was just informed that AWA President Landon O'Neill will be on hand for a special ceremony with Juan at the start of the show and you don't want to miss that.

[Another nod.]

MS: Now, speaking of Juan Vasquez making matches, everyone knows that the first match he made for this special night will feature him challenging for the AWA National Title. It's a much-anticipated battle between two of the most popular superstars in the entire AWA - a battle that both men believe they will emerge victorious from. Juan Vasquez decided to not appear here in Texas tonight, staying home in Los Angeles as he continues to train for that showdown... and earlier today, we received a very special video featuring his opponent - the AWA National Champion, Travis Lynch, doing the same. Let's take a look!

[Fade from Stegglet.]

Everything is black for a few moments before the opening guitar riffs of rock classic "Takin' Care of Business" by Bachman-Turner Overdrive begins to blast. With the first note of the piano the black screen is replaced by a still shot of the sign for the Silver Star Ranch, home of the legendary Lynch family. The image fades to the interior of a barn, in the center of which is a wrestling ring. The canvas is faded and stained with dried blood - the letters PCW are faded on the ring apron. In the center of the ring is a long figure jumping rope.]

#You get up every morning
From your 'larm clock's warning
Take the 8:15 into the city#

[The figure is that of the current AWA National Champion, Travis Lynch. The Texas Heartthrob is jumping rope, sweat dripping down his face, his hair matted to his forehead.]

#There's a whistle up above
And people pushin', people shovin'
And the girls who try to look pretty#

[After a few moments of Travis jumping rope, it shifts to him still in the center of the ring pounding out push-up after push-up. Another few moments pass and now Travis is doing sit-ups, determination etched upon his face with each one.]

#And if your train's on time
You can get to work by nine
And start your slaving job to get your pay#

[The image changes to show a shirtless Travis doing lat pull downs. A quick image change and Travis is doing hammer curls.]

#If you ever get annoyed
Look at me I'm self-employed
I love to work at nothing all day#

[Another image change and Travis is pulling the cord of a rowing machine. His hair is drenched in sweat as he continues to pull on the cable.]

#And I'll be taking care of business (every day)
Taking care of business (every way)#

[Once again the image changes, Travis is running under the Texas sun on the ranch.]

#I've been taking care of business (it's all mine)
Taking care of business and working overtime
Work out#

[As the guitar kicks in, the image of the shirtless Travis running slows before cutting back to the old PCW ring where "Prince" Colin Hayden is executing an arm wringer on Travis. Travis rolls through it forcing Hayden to release the hold, allowing Travis to kip up and deliver a dropkick to his face.]

#If it were easy as fishin'
You could be a musician
If you could make sounds loud or mellow#

[Quick shift to Travis reversing an Irish whip from "Prince" Colin Hayden. Hayden rebounds off of the ropes and sends him high into the air with a big back bodydrop.]

#Get a second-hand guitar
Chances are you'll go far
If you get in with the right bunch of fellows#

[Another image shift and this time Hayden is lifting Travis into the air with a belly to back suplex but Travis quickly twists into the hold and applies the Iron Claw. The grip of the claw forces Hayden to lose his balance and collapse on the mat.]

#People see you having fun
Just a-lying in the sun
Tell them that you like it this way#

[James Lynch appears in the image pounding the mat, encouraging his brother. Travis smiles as he helps Hayden back to his feet. Hayden shaking his head as James begins to talk to Travis, obviously coaching him.]

#It's the work that we avoid
And we're all self-employed
We love to work at nothing all day#

[Back to ring action for Travis as he hoists Hayden into the air and delivers an atomic drop. Travis runs the ropes and leaps into the air driving his forearm into the head of Hayden. Once again the image changes, Travis is staggering to his feet and he

just avoids a Savate kick from Hayden. Hayden quickly spins around to face Travis but as he does so he's locked into the Iron Claw.]

#And we be taking care of business (every day)
Taking care of business (every way)
We be been taking care of business (it's all mine)
Taking care of business and working overtime

[As the guitar rocks out again, the image changes and Travis is in the center of the ring running in place, Colin standing in front of him. He claps and Travis drops down and begins to do push-ups. After five, Colin claps again and Travis pops up to his feet and is running in place again. Again Colin claps and Travis is back down doing push-ups. Once more the image changes and Travis is doing mountain climbers. After a few moments the image changes and Travis is doing box jumps.]

#You get up every morning
From your 'larm clock's warning
Take the 8:15 into the city#

[Travis is sitting upon the ring apron drinking a bottle of water as Colin is demonstrating the Asiatic Spike on James. Colin looks at Travis and is obviously talking to him about the hold as Travis nods his head.]

#There's a whistle up above
And people pushin', people shovin'
And the girls who try to look pretty#

[James nods his head after the impact from the discus punch, and urges his younger brother to execute another one.]

#And if your train's on time
You can get to work by nine
And start your slaving job to get your pay#

[Travis again spins and drills the heavy bag with authority. The bag slams into James and force him back a step, which cause him to smile and again urge Travis to hit the bag again and Travis obliges with another discus punch that forcibly slams into the bag.]

#If you ever get annoyed
Look at me I'm self-employed
I love to work at nothing all day#

[James Lynch can be seen screaming "One more bro!" and Travis raises his left hand one more time and takes a step back from the heavy bag and spins.]

And I'll be taking care of business (every day)
Taking care of business (every way)
I've been taking care of business (it's all mine)
Taking care of business and working overtime

[The left hand crushes the heavy bag ripping a hole into it. The camera zooms in on the sand as it falls from the heavy bag... and slowly, the image - and the music - fade out to black.

The words "December 1994" appears in white scrawly text. The black screen fades to reveal the founder of the EMWC, Adam Thompson. Thompson's years are showing at this point. He leans towards the camera.]

"In the mid-90s, getting anyone to bankroll pro wrestling was a hard sell. The whole business was in the toilet so if you wanted to stand a chance, you started small and put in the work."

[A black and white still photo of a bloodied Colt Patterson - then known as Narcissus - battling Lorenzo Vasquez appears. The word "Extreme" etched in a deep crimson is "written" across them as the voice of Patterson is heard.]

"Extreme was the thing. Hell, my dad had been doing extreme down in the South for years - cages, bullropes, Texas Death, whatever. He just didn't know it had a name. Did I like the idea of going through tables almost every night? Not really. But I was the champ. I was the guy. It was either do it or they'd find someone else who would. Ultimately, my career paid the price but it was a good run while it lasted."

[The shot of Patterson fades to a still photo of Chris Blue standing in a ring with Adam Thompson. Blue looks much younger than his modern counterpart who we see a moment later.]

"I bought out Adam Thompson as soon as I put the money together. I had a vision, he had a vision... too many cooks in the kitchen. I'll always be grateful to him but I think history has shown that he made the right call to take the money and let me run the place."

[A series of stills flash by - Casey James, Tiger Claw, Steve Kowalski, Creed, Brody Thunder, Serge Annis, and JW Hardin. Blue appears again.]

"It was a war. It was a total war between us and Portland. Talent, territory, ratings, buyrates... you name it, we fought over it. I fought a lot of those kinds of wars over the years but none of them were as fun as the fight that Spreadbury put up."

[More stills. This time with some of the most famous names in EMWC - men like Mark Langseth, Alex Martinez, Kevin Slater, Jeff Matthews, "Dreamlover" Trey Porter, Curtis Hansen, Eddie Van Gibson, Simon Ezra, Luke Kinsey, Chris Courtade, and others flash by in rapid-fire before fading back to Blue.]

"You know what they don't tell you? It's a hard fight to get to the top... but when you get there, sometimes it gets a little boring. I was constantly fighting with myself to stay motivated. I'd pick fights with promotions just to try and get my competitive fires burning. It was just never the same though."

[And then another series of shots - this time with some of the names synonymous with the end of the EMWC - names we'll choose not to name to protect the innocent... and the guilty. Back to Blue.]

"The writing was on the wall long before I shut the doors, I think. It was... I don't know. Bad timing? We were fighting to stay afloat for a while. We were having financial troubles, creative difficulties, you name it. Then out of nowhere, one of my best friends got leukemia and died. That was..."

[Blue pauses, turning his head to the side as we fade to black as a title comes up - "The Rise And Fall Of The Empire - available on DVD and Digital Download now. The shot of a smiling Blue comes back up.]

"Damn. It was a good run though, wasn't it? A hell of a run. Maybe the best ever. But even the best things have to end."

[Blue smiles, staring off-camera, daydreaming of days gone by as we fade to black.]

We cut to the backstage area, to a tight shot of Mark Stegglet.]

MS: Tonight we've seen them over and over again. T-shirts with one simple slogan across the front.

[Mark raises his free hand moving it from left to right for emphasis.]

MS: FREE CARVER. It hasn't been just the fans in the crowd wearing them, either. Several AWA stars have been spotted showing their support for the Boston Brawler, including... perhaps surprisingly, the man joining me at this time.

[The shot pans back a bit, revealing none other than "Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor. O'Connor is wearing his usual blue jeans and black and white cowboy-style wrestling boots. One thing that is different, is the black "FREE CARVER" t-shirt he has on.]

MS: Bobby, it's no secret that you have been at odds with a lot of the things Hannibal Carver has said and done for a while now. Why the sudden support?

BOC: Well you said it all, Mister Stegglet. It has been a LONG time since me and Mister Carver saw eye to eye. It's sad to say since he was in many ways as important a mentor and a teacher as my own father and Grandpa Karl, but I can't just stand by while he does some of the things he's done.

[O'Connor nods.]

BOC: That's why me wearing this shirt and feeling how I do has nothing to do with my feelings on Mister Carver.

MS: It doesn't?

BOC: It has to do with all those fans out there in the crowd and all the fans watching at home. It's what Ryan Martinez's tenure as World Champion is all about. It's what my entire career is all about.

Doing what's right.

MS: And what is the right thing in your eyes?

BOC: It's real simple, Mister Stegglet. Those people pay good money to see what we do better than anyone in the world. And they paid to see Ryan Martinez defend his title against Hannibal Carver. They've been waiting for that for a long time. And to tell the truth?

[O'Connor nods.]

BOC: So have I. I've heard what Mister Carver has had to say and I don't agree with it or like it any more than Ryan does. But he has a right to his opinion... the same as Ryan has a right to shut him up!

[Stegglet shakes his head, taken slightly aback.]

BOC: So President O'Neill, I implore you in the name of all the great AWA fans worldwide. Do the right thing.

[O'Connor hooks his thumb at the slogan on his shirt.]

BOC: Give those two the match they've been waiting to give the world. Let Mister Carver loose and back here where he belongs. Because I want to see who the better man is just like everyone else does. in fact, I want to see it even more.

[O'Connor grins, pointing his index finger at the camera.]

BOC: Because when I cash in this shot at the AWA World Championship?

I want to face the very best in the world.

[O'Connor nods at Stegglet as we cut to a shot inside the arena bowl, panning across the crowd and several of the aforementioned FREE CARVER t-shirts...

...when suddenly "Chief Rocka" by The Lords of the Underground begins to play as the crowd erupts with a big face pop! Standing atop the aisle, we see the massive Hercules Hammonds step out from behind the curtains.]

JD: Hercules Hammonds has arrived here at the Crockett Coliseum!

BW: But it ain't even the first time he's been here this week, daddy.

JD: Absolutely not. For those unaware, Hercules Hammonds competed last weekend in the Combat Corner Wrestling Championship Tournament and ultimately fell short thanks to some well-timed interference from Jericho Kai. I spoke to Mr. Hammonds earlier today and... well, let's just say he's less than pleased about that turn of events and I'd imagine that's why he's out here tonight.

[The former AWA World Tag Team Champion is dressed in a sleeveless version of his "EIGHTH, NINTH AND TENTH WONDER OF THE WORLD!" t-shirt and gold wrestling trunks underneath. He walks towards the ring with purpose, microphone in hand. Entering the ring, he turns his attention towards the back, bellowing out a name...]

HH: JERICHO KAI!!!

[Hammonds is a mess of bulging veins and surging rage.]

HH: I know you're watchin' me, Kai, so listen up and listen good! I'm callin' you out, brotha'!

[The crowd cheers at Hammonds' challenge.]

HH: You've been a thorn in Herc's side for far too long! I thought I set you straight when ya' got the strongest man in...

[Almost if on cue, the crowd sings along.]

"ALLLLLLL!!!"

HH:the land! to put ya' 'cross his knee and dang near shattered ya' into a million pieces! Herc thought he sent the message loud and clear that he wasn't to be messed with, when he took your jackals and sent dem little puppies whimperin' home with their tails tucked 'tween their legs! But ya' keep on pressin' and ya' keep on pushin', and I'm tellin' ya' right now...enough is enough!

[He leans over the ropes, practically yelling right at the backstage area.]

HH: 'Cause this ain't the first time you've cost me gold! Right now, Herc could be the AWA National Champion! Right now, Herc could be on his way to bein' the first ever CCW Champion! But you're always an obstacle, standin' in Herc's way!

Kai, ya' leave me with no choice.

[Herc twirls a finger over his head, making a wide circle.]

HH: This planet...this universe ain't big enough for the both of us! So I'm gonna' do ya' a favor, Kai. Come down to this ring. Come down to face Herc. 'Cause the biggest arms in the universe are gonna' grab ya', lift ya' over my head, and break ya' in half! And then I'll grab one half with my mighty right hand. I'll grab the other with my mighty left hand. And then I'll send ya' flyin'!

Flyin'!

FLYIN'!!!

[Herc points straight up into the air.]

HH: Up in the sky, through the atmosphere, breakin' through the clouds...straight past the stars and outta' this world...'round the Milky Way...and right back to the foot of Sutekh!

So get your unworthy hoodoo voodoo jive-talkin' zombie controllin' butt down here!

RIGHT NOW!

[Hammonds throws the mic down, waving his powerful arms towards the locker room.]

JD: A challenge set forth by Hercules Hammonds and a night that is full of challenges as Hammonds wants to get his hands on the man who-

[As Hammonds awaits the answer to his challenge, the arena goes dark as the big screen flares to life. Jericho Kai sits in a dark room, light illuminating his features harshly from underneath. His sleepy green eyes are alight. He is flanked by the Dead and the nightmarish Poet.]

JK: Hercules, you think you are in position to issue challenges, man? I told you how it would be. I told you that I was going to make you my test. And you thought you could just ignore me, Hercules? And now that I've got your attention you think you can just make me dance?

[Kai shakes his head.]

JK: No, man. You're the one who's going to have to dance. You're the one who's going to have to feel what I feel. You're the one who's going to have feel frustration, denial, and diminishment. For too long I've been forced to wait in the shadows with these forgotten men and women while fat cats like you were handed every opportunity. Hercules, you will know what it feels like to be denied. You will know what it feels like to be ignored. You will know what it feels like to want something with every fibre of your being and have it ripped from you!

[We cut to a shot of Hammonds, who angrily shouts something inaudible at Kai.]

JK: You want revenge on me for costing you the CCW title? Well, you have to prove to me you understand the anger. I will not grant you the privilege of wrestling me tonight. But I will throw you a bone.

[He chuckles.]

JK: In fact, I'll throw you a dog.

[The light goes out on the screen and the arena lights come back up...]

...with Dirt Dog Unique Allah in the ring, jumping on the broad back of Hercules Hammonds!]

JD: What the-?! Where did HE come from?!

[Hammonds flails his arms, trying to shake loose the smaller half of the Walking Dead as Allah wraps one arm across the windpipe, choking Hammonds as he hammers him with his left hand!]

JD: Is this a match? A fight?! What exactly are we watching here?

[The powerhouse grabs the left wrist that is flailing at him...

...and then YANKS Allah up, over, and down to the canvas!]

JD: Wow! Hercules Hammonds showing off that incredible power as he throws Allah down to the mat!

[Allah scampers to a knee as Hammonds grabs him under the arm and around the neck...

...and HURLS him ridiculously high and far across the ring, sending him bouncing off the canvas!]

JD: Ten foot toss by Hammonds! Allah caught big time air with that!

[Allah rolls under the ropes to the ring apron, clinging to the ropes as Hammonds approaches, reaching over the top to grab him by the hair, dragging him to a standing position...

...and Allah suddenly slaps the hand away, looping his hands around the neck of the Tupelo Tower, and drops off the apron, SNAPPING Hammonds' throat down on the top rope!]

JD: Ohh! Allah with a veteran's move there. This man - this sick and twisted individual - seems so far removed from being the man who was once of the top stars in the wrestling world - it's sometimes hard to remember that he's a veteran of over twenty years in this business.

[Allah scampers up to the top rope, flinging himself off as Hammonds turns around...

...and catches him across his torso!]

JD: Uh oh!

BW: That's not where Dirt Dog Unique Allah wants to be!

[Hammonds walks around, showing off his power as he holds Allah in place with one arm. He turns towards the crowd...]

"SHOULD I BREAK HIM IN HALF?!"

[The call and response achieves the desired result as Hammonds brings Allah crashing down across a bent knee. He lifts him up and does it a second time, jamming his knee into the small of Allah's back...]

JD: Backbreaker after backbreaker by Hammonds!

[After a quartet of backbreakers, Hammonds flings him recklessly aside like he's tossing a frisbee, sending Allah bouncing off the canvas.]

JD: Hammonds has got Allah down - still no referee out here so I'd say this isn't a legally-sanctioned match!

BW: Yeah but I don't think either of these guys care, Dane.

JD: I'm sure of that as Hammonds pulls Allah off the mat again, firing him into the ropes...

[As Allah rebounds, Hammonds flips him upside down and all around in an out of control tilt-a-whirl slam, throwing Allah down to the canvas as the crowd cheers again.]

JD: Hercules Hammonds is completely overmatching this guy and-

[With Allah down on all fours, Hammonds approaches, hooking him in a gutwrench...

...and HOISTS him right up over his shoulder, deadlifting his weight into the air before swinging him back the other direction, sitting out as he slams him facefirst to the mat!]

JD: HAMMONDS HAMMER!

[Hammonds shoves Allah aside, sending him rolling off the apron to the floor as Hammonds stands up, throws his head back, and lets his target know that he's still coming for him with a loud and deep...]

"KAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAI!"

[Hammonds steps out to the apron, walking out and leaving a motionless Dirt Dog Unique Allah on the mat.]

JD: Hercules Hammonds took Jericho Kai's sacrificial lamb and just grilled up some lamb chops! Hammonds seems to be unstoppable as he continues to walk the path that ends at Jericho Kai himself. Fans, we've got to take a quick break but when we come back, "Sweet" Lou Blackwell has a special guest so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black on Hammonds' massive back as he walks up the aisle.

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

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

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

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

I'm gonna give you my heart

[Then we see Johnny Detson walking down an aisle, berating the fans (who are waving a poster with a collage of AWA faces at him) as he goes by, but the one fan

next to them with the gold-tinted Johnny Detson sunglasses is clearly thrilled about it. A similar shot sees Travis Lynch going by, pausing and giving a smile to a young lady with a Travis T-Shirt; she swoons.]

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

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

Because you light up the path

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

As we fade up from black, we find "Sweet" Lou Blackwell standing near the ringside barricade.]

SLB: We're back here in Dallas, Texas, fans for AWA Homecoming and after the events of last weekend, a lot of people were talking... they were talking about KING Oni, about Hannibal Carver, about Johnny Detson... and some were talking about the man that I would like to get a word from right now...

[Blackwell turns as the camera focuses on a man sitting in the front row, a black hoodie covering his head.]

SLB: Anton Layton, the Prince of Darkness, can I get a word?

[Layton slowly rises, the hood obscuring much of his face as he does.]

AL: Words are nothing to men like you, are they? You use them to shill incessantly, to pander to the people. You don't understand the power of the spoken word... what it can bring forth... what it can summon... what it can control...

[Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: You must be a real riot at parties, chief. Let's get down to business though. One week ago, we saw you in the crowd in Las Vegas much as we saw you in the crowd in Tokyo. And both of those times, you seemed to be watching KING Oni. What is your connection to the Demon?

[What passes for a smile crosses the mouth of the Prince of Darkness.]

AL: My connection to this demon is the same is my connection to all the demons in the underworld. Some do my bidding... some give the commands... some lurk in the shadows, waiting to thirst on my very mortality. You use that word "demon" to instill fear in the hearts and minds of the people... to make little children go to sleep with nightmares in their heads, wondering if this is the night that the demon comes for them.

Demons are not marketing buzzwords, Blackwell.

Demons are not a ploy to get someone a few more jeers.

[He nods.]

AL: Demons are real. Very, very real.

[Blackwell shakes his head again.]

SLB: It seems to me, Mr. Layton, that all you're doing is speaking in riddles out here-

[Layton interrupts.]

AL: Riddles? You want riddles, Blackwell? I'll give you a riddle...

What is an eye that sees all while he who wields it sees nothing?

[Blackwell shrugs.]

AL: What are the voices that call to me while I sleep? The loudest one calling me, demanding I return to my former killing ground once more.

SLB: Those don't really seem like ridd-

AL: What is red... beautiful red... all over?

[Layton slips a hand into view, wielding his infamous Golden Spike. Blackwell raises a hand, taking a step back.]

SLB: Hey now, what are you trying to pull?

AL: It calls to me, Blackwell. That is why I'm here.

[Layton slips the spike back out of view as he sits back down.]

SLB: For crying out loud, how did that guy get through the metal detector?! "It calls to me." As my old friend, Gordon Myers, would say... give ME a break. We're going to take another quick commercial break but when we come back, it'll be Hair Versus Hair time here in the Crockett Coliseum!

[Fade to black.]

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

"Dreams become reality in the strangest of places."

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

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

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

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

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

"These men had a dream too."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

...and then back up on Phil Watson in the center of the ring.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is a HAIR VERSUS HAIR MATCH!

[The Texas crowd cheers the idea of one of the biggest Texas haters on the block getting a chrome dome.]

PW: Introducing first...

[The piano and drum lead-in to Louis Armstrong's rendition of "Mack The Knife" plays over the PA to heavy jeers from the AWA faithful stuffed into the Crockett Coliseum. The big screen shows a dark purple screen with a "KING OF WRESTLING" logo on it, all green-screened behind a clip of Demetrius Lake glaring menacingly at the camera.

As Satchmo's famous trumpet joins in, the curtain parts for the intimidating figure of Demetrius Lake. The "Black Tiger" takes a moment to look over the crowd, his eyes focused in a mean glare. The six-foot-nine Lake sports a fairly thick afro, connecting to an impressively long beard which extends down over an inch below his chin, where it comes to almost a point. A surly look is on his mustached face as he starts the walk down the aisle. The big Tiger is garbed in white trunks, white kneepads, and white boots, with his initials on the trunks and boots. He also sports a golden ring jacket and a black fedora. The Tiger is in no hurry, pausing to point back up the aisle.]

BW: The King is here!

JD: Yeah, and he hasn't come alone, Bucky!

[The fans continue to boo - getting even louder - as former World Champion Hamilton Graham saunters into view. Graham is in a black sportscoat with a white dress shirt unbuttoned a bit to give his massive neck room to breathe. He's instantly barking at the AWA fans, giving them hell as he approaches a smirking Lake, trading a high five with the King as Graham turns to the camera shouting, "He's the King! He's the man! Dave Bryant's a chump!"]

JD: Well, this is certainly going to slant the odds in the favor of Demetrius Lake, Bucky.

BW: I'll say. Having one of the greatest professional wrestlers of all time in your corner is a big boost! Imagine the strategy, the in-game words of advice on the spur of the moment.

JD: I'm more concerned about his physical activity in the match than his "words of advice."

BW: Why, how dare you? The King would NEVER allow someone to interfere on his behalf!

JD: Hah! If any more people got involved in a Demetrius Lake match, it would look like a Battle Royal in there.

[Phil Watson continues.]

PW: From Kansas City, Missouri... weighing in at three hundred seventeen pounds and being accompanied to the ring by Hamilton Graham... "THE BLACK TIGER"... the self-professed KING of wrestling... DEMETRIUS LAKE!

[The fans continue to boo as Lake hits the ring, and enters by stepping through the ropes. He casually strolls around the perimeter of the ring, looking down on the fans and casting various threats, insults, and promises about what he's about to do to his opponent. Hamilton Graham climbs up on the apron, standing near the corner applauding his charge as the music dies down, and Lake, still in his jacket, raises both hands, then hooks his thumbs at his chest. We can see that his left thumb is heavily taped.]

JD: Look at the degree of taping on that left thumb, Bucky. Always a concern in a Lake match.

BW: I agree. He's such a trooper for wrestling with an injured thumb all these years but you just never know when that thumb injury might come back to haunt him.

JD: Not what I meant at all and I think you know that.

[Phil Watson continues.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The opening guitar to Metallica's "Bad Seed" begins to play over the PA system to big cheers from the AWA faithful. As James Hetfield croaks, "Bad," and the song kicks in, Dave Bryant walks into view to an enormous roar from the Dallas crowd!]

PW: From Las Vegas, Nevada... weighing in at 228 pounds... he is the DOCTOR OF LOVE and the former two-time AWA WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION...

DAAAAAAAAAAAAAVE BRYYYYYYYYYANNNNNNT!

[Bryant stands at the top of the aisle, no robe on this night as he stands in midnight-blue wrestling trunks with "Doctor of Love" scrawled across the rear, kneepads to match, and wrestling boots as well with black trim. Bryant points a threatening finger down the aisle as Lake waves for him to bring it on. Graham does the same, shouting at Bryant who cracks a grin, holding up a hand.]

JD: Bryant's all business here tonight... and he's telling them to hang on a second...

[Bryant turns back towards the entryway, waving a hand towards it.]

JD: What is this all about?

[The crowd waits in anticipation for a moment...

...and then EXPLODES in cheers at the sight of Bobby O'Connor walking into view!]

JD: OH YEAH! Bobby O'Connor's got Dave Bryant's back!

BW: WHAT?! That's not fair! He doesn't have a manager's license!

[O'Connor, still sporting his FREE CARVER t-shirt walks out next to Bryant, trading a high five with the man he teamed with one week ago...

...and he slaps him on the back with a, "Come on, let's do this!" Bryant grins as the duo begins striding down the aisle to big cheers as Lake and Graham are throwing an absolute fit inside the ring!]

JD: Demetrius Lake is beside himself, fans! He thought he'd pulled one over on Dave Bryant by bringing out Hamilton Graham but Bryant found himself an equalizer!

BW: This isn't right... this isn't fair at all! I demand justice!

JD: Justice is coming in the form of Dave Bryant who says tonight, he's going to close the door on Demetrius Lake here in the AWA. He says that if he shaves Lake's head... if he takes his crown so to speak... that Lake will never appear in the AWA again and you know what, Bucky? I think he's right!

BW: Of course he's right! What kind of a lunatic would show his face after being embarrassed like that?! But the same thing goes back the other way! You think the so-called Doctor of Love would show up on The X with a bald head? I don't think so! This might as well be a Loser Leaves Town match, daddy!

JD: You could be right about that which means the stakes are sky high for these two tonight! Bryant was the one who issued this challenge earlier tonight - saying he wants to settle this once and for all. Everyone knows that Dave Bryant has

made it a personal goal to get back into the World Title picture and the only way he does that - in my opinion - is to defeat Demetrius Lake here tonight.

BW: Bryant wants to be the first guy to wear the World Title THREE times but you know what? Demetrius Lake wants to be the first KING to wear the World Title and if he beats Bryant tonight, I can see the SuperClash marquee now - Johnny Detson versus Demetrius Lake for the World Heavyweight Title!

JD: Heaven help us.

[Bryant and O'Connor huddle up for a moment on the floor as Lake continues to complain to referee Davis Warren who shrugs his shoulders, pointing to Hamilton Graham. Bryant steps up on the apron, ducking through the ropes...

...and Lake comes charging in, driving a kneelift up into the jaw of Bryant!]

JD: Oh! Lake attacks him as he's coming in!

[The referee signals for the bell, starting the match as Lake pulls Bryant through the ropes, pushing him back against the ropes and driving an overhead forearm into the sternum!]

JD: Big forearm shot by Lake, clubbing down on the chest of the former World Champion!

[Two more forearms follow, leaving Bryant clinging to the top rope, trying to stay on his feet...]

JD: Lake shoots him across... backdr- no! Sunset flip by Bryant!

[Lake swings at the air, trying to stay on his feet, desperately trying to keep his balance...

...and gets dragged down to the mat in the pinning predicament!]

JD: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Lake slams his heels together on the ears of Bryant, breaking up the pin attempt.]

JD: Whoa! That was REAL close right there, fans!

[Lake rolls from the ring, grabbing at his afro as Bryant rolls up to his feet, holding his fingers close together.]

JD: That's right. Bryant's informing Lake that he was THAT close to winning this thing and shaving Lake's head.

BW: That glorious afro... what a crime that would be! Now shaving off that raggy mop on the head of Bryant? That's a public service befitting a King, Dane!

[Lake walks around on the floor for a bit, conversing with Hamilton Graham, walking around the ringpost...

...and finds Bobby O'Connor standing there waiting for him. The crowd cheers as Lake slams on the brakes and backpedals, shaking his head...]

JD: Lake wants no part of Bobby O'Connor and-

[The crowd ROARS as Bryant reaches over the top rope, hooking a handful of Lake's "glorious afro", dragging him up on the apron...

...where Lake instantly jabs his taped thumb into the eye!]

JD: Oh! Lake goes the eyes!

BW: It never fails, daddy!

[Lake grabs Bryant by the hair, pulling him back, hooking his arms over the top rope so that his chest is exposed. The so-called King turns, taunting the fans to big jeers before he swings his right arm down into the sternum of Bryant...]

"WHAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAP!"

[Lake unhooks Bryant, shoving him away and sending him stumbling out to the center of the ring where he falls down to his knees. The Black Tiger steps through the ropes into the ring, walking slowly around Bryant where he slams his boot into the chest!]

JD: Kick to the chest has Bryant in trouble down on the mat...

[As Bryant works his way back to his feet, Lake leaps up, driving a forearm down into the back of the neck, putting him back down on the mat.]

JD: Lake putting every bit of his 317 pounds behind that leaping forearm smash. Even if you don't like the man's illegal tactics or attitude, you have to be impressed by his talent inside the squared circle.

[Lake stands over Bryant, taunting him with an "UP! UP!"]

BW: Lake showing he's in complete control, demanding that Bryant get up and fight him like a man!

[Bryant is slow to push himself back up to a knee...

...but quick to bury a right hand into the midsection of Lake!]

JD: Bryant with the shot to the gut!

[Lake doubles up, grabbing at his abdomen, puffing his cheeks out and breathing hard...

...and then leaps up, driving a second forearm down to the back of the neck, putting Bryant back down on the canvas.]

JD: Demetrius Lake again using that size advantage to his favor, putting Bryant down on the canvas...

[Bryant rolls to the side, trying to create some space...

...but Lake comes in quick, slamming a boot into the kidneys!]

JD: Hard kick to the spine by Lake!

[Bryant grabs the bottom rope but Lake continues to attack, grabbing the top rope with both hands and stomping... stomping... stomping Bryant repeatedly until the referee steps in, threatening to disqualify Lake as he backs off, arguing with him...

...and Hamilton Graham acts, wrapping his hands around the back of Bryant's neck, pulling his throat down on the bottom rope!]

JD: And there it is - blatant interference on the part of the former World Champion, Hamilton Graham! He's choking Dave Bryant behind the official's back!

[Bobby O'Connor comes charging across the ring, causing Graham to break the choke early. The referee slides out to prevent O'Connor and Graham from going at it, warning the third generation star as Lake pulls Bryant up, pushing his throat down over the middle rope as Lake plants a shin on the back of the neck.]

JD: And now it's Demetrius Lake choking Dave Bryant on the ropes!

[The referee is still arguing with O'Connor who is trying to tell him what Graham did as Graham cheers on Lake's blatant choke.]

JD: The referee is caught up with Bobby O'Connor!

BW: Typical O'Connor right there. Too dumb to realize he's actually HURTING the guy he's out here to supposedly help.

[Warren slides back in, counting Lake quickly. The so-called King of Wrestling backs off, hands raised as the official warns him for the choke...

...and Hamilton Graham BLASTS Bryant with a right hand to the jaw, sending the former World Champion falling back inside the ring as the crowd jeers loudly!]

JD: Boy, longtime fans of this business have seen Hamilton Graham throw a right like that a thousand times against men like Cameron O'Connor, Terry Shane Jr., Blackjack Lynch, Burt Wallace, Brett Bryant, and so many others. It may not pack the same wallop it did in his glory days but-

BW: You want to call him over here and say that to his face? He'll bust your eyebrow like he's crackin' an egg, Dane.

JD: I'm sure he would.

[With Bryant down on the mat, Lake pulls him up by the hair, driving a headbutt between the eyes. A second one sends Bryant wobbling back, falling chestfirst into the ropes with his back to Lake as he approaches, wiping off his forehead.]

JD: Lake moving in on Bryant...

[He lifts his hands...

...and RAKES his fingernails down the back of Bryant, causing the former World Champion to arch his back, staggering away as the crowd jeers and Davis Warren again lets Lake have it for the illegal activity.]

JD: Ripping at the skin of Dave Bryant! Demetrius Lake is willing to bend - or break - every rule in the rulebook.

[Bryant ends up against the turnbuckles as Lake comes towards him...

...and Bryant wheels, connecting with a right hand between the eyes of the Black Tiger to a big cheer!]

JD: Bryant scores with the right hand!

[A second and third one land, sending Lake staggering back as Bryant comes towards him...

...and walks right into a boot to the gut!]

JD: Lake goes downstairs!

[Lake grabs Bryant by the back of the trunks, rifling him between the ropes and out to the floor!]

JD: And Bryant goes down HARD on the floor here of the Crockett Coliseum!

BW: Hard enough that he could get counted out and in a match like this, that's as good as a pinfall, Dane.

JD: It certainly is. Countout, disqualification, pinfall, or submission - all result in the loser getting their head shaved clean!

[Bryant is down on the floor, reeling from the impact as Lake steps through the ropes to the apron, standing tall as the crowd jeers loudly.]

JD: Demetrius Lake making sure that these fans in Dallas know exactly what he's got in mind... standing tall... arms up... hands locked...

[Lake drops off the apron, aiming a double axehandle at the back of Bryant's head...

...but Bryant comes off the floor with a right hand to the gut!]

JD: Bryant goes downstairs! He caught him coming down!

[With Lake hurting after the fist to the gut, Bryant grabs him by the arm...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: WHIPPED INTO THE BARRICADE!

BW: That's no way to treat a King!

[Lake, arms draped over the railing, leans back against the steel as Bryant wobbles towards him, feeling the effects of the punishment he's taken so far.]

JD: Bryant moving in on Lake...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

JD: Knife edge chop by Bryant, cracking across the chest of Demetrius Lake and echoing all throughout this building!

[Bryant takes aim a second time...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

JD: Another chop by the Doctor of Love!

[With Lake reeling, Bryant uses a handful of afro to pull Lake into a side headlock, balling up his fist...]

JD: Right hand! Right hands! A whole lot of right hands on the skull of the Black Tiger!

[The crowd is roaring as Bryant slams his fist repeatedly into the skull of the self-professed King of Wrestling as Graham shouts at the two-time former AWA World Champion from a few feet away...]

...which gives Lake all the distraction he needs to lift Bryant up into the air...]

JD: He's got hi-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DROP him groinfirst on the steel barricade!]

JD: A horrific landing for the former World Champion as solid steel... splits the uprights so to speak on Dave Bryant!

[Lake grimaces as he stumbles away, rolling under the ropes to break the referee's ten count.]

JD: Lake gets in, breaking up the count, and then rolls right back out...

[Out on the floor, the King takes a moment to shout at the ringside fans giving him a hard time before he rushes towards Bryant...]

...and CONNECTS with an impactful clothesline that knocks Bryant off his perch on the railing and into the front row!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: BRYANT GOES FALLING INTO THE FRONT ROW OF THE CROCKETT COLISEUM!

[Lake hangs onto the railing, grinning arrogantly at the ringside fans before he backs off, rolling back into the ring where he waves for Davis Warren to count out Dave Bryant.]

JD: And we said it before, a countout is as good as a pinfall in this match and right now, Demetrius Lake will take that countout if it means shaving the head of Dave Bryant - the ultimate humiliation - right here in front of this wild crowd here in Dallas, Texas!

[The referee counts "ONE!" as Hamilton Graham swings his arm at ringside, encouraging the official to count faster.]

JD: Hamilton Graham giving Davis Warren a hard time from his spot on the floor... the count to two and Dave Bryant is laid out on the floor at ringside. He might not make it back in, fans.

BW: Where the heck is O'Connor going?!

[The fans cheer as Bobby O'Connor circles the ring, ending up near the railing where Dave Bryant is. O'Connor drops down to all fours, shouting at Bryant through the steel barricade.]

JD: Look at this! Bobby O'Connor trying to inspire Dave Bryant, trying to cheer on his friend to get back to his feet and get back inside that ring and keep fighting!

This is exactly the kind of support and inspiration you can expect when you're an ally of "Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor!

BW: Unless you're Jack Lynch who Bobby O'Connor told where he could stick his grudge with Team Supreme last weekend!

JD: That's not how that went down at all!

[The referee's count reaches "FIVE!" as O'Connor slaps the ringside mats, imploring Bryant to get back up and inside the squared circle.]

JD: O'Connor continuing to plead with Dave Bryant, begging him to get up and fight...

BW: Give it up, O'Connor. His night's done!

JD: OR IS IT?!

[The crowd begins to cheer loudly as Bryant pushes up to his knees, reaching up to grab the top of the barricade as the count hits "SIX!"]

JD: Dave Bryant is starting to stir, climbing up off the floor as the count gets to seven! He's gotta get over that railing... he's gotta get over the railing and back into the ring to break the count in time!

[Bryant swings a leg over the railing, pushing himself over at the count of "SEVEN!" as O'Connor shouts, "Almost there, Dave! Get there!"]

JD: Bobby O'Connor continues to cheer on Dave Bryant! But is it enough? Can he get there in time?

[Bryant staggers over to the apron as the count gets to "EIGHT!"]

JD: He's almost there! He just needs to-

[Bryant slings himself between the ropes as the count hits "NINE!" and an annoyed Demetrius Lake stalks over, stomping Bryant viciously as he rests on the canvas.]

JD: Bryant beat the count-

BW: And look what was waiting for him!

[The referee backs Lake off again, giving Bryant a chance to struggle to a knee where Lake BLASTS him with a kick to the cheek, sending him sprawling over the middle rope. Lake again plants his shin on the back of the neck, pushing the windpipe down on the rope.]

JD: Choking again! The referee counting the illegal act...

[When Lake breaks at four, he charges across the ring, bouncing back, leaping up and bringing his weight down on the back of the neck, driving it into the second rope again!]

JD: Bryant's down on the mat, gasping for air as Lake and the official trade words.

[Lake steps forward, grabbing the legs of Bryant. His upper body is dangerously under the bottom rope and when Lake falls back for the catapult, Lake propels his throat into the middle rope!]

JD: OHHH! Bryant's throat SNAPPED off the middle rope!

BW: Lake's going right after the throat and you know what that means - he's thinking about that Tiger Strike.

JD: That brutal thumb strike to the throat - completely illegal but to date, no referee has elected to disqualify him for it. You could be right, Bucky... that may be exactly what he has in mind.

[With Bryant flailing about on the mat, Lake steps out onto the apron, measuring Bryant whose head is hanging back off the apron...

...and drops off, slamming a forearm down into the windpipe!]

JD: Another devastating shot to the throat by Demetrius Lake, continuing to target the neck and throat area!

[Lake stands near the ring apron, brushing off his shoulders as Hamilton Graham proudly cheers him on. The ringside fans are on his case, causing Lake to threaten to backhand everyone... even children...]

JD: The so-called King seems to be having some trouble with his subjects.

BW: The commoners never appreciate their King. You can look back throughout history and realize that.

JD: You know, Bucky, when that's the case, the King often ends up thrown off his throne.

BW: I'd like to see 'em try!

[Lake and Graham huddle up, pointing out a pair of fans in the crowd wearing FREE CARVER t-shirts, giving them in particular a hard time as Dave Bryant is crawling across the ring, getting a much-needed breather.]

JD: And in the meantime, the former World Champion is getting some time to recover.

[Lake slowly turns, grabbing the middle rope and dragging himself up to stand on the apron. Bryant, now on his feet against the far ropes, pushes off... rushing across...

...and throws himself into a high impact back elbow to the chin, sending Lake sailing off the apron backwards to the floor where he lands on his back! The crowd ROARS as Hamilton Graham points into the ring, ranting and raving about what Bryant just did!]

JD: Dave Bryant came out of nowhere and may have just turned the tide in this matchup! Demetrius Lake took too long out here on the floor, trashtalking the Dallas fans and Bryant took advantage of it!

BW: Cheapshot by Bryant!

JD: Dave Bryant has never claimed to be a Boy Scout, Bucky. He's got quite the checkered past of his own as he rolls out to the floor, dragging Lake up by the afro that he hopes to shave off his head here tonight... BOOM! Facefirst into the ring apron!

[Graham again loudly complains as Lake stumbles away, leaning against the apron to stay on his feet as Bryant pursues him, grabbing the hair again...]

JD: And again he goes facefirst off the apron! We're just about at the ten minute mark of this contest as Dave Bryant and Demetrius Lake battle over the right to shave the other man's head - something that you, Bucky Wilde, think equates to a Loser Leaves Town situation.

BW: I just don't think there's any way possible that one of these guys gets their head shaved and shows up the next time we're on The X. No way!

[With Lake staggered and slumped over the ring apron, Bryant climbs up on the apron, measures the Black Tiger...

...and STOMPS the back of his head, smashing his face into the apron again!]

JD: Oh!

BW: That's just flat-out vicious, Dane!

JD: It certainly was but after the punishment that Bryant absorbed in the first ten minutes of the match, you can't be surprised by him showing a mean streak here in this one.

[Hamilton Graham is on the floor shouting at Bryant as he stands on the apron. Bryant hops down, sticking a finger in Graham's face to the cheers of the crowd.]

JD: And we may see these two go at it now too!

BW: Oh, I'd love to see that! If you think Hammy Graham can't bust Bryant's skull open with one of those hamhocks, you're kidding yourself!

[The referee slides out to the floor, reprimanding Bryant and Graham, trying to move them apart as Demetrius Lake leans against the ringpost. The camera cuts to the other side, showing Lake clearly pulling something out of his trunks and stuffing it into his taped thumb...]

JD: Hold on! Did you see that?!

BW: What?

JD: Lake just loaded up that thumb! He just stuck something inside that tape on his thumb - some kind of a weapon!

BW: I didn't see that! That's slander, Dane!

JD: He did it! I just saw it! We all just saw it!

BW: I didn't see anything like that and I'm the one whose opinion matters!

[But someone who did see it is Bobby O'Connor who is quickly making his way around the ring...]

JD: O'Connor's coming on strong as Lake lies in wait...

[Bryant comes back to Lake, pulling him around by the shoulder...

...and Lake's arm shoots back, ready to deliver the illegally-enhanced Tiger Strike!]

JD: TIGER STRI-

[The crowd ROARS as Bobby O'Connor grabs the wrist of Lake, grabbing at his thumb.]

JD: O'Connor blocks it! O'Connor's trying to get whatever he put in that tape out of there! He's trying to-

[The referee rushes into the mix, getting involved in trying to see what Lake's got in his thumb tape...

...when Lake suddenly jerks his arm away, SLAMMING the thumb awkwardly into the side of Bryant's throat!]

BW: OH! HE HIT IT! HE HIT IT!

JD: Did he?! I'm not sure he got all of that!

BW: He got enough! Look at Bryant!

[Bryant collapses on the floor, grabbing at his throat, kicking his feet in pain as Lake spins around, arguing with O'Connor as the referee tries to intervene. Hamilton Graham gets in the fray as well, pulling O'Connor by the arm, spinning him towards him...

...and gets DROPPED with a haymaker from "Bunkhouse" Bobby to a big cheer!]

JD: O'CONNOR DROPS GRAHAM!

BW: He hit an old man! That something to be proud of?!

JD: The fans here in Dallas certainly liked it and-

[Lake shoves the official aside, rushing O'Connor from behind and blasting him with a forearm shot to the back of the head, knocking him down to his knees on the floor!]

JD: And Lake NAILS O'Connor from behind!

BW: He ain't done, Dane!

JD: What's he... he's dragging O'Connor up! He's dragging him to his feet and-

[The crowd groans as Lake SLAMS O'Connor facefirst into the steel ringpost!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: FACEFIRST TO THE STEEL! HE BOUNCED THE MAN'S HEAD OFF THE RINGPOST!

[O'Connor collapses to the floor, arms coming up over his head as Demetrius Lake stands over him, threatening to do it again, shouting at him for assaulting Hamilton Graham...]

JD: Lake's letting him have it... but in the meantime, Dave Bryant is still down inside the ring! Graham is down! O'Connor is down! Bryant is down! But Demetrius Lake is on his feet and... he's climbing up on the apron...

[Lake slaps the top turnbuckle three times, slowly stepping one foot up on the second rope...]

JD: He's going up top! Lake's looking for the Big Cat Pounce - that flying splash off the top!

BW: If he hits it, say bye-bye to Bryant's hair, daddy!

JD: The 317 pounder taking an awfully long time getting up there... to the second rope... now one foot up on the top rope...

BW: Come on, King! Put this commoner away!

[Lake steps to the top rope, slowly raising his arms up over his head as the Dallas crowd implores Dave Bryant to do something... anything... to avoid what's coming next...

...when suddenly, Dave Bryant LEAPS to his feet!]

BW: WHAT?!

JD: He was playing possum! He was-

[A desperate and panicked Lake leaps from the top, arms raised for a double axehandle...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the flying Lake gets KNOCKED out of the sky with a Bryant superkick!]

JD: CALL ME IN THE MORNING! CALL ME IN THE MORNING!

[Bryant collapses on top of the motionless Lake, grabbing a kneepad to pull Lake into a loose leg hook...]

JD: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

JD: HE DID IT! BRYANT WINS IT!

BW: NO, NO, NO!

JD: Dave Bryant with the mother of all counters at the perfect time has won this match... and now he gets to shave the crown right off the head of the so-called King of Wrestling, Bucky!

BW: Get out of there, Lake! Run for it!

[Bryant pushes up to his knees, a weary smile plastered across his face as the referee comes over and raises his hand. The former two-time AWA World Champion smiles as he gets up off the mat, looking out to the floor where a ringside attendant is laying out a set of barber's tools...]

JD: Lake's out cold from the superkick and it's time for Dave Bryant to become the barber for a night!

[Bryant grabs a set of clippers off the mat, walking back over to Lake, grabbing a handful of afro and sitting him up on the canvas...]

JD: Here it comes! He's got the clippers and-

[Bryant gleefully runs the clippers through the "glorious afro" on the top of Demetrius Lake's head, sending hair flying through the air to a roar from the Dallas crowd!]

JD: He's doing it! He's shaving the King's head!

BW: This is a crime! A crime against the throne! Bryant should be thrown in the dungeon for this!

[Bryant continues to run the clippers through the hair over and over again, leaving bald trails in the middle of the afro. He gestures to the official to bring him something else and goes to work with a pair of scissors, cutting spots here and there, leaving a horrifically-cut afro behind.]

JD: Dave Bryant is loving this! All the months of torment and pain he went through in this war with Demetrius Lake and THIS is how it ends!

BW: Ends? I don't know about that. Demetrius Lake doesn't seem like a man who's going to let something end like this!

JD: Bryant clipping and cutting... and now he's throwing hair out to the fans!

BW: This is sickening, Dane. Demetrius Lake's glorious afro has been left in ruins by this butcher! Does he have a license to style hair?!

[Dane chuckles as Bryant throws another handful of hair out into the crowd, leaving Lake with a mix of bald spots and jaggedly-cut hair on the mat...

...and then suddenly spots Bobby O'Connor being tended to by AWA medical personnel.]

JD: Oh! Dave Bryant just saw Bobby O'Connor laid out on the floor!

[A concerned look on his face, the victorious Bryant drops down to the floor, kneeling down next to O'Connor whose head has been split wide open from the crash into the ringpost, blood streaming down his face.]

JD: O'Connor's been busted wide open thanks to Hamilton Graham and Demetrius Lake. He's still barely moving.

BW: A shot like that to the skull on steel can cause major issues. O'Connor could be concussed... he could have a cracked skull or orbital bone... who knows... who could possibly-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Taking advantage of a concerned Bryant, Hamilton Graham strikes, SLAMMING a steel chair down across the back!]

JD: GRAHAM WITH A CHAIR FROM BEHIND!

BW: What a shot! Bryant's laid out right next to Lake!

[Graham throws the chair aside angrily, pointing and shouting at Dave Bryant who is flat on his face on the mat. Graham angrily pulls Bryant up by the hair, throwing him into the ring where Demetrius Lake is starting to stir, sitting up on the mat and feeling where his formerly-glorious afro once sat.]

JD: Graham's got Bryant in the ring, stomping and kicking him into the mat!

[Demetrius Lake climbs to his feet, looking around frantically at the pieces of his own hair that are all over the canvas. He screams "NO!" as he jumps up, stomping the hair...

...and then dives on top of Bryant, a blur of emotions as he pummels and pounds Bryant viciously. He grabs the hair, smashing Bryant's face into the canvas a half dozen times!]

JD: Lake's all over him!

[Graham grabs Bryant, yanking him into a kneeling position on the mat as he winds up...

...and SMASHES his right hand down into the eyebrow... and again... and again... repeatedly knuckle-punching the eyebrow until it's split wide open and blood is oozing from the skull of the Doctor of Love!]

JD: Bryant's getting assaulted by Hamilton Graham and Demetrius Lake and... now what is this all about?!

[A furious Demetrius Lake shouts to Graham, ordering him around as Lake steps back to the corner, climbing up on the second rope...]

JD: Wait a second!

[Moving into position, Graham pulls Bryant into a standing headscissors, lifting him up into piledriver position as Lake leans forward, grabbing the legs of Bryant!]

JD: NO! DON'T DO THIS! DON'T DO THIS! YOU'LL BREAK HIS-

[Lake leaps off, pressing down on the legs as Graham STUFFS Bryant with the spike piledriver!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: My... god.

[Bryant is motionless on the mat as Graham climbs to his feet, sneering at the bloodied Bryant as Lake leans over, grabbing the clippers off the mat...]

JD: Oh, you've gotta be kidding me.

BW: The ultimate case of insult to injury, daddy!

[...and starts shaving the head of the motionless Bryant. The crowd is on their feet, jeering lustily, hurling garbage towards the ring where the Black Tiger and his mentor are humiliating the Doctor of Love!]

JD: The fans have been whipped into a riotous state here in Dallas as Demetrius Lake and Hamilton Graham have potentially crippled Dave Bryant with that spike piledriver and now they're shaving his head as well and-

[Suddenly, the floodgates of the locker room open as Sweet Daddy Williams, Willie Hammer, Air Strike, and several others come pouring into view, hitting the ring where Lake and Graham bail out, leaving a bloodied Bobby O'Connor and a bloodied, broken, and humiliated Dave Bryant in their wake. Lake grabs at what's left of his hair, shaking his head angrily as he stomps up the aisle.]

JD: We've got medical personnel in the ring... don't touch him, don't move him, guys. His neck could be... fans... fans, we're going to take a break.

[As the medical personnel form a ring around Bryant, holding back the concerned wrestlers, we slowly fade to black.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The lyrics kick in with a shot of Violence Unlimited's Danny Morton sending the Samoan, Mafu, flipping head over heels courtesy of a running lariat before Morton smashes his chest with his fists, letting loose a whoop to the crowd.]

#Guess who just got back today?#

[From the Fair Park Coliseum, Ron Houston stands up while trapped in a crucifix pin by Brian Von Braun, countering into his Fade To Black to finish off a member of that legendary family.]

#Those wild-eyed boys that had been away#

[A giant splash courtesy of MAMMOTH Mizusawa onto the chest of Raphael Rhodes ends Rhodes' night and gives the Japanese giant his second consecutive Steal The Spotlight victory!]

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

[The Prince of Darkness, Anton Layton, comes up swinging his trademark Golden Spike, driving it into the throat of the Working Man himself, Vernon Riley.]

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

[Nenshou comes flipping off the top rope with a breathtaking moonsault, crashing across the chest of Brent Maverick and becoming the very first AWA Longhorn Heritage Champion.]

#They were asking if you were around#

["The Outlaw" Bobby Taylor walks down the length of the apron, leaping off with a legdrop onto a prone "Superstar" Kevin Slater who is laid out across a wooden table.]

#How you was, where you could be found#

[A spine-tingling shot of an eyepatch-wearing City Jack, Louisville Slugger in hand and pointed right across the ring at Calisto Dufresne whose eyes are as wide as the Grand Canyon at this point.]

#I told them you were living downtown#

[With his career on the line, Juan Vasquez jogs down the aisle in his white tracksuit, ready to Main Event the biggest show of the year for the second year running.]

#Driving all the old men crazy#

[The National Champion, "Hotshot" Stevie Scott, emerges in a breathtaking white and silver robe that stretches down to the floor. It's covered in feathers and sparkles under the arena lights with "HOTSHOT" written across the back in silver as a shower of golden sparks begin to fall from the entryway.]

#The boys are back in town#

[Juan Vasquez dives off the top rope, catching Stevie Scott with a crossbody that the champion rolls through into a cover of his own, hooking the tights for a near fall.]

#The boys are back in toooooooown#

[Vasquez comes charging across the ring, diving between the top and middle ropes with a tope dive that wipes out the National Champion.]

#The boys are back in town#

[The challenger SMASHES the metal briefcase of Ben Waterson down onto the skull of Stevie Scott to win the AWA National Title, holding the title aloft for one final shot.]

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

As we come back up on a panning shot of a still-stunned crowd, we hear the voice of Jason Dane.]

JD: Welcome back to Homecoming, fans - an event that took on a somber tone just a moment ago with the brutal assault on Bobby O'Connor and even moreso on Dave Bryant by Hamilton Graham and Demetrius Lake. Those two men I just mentioned teamed up to deliver a spike piledriver on Dave Bryant, Bucky.

[We cut to ringside where Dane and Bucky are standing.]

BW: I saw it.

JD: Surely you can't condone that.

BW: I ain't gonna say that I condone it, Dane, but I will say that when someone tries to embarrass you... tries to humiliate you like Bryant did to Lake, sometimes things get out of hand in response.

JD: Are you trying to say that Dave Bryant got what he deserved?

BW: No one deserves to be stretchered out of here fighting for their career... but I'm saying that Bryant played with fire and he got burned, daddy.

JD: As Bucky mentioned, during the break, Dave Bryant was indeed taken out of the Crockett Coliseum on a stretcher. As I speak, he is being loaded into an ambulance so he can be taken to a nearby medical facility. I spoke with Dr. Ponavitch just before we came back on the air and he said that Dave was conscious when they got him on the stretcher and that he had very limited feeling in his arms and legs and no movement in his extremities at all. We can only hope that's a temporary state - a shock to the spine that goes away with time.

BW: You can hope that 'til the cows come home but at the end of the day, you have to remember that he got hit with a spike piledriver... and the last guy who got hit with a spike piledriver in the AWA was James Lynch at SuperClash V and he STILL hasn't gotten back in the ring.

JD: You're absolutely right about that. Our thoughts and prayers are with Dave Bryant tonight and if we get ANY information to share with you - the fans - before we go off the air, we'll make sure to do so.

[Dane nods.]

JD: But now it's time for our Main Even-

[Dane can't even get the words out when suddenly the lights go out.]

JD: What the-?!

[A blast of very familiar synth music is heard - a riff familiar to all music fans and pretty much anyone who has ever listened to modern music at all...]

...and the Dallas, Texas fans go NUTS!]

BW: Wait a second... I know this music, Dane.

JD: So do I! But this music isn't... the man who uses this music isn't part of the AWA, fans!

[The entire opening keyboard section plays with the arena in darkness. At last, as the voice counts down from ten, a thin golden silhouette appears on the big screen. It fills in as the countdown proceeds, and dim white lighting reveals that the entranceway is filling with thick white mist, like a smoke cloud. At about four, we can make out that the filling-in silhouette is a gradually-illuminated Olympic Gold Medal, and the mist really starts to pour out from the curtain as the crowd EXPLODES!

At two, the entrance way floods with golden light, as if a rocket were taking off. And at zero, the light drops, replaced by red, white, and blue small spotlights playing through the now-receding mist, and resting on a figure who is now being revealed standing in the entrance way... none other than Bret Grayson. The big screen displays a slow-motion image of Bret Grayson on the gold medal stand in the 2004 Olympic Games as Grayson replicates the gold medal pose under the spotlights, head bowed as if receiving the medal. His head raises back up as the arena lights return to normal, and smirks at the arena as he displays his Olympic Gold Medal by stretching out his arms.]

JD: IT'S BRET GRAYSON! THE OLYMPIC GOLD MEDALIST IS IN THE CROCKETT COLISEUM!

BW: Of course he is! Why wouldn't he be?! He's one of the stars of Combat Corner Wrestling - one of the future stars of the American Wrestling Alliance!

[Bret Grayson is a man in prime physical condition, with wide shoulders and well-defined muscles. He has black hair kept short but messily curled. He has hazel eyes and an epic-level smirk. He's wearing a white ring jacket with an American flag design motif and "USA" emblazoned on the back in red and blue font. Grayson strides down the aisle, chin up and head held high as mist jets fill the aisle at his feet ahead of him, while red, white, and blue lights shine from above into the mist. The arena itself is still mostly in darkness with only the colored spotlights shining into the mist and onto Grayson illuminating the scene.]

JD: And for those who aren't familiar with Bret Grayson-

BW: Get out from under the rock.

JD: -let me run down his resume. He's been a champion at every level he's competed at. High school. College where he was a four-time All-American and a two-time NCAA Champion. He won the World Championship in 2003 while still in college. And in 2004, he won the Olympic gold medal on a broken ankle!

We're leaving together, # But still it's farewell

[Upon arriving at ringside, Grayson walks around the ring and walks up to the steps. He stands on the steps, head bowed again, and both hands raised in the air with index fingers pointing to the sky. And he waits. The crowd is absolutely captivated by the former Olympic champion.]

And maybe we'll come back,
To earth, who can tell ?
I guess there is no one to blame

We're leaving ground
Will things ever be the same again?

[Grayson waits until the chorus...]

IT'S THE FINAL COUNTDOWN!

[... and as it goes, he takes the last step onto the apron, nimbly hops over the top rope, and does a quick spin, immediately dropping to his knees and stretching his arms again to the cheers of the crowd as a single white spotlight is now on him. Red, white, and blue spotlights now sweep the entire arena. He leaps up from his knees, much as he did when he won his gold medal in Athens, and flings his ring jacket off to the mat with a flourish. This reveals his ring attire: a blue stylized version of a Team USA wrestling singlet, with red-and-white star logos and "USA" imprinted across the back in red and white. His boots are a matching shade of blue and he sports white knee pads. Grayson walks around the ring, going to the second rope in each corner, soaking in the cheers...]

JD: What a moment for this competitor who has taken CCW by storm and hopes to do the same here in the AWA in the very near future!

BW: Shut your trap and open your eyes and ears, Dane... he's doin' it right now! These fans are going NUTS for him!

[Grayson hops down off the second rope as the lights come back up. He gestures out to the floor, snatching the offered mic as the crowd continues to roar.... and a chant slowly breaks out...]

"GRAY-SON!"

"GRAY-SON!"

"GRAY-SON!"

[He grins as the chant continues, nodding his head at the reaction of the Crockett Coliseum crowd.]

BG: That right there!

[He turns, pointing to the chanting crowd.]

BG: When I was standing back there behind that curtain, waiting to come out here, I started to wonder if I was doing the right thing - interrupting the big show - Homecoming - right here in the Crockett...

...and I think we've got our answer!

[Big cheer!]

BG: It's been a tough week if you're an AWA fan. Hannibal Carver getting suspended. Ryan Martinez and Supernova... and now Dave Bryant... all going to the hospital in one week. Gordon Myers even getting laid out... but if he was here, I think we all know what he'd be saying.

"I'm holding out for a hero."

[Grayson spreads his arms with an arrogant grin.]

BG: Well, look no further, Mr. Myers, because YOUR HERO has arrived!

[Another big cheer as the chant breaks out of his last name once again. He nods, soaking it in for a few moments before raising the mic.]

BG: But this reaction right here... this is why when I got the call and told, "Hey... there's been a change of plans and the AWA is running a show at the Crockett tonight..." I knew I HAD to be here. I knew that this was my opportunity... that this was my chance to walk out that curtain... in MY city... in front of MY fans... climb into MY ring...

And say... This house doesn't belong to the AWA anymore!

[There's a strong crowd reaction to that - a lot more split than Grayson is hoping for probably.]

BG: This house belongs to CCW!

[A big cheer from the local fans who have quickly adopted the AWA's "feeder" promotion as their own. And yes, a new chant starts up.]

"CEE-CEE-DUB!"

"CEE-CEE-DUB!"

"CEE-CEE-DUB!"

[Grayson nods approvingly.]

BG: And more importantly...

[He jerks a thumb at his chest.]

BG: This is MY house!

[Another big cheer!]

BG: Because I'm the future of this business... I'm the reason people watch CCW and someday soon, I'll be the reason that people are watching the AWA! I'll be the prime time player right here on The X! I'll be-

[And on cue, a voice interrupts Bret Grayson.]

"Ahem..."

[All eyes turn towards the entryway where "Agent To The Stars" Ben Waterson is now standing, the spotlight splashed upon him as many of the fans cheer the longtime AWA manager.]

ATTSBW: I see that some of you haven't forgotten the man who helped BUILD this entire company... but for those of you who have, allow me to introduce myself...

My name is Ben Waterson... I am the Agent To The Stars...

...but these days, I am the Agent to only one man... one monster... one machine... one savage... one dominator... one conquerer... one king... one lord and master of every single ring he steps into...

MAAAAAAAAAAX MAAAAAAAAAAGNUM!

[The crowd - who we can now assume are a lot of CCW regulars - sings along with Ben Waterson.]

ATTSBW: And Bret Grayson, I stand back here and look down that aisle at you... and do you know what I see before me?

[Grayson shakes his head.]

ATTSBW: I see all the things that you are as well. You ARE a premier level athlete. You ARE a man who has been a champion at every level throughout your entire career. You ARE a man who won the NCAA Championship, the World Championship, and an Olympic gold medal.

Bret Grayson, in another time... in another place... you and I would be friends... even allies perhaps. Perhaps I would take you under my wing and show you the promised land of gold and glory like I did to Stevie Scott... like I did to Kolya Sudakov... like I did to Calisto Dufresne. Perhaps YOU would be the centerpiece of a new Southern Syndicate that would make the halls of this building and everyone walking them tremble with fear.

[Waterson sighs.]

ATTSBW: But it is not that time, Mr. Grayson. And it is not that place. And with all due respect, when you talk about the future of this business and do not mention my client, Max Magnum, you do yourself the ultimate disservice because we both know that you are lying to all of these people... and most of all, we know you're lying to yourself.

[Grayson shakes his head, raising the mic.]

BG: Hey Waterson... if your BOY is so tough, where is he at? Why is he hiding back in the locker room? Why is he begging the suits to make sure he doesn't have to get in the ring with yours truly? Why is he-

[Grayson's words are cut off again, this time by the ripping guitar of Sepultura's "Dusted" - a song that once meant the arrival of the Madman from the Badlands... but now just means the arrival of a very, very bad motherfu-]

JD: Oh my god! Max Magnum is here as well!

[Waterson turns to block his charge but a pissed-off Magnum steams right past him, shoving Waterson aside as he stalks down the aisle towards the ring where Bret Grayson backs up, crouching low and giving Magnum room to get inside the squared circle!]

JD: And listen to these fans, Bucky!

BW: They know they're about to see one HELL of a fight, Dane!

[With Waterson trailing behind him, Magnum deadleaps from the floor to the apron with the athleticism of a man half his size. The young man stepping inside the ring is a huge, hulking brute of a man that looks like he was created inside a lab. A massive physical specimen, he is a blonde, blue-eyed man of Nordic or Scandinavian origins with a close-cropped, slicked back crewcut and a nearly trimmed beard. He is nearly three hundred pounds of pure muscle contained in a man that looks like he'd be better off raiding villages as part of a barbarian horde. He has the look of a barely controlled beast, ready to unleash violence at a moment's notice...mostly because that's exactly what he is.]

JD: MAGNUM'S IN THE RING! GRAYSON'S IN THE RING! THIS IS _EXACTLY_ WHAT CCW FANS HAVE BEEN WAITING TO SEE!

[Grayson straightens up, walking across the ring, standing toe to toe with Max Magnum. Flashes are firing all over the Crockett Coliseum as the fans try to capture this moment on film...]

JD: These two are staring each other down in the center of the ring! Who's gonna strike first?! Who is-

[Another voice rings out, cutting them off.]

"Oh, don't keep us in suspense!"

[Magnum and Grayson both turn to look at the top of the ramp where yet another CCW competitor has arrived, mic in hand...

...and the crowd ROARS again, quickly breaking into another chant!]

"SIN CI-TY SID!"

"SIN CI-TY SID!"

"SIN CI-TY SID!"

[Sid Osbourne nods his head, waving an arm upwards to encourage the chant to get louder and louder as he smirks arrogantly.]

SO: You see? No matter how much the CCW brass wants to make the world think it's just about the two of you, it's not! You're not the only ones that these people give a damn about!

[Big cheer!]

SO: So, while the two of you decided to get in there and pose for your photo that you're hoping they put up on the big screen someday when hyping your Main Event for SuperClash X...

...I decided to interrupt and let these people know that you're not the only ones in the picture!

[Osbourne is walking down the aisle as he speaks, heading straight towards the ring.]

SO: Franchise players... prime time players... all your little corporate buzz words to make the slavemasters who hold your chains wet themselves... and then comes Sid.

[Osbourne pauses, gesturing at himself. The indy superstar, standing in a hooded black sweatshirt with the hood up over his head, his arms out in a crucifix pose as the fans start to chant "SIN CI-TY SID! SIN CI-TY SID!" again.]

SO: I can understand why the suits want the two golden geese to get their moment in the spotlight.

The pumped-up genetic freak with the mouthpiece who used to run this joint.

[Magnum glares down at Osbourne.]

SO: And the Olympic gold medalist who couldn't cut it in Mixed Martial Arts and is treating MY sport as his fall-back option.

[The crowd "oooooooohs!" at the verbal shot.]

SO: Admit it, Grayson. You tell these people how you didn't know if you should come out here... how you didn't know if you should interrupt the show... like there wasn't Tommy Fierro sitting back there behind the curtain cueing you to get out here for your big moment.

[Grayson seems to be fuming as Osbourne tugs off his sweatshirt, throwing it aside to reveal a "rounded" physique. He's thick in the chest, abdomen, and thighs - a bulky man with jet black mohawked hair, spiked up in five tall spikes with red tips. His ears have large plastic gauges in them. We can also spot an obvious nose ring as he scrambles up on the apron, stepping through the ropes.]

SO: But the fact remains... this isn't EITHER of your rings... and you know why?

Because neither one of you...

[He jabs a finger in Grayson's face... then over to Magnum who looks like he might bite said finger off.]

SO: ...have EARNED it like I have! And neither one of you are...

[He throws his head back, striking the crucifix pose as the fans finish his statement.]

"THE! NEXT! BIG! THING!"

[He lowers his head, smirking...

...and EATS a right hand from Bret Grayson to a big cheer!]

JD: Grayson's heard enough and he's gonna shut Osbourne's big mouth!

[A series of haymakers has Osbourne backpedaling as Grayson gets him back against the ropes, pausing to spit into his open hand, letting it fly again as Osbourne raises his left arm to block it...

...and throws a straight right hand with enough force to SNAP Grayson's head back, sending him staggering in a circle back towards Max Magnum who ducks down, lifting Grayson up into a fireman's carry!]

JD: MAGNUM'S GOT HIM UP! MAGNUM'S GOT HIM UP!

[But as the big man does a full spin, Osbourne bounces off the ropes, charging in...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

JD: RUNNING SHOTAY - THE PALM STRIKE!

[The blow snaps Magnum's head back, causing him to allow Grayson to slip off his shoulders...

...where he hooks Magnum in a waistlock...]

JD: WHAT THE-?!

[...and LAUNCHES the big man over his head, dumping him down on the back of his head and neck with a released German Suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: Grayson suplexed him! He suplexed Max Magnum!

[Grayson pops up to his feet, giving a "WOOOOO!" as he takes down the straps on his singlet...

...which allows Osbourne to run up from behind, ducking down into a double leg trip!]

JD: Osbourne trips him up... grabs the legs!

[The Sin City Savior powers Grayson up into the air in a wheelbarrow lift, dropping him facefirst with a spinning sitout face-first power bomb!]

JD: OHHH! INTO THE PIT GOES BRET GRAYSON!

[The crowd begins to buzz loudly as Osbourne rolls Grayson onto his back, climbing back to his feet with a pump of his fist...

...when Jackie Bourassa dives headfirst under the ropes into the ring, coming up quickly, leaping into the air to hook Osbourne in a front facelock!]

JD: BOURASSA OUT OF NOWHERE!

[Bourassa gives a whoop as he twists around and SPIKES Osbourne skullfirst into the canvas...

...and comes to his feet just as Alex Urban hits the ring!]

JD: What in the world?!

BW: The entire CCW locker room is hitting the ring!

JD: Just about! Alex Urban's all over Bourassa, battering him back into the corner with those heavy forearm smashes - just like his mentor City Jack!

[He grabs Bourassa by the arm, whipping him across the ring, sending him crashing into the buckles where he staggers back out...

...and gets hooked around the torso, launched up and over with an Exploder Suplex!]

JD: EXXXXXPLOOOOOODAAAAAAAH!

BW: Oh, shaddup!

[Urban comes off the mat, throwing his arms up in celebration...

...and gets hooked in a full nelson by Koji Nakano who just slid into the ring!]

JD: NAKANO! OUT OF NOWHERE!

[Nakano snaps the larger man over, dumping him on the back of his head and neck with the Mantisplex - a jarring released Dragon Suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Nakano climbs up to his feet, looking around at the pile of bodies in and surrounding the ring. He gestures at his waist, calling for the CCW Championship!]

JD: Koji Nakano says that title is gonna be his! He's saying that the CCW Championship is coming home to-

[The sound of the theme to The Terminator fills the Crockett Coliseum which causes another big reaction!]

BW: Not so fast, ya little twerp!

[After a few moments, the 6'9", 300 pound lawman who hails from "Anywhere that crime rears its ugly head" comes stomping into view. He's wearing black leather fingerless gloves and black elbowpads. Blue steel-colored long tights lead down to big black motorcycle-style boots...

...and he's moving a lot quicker than we're used to seeing!]

JD: JOHN LAW IS HEADING FOR THE RING!

BW: Hey, isn't that...

JD: It is! I didn't even put two and two together until just now, Bucky! This is the guy that President O'Neill had working security in Las Vegas!

BW: Well, I wouldn't go that far. John Law hates criminals. He might've just shown up on his own so that he could put Hannibal Carver down!

[Law steps over the ropes, climbing into the ring, staring at Koji Nakano who is trembling with anticipation, leaning down to slap the canvas before charging at Law with a wild scream...]

JD: Nakano charge- OH!

[The crowd reacts as Nakano runs right into an iron grip around the throat of the Japanese superstar. Law shakes his head menacingly, turning around to show Nakano's predicament to the entire Crockett Coliseum...

...and then hoists him skywards before THROWING him violently down to the canvas!]

JD: CHOKESLAM!

[Law looks down at the stunned Nakano and then takes a slow measured look around the bodies strewn about...

...and locks eyes on Max Magnum who is now standing at ringside, holding the back of his neck as Ben Waterson tries to hold him back.]

JD: Magnum! Magnum's on his feet!

[John Law raises an appraising eyebrow at Magnum...

...and then waves him forward!]

JD: AND JOHN LAW ISN'T BACKING DOWN!

[The crowd goes NUTS again, waiting to see another one of their much-anticipated showdowns. Magnum makes a move towards the ring when Waterson literally wraps himself around Magnum's arm...]

"No! Not now! Another time!"

[Magnum turns his head, glaring at Waterson...

...and then gives a slight nod. Inside the ring, John Law chuckles, giving a nod of his own, turning his back...]

JD: Well, it looks like this one will have to wait for-

[...which is Ben Waterson's cue to let his beast go!]

JD: WAIT A SECOND!

[Magnum slides under the bottom rope, quick as a cat as he comes to his feet. The crowd reaction warns Law who turns to confront him, locking his hand around Magnum's throat!]

JD: LAW'S GOT HIM! LAW'S GOT HIM!

[But Magnum's got other ideas as he grabs the wrist of John Law, pushing... pushing... pushing...]

JD: MAGNUM'S POWERING OUT! MY LORD, WHAT STRENGTH!

[...and as the hand goes away, Magnum ducks down, muscling the big man up onto his shoulders in a fireman's carry... turning so the whole crowd sees him up there...

...and then swings him over, sitting out and DRIVING Law down on the back of his head and neck!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: TOTAL DOMINATION!

[Magnum climbs to his feet as Waterson steps in, smirking as he grabs Magnum by the wrist...

...and raises his hand to the sky as Magnum throws his head back in a roar!]

JD: My goodness! What a scene it is here in Dallas, fans! The Combat Corner Wrestling superstars came to Homecoming and they came with a mission to show the entire world what the future of the American Wrestling Alliance looks like!

BW: If this is the future, I can't wait for tomorrow, daddy.

JD: Amen to that. Fans, we've got to take one more break and when we come back, it's Main Event time here on Homecoming! Ryan Martinez! Johnny Detson! Iron Man Match for the World Heavyweight Title! Don't you DARE go away!

[Fade to black.

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

"Dreams become reality in the strangest of places."

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

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

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

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

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

"These men had a dream too."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

...and then come back on the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is your MAIN EVENT of the evening...

[Big cheer!]

PW: ...and it is for the AWA WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT TITLE!

[BIGGER CHEER! Watson lowers the mic as "Kashmir" by Led Zeppelin begins to play over the PA system, driving the Crockett Coliseum fans to their feet to jeer one of the most hated men in all of professional wrestling.]

JD: Johnny Detson, the challenger on this night, about to make his entrance for this World Title showdown, Bucky.

BW: The challenger no more after this night. All the odds are on Johnny's side and tonight, that title's changing hands!

JD: That remains to be seen and...

[Detson bursts through the curtain into view, clad in his long gold tights and boots with his Fox Sports X black zippered sweatjacket covering his torso. His eyes are on the ring, ignoring the jeering fans.]

JD: ...here he comes. The Number One Contender for the World Heavyweight Title. Fans, you will remember back earlier this summer when Johnny Detson, holder of the Steal The Spotlight contract, challenged Ryan Martinez for the title in the Tokyo Dome. On that night, Johnny Detson got close... very close. Can he close the distance here tonight?

[The unusually-stoic Detson suddenly cracks a grin, raising a hand and gesturing over his shoulder...]

JD: And here comes, perhaps, the ace in the hole for Johnny Detson.

[Calisto Dufresne, the former World Champion himself, makes his way into view, sneering at the crowd's reaction as he makes his way to Detson's side, patting him on the shoulder. The dastardly duo huddle up for a moment, pointing towards the ring, and in tandem, they start down the aisle together.]

JD: Calisto Dufresne, shortly after Detson won the Steal The Spotlight, promised to help advise Detson and guide him in his quest to become the World Champion. Tonight may be his final chance to do that. If Detson fails to win the World Title tonight, I think we may be witnessing his final opportunity.

[Detson grabs the ropes, scrambling up on the apron as Dufresne moves to take his place in the corner. He ducks under the ropes, unzipping his sweatshirt and flinging it to the side as he steps out to the middle of the ring, looking out with disdain at the jeering Texas crowd. He raises his arms, doing the "belt gesture" a few times before shouting something at referee Ricky Longfellow and walking across the ring to the corner, grabbing the top rope to stay loose...

...and then angrily kicks the bottom rope as his music fades, replaced by the light tinkling of heavily synthesized music, which begins to grow in intensity, as Thirty Seconds to Mars' "Vox Populi" blares over the loudspeakers.

The announcers lay out so as the song builds, the heavy percussion of drums shakes the arena, only for the sound to be drowned out by the sound of thousands of fans stomping their feet and clapping their hands in unison.

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

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

[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 from the Crockett Coliseum crowd!]

JD: The World Champion has arrived!

BW: Enjoy this while it lasts, Martinez. In about sixty-two minutes, it'll be all you have left - memories.

[He wears an off-white, cream colored satin jacket, black trim at the wrists and neck. Over his heart are stitched the letters "RM" in gold lettering, and as the camera circles around him, we see there is a golden logo on the back of a pair of swords crossed over a shield, all done in gold on a red background. The jacket is open, and around his waist is the AWA World Heavyweight title belt... and a whole lot of white medical tape.

The AWA's White Knight moves halfway down the aisle, and then pauses, looking out over the crowd, arms thrown out wide, fingers flexing as the fans scream for their hero. As the crowd continues to cheer wildly, Ryan gives them a single nod, and then races down to the ring, pausing only at the apron, before stepping between the top and middle rope.

Entering the ring, Ryan sheds his jacket, and hands it to a ring attendant. Fittingly, the White Knight's gear is predominantly white – on his hands he wears a pair of tight fitting white gloves that extend from fingertips to wrist. The palms of the gloves are black and each has, embossed in gold, half of a knight's helm, so that the entire helm is formed when his hands come together. On his right elbow is a long elbow pad, also white in color, which goes from just below his shoulder to the middle of his forearm.

His long white ring pants have on the right leg a pair of silver swords imposed over a shield of gold, while on the left leg are the letters "RM" in red, and done in an ornate, stylized gothic style script. His boots are white with white laces, though the soles are a glossy black color.]

JD: Ryan Martinez has been the World Heavyweight Champion since SuperClash last year. He's held the title now for 282 days but could this be the final day he holds the gold? The odds - as Bucky Wilde mentioned - are not in his favor. He's coming off a brutal battle just seven days ago against KING Oni. He came out of that with a laundry list of injuries and hurting body parts, not the least of which are the ribs which you can see are heavily taoed. A normal title defense with that physical condition would be tough enough but this is a 60 minute Iron Man Match. If Martinez wants to see Day 283 with the title, he must go the hour and he must come out on top.

[Martinez removes his belt, bringing it to his lips and kissing the face plate before handing it off to the referee.]

BW: Kiss it goodbye, kid!

[Phil Watson steps to the center of the ring to complete the introductions.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is an IRON MAN MATCH! The rules of the Iron Man Match are as follows. The winner will be the competitor who scores the most decisions before the sixty minute time limit has expired. Decisions can be achieved by pinfall, submission, countout, or disqualification!

[On the other side of the ring, a suspicious Johnny Detson starts edging out of the corner towards the center of the ring. He takes a step forward, looking around at the crowd urging him forward.]

JD: The veteran, Johnny Detson, doesn't know what to think of this. He doesn't want to make a mistake here. Detson looking to Calisto Dufresne in the corner for advice.

BW: And Dufresne just told him to take the fight to Martinez before he can react.

JD: That could be sound advice. Martinez still has his eyes closed, not reacting to anything at all going on around him.

[Detson steps forward again, hands raised and at the ready in case the World Champion suddenly comes for him... but he doesn't and the challenger shakes his head in disbelief, stepping again - this time standing in the middle of the ring.]

JD: Johnny Detson is... what's he doing?

[Detson pauses, hands on his hips, as he glares at Martinez. He points to the corner, antagonizing the referee who just shrugs and calls for action as "59:11" appears on the clock on the screen.]

JD: Detson is irate and... here he comes...

[A defiant Detson marches across the ring to the corner where Martinez is standing...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SLAPS the World Champion across the face!]

JD: He slapped the champion of the world!

[On impact, Martinez' eyes fly open as he suddenly straightens up. The crowd ROARS as Detson's eyes go wide, hands going up to beg off as he backpedals...

...and this time, Martinez matches him step for step as they walk slowly across the ring.]

JD: That slap seems to have woken the World Champion up!

BW: Johnny doesn't realize where he's going, Dane!

JD: Dufresne screaming to Detson to stay out of the corner but-

[Detson, so concerned with the advancing Martinez, bumps his back against the turnbuckles. His face is covered with surprise and dread as he again begs off, shaking his head at Martinez...

...who nods in response.]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[A blur of motion, Martinez CRACKS Detson upside the head repeatedly, slapping him back and forth with the right and left hand, snapping his head in either direction as Detson raises his arms to try and cover up.]

JD: MARTINEZ IS ALL OVER HIM!

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

JD: Devastating knife edge chop by the champion!

[But he doesn't stop there, grabbing the arm and shooting Detson across the ring.]

JD: The challenger gets sent from corner to corner... here comes Martinez!

[The World Champion scores with a running clothesline against the turnbuckles, lifting Detson momentarily off his feet before he settles back down. Martinez grabs the arm again, shooting him across a second time...]

JD: Another whip sends him to the other side...

[And a second running clothesline connects!]

JD: Martinez is physically asserting himself in a major way here in the opening moments of this Iron Man Match!

BW: I don't get it, Dane. This is the very definition of a marathon - not a sprint. Martinez is burning through a lot of energy in the opening minutes of this one.

JD: Perhaps he's looking to score a quick decision or two with this Blitzkrieg-style attack we've seen so many times from him before and then switch to defense for the rest of the match.

[Whipping Detson across a third time, Martinez picks up the speed, barreling in after him...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

JD: YAAAAAAKUUUUUUZAAAAAAA!

BW: What?! Already?! We all know what that kick sets up!

[Martinez grabs the blond hair of the challenger, dragging him out to the center of the ring, yanking him into a front facelock to a HUGE reaction...]

BW: You've gotta be kidding me!

[He slings the arm over the back of his neck, reaching down to grab a handful of golden tights...]

JD: He's going for the Brainbuster! If he hits it, he'll be up 1-0 with a whole lot of time left on the clock!

[Martinez grits his teeth, lifting Detson up off the mat...

...but can't get him all the way up, wincing as he goes to set Detson back down...]

JD: He couldn't-

BW: INSIDE CRADLE!

[The challenger plucks the hurting Martinez into a small package, tightly hooking the legs as the referee dives to the mat!]

JD: Martinez couldn't get him up and-

[The referee counts one... two...]

BW: He got him!

[...and three as a struggling Martinez fails to get free in time!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Phil Watson makes it official.

PW: Johnny Detson has scored a decision by pinfall and now leads 1-0. 56:23 is the time remaining in this Iron Man match. There will now be a thirty second rest period before the match resumes.

[The crowd grumbles with concern as Martinez sits up in shock on the canvas, looking on as Detson trades a high five through the ropes with Calisto Dufresne.]

JD: Johnny Detson has shocked the world and pinned the World Champion in the first few minutes of the match, fans. He's taken a 1-0 lead in this Iron Man Match! We're going to take a quick commercial break and when we come back, the match will continue here at Homecoming!

BW: Let's just stop the match right here! New World Champion!

[As Detson arrogantly strides around the ring, we fade to black.

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

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

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

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

I'm gonna give you my heart

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

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

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

Because you light up the path

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

We fade back to live action where the rest period has expired and the bell is sounding to resume the action. Our clock - which ran during the rest period - is down to 55:53.]

JD: We're back LIVE in the Crockett Coliseum in Homecoming for a match we never saw coming here tonight - a 60 Minute Iron Man Match with the World Heavyweight Title on the line. In case you missed it, moments ago, Johnny Detson scored with a small package to take a 1-0 lead early in this one and-

BW: Here we go again, Dane!

[Again, Ryan Martinez comes on strong as the bell sounds, rushing Detson who is still in the corner. Martinez grabs a handful of blonde hair, hammering forearms to the side of the skull!]

JD: Martinez bringing the fire, driving that forearm into the head!

BW: Come on, ref! Get him off the man!

[The referee steps into the corner, advising Martinez to back off but the World Champion has lost his cool and continues to pummel, driving Detson down to a knee against the buckles before the referee's count reaches four and change and a fuming Martinez spins away, walking back to the middle of the ring as Ricky Longfellow admonishes him.]

JD: Very close count there. Ryan Martinez is obviously frustrated to be down 1-0 already in this one but he's gotta keep his cool. Remember, fans, while the title traditionally would NOT change hands on a disqualification or countout - either of those are as good as a pin in a match like this one.

[Martinez brushes past the official, stomping back into the corner where Detson is kneeling. He leans down to grab Detson by the hair...

...and Detson LASHES out with a hooking right hand into the left ribcage of the champion, causing him to cry out and stumble backwards!]

JD: And there you go... right to the ribs by Johnny Detson!

[Detson is scowling as he climbs to his feet, takes aim, and throws a second hooking blow, this one to the right ribcage of Martinez as he turns his back on Detson.]

JD: A second shot to the ribs and Martinez drops down to a knee.

BW: We've seen Martinez take tremendous shots from men like Supreme Wright and Caleb Temple and not go down like he just did to two simple right hooks to the ribs. That just shows you how bad his ribs are hurting him right now, Dane.

JD: Absolutely. Martinez have made a terrible miscalculation when he accepted this match here tonight because there's a whole lot of time left on the clock, he's already down, and his biggest weakness in this match just got exposed for the whole world - including his challenger - to see.

[Grabbing Martinez by the arm, Detson hauls him to his feet, firing him across the ring into the ropes...

...and then charges after him, colliding as he swings his knee up into the midsection, flipping Martinez over his leg and down to the canvas!]

JD: Kitchen sink kneelift by the challenger - right into the ribcage - and Martinez is down once more.

BW: Happy days are here again, Dane... we're gonna have a new World Champion right here tonight.

JD: It's a little early to proclaim that but we can certainly say that Ryan Martinez is down and he's hurting at this stage of this World Title Iron Man encounter.

[Detson stands over Martinez, trash talking the World Champion...

...and then STOMPS down on the abdomen!]

JD: Vicious stomp to the gut by Detson... and a second!

[He stands, one foot on either side of Martinez' torso, leaning down to shout at Martinez, sticking a finger in his face as he lays the badmouth on him.]

JD: To me, this is a mistake, Bucky - a waste of time as Detson tries to feel good about himself at the World Champion's expense.

BW: Hey, he's playing some mind games with the champ and that's always worth trying. As long as he doesn't waste too much time and let Martinez get back into this thing. The champion don't have a lot of offense from his back, Dane, so as long as Detson keeps him there, he's cruising.

JD: Most competitors don't have a lot of offense from their back.

[Detson kicks away the arm that Martinez has over his stomach and stomps down on the midsection a third time... and a fourth time... and a fifth time. He steps away, looking out to the jeering crowd as Martinez rolls over onto his stomach, trying to shield the area from attack.]

JD: Martinez trying to cover up the midsection that Detson has put his focus on... and it's astonishing how two right hooks can completely change the complexion of a matchup.

BW: Any move can change a match at any time, Dane. That's one of those things you'd know if you'd ever been inside the ring.

JD: You mean like Cesar Hernandez' figure four leglock that broke your leg?

BW: That wasn't in a match! That was Hernandez' typical thuggery jumping someone after the bell!

[Detson turns back towards the World Champion as the clock ticks down to 52:45. He smirks at the sight of Martinez down on his hands and knees...

...and takes a three-step running start before BURYING a boot into the ribcage!]

JD: Ohh! You could feel that one up in the cheap seats!

BW: Also known as the Blackjack Lynch Luxury Boxes.

[The impact of the soccer style kick causes Martinez to flip back over onto his back where Detson takes aim and delivers a second soccer kick into the left ribcage.]

JD: Back and forth, Detson's spreading out his offense between the right side, the left side, and right down the center on Martinez... just really working every part of those ribs.

BW: You know what's the worst part about a rib injury, Dane? Of course you don't since you've never been in the ring. It's the breathing. It's the pain that shoots through your body every time you take a breath... and the longer this match goes, the harder it's going to get for Martinez to get a deep breath.

JD: Martinez now trying to roll away from the challenger, looking to create some distance and give himself a chance to recov- OH! Another hard kick to the ribs!

[That one sends Martinez rolling under the ropes to the ring apron. The referee steps in, shaking his head and ordering Detson to stay back. The challenger surprisingly obliges, raising his hands and backing away.]

JD: I'm a little surprised to see Detson back off like that. You might think he'd jump right in there and go for another pinfall.

BW: He's taking his time, Dane. Like we said earlier, it's a marathon - not a sprint. He's got the better part of an hour left to torment and torture Martinez.

JD: And win decisions too.

BW: Sure, of course.

[Detson backs across the ring, laying the badmouth on the AWA fans who are taunting him - especially a batch in the first section in FREE CARVER t-shirts. Detson turns towards them, shouting...]

"FREE Carver?! They should have FIRED Carver!"

[He laughs to himself like he just delivered the best one-liner of all time before he turns around, his back to the ropes...]

JD: Detson keeping his eye on the World Champion. I believe the referee just asked Martinez if he wants him to stop the match. Martinez, of course, refused because a stoppage would signal the end of not just that particular fall but the entire match in my estimation.

BW: That sounds right to me too. You can't just declare a ref stoppage and then let the guy say, "Nope, I'm good! Never mind!" If Longfellow stops it, the match is over and Detson's the new champion.

JD: I believe you're correct on that however we'll see if we can get an official comment from the Championship Committee on that.

[Detson suddenly lurches forward, charging across the ring as the referee sidesteps...]

...and delivers a baseball slide dropkick to the ribs, causing Martinez to fall off the apron and down to the floor. A smirking Detson sits up, arms draped over the middle rope as the referee warns Martinez that he's about to start his ten count.]

JD: Ricky Longfellow starting his count. A ten count here would put Johnny Detson up 2-0 and put Ryan Martinez in quite the hole with just about ten minutes gone in this Iron Man matchup.

BW: A long, long way to go, Dane.

JD: You're absolutely right about that, Bucky, as the count gets up to two... now to three...

[Longfellow stands near the ropes, shouting "FOUR!" as he holds up his hand. Johnny Detson, in the meantime, has climbed back to his feet and is mockingly counting Martinez in time with the official.]

JD: Ryan Martinez is out on the floor, trying to push himself up off the mats at ringside...

[Martinez gingerly reaches up, grabbing the ring apron with his hand as Detson shouts "FIVE!" right when the official does the same.]

JD: The count is up to five but it looks like Ryan Martinez is getting back to his feet on the floor.

[The World Champion pulls himself up on the apron, rolling under the ropes as Johnny Detson moves in, stomping the ribs... and again. He grabs the top rope with both hands, brutally stomping the ribcage over and over and over...

...which again forces Martinez under the ropes and out on the floor.]

JD: Detson stomped him right out to the floor again!

[The challenger spins away, shouting at the referee to count him out.]

JD: Ricky Longfellow starting his count over again.

[Detson steps up on the second turnbuckle, pointing at the jeering fans, repeatedly making the "belt gesture" at them which makes them boo even louder. Calisto Dufresne, however, grins and claps from his spot on the floor.]

JD: Calisto Dufresne likes what he's seeing but he'd be alone in that.

BW: Hey, I'm as big of a Johnny Detson fan as anyone, Dane.

JD: I'm sorry to hear that.

BW: Are you actually going to claim that Johnny Detson wouldn't make one HELL of a World Champion, Dane?

JD: Johnny Detson is a top level competitor - no doubt about that. But when you look at the man himself... the character of the individual... think back to him being allied with the Wise Men... think back to the dirty tricks he pulled against Hannibal Carver... think back to him using a loaded glove to win Steal The Spotlight...

BW: All that shows me is that he's a man willing to do whatever it takes to win. And at the end of the day, that's what it's all about, Dane - winning.

JD: Winning may be what it's all about to you... the end result in the record book... but to me - to the fans - it's about HOW you win... and that's what makes Ryan Martinez a true champion in every sense of the word.

BW: What a pathetic sob story that is. Ryan's so good. Ryan's so fair! Ryan's such a great sport! Give me a break, Dane. All that garbage makes me sick to my stomach.

[While the announcers bicker, the referee's count is up to six.]

JD: In the meantime, the count has reached six and Johnny Detson likes where this one is going.

[But again, as the count gets to eight, Martinez struggles to his feet and rolls under the ropes into the ring. An angry Detson rushes in, stomping the ribs again...]

JD: Here we go again, Bucky. Detson with a brutal assault on the ribs every time Ryan Martinez gets back into the ring... and AGAIN he forces him under the ropes to the floor!

BW: Right, but THIS time, Johnny's going out after him!

JD: Detson steps through the ropes, dropping down to the floor...

[Detson drops off the apron to the floor as the clock reads 48:20.]

JD: The clock continues to tick down as Detson drags Martinez off the floor by the arm...

[Detson takes aim, whipping Martinez across the distance between the apron and the railing...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: DETSON PUTS MARTINEZ INTO THE STEEL!

[Martinez falls back, arms draped over the top of the railing as Detson closes the distance, swinging a boot out into the gut.]

JD: Kick to the ribs by Detson!

[Detson delivers a second... and a third... a fourth and a fifth...]

JD: Detson just continues to target those ribs!

BW: Of course. Why would you expect anything else?

[Detson pulls Martinez off the railing by the hair, swinging him around by it...

...and swings Martinez' head down by the hair, bashing his skull into the top of the barricade!]

JD: Headfirst into the railing that time!

[Martinez slumps down to a knee as Detson backs off, arguing with the official who has counted his way up to five. Detson rolls under the ropes, breaking the count...

...and then rolls back out to the floor, drawing boos from the crowd.]

JD: Johnny Detson breaks that count and now he's moving back in...

[Detson pulls Martinez off the floor, shoving him back against the railing where he slams a knee up into the gut... and again... and again...]

JD: Knees to the body of the World Champion, causing further damage to those injured ribs while he tries to take the fight out of Ryan Martinez!

[Grabbing Martinez by the hair, Detson flings him under the ropes into the ring before climbing up on the apron, stepping back through the ropes inside the squared circle.]

JD: Detson back in...

[Taking aim, Detson winds up his right arm, dropping an elbow down into the ribs. He scrambles off the mat, cocking the arm again for a second elbowdrop.]

JD: Detson dropping elbow after elbow down into the ribs of the champion...

[After a half dozen elbow drops, Detson flips over into a lackadaisical lateral press, not bothering to hook a leg at all...]

JD: Detson covers for one! He's got two! He's got- no!

[Martinez' shoulder comes up off the canvas, breaking the pin attempt. Detson pushes up to his knees, hands on his hips as he glares at the official.]

JD: Why is Detson barking at the referee?! That wasn't even close, Bucky!

BW: Looked close from where I'm sitting.

JD: We're sitting right next to each other!

[Detson suddenly raises his arms, clasping his hands together, swinging them down in a double axehandle to the midsection... and again... and again...]

JD: Detson's hammering away with axehandles to the body!

[Martinez cringes, rolling to his side as Detson continues to hammer down into the ribcage, causing the World Champion to arch his back in pain.]

JD: Simple but effective offense on the part of the challenger who is still up 1-0 in this battle over the World Heavyweight Title!

[Detson climbs to his feet leans over, grabbing a handful of hair, dragging Martinez off the mat. He walks him over to the corner, slamming his head into the top turnbuckles!]

JD: Detson BOUNCES Martinez' head off the top turnbuckle!

[The challenger spins the World Champion around, pushing him back into the corner. Detson leans over, grabbing the middle rope with both hands...

...and DRIVES his shoulder into the midsection!]

BW: You gotta love this offensive gameplan by Johnny Detson. Like you said, Dane, simple but effective. Johnny Detson's not out here flipping and flying... he's not trying to overpower anyone... he's not throwing people around with suplexes... he's not tying anyone up in knots. He's going with the basics but he's using them in devastating fashion.

JD: Detson continues to slam that shoulder into the gut!

[Detson is forced to back off after a half dozen shoulders to the ribs, taking a verbal beating from Ricky Longfellow. He nods his head but moves right back in, grabbing Martinez by the arm...]

JD: The challenger whips him across... oh! Martinez hits the corner hard!

[Detson casually strolls across the ring, drawing jeers from the crowd.]

BW: No wasted energy. No wasted movement. Detson knows exactly what he wants to do and does it in the most efficient way possible.

[He grabs the arm again...]

JD: Another whip...

[Martinez crashes into the buckles again, his face curled up in pain as he hits the corner. Detson gives a shout this time, charging across, leaning over..]

...and Martinez spins out, ROCKETING Detson shoulderfirst into the ringpost!]

JD: OHH! DETSON HITS THE POST!

[Martinez drops down, slipping the arm up between the legs and dragging Detson down into a schoolboy rollup!]

JD: SCHOOLBOY! ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But before the three count can come down, Calisto Dufresne casually reaches under the bottom rope, pulling Martinez' leg out from under him and breaking all the leverage on the cradle, allowing Detson to escape.]

JD: Dufresne!

BW: Huh?

JD: Calisto Dufresne interrupted that pin attempt!

BW: I didn't see that! What match are you watching?!

JD: A completely different one than you apparently.

[Martinez rolls under the ropes to the floor as Dufresne backs off, hands raised.]

JD: Ryan Martinez is out on the floor, shouting at Dufresne!

[The World Champion advances on the former champion who backpedals, shaking his head...]

...and Johnny Detson rolls out on the other side, coming around the ringpost, building up speed...]

JD: DETSON FROM BEHIND!

[Detson throws himself into a double axehandle at the back of the head, knocking Martinez down to all fours on the ringside mats!]

JD: And he drills him! Calisto Dufresne caused the distraction and Johnny Detson lowered the boom from the blind side!

[The challenger climbs to his feet, throwing a glance up the aisle at the video wall that reads 45:51.]

JD: Johnny Detson with a quick check of the time - the clock such an important part of this match as Detson holds that 1-0 advantage with a little less than a quarter of our match in the books.

[Detson gives a nod to Dufresne, dragging Martinez off the ringside mats, hooking a waistlock...]

JD: What is he...?

[Detson rushes forward towards the ring, DRIVING Martinez' abdomen into the hardest part of the ring!]

JD: Ohh!

[The challenger steps back, nodding at the crowd as he measures Martinez, swinging a stiff kick up into the abdomen!]

JD: Another hard kick!

[Martinez slumps to a knee as Detson stands near him, laying the badmouth on him...]

JD: Clubbing blow across the back by Detson... and another!

[He shoves Martinez under the ropes into the ring before pulling himself up on the apron.]

JD: Martinez is in... and now Detson coming in as well...

[Detson throws his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture as he approaches Martinez who is hurting but getting back to his feet...]

...and PLANTS a boot into the midsection!]

JD: Big boot to the gut!

BW: Yes! Yes! Do it!

[Detson yanks Martinez into a standing headscissors, leaning down to underhook both arms...]

JD: He's got it hooked and-

[With no fight in him at the moment, Martinez is helpless as Detson leaps into the air...]

...and DRIVES Martinez facefirst into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: WILDE DRIVER! HE GOT ALL OF THAT!

[Detson cockily flips Martinez to his back, diving across and grabbing a leg.]

JD: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Detson rolls off to his knees, a cocky smile on his face as he raises his arms.]

PW: Johnny Detson has scored a decision via pinfall! He now leads this 60 Minute Iron Man match at 2-0. The match will resume in 30 seconds!

JD: Detson takes a two to nothing lead, fans! Can the World Champion stage a comeback in the next... we're under 45 minutes! We'll be right back with more action!

[The clock keeps on ticking at 44:46 as we fade to black.]

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

The voiceover is from Lake himself.]

DL: It's hard to be the King.

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

DL: You got uprisings...

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

DL: ...you got famines...

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

DL: ...you got paperwork...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

DL: Or just armpits. It works regardless.

[Cut to the product screen...]

DL: Right Guard. For The Win.

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

As we come back up, the clock is at 44:12 as Detson has Martinez down.]

JD: Detson's going for another pin as the rest period ends! Can he get two decisions out of the Wilde Driver?!

[The referee dives to the mat.]

JD: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: SHOULDER UP! MARTINEZ GOT THE SHOULDER UP!

[Detson angrily covers again, grabbing the leg again.]

JD: ONE!! TWO!! THRE- no! Martinez kicks out again!

[Detson grabs Martinez by the hair, pasting him between the eyes with three right hands before applying another cover, this time hooking BOTH legs.]

JD: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[The crowd cheers as Martinez kicks out again!]

JD: Near fall after near fall but Ryan Martinez keeps kicking out to keep the match at a 2-0 advantage for the challenger.

[Detson climbs to his feet this time, walking across the ring towards the corner where Calisto Dufresne reaches up...

...and hands him a certain black leather glove.]

JD: Wait a second! Dufresne just slipped Detson the glove - that black leather studded glove known as Black Beauty that Wes Taylor gave to Detson last fall at SuperClash!

BW: Finish him off, Johnny!

[Detson opens the glove, slipping his hand inside it...]

JD: He's got it on! Referee, check the glove! Check the glove!

[Detson winds up, ready to crack Martinez with it when the champion gets back to his feet...

...when referee Ricky Longfellow reaches out and snags the arm!]

JD: LONGFELLOW GRABS THE ARM!

[Detson struggles against the referee's grasp, trying to snatch his arm free as the official tries to get a look at the glove. The crowd is cheering loudly as Longfellow tries to catch a glimpse at the glove...

...when Detson nervously rips it off, hurling it from the ring to Calisto Dufresne who picks it up.]

JD: Longfellow's gonna get it from Dufresne!

[But the Ladykiller shoves the glove down the front of his pants. Longfellow slides out to get it and finds a grinning Dufresne shaking his head.]

JD: Oh, come on! Dufresne's got it, Ricky!

BW: Yeah, well... is Longfellow gonna go and get it?

[Dufresne shakes his head, denying he has any idea where the glove is as Johnny Detson puts the boots to Ryan Martinez inside the ring, driving him across the squared circle towards the ropes...

...and then yanks him to his feet, pulling him into a standing headscissors again!]

JD: He's going for it again!

BW: He's REALLY gonna do him in now, Dane!

JD: If he hits this, it's gonna be 3-0!

BW: At least!

[Detson leans down to grab the arm...

...when Martinez suddenly stands up...]

JD: REVERSED!

[...and sends Detson SAILING over the top rope, crashing down in a heap on the barely-padded concrete floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: BACKDROP OVER THE TOP TO THE FLOOR! OH MY!

[Martinez slumps down to his knees after the tremendous exertion to counter the second attempt at the Wilde Driver, sending Detson bouncing off the floor. Dufresne rushes to the challenger's side!]

JD: It took a lot out of the World Champion to do that but he pulled it off and saved himself from another pinfall! Johnny Detson hit that floor VERY hard and Calisto Dufresne is IMMEDIATELY over to his side to check on him!

BW: Martinez saved his skin right there for sure, Dane!

JD: With Detson down on the floor, the referee's going to start a ten count but you've gotta wonder how much damage was done to the back of the challenger by hitting the barely-padded floor like that!

[Dufresne is frantically at work, trying to get Johnny Detson off the floor.]

JD: Dufresne's trying to get the challenger off the floor... the count is up to two... now to three...

[Martinez pushes up off the floor, grabbing at his ribs as he staggers across the ring, falling chestfirst into the far ropes as Dufresne loops Detson's arm around his neck, trying to drag him up as the count gets to four.]

JD: Dufresne's trying to get him up... why is the referee allowing that?!

BW: Dufresne's acting in his official capacity as Detson's adviser!

JD: Adviser?! That man doesn't have a manager's license and in my book, they shouldn't have even let him be out here!

BW: Luckily, that ain't your call, Detson.

[Dufresne physically drags Detson off the floor, trying to pull him towards the ring...]

JD: The Ladykiller - the former World Champion - is doing his damndest to get Detson back into the ring before the ten count...

BW: It's up to seven!

JD: Detson's up against the apron, Dufresne trying to shove him under the ropes!

[The referee shouts at Dufresne, reprimanding him for his blatant help as Detson gets rolled under the ropes at nine.]

JD: Detson just BARELY beats the count, fans, thanks to that snake in the grass, Calisto Dufresne!

[Dufresne backs off, hands raised as the referee slides out to the floor and reprimands him for his actions.]

JD: The Ladykiller is pleading his case!

[Martinez turns, pushing off the ropes to walk towards the downed Detson. The World Champion leans down, grabbing Detson by the blond hair, pulling him off the mat...

...where Detson UNLOADS with a right hand to the midsection, causing Martinez to collapse to the canvas!]

JD: OH! MARTINEZ GOES DOWN! MARTINEZ GOES DOWN!

[Detson leans over, grabbing at his hand...]

JD: Wait a second! He had- he was wearing the glove! Dufresne slipped him the glove when he was helping him into the ring!

[Detson chucks the glove through the ropes to the floor, diving on top of Martinez as Dufresne points out the pin in the ring...]

JD: NO!

[The referee dives back in, ready to count...]

JD: ONE!! TWO!! YOU'VE GOTTA BE KIDDING ME!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd boos loudly as Detson rolls off of Martinez, throwing his arms into the area as Dufresne scampers around the squared circle to retrieve Black Beauty.]

JD: Detson used that loaded glove to-

[Phil Watson cuts him off.]

PW: Johnny Detson has scored a decision via pinfall! He now leads this Iron Man contest at a score of 3-0! The match will resume in thirty seconds!

JD: As I was saying, Johnny Detson used that loaded glove, hit Martinez in the injured ribs with it, and scored another pin... again, THANKS to Calisto Dufresne! The Ladykiller has helped Detson run up a 3-0 advantage in this Iron Man match with... what? Just over forty minutes left on the clock?

[40:03, to be exact.]

JD: Fans, Johnny Detson has - by hook or by crook - run up a HUGE deficit in this Iron Man match! Three falls to none and Ryan Martinez has one heck of a mountain to climb if he wants to walk out of here as the World Champion here tonight! We've got to take another break but we'll be back and see if he can do it so don't you dare go away, fans!

[Fade to black as Detson struts around the ring, enjoying a huge advantage in Dallas, Texas...

...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 back up to live action with 39:17 on the clock and Johnny Detson teeing off with right hands to the ribcage with Martinez up against the turnbuckles.]

JD: We're back at Homecoming as Johnny Detson - with the ample aid of Calisto Dufresne - has struck out to a three to nothing advantage in this Iron Man battle over the World Heavyweight Title. Three falls in just over forty minutes, Bucky.

BW: It's a tough hill for anyone to climb - and an out-and-out mountain for someone with busted ribs to scale, Dane.

JD: We've seen Ryan Martinez battle incredible odds in the past - the army of the Wise Men... arguably the greatest mat technician in the world in Supreme Wright... the hardcore legend in Caleb Temple... but tonight may be his toughest battle of all as he stands down three falls to none with his World Title hanging in the balance.

[Martinez pulls his left arm down to shield the left ribcage as Detson is forced back by the official. A smirk crosses the face of Johnny Detson as he looks out at the crowd that is buzzing with concern over the fate of their White Knight. Detson steps back into the corner, squaring up...]

JD: Now what in the world is THIS all about?

[Detson looks out at the fans, soaking in their jeers. He waves his arms upwards with a "COME ON! LEMME HEAR YA!" They boo in response as Detson chuckles, gesturing to Calisto Dufresne...]

JD: What is he...oh, of course he is!

[Squared up, Detson throws knife edge chops across the chest as Calisto Dufresne slaps the apron, chanting with the chops...]

"NEW [CHOP!] - WORLD [CHOP!] - CHAMP [CHOP!]"

"NEW [CHOP!] - WORLD [CHOP!] - CHAMP [CHOP!]"

"NEW [CHOP!] - WORLD [CHOP!] - CHAMP [CHOP!]"

"NEW [CHOP!] - WORLD [CHOP!] - CHAMP [CHOP!]"

"NEW [CHOP!] - WORLD [CHOP!] - CHAMP [CHOP!]"

[Detson backs off, cupping a hand to his ear, listening to the jeering fans as Calisto Dufresne applauds.]

JD: Johnny Detson taunting the fans and taunting the World Heavyweight Champion.

[Detson continues to "listen" to the fans, shouting "YOU WANT MORE?!" With a nod, he steps back into the corner...]

...and Martinez grabs him by the arm, swinging him back into the corner.]

JD: Reversed!

[Martinez foregoes the usual looking to the crowd, launching right into his signature chops in the corner.]

"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!]"

JD: 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!]"

[With Detson reeling in the corner, Martinez grabs him by the blonde hair, smashing his forearm repeatedly into the side of the head!]

JD: Martinez trying to get back into this thing! He's down three to nothing and he needs to get on the board in the worst possible way right about now!

[The referee steps in, calling for the break. Martinez backs off, clutching his ribcage as he stumbles out of the corner to the middle of the ring...

...and then rushes back in, connecting with a back elbow up under the chin!]

JD: Oh! The elbow snaps the head back on the challenger!

[Detson stumbles out of the corner towards Martinez who lifts him up into the air by the upper thigh...

...and drops him facefirst on the canvas!]

JD: FLAPJACK!

[Martinez urgently rolls Detson over onto his back, applying a lateral press.]

JD: Martinez gets one! Martinez gets two!

[But Detson's shoulder comes flying off the canvas, breaking up the pin attempt. A frustrated Martinez swings a leg over Detson's torso, taking the mount...]

JD: Big right hand! And another! Martinez is hammering away on Detson from the mount!

[The referee jumps in, warning Martinez before starting a five count that Martinez comes dangerously close to hitting before he climbs off the mat, grabbing at his ribs as he walks towards the ring ropes.]

JD: Martinez pushing his luck perhaps as Ricky Longfellow reprimands him for the clenched fists on a downed opponent... and Martinez is still hurting, Bucky. Every time he gets in a bit of offense, you see him immediately go back to holding onto the injured ribcage.

[Martinez leans against the ropes, keeping an eye on Detson as the challenger tries to get up off the canvas. The World Champion pushes himself forward, staggering towards Detson who throws a weak right hand...]

JD: The champion blocks the right... forearm!

[Detson stumbles back two steps before steadying himself, throwing another right that Martinez blocks before landing a forearm of his own again!]

JD: The champion's got Detson reeling!

[A third weak haymaker swings towards the champion who blocks it, landing two quick forearms...]

...and spins around, throwing a spinning back chop to the side of the neck, spinning back the other way into a clothesline!]

JD: OHH! Big spinning clothesline takes the challenger down!

[Martinez slumps to his knees, applying another cover.]

JD: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Detson again lifts the shoulder off the mat. Martinez slumps back on his rear, shaking his head at the official who holds up two fingers to confirm the count.]

JD: Two count only and you can see the frustration on the face of the World Champion who is desperately trying to score a decision and start working his way back into this match.

BW: He can't keep him down though... and that could have something to do with those ribs, Dane. He might not be able to hook the leg tight enough or is hesitating to put his full weight down on the chest-to-chest cover because of the pain he's in.

JD: An excellent call, Bucky. Having banged up ribs affects everything you do inside that ring and I hope KING Oni, wherever he is, is happy about what he's seeing.

BW: Oh, you know he is. And if he's not, the good Doctor certainly is!

[Martinez winces in pain as he climbs to his feet, leaning down to drag Detson off the canvas. He yanks him into a front facelock as the crowd cheers!]

JD: It looks like he's going for the Brainbuster!

BW: What?! Why would you even try that?! We all saw what happened when he tried this earlier! He couldn't get Detson up for it and Detson scored the first fall of the match!

JD: I agree, Bucky... this seems like a bad idea to me!

[Martinez slings Detson's arm over the back of his neck, reaching back to hook a handful of tights...]

JD: He's going for it!

[But as he tries, Detson rifles in a right hand to the ribs forcing Martinez to set him back down. Detson, kneeling on the mat, Detson slams the fist repeatedly into the ribs...]

JD: Detson firing away!

[Climbing back to his feet, Detson grabs Martinez by the arm, ducking under to twist it around...]

...but Martinez pulls hard, yanking Detson towards him as he steps through into a short-arm clothesline!]

JD: OHH! Short-arm clothesline CONNECTS! Martinez drops the challenger!

BW: But he still hasn't beaten him!

[Down on the mat, Detson rolls under the ropes to the floor, waving a dismissive hand towards the ring as he staggers away from the apron. Calisto Dufresne makes his way over towards Detson, trying to advise him as a frustrated Martinez exits the ring, coming after him as the clock hits 34:34.]

JD: We're creeping up on the halfway mark of this marathon encounter as Martinez rolls out... and he's coming for Detson!

[A word of warning from Dufresne sends Detson scampering away as Martinez stomps after him, circling around the ring where the challenger rolls back in, dashing to the ropes as Martinez gets back in...]

JD: Detson off the far side and-

[He charges Martinez, swinging up his leg in an attempt to catch the World Champion with a big knee...

...but the champion hooks the leg, using his foot to back heel trip Detson down onto his back. Martinez quickly flips him over, deathlocking the leg...]

JD: Martinez going for-

[The crowd ROARS as Martinez settles in, reaching up to wrap his arm around the head of the challenger in a crossface!]

JD: STF! HE LOCKS IN THE STF!

[Detson struggles against it... but not for long as he quickly realizes there's no easy and quick escape and taps out!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: Smart move by the challenger! He got locked in that hold, didn't see a way to get out without fighting for a long time and taking a ton of damage... so he just tapped out and said let's get on with it!

[Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Ryan Martinez scores a decision via submission. However, Johnny Detson still leads this Iron Man match at a score of 3 falls to 1. The match will resume after the thirty second rest period!

[Martinez rolls out of the hold, not even allowing the official to raise his hand as the clock hits 33:47.]

JD: With just over a half hour left in the Iron Man match, Ryan Martinez gets on the board! He's down to three to one but he's on the board and he's got plenty of time to get back into this thing! Fans, we're going to take a quick commercial break and when we come back, we'll see if Martinez can keep the momentum on his side.

BW: Highly unlikely.

JD: Stay tuned, fans!

[Fade to black.

We cut to Supernova standing before the camera. He is dressed in a tuxedo. He has his face painted as well, which makes it all the more amusing he's dressed in a Tux.]

S: My name is Supernova.

[We cut back to a wider shot. Behind Supernova, on the wall, is a lifelike facsimile of himself, which he motions back to.]

S: And this is a Fathead. A lifelike wall decal. People keep mistaking the Fathead for me, and it's ruining my life.

[Mark Stegglet enters the shot, mic in hand. He approaches the Fathead Supernova.]

MS: Supernova, you've got a title shot coming up. Are you ready for it?

[Mark seems puzzled that the Fathead doesn't respond. We go back to Supernova.]

S: I'm not the only one who is experiencing this problem. Every day, Fatheads are being mistaken for all kinds of AWA wrestlers.

Ryan Martinez.

[Cut to a shot of a Martinez Fathead, in the room of a child who is pumping his fist like he just won the World title.]

S: Supreme Wright.

[Cut to a shot of a Wright Fathead, in the room of another child, his index finger raised and mouthing "Best in the World!"]

S: Travis Lynch.

[Cut to a shot of a Travis Lynch Fathead, in the room of a teenage girl, who is jumping up and down.]

S: Even Frankie Farelli.

[Cut to a shot of a Farelli Fathead, on the wall of a New England Patriots fan's living room. We know he's a Patriots fan because he wears a Tom Brady jersey. We cut back to Supernova.]

S: A Fathead is a great addition to any room, but please remember not to confuse one for the real thing. The easiest way to tell the difference between a wrestler and a Fathead is to just ask them how they are doing. A real wrestler is going to say they are lonely, because they aren't being talked to any more. But a Fathead will not respond, because it's a wall decal.

[Cut back to Stegglet, still standing in front of the Supernova Fathead.]

MS: Supernova, you aren't mad at me, are you?

[Fade back to black...

...and then back up to live action with 33:14 on the clock where Johnny Detson has bailed out of the ring, conversing with former World Champion Calisto Dufresne as Detson shouts up at Martinez who is pacing back and forth inside the squared circle.]

JD: We're back LIVE here on The X in the Crockett Coliseum as we celebrate Homecoming with this HUGE Main Event - a 60 minute Iron Man match for the World Heavyweight Title with Ryan Martinez defending the gold against the Number One Contender Johnny Detson! We're just a few minutes away from the halfway mark in this match with Detson leading three to one.

BW: You know what I'd do if I was Johnny Detson, Dane?

JD: What's that?

BW: Stall.

JD: For a half hour?!

BW: Absolutely. He's got a two fall lead with the World Title on the line. Stalling for thirty minutes ain't nothing compared to that.

JD: Well, he may be taking your advice, Bucky, because he's still standing outside the ring and doesn't appear to be in any rush to get back inside the ring.

[Martinez approaches the ropes, shouting over them at Detson who waggles a finger at him, waving for him to step back as Dufresne whispers in Detson's ear.]

JD: Detson getting some advice from the Ladykiller, an AWA Original who knows everything there is to know about this company.

BW: You couldn't have a better asset in your corner than Calisto Dufresne, Dane. He's a brilliant strategist, he's sneaky as a jewel thief, and he's got a mind like a steel trap.

JD: He's played an instrumental role so far in Johnny Detson being up three to one if you ask me...

[Martinez has had enough, stepping out on the apron, dropping off the apron to the floor where Detson starts backpedaling away, circling the ring as Martinez stalks him. The crowd is cheering Martinez' advance as Detson looks around, trying to plot his next act.]

JD: Detson's on the run and Martinez is in hot pursuit!

[As Detson gets around another corner, Calisto Dufresne jumps in between the two men. Martinez raises his arm, pointing at Dufresne who is running his mouth

instantly as Detson rolls back into the ring, working his way behind Martinez as he steps out on the apron...]

JD: Detson's on the apron! Martinez doesn't see him!

[Detson leaps off the apron, aiming a double axehandle at the back of the head...

...when Martinez wheels around, burying a right hand into the midsection of Detson as he comes sailing off the apron!]

JD: Martinez caught him!

[Dufresne backs off, slamming his hands down on the ring apron as Martinez leans down, dragging Detson up by the arm...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: BIG WHIP INTO THE STEEL RAILING!

[Martinez comes rushing forward, connecting with a clothesline that topples Detson over the top of the barricade into the front row!]

JD: Ohh! And Martinez puts Detson into the front row of fans here in Crockett Coliseum!

[Martinez slumps over the railing, breathing heavily as Detson is sprawled out on top of the steel chairs in the front row of fans.]

JD: The referee is laying that double count on both men. If one of them could get back into the ring, it might be a countout win right now!

[But Martinez doesn't hear the count - or doesn't care about it - as he leans over to grab Detson, blasting him with a short forearm that sends him toppling over the seat backs, falling into the second row.]

JD: Detson's in the second row now and all Martinez needs to do is get back in there!

BW: He's not doing it!

[Martinez swings a leg over the railing, climbing on top of the steel chairs in the front row as Detson is lying across the seats in the second row.]

JD: The referee is waving it off... he's saying he counted them both out!

BW: Yeah, but it doesn't matter if they're both counted out! It has to be one or the other to actually matter in the overall score.

JD: That's why he's waving it off... he's calling for the match to continue even though these two men are fighting out on the floor!

[With Detson standing on the second row of seats, Martinez blasts him with a short forearm from the front row.]

JD: We've got a slugfest - a total brawl - out in the first few rows!

[Martinez lands a forearm for every fist from Detson who simply seems to be trying to survive the brawl.]

JD: Detson's getting pummeled! A fight like this isn't his game!

[Detson suddenly reaches out, raking his fingers across the eyes of Martinez!]

JD: Ohh! Detson goes to the eyes!

[Detson steps over from the second row to the first, throwing a kick to the gut of the blinded World Champion. With Martinez doubled over, Detson hooks a front facelock, slinging Martinez' arm over his neck...]

JD: Wait, wait, wait! What's he doing, Bucky?!

BW: I don't know. He's setting for a suplex or...

[The challenger lifts Martinez up into the air...

...and pivots, dropping the World Champion gutfirst across the steel barricade!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: OH MY GOD!

[Martinez howls in pain, rolling off the railing, hanging onto his midsection in excruciating pain as Detson stands tall on the chairs, extending his arms out to his sides and waving for a louder reaction even though the fans are already letting him have it. The referee slides out to the floor, kneeling next to Ryan Martinez to see if the champion can continue.]

JD: Martinez is down after that devastating layout suplex over the railing...

[The clock shows 29:48 as Detson hops over the railing and back into the ringside area as Martinez is still down on the floor.]

JD: We're down under the halfway point as Johnny Detson tries to stop Ryan Martinez in his tracks and become the AWA World Heavyweight Champion here tonight in Dallas, Texas. Ryan Martinez has less than 30 minutes remaining to try and score at least two decisions to tie this thing up.

[Detson leans down, dragging Martinez off the floor by the arm, pulling him towards the ring where he shoves him under the ropes inside the ring.]

JD: Detson rolls him back in...

[Detson slips up on the apron, slinging himself between the top and middle rope to apply a lateral press...

...and place his feet on the second rope for leverage!]

JD: He's got his feet on the ropes!

BW: The ref doesn't see it! ONE! TWO! THREE!

JD: No, no! The ref caught him! The ref caught him!

[Ricky Longfellow comes to his feet, swinging his hand back and forth, pointing to the feet.]

JD: He might've had him but he HAD to try and cheat and he got caught!

[Detson scrambles to his feet, getting up in the face of Longfellow, shouting at him as the crowd jeers the official abuse.]

JD: Detson's got no one to blame for that but himself but that's not stopping him from reading Ricky Longfellow the riot act!

[Detson shoves Longfellow - a two-handed shove to the chest that knocks the referee back a few steps...

...and Longfellow shoves him back, sending him into a desperate Ryan Martinez who drags him down into a schoolboy!]

JD: CRADLE! ONE!! TWO!! THREE-

[The excited crowd deflates as Detson's shoulder flies off the canvas, breaking the three count attempt in the nick of time.]

JD: Near fall there for the World Champion who was less than a half count away from getting another decision under his belt!

[Detson angrily climbs back to his feet, charging at the official, threatening Ricky Longfellow who holds his ground, pointing to the AWA logo stitched on his referee's shirt, sticking a finger back into Detson's face.]

JD: The referee's had enough! He's not backing down from Detson!

[A fired-up Detson wheels away towards a rising Martinez who is up to a knee as Detson approaches...]

JD: Detson's turning his focus back on Martinez where it belongs, dragging him off the mat...

[Detson lifts Martinez off the mat, holding him across his body...

...and DROPS him down across a bent knee!]

JD: BACKBREAKER!

BW: Right on the ribs!

JD: Absolutely right... he modified it to target the ribs rather than the back of the World Champion, doing more damage to the ribs that KING Oni obliterated one week ago in Las Vegas!

[Detson shows off a little bit of strength, holding Martinez there...

...and then muscling him up, turning towards the other side of the Crockett before dropping him across the knee a second time!]

JD: Another backbreaker - rib breaker - whatever you want to call it!

[Detson holds him across the knee again, smirking at the jeering crowd as he climbs off the mat, struggling to lift Martinez up a third time...

...a struggle that leaves him off-balance as Martinez drags him down into a small package!]

JD: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

JD: HE DID IT! HE DID IT! MARTINEZ GETS ANOTHER ONE!

[The clock shows 27:31 as Martinez rolls out of the cradle and the referee points to him, raising a hand.]

PW: Ryan Martinez scores a fall via pinfall! The match is now Johnny Detson three falls leading Ryan Martinez with two! The match will resume after the thirty second rest period!

JD: Martinez scores another win, getting him within one fall, and we're going to take another quick break but don't you dare go away!

[The clock continues to tick down as we fade to black.]

A black and white shot comes up on the screen, showing the Main Event of the original SuperClash, a snap shot of "Hotshot" Stevie Scott and Juan Vasquez colliding. A voiceover begins.]

"It began with a clash of two of the AWA's greatest of all time."

[The shot of Vasquez and Scott turns into another shot of them battling at SuperClash II before we jump ahead to SuperClash III where we see William Craven, now unmasked from his disguise as The Minion, assaulting Alex Martinez.]

"We've seen surprise clashes..."

[And then to SuperClash IV where Joe Petrow and "Big" Jim Watkins are tearing each other apart.]

"Clashes of legends..."

[On to SuperClash V with some highlights from the tag team battle between the Blonde Bombers and SkyHerc.]

"Clashes of athleticism..."

[SuperClash VI's spotlighted footage is of Supreme Wright and Ryan Martinez lighting it up in the middle of Madison Square Garden, the Mecca of sports and entertainment.]

"Championship clashes..."

[The black and white footage goes to color, speeding up drastically to show match after match after match after match, getting faster and faster until slamming to a halt, showing an aerial shot of Minute Maid Field, the site of SuperClash VII in Houston, Texas.]

"What kind of clash will we see this year?"

[The shot slowly fades to a graphic advertising the big event...

...and then back up to live action as the clock reads 26:52. A furious Johnny Detson is pacing back and forth out on the floor, shouting at Martinez, shouting at the official, shouting at the fans.]

JD: Welcome back to Homecoming, AWA fans, and with over 26 minutes on the clock, Johnny Detson is enraged at the inside cradle pin that Ryan Martinez just scored to pull this match to a 3-2 showdown. Detson still has the lead but the

momentum seems to be on the side of the World Heavyweight Champion with plenty of time to spare!

[Martinez is kneeling on the mat, grabbing at his ribcage as Detson marches over and starts berating the timekeeper.]

JD: What in the...? What did the timekeeper do?!

BW: Who knows? This is all some grand conspiracy to keep the title on Martinez!

JD: Conspiracy?! You don't even know the meaning of the word if you think this is a conspiracy! Martinez came out here against a doctor's recommendation and is putting the title on the line in a 60 minute Iron Man match! There is absolutely no conspiracy in the history of conspiracies that would start with such an ill-conceived plan, Bucky!

BW: I never said the conspirers were smart, Dane. They may all be part of the Dumb Kid Movement aka Travis Lynch's third second grade class.

JD: You're... OH!

[The crowd grumbles as Detson shoves the timekeeper out of his seat, sending him sprawling out on the floor.]

JD: There's no call for that, fans!

BW: That one may have cost Johnny a few bucks going into the silk-lined pocket of Landon O'Neill.

JD: Into his pocket?

BW: What do you think he does with all that fine money? I think Shadoe Rage paid for his last year's worth of teeth whitening.

JD: That's a strong accusation, Bucky... and what in the world is Detson doing now?

[Detson snatches up the steel chair that the timekeeper was just sitting in, folding it up as he looks back into the ring where Martinez has slowly climbed to his feet, pain on his face as he grabs at his ribs.]

JD: Detson's got that steel chair but this isn't a No Disqualification match! If he uses it, he'll get disqualified and the match will be tied!

[The referee is telling Detson the same thing as Detson approaches the ring, chair in hand. Martinez raises a hand, pointing a finger of warning at Detson who is shouting at him as he rolls under the ropes with it.]

JD: The challenger just brought that chair into the ring and for some referees, that alone would be worthy of the DQ but Ricky Longfellow is giving him an opportunity to put it down, to hand it over...

[Martinez has his arms up, ready to defend himself as Detson argues with the referee, the time ticking down on the clock all the while...

...and Detson suddenly rushes forward, jamming the edge of the chair into Martinez' midsection!]

JD: OHH!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Martinez collapses on the canvas, clutching his abdomen as Detson uses the toe of his boot to flip him over...]

JD: He's not done, fans!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Three massive overhead shots across the ribcage leave Martinez curled up in the fetal position as Detson angrily throws the chair aside. The referee leaps into his path, reprimanding him as Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Johnny Detson has been DISQUALIFIED!

[Big cheer!]

PW: The Iron Man match is now tied at 3 falls apiece!

[Detson shoves the official aside, diving into a lateral press.]

PW: The match will resume in 30 seconds!

[The referee waves his arms, ordering Detson to get off of Martinez.]

JD: Wait a second... I think I see what happened here. Detson used the chair - illegally and blatantly - knowing that he'd get disqualified for it but hoping he'd do enough damage to get a quick pin and turn the rising tide for the remainder of this contest! But I think... Bucky, I think he lost his cool after the small package and didn't think about the rest period!

[The official is arguing with Detson as the time ticks down... and down... and down. Calisto Dufresne is shouting instructions to Detson who angrily paces back and forth, staring at the ticking clock...]

JD: And now Johnny Detson has to wait.

BW: I think he should get a pass on this rest period thing! He's ready to go!

JD: That's not what the rest period is for! It's to prevent exactly the kind of thing that Johnny Detson is trying to do! Now, not every Iron Man match has the rest period in there so Detson might've forgotten the rules to this one but-

BW: You admit it! Conspiracy!

[The referee looks up at the clock as well...

...and he signals for the match to resume just as Johnny Detson lunges across Martinez, hooking the leg tightly.]

JD: ONE!! TWO!! THRE- NO! NO!

[The crowd ROARS as Detson pops up to his knees, glaring at the official. He lunges across Martinez again, hooking BOTH legs this time.]

JD: ONE!! TWO!! THRE- Martinez kicks out again!

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

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

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

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

I'm gonna give you my heart

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

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

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

Because you light up the path

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

We fade back up as the clock reads 22:13 where Johnny Detson is in the middle of delivering a soccer-style kick to the ribcage of Martinez, causing him to roll over onto his back...]

JD: Another hard kick to the ribs as we come back to live action.

BW: And if those ribs weren't broken before this match, I have to imagine they may be at this point, Dane.

JD: You absolutely could be right, Bucky.

[Detson takes a look at Martinez on his back, a grin crossing his face as he pulls him up by the hair, flinging him into the ropes with an Irish whip...]

JD: Detson shoots Martinez across...

[He sets, flipping Martinez up, over, and down hard onto the canvas with a hiptoss.]

JD: Hiptoss by the challenger... to the ropes...

[Rebounding off, Detson leaps into the air, dropping backfirst down on the prone Martinez' midsection!]

BW: Hah! Shades of Tommy Stephens!

JD: Johnny Detson and Juan Vasquez have a long-standing rivalry as Detson flips over, applying another pin attempt... trying to REALLY put Martinez in a hole with just over twenty minutes of action left in this Iron Man challenge!

[Longfellow dives to the mat to count.]

JD: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Martinez slips out, firing his shoulder up off the canvas.]

JD: No! The World Champion gets out of there in time!

[Detson climbs to his feet, looking up at the clock on the video wall...

...and with a smirk, he yanks Martinez into a seated position, locking in a rear chinlock.]

JD: And as the clock clicks down to 21 minutes and change, it looks like Johnny Detson has decided to slow things down a little bit.

BW: Not a bad idea, Dane. He's got a one fall lead with just over 20 minutes to go. Maybe he can burn some clock here like a smart quarterback trying to preserve a lead.

JD: Perhaps but there's something to be said for someone who is trying to win a match versus someone who is simply trying not to lose.

BW: Either approach works if you end up with the "W."

[Detson shouts "ASK HIM!" at the referee with a grin. Longfellow obliges, informing the challenger that Martinez will not submit.]

JD: Johnny Detson knew that there was no way that the World Champion was giving up in this hold... that's just him unable to resist being a total jerk at all times.

[Bucky chuckles as Detson cranks harder on the hold, again shouting "ASK HIM!"]

JD: The referee asking again but Martinez refuses to submit as expected. But the question now is - how much gas does he have in the tank to get himself out of this position?

BW: It's not going to force him to give up most likely but it sure could wear him down to an absolute nub and if he's already running low in the gas tank, it might be enough to keep him from getting back on his feet and getting back into this thing.

JD: That's what he needs to do though. The World Heavyweight Champion needs to get back to his feet and he needs to fight his way out of this hold. The bulk of Martinez' most devastating offense puts him on his feet but right now, he can't use any of that down on the mat with Detson putting all his weight on the back of the neck.

BW: And believe it or not, a hold like this continues the assault on Martinez' ribs because he has to use that core strength to hold himself up and not just fold under Detson's weight.

[Martinez, feeling the need to get up, rolls to the side, slipping a knee underneath him...]

JD: And here we go as the World Champion tries to get off the mat. The fans in Dallas are rallying behind him!

[The announcers lay out so we can hear a very clear chant start to build.]

"RY-AN!" "RY-AN!" "RY-AN!"

[Martinez starts pumping his arms, trying to let the energy and support of the fans carry the AWA's White Knight back up to his feet. Detson looks around concerned as Martinez slips the other leg underneath him, foot on the canvas as he pushes up to his feet...]

JD: The champion battles back up!

BW: And don't look now, Dane, but we officially have under 20 minutes left!

[The clock shows 19:44 as Martinez rallies to his feet, Detson hanging on for dear life as Martinez winds up...]

...and BURIES a back elbow into the midsection!]

JD: Big elbow to the gut by Martinez!

[Detson shakes his head, hanging on as Martinez winds up again...]

JD: A second one finds the mark as well!

[Detson shakes his head a little slower this time, attempting to tighten the hold as Martinez winds up one more time...]

...and SLAMS his elbow back into the gut, forcing Detson to break the hold!]

JD: Martinez battles out!

[The World Champion, free from Detson's grasp, goes to dash to the ropes and build up speed...]

...when Detson blatantly reaches out, grabbing the hair, and YANKS Martinez off his feet and back down to the mat!]

JD: OH! He pulled his hair, ref!

[The referee accuses Detson of exactly that but Detson shakes his head, miming a horse collar tackle before dropping down to his knees and locking the rear chinlock in a second time.]

JD: Detson goes back to the rear chinlock and again, you have to imagine this is a stalling tactic.

BW: A stalling tactic that's working. It's wearing down Martinez more and more and as you look up at that clock and see us down to almost 19 minutes, you realize that Johnny Detson is in the driver's seat in his attempt to become the World Heavyweight Champion here tonight at Homecoming.

[Detson cranks on the hold, not bothering to ask for a submission this time, showing a little more focus as Calisto Dufresne slaps the mat, encouraging Detson.]

JD: What a dastardly duo these two turned out to be, Bucky.

BW: From the moment that Detson won Steal The Spotlight, Calisto Dufresne told everyone who would listen that he would help lead Johnny Detson to the World Heavyweight Title. They didn't get it done at Rising Sun Showdown in Tokyo but tonight? Tonight may be a horse of a different color.

JD: Martinez again struggling underneath this hold. His ribs were in bad shape coming into this title defense and Detson has just brutalized them without mercy

throughout this contest. And with about 19 minutes left in this contest, if you're a fan of Ryan Martinez, you're holding out hope... but you also have the trepidation slipping in that we may be seeing the end of Martinez' epic 282 day title reign here tonight in Dallas.

[Martinez rolls to the side again, slipping a leg underneath him as the crowd cheers, starting up the "RY-AN!" chants once again. Dufresne shouts to Detson who tightens his grip.]

JD: Detson's trying to hang on but Martinez is fighting to his feet a little faster this time, Bucky.

BW: He probably realizes that unlike Mick Jagger and Keith Richards, time ain't on his side at this stage in the contest!

[The World Champion battles back up to his feet as Detson stretches out his legs, trying to avoid the back elbow to the body from the last escape attempt.]

BW: Look how smart Johnny Detson is. He's not going to let the same thing happen twice!

JD: But that puts him in an awkward position and-

[Martinez blindly reaches back, grabbing two hands full of blonde hair, the top of his head tucked under Detson's chin...

...and DROPS down to his tailbone, jolting the jaw of Detson!]

JD: Ohh! Jawbreaker by the champion and that's one way to escape that chinlock!

[Detson staggers back, clutching the underside of his chin. He wipes his mouth a few times, checking for blood as Martinez rolls to a knee, trying to get back up as Detson moves in on him, hands back over his head for a double axehandle...

...and Martinez throws a weary right hand to the gut, stopping Detson for a moment!]

JD: Martinez goes downstairs! Climbing back to his feet now...

[As he gets there, the clock ticks down to 17:24 while he reaches out, grabbing Detson by the hair, marching him across the ring where he SLAMS his head into the top turnbuckle!]

JD: Martinez is hurting! Martinez is winded! He's gotta use whatever offense he can drag out of his pain-ravaged body at this point to AT LEAST try to tie this thing up!

BW: Tie goes to the one who led the longest, right?!

JD: Not at all! A tie means a time limit draw and the World Champion's going out of here with the title around his waist! And after the amount of punishment he's taken, I'd call a tie a victory for the World Champion if he can pull it off here tonight at Homecoming!

[Martinez turns Detson around so that his back against the turnbuckles as Martinez THROWS himself into Detson, driving a back elbow into the side of the head! He stays there, breathing heavily before he pushes himself back, delivering a second elbow to the head!]

JD: Martinez is trying, desperately trying to get back into this thing!

[The World Champion straightens up, grabbing Detson by the hair, and SMASHING a forearm into the side of the head... and another... and another... and another...]

JD: He's pounding Detson in the corner!

[The crowd is ROARING as the referee reprimands Martinez for the onslaught of brutal forearm smashes to the head, driving Detson down into a seated position in the corner!]

JD: MARTINEZ CAN'T BE STOPPED!

[Suddenly, Martinez turns away from the corner, marching across the ring as he pulls his arms down from the sky, giving a roar as the crowd echoes his triumphant shout as he presses his back against the far corner, waving a hand, begging Detson to get to his feet...]

JD: Detson's on Dream Street! Dufresne's telling him to stay down but I don't even know if Detson can SEE straight right now! Martinez clubbed him into a new state of being!

[A weary Detson mistakenly pulls himself up using the ropes, trying to steady himself as Martinez comes tearing across the ring, giving off an anguished shout as he swings his leg up...]

JD: YAAAAAAKUUUUUUUUZAAAAAAA!

[...and catches Detson FLUSH in the sternum with it!]

BW: Did you see that, Dane?! He couldn't get the kick where he wanted it! Martinez usually kicks a foe right in the mush with that but he caught Detson in the chest with it!

[Realizing the chest kick is probably not enough to put away the challenger, Martinez tiredly leans over, grabbing Detson around the waist, and fights down the pain as he lifts Detson up and sets him on the top turnbuckle...]

JD: What's the World Champion looking for here?!

BW: This is a mistake, Dane! Martinez doesn't have the strength in his body right now to do... whatever it is he thinks he's gonna do up there!

[Martinez steps up on the second rope, pulling Detson into a front facelock...]

JD: He's going for a superplex!

BW: No way... no way he gets it!

JD: He's damn sure going to try!

[The World Champion slings Detson's arm over his neck, reaching back to hook a handful of tights...]

JD: He's got it set! But can he get the challenger up in the air for it?! Can he get him up?!

[Martinez lets loose an anguished cry as he tries to budge Detson from his spot on the top turnbuckle, lifting him into a standing position...]

JD: Martinez is giving it all he's got! Desperately trying to land that superplex!

[But as he attempts the lift, Martinez' ribcage is assaulted by a series of short right hands by Detson!]

JD: Detson's going for the ribs! Ever the veteran ring general!

[With Martinez reeling and unable to complete the lift, Detson winds up and BLASTS Martinez between the eyes with a right hand, sending the World Champion falling off the turnbuckles and crashing down to the canvas!]

JD: OHH! Martinez goes down hard!

[Showing some signs of weariness, Detson nods his head at the jeering crowd as he looks down at Martinez. Dufresne shouts, "Yeah! Now! Do it now!" Detson gives another nod as he steps up to the top rope, hanging onto the ringpost for support as he faces out towards the crowd...]

JD: What in the...?!

BW: You don't see this too often from Johnny Detson! This is how you know these two are in a fight for the World Heavyweight Title, Dane! It's time to do ANYTHING to win it! It's time to pull out all the stops! You saw Martinez fight down every bit of common sense in his dumb kid head to go for that superplex and now it's the challenger up top.

JD: He's on the top, facing the crowd... a moonsault perhaps?!

BW: I don't think I've ever seen Detson do a moonsault!

[Detson straightens up, arms extended to hold his balance...

...and then leaps into the air, using the spring of the ropes to carry him just high enough to do a 180, landing on the ropes again and springing up into the air...]

JD: SENTON!

[Detson comes plummeting from the top rope, his back aimed at the torso of Ryan Martinez with the rarely-used maneuver he calls the Showstopper, a move that would certainly seem likely to stop the show for the World Champion...

...until, in the ultimate of desperation moves, he shoves his pain-filled and exhausted body out of Detson's bullseye!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: HE MISSED! HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

[Detson arches his back in pain on the mat as Martinez pushes up to his knees, crawling over...

...and collapses across Detson, throwing an arm over his chest!]

JD: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: DUFRESNE PULLED HIM OUT! THAT SON OF A-

[As the clock ticks down to 13:48, Calisto Dufresne manages to drag Ryan Martinez out to the floor, saving Johnny Detson from a certain match-tying pinfall!]

JD: Dufresne pulls him out! The referee is screaming at Dufresne-

BW: Scream all you want, Longfellow! You didn't see a damn thing!

JD: Longfellow was looking at the shoulders of Detson so you're right, Bucky... he did NOT see Dufresne interfere! He can't disqualify Detson for outside interference and this dastardly duo of Dufresne and Detson strikes again!

[Martinez slowly climbs off the ringside mats as Dufresne is arguing with the official...

...and the AWA's White Knight yanks Dufresne around by the shoulder, blasting him with a forearm shot!]

JD: MARTINEZ IS GOING AFTER DUFRESNE! HE'S HAD ENOUGH!

[Martinez is pounding, pounding, pounding Dufresne down to the point where he grabs him by his long blonde hair...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: HEADFIRST INTO THE BARRICADE!

[A fuming Martinez turns back towards the ring where Detson is crawling across, trying to find a way to recover from his missed top rope senton bomb.]

JD: Dufresne is down! Dufresne may be OUT COLD after hitting the steel like that!

[Martinez hobbles forward towards the ring, grabbing the middle rope and pulling himself back in. He climbs off the mat, the crowd roaring as he points a finger wearily at Detson who is on the far side, trying to get back to his feet as well.]

JD: Detson's climbing up off the mat, using the ropes for support...

[The World Champion stalks across...

...and snares a rear waistlock on the challenger!]

JD: WAISTLOCK!

[Martinez grits his teeth before LAUNCHING Detson backwards, sending him crashing down on the back of his head and neck!]

JD: GERMAN SUPLEX! HE'S GOT THE BRIDGE!

[The referee dives to the mat to count!]

JD: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Martinez suddenly collapses out of the bridge, immediately grabbing at his ribs, shaking his head in pain.]

JD: He couldn't hold the bridge! Martinez - I believe - had Detson pinned but he couldn't hold the bridge for a three count!

[Martinez angrily rolls into the mount, grabbing Detson by the hair...]

JD: Right hand! Another! Another! Look at the frustration pouring out of the World Heavyweight Champion as he beats Johnny Detson into the canvas like a hammer pounding a nail!

BW: We're getting close to 10 minutes left, Dane! Martinez doesn't have time to be angry... to be frustrated. If he's the World Champion that he claims he is, he needs to be focused on winning this match and keeping the World Heavyweight Title around his waist.

JD: Martinez climbing back to his feet... you've gotta imagine the options are running through his head. What can he use to put away the challenger that won't further damage those injured ribs?

[Martinez walks in a circle around the ring, one hand always on his ribcage as Detson rolls to all fours, crawling like a dog towards the ropes, desperately looking to escape from the World Heavyweight Champion who is trying to go for the kill.]

JD: Martinez moving back in, pulling Detson by the leg out to the center of the ring...

[The World Champion takes a deep breath as he wraps up the leg of Detson, dropping down and hooking the STF for the second time in the match!]

JD: STF! HE GOT ONE SUBMISSION WITH THIS ALREADY!

BW: Detson can't quit this time! There's not enough time! There's not enough time!

[Detson cries out as Martinez CRANKS on the crossface, putting incredible pressure on both the knee and the neck of the Number One Contender!]

JD: MARTINEZ IS TRYING TO WRENCH A SUBMISSION OUT OF THE CHALLENGER WITH...

[The clock reads 11:30 as Martinez pulls hard on the crossfaced Detson.]

JD: ...ABOUT 11 MINUTES LEFT IN THIS THING!

[The crowd is ROARING, urging Detson to tap out, scream "I Quit!" or whatever it takes to get Martinez even with time to spare!]

JD: Martinez is desperately trying to get this submission and be even at four falls apiece going into the final minutes of the battle over the World Heavyweight Title!

[Detson starts crawling at the canvas, inching across the ring, absorbing all the tremendous strain on his knee and neck...]

JD: Johnny Detson's got a clear shot at the ropes! He's got some distance still to travel but he's got a shot at them!

BW: If he breaks the hold, Martinez might be done for! He's putting all his strength and energy he's got left into this STF and if Detson survives without giving up, Martinez' title reign is over in my estimation!

JD: Detson continues to crawl, unable to quit quickly as he did before since that'll tie things up. He's gotta break the hold! He's gotta get to the ropes!

BW: Imagine the pain going through Detson's body right now, Dane. You still think he's not deserving of being the World Champion?!

JD: The pain going through DETSON'S body?! What about the pain going through the body of the World Champion?!

[Detson inches closer and closer, Martinez unable to do anything but hang on and try to wrench a submission out of the challenger...]

JD: Detson's getting close! He's getting REAL close!

BW: Come on, champ!

JD: He's not the champion!

BW: Yet!

[Detson stretches out his arm, discovering he's a little bit short as the time ticks down to 10:42.]

JD: Detson's not quite close enough! He inches forward again, reaching out!

[But as he does, a hand comes up from below the view of the ring apron, grabbing the same bottom rope that Detson is reaching for...

...and pulls it out of range!]

BW: WHAT THE HELL?!

JD: What is- get a camera over there and-

[A quick camera cut reveals Calisto Dufresne, blood pouring from a wound on his head, grabbing the bottom rope and trying to pull himself off the floor.]

JD: It's Dufresne! Dufresne's got the rope!

BW: Calisto! CALISTO, NO! Dane, I gotta go tell him!

JD: You stay right there! Dufresne doesn't know that Detson's trying to grab the rope and he's pulling it out of the way trying to get back to his feet!

[The crowd ROARS for the bad luck on the part of the challenger who sees his one way out vanish in between the fingers of his partner-in-crime...

...and frantically slaps the canvas!]

JD: HE TAPPED OUT! HE TAPPED OUT!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd ERUPTS as Martinez releases the hold, slumping down to the canvas in a heap as Detson lowers his face to the mat, pain running through his body as Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Ryan Martinez wins this fall by SUBMISSION! The score is all tied up at four falls apiece! The match will resume after this 30 second rest period!

[We see the clock tick past 10:00 as both champion and challenger are motionless on the canvas!]

JD: The score is tied! Both men are down! With under ten minutes remaining, you've gotta wonder - do EITHER of these men have enough left in the tank to

score one more fall to win this thing?! We're going to take another break but when we come back, it's the final ten minutes in Martinez/Detson - IRON MAN CHALLENGE - don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The lyrics kick in with a shot of Violence Unlimited's Danny Morton sending the Samoan, Mafu, flipping head over heels courtesy of a running lariat before Morton smashes his chest with his fists, letting loose a whoop to the crowd.]

#Guess who just got back today?#

[From the Fair Park Coliseum, Ron Houston stands up while trapped in a crucifix pin by Brian Von Braun, countering into his Fade To Black to finish off a member of that legendary family.]

#Those wild-eyed boys that had been away#

[A giant splash courtesy of MAMMOTH Mizusawa onto the chest of Raphael Rhodes ends Rhodes' night and gives the Japanese giant his second consecutive Steal The Spotlight victory!]

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

[The Prince of Darkness, Anton Layton, comes up swinging his trademark Golden Spike, driving it into the throat of the Working Man himself, Vernon Riley.]

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

[Nenshou comes flipping off the top rope with a breathtaking moonsault, crashing across the chest of Brent Maverick and becoming the very first AWA Longhorn Heritage Champion.]

#They were asking if you were around#

["The Outlaw" Bobby Taylor walks down the length of the apron, leaping off with a legdrop onto a prone "Superstar" Kevin Slater who is laid out across a wooden table.]

#How you was, where you could be found#

[A spine-tingling shot of an eyepatch-wearing City Jack, Louisville Slugger in hand and pointed right across the ring at Calisto Dufresne whose eyes are as wide as the Grand Canyon at this point.]

#I told them you were living downtown#

[With his career on the line, Juan Vasquez jogs down the aisle in his white tracksuit, ready to Main Event the biggest show of the year for the second year running.]

#Driving all the old men crazy#

[The National Champion, "Hotshot" Stevie Scott, emerges in a breathtaking white and silver robe that stretches down to the floor. It's covered in feathers and sparkles under the arena lights with "HOTSHOT" written across the back in silver as a shower of golden sparks begin to fall from the entryway.]

#The boys are back in town#

[Juan Vasquez dives off the top rope, catching Stevie Scott with a crossbody that the champion rolls through into a cover of his own, hooking the tights for a near fall.]

#The boys are back in toooooooown#

[Vasquez comes charging across the ring, diving between the top and middle ropes with a tope dive that wipes out the National Champion.]

#The boys are back in town#

[The challenger SMASHES the metal briefcase of Ben Waterson down onto the skull of Stevie Scott to win the AWA National Title, holding the title aloft for one final shot.]

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

As we come back, the clock is down to 9:02 and both combatants are still down on the canvas.]

JD: We are LIVE here on The X at Homecoming in Dallas and with... now under nine minutes left, BOTH men are still down after that exhausting sequence with the STF! The score is tied at four falls apiece and now it comes down to this. Can either of these men muster up enough strength to get one final fall - a pinfall, a submission, a countout, or even a disqualification - to put them over the top and let them leave with the World Title around their waists?!

BW: If you ask me, Martinez is goldbrickin' in there right now.

JD: GOLDBRICKIN'?!

BW: You heard me, Dane... no use in shouting. He's faking it and sucking time off the clock. He knows that if the score is still tied in about nine minutes, he's leaving with the gold so he's gonna stall!

JD: I don't believe for a second that's what Ryan Martinez is doing! The man is hurt - he was hurt coming in and he's been through a hellacious beating here in Dallas, Texas tonight!

[With a bloodied Dufresne back on his feet, leaning against the apron as he shouts encouragement to Johnny Detson, Ryan Martinez is the first to move, pushing up to all fours.]

JD: Martinez up on his hands and knees... and... do you think Dufresne even knows what he did?

BW: Not yet but you better believe Johnny's gonna let him hear about it later.

JD: Detson grabbing the rope...

[This time, Detson is able to grab the rope as he drags himself under them, dropping down flat on his face on the floor.]

JD: Goodness - a hard fall on that barely-padded floor by the challenger as he tries to regroup following that STF! The STF has proven to be Martinez' biggest weapon so far in this one, Bucky.

BW: It has and I think Detson was worried that if Martinez got up first, he might just lock it on again.

JD: An excellent idea... and here comes the World Champion, crawling through the ropes, dropping down on the floor himself...

[Martinez leans down as Dufresne scampers away, pulling Detson off the floor by the hair...]

...and SMASHES his face into the ring apron!]

JD: Facefirst into the hardest part of the ring!

[Martinez winds him up and does it again!]

JD: Again into the apron! Detson looks like he can barely stand at this point, getting rolled back under the ropes by Martinez...

[With Detson back in, Martinez climbs up on the apron, ducking through the ropes, standing on his feet as the crowd roars their support for him.]

JD: Can you believe it? After what he went through seven days ago in Las Vegas and after fifty-some minutes of hell here tonight, Ryan Martinez is still walking tall, fans!

[The fans are ROARING for Martinez as he walks across the ring to where Detson has used the ropes to pull himself off the mat. The clock reads 7:23 as Martinez winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: Knife edge chop by the champion!

[Martinez winds up a second time...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: A second one!

[With Detson reeling, Martinez grabs him by the arm, whipping him across the ring. The challenger rebounds as Martinez sets...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: A THIRD CHOP ACROSS THE CHEST AND DOWN GOES DETSON!

[The clock says 7:02 as Martinez leans down, dragging Detson off the canvas by the arm, and flings him into the turnbuckles.]

JD: Martinez throws him to the corner... just under seven minutes left in this 60 minute war over the World Heavyweight Title!

[Martinez gets a three step run, blasting Detson with a running forearm to the jaw!]

JD: Detson can barely stand! Martinez is just teeing off on him again!

[Forearm after forearm connects with the jaw of the challenger as Martinez tries to do enough damage to get a final three count and win the match.]

JD: Martinez with forearm after forearm in the corner!

[Grabbing an arm, Martinez whips Detson at top speed across the ring, sending him crashing into the far turnbuckles where he staggers out...]

JD: Detson hits the corner hard and... UP AND OVER HE GOES WITH THE BACKDROP!

[Martinez walks away from Detson who is down on his back in the center of the ring, clutching his lower back as the time hits 6:23.]

JD: We've got just over six minutes remaining as Martinez circles the downed Detson...

[He leans down, grabbing the leg...]

JD: He's going for the STF again!

[...but Detson swings the other leg up, driving his heel into the midsection of Martinez, cutting off the leglock attempt!]

JD: Oh! Detson may have saved himself right there!

[Scrambling to a knee, Detson slams his own head into the midsection of Martinez, doubling him up...]

JD: Detson caught him in the gut... and what's he doing now?

[The crowd buzzes with confusion as Detson leans down, muscling Martinez onto his shoulders, lifting him up in a fireman's carry...]

JD: Detson's got Martinez up! What's he going to do with him?!

[...and steps to the center of the ring, pushing Martinez up over his head as he drops down to a knee, sending the World Champion CRASHING down on the bent knee!]

JD: GUTBUSTER! GUTBUSTER BY THE CHALLENGER ON THE INJURED RIBS!

[Detson quickly flips Martinez over, diving across to hook a leg.]

JD: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[The crowd ROARS as Martinez' shoulder pops off the canvas. Detson angrily slams his fist down into the mat, holding up three fingers at Ricky Longfellow who holds up two in response leading to Detson holding up one.]

JD: We apologize for that, fans. Johnny Detson losing his cool as the time ticks down to about five and a half minutes!

[Detson angrily gets to his feet, stomping the ribs of Martinez a few times before dragging him up. He lowers his shoulder into the ribs, marching Martinez across the ring, and DRIVING him back into the turnbuckles!]

JD: Detson continues to target the ribs - knowing that may be his only way of scoring that match-winning AND title-winning decision!

[Detson lays the shoulder into the midsection a few times before dragging Martinez a few feet out of the corner, planting a boot into the gut...]

JD: Wait a second!

BW: Yes! Yes! Finish him!

JD: Detson's looking for the Wilde Driver! Trying to finish off the World Champion!

[Detson secures the standing headscissors, reaching down to grab for the arms as the clock hits 5:04.]

JD: He's going for it with five minutes of action left in this one and-

[Martinez suddenly leans down, hooking both of the legs and sweeping them out from under Detson...]

JD: Martinez takes the legs out and... CATAPULT!

[...and drops back, launching Detson up into the air, sending him crashing facefirst into the corner!]

JD: MARTINEZ WITH THE COUNTER! MARTINEZ WITH THE COUNTER!

[The World Champion reaches back, dragging Detson down into a modified sunset flip!]

JD: ONE!! TWO!! THREE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: DETSON KICKS OUT! HE KICKS OUT IN TIME!

[Both men are down on the mat again for a few moments, wasting precious seconds as the clock gets down to 4:38.]

JD: We're under five minutes! Time is of the essence for both of these competitors as they try to find a way to emerge victorious in this matchup!

[Martinez is the first to rise, pulling Detson by his blond hair with him, shoving him back into the corner. He wearily looks around at the crowd who ROARS in response. The champion gives them a nod as he squares up again...]

"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!]"

JD: MACHINE GUN CHOPS!

[Martinez pauses, taking several deep breaths. This time, instead of looking for more chops, he throws a glance at the video wall, spotting a clock that reads 3:57.]

JD: We're under four minutes, fans! Four minutes and counting until the end of this 60 minute war between two of the finest this sport has to offer!

BW: Oh, NOW you're getting on the Detson bandwagon! Too late, chump! We're all full up!

JD: Martinez grabs the arm...

[He rockets Detson across the ring, sending him crashing into the far corner...]

JD: Martinez is ready! Martinez is set!

[The World Champion comes racing across the ring, swinging up his leg for the Yakuza Kick...

...but Detson slumps down to a knee, causing Martinez to whiff on the kick, getting his leg tied up around the top rope!]

JD: He missed! He missed and he's caught in the ropes!

[This time, it's Detson's turn to sweep the legs, putting Martinez on his back where Detson applies a jackknife cradle...

...and slips his feet over the middle rope for leverage!]

JD: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Suddenly, Longfellow springs up off the mat, pointing to the feet, waving his arms!]

JD: He saw the feet! Longfellow caught him trying to steal the World Title!

[Detson breaks up the pin attempt that Longfellow won't count, angrily marching towards the official, backing him across the ring to the corner where Detson is shouting at him.]

JD: Detson's berating the referee! Ricky Longfellow has done a FINE job in this contest and Johnny Detson's letting him have it for not counting the illegal pin attempt! Give me a break!

BW: The man's shoulders were down. The ref saw they were down. You count the pin if you're doing your job! Why the heck would he be looking where Detson's feet were?! He was TRYING to catch him! Conspiracy!

[Detson angrily is bullying Longfellow who is trying to get out of the corner but can't as Ryan Martinez wearily gets up off the mat, coming at Detson from behind. He grabs him by the shoulder, spinning him around...]

JD: OH! Detson goes to the eyes!

[Grabbing the arm, Detson goes to whip him into the corner where the referee is trying to get out of the way.]

JD: Irish whi- reversed by Martinez, no! Back the othe-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd groans as Martinez' body crashes into referee Ricky Longfellow, knocking the official down as Detson falls to his knees.]

JD: The referee got knocked flat and with under three minutes to go in this thing, what does this mean for this title match?!

[Detson comes up off the mat, burying a boot into the gut of the stunned Martinez, pulling him into a standing headscissors...

...but the champion sweeps the legs again, hanging onto the right leg...]

JD: Wait a second! Wait a second!

[Martinez wraps up the leg, dropping down to the mat...]

JD: THE STF IS LOCKED IN! HE'S GOT IT LOCKED IN!!

BW: But the referee's nowhere to be found! Longfellow got dropped!

[Detson frantically claws at the canvas, screaming bloody murder as Martinez again tries to wrench a submission out of him!]

JD: The STF is on but you're right, Bucky, the referee is down and even if Detson gives up, there's no one there to count it! There's no one there to- wait a second!

[The crowd grumbles as Calisto Dufresne slides a steel chair under the bottom rope, rolling in as he throws his sportscoat aside, revealing the bloody white dress shirt underneath as he grabs the chair...]

JD: Dufresne is in but the referee is out! He's got the chair and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd GROANS as Dufresne CLUBS Martinez with the chair, breaking the submission hold in a flash!]

JD: DUFRESNE WITH THE CHAIR!!

[The clock reads 1:42 as Dufresne throws the chair down on the mat, pulling Johnny Detson up to his feet, pointing frantically at Martinez...]

JD: Detson's barely able to stand! He's out on his feet!

BW: Yeah, but look at Martinez! He's out! He's-

[Detson decides to make sure of it, dragging Martinez off the canvas, pulling him into the standing headscissors as Dufresne nods his head, pointing at the steel chair down on the mat...]

JD: He's got him hooked and he's right over that-

[Detson leaps into the air, DRIVING Martinez facefirst down onto the steel seat!]

JD: -CHAIR! WILDE DRIVER ON THE CHAIR!

[The Number One Contender slides the chair aside, flipping Martinez over onto his back as he frantically waves for Dufresne to revive the referee...]

JD: They're gonna steal it! They're gonna steal the World Title!

[The clock reads 1:13 as Dufresne is shaking the hell out of Ricky Longfellow, trying to restore some sign of life to him.]

JD: Detson's got him covered! Dufresne's trying to wake up the referee! Can they do it in time?! Can they pull off the greatest highway robbery since Westwego in time?!

[The crowd is buzzing with concern - a buzz that grows louder... and louder... and louder...]

JD: The fans are worried about the World Champion! You can hear them all over-

BW: OH, HELL NO!

[Soon, it becomes apparent that it's not the World Champion that the crowd is buzzing about at this particular moment...

...it's someone in a black hooded sweatshirt coming through the Crockett Coliseum crowd REAL quick, hurdling over the railing, sliding into the ring...]

JD: IT'S CARVER! IT'S CARVER! CARVER HITS THE RING!

BW: HE'S SUSPENDED, DAMN IT! GET THE SECURITY! CALL THE POLICE!

[Carver grabs the discarded chair, winding up as Calisto Dufresne turns around...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: CARVER DRILLS DUFRESNE WITH THE CHAIR!! OH MY!

[The Ladykiller flies through the ropes to the floor as Carver throws the chair aside, dropping down to the mat where Detson is covering Martinez, slapping the canvas once... twice... three times!]

JD: Carver counts the pin and-

[Detson climbs to his feet, elated as he throws his arms into the air triumphantly!]

JD: Detson thinks he won! Detson thinks he won the World Title!

[But when the Number One Contender turns around, Carver uncoils, leaping up, snagging the three-quarter nelson...

...and SPIKING Detson facefirst into the canvas!]

JD: BLACKOUT! BLACKOUT! BLACKOUT!!

[The Crockett Coliseum crowd is going NUTS as Carver turns to the motionless Martinez, dragging him off the mat, and throwing him on top of the laid out Johnny Detson!]

JD: HE PUT MARTINEZ ON TOP...

[Carver bails out of the ring, jumping back over the railing as security comes pouring down the aisle - led by a certain VERY large security officer. Carver is wading through the crowd as the dazed referee crawls into view...]

JD: LONGFELLOW TO COUNT!

[He raises his hand, in a daze as he slams it down!]

JD: ONE!

[Up it goes again, holding for an instant before collapsing down a second time!]

JD: TWO!

[It goes towards the sky one final time, hanging for an eternity before crashing down to the canvas!]

JD: THREE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

JD: HE GOT IT! HE GOT IT!

[Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Ryan Martinez has scored a pinfall! He now leads this contest five falls to four! We will have-

"DING! DING! DING!"

JD: THAT'S IT! TIME IS UP! TIME IS UP HERE IN DALLAS!

[The crowd is DEAFENING in the Crockett, fans jumping up and down with the victory of the World Champion, the instant classic they've just witnessed, and as the camera cuts, we see Hannibal Carver standing amongst a group of white-shirted "FREE CARVER" kids who are cheering loudly. A grin crosses his face as he looks down the aisle at security as a chant starts up...]

"FREE CAR-VER!"

"FREE CAR-VER!"

"FREE CAR-VER!"

"FREE CAR-VER!"

"FREE CAR-VER!"

"FREE CAR-VER!"

"FREE CAR-VER!"

"FREE CAR-VER!"

"FREE CAR-VER!"

"FREE CAR-VER!"

[Carver listens, arms spread wide as he hears the chant, nodding his head. We cut back to the ring where Ryan Martinez is laid out on the mat, the title belt nearby as he's completely unaware what happened!]

JD: Ryan Martinez keeps the title! He's won this Iron Man challenge but... he did it with the help of Hannibal Carver!

BW: Some White Knight!

JD: Ryan Martinez didn't ask for Carver's help! And knowing Ryan the way I do, he didn't WANT Carver's help! But got it he did and at the absolute perfect time to keep that title around his waist! Fans, it's been one HELL of a night here in Dallas filling in for Gordon Myers who will be right back in this chair two weeks from tonight in Oklahoma City! Gordon, ol' buddy, I hope I did you proud! From Dallas, I wish you good night and so long everybody!

[We cut from the motionless Martinez to the grinning Carver, still soaking up the chant...]

"FREE CAR-VER!"

"FREE CAR-VER!"

"FREE CAR-VER!"

"FREE CAR-VER!"

"FREE CAR-VER!"

"FREE CAR-VER!"

"FREE CAR-VER!"

"FREE CAR-VER!"

"FREE CAR-VER!"

"FREE CAR-VER!"

[...as we fade to black.]

UPCOMING SCHEDULE

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September 19th - SNW - Juan Vasquez Is The Matchmaker - Oklahoma City

October 3rd - SNW - Memphis, Tennessee

October 17th - SNW - Tupelo, Mississippi

October 31st - SNW - New Orleans, Louisiana

No Disqualification - MAMMOTH Maximus vs KING Oni

November 14th - SNW - Lafayette, Louisiana

November 26th - SuperClash VII - Houston, Texas