

AWA POWER HOUR

OCTOBER 22, 2016

[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 NFL. The GFC. The Daytona 500. 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 to black...

...and that black cuts to a fast-paced sequence of AWA action shots accompanied by "The Power" by DJ Fresh.

After about thirty seconds of action, we break into a shot of the AWA Power Hour logo. It sits stationary for a moment before spiraling away and leaving us with our first glimpse of the Power Hour set.

Let's just assume it's a green screen somewhere since Theresa Lynch currently appears to be standing in outer space. The young daughter of one of wrestling's most famous families is grinning, standing in a red strappy dress.]

TL: Two weeks have come and gone and I'm right back here for another edition of the Power Hour. Hello everyone, I'm Theresa Lynch and I'm your host for another super-sized edition of AWA action from all over the world. Joining me tonight as my special co-host once again is... the golden voice of Combat Corner Wrestling, the developmental promotion behind the AWA - Harvey Sutton! Harvey, welcome to the Power Hour!

[The grinning Sutton steps onto the star field.]

HS: Theresa, it is my esteemed pleasure to be back here with you once again to help present all the action of the historic Brass Ring Tournament that is ongoing in CCW.

TL: That tournament, of course, is being held to determine which CCW competitor will get the golden ticket - if you will - a chance to perform in front of the entire world at SuperClash VIII coming up on Thanksgiving Night in New Orleans.

HS: And Theresa, tonight we've got a big announcement about that as well. For weeks, we've been speculating about what role the winner of the tournament will have on the big show. Tonight, we get our answer!

TL: We've got highlights of the second round of the tournament here tonight plus we'll see more AWA action from all around the globe. We're going to kick things off with a man looking to earn a spot in the Steal The Spotlight ladder match at SuperClash - "The Prodigy" Jayden Jericho - as he takes on the veteran from Canada, Curtis Kestrel in one-on-one action! Let's take a look!

[Fade to the arena where "Immortal" by Eve To Adam is starting up.]

GM: Thank you, Theresa; Colt Patterson and I are coming to you from KFC Center in Louisville, Kentucky. And this match could have implications for the upcoming Steal the Spotlight match at SuperClash in New Orleans.

#I am immortal... I'll never fade away
I'm a legacy that lives beyond... far the grave.
I am immortal. I'll never rest in peace.
And you're never gonna be... never gonna be... never be meeeeeeee!#

[Another "BOOM!" goes up as "The Prodigy" Jayden Jericho walks through the curtain, obviously a bit embarrassed by all the pomp and circumstance for his arrival. He looks out in awe at the American Airlines Arena crowd, a grin crossing his face as the crowd responds with jeers.]

CP: And this is one of the early favorites

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. First, from Toronto, Canada... weighing in at 215 pounds... he is accompanied to the ring by his manager and father, "Playboy" Ronnie D...

[D pops to his feet with a "YEAAAAAH, THAT'S RIGHT!"]

RO: ...he is the Prodigy... JAAAAAAAAAYYYYDENNNNN JERRRRRRICHOOOOO!

[Jericho raises his arms over his head, getting more jeers. He looks a little disheartened, pumping his arms with a "COME ON!" but his father is right by his side, waving an arm dismissively at the crowd. Clad in silver full-length tights with red hearts littering them and a crimson red shimmering vest over his oiled-up bare torso, Jericho starts walking down the aisle towards the ring, his father "YEAH, BAYBAYing" him all the way down to the ring, D climbing the steps and ducking through the ropes, going into a spin and leaving his son on the apron. Jericho grabs the top rope, slingshotting into the ring. D slides out to the middle of the ring, dropping to a knee and striking a double bicep pose as his son slides behind him, standing with his arms crossed.]

GM: You know, you'd almost swear that Ronnie D was living vicariously through Jayden Jericho.

CP: Myers, I think the pace of 2016 is rubbing off on you—you're getting snarky in your old age. And come on, look at the Playboy. If you didn't tell me they were father and son I would swear they were the same age, Ronnie D looks so good.

[The frenetic guitar riff of "Everything is Automatic" by The Matthew Good Band makes the atmosphere of the arena even more Canadian.]

RO: And his opponent... weighing in at 218 pounds... from The Battlefords... CURTIS KESTREL!

[Kestrel, behind his mirrored aviator glasses, is crew-cut, stern-looking and square-jawed, looking very business-like. Underneath his jean jacket are shiny indigo full-length tights with three gold slash marks up one leg and red detailing up the other. Both of his red boots are shinguarded, with knee pads to match.]

GM: And to say that there is a distinct contrast in personality in this match is an understatement.

CP: Not on paper, Myers.

[With feline agility, Kestrel dashes to the nearest corner, standing on the second buckle facing the crowd. He hops down, discarding his jean jacket and sunglasses.]

GM: That is true, Colt. Both Kestrel and Jericho skirt the line between cruiserweight and heavyweight, both are Canadian prospects, both are two of the most impressively agile wrestlers I have seen.

CP: But Kestrel has almost two decades of experience over Jericho, and he's a very stoic and reserved personality.

GM: Let's not project too much of Ronnie D onto Jayden Jericho, Colt...

"DING DING DING"

GM: The bell sounds and...

[Kestrel extends his hand to Jericho. Jericho reciprocates, much to the chagrin of his cornerman.]

GM: ...There it is, a handshake between these two.

CP: That could be a mistake, Gordo. You think your opponent wants to shake your hand, you get lulled into thinking he respects you and then—boom—you wind up with a knife between your shoulder blades.

GM: Well, that's speculative, Colt. Collar-and-elbow tie-up... into a side headlock from the "Bird of Prey" Curtis Kestrel, showing off his experience.

CP: Kestrel's a little distracted, isn't he?

GM: As you said, he's very stoic, but his partner Blake Colton's injury at the hands of Shadoe Rage is very likely on his mind. Word around the locker room has him wanting to qualify for the Steal the Spotlight at SuperClash next month—the first time it will ever be contested in a multi-person ladder match!

CP: He ain't the only one wanting to make a case to be in there; Jayden Jericho wants in too.

GM: Absolutely correct—Jericho pushes out of it, sending Kestrel to the ropes... Jericho with a leapfrog... Another leapfrog...

CP: A blind one, too!

GM: Kestrel still in motion, Jericho with a flying headscissors—no, Kestrel rolling through to his feet, looking for a dropkick...

...But gets swatted away! Jericho lining up a superkick, but Kestrel dodges... Kestrel looking for a spinning heel kick! Jericho BACKFLIPS out of harm's way!

[Kestrel and Jericho both stand off in a "bring it on" pose on opposite sides of the ring. The crowd applauds both wrestlers.]

GM: Catch your breath, if you can!

CP: Myers, this kid is 18 years old! Think of the sixth sense you would have to have to do a blind leap frog on an opponent as fast as the Bird of Prey!

GM: I am starting to believe The Prodigy is so much more than just Jayden Jericho's nickname.

[Kestrel crouches down low, signalling for a knuckle-lock. Jericho hesitantly inches in.]

GM: And with all the names looking to qualify for Steal the Spotlight—Jericho, "Flawless" Larry Wallace, Lee Connors, Riley Hunter, last year's winner "Red Hot" Rex Summers—one could anticipate that the actual match could not only Steal the Spotlight, but the entire show.

[Kestrel and Jericho lock hands. An ill-timed "YOU GOT HIM, JAYDEN, BABY BOY!" from Ronnie D distracts Jericho enough for Kestrel to apply an standing armbar.]

GM: Standing switch from the Bird of Prey.

[Jericho adjusts on the fly, doing a forward handstand flip, reversing the armbar.]

CP: Nice agility there from Jericho—

[Kestrel responds by doing the exact same forward flip armbar reversal.]

GM: Kestrel no slouch himself!

[He adds an armdrag takedown, but Jericho rolls through and replies with a snap mare.]

GM: This is getting too quick to call, Colt!

[The Prodigy follows up with a swift kick to Kestrel's back.]

GM: Jayden Jericho hits the ropes...

[He looks for a dropkick to the seated Kestrel, but Kestrel rolls out of the way. Jericho quickly kips up to his feet, but Kestrel stays low and somersaults past The Prodigy's leg, sweeping out from beneath him.]

GM: Kestrel's got a leg and... that looks like an ankle lock, Colt!

CP: He calls it the Wild Rose, but by any other name it would be as painful!

[Kestrel struggles to keep the ankle lock on as Jericho reaches for the ropes.]

GM: This is a possible submission hold early on here, fans! The Bird of Prey is looking to keep the Prodigy grounded.

[Ronnie D leaps through the bottom rope and grabs hold of his son's wrist, pulling him to within reach of the ropes.]

CP: And Ronnie D looking out for his boy!

GM: Referee Scott Ezra—I think he saw it, but he's going to let it go. Definitely not letting Ronnie D go without a warning.

[Kestrel slides to the floor and glares The Playboy up the aisle.]

D: "I didn't do nothin'! You didn't see nothin', did you? You didn't see nothin'!"

CK: "..."

[Kestrel's response is a lantern-jawed glower.]

D: "Don't gimme that look! Don't—UH-OH!"

[With their attention turned, Jayden Jericho runs the length of the ring and leaps effortlessly onto the top rope...]

CP: Look out!

GM: OH... MY...

[...And toposes with pinpoint accuracy onto Curtis Kestrel.]

GM: ...STARS!

CP: That knocked them halfway up the aisle, Myers!

GM: Astounding athleticism from Jayden Jericho! If he qualifies for Steal the Spotlight, no doubt he would be one of the odds-on favorites!

[Jericho bundles Kestrel back into the ring. Kestrel is back on his feet, but still reeling. Jericho opens up with a knife-edge chop.]

SMACK

[Kestrel winces, then replies with one of his own...]

SMAAACK

[...Which flops Jericho onto his back, nearly inside-out.]

GM: Oooh my.

CP: Do not get into a chop battle with one of the Predators. Curtis Kestrel has the second-hardest knife-edge chops of all of Canada.

GM: I think I've heard of the prizewinner for the first-hardest knife edge chops in Canada. He would be the other Predator, and he's currently managing the affairs of The Axis.

CP: And I know you're not keen to give his name, lest you invoke his presence out here.

GM: You hit the nail on the head, Colt. Kestrel now with an overhead armbar, maybe looking to slow the pace of this match.

CP: He's not playing to his strengths here, Myers. Curtis Kestrel is used to his speed and agility being his main advantage and right now he's in the ring with someone who can match him at every turn

GM: It comes down to the factor of experience, which some people sadly overlook.

CP: It's not necessarily the best wrestler that wins matches—sometime it's the hottest.

[“Playboy” Ronnie D claps his hands furiously, rallying the crowd behind his son.]

GM: Jericho up to his feet now, reaching for the ropes—no, kicking off them! Twisting Curtis Kestrel into an armdrag takedown... trying to follow through... again, Kestrel reversing into a hammerlock... Jericho with back of Kestrel's head—could be looking for that Heartbreaker appropriated from Trey Porter...

CP: No slowdowns here!

GM: Kestrel blocking it, but—OH MY!

[Jericho kicks backward, rolling backflip-style behind Kestrel, drawing “oohs” for his athleticism.]

GM: From out of nowhere Jericho now with a double chickenwing... Oh no, Kestrel blocking it with a jawbreaker.

CP: You know, you can be as athletic as you like, but a good old-fashioned jolt to the jawbone will daze even the toughest athletes.

GM: Irish whip to Jericho and... BIG belly-to-belly overhead suplex to Jericho.

CP: Lotta hangtime there!

[Ronnie D once again grabs his son by the arm, this time bundling him out of the ring.]

CP: And that's a veteran play from Ronnie D; the Prodigy probably wouldn't know that he needs to break Curtis Kestrel's momentum.

GM: I don't know about the “hands-on” aspect of Playboy's coaching, plus he's giving Kestrel a chance to catch his wind too.

CP: Sometimes you need to cool off an opponent; Playboy knows that and the Prodigy don't. No time like now to learn.

"Three!"

GM: Referee Scott Ezra is not being charitable with the count, however.

CP: And look at that, Jericho wants back in. He's not listening to Ronnie D that he has until the count of ten to return to the ring. He knows that Kestrel isn't going to break the count and that if you come back into the ring too soon, you could be walking into an ambush!

"Seven!"

GM: Speaking of ambushes, you are right, Colt; Kestrel is not following Jayden Jericho to the outside because he knows what Ronnie D is capable of. Jericho now back into the ring at nine, and he's already hit the ropes.

CP: Kestrel can see him coming!

GM: The Prodigy with a head of steam, looking for that leg facedriver... Kestrel blocking it—

CP: No, that was what he hoped for!

GM: Jericho latching onto Kestrel's arms... double-underhook, using all that momentum...

D: "RONNIE-PLEX! AH hahahaha!

[Jericho spins Kestrel in the double-underhook and plants him face-first.]

GM: JaydenPlex!

CP: He knew Kestrel would have a counter, so he switched mid-stream! Playboy has got this kid ready!

[The Bird of Prey manages to get to a knee, but Jericho is a fraction faster.]

GM: Superkick to Curtis Kestrel!

And another!

And another!

And another!

CP: He's lighting him up!

[Jericho winds up with a fifth, and decisive superkick, then dashes to the corner. He leaps to the top rope without even placing a foot on the middle.]

CP: Look at that, Gordo! Like climbing a ladder!

GM: Here it comes... bombs away with the...

[Jericho soars halfway across the ring to drop a knee onto his opponent.]

GM: ...HEARTBREAKER! Hooking both legs, and the referee with the count... one... two... and a three!

CP: Just watching The Playboy back in the ring again.

GM: Jayden Jericho back on top again after a couple of tough losses to Jeff "Madfox" Matthews, looking good as we inch closer to SuperClash VIII in New Orleans.

[Kestrel slaps the mat in frustration.]

CP: And Curtis Kestrel wrestled too much defensively, and not enough offensively.

[He turns to the celebrating Jericho, pats him on the shoulder and extends his hand again.]

GM: But he's a gracious competitor and—

[Jericho is about to return the gesture when Ronnie D barges obliviously charges between them, hugging his son and making sure that he's seen too.]

GM: Well, we can't all be gracious. Now, let's go backstage and hear from the victor in this one - Jayden Jericho!

[We fade to a cell phone quality shot of Jayden Jericho standing backstage after his match. He's sweaty but smiling as the footage goes live.]

JJ: And that's how we do that! Curtis Kestrel is one heck of a competitor and has been for a long, long time. You know, growing up in Canada, I was always a fan of the Coltons and-

"CUT! CUT! CUT!"

[Jericho looks puzzled as the camera shot abruptly changes as if the phone is now being leaned against a wall. "Playboy" Ronnie D steps into view.]

D: Never... never... NEVERNEVERNEVER... tell the world that you were a fan of another wrestler. It makes you look like a fanboy geek off the street.

JJ: I AM a fanboy geek off the street. The Coltons were-

D: You are genetically gifted and destined for greatness! The Coltons are destined for the index of the pro wrestling history books under Families That Didn't Matter.

[Jericho sighs.]

JJ: So, what do you want me to say?

D: I want you to tell the world why you're going to win Steal The Spotlight.

JJ: I mean... I hope I am. It's going to be tough, you know? There's a lot of really good talent gunning for the spots in that thing. Rex Summers is a former champion - he won this contract last year.

D: I don't want to hear about Rex Summers.

JJ: Riley Hunter is the Seven Star Athlete! Heck, he might be more athletic than I am!

D: I don't want to hear about Riley Hunter either!

JJ: And then there's Lee Connors who-

D: I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT LEE CONNORS! GAH! WHY WON'T YOU LISTEN TO ME?!

[Jericho looks a little surprised at his father's outburst.]

D: I mean... look... I want you to win this thing. Do you want to win this?

JJ: Of course.

D: Then... you need to listen to me, right?

[Jericho pauses.]

D: RIGHT?!

JJ: Right. Sure.

D: Good. Then... let's scrap this for now and... let's go see Stegglet and see if we can get you officially into the match.

[D waves an arm, beckoning his son to follow him. His son shakes his head as he trails after his famous father and we fade to black.]

In stark, high contrast black and white, a large curtain with the words "SuperClash VII" written large across it cascades to the ground like a falling leaf. Behind it is a slow-motion montage of similarly stark monochrome clips, slowly fading in to each other. Leonard Cohen's rumbling, deep voice plays over top the minimalist orchestration of "You Want It Darker."]

[Brian Lau raises the hands of Wes Taylor and Tony Donavon...]

If you are the dealer
I'm out of the game #

[...Lau shakes the hand of "Dr." Harrison Fawcett...]

If you are the healer
It means I'm broken and lame #

[...Brian James looks over his shoulder as Lau raises the arm of Johnny Detson...]

If thine is the glory then
Mine must be the shame #

[...Summers, Mahoney and Kendrick all triple teaming the Gladiator...]

You want it darker
We kill the flame #

[...Shadoc Rage looking around the ring with maniacal eyes ...]

Magnified, sanctified, be thy holy name

[...The Hangman, shot from below, slowly tightens his noose around an invisible neck...]

Vilified, crucified, in the human frame

[...Flex Ferrigno with some poor victim's skull trapped in a powerful headlock...]

A million candles burning for the help that never came

[..."Flawless" Larry Wallace and his Best Damn Dropkick In The World in magnificent slow motion...]

You want it darker

[...Lauryn Rage makes her way down the aisle, Women's World Championship belt in one arm, phone extended at arm's length in the other...]

There's a lover in the story
But the story's still the same #

[...Erica Toughill cracks her knuckles, a slow-motion bubble emerging from between her lips...]

There's a lullaby for suffering
And a paradox to blame #

[...Another woman in a darkened space, the light forming a halo around her: the silhouette is in the general shape of Charisma Knight...]

But it's written in the scriptures
And it's not some idle claim #

[...Anton Layton fondles the Eye of Tyr, visibly giggling between Porter Crowley and The Lost Boy.]

You want it darker
We kill the flame #

[...Derrick Williams nailing Jordan Ohara with a Blackout, fading to Riley Hunter similarly betraying Ohara with an Instant Karma...]

They're lining up the prisoners
and the guards are taking aim #

[...Jackson Hunter trying to pull the Suited Savage MAWAGA off his prey...]

I struggled with some demons
They were middle class and tame #

[...Maxim Zharkov applying the Gorynych to a chained Kolya Sudakov...]

I didn't know I had permission
to murder and to maim #

[...Juan Vasquez piledriving Ryan Martinez, fading to a smile on Vasquez's face...]

You want it darker

[The stark monochrome montage is suddenly bathed in a golden light. A solitary figure is seen in the distance, standing tall.]

I'm ready, my lord...

[Before we get a good look at him or her, a metallic font splashes on screen.]

"SUPERCLASH VIII."

"The American Wrestling Alliance presents: SuperClash VIII: Thursday, November 24th, live from New Orleans."

[Fade to black...

...and then back up to a shot of a Combat Corner Wrestling banner hanging in the Crockett Coliseum. The arena is full of fans as we see Blackjack Lynch - the CCW Commissioner - greeting the crowd from inside the ring.]

TL: We are back here on the Power Hour and now we go to the good ol' Crockett in downtown Dallas... and this footage is fresh, just recorded last night. My co-host Harvey Sutton and one of the AWA's all-time greats, Marcus Broussard, were on the call as the second round of the Brass Ring Tournament began! Let's listen in.

[Cut to a shot of the aforementioned duo at ringside.]

HS: The smell of SuperClash is in the air - a smell that my partner here is quite familiar with - and as we enter tonight's show, eight competitors remain in this tournament to see just who will win a spot on the SuperClash lineup! Shark, welcome to SuperClash season!

MB: This is the time of year when legends become immortal, superstars become legends, and pretenders get exposed.

HS: Pretenders? You thinking of anyone in particular?

MB: All I'm saying is that a certain title used to look much better when it was around MY waist.

HS: Ouch. Well, tonight, we'll find out if the eight men remaining are pretenders or if they're the next generation of superstars heading to the AWA. Four big matches to come in this tournament tonight, Shark... anyone you got your eye on?

MB: There are guys left in this tournament who could walk onto the main stage at SuperClash and make a HUGE splash... and there are guys who I think will swing and miss here tonight and come up empty.

HS: Not going to name names?

MB: Now you're just trying to get me in trouble.

[Sutton chuckles as he points to the camera.]

HS: Let's hear from the participants in our first match!

[The camera goes backstage to the CCW bannered interview area. Dominating the shot is the massive Jack Veles. The Arawak wrestler has a ragged towel draped over his head. He is dripping with water and oil as he slaps his hands together with a meaty clap as he psychs himself up for the upcoming contest.]

JV: Oda! Oda! Oda!

OOOOOOODAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!!!!

[With that primal yell he rips the towel from his head and throws it at the camera, turning the screen black. As the towel flutters to the floor and the lens clears, Veles is right up in the shot, crowding out the edges, overwhelming the image.]

JV: Odaaaaaa! You know who you pissed off? Me! That's who! The worst thing you did was get past Carter and put his dreams on the shelf! Because now you got some confidence. Now you got some momentum! Now you think you got a chance!

HELL NO!!!!!!

[Veles snorts and snarls like some crazed bull. As the camera man struggles to readjust the shot, Veles stabs a thick sausage-like finger at the screen.]

JV: Now you got a problem! Now you got a 300 pound Arawak killing machine! And there ain't no getting' away from that! I see you with your fancy cape, your fancy tin glove, struttin' around like you're some damned superhero. I ain't no Carter, Oda. I ain't tryin' to live out a fantasy! I fight! That's what I do, Oda. I fight. I hurt. I maim. I kill. Little midgets like you, they really piss me off. Jumping around like a damn fool. Flying around while the fans ooh and ahh, but don't really got any sting in their fists, right? That why you need the glove?

[Veles holds up a gigantic fist.]

JV: I don't need no stinkin' glove. I don't need no stinkin' cape. I don't need no flashy moves. I'm just gonna beat that face in, Oda. You think you're some kinda Superman or something? Then I'm some kind of Krypronite. I'm a beat you down ol' school style and take your gear when I'm done. Yeah, that's right, Oda.

[The camera closes in on the rabid Arawak's snarling face.]

JV: That gear is mine.

That brass ring is mine.

That ass is mine!

[The shot fades out as Veles shakes his head in disgust...

...and then to a shot of a bare fist. The skin is well-tanned and oiled up. We stay in tight on the white knuckles as the owner of them speaks.]

"AAAAAABUUUUNAAAAAAAI!"

[The shot pulls back further to reveal Fujin Oda standing. His face is flushed with anger. His chest is heaving, a mixture of oil and sweat glistening in the backstage lighting.]

FO: Danger, Veles-san. Danger is what come for you tonight.

[The corner of Oda's mouth twists into a grin as he lowers his fist.]

FO: My mentor, the mighty Nenshou, came to America many year ago as...

[Oda scratches his chin, searching for the words.]

FO: "Hired gun." He do dirty work for another man... a weaker man... a softer man...

[Oda pokes a finger at his abdomen, rock hard in tone.]

FO: He say... biggest regret.

[Oda nods.]

FO: When I come to AWA, I come for me. I come to show world what I can do. And what I do is what I always done... beat odds.

[Oda grins, waving a hand.]

FO: Expert say, "Odds of beating Jack Veles is 317 to 1." I say, "Never tell me odds." Han Solo, Star Wars.

[He winks at the camera.]

FO: All Oda life, he beat odds. No one think Oda can amateur wrestle. Oda make national team. No one think Oda be pro wrestler. My master Nenshou take me and prove wrong.

No one think Oda risk all and come to America.

[Oda spreads his arms.]

FO: Here I am.

And now, no one think Oda beat Jack Veles. Big man, strong man, tough man.

[He pulls his fists up in front of him, twisting his face into a snarl.]

FO: GRRRRRRRR! Big man fight like bear.

Oda not afraid of bear.

[Oda laughs again.]

FO: Oda break down bear and make him cry! CRY BEAR CRY!

[He lifts his hands, wiping fake tears from the corner of his eye.]

FO: No one think Oda win. No one think Oda go to SuperClash.

[He chuckles.]

FO: That why it happen, bear. You cry. I win.

[He raises his hands over his head in triumph and as he lowers them, his face takes on a very serious expression.]

FO: Never tell me odds. Never.

[We fade away from Oda out to the Crockett Coliseum ring where both competitors have already been introduced. Referee Lisa Morgan is standing in the middle, checking to see if both competitors are ready for action...

...and then signals for the bell.]

HS: We're off and running in this one - one fall, thirty minute time limit in the Brass Ring Tournament! And remember, fans... later tonight on the Power Hour, we'll find out exactly what these tremendous competitors are fighting for. What spot on the SuperClash lineup will they be filling.

MB: A lot of speculation on that, Sutton. I'm looking forward to that announcement.

HS: As am I, Shark... and look at this!

[After a few more words are traded from across the ring, Oda sprints across to a roar of "YAAAAAAAAAAAAA!", leaping into the air at the last moment and BLASTING a surprised Veles with a forearm shot to the jaw, knocking him a step back into the buckles.]

HS: Whoa! We're off and running for certain!

[Oda is a blur of motion as the 198 pounder from Nagoya, Japan lights up Veles with two more right forearms, a left elbowstrike, three snapping roundhouse kicks to the ribs...]

HS: Oda's all over him!

[Veles reaches out, wrapping Oda up enough to pull him close...

...and then shove him off, hurling him halfway across the ring before Oda backrolls to the mat, rolling right back up to his feet where he charges back in with another "YAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

HS: High impact dropkick in the corner! Veles is shellshocked by this blitzkrieg assault by the much-smaller competitor!

[Oda leans down, snatching one of Veles' tree trunk-like legs, lifting it off the canvas under his arm. With a shout to punctuate each blow, Oda lands a series of overhead chops down on the kneecap...]

HS: The referee's trying to get Oda out of the corner but he's having no luck so far.

MB: And look at the kid go to work on that knee, trying to take the bigger man's advantage away from him.

[Still holding the leg under his left arm, Oda snaps out his right leg into a side kick to the side of Veles' knee, causing the big man to cry out as he grabs at the leg, slumping down into a seated position against the turnbuckles.]

HS: Look at that! He took him down, Shark!

MB: The kid's not letting up for a second!

[Backing off, Oda rushes across the ring to the far corner. He slaps the turnbuckle once, fired up by his own actions early on...

...and then barrels across the ring, leaping into the air, and scoring with a baseball slide dropkick to the mush!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Oda pops up off the mat, grabbing Veles by the ankle and dragging him from the corner before he dives across his chest, scoring a two count before Veles powers out...

...and we cut deeper into the match. This time, we find the smaller Oda trapped in the corner where Veles is teeing off on him, battering him with a series of stiff punches.]

HS: Veles with the right and lefts... jabs, crosses, you name it and the big man is throwing it.

[Grabbing a stunned Oda by the arm, Veles whips him across the ring...

...which is where Oda runs up the turnbuckles, backflipping through the air to land behind the charging Veles. Veles pulls up short of the corner, holding there as Oda charges in, leaping for another forearm strike but Veles snatches him out of the sky and throws him down violently with a uranage in the corner!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The 290 pounds “Arawak” surges forward, leaping into the air and landing backfirst on the prone Oda.]

HS: SENNNNNTON SPLASH! He rolls over for one! For two! But Oda slips out the back door in time!

[Angrily getting to his feet, Veles yanks Oda off the canvas, using a snapmare to flip him over into seated position...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

HS: KICK TO THE BACK!

[Veles follows through, ending up in front of Oda where he uncoils, leaning over...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

[...and snaps off a knife edge chop to the chest that knocks Oda back down onto his back on the canvas. Veles claps his hands together and with a loud “OOOOFFFF!” he leaps into the air and drops a knee on the chest. He slides quickly into a lateral press, earning a two count before Oda slips out again.]

HS: And how do you like that, fans? Young Fujin Oda - the one and only protege of the former AWA superstar, Nenshou, is showing the same kind of fighting spirit that his teacher and mentor did long ago here in the AWA.

[Veles barks at the official as he climbs to his feet, obviously upset with what he deems a slow count.]

HS: Veles is giving the referee a hard time now. The count looked good to me - how about you, Shark?

MB: The count never looks good when it doesn't go your way, Sutton.

[We cut deeper into the match again as Veles and the referee argue...

...and find Veles whipping Oda into the corner, charging in after him.]

HS: Running hip attack... no! Oda dives clear and Veles hits the buckles!

[There's a smattering of cheers for the never-say-die Oda who scampers across the ring to the far corner, taking a few breaths before charging back in, leaping into the air and catching Veles with a bicycle kick that snaps his head back!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Veles reaches out gingerly, barely able to stay on his feet as Oda scampers away, looking for a second one. He charges in, leaping up...

...and gets caught by Veles who rotates and DRIVES him down with a ring-shaking powerslam!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

HS: Poweslam out of nowhere! And that just might be enough!

[Veles even hooks the leg this time, earning himself a two count.... but that’s all.]

HS: Kickout! Oda kicks out again!

[The cheers grow louder for Oda this time as he refuses to lose. A fuming mad Veles slides across the torso of Oda, taking an MMA-style mount as Oda lifts his arms to cover his head.]

HS: Veles takes the mount and look out below! Lefts and rights, fists and palm strikes! He’s taking the fight to Oda!

[Most of the blows are easily slipping through Oda’s defenses, leaving the smaller man banged-up and reeling as the referee forces Veles to abandon the assault, climbing back to his feet again.]

HS: Veles is absolutely burning mad right now, letting that temper get the better of him as he hauls Oda to his feet...

[Veles makes a signal with his hand, signaling for the end.]

HS: And it looks like he’s looking for that pop-up powerbomb! If he hits it, it’s over!

[Veles shoves Oda into the ropes, squaring up for his signature maneuver. As Oda rebounds, Veles shoves him skyward...]

HS: POP UP...

[...but as Veles steps into position, Oda pulls his legs up underneath him, twisting his body into position for meteora as he lands knees-first on the surprised Veles, riding him all the way down to the canvas and reaching back to hook both legs as the referee dives down to the canvas.]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

MB: A VARIATION ON THE METEOR APOCALYPSE!

HS: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEE-

[But at the LAST moment, Veles kicks out, breaking the double leg cradle completely!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

HS: He almost had him, fans! He almost had him! Oda was a half count - maybe less - away from victory and moving on to the Semifinals of the Brass Ring Tournament!

[Oda looks up in pleading disbelief at the referee as he climbs to his feet. He runs his hands over his face, shaking his head again...

...and then leaps into the air, landing down with both feet and a “YAH!” He stands there in that position, watching as Veles regains his footing...]

HS: Veles is-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With a lunge step providing momentum, Oda DRILLS Veles with a brutal swift left jab, snapping his head back. Veles' eyes glaze over for a moment as he slides down to a knee, putting both hands on the canvas to keep from falling.]

HS: What a left jab!

[Oda looks out on the crowd, his hand still extended and in unison, Oda and the crowd declare...]

"KISS THE EMPEROR'S HAND!"

[...as Oda shoves his hand into Veles' face and the crowd cheers. With Veles still kneeling, Oda gives a slap to his knee, dashing across the ring to the ropes, bouncing back towards Veles...]

HS: GLORIOUS EMPEROR!

[Oda steps up on Veles' knee, looking to deliver a kneestrike to the skull...

...but gets shoved up into the air by Veles who comes up off his knee, catching Oda on the way down, and DRIVING him into the canvas with a thunderous powerbomb!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Veles stacks him up, folding Oda's legs over him in a jacknife position.]

HS: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEE!

[Veles stands up, dismissively shoving Oda's legs aside as he glares down at him.]

HS: "The Arawak" Jack Veles picks up the win over Fujin Oda and that means that he's going to be one of the Final Four in this tournament, Shark.

MB: Veles is a CCW veteran, Sutton. A tough, tough guy looking for a shot to break into the big time. If he wins this tournament, he just might get that chance.

HS: Moving on in the tournament with this win, Veles will now stand back and wait to see who will be joining him... and don't forget, later tonight we'll also be finding out what those Final Four men will be fighting for. Now, let's go back to the studio to Theresa and... well, me!

[We star wipe back to the starfield that is the hosting ground of the Power Hour.]

TL: Our first Quarterfinal match is in the books and Jack Veles advances. Harvey, you're very familiar with Veles. What do you think his chances to win this whole thing are?

HS: Jack Veles is a tough competitor and like Marcus Broussard said, he's just looking for his big break. This tournament could be that break. I hate to give any odds until we know the whole field advancing, Theresa.

TL: Fair enough. We'll circle back to some predictions before the end of the night but right now, we've got to take a quick break. When we come back, it'll be the T-Rex, Tyrone Stevenson, taking on Pops Palahniuk so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.]

And fade back up on a rising sun coming up over a crystal blue lake. A voiceover begins.]

"The future."

[The sun continues to climb via time lapse footage.]

"It is said that the future belongs to those who believe in the beauty of their dreams."

[The sun reaches its peak, dazzling as it lights up the water below.]

"At the Korugun Corporation, our dreams are the same as yours."

[Cut to a shot of children playing in a very green meadow.]

"To live... to love..."

[To a shot of two elderly people smiling as they hold hands.]

"To make the most out of every moment we are blessed with."

[To the crack of a baseball bat and a cheering crowd.]

"To the joys of community... of family... of kinship..."

[To a young toddler walking out into the surf on a beach only to be scooped up by a nervous father who lifts him high in the air.]

"To all of life's promise... and potential."

[To a spaceship rocketing off its launchpad towards the sky.]

"To pushing the boundaries of what is expected..."

[To a space shot of Earth below.]

"To bringing our futures into the present."

[The Korugun Corporation logo slowly crawls over the curvature of the Earth.]

"Korugun. To life and all that it offers."

[And we slowly fade to black...

...and then back up to where Tyrone "T-Rex" Stevenson is in a locker room in, one assumes, the Combat Corner. He has on a white CCW T-shirt with green lettering and a pair of baggy black shorts, to fit his MASSIVE waist and thighs. As he speaks, Stevenson runs a hair pick through his wild afro.]

TS: It seems the fans have been clamoring for more, whatcha call 'em? Hoss battles? But after what I did to "Big" Jim's boy, does anyone honestly think the outcome is gon' be any different with Pops Palahniuk in there?

Nah-uh...

Sorry, Pops, but history, no, PRE-history gon' repeat itself again and again – they keep linin' them hosses up and the T-Rex gon' keep T-WRECKIN' 'em!

[We fade away from the T-Rex...

...and up to an alley, probably walking distance from the Crockett. Night. A long, panning shot over the disparate members of CCW's Mud City Mafia leaning against a cyclone fence.]

"Now that the kingdom of Babylon's faded..."

[Pan over a one of the Agents of Oblivion.]

"...The Minotaur of the Midwest can turn his attention to you, T-Rex."

[Pan over the other, chunkier, Agent of Oblivion.]

"Beatin' Bishop Norris to get another step closer to that Brass Ring tells me ya pretty tough, Tyrone... As if I couldn't tell just by lookin' at ya."

[Pan over the still-unnamed woman in designer clothes, twirling a razor sharp balisong in her fingers.]

"But me and the Mud City Mafia got a question for ya, T-Rex..."

[Finally focus on a mountain of man with his back turned. The sheets of lighting tattooed across his scalp give away his identity as Pops Palahniuk.]

PP: Ya may be as big as Pops Palahniuk, and ya might even be as tough as The Minotaur of the Midwest...

[The snarling Palahniuk turns around, baring his broken teeth and braided goatee.]

PP: But are you fast enough to survive a storm that's aimed right at you?

[We fade through black back out to center ring of the Crockett Coliseum where the two men we just saw speak are now inside the ring.]

HS: We're back here in the Crockett on the Power Hour and look at the size of these two behemoths, Shark.

MB: The T-Rex is in here at 6'4 and 360 pounds. Pops is 6'4 and 377. Almost identical.

HS: Two hosses - if you will - about to do battle to see who will move on and join Jack Veles in the Semifinals of this Brass Ring Tournament.

[The bell sounds and the T-Rex is in motion, charging across the ring with a roar. Pops Palahniuk gets a couple of steps towards him before they clash together in a smash of super heavyweight bodies. Stevenson's momentum carries him forward, driving Palahniuk back into the buckles.]

HS: These two hosses are wasting no time in this one!

[Stevenson straightens up, slamming a heavy forearm down on the sternum... again... and again... and again. He grabs Palahniuk by the arm, whipping the slightly-larger man across the ring.]

HS: Pops hits the corner hard! I hope they reinforced the ring for this one!

[Stevenson barrels across the ring again, swinging his arms up over his head...

...and then twists his body, slamming his hind quarters into Palahniuk's midsection!]

HS: The hip attack in the corner finds the mark, knocking the wind out of Palahniuk...

[With the tattooed Palahniuk doubled over, Stevenson clubs him across the back with a heavy forearm... and another... and another... and another...]

HS: The referee's trying to get the big T-Rex out of the corner... and he obliges, dragging Pops Palahniuk out to the middle of the ring...

MB: He's going for a slam!

[Stevenson ducks down low, looking to scoop the big man up into the air...]

HS: Palahniuk is fighting it! Elbows to the side of the head, fighting his way out!

[Stevenson stumbles back, straightening up...

...which allows the Chicago native to leap into the air, lashing out with his foot, and catching the T-Rex in the back of the head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

HS: ENZUIGIRI! WHAT ATHLETICISM! INCREDIBLE!

[The crowd is still buzzing for the show of skill as we cut to deeper in the match...

...where Palahniuk is whipping Stevenson from corner to corner. He charges in after him, leaping into the air to crush Stevenson with a big running avalanche.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Stevenson stumbles from the corner...

...and the Mud City Mafia member BLASTS him with a standing lariat to the back of the head!]

HS: ENZUILARIATOOOO! That might do it!

MB: That's gotta feel like getting clubbed with a tire iron.

HS: Got experience with that, do you?

MB: Hey, I did my time working in Los Angeles.

[Sutton chuckles as we cut again...

...and come back up on Stevenson rallying behind a series of haymakers to the jaw, backing Pops across the ring. A well-placed knee to the gut doubles up the 377 pounder as Stevenson raises his arms over his head and slams home a double axehandle between the shoulderblades, putting him down on the canvas!]

HS: Stevenson busting out the heavy artillery, hammering away on Pops Palahniuk... but can he find a way to finish him off?

[Dragging Palahniuk off the canvas, Stevenson gives a pump of his big arm, charging to the ropes where he rebounds back...]

HS: T-WRECK ON THE WAY!

[But as Stevenson bounces back towards him, Palahniuk lifts him up into the air, twisting around with him in his arms...]

...and DRIVES him down with a big slam!]

HS: SKYWALK SLAM!

MB: Big time counter!

[With Stevenson laid out on the canvas, Palahniuk gets a running start, throwing himself into a big splash!]

HS: 377 POUNDS DOWN ACROSS THE CHEST! THAT'S IT!

[A three count follows, the fans jeering as Pops Palahniuk climbs back to his feet, glaring out at the crowd.]

HS: Now THAT was a win with authority, Shark.

MB: The T-Rex put up a fight but he seemed overmatched in this one to me, Sutton.

HS: Pops Palahniuk is moving on to the next round where "The Arawak" Jack Veles is already standing... and that's a whole lot of beef in the Final Four already, Shark.

MB: Absolutely. Crank up the catering budget for the Final Four, Blackjack... unless you've spent all the petty cash to buy that knockoff belt on your boy's shoulder.

HS: Easy, tiger. Fans, we're going to take another break but when we come back, it'll be "Sin City" Sid Osborne taking on Whaitiri from the Crockett Coliseum! Don't you go away!

[Fade to black as Palahniuk celebrates his win...]

...and then fade back up as the sounds of Jason Aldean's "Lights Go Out" starts to play over various shots of the New Orleans area. A steamboat docked on the shore. A statue in the middle of the city. A twilight overhead shot of cars zipping by on the freeway. An overhead shot of a church cuts to a time lapse shot of the SuperDome - the home of SuperClash VII as the clouds move swiftly by and the lyrics begin.]

#When the lights come on, everybody's screaming#

[A night time drone shot of the Mercedes-Benz Superdome lights up the screen and then cuts to an interior shot of a crowd celebrating in the 'Dome.]

#Lighters in the sky, yeah, everybody's singing#

[A fan shot of a yellow sign that reads "HOME SWEET DOME" cuts to another crowd shot, this one of a fan gripping a sign that reads "THE DOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS."]

#Every word to every song to a girl to take it home tonight#

[A large crowd shot of a cheering crowd, showing off the immense audience who will be packed into the Dome soon enough.]

#When the lights come on, everybody's feeling#

[Older footage comes up, showing the huge audience that once packed into the Superdome to see Muhammad Ali fight Leon Spinks cuts to a shot of that actual fight.]

#A hallelujah high from the floor to the ceiling#

[A football falls just out of the reach of one of the San Francisco 49ers in a shot from a Super Bowl played in the Dome.]

#Yeah, the drink that we're drinking, the smoke that we're smoking#

[Cut to a shot of Mick Jagger center stage in the Dome at a Rolling Stones concert held there and then to Keith Richards from the same show strumming his guitar.]

#The party we throw, it's going all night long#

[A burst of pyro fills the screen before we see a time lapse of the crowd filing into the stadium for a New Orleans Saints game.]

#When the lights come on#

[Cut to another time lapse shot outside the Superdome as the sun goes down and the lights come on.]

#When the lights come on#

[And we cut to the SuperClash VIII logo with all the information on the show...

...and we fade back up to the Power Hour starfield where Theresa Lynch and Harvey Sutton are standing.]

TL: Welcome back to the Power Hour, fans... and we'll be back down in Dallas for the second half of the Brass Ring Tournament Quarterfinals in just a but but before we find out who will be joining Pops Palahniuk and Jack Veles in the Final Four, we're shifting gears for a moment. Last time on the Power Hour, we saw a verbal sparring session between the returning "Wrestling Wiki" himself, Walter Warren, and another individual we haven't seen in some time, Jackie Wilpon. Tonight, that war of words turns physical... or so we thought.

[Theresa points to the camera.]

TL: Let's take a look.

[We fade to the ring, as a EDM beat is heard playing in the background. You can make out what appears to be typing sounds, along with the sound of a classic 28.8k modem. The crowd cheers, as a slightly built young man steps between the ropes, and waves to the crowd. Rebecca Ortiz smiles, as she begins to introduce the young man.]

MS: Folks, Mark Stegglet here alongside Colt Patterson, and the popular Walter Warren's hoping to continue his winning ways here tonight after he returned on Power Hour!

CP: He's got Jackie Wilpon tonight, and Wilpon may not even be at fifty percent with that bad knee of his.

MS: I don't think Warren's going to refuse another chance to get one over on Jackie Wilpon. Rebecca Ortiz is ready to introduce our two competitors!

RO: This match is one fall with a ten minute time limit! Introducing first, hailing from the World Wide Web and weighing in at two hundred and twenty pounds..

"THE WRESTLING WIKI" WALTER WARREN!

[The crowd continues to cheer as Warren raises his arms in the air. He makes his way to a neutral corner, and leans against the turnbuckles as the music fades out.]

RO: And his opponent, from Queens, New York and weighing in at two hundred and thirty two...

[Suddenly, a booming voice is heard over the PA as the crowd boos.]

?: Eyyyyy... sweetie, sweetie, sweetie, sweetie!

MS: That's a rude interruption if I ever heard one.

[The mocking voice causes Ortiz to pause, and scrunch her face like she just smelled something. The camera pans to the top of the aisle, where Jackie "Fingers" Wilpon steps out. The crowd boos, seeing that Wilpon is not dressed to wrestle. In fact, he's wearing a sharp white suit with dark blue pinstripes, and an orange handkerchief is shown in his breast pocket. Wilpon has a grin like a cat ate a canary.]

MS: Well, I guess Warren's going to win this one by default.

CP: I dunno, Steggy, it looks like Jackie's up to somethin'. That's the kinda grin where he knows somethin' none of us know.

[Wilpon clears his throat.]

JW: I can honestly say that I was worried that ya'd call my bluff two weeks ago.

[The camera pans to Warren in the ring, looking like he has no clue what's going on.]

JW: As ya so helpfully pointed out to the folks here and at home, yeah... my knee's all outta wack. I can't wrestle no more. Nothin' gets past ya, eh?

BUT!

[Wilpon chuckles.]

JW: That didn't mean that I wasn't gonna try to bluff ya. I took a gamble, see... ya see, when I was a..

[Wilpon clears his throat, again.]

JW: "Legitimate businessman".. I had a bunch of my mooks handlin' all of my gigs, and when they was installin' some new and cool software that I never could wrap my punch drunk head around, they all had one thing in common.

They never looked at the terms and conditions.

[Wilpon reaches into his front pants pocket, and pulls out a small object.]

CP: Do you ever read the terms and conditions?

MS: All the time!

CP: Yea, right?

[Wilpon continues.]

JW: This is why we're in trouble here and we always give up so much of our own information to less than legitimate businessmen, but I digress. I have a beatin' that I'm about ta give ya.

I figured, that even though yer a smart kid, ya wouldn't bother to read the contact. Ya'd put pen to paper and never given it a second thought.. until it was too late.

[Wilpon shows the object to the camera. It appears to be an official AWA manager's license.]

JW: I was right. This is an actual, honest to goodness official AWA manager's license. No shenanigans were involved, this is all legit. I didn't threaten to whack anyone. No bribes here, even though I'm sure some of the AWA higher ups are willin' to accept a little extra spendin' cash. I applied, waited a few days, and got it. I just had to show my... health insurance.

MS: Health insurance?

[Wilpon's smile turns into a wicked grin.]

CP: I think we're about to see what Wilpon's talkin' about.

JW: Allow me to introduce to you, Walter Warren, and the AWA, my own personal 'health insurance'.

He comes from the deepest part of all yer worst nightmares.

He stands six foot, nine inches tall.

He weighs in at three hundred an' eight pounds.

I present to you.. THE MAN... OF THE HOOOOUUURRR!!!!

THE TOWER... OF PPPPOOOWWWEEEEERRRRRR!!!!

BBBBLLLLAAASSSSTTTTTEERRRRRR
MMMMMMAAAASSSSTTTTTEERRRRSSSSOOOOONNNNNNN!!!!

[The opening to "Investigation Of A Citizen Above Suspicion" by Fantomas starts to play as a tall, imposing figure steps out onto the aisle. This man is none other than the AWA's newest acquisition, Blaster Masterson. Masterson is a very well built man, wearing a dark leather vest. We can see that poking out of the opening in the vest is some very sweaty chest hair. Yes, Masterson is a very sweaty man, but he doesn't look like the type to mind. In fact, it would look like it would be a very bad idea to bring it up.]

MS: You don't think?

CP: I don't think there's any connection, if you're about to ask what I think you're gonna ask.

MS: I see. Best to nip things in the bud right now.

[The camera backs up, showing the large frame of Masteron. As spittle drips from his mouth, Masterson yells loud enough for the camera to pick up what he says.]

BM: AH'M GONNA UPLOAD MAH FOOT TA HIS FACE.

[Masterson pauses, closing his eyes and gritting his teeth in a smile. A rather unsettling chuckle is heard, as Wilpon jumps up and pats Masterson on the back. Both men continue their slow walk to the ring.]

[Masterson's gear itself is fairly basic. Tonight, he's wearing a pair of bright blue trunks, black knee pads, and black boots. There's a large elbow pad on his right arm. The source of the sweat seems to be from his medium length, curly brown hair. The sweat also glistens off the dark stubble on his face, as well. Masterson wipes some of the sweat from his face as both men approach ringside.]

[Masterson, standing next to the ringside apron, jumps up to the apron. He steps over the ropes, getting ready to begin the match.. however, Walter Warren has other plans and takes the match to him!]

MS: The bell sounds and we're underway! Warren showing a lot of guts here as he's on the attack the moment Masterson steps into the ring!

CP: Not exactly the smartest of moves, Steggy! Warren looks like he has no idea who this guy is, and it's never a good idea to get within arms reach of a guy of Masterson's size!

[Sure enough, Patterson is correct. Once Masterson is fully in the ring, he grabs Warren, picks him up, and hurls him across the ring!]

MS: Well, we already know one thing about Masterson, this young man has a ton of strength!

CP: He might outweigh Warren by 80 pounds, but throwing a guy across the ring no matter the size difference is no easy feat!

[Warren rolls to the corner, and pulls himself to his feet. Masterson lumbers, waiting for Warren to get situated in the corner. Once he sees Warren in a vulnerable position, he charges!]

MS: Masterson's got speed too! Like a freight train..

[Stegglet has to hold that thought! The crowd cheers as Warren flings himself out of the way, however, Masterson stops before he crashes into the turnbuckle/]

CP: Whoa! He stopped on a dime!

[Masterson quickly turns around, facing Warren. He starts shaking his head, a serious look on his face as Warren tries to jockey for position.]

MS: The processors in Warren's head have to be working overtime, trying to figure out a solution!

CP: No super computer can work that fast, Masterson's closin' in on Warren in a hurry!

[Desperate, Warren tries to lunge at Masterson's well built legs. However, it doesn't work as Masterson crashes a forearm into Warren's back.]

CP: Should have tried to roll out of the ring and download a different plan!

[After crashing another forearm into Warren's exposed back, Masterson yanks Warren to his feet, and slings him over his shoulder. Wilpon, on the outside, points to a corner, and Masterson obliges, charging into the corner, and smashing Warren's back into the turnbuckles!]

MS: That definitely shook the ring!

CP: It definitely shook up Warren's insides too.

[Masterson steps back, and puts his left palm underneath Warren's chin, exposing his chest. Masterson then crushes Warren's chest with his right forearm, sending spit flying from Warren's mouth. Masterson then puts both palms underneath Warren's chin, and appears to be shouting something intelligible, spit flying all the way.]

CP: This isn't exactly the most hygienic of exchanges here!

MS: Do you want to point that out to Masterson?

[Pause.]

CP: Nope!

[The referee steps in, and guides Masterson back towards the center of the ring. Wilpon runs his mouth as Warren clutches his chest, breathing heavily after getting slugged in the chest. Warren stumbles out of the corner, into the waiting clutches of Masterson, who brings him up and down with a side slam.]

MS: Masterson showing some serious strength too! Now look at this, Masterson and Wilpon are running their mouths! Wilpon especially is loving to talk all this garbage towards Warren while Warren is down.

[Masterson backs off slightly, as Wilpon starts shouting instructions. With a loud 'CRUSH HIM!', Masterson steps forward, jumping high in the air.]

MS: Masterson with some serious height...

[However, Masterson comes up empty, as Warren rolls out of the way of a huge leg drop. The crowd starts to rally behind Warren, who pulls himself to his feet. Not giving Masterson a chance to recover, Warren quickly drives both feet into Masterson's face!]

MS: Nobody home, and Warren's quickly on the attack! Picture perfect seated dropkick, and Warren's thinking of his next move!

CP: He better not be thinking too long!

[Warren, thinking of what to do next, looks at the corner. He hops up to the second rope, and jumps off, driving his knees into the midsection of Masterson!]

CP: I think Warren's finally figuring Masterson out! This would be quite the disaster for Wilpon if Warren comes out on top!

MS: Warren jumps on top of Masterson! He just might get him!

[The referee drops down, and can only get one as Masterson kicks out with authority, tossing Warren in the air.]

CP: But he didn't, just way too early.

MS: It definitely seems like it's going to take more than a double knee to the midsection to finish off Masterson, but he knows he's gotta keep his distance while he tries to figure out this massive individual!

[Warren points to the turnbuckles, as he's thinking of going up again. This time he jumps out onto the outside apron, and climbs to the top rope as the crowd gets behind him. Masterson quickly clambers to his feet.]

MS: Warren with a leap of faith!

[Warren flies towards Masterson, however, the crowd groans as Masterson grabs him out of the air.]

MS: My goodness, what power!

CP: He just plucked Warren right in mid air with no problem whatsoever! Warren shouldn't have gone for a flying body press! He should have stuck and moved!

MS: Indeed, and now he's going to pay for it!

[Sure enough, Masterson lifts Warren up over his head.]

MS: Gorilla press.. and he's holding him up there!

CP: Five.. six... seven.. eight... nine... ten seconds!

[On the outside, Wilpon goes a gesture, like breaking something over his knee.]

MS: Masterson holding on, looking at Jackie Wilpon for instructions, and.. down across his knee with a backbreaker!

[Masterson slaps his palms on Warren's chest, and the referee drops down to make the count.]

CP: Good night!

[The ref counts to two... and Warren shoots a shoulder up!]

MS: Warren's out of there in the nick of time, and Wilpon's imploring Masterson to end this in a hurry while Warren's in a ton of pain from that backbreaker.

[With a nod, Masterson yanks Warren to his feet, and positions Warren, who's standing on wobbly legs. Masterson extends his arm, and before he can make impact with a standing clothesline, Warren ducks in the nick of time!]

MS: Warren escapes before Masterson can take his head off! Warren bounces off the ropes, and catches Masterson flush across the face with a forearm!

[Masterson, however, stays on his feet. Warren steps back, and then lunges forward, catching Masterson in his massive chest with a dropkick that sends Masterson back into the corner!]

MS: Warren's not out of this by any means! He's getting this crowd pumped up!

CP: He's hardly had a chance in the last couple of minutes to come up with a game plan.

MS: I thin Warren's playing it by ear at this point, there's no time to think, he's gotta go for a home run shot here.

[Warren runs to the other corner, and raises his arms to the cheering round. With a loud yell, Warren runs across the ring..]

MS: Warren's gonna knock the big man out....

[Just as Warren looks like he was going in for the kill, Masterson seemed to have instantly recovered, and runs across the ring, crushing Warren's skull with a charging big boot! The crowd audibly gasps as the sound of boot meeting flesh echoes throughout the arena.]

MS: Wow.

CP: Masterson just struck Warren out, maybe permanently!

MS: That was a 60 yard field goal kinda kick, to borrow a different sport's terminology!

CP: Right through the uprights.

[Warren crumples to the mat, as Masterson bellows in triumph. Wilpon looks on, and yells for Masterson to put an end to Warren once and for all. Warren rolls to his back, and Masterson looks down with murderous intent, sweat dripping from his face as he reaches down to grab Warren by his neck.]

MS: C'mon! He could probably score the pinfall right now, but he's choking the life out of that young man!

CP: I think he's about to do more than that! You can hear Wilpon shouting on the outside! He wants Warren to go for a ride!

[As Wilpon's shouts of "UP" echo throughout the arena, Masterson yanks Warren to his feet with one hand.]

MS: Warren can barely stand, and Wilpon still keeps yelling on the outside...

[As spittle flies from Masterson's face, the color is seeping out of Warren's face. With one hand, Masterson hurls him straight up in the air.]

MS: With one hand! My goodness! He's got him up!

[Wilpon then gestures towards the ground, and Masterson then throws Warren to the mat with a devastating chokeslam!

MS: One handed chokeslam! The ring just shook!

CP: I think this while building just shook on that impact! This one's definitely over!

[While one would normally agree with that assessment, Wilpon does not agree. With one finger raises in the end, Masterson reaches down and drags Warren to the corner by his hair.]

MS: First the big boot and now that one handed chokeslam. This should have been over already!

CP: What do they have planned here? Ya gotta wonder, Wilpon wants revenge on Warren, and I think he's gonna finally get it!

[With a shout of 'EXIT LIGHT' from Wilpon, Masterson brings his palms together and closes his eyes. He then rests his head next to his hands, mimicking a sleeping person. He stands over Warren, and his eyes shoot open. With a crazed look on his face, he reaches down and yanks Warren to his feet.]

MS: Now what? He's got Warren in a standing headscissors!

[Masterson leans his head back, closing his eyes once again with a serene look on his face. He outstretches his arms. Suddenly, he shouts something out, and opens his eyes. He then yanks Warren onto his shoulder.]

MS: What's he going for... oh no.

[Suddenly, Masterson lurches forward, and starts to spin. After two rotations, he just tosses Warren indiscriminately into the air. Warren then crashes, helplessly into the mat with a sickening thug.]

CP: Ya don't see that move that often anymore, Steggy. That's the whirly bird, some folks even call it the helicopter powerbomb. It's one of the most devastating powerbomb variants out there, and I don't think Masterson knows, or even cares where his opponent lands.

MS: If this doesn't end the match, I don't even want to know what Masterson and Wilpon have left in store.

[Mercifully, Masterson does decide to end the match. He drops to his knees, pressing his palms into Warren's chest, and the ref drops down to count to three. Wilpon climbs the ringside stairs, and enters the ring as the bell rings to the boos of the crowd. "Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion" starts to play as Rebecca Ortiz announces the winner.]

MS: It looks like we're about to get some medical attention for Walter Warren here after that devastating powerbomb, and Sweet Lou is on his way to ringside to get word from the victorious duo.

[Wilpon and Masterson leave the ring, as Sweet Lou Blackwell approaches them. The music starts to fade as Blackwell gets into position to conduct the interview.]

SLB: Well, guys I'm gonna have to say..

[Masterson then lunges forward to the surprise of Blackwell.]

BM: YA SEE THAT, SWEET LOU, AH JUST BLUE SCREENED THAT LITTLE POINDEXTER ONCE AND FOR ALL, AH JUST WIPED HIS HARD DRIVE PERMANENTLY..

[Masterson then grits his teeth.]

BM: ...and it felt pretty damn good ah tell ya what.

[Blackwell then wipes the sweat and spittle from his face as Wilpon saunters up, grinning. In the background, EMTs have entered the ring to start preparing Warren's exit from the ring.]

JW: Ey, it's Sweet Low, whaddaya know, it's finally time ya interview..

[Suddenly, Wilpon turns his head towards the ring.]

JW: Yo, what is this?

[Wilpon and Masterson look on as Warren is taken from the ring, and put on a comfortable looking gurney.]

JW: Hey, look at dis guy here, all layin' in the ring like a wise guy. He shatters all my hopes and dreams and ruins my business in and out of the ring, and he gets to leave the ring in comfort and style after my big man works him over?

[Wilpon lowers his head.]

JW: Warren, even in his final days, continues ta do me dirty.

BM: THERE AIN'T NO JUSTICE IN THIS WORLD.

JW: I couldn't have said it any better myself, my friend.

[Wilpon sighs and pulls out his phone.]

SLB: Uh, excuse me, what's going on? What are you doing?

JW: Louie, I think this is the last time that anyone leavin' the ring against the big man is leavin' the ring in luxury.

[Wilpon is typing a few things into the phone as Sweet Lou looks on.]

JW: Technology, am I right?

[Sweet Lou looks on.]

SLB: Uh, right about what?

[Wilpon shakes his head, ignoring the question. After a moment, a smile crosses his face, and he shows Masterson what's on his phone.]

SLB: Ey, what do ya think, big guy?

[Masterson rubs his chin, then closes his eyes, and snickers through his teeth.]

BM: AH LOVE IT!

JW: Yo, Sweet Lou, ya wanna see?

[Before Sweet Lou can answer, Wilpon shoves the phone in his face.]

SLB: Goodness..

[Sweet Lou adjusts his tie.]

SLB: At least it's not a coffin.

JW: I can still get one if ya really want me to?

SLB: Uh, no.

JW: Ya sure? It ain't too late, I didn't hit the order button yet.

[With a worried look on his face, Blackwell shakes his head.]

JW: Suit yerself, I think this is good enough anyway. Hey. I know ya wanted to get some comments and stuff about what happened here tonight, but I think we're

gonna be back on Saturday Night to send another victim to the hospital. If ya wanna know more, then ya know to find us there. Catch ya then, Sweet Lou.

[Wilpon then walks off. Before Masterson can follow, he looms over Blackwell, sweat still dripping from his face.]

SLB: Uh, can I help you?

[Masterson leans forward, then closes his eyes, and snickers through his teeth again. He then walks off past Blackwell, as Blackwell wipes some more of Masterson's sweat from his face as we fade back to the studio.]

TL: The arrival of Blaster Masterson on the scene here in the AWA and... what do you know about this man, Harvey?

HS: He's big, he's strong, he's intimidating, and Wilpon just might have something on his hands, Theresa.

TL: 2016 is rapidly coming towards its end but Wilpon may have a major star on his hands for 2017 and beyond. I look forward to seeing what else Blaster Masterson brings to the table in the weeks to come... but for now, we've got to take a quick break. When we come back, we've got a special surprise for you... and then we'll be heading back to the Crockett Coliseum for the final two matches in the Quarterfinals of the Brass Ring Tournament.

[We fade away from the starfield to black...]

In stark, high contrast black and white, a large curtain with the words "SuperClash VII" written large across it cascades to the ground like a falling leaf. Behind it is a slow-motion montage of similarly stark monochrome clips, slowly fading in to each other. Leonard Cohen's rumbling, deep voice plays over top the minimalist orchestration of "You Want It Darker.')

[Brian Lau raises the hands of Wes Taylor and Tony Donavon...]

If you are the dealer
I'm out of the game #

[...Lau shakes the hand of "Dr." Harrison Fawcett...]

If you are the healer
It means I'm broken and lame #

[...Brian James looks over his shoulder as Lau raises the arm of Johnny Detson...]

If thine is the glory then
Mine must be the shame #

[...Summers, Mahoney and Kendrick all triple teaming the Gladiator...]

You want it darker
We kill the flame #

[...Shadoe Rage looking around the ring with maniacal eyes ...]

Magnified, sanctified, be thy holy name

[...The Hangman, shot from below, slowly tightens his noose around an invisible neck...]

Vilified, crucified, in the human frame

[...Flex Ferrigno with some poor victim's skull trapped in a powerful headlock...]

A million candles burning for the help that never came

[..."Flawless" Larry Wallace and his Best Damn Dropkick In The World in magnificent slow motion...]

You want it darker

[...Lauryn Rage makes her way down the aisle, Women's World Championship belt in one arm, phone extended at arm's length in the other...]

There's a lover in the story
But the story's still the same #

[...Erica Toughill cracks her knuckles, a slow-motion bubble emerging from between her lips...]

There's a lullaby for suffering
And a paradox to blame #

[...Another woman in a darkened space, the light forming a halo around her: the silhouette is in the general shape of Charisma Knight...]

But it's written in the scriptures
And it's not some idle claim #

[...Anton Layton fondles the Eye of Tyr, visibly giggling between Porter Crowley and The Lost Boy.]

You want it darker
We kill the flame #

[...Derrick Williams nailing Jordan Ohara with a Blackout, fading to Riley Hunter similarly betraying Ohara with an Instant Karma...]

They're lining up the prisoners
and the guards are taking aim #

[...Jackson Hunter trying to pull the Suited Savage MAWAGA off his prey...]

I struggled with some demons
They were middle class and tame #

[...Maxim Zharkov applying the Gorynych to a chained Kolya Sudakov...]

I didn't know I had permission
to murder and to maim #

[...Juan Vasquez piledriving Ryan Martinez, fading to a smile on Vasquez's face...]

You want it darker

[The stark monochrome montage is suddenly bathed in a golden light. A solitary figure is seen in the distance, standing tall.]

I'm ready, my lord...

[Before we get a good look at him or her, a metallic font splashes on screen.]

"SUPERCLASH VIII."

"The American Wrestling Alliance presents: SuperClash VIII: Thursday, November 24th, live from New Orleans."

[Fade to black...

...and as we fade back up...

To the tune of Black Flag's "TV Party...

DROPKICK PARTY TONIGHT! #
DROPKICK PARTY TONIGHT! #
DROPKICK PARTY TONIGHT! #
DROPKICK PARTY TONIGHT!

[And a series of quickly cut images interspersed with title cards, Guy Ritchie-style.]

We're gonna have a Dropkick Party tonight!
ALRIGHT! #

RILEY!

[Riley Hunter wielding a WiiMote like his nunchucks.]

We're gonna have a Dropkick Party alright!
TONIGHT! #

LOGAN!

[Logan Blackburn cackling to himself, before giving the camera a cheesy thumbs up when he notices it.]

We got an arsenal of moves
We throw dropkicks and the internet approves #

LARRY!

["Flawless" Larry Wallace runs his fingers through his hair, and points a finger pistol to the camera.]

Everyone's gonna watch us here tonight!
ALRIGHT! #

COUSIN JACKSON!

[Jackson Hunter shouting at a cell phone a foot away from his face, freezing on a truly terrifying expression and unimaginable profanity.]

We'll somersault off the top rope alright!
TONIGHT! #

CHET AND CHAZ

[The Wallaces, the American Idols perform a quick pose at the Chimpanzee position before passing through the curtain.]

We got an arsenal of moves

We throw dropkicks and the internet approves #

IDOL CHATTER!
EPISODE #47 - "Escalation"

[And fade to white...]

[Back to Riley Hunter backstage somewhere. A football, spinning end over end, flies in his general direction. Hunter has to duck down to catch it, but manages to keep it from touching the floor.]

RH: [to someone off-screen] That's how you do it, Nick! You're getting much better - your technique is improving monumentally. Okay, now, get ready... This one is coming like a missile.

FLW: Ahem.

[Larry Wallace walks in behind Hunter.]

RH: Hello, Lawrence.

FLW: AHM.

RH: In a second. Go long, Nicky!

[Hunter cocks his arm and fires a spiral off-screen. A second later, there is a loud, wet 'thunk,' accompanied by the sound of shattering glass. Hunter and Wallace both cringe.]

FLW: Ooh.

RH: Yow! Uh, Nick? You okay?

[He looks off-screen for the reply.]

RH: Good. Good. That was actually a fantastic stop you made there... with your face...

[Beat. Hunter mimes putting his palm on his forehead.]

RH: Yeah. Direct pressure.

[Hunter sighs wistfully before turning to Larry Wallace.]

RH: Look at him, Lawrence. Nick Axis is so amazing and inspirational. Like a... squirrel. With corrective shoes.

[He beams.]

RH: Am I the king of the analogy or what?

FLW: Well, how nice for you and your little friend. Now how about you stop stalling with him and get back to OUR competition?

RH: Because you're taking it too far, Lawrence! Why, I remember it like it was just a couple of months ago when I first joined the AWA...

[They both put their hands on their chins as a star wipe takes us to black-and-white footage from an earlier episode.]

CAPTION: "From Episode 36"

[Riley Hunter and Larry Wallace sit on either side of a chess board, watched by Chet, Chaz, and Cousin Jackson. Wallace eyes Hunter up from across the table; without breaking gaze, he picks up a piece and moves it. Riley Hunter smirks.]

RH: I'm sorry Lawrence, I think you missed it: queen to bishop three, bishop takes queen, knight takes bishop... MATE.

FLW: W-what? Wait! I don't lose! I never lose! Guys, back me up: I don't lose, right?

CHAZ: If he says you're losing...

CHET: If his horsey is coming for your castle...

JH: One night in Bangkok can make a hard man humble, Larry.

RH: So. Do you resign?

[The "Flawless One" scowls briefly. Then inspiration strikes. He produces a pool cue.]

FLW: Best two out of three!

[Star wipe to a pool hall. Hunter and Wallace lean over a pool table. Chet, Chaz, Cousin Jackson and a mountain of half-eaten nachos (a pile of black olives that they've picked off on the side of the platter) are in the background. "Flawless" lines up a shot at the 8-Ball.]

RH: You'll never make it.

FLW: Shush. Game on.

RH: It's a felt-ripper. It's off the table and into the Idol cousins' plate of nachos.

FLW: I intend to rise above your insults...

[Beat.]

FLW: ...But before I do, let me say that as a billiard player, you make a good bowler.

[A bowling ball drops between the cue ball and 8-ball.]

RH: Then let's settle it there! Best three out of five!

FLW: Bring it on, Ninja.

[Star wipe to the bowling alley. Hunter and Wallace are arguing at the ball return. Chet, Chaz, and Cousin Jackson are on another lane in the background.]

RH: Unbelievable! You probably main Hanzo and complain about team comp too.

FLW: I know all those words, and I have no idea what you just said, but whatever it is, I could beat you in that too!

RH: Okay doke, then!

[Hunter unzips his bowling bag and tosses a game controller to Wallace.]

FLW: Best four out of seven!

JH: [in the background, to someone unseen] MARK IT ZERO, SMOKEY!

[A rapid fire series of star wipes now. From in front of a console where Hunter throws down a controller...]

RH: RRR! Best five out of nine!

[...To a hockey rink where Larry Wallace snaps a hockey stick across his knee...]

FLW: Best six out of eleven!

[...To Riley Hunter throwing play money on a Monopoly board...]

RH: Best eight out of fifteen!

[...to Larry Wallace leaping out of a go-cart...]

FLW: Best eleven out of twenty-one!

[...To Larry Wallace glaring at Riley Hunter flawlessly lip-syncing the chorus of "Separate Ways" by Journey.]

RH: [to the music] Best - fif-TEEN... out - of - twen-ty-NINE!

[And star wipe to the current episode. Hunter and Wallace now have a ladder set between them, steadied by Nick Axis, a thick bandage over his mask.]

FLW: Then there it is. At SuperClash we'll settle it like the professionals we are.

RH: Absolutely, perfectamente, bien.

FLW: How do you beat someone who is flawless, Riley?

RH: I don't know. I was about to ask you the same thing.

[He mutters under his breath, just loud enough to make sure the Flawless One hears it.]

RH: Jerkbag.

[They start bickering again.]

FLW: Jerkbag? Jerkbag?! Of all the immature...

RH: Yeah, Jerkbag! I called you a jerkbag!

FLW: ...What kind of prepubescent insult...

RH: ...said far worse when we played "Candyland" and you couldn't get out of Molasses Swamp...

FLW: "Jerkbag?" YOU'RE the jerkbag, Riley! You're the jerkbag!

[And on that mature exchange, we fade to the closing credits... which are similar to the opening credits so we'll spare you...]

...and then back up to a darkened arena with a spotlight on the action in the ring that is already in progress. The voice of Mark Stegglet is heard.]

MS: Mark Stegglet here on the Power Hour with Colt Patterson by my side as we call the action in this one. And Colt, if you needed any more evidence that the American Wrestling Alliance is THE leading promotion in this industry, two weeks ago we saw returning competitors and tonight, we're witnessing another one as "Slim" Jim Colt takes on Jimmy Lidell.

[Inside the ring, Jim Colt - a lanky, long-limbed man with a reddish brown mullet and thin horseshoe mustache - is putting his big brown leather cowboy boots to work as they repeatedly land in the midsection of Lidell in the corner.]

CP: I've always like the Colt brothers, Stegglet...

MS: Something about their name perhaps?

CP: You're as funny as you are good looking and since you've got a face built for a podcast, that oughta tell ya something, punk.

[Colt swings a knee up into Lidell's midsection before grabbing him by the hair, pushing his throat down on the top rope.]

MS: That's a choke, referee - get a little closer look!

CP: What? Now you think you can officiate? You can barely commentate. You should stick to your day job of a stick jockey and leave the announcing to true professionals like me and Bucky Wilde.

[Colt gives a tug to the top rope, snapping Lidell off and putting him back down on the mat.]

MS: He goes by "Slim" Jim but he feels more like another "Big" Jim to me as he checks in around six and a half feet and 250 pounds. The big guy from Gun Barrel City, Texas is manhandling Jimmy Lidell... and if you're a fan of the Colt family, you're happy about that. Of course, I have to wonder what Jim Colt is doing out here in singles action. The last time we saw him in the AWA, he was one-half of the Longhorn Riders with his brother Pete Colt.

[With Lidell regaining his feet, Colt flips him over with a snapmare into a seated position before dropping down to a knee, driving his other knee into the base of the neck.]

MS: Jim Colt is just manhandling Jimmy Lidell out here... another hard knee to the neck... and look at that chinlock, yanking back on the face and bending out the neck further.

[Colt barks "ASK HIM!" at the official who obliges. When Lidell refuses to quit, Colt stands up and smashes an overhead elbow down on the crown of the skull, knocking Lidell down to his back.]

MS: Colt, tell us a little what you know about this guy.

CP: Jim Colt's a second generation competitor - the son of former tag team great, Sam Colt. And if you never saw Sam Colt wrestle, you missed a legendary competitor in action.

MS: I understand that Jim Colt was a student of one of the most legendary families in all of wrestling - the Keenings.

CP: You got it, Stegglet. He trained the Keening School of Grappling Arts in Tucson, Arizona... and you may think that makes him a weak-willed sissy like the Keenings but you'd be wrong. This guy is as tough as nails in there.

[Jim Colt lands two more elbows during all this before dragging Lidell to his feet, shoving him towards the ropes.]

MS: Well-placed boot to the gut finds the mark... look out!

[And a running kneelift connects as well, snapping Lidell's head back and putting him down on the mat.]

MS: Colt puts him down... and then puts the shoe leather to him! Those big cowboy boots bouncing off the skull of Jimmy Lidell over and over again!

CP: This is one of the things I've always liked about the Colts, Stegglet. They've got a mean streak a mile wide and aren't going to be one of those guys afraid to hurt someone because the fans might boo.

[Colt drags Lidell off the mat, snatching a side headlock. He strategically turns Lidell away from the official's view before jamming an extended thumb back into the throat!]

MS: Oh! Illegal tactics on display by Jim Colt but the referee didn't see it so the match goes on. Lidell struggling to keep air in his lungs, falling back into the ropes.

[The big Texan grabs an arm, whipping Lidell across the ring, and then putting him down with a leaping clothesline!]

MS: Ohhhh! Flying clothesline by Colt, right across the collarbone! And if he wants to, I think he can end this one right there, Colt Patterson!

[Colt slides into a lateral press, earning a two count before he pulls Lidell off the mat by the hair.]

MS: He pulled him off! He broke the pin!

CP: He's not done with him yet... and this is EXACTLY the kind of attitude we need around these parts, Stegglet. I love it!

[Dragging Lidell to his feet, Colt steadies him, leaving him standing on his own two feet before Colt dashes to the ropes, rebounding back...

...and swings his left leg up, leaping into the air off his right foot. He completes the bicycle kick motion, driving his boot up under Lidell's chin, knocking him right back down to the mat!]

CP: And NOW this one is over, Stegglet.

MS: I believe you're right about that, Colt.

[Jim Colt lowers himself into a press again, earning a three count.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

MS: Jim Colt scores the win with that devastating kick in his AWA return, fans!

[We get the trademark Power Hour starwipe and end up backstage where Mark Stegglet is standing with a victorious Jim Colt a little later in the evening.]

MS: Fans, Jim Colt made his return to the AWA tonight and-

JC: Stegglet, if there's one thing I didn't miss in my time gone from the AWA, it's the blustery foul wind comin' out yer punk mouth.

[Stegglet looks surprised.]

MS: I'm not sure what I did to deserve that, Jim Colt. All I'm out here to do is-

JC: All yer out here to do is be a rabble-rousin' troublemaker who tries to make these pathetic fans feel better about their lot in life. They want to be like Jim Colt. They all want to be like Jim Colt, kickin' tail and cashin' checks for a living. You know, Stegglet, I've been all over the world doin' exactly that and you know what fans all over the world have been asking me?

MS: What's that?

JC: "Do you want fries with that?"

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

JC: No, I don't! You can keep yer stinkin' fries! You can keep yer stinkin' support 'cause I don't want it neither! You can keep yer cheers for guys like Cesar Hernandez... like Caspian Abaran... 'cause I don't want it!

MS: What DO you want?

JC: What do I want? I want the money. I want the gold 'cause it means more money. And I wanna beat people up. Simple enough for you, Stegglet?

MS: It is. But I've got one more question. Where is your brother?

JC: What Pete does is none of yer damn business, Stegglet! You don't worry none about it! When Pete wants you to know what he's doin', he'll be right here by my side tellin' ya. Ya hear me, Stegglet?! Ya hear me?!

MS: I do. And so does the rest of the AWA after that win here tonight. Ladies and gentlemen, the returning Jim Colt! We've got to take a quick break but when we come back, it's the conclusion of the Quarterfinals of the Brass Ring Tournament!

[Fade to black...

...and to a high angle view of a poker table. Zoom in over the dealer's shoulder. Brian Lau, resting his chin between his thumb and forefinger, hides behind his dark sunglasses.]

BL: I'm in.

[Pan over to "The Professional" Dave Cooper beside him, arms folded; he throws in a handful of chips.]

DC: I'm in.

[Pan over to Anton Layton, his face half-darkened by the hood over his head.]

AL: I'm in.

[Pan over to Jackson Hunter, his icy, hawk-like stare turning to the fifth player at the table...]

JH: I'm in.

[...A rather young-looking man who is clearly not meant to be a wrestler, but an Audience Avatar.]

AA: ...

[As the four managers glare the Audience Avatar down, we look over his shoulder and see he is holding cards featuring AWA promo shots, framed in various precious metal colors.]

AA: I'm all in.

[Cut to simulated game footage, featuring digital cards with the pictures of AWA personalities on them, voiced over by "Sweet" Lou Blackwell. A purple Travis Lynch card "slams" a blue Johnny Detson card.]

SLB: (voice-over) Play AWA Galaxy Cards, featuring all of your favorite AWA wrestlers!

[CAPTION: (in 6 pt. font) Not Actual Gameplay.]

SLB: (voice-over) Build your deck, improve their stats, and form a team to prevail over your opponents in Exhibition Mode...

[Cards featuring Next Gen, Maxim Zharkov and Skylar Swift are shoved off screen by The Hangman, Taylor and Donovan, and Erica Toughill.]

SLB: (voice-over) ...Or go it alone in "Steal the Spotlight" mode for your chance to become Legendary!

[CAPTION: (in 6 pt. font) Includes In-App Purchases.]

[A series of cards featuring Supreme Wright, Lauryn Rage, Ryan Martinez and Brian James (among others) in gold, silver, and diamond fly past the screen.]

[Cut back to live action at the poker game. In the background, a despondent Brian Lau has out-turned the pockets of his tailored suit and found only lint. Dave Cooper rests his head on the table in wide-eyed shock. Anton Layton's head is skyward, wailing to the elder god that has forsaken his luck. Jackson Hunter smashes his stool on the floor like an ill-tempered hockey coach. The dealer turns his now-familiar yellow-and-black painted face to the camera.]

S: There's more than one way to become a Legend in this card game!

[Supernova shoves a mountain of poker chips over to the Audience Avatar, who is on his phone playing the game.]

SLB: (voice-over) AWA Galaxy Cards: available on the App Store and the Play Store. Link your AWA App account and earn a free Legendary Booster Pack!

[Fade to black...

...and then we cut to a backstage shot in front of a CCW banner where we find CCW's backstage interviewer Mariah Wolfe. Wolfe is an attractive brunette in her early twenties and is dressed in a black and white blazer and mini-skirt set.]

MW: It's a wild time here in CCW, with everyone trying to grab the brass ring and make it to SuperClash, but when you talk about wild, you have to talk about the

man about to join me, and what happened in the ring the last time we saw him. I'm talking about the Kiwi Sensation himself, Whaitiri!

[Into the frame steps Whaitiri. Tall, handsome and tanned, the half-Maori is wearing a tight fitting tank top that shows off his muscular arms and chest, and a pair of looser fitting workout pants. His black hair is loose and slicked back. There's a smile on his face and a glint in his eyes as he nods in greeting to Wolfe.]

W: Kia ora, Mariah, and Kia ora, CCW!

MW: While you've advanced in the tournament, I know you can't be happy about how you advanced...

W: You know, that's right, Mariah. I don't want to spend a lot of time talking about it, because you all saw what happened. But let me say this – Odin Gunn, that ain't how it ends between the two of us.

You want to play games like that? Well, I already let Blackjack know that the moment you're back, I want you in that ring, and this time? Well, this time I know what you got, and I'm ready for you.

But that ain't why we're here tonight. Tonight, I've got a fight that I can't take my eyes off, and I won't be overlooking.

MW: That is, of course, your match with "Sin City" Sid Osborne, a man who is never at a loss for words.

[After a chuckle, Whaitiri nods.]

W: You got that right, Mariah.

Ya know, the first thing I heard when I walked through the Combat Corner doors was Sid's voice. He was in the ring complaining about this or that. And you know what Mariah? He's still complaining about this or that.

I'm sure when Sid gets his chance to talk, he'll be complaining about me.

MW: And what do you think about Mr. Osborne's criticisms? You have to have a little bit of sympathy for someone who feels that they earned something they haven't been given.

W: Well let me say this first, I've got nothing but respect for Sid Osborne. I've watched him in the training center, and I've watched him in the ring. And when he shuts his mouth and puts up his hands, there's not many better.

I'm not going to take anything away from you Sid. You've got the goods, but maybe, just maybe, if no one wants you around, then it's you, not them.

But you see, all the stuff that comes out of Sid's mouth? It's just words. You got your chance, Sid, right here, right now, against me. You want to be big time? You want to be seen?

You just gotta get through me.

But I'm not about all that trash you talk. I'm grateful for every chance I'm getting here in CCW. I'm grateful for Mr. Michaelson, and I'm grateful that the fans spend their hard earned money and come out and see us.

Even the ones cheering for you, Sid.

[Whaitiri flashes a grin after those words.]

W: But the first thing Mr. Michaelson taught me was that business gets done in the ring. You want to talk about politics? You want to talk about favoritism? You want to talk about all the things you should have?

Yeah, no Sid. There's only one thing to talk about.

And that's you and me, in that ring. It's you standing up against someone whose young, hungry and ready to go right through you. And it's about me getting in there and showing you that you're not the best in the world.

How can you be? When I'm about to beat you.

MW: Bold words.

W: Words I'm ready to back up.

Listen close, Sid. When it comes down to it? There won't be no one in the ring but you, me, and the referee. No one holding you back, except yourself, and no one pushing me forward except myself.

I'm gonna give me all, and I know you will to. And when I beat you, I hope you can shut that mouth of yours long enough to realize that it wasn't the system that beat you.

It was the man named Whaitiri!

MW: Well, with that level of confidence, we are all looking forward to seeing you in action.

W: Thanks Mariah, haere ra, goodbye for now.

Sid, see you soon!

[We fade from one backstage shot to another where "Sin City" Sid Osborne is sitting on a wooden bench in a locker room in the Crockett Coliseum, wrapping white tape around his forearms, wrists, and hands. He's already worked up a sweat but his upper body and head are covered by a black hoodie.]

SO: It's the oldest trick in the book, isn't it? Call out what your opponent is going to do and say so that when he does and says it, you get lauded for being so insightful.

"Well, he's going to win because he knows what his opponent is going to do to before he does it!"

[Osborne mockingly claps.]

SO: Bravo, Whaitiri. Bravo.

You called my shot. You told the world that I'm going to complain about you. And you're right, pal. I'm going to do exactly that because there's just so much to complain about.

[Osborne shrugs.]

SO: You're physically gifted. I'll give you that.

But what you're not is the second coming of Caleb Temple, John Wesley Hardin, and Eddie Van Gibson all rolled up into one.

I can see why the suits like you though.

[Osborne rises off the bench, staring into the camera.]

SO: Good looking. Lots of muscles. Good story to sell to the rubes.

It's no wonder they've made you the heir apparent.

Funny thing about heirs apparent though... they have a way of falling from grace when they run into the Sin City Savior.

[Osborne smirks.]

SO: There was another heir apparent around here once upon a time. Big guy. Lots of muscles. Had a great story to sell the rubes on. Everyone who saw him said...

[He snaps his fingers.]

SO: "That guy. Right there. That guy is going to be a future World Champion. That guy right there is going to be a superstar."

That guy... was Max Magnum.

Why don't you go ask him how things turned out when he crossed paths with me?

Visiting hours at the hospital are between eight and six.

[The Savior wraps another strand of tape around his forearm.]

SO: I broke him. I broke Michaelson's favorite toy.

But in the world of pro wrestling, you're only the next big thing until someone else comes along that the suits like better. Someone shinier. Someone prettier. Someone else that makes their eyeballs turn into dollar signs like Scrooge McDuck.

And so the pedestal has been built for you.

Whaitiri.

The former rugby player from New Zealand. The blue chip prospect. The guy everyone wanted.

The next big thing.

[Osborne smirks again.]

SO: The heir apparent anew.

But for all the people in the front office who like you, Whaitiri, there's at least someone who doesn't.

Because they put me on your path to SuperClash.

[Osborne's face changes, the humor gone and replaced with anger.]

SO: And I'm not a test. I'm not a stepping stone. I'm not a proving ground.

I'm the Sin City Savior.

I'm Sid Osborne.

I'm the best in the world.

And that's all that matters.

[The Las Vegas native continues to stare into the camera as we fade through black out to the ring where both competitors have already entered.]

HS: We're back at the good ol' Crockett for one-on-one action and this just might be my pick for the best matchup of the Quarterfinals, Shark.

MB: Not much to dislike about this one. Whitiri is a blue chip prospect with future champ written all over him. Sid Osborne, like his attitude or not, is one of the best wrestlers on the planet right now.

HS: Shark, when Power Hour viewers hear you say something like that about a guy like Sid Osborne, I'm sure many of them wonder - if he's so good, why isn't he on Saturday Night Wrestling already?

MB: There's a lot that has to line up in place for something like that to happen, Sutton. Timing has to be perfect. There has to be a spot ready for him at the big show. Osborne's also had a history of injury problems and attitude problems to boot. You can be sure both of those things have kept him in CCW.

HS: That's why something like the Brass Ring Tournament is so important, right? A chance to break into the main roster without having to make everything line up. Timing be damned.

MB: Winning this tournament doesn't get you an automatic spot on the big roster, Sutton... but it does put a lot of eyeballs on you when it matters.

HS: Amen to that. And as this one gets set to begin, you have to imagine there's a lot of pressure on both of these men.

[As the bell sounds, the two competitors stride out towards the middle of the ring. A quick tieup ensues but that's not going to be good for Osborne who gets shoved back to the corner with ease.]

HS: Referee calling for a clean break... and he gets one.

[Whitiri backs off, nodding his head confidently as he claps his hands together. Osborne glares at him as the New Zealand native steps back to center ring.]

HS: Whitiri's calling him back to the middle, looking to tie up again...

[And that's exactly what happens but again Whitiri simply walks Osborne back, pushing him up against the buckles. Osborne grimaces as Whitiri gives another clean break.]

HS: More of the same from this duo. Osborne seems to be sizing up Whitiri - all six foot three and 255 pounds of him.

MB: Which puts Osborne at a size disadvantage. He's down a handful of inches and after his recent comeback from injury, Osborne's slimmed down a little as well. He's down about 10 to 15 pounds and looks to be in tremendous condition heading into this tournament.

[Osborne edges out of the corner for the third time...

...and then suddenly pulls up, holding up a hand as he points to Whitiri's boot.]

HS: Looks like Whitiri's got a lace loose there... good sportsmanship out of Osborne to-

[But as Whitiri kneels down to fix the equipment issue, Osborne surges forward and kicks him right in the mouth!]

HS: OH! COME ON!

[The crowd gets right on Osborne's case immediately as he starts stomping the hell out of the fan favorite.]

HS: Osborne's doing a number on him! Kicked him right in the mouth - did you see that?

MB: Absolutely. And you've gotta wonder if that reflects a change in attitude for Osborne. Before his injury, he had an edge to him but seemed obsessed with earning the respect of the fans. Maybe not so much anymore.

[Osborne drags Whitiri off the mat by his wavy dark hair tied into a ponytail. A pair of short forearms followed by a backhand chop sends Whitiri spiraling away into the ropes.]

HS: Osborne shoots him across... big right hand, ducked by Whitiri... into the ropes...

[The Sin City Savior throws himself at the running Whitiri's feet, causing him to hurdle over him and keep going.]

HS: Up and over, Whitiri off the ropes again and-

[This time, the New Zealand native leaves his feet, leaping high and extending long to take down Osborne with a crossbody!]

HS: Look at the athleticism of Whitiri!

[Both men scramble to their feet, trying to get there before the other. Whitiri is a step quicker though, leaving his feet again, and fully extending his legs to catch Osborne on the chin, sending him back down to the mat where he promptly rolls out to the floor!]

HS: What a dropkick!

MB: I hope Larry Wallace is watching because he just might have some serious competition heading his way!

[Osborne is grumbling to himself out on the floor, holding onto his chin as he angrily kicks the barricade. A ringside fan jumps to his feet, shouting at Osborne and the Sin City Savior elects to return the favor, not backing down as security inches closer to the tense scene.]

HS: Really? You're in a match that could see you wrestle at SuperClash in front of the entire world and you're wasting time yelling at a fan?

MB: Like I said, Sutton, Osborne's had his share of attitude problems over the years and this is a perfect example of it.

[A man of the people, Whitiri angrily steps through the ropes, jumping down off the apron. He walks up behind Osborne, spinning him around into a big right hand... and another... and another...]

HS: Whitiri's got him reeling on the floor!

[An Irish whip sends Osborne towards the ring but the Las Vegas native leaps up, using the ropes to swing himself around into a seated position on the apron. Whitiri rushes forward but Osborne boots him in the mouth!]

HS: Oh! He caught the big man coming in!

[Osborne scrambles up to his feet, stepping towards the steel ringpost as Whitiri stumbles away...

...and then charges down the apron, leaping off with a somersault dive!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

HS: CANNONBALL OFF THE APRON!

[The crowd roars at the daredevil move...

...and we cut deeper into the match where Osborne has Whitiri down on his back in the corner, stomping repeatedly. He grabs the top rope, planting his boot on Whitiri's throat, choking him as the referee lays a count on him.]

HS: Osborne showing the dark side of his personality, choking Whitiri down on the mat.

[Osborne breaks at four, stomping across the ring as a coughing Whitiri uses the ropes, trying to get back to his feet...]

HS: Whitiri trying to rise, battling the loss of oxygen in his body brought on by that choke...

[Suddenly, Osborne tears back across the ring, throwing himself into another somersault, smashing Whitiri against the buckles with his full body weight!]

HS: CANNONBALL IN THE CORNER!

[Osborne climbs off the mat, throwing a glance to make sure Whitiri is in the proper position - seated against the buckle. He runs across the ring, hopping up to the midbuckle and pushing off to charge back again...

...and leaps up, driving both knees into the upper torso and face of a seated Whitiri!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

HS: KNEES TO THE HEAD!

[Grabbing Whitiri by the ankles, Osborne drags him out of the corner, diving across into a pin attempt.]

HS: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! TH-

[The powerful Whitiri kicks out, breaking the pin attempt as Osborne angrily glares at the referee...

...and we cut deeper into the match again, this time with Whaitiri firing up and firing back, throwing haymakers at the Las Vegas native.]

HS: Whaitiri's fighting back! Big right hands!

[With Osborne reeling, Whaitiri rushes to the ropes, rebounding back at full speed...]

HS: CHARGE OF TUMATAUENGA!

[...and throws himself at Osborne with a spear tackle!]

HS: OH! HE MISSED!

[A quick sidestep by Osborne sends the rookie flying through the ropes, crashing down hard to the floor.]

MB: A perfect example of Whaitiri's lack of experience, Sutton. Someone with some ring time under their belt never would've gone for such a big move at that moment... and look at Osborne!

[The Sin City Savior charges to the ropes, building up speed as he barrels across the ring...]

...and HURLS himself between the middle and bottom ropes with a tope dive, sending Whaitiri falling back into the barricade!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Osborne lands on his feet, sneering at the crowd as Whaitiri reels against the railing. He moves in, landing a pair of big chops across the chest. He grabs Whaitiri by the arm, turning to face the adjacent railing...]

HS: Big whip!

[But as Whaitiri gets rocketed towards the railing, he shocks the crowd - and Sid - by hurdling over the railing, landing on his feet just beyond it. Osborne rushes after him...]

...and Whaitiri greets him with a big forearm to the mush!]

HS: Osborne got rocked! He got popped right in the mouth with that forearm!

[Osborne stumbles backwards as Whaitiri turns to the crowd, giving a shout that they echo as he walks deeper into the crowd.]

HS: Where's he going?

MB: Maybe he's calling it a night.

HS: That doesn't seem likely to me, Shark...

[Whaitiri suddenly turns around, rushing through the ringside area...]

...and HURLS himself over the railing, catching a stunned Osborne with a flying clothesline!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

HS: FLYING CLOTHESLINE CONNECTS! WHAT A DIVE!

[Whaitiri climbs to his feet, giving a shout as he pumps both arms, showing off his well-toned torso to a big reaction from the Dallas crowd as we cut again...

...and end up with both men back inside the ring. Whaitiri has Osborne trapped in the corner, throwing heavy punches, cuffing Osborne upside the head on both sides as the crowd cheers him on.]

HS: Whaitiri's pounding away...

[Grabbing an arm, Whaitiri whips Osborne across the ring, sending him crashing into the turnbuckles.]

HS: Into the corner... here comes Whaitiri!

[Osborne front rolls out of the corner...

...but Whaitiri leaps OVER him, landing on the middle rope!]

MB: What the-?!

[And as Osborne comes back to his feet, Whaitiri leaps high into the air, twisting around into a crossbody that takes the Sin City Savior down!]

HS: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

[Osborne shrugs out of the pin, breaking it before the three count. Whaitiri scrambles to his feet, "cocking" his right arm as he does...

...and as Osborne gets up, Whaitiri BLASTS him with a palm strike uppercut, snapping Osborne's head back, sending him staggering backwards!]

HS: Osborne falls back to the corner... WHAITIRI!

[The crowd ROARS as Whaitiri connects with a running leaping splash in the corner!]

HS: WRATH OF WHAITIRI!

[Whaitiri grabs Osborne by the hair, tossing him out towards the middle of the ring where he stumbles, falling to a knee. Osborne pushes up off the mat as Whaitiri gives a huge shout, throwing both arms back...

...and then charges across the ring, leaping into the air, and DRILLS Osborne with a flying spear tackle!]

HS: CHARGE OF TUMATAUENGA! HE WIPES HIM OUT!

[Whaitiri balls up his fists, shoving them down into Osborne's chest.]

HS: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

HS: SHOULDER UP! HE GOT THE SHOULDER UP!

[Whaitiri falls off Osborne, looking out at the roaring crowd in shock. He shakes his head in disbelief as he climbs off the mat...

...and then points to the corner.]

HS: He's going up top! He's looking for Ranginui's Prayer!

[Whaitiri approaches the corner, ducking through the ropes to the apron. He steps to the middle rope... then to the top...

...where he finds Sid Osborne on his feet, clutching his ribs as he staggers across the ring...]

HS: Osborne's up and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

HS: THE SIN CITY SAVIOR KNOCKS HIM FROM HIS PERCH!

[Having thrown himself into the ropes, Osborne knocks Whaitiri off balance, causing him to crotch himself up on the top rope. Osborne grabs the long ponytail, causing it to come loose as he throws a big right hand at Whaitiri's skull... and another... and another!]

HS: Osborne throwing the heavy artillery in the corner... stepping up on the middle rope...

[He reaches up, pulling Whaitiri by the hair, dragging him into a front facelock...]

HS: He's going for a superplex!

[But before he can take Whaitiri over, the New Zealander fires a pair of right hands into the ribs...

...and then SMASHES his skull into Osborne's!]

HS: HEADBUTT!

[The skull-splitting blow sends Osborne sailing backwards off the ropes, crashing down to the canvas...

...and with the crowd roaring, Whaitiri steps to the top rope, looking out on the crowd! He throws up his arms, hands twisted into the "I love you" hand sign before he hurls himself into the air, soaring high in the sky...]

HS: RANGINUI'S PRAYER!

[...and CRASHES down on the prone Osborne with a flying splash!]

HS: HE GOT IT! HE GOT IT ALL!

[Whaitiri reaches back, hooking a leg...]

HS: ONNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Whaitiri pops up to his feet, throwing his arms into the air in victory as the Crockett Coliseum crowd cheers.]

HS: And there you go, Whaitiri is moving on to the Final Four, joining Jack Veles and Pops Palahniuk there!

MB: It's a weird thing to say about someone as jacked as Whitiri is but I gotta call this one a bit of an upset, Sutton. I thought Sid was going to use this tournament to ride all the way to the main roster and Whitiri just spoiled all of those plans in a major way.

HS: He certainly did... and upset or not, I have to imagine that Sid Osborne is absolutely shellshocked at the conclusion to this one, Shark.

[We cut a few moments later where Osborne is back on his feet, clutching his ribcage as he looks across at the celebrating Whitiri who is up on the middle rope, paying tribute to the cheering fans...]

HS: A look of disappointment on the face of the Sin City Savior. He realized the stakes of this one and unfortunately for him and his fans, he came up short tonight in this one against the New Zealander.

MB: A tough loss for sure. Osborne may need to do a little soul-searching after this one, Sutton. What do you do after a loss like this that just completely takes the wind out of your sails?

HS: That's the question that Sid Osborne's gotta be asking himself right now.

[Whitiri hops down off the middle rope with a pump of his arms, a big grin on his face as he turns around and finds Osborne staring across the ring at him. Whitiri pauses, considering the situation...

...and then extends his hand.]

HS: Check that out, Shark. What a show of sportsmanship by Whitiri right there.

MB: I don't agree with it.

HS: Why not?

MB: Why shake a man's hand when you can stab him in the back - that's always been my motto... also on the Lynch family crest from what I've heard.

HS: You're too much, my friend. You truly are. Sid Osborne now, looking out at these fans, considering the offered hand...

[The fans cheer loudly, imploring Osborne to accept the handshake. He steps closer, nodding his head...

...and shakes Whitiri's hand to a huge reaction!]

HS: Alright! How about that, Shark?

MB: Makes me a little sick to be honest.

HS: Osborne raising Whitiri's hand, pointing to him to the crowd. Telling the crowd that he's the guy! He's the man that's going to carry CCW into 2017 and beyond! He's the guy who-

MB: You know what Sid should do now? Waffle him from behind!

HS: Maybe that's what you would do but not everyone is-

[Sutton gets cut off in mid-sentence by Whitiri turning away from Osborne who THROWS himself into a clip, driving his shoulder into the back of Whitiri's knee!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

HS: WHAT THE-?!

MB: HAH! I told you, Sutton! I told you!

HS: Sid Osborne just clipped Whitiri from behind! I don't believe it!

[The crowd is jeering loudly as Osborne puts the boots to Whitiri, keeping him down on the canvas.]

HS: Enough is enough for crying out loud!

MB: I'm pretty sure that the Sin City Savior is going to make that decision, Sutton.

[Osborne angrily grabs Whitiri by the leg, slipping it over the back of his neck.]

HS: STRETCH MUFFLER! THIS IS HOW HE PUT MAX MAGNUM IN THE HOSPITAL!

[The Sin City Savior aggressively pulls on the leg over and over, bending the limb across his neck as Whitiri cries out in pain. The referee shouts at Osborne, signaling for the bell again.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

“DING! DING! DING!”

[Osborne doesn't pay any attention to the bell or the official, continuing to assault Whitiri's knee as the Crockett crowd lets him have it. The referee turns towards the locker room, waving his arms...

...and the locker room empties out, a sea of fan favorites running down the aisle towards the ring.]

HS: We've got help coming! Hang on, kid!

[Osborne sees the reinforcements en route and decides to fight another day, bailing from the ring and leaving Whitiri on the mat, grabbing his knee in pain.]

HS: And there he goes, running like a thief in the night!

MB: A thief who may have just stolen this tournament from Whitiri! We don't know what kind of damage he did right there, Sutton, but we know what kind of damage he CAN do with that hold. Whitiri just might have had any chance of snatching the Brass Ring ripped right out of his hands!

HS: You're certainly right about that. Whitiri is down on the mat, in obvious pain... and fans, we'll get you an update on his condition before the Power Hour goes off the air tonight. We've got one more commercial break and when we come back, it'll be the final match of the Quarterfinals with Gabriel Cordova taking on Lord William Wesley Windsor so stick around, won't you please?

[Fade to black...

...and then fade back up as the sounds of Jason Aldean's "Lights Go Out" starts to play over various shots of the New Orleans area. A steamboat docked on the shore. A statue in the middle of the city. A twilight overhead shot of cars zipping by on the freeway. An overhead shot of a church cuts to a time lapse shot of the SuperDome - the home of SuperClash VII as the clouds move swiftly by and the lyrics begin.]

#When the lights come on, everybody's screaming#

[A night time drone shot of the Mercedes-Benz Superdome lights up the screen and then cuts to an interior shot of a crowd celebrating in the 'Dome.]

#Lighters in the sky, yeah, everybody's singing#

[A fan shot of a yellow sign that reads "HOME SWEET DOME" cuts to another crowd shot, this one of a fan gripping a sign that reads "THE DOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS."]

#Every word to every song to a girl to take it home tonight#

[A large crowd shot of a cheering crowd, showing off the immense audience who will be packed into the Dome soon enough.]

#When the lights come on, everybody's feeling#

[Older footage comes up, showing the huge audience that once packed into the Superdome to see Muhammad Ali fight Leon Spinks cuts to a shot of that actual fight.]

#A hallelujah high from the floor to the ceiling#

[A football falls just out of the reach of one of the San Francisco 49ers in a shot from a Super Bowl played in the Dome.]

#Yeah, the drink that we're drinking, the smoke that we're smoking#

[Cut to a shot of Mick Jagger center stage in the Dome at a Rolling Stones concert held there and then to Keith Richards from the same show strumming his guitar.]

#The party we throw, it's going all night long#

[A burst of pyro fills the screen before we see a time lapse of the crowd filing into the stadium for a New Orleans Saints game.]

#When the lights come on#

[Cut to another time lapse shot outside the Superdome as the sun goes down and the lights come on.]

#When the lights come on#

[And we cut to the SuperClash VIII logo with all the information on the show before we fade to black...

...and then back up in the study of one Lord William Wesley Windsor. It is decorated as would be the set of Masterpiece Theatre with its shelves of first editions and high wing-backed chairs with ornately carved arms. Fine draperies allow just enough light in to assist the candelabra. Lord Windsor sits in his chaise, dressed in a crimson velvet smoking jacket, an ascot tied loosely around his throat, an open shirt and waistcoat and slim black pants. He wears velvet black slippers on his feet. Before him, tea is set up in a matching set of a fine porcelain china cup, pot and plates. His butler/manservant Arthur pours him a cup, measuring a squeeze of lemon as Lord Windsor looks on speculatively.]

WWW: Arthur?

A: Yes, my Lord?

WWW: I wonder if perhaps you hadn't noticed these cameras in my study?

A: Oh indeed I have, sir. I nearly injured myself bringing in the china. Almost tripped on one of the cables, my Lord.

[Lord Windsor tuts with something approaching sympathy in his eyes. Remarkable.]

WWW: That would have been a tragedy had you fallen, Arthur.

A: Thank you, my Lord. Most kind.

WWW : Yes, this china is a family heirloom. I would have been terribly cross if you broke it.

[Of course.]

A: Of course, my Lord.

WWW: So you shall be very careful of your footing, yes?

A: Yes, my Lord.

WWW: Now back to my original question, Arthur.

A: Regarding the presence of the television cameras, my Lord?

WWW: Yes, regarding the presence of the television cameras. Do you think, Arthur, that they are here for you?

A: No, my Lord, that would be...

A & WWW: Silly.

WWW: Yes, Arthur, it would be silly. So I wonder, if perhaps you could see yourself out of my bloody foreground and fade into the background like the tiny little henge you're supposed to be!

A: Immediately, my Lord!

[Arthur dutifully retreats to stand behind his Lord's wing-backed, claw-armed chair. Satisfied, Lord Windsor picks up his cup and plate and gently sips at his tea.]

WWW: Ah yes, quite lovely, Arthur. Just the proper dash of lemon. [Addressing the fans and the camera] Now, let's get down to business, shall we? You all saw that I am a man of my word, didn't you? I told you that I was going to thumb that... what's his name...

[Windsor snaps his fingers, pretending to struggle to recall.]

A : Nakano, my Lord.

[Clearly, Arthur missed the intended disrespect. Lord Windsor gives him a withering look.]

WWW : Yes, Nakano... in the eye. Thank you, Arthur. And I did. And I advanced. And I am pleased that I did. That Brass Ring shall be mine and no one else's. Now, this time out I understand I face one Gabriel Cardigan...

A: Cordova, my Lord.

[Arthur clearly isn't one for the unsubtle art of disrespect. He is, however, beginning to draw his Lordship's ire and exasperation.]

WWW : (darkly) Cordova. Thank you again, Arthur. Mr. Cordova, I watched your match against that greasy Frenchman and I was almost impressed. You have some skill, I will give you that. I don't know how you managed to hold on to that man. I was practically begging someone to wipe down my monitor after he was on screen. But I digress, because while I was impressed by your skill in the ring, I then watched your interview and I felt more than a little miffed. You seemed to want to aggrandize yourself by saying that you shook hands with Mr. Juan Vasquez once and had the indecency to be impertinent to him. And you think you deserve to grasp the Brass Ring based on this? I poked Lady Camilla in the bustle with my broly and said the same thing. Doesn't earn me any stripes in the ring, now does it, Cordova?

[Lord Windsor pulls an aggrieved face as he sips his tea again.]

WWW: Cordova, you're a jumped up little guttersnipe if I've ever seen one. But here's your problem. I am not jumped up. I am royalty. But I am a guttersnipe. A mean and vicious churl who has had his fill of jumped up little wankers like you. My God... was Pittsburgh full of them!

[Lord Windsor's eyes roll in disgust.]

WWW: So, I'm going to advise you of something. I am not that Frenchman. Attempt to lay hands on me and I shall twist your arm off. Attempt to kick me and I shall take the offending foot, break it off at the ankle and stick it straight up your posterior with astounding alacrity! Attempt to sully me in any way and I shall make you pay in means and methods only the greatest lovers of the sport of kings could appreciate. I shall snap your tendons, rip your muscles from their moorings, and your tender little bones until they break. Am I clear, my dear?

[Another break for tea.]

WWW: Knowing you, probably not. You probably think that I am all bluster. Your defeat of the Frenchman has these people cheering your name and imagining that you will be crowned the tournament winner. A feel good story, I suppose. You probably are sharing these same delusions of grandeur. You are probably imagining the warm feel of that brass ring. Let me explain to you what you shall feel, my dear.

The Iron Throne.

[Lord Windsor becomes deadly serious.]

WWW: First you shall feel the pain commence in your knees and ankles as I twist your legs into a figure four. Then you will feel the blood flow to your brain stop as I slip my arm under your chin and crush your carotid artery. Then pain will explode all along your legs, your spine and neck as I apply pressure. The air will stop reaching your lungs. The blood will not reach your brain. Your bones will bend against each other to breaking. Your tendons will be pulled to the point of separation. You will panic. You will struggle. And in your last moments of consciousness you will shake your hand first in submission and then to your better. And when you wake you can tell the next lot of gullible fools who will listen to your braggadocious tales that you met Lord William Wesley Windsor in the ring once and you told him how good you were, but he proved he was your better.

[The calm, cold way Lord Windsor sips at his tea as he says these final words has a chilling effect. He stares coldly into the camera, a slight sneer quirking up one corner of his mouth. On that grim image, the cameras fade from this view...

...and up to a shot of Gabriel Cordova once again standing in front of a "BRASS RING TOURNAMENT" banner. He is dressed in a very familiar white Tracksuit with black trim.]

GC: So...that was interesting. As far as debuts go, that wasn't too bad.

[He nods to himself.]

GC: I think I had a pretty good debut. A GOOD debut. Not a great debut. Not a mind blowing debut. Not a "this thing is gonna blow up and go viral all over social media and everyone has automatically decided to love me 'cause I was just that AMAZING!" debut.

[He stops and gives a small smile.]

GC: So I guess you could say...I can do better.

And I will.

[Wink, wink.]

GC: 'Cause now that we got the first match jitters outta' the way, now that we got the weird, greasy, awkward Canadian out of the way...

...I have the weird, snobby, awkward European in my way?

[A slight frown.]

GC: So tell me, Mister Lord William Wesley Windsor...

[He raises an eyebrow.]

GC: Is that name for real?

[Cordova shakes his head.]

GC: Never mind. Anyways, tell me oh great Mister William Wesley Windsor...in all your travels around the world learning the fine art of combat sports, studying at the feet of all those grandmasters of fighting, do you think they adequately prepared you to face someone like me?

[He smirks.]

GC: Actually, don't answer that. Because I already know the answer.

They did NOT.

Because in all the world, I guarantee you there's NO ONE like me.

[Cordova leans in and whispers "NO ONE." again for added emphasis.]

GC: So you cheat. You fight dirty. You got world-class technique to go along with low class tactics and no class attitude and on top of all that, you got an obedient manservant to nurture and feed your ego.

You think that makes you special?

[A dismissive chuckle.]

GC: Nah, homie...that makes you predictable. The rich guy that wanted to get into wrestling so he threw his money around and learned from the best?

[Cordova slaps himself on the cheek.]

GC: Dios mio, do they clone guys like you in a factory? Did they somehow forgot to include the stunningly beautiful and equally insufferable female escort in a ball gown when you purchased your evil rich wrestling guy starter kit? Were you just too cool for the numeral after your name?

[He makes a quick cut gesture across his throat.]

GC: But enough about dismissing your formidable and extensive training. Let's talk about something interesting. Let's talk about something exciting. Let's talk about...me.

[Big grin.]

GC: Now, what I do in the ring? Well, I don't wanna brag or anything, but...

...THAT is special.

[He nods in the affirmative.]

GC: That is mastery and showmanship and thrilling fly by the seat of your pants technique and skill cultivated by years of facing every damn master technician, bloody brawler, anti-gravity high flyer, gigantic freak and all points in between, that the world beyond the AWA and CCW had to offer!

I watched my first wrestling match when I was four. I WRESTLED my first match when I was fifteen. And here I am, ten years later, knocking on the door to fame, fortune and who knows what else. Ten years of blood, sweat, tears, trial and error, failure and success and living outside the spotlight while wrestling in the underbelly of our beautiful sport.

[Cordova rubs his fingers together and makes the universal sign for money.]

GC: And I don't care how much money you got, 'cause that is experience that money can't buy.

[Grin.]

GC: So I hope you don't take it too personally when I'm kicking your face off and spilling some of that blue blood of yours all over the canvas, Windsor.

But I've fought for this moment.

I've lived for this moment.

And nothing...

NOTHING!

...is gonna' stop me from grabbing brass ring.

[And we fade back out to the ring at the good ol' Crockett Coliseum where both competitors have already entered the ring.]

HS: It's Main Event time here at the Crockett with the final matchup in our Quarterfinals in the Brass Ring Tournament. So far tonight, Jack Veles, Pops Palahniuk, and Whitiri have advanced in the tournament to the Semifinals coming up two weeks from tonight.

MB: And Sid Osborne might've taken Whitiri OUT of the tournament altogether!

HS: That remains to be seen but right now, we're going to see the brutal technician Lord William Wesley Windsor take on the hard-hitting high flyer Gabriel Cordova. I'm looking forward to this one.

[As the bell sounds, Windsor arrogantly saunters out of his corner to the middle of the ring, using a toe to draw a "line in the sand" and defiantly daring Cordova to cross it...

...and cross it Cordova does, running across the ring and flooring Windsor with a leg lariat!]

HS: OHH! Cordova takes him down!

[Windsor scrambles up but before he can act, a roundhouse kick to the chest takes him right back off his feet, putting him down on the canvas.]

HS: The skillful feet of Cordova being put to good use!

[Windsor gets up a second time but Cordova is waiting for him, throwing a kick to the side of the knee that stuns Windsor. A quick kick to the chest follows, causing him to stagger back. Cordova stays on the attack, moving swiftly to throw a pair of strikes...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[The open-handed blows, one from each hand has Windsor reeling as Cordova snaps off another kick to the chest immediately followed by a leg sweep that puts Windsor down on the mat to cheers from the crowd...

...which quickly turn to jeers as the British technician rolls under the ropes to the floor, grimacing as he grabs at his sternum. His manservant Arthur makes his way towards him to aid his master but Windsor angrily dismisses him, walking around the ring to try and regroup.]

HS: And what a start out of Gabriel Cordova! Lord Windsor is reeling at the outset of this one...

[But Cordova is looking to stay on the attack, slingshotting over the top rope to land on the apron. He throws a back kick, bouncing it off the chest of Windsor, sending him stumbling backwards...]

HS: Cordova still kicking away at Windsor - look out!

[Cordova leaps into the air, springing back off the middle rope with a breathtaking moonsault that wipes out Windsor as Cordova lands on his feet.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

HS: MOOOONSAULLLLLT TO THE FLOOOOOOOOR!

[Cordova grins, turning to the crowd and gesturing to himself as the crowd roars their approval.]

HS: And Gabriel Cordova has won the hearts of these fans in Dallas early on in this one.

MB: That's all well and good, Sutton, but winning the hearts of the fans doesn't do any good if you can't win the match as well.

HS: You don't believe he can?

MB: I think Lord William has got a lot left that we haven't seen yet and if Cordova doesn't stop playing to the crowd, he's got no chance.

HS: Well, Gabriel Cordova certainly believes he can win... and these fans certainly believe he can win as well!

[We cut deeper into the match where Cordova has Windsor trapped in the corner, lighting him up with knife edge chops to the chest...]

HS: Cordova's working him over in the buckles... grabs the arm... whip... no, reversed!

[As Cordova approaches the corner, he runs up the buckles to the top, backflipping off...]

...and Windsor simply sidesteps, allowing Cordova to crash and burn with his moonsault, crashing chestfirst down on the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

HS: A HARD FALL DOWN TO THE MAT!

[Windsor sneers at the camera, mockingly dusting off his shoulder as Cordova writhes in pain on the mat. He slides into position, burying his knee in the lower back of Cordova as he applies a chinlock, pulling back on his opponent.]

HS: A simple hold but simply effective as well, wrenching the neck and the back of Gabriel Cordova.

MB: This is a punishing hold, Sutton. It may not look like much but it's got it where it counts, kid.

[Windsor continues to wrench the head and neck, a ferocious expression on his face as the official checks to see if Cordova wants to submit.]

HS: One simple sidestep completely has changed the complexion of this one.

[We close on Windsor's punishing chinlock before we cut deeper into the match, this time watching Windsor as he pushes Cordova back into the corner...]

...and pops him under the chin with a forearm uppercut!]

HS: Ohh! European uppercut on the money!

MB: You know, I talked to Lord William a little earlier tonight and he told me that that is clearly a British Uppercut.

HS: A British uppercut, huh? If you say so.

MB: He says so.

[A second uppercut leaves Cordova clinging to the ropes as Windsor takes a walk, nodding to the protesting official. He walks to the far corner, pointing at Cordova before he charges in after him...

...and slams chestfirst into the corner as Cordova slips through the ropes to the apron!]

HS: Lord William misses his charge to the corner!

[He stumbles back, shaking his head to clear the cobwebs before staggering towards Cordova out on the apron...

...but Cordova uses the aid of the ropes to leap off, bouncing a boot off the head of Windsor!]

HS: Ohh! He caught him again!

[Windsor staggers back again, shaking his head back and forth as Cordova climbs the turnbuckles...]

HS: Windsor's trying to steady himself, keep his footing and-

[The crowd roars as Cordova leaps off the top, snatching Windsor around the head and neck, and DRIVES him down with a somersault neckbreaker!]

HS: Flying neckbreaker brings Windsor down hard!

[Cordova gets back to his feet, throwing his arms up and drawing another cheer as he waits for Windsor to stagger back to his feet...]

HS: Kick to the ribs... and another... and one to the chest as well!

[Cordova winds up, throwing another kick to the ribs but Windsor catches this one, holding the leg at full extension...

...and then DRIVES the point of his elbow down into the side of Cordova's knee as he drops down to his knees on the mat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

HS: Windsor with a devastating counter, going right after the leg! And Cordova's in a lot of pain after that one!

[Kneeling on the mat, Windsor nods approvingly at his actions as Cordova rolls back and forth nearby, clutching his knee...

...and we again cut deeper into the match where Windsor is using a spinning toehold on the leg we just saw him assault.]

HS: Windsor continues to work on the leg, twisting it and torquing it around his own. Trying to attack the knee and take away both the kicking power of Cordova as well as the high flying skill.

[With the leg twisted, Windsor kneels down on it, trapping the leg under him. He reaches out, grabbing a handful of Cordova's hair, pulling his upper body off the mat and into a double underhook.]

HS: Look at this hold, Shark.

MB: Hey, Lord William continues to impress, Sutton. He's able to transition from hold to hold, stretching the limbs, pounding the ligaments and tendons. You've gotta be impressed.

HS: I certainly am... and I'm guessing Gabriel Cordova is as well at the moment.

[Keeping the double underhook applied, Lord William waits for a few seconds, checking for a submission but when he doesn't get one, he comes off the mat, turning the submission hold into a butterfly suplex!]

HS: Nicely executed suplex... rolls right through it, pulling Cordova up to a seated position and- OH!

[The crowd groans as Windsor throws a stiff kneestrike to the face, knocking Cordova back down. Lord William dives across him, planting the forearm on the face, grinding it in as he covers.]

HS: Windsor covers for one... he gets two but that's all!

[Windsor barks at the official as he climbs off the mat, dragging Cordova up. He walks him across the ring, smashing his head into the turnbuckle. With Cordova in the corner, Windsor lifts the leg, depositing it over the middle rope as Windsor kicks the knee repeatedly...

...and as the referee backs him off, we cut deeper into the match one more time. We come back with Windsor shoving Cordova out of a sleeperhold, sending Cordova into the buckles. He stumbles back into a rear waistlock...]

HS: Lord William looking for the German Suplex...

[Cordova grabs the wrists, breaking the grip, twisting around, and leaping into the air to snap a foot off the back of Windsor's head to a big cheer!]

HS: ENNNNNZUIGIRIIII!

[Cordova climbs off the mat, gingerly hobbling on the one good leg as he gets back to his feet and steadies his footing. Holding the back of his head, Windsor climbs off the canvas in a bit of a daze. He surges forward, throwing a wild right hand at Cordova who bridges backwards, getting a huge cheer for his avoidance of the haymaker...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Gritting his teeth, Cordova straightens up, twisting to meet the turning Windsor with a series of rapid palm strikes to the chest...]

HS: And Gabriel Cordova may be experiencing a second wind!

[...and snaps off a rolling sole butt to the midsection, doubling up Windsor.]

HS: Downstairs goes the Southern California native!

[Cordova gives a shout to the crowd, swinging his good leg up and driving the sole of his boot down on the back of Windsor's head!]

HS: OHH! What on Earth do you even call that?!

[Windsor straightens up, holding his head with both arms as Cordova spins and BLASTS him in the jaw with a rolling elbow!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The blow sends Windsor falling back into the ropes. Cordova turns, shouting to the fans for a moment...

...which is when Windsor bounces off the ropes, diving towards the mat...]

HS: OHH!

MB: HE CLIPPED HIM! HE CLIPPED CORDOVA!

[Cordova hits the mat, screaming in pain as he grabs at his injured knee. Windsor grabs the legs, giving a yank to pull Cordova closer to his spot near the ropes...

...and then leans over, jackknifing the legs into a pinning position.]

HS: Windsor's got him down! ONNNNNNNNNNNE!

[And with the referee focused on the shoulders, Windsor slips his feet up over the middle rope for leverage.]

HS: He's got his feet on the ropes! Referee, he's got his feet on the ropes!

[But the official sees nothing, slapping the mat a second time... and a third!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

HS: He got him! He got him and he's going to the Final Four!

[Windsor promptly bails out of the ring, smirking at the crowd's reaction as he calmly raises his arm in victory, his fingers up in the "V for Victory" symbol.]

HS: He stole this one from Gabriel Cordova, Shark! Stole it!

MB: When the stakes are this high, you do what it takes, Sutton.

HS: Fans, I can't believe this. We'll be right back!

[Fade to black...

...and then fade back up as the sounds of Jason Aldean's "Lights Go Out" starts to play over various shots of the New Orleans area. A steamboat docked on the shore. A statue in the middle of the city. A twilight overhead shot of cars zipping by on the freeway. An overhead shot of a church cuts to a time lapse shot of the SuperDome - the home of SuperClash VII as the clouds move swiftly by and the lyrics begin.]

#When the lights come on, everybody's screaming#

[A night time drone shot of the Mercedes-Benz Superdome lights up the screen and then cuts to an interior shot of a crowd celebrating in the 'Dome.]

#Lighters in the sky, yeah, everybody's singing#

[A fan shot of a yellow sign that reads "HOME SWEET DOME" cuts to another crowd shot, this one of a fan gripping a sign that reads "THE DOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS."]

#Every word to every song to a girl to take it home tonight#

[A large crowd shot of a cheering crowd, showing off the immense audience who will be packed into the Dome soon enough.]

#When the lights come on, everybody's feeling#

[Older footage comes up, showing the huge audience that once packed into the Superdome to see Muhammad Ali fight Leon Spinks cuts to a shot of that actual fight.]

#A hallelujah high from the floor to the ceiling#

[A football falls just out of the reach of one of the San Francisco 49ers in a shot from a Super Bowl played in the Dome.]

#Yeah, the drink that we're drinking, the smoke that we're smoking#

[Cut to a shot of Mick Jagger center stage in the Dome at a Rolling Stones concert held there and then to Keith Richards from the same show strumming his guitar.]

#The party we throw, it's going all night long#

[A burst of pyro fills the screen before we see a time lapse of the crowd filing into the stadium for a New Orleans Saints game.]

#When the lights come on#

[Cut to another time lapse shot outside the Superdome as the sun goes down and the lights come on.]

#When the lights come on#

[And we cut to the SuperClash VIII logo with all the information on the show before we fade to black...

...and then fade back up to Theresa on the starfield.]

TL: All night long, fans, we've been hyping it up. Tonight, we were going to find out what the winner of this Brass Ring Tournament would receive - what role will they play at SuperClash coming up on Thanksgiving Night? And now, it's time to answer that question. Joining me right now is a very special guest. He is a member of the AWA Ownership Committee. He is the acting Director of Operations, Jon Stegglet!

[The camera shot pulls back to reveal Stegglet on the star field.]

JS: Thanks, Theresa.

TL: Thank you, Mr. Stegglet, for joining us on the Power Hour!

JS: It's my pleasure. And it's also my pleasure to be here to announce the prize for the winner of the ongoing Brass Ring Tournament. Four competitors left - Jack Veles, Whaitiri, Pops Palahniuk, and Lord William Wesley Windsor - and one of them will be in New Orleans on Thanksgiving Night as part of SuperClash VIII. There's been a lot of speculation as to the role they would play... and tonight, I'm proud to announce that not only will the winner of this tournament get a chance to be on that show... they will also get a chance to make wrestling history.

[Theresa's jaw drops.]

TL: Wrestling history?

JS: Wrestling history. Because the winner of this tournament... will also win a spot in this year's Steal The Spotlight match!

TL: Wow! That's huge! In a match like that, the Brass Ring winner could win a future shot at the World Heavyweight Title!

JS: That's right, Theresa. We wanted to make sure that the prize for winning this tournament meant that you REALLY could reach out, grab that Brass Ring, and go the distance to become the king of all sports.

TL: It's a huge announcement. Huge news. And the pressure on the four men remaining in this tournament just got even bigger. Fans, we're out of time! We've gotta go! Mr. Stegglet, thanks for joining us and fans, we'll see you in two weeks on the hottest hour on television! So long everybody!

[Fade to black.]