

The graphic features the text "AWA POWER HOUR" in large, bold, white capital letters with a black outline, centered against a dark blue background filled with bright, jagged white lightning bolts. Below the main title, the date "OCTOBER 8, 2016" is written in a similar bold, white font with a black outline.

# AWA POWER HOUR

## OCTOBER 8, 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 Theresa Lynch, dressed in a simple sleeveless purple tank top and black slacks standing on the trademark Power Hour starfield.]

TL: Another 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 the most exciting hour on television... and for the second Power Hour in a row, it's the most exciting hour plus on television! That's right - we're looking at another super-sized Power Hour on the road to SuperClash... and also for the second Power Hour in a row, I'd like to bring on my special co-host for this evening, the voice of Combat Corner Wrestling, the AWA's minor league organization, Harvey Sutton! Harvey, welcome back to the Power Hour!

[A tan suit wearing Sutton steps onto the starfield with a big grin.]

HS: Thanks, Theresa - it's great to be back... and I've gotta say that your father might bristle at hearing the company he's the Commissioner for a "minor league organization." We prefer to think of ourselves as the training ground for the superstars of tomorrow.

TL: My apologies... and of course, you're back with me this week because as this super-sized Power Hour goes on, we're here to present the first round of the Brass Ring Tournament which is going on in CCW with the winner earning themselves a coveted spot on the SuperClash card.

HS: That's right. Sixteen men heading into that tournament and before this night is over, we'll be down to eight, Theresa. This action was all recorded last night in Dallas... in the Crockett Coliseum and I was there firsthand for it alongside my partner, Marcus Broussard... and I'll tell you there was some top notch action as these men battle for that spot.

TL: Eight big matches to see highlights of here tonight so let's not waste any time... let's jump right down to it! Dallas, Texas... Harvey Sutton and Marcus Broussard on the call... it's first round action in the Brass Ring Tournament with "Big Rig" Tommy Briggs taking on "Sin City" Sid Osborne!

[We spin away from the starfield to the friendly confines of the old Crockett Coliseum on the outskirts of Dallas, Texas. It looks similar to the AWA's glory days in the building with the exception of several banners denoting that it's a Combat Corner Wrestling event.]

HS: Hello AWA fans, I'm Harvey Sutton and the man by my side needs no introduction to you - he is the first man to wear the AWA National Title -

MB: And the best one.

HS: Heh... Travis Lynch might take issue with that.

MB: Let him.

HS: Marcus Broussard, the Brass Ring Tournament is set to begin here in the Crockett and with a spot on the SuperClash lineup at stake, the action promises to be intense here tonight.

MB: Absolutely. There are full-fledged members of the AWA locker room who won't be able to earn their spot on the SuperClash lineup so for someone from CCW to get the nod, it's huge. That's a major league spotlight shining down on you and it could very well be the thing that gets you brought up to the AWA in 2017, Sutton.

HS: We're going to kick things off here tonight with one of CCW's most controversial superstars - "Sin City" Sid Osborne - taking on a man much larger than him, "Big Rig" Tommy Briggs.

MB: Size has never mattered to Osborne... he just need to chop the man down to the mat and take advantage of him there.

HS: Of course, Osborne has made no secret of the fact that he thinks he should already be in the AWA locker room but recent injuries have derailed him. Could this tournament be his ticket to the big time? We caught up with both men before this match - let's listen to what they have to say!

[We fade away from the Crockett Coliseum to footage backstage where Tommy Briggs stands in front of a CCW backdrop. He is a thickly-built man, with lightly tanned skin, wild black shoulder-length hair and full beard. Briggs has on a pair of sunglasses and is dressed for competition in a black tank top and black pants. Next to him is Madeline Powers, a buxom blonde in a white dress.]

MP: "Big Rig" Tommy Briggs represents Powers Inc. in the Brass Ring Tournament. Now, I would usually say that the "Big Rig" is going to roll right over any competition, but in the first round, Tommy's going against none other than Sin City Sid. Fortunately, the "Big Rig" has got two things going for him.

First, Sid Osborne is coming back from injury. We've got ring rust. We've got the possibility that he actually is not a hundred percent. Second, Sid's got his mind on other people, instead of the "Big Rig" coming his way. He's got his mind on Grayson, Thompson, Mason, and Michaelson.

Between a bum leg and a distracted mind, Tommy...

[Smiling, Powers turns her head to look up at Briggs.]

MP: I think I like our chances.

[Briggs nods confidently as we crossfade to "Sin City" Sid Osborne sitting on a wooden bench in a locker room somewhere.]

SO: "Big Rig" Tommy Briggs. That's cute.

[Osborne pulls his arm down, making a long "BEEEEEEEEEEEP!" sound like a truck's horn.]

SO: Briggs and that waste of space he's got by his side think that they've got one up on me because he's bigger than me.

[Osborne shrugs.]

SO: I haven't gone against many people in my career that AREN'T bigger than me so you're just another in a long list, Briggs. But what they found out when they went against me is that I'm willing to do whatever it takes to succeed in this business. If I have to gouge out your eyes, I will. If I have to spit in your face, I will.

And I have to take the Big Rig's wheels out from under him, I'll do that too.

So, when I'm done with you and you're sitting on the side of the road with four flats, Big Rig... you and your girl are going to be left wondering what happened.

[Osborne rises from the bench, looking into the camera.]

SO: You got in the way of Sid Osborne... the future of this business... and that's something you just don't do.

[Osborne palms the camera lens, sending it abruptly to black...

...and we fade back out to the ring where the match has apparently just started.]

HS: We're underway here in Dallas, Texas... and Shark, if you're Sid Osborne, how do you approach this?

MB: It's like I said earlier, Sutton. You gotta get him down. Briggs is a big man. Six foot eight, over three hundred pounds.

HS: Strong as an ox too.

MB: Absolutely. Osborne needs to shove down his pride and realize he's going to have to be sneaky... he's going to need to be crafty to win this one.

[On cue, Osborne walks right into a collar and elbow, struggling to budge the big man who simply sets his feet and hurls Osborne across the ring to an "oooooh" from the CCW faithful.]

HS: Briggs tosses him across the ring like he's nothing!

MB: Yeah, well... that wasn't my suggested strategy for Osborne for sure.

[Osborne rolls to a knee, looking Briggs up and down for a moment. The arrogant Briggs waves Osborne forward and the Sin City Savior obliges, moving quickly towards Briggs who goes high for another tieup while Osborne goes low, racing to the ropes, rebounding off...

...and DRIVES his shoulder into the back of Briggs' knee!]

HS: Oh! He clipped him!

[Osborne scrambles to his feet, hitting the ropes a second time to deliver a second clip, this one taking Briggs down to a knee. Osborne again hits the ropes, throwing himself into a sliding clothesline that topples Briggs to a big cheer from the CCW crowd!]

HS: Osborne takes him down emphatically! Oh yeah!

[We cut deeper into the match...

...and this time, Briggs has Osborne trapped in the corner, laying in some knees to the body and back elbows up under the chin.]

HS: And this is not where Sid Osborne wants to be right now, Shark.

MB: Absolutely not. He's in the wrong part of town for certain.

[Another knee to the body doubles up Osborne as Madeline Powers jumps up and down on the floor, shouting encouragement to Briggs as the ringside fans watch her jump.]

MB: Fine looking woman, Sutton. A fine looking woman.

HS: Perhaps the San Jose Shark looking to join Powers Inc. right about now...

[Briggs ties up Osborne's arms, smirking to the crowd before he powers the smaller competitor up off the canvas, flinging him halfway across the ring with a double underhook suplex!]

HS: Briggs using that power out of the corner, flinging Osborne across the ring!

["Big Rig" slowly gets back to his feet, staring across as Osborne crawls to the opposite corner, using the ropes to drag himself back to his feet...

...and then lumbers across after him, looking for a big running clothesline!]

HS: CLOTHESLINE IN THE CORN- MOVES!

[Osborne dives out of the way, causing Briggs to slam chestfirst into the buckles at high velocity. He stumbles backwards as Osborne tries to seize the moment, quickly climbing to the middle rope...

...and with a horrific shout, he leaps off with a crossbody, using his 260 pounds to knock the 315 pounder off his feet!]

HS: OSBORNE TAKES HIM DOWN!

[The fired-up Osborne takes a knee next to him, battering Briggs wildly with right hands as the crowd roars!]

HS: Briggs is down and according to the San Jose Shark, that's exactly where Sid Osborne wants him!

[Osborne peels off, shouting to the cheering crowd as he stomps around the ring. At the shouts of Madeline Powers, Briggs manages to get back to his feet.]

MB: Osborne should've stayed on him. He let him get back up and that could be a huge mistake!

[But the Sin City Savior seems pleased with this as Briggs stumbles back towards the corner, trying to regroup...

...which is when Osborne tears across the ring, throwing a vicious running palm strike uppercut that snaps Briggs' head back! Powers shouts, pounding the canvas as Briggs sinks down to a seated position in the corner as Osborne runs back across the ring, leaping up to step on the second rope, turning around and charging across...]

HS: AGAIN HE CHARGES IN!

[...and leaps into the air, DRIVING both knees into the upper torso and face of the seated Briggs!]

HS: DOUBLE KNEES IN THE CORNER!

[Briggs slumps down a little bit more as Osborne races across the ring again, leaping up to the second rope as he turns back, charging in at full speed for a third time...

...and THROWS himself into a 260 pound cannonball, crushing Briggs against the turnbuckles!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Osborne scrambles to his feet, grabbing Briggs by the foot, dragging him away from the corner before he exits the ring, climbing the turnbuckles...]

HS: Osborne up top... Briggs is down and unmoving... FROG SPLASH!

[The impactful top rope frog splash known as the Stage Dive connects hard on Briggs, bouncing Osborne into the air off of the big man before he crawls back, diving across him...]

HS: ONNNNNNE! TWOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEE!!

“DING! DING! DING!”

[The crowd roars as Osborne pops up off the mat, pumping an arm in triumph as the ring announcer makes it official.]

HS: The first match in the 2016 Brass Ring Tournament is in the books and “Sin City” Sid Osborne is moving on to the second round after an impressive victory over a larger opponent in Tommy Briggs!

[Osborne celebrates in the ring.]

HS: And because of the unique format of this tournament, we do NOT know who Osborne will be facing in the second round... not yet, Shark.

MB: We don’t know that but we DO know that Osborne is moving on to the second round and for now, he’ll take it.

HS: Madeline Powers obviously upset out at ringside as her man falls in defeat to the Sin City Savior who’s moving on! Now, let’s go to words from the two participants in our next match!

[We spiral wipe away from the ring to a backstage shot again where a very large individual stands with his back turned to the camera. If the dark thunderclouds airbrushed onto his sleeveless black bodysuit didn't give it away, the sheets of lightning tattooed onto his scalp certainly does.]

PP: What is six-foot-four... three hundred and eighty pounds... of crackling, blinding thunder?

[He turns around, snarling with broken teeth.]

PP: ...Pops Palahniuk, the Mud City Monster: that's “what.” Ricky Babylon, you wanna be a rock star? You want me to look at some photograph? This is how I remind you of what you really are: you know what happens to metal when there's a storm about?

[He runs his palm down the long goatee below his chin.]

PP: Ya tend to get hit by lightning. A lot.

[Fade through black...

...and open up on an unfamiliar face standing in front of the AWA backdrop. A mix of wavy and ratty blonde locks spill across his shoulders. He has a careless two to three day old beard of sorts and a grin from ear to ear. He’s sporting a gray spandex type shirt with dangly zippers across each shoulder and from what we can see of his ring tights they’re blue with some sort of white makeshift smoke pattern on them.

He looks like the very essence of cool in today's day and age where twirly mustaches are hip and gray hoodies rule the world.

He's Ricky Babylon.]

RB: Welcome...TO THE AGE. OF. BABYLON!

[He does a slow double fist pump to the cheer and admiration of nobody since he's standing alone.]

RB: I'm your host, now and FOREVER...Ricky. Babylon. Tonight, yes I said TONIGHT...a new era dawns down on the AWA. An era filled with excellence, with opportunity, with perfection, with the GREATEST TALENT TO GRACE A WRESTLING RING SINCE THE BEGINNING OF TIME. Tonight FIFTEEN men will step into a ring for a chance to make something of themselves.

To defy the odds!

To defy the obstacles!

To hopefully not try and defile one another because that would be pretty weird. But I've got a hunch, nay, a hint! Come in...

[He waves to the camera.]

RB: A little closer.

[And again.]

RB: They'll all...FAIL.

Because standing in their way is the MAN, THE MYTH, AND THE GIFT FROM THE HEAVENS...

[He does a swooping hook inward with his left thumb.]

RB: ...THE R-R-R-R-R-R-RAJA OF I'M ABOUT TO KABOSH YA'LL! . But I know what you're all thinking. How can one man defeat us all? How can one really good looking, better than you, pure human being of perfection take us all down when standing in his way first is none other THAN...

[Pause.]

RB: Waaaaait for it.

[He closes his eyes for a moment.]

RB: PAPA. PANCAKES. So Mr. Pancake...s. If you're listening...to you I say ha! HA! I EAT PANCAKES JUST LIKE YOU FOR BREAKFAST! Not only that but I smother it with the greatest import from my country other than myself smothered all over it. YES I'M TALKING ABOUT MAPLE SYRUP!

You think I'm scared of you?

Read. My. Lips...man!

[He mouths something, we can't quite make out what it is.]

RB: Did you hear me?! I said Ricky Babylon ain't scared of NO Pancake! My journey starts with you ya dirty nincompoop and I'll be damned if I'm going to lose

to a man named after America's SIXTH most favorite...most favorite? Yes, most favorite breakfast food per recent studies.

[He mouths away to the camera to the crew, "I looked it up."]

RB: I mean a team named Biscuits and Gravy or a guy named Flapjack or even Cocoa Crispy? Yeah I could see that being a tough test for someone like myself but not on this night and not in the ring I'm about to step into with a schmuck like you. Tonight is all about the birth of an ICON...

...and the dreams crashing like the Titanic into an iceberg for the rest of you while I out work you, out wrestle you, and flat out class each and every single one of you. Scoot up to the camera real close when you're watching me work my magic from the back.

[He swirls his hands towards him.]

RB: Soak it up, fellas.

[Then stares back into the camera.]

RB: Trix are for kids.

Ricky Babylon is the real deal.

[We fade back to the ring where the two men we just saw in dueling interviews are now standing.]

HS: Wrestling fans, this promises to be a hot one in Dallas, Texas as the Canadian rock star, Ricky Babylon, does battle with the 377 pound Pops Palahniuk.

[The shot cuts to Palahniuk, standing in a sleeveless bodysuit airbrushed with dark grey thunderclouds. He shouts across the ring at Babylon, showing off his broken teeth and braided beard below his chin. And the tattoos... oh, Lord the tattoos. Dozens of them cover his body but it's impossible to miss the sheets of lightning that streak across his bald scalp. And as the bell sounds, he goes charging across the ring, arms up over his head clasped together...]

HS: Palahniuk at the bell!

[Babylon gets a panicked look on his face before smoothly front rolling out of the corner, dodging the running attack as the 377 pounder from "Prison City, USA" smashes into them. Babylon scrambles back to his feet, backpedaling as Palahniuk storms towards him, throwing a right hook that Babylon ducks and a left cross that he sidesteps before dropkicking the bigger athlete between the shoulderblades, sending him spilling through the ropes where he athletically lands on his feet on the floor...]

...but Babylon wastes no time, grabbing the top rope with both hands and with a "YEAAAAAH, BAYBEEEE!" he slingshots over them with a crossbody...]

HS: OVER THE TOP AND-

[The crowd groans as the massive Palahniuk catches Babylon in his arms, shaking his head defiantly as he carries him around the ringside area, showing his prize off for all to see...]

...and throws him down hard on the ring apron in a makeshift front slam!]

HS: Ohhh! That'll rattle your spine!



[We cut further into the match as Palahniuk taunts the ringside fans...

...and come back up on Palahniuk stomping Babylon against the turnbuckles.]

HS: One of the members of the Mud City Mafia is putting the boots to Ricky Babylon, hoping to advance in this Brass Ring Tournament and get one step closer to possibly being on the SuperClash card on Thanksgiving Night in Louisiana.

MB: It's hard to imagine anyone stopping him, Sutton.

[Pops pulls Babylon off the mat by his stringy hair, trashtalking him a little bit before whipping him from corner to corner, charging in after him...]

HS: BIG AVALANCHE IN THE CORNER!

[With Babylon crushed under his 377 pounds, Palahniuk pulls him out by the arm into a short-arm clothesline, taking him off his feet again.]

MB: Simply dominating inside that ring, Sutton. Babylon may need to go back to the metal bars in Medicine Hat and bang his head a little more after this one.

HS: It seems to me that Pops Palahniuk is banging his head all he needs and then some, Shark.

MB: Touche.

[Palahniuk winds up his big right arm, dropping an elbow down across the sternum. He scrambles up, dropping a second elbow. He's a little slower on the third trip up before dropping the third heavy elbow, staying down with his arm across the chest for a cover.]

HS: Palahniuk gets two off those elbow drops and Ricky Babylon is in a bad way at this point of the contest, Shark.

MB: He's going to need to come up with some rock and roll magic if he's going to get himself to Paradise City here tonight, Sutton.

[We cut again, again moving deeper into the match. This time, we find Babylon against the ropes as Palahniuk lays into him with some overhand chops across the chest. He grabs the arm, whipping him across the ring...]

HS: Shoulder throw by the big man... Babylon ducks a clothesline...

[The smaller competitor hits the far ropes, rebounding off again...

...and this time runs right into a huuuuuuge lift by Pops who does a full spin, holding Babylon under his arm...]

HS: SKYWALK SLAM! ONE OF HIS SIGNATURE MOVES!

[After driving Babylon into the canvas, Pops gets up, sneering at the jeering Dallas fans before darting to the ropes, bouncing off towards Babylon...

...and LEAPS HIGH IN THE AIR!]

HS: BIG SPLASH!

[But Babylon rolls out of the way, just narrowly avoiding the heavy drop!]

HS: HE MISSED! BABYLON AVOIDS IT!

[Slowly getting to his feet, Babylon tries to shake the cobwebs, the CCW faithful cheering him on as he leans against the ropes for support. He watches as Palahniuk pushes off the mat to all fours...

...and then charges him, leaping into the air with a front somersault senton down across the back of the big man, flattening him out once more!]

HS: Nice move by Babylon, looking to keep the big man down and vulnerable.

MB: It's the only way he stands a chance of winning.

HS: You could be right... but for those familiar with Babylon, you know that a lot of his offense requires him to be able to get someone up in the air. He's got suplexes and slams and-

MB: He's also got quite a bit of high flying and momentum moves. He can make this work!

[Back on his feet, Babylon considers his next move as he watches the 377 pounder stir off the canvas. He gives a pump of the fist as he charges across the ring, landing a sliding dropkick to the side of the head, again putting the big man down.]

HS: Pops is having trouble getting up off the mat, Shark.

MB: And this is Babylon taking advantage of that.

HS: What's he doing now though? It looks like he's bringing the big man to his feet and I'm not sure that's a good idea.

MB: I KNOW it's not.

[Grabbing a massive limb, Babylon whips Palahniuk towards the corner, sending him lumbering into the turnbuckles. He rushes in after him, leaping up to the middle rope to deliver a kneestrike to the chin!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

HS: The flying knee snaps back the head of the big man!

[Keeping him in the corner, Babylon pushes himself up to the middle rope, snatching a front facelock as the crowd buzzes with anticipation...]

HS: Tornado DDT en route here... here he comes!

[Babylon kicks off the buckles, twisting around through the air, and SPIKES Pops skullfirst into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

HS: TORNADO DDT OUT OF THE CORNER! IS THAT ENOUGH?!

[Babylon crawls towards Palahniuk, diving across his massive heaving chest.]

HS: ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOO! TH-

[But the big man kicks out, shoving Babylon off of him. The rock and roller grabs his hair with both hands, giving a yank of frustration as he gets to his feet, looks at the downed Palahniuk, and then out to the fans...

...and starts clapping his hands over his head, encouraging them to do the same!]

HS: The fans here in Dallas are rallying behind Babylon, cheering him on!

[A quick panning shot of the crowd shows most of them on their feet, clapping their hands together over their heads in rhythm with Babylon who waits, watching as the big man struggles to get up off the canvas, sucking wind...]

HS: Babylon's got something up his sleeve here, ready and waiting...

[And as Palahniuk gets to his feet, Babylon surges forward, leaping into the air from the blind side, looping his leg around the back of the big man's neck...

...and DRIVES him facefirst into the canvas with a high-leaping dropper!]

HS: ROCKIN' TO THE DAWN! HE GOT ALL OF THAT!

[Babylon struggles to get the big man onto his back but finally does, diving across his chest, reaching back to hook a leg...]

HS: ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

HS: KICKOUT! KICKOUT! I THOUGHT HE HAD HIM THERE!

MB: I think everyone thought he had him there... but Palahniuk is a big beast of a man and it's going to take more than that - obviously - to keep him down for a three count.

[With the crowd still buzzing at the nearfall, a frustrated Babylon climbs to his feet, angrily kicking at the ropes.]

MB: This is no time to throw a tantrum, kid. The sky's the limit if you win this one.

[Babylon circles around, nodding his head as he hops up to the middle rope behind the rising big man.]

HS: Palahniuk starting to stir - he can't see Babylon though! Babylon is up on the ropes behind him, looking for a way to finish the big man off.

[As the big man finally gets to his feet, Babylon leaps into the air, landing on his shoulders for a hurrcanrana...

...but Pops holds his ground, not going over for the move!]

HS: Uh oh! He can't get him over! He can't get him-

[Palahniuk suddenly lunges forward, laying out as he DRIVES Babylon into the canvas with a powerbomb!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

HS: POWERBOMB! POWERBOMB!

[But Palahniuk doesn't even attempt a cover after the devastating slam, instead dragging Babylon right up into a front facelock...]

HS: And we know what's coming now, Shark?

MB: We sure do.

[He muscles Babylon up with ease into a vertical suplex position...

...and twists his body around, grabbing Babylon by the throat and DRIVING him down with a modified chokeslam!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

HS: PRISON CITY CARE PACKAGE! FORGET ABOUT IT!

[The referee delivers a three count on an unmoving Babylon to end the match.]

HS: And there it is! A hard-fought win for Pops Palahniuk sends him on to the second round alongside Sid Osborne... and that sends us back to the studio and Theresa Lynch!

[We spiral wipe back to the studio where Theresa Lynch is standing on the starfield.]

TL: Two matches down in the first round of the Brass Ring Tournament and the action is already hot as Dallas in August. But right now, we're going to take a quick break from the action. When we come back, we'll discuss the AWA tag team division! Don't you dare go away 'cause we'll be right back!

[Fade from the starfield to black...

We fade up on the logo for the television network known by its fans as "The X" - Fox Sports X. Standing next to it is Terrence Howard of "Empire" fame.]

"They tell me that Lucious Lyon ain't the toughest man on Fox anymore. Hah! I'll believe that when I see it!"

[Cut to a shot from SWLL's LUCHA LUCHA LUCHA where El Caliente snaps off a death-defying dive over the top rope, over the corner ringpost, and onto a prone figure. A voiceover not belonging to Terrence Howard provides the hype.]

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

[Then to a shot of the GFC - a recent shot with Ivan Petrov knocking Rufus Harris out to win the GFC Heavyweight Title.]

"Or maybe you prefer a little bit of MMA!"

[On to Tiger Paw Pro's WrestleGalaxy as Yoshinari Taguchi exchanges stiff slaps with the man AWA fans would know as Nenshou.]

"Travel to the Land of the Rising Sun for some puroresu action!"

[A highlight reel level head kick from a European looking kickboxer drops a Japanese one.]

"The hottest new action on The X belongs to SKB - Super K Boxing!"

[And finally to a shot of Ryan Martinez lighting up Supreme Wright's chest with a series of machine gun chops.]

"Saturday nights bring you all the action of the American Wrestling Alliance!"

[We cut back to Terrence Howard, wincing and rubbing his own chest as if he could feel Martinez' chops.]

"Alright, alright... those boys are pretty bad too. But can they sing?"

[Howard laughs as we cut back to the logo for The X. Howard delivers the closing line.]

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

[The "come get some" slogan fills the screen as we fade to black...

...and then back up to Theresa on the starfield.]

TL: Welcome back, AWA fans. Of course, we'll be checking out more action from the Brass Ring Tournament a little later but right now, let's shift gears to talk about the AWA tag team division. The division has really been heating up as of late - despite the statement from the champions - Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan - that they've cleared out the division. And part of that heat-up has been the number of new and returning teams we've seen as of late... and even some changes in attitude. Of course, I'm talking about the duo now-formerly known as American Pride. Charlie Stephens and Joe Flint formed one of the most popular duos in AWA history - even if they weren't always that successful - as the fans loved their patriotic spirit. However, all that changed a few weeks ago. First, we began seeing messages promising the return of the Soldiers of Fortune, something we assumed was a reference to Flint's former faction. But when the British Bashers took on American Pride last week on Saturday Night Wrestling, we found out the Soldiers of Fortune were something else altogether. Let's take a look...

[Spiral wipe from the starfield to footage from last week's Saturday Night Wrestling in Oklahoma City. As we come up, we find American Pride working on Rory Smythe in tandem.]

GM: Double team coming up... the referee's trying to get Stephens out of there...

[A double whip sends Smythe to the ropes as they set for another double clothesline...]

GM: Double clothesli- ducked by Smythe!

[And as he hits the far ropes, Robbie Storm slaps his partner's shoulder.]

GM: Blind tag by Storm, I think!

[The rebounding Smythe runs right over Stephens with a clothesline of his own as Flint ducks out of the way. Flint turns, shouting something at Smythe as Storm slides in behind him, running at the ropes. He leaps to the middle rope, springing back towards a shocked Flint who ducks down...

...which allows Storm to hook a sunset flip, rolling Flint up!]

GM: SUNSET FLIP OUT OF NOWHERE!

[The referee dives to the mat to count, the OKC crowd counting along...]

"ONNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOO!"

"THREEEEEE!"

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The bell sounds, and Storm lets go of Flint and climbs to his feet, he raises his arms in the air as Smythe comes over and high fives his partner after the victory.]

GM: The Bashers have successfully answered the challenge and defeated American Pride in a hard fought match up!

[There's a cut in the action, jumping ahead to where The Bashers' music begins to play, as Flint raises the arms of both Storm and Smythe. Stephens makes his way to the corner, and pulls the flag pole into the ring. He starts waving the American flag to the cheers of the crowd.]

Suddenly, the music has stopped to the confusion of everyone in the ring. Then, a crackling noise is heard, and a distorted voice is heard.]

# Land where my fathers died!  
# Land of the pilgrim's pride!  
# From every mountain side,  
# Let freedom ring!

[The crackling, distorted voice fades perfectly into the opening guitar riff to the Damn Yankees' "Don't Tread On Me" as the crowd begins booing.]

BW: The Soldiers of Fortune have arrived!

[We cut again, this time right as Charlie Stephens smashes the steel flagpole into the back of Rory Smythe who falls to his knees. Robbie Storm turns to see what happened, when suddenly the flag pole is rammed right into his stomach, courtesy of Stephens. The crowd stops reacting, in shock at what has just happened.]

We cut again, right to when Joe Flint cracks the recovering Storm across the head with the flagpole before doing the same to a kneeling Smythe.

And then we go back to the starfield to Theresa who shakes her head with disgust.]

TL: You know, if I can speak from the heart a moment... I've known Joe Flint a long time. He was a major part of PCW, working for my dad back home... and through the good and bad, he was always a hero to the people of Texas. Always a hero to all those kids who grew up loving their country. Always a hero to the veterans who would come back home and find that someone was still waving the flag in their honor. And to see him do this? It's shocking. It's disgusting. And I'm sickened by the whole thing. And I'm not the only one. We received this video from the manager of the British Bashers, another old friend - "Prince" Colin Hayden. Let's take a look...

[Fade from the starfield...

...and up on pre-recorded footage as "Prince" Colin Hayden stands in front of a Battle Knights Wrestling banner promoting their November 5 event. He has on a houndstooth three-piece suit over a red shirt. Hayden holds his lion's head cane in his right hand, tapping it agitatedly against his left palm.]

PCH: I watched with consternation the treachery of American Pride on Saturday night. I watched helpless the vicious attack on Rory and Robbie by those cowards who turned out to be Soldiers of Fortune through and through. The worst part was not being able to do anything about it, being nearly halfway around the world when it happened.

Well, almost nothing. After I saw what happened, after I spoke to Rory and Robbie and made sure they'd be alright, I made the call to Mister Stegglet. I made OUR intentions known to AWA management. Now, the attack may have left the Bashers a little worse for wear, but they're going to be up and on their feet by the time the AWA gets to St. Louis. And I'll be back to personally guide them.

So, whether it be in St. Louis, Memphis, Jackson, or at the biggest night of them all in New Orleans, Stephens and Flint...

[He holds the cane up, pointing the golden lion's head towards the camera.]

PCH: Starlight, you've thrown away your Pride and Fortune smiles on you, alright, because you two have earned yourselves some well-deserved payback!

[We fade from the determined Hayden back to Theresa.]

TL: Strong words there from "Prince" Colin Hayden... and I can personally guarantee you that he is a man of his words... and if he says he and the Bashers are coming for payback, you can take that to the bank. We also reached out for comment from American Pri- scratch that - the Soldiers of Fortune. But apparently, they're too good to talk to us and dispatched a...

[She shakes her head.]

TL: ...a Press Secretary to speak on their behalf. This is ridiculous. Roll it.

[We do indeed roll it. And "it" is backstage at a recent AWA live event where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is standing outside of the locker room area. Blackwell seems like he's being kept from the locker room, however. Standing in his way, at the entrance is a mousy, balding man in a blue suit and black tie. Blackwell towers over this man, but the man is looking at him with a rather unhappy look on his face.]

SLB: I was hoping to get a word from American Pride...

[The man clears his throat and stares daggers at "Sweet Lou".]

SLB: Excuse me, the, uh, Soldiers of Fortune, but instead there's this man standing outside the locker room door, and he's not letting me in to try to get a word. So, excuse me, sir, but who are you?

?: You can call me the Soldiers of Fortune's Press Secretary. You do not need to know my name at this time.

SLB: I see. I was hoping to get some word about why the, ahem, Soldiers of Fortune decided to assault the British Bashers following that USA vs. the World exhibition match.

"PS": The Soldiers of Fortune do not have any comment at this time. In fact, they do not wish to speak to you.

SLB: Joe Flint is a friend of mine. Please, I have to get his comments!

[Blackwell tries to advance, but the "Press Secretary" holds up his hands to prevent him from going further.]

"PS": I said, they do not wish to speak to you.

SLB: What if I get Mark Stegglet? Will they talk to him?

[The "Press Secretary" shakes his head.]

"PS": No. If you really do need to know something, they have instructed me to tell you that they will speak to the United States on the next AWA Saturday Night, a, well, State of the Union if you will. Listen. I am only here if they do not wish to speak to anybody, but I assure you that they will speak on their own time.

The three of us share the same vision going forward, let's just put it this way. There are many more that also feel the same way as we do. Again, Blackwell, they will explain everything in due time. Good day, sir.

[Dejected, "Sweet" Lou turns away from the locker room. He shakes his head as the "Press Secretary" looks on, a triumphant grin on his face.]

SLB: That was a whole bunch of nothing, folks, but the Soldiers of Fortune will apparently appear on Saturday Night Wrestling in St. Louis and hopefully explain everything. Back to you...

[Before we fade back to the Power Hour, someone bursts past Blackwell.]

?: Charlie! Hey! Charlie! What's going on??

[The heavy Australian accent of "Outback" Zack Kelly is heard shouting into the locker room, where the Press Secretary is trying to hold him back. "Sweet" Lou enters the fray to try to find out what's going on.]

"PS": Sir, you can't go in here, they will answer your questions in due time.

"O"ZK: Let me through!

"PS": Please, sir, stand down.

[Despite his size, the man surprisingly does not let Kelly barrel past him. Frustrated, Kelly backs away, baling his fists.]

"O"ZK: Awright, mate, you're lucky I don't pick on the frail and weak.

[The "Press Secretary" smirks.]

"PS": Going by your record, you don't get to pick on anybody, really.

[With a shout, Kelly tries to overpower the "Press Secretary", but this time "Sweet" Lou interjects himself.]

SLB: Whoa, whoa, whoa. Zack, let it go. As far as I know, this individual doesn't seem like he's under contract with the AWA.

[The "Press Secretary" nods his head.]

"PS": That's correct, and I know some very powerful lawyers that are willing to take advantage of all the legal issues that the AWA is currently going through thanks to your uncontrollable World Champion, so this so-called brute here better get his watered down Australian beer breath out of my face before I call the police.

[After a brief pause, Kelly lets out a loud shot, and stomps off off-camera. The "Press Secretary", satisfied at the situation, nod his head towards Blackwell.]

"PS": You should leave. Now.

[Blackwell nods his head, then turns away from the locker room as we fade to black...]



We fade up on the logo for the television network known by its fans as "The X" - Fox Sports X. Standing next to it is Terrence Howard of "Empire" fame.]

"They tell me that Lucious Lyon ain't the toughest man on Fox anymore. Hah! I'll believe that when I see it!"

[Cut to a shot from SWLL's LUCHA LUCHA LUCHA where El Caliente snaps off a death-defying dive over the top rope, over the corner ringpost, and onto a prone figure. A voiceover not belonging to Terrence Howard provides the hype.]

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

[Then to a shot of the GFC - a recent shot with Ivan Petrov knocking Rufus Harris out to win the GFC Heavyweight Title.]

"Or maybe you prefer a little bit of MMA!"

[On to Tiger Paw Pro's WrestleGalaxy as Yoshinari Taguchi exchanges stiff slaps with the man AWA fans would know as Nenshou.]

"Travel to the Land of the Rising Sun for some puroresu action!"

[A highlight reel level head kick from a European looking kickboxer drops a Japanese one.]

"The hottest new action on The X belongs to SKB - Super K Boxing!"

[And finally to a shot of Ryan Martinez lighting up Supreme Wright's chest with a series of machine gun chops.]

"Saturday nights bring you all the action of the American Wrestling Alliance!"

[We cut back to Terrence Howard, wincing and rubbing his own chest as if he could feel Martinez' chops.]

"Alright, alright... those boys are pretty bad too. But can they sing?"

[Howard laughs as we cut back to the logo for The X. Howard delivers the closing line.]

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

[The "come get some" slogan fills the screen as we fade to black...

...and then back up on the backstage area of the Crockett where CCW mainstay Koji Nakano stands in front of a banner for the Combat Corner. Young but intense, handsome but with a severe expression on his face, Nakano exhales slowly, centering himself, before he begins speaking.]

KN: I am disappointed.

And I am disappointed in myself.

[Nakano exhales slowly, the lines on his face tightening.]

KN: I heard what was said about me on Power Hour.

I am the one who has never reached his potential. The one left behind by Jay Alana. The one surpassed by Jordan Ohara. I am Koji Nakano, and I have earned nothing but disappointment.

And that, Lord William Wesley Windsor, should fill you with fear.

[Nakano stands up straighter, shoulders squaring.]

KN: The hungry lion is the most terrifying. And I am hungry, Windsor. Hungry for redemption. Hungry to prove myself. Hungry to reach the potential my teachers see in me.

I don't just want to beat you, Windsor. I need to beat you.

The proverbs teach us that the reason we fall is that we learn how to get back up. I have fallen many times, and watched as many rose above me. But now is my time to rise. That brass ring belongs to me, Windsor.

You are a strong competitor, and fighting you? It will be a challenge. But I have never shied away from a challenge. I have never wanted to take the easy road.

I am ready for you, Windsor. My body is healed, and my mind is focused.

Be ready, not for a fight, but be ready to fall.

[Having said his piece, Nakano bows his head and steps away...]

The camera fades in on Lord William Wesley Windsor dressed in a slim burgundy three piece suit and charcoal spotted Windsor-knotted tie. He is accompanied by old faithful Arthur who hands him a Wedgewood china cup of tea. Windsor sips it, making a contented face.]

WWW: Koji Nakano, I don't know you, my dear, but I understand you're here from Japan. I know Japan.

[Another sip of tea.]

WWW: The cuisine, the nightlife, the vending machines selling a school girl's worn pants ... and the wrestling. Ah the wrestling!

[Sip.]

WWW: I have trained all over the world, my dear. British strong style, American grinding, Mexican lucha, Puerto Rican knife fighting, but Japanese puroresu ... I loved that the most because of the tradition, the dedication to the craft, the honor and nobility of it all. They were some of the greatest wrestlers I ever faced. I expect you too to be as tough as nails, Nakano. I expect you to never quit, to try to match my unrivaled expertise on the mat and in fisticuffs just like those other fellows like Kinoshita and Maeda. They were some of my favorite opponents - those Japanese wrestlers.

Because they were never ready for a poke to the eye.

[Lord Windsor's eyes twinkle at the memory.]

WWW: Well, except for that Mifune chap's aunty... I think she was. She was always ready for a good poke.... I really must get back to Japan.

[He trails off, a lascivious smile pulling his thin lips as he sips his tea.]

WWW: Where was I, Arthur?

A: In the middle of a lurid recollection, my Lord. One that resulted in penicillin.

WWW: Indeed, but what I meant was... oh yes, Nakano. Listen, you better be prepared for a true black-hearted villain. I don't give a damn about whatever nobility, honor, talent, so-called fighting spirit you might possess. I know you will wrestle beautifully. I know you will take the measure of me. But I WILL cheat. And then I'll set you in the Iron Throne and tear your legs apart and choke you out.

Because that's what I do, my dear.

[Lord Windsor salutes Nakano with the slightest inclination of his head and a tip of his cup...

...and we fade through black back to the interior of the Crockett Coliseum where our match is set to begin.]

HS: And ever since this match was announced two weeks ago, Marcus, I've been intrigued about where it'll go.

MB: You know, Harvey... for Koji Nakano, I think it's time to put up or shut up. He said it himself. He's been outshined by all the competitors who came out of Tiger Paw Pro around the same time he did. This tournament may be his last shot to make an impact here in the States.

HS: And then you look at Lord William Wesley Windsor as the AWA's newly-born partnership with Battle Knights Wrestling pays immediate dividends, bringing this well-known technician to our rings.

MB: Windsor can tie up in knots and lecture you while he's doing it. I think he's got potential and a win over Nakano could only help to unlock it.

[The two lock up in a standard collar and elbow in the middle of the ring and Windsor quickly shows off some of that sweet science, gripping the wrist, twisting out of the hold into an armwringer. He plants his boot on the back of Nakano's knee, breaking him down into a rear hammerlock.]

HS: Right away, we see what Lord William Wesley Windsor is known for, forcing his foe down to his knees, keeping the arm barred.

[The dastardly Windsor demands the official check for a submission and when he gets none, Windsor deftly transitions to a rear chinlock, his forearm digging into the cheekbone as he sneers at the jeering crowd. Nakano attempts to escape to his feet but Windsor plants his boot on Nakano's ankle, pinning it to the canvas with a shake of his head.]

MB: Such a simple move there but so effective, keeping Nakano down.

[Nakano stretches out his arms, looking for the ropes but Windsor switches his attack again, keeping his left hand on the chin, twisting the neck as he right arm snakes under Nakano's reaching limb, hooking a half nelson.]

HS: And another different hold. Windsor's showing a talent much like Supreme Wright in his ability to effortlessly move from hold to hold...

[Shifting his hips, Windsor manages to shove Nakano over his foot, tripping him and sending him facefirst down to the mat. A sneering Windsor winds up, looking to drop an elbow down onto the kidneys but Nakano rolls away to avoid it.]

HS: Windsor misses the elbowdrop...

[Windsor scrambles up for a second but Nakano rolls out of the way again. An embarrassed Windsor pops up to his feet, grabbing at his elbow as Nakano gets up, grabbing the arm, and using it to send Windsor into the ropes before tossing him to the canvas with an overhead armdrag!]

HS: Whoooooa my!

[As Windsor scrambles up, Nakano greets him with a series of three stiff forearm strikes to the jaw, sending him stumbling backwards where a high roundhouse kick to the chest sends Windsor falling backwards through the ropes, his face bouncing off the apron as he flips ass over teakettle to the floor! The crowd is laughing at Windsor's fall as his manservant Arthur rushes to his side...

...and we cut deeper into the match where Nakano seems to be on the advantage, shoving Windsor back into a corner where he lights him up with a pair of knife edge chops before switching to kicks to the body!]

HS: Nakano trying to cut down the slightly-larger Windsor who stands about six foot five and weighed in at 256 pounds tonight.

[Nakano is peppering those kicks into the stomach and chest, leaving Windsor to try to cover up. The Japanese competitor grabs an arm, flinging Windsor to the far corner. He gives a war whoop as he barrels across the ring, leaping into the air to land a forearm strike to the jaw!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

HS: Windsor's eyes rolled back in his head off that one! Nakano's got him dazed and in trouble!

[Another whip sends Windsor back the other way, crashing into the buckles again as Nakano charges across, landing a big running lariat!]

HS: LARIATO IN THE CORNER!

[Nakano nudges Windsor forward, letting him stagger a few feet away before uncorking a standing lariat to the back of the head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

HS: ENZUILARIATOOOOO!

[Nakano drops to his knees, flipping him over to his back.]

HS: ONNNNNNE! TWOOOOOO! TH-

[Windsor reaches up, snatching the bottom rope in his hand, forcing a break to the count. Nakano glares at the arm angrily as he climbs to his feet, leaping up to drop a knee across it! Windsor rolls away, shaking out his arm as we cut again...

...going deeper into the match where Nakano is still in control, again hammering away at a cornered Windsor, this time with a barrage of forearms and elbowstrikes!]

HS: Windsor's trapped in the corner and the determined Nakano is making mincemeat of him!

[The blows cause Windsor to sink down to his rear in the corner as Nakano bails out, running across the ring. He reaches the far corner, ready to charge back in...

...but as he does, Windsor's manservant, Arthur, grabs his employer by the arm and pulls him under the ropes to safety to the jeers of the Dallas crowd.]

HS: Are you kidding me? Arthur just saved Windsor from that corner dropkick we've seen so often from Nakano.

[A frustrated Nakano stands in the ring, hands on his hips, glaring at the referee who shouts at Arthur who shakes his head, pleading his innocence.]

MB: Arthur says he didn't do anything, Sutton.

HS: And you actually believe that?! We saw him do it, Shark!

MB: A gentleman never tells a lie.

HS: I think we both know that's not true.

[Arthur rubs Windsor's neck, trying to get him going once again...

...when a Nakano baseball slide comes barreling in on Windsor who yanks Arthur in front of it instead!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

HS: That no good English snake! He just pulled Arthur in front of that kick!

MB: And rightfully so. Arthur's here to serve, Sutton.

[Nakano stares down at the floored Arthur for a moment...

...which allows Windsor to drill him from behind with a forearm to the back of the head. He snatches him by the trunks, lifting him up, and dumping him down on the back of his head with a back suplex on the barely-padded floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Windsor rolls back inside the ring almost immediately, waving for the official to start a ten count on Nakano.]

HS: And look at Windsor trying to get Nakano counted out. What a coward!

MB: Hey, that's just smart strategy. It doesn't matter how you win to get the winner's paycheck, Sutton.

[We cut again as Windsor sneers at the referee's count...

...and come up on Windsor, palm on Nakano's chest, holding him in the corner before pasting him with a nasty European uppercut!]

HS: Ohhhh! What an uppercut!

MB: Windsor tells me that's a British Uppercut, Sutton.

HS: I'm sure he does. And we're getting dangerously near the time limit for this one, fans. If they reach the time limit, both of these competitors will be eliminated and we'll end up with a bye in the second round of this Brass Ring Tournament!

[Windsor sneers at the protesting official before laying in a second teeth-rattling blow. He grabs Nakano by the arm, twisting it around in an armwringer...

...and gets a stiff forearm to the mush!]

HS: Nakano lands a shot!

[A second one breaks Windsor's grip on his arm as Nakano ducks under him, lifting him off the canvas and flinging him halfway across the ring with a released Northern Lights Suplex!]

HS: Suplex by Nakano!

[Nakano and Windsor both struggle back to their feet as Nakano comes up swinging with a kick aimed at the ribcage...

...but Windsor catches the kick under the arm, mockingly taunting Nakano who leaps off the other leg, snapping his foot off the back of Windsor's head. The Brit's eyelids flutter as he slumps down to his knees and then faceplants on the canvas!]

HS: Enzuigiri finds the mark! Nakano flips him over! ONNNNNNE! TWOOOOO! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

HS: WINDSOR SHOOTS THE ARM INTO THE AIR!

[Nakano scrambles off the mat, using the raised arm to pull Windsor into a seated position. He keeps his grip on the wrist, blasting Windsor with a kick to the chest... and another... and another...

...and then lets go of the wrist, dashing to the ropes, rebounding back towards the seated and dazed Windsor...]

HS: PENALTY KICK!

[...but Windsor drops back, flattening out as Nakano throws a big kick aimed at his chest that comes up empty. Windsor grabs the off-balance Nakano by the back of the tights, yanking him back into a schoolboy rollup!]

HS: ONNNNNNE! TWOOOOO! THR-

[The crowd ROARS as Nakano kicks out, breaking the pin attempt. He scrambles up off the mat quickly as Windsor gets to a knee...

...and reaches up, jabbing his thumb into the eye of the aggressive Nakano!]

"OHHHHH!"

HS: CHEAPSHOT!

[And with Nakano blinded, Windsor reaches up, dragging him down into a small package, tightly cradling the legs.]

HS: ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEE!

[The bell sounds as Nakano kicks out JUST after the three count lands...

...and Windsor wastes no time in rolling out to the floor where Arthur rushes to his side, raising his hand in victory. The fans jeer as Windsor sneers.]

HS: And can you believe that? Lord William Wesley Windsor steals this one and walks right into the second round!

MB: He didn't steal it, Sutton. He followed the best strategy for the moment.

HS: Poking a guy in the eye?!

MB: If it works, it works.

HS: You're unbelievable, my friend. Fans, Windsor is moving on alongside Osborne and Palahniuk... and we're moving on to the next match in this Brass Ring Tournament. Let's take a look at some words from the two competitors in our next matchup!

[Fade through black to the backstage area where Tommy Eaton is in frame, he speaks, but his voice is is kind of monotone and, rehearsed.]

TE: Well, we're here, the CCW Brass Ring tournament. This is the chance for me to prove myself, and get recognized. First round, I get "The Arawak" Jack Veles. It'll be a tough test, but I'm sure I'll pass it and go on to the next round, and keep on going until I win the whole Brass Ring and go on to SuperClash. Because that's what Tommy Eaton is all about, all excitement, all the time. And Veles will find that out tonight, yeah!

[Eaton holds up a fist at the last exclamation as we fade...

They say God created mankind on the 8th day. He must have just woken up when he made Jack Veles. Veles is a slab of stone masquerading as flesh and blood. His face is rough hewn, and just damn ugly. This man is the monster in the closet; The nightmare from our race memories; a throwback to when the world was teeth and claws.]

JV: Tommy Eaton, I don't know who you pissed off but it must have been somebody important, because they put you in here with Jack Veles. And that means you're going to pummeled. That means you're gonna be kicked in the face. You're gonna be punched in the nose. Your bones are gonna get broken. Your flesh is gonna get bruised. Your feelings are gonna get hurt. You think you're a tough guy, tough guy? You're just another piece of meat to me.

[Veles snorts harshly like some ancient ogre.]

JV: So if I were you I would get in a gym, get in a yoga class, get whoever to work out all the kinks in your back so that when you get to the ring you can get down, tuck your head between your knees and kiss your ass goodbye, boy.

[A determined Veles stays staring into the camera as we fade back out to ringside where the next match is set to begin...

...and begin it does as the bell sounds and Tommy Eaton barrels across the ring, throwing a dropkick that knocks Veles back into the buckles!]

HS: Tommy Eaton starting off quickly!

MB: He'd better if he thinks he's going to stand a chance against The Arawak.

[Eaton scrambles up, peppering Veles with palm strikes before throwing a vicious spinning back elbow that catches Veles FLUSH on the cheek with a snapping sound. The referee steps in, forcing Eaton back as Veles reaches up his right hand, wiping the back of it across his mouth...

...and coming away with a bloody streak on it.]

HS: Uh oh.

[Eaton brushes past the official, charging back in towards Veles who steps out, hooking him around the torso...]

...and THROWS him violently into the turnbuckles, his entire body shaking from the impact. Veles goes to work, throwing knees to the body that could easily shatter ribs. He snatches a loose Muay Thai clinch, bringing the knees up to the head instead.]

HS: Veles is all over him!

[He breaks the clinch, snapping off punches to the head like a boxer might, causing Eaton's head to bounce back and forth. The big man grabs Eaton by the arm, whipping him across the ring...]

HS: Shoulder throw by Veles... look at Eaton!

[Eaton runs right up the buckles, landing on the top rope where he snaps off a picture perfect moonsault aimed at Veles...]

...who simply sidesteps, watching Eaton crash and burn to the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Veles steps forward, reaching down to wrap his arms around Eaton's torso...]

...and deadlifts him straight up off the canvas, swinging him up into the air, and DRIVES him down with a thunderous powerbomb! He stacks up the legs, leaning his weight down onto them to apply pressure to the shoulders.]

HS: That's it. One... two... and three.

[The bell sounds as Veles stands up, spitting a wad of blood down onto Eaton with disgust.]

HS: Ugh. No call for that.

MB: You make a man bleed his own blood... all bets are off.

[Veles demands that the referee raise his hand and the official obliges, pointing to the winner.]

HS: "The Arawak" Jack Veles picks up a win and he's moving on to the second round... and if I was one of his potential opponents, I might be checking on some additional medical insurance right about now. Let's go back to the studio to Theresa!

[We spiral wipe back to the starfield where Theresa is standing.]

TL: A dominating performance by Jack Veles and that lets him cash his ticket to the Elite Eight of this tournament. He's in there with Sid Osborne, Pops Palahniuk, and Lord William Wesley Windsor. That makes four through with four more still coming to join them. We'll be seeing the remainder of the four first round matches in this Brass Ring Tournament a little later but right after this commercial break, we're going to take a breather and hear from yet another one of the hot new tag teams here in the AWA - the Colton Crew! Stick around!



[We fade to black...

...and then back up. We see two young kids - a boy and a girl - standing at the barricade at an AWA live event. They are on their feet, screaming and shouting for the action in the ring. We can hear a bell and soon, Travis Lynch is standing in front of them, giving them both a high five with the AWA National Title belt hanging over his shoulder. The young man turns towards the camera.]

"Wow! I wish I could be the champion!"

[There's a voiceover.]

VO: Now you can!

[And with a flash of light, the young man has a replica of the National Title hanging over his shoulder. The boy yelps with glee, slapping the title belt with a big grin on his face. The voiceover continues as we see the title belts one by one.]

VO: Okay, maybe you can't be the champion but you can own your own version of the same title belts you see on TV each and every week!

The National Title, the World Television Title, the Tag Team Titles, even the World Heavyweight Title can be yours!

Kids sizes and adult sizes available.

[A quick shot of a grown man holding the World Title in the air, smiling broadly.]

VO: Oh, and don't think we forgot about you...

[FLASH!

And now the little girl from the start of the ad is holding her own version of the Women's World Championship.]

"I can be a champion too!"

[Cut to a three shot of the adult and the two kids each holding up their title belts.]

VO: Available now at retail stores everywhere and AWAShop.com!

[Fade to black...

...and fade back up to pre-taped footage from earlier in the week. Theresa Lynch is in a locker room with Blake Colton and Curtis Kestrel, both of whom look like they've just finished a match.]

TL: Blake Colton and Curtis Kestrel... Another victory for the Colton Crew tonight.

CK: Well, you know, that's what you have to do in this business. You have to build on each and every victory you score to keep improving. I know tonight it took us a while to get control of the match. We took a few days off, and then we've wrestled for the past five shows consecutively and we found that Blake and myself have gotten into a rhythm together.

[Theresa Lynch may not yet be a veteran broadcaster, but she knows when to move on and change to a more interesting subject.]

TL: Uh, Blake, I'm sure that you have more than that on your mind after hearing Shadoe Rage's challenge to face you on the next edition of Saturday Night Wrestling.

BC: Y'know, Theresa, I do, but I try an' stay focused on the match at hand. Y'know, I'm not unfamiliar with Shadoe Rage. I was sitting on my Grandad's knee in Pumphouse in Calgary when Shadoe Rage would come stormin' into the ring to run Chinook down. I went with my dad when The Sheriff would visit the Age of Rage. An' my favorite match from when I was little gaffer was watching you tear the house down against my uncle, The X-Man, Shadoe.

TL: And now you're accepting his challenge to meet with him one-on-one. Mr. Kestrel, this is effectively Blake's first singles match in the AWA. Obviously you think he's ready for it.

CK: One hundred percent. I feel he has all the skills needed to be competitive.

[Colton chuckles.]

BC: Hey, bahd... Give me a little credit, Curt. I'm pretty sure I can win this. I mean, make no mistake: I am a wrestler who has been gifted with immense privilege. I'm not content to just sit back and rest on my laurels and run behind the blue line to my enforcers when the going gets tough like Riley Hunter and that hyena cousin of his. I got lucky that I'm the size of a sasquatch, like that Don Cherry-lookin' announcer calls me. I got lucky that I was born with the last name "Colton."

But you know who doesn't have that name, Shadoe? "Cannonball" Connors, that's who! I wish I had half his skills! I wish I had half his hustle and desire. And if you're going to disrespect my pal, a kid that I look up to... if you're going to disrespect the Lynches, who had the Coltons' backs even when we were tearing ourselves apart and taking Chinook Wrestling with us...

Once that bell rings, we're not going to have family names. We're just going to be two tough guys in a scrap, and you're gonna wish that you never dragged me into this, BAHD.

[Colton's threat seems to be the end of the segment as we fade through black back to a grinning Theresa in the starfield...]

TL: You heard him, BAHD! I'd love to be an honest and unbiased announcer here, fans, but after what Shadoe Rage has said about my family in recent weeks, I'm hoping Blake Colton cleans his clock next weekend in St. Louis! But that wasn't the only thing that happened at that recent live event in Kansas City. We're going to join in progress a match between Angelo Cordero and a man making his return to the AWA. Take a look.

[Spiral wipe from the starfield. A "Match in Progress" note flashes across the screen, we fade into a match that appears to have just gotten started.]

MS: Hey again, folks, Mark Stegglet here with Colt Patterson getting ready to call the action, Angelo Cordero in the ring going up against a man we haven't seen on AWA television in quite some time!

CP: I can't believe the AWA rehired that nerd, Mark!

MS: That 'nerd' is a very accomplished wrestler despite his appearance. The "Wrestling Wiki" Walter Warren's back in the AWA and looking to get his career back on track after being out of action for quite some time!

[Warren shouts in Cordero's direction the words "One Fifty Four".]

CP: One fifty four? What the heck does that mean?

MS: Considering the encyclopedic knowledge Warren has in his brain about just about any wrestler you can ever think of whether it's a past or present wrestler, Colt, I'd say I don't think Warren is intending to be paid by the hour.

[Confused at the words Warren shouted, Cordero charges at Warren, who side steps, sending Cordero crashing into the corner.]

MS: Cordero hoping to get the jump on Warren, but Warren had it well scouted.

CP: Cordero's about as fast as molasses, even a sloth could have seen him coming.

[Stegglet chuckles as Warren dropkicks Cordero in the back a couple of times. With a shout, Warren charges to the opposite corner.]

MS: Warren with a head of steam, and a third dropkick to Cordero!

[As the crowd cheers, Cordero stumbles back, falling to the canvas.]

MS: Warren off the ropes, a rapid fire leg drop! Warren back to his feet, and another rapid fire leg drop off the ropes!

CP: Warren may have less than no muscles but he makes up for it with a surprising amount of speed for a guy of his stature.

MS: Considering the weight difference between Warren and Cordero, speed would be the right way to attack.

CP: Doesn't take a computer scientist to figure that one out.

MS: No sir, Warren backing off, letting Cordero to his feet.. but not for long! He takes Cordero's left knee out with another dropkick!

[Cordero falls face first to the mat, Warren goes over, and grabs Cordero's right arm. He spins around Cordero's arm, then leaps over Cordero, making sure to grab him as he rolls over.]

MS: La Majistral cradle! The referee, in position to make the count, and he gets three!

CP: I don't even think Warren needed to say "One Fifty Four" if he was tellin' Cordero how quickly he was gonna beat 'em.

MS: No sir, I think that match didn't even last a minute! Walter Warren's triumphant here tonight and "Sweet" Lou Blackwell's making his way to ringside to get comments, take it away, Lou!

[Fade to ringside, where a triumphant Walter Warren is joined by "Sweet" Lou Blackwell.]

SLB: It's good to see you back on AWA television, Mr. Warren! A very convincing victory over a much larger opponent in Angelo Cordero, as a matter of fact, so what brings you back to AWA television?

WWWW: Well, Mr. Blackwell, I am very pleased to see you too, and I am very pleased to be standing in front of all these wonderful fans, satisfied about my victory tonight. I think I overestimated my poor opponent, I didn't even need a

minute to win this match. But I have to tell you, my road back to the AWA certainly was not simple!

Deep down I felt like I needed to do a lot more research. I've always been a big dreamer, Mr. Blackwell, but at the rate I was going, I wasn't going to live out my dream of seeing people like me... the nerds, the geeks, the so-called wimps ruling the world, like we should be doing in a technologically advanced era. The time has come for all of us to rise, and I hope to be leading the way with dignity and class!

SLB: Quite a dream you have there, Walter!

WWW: Indeed.

So, while I had significant downtime, I went and I studied the world of wrestling some more. I sat down and learned all the advanced techniques and strategies that will help me go to the top. I have done significant scouting and I can say with extreme confidence that I can become a champion in the AWA, sooner, rather than later. Whether it's Callum Mahoney, Travis Lynch... with all due respect of course, or even the World Heavyweight Champion, Juan Vasquez, I will have a belt around my waist! Sir, I am definitely thinking big here, I...

[Suddenly, a loud voice with a pretty strong New York accent is heard, interrupting Blackwell's interview with Warren.]

?: Eeeeyyyyyyyyyy!!! Hold on there, slappy!

[Walking into the picture is a familiar looking man we haven't seen on AWA television for quite some time, although the crowd doesn't quite react to his presence. The man looks rather sharp, wearing a white pinstriped suit, with a black handkerchief sticking out of his breast pocket. The man is also wearing a black hat, with a white band around it.]

SLB: Hey! It's, uh...

[Blackwell pauses, trying to remember the person's name. Warren seems familiar with the man, however, and clears things up for Blackwell.]

WWWW: Jackie Wilpon.

JW: Ey, ain't you clever. Look at this, everyone, we have Mr. Photographic Memory over here. Mr. Photographic Memory, thinkin' big, let's give him a round of applause!

[Wilpon sarcastically claps his hands as Warren furrows his brow.]

WWWW: I'd like to think that I've done my research on all the happenings in and around the AWA, but I did not expect this... criminal to interrupt my interview. What do you want, Wilpon?

[Wilpon chuckles.]

JW: Good, good, I actually surprised ya, didn't I? Not bad, nothin' usually gets past that big ol' stupid noggin of yers. Listen, buddy, I just signed a brand new contract, bringin' me back into the AWA fold as of two hours ago. Ya didn't know I was comin', but I sure as shootin' knew ya were comin' here so I figured I'd reintroduce myself. So, now that I've re-exchanged pleasantries...

[Wilpon rubs his nose.]

JW: The pleasantries end here, pal. Ya ruined my life. At one point I was a well respected... [slowly] legitimate businessman.

[Warren scoffs at Wilpon's statement.]

JW: Even if my win-loss record here in da AWA wasn't exactly spectacular, Jackie "Fingers" Wilpon used to be a name that, when ya heard it, ya knew... legitimate business was aboudda be done.

[Wilpon narrows his eyes and snaps his fingers.]

JW: Then ya threw all them accusations out on the air an' nobody wanted to do anythin' with me. I wasn't safe, the Wilpon name was toxic. Even the management of the AWA didn't bother extending my contract an' they'll hire just about anyone. When I walked outta that door that night, I had t' make a few phone calls. I hadda take odd jobs and wrestle in dive bars and high schools with ten foot ceilins' just ta make ends meet. All the while thinkin' of you an' how I'm gonna break each and everyone of yer fingers as receipt for what ya did to me.

Now, thanks to a whole lotta.. "hard work", I'm back in the AWA and throwin' down the punk card. Two weeks from now, pal, me an' you are gonna settle dis once an' fer all on Power Hour.

[Warren raises his eyebrow in confusion at Wilpon's challenge.]

WWWW: Sir. I may not have known that you would show up tonight since it was under some very short notice. However, I need to respond to the foolishness of your challenge. See, my web of influence doesn't just envelop the AWA, but all over the country. I know, for a fact, that four months ago you tore your anterior cruciate ligament in a match!

[Wilpon claps his hands.]

JW: Bravo, Captain Obvious! We have a very brilliant mind over here, look at Mr. I Can Read The Wrestling News over here!

WWWW: Shut. Up!

[Warren pauses to catch his breath.]

WWWW: Apologies, I did not mean to be so quick to anger, that is definitely not me! So.. you mean to tell me and the world, that you are willing to take me on, in the ring, four months after a significant knee injury that required many hours of surgery and has certainly ended your career? I mean, you walked in here with a rather pronounced limp.

JW: Limp? Yer talkin' about my limp? What are ya talkin' about? I've always had dis limp.

[Wilpon chuckles.]

JW: But yeah, I don't care. I'm ready ta go. Despite bein' down on my luck, I've had the best.. ehem.. "health insurance" money can buy.

[Wilpon steps forward, putting his left hand on Warren's right shoulder, and slaps Warren's chest gently with his right hand.]

JW: Trust me, nerd, I'm gonna take that laptop of yers and shove it where the sun don't shine, capiche?

[With a grin, Wilpon backs away, and turns to leave. Blackwell and Warren watch Wilpon walk off camera]

SLB: So, Jackie Wilpon has somehow been rehired by the AWA, and is willing to step into the ring in two weeks time right here on Power Hour and is willing to wrestle you one on one despite tearing his ACL four months ago.

WWWW: He can't be serious. I'm going to have to dig deep, do my research and talk to all my contacts if need be, and find out what's going on here. I'm not going to let Wilpon get in the way of dreams of me and people like me who have struggled in a world full of brutes and bullies. I'll accept his challenge and see him in two weeks!

[The crowd cheers the acceptance of Wilpon's challenge. Warren raises his arm in triumph and walks off screen.]

SLB: There you have it! In two weeks time, The "Wrestling Wiki" Walter Warren will be back in action and taking on the returning Jackie "Fingers" Wilpon! Back to you, Theresa!

[We fade from the arena action back to Theresa on the starfield.]

TL: Thanks, Lou... and that's one of the things that I love about the Power Hour. You just never know what - or who - you might see. Harvey Sutton, step on in here again if you please.

[The play-by-play man for Combat Corner Wrestling obliges.]

TL: Let's talk about what we've seen in the Brass Ring Tournament so far... or more precisely, about who has advanced.

[Sutton nods.]

HS: Four very, very different competitors, Theresa. First, we had "Sin City" Sid Osborne, the brash, outspoken young man with tremendous potential who believes the day when he should be on Saturday Night Wrestling instead of the Crockett Coliseum is long passed. Then there was Pops Palahniuk - the monstrous big man with so much shocking agility. He's gotta be considered a threat to win it all at anytime.

TL: What did you think of Lord William Wesley Windsor?

HS: Look, I might not have approved of his tactics in there but he won... plain and simple... and he beat a tremendous competitor in Koji Nakano to do it. It'll be interesting to see if his blend of sweet science and roughhouse tactics can be put together to make it all the way to the end of this tournament but his reputation precedes him from the United Kingdom and I like his chances.

TL: And lastly, the Arawak... Jack Veles.

HS: Jack Veles, much like Sid Osborne, is another CCW guy who thinks he should've hit the big time a while ago. Veles wants to compete with the top stars in the business and I think the way he dispatched of Tommy Eaton in this tournament shows just how serious he is about breaking into the main roster.

TL: Alright, four men in... four more to go. What's the match you're looking forward to the most in the second half of this tournament?

HS: Oh, it's gotta be the clash between Whaitiri and Odin Gunn, Theresa. Gunn is pretty much a mystery going into this tournament but I've heard things that make

me wonder just what in the world we're going to see when those two collide later tonight.

TL: Thanks, Harvey... we're going to take another quick break but when we come back, it'll be time for the second half of our first round matches so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black...

...and then back up. We see two young kids - a boy and a girl - standing at the barricade at an AWA live event. They are on their feet, screaming and shouting for the action in the ring. We can hear a bell and soon, Travis Lynch is standing in front of them, giving them both a high five with the AWA National Title belt hanging over his shoulder. The young man turns towards the camera.]

"Wow! I wish I could be the champion!"

[There's a voiceover.]

VO: Now you can!

[And with a flash of light, the young man has a replica of the National Title hanging over his shoulder. The boy yelps with glee, slapping the title belt with a big grin on his face. The voiceover continues as we see the title belts one by one.]

VO: Okay, maybe you can't be the champion but you can own your own version of the same title belts you see on TV each and every week!

The National Title, the World Television Title, the Tag Team Titles, even the World Heavyweight Title can be yours!

Kids sizes and adult sizes available.

[A quick shot of a grown man holding the World Title in the air, smiling broadly.]

VO: Oh, and don't think we forgot about you...

[FLASH!

And now the little girl from the start of the ad is holding her own version of the Women's World Championship.]

"I can be a champion too!"

[Cut to a three shot of the adult and the two kids each holding up their title belts.]

VO: Available now at retail stores everywhere and AWAShop.com!

[Fade to black...

...and then back to a shot of the Crockett Coliseum crowd, ready for the second half of the tournament to begin.]

HS: We are back here in Dallas, Shark. Four men in, four more to go... and our next match is going to be a very tough battle in my estimation as young Bishop Norris collides with Tyrone "T-Rex" Stevenson!

MB: My eyes are locked on Bishop Norris, Sutton. Let's see what this kid can do.

HS: Both men spoke to our cameras earlier tonight so let's take a look at those interviews right now!

[Fade from the Crockett to Tyrone "T-Rex" Stevenson in one of the Combat Corner locker rooms, dressed in a MASSIVE Combat Corner tracksuit. His first words are to someone behind the camera.]

TS: They calling it a battle of hosses? Really? Naw, man, Bishop Norris is a hoss, sure, but the T-Rex is something else, aight. Sure, the kid's got some corn-fed power behind him, but my strength is downright prehistoric, man. And it took all of Big Jim Watkins and all the Combat Corner has to offer to shape him into the wrestler that he is?

Tyrone "T-Rex" Stevenson didn't need that many men working on him. This here God-given power and ability? Even evolution can't touch. I'm gonna snatch that Brass Ring, man, I tell you, and I'm gonna smash it, along with every man standing in the way! The T-Rex gon' come to WRECK 'EM!

[Fade from Stevenson to Bishop Norris who stands in front of the interview area, his hair down and loose, wearing black tights and boots.]

BN: It's here, the Brass Ring Tournament, and a lot of bad dudes around 'ere are thinkin' that because ol' Bishop Norris here didn't come straight from wrestlin' and spend more of his time playin' football that it puts me at a disadvantage. Well that just ain't true.

See, cause I've been waitin' for something like this all my life, ta get in the ring and throw hands. Cause ya see, ya can't hit someone in the head in football. Ya can't slam someone down in football. Ya can't stomp someone on the ground in football. And that's what I'm lookin' for, a fight.

Ol' Bishop Norris is always lookin' for a fight, and this tournament here is exactly what I'm lookin' for. Tyrone Stevenson, you pull me first, and you can bring whatever you want into this ring, I'm going to bring my boots and my fists, and when we're done, you're gonna know who the baddest dude in the ring is, and that's Bishop Norris!

[We fade away from Norris back to the ring where the referee is waiting to start the match. Norris removes a black vest, handing it outside the ring and then squares up, nodding to the official who calls for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

HS: The bell sounds and this one is underway... two big hosses colliding in this one, Shark.

MB: Absolutely. The T-Rex on one side, six foot four and north of 350 pounds... and big Bishop Norris on the other side of the ring. Nowhere near as much mass on him but he's a big, tough kid.

HS: You'd have to be a big, tough kid to catch the eye of the legendary "Big" Jim Watkins who discovered Norris on the gridiron.

[The two bulls meet in the middle, locking up and jockeying for position. Stevenson is easily stronger than Norris though and with a mighty heave, throws the young man down to the mat.]

MB: Two men in there who excelled in other sports before coming to pro wrestling. Tyrone Stevenson, as we've said before, is a former powerlifter. And Norris' exploits as a kid on the gridiron is the stuff of local legend.



HS: A lot of people think Norris could've ended up in the NFL, playing on Sundays if he'd kept at it but his love and passion is right here inside the squared circle.

[Norris gets up off the canvas, shaking his head in disbelief at the strength of his opponent.]

HS: Of course, these two are also at opposite ends of the spectrum when it comes to age. Norris is all of 19 years old... basically fresh out of high school... and the big T-Rex turned 31 years old earlier this year.

MB: It's not easy to break into pro wrestling when you get some years under your belt but if anyone can do it, I think the T-Rex has the shot.

HS: And he's not throwing away his shot either.

[Norris gets thrown down on a second collar and elbow. Stevenson grins, striking a double bicep pose that show mass but little definition.]

MB: Well, he's certainly not a bodybuilder.

HS: Definitely not.

[The thickly-built African-American with a wild afro and full beard beckons Norris at him. The young rookie gets off the mat, pacing back and forth for a moment before inspiration strikes...

...and he shouts across at Stevenson, slapping himself in the chest.]

MB: This might not be the wisest of ideas.

[Stevenson nods with a grin, obliging the young man as he lumbers to the ropes, bouncing back towards Norris...

...and connects with a big running tackle that the former football player manages to stuff!]

HS: Oh ho! Check that out, Shark!

MB: I stand corrected. Norris flashing back to his days on the gridiron on Friday nights as he stands his ground against a 350 pound shoulder tackle... and now he says it's his turn!

[Norris looks out to the crowd, pumping his bulky right arm a few times, drawing some support behind him before he dashes to the ropes, bouncing off towards Stevenson who sets his feet...

...and Norris SMASHES into Stevenson with a loud "HOOOAAAAAAAHH!" sending the big man down to the canvas to a big cheer!]

HS: Wow! And for those seeing Bishop Norris in action for the first time, you may be starting to see a little of what Big Jim saw in him, Shark!

MB: Absolutely. THAT was impressive.

[Norris though takes too much time celebrating his toppling of the big man, failing to notice the T-Rex back on his feet...

...so when Norris turns, Stevenson charges, leaping up and clashing his arms together on Norris' head, knocking him down to the mat!]

HS: OHHHHH!

[Stevenson stands over Norris, barking some trash talk down in his direction as we cut a little deeper into the match...

...where we find Norris trapped in the unfriendly confines of a Stevenson bearhug. The T-Rex is squeezing hard, using that powerlifting strength to drive the air out of Norris' lungs.]

HS: Norris needs to find a way out of this bearhug, having been trapped in it for over a minute now, Shark.

MB: When you've been in a hold like this that long, it gets tough to escape. Every time Norris takes a deep breath, Stevenson tightens it up a little more, forcing him to work real hard to even exhale. When you can't get a breath, you're fighting on borrowed time.

[Norris grabs a handful of afro, pulling Stevenson's head back enough for him to lay a haymaker upside the ear.]

HS: Norris trying to battle his way out!

[A second shot lands... and a third... and then a double arm bellringer claps together on the ears of Stevenson, forcing him to set Norris down. The former gridiron great grabs at his ribs as he dashes to the ropes, looking to turn momentum on his side...

...but gets flattened when Stevenson gets a three step run, leaping up, throwing his body sideways into a crushing crossbody!]

HS: OHHH!

MB: He calls it the T-Wreck! And it certainly did WRECK Bishop Norris!

[Stevenson crawls on top of Norris, earning a two count before Norris somehow muscles a shoulder up off the mat.]

HS: Norris slips the shoulder up in time! So close right there for the T-Rex!

[Stevenson barks at the official, holding up three fingers but the official shakes him off. The former powerlifter drags Norris off the mat by the arm, flinging him across the ring with a whip, sending him into the buckles.]

MB: Stevenson's still shouting at the ref. Gotta stay focused, big man.

HS: Norris is in the corner - here comes the big man!

[Stevenson twists his body, looking for a giant running hip attack in the corner...

...but Norris pulls himself clear at the last moment, causing the T-Rex to SLAM backfirst into the buckles!]

HS: He missed! And the T-Rex had a whole lot of momentum when he hit the corner like that!

MB: This is Norris' chance, Sutton. He's gotta pull something off here.

[Norris backs off... and then charges back in, landing a big clothesline.]

HS: Clothesline in the corner! Maybe looking for another one!

[He backs up again, pumping his arm a few times before charging back in...]

HS: A second running clothesline connects!

[Staying in place, Norris twists to grab a side headlock.]

HS: And this could be a bulldog out of the corner! One of Big Jim's favorite maneuvers!

[Norris swings an arm around in the air, charging out of the corner towards mid-ring where he leaps into the air...]

...and gets flung across the rest of the ring by the powerful Stevenson!]

HS: OHHHH MY!

[Stevenson shakes his head a few times, shouting "NOT TONIGHT!" as he stomps forward, yanking Norris to his feet. He lifts him up from the waist, his arm looped around him as he falls forward, driving him down to the canvas!]

HS: EXTINCTION EVENT! THAT'S IT!

[Stevenson plants his palms down on Norris' chest as the referee counts to three.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Stevenson gets up, clubbing himself across the chest before the referee raises his hand.]

HS: Tyrone Stevenson, the T-Rex, takes the win and he's moving on to the second round of the tournament as the fifth man through with a chance to still grab that elusive Brass Ring. Who else will join him? Let's find out right now as we go backstage to hear from the participants in our next matchup!

[We fade from the shot of the victorious Stevenson to backstage...]

From off-screen comes the sound of Jackie Bourassa's theme "Greasy Sweet." As Bourassa himself oozes into the frame with a gyrating strut that some might charitably call 'dancing,' the source of the music is obviously the small portable Bluetooth speaker in his blinged hand.]

JB: YeahyeahYEAH, okay guys! D'accord les gars!

[Of course, this being the garish and oily Quèbècois, the speaker is one of the less interesting sights. Bourassa is clad head-to-toe in shimmering holographic hot pink pleather, gold chains around his neck, and giant zirconia studs in his ear.]

JB: Walk tall, stand tall... feel FUNKAY!

[He outstretches his arms and two giggling young ladies cuddle up underneath them. It looks like they went on a shopping spree for the most ridiculous disco clothes they could find at American Apparel.]

JB: Yo yo yo, Gabby Cordova and rich corinthian leather... show me your bling and let me SHINE you, guy. Tse, you pickin' up on what I am throwing down to you? Throw those suplays, guy, and I show you why Mad Maxnum couldn't top L'Esthétique Cinétique! That's da Kinetic Aesthetic, guy!

Oh, Gabby you may be good, but I'm...

...GREASY SWEET! Let's dance!

[Fade through black to a shot of a young man of Hispanic origin, standing in front of a "BRASS RING TOURNAMENT" banner. He is olive-skinned, with a head shaved into a faded buzzcut and has a youthful, babyfaced appearance. He is dressed in a far too-familiar white tracksuit with black trim, once worn by a certain fallen hero of the AWA.]

"My name is Gabriel Cordova."

[He smirks.]

GC: And they call me "Wrestling's best kept secret."

[A slight chuckle.]

GC: Or at least I used to be. I'm sure you've seen the highlight reels on YouTube, I'm sure you've read the match reviews from Garcia, and I'm sure there's enough angry keyboard warriors out there screaming at the top of their lungs that I stole a precious opportunity from their local Indy darlings.

But I deserve to be here.

[He nods in the affirmative.]

GC: Juan Vasquez...and I know his name hasn't meant much around here since he's gone outta his damn mind...but JUAN VASQUEZ, heard the stories, heard the hype and paid his own hard-earned money to buy a ticket to watch me in action.

[A grin.]

GC: Yeah, that's right. The biggest name in this sport paid money to see ME. I put that butt in that seat, because he heard about this kid that was lighting the world on fire inside an American Legion armory in Los Angeles, month after month, and he had to see it for himself. And after the show, he asked to see me. He said...

"Amigo, you remind me of me and Luke Kinsey when we were your age."

[Cordova places his hand over his heart.]

GC: Vasquez and Kinsey. Dios mio, my heroes. My idols. And one of them was telling me THAT. What was my response? I looked him right in the eyes and I said...

"No, Mr. Vasquez...I'm even BETTER."

[He laughs.]

GC: You should've seen the look on his face. Biggest star in the sport and I'M trying to big time HIM. But then he said the two words that changed my life forever.

"You're right. Now I want you to prove it to the rest of the world."

[Cordova gets a serious look on his face.]

GC: Maybe up til now, I was just a big fish in a little pond, but I'm good. I KNOW I'm good. Everyone that's ever seen me knows I'm good. And now I want the rest of the world to know it too.

[He breathes in and exhales heavily.]

GC: Prepare yourselves, world. Because "wrestling's best kept secret" ain't a secret no more. Gabriel Cordova's coming for that brass ring!

[Fade back out to the ring where the bell has rung and the two combatants are circling one another.]

HS: Back to the action here in the Crockett with three spots left in Round 2 of the Brass Ring Tournament... and when you talk about Gabriel Cordova, he's the epitome of someone trying to grab the Brass Ring, Shark.

MB: Absolutely. After years on the indy scene - almost all of it in Southern California instead of globetrotting like a lot of top notch indy guys do - Cordova landed in CCW thanks to the advice of Juan Vasquez. And a lot of people may not be fond of Juan Vasquez these days - myself included - but you can take one look at the Axis and know he's got an eye for talent.

[Cordova inches closer, forcing Bourassa back against the ropes but when the California native lunges, Bourassa throws up his hands with a "CEASE!"...

...and then rubs his hands all over his greasy chest to some cheers from those sick CCW bastards. Cordova looks disgusted, backing off with a shudder as the referee stares slack-jawed at Bourassa.]

HS: Well, fans... if you're new to the world of Jackie Bourassa... welcome aboard and I hope you brought hand sanitizer.

[Cordova inches closer, taking a step... and Bourassa thrusts his hips.]

HS: Uhh.

[Cordova takes another step... and Bourassa thrusts his hips again.]

HS: I feel dirty just watching this.

[Cordova takes another step... and charges Bourassa who does a spin move, causing Cordova to spill through the ropes to the apron. Bourassa quickly runs down the length of the ropes, leaping up to the middle rope, and springing back with a dropkick that knocks Cordova off the apron to the floor!]

HS: Well, that was nicely done at least.

MB: That's the thing about Bourassa, Sutton. He throws people off their game with the Greasy Sweet nonsense and then catches them when they're not expecting it. It's mindgames turned up to a disgusting level.

[Bourassa drops to the mat, striking a pose as Cordova gets to his feet, staring back inside the ring...

...and we cut deeper into the match, finding Cordova with his back to the buckles as Bourassa works him over with shouldertackles to the midsection.]

HS: Irish whip coming up, shoots Cordova across!

[Bourassa barrels in across the ring after him, twisting as he leaps up...]

HS: Back elbow... no dice! Cordova slides out of the way!

[And with Bourassa backed into the corner now, Cordova squares up in front of him...

...and throws a right-legged kick to the left ribcage of Bourassa... and another... and another. Bourassa slumps forward, allowing the next kick to bounce off his sternum.]

HS: Look at the kicking out of Cordova!

[A pair of well-placed kicks to the side of the knee cause Bourassa to lean back against the buckles to stay standing...

...and Cordova leaps into the air, twisting around to bury a sole butt into the sternum of Bourassa!]

HS: And he punctuates the assault with a shot right to the chest...

[Another whip sends Bourassa across the ring to the other side. Cordova drops back against the buckles, slapping his hands down on the top rope before he charges across the ring. Bourassa stumbles out towards him...

...and then cartwheels to the side as Cordova launches himself into a shotgun dropkick, slamming into the empty corner as Bourassa smirks, rubbing his chest with both hands.]

HS: Cordova comes up empty on the dropkick!

[And with Cordova down on the mat, Bourassa stomps his midsection, forcing him to sit up...

...and then DRILLS him with a dropkick to the mush, sliding into a cover for a two count.]

HS: Two count off the dropkick and the momentum in this one keeps switching back and forth between these two grapplers.

[We cut deeper into the match as Bourassa drags Cordova by the hair towards the corner. He climbs up to the midbuckle, pulling Cordova into a front facelock...]

HS: And it looks like Bourassa might be going for a tornado DDT right here...

[But Cordova slips a few short right hands into the ribs, breaking Bourassa's grip...

...and then deadleaps into the air, snatching Bourassa's head between his legs, snapping him off the buckles with a leaping rana!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

HS: Amazing vertical leap on the part of Gabriel Cordova!

[Bourassa flops about on the canvas before dragging himself to his feet...

...and this time, the shotgun dropkick finds the mark, slamming Bourassa backwards into the buckles!]

HS: Bourassa hits the corner! Cordova right back up, grabs the arm, whips him across!

[But as Bourassa nears the corner, he flips over the ropes, landing on his feet on the apron...

...and starts moonwalking down the apron to cheers from the crowd!]

HS: Are you kidding me?!

[An agitated Cordova rushes Bourassa who grabs the top rope, swinging a leg up to catch Cordova on the ear!]

HS: Ohh! Again, Bourassa gets inside someone's head and makes them pay for it!

[Bourassa steps up on the middle rope from the outside of the ring, leaning in to grab Cordova by his head, pulling him into another front facelock...]

HS: Tornado DDT from there?!

[...but Cordova has other ideas, scooping Bourassa up into a fireman's carry, walking out to the middle of the ring, and tosses Bourassa up, drilling him with a kick to the head on the way down!]

HS: DETONATION KICK!

[Cordova pops back to his feet, looking to cover...

...but Bourassa has wisely rolled to the floor, avoiding any pin attempt. He wobbles away from the ring, throwing a dismissive gesture at it as he circles the ringpost...]

HS: Bourassa's looking for a time out here and-

[But Cordova's having none of that, charging full speed across the ring, and HURLING himself over the top rope, turnbuckle, and ringpost with a somersault plancha that WIPES OUT Bourassa on the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

HS: MYYYYYY GOD, DID YOU SEE THAT?!

[Cordova is slow to get to his feet as we cut again...

...and find Bourassa slowly getting up off the canvas as Cordova waits for him out on the apron. Cordova leaps into the air, springing off the top rope...]

HS: AIR CORDOVA!

[He sails towards Bourassa, looking to drive a forearm into his skull...

...but Bourassa front rolls away from it, causing Cordova to slam down on the canvas. Bourassa quickly moonwalks his way back towards the prone Cordova...]

HS: A moonwalk?! Now?!

[...and turns it into a standing moonsault!]

HS: ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOO! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Cordova's shoulder pops up off the canvas before three!]

HS: How close was that?! Gabriel Cordova just about had his Brass Ring dreams ended by Jackie Bourassa who continues to show why no one in this sport should take him lightly no matter his antics!

[Bourassa gets to his feet, dragging Cordova up off the mat...

...but Cordova is ready for him, swatting the hand away from him before he throws a series of rapid palm strikes to the chest of Bourassa, battering him backwards!]

HS: Cordova with the flurry of strikes... ohhh! Rolling sole butt downstairs!

[With Bourassa doubled up, Cordova takes aim, swinging his leg high into the air and SLAMMING the flat of his foot down into the back of the head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Bourassa's torso snaps back up off the rebound of the kick, leaving him wide open for a rolling elbow smash to the jaw!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Bourassa's eyelids flutter as he sinks down to his knees, barely able to stay vertical...

...which doesn't matter to Cordova who takes aim, does a full spin, and DRILLS him on the ear with a roundhouse kick!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

HS: BIG! FAT! KILL!

[Bourassa drops like a stone as Cordova dives across his torso.]

HS: ONNNNNNE! TWOOOOO! THREEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Cordova pops up off the downed Bourassa, raising his arms in triumph as the fans cheer his victory.]

HS: Wow! What a win for Gabriel Cordova who advances in the Brass Ring Tournament as the sixth man through to the second round!

MB: One heck of a showing for a virtual unknown heading into this thing.

[Cordova continues to celebrate his victory as we fade back to Theresa in the starfield.]

TL: Another man advances as Gabriel Cordova looks to prove to the world that he belongs here on the big stage of the AWA. And if he keeps winning his matches like that, he'll prove exactly that soon enough. Fans, we've got two more matches to go in the Brass Ring Tournament and we'll be going back to the Crockett for those a little later but right now, we've got to take another commercial but when we come back, we're going to see the returning Victoria June back in action!

[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 as we come back, we've joined Marcus Broussard and Bucky Wilde on commentary at a live event somewhere. Inside the ring, we can see the Serpentes are in action against an unknown duo.]

MB: And Copperhead with a vicious backbreaker. And she and Mamba controlling the action here against these two obviously overmatched rookies.

BW: Well, Shark, if you're going to get in the ring with these two then you better be ready for it because these two don't play.

[Copperhead tags in Mamba and pulls her young victim up by the ponytail.]

MB: And Copperhead sending Judy Willmar in for the ride... pop up toss on the rebound... OH MY GOD!

[The crowd winces loudly as Mamba explodes into the airborne Judy Willmar with a big boot kick to the face. The hapless girl collapses in a heap on the mat.]

BW: That's gotta be it!

[The Serpentine pauses to admire their handiwork before Mamba charges Willmar's partner, Betty Rudge, and hits a dropkick, sending her flying off the apron.]

MB: And Mamba tagging Copperhead back in... looks like... yes, double chokehold here... no doubt what they're looking for...

[The Serpentine hoist Willmar high in the air and drop her to the mat with a devastating double chokeslam.]

BW: This one's over!

[Copperhead toys with her prey, though, lifting her up instead of going for the pin. Willmar is a rag doll in her grasp as she twines around her locking in a cobra twist.]

MB: Now the Serpentine adding insult to injury. Willmar is practically unconscious and can barely resist this debilitating hold. The ref is going to stop this one by submission.

BW: But the Serpentine won't let her. Look, Copperhead just dropped Willmar!

[The crowd boos this latest tactic.]

MB: And there's another tag and the Serpentine are just being sadistic here. They know this is over, but they want to send a message to everyone just who they are and what they're all about.

BW: I wouldn't mess with them if I were competing.

[Mamba comes in and scoops up Willmar for her ring shaking slam. She dives down for the cover and then pulls Willmar up at two. The crowd boos vociferously as Mamba laughs.]

MB: Another tag... and what are they setting up for this time.

[The Serpentine set Willmar up on the top rope. Each one then climbs onto the second rope. They both fasten their hands around Willmar's throat.]

BW: This is gonna be ugly!

MB: Are they gonna throw her over the top rope! She'll be killed!

BW: They're gonna do it!

#HEY HO! LET'S GO!#

[The crowd explodes as the Afro-Punk, Victoria June, comes charging down the aisle, chair in hand. She slides into the ring and blasts Mamba in the back with it. Copperhead leaps at her and takes the edge of the chair in the ribs before June winds up and slams it across her back.]

MB: Victoria June is back from injury!

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: And this crazy punk has caused the disqualification!

MB: If you recall the Serpentine put her out of action for several weeks with their blinding mist. Victoria June now ruining their match for her own revenge.

[The Serpentine stumble up the aisle as Victoria June stands on the middle rope, shouting wildly at them.]

MB: Well, Victoria June, showing some fire in her revenge against the Serpentine, but this isn't too smart, if you ask me. They took her out once. Don't think they won't do it again.

BW: That's because you're smart, Shark. June might be on the Travis Lynch scale of empty-headed. Why is she going to take on two of the most dangerous women in this sport by herself?

MB: Good question, Bucky. I hope June has the answers for her sake.

[And with that, we fade back to the starfield where Theresa Lynch is standing.]

TL: Victoria June back in action and I, for one, am glad to see her. She went through a lot recovering from that mist and now she's out for payback against the women who put her on the shelf to begin with, the Serpentine. Speaking of being put on the shelf, last week on Saturday Night Wrestling, we saw the Syndicate almost gleefully assault Mason in the parking lot, injuring him in the process and putting him on the shelf for SuperClash. What does that mean for Supreme Wright and his scheduled tag team match with Casey James and Tiger Claw after losing his partner? Let's take a look at this footage and try to find out!

[We spiral wipe away. The words "Previously Recorded" flash across the top of the screen, as we fade into a shot of a small theatre. There, we see the lone figure of Supreme Wright, intently watching something off-screen as a projector plays in the background. Wright is dressed casually in a sweater, dress shirt, and jeans, his eyes locked on the screen. After a few seconds, he frowns and raises his arm, turning off the projector with a remote control, shaking his head.]

SW: Too inexperienced and not enough talent to make up for it. He's not the one...

[His face illuminated by the white light from the screen, Wright sinks into his seat, sighing.]

SW: This...is frustrating.

[Wright rubs his temples.]

SW: I need to find a partner. An ally. Someone who I can trust to go to war with The Syndicate.

[A pause.]

SW: I've poured through hours and hours of film, but I still haven't found someone capable. And as it turns out, the ones that may be capable...

...are not men I'm on the best terms with.

[A mirthless laugh.]

SW: Ryan Martinez may have been forgiving, but not many people trust me because of what I've done in the past. In fact, many of them absolutely despise me for it. And as a result, my choices have become extremely...limited.

[He shakes his head.]

SW: It doesn't matter.

I'm not here to make friends and I'm not here to atone for my past. I'm here to dispense justice against The Syndicate.

And justice WILL be served.

[A beat.]

SW: And if I have to face The Syndicate alone...

[Wright's words trail off and we're left with another brief pause in the near darkness, before Supreme abruptly turns the projector back on.]

SW: The search continues.

[Wright's focus returns to the screen and we fade out...

...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 then back up to friendly confines of the Crockett Coliseum with Theresa's voiceover.]

TL: Two more matches remain in the first round of the Brass Ring Tournament. Six men have advanced and now it's time to find out which other two will join the Elite Eight right back here in two weeks' time. Let's hear some words from the participants in our next matchup.

[We fade from the ring to the backstage area where "Golden" Grant Carter is standing in a pair of black tights with GGC written in gold script down the legs. He's also wearing a glittering golden vest and a pair of batting glove style golden gloves as he addresses the camera.]

GGC: For guys like Gabriel Cordova or Sid Osborne, this is their shot to break into the big time. For guys like Fujin Oda, who I'm facing tonight, it's his FIRST shot to break through.

For a guy like GGC though... it just might be my last shot.

[Carter chuckles with a shrug.]

GGC: Hey, I'm a realist... and I can read a calendar as good as anyone. And as the days tear off, this body of mine gets older and older and my dreams of becoming a pro wrestler in the AWA get a shorter and shorter window of opportunity.

My window is closing...

...and that makes me dangerous, Fujin Oda.

[Carter grins.]

GGC: Oh, I've heard the stories. I know why you're here... and I know why the fanboys are all abuzz. He's from Japan.

[Carter checks an imaginary box.]

GGC: He's fast, he's quick, he's tough.

[Check. Check. Check.]

GGC: He's the protege of one of the first men to wear championship gold in the AWA - Nenshou.

[Another shrug.]

GGC: I'm impressed. A lot of people are. But what I'm not, Fujin... is intimidated. I'm not afraid of you because in my time trying to kick down the door to this business that seems determined to keep me out, I've seen a dozen guys just like

you. Guys with the pedigree. Guys with the reputation. Guys who I'm told will send me packin' if they get their hands on me.

Well, here I am...

Bring your hands...

[Carter raises his gloved hands, pushing them together in a "high ten."]

GGC: ...'cause you know I'm bringin' mine.

Now put 'em up!

[He throws his hands up into the air, a big grin on his weathered face as we fade through black to a short Japanese man with a dark complexion. He's obviously in phenomenal physical condition with a thick neck and washboard abs underneath an elaborate black velvet cloak that resembles a cape with huge dark silver metallic shoulderpads. On his right hand is an antique-looking metal gauntlet, almost blackened with age and slightly rusted.]

FO: "Put 'em up," he says.

[Oda smiles, raising the gauntleted hand.]

FO: And so I do. But the Golden One knows not what he asks for.

You believe that you know me, Golden One... but I believe you are wrong. Because what you know is Internet hype. Warriors with a keyboard who declare that I am a future star because of who trained me. Opinionmakers who call my excursion to the United States an "invasion of raw talent."

But that is not me, Golden One.

[He holds the gauntlet up higher, twisting it so the camera sees it fully.]

FO: This is me. A respect for those who've come before me. Knowledge of the power they brought to this sport of kings. And the ability to harness that power for my own.

You speak of opportunity, Golden One, as if they are gifts given by a jolly fat man.

[Oda snorts derisively.]

FO: In my world, opportunities are earned. And if you fail once, you must fight to seize your chance again.

Your window is closing you say.

[Oda shrugs.]

FO: I have no ill will towards you, Golden One... only a burning need to be the one who slams your window closed.

[He slowly closes his eyes.]

FO: Go forth and do battle... with honor.

[Fade to black...]

...and then back up to the ring in the Crockett Coliseum. "Golden" Grant Carter is an obvious fan favorite in the old venue, throwing his hands in the air and getting a sea of hands in response. Fujin Oda stalks back and forth across the ring in the corner, his eyes glued on Carter's back... waiting... and waiting... and waiting...]

HS: Another interesting first round battle here pits the longtime CCW veteran "Golden" Grant Carter against the newcomer Fujin Oda. Oda, the protege of the former AWA champion known as Nenshou, is looking to make a major impact in one of his first matches since starting his excursion from Tiger Paw Pro.

MB: One of the hallmarks of the Japanese training system - sending their young potential superstars out into other parts of the wrestling world to learn... and that's what Oda's hoping to do here.

HS: 24 years old out of Nagoya, Japan taking on 35 year old "Golden" Grant Carter who - as he said in his interview - believes that his time might be running out if he wants to become a major star in this sport.

MB: I said it earlier tonight - it's tough to break through when you reach an elevated age. Carter's got all the chips stacked against him but I believe that if luck is on his side in this tournament, he just might cash those chips in in a big, big way.

[As the bell sounds, Oda dashes towards Carter, leaping into the air with a flying attack that knocks Carter back against the ropes. Oda is a blur of motion as he goes to work on Carter, lighting him up with a series of forearm strikes with knees to the body mixed in...]

HS: Oda starting things off quickly!

[The much-larger Carter shoves Oda back, creating some space as Oda backrolls right back to his feet, charging in again with a running, leaping knee to the sternum that puts Carter against the ropes again. Oda winds up, throwing looping open handed strikes to the ear of the man with a nine inch height advantage.]

"SLAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAP!"

[Oda grabs Carter by the arm, looking for a whip but the "veteran rookie" reverses it, sending Oda into the ropes instead.]

HS: Clothesli- ducked by Oda, off the far side...

MB: Look how quick he is!

[As he rebounds back, Oda leaves his feet with a crossbody that topples Carter... and gets right back up, sprinting to the ropes yet again, rebounding back towards Carter as he starts to sit up...

...and BLASTS him with a sliding clothesline!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

HS: Oda strikes hard with the clothesline... but doesn't even bother with the cover, getting right back to his feet...

[As Carter climbs off the mat, Oda is there to greet him with a series of leg kicks to the back of the knee, causing Carter to stumble as he reaches out to grab the ropes for support...

...but Oda snatches a headlock from behind, standing back to back with Carter as he pulls him away from the ropes and somehow manages to flip Carter over Oda, throwing him down on his chest as he rides down to the mat with him!]

HS: Devastating judo throw by Oda puts Carter down again...

[Sliding to his feet, Oda tucks his feet under Carter's armpits, rolling to the side and flipping Carter over so that his shoulders are pinned down for a two count. Carter kicks out, breaking the pin...

...and we cut deeper into the match where Carter has Oda pinned in the buckles, swinging a knee up into the body repeatedly.]

MB: And this is where Carter needs to keep the match. He needs to keep Oda tied up... on the mat, in the corner, wherever. Take that speed away from him.

[Carter steps back, sizing Oda up, and BLASTS him with an uppercut that wobbles Oda, causing his knees to buckle as he slumps down to his rear against the turnbuckles.]

HS: And Grant Carter is a man from the mean streets of Asbury Park, New Jersey, fans. He's certainly not above a little roughhousing in there when the occasion calls for it.

[The Golden One grabs the top turnbuckle, raining down stomps on Oda's chest as the referee calls for a break. At the count of four, Carter backs off, pleading his innocence before moving back in towards a rising Oda, snatching him in a double underhook.]

HS: Carter taking your advice, Shark, as he ties up young Fujin Oda... oof! Knee up into the gut! And another one!

[He lands a half dozen knees to the body, softening Oda up before throwing him out of the corner and out to mid-ring with a butterfly suplex!]

HS: Wow! Now, fans... you have to remember that Carter is no musclehead in there but when you're facing an opponent who doesn't crack the 200 pound mark, you suddenly become a lot more likely to be able to toss 'em around the ring.

[Carter slowly gets to his feet, walking towards the downed Oda who is on all fours, crawling across the ring. "Golden" Grant catches up to him, reaching down to haul him up by the back of the trunks. He lifts him up in his arms, bringing him down on a bent knee to send him SLAMMING facefirst into the corner!]

HS: And that atomic drop sends Fujin Oda into the corner again!

[The "veteran rookie" approaches the corner again, grabbing Oda by his uneven dark red brush cut...

...and slams him facefirst into the top turnbuckle as many in attendance shout out "NORTH!"

HS: Carter likes the sound of that, these fans behind him as he looks to go around the world!

[He walks Oda over to the opposite buckle, slamming his head in a second time as the crowd shouts "SOUTH!"

HS: Two down, two to go.



[Another buckle, another faceslam. "EAST!"]

HS: Oda's head repeatedly being driven into the turnbuckle pad... one more to go!

[And the last faceslam connects as well as the fans shout "WEST!" and break into cheers as Carter grins at them with a wink. He turns Oda around, grabbing him by the arm...]

HS: Big whip across, Oda hits the corner!

[Carter lumbers across after him, looking for a big clothesline but Oda dashes out of the way, running all the way to the adjacent corner where he slides to a stop, turning to dash back in along the ropes...]

...and steps up to the middle rope, swinging his knee up into the back of Carter's head, driving his face into the turnbuckle!]

HS: Good grief!

[Oda hops down off the buckles, a loud "AAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!" to the crowd as he ducks down, wrapping his arms around the waist of Carter from behind...]

HS: Is he... he can't be!

MB: A German Suplex on a guy who outweighs him by sixty something pounds?!

[Oda struggles and strains...]

...and Carter's eyes go wide as he realizes his feet are up off the canvas. He desperately reaches out, snatching the top rope, pulling himself into the corner and back down on his feet. A wild-eyed Oda lets go of the grip, winding up...]

"WHAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAP!"

[The half dozen clubbing forearms to the back of the neck break Carter's grip on the ropes, sending him stumbling backwards towards Oda who throws his arms apart with another loud "GYYYAAAAAAHHH!" as he wraps his arms around the midsection again...]

...and with a Herculean lift, DUMPS Carter on the back of his head and neck with a stunning released German Suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Oda dives on top of Carter, nodding his head with the count.]

HS: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts as Carter's shoulder shoots up off the canvas, breaking the pin attempt as Oda grabs at his face, clawing his own skin in frustration as the referee holds up two fingers...]

...and we cut again, going deeper into the match where Oda is stuck in the corner as Carter mounts the midbuckle, looking out to the fans who roar their support as he raises his right hand in the air!]

HS: Here we go!

[And Carter begins pistoning the right hand into Oda's skull as the crowd counts along.]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Carter hops down off the middle rope, the crowd still cheering as he grabs Oda by the wrist...

...and YANKS him into a short-arm clothesline, dropping him down on the canvas!]

HS: Oda goes down hard off the clothesline!

MB: And Carter's short-arm clothesline is that in name only because he's got LONG arms, Sutton, and those long arms really make that move effect because he's able to get a little extra mustard behind it.

[Carter drops to his knees, hooking a leg.]

HS: ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THR-

[But Oda's arm fires up off the canvas, breaking the pin to a mixed reaction from the crowd.]

HS: And you can tell from the reaction to that kickout that the fans here in Dallas - while solidly behind "Golden" Grant Carter - are also starting to show some support for Fujin Oda after the incredible performance we've seen out of him here tonight in the first round of this Brass Ring Tournament.

[Carter slowly gets to his feet, pulling the much-smaller Oda up with him...

...and ducks down low, hoisting Oda up onto his shoulders in a fireman's carry.]

HS: He's got him up on the shoulders - maybe looking for the airplane spin here...

[But Oda has other ideas, slamming the point of his elbow down into Carter's ear once... twice... three times... four times. Carter stumbles backwards from the impact of the elbows, ending up near the ropes where Oda slips off his shoulders to the ring apron.]

HS: Oda escapes... and he's still firing in those elbows!

[The crowd roars for Oda as he pours on the elbowstrikes from the apron, dazing the "veteran rookie." The Japanese youngster reaches out, snatching a front facelock...

...and that crowd begins to buzz as he slings Carter's arm over his neck!]

HS: Wait a second! Is he going to try and suplex Carter to the floor?!

MB: He can't get him up, Sutton. There's no way he can get him up!

HS: We thought the same thing about the German!

[Oda steps up on the ropes, trying to get extra leverage as he grimaces with effort, struggling to get the larger competitor up...

...but soon enough, Carter is grabbing the ropes, trying to fight the lift!]

HS: Can he get him?! Can he get him up for the suplex?!

[Oda leans back, trying to use leverage to his advantage as Carter's forced to step up on the bottom rope... then on the middle...

...and then Carter slumps over the ropes, falling to the ring apron as Oda lets go of the suplex attempt to the disappointment of the crowd!]

HS: Ohhhh! I thought he might've had him, fans. So close and-

[But as Carter gets up, Oda steps towards him and lashes out...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and lands a STIFF straight jab to the mush!]

HS: Good lord!

[A sneering Oda shoves his knuckles up under Carter's face, shouting "KISS THE EMPEROR'S HAND!"...

...which is when Carter rolls off the apron, grabbing the outstretched hand, and using it to whip Oda along the apron from Carter's spot on the floor, sending him towards the ringpost...]

HS: LOOK OUT!

[...but again, Oda slides to a stop, coming to his feet as he turns, charging back down the apron, leaping into the air with a spine-tingling scream...]

HS: KAMIKAZE ELBOW DRIIIIVERRRR!

[...and throws himself onto Carter with a diving front elbow smash that he rides all the way down to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With Carter dazed, Oda quickly gets up, rolling him under the ropes into the ring. The protege of Nenshou pulls himself up on the apron, grabbing the top rope with both hands...]

HS: Oda's on the apron - Carter's in a daze!

[As the "veteran rookie" pushes his way off the mat, Oda leaps into the air, springing off the top rope...]

HS: METEOR APOCALYPSE!

[...but Carter drops down to a knee, causing Oda to sail over him where Oda deftly tucks his legs, rolling through into a somersault. He uses his momentum to hit the ropes, rebounding back towards the still-kneeling Carter, springing off his bent knee and SLAMMING his own knee into Carter's face!]

HS: OHHH! SHINING WIZARD CONNECTS!

[Oda bounces off, scrambling to cover as he sits on Carter's chest, pulling both legs towards him!]

HS: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEE! ODA WINS! ODA WINS!

[The Japanese competitor surges to his feet, throwing his arms in the air in enthusiasm for his win before dropping to his knees, cradling his arms around his head and neck.]

HS: Fujin Oda with a victory here... and some might call that an upset, Shark.

MB: The fans here in Dallas especially. They were pretty solidly behind "Golden" Grant Carter, hoping he'd get a chance to wrestle at SuperClash and show the whole world what he's been showing the fans of CCW for a while now.

[Oda has his hand raised by the official as the ring announcer calls him the winner.]

HS: Oda is moving on to the second round... and that leaves one match left in the first round of this Brass Ring Tournament, fans. It's the man known as Whaitiri taking on the mysterious Odin Gunn. Let's take a look!

[Fade from the celebrating Oda to a CCW banner that has been strung along the back wall of a generic looking studio. Standing in front of the banner is the budding CCW superstar known as Whaitiri. The handsome half-Maori is tall and muscular, with a deep tan and a tribal style tattoo that covers his right arm and much of his upper torso. Whaitiri is in a loose fitting black muscle shirt with the CCW logo done in gold across the chest, as well as a pair of tight fitting black jeans. His black hair is done up in a loose man-bun. Holding a microphone in hand, Whaitiri radiates a strong presence, but a sunny, laid back one, and before he begins, he flashes a winning smile at the camera.]

W: Kia ora, AWA Galaxy.

For those of you who haven't been watching your CCW, that's how we say hello in New Zealand, which is where I'm from.

But I tell you what, where I'm from is nothing compared to where I'm going. And where I'm going is New Orleans.

That's right, your boy Whaitiri has got his sights set on that brass ring, and walking into SuperClash, and stepping right into that shining spotlight. Of course, that's easier said than done.

`Cuz standing in front of me is that big bloke Odin Gunn.

[Whaitiri's posture begins to change. He stands up straighter, the lines on his face tightening, his smile fading.]

W: Now nobody knows anything about Odin Gunn. Where he comes from, who he is, what he can do. He's a big old mystery.

And I guess that's supposed to scare me.

But yeah, nah... it ain't like that, bro.

I haven't been here in CCW long myself. But I've been here long enough to know that whoever you are Gunn, if you're in CCW, then you're at the top of your game. Uncle Todd doesn't mess around with anyone who ain't. So I don't have to know anything about you to know you're gonna be a challenge for me.

But that's all right, bro. Challenges are why I'm here.

[The expression on the half-Maori's face intensifies further.]

W: See... I don't really gotta know anything about you. Because there's something I know a lot about.

And that's me, brother.

I know that I'm six foot three two hundred and fifty pounds of a man who's had to fight for everything he's ever gotten in life.

I know I've come from one side of the world to this side just for the chance to prove myself. I know I'm the guy who spends all day, every day in that training ring or on the road, making sure I learn at least one new thing every day.

I know that in rugby, the open side flanker is the toughest position, and that's the position I played. You may be a stranger to me, Gunn. But hard work, dedication, giving everything you've got, and then giving more?

That's where I live.

So Odin Gunn, Mister Mystery, you bring yourself to that Brass Ring tournament. You be as big and bad as you wanna be. And we'll see what you got when I show you what I got.

And when it's over? I'll just be one step closer to that SuperDome, and everyone will know that, whatever you got?

When it came to fighting me, it just wasn't enough.

[Whaitiri flashes another smile as we fade to black...]

Ennio Morricone's "Man with a Harmonica" plays, as the camera pans over a desolate prairie. In the far off distance, we can see a figure walking through this empty land. The scene then moves in on the figure, shooting from the waistdown. As the shot slowly tilts up, past tan cowboy boots and a brown poncho with a Southwestern design, it is soon apparent that this is a massive hulk of a human, as tall as he is wide. The shot then stops at the face; hidden beneath a beige cowboy hat is the dark, weather-beaten, sun-dried, wrinkled face devoid of expression and emotion of a Polynesian man.

This is Odin Gunn.

As the camera zooms in on his squinting, lifeless eyes and stoic face, the music stops and all is silent, leaving us with nothing but the howling sounds of the wind blowing. And then, the corner of Gunn's mouth barely curls into the faintest of smiles, as "Man with a Harmonica" starts up again, as the video suddenly cuts to several shots in rapid succession.

Gunn flattening an opponent with a massive lariat. Gunn tossing a masked luchador half-way across the ring with one arm. Gunn grabbing an opponent by the throat with both hands and throwing them over his head with a massive suplex. Gunn exploding into two men and sending both flying. Gunn lifting a hapless opponent into the air for a chokeslam and throwing them over the top rope onto the ring apron. Gunn lifting a man over his shoulder and then running forward, crashing through a ringside barrier. These destructive images and more, condensed into a montage lasting roughly thirty seconds.

And then, just as suddenly, we cut back to Gunn's face and those dead eyes. The music has gone silent once again and we're left with just the wind. Without a word, Gunn walks towards the camera, the earth and gravel crunching beneath his boots and then off-screen, leaving us with a shot of the barren wasteland behind him. Fade through black back out to the ringside area where Whitiri is already in the ring, waiting for his opponent who is walking towards the ring.]

HS: And there you see him, Shark... the mysterious Odin Gunn.

MB: Not the kind of guy I'd want to run into in a dark alley. Or a well-lit one for that matter. Heck, it could mid-day on Sunday straight out of church and I want no part of this one.

[Gunn reaches the ring, staring up at Whitiri who is leaning over, hands on his knees, waiting for the man from Paradise, Montana to step inside the ring. Gunn climbs the ringsteps, ducking through the ropes, his eyes locked on Whitiri.]

HS: This is going to be something else, Shark. Whitiri, in a fairly short time here in CCW, has quickly had that label of "future star" slapped on his chest... and I'm guessing Odin Gunn would like nothing more than to rip that label right off... and maybe some of his skin while he's at it.

MB: You know, Sutton... in this age of social media and the Internet, it's rare that someone can debut somewhere who is almost a total mystery but that's Odin Gunn. We know a little. We've seen some clips of him in action but not as much as you might expect.

[The referee cautiously approaches both men, speaking to them as they are now just about six feet apart. The crowd is buzzing with anticipation, waiting to see what happens first...

...and what happens first is Odin Gunn grabbing the referee by the hair and SMASHING his skull into the bridge of the nose, sending him flying backwards and down to the mat to a shocked reaction!]

HS: WHAT THE-?!

[Whitiri looks just as shocked as the crowd does. A pleased grin crosses Gunn's face for a moment...

...and then Whitiri charges him, leaping up to land a flying forearm to the side of the head, knocking the bigger man back against the turnbuckles.]

HS: HERE WE GO!

[Whitiri squares up on Gunn, throwing a hooking right hand to the ribs. A second one lands on the body before the New Zealander goes head hunting, throwing alternating left and right hooks to the head, more hooking forearm shots than actual punches. The heavy blows seem to stun Gunn who hooks his arms around the top rope to stay standing.]

HS: Yeah! Get him, Whaitiri!

[The fan favorite tears away from the corner, giving a shout to his dedicated fans, throwing his arms down in excitement...

...but when he turns, he finds the 330 pound Gunn tearing across the ring, leaping off the mat with a running crossbody that looks designed to separate your torso from the rest of your body!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[A snarling Gunn comes up to a knee, snatching Whaitiri by his ponytail, dragging him to a seated position where Gunn steps in behind him, rifling his right hand repeatedly into Whaitiri’s handsome face...

...and then holds the ponytail as he slams his knee into Whaitiri’s cheekbone repeatedly before finally letting him slump down to the canvas. Gunn stands over Whaitiri - a cold, dead look in his eyes as he looks out on the jeering fans.]

MB: You couldn’t pay me enough to boo that guy out loud, Sutton.

HS: He’s not all there, I’m afraid... and right now, I’ve gotta wonder if this is an actual match or not! The referee’s been laid out... there’s no sign of another one... but they’re fighting!

MB: They certainly are.

[Gunn leans over, snatching Whaitiri by the throat with both hands...

...and with a mighty lift, he yanks Whaitiri up to his feet, staring into his eyes as he digs his thumbs into the fleshy area surrounding the windpipe, strangling the air out of his prey...]

HS: There’s no referee out here to break up something like that either!

[...and with a second lift, Gunn hurls the 255 pounder over his head, throwing him halfway across the ring with the two-handed chokelift!]

HS: I can’t- did you see that?!

MB: How could I miss it?! Incredible strength out of this brute too!

[Gunn gets back to his feet, methodically moving across the ring towards Whaitiri who - to his credit - is up on his knees, crawling towards the corner where Gunn hopes to trap him.]

HS: Whaitiri needs to get out of there, Shark.

MB: I can’t argue that point.

[Gunn winds up, clubbing his massive forearm down across Whaitiri’s shoulder and neck. The blow causes Whaitiri to slump forward a bit, exposing the back of his neck which is where the second blow lands... and the third. A fourth and fifth hit the back of the head, causing Whaitiri to drop down to a knee...

...which is when a second referee rushes into the ring, charging across, shouting at Odin Gunn as he approaches!]

HS: Finally, we get a second referee in there and-

[Gunn doesn't even look, simply turning on his heels and blindly laying into the approaching referee with a standing lariat that flips the referee upside down, dumping him on the canvas to a shocked reaction!]

HS: DAMN HIM!

[Gunn stares down at the second laid out official, the crowd pouring jeers down onto him as he looks emotionless at the referee who he just physically destroyed with a clothesline.]

MB: This guy's out of control! Don't send any more referees out here - send the Texas National Guard!

[Gunn nods approvingly at his dirty work before slowly turning back towards Whitiri who is still down on a knee...

...and who BURIES a right hand into Gunn's midsection from that position!]

HS: Whitiri fighting back! He's not staying down against this madman!

[Whitiri lands a second shot downstairs before climbing to his feet, spitting on his open hand...

...and SLAMS a palm strike up into the chin of Gunn, snapping his head back! Gunn stumbles backwards, falling down to a knee as Whitiri gives a war whoop, nodding to the cheering crowd as he stumbles across towards Gunn, pulling him to his feet.]

HS: Whitiri whips him across... Gunn on the rebound...

[And the 255 pound New Zealand native leaves his feet, lashing out with his black boots to catch the rebounding Gunn flush on the mouth with an impressive dropkick that puts Gunn down on the mat!]

HS: What a dropkick! Six foot three, 255 pounds... and he laid him out like he was a light heavyweight!

[Whitiri comes up with another fist pump and with a loud "HOOOOOOAAAAAAH!", he marches across the ring to the opposite corner. He leaps into the air, throwing his arms apart as he lands in a wide stance, back to the turnbuckle as he leans over. He nods his head, beckoning for Gunn to get back to his feet, begging him to get in his target zone...]

HS: Whitiri is set! And we've seen this before! The Charge of Tūmatauenga!

[Whitiri waits... and waits... watching as Gunn slowly rises off the canvas, spinning around to face Whitiri who tears across the ring towards him...]

HS: HERE COMES THE SPEAR!

[...but Odin Gunn suddenly and shockingly elevates, lashing out with his six foot two and 330 pound frame with a standing dropkick that catches the incoming Whitiri right in the mush!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Gunn quickly takes a knee, looking down with disdain at Whitiri...



...and then slowly reaches up to wipe a trickle of blood from the corner of his mouth, a souvenir from one of Whaitiri's earlier attacks. He stares at his bloodied hand for several chilling moments before climbing to his feet...]

HS: Odin Gunn sends shivers down my body from head to toe... pulling Whaitiri up by the ponytail...

[He tosses him to the corner like he's trash under his feet. Gunn steps closer, putting an open hand on Whaitiri's chest, speaking softly to him so no one else can hear...]

HS: What on Earth could he possibly be saying to him right now?

MB: Love to be able to read lips here.

[Gunn snatches Whaitiri by the arm suddenly, whipping him across the ring where the young man from New Zealand slams into the corner, charging back out towards a waiting Gunn who seems to be setting for a spinebuster...

...but Whaitiri leaps into the air, taking Gunn down to the mat!]

HS: FIERRO PRESS! FIERRO PRESS! FISTS OF FURY RAINING DOWN ON GUNN!

[The crowd is ROARING for Whaitiri as he hammers his heavy fists down onto the skull of Odin Gunn for several moments. Gunn tries to cover up as Whaitiri finally gets off him, rushing across the ring. He ducks through the ropes to the apron, quickly climbing the turnbuckles...]

HS: HE'S GOING UP TOP! WHAITIRI IS UP TOP!

[...but before he can leap, Odin Gunn scrambles to his feet, staring across at Whaitiri!]

HS: HE'S UP! WHAITIRI IS FROZEN IN HIS TRACKS!

[The crowd is roaring for the stand-off as Whaitiri is perched up top and Gunn is standing mid-ring, beckoning for him to jump!]

HS: What's going to happen here?! What's going to-

[And the fans' roars turn to deafening jeers as CCW backstage officials and referees come tearing down the aisle towards the ring. They flood the ring, getting between Gunn and Whaitiri...

...when CCW Commissioner Blackjack Lynch comes lumbering down the aisle as well, mic in hand.]

BJL: That's enough of this! Everybody stop!

[But as an official puts their hands on Gunn, he responds with another vicious headbutt that drops him. Chaos breaks out on the spot, Gunn swinging at anyone within reach as Whaitiri looks on in shock...]

HS: IT'S BREAKING DOWN IN DALLAS!

[Lynch quickly climbs the ringsteps, ducking through the ropes, again shouting for a halt...

...which is when Odin Gunn does the unthinkable and DROPS Blackjack Lynch with a right hand on the jaw!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

HS: THAT SON OF A-

[Gunn smirks at the downed Lynch, saying something to him as Blackjack struggles to get back up and likely get into the fight...

...which is when Whitiri HURLS himself off the top rope, soaring breathtakingly high through the air...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and WIPES OUT Odin Gunn with a flying crossbody off the top, soaring over the officials and referees as he does! The crowd EXPLODES for the daredevil dive as Whitiri lands a few more hard shots before being wrapped up by the officials while Gunn rolls out to the floor, dropping to a knee.]

HS: Chaos has broken out in Dallas! The Brass Ring Tournament just exploded into carnage here in the Crockett Coliseum!

[CCW security is quickly on the scene as well, wedging themselves between the ring and Odin Gunn, trying to force the big man back up the aisle as Blackjack Lynch stares down the aisle at him...

...and we fade from the wild scene back to the starfield where Theresa Lynch and Harvey Sutton are standing.]

TL: Whew. We told you it was an exciting night of action, fans, and we weren't kidding. Harvey, have you seen anything like that?

HS: First time in CCW history that I can remember a fight like that breaking loose BEFORE a match even started.

TL: And you just said it right there... it was all BEFORE the match started. So what does this mean for the tournament? Who is moving on?

HS: Your father, Blackjack Lynch, made it official right there. Odin Gunn was suspended from CCW for laying hands on multiple officials... and since he did so with obvious intent, he effectively forfeited the match. Whitiri is moving on in the tournament!

TL: I don't think ANYONE will have a problem with that after the kind of garbage that Odin Gunn pulled out there, Harvey. Fans, it's been an exciting night here on the Power Hour as we featured the entire first round of action in the 2016 Brass Ring Tournament going down in Combat Corner Wrestling! Make sure you're right back with us here in two weeks as the Elite Eight of the tournament does battle to see who makes the Semifinals! For Harvey Sutton, I'm Theresa Lynch... so long everybody and we'll see you soon!

[We fade to black on the duo standing on the starfield.]