

AWA POWER HOUR

SEPTEMBER 24, 2016

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

"Home to the World Series. The NFL. The GFC. The Daytona 500. The US Open Championship."

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

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

[The logo and fanfare fade...

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

"WE ARE... FOX SPORTS!"

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

"The recognized symbol of excellence in professional wrestling."

[The logo fades to black...

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

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

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

TL: Two weeks have come and gone and I'm right back here for another edition of the Power Hour. Hello everyone, I'm Theresa Lynch and... this is usually the part where I say I'll be your host for the next sixty minutes of AWA action from all over the world. However, tonight is a very special edition of the Power Hour... it's a SUPER-SIZED edition of the Power Hour! And joining me tonight as my special co-host for this special edition is... the golden voice of Combat Corner Wrestling, the developmental promotion behind the AWA - Harvey Sutton! Harvey, welcome to the Power Hour!

[The grinning Sutton steps onto the star field.]

HS: And what an esteemed privilege it is to be here... and through the wonders of television magic, I am now right here on the Power Hour amongst the literal AWA galaxy...

[Sutton gestures at the star field.]

TL: Of course, Harvey's joining us here tonight to help us discuss the big Brass Ring Tournament currently underway in CCW with the winner earning themselves a spot on the SuperClash lineup...

[Sutton nods.]

TL: ...but before we get to that, there's one top story on everyone's mind for the past seven days... the very large elephant hanging out here in the star field with us... and that's the actions of Juan Vasquez seven days ago in Houston, Texas and the consequences of those actions. As everyone knows, following the Axis' defeat in the tag team Main Event last weekend at the hands of House Martinez, Juan Vasquez... is snapped the right word, Harvey?

HS: I can think of none better, Theresa. I have known Juan Vasquez for a very long time and I've seen all sorts of emotions come from that Hall of Famer... however, I have NEVER seen anything the likes of which we witnessed last weekend from him. He literally was over the edge.

TL: Over the edge to put it mildly as he assaulted a fan... a paying customer... a non-combatant if you will. A brutal assault resulting in that gentleman being sent to a nearby hospital for facial injuries.

HS: It also resulted in the arrest of Juan Vasquez by Houston police.

TL: That's right. He was subsequently released on bail but... a bad situation all around and now the speculation turns to what will the AWA do in response? We all saw the special video from Jon Stegglet earlier this week... and if for some reason you haven't, let's run that video right now.

[We fade up on AWA owner and acting Director of Operations Jon Stegglet sitting behind a desk, a solemn expression on his face.]

JS: Last night, the AWA World Champion - Juan Vasquez - committed a heinous and disgusting attack on a paying fan at ringside during our Saturday Night Wrestling

broadcast. Vasquez, without warning or provocation, pulled a man over the railing and physically assaulted him. Our ringside security rushed into action when they realized what was happening but unfortunately, they were too late as the fan in question received several facial injuries requiring immediate hospitalization. While he has been released today, the fan in question informed local authorities of his intent to press charges for Mr. Vasquez' actions and late last night, Mr. Vasquez was taken into police custody. As of this morning, he has been released on bail pending further legal activities.

That's how the law handled it.

On behalf of the American Wrestling Alliance after several lengthy late night conversations between myself, Todd Michaelson, Bobby Taylor, Chris Blue, Emerson Gellar, Landon O'Neill, and other members of AWA ownership and management...

We hereby announce our intent to STRIP Juan Vasquez of the AWA World Championship.

[Stegglet pauses.]

JS: Mr. Vasquez has fled the city of Houston after making bail this morning and his representatives have told us that he will NOT appear at any AWA event until Saturday Night Wrestling in Oklahoma City. That is Mr. Vasquez' intention.

My intention is to have Mr. Vasquez step into the middle of the ring in Oklahoma City... walk down to the ring with armed security guards... and take the AWA World Title from Mr. Vasquez at that time.

It is also my intent - with the backing of AWA management and legal - to exercise the clause in Mr. Vasquez' contract that gives us the right and the authority to immediately TERMINATE his contract.

[Another pause.]

JS: To make it crystal clear, I'm coming to Oklahoma City to strip him of the title... and to fire him for reckless actions that have put the company at risk.

[Stegglet nods.]

JS: If Mr. Vasquez fails to appear in Oklahoma City, he will be considered to be in breach of his AWA contract and the legal team has been instructed to file an immediate lawsuit seeking extensive financial damages for his actions.

We apologize to all AWA fans everywhere for Mr. Vasquez' behavior and for the impact it will have on our programming.

Thank you.

[Fade to black...

...and then back to Theresa and Harvey Sutton.]

TL: Strong words on the part of the acting Director of Operations and... well, it's pretty plain and simple, Harvey.

HS: It certainly seems to be. Jon Stegglet shocking the world by announcing that not only will he walk to the ring in Houston and strip Juan Vasquez of the World Title... but he's going to FIRE him as well!

[Theresa nods.]

TL: A shocking series of events just... what? Less than two months away from the biggest night of the year on the AWA calendar and the World Championship is about to be vacated. And that's just the tip of the iceberg. If Vasquez is fired, where will he go? What happens to the Axis?

HS: And what about the World Title? Will the Final Four match go down as planned? Will it be for the World Title instead? Or does the title stay vacant for two months and that Final Four match happens in New Orleans? So many different possibilities.

TL: This upcoming show in Oklahoma City promises to be a newsworthy one and I can't wait to see what happens. But we weren't the only ones shocked by the news this week. Our own Mark Stegglet encountered Jackson Hunter, the manager of the Axis, in a hotel after a live event earlier this week just hours after the news broke. Let's take a look at that footage...

[Cut to some shaky handheld cam footage. Along the lower third of the screen is the news-like chyron advertising the "breaking news" of Juan Vasquez's upcoming vacation of the AWA Championship. A caption reads "EARLIER THIS WEEK". The scene is a hotel lobby, and the camera chases after Mark Stegglet.]

MS: MR. HUNTER!

[Stegglet seems to be chasing Axis manager Jackson Hunter, who is irascibly pacing a rut in the plush hotel carpet. His drab suit is wrinkled, and his persistent five o'clock shadow is currently sitting at 10:00 pm. His voice is hoarse, presumably from his constant shouting into the phone next to his ear.]

JH: [on phone] ...Listen, if he doesn't answer my call right now, he will almost certainly feel the thump of a harpoon through his thorax; this entire week has been like watching a clown try to traverse a minefield. This is as much my World Championship as it is Mr. Vasquez's, so of course I will be looking to take as many heads as possible.

MS: Mr. Hunter, if—

[Hunter briefly glances at Stegglet, then returns to his telephonic abuse.]

JH: [on phone] Oh, perfect. Mark Stegglet just walked up. I just seem to be the lodestone for village idiots this week. This is my last instruction, so listen up before I start itching to use the nuclear option: fix it... or 86 it.

[Hunter hangs up the phone and heads straight for an open elevator.]

MS: Mr. Hunter...

JH: Outta the way, you human spam notification.

[Hunter pushes his way into the open elevator.]

MS: What is the Axis' response to AWA owner Jon Stegglet's order to surrender the World Championship next week on Saturday Night Wrestling?

JH: I want to say something...

[He turns around and faces out of the elevator.]

[There are a few seconds of silence, broken only by the general hotel ambience.]

JH: [dismissively] On second thought, forget it.

[The elevator door closes, shielding him from Stegglet and further questions as we fade back to Theresa and Harvey Sutton.]

TL: Closed lips on the part of Jackson Hunter so it looks like we'll have to wait until Saturday Night Wrestling in Oklahoma City before we know what happens with Juan Vasquez, the Axis, and the ownership of the AWA... but we will not have to wait long because in a Power Hour exclusive, I can now reveal that Jon Stegglet has informed me that he does not want to delay the inevitable and he will be confronting Juan Vasquez at the start of Saturday Night Wrestling... right out of the gate... big news for sure there. But switching gears for a bit, Harvey Sutton, I asked you here tonight to be my co-host because you've got something very big going down in Combat Corner Wrestling - the Brass Ring Tournament.

HS: That's right, Theresa. In 2015, the Brass Ring Tournament came into existence from members of AWA management looking to give some of the younger talent in the AWA a big break. It ended up being a tournament to crown the National Champion when that title made its AWA return. Now, in 2016, the tournament has come back... but it's come back in CCW and the prize is a little different. This year, the prize is a match on the biggest stage in the world - SuperClash VIII in New Orleans.

TL: Now, Harvey... as far as I know, no one has shed any light yet on what that match will be. We don't know if they're facing someone in the opener... maybe taking part in a Battle Royal... perhaps getting a chance to the Steal The Spotlight... all bets are off, right?

HS: Also correct, Theresa. We don't know what match they will be in... but for the men of CCW, just knowing they'd get a chance to have millions of fans see them in action, that's incentive enough.

TL: In just a few minutes here on the Power Hour, we'll be going over the bracket for the 2016 Brass Ring Tournament, fans... and then a little later tonight, we'll be taking a look at some of the action from the first round that went down just last night in Dallas.

HS: It was an exciting night at the Crockett Coliseum - a lot of great action - and I can't wait for AWA fans all over the world to get a glimpse of what CCW is bringing to the table in 2016.

TL: Speaking of being in action back at the Crockett, as we make our way to Oklahoma City, some AWA competitors took part in that show in Dallas last night and we're going to see some of that action here tonight as well. In fact, let's go right now to tag team action featuring one of the newest tag teams here in the AWA, the British Bashers! On the call are my good friend, Mark Stegglet... and Colt Patterson.

[Theresa grins with a wink as the star field spins out of sight to reveal a sight that looks a little different but is still familiar to AWA fans - the Crockett Coliseum. As we fade into the area, the match appears about to start as Rory Smythe is in the ring with one of the local competitors, who is in fairly good shape, with permed, shoulder-length, dark brown hair, dressed in yellow trunks and black boots.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

MS: And there's the bell and it's Rory Smythe starting things off with Bennie Rowe. They lock up... And, almost immediately, Smythe powers Rowe into a hammerlock!

[Her Majesty's Might cranks on the arm, smiling at the supportive crowd...]

...until Rowe jams back elbow up into the grin!]

CP: Bennie Rowe showing off some veteran instincts there, breaking free from the hammerlock... and he's on the move, Stegglet.

[A rebounding Rowe comes charging back in on Smythe who sets his feet and FLATTENS the incoming opponent with a shoulder tackle!]

MS: Wow! Rory Smythe showing off the strength that gives him the nickname "Her Majesty's Might" as he leaves Rowe reeling on the canvas.

[Rowe scrambles back up, running his mouth in Smythe's direction. The powerful Brit nods his head, pointing to the ropes.]

MS: Looks like Smythe wants Rowe to try again.

CP: Probably not the best idea.

MS: I wouldn't think so.

[But Rowe charges to the ropes anyways, bouncing off towards Smythe who this time decides to showcase his agility, leapfrogging over the charging Rowe with ease.]

MS: Leapfrog by Smythe... and an armdrag takes Rowe off his feet!

[Rowe scrambles up, charging Smythe who takes him down with another armdrag.]

MS: Down goes Rowe again... and I think he's had enough as he reaches up and makes the tag to his partner in this one, Gerry West.

[The mulleted West, who has on a pair of red trunks, black knee pads and white boots, steps through the ropes.]

MS: Gerry West has had some success here in the Texas area, picking up recent wins down in San Antonio and Laredo over local competition but we'll see how he fares against Rory Smythe here.

[West lunges into a lockup with the larger man who snatches him into a side headlock, immediately dragging him towards the Bashers' corner.]

MS: Quick tag and Robbie Storm steps in...

[Storm and Smythe each grab West by the head, driving their skulls into his in tandem, putting him down on the mat.]

MS: Double headbutt by the Bashers!

CP: Well, they ain't the Samoans, Stegglet, but they did some damage on West with that... and they're about to do some more as Storm hooks him up and...

MS: Storm takes him up and over with a snap suplex!

CP: Crisp, crisp offense by Robbie Storm, I'll give him that.

MS: Smythe is the powerhouse of this team, but Storm showing some strength of his own here, as he picks up the bigger man... And drops him into a backbreaker!

[Storm shoves West off his bent knee, reaching back to slap the hand of Rory Smythe.]

MS: Another quick tag - one of the hallmarks of good tag team wrestling.

[Smythe pulls West right to his feet, easily scooping up, slinging him across his muscular shoulder as he backs into the neutral corner..

...and charges out with a holler, leaping into the air, and DRIVING West down into the canvas with a running powerslam!]

MS: Smythe nearly drives him through the mat there - he covers and- no! Instead of covering, he goes back to the side headlock he was trying to use a little earlier. I think I would've gone for the cover there - how about you, Colt?

CP: Absolutely. Here's where I question the wisdom of young Rory. Or maybe it's the lack of experience, but he should have gone for the cover. He could have put him away with the powerslam.

MS: Perhaps he should have but right now, Rory Smythe definitely has Gerry West where he wants him with that headlock, dragging him up off the canvas, backing into the Bashers' corner again.

[Storm slaps his partner's shoulder, tagging himself in as the Bashers each grab an arm, rocketing him across the ring...]

MS: Double whip by the Bashers... and a double clothesline on West!

CP: So much impact on that one. It'll rattle you from your teeth to your toenails, jack.

[Storm stays right on the man as Smythe exits, muscling West up into the air, and dumping him down on the back of his head and neck!]

MS: High impact back suplex by Storm, showing that Smythe's not the only one who can muscle someone around on this team.

CP: Gerry West looked like he got dropped right on the back of his neck, Stegglet.

MS: Another quick tag and at this point, the Bashers have pretty much isolated West from his corner.

[Rory Smythe steps in, retrieving the downed West off the canvas, pulling him into a front facelock and powering him right up into the vertical suplex.]

CP: Her Majesty's Might holding West upside down in the air...

[Smythe keeps on holding, allowing the crowd to count along...]

MS: Five, six, seven...

[...and when they hit ten, he brings West crashing down to the canvas!]

MS: ...and down goes West!

CP: Their manager, Colin Hayden, is back in the UK on business matters from what I hear but he's going to be proud of his team when he sees this one. Look at Smythe here, cutting the ring in half as he drags West back to the corner... another tag...

[Smythe lifts West in the air with ease, depositing him in a sitting position on the top turnbuckle as Storm steps in. He circles his index fingers around each other in the air, then climbs onto the middle rope.]

MS: Storm calling for something as he steps to the middle rope... now up to the top...

[Storm leaps into the air, scissoring his legs around West's head, and flips him all the way off the top rope and down to the canvas to a huge reaction from the Crockett Coliseum crowd!]

MS: SUPER HURRACANRANA OFF THE TOP! NO CRADLE ON THAT ONE, ALL IMPACT!

[Storm crawls to cover, not bothering to hook a leg as he counts along, holding up fingers to the camera as he does.]

MS: He's got one... two... and there's the three.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[As "The British Grenadiers" plays, the Bashers are announced as the winners and their hands raised by the official in the center of the ring.]

MS: The tag team division has really been heating up as of late. So many impressive teams. So many new teams - like the Bashers - looking to make an impact and they just made another one here tonight in Dallas.

CP: Very impressive. I hope the champs are watching because if the Bashers keep this up, they'll be knocking on the Championship Committee's door in no time.

MS: After the match, we caught up with the Bashers to get these words.

[Cut to the Bashers backstage at the live event.]

ROBBIE: Captain Joe Flint says that next Saturday in Oklahoma City, it's going to be USA versus the world. Now, Rory and I? We like this country. We also have nothing but respect for American Pride as competitors. Which is why we would consider it an honor to step into the ring against men like Captain Flint and Charlie Stephens. Whether it's next week, or at some other point in the future, USA versus the UK? Let's make it happen!

RORY: As everyone saw on the last Saturday Night Wrestling, the AWA tag team division IS ON FIRE! And Theresa said it best when she said that anyone who thinks they've cleaned out the division is very mistaken. The British Bashers are here and we are here TO STAY! And if any team thinks they're going to run us out? I'd love to see you try.

[Smythe breaks into a smile and flexes his arms, showing off his muscular physique. Fade to black...]

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

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

If you are the dealer

I'm out of the game #

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

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

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

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

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

You want it darker
We kill the flame #

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

Magnified, sanctified, be thy holy name

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

Vilified, crucified, in the human frame

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

A million candles burning for the help that never came

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

You want it darker

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

You want it darker
We kill the flame #

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

You want it darker

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

I'm ready, my lord...

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

"SUPERCLASH VIII."

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

[Fade to black...

...and then back up to the star field that is the signature set of the Power Hour. A grinning Theresa Lynch is still there but she's all alone as she speaks.]

TL: Welcome back to the Power Hour and as my co-host this week, Harvey Sutton, steps away for a moment, I'd like to bring in a very special guest to help me out with this next segment... the AWA's resident international expert... of course, I'm talking about Dale Adams! Dale, welcome to the Power Hour!

[The aforementioned "international expert" steps into the star field, a wide grin on his face.]

DA: Theresa, it's a great honor to be here with you - always happy to be a part of AWA programming.

TL: Of course, you were on Saturday Night Wrestling recently to help showcase the stars of lucha libre - SouthWest Lucha Libre to be exact - as the AWA starts working towards the big co-promoted event that will take place in Mexico sometime next year. But tonight, you're here to help me talk about another promotion - this one halfway around the world from the lucha libre of Mexico... and I'm talking about our other sister promotion, Tiger Paw Pro over in Japan. Dale, I'm told you were on hand recently in Japan when all the stars of TPP - and even a few from the AWA - were there for an event in the legendary Budokan known as BURNING GLORY.

DA: You got it right, Theresa. The Nippon Budokan was the place to be just about two weeks ago now. It was a special event broadcast live here on Fox Sports X but

in case you missed it, we're going to run down the show right now, giving you some highlights, and even some special exclusive Power Hour only footage.

TL: You heard the man - let's roll the footage!

[We circle wipe from the starfield to an exterior shot of the Nippon Budokan with the graphic for BURNING GLORY - September 11th, 2016 - across it. We cut to a series of shots of Tiger Paw Pro fans outside the building, sporting the gear of their favorite wrestlers including quite the impressive cosplay action for a young Miyuki Ozaki fan who has a stuffed dragon on her shoulder as we cut to the interior of the building.]

A panning shot of the building establishes our scene for the night's action as Theresa and Dale speak over several more fan shots.]

TL: A sold out crowd in the Budokan - just like the Beatles and Led Zeppelin back in the day - were there to see all the stars of Tiger Paw Pro bring you action like few other promotions can... and to say they weren't disappointed has gotta be an understatement, Dale.

DA: It was a show with more than one legit Match of the Year contenders... a show that saw a four plus star rating dropped by Brian Potter on multiple matches and... yes, Theresa, it was a thrilling night to be a part of.

[The fan shots cut to the ring where tag teams are being introduced.]

TL: It was an international affair with the opening match - four big tag teams being introduced for a four corners showdown with tag team title implications.

DA: That's right. The tag team titles were on the line later in the show but in this opener, several teams were looking to earn themselves a shot at the gold... and all four teams have ties to the AWA, Theresa.

TL: In one corner, it was two of the superstars who took the AWA on storm during the recent European tour... of course, I'm talking about Ringkrieger.

[MISTER and Karsten Marquardt salute the crowd on the screen.]

TL: In the next, a pair of former AWA competitors who've made a name for themselves in Japan over the past few years. Representing the Japanese branch of the Dead Man's Party, we had Ricky Royal and Yuma Weaver.

[The former AWA duo raise their arms to a big reaction.]

DA: The Dead Man's Party has been fractured a bit by a handful of their members seeking employment stateside - including the Wallaces - but they've still got their supporters in Japan... and in the States for that matter, Theresa.

TL: How about this unique duo? Hercules Hammonds and young Alex Martin, both competitors with stints in the AWA.

DA: And this very strong, very large American duo is known overseas as the Kabukicho Maniacs. They're a tough team really starting to make a name for themselves in Tiger Paw Pro.

TL: And the final team in this opener...

[A shot appears on the screen of Pedro Perez and Isaiah Carpenter in their midnight blue gear.]

TK: ...the Dogs of War!

DA: Many had speculated that the Dogs of War would perhaps not be at this show... that maybe they had taken an offer to return to the AWA. But they were certainly there and they were certainly on their A game, Theresa.

TK: This was a one fall to a finish match. First team to score a pinfall or submission would win it all... and what a battle it was to come out on top. There were some tremendous moments in this one and on the call for the English language broadcast were Fox Sports X's Jonathan Colt and former Tiger Paw Pro competitor, Yoshi Tanaka. Let's go to them for some of the highlights of this one.

[We cut to footage early in the match where Yuma Weaver has Hercules Hammonds backed into a corner, winding up...]

JC: Weaver is highly regarded as having some of the most brutal chops all around the world...

YT: I've felt these before, Jonathan, and I'd have no desire to do it again.

[Weaver holds up a finger to his mouth, shushing the crowd before...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[The crowd grumbles at the impact as Hercules Hammonds absorbs it...]

...and then steps forward, flexing his muscles and letting loose a growl!]

JC: And Hercules Hammonds didn't feel a thing!

YT: I don't know how that's even possible, Jonathan.

[Weaver seems to agree, shaking his head as he backpedals away...]

...and gives a signal to Ricky Royal who ducks his head through the ropes, drawing Hammonds' attention.]

JC: Hammonds trying to keep Royal on the apron... ohh! And that opens the door for Weaver to lower the boom from behind!

[Weaver smashes home a few more forearms to the back of the head, clubbing Hammonds down to a knee. The man once praised by Todd Michaelson as being "one of the most natural athletes" he'd ever trained dashes to the ropes, building up steam towards Hammonds who ducks a clothesline attempt, running to perpendicular ropes as Weaver rebounds back...]

...and Hammonds sends him FLYING through the air with a running shouldertackle from the side!]

JC: Now THAT'S a running tackle! Weaver rolls to the floor... Carpenter in...

[Isaiah Carpenter sprints at Hammonds who throws a flat-footed tackle that takes Carpenter off his feet too. Karsten Marquardt is in next, flying through the air from another tackle moments later... and then Hammonds is all alone, striking a big double bicep pose to a big reaction from the Japanese crowd...]

...as we cut deeper in the match where Perez and Carpenter have Alex Martin trapped in the corner, working him over with alternating forearms and kicks to the body.]

JC: The Dogs of War using the numbers game to their advantage as they're so accustomed to doing...

YT: And so good at doing too, Jon.

[A double whip sends Martin sailing across the ring where he bumps into the buckles, staggering out towards the duo who use a pair of dropkicks to the knees to flip him over onto his back. Perez promptly leaps into the air, dropping back first with a senton across Martin's chest.]

JC: Senton splash by Perez...

[Perez rolls to all fours as Carpenter steps up onto his back, springing off in a standing Shooting Star Press!]

JC: ...and Carpenter with the S-S-P for the one... two... thr- no!

[A diving save by Hammonds breaks up the pin just before we cut a little deeper into the match where Ricky Royal has bodyslammed Marquardt down on the canvas. He reaches over, tagging in Weaver who steps up to the middle rope, leaping off with a chop down between the eyes of the prone German before scoring a two count.]

JC: Nice teamwork on the part of the Dead Man's Party who made quite the impression on AWA fans when they invaded the AWA as part of the buildup to Rising Sun Showdown 2. Of course, this is not the same DMP having lost the Wallaces... One Man Army... Riley Hunter... and their ace, Jay Alana over the past year or so.

YT: Still a very popular faction all over the globe. I'm told the DMPUSA t-shirts are selling just about as well as they ever did here in Japan.

JC: Big stars on the Internet. Some of their members were amongst the most followed wrestlers on Twitter. But all that popularity hasn't kept them in the top of the card this year in Tiger Paw Pro. Perhaps a win here tonight could start to turn things around for them.

[In the meantime, Weaver has pulled Marquardt to his feet, forcing him back to the DMP corner where he lays in another skin-blistering chop.]

JC: Another big chop by Weaver...

[Marquardt stumbles away from the corner, staggering down the ropes where he slaps the hand of his larger partner... and the crowd instantly buzzes with anticipation.]

JC: Oh ho! And if you thought Yuma Weaver chopped hard, fans, wait until you see what this man brings to the table.

[Weaver smirks as MISTER steps through the ropes, calmly walking towards the center of the ring where he thrusts his chest out, beckoning Weaver towards him...]

JC: Now this should be very, very interesting, Yoshi.

YT: My chest hurts just thinking about it.

[Weaver obliges, walking to the middle, sizing up the opposition as he winds up his right arm...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and BLASTS MISTER across the chest but the barrel-chested German simply smiles, brushing off his chest that has a red welt already growing on it.]

JC: Oh brother.

[Weaver shakes his head, sticking out his own chest, waving a hand for a response. MISTER nods his head, patting Weaver's chest a few times before drawing back his right hand...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and lands an overhand chop down across the chest that sounds like a thunderclap before Weaver clutches his chest, dropping down to his knees in a mix of pain and disbelief.]

JC: Holy...

[And we cut yet again, this time to a portion of the match where things seem to be getting a bit hectic.]

JC: The Maniacs clear out MISTER with a double clothesline!

[Marquardt charges them from behind but Martin and Hammonds wheel around in tandem, using a double hiptoss to HURL the German over the top rope onto his own partner in a move that wipes out both men.]

JC: Both members of Ringkrieger hit the floor - here comes Weaver!

[A hard-charging Alex Martin catches Weaver with a running boot to the side of the head, knocking him through the ropes to the floor. Ricky Royal comes charging down the apron, dropping Martin with a running clothesline!]

JC: Chaos has broken out in the opening match here at BURNING GLORY... Royal's in...

[But as he comes in, he gets a big boot to the gut from Hammonds who pulls him out to middle ring...]

JC: It looks like Big Herc's looking for the Hammonds Hammer!

[He hoists Royal up into the Canadian backbreaker position but Pedro Perez yanks him down. As Hammonds stumbles forward, Isaiah Carpenter comes sailing through the air, drilling Hammonds on the chin with a flying knee off the top rope!]

JC: OHH!

[Carpenter's attack sends Hammonds stumbling towards Perez who leaps up, hooking his hands on the shoulders as he slides his knees up into Hammonds' back...

...and JOLTS his spine with a lungblower!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Hammonds flops over onto his back as Ricky Royal grabs the rising Perez, booting him in the gut. He pulls him into powerbomb position as Carpenter runs across the ring, driving a foot up under his chin...]

JC: SUPERKICK BY CARPENTER!

[With Royal in a daze, Perez ducks down behind him, lifting him into an electric chair as Carpenter ducks out to the apron. He grabs the top rope, ready to springboard into the air...

...but as he leaps, Alex Martin yanks him down to the floor.]

JC: CARPENTER GETS PULLED DOWN!

[Up on Perez' shoulders, Royal starts punching down at his skull...

...which is when MISTER steps back into the ring, smashing his head into Perez' chest, sending him falling back with Royal still on his shoulders!]

JC: SUPLEX BY PEREZ!

[MISTER slips in behind Perez, deadlifting him off the canvas, and throwing him back down in a violent released German Suplex!]

JC: HOLY-

[MISTER flips over, diving across Perez for the three count. We cut to a shot of Ringkrieger celebrating their victory as the voices of Theresa and Dale are heard once again.]

TL: An impressive victory for Ringkrieger, overcoming all odds to take the win and earn themselves a future shot at the Global Tag Crown currently held by the duo from the BRUTE faction - Kenta Kitao and the Shogun Superstar who we'll see in action a little later. But let's keep on rolling, Dale, and talk about the next matchup on the bill.

DA: A one-on-one battle between two competitors who have AWA ties however have not stepped inside an AWA ring yet... although that's about to change for one of them.

[Cut to a shot of a very flashy looking competitor walking to the ring with a hitch in his step, strobe lights flashing behind him as a cocky grin crosses his face. His long black hair hangs down over the shaved sides as he heads towards the ring in a deep purple pair of pleather pants.]

DA: Hachiro Kinoshita, the Rock Superstar, on one side of the ring. Of course, fans of AWA superstar Jordan Ohara know Kinoshita as one of the Young Tigers - the three competitors who trained in the Tiger Paw Pro Dojo, learning under the watchful eye of Takeshi Mifune.

TL: And his opponent is none other than Fujin Oda, the protege of the competitor that AWA fans knew as Nenshou who will actually be battling for the Global Crown in the night's Main Event. Now you mentioned that one of these competitors is heading for the AWA rings... and that, of course, is Fujin Oda who went into this match with Kinoshita saying that win, lose, or draw, he was leaving Tiger Paw Pro for further training in Combat Corner Wrestling where he planned to compete in the Brass Ring Tournament we'll be talking about later in the show.

DA: A lot of people took that as disrespect, Theresa. Discussing future plans in another organization before this difficult battle in the Budokan at BURNING GLORY. Kinoshita might've felt disrespected as well but you'd never know it with his fun-loving attitude.

[We cut to the ring where the much-smaller Oda is staring up at Kinoshita who is flashing a toothy grin at his young opponent...

...who pops him in the jaw with an elbowstrike at the sound of the bell as the voices of Jonathan Colt and Yoshi Tanaka ring out once more.]

YT: Oda may be a very young competitor, Jon, but he's also a very tough one. You don't train at the learning tree under Nenshou and not be one of the toughest competitors around.

JC: Nenshou, of course, a former champion in the AWA... he enjoyed much success there before returning to Japan where he's also done quite well for himself. He'll be trying to capture the Global Crown later tonight but right now, his protege is really opening up here.

[A series of elbows backs Kinoshita to the ropes where Oda grabs him by the arm, whipping him across the ring. He draws back for another elbow but Kinoshita hooks his arm around the rope, coming to a halt as he turns his back, kisses his palm, and then smacks his rear end to laughter from the crowd.]

YT: Kinoshita-san is always looking for a chance to show up his opponent. The Rock Superstar. The Samurai Showman. Call him what you want but Fujin Oda better keep his cool or he'll be calling Kinoshita-san the winner.

[We cut deeper into the match where Oda is trapped in the corner as Kinoshita lays in big knees to the body, rocking Oda over and over. He grabs an arm, whipping Oda across the ring before charging across after him, swinging a knee up into the abdomen.]

JC: Running knee to the gut by Kinoshita leaves Oda in a bad way... and he's not done, Yoshi.

YT: One of the signature moves from the Rock Superstar coming up here, wedging Oda over the middle rope - between the middle and the top actually.

[Kinoshita backrolls out of the corner before charging back in, driving his knee up into the midsection again. He ducks down, using Oda's position to easily lift him up, out, and into a fireman's carry...

...and then shoves Oda up and over, dropping him down gutfirst on the bent knee!]

JC: And the gutbuster seals the deal for Kinoshita, leaving Oda sucking wind down on the canvas.

[Kinoshita does a little jig over the downed Oda as we cut again, moving deeper into the match...

...where Kinoshita has landed a big body kick, driving his shin into the exposed left ribcage of Oda, putting him down on a knee.]

JC: Kinoshita so dangerous with his striking - the kicks, the knees, the elbows...

[But as Kinoshita looks to deliver the same kick, this one to the side of Oda's head, the young man rises, catching the kick under his left arm as he gets back to his feet. Kinoshita raises his arms, pleading with the youngster for mercy as Oda theatrically backs him around the ring, letting the entire crowd witness the danger that Kinoshita finds himself in...

...and then swings his hand down in a karate chop onto Kinoshita's knee!]

JC: Ohh! Going right after Kinoshita's bread and butter!

[A repeated series of chops land, each one connecting with ferocious impact near the kneecap of the Rock Superstar...]

...and then Oda reaches out, still holding the leg with one arm as he wraps the other around Kinoshita's neck, stretching out his own leg behind his opponent's, and sweeps out the leg, driving Kinoshita down with a thunderous STO!]

JC: That could knock him out, fans!

[Oda thinks the same, going for a pin attempt that yields only a two count before the Samurai Showman lifts a shoulder. We cut again...]

...and find Kinoshita absolutely teeing off on Oda against the ropes, obliterating him with kicks and knees and elbows. A rolling sole butt to the midsection leaves Oda gasping for air as he slumps to his own knees. Kinoshita backs off, dropping to his knees, bowing his head...]

JC: And if you've never seen Kinoshita down on his knees like this before, you're about to witness one of the most devastating strikes in all of wrestling - the blow he calls "Good Night, Cleveland!" in honor of the Rock And Roll Hall of Fame's host city.

[Kinoshita suddenly springs up, ready to strike...]

...but Oda, using his blinding speed, snaps off a brutal swift jab, stepping into it to snap back Kinoshita's head. The Rock Superstar's eyes flutter as he slides down to his knees in front of Oda who sticks out the same hand, looking out to the crowd who shouts along with him...]

"KISS THE EMPEROR'S HAND!"

[He forces his hand up into Kinoshita's face who flails about, falling back to the canvas. Oda swoops around him and as Kinoshita rises to his feet, Oda slips in behind him, hooking a rear waistlock...]

JC: Oda from behind!

[...but before he can attempt a German Suplex, Kinoshita performs a standing switch, launching Oda over with one of his own, throwing Oda with such impact that he rolls through the German to his knees as Kinoshita kips up off the mat, dashing to the ropes...]

JC: KIIIIINOOSHIIIIITAAAAAA!

[...and takes flight with a running flying kneestrike to the kneeling Oda!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Oda flops onto his back as Kinoshita dives across his chest, reaching back to secure a leg.]

JC: ONE!! TWO!! THREE!!

[Kinoshita pushes to his knees, engaging in a quick air guitar as the crowd goes wild for the finish...]

...and the voices of Theresa and Dale are heard once more.]

TL: Hachiro Kinoshita, to the thunderous HA-CHI-RO chants throughout the Budokan declares victory and sends Fujin Oda off on his North American journey

with one final loss under his belt. But as one competitor leaves Japan for the States, another returns.

[Cut to footage of the Electric Dragon, Noboru Fujimoto, addressing the crowd in Japanese.]

DA: That's right, Theresa. Fresh off a stint in the AWA, Noboru Fujimoto has returned to Tiger Paw Pro... returned to his homeland of Japan... and made it clear that he has his eyes set on the winner of the night's Main Event.

TL: The next contest featured the young man that much of the promotional material for this event was centered around - of course, I'm referring to KYOSUKE who set out to challenge for the Junior Sky Crown for the very first time. His opponent would be a very difficult challenge though... the multi-time champion, Isamu Kobayashi.

[Cut to a shot of the two men in the ring, staring one another down. KYOSUKE is clad in a red bodysuit with a Japanese character on the chest. He is also wearing a red eyepatch with a onyx jewel in the middle of it that he tears off before the bell, revealing a red and black pair of horizontal stripes above and below his eye. He smirks at Kobayashi who has words for the young man as they separate, waiting for the bell to sound...

...and we cut a little deeper into the match as an attempted Irish whip by KYOSUKE is reversed, sending him back into the buckles. Kobayashi runs towards the corner, running right up the chest of his opponent, backflipping off into the middle of the ring. He charges back in but KYOSUKE sidesteps, rocketing the champion chestfirst into the corner where he bounces back out into a leaping neckbreaker!]

JC: These two are so quick, Yoshi... such a blur in there.

YT: Makes an old slob like me feel fat... fatter, anyways.

[We cut again, this time to show KYOSUKE front slamming Kobayashi down to the mat as he approaches the corner. He steps up to the middle rope, then to the top, and uncorks a breathtaking Phoenix splash, earning a two count before we cut again.

This time, it's Kobayashi connecting with a dropkick on an attempting leaping avalanche in the corner. KYOSUKE promptly rolls under the ropes to the safety of the floor...]

JC: KYOSUKE bailing out but he should know that nowhere is safe when Kobayashi is around!

[Kobayashi proves the play-by-play man right as he races towards the corner, climbing up to the top on the run, and hurls himself off in a somersault dive on the stunned KYOSUKE.]

JC: SUICIDAL DIVE FROM THE TOP BY THE CHAMPION!

[The Japanese crowd is roaring as we cut deeper into the match where the roles are reversed - Kobayashi is out on the floor as KYOSUKE scales from inside the ring...]

JC: KYOSUKE taking a big chance here!

[...and HURLS himself off the top rope, wiping out Kobayashi and a pair of young boys too close to the action with a twisting plancha! Another big roar rings out from the Budokan crowd as we cut again...

This time, we've got a staggered KYOSUKE climbing to his feet as Kobayashi stands on the apron at the ready. Kobayashi springs into the air, bouncing off the top rope, catching KYOSUKE in a huracanrana, snapping him over into a pinning predicament...]

JC: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[...but KYOSUKE manages to roll it back the other way.]

JC: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[But back the other way they go, Kobayashi leaning forward, holding on tight.]

JC: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEE!!!

[We cut to footage of Kobayashi holding the Junior Sky Crown title aloft as the fans cheer and we hear Theresa and Dale once more.]

TL: Isamu Kobayashi retains the title and Dale, that takes us to the halfway point of BURNING GLORY.

DA: Indeed it does, Theresa. Four big matches still to come though!

TL: Dale will be back with us later in the show to go over those four matches including three title matches and the much-anticipated clash between Takeshi Mifune and the Olympic Gold Medalist, Bret Grayson! Thanks, Dale.

DA: My pleasure, Theresa.

TL: Fans, we're going to take a quick break but when we come back, we'll have words from Chris Choynet just days after Rene Rousseau's shocking alliance with Dave Cooper's Lion's Den so don't you dare go away!

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...

We cut to backstage at the Intrust Arena in Wichita, Kansas, where Mark Stegglet stands in front of an AWA backdrop. He is flanked by Chris Choisnet to his left and Cesar Hernandez to his right. Choisnet is dressed in his blue trunks with white striping and his skin glistens with sweat. Hernandez wears his trademark jacket with pleated sleeves and frills along the torso.]

MS: Fans, Chris Choisnet wrestled in singles action a few minutes ago on tonight's live event in Wichita, and was victorious, but I wanted to catch up with him to address some important matters. Chris, I appreciate you taking the time to visit.

[Choisnet grits his teeth, clearly upset.]

CC: Mark, I only wish this was coming under better circumstances. Because everyone saw what my former tag team partner did -- how he not only walked out on me after we lost to the Samoans, but he further drove the knife into my back by joining up with the very men who put him in the hospital!

MS: I can understand why you would be upset, Chris.

CC: Upset doesn't begin to describe how I feel, Mark. Rene Rousseau made a decision that I will never understand, and right now, I don't want to understand it! I thought he was more than a partner, but that he was my friend! That he truly took an interest in what I can do and the potential we could have as a tag team. Well, it sure looks like it was all a lie, doesn't it? And the truth is, I trusted him... I thought he listened to reason when I told him we should never associate with Dave Cooper!

[He shakes his head.]

CC: Turns out I was wrong... wrong about Rene Rousseau wanting to work alongside me, wrong about him wanting to provide an example to the rest of the AWA, wrong about him wanting to prove that hard work and dedication will take you far. All he proved was how selfish and arrogant he really is. The fact is, the man who I could really trust all this time was the man who stood beside me against the Samoans, the man who stands with me right now, my friend Cesar Hernandez!

[Hernandez gives a nod.]

CH: Chris, I will say this to you right now... I will never betray you! Now, Mark, I will admit that I've felt those temptations to take the easy way out, and they can be strong. But I've learned that the only way to show how strong you are is to resist

those temptations. And Rene Rousseau, you showed everyone you weren't strong enough to resist them, especially when you decide to join the Lion's Den!

Like Dave Cooper before, you could have been a man who could share his knowledge with all the young talent in the AWA, show them the best path to take and resist those temptations. But all I see, like with Cooper, is a bitter man who blamed everyone else for whatever went wrong! As far as I'm concerned, Rene, all bets are off with you, and I look forward to the day that I get you in that ring and show why giving into temptation never makes you stronger!

[Choisnet holds up his hand.]

CC: Wait a minute, Cesar... I understand how much you would like to settle things with Rene Rousseau, but so do I. I would hope that, out of respect to me, you would step aside for the time being and allow me to challenge my former tag team partner!

MS: Chris Choisnet, you want Rene Rousseau in that ring?

CC: You better believe it, Mark! And trust me when I say that I'm going to show Rene that I've learned a lot more than he thought, and that his decision to join the Lion's Den isn't going to be that ticket to the top he thinks it is, but it's only going to lead him down a road to nowhere!

MS: So what about, Cesar? Are you willing to stand aside and allow your friend to face Rene Rousseau first.

CH: Only one condition, Mark... that Chris will have me in his corner so I can keep an eye on Dave Cooper and make sure it stays a one-on-one matchup.

CC: [nodding] Cesar, consider it done.

[The two men shake hands. Choisnet motions to the camera.]

CC: Rene Rousseau, I'll promise that you'll find out who really screwed things up!

[They walk off the set.]

MS: Chris Choisnet with a challenge issued... but will Rene Rousseau accept?

[And with that, we fade from the backstage footage back to the starfield that is the Power Hour set.]

TL: Chris Choisnet showing that he will not be backing down from this situation despite his feelings towards his former tag team partner... former friend. He wants him in the ring and I have to believe that when and if we see that go down, Rene Rousseau may be in for one heck of a night. Now, Harvey Sutton is about to join me again... come back in here, Harvey...

[On cue, a grinning Harvey Sutton steps back onto the starfield.]

TL: Harvey, let's shift gears for a moment and talk about SuperClash VIII coming up in just about two months' time now. On the last Saturday Night Wrestling, we heard two matches officially announced with one more set to be locked down in Oklahoma City. First, let's talk about the Women's World Title match which is now set to see Lauryn Rage, the champion, defend her title in a Three Way Dance against both Melissa Cannon and Ayako Fujiwara.

HS: Huge Women's Title match, Theresa. Now, it's important to note that this is NOT the match that Lauryn Rage was looking for. She was looking to duck and dodge her way into a much less challenging opponent for New Orleans.

TL: That's putting it nicely, Harvey.

HS: Hey, her brother is certifiable. Your dad's told me some stories about that family and I do NOT need to be on their bad side. But it was obvious on SNW that she wanted to eliminate them both from their top contender status and end up with a much lesser competitor at SuperClash but Jon Stegglet wouldn't let it fly and now she's in for a potentially very bad night, Theresa.

TL: Two very tough challengers... and right now, I think Lauryn's only shot is to make those two eliminate each other and try to pick the bones. In my opinion, she's going into SuperClash as an underdog, Harvey.

HS: It would be very hard to argue that.

TL: It would also be very hard to argue that the special attraction tag team showdown between Casey James and Tiger Claw, the Syndicate, and the duo of Supreme Wright and Mason hasn't set the Internet on fire since it was announced last weekend. Harvey, last year at SuperClash, James and Claw took part in the Legends Royale... curated it in fact... and while it was an entertaining and - at times - exciting matchup, it seems as though that match and the buildup to it is at the root of James and Claw's issues with the AWA.

HS: Theresa, it's all about respect. As a pair of Hall of Famers and former World Champions, James and Claw certainly deserve respect... and quite frankly, they feel that the AWA just hasn't given it to them. They feel like the AWA used them as comedic filler last year... and then sent them on a promotional tour for the video game... and we all know how that turned out.

TL: But what respect have they shown the AWA? How can you talk about respect after what they did to Torin The Titan? After what they did to the Gladiator? And of course, after what they did to Emerson Gellar?

HS: But that's where the problem lies for them, Theresa. I believe Supreme Wright would've let things go with James and Claw if they'd stuck to beating up wrestlers. He didn't like them. He doesn't agree with their tactics. He offered to take care of them for Gellar to help his own cause... but when they laid hands on Gellar - a non-wrestler - that's when Wright got interested. And Mason... well, it's been well-established that Gellar and Mason are friends and now Mason's in the mix as well. This one is going to be very combustible come Thanksgiving Night, Theresa.

TL: It certainly is... and already is in fact. James and Claw have been barred from appearing at AWA events to promote the match because of the security risk and the safety threat to all AWA personnel. However, that didn't stop the Syndicate from making themselves heard. The video we're about to show you was released by James and Claw themselves on YouTube, quickly went viral, and is now in our hands for release. Take a look...

[Fade to black.

From black, we cut abruptly to a low shot of a bearded face, then shakiness. The shot stabilizes a bit and we see the owner of the face is "Blackheart" Casey James. He appears to be filming the segment through a phone camera from the driver's seat of a car. The lighting - as is customary in most selfie videos - is awful. Casey smirks through the long shadows cast by the excessively bright overhead interior lights.]

CJ: Alright, we're on... C'mon, get in frame... ... Dude, come _on._

[Sitting in the driver's seat, Tiger Claw sighs through an irritated scowl as he turns from the window to lean in, getting into the shot.]

CJ: There we go. See? This is what we're reduced to. Apparently, there are some issues around us getting time in the studio to say what we want to say... So instead, we get to do this selfie crap. Guess who isn't happy about that?

[Casey nods his head toward Claw, who raises an eyebrow.]

CJ: We find out that we're in the first match signed for SuperClash against Supreme Wright and Mason, and we can't even get in the building to say our piece. I'm told some people on the staff feel "threatened" and we contribute to a "hostile work environment." What the hell _happened_ to this business, man? Everyone is _such_ a crybaby now.

Whatever. We did what we had to do for someone to pay attention, and now we're going to get a fight like we wanted. Supreme Wright, Mason, you have no freakin' idea what you just got yourself into.

Mason? You have the honor of being my punching bag while Claw here defends his reputation as the greatest combat artist to ever step between those ropes against Supreme Wright. You might think that's the easier job of the two, but brother, you ain't had a beating like a Blackheart beating. It's an experience like no other. Life changing. I'll beat you so bad you remember it forever. I'll beat you so bad I'll make you look different.

But _this_ guy? [nods toward Claw again.] This guy puts me to shame. The sheer artistry in the way this man beats the living hell out of other human beings, it's just... Well, I ain't no poet, so I just don't have the words. Wright, you're in for an experience... A harrowing, likely near death experience.

TC: Wright... Prepare your rookie... Prepare yourself... Prepare for war. Because that's what we're bringing.

[Claw reaches forward and grabs the phone, covering the lens of the camera. Fade through black back to the star field.]

TL: The comparisons over the years between Tiger Claw and Supreme Wright have been numerous and now we get to see those two warriors clash in New Orleans... and don't forget about Mason and the Blackheart. Two tag teams getting set for battle in just about two months... but right now, four other men are getting ready for the fight of their lives just one week from now. It is the finals of the Road To The Gold tournament - a first ever AWA Final Four matchup with the winner advancing to...

[Theresa pauses with a quirky smile on her face.]

TL: I suppose we really don't know what they're advancing to, do we?

HS: Not at all, Theresa. With this Vasquez situation up in the air, I'm not even sure we'll see that match go down at all in Oklahoma City. Look... Jordan Ohara, Brian James, Johnny Detson, and Ryan Martinez all qualified for the match. But with the Vasquez situation... maybe that match takes place at SuperClash for the title? Maybe it's two more singles matches with the winners meeting for the vacant title. We don't know.

TL: But what we DO know is that Jon Steggle, one of the owners of this company and the acting Director of Operations, has publicly stated that his intent is to walk

to the ring in Oklahoma City, take the title belt from Vasquez, and then to publicly fire him. He has also said that if Vasquez does NOT appear in Oklahoma City, then he will have AWA legal initiate a breach of contract suit against the World Champion.

HS: And AWA legal aren't who anyone wants to mess with - even Juan Vasquez.

TL: SuperClash is coming and it promises to be the biggest night of the year here in the AWA. Fans, coming up after this break, I'll be rejoined by Dale Adams as we run down the final four matches at Tiger Paw Pro's BURNING GLORY and believe me, you do not want to miss that so stick around, won't you?

[Fade to black...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#A hallelujah high from the floor to the ceiling#

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

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

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

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

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

#When the lights come on#

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

#When the lights come on#

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

Suddenly, the feed cuts out. After a few seconds, the feed returns, only to show a static image of a Punisher-style skull, colored in the style of the American Flag. A child's voice is heard singing, although the sound is rather scratchy.]

Voice: Land where my fathers died!
Land of the Pilgrim's pride!
From every mountain side,
Let freedom ring!

[After the scratchy singing comes to an end, a booming, but distorted voice is heard.]

?: American Pride... a symbol of what this country once was.

[Pause.]

?: Unfortunately, the America that they represent is dead.

[An image flickers on the screen briefly, long enough to show a burning American flag.]

?: American Pride, the fools that they are, are nothing more than a relic of an era that is never coming back.

[Several images flicker on the screen. One is of Kim Kardashian and Kanye West. Another is a group of lobbyists celebrating something in front of Capitol Hill, and the other is Donald Trump, Republican nominee to the Presidency holding a rally in front of a rabid, screaming older audience. The last image stays on the screen long enough for the voice to continue.]

?: We are the Soldiers of Fortune. We represent the new America, where only the strong survive.

[The picture fades out, and the Punisher skull appears on the screen once again.]

?: Saturday Night Wrestling, American Pride... whoever foolishly dares to accept the USA vs the World challenge... we're coming.

[The planet Earth slowly scrolls upwards from the bottom of the screen, just stopping far enough on the screen to where the skull is overlooking the planet.]

?: Try and stop us...

[Just like that, the logo disappears. After a few short seconds, we fade back to Theresa and Dale Adams on the starfield with the Tiger Paw Pro logo behind them.]

TL: Welcome back to the Power Hour and Dale, thanks for joining me once again as we recap the final four matches that went down at BURNING GLORY in the Budokan.

DA: My pleasure, Theresa. Let's get to it.

[We fade from the hosts to a shot of the interior of the Budokan, jammed with cheering fans.]

TL: As we start back up, we begin with a big one for AWA fans as Brian James, a man who could be on the verge of securing a shot at the AWA World Title next weekend, defended a title he's held for quite some time - the Tiger Paw Pro CAGE Championship.

[We cut to shots of Brian James walking the aisle, Brian Lau trailing behind him, holding the title belt aloft as James looks ready for business.]

TL: Now, remember, fans... this title match took place a matter of hours after James took part in the AWA's All-Star Showdown. So, he was going into this match jetlagged, beaten up, and weary... yet determined to walk out of the Budokan with the title still in his clutches.

DA: And his opponent on this night was going to be someone he's very, very familiar with...

[Cut to shots of the high flying lighthweight known as TORA, heading down the aisle, slapping the ringside fans' hands, a big grin on his face as he heads to the ring to face his former tag team partner.]

DA: Former partners. Former friends. But on this night, there would be no friendship... this was about championship gold. Theresa, the CAGE championship is what you might call an Openweight title. No weight limits at all. So, when TORA issued the challenge towards Brian James, James had no choice but to accept it.

[Cut to a shot of James towering over the much smaller TORA, smirking at his former friend.]

TL: Again, on the call... let's go to Jonathan Colt and Yoshi Tanaka!

[The staredown is still on the screen as the voices of the Tiger Paw Pro announcers are heard.]

JC: When you look at these two square off, you have to think TORA is a major underdog going into this, Yoshi.

YT: Underdog, yes. Overmatched, no. TORA is pure lightning in a bottle, Jon. He's fast, he's quick, he's sudden - choose your descriptor. What I will say is that he moves fast, strikes hard, and if Brian James takes him too lightly, he'll be going back to the States as a FORMER CAGE Champion.

[The bell sounds as James suddenly lashes out with a right hook that TORA ducks under, rushing across the ring to the ropes. He rebounds off, ducking a left-handed knife edge chop, hitting the ropes a second time. He comes back again as James catches him, shoving him skyward...]

...but TORA counters in mid-air, tucking his legs under him, and DRIVING James down to the canvas with a Meteora!]

JC: OHHHHH!

[TORA reaches back, snatching a leg as the referee dives to count.]

JC: ONNNNE! TWOOOOO! THR- NOOOO!

[The crowd buzzes for the nearfall as Brian Lau clutches his chest and James promptly rolls under the ropes at the sound of Lau's voice. The Kings of Wrestling

duo are regrouping out on the floor when TORA slingshots over the top rope, running down the apron, and diving off with a somersault onto James who shoves Lau aside to protect his manager at the last moment!]

JC: TORA TAKES OUT JAMES AGAIN! GREAT SCOTT!

[TORA celebrates out on the floor as we cut deeper into the match...

...and this time, TORA is trapped in the buckles as James drives his knee up into the ribcage over and over.]

JC: Brian James bringing the heavy attacks in the corner... grabs the arm, shoots him out...

[James drops to a knee from the effort as TORA gets about halfway across the ring, flipping through the air, and SLAMS into the buckles, slumping down to the canvas as James climbs to his feet, looking satisfied as Lau applauds out on the floor.]

JC: Brian James is just brutality personified, Yoshi.

YT: Absolutely. So big, so strong. And to top it off, he's quick on his feet for such a big man. James is seemingly unstoppable in there and TORA's going to need to keep stick and moving if he wants to succeed.

[James brutally stomps TORA, driving him under the ropes to the apron. The referee steps in, forcing James back as Lau slides along and wraps his hands around TORA's throat, throttling him as the crowd jeers.]

JC: The official is distracted as Lau chokes TORA!

[The illegal activities continue for a few more moments before Lau backs away, leaving TORA redfaced and gasping for air...

...and we cut further into the match again. This time, James has a Muay Thai clinch hooked in on TORA, driving his knee up into the head over and over and over.]

JC: Look at those kneestrikes!

[Using the clinch, James hurls TORA towards the ropes where the highflyer sticks, wrapping his arms around the top rope. The son of the Blackheart advances on him, looking to do more damage...

...but TORA leaps into the air, driving a knee up under the chin of James!]

JC: TORA WITH A KNEE OF HIS OWN!

[James' eyelids flutter from the impact of the blow, staggering back. He surges forward, throwing a dazed right hand that TORA ducks easily. A similar left is avoided as well as TORA falls back to the ropes, using them to flip back over the top, landing on the apron. James continues to come forward, throwing a kick through the ropes but TORA sidesteps, using the ropes to leap up and snap a foot off James' forehead!]

JC: OH!

[James stumbles backwards as TORA shakes his head, clearing the cobwebs as he grabs the top rope with both hands...]

JC: SPRINGBOARD...

[...and bounces off the top rope, driving both feet into James' chest, sending him sprawling to the canvas!]

JC: ...DROPKICK OFF THE TOP!

[James rolls back to his feet as TORA rushes towards him, shoving him back into the corner. TORA is a blur of motion as he snaps off left and right kicks to the body, one after another, rocking the ribcage of James...]

JC: He's got James trapped in the corner! Battering the body with kicks!

[...and steps out, leaping up and driving a spinning back kick up under the chin, snapping James' head back!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JC: HOLY-

YT: James-san may need his teeth checked after that!

JC: Look around our table, Yoshi, we may be able to check a few of them for him!

[The kick causes James to slump down in the corner, sitting on the canvas as TORA dashes across the ring, an arm raised to salute the cheering crowd. He backs into the buckles, steeling himself as he prepares to charge...]

JC: Here he comes!

[...and sprints across the ring, throwing himself into an impactful somersault senton in the corner!]

JC: CAAAAANNNNONNNBAAAAALLLLLLL!

[Snatching James by the foot, TORA drags him from the corner, diving across his former partner's chest.]

JC: ONNNNNE! TWOOOOO! THR-

[And again, James fires a shoulder off the mat, breaking up the count as we cut deeper into the match...

...and show footage of James setting TORA up on the top turnbuckle, stepping up after him.]

JC: The Engine of Destruction scaling the turnbuckles, perhaps looking for a superplex!

[James peppers TORA with a trio of forearms before pulling him into a front facelock, slinging his former partner's arm over his neck.]

JC: He sure is! Getting TORA into position, trying to bring him crashing down off that perch...

[But TORA starts to battle back, throwing a few short forearms of his own, trying to break free...]

JC: James and TORA are trading shots!

YT: And it's not difficult to see who will have that edge in that battle, Jon.

[James grabs TORA by the hair, smashing his skull between his former friend's eyes!]

JC: Headbutt by the much-larger James! Looking for that superplex again!

[But TORA rifles a barrage of palm strikes into the ribs, forcing James to let go again...

...and then claps his arms together on James' ears, sending the big man falling off the ropes to the canvas.]

JC: TORA knocks him down! TORA climbing to the top!

[But as he does, James comes quickly to his feet, rushing the corner, stepping to the second and then to the top in one motion, wrapping his arms around TORA's torso...

...and LAUNCHES him off the top rope, flinging him through the air, and sending him bouncing off the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JC: TOP ROPE BELLY TO BELLY SUPERPLEX! JAMES CRAWLS TO THE COVER!
ONNNNNE! TWOOOOO! THR-

[But TORA's shoulder comes flying off the mat, breaking the pin attempt as James angrily takes the mount, driving his fists repeatedly down into the skull of TORA over and over and over...]

JC: James is destroying him with those fisticuffs!

[TORA raises his arms, trying to defend himself from the barrage of blows as the referee shouts at James to back off...

...and we cut deeper into the match where James pulls a limp TORA off the canvas, locking his arms around his waist.]

JC: The son of the Blackheart setting for a German...

[The powerful James lifts his much-smaller opponent into the air, violently throwing him down in a German Suplex...

...and hangs on to the waistlock, rolling through to his feet...]

JC: He's going for it again!

[...and drives TORA back a second time...]

JC: Another one?! He's going for three, Yoshi!

YT: This might be it right here!

[James rolls back to his feet, his hands still locked around TORA's torso as he lifts him off the mat...

...but TORA manages to stretch his legs back, locking them around James' waist. The counter surprises James who lets go of the waistlock as TORA ducks forward, rolling through into a pinning predicament!]

JC: CRAAAADLE!! ONNNNNE! TWOOOOO! THRE-

[James' shoulder just barely goes flying off the mat, breaking up the pin attempt as TORA scrambles to his feet, leaping into the air and driving both feet down in the midsection of James before he can rise!]

YT: DOUBLE STOMP...

[TORA bounces off James' torso, snapping off a standing moonsault!]

YT: ...AND THE MOONSAULT!

JC: ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THRE-

[Again, the shoulder goes flying up as does TORA, a blur of motion as he dashes towards the corner, stepping to the middle rope... then to the top...]

JC: TORA UP TOP! HE'S GONNA FLY!

[TORA snaps off another moonsault, this one from the top rope, floating through the air and crashing down on James before he can get off the canvas!]

JC: MOONSAULT! But no cover this time!

[TORA scrambles off the mat, rushing to the ropes. He leaps to the middle rope, springing back, twisting around as James stirs off the canvas...]

JC: SPRINGBOARD TORA CUTTER!

[...but as TORA snares the three-quarter nelson, James shows off his incredible power by snatching the much-smaller competitor out of the sky...]

YT: CAUGHT!

[...and DRIVES him back on the back of his head and neck with a Backdrop Driver!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The impact of the suplex causes TORA to roll under the ropes to the ring apron as James sits up, spinning around to cover and finding his former partner out on the apron out of reach.]

JC: Oh! Bad break for James who might've gotten the win there but TORA made it out to the apron!

YT: Bad break or smart move by TORA?

JC: However you want to cut it, it may have cost James a victory and a successful defense of his title right there.

[An irate James gets to his feet, stomping towards the ropes where he reaches over, grabbing his former partner by his hair, dragging him to his feet. But as TORA gets to his feet, he snaps off a palm strike to the jaw that snaps James' head to the side.]

JC: OH!

[TORA grabs the top rope, swinging a kick up into the mouth of James!]

JC: OHH!

[And with James reeling, TORA slingshots over the top rope, snatching his former friend around the head, dropping to the canvas and JAMMING James' face into his shins!]

JC: OHHHHH!

[TORA grabs James' leg, rolling over into a single leg cradle...]

JC: ONNNNNE! TWOOOOO!

[...and James slips his free leg over the bottom rope.]

JC: THREEEEEEEEEE!

[TORA pops up off the mat, thrusting his arms into the air as the fans celebrate and his music begins to play...

...and the voices of Theresa and Dale take over.]

TL: Controversy reigns in the Budokan as Brian James very clearly had his foot on the ropes right there, Dale.

DA: He did but TORA and James' massive body shielded the referee from seeing it. Brian Lau let the official have it. Brian James let the official have it. But in the end, it didn't matter because TORA is the brand new CAGE champion after one heck of a match.

TL: With a tainted victory.

DA: Sure. But I wouldn't think you'd care much about that considering James' victory over your big brother last weekend.

TL: I always care about the rules and fair outcomes, Dale, no matter my personal feelings towards the competitors involved. Moving right along though, the next match was the Global Tag Crown on the line with the team of Kenta Kitao and Shogun Superstar taking on former AWA competitors, the Shadow Star Legion.

[We cut to footage of the two teams already in the ring with the TPP announce team talking over it.]

JC: Kitao and Shogun have held that title for quite some time now, Yoshi.

YT: Kenta Kitao was kind of floundering in the singles ranks but when Shogun showed up, everything turned around for him.

[The barrel-chested masked man known as the Shogun Superstar plays to the crowd as Kitao shakes his rear covered by short trunks that reads "SUGAR RUSH." Their opponents, familiar to AWA fans, stand across the ring ready to challenge for the titles.]

JC: These two teams met recently in Osaka for the titles but the match ended in a double countout when the brawling got out of control outside the ring.

[Cut a little ways into the match as GEMINI Hashimoto and Shogun Superstar jockey for position.]

YT: These two big bulls pushing each other around the ring... the masked man backing him down into the ropes...

[The masked man steps back and opens up with an overhand chop across the chest that echoes throughout the arena.]

JC: Firm shot there by the masked man who really came onto the scene very recently here in Tiger Paw Pro but made an impression right away. Very colorful. Very charismatic.

[The crowd roars as Hashimoto reaches out, spinning the Superstar around into the ropes...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

[...and BLASTS him across the chest with a knife edge blow.]

JC: You could hear that one all the way to Shanghai! Hashimoto possesses some of the hardest chops in the entire sport.

[A smirking Hashimoto grabs the Superstar by the arm, whipping him across the ring as he slaps the hand of his partner. As the Superstar rebounds, Hashimoto buries his boot into the gut with a spinning back kick as Kenji Nakamura hits the adjacent ropes, bouncing back with a running kick to the side of the head, spinning the Superstar back the other way, down to his knees, and then down on all fours...]

...and we cut deeper into the match where the Superstar is trading blows with Hashimoto, forearm after forearm landing solidly on the opposition.]

JC: Big lumber being thrown here... and the Superstar swings a knee up into the ample midsection of Big Hash.

[Ducking down, the Superstar hoists Hashimoto off the mat, slamming the big man down to cheers.]

JC: That’s a very big slam on a very big man!

[The masked man reaches out, tagging in his partner who bounces off the ropes, dropping a seated senton down on Hashimoto.]

JC: Kitao with the big sitting splash... and a two count that follows!

[Cut again, this time as Nakamura is being doubleteamed by Kitao and the Superstar who whip him across the ring.]

JC: Double whip by the champions...

[A double clothesline is set up but Nakamura ducks under it, rebounding off the far side...]

...and throwing himself into a split-legged dropkick that catches both men, taking them down!]

JC: Nakamura picks up the spare and the challengers are heating up here in the Budokan!

YT: We may be on the verge of seeing the titles change hands, Jon!

JC: It certainly wouldn’t surprise me, Yoshi!

[And another cut, this time to Nakamura being running powerslammed by the Superstar as Kitao goes to the top rope, leaping off with a swandive headbutt to the chest of Nakamura!]

JC: Headbutt off the top! ONNNNNE! TWOOOOOO!

[But an incoming Hashimoto kicks Kitao RIGHT in the face with a running soccer kick, causing Kitao to roll lifelessly onto his back. A dazed Nakamura rolls over on top of Kitao, waving for the referee to count but the referee is tied up escorting Hashimoto out of the ring...

...which allows the Superstar to run back in, leaping up to drop a headbutt of his own on the prone Nakamura, flipping him over and draping Kitao over him. The referee wheels around, diving to the mat.]

JC: ONNNNNE! TWOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEE!

[Cut to footage of the tag champs celebrating their successful defense of their titles as we hear Theresa and Dale.]

TL: The tag champs keep the gold in the Budokan... but the SSL came very close to dethroning them, Dale.

DA: They did but after this loss, you have to believe the SSL may be headed to the back of the line as the list of teams looking to dethrone the champs is plentiful with top notch high quality duos.

TL: And speaking of high quality duos... well, let's show you the highlights of our next match before we go there. It was one of the most-anticipated matches in all of Japan in quite some while, isn't that right, Dale?

DA: It's absolutely right, Theresa. The status of being an Olympic gold medalist is tremendous in Japan and so they saw the arrival of Bret Grayson in Japan as a major nationwide event. Grayson was on television shows... he was at special government-hosted events... he was a very big deal in Japan. And his opponent - a man who helped mold AWA competitors like Ryan Martinez... like Jordan Ohara - was set to try and break Grayson down. Of course, I'm talking about the Shadow Wolf, Takeshi Mifune.

TL: Take a look...

[We cut to the start of the match, the two technical wrestling standouts staring one another down.]

JC: There's no love lost between these two, Yoshi.

YT: Absolutely not. And that all goes back to an incident between the two when Grayson first came to Japan after winning the gold medal. Neither man has been willing to speak publicly about it but we know Grayson was embarrassed by it and that embarrassment spilled over when they were teammates in the AWA recently.

[Grayson is talking a mile a minute to Mifune who simply smiles in response, eagerly awaiting what's coming. The Olympic gold medalist delivers a two-handed shove to Mifune...

...who responds by slapping the taste out of Grayson's mouth!]

JC: Yowza!

[Grayson recoils in a mix of pain and shock, falling several feet back as the referee signals for the bell...

...and then shoots in, hooking Mifune's legs. The Shadow Wolf struggles for a bit, resisting the takedown, but the Olympian eventually lifts him up, throwing him down to the mat!]

JC: And Grayson gets the double leg!

YT: Mifune is one of the best that Tiger Paw Pro has to offer. He's been in charge of the Dojo for many years and has turned out many fine students. But even he can't grapple successfully against an Olympic gold medalist.

[Grayson slides through the takedown, securing a side headlock on Mifune who twists the arm into a hammerlock with ease, maneuvering Grayson into a seated position on the mat...

...and then Mifune lets go, paintbrushing Grayson in the back of the head]

JC: And another slap by Mifune!

YT: I see it's going to be that kind of night for the Shadow Wolf.

[We cut deeper into the match where Grayson fires off a pair of forearm shots to the jaw of Mifune who smiles in response, beckoning for Grayson to do it again.]

JC: And the striking of Bret Grayson is having no effect on Mifune.

[Grayson winds up, throwing a chop this time... and Mifune just looks down at his chest, a disappointed expression on his face.]

YT: Mifune likes a hard fight and right now, he thinks Bret Grayson isn't giving him one, Jon.

[Mifune waves for another chop and Grayson obliges, barely budging the Shadow Wolf.]

JC: The chops of Bret Grayson are having no effect and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[But when Mifune returns the favor, he blasts Grayson right off his feet, a red welt on his chest. Mifune smiles at Grayson, mockingly waving at him...

...and we cut deeper into the match where Mifune has Grayson in the corner, jamming elbowstrikes into the jaw. The referee steps in, ordering him to back off and he obliges, creating some space.]

JC: Mifune charging in!

[But as he does, Grayson pulls himself clear from the corner, causing Mifune to slam chestfirst into the turnbuckles!]

JC: He missed the charge to the corner... waistlock!

[Swooping in behind Mifune, Grayson powers him up, throwing him down on the back of his head!]

JC: GERMAN SUPLEX BY GRAYSON!

[Grayson gets back to his feet, advancing on Mifune as the Shadow Wolf staggers to his feet. The Olympian wraps him up in his powerful arms, flinging Mifune overhead and down with a released belly to belly throw.]

JC: AND A SECOND SUPLEX BY GRAYSON!

YT: He's building up some momentum now.

[Grayson is fired up, talking to the downed Mifune, waving him back to his feet...

...and when the Japanese veteran gets there, Grayson is waiting to wrap his arms around Mifune, one around the neck, the other up under the arm to clasp the first hand.]

JC: What's he going for here?

[The Olympian HURLS Mifune into the air for the third time, sending him bouncing hard off the canvas!]

JC: HEAD AND ARM SUPLEX! GRAYSON IS ON FIRE!

[Grayson pops back up to his feet, trash talking like a madman as he pops the straps on his singlet, tossing them down to reveal his sculpted upper body. The crowd reacts to Grayson's fire as he watches a dazed Mifune roll under the ropes and out to the floor...

...and we cut again deeper into the match where Grayson has Mifune in the corner, driving his shoulder repeatedly into the midsection.]

JC: Grayson continuing to try and break down Mifune, looking to get him vulnerable enough where he can go for that Gold Medal Slam or the Liberty Lock.

[Grayson grabs Mifune by the arm, whipping him from corner to corner. He pumps his arm a few times, turning to the crowd before rushing across the ring, ready to lay in a clothesline...

...but runs right into a raised big boot by Mifune that catches him on the chin, staggering him backwards!]

JC: Ohh! What a counter by Mifune!

[Grayson stumbles backwards as Mifune storms towards him, throwing out his arm for a devastating lariat that flips Grayson inside out as Mifune falls to his knees from the effort!]

JC: LARIAAAAATOOOOO! Mifune covers! ONNNNNNE! TWOOOOO! TH-

[But Grayson's shoulder pops up off the canvas, breaking the pin as he stretches his arm up into the air...

...which is Mifune's cue to grab the arm, snatching him into a cross armbreaker!]

JC: WHOA! WHOA!

YT: Mifune looking for the submission with the armbar!

[Grayson flails about, frantically trying to prevent his arm from being hyper-extended by the Sadist of Submissions. He rolls to his hip, pushing up to his knees where he forces Mifune's shoulders down for a two count. Both men fall to the canvas as the crowd cheers.]

JC: Grayson counters his way out and now both men are down as we cross the halfway point in the time limit for this one.

[And with both men down on the mat, we cut deeper into the match where Mifune is pulling a dazed Grayson to his feet, flinging him back into the corner. Red welts litter Grayson's chest from where Mifune has chopped him repeatedly in this match.]

JC: Mifune puts him in the buckles... maybe looking for more of those chops...

[A smirking Mifune lightly slaps Grayson's chest a few times before winding up overhead...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

JC: Gaaaah! Just hearing those makes me cringe, Yoshi.

YT: You? I still have nightmares from taking those inside the ring.

JC: Takeshi Mifune, known for being one of the most miserable son of a guns that you'll ever encounter in pro wrestling, is taking that misery out on Grayson right about now...

[Shifting his feet, Mifune opens fire with chop after chop to the chest of Grayson.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

JC: MACHINE GUN CHOPS! Shades of former AWA World Champion Ryan Martinez!

YT: Where do you think he learned them from?

[Mifune steps back, admiring his handiwork as Grayson hangs on to the top rope, his chest covered in bleeding red welts. He grabs Grayson by the arm, whipping him across the ring...]

JC: Whip to the corner... here comes Mifune!

[Charging across the ring, Mifune swings up his leg for a Yakuza kick...

...but Grayson front rolls from the corner, causing Mifune to whiff on the kick, driving his foot into the top turnbuckle! He cries out, stumbling back, reaching down to grab at his own ankle!]

JC: Mifune's hurt! He's hurt, Yoshi!

YT: He jammed his ankle on that missed kick!

[A weary Grayson swoops in behind Mifune, locking in another rear waistlock...]

JC: WAISTLOCK!

[...and LAUNCHES him overhead, throwing him down in a German Suplex! But he doesn't let go, instead pushing off the mat with both feet, rolling over Mifune back to his feet, dragging the Shadow Wolf with him. He releases the waistlock,

changing levelsto yank Mifune's legs out from under him with a rear double leg trip...

...and wraps up Mifune's ankle in the Liberty Lock!]

JC: LIBERTY LOCK! LIBERTY LOCK!

[Mifune's face is suddenly covered in pain, grabbing at his hair as Grayson attempts to twist his ankle into submission.]

JC: We're closing in on the time limit for this one but Grayson's looking to end it now! He wants the win!

[Mifune pounds his fists into the canvas, digging his fingernails into the mat as he looks for an escape...]

JC: Mifune's trying to find a way out! Trying to escape!

YT: The ropes are too far away!

JC: Yes they are! Time is not on the side of Bret Grayson as he looks to end this right here! The clock is ticking down!

[Suddenly, Mifune rolls to his back, pulling his legs back towards his torso and using them to shove Grayson back to the corner where he slams violently into the turnbuckles, staggering back out towards Mifune as he rises to his feet... well, foot as he keeps the other one in the air, trying to keep his balance.]

JC: Grayson's dazed! Mifune-

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[A vicious slap by Mifune spins Grayson around, his back towards his opponent as Mifune wraps his arms around the throat of Grayson, dragging him down to the canvas in a modified sleeperhold.]

JC: SLEEPER! MIFUNE PULLS HIM DOWN! CAN HE GET HIM IN TIME?! CAN BRET GRAYSON HANG ON?!

[There are several seconds of silence from the announcers, letting the roaring crowd carry the scene as Mifune digs in deeper, nodding his head confidently as Grayson struggles to hang on...

...and just as the Olympic gold medalist's arms start to drop towards the canvas, the bell sounds!]

JC: Ahhhh! There's the bell!

YT: What happened?

[The referee demands that Mifune release the sleeper and after a few more moments, he relents with a nod. The official moves over to speak to the timekeeper and the ring announcers and finally, an announcement is made in Japanese.]

YT: Ahh, the time limit expired. The match is a draw.

[There's a disappointed buzz rippling through the crowd as Mifune climbs to his feet, walking around the ring with his hands on his hips.]

JC: A time limit draw! That can't be the result that either of these men were hoping for tonight in the Budokan. But at the same time, they can't be ashamed of what went down here in this one because that was a hard-fought match for both competitors.

[A weary Grayson climbs off the mat as well, leaning against the ropes, holding the back of his neck as Mifune eyes him from across the ring.]

JC: A tense moment in this one. This might not be done yet, Yoshi.

YT: That wouldn't surprise me at all.

[Mifune takes a long, hard look at Grayson, slowly walking across the ring towards him. The Olympic gold medalist pulls up his arms, balling up his fists, ready for another fight as the Shadow Wolf draws near...

...and sticks out his hand,]

JC: Whoa! How about that, Yoshi?

YT: You certainly don't see that very often... and Grayson can't believe it.

[A shocked Bret Grayson looks at the open hand, then looks up at Mifune in disbelief.]

JC: After all that, has Bret Grayson earned the respect of Takeshi Mifune?

[Mifune nods to his hand, sticking it out insistently again...

...and this time, Grayson accepts, shaking hands briefly before Mifune lets go and exits the ring. We hold on Grayson inside the ring for a bit, still looking surprised at what just happened as Theresa and Dale are heard.]

TL: An exciting, hard-fought battle ends in a time limit draw... but more surprisingly, it ends in a show of mutual respect between Grayson and Mifune. I gotta admit, Dale, I did NOT see that one coming.

DA: Absolutely not, Theresa. These two have had bad blood for many years but perhaps beating the heck out of each other helped them work that out.

TL: We caught up with Bret Grayson post-match in the locker room and here's what he had to say.

[We fade to a shot of Grayson's disgustingly red chest, blood oozing from several cuts. The shot slowly pans up to Bret Grayson's sweat-soaked face.]

BG: This...

[He gestures at his chest.]

BG: This is what it means to wrestle Takeshi Mifune. I know that now. And I respect him for it.

But if you track down Mifune in his locker room, he's got a pack of ice on his neck. He's got a doctor checking out his ankle. Because that's what it means to wrestle Bret Grayson. And he knows that now. And he respects ME for it.

[Grayson shakes his head.]

BG: Look, I don't have many friends in the world... true friends. When you're the best at what you do, you've got a lot of hangers-on wanting to be your friend so they can leech something off of you but very few real, true friends.` And I don't expect that Mifune-san and I will ever be friends.

But respect... that's a good first step.

[Grayson pauses, a far-off look in his eyes.]

BG: But just imagine... imagine if we could put our past aside and build off that respect. Imagine if Bret Grayson and Takeshi Mifune could come together as a tag team... even just occasionally.

[He looks back at the camera, a grin on his face.]

BG: That, my friends, would be one heck of a tag team. In fact, I'd go so far as to say it would be the gold standard of tag teams!

And that's... as real... as it gets.

[Fade through black back out to a shot of the Budokan crowd as they're buzzing in anticipation of the Main Event.]

TL: And after all that action and excitement, it all came down to the night's Main Event - the Tiger Paw Pro Global Crown on the line with multi-time champion Yoshinari Taguchi defending against the enigmatic Nenshou.

DA: And this would be the first time he'd be competing under the Nenshou persona in Tiger Paw Pro in quite some time. When he returned from the States, he competed under his real name but for this championship battle, he felt that he needed all the power of the Nenshou persona.

[Cut to the two men in their respective corners, Taguchi handing the title he's held on so many occasions over to the official. Nenshou striking his battle stance, going into his traditional pre-match meditation to prepare for war.]

TL: This one had been eagerly anticipated for months so let's see how it went down!

[We cut to Nenshou throwing body kicks at Taguchi, trying to batter him backwards to the corner. He succeeds in forcing him back, throwing more body kicks before landing a leaping back kick under the chin.]

JC: Taguchi is rattled early in this one... whips him across...

[The agile Nenshou leaps into the air before charging across the ring, tumbling into a handspring, and throwing himself backwards into an elbowsmash...]

JC: HANDSPRING ELBOW...

[...but Taguchi pulls himself clear, causing Nenshou to slam back against the buckles.]

JC: ...NO! TAGUCHI MOVES!

[Taguchi lights up Nenshou with a quick trio of chops in the corner before flipping him out into a seated position and booting him in the spine!]

JC: A big kick, right to the lower back!

[Nenshou is reeling on the canvas as we cut deeper into the match to find Taguchi targeting the challenger's legs with kicks to the side of the leg near the corner buckles.]

JC: Taguchi going after the leg, trying to soften it up and take away some of Nenshou's offense.

[But as Taguchi winds up for a powerful kick, Nenshou leans back against the ropes, leaping up to lift both legs out of Taguchi's strike zone, pushing off with his feet to shove Taguchi down to the mat. Nenshou jumps up to the middle rope, springing off with a somersault senton off the second rope to cheers...

...and we cut again, this time to Nenshou landing knife edge chops in the corner, each one getting stronger and more impactful.]

JC: He's taking the skin right off Taguchi's chest with those chops!

[He lands one more chop, sending Taguchi tumbling over the top rope, bouncing off the apron before he hits the floor. And the sight of Taguchi on the floor is enough for Nenshou to scale the turnbuckles, stepping to the top rope...]

JC: Nenshou up to the top, taking aim on Taguchi...

[...and Nenshou leaps from his perch sailing through the air to drop a Tomahawk chop down between the eyes of Taguchi!]

JC: OHHH! What a flying chop on the part of the challenger!

YT: He hurt himself, Jon! He's hobbling on his knee as he gets up!

JC: Great observation, Yoshi. It certainly looks like he came up a little gimpy after that attack off the top rope.

[We cut again deeper into the match where the challenger is trapped in the corner by a bleeding Taguchi who throws a series of stiff forearms to the ear of Nenshou. He grabs an arm, whipping him across the ring. Taguchi salutes the crowd before charging across...]

JC: CLOTHESLI-

[...but at the last moment, Nenshou swings his leg up to block the move, ending up with Taguchi slamming on the brakes, snatching the leg under his arm.]

JC: Taguchi caught the leg! Nenshou was looking to counter but Taguchi countered the counter and-

[The crowd roars as Taguchi takes Nenshou down with a dragon screw legwhip!]

JC: Gaaah! That could rip a knee apart right there!

[Taguchi brings Nenshou back to his feet, still holding the leg as the crowd buzzes with anticipation...

...and takes him down with a second dragon screw!]

JC: The leg is now the focus of Taguchi's attack... and he's looking to finish this now!

[Wrapping up the leg, Taguchi falls back in a figure four, Nenshou instantly sitting up and crying out in pain from the torturous hold.]

JC: Taguchi's locked in the figure four - one of his favorite holds! Can Nenshou hang on? Can he avoid giving up to this painful hold?

YT: I've seen both these men in plenty of wars. They're both as tough as they come.

[Nenshou continues to hang on, clenching his teeth as Taguchi tries to force a submission. The crowd is roaring for their favorites, urging them to get a win or to find an escape...]

...and an escape it is as Nenshou stretches out, grabbing the bottom rope to get the break.]

JC: He got it! He got to the ropes!

[Taguchi releases the hold as we cut again, going deeper into the match...]

...where the crowd is roaring as Taguchi locks his arms around the waist, taking Nenshou back in a German Suplex!]

"TA! GU! CHI!"

"TA! GU! CHI!"

"TA! GU! CHI!"

[With the Budokan crowd chanting his name, he rolls back up to his feet, taking Nenshou over with a second suplex, holding the bridge this time...]

JC: ONNNNNNE! TWOOOOO! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Taguchi rolls to his feet, not wasting any time as he pulls Nenshou up, booting him in the midsection...]

JC: Taguchi goes downstairs... sets him up... lifts him up!

[Taguchi DRIVES Nenshou down to the mat with a big powerbomb, hooking the legs and flipping through into a double leg cradle.]

JC: ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JC: KICKOUT! KICKOUT! KICK BY GOD OUT!

[And with Nenshou down on the mat, Taguchi flips him over to his stomach. He looks out at the roaring crowd as he reaches down, wrapping Nenshou's legs around his own...]

JC: He's going for the Four Leaf Clover! Trying to get the Four Leaf Clover!

YT: And when he gets this one, you're not getting out.

JC: Taguchi trying to lock in his signature hold but Nenshou's fighting it, refusing to give up his arms. Taguchi is battering the ribs, trying to get Nenshou to lower his arms to protect himself and open himself up for the double chickenwing.

[Taguchi slams blow after blow into the ribs, trying to get Nenshou to lower his arms but Nenshou has his arms in front of him, his hands formed into that “battle trance” formation again...

...and finally, Taguchi relents, releasing his attempt at the hold. The bloodied champion reaches down, dragging Nenshou off the mat by the back of the tights. He spins him around by the shoulder, throwing a big chop... and another... and another...]

JC: Chop after chop by Taguchi!

[The champion spins around, landing a spinning back chop to the side of the neck!]

JC: Ohh!

[The bloodied Taguchi drops back to the ropes, building up momentum...

...but as he bounces back, Nenshou effortlessly lifts him up over his shoulder, spinning around over and over and over...]

JC: NENSHOU’S GOT HIM UP!

[...and DROPS him down across a bent knee in a high impact backbreaker!]

JC: BACKBREAKER!

YT: And you know what comes next!

JC: Nenshou to the corner... to the second... to the top...

[The challenger steps to the top, dragging his thumb across his throat, giving a thumbs down before launching from his perch, backflipping through the air...]

JC: MOONSAULT!

[...and CRASHES down on Taguchi’s prone form. He reaches back, snatching a leg...]

JC: ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEE!

[The crowd ROARS as Nenshou rolls off Taguchi, the paint coming off his face as he raises a weary arm in triumph. Words in Japanese are heard, presumably the official announcement of the title change as the belt is presented to Nenshou.]

JC: He’s done it! He’s done it! Nenshou is the new Global Crown Champion!

YT: Incredible!

[The celebration continues as the voiceover of Theresa and Dale comes back.]

TL: Nenshou strikes gold in the Budokan!

DA: A tremendous effort... a tremendous match... and yes, Nenshou is now the new Global Crown Champion.

TL: I’m sure he’ll be a fine champion and I look forward to hearing who his first defense will be against. Dale, it was a great night of action from Japan and I want to thank you for being here with me to break it down.

DA: Theresa, it was my pleasure.

TL: Dale Adams, everyone... and fans, as this special super-sized Power Hour rolls on, I'll be right back with Harvey Sutton as we break down this upcoming Brass Ring tournament! So stick around!

[Fade to black as Nenshou celebrates his title win...

...and 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 we fade back up to Theresa and Harvey standing in the starfield.]

TL: Welcome back to this special super-sized Power Hour and as the time ticks down, Harvey, it's time to do what you came for - it's time to announce the first round matches for the upcoming Brass Ring Tournament!

HS: The Brass Ring Tournament coming to CCW was HUGE news for all the CCW locker room, Theresa. To get the opportunity to compete on the biggest stage in wrestling... to get a chance to be a part of SuperClash... that's a huge prize and

you better believe that the entire CCW roster is looking to take a big step up to show the wrestling world why they belong.

TL: Alright, now the way I understand it, the CCW brass...

HS: ...including your father.

TL: Yes, including Blackjack Lynch, the Commissioner of CCW... they put sixteen names in a hat and drew them out to determine the first round matchups. Now, I thought we would be announcing full brackets here tonight but that's not the case, right?

HS: That's right, Theresa. It was determined that each round of matches would be determined after the previous one ends. So, as someone advances in the tourney, we'll know they're in the second round but we won't know who they're facing until after round one is complete.

TL: That should make for quite the unpredictable environment... and with that in mind, let's dive right in and find out the matches set for the first round of the 2016 Brass Ring Tournament!

[Sutton nods as the starfield is overtaken by a Brass Ring Tournament logo which stays on screen for a moment before spinning away, leaving Theresa and Harvey standing in front of the logo.]

TL: Our very first first round match we're going to talk about is...

[A shot comes up on the screen of "Golden" Grant Carter.]

TL: "Golden" Grant Carter, the hero of the everyman, will be taking on...

[And the shot is joined by one of Fujin Oda.]

TL: ...a man we saw in action for Tiger Paw Pro earlier tonight, Fujin Oda! Harvey, what can you tell us about these two competitors?

HS: Grant Carter is perhaps the hardest working man in professional wrestling, Theresa. He had a short cup of coffee on the main roster but suffered an injury just a month into his run. When he came back, he came back to CCW where he continues to work, trying to get back to the promised land.

TL: Carter's not exactly a young man though, correct?

HS: Carter's got a pretty extensive history behind him. He's managed a rock club. He's been a manager. He's been an announcer. But five years ago, Carter moves to Dallas on his own... with no promise of anything... to try and sign on to the Combat Corner. Now, the thing that's unique about Grant Carter is that most guys would kill just to be on AWA television at all... and back in 2011, Carter turned down an offer from Todd Michaelson to start on TV immediately as a manager. That's how badly he wants to be a pro wrestler. Nearly five years later, he's still in CCW... still training in the Combat Corner every day... still working hard, still learning... and he thinks this might be his shot to get back to the big leagues at the age of 35.

TL: Plus, he's got one of the most effective finishing maneuvers I've ever seen. The Gold Strike. He starts by applying a snapmare and ends up driving the opponent's head into the mat. Part DDT, part cutter... if "Golden" Grant Carter hits it, your night is over. Now, let's talk about his opponent - Fujin Oda.

HS: The protege of former AWA superstar and new Tiger Paw Pro Global Crown Champion, Nenshou. Oda was a standout athlete in judo, soccer, baseball, and amateur wrestling in high school. His interest in sports led him to try out for the national wrestling team in an attempt to make the Olympic Games. He made the team, competing in several national events, winning in several meets, and becoming a favorite to medal at the Asian Games. But it wasn't to be and ultimately, he ended up training in the Fushinoshi Dojo under the watchful eye of the man we know as Nenshou.

TL: And ultimately, he ended up working in Tiger Paw Pro as we saw earlier. He's a young competitor. All of 24 years old. And as he makes his first trip to wrestle here in the States, everyone is incredibly eager to see what he brings to the table, Harvey.

HS: I know I am.

TL: Alright, let's move to our second match in the first round.

[The graphic on the screen flashes and shows the next participant - Jackie Bourassa.]

TL: "Jackie Bourassa," she says with disgust.

HS: Hehehe. Well, Theresa... apparently you haven't seen the new and improved Jackie Bourassa.

TL: Oh? What's different about him?

HS: Very little actually... but for some reasons, the fans seem to like him now. He's still the sleaziest guy in pro wrestling to many... but the fans cheer and... he seems to like that.

TL: I... well, honestly, I don't know what to say about that, Harvey.

HS: Few do. But it's important to realize that despite his notorious attitude and actions, he's been very successful in CCW as of late and any potential opponent would do well not to take him lightly.

TL: And his opponent?

[The graphic changes to reflect a competitor with the name "Gabriel Cordova" underneath.]

HS: Gabriel Cordova!

TL: Tell me a little about Cordova, Harvey. I - like so many fans of pro wrestling - have heard the name but I don't know much about the man.

HS: Cordova came to CCW earlier this year - and many believe it was on the recommendation of Juan Vasquez which is quite the statement on its own - and has been an instant success. He wrestled for years on the independent circuit, mostly competing down in Southern California. In fact, Cordova was described by many as "wrestling's best kept secret" as he turned down many offers to compete throughout the United States to stay near his home territory. But if Cordova is going to be in this tournament, Theresa, the secret is going to be out!

TL: The scouting report on Cordova says he's got dangerous striking, athletic high flying, devastating suplexes and slams. 24 years old and looking to show the world what he's all about.

HS: And there's no better place to do it than the Brass Ring Tournament.

TL: Two matches down, six more to go... let's look and see what's next...

[The graphic changes again, this time showing a battle between "Pops Palahniuk vs Ricky Babylon."]

HS: Now, this one is going to be interesting, Theresa.

TL: Shed some light on this one for me.

HS: Well, let's start with Pops Palahniuk - who I'd imagine will be the largest man in this tournament with room to spare. Six foot four. 377 pounds. A hulking beast of a man. Tattoos all over his body including lightning bolts streaking against his bald head. Just a bad, bad man.

TL: But agile as a cruiserweight.

HS: Absolutely. That's part of what makes him so dangerous. He's got the size. He's got the power. He can beat people up... but don't be surprised when he goes to the top rope! It's hard not to be surprised though - no matter how many times you see it.

TL: 30 years old. He's been in CCW for not quite a year yet... and I understand he got there through the urging of Erica Toughill who he knows through a mutual friend. We all know how tough she is so if she thought this guy might be a good fit, I have to imagine he's as tough as they come.

HS: He is. And we caught up with him earlier this week to discuss this tournament. Let's take a look...

[Fade through black.

Two identically dressed mooks step into the field of vision, as though the viewer had stumbled into the wrong place late at night.]

MOOK #1: Whoa whoa whoa. You can't just come busting in here to speak to the boss of the Mud City Mafia, now can ya?

[The mooks are both in crisp black suits, black dress shirts, and white ties. Both have dark sunglasses and porkpie hats, but that's where the physical similarities end. The first mook is short and squat: he looks about five foot seven inches tall, and about four feet eight inches across. The second, quieter mook is tall and lanky, chomping on a cigar.]

MOOK #1: Not without dealing with Agents of Oblivion, ya won't.

VOICE: [from offscreen] It's okay, Kev. You an' Luke can let 'em in.

MOOK #1: You got it, Pops.

[The Agents of Oblivion stand aside, revealing a dusky, smoke-filled, disused warehouse. The floor is mostly empty, except for an antique oak desk in the middle, and the green leather chair behind it. A woman with auburn hair, dressed in Versace clothes sits on the edge of the desk. A balisong knife flashes as it twirls between her fingers. She glares at the camera ominously as it approaches the desk.

Behind the desk, three-quarters turned away from the camera, sits the massive "Pops." All that is visible of his features are a white suit, white panama hat and the

ponytail emerging from behind it. He leans back in the chair, palms tented in front of him.]

POPS: The fine people of CCW deserve ta know that da Mud City Mafia are friends. And if they don't wanna be friendly wit' their friend Pops Palahniuk...

[He wheels around in the chair, and removes the panama hat. The ponytail is the only hair he's got, it seems. Across his scalp are inked sheets of lightning.]

POPS: ...Then da CCW is gonna find out that there's a big storm headin' their way.

[Fade to black...

...and then back up on Theresa and Harvey in front of the Brass Ring Tournament logo.]

TL: An intimidating sight to be sure... and what's with his goons?

[Harvey cringes.]

HS: Best not to let him hear you call them that. Moving on... his opponent in this one, Ricky Babylon, is fairly new to the Combat Corner but this young Canadian has made a quick impression on the trainers there. He's a student of the game... a natural inside the ring... and he's got one heck of a submission hold for a finish that he calls the "Rivers of Babylon."

TL: And I hear he's quite the heavy metal fan, Harvey.

[Sutton chuckles.]

HS: You bet. In fact, in another life, he might have been the lead singer in a heavy metal band rather than a pro wrestler. But going back to the Brass Ring Tournament... ordinarily, I'd say that whoever drew the short straw to face Pops Palahniuk was in for a short stay in the tournament but I think Ricky Babylon just might surprise some people in this one.

TL: Alright, let's take a look at our next big matchup!

[The graphic changes to promote "Big Rig" Tommy Briggs vs "Sin City" Sid Osborne.]

HS: Now this should be a very interesting showdown, Theresa. "Sin City" Sid Osborne is no stranger to CCW fans... no stranger to AWA fans at large for that matter. In fact, many AWA fans might remember Osborne and Bret Grayson teaming up to take on the Axis not that long ago... but what they may not know is that Osborne suffered a knee injury shortly after that match and has been out of action since then. This tournament, in fact, is his comeback from that injury... and what a challenge he'll be facing.

TL: "Big Rig" Tommy Briggs. I gotta admit, Harvey, the name doesn't ring any bells.

HS: Nor should it, Theresa. Briggs has only been in CCW for a matter of months and very little is know about him. He's a big dude - six foot eight, 315 pounds. A mountain of a man. But that's about all I know. He's tried to keep his past under wraps. I don't know where he's wrestled. I don't know how much experience he has - if any! He's a complete enigma and that makes him dangerous in my book.

TL: And then there's Sin City Sid.

HS: If you thought Sid Osborne had a chip on his shoulder before, you should hear him now. Take a look...

[We cut to footage of the man known as Sin City Sid sitting on a wooden stool in front of a generic Combat Corner logo painted on the wall.]

SO: "The Brass Ring Tournament."

[He speaks with a mocking tone to his voice.]

SO: "You're almost ready, Sid. You're just about there. All you need to do is reach out and grab that brass ring and prove to us that you want it!"

[Osborne angrily twists around in his black hooded sweatshirt, spitting on the floor.]

SO: I've grabbed so many brass rings in this place, I think I've got tendinitis. But once again, they've stuck another one in front of me. Once again, they say that I'm just one short step from the big time.

Never mind that I've sat here in the Combat Corner and watched Bret Grayson get the call... that overstuffed punk Malik Thompson gets to be on the Power Hour wrestling tomato cans... and Mason?

[He snorts.]

SO: Don't get me started on Mason. All style, no substance just scratches the surface on him. HE'S the one who should still be in the Combat Corner learning how to apply a wristlock. Instead, he's looking at a SuperClash showdown with two Hall of Famers.

What a crock of...

[Osborne trails off, shaking his head.]

SO: And so here I am. Once again reaching out for a brass ring that they say is my golden ticket to the show.

[He nods.]

SO: Fine. I'll do your dance, Michaelson. I'll play your game. I'll go into this tournament and I'll beat every single person you stick in front of me. And then... maybe then you won't have a choice but to face the facts of what you've got sitting right in front of you.

Maybe then you'll realize that Sid Osborne is the greatest professional wrestler on the planet and that you're committing the crime of the century keeping me down here in the minor leagues.

[He stands, chuckling humorlessly.]

SO: I almost feel sorry for whoever you put in there against me, Michaelson. Because they're going down... and they're going out of this tournament.

[An arrogant smirk crosses his face.]

SO: "Count on it."

[Fade through black back to Theresa and Harvey in the star field.]

TL: Goodness.

HS: I warned you.

TL: Sid Osborne is looking at this tournament as his big break to bust onto the AWA roster... and if he can win the whole thing, it just might be exactly that.

HS: It could be... but looking at the field for this tournament, Osborne's in for a long haul to get the job done. Can he do it? We'll have to wait and see.

TL: Let's take a look at our next matchup!

[A graphic comes up promoting Bishop Norris vs Tyrone "T-Rex" Stevenson.]

HS: Whoooa boy. You talk about a battle of hosses... this is it. These two are gonna throw bombs and beat each other to a pulp and keep coming back for more.

TL: Tell me about the man known as T-Rex, Tyrone Stevenson.

HS: Six foot four. 360 pounds. Thick as a mountain. 31 years old out of Los Angeles, California. He's a former weightlifter... powerlifter in fact. He's also a former bouncer so you know he's got the street toughness in addition to the raw power. In fact, that's where he was discovered - bouncing at a club in Los Angeles when a member of Talent Relations spotted him and approached him about training to be a pro wrestler. He's spent the last year or so in the Combat Corner and has nothing but raw potential.

TL: And am I correct in remembering Bishop Norris as Big Jim Watkins' protege?

HS: Big Jim discovered him, yes. It's a story straight out of a movie script, Theresa. He discovered Norris on a high school football field one Friday night in Oklahoma. The legend goes the kid was knocking down opponents at will... just laying people out. Big Jim went to introduce himself after the game and found out the kid was a lifelong wrestling fan already, knew exactly who Jim was. This kid turned down big offers from NCAA schools... big schools with very big football programs. Essentially, you might say he turned out almost a surefire ticket to playing on Sundays to follow his passion - pro wrestling. Big Jim showed him the ropes for a while and then handed him over to the Corner. The kid is big, tough, quick, strong... he's exactly what you'd expect from Big Jim's protege, Theresa.

TL: Now THAT'S someone I'm looking forward to seeing in action. We've got three more matches to discuss here in the first round, Harvey. What's next?

[The graphic changes again, this time switching to promote "The Arawak" Jack Veles vs Tommy Eaton.]

TL: "The Arawak" Jack Veles, a veteran of the CCW ring... he's been there since the beginning, right?

HS: Sure has. Arawak Jack has been choking people out in CCW since Day One and much like Sin City Sid, he's just looking for that big break. He's big, he's tough, he's got submission and striking skills galore. But so far for him, there's just been something missing. He can't quite break through to the other side. He's seen a lot of guys come and go from CCW and there is talk on the Internet that Veles just might be a CCW lifer... a gatekeeper so to speak. The kind of guy who is perfect in his current spot and if he never goes any further, the office would be fine with that... but Jack Veles is NOT fine with that.

TL: The Brass Ring Tournament may be his chance to prove that he's got more than that in him, Harvey. Talk to me about his opponent, Tommy Eaton.

HS: Tommy Eaton is one of the best high flyers in the world today. He's up there with the best of them. He's creative... he's innovative... the stuff he does in there has to be seen to be believed and even then, you might need to rewind and watch it again to believe what your very eyes witnessed.

TL: I sense a "but" coming up...

HS: You got it. But he's had trouble connecting with the crowds in CCW. They're in awe of what he does in the ring but outside of it, he sounds like your high school English teacher talking about Huck Finn. And if you can't make the fans love you or hate you, you can't draw off that emotion in your matches. You can't use the fans to get you over the hump when it seems all hope is lost. So, despite Tommy's incredible aerial tactics, he's had a tough time stringing together a winning streak. We'll see if that changes in this tournament.

TL: What's next, Harvey?

[The graphic changes once more, showing Whaitiri vs Odin Gunn.]

HS: This is another one that's a bit of a mystery, Theresa. First, let me tell you about Whaitiri. A New Zealand native... good looking guy... tall, handsome, muscular...

TL: You sound like you have a crush on him, Harvey.

HS: Maybe I do, Theresa... and you shouldn't talk because when you see him, you may too.

[Theresa looks a little caught by surprise.]

HS: In a matter of a very short time that he's been competing in CCW, he's become quite the popular star. The women line up to see him. The men line up to have a beer with him. He's got power, great striking, great slams and throws. But the thing that'll surprise you the most about him is his agility. He can leap into the air with the best of them. He can fly through the air too. His flying splash that he calls Ranginui's Prayer is a sight to see... I mean, a sight to see.

TL: I understand he's a former rugby player too.

HS: Absolutely... and if you know anything about rugby, you know he's double tough.

TL: You make him sound like the perfect competitor, Harvey.

HS: Not quite. He's inexperienced. He doesn't have a lot of gas in the tank. But he's got so much potential, the trainers in the Combat Corner think he's a lock to be a major star someday.

TL: Well, we'll see about that. He's gotta get through this other guy - Odin Gunn - first. What can you tell me about Odin Gunn?

HS: Nothing.

TL: Huh?

HS: Absolutely nothing.

TL: I don't-

HS: Theresa, I know the name. I know he was someone that the front office was working hard to sign. I know that the training staff in the Corner was enthusiastic to bring him in and see what he can do. And I... well, when that graphic came up anyways... I know that he's apparently signed. But to go straight from signing a contract to the CCW roster... to go straight into this huge tournament... this guy must be something special.

TL: Alright, well... I do enjoy a good mystery. And that brings us to our final match, Harvey. Let's take a look...

[The graphic changes one more time, showing Koji Nakano vs Lord William Wesley Windsor.]

TL: And the AWA's recent trip to Europe pays immediate dividends with Lord William Wesley Windsor being added to this tournament.

HS: Absolutely. Ever since Raphael Rhodes' heyday, fans have asked when the AWA would again feature a top notch talent from Europe. Well, here you go, fans. Lord William has arrived and... well, you can judge for yourself what you think of his first CCW appearance. Take a look...

[Fade through black. The cameras fade up on a stern set of eyes, glaring through the camera. The camera pulls back to reveal more of the face. It is a British face, easily identified by the sort of lived in appeal, the floppy hair, the teeth that are pearlescently yellowed and the sneer that suggests he found a maggot in his tart – too late. As the camera reveals the face a disembodied voice speaks with a proper received pronunciation and a definite world weariness.]

V/O: Lord William Wesley Windsor ... known from London to Laos as the Master of the Iron Throne ... the deadliest submission known to the world of professional wrestling. It will tear a man's body in twain and break his soul. For you, CCW, this is a good get.

[The man identified as Lord William Wesley Windsor frowns. He looks off camera.]

WWW: I'm sorry Arthur, did you 'in twain' and then proceed to say a 'good get'?

[The voice now known as Arthur sputters.]

A: Yes, my Lord, I thought it sounded alright.

WWW: Except in twain suggests nobility ... Byronic poetry and the like while a good get makes me seem much less majestic. Don't you agree, Arthur?

A: Well, when you put it that way.

WWW: What other way is there to put it?

[Lord Windsor notices the camera still filming. He rolls his eyes.]

WWW: Damn, now you've ruined my introduction, Arthur.

A: Apologies, my Lord.

WWW: Apologies? I fly halfway across the world from London to ... Texas? (And I thought Pittsburgh was dreadful) and you ruin my introduction? Arthur, you are aware there shall be a severe punishment for this?

A: Please sir, not the webs.

WWW: Oh, when I'm through with you for this you will be begging to eat the spider webs, I promise you. I should think this punishment shall have to do with the consumption of what they call chew, my dear.

[Lord Windsor shakes his head at the camera as he is fully revealed, a tall, well-muscled man of regal bearing in heliotrope robes to accent his nobility. As he shows his displeasure his floppy hair bounces in his eyes.]

WWW: Good help is terribly difficult to find, isn't it? Just like good competition is terribly difficult to find. Well, that search has led me here, back to the colonies of America.

[Somehow he makes the word an insult.]

WWW: Combat Corner, be advised you've met your match. In fact, you've met your better. I am Lord William Wesley Windsor, a man of both noble birth and rough behavior. I am a black heart, without mercy or compunction of guilt. I am coming to win this tournament and I shall put every one of you in the Iron Throne until I stand there, the victor, as is my birthright.

[He pauses as the penny drops and looks off camera again.]

WWW: Oh, I see what you were going for, Arthur. The 'in twain' speaks to my nobility. Good get speaks to the coarser side of my nature. I get it.

A: Thank you, my Lord. I take it there shall be no consumption of this 'chaw' necessary then?

WWW: Arthur, I already scolded you. What kind of man would I look like if I went back on my word?

[He faces the camera.]

WWW: I never go back on my word. The Iron Throne for you all until I win this tournament and take my rightful place as the King of Wrestling.

[He bows floridly for the camera.]

WWW: I bid you good day.

[As the camera fades out Lord Windsor can be heard calling out for 'chaw' and then comes the sound of sobbing...

...and then back up to the star field to Theresa and Harvey.]

TL: Lord William Wesley Windsor... whew.

HS: Quite the mouthful of a name. But he's got talent, Theresa. He comes from Battle Knights Wrestling in the UK where he's widely considered one of the best technical wrestlers in all of Europe. Now, he brings those same skills here to the United States... to CCW... and to the Brass Ring Tournament.

TL: And his opponent is another long-time CCW competitor, Koji Nakano.

HS: Nakano has struggled to adapt to being back here in the States, Theresa. Remember, he grew up here in the USA until the age of 14 when his family moved back to Japan. Look, Nakano's resume before coming home to America is the stuff that makes you think he should be one of the greatest of all times. He went through the Tiger Paw Pro Dojo at the age of 19 which is no easy feat at all. He

was out of the Dojo by 20, working his way through the ranks as a TPP "young boy."
And then...

[Sutton looks around nervously.]

HS: ...then you have to talk about Jay Alana... and I know that might get me in some trouble around here but Nakano and Alana were friends... they were tag team partners... the kind of tag team who could hold their own with the likes of the War Pigs. But when Alana turned on him to join the Dead Man's Party... eventually going on to LEAD the Dead Man's Party... Nakano was at a fork in the road. And that decision brought him to CCW, going on one of the "excursions" that are so popular amongst young Japanese wrestlers. But Nakano has stalled out since arriving in CCW. He's suffered from some nagging injuries. He's been unable to get any real momentum behind him.

TL: But he still has all the potential in the world, right?

HS: Absolutely. Nakano still looks and wrestles like a future World Champion. All he needs is that big win to put him over the top... and this tournament could be that big win, Theresa.

TL: Well, there you have it, fans... sixteen top notch competitors. Sixteen great wrestlers colliding with a tremendous pot of gold at the end of the rainbow... the opportunity to climb into the ring on the biggest stage of them all, SuperClash VIII, in the New Orleans Superdome, for a match still to be announced. The Brass Ring Tournament 2016, fans. We invite you to join us right back here in two weeks as we start to run down some of the matches from this big tournament and hear from some of the participants as well. Harvey, thanks for being with me here tonight.

HS: My pleasure, Theresa.

TL: In two weeks, we're talking Brass Ring... but in just seven days, we're talking about an event that could change the course of AWA history - and that's not just hype. Seven days from tonight in Oklahoma City, we know that AWA owner and interim Director of Operations Jon Stegglet intends to walk to the ring, strip Juan Vasquez of the World Title, and then fire him. But is that the right call? We caught up with a mix of AWA wrestlers, fans, executives, announcers... even legends... to get their thoughts. Let's take a look...

[We fade to a montage, starting off with AWA backstage interviewer, Colt Patterson.]

CP: Look, I'm a Vasquez fan. I think he's one of the best to ever lace up boots but... sometimes you go too far. Sometimes you do things that just shouldn't be done. And you can't put your hands on a fan... you just can't.

[Cut. This time, we get "Flawless" Larry Wallace and Hamilton Graham.]

FLW: Oh, I've wanted to smack around a fan or two in my time two. Give 'em the ol'...

[He points to his feet.]

FLW: ...one... two if you know what I mean.

[Wallace chuckles as Graham leans in.]

HG: Do I think they should fire Vasquez for what he did to that fan? Hell, I think they should give him a medal! If he'd been around in my day, I might even let him ride with me for what he did.

[Cut. Now we get AWA referee Ricky Longfellow.]

RL: I don't know what's happened to Vasquez. I've known him for years... I just don't get it. He knows you can't do what he did. He knows it. What was he thinking? I've got no idea. What should they do about it? Well, I think they're going to do exactly what needs to be done.

[Cut. Hello "Big" Jim Watkins.]

JW: Hey, I'm all for letting people handle their business in the ring. I'm not a fan of stripping titles... they should be won and lost in the ring. But sometimes you gotta take drastic steps. I used to run the AWA and I know that if Vasquez had done this on my watch, I'd be doing the same thing Stegglet's doing... 'cept I might give him a little butt kicking of my own on the way out.

[Watkins holds up a fist as we cut to a shot of Johnny Detson.]

JD: Oh, I've known Vasquez was trouble for years! Of course they should fine him... suspend him... fire him... strip the title! Wait... are they really going to strip the title?

[The cameraman says something unheard to the former World Champion.]

JD: Really? Well... they should give it to the last guy to hold it then!

[Another unheard comment.]

JD: No! Not Lynch! Me! The second to last guy to hold it! Isn't there a rule of some kind? I bet I could find a rule. Stay here. I'll be right back!

[Detson exits as we cut again, this time showing AWA legend Karl O'Connor.]

KOC: It's a hard decision. Vasquez did a terrible thing... awful... but he's the World Champion and like him or not, he puts butts in the seats. I... I don't know. I'm glad it's Jon Stegglet that's in charge and not me.

[Cut again, this time to Rebecca Ortiz.]

RO: I was there... right there. It was one of the scariest things I've ever been a part of. I don't... it's a fan! You can't do that... you just can't! What is he thinking?

[Cut to a shockingly upset-looking Allen Allen.]

AA: I've worked too long and too hard to provide for my family to have Vasquez do something dumb like that and cost us everything. Totally reckless. Does he even understand the kind of legal mess he's gotten the AWA into? I don't give a damn if he goes to jail or not but if I lose my livelihood... I'm coming after him myself.

[Cut to co-AWA owner Todd Michaelson who is actually walking away from the camera.]

TM: I told you, I have no comment on the Vasquez situation.

[The cameraman follows, saying something unheard.]

TM: No! No comment! Jon's going to do what needs to be done, okay?

[Michaelson walks through a door, leaving the cameraman alone.]

One more cut... this time to the Dean of Pro Wrestling announcing, Gordon Myers, who looks solemn.]

GM: I don't know what to say. I truly don't.

[Gordon removes his glasses, reaching up to pinch the bridge of his nose.]

GM: Once upon a time, I called for a hero. And when I did, Juan Vasquez answered that call. He was the hero we needed then.

Not now. Not anymore.

[A shake of the head as Myers stands.]

GM: Juan Vasquez is no hero.

[And Myers exits as we fade through black back to Theresa and Harvey.]

TL: Lots of opinions. Lots of strong words from people we know and trust. But only Jon Stegglet knows for sure what happens next. We know what he's said. We know his intentions. But what does Juan Vasquez intend to do?

We'll find out in seven days.

Fans, for Harvey Sutton, I'm Theresa Lynch... so long everybody and we'll see you soon!

[Fade to black.]