

SUPER CLASH VIII

PRE
GAME
SHOW



NOVEMBER 24, 2016
MERCEDES BENZ SUPERDOME
NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

[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 then up to a live shot of the sold out crowd jammed into the Mercedes Benz Superdome in New Orleans as "Lights Go Up," one of the themes to this year's big event is blasting over the PA system. Spotlights spiral over the crowd, lighting up the building as we catch our first glimpse of the stage setup.

The first thing we immediately notice is a mammoth screen that is staggering in both height and width. The SuperClash VIII logo is splashed across it right now, a truly impressive sight. The lighting rig sitting on top of the wall is also currently splashing spotlights all over the sold out crowd.

The video wall sits on top of a flat polished glossy black stage that runs the same width as the video screen. The surface of the stage seems to almost serve as a mirror of the images projected above it. Of course, a sloping long ramp runs down the aisle towards the ring.

The voice of Harvey Sutton rings out as our camera shot zooms down the aisle towards the ring.]

HS: Good evening, everyone, and welcome to the SuperClash VIII Pre-Game Show!

[As we get closer to the ring, we can see the standard ring and barricade setup. There seems to be a little more space around the ring than usual, making room for three ringside tables - one of which is currently vacant.]

HS: My name is Harvey Sutton and it is my distinct honor to be the first voice you hear as the American Wrestling Alliance is set to kick off the biggest professional wrestling event of the year, SuperClash VIII!

[We cut to ringside where we find our Pre-Game Show announce team. The aforementioned Harvey Sutton is dressed in a picture perfect black tux and has a giant grin on his face.]

HS: Welcome to the Superdome in New Orleans for what promises to be an incredible night of action! I am pumped... I am ready... these fans certainly are ready... and my broadcast partner here, Marcus Broussard, I know you're ready as well.

[The first man to wear AWA championship gold steps into view, dressed in a stylish custom-made suit with a pair of black sunglasses. He grins, spreading his arms, doing a little spin as the fans react.]

MB: You better believe I'm ready, Sutton! All year long - the world of pro wrestling waits for this night, waits for this event - and rightfully so! SuperClash is THE premier event in our sport. You can forget about your Showtimes, your Ring Wars, your Gold Rushes, or any of the rest that have come and gone... this... is... the big time, jack!

[Sutton nods gleefully, a sparkle in his eyes at the honor of being put in this spot.]

HS: And of course, we've gotta thank our broadcast partners at the FOX Network. We're so happy to be on FOX here today, showing the entire world of network television what the AWA is all about. Of course, fans, in one hour's time, this Pre-Game Show will come to an end and it'll be time for SuperClash! Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde will be with you for that only on Pay Per View... but it's not too late. If you're watching this, grab that remote, make your purchase, and make sure you don't miss what everyone will be talking about tomorrow.

MB: But don't forget the special treat, Sutton!

HS: That's right. If you order now, you will also be given the chance for a special alternate audio track... and if you listen to that track, you'll have the chance to listen to myself and the Shark here call the action down here at ringside all night long... and who knows, we might be joined by some special guests throughout the evening. But that's for later tonight. Right now, the crowd is ready... the Woodshed is ready...

[Sutton gestures upwards and the camera cuts to a shot of the massive steel structure hanging perilously above the ring as the spotlights dance off the shining metal.]

HS: ...and we're ready to head up to the ring for our opening match as the ring is already starting to fill! Rebecca Ortiz, my friend, the floor is yours!

[We cut to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing in a glittering black dress. The hem is cut pretty high and the neckline is cut pretty low so Miss Ortiz gets her share of whistles and cheers as she shows off those pearly whites and starts the show.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen... WELCOME... to SUPERCLASH VIII!

[The crowd ERUPTS in cheers as Ortiz sidesteps a Wallace or two.]

RO: The opening contest on tonight's Pre-Game Show is the BLACKJACK PATTERSON MEMORIAL BATTLE ROYAL!

[Another cheer goes up from the crowd as the camera pulls back to reveal that the ring has already started to fill up and even more competitors are headed down the aisle.]

RO: In just a few moments, the bell will sound and the match will begin. To be eliminated, you must go over the top rope and have BOTH FEET touch the ringside floor. The last man standing will be your WINNER and receive the prestigious trophy at ringside.

[Cut to the eight foot tall golden trophy sitting near the announce table.]

MB: Now that's a beautiful piece of hardware, Sutton.

HS: It certainly is... and as you can see, they're coming out in force for this. The Soldiers of Fortune out here in this one... the British Bashers as well... the Wallaces... a lot of tag teams in this one.

MB: Well, tag teams traditionally have a bit of an advantage in a Battle Royal, Sutton, since you have someone watching your back.

HS: An excellent point... and here come a few of the most popular competitors in the AWA... Allen Allen right there... Manny Imbrogno... BC Da Mastah MC...

MB: Some of the heavy hitters too. Ebola Zaire, the Hangman... here comes big Blaster Masterson...

[Masterson stalks the aisleway, shouting into the camera.]

"WHO WANTS TO GO FIRST? JUST TRY ME! HAH!"

MB: You want to try him, Sutton?

HS: No thanks. In comes Skywalker Jones, who was hoping to be a part of Steal The Spotlight later tonight... the Olympic gold medalist Bret Grayson... oh, how about this guy, Shark?

[The camera zooms in on the Shadow Wolf, Takeshi Mifune, as he sneers threateningly at it.]

MB: Mifune is a dangerous man, Sutton... but this Battle Royal environment may not be an ideal fit. It'll be interesting to see how he does.

HS: MAWAGA out here representing the Axis... and this is right up his alley... just like it is for this guy.

[MAMMOTH Maximus comes lurching down the aisle, menacing the crowd as the ring is getting quite full at this point. Sharp-eyed viewers would see Maximus, the Soldiers of Fortune, the British Bashers, the American Idols, Allen Allen, both members of BCIQ, Rene Rousseau, the Samoan Hit Squad, Cesar Hernandez, Caspian Abaran, Chris Choynet, Blaster Masterson, Curtis Kestrel, Skywalker Jones, Bret Grayson, Takeshi Mifune, MAWAGA, Ebola Zaire, Golden Tiger, Ultra Commando 3, Jim Colt, and the Hangman]

HS: Those are all of our announced entries, I believe, Shark... but I've been told there are few last minute surprises as well.

MB: By my count, there's already 27 men in that ring, Sutton... who else could we-

[The suspense is suddenly broken as Freddy Mercury's legendary voice bursts throughout the arena to a loud roar from the crowd.]

Tonight... I'm gonna have myself a real good time.
I feel Alllllllll---iiiiii---iiiiii-vvvveee
And the world, turning inside out.... yeaahh.
I'm floating around... in ecstasy.. so don't. Stop. Me. Now.
Don't. Stop. Me..

[As "Don't Stop Me Now" by Queen kicks in, Alphonse Green steps out onto the ramp.]

HS: To quote my good friend Gordon Myers... OH MY STARS!

[Green's got a HUGE smile on his face as he stands in his Kentucky-Wildcat blue wrestling gear, and is also wearing a brand-new "DON'T CALL IT A COMEBACK!" t-shirt with a silhouette of a fist on it. Green pauses at the top of the ramp, hands on his hips as he looks out at the crowd.]

HS: Alphonse Green, a former AWA World Television Champion, has been in out of action for ages, fans! Almost... what? Two years, Shark?

MB: Over two years if memory serves, Sutton. He's been working hard to come back from various injuries during that time... I think he's even worked some independent shows trying to get ready to return but... wow, what a surprise to kick off this night!

HS: The King of the Battle Royals has arrived!

[With a loud "OOOOOOHHH!!!!!" to the crowd, he bounds down to the ring at a quick pace. Green slides into the ring underneath the bottom rope, and quickly gets to his feet, a big grin still on his face...

...and as he goes into a spin, he BLASTS Chaz Wallace with a right hand, knocking him right off his feet!]

HS: Oh! And that'll kick things off with a bang!

[The crowd cheers as the bell sounds and the Battle Royal begins with a flurry of flailing limbs.]

MB: Well, wait a second, Sutton... I thought there were more last minute entries than just Green.

HS: I thought so too, Shark... but maybe Green jumped the gun there and-

[On cue, a trio of individuals come leaping over the ringside railing, sliding under the ropes...]

HS: It's the masked guys we saw on our last Saturday Night Wrestling! The ones who stole the Eye of Tyr from Anton Layton!

[The three men are quickly in the ring - all three are dressed in identical all black fabric jumpsuits from covered and masked face to toe. Each has a different color trim on their mask and as a belt - the color matching the large picture on the back. On one, a red dragon... on another, a golden scorpion... on the last, a silver panther. The front of their masks also have a symbol - three separate lines of the same three colors meeting as one pyramid in the center of their foreheads.]

HS: We have no idea who these men are... nor what to call them, Shark.

MB: I don't know about you but I'm good with Red Dragon, Golden Scorpion, and Silver Panther.

HS: I suppose that'll work and-

[The crowd roars with boos as yet another figure emerges into view, moving much quicker than we usually see him.]

HS: Anton Layton! Layton's out here as well!

MB: I'll give you three guesses as to why but you're only gonna need one, Sutton.

HS: If Layton joins this match, that brings us up to 32 competitors in there and that's a very crowded ring for a Battle Royal, Shark.

MB: It is. And that makes things very dangerous too. I always hated Battle Royals - although I've got a history of SuperClash success in them - because it's so easy to get a stupid injury for no real reason. You can catch a stray elbow to the throat... a finger to the eye... you can twist an ankle or a knee stepping on someone else. Injuries that can really derail your career and are almost unavoidable in a match like this.

HS: My partner, of course, referring to his victory in last year's Legends Royale at SuperClash which was one of the highlights of SuperClash VII for certain. Of course, the men who curated the lineup for that match - Casey James and Tiger Claw - will be in action later tonight when they meet the unlikely team of Jack Lynch and Supreme Wright in a Syndicate Street Fight.

MB: And that one might make this fight look like a game of checkers, Sutton.

HS: It sure could... but they aren't playing checkers in there right now as this fight storms on.

[Our camera shot changes, showing Mafu of the Samoan Hit Squad trying to shove Golden Tiger over the ropes. Nearby, we can see Jim Colt putting the boots to Curtis Kestrel in the corner.]

HS: What I love about a match like this is all the matchups that we never usually get to see going down.

[Another cut finds Joe Flint and Skywalker Jones taking turns throwing haymakers at the gut of Ebola Zaire.]

MB: Or what about the strange bedfellows we get? Lots of odd partnerships get formed and broken in a-

[Flint suddenly pivots and drives an elbow down between the eyes of Jones.]

HS: On cue, Shark.

[We cut again to find MAWAGA with his foot on the throat of Allen Allen, choking him as Robbie Storm batters the Axis member's back with clubbing forearms.]

HS: That's one of the biggest threats in the match in my opinion right there, Shark... the Suited Savage, MAWAGA.

MB: The Axis sure would like to get things started off hot if he could pick up the win in this one, Sutton.

[We pull back to a wide shot of the ring, showing some more pairings of brawls - Rene Rousseau and Chris Choynet, Takeshi Mifune and Caspian Abaran, Ultra Commando 3 and Alphonse Green, Bret Grayson and Manny Imbrogno...

...and it's the latter of these that get our attention as Imbrogno ducks low, muscling Grayson up onto his shoulders...]

HS: Fireman's carry by Mr. Mensa! He's going to try and toss the gold medalist!

[But Grayson slips out with ease, lifting Imbrogno up on his shoulders with a fireman's carry of his own...

...and then flips him over the ropes to the floor!]

HS: He's gone! Bret Grayson eliminates Manny Imbrogno - our first elimination of the match and-

[The disappointment of Imbrogno's elimination turns to cheers from the Superdome crowd as Chet Wallace goes sailing over the ropes thanks to MAMMOTH Maximus.]

HS: Chet Wallace - one half of the American Idols - he's gone too!

[We cut to another part of the ring where Jim Colt is laying in the big boots to BC Da Mastah MC in a corner. Nearby, we see Anton Layton trying to upend Silver Panther...

...but Red Dragon and Golden Scorpion are instantly on the scene, pulling their partner back down to safety.]

HS: Three guys working as a unit in there may be tough to beat, Shark.

MB: We've also got the Lion's Den in there - another three guys who can work together if the situation calls for it. Winning this Battle Royal is not gonna be easy, Sutton. If it was easy, anyone would do it.

[Cut to another part of the ring where Cesar Hernandez has pulled Rene Rousseau off of Chris Choynet, battering him with big haymakers to the chin, forcing him back near the ropes...]

HS: Look out here... Rene Rousseau in a bit of trouble...

[Caspian Abaran suddenly comes across the ring, joining Hernandez in battering Rousseau with fists...

...which is when Joe Flint swoops in front behind, grabbing Abaran by the tights, and HURLS him over the top rope!]

HS: Over the top goes Abaran but he hangs on! Remember, fans... both feet have to touch the floor to be eliminated and Abaran hangs on - he's on the apron!

[Not for long as MAWAGA lands a stiff thrust kick under the chin, sending him falling off the apron to the floor.]

MB: Haha! Now he's gone, Sutton!

HS: Caspian Abaran eliminated from this one... and look at this lunatic!

[Charlie Stephens grabs MAWAGA by the hair, trying to toss him from the ring but the Suited Savage holds his ground...

...and uses a headbutt to send Stephens sprawling to the canvas.]

MB: No dice, Charlie.

[Stephens is pulled up off the mat by Rory Smythe who uses a series of chops to back him into the ropes...]

HS: And here we go, fans... one of the rivalries we thought we might see some to light in this Battle Royal as one-half of the British Bashers goes after one-half of the Soldiers of Fortune!

MB: And I'm told that no matter the result of this one, the Bashers and the S.O.F. will meet in tag team action on the first Saturday Night Wrestling after our annual off-season to try to settle their issues.

HS: The tag team scene here in the AWA continues to heat up... just in this match alone we've got the Soldiers, the Bashers, the American Idols, BCIQ, the Samoans...

MB: The Gold Standard.

HS: Of course, the Gold Standard is the duo of Bret Grayson and Takeshi Mifune who've been competing together in Tiger Paw Pro but are making their Stateside debut here tonight in New Orleans.

[We cut across the ring where Blaster Masterson has Allen Allen by the throat, backing him into the ropes...]

HS: Masterson looking to make an impact early in this one - another one of the favorites for sure.

MB: The bigger competitors in a Battle Royal are always the favorites. You look across that ring and see men like Masterson, like the Hangman, like MAMMOTH Maximus and Ebola Zaire... they've gotta be considering the favorites.

HS: Twenty-nine competitors left in this Blackjack Patterson Memorial Battle Royal kicking off the Pre-Game Show to SuperClash VIII right here LIVE on the FOX Network. Thank you for joining us, fans, as we... OH!

[The crowd cheers as Alphonse Green drops down, pulling the top rope with him, which sends Ultra Commando 3 tumbling over the ropes and down to the barely-padded concrete floor below!]

MB: Make it twenty-eight!

HS: The King of the Battle Royals and former World Television Champion making an early impact in this one!

[We cut to another part of the ring where the morbidly obese Ebola Zaire has a loose side headlock on Curtis Kestrel and is working him over with a thumb driven into the windpipe.]

HS: Ebola Zaire, the African Nightmare, jabbing that thumb into the throat of the Canadian, Curtis Kestrel.

MB: Totally legal in a Battle Royal, Sutton.

HS: Absolutely... but you better believe that Curtis Kestrel wishes his partner, Blake Colton, was back from injury to help him out in this one.

MB: He's gonna need some help in there against Zaire, Sutton.

HS: Ebola Zaire has been an absolute beast anywhere he's ever competed - including in Kestrel's old stomping grounds in Canada. I'm sure this isn't the first time their paths have crossed.

[The shot suddenly shifts across to show Anton Layton down on all fours, being pummeled by the three masked men. A barrage of overhead chops and axe kicks are raining down on the Prince of Darkness from all sides.]

MB: And if Layton thought he was coming out here tonight to get payback for the Eye of Tyr being stolen from him, he's sorely mistaken because these mysterious... I'm calling them ninjas now, Sutton... I don't care who Tweets me about it. These mysterious ninjas are putting a beating on Layton and-

[Suddenly, the Hangman shoves his way past Scola and Mafu, stretching out a long arm to grab Golden Scorpion around the throat...

...and uses that grip to shove him over the top rope, flipping recklessly to the floor where he lands hard!]

HS: The Hangman sends out - which one was that? The Scorpion?

MB: He's not done either!

[Fearlessly, the remaining two ninjas come for The Hangman, throwing kicks and chops...

...and ending up with hands wrapped around both of their throats!]

HS: HE'S GOT 'EM! THE HANGMAN'S GOT 'EM BOTH!

[And with a mighty lift, the Hangman hoists both men high in the sky, throwing them down violently in a double chokeslam!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

HS: DOUBLE CHOOOOOOKESLAAAAAAM!

[The Hangman spins again, grabbing the next man in sight by the throat...]

HS: He's got Skywalker Jones now! The Hangman's on the warpath!

[The Hand of Justice lifts Jones into the air too but the highflyer backflips out, landing on his feet as he does...]

...and then drops back, pulling down the top rope as MAWAGA rushes The Hangman from the blindside, shoving him over the ropes where he lands on his feet on the floor!]

HS: Oh! The Hangman's out! A shocking elimination there... and The Hangman may have landed on his feet but he's eliminated! MAWAGA tosses the Hangman to the shock of many in this Superdome crowd!

MB: My count shows us down to twenty-six now, Sutton.

HS: Still a lot of bodies in this Blackjack Patterson Memorial Battle Royal, trying to kick off SuperClash in a major fashion... and to put themselves on the minds of all the AWA faithful as we exit 2016 and head into 2017.

[Across the ring, we see Blaster Masterson get a three-step running clothesline in from behind, taking both Chaz Wallace and Golden Tiger over the ropes to the floor.]

HS: And a double elimination by Blaster Masterson! The big man doing some damage in this one!

MB: As the ring starts to clear out a little, Sutton, you'll see these smaller competitors get a little more room to move. It's to the advantage of guys like Robbie Storm and Alphonse Green to be able to build up speed... to use the ropes... to-

HS: Zaire's got Kestrel in trouble!

[Zaire has Curtis Kestrel up in the air in bodyslam position, trying to muscle him over the ropes but Kestrel has wrapped a free arm around the ropes, trying to keep himself from going out. Jim Colt seizes the moment to join in, hammering away at Kestrel's arm, trying to break his grip.]

HS: A two-on-one on Curtis Kestrel who came very close to capturing the Golden Ticket and earning a spot in Steal The Spotlight on the last Saturday Night Wrestling. A win in this Battle Royal would be one heck of a runner-up prize though. Twenty-four men remaining, battling it out as we wait to see who can start SuperClash off with a bang.

[Across the ring, Blaster Masterson is getting doubleteamed by BC Da Mastah MC and Cesar Hernandez.]

HS: Two of the most popular AWA superstars working on Masterson here, trying to get the big man out and take out one of the favorites. Shark, as you look around that ring right now, who are the favorites?

MB: Masterson's gotta be on that list. MAMMOTH Maximus. MAWAGA. Those are off the top of my head but don't be surprised if you see a powerhouse like Rory Smythe or Scola shock some people as well.

[The camera shifts slightly to show Chris Choynet using a cravate to try and pull Rene Rousseau over the ropes.]

HS: The former Northern Lights partners getting it on in this Battle Royal as well. You know Dave Cooper has to be happy to see his three Lion's Den members still in this Battle Royal. The Lion's Den getting a big win at SuperClash would certainly raise their profile in the eyes of the front office.

MB: The Samoans are just one of the teams still in this thing. The S.O.F. is still in there... the British Bashers as well... and the Gold Standard - can't forget about them.

HS: Speaking of the Gold Standard, look at Grayson trying to get Allen Allen out of there...

[Grayson's use of a fireman's carry has Allen in jeopardy as he tries to upend him. Several feet away, we see Takeshi Mifune with Alphonse Green in the corner, digging the point of his elbow into Green's eyesocket.]

HS: Allen trying to hang on... and 2016 just hasn't been his year in the win-loss column. A win in this Battle Royal though certainly could turn things aro-

[Charlie Stephens rushes Grayson and Allen, giving a hard shove to the trapped Allen, sending him flipping over the ropes to the floor.]

HS: Oh!

MB: You were saying?

[Stephens tries to take advantage of the off-balance Grayson as well, grabbing between the legs with his arms, trying to flip Grayson over the ropes...

...which he does but the Olympic gold medalist manages to hang on to the ropes, ending up out on the apron as Stephens throws kicks through the ropes at a rapid clip, trying to get the big elimination.]

HS: Charlie Stephens trying to make a big name for himself here in New Orleans, trying to eliminate a high profile competitor in Bret Grayson...

[Grayson reaches over the ropes, throwing a pair of right hands that turns Stephens around...

...where Rory Smythe charges him. connecting with a massive clothesline that flips Stephens out to the floor!]

HS: OHH! SMYTHE TOSSES STEPHENS!

[A smirking Smythe leans over the ropes, taunting Stephens...

...which is when Joe Flint seizes the moment to land a running clothesline of his own to the back of Smythe's head, flipping him to the floor as Grayson scrambles towards the ringpost, trying to avoid the chaos!]

HS: SMYTHE IS GONE AS WELL!

[Seeing his partner eliminated, Robbie Storm runs towards the ropes, leaping up to the second, stepping off to snatch Flint in a headscissors...

...and leans back, flipping Flint (and himself) to the floor with a makeshift rana!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

HS: THE BASHERS AND THE S.O.F. ARE BOTH ELIMINATED! WOW!

[The crowd is still buzzing for the double elimination when both teams get to their feet and start trading blows, fighting their way up the very long aisleway.]

HS: We haven't seen the last of the battle between those two teams - that's for certain, fans! Nineteen competitors left in this thing - men like Takeshi Mifune... like Rene Rousseau... like Chris Choynet...

MB: And later on in this Pre-Game Show, we're going to see Terry Shane challenge Callum Mahoney for the World Television Title. My money says that whoever wins this just might have the winner of this Battle Royal waiting for them.

[Out in mid-ring, we see Red Dragon and Silver Panther each with one of Anton Layton's wrists clutched. They execute a double armtwist, swinging their legs up with a boot up against the cheek...

...and then drop backwards, dragging Layton down facefirst onto their feet!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With Layton stunned from the blow, Alphonse Green swoops in behind him, snatching him by the trunks...

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

HS: LAYTON'S GONE! GREEN TOSSES LAYTON!

[Green smiles at the crowd's cheers, looking out as he gives a shout.]

"WHO WANTS TO RIDE..."

[Green is cut off as Red Dragon rushes at him, sidestepping the ninja's charge to toss him over the ropes to the floor.]

"...WITH ALPHONSE..."

[He is cut off again as Silver Panther comes charging in and gets hiptossed over the top rope, flipping through the air towards a hard landing. Green smirks as he turns back to the crowd, most of which echo his last word with him.]

"...GREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEN!?"

[And Green suddenly drops down, pulling the top rope with him as a charging Jim Colt goes tumbling over the top rope, crashing down to the floor as well to a HUUUUUGE CHEER for a grinning Green!]

HS: Would you look at that?! The King of the Battle Royals eliminates FOUR men in just a handful of seconds! Impressive, Shark... most impressive!

MB: Fifteen men left in the ring for this Battle Royal, Sutton. Still some major heavyweights in there too.

[A stiff forearm smash from Scola sends Cesar Hernandez falling to the side, allowing Scola to pull Rene Rousseau to his feet and drag him over to stand with Mafu.]

HS: The Lion's Den forming up there in the corner, ready to take on all comers.

MB: They've got three of the final fifteen and you've gotta like those odds if you're Dave Cooper.

HS: All managers, of course, were banned from ringside for this Battle Royal. But I'm sure the Professional is back in the locker room somewhere keeping a close eye on this one... as is Draco Romero watching Ebola Zaire... that weasel Wilpon as well, I'm sure.

[MAMMOTH Maximus snatches BC Da Mastah MC, flinging him bodily back into the turnbuckles. The super heavyweight steps in, fists balled and at the ready.]

HS: The rotund rapper better get his hips shakin' and his body movin', fans, because he's trapped in the corner with-

[Maximus tees off, throwing heavy blows to the ribs of MC, working his way up the ladder where he is throwing hooking punches that seem on the verge of separating their victim's head from his shoulders...]

HS: Maximus is all over him! Pounding away!

[Maximus suddenly yanks the popular enhancement talent from the corner, burying a boot to the gut...]

HS: Hang on here... this could be trouble for BC!

[The 420 pound Maximus pulls BC into a standing headscissors, wrapping his arms around him...]

HS: Can he do it?!

[The crowd is buzzing as Maximus lifts the large BC into the air, flipping him over...

...and DRIVES him down with a thunderous powerbomb!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

HS: POWERBOMB! RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THIS BATTLE ROYAL!

[Maximus stands over the downed BC shouting "THE WORLD IS MINE! THE WORLD IS MINE!" as the crowd jeers...

...and then turns around to find himself face to face with the massive Blaster Masterson.]

HS: Uh oh! We've got ourselves a meeting of the massive, Shark!

MB: I've been waiting all match for this one.

[Maximus nods approvingly, sizing up Masterson as he steps out to the middle of the ring to meet him. The crowd is buzzing at the potential clash between these two massive competitors as they get closer... and closer... and closer...

...when suddenly Bret Grayson gets himself in the mix, stepping up to both men, shouting and pointing at them.]

HS: I'm not sure this is the best idea the Olympic gold medalist has ever had, fans.

[Masterson and Maximus both look shocked at Grayson for a moment...

...and then reach out in tandem, grabbing him by the head, and HURLING him over the top rope!]

HS: GRAYSON'S GONE! HE'S ELIMINATED!

MB: Fourteen men left, Sutton!

HS: And look at these two monsters getting right back in each other's faces!

[Maximus is trash-talking up a storm as he approaches...

...and Skywalker Jones decides to take advantage of both men being distracted, leaping into the air from the ring apron, springing off the top rope, splitting his legs as he sails towards both men!]

HS: MISSILE DROPKICK AND-

[Both men step back, causing Jones to crash and burn between them. With a shrug, Maximus picks up Jones and tosses him over the top rope to the floor to jeers from some in the crowd.]

HS: Skywalker Jones is out as well!

MB: This is crazy, Sutton. These two are unstoppable in there together...

[The crowd noise shifts back to a buzz as MAWAGA steps up, staring at both men...]

HS: ...or are they?!

MB: Now THIS should be interesting!

[The stoic savage stares at Masterson and Maximus, eyeballing both men. To their credit, neither man backs down from the Axis' muscle, holding their ground and preparing to fight...

...which is when the mood shifts dramatically.]

HS: MIFUNE!

[Fired up at his partner's elimination, Takeshi Mifune rushes in from the blind side, delivering an open-handed slap to the ear of Masterson. He shifts his focus, lunging into a headbutt on Maximus which sends Maximus stumbling towards the ropes. With a shout, Mifune follows.]

HS: Takeshi Mifune, the Shadow Wolf, out of nowhere going after Maximus... look at this!

[The crowd groans as Mifune sticks a finger in Maximus' mouth, yanking back on the skin.]

HS: He's fish-hooking Maximus! Just ripping and tearing at the mouth of the super heavyweight!

[Mifune looks almost joyful as he forces Maximus down to his knees where he hammers home a forearm across the bridge of the nose... and another... and another...

...which is when Rene Rousseau sneakily tries to eliminate him, grabbing him from behind...]

HS: Uh oh!

[Rousseau's elimination attempt ends up with Mifune pushing him against the ropes...

...where he sinks his teeth into the forehead of the Lion's Den member!]

HS: He's biting him! He's biting Rene Rousseau!

[Rousseau's screams fill the air as he flails his limbs wildly...

...but when Mifune steps back, Chris Choynet charges in, using a clothesline to eliminate his former partner to cheers from the AWA faithful!]

HS: He's gone! Rousseau is eliminated!

MB: Down to twelve!

HS: The Samoans still in there... Choynet as we just saw and his friend Cesar Hernandez... Mifune, Maximus, and Masterson.

MB: BC's hanging in there... so is Curtis Kestrel.

HS: Ebola Zaire, MAWAGA, and the King of the Battle Royal himself, Alphonse Green. One of those twelve men are moments away from walking out of New Orleans as the winner of the Blackjack Patterson Memorial Battle Royal. One of-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Scola avenges his fallen Lion's Den comrade with a running big boot that sends Choynet toppling to the floor.]

HS: Make that eleven! Choynet is gone - thanks to Scola, the big man from the Samoan Hit Squad!

[Cesar Hernandez rushes Scola, burying a pair of right hands in his midsection.]

HS: And now it's Hernandez trying to get some payback for his fallen friend. We're really starting to thin the herd though, Shark. We started off with a lot of friends and allies - even some tag team partners - and now we're down to just the Samoans as the only team left in there. Everyone else is out for themselves.

MB: As it should be. Still a lot of my early favorites left though - guys like Masterson and Maximus... MAWAGA... even Ebola Zaire.

[Hernandez' flurry of offense on Scola is short-lived as the Samoan powerhouse ducks down, backdropping the veteran to the floor to avoid a Hernandez clothesline. The crowd groans with disappointment as Hernandez bounces off the floor.]

HS: And we're down to the final ten now, fans, as Hernandez goes out. One of these ten men will take home this beautiful trophy out here at ringside by us and what an honor that's going to be.

[There's a brief moment where the remaining ten competitors back off, sizing one another up...

...but it is indeed brief as the uncontrollable African Nightmare, Ebola Zaire, lumbers across the ring to club a surprised Takeshi Mifune over the head with a forearm before shoving him back into the corner.]

HS: And we're right back to it... Shark, when you look at the remaining field, any surprises to you?

MB: I think you've gotta be surprised that guys like BC are left... also Curtis Kestrel.

HS: Kestrel may not be long for this one though, fans, as he's got himself in a pickle in there with Scola and Mafu.

[Cut to a corner of the ring where the Canadian is absorbing alternating chops from the two big Samoans. Each grab an arm after a moment, whipping Kestrel across the ring where he shows off his trademark agility, leaping directly to the top rope to an "oooooh" from the crowd before he blindly hurls himself backwards, bowling over both Samoans with a double back elbow!]

HS: WHOOOOOOA BAYBEEEEEE! You talk about sheer athleticism, you gotta be impressed with what Curtis Kestrel pulled out right there and-

[But as Kestrel gets to his feet, he's grabbed from behind by Alphonse Green who twists around...

...and ROCKETS Kestrel over the top rope...]

HS: KESTREL GOES OVER ANNNNNND... HE HANGS ON!

[The crowd buzzes as the Canadian grabs the top rope, managing to stay on the apron. Green claps his hands together in frustration, dashing to the far ropes to build up some momentum...

...and runs right into an intervening Blaster Masterson who wraps his hand around Green's throat!]

HS: Uh oh! And if you're a member of Gang Green, you might want to avert your eyes because the big man's got Green by the throat!

[Masterson does a little trashtalking as he throttles Green around the ring...

...which allows Curtis Kestrel to leap to the top rope, springing off, twisting through the air...]

HS: SPINNING LEG... LAAAAARIAAAATOOOOO!

[The spinning leg lariat catches Masterson flush on the upper chest, knocking him down to the canvas to a big cheer. Kestrel doesn't react to the cheers... stoic as usual as he snatches a gasping Alphonse Green off the canvas, rushing towards the ropes with him...]

HS: And now it's Green going for the ride... up... annnnnnnnd... no! He hangs on as well! Green's on the apron!

[This time, it's Kestrel running to the ropes, ready to strike the self-proclaimed King of the Battle Royals...

...but he rebounds right into MAWAGA who reaches out and snatches him by the throat...]

HS: DEATH GRIP!

[Kestrel's eyes flash with panic as he swats at MAWAGA's outstretched arm to no avail, desperately trying to free himself as MAWAGA tries to put the Canadian down...]

MB: And if you think MAWAGA going after Kestrel is a coincidence, you haven't been paying attention to Jackson Hunter.

HS: Kestrel and Hunter are former tag team partners and... well, not on very good terms these days to say the least.

MB: The very least.

[MAWAGA uses his grip to push Kestrel back up against the ropes, shoving his upper torso back over it. Kestrel grabs the middle rope with his arm, trying to hang on...

...which is when he gets help from an unlikely source...]

HS: Oh! Maximus trying to toss MAWAGA! Maximus trying to toss MAWAGA!

[MAWAGA lets go of Kestrel's throat, twisting to try and face the new threat. He lands a pair of downward elbows on Maximus as the super heavyweight tries to upend him over the ropes. Maximus steps back and...]

HS: We've got ourselves a face-off, fans!

[The crowd is buzzing as MAWAGA and Maximus stare one another down in center ring...]

HS: Katie, bar the door because this one is about to break down down on the Bayou!

[There's a few more moments of silent glaring...

...and then the two come together in a wild explosion of swinging limbs. MAWAGA's martial arts skills are thrown into play, his arms chopping down on Maximus from any and all angles. Maximus absorbs many of the blows - to his credit - and lands several hooking fists - first, to the body and then to the head.]

MB: NOW THIS IS A FIGHT, BROTHER!

[The crowd is roaring for the battle as the two tear into one another...

...and yet they get louder as Ebola Zaire - who somehow ended up on the floor in all of this - comes back inside the ring, steel chair in hand.]

HS: Zaire's got a chair! He got knocked to the floor fighting with Mifune and-

MB: Don't turn your back on Zaire!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[A massive chairshot across the back of Maximus takes the big man down to his knees as Zaire turns his focus to MAWAGA, jabbing the edge of the seat back into the Suited Savage's throat, a blow that sends him falling back towards the ropes gasping for air. Zaire pulls the chair over his head, raising it high...

...and then pivots slightly, bashing the onlooking Mafu over the head. The Samoan barely sees it coming, getting his arms up at the last moment before the blow fells him!]

HS: Zaire's going after everybody!

[He twists around again, catching the incoming Scola with the edge of the chair into the stomach, doubling him over...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

HS: Holy...

MB: You could hear that down in the French Quarter, Sutton!

[Scola sinks to the mat as well as a bloodthirsty Zaire looks around, almost daring someone else to challenge him...]

...an expression sure to raise the hackles of at least one man.]

HS: Oh no.

[The crowd buzzes as Takeshi Mifune steps to center ring, a bemused expression on his face as he looks at Zaire wielding the chair. He smirks, waving a hand at the African Nightmare.]

HS: Mifune wants another piece of Zaire - and he doesn't give a damn if a steel chair is involved, Shark.

MB: Mifune's faced a lot worse than a steel chair over the years.

[Zaire suddenly rushes forward, swinging the chair back over his head...]

...but before he can swing it back downward at the Shadow Wolf, Mifune lunges forward, driving his skull into Zaire's!]

HS: OHHH! HEADBUTT!

[The staggering blow forces Zaire to drop the chair as Mifune loops an arm around his neck, swinging his other arm up to smash it into the jaw once... twice... three times...]

...and then steps back, clearing the way as MAMMOTH Maximus comes barreling across the ring, using a clothesline to take Zaire all the way over the top rope, thudding off the apron before he falls to the floor to a shocked reaction from the crowd!]

HS: ZAIRE'S GONE! MAXIMUS TOSSES ZAIRE!

[And with Maximus' weight leaning towards the ropes where he just dumped Zaire, Mifune grabs the chair off the mat, takes aim...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and BLASTS Maximus across the back, leaving him slumped over the ropes as Mifune grabs one leg, trying to upend the big man...]

HS: Mifune's trying to get Maximus over the top rope...

MB: There's very little in life that I believe Takeshi Mifune cannot do, Sutton... but this just might be one of them.

HS: He's certainly going to need some help... and here comes some!

[The crowd cheers as BC Da Mastah MC swoops in to aid Mifune, grabbing the other leg as he attempts to get Maximus up into the air.]

HS: We've got two men working on tossing Maximus now... they know what a big coup it would be to get that 420 pound beast out of there with only nine guys left in this thing.

MB: They're trying, Sutton, but they're not getting anywhere with this.

[On cue, Curtis Kestral rushes into the mix, wrapping his arms around Maximus' head and neck, trying to get his weight going that direction...]

HS: Three men now... and still Maximus is managing to hang on!

MB: But that chair to the head has him rattled, Sutton. He's not fighting back at all - it's just his sheer size keeping him in this thing right now.

HS: Maximus with three men trying to- look out here!

[The crowd roars as Blaster Masterson inserts himself into the mix, stomping loudly across the ring where he leans down, reaching down with both powerful arms under a surprised Mifune and BC...

...and dumps all of them over the top rope!]

HS: HOLY...

MB: HE TOSSED 'EM ALL, SUTTON! MAXIMUS IS GONE! BC IS GONE! MIFUNE IS GONE!

[And as Curtis Kestral straightens up, he gets a big boot to the mush that sends him sailing over the top rope, crashing down to the floor as well.]

HS: And now Curtis Kestral is gone too! Blaster Masterson is a one man wrecking crew in there and suddenly, fans, we find ourselves down to five! Five competitors left in this thing! The Samoan Hit Squad is still in there - both Scola and Mafu. MAWAGA is still in there. The returning Alphonse Green is still in there. And big Blaster Masterson who is putting on quite the show - he's still in this thing as well. Five men left competing to win the Blackjack Patterson Memorial Battle Royal...

[The five men separate for a moment, eyeing one another warily as the crowd starts to coalesce behind the one man left in the match that they strongly support. A chant slowly starts to build.]

"LET'S GO AL-PHONSE!"

clap clap clapclapclap

"LET'S GO AL-PHONSE!"

clap clap clapclapclap

"LET'S GO AL-PHONSE!"

clap clap clapclapclap

"LET'S GO AL-PHONSE!"

clap clap clapclapclap

"LET'S GO AL-PHONSE!"

clap clap clapclapclap

[Green grins, nodding enthusiastically at the cheering crowd...

...which brings Mafu storming across the ring at him. Green ducks down to avoid a wildly-swung haymaker, spinning around to catch the off-balance Mafu with a right hand... and another... and another...]

HS: Green's got Mafu staggered! He's knocking him back across the ring, trying to drive him back near the ropes!

[Green grabs the top rope, stepping onto the second and springing up to drive his knee up under Mafu's chin!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Mafu's eyelids flutter, staggering forward towards Green who shoves him back towards the ropes. He backs off, pumping his right arm a few times...]

HS: The King of the Battle Royals is looking to toss Mafu and-

[But before he can, a crushing double axehandle from Scola lands across the back of the neck, knocking Green down to all fours to the disappointment of the crowd.]

MB: Hah! He turned his back on the man's tag team partner, Sutton. What a boneheaded move out of Alphonse Green and now the Samoans are going to work on him.

[The crowd jeers as the Samoan Hit Squad repeatedly stomps and kicks the downed Alphonse Green. Blaster Masterson stands back, looking on approvingly as he nods his head...]

...and then there's MAWAGA. The stoic Suited Savage is staring at the mix longingly...]

HS: Look out!

[MAWAGA suddenly rushes into the fray, grabbing Scola by the powerful arm, whipping him around to catch him with an uppercut thrust to the throat! Scola falls backwards, clutching his throat. Mafu twists around to confront the new threat and gets a side kick to the gut followed by an axe kick to the back of the head!]

HS: MAWAGA is taking on both members of the Samoan Hit Squad!

MB: And don't get it twisted, AWA fans - this isn't MAWAGA helping Alphonse Green, this is MAWAGA wanting to fight some more!

[MAWAGA turns his focus back on Scola, throwing a front kick to the abdomen and a Mongolian chop, bouncing his blade-like hands on either side of Scola's powerful neck. He wheels around with a spinning back kick to the gut of Mafu, taking him down on his knees...]

...and then plants a foot on the back of Mafu's neck, giving a drag of his thumb across his throat before he drops back into the ropes, bouncing off as he leaps up, DRIVING Mafu facefirst into the canvas!]

HS: OHHHHHH, WHATTA STOMP!

[MAWAGA spins away from the downed Mafu, lashing out with another knife-edge chop to the throat of the rising and approaching Scola.]

HS: MAWAGA is trying to take out BOTH members of the Samoan Hit Squad simultaneously!

MB: He's not TRYING to do it, Sutton - he's doing it!

[But as MAWAGA has his attention focused on the staggered Scola, Blaster Masterson hooks a handful of tights from behind, rushing the ropes with MAWAGA in hand...]

HS: TO THE ROPES GOES MASTER-

[MAWAGA gets hurled over the top but somehow manages to hang on, looping an arm over the top rope. Masterson though has turned his back on MAWAGA, throwing his arms up in the air in triumph...]

HS: Masterson thinks he tossed MAWAGA but-

[The Suited Savage slips back through the ropes, rushing Masterson from behind...

...and uses a leaping spinning leg lariat to the back of the head that sends Masterson toppling over the top rope, crashing down to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

HS: MASTERSON'S GONE! MAWAGA TOSSES MASTERSON!

[The crowd reacts with a bit of surprise at the big elimination as Masterson gets to his feet on the floor, angrily slamming his hands down on the ring apron.]

MB: Masterson's hot, Sutton! He thought he was gonna win this thing in a walk, I think.

HS: Somewhat of a surprise elimination there in my book... and look out here!

[The crowd roars as Scola rushes MAWAGA from behind, connecting with a running clothesline to the back of the head, knocking the Suited Savage down to the canvas... and soon Mafu joins him, the Samoan Hit Squad putting the stomp to MAWAGA down on the canvas.]

HS: We're down to our Final Four of MAWAGA, the Samoan Hit Squad, and the returning Alphonse Green!

MB: That's quite the foursome, Sutton - and you better believe that somewhere in that locker room backstage, Dave Cooper is ecstatic to see his team as part of the final four. They're at a huge advantage here, working together... watching each others' back.

HS: It IS every man for himself but you're right, Shark... I have to imagine the Samoans will work together until they can't any longer. Alphonse Green is down on the mat in the corner, sizing up the three men left and wondering what he'll need to reign here tonight as the King of the Battle Royal.

MB: He might need a cannon to get past the three men left in there with him.

HS: You talk about Dave Cooper being enthusiastic backstage... what about the Axis? It's a big night for them here tonight in New Orleans and you know they'd love to get on the board early with a big win in this Battle Royal.

[With the Samoans working over MAWAGA, Green takes a knee across the ring, seemingly biding his time and waiting to see what happens.]

MB: This is a tough call for Green though, Sutton.

HS: How's that?

MB: Green's about to have to make a decision. If he lets the Samoans toss MAWAGA, then he's on his own against an experienced - and very dangerous - tag team. If he helps MAWAGA fend off the Samoans, he'll draw the Samoans onto him... and if they somehow end up eliminated, then it'll be Green against the Suited Savage.

HS: No good options for Alphonse Green... but you're right, Shark, on all counts... and Green may be realizing the same thing as he gets to his feet.

[Mafu and Scola push MAWAGA over towards the ropes, looking to force him over the top. Green stands across the ring watching, fingers wiggling, looking back and forth at the crowd for guidance...]

MB: Decision time!

[...and he acts, rushing across the ring, ducking low, wrapping an arm around one leg on each Samoan...]

HS: GREEN'S GONNA GO FOR IT!

[Green grits his teeth, upending the off-balance Samoans who are hanging onto MAWAGA...]

HS: HE'S GONNA TOSS 'EM ALL!

[The crowd is absolutely roaring at the idea of that as Green attempts to use the Samoans' weight, size, and awkward ring position against them...]

HS: THE KING OF THE BATTLE ROYAL...

[And with a effort-filled guttural roar, Green flips Scola and Mafu over the top, MAWAGA still entangled with them, sending them towards the floor...]

HS: ...REIGNS ONCE MORE!

[But as Scola and Mafu go bouncing off the floor, we see one man remaining in the ring...

...and one man clinging to the ropes on the apron!]

MB: NO! NO HE DOESN'T, SUTTON! MAWAGA HANGS ON! MAWAGA'S STILL IN THIS!

[Green falls to his knees in the ring, celebrating what he believes to be his big victory...

...but the buzzing of the crowd alerts him to an issue. He quickly gets up, turning to spot MAWAGA hanging onto the ropes, desperately clinging to his status in the match.]

HS: Green sees him! Green on the move!

[Alphonse Green winds up the right hand, looking to exert enough force to knock the last remaining obstacle off the apron...]

HS: Big right hand!

[MAWAGA sways from the impact, barely hanging on...]

HS: Another!

[The Suited Savage slips back again, his fingertips clinging to the ropes as Green tries to batter him to the floor and to elimination...]

HS: A third one isn't the charm in this case! MAWAGA continues to hang on!

[A fired-up Green backs off, shaking his head and his fist simultaneously as he measures MAWAGA...]

HS: Green charging in and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and runs right into a Tongan Death Grip, MAWAGA's powerful fingers snatching Green by the windpipe!]

HS: MAWAGA'S GOT HIM! MAWAGA'S GOT HIM!

[Green's eyes go wide at the submission hold being applied by MAWAGA who is still out on the apron. The former World Television Champion swats at the arm repeatedly, trying to break his way free.]

HS: Green's trying to get loose!

[With a determined glare in his eyes, MAWAGA drags the struggling Green over the top rope, depositing him on his knees on the ring apron.]

HS: Now BOTH men are out on the apron! MAWAGA still with that grip on the throat of Green! Alphonse Green, trying to find a way out and trying to find a way to win this Blackjack Patterson Memorial Battle Royal in his return to the AWA!

[Green grabs MAWAGA by the wrist, pushing up hard to try and break free...]

HS: Green's fighting it! Green's trying to get free! Green's going to-

[...when MAWAGA suddenly lets go, steps back...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and delivers a side thrust kick to the chin, snapping Green's head back and sending him falling off the apron to the floor!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

HS: MAWAGA WINS!

[The crowd erupts in jeers as MAWAGA stands tall on the apron, staring stoically out at the fans letting him have it.]

HS: The Suited Savage, MAWAGA, claims victory in the Blackjack Patterson Memorial Battle Royal and-

MB: And that's one, Sutton! One win in the books for The Axis! One win en route to what looks like it might be a clean sweep here tonight at SuperClash.

HS: They've got a long way to go for that, Shark. One of the Hunters would need to win Steal The Spotlight. Derrick Williams would need to defeat Jordan Ohara. Maxim Zharkov would have to send Alex Martinez into retirement with a loss. And Juan Vasquez would have to successfully defend the World Title inside the Woodshed. That's a tall order all the way around, Shark.

MB: It ain't gonna be easy but this group can do it, Sutton... and by the end of this night, they just might have.

HS: That remains to be seen... but MAWAGA takes the first step for the Axis here tonight. Fans, we're coming up on the World Television Title match in just a short while but before we get to that, let's go backstage and hear from the competitors in the match that will kick off SuperClash VIII here tonight - Steal The Spotlight!

[We fade to the backstage area where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing in front of a SuperClash VIII backdrop.]

SLB: In just a short time, the annual extravaganza known as SuperClash will go LIVE for the entire world and kicking things off will be the annual tradition known as Steal The Spotlight! However, this year... it'll be in the form of a Ladder Match with the Steal The Spotlight contract hanging above the ring. The competition will be hot... it will be fierce... and it will be for one of the biggest prizes in our sport. Right now, I've invited the competitors in this match to join me here... and gentlemen, I do require your strongest efforts to be on your best behavior. With that understood, come on in here...

[Riley Hunter enters from the right side of the frame. His curly, dirty blonde hair is now dyed almost totally a rich shade of royal blue. He sports his latest "Golden Idols" t-shirt, featuring cartoonish depictions of himself, Chet Wallace and Chaz Wallace as Egyptian hieroglyphs.]

SLB: Now, Riley Hunter, the American Ninja, the Seven Star Athlete... you've been accused of resting on your laurels in the AWA. In our opening bout in just a few short minutes, you can not only put those accusations to bed, but you can effectively set the course of your career through 2017.

RH: The Black Wind is blowing right through the Superdome, isn't it? Sweet Lou, like other annual traditions... such as the Edmonton Oilers missing the playoffs, or someone swiping right on Terry Shane the Third... SuperClash is upon us. Never has there been such a conglomeration of talent in the ring since my one-on-one bout with AMAIAME the invisible wrestler.

Let me break Steal the Spotlight down for the casual fans who have just joined us for SuperClash to see what all the hype is about: there is a definite theme forming around this year's SuperClash. Ryan Martinez and Supreme Wright have put aside their differences and are frolicking together in the surf before leaping into a chaste, masculine embrace like "Rocky III." Alex Martinez is training to fight a Soviet Superhuman as an act of vengeance like "Rocky IV" Air Strike has reformed and challenged a pair of uninspiring antagonists for the World Tag Team Championship in the sequel no one wanted to see like "Rocky V." But word is going around that the powers that be in the AWA have taken the cap off the red sharpie. The AWA ain't all sunshine and rainbows, and unless you can climb that ladder and nab that contract, you are going to join Paulie collecting for Gazzo. Fair enough, I suppose. Most of the AWA locker room doesn't know how to read either.

I would say that my cousin Jackson and my colleague Lawrence have done alright for ourselves, having set up an independent stream of revenue thanks to a few T-shirt sales and our little corner of YouTube. And yeah yeah yeah, I know, "quote-unquote-heavy-sarcasm-implied" real wrestlers punch stairs and other inanimate metal objects. But if you know any wrestlers like myself and Jackson do, then you

would realize that they are among the least useful members of society once they can't kick out at three on a regular basis.

[He takes on the persona of a game show host and contestant.]

RH: Our next contestant in the American Wrestling Alliance Spelling Bee is Nailz Reles! Nailz, your next word is, "nails."

'Me know! Me know! N-A-I-L-Z!'

Oh, I'm sorry Nailz! In every corner of the literate English-speaking world, "nails" is spelled "N-A-I-L-S." Thanks so much for playing! Our next contestant is Sunshine!

[Sketch over. Hunter is back to his usual self.]

RH: Yeah yeah yeah. Next time someone takes a run at me for ruining the dignity of a sport that gave us the Vagina Match, The Westwego Incident and Shizz Dogg OG and Jerby Jezz, I'll dry my tears on a stack of deposited royalty checks. And while I could simply drift through life on those, imagine what claiming the spotlight that should rightfully be mine would do. With that contract in my hands, I have a License to Kill. The entire calendar year of 2017, I could hover over the entire AWA and be bulletproof. Even if I have to defend the contract for a year, how do you think you could get it off me? Wouldn't that make that snarky, joyless, repetitive echo chamber of the same two or three people reflecting the same opinions back to each other on the internet explode?

And on the topic of "joyless and repetitive," I see that's your next guest, Lou. Come on in, Manzo!

SLB: Alright, alright, you've had your time.

[Hunter goes off-screen, making sure to put Sweet Lou between him and Manzo Kawajiri, as the Iron Badger steps forward.]

RH: Say the two words, Manzo! Say the two words! GOOD NIGHT NOW, Lou!

[Kawajiri glares in the direction of Hunter, eyes narrowed in anger.]

SLB: Well, Mr. Kawajiri, we've just heard words from a man you're familiar with. In fact, the last time you and the American Ninja met, it was in the lead up to the Battle of Boston, and well, Mr. Hunter was the victor that night.

[Kawajiri nods.]

MK: Hai, Lou-san. Is true that Hunter beat Kawajiri last time.

You know what this means, Lou-san?

It means Kawajiri is ready to beat Hunter. Beat him bad. Beat him until his jokes funny. Beat him until all hair dye come out of his Hunter's stupid hair!

SLB: Strong words, Mr. Kawajiri.

MK: Listen Lou-san, what has Kawajiri done since coming to AWA?

Kawajiri fight MISTER. What happened? Kawajiri and Bashers win!

[Kawajiri makes a show of looking all around.]

MK: You see MISTER anymore, Lou-san? You see MISTER's friends around anymore?

No, Lou-san, they gone.

What else happened in AWA?

Canibal attack Kawajiri. Canibal play head puzzles...

SLB: Mind games.

[Kawajiri offers a glare, and then a nod.]

MK: Hai, mind games. And what happens, Lou-san?

Kawajiri beat Canibal is what happened! And where is Canibal now? Canibal gone too!

So, Lou-san. Hunter come out here. Tell stupid jokes. Talk a lot. Kawajiri not gonna talk a lot. Not say stupid things like Hunter.

Kawajiri just gonna beat everyone up!

SLB: Everyone? Is there anyone in this match you might be willing to work with?

[Kawajiri shakes his head.]

MK Lou-san, Kawajiri have respect for a few people in the match. For Jericho-kun. For Connors-san, for Whitiri-san.

But in ring? During match, all Kawajiri is gonna fight. All Kawajiri gonna do is beat up everyone who gets in Kawajiri's way.

As far as Kawajiri thinks? Everyone in Steal the Spotlight is in Kawajiri's way. Everyone else in Steal Spotlight is just...

PUNK BITCH!

[And with his famed two words spoken, Kawajiri steps to the side.]

SLB: Lee Connors, young man, come on in here...

[A grinning "Cannonball" Lee Connors strides into view in a white karate gi, throwing a few punches at the air as he approaches.]

SLB: Whoa ho! Watch those hands - they're as dangerous as they can get... just like this match. How do you approach a match like this?

[Connors nods.]

LC: Mr. Blackwell, this match is very dangerous no doubt... but so am I. And I'm willing to do whatever it takes to climb that ladder, grab that briefcase, and win that contract. And when I say "whatever it takes," I mean it. I'll climb every ladder in the building. I'll jump off any height. I'll-

[A voice from off-camera interrupts.]

"Blah, blah, blah, blah."

[And cue the arrival of "Playboy" Ronnie D with his son, Jayden Jericho, in tow. And surely no one needs to point out that it's Ronnie D who "blah, blah'd."]

D: "I will climb any mountain! I will swim any sea!"

It's touching. It really, truly is. But it's also a flat out lie because you're not going to do any of those things, Connors... because it's real hard to climb a ladder when my boy lays you out and is standing over you. Ain't that right, Jayden?

[Jericho nods, about to reply...]

D: And it's Jayden who is going to climb the highest ladder for every single soul in the Superdome to see, standing tall like the son of a Hall of Famer that he is.

[Blackwell interrupts.]

SLB: You're not a-

D: SHUSH!

[D glares at Blackwell who nods.]

D: My son is going to win Steal The Spotlight... and that's all there is to it.

[Another voice calls out from off-camera.]

"A feel-good story for the ages."

[A mocking round of applause is next as "Flawless" Larry Wallace steps into the frame.]

FLW: I meant it... I really do. "Playboy" Ronnie D... the flashiest of flashes in the pan. The guy who burned out faster than a second year Med School student. Your fellow Canadian Neil Young says it's better to burn out than to fade away... and I'm guessing a whole lot of wrestling fans who were spared years of seeing you bum around the ring like the rest of the has-beens and never-weres from your heyday would agree with him.

I know I do.

[Wallace smirks as D turns to confront him.]

D: Well, if I'm such a has-been, it's a good thing you're not facing me inside that ring tonight, junior. It's a good thing that the fruit of my ample loins, Jayden Jericho, is the one that will be in there with you. Dazzling you. Shocking you. Surprising you. Thrilling the masses. He WILL steal the spotlight tonight... and no one's gonna stop him. Least of all you or your..

[D looks around.]

D: Where is your old man anyways?

[Wallace looks uncomfortable at the question...]

...and then steps forward, getting up into D's face. A protesting Jayden Jericho surges forward too, voices raising as they shout at one another.]

SLB: Gentlemen! Gentlemen, please! Alright, you're out of here!

[A frustrated Blackwell waves an arm, summoning security who step in between the shouting individuals, ushering them out of view. Blackwell gives a shake of his head as he clears his throat and continues.]

SLB: These people are unbelievable. Now join me in welcoming the most recent entrant into Steal the Spotlight. The phenom from New Zealand, ladies and gentlemen, you may not know who he is now, but you will by the end of the night, I guarantee it. Here he is, Whaitiri!

[The handsome half-Maori steps forward. Dressed in his ring gear, his long black hair flowing freely. Whaitiri moves with a noticeable limp, and his knee is heavily wrapped.]

SLB: For those of you who haven't been watching CCW, and if you haven't, then shame on you, this man won the Brass Ring Tournament, earning his way into Steal the Spotlight. Not only that, but every match was a war, and it seems like everyone is out to get you, young man.

[Whaitiri nods.]

W: Kira Ora, Lou. And you know something, you're not wrong. Whether it was Odin Gunn, or Sid Osborne or Windsor or Jack Veles, everyone put a target on my back. But, I said it last night Lou, and I'll say it again.

Here I am. Ready to steal that spotlight!

SLB: You've got to be feeling the butterflies. Some wrestlers never get from the Combat Corner to the grand stage of SuperClash, and yet, as you said, here you are, only a short time into your tenure.

W: Lou, it was an honor to be chosen for the Brass Ring tournament. It is my great privilege to be able to wrestle for CCW. And nothing, nothing will ever match tonight, my very first SuperClash.

I am blessed, Lou. And I know it.

But...

[Whaitiri flashes a winning smile.]

W: I also earned my place here. I won four matches. I went through four wars. One of them last night.

SLB: And it seems that you're still feeling the effects of that war you had with Jack Veles.

[Whaitiri nods again.]

W: Oh yeah, have no doubt that I'm hurting, Lou. But I've been hurt before. And I know that when I am out there, standing in the center of that ring, listening to seventy five thousand fans screaming their heads off, when I feel that adrenaline flowing through my veins.

There won't be any pain Lou.

There's no way to tell you how excited I am, Lou. No words that can tell you how much I want this.

And everyone else?

Well here I am. Just try and stop me!

[A familiar throaty chuckle is heard and the camera pans to the right where in strides "Red Hot" Rex Summers. Summers is wearing a red robe sequined robe with a gorgeous blonde upon his arm.]

RS: Just try and stop you? No one needs to stop you, Whitiri, cause the spotlight isn't yours...

[Summers motions off-camera..]

RS: And not one of the rest of you will have the spotlight shining upon you. What each and every one of you needs to learn right now, is the spotlight belongs to one man and one man only.

[Summers blows a kiss to the camera.]

RS: It belongs to absolute perfection... to the man who makes masterpieces of art seem to be nothing more than basic street art. It belongs to the man who had it STOLEN from him by Emerson Gellar. It BELONGS to the "Red Hot One," Rex Summers!

I've been the top of the mountain before, had the fifteen pounds of gold strapped around...

[The belt around the red robe is undone by the blonde and the chiseled abs of Summers are exposed. Slowly, the blonde caresses his abs as Summers continues to speak.]

RS: ...this waist before and it's high time it is again. And if the only way that can happen is by me climbing a ladder rung by rung till I'm at the top, as all eyes are where they belong... gazing at the "Red Hot One" in ecstasy... as I reach for that briefcase so be it.

So while you say try and stop Whitiri, just remember I won this last year. So why don't each one of you try and stop me from bringing this arena to a climax as I repeat as the Steal the Spotlight winner!

[Blackwell grimaces, shaking his head.]

SLB: I might need a shower after that one... but from the SuperClash VII Steal The Spotlight winner, we go to SuperClash VIII's biggest Steal the Spotlight surprise...

[From the left enters Jackson Hunter in a suede coat the color of charcoal. He holds the Golden Ticket in front of him between his thumb and forefinger.]

SLB: ...Jackson Hunter, of all the people vying for the Golden Ticket on the last edition of Saturday Night Wrestling on The X, you had to have been the last one anyone would expect to rise up and grab it.

JH: Lou, I would think that you know me well enough to know that I am not a nice person. And as I'm sure you know from the years of running the hotline: a man has to have some secrets.

For years... YEARS... I have been on the outside looking in on the AWA. And I'm sure the fans are all aware of the league of castoffs running just down the street from us called the WOC. And some hardcores remember that I made my bones in TPP and SWLL while today's stars were on Geocities sharing candid pictures of Lori Dane via dial-up. And, of course, I ruled Chinook Wrestling like a pharaoh, much to the chagrin of the governing body, the DCWL.

These promotions and organizations combine to form a multi-million dollar industry that deigns to say what can and cannot take place in that ring. Tonight at SuperClash, you people will witness the birth of a new power in professional wrestling:

The H... H... H.

[Those initials hang in the air.]

SLB: HHH?

JH: The Hunter and Hunter Hegemony!

My cousin and I have come to the AWA to prove, once and for all, that the wrestling world has erroneously ignored and blackballed us. We are the two best wrestlers of the past quarter of a century. From the very moment Riley, who is the brother that I never had, stepped into that ring under a mask so he wouldn't get blackballed too, I thought to myself, 'hot damn. This kid is almost as good as me.' And only a couple of years in Tiger Paw Pro demonstrated that he was as good as me. Tonight's the night that I find out if he is finally better than me, Lou. That's what I wanted to know.

And as to the other six... individuals... in this match...

I know Larry Wallace is getting advice from Hamilton Graham, but here's a tip: I've already heard that advice, Larry. Twenty years ago, when I was just a dumb kid from Canada, Hamilton took me under his wing too. We spilled more pints of Asahi lager in Ribera than you've drank in your lifetime. Yeah, yeah, Hamilton planted those seeds of knowledge in you too, but if you've ever tried to plant a tree, you know it can take a few years to see results. Cut me open, you little sapling, and count the rings on me!

And then you've got "Cannonball" Connors, the official AWA favorite of the Colton family. They're like ants, aren't they? You squash one, two more pop out. What can I say about the Colton family that hasn't already been said about Hepatitis C? I'm amazed they found the time to train you, little grasshopper, given their busy schedule of passive-aggressive whining, suing each other, and substance abuse.

And it seems that half this match is Canadian Content with Jayden Jericho now entered. Or I guess it would be if his stage dad wasn't trying to live inside his head like John Malkovich. Picture looking through poor Jayden Jericho's eyes. He just wants to live off the trust fund, but his dad keeps calling him out to the back to his rusted El Camino with his social worker, and then he's got to endure another training session so Good Ol' Ronnie D can take another stab at immortality and etch his name alongside the other great Canadian wrestling dynasties, such as Rage. Or Hunter.

Or Rage. Or Hunter. Or Rage. Or Rage. Or Rage. There there, little sociopath.

And then there's Whatari, who came up through CCW to shock the world and get his shot at the big time. This business is going to eat that kid alive, and I've already prepared a nice marinade. Yeah yeah, you're a great story Whatiri, you won the Brass Ring tournament, but I've won two Commonwealth Championships. So you scored a few touchdowns in college; that's great, but I've won two Super Bowls, okay? You can hit a long drive off the foul pole, but I've won two MVPs. Tim Tebow thinks you may be overmatched, Whatiri.

And then there's the Badger, Manzo Kawajiri. Manzo is hyped as being so tough. Manzo is so intense. Well, you know what?

Manzo Kawajiri wrestles with his mouth agape, and he has the eyes of a goat.

I'll give him credit: he's got killer strikes, and he's almost impossible to hurt. But just because he stares at MISTER like he's trying to burn a hole through that cro-magnon's forehead with his mind doesn't make him any more intense than anyone else in this match.

And I'm not even going to bother trying to run down last SuperClash's Steal the Spotlight winner.

Well, yes I am. Because after hearing him lay out his master plan for us just now, I feel compelled to weigh in. How is it that a guy like "Red Hot" Rex Summers, who had enough skill to take down Robert Donovan by hook or crook, still has to participate in a demolition derby like Steal the Spotlight on a regular basis? Answer: Rex Summers is Jim Kelly with a porn 'stache. The perpetual bridesmaid in airbrushed tights. The Susan Lucci of wrestling. There is no need to be tense or to have butterflies, Rex: in a few short minutes your fate as the perennial runner-up will be revealed. Pity poor "Red Hot" Rex Summers: still looking for Steal The Spotlight Number 2 so that he can have a clear path to AWA Title Belt Number 2. And still unable to produce "Number 2" without a laxative.

And that's the field, Blackwell. As for me, I'm doing what no one has ever done before: stepping back into the ring after four years... and eight years exiled from any major promotion. I'm 44, and unless your last name is also Hunter, none of you puerile pusillanimous pubescent pukes have the legs or game to run with me. You think I just entered this match as a lark? You think this a joke to me?

Just watch me.

[With one last scowl at Lou Blackwell, Hunter exits to the right.]

SLB: And there you have it, fans - the entirety of the field for this year's Steal The Spotlight! It's coming up in about fifteen minutes or so now and it promises to be one of the highlights of the night. Now, the winner of that match has a guaranteed match at any title they choose in the next 365 days... but the winner of our next match will be wearing a title - the AWA World Television Title. It's the champion, Callum Mahoney, taking on the challenger, Terry Shane who we caught up with earlier tonight. Let's hear what's on his mind just moments before this big title showdown...

[We fade to pre-recorded footage where Terry Shane III sits on a bench in front of a set of lockers. His black hair, nearly grown out to the length he first debuted with, is combed straight and strewn just off the top of his shoulders. His green eyes narrow towards the ground, staring at a pair of blue wrestling boots with three white stars and the word "Wizard" written just above the heels. His body is covered by a matching robe, the robe of his father the night he defeated Hamilton Graham for the IWA World Title. It is a deep blue with white and gold specks that shimmer when the light hits it just right. The cuffs, rolled up, once a bit more fluff to them but years later they fold over a little flatter. Shane picks up a roll of wrestling tape and for a moment his eyes look up from what he's doing and the camera catches them just at the right time as he begins to speak.]

Terry Shane III [TS3]: I want to tell you a story.

[His voice, often loud and fueled with rage, is soft and low.]

TS3: A story of a boy who grew up in a trailer hitched to the back of his father's pickup truck through the Midwest. St. Louis, New Orleans, Nashville, Dallas, Tulsa...cities people proudly claim as their hometown. Then there was Selma,

Alabama...or Weslaco, Texas...or Ponchatoula, Louisiana. Those are the towns people like to forget about. They dream about escaping them and making something of themselves. Those are the towns that boy remembers... sitting in that trailer while his dad went out and competed in front of no more than a hundred folks sometimes to make ends meet.

The boy remembers sitting in the trailer one night with his daddy sprinting out of the back of a gym, a dozen men chasing after him... grown men trying to tip the trailer over... screaming... shouting... pounding their fists on the door and windows. The boy knew a day and a time would come when his daddy might need him. His mother might need him. His brother... he'd need him too...

He'd need him to fight back.

[Shane begins unraveling the tape.]

TS3: These were the days you don't read about in the history books. The days before the boy's father was a World Champion. The days before the legendary wars in the ring. These were the days the young boy still remembers. Bouncing from school to school, never there long enough to have a favorite teacher or remember anyone's name. Just long enough to remember other boys calling him names, throwing stuff at him, calling his old man a phony and a fake. The boy remembers going home at night and crawling underneath the sheets, tears rolling down his eyes, feeling all alone in this great big world of ours knowing that soon enough...

He'd need to fight back.

[Shane wraps his right wrist, pulling the tape tightly before ripping it across with his teeth.]

TS3: Eventually the boy would get older. He'd go to high school and finally make friends, meet another boy that would become like a second brother to him, and become a target. When you're the son of a World Champion and putting on a singlet and stepping onto the wrestling mat, every other kid is gunning for you. They want to make a name for themselves at your expense. They'll do whatever it takes to beat you, humiliate you, hell... even hurt you. The boy had to train harder than anyone else. Smarter than anyone else. Longer, faster, better...

The boy had to fight back.

[Shane begins to do the same thing to his left wrist, coiling the tape around and around his wrist.]

TS3: College came and went and no longer a boy, the young man decided to follow in his father's footsteps. He entered the world of professional wrestling bearing the same name of his father, having the daughter of the owner at his side, being told to accept a lie about his family because it painted a picture people could relate to but in doing so painted the biggest bullseye on his chest that anyone could possibly imagine. He was told to spit on his father's name, disgrace the greatest wrestling organization of his time that the AWA's roots were planted on, and stand up to some of the sickest, most twisted, most diabolical and insane wrestlers on the planted with less than a year of training and experience to his name.

He had no choice but to fight back.

But he was defeated.

[He rips the tape again with his teeth.]

TS3: Disappointed.

[He grips it between his teeth.]

TS3: And embarrassed.

[And disdainfully spits it out.]

TS3: He didn't fight back.

He ran.

He buried himself in his home and stepped away from his dream because he was ashamed of what he had become. A liar, a cheater, a disgrace to his father's name and ashamed of his estranged relationship with his mother whom he had not only disowned publicly... he had metaphorically murdered her.

He was content on sitting at home, watching the sun rise and set, day by day, no recollection of time gone by or weeks and eventually months lost while he dwelled on what he had become... WHO he had become. He wasn't a fighter.

He was a fraud.

[Shane reaches down to his bag and pulls out a black sharpie. He calmly snaps the cap off and stares at his wrist for a moment while he continues to speak, slowly... low.]

TS3: Then one day the phone rang, a familiar voice on the other end. A friend, a brother, a savior had called. He told him to forget about what had happened. He told him he needed to pick himself up, dust himself off, suck it up, and get back up otherwise he would prove that everything everyone had ever said about him was right. That he wasn't good enough. He was never going to make it. That he wasn't different or special. That there were too many obstacles that he wasn't capable of overcoming. That he'd never step out of his daddy's shadow. He told him to disprove everything that had happened.

He told him... you better get up and FIGHT BACK.

[Shane writes the words... "Fight Back" onto his left wrist. Big, bold lettering.]

TS3: So he did. It wasn't easy. It hasn't gone according to plan. There was no welcome back parade when he returned to the ring. There were doubters, haters, pariahs, and he has constantly tried to prove himself and his passion for what he does and who he is from the moment he has returned. He delivered the truth, even when he was told not to. He opened his arms up to his father. He gave his brother a second chance on life. He told the world that his mother was alive full well knowing he'd be mocked or worse... fired. He stood up for himself and his family and if nothing else he made them proud. He FOUGHT for them and their name.

So when you stand across the ring from me Callum Mahoney and you call me a FAILURE I don't have a word to say to prove you wrong because you know what, Callum?

You're right.

Terry Shane III was a failure.

I failed against Hannibal Carver.

I failed against Dave Bryant.

I failed to make any impact when the people of the AWA needed me against the Wise Men.

My comeback has been a failure.

My career based on my own expectations of myself has been a failure.

But tonight when I step into the ring with you. When I stare you in the eyes. When you try to lock your armbar on me and make me tap out in front of my family, my friends, and the people that have believed me in from the start with the opportunity to prove myself as worthy of be calling a champion.

You better believe, Callum..

You better believe Terry Shane III is going to what he has been doing his entire life.

He is going to FIGHT BACK.

He is going to strip you of that World Television Title.

He is going to do it for himself and he is going to do it for them...

[He writes the word "FAMILY" on his other wrist. Just as big. Just as bold.]

TS3: It's our time...

[And raises up from the bench, standing in front of the camera, eyes fixated forward bright green, big, wide eyed and strong.]

TS3: TO FIGHT BACK.

[And with that, we fade from the pre-recorded footage out to the ring where both champion and challenger are already standing. Rebecca Ortiz is center ring and as the bell sounds, she wastes none of the dwindling time remaining on our network television Pre-Game Show.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with TV Time Remaining and is for the AWA WORRRRRRLD TELEVISION TITLE!

[Big cheer!]

RO: Introducing first... in the corner to my left... he is the challenger. He hails from Independence, Missouri and weighs in at 212 pounds...

TERRRRRRRRYYYYYY SHAAAAAAAAAANE!

[There's a mixed response for Shane per usual but more cheers than boos on this night. Shane sheds his robe, raising a lone arm to the crowd in recognition.]

RO: Annnnnnnnnnd his opponent... he hails from County Cork, Ireland and weighs in at 240 pounds... he is AWA WORRRRRRLD TELEVISION CHAMMMMPION...

CALLLLLLLUMMMMMM MAAAAAAHOOOOOOONEYYYYYY!

[Mahoney, sandy-haired with lightly-tanned skin, is dressed in a black leather jacket over his wrestling attire. As he sheds the jacket, we see his black singlet, with the image of a brown bear standing on its hind legs across the front, black knee pads and black boots. Draped over his right shoulder is, of course, the World Television

title. He grabs the belt by the strap, holding it up in the air to a mixed response of his own which leans towards jeers.]

HS: Neither one of these men, Shark, are on solid footing with these fans. Mahoney, the champion, has heard the cheers of the people in recent weeks but his strong words directed at Shane and his family seem to have turned the tide against him.

MB: Not to mention tonight he's all business... no sing-a-long with the champ.

HS: That's right. Shane, on the other hand... well, a documentary could be made about the mercurial rise and fall of Terry Shane's career. He debuted with little experience but much fanfare, quickly working his way to the top of the card where he even won the annual Rumble matchup. His title challenge fell short though and his career seemed to divebomb from there. This comeback has had its share of starts and stops as well and this title opportunity could be the point of no return when it comes to Terry Shane in the AWA... especially when you consider recent events.

MB: New ownership partners may not look so fondly on a lifetime loser clogging up a much-treasured spot in the AWA locker room.

HS: Shane's very career could be on the line in this one so it falls on him to show the world that he can be the wrestler we all once thought possible.

[Mahoney holds the belt aloft again before handing it off to the official. Shane tugs at the ropes, staying loose as he waits for...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

HS: TV Time Remaining is the time limit in this one and by my watch, fans, we're just about eight or so minutes away from the start of the SuperClash broadcast. So, Shane finds himself with yet another early disadvantage.

[Knowing the time limit situation, Shane marches across the ring, hooking a collar and elbow with Mahoney and shoving him back towards the ropes. Mahoney uses Shane's own momentum against him, spinning him back into the ropes. The referee immediately steps in, looking for a break...

...and the Fighting Irishman obliges, stepping back and popping Shane across the sternum with a clubbing forearm!]

HS: Ohh! Mahoney strikes first and very, very hard... grabs the arm, looking for a whip...

[The whip is reversed by Shane though who sends Mahoney into the ropes. The County Cork native rebounds as Shane dives to the mat, forcing Mahoney to hurdle up and over him. Shane gets back to his feet, diving back to the mat feet-first as he hooks Mahoney's ankle, taking him down with a drop toehold.]

HS: Drop toehold takes the champion off his feet... look out now!

[Shane scrambles up, grabbing Mahoney by the foot, flipping him onto his back...

...which is where Mahoney lands an upkick to the chest with the off-leg, forcing Shane to back off as Mahoney pulls himself under the ropes to the safety of the floor.]

HS: Ohhh... Shane went for that Spinning Toehold - his family's legacy and the move he has sworn will win him the title here tonight. His strategy tonight is no

secret, Shark - get the man down, get the hold on, and walk out the new champion.

MB: And I can't say that I agree with a strategy like that because it makes it much easier for your opponent to gameplan for you.

[Not wanting to waste time, Shane rolls out to the floor, walking towards Mahoney who sees him coming, making a beeline around the ring. Shane quickly jogs after him in pursuit.]

HS: Terry Shane trying to catch up to the Armbar Assassin... Mahoney rolls in...

[Shane rolls in after him and Mahoney drops to a knee, burying the other knee in the side of Shane's head!]

HS: Mahoney lured him in and makes him pay the price!

[Mahoney drops down a few more times, using his knee to secure an advantage.]

HS: Mahoney staying on Shane... some more clubbing blows across the back...

[Mahoney swiftly pulls Shane to his feet, using a pair of short forearms to put Shane back in the corner. The Fighting Irishman grabs the top rope, using it for support as he lays into Shane with boots to the midsection.]

HS: Mahoney going to work on Shane... knowing the clock is ticking and the longer he can stay on offense, the more likely he walks out of the Superdome with that title still around his waist.

[Mahoney grabs Shane by the arm, whipping him from corner to corner. Shane slams hard into the buckles, staggering out towards Mahoney who snatches the arm, using an armbar takedown to drag the third generation star down to the mat within the unfriendly confines of a Fujiwara Armbar.]

MB: Fujiwara!

HS: A hold that was synonymous with yourself, Shark, for many years.

MB: I learned this hold from the best to ever use it - Jeff "Madfox" Matthews - but Mahoney's got a good one and Shane's learning that the hard way right about now.

[Shane is struggling against the hold, fighting it as he tries to get his legs underneath him.]

HS: Shane's looking for a way out in there against the Armbar Assassin and... pushing to his knees...

MB: That's potentially a way out but it's absolute torture on your arm and shoulder for the few seconds you're in that position, just increasing the torque on the limb.

[Shane pushes up, front flipping to his back, spinning out of the hold. Mahoney slips, falling to his back as Shane reaches out, scissoring Mahoney's arm between his legs...]

HS: Cross armbreaker! Shane's got Mahoney locked in his own signature hold!

MB: Insulting! And more than a little embarrassing for the Armbar Assassin for sure!

[Mahoney grimaces, trying to keep his hands locked together to prevent the pressure from being forced onto his elbow.]

HS: Nearly three minutes into this one as these two struggle for an advantage, trading submission hold attempts...

[Mahoney rolls to his side, stacking up Shane's legs and forcing his shoulders down to the mat.]

HS: One! Two!

[Shane lets go of the arm, kicking out of the pin attempt, scrambling up to his feet as Mahoney lunges at him...

...and gets taken right down in a crossface!]

HS: CROSSFACE! SHANE LOCKS IN A CROSSFACE!

[But Mahoney swiftly rolls to his back, cradling Shane's legs.]

HS: ONE! TWO!

[Shane again kicks out, both men in mad scramble to beat the other to their feet...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...when a short kneelift catches Shane under the chin, snapping his head back and sending him falling to the mat, slamming back into the ropes.]

HS: Mahoney caught him good there. We talk about the submission skills of Callum Mahoney but do not forget that he's also one of the most dangerous strikers in the AWA locker room as well, fans.

[Mahoney is quickly on the attack, planting his shin on Shane's throat, pressing him back into the ropes as he pulls on the ropes for additional leverage.]

HS: That's a choke on the ropes - the ref's counting him.

MB: He could take the DQ and walk out with the belt right here, Sutton.

[Mahoney lets off at the count of four, raising his hands and walking away as the AWA faithful lets him have it.]

HS: With one eye on the clock, I'd say Mahoney may be less interested in scoring a win at this point and more interested in running out our remaining television time to retain that title.

[With a smirk at the jeering fans, Mahoney approaches the downed Shane, grabbing him by the hair, dragging him to his feet and smashing him facefirst into the top turnbuckle. Mahoney keeps him there, twisting his body to pin Shane against the corner...

...and lays in a back elbow! And another! And a third!]

HS: Elbows in the corner! The referee again calling for him to break it off...

[Mahoney uses a snapmare to flip Shane out of the corner...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and soccer kicks him in the spine to even more jeers from the crowd!]

HS: Mahoney winds up...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

HS: ...and smashes another one home into the lower back!

[The referee says something to Mahoney, earning a glare from the World Television Champion. Mahoney shouts something down at Shane that sounds a lot like "FAILURE! NOTHING BUT A FAILURE!" He circles the seated Shane, staring down at him...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

HS: Oh! Come on! There's no call for that, Shark.

MB: A little paintbrush action by the champ... making sure Shane knows he's being beaten down by his better.

HS: As our esteemed colleague Gordon Myers would say - "Give me a break."

[Mahoney again says something to Shane before straightening up, dashing to the far ropes...]

HS: Penalty kick en route!

[...but as Mahoney digs waaaaaay back, swinging his leg forward in a kick that just might send Terry Shane into unconsciousness, the challenger surges up to a knee, grabbing the leg under his arm, and rapidly twists to the side, dragging Mahoney violently down to the canvas with a dragon screw legwhip!]

HS: OHH! Shane with a timely and effective counter... and he's still got the leg!

[Shane gets back to his feet, holding Mahoney's leg. The champion quickly tries to get free but Shane has a grip that can't be broken as he gives a quick smile before twisting the leg around his own!]

HS: SPINNING TOEHOLD! SHANE'S GOT IT LOCKED IN!

[Shane spins around a second time, cranking on the knee and ankle...]

HS: This is the move his father used to win championships! That his grandfather used to win championships! Terry Shane III hoping that it can do the same for him right here at SuperClash! He cranks the knee again!

MB: Mahoney's screaming in pain! He needs to find a way out NOW, Sutton!

[Mahoney leans back, stretching out his arms towards ropes that are much too far out of reach. He grabs at his own head, crying out loud...]

HS: Mahoney trying to hang on! Mahoney trying to resist! Mahoney trying to-

[And suddenly, Mahoney shouts out, slapping the canvas repeatedly as the crowd ERUPTS in cheers!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

HS: HE QUIT! HE QUIT! WE'VE GOT A NEW CHAMPION!

[Shane lets go of Mahoney's leg at the sound of the bell, sinking to his knees as he leans forward, his head on the canvas with his arms over him.]

HS: Terry Shane collapsing to the mat in emotion! What a moment for this young man, fans! Terry Shane - a third generation superstar who has struggled to live up to his family name for years - has won his very first championship in his AWA career!

[Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

RO: Here is your winner by submission... ANNNNNNNND NEW AWA WORRRRRRLD TELEVISION CHAMMMMMPIONNNNN...

TERRRRRRRRYYYYYYYY SHAAAAAAAAAAAAANE!

[The crowd cheers... legitimately cheers Terry Shane for perhaps the very first time. A quick cut to the fans show people on their feet, applauding the victory they just witnessed. Shane climbs to his feet, a huge emotional smile on his face...

...and then comes face-to-face with Callum Mahoney who has snatched the title belt away from the timekeeper and is standing with his weight on one leg, staring down at him.]

HS: Uh oh... Mahoney's got the belt and he does NOT look happy, fans, and we're just moments away from the beginning of SuperClash VIII!

[Mahoney glares at Shane, belt in hand as Shane stands at the ready, his arms slightly up as he prepares to defend himself...

...which becomes unneeded as Mahoney extends the title belt to Shane, nodding his head in respect. The crowd ERUPTS in cheers again as Shane grins, accepting the title belt.]

HS: Now THAT'S a SuperClash moment, fans! Alright!

[Shane holds the title belt up in the air in one hand as Mahoney raises the other hand, nodding as he points to the new champion.]

HS: A great show of respect from Callum Mahoney, paying tribute to the man who defeated him here tonight and- OHHH!

[The crowd groans and then jeers as Mahoney yanks Shane towards him, leaping up and dragging Shane down into the cross armbreaker!]

HS: You've gotta be kidding me! Mahoney with that armbar locked in!

[Shane cries out, slapping at the canvas as the title belt gets dropped to the side. Mahoney cranks back on the arm, putting pressure on the elbow as the crowd jeers loudly...]

HS: Let him go! Let him go, Mahoney!

[After a few more moments, Mahoney does exactly that, pulling out of the cross armbreaker. He gets back to his feet, an arrogant smirk on his face as he leans down...]

HS: No more! He's had enough!

MB: Pretty sure that Callum Mahoney will decide if he's had enough, Sutton.

[The smirking Mahoney reaches past Shane...

...and grabs the World Television Title, taking it away from its new owner, and thrusts it skyward as the fans boo loudly.]

HS: Mahoney's got the title! He just lost the title to Shane but-

MB: But who's got it now, pal?!

[Mahoney shrugs sheepishly, flinging the belt over his shoulder as he steps through the ropes, making his way back up the aisle to jeers from the sold out Superdome crowd.]

MB: No matter how much the fans like to sing along... you should never trust Callum Mahoney.

HS: Fans, we're out of time! We've gotta go! It's SuperClash time! So long everybody!

[Mahoney holds the title belt in the air one more time, nodding at the jeering crowd as we fade to black...]