

[The Gladiator stands at the top of the ramp at SuperClash, his fellow gladiators standing before him.]

#Ohhh-oh-oh-oh-ohhh!#

[Jordan Ohara walking alongside a barricade, slapping all the hands in sight.]

#Oh-ohohohoh!#

[Supernova cups his hands to his mouth, throwing his head back in a howl.]

#The seeds in my head
Visions in red#

["The Professional" Dave Cooper puts the boots to a downed opponent.]

#All that I dream
And all that I've bled#

[Allen Allen uses a three-quarter nelson to roll up Mr. Sadisuto for a three count... right into Derrick Williams using a spinebuster on Callum Mahoney.]

#My mind is a gun
I won't be out done#

[Brian James throws a devastating Blackheart Punch while Brian Lau looks on with pride... right into Kerry Kendrick blindsiding Caspian Abaran, knocking him flat.]

#Say what you want
While I shoot for the sun#

["Flawless" Larry Wallace leaps into the air, landing the "Best Dropkick In The World"... right into Maxim Zharkov and Alex Martinez trading words over a crowd of security and officials.]

#All you doubters and haters#
Actors and fakers
I don't have time for you all#

[Shadoe Rage comes sailing off the top rope, landing a flying elbow on a prone form... right into Michael Aarons dropping a flying elbow of his own onto Danny Morton at SuperClash.]

#You're feeding the fire
That's taking me higher
Coming like a cannonball#

[The Dogs of War use a combination powerbomb/Lungblower on Marcus Broussard in the Combat Corner... right into Rex Summers dropping Cesar Hernandez with the Heat Check DDT.]

#Ohhh-oh-oh-oh-ohhh!#

[Ryan Martinez connects with a running Yakuza kick on a stunned opponent.]

#It's kicking down your door
Kicking down your door#

[Supreme Wright locks the Sugar Hold on Jack Lynch, causing the cowboy to scream in pain.]

#Ohhh-oh-oh-oh-ohhh!#

[Howie Somers and Daniel Harper run down a helpless foe with a double shoulder tackle... right into Mike Sebastian being hurled by Andrew Tucker off the top rope, using a Rocket Launcher on a prone opponent.]

#So what ya waitin' for?
What ya waitin' for?#

[Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan hurl Isaiah Carpenter off the stage at SuperClash.]

#Scream#

#Scream#

[Juan Vasquez puts Hannibal Carver through a table with a piledriver.]

#Scream#

#Until they hear you#

[Juan Vasquez thrusts his newly-won World Title up into the air... and then fades to black as we hear the final lyric.]

#Scream#

[The black screen "shatters" into a live shot outside the Chesapeake Energy Arena - a ground-level shot of fans pouring into the building underneath a digital marquee with the name of the building and the words "AWA SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING" in black block text as "Scream" continues to play. The trademark voice of Gordon Myers interjects.]

GM: Wrestling fans around the world, we are LIVE right here on The X! We are LIVE right here in Oklahoma City! We are LIVE in the Chesapeake Energy Arena! And we are LIVE on the road to SuperClash but this night has one major speed bump.

[Another cut brings us inside the building. It's your standard arena setup with rows upon rows of permanent seating mixed with the steel folding chairs that immediately surround the ring of red, white, and blue ropes from top to bottom. The black mats are down covering the floor and the black metal barricade is up to keep the fans at bay. Two tables can be seen at ringside from this elevated view.

A quick cut takes to a floor level shot of the entranceway which is made up of a small entrance opening covered by black curtains and surrounded by LED lighting that is currently flashing a red and white pattern. There are lights to the left and right of the doorway along with lighting above it. Above the lighting is a decent-sized video screen that has the SNW On The X logo spiraling around it. As the camera pulls back a bit, we see an illuminated ten foot tall version of the AWA logo off to one side. On the other side is a small elevated platform that will serve as an interview "stage." The entranceway leads directly out to a black carpeted ten foot wide aisleway that will take the combatants to the ring.

Another cut gets us down to ringside where we find the ever-present Gordon Myers - the Dean of Professional Wrestling announcing - in a black sportscoat and black slacks. A big smile is on his face as he speaks.]

GM: Juan Vasquez crossed a line two weeks ago that never should've been crossed... and as a result, one of the owners of this company - Jon Stegglet - has

said he's coming to the ring tonight and he's coming to do two things - strip Juan Vasquez of the World Heavyweight Title and then fire him! Hello everyone, I'm Gordon Myers, and by my side as always is the one and only Bucky Wilde!

[The camera shot shows Bucky Wilde for the first time. The colorful color man is wearing a bright purple sportscoat with a shimmering silver sequined shirt underneath.]

BW: With just over a month until SuperClash, we may find ourselves without ANY World Champion at all! And Jon Stegglet isn't just coming to the ring tonight... he's already here! He's not wasting a single second, Gordo!

[Cut to the ring where the AWA co-owner and acting Director of Operations Jon Stegglet is standing.]

GM: He certainly isn't. Jon Stegglet's been waiting for days to settle this situation and now he seems prepared to do exactly that. Without further adieu, Mr. Stegglet, the floor is yours.

[Stegglet is all alone in the ring - however there is a very obvious security presence surrounding the squared circle. Stegglet stands in a black suit, white dress shirt, and royal blue tie as he raises the mic.]

JS: Ladies and gentlemen... two weeks ago, the AWA's World Champion, Juan Vasquez, perpetrated an act that is - quite frankly - completely unacceptable and equally unforgivable.

Over the years as one of the owners of this company, I have seen a lot of horrible things done by AWA superstars. Things that are sickening... things that would turn your stomach. Things that are dangerous. Things that are violent. Two weeks ago, I saw something so horrid... so reckless... that I knew actions - serious actions - had to be taken to show the world that things like that could not and would not be tolerated.

[Stegglet pauses.]

JS: Juan Vasquez is not the easiest man to work with. His financial demands. His ego. His volatile temper and behavior.

His unpredictability at times.

But Juan Vasquez is also a man that AWA fans once adored. He's a man who helped this company become what it is today. There is no denying that... and for that, we all owe him a debt of gratitude.

[Another pause.]

JS: However, what Mr. Vasquez did two weeks ago exposed the AWA to the kind of trouble that is almost unimaginable. The AWA World Champion on the front page of the newspaper... on CNN... on ESPN... all over social media... for assaulting a fan.

[Stegglet's mouth twists up in disgust.]

JS: The legal stuff. AWA legal has been working overtime. There's almost certainly going to be a lawsuit. And that's the kind of lawsuit that can put a company out of business... it can mean jobs for people... it can mean taking meals off the tables of families.

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

JS: Between the legal mess... the PR nightmare... this has been a terrible week for me, the rest of AWA management, the locker room... really anyone and everyone involved with the company. But through it all, one thing remained very clear.

Something needed to be done to show the world how serious we take what happened two weeks ago...

...and in that, AWA ownership and upper management were united.

[A deep breath, a slow exhale.]

JS: Therefore, it is with great disappointment and disgust that I hereby call the current AWA World Champion - Juan Vasquez - down that aisle to this ring so that I can do what I told the world I intended to do.

[A pause.]

JS: Mr. Vasquez, join me in the ring.

[There's a brief moment of silence and then a MASSIVE roar of boos fills The Chesapeake Energy Arena as we see Juan Vasquez, sans music, stepping through the curtains. The AWA World Heavyweight champion is sharply dressed in a custom made, tailored black suit, sans necktie. As he makes the long walk down to the ring, we notice that in his right arm, he cradles the World Title belt and in his left, he holds a microphone. He is not accompanied by any members of The Axis.]

GM: Well, here we go, Bucky. One of the most monumental moments in AWA history is about to go down, I believe.

BW: The World Champion being STRIPPED of the title is big enough news. But Juan Vasquez, one of the people this company is most associated with, being stripped and FIRED? It's just crazy to even think about.

GM: And when you add in the fact that SuperClash is just... what? Less than two months away at this point? Incredible.

[Vasquez walks up the steel steps and steps into the ring. As he does so, Stegglet moves towards him, but Vasquez is quick to stop him.]

JV: Not one step further, Jon Stegglet.

[Stegglet pauses, a hand quickly raised and ready to signal for security if needed. Vasquez shakes his head.]

JV: You're not taking this World Title away from me.

You're not firing me.

In fact, you're not going to do a damn thing to me!

[Stegglet looks incredulous as the crowd immediately drowns Vasquez out with deafening boos. Vasquez waits for the noise to die down a bit before continuing.]

JV: At least, not before I get to speak my piece. Because you might not realize it, but right now I'm doing something I've always done.

[He grins.]

JV: I'm saving the American Wrestling Alliance.

[A huge chorus of jeers immediately signal what the Oklahoma crowd thinks about that.]

JV: All week long, I've had to hear the idiots here and in the media tell the world what would be best for the AWA. I've had to listen to these morons and Johnny-come-latelys tell the world that stripping Juan Vasquez of the AWA World Heavyweight Title and firing his ass would be what's best for business.

[Vasquez snorts.]

JV: Bullsh-

[The crowd damn near loses their mind at the use of profanity... as does Stegglet even though the audio was briefly muted by the censors, preventing it from going worldwide.]

JV: Don't look at me like that, Stegglet. That's what the five-second delay is for.

[A chuckle. Stegglet looks on, red-faced and furious.]

JV: But as I was saying, you have all these people telling the world that firing and stripping me of this title would be what's best for the AWA and I'm telling you right now, taking this title away from me and letting me walk up that aisle and leave this building, would be the biggest damn mistake this company's ever made.

And that includes The Wise Men.

That includes not selling to Korugun.

And you sure hell better believe that includes Westwego!

[There's a few Oohs and Ahhs at the mentioning of the Westwego Incident. Stegglet grimaces, shaking his head.]

JV: Let me tell you what happens the moment you take this World Title away from me. I walk up that aisle. I get in my limo. I start making phone calls. And guess whose number will be the first one I call.

[Juan reaches into his pocket and pulls out a Samsung Galaxy S7. He presses a few times on the screen and then holds up the phone for Stegglet to see. What the co-owner sees immediately causes him to frown.]

JV: That's right, Stegglet. Fire me, and I guarantee you by tomorrow morning, Bill Masterson and World of Combat will be holding a press conference announcing their newest acquisition and why he'll be headlining the biggest Main Event in the history of their company with Jay Alana... the can't-miss prospect YOU couldn't sign.

[The crowd reacts with shock and disbelief that Vasquez even dared to mention any of those names. Stegglet says a few words off-mic but Vasquez doesn't stop, again pressing on his phone screen a few times before holding it up for Stegglet to see.]

JV: Or maybe like you guys, they just don't understand the concept of paying a man what he's worth. Well, I know a couple of men who certainly do. And before the news even hits Facebook or Twitter, I'll be on a flight to Japan. And before I leave that island, you better believe your boy Izumi or GOLIATH Takehara will have paid me what I want.

[A big grin forms on Juan's face as he puts the phone away.]

JV: I know what you're thinking: I'm toxic. I'm tainted. I'm box office poison and there's no way in hell anyone will want to touch me after what I did to that "poor", "innocent" fan.

Heh, do you think Chris Blue would have ever thought that way?

[A laugh and a shake of the head.]

JV: Newsflash, Stegglet. I'm still the biggest god[MUTED] star in professional wrestling!

[Massive boos! Stegglet again grimaces at the language, shaking his head.]

JV: I'm not just A star. I am THE star.

The top headline on ESPN and CNN...

On the front page of the Washington Post and the New York Times...

...you think any of that happens if one of your precious Lynches punched a fan in the face? You think you'd be popping the quarter hour rating that you are right now if you were standing across the ring from Ryan Martinez? You think the ladies of The View would be discussing Supreme Wright's...

[He makes air quotes.]

JV: ..."toxic masculinity"?

[A shake of the head.]

JV: No, amigo. Because I'll say what everyone is thinking and what everyone knows.

Juan Vasquez is the biggest god[MUTED] star in the history of professional wrestling!

[Stegglet raises the mic.]

JS: Now, you listen to me, you little-

[Vasquez interrupts, stepping closer to Stegglet.]

JV: No, YOU listen!

No one has drawn more money, bigger crowds, and done it better or for a longer time than I have.

I took you from half-filled high school gyms to sold out arenas! I made every single one of you stooges in the front office millionaires! I know exactly what I'm worth and the fact that this Popsicle stand you call a company was even hesitating to pay me what I'm demanding is the biggest slap in the face of all.

I BUILT this company. Make no mistake about it.

I MADE this company. Make no mistake about it.

I AM this company. Make no mistake about it.

[Vasquez steps back, a smile on his face. He shrugs.]

JV: And if you disagree? Go ahead and take this World Title away from me.

Then?

Watch this company DIE.

[There's a huge hush that falls over the audience, although there are scattered boos. The sheer vitriol of Vasquez' words has left everyone in shock.]

JV: And I just don't mean plummeting buyrates or ticket sales. Or all the eyes that'll be watching WKIK instead of The X from now on. Or all those hot, new exciting talents you'll sign with the money you'll save from firing me who'll never amount to even a fraction of what I've meant to this company. No, I mean something much more.

[Juan leans in close to stare Stegglet right in the eyes.]

JV: Because you won't just be losing me, Steggy. You're going to lose each and every single one of the boys in the back. Each and every single one of those men that have been gunning for me for damn near a year now, hoping to be the one that finally takes me down. You take this title away from me and the message you'll be sending to Brian James, Johnny Detson, Jack Lynch, Travis Lynch, Supernova, Supreme Wright, Ryan Martinez...all of them?

[A smirk.]

JV: You'll be telling them they're not good enough. That you couldn't trust a single damn one of them to take this title away from me. Take this title away from me now and you'll tear the heart out of every single last one of them. I guarantee it.

[Whatever grin that was on Vasquez' face is gone now. He stares right at Stegglet, a dead serious expression on his face that soon turns to unbridled rage and anger.]

JV: So go ahead, Stegglet. Take the coward's way out! FIRE ME!

[He shoves the AWA World Title right in the co-owner's face.]

JV: TAKE IT! TAKE THE TITLE RIGHT NOW! TAKE THIS TITLE AND TELL THE WORLD THAT THERE WASN'T A SINGLE PERSON WORTH A DAMN ON THE AWA'S ROSTER THAT COULD STOP JUAN VASQUEZ! FIRE ME! DO IT, YOU WORTHLESS COWARD!!!

TAKE IT!

TAKE IT!

TAKE IT!!!

JS: ENOUGH!!!

[Vasquez steps back, fury brimming under the surface as Stegglet paces back and forth.]

JS: This is... this is enough. This is all too much.

[Stegglet shakes his head. He pauses, looking at Vasquez in silence for a long moment before speaking.]

JS: You son of a bitch.

[The crowd ROARS at that. Vasquez even cracks a slight smile.]

JS: This was NOT supposed to go down like this. None of this. You brought this all on yourself.

You think I don't know who leaked your contract status?

[Vasquez mouths a "who? Me?" with an innocent expression on his face.]

JS: You wanted the world to know the situation. You wanted the world to know that we wouldn't bend... we wouldn't break... and we damn sure wouldn't give you that contract you wanted.

You... you did all this to back me into a corner.

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

JS: That's why you went after that fan! It wasn't some spur of the moment rage... it was calculated and pre-meditated. You knew that if you did that, the contract news would make the front page right along with it.

You know that the whole world would know that Juan Vasquez - win, lose, or draw at SuperClash - was about to become a free agent... and that's exactly how you wanted it, you selfish son of a bitch.

[Another big cheer!]

JS: You wanted Izumi to know. You wanted Masterson and Alana to know. You wanted Takehara to know and everyone else. You wanted the world watching tonight to see if you were free and clear tomorrow morning.

[Stegglet sighs.]

JS: And you know as well as anyone that the moment that nearly cost the AWA everything was when Mark Langseth walked out of the AWA with the National Title and never came back. Yes, in the long run, it all turned out fine but for a moment there, we all wondered if we'd just lost everything.

Just like I wondered two weeks ago when you put your hands on that fan.

Because for one split second, I could see the future. I could see the lawsuit. I could see the network bailing on us... our sponsors. I could see the empty arenas and begging for a TV time slot on some third rate network. I could see it all.

I've lived through being a part of the biggest wrestling company in the world and watching it all come crashing down... twice.

And I'll be damned if I go through it again.

[Stegglet pauses.]

JS: So, you came out here tonight and you poked right at the spots you knew would hit me. You mentioned World of Combat... like I was going to throw a tantrum because you brought up a competitor on our network.

[Stegglet turns towards the camera with a mocking wave.]

JS: Hey, Bill... how ya doing?

[The acting Director of Operations turns back to Vasquez.]

JS: You mentioned Alana. You mentioned Takehara. You mentioned Korugun. You came out here trying to embarrass me... to humiliate me... and to take advantage of my ego. You even mentioned Blue because you've seen the online garbage speculating that I'm on my way out and FOX wants Blue to take over.

[Vasquez smirks.]

JS: But none of it worked, Vasquez. None of it.

[The crowd cheers.]

JS: I'm still standing here. I'm still in one piece after all your shots fired. And I'm still standing here firm in my belief that I should rip that title out of your hands...

[Vasquez grabs the title a little tighter.]

JS: ...and that I should send your ass packing to Masterson, to Takehara, or to whoever else will take you.

[Another big cheer!]

JS: But that decision isn't just mine. There are other owners... other members of AWA management to consider. There's a network... and that network has spent two weeks asking me to reconsider because like it or not, you're right. You WERE headlines news on CNN... on ESPN... on the front page of the New York Times. For the past two weeks, you've been the most talked about professional wrestler that this industry has seen in over a decade.

And that means ratings. It means buyrates. It means an ass every eighteen inches out there...

[He points to the crowd.]

JS: But that's not the only one asking me to change my mind. It's the men you mentioned. The Lynches... Supernova... Jordan Ohara... Supreme Wright... and yes, Ryan Martinez.

[Big cheer for the fan favorites!]

JS: They all want their shot at you. They all want to get you in that ring and make you pay for all you've said and done over the past year. And most of all, they want to make you understand that with or without Juan Vasquez, the AWA will go on.

[Big cheer!]

JS: The AWA will stay strong! And the AWA will be BETTER than ever!

[Thunderous cheers for Stegglet as Vasquez looks confused as to what's coming.]

JS: So, Juan Vasquez... we have ourselves a stalemate.

You've got a contract - and one hell of a well-paid legal team - that says that your last day with this company is Thanksgiving Night... and you know damn well that - especially after all this - we will NOT be signing a new one.

And I've got a locker room begging me to give them one more shot at you... and a network begging me to let them air that shot for the entire world to see.

[Stegglet nods.]

JS: I've never been a gambling man, Vasquez. But this is one hell of a poker hand. I'd have to put my chips on one of four men being able to walk into New Orleans and take that title from around your waist...

...because if they can't, you're going to walk out of the AWA the next day as the World Champion and who the hell knows what happens next.

[A pause, Stegglet considering his options.]

JS: You know what?

[Stegglet steps up into Vasquez' face.]

JS: I'm all in, you bastard!

[HUUUUUUUGE CHEER!]

JS: Tonight, Jordan Ohara... Johnny Detson... Brian James... and Ryan Martinez will climb into this very ring and they will compete in the Final Four match. And the winner will go forth to SuperClash where they will face you in this ring for the AWA World Title!

[Vasquez grins as the crowd cheers!]

JS: And when that match is all said and done on Thanksgiving Night, I guess we'll find out whether I busted out... or hit the Royal Flush.

[Stegglet nods.]

JS: Your deal... amigo.

[Stegglet drops the mic, turning to exit the ring, leaving a grinning World Champion holding the title belt in his hands. The crowd responds to Stegglet's exit with cheers, satisfied that their heroes will get another chance to extract retribution on the most hated man in wrestling...

...who simply smiles in response. The crowd jeers his appearance on the big screen. He holds the title up near his face, pointing at it as we cut to Gordon and Bucky at ringside.]

GM: Wow! Well, that certainly did NOT go down the way I think any of us thought it would!

BW: Pull back the curtain and let everyone see all our dirty laundry - I guess that's the theme of that one, Gordo.

GM: Juan Vasquez is still the World Champion. Jon Stegglet has taken the ultimate risk. On the day after Thanksgiving, Juan Vasquez will walk away from the AWA forever... but will he do it as the AWA World Champion? If he does, it just may be the blackest Black Friday ever. But Jon Stegglet is placing his trust in the hands of four men - Johnny Detson, Brian James, Ryan Martinez, and Jordan Ohara. Those four men will compete later tonight in the first-ever Final Four matchup with the winner moving on with all the pressure in the world on them - the task of taking the World Title off Juan Vasquez before he can walk out of the AWA still the champion. Whew.

BW: That match had high stakes before and they just got higher, Gordo!

GM: Absolutely. Chaos already breaking loose at the outset of this show, Bucky, but what we just saw isn't the only chaotic thing that's happened here tonight already.

BW: Hey, when you get on the road to SuperClash, anything goes, daddy.

GM: Moments before we came on the air tonight, there was an attack out in the parking lot and right now, we're going to go backstage to Theresa Lynch to see if we can get the scoop. Theresa?

[We cut backstage to Theresa Lynch in a red strappy dress and a frantic expression on her face.]

TL: Thanks, Gordon... and you're right. Just seconds before we went live, there was a frantic call for medical assistance to the parking lot. Many people responded and were absolutely stunned by the scene there. We were asked not to show video of that scene so our cameras stayed off but what I CAN tell you is that the victim of said attack was the red hot rookie known as Mason.

[She pauses, letting that sink in.]

TL: That's right - the man who has looked almost indestructible so far in his time here in the AWA was the victim of a brutal attack and... well, I'm no doctor, Gordon, but it looked to be very serious. Mason was unconscious when the medics arrived and I'm told he was urgently rushed to a nearby hospital for examination and treatment. As of right now, we do not know the severity of his condition however I will be working to get that information throughout the night and will come back to you to let everyone know as soon as we know.

[Theresa nods as we fade back to Gordon and Bucky at ringside.]

GM: Thanks for that, Theresa. An attack on Mason in the parking lot and... well, Mason hasn't really interacted with many people here in the AWA thusfar, Bucky... and I can only really think of a few people... two people to be exact that might benefit from such an attack.

BW: That's slander, Gordo. You've got no proof of that.

GM: Then who do you think did it?

BW: I have no idea but I know the parking lots of the AWA are dangerous places sometimes. Ask Jason Dane. Ask anyone who the Dogs of War put through a windshield over the years.

GM: You're saying the Dogs of War did this?

BW: I'm saying that you can't rule out anyone, Gordo. I'm saying that there's a presumption of innocence in this country that you simply can't put aside!

GM: This isn't a court of law, Bucky. It's a professional wrestling show... and I'm quite certain I know who committed this assault. Fans, let's go up to the ring for our opening matchup.

[We fade from ringside into the ring where the lovely Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: Tonight's opening contest is scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first, to my left, from Topeka, Kansas, and weighing 272 pounds, LEE HARRIGAN!

[A muscular young man with short brown hair, wearing red trunks and black boots, red kneepads and spandex forearm bands, raises his arms to the crowd, a sneer on his face.]

"Wake Up" by Story of the Year kicks in over the PA system, drawing cheers.]

RO: His opponent, from El Paso, Texas, and weighing 230 pounds... he is one half of Next Gen... DANIEL HARPER!

[Emerging from the entranceway is Daniel Harper, a man with short, black hair and brown eyes, and dressed in a white singlet with the words "Next Gen" printed across the front in navy blue lettering. He also wears white kneepads and wrestling boots.]

GM: Daniel Harper set for singles competition -- two weeks ago, he made it clear he is far from finished with Slaughterhouse and Anton Layton.

BW: He's gotta be kidding if he thinks he can take on all three of those men, Gordo! On top of that, you didn't even mention The Hangman, and that's one guy you don't want to mess with!

GM: A valid point, Bucky... I don't blame Harper one bit for being upset, but the odds certainly don't favor him right now.

BW: Yeah, and they still won't favor him if his partner ever comes back... and the emphasis is on "if," Gordo!

[Harper strides toward the ring, ignoring the fans who lean over the barricade. He slides underneath the ropes and rises to his feet, his eyes locked on Harrigan.]

GM: One thing is certain... Harper is quite focused on his opponent tonight.

BW: He may be, but he's going to need a lot more than focus, Gordo. He's calling out four men, and I don't care who you are, those are NOT good odds!

GM: I can't argue with that, but we'll see tonight how Harper handles himself in singles competition.

[The bell rings and Harper immediately circles Harrigan, the two men locking up.]

GM: A reminder, fans, that we have only seen Harper in singles action one time in the AWA, but he did score the victory over Anton Layton.

BW: Only because Layton let his guard down for a split second, Gordo. Harper won't get so lucky the next time, especially if he wants to take on Layton and company by himself.

[The larger Harrigan backs Harper into the corner, where the referee calls for the break.]

GM: Will we get a clean break here?

[Harrigan pulls away as the referee puts the count on him. Harper raises his hand up and away...

...leaving him open for a kick to the midsection.]

GM: No! Harrigan working over Harper in the corner... a kick to the gut, and now several forearm smashes!

BW: That's called taking advantage of the opening, Gordo!

[Harrigan drags Harper out of the corner and delivers an elbow smash, staggering the Next Gen member. He then starts to pick Harper up.]

GM: Harrigan going for the bodyslam...

[But Harper is able to slide around behind Harrigan's back.]

GM: No! Harper escapes the attempt!

[Harrigan turns around, where Harper is waiting for him.]

GM: Oh my! European uppercut right to the jaw!

BW: That's a closed fist, Gordo!

GM: He kept the palm open, Bucky! And now Harper with another uppercut! Harrigan is rocked!

[Harper backs Harrigan up into the ropes, delivering a quick knee to the midsection, then an Irish whip.]

GM: Now Harper sends Harrigan for the ride... he comes off the ropes...

[Harper ducks forward, pushing Harrigan up against his shoulder.]

GM: And a back body drop by Harper! Harrigan goes down hard!

[Harrigan pushes himself to his feet, but Harper leaps toward him and extends his legs.]

GM: And a standing dropkick! Harper taking control of this one and looking very good!

BW: Okay, so he looks all right against Harrigan, but The Slaughterhouse and The Hangman present a bigger problem! How can Harper expect to overcome those odds?

[Before Harrigan can get up, Harper grabs his legs, then raises his foot and plants a boot right to the midsection.]

GM: Harper not wasting any time... usually he'd look to the crowd first before pulling that move out.

BW: I'll give him credit for staying on top of Harrigan, but Harper better stay on top of what's going on with his partner.

GM: What are you talking about, Bucky?

BW: You heard Anton Layton... he wants to bring Howie Somers into the fold. And after what he did to Somers, I'd almost bet on him joining his side, if at least to ensure he'll never get burned like that again!

GM: I don't believe for one minute that Somers will seriously consider joining Layton.

[Meanwhile, Harper has dragged Harrigan to his feet, then hooks him up for a vertical suplex.]

GM: Nice suplex by Daniel Harper... this young man learned a lot about wrestling from his family.

BW: Well, his family ties aren't gonna be enough against Layton and his men. And I keep telling you, Gordo, Layton will get Howie Somers into the fold. You know how persuasive Layton can be!

GM: I still don't buy it, but you do you, Bucky.

BW: What? Gordo, have you been lurking on Twitter again?!

[Harper pulls Harrigan off his feet again, only for Harrigan to fire off a desperation shot to the midsection.]

GM: Oh, Harrigan catches Harper in the gut again! And now a rake of the face!

BW: You do what you have to do to survive, Gordo... just like Howie Somers will do what he has to do to survive!

GM: Will you stop with that, Bucky?

[Harrigan backs Harper into the ropes, firing off a forearm to the side of the head, then whips Harper across the ring.]

GM: Now it's Harrigan with the Irish whip... clothesline attempt...

[Harper ducks the clothesline and bounces off the opposite strands.]

GM: Harrigan missed! Harper coming off the ropes...

[Harper extends his own arm and catches Harrigan hard across the chest.]

GM: And Harper with a clothesline of his own! Caught him hard around the chest!

[Harper rolls to his feet, then sizes up Harrigan, his arms forward, as Harrigan gets to his feet.]

GM: Now what could Harper be setting him up for?

[Harrigan gets to his feet, only for Harper to wrap his arms from behind Harrigan, grab Harrigan's arm and hook him into a cobra clutch.]

GM: Submission hold applied!

BW: No, wait... Harper's trying to lift him!

[Harper keeps the cobra clutch locked, then leans backwards, managing to take Harrigan off his feet, up and over]

GM: OH MY! He got Harrigan up for the cobra clutch suplex!

BW: And that's a big man, Gordo! I have to admit I'm impressed!

[Harper rolls on top of Harrigan and hooks the leg for good measure.]

GM: Harper hooks the leg and there's the three count! An impressive win for the son of a Hall of Famer!

[The bell rings and Harper gets to his feet, allowing the official to raise his arm.]

RO: The winner of the match... DANIEL HARPER!

[The fans cheer as Harper pulls away from the referee and ducks between the ropes. He heads up the aisle, high fiving a few of the fans.]

GM: Fans, we're going to take you to Colt Patterson, who looks like he's going to try to get a few words from the member of Next Gen!

[We cut to further down the aisle, just by the entranceway, where Colt Patterson is standing with a mic in his hand.]

CP: I ain't gonna try, Myers... I am GOING to get a few words with Daniel Harper, and unlike those who have an app and are constrained by company policy, I'm here to dig deeper for the truth, and in this case, the truth about what's going on with Howie Somers!

[Harper makes his way down the aisle, exchanging a couple of high fives with fans, before he approaches Patterson.]

CP: Daniel Harper, I will say that I don't impress easy, so take it as a major compliment when I say that I was impressed with you taking over the big Lee Harrigan with the cobra clutch suplex! But I have to ask you, Harper, what you are thinking by throwing the gauntlet out to Anton Layton, The Slaughterhouse and even The Hangman. Those are four of the most dangerous men in the AWA. As good as you are, what hope do you have by yourself against four dangerous men?

[Harper runs a hand over his face.]

DH: Colt, I don't deny the odds aren't in my favor. But that's never concerned anybody in my family before. My mother had to deal with the odds against her almost every time she faced somebody, and my aunt was used to the same. My uncle was a big man, so is my cousin, but they didn't always a favorable situation. But the one thing they all believed is that when you know you have to right a wrong, you've got to step up and do it, regardless of what the odds are or what other people think! And believe me, Colt, there is no way I will ever let what happened to my friend Howie Somers go unanswered!

CP: Well, that poses an interesting situation, Harper. You know by now that Anton Layton is calling out to Somers himself. He's wanting to bring him under his wing, just like he did the Slaughterhouse and The Hangman! Considering how little effort it took to influence those men, how do you know your tag team partner will be any different, especially after what happened to him?

[Harper shakes his head.]

DH: Colt, I don't buy for one minute that my friend Howie would ever work with Anton Layton! People like the Slaughterhouse and The Hangman might have done so, but my friend Howie has been through a lot with me, from the time we were youngsters hanging around in the back at wrestling shows, to the months we've been together in the AWA rising through the tag team ranks. I don't doubt for one minute that Howie will always be by my side and anybody who wants to insinuate that he'd ever join up with the likes of Layton, well...

[He takes a deep breath.]

DH: There's no way in hell that I'd ever buy it!

CP: Harper, you have to understand that my job is to ask the tough questions! And there's plenty of tough questions for you to answer... like why not wait until Howie

is cleared to come back and wrestle, instead of insisting that you'll take this task on by yourself?

DH: It's like I told you, Colt... there is no way I will let what happened to Howie go unanswered! If that means I have to take on all of Layton's men on my own, I'll do it! And if you think this means I'm abandoning my friend, or that I'm too impatient to wait for him to return, you couldn't be more wrong! The only way I know how to settle this is to make it clear to Layton and his men that I'm not going to run away from a fight... I'm going to keep on fighting and dare them to try to stop me!

CP: Well, let me ask you this question, Harper... considering that you are so intent that are taking up this fight yourself, I have to ask you this: When is Howie Somers going to be cleared to wrestle again? That is... if he's ever going to be cleared!

DH: You want to know when Howie will be back?

CP: That's exactly what I want to know!

[Harper takes another deep breath, then looks away from Colt for a moment.]

DH: Right now, Colt... I have no comment on that.

[He then brushes past Colt and heads to the back.]

CP: Well, it looks like we aren't going to get a straight answer from Harper about when his partner will be back... or maybe it turns out that he and his partner aren't that close, after all, and Harper just won't admit it! I imagine Anton Layton will be interested in this development! How's that for an exclusive scoop, Blackwell, you miserable rat? Ha!

[A smirking Patterson looks on as we fade to black.]

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

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

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

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

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

...and then fade back to footage marked "EARLIER TONIGHT" where Jordan Ohara is backstage at the Chimpanzee position, watching the end of the Juan Vasquez-Stegglet interaction. He is dressed in his T-shirt, tights and Carolina blue Air Jordan 13s. His hair is pulled into a short man bun. Ohara looks pissed off as he clenches his fists. It is then that Mark Stegglet appears.]

MS: Jordan, how do you feel about this explosive news that Juan Vasquez is still the reigning AWA World Champion.

JO: How do I feel? As much as I believe a champion should be beaten in the ring, he should be crowned in one too. Mr. Stegglet, you saw Vasquez's manipulation out there. How does it make you feel?

MS: I'm shocked that the title wasn't held up.

JO: You're shocked. The fans are shocked. I bet everybody backstage is shocked. But I'm not shocked. Nobody should be. All Vasquez has done since he's been in the AWA is manipulate everybody in authority to keep his power. I just can't believe they fell for it again.

MS: But now that means the Final Four match later tonight will STILL be for the Main Event at SuperClash. This must change your mindset heading into that match.

JO: it doesn't change my mindset at all. I have to win this match whether it is for the title or the Number One Contender. It doesn't matter. I am going to SuperClash.

[And now he looks back at the monitor.]

JO: And now I have more reason than ever to win this match. Such a thing would never be allowed in Japan. Can I let this happen in America?

[He stares down Stegglet.]

JO: No, I can't.

Now if you'll excuse me.

[Ohara pushes past Stegglet as he heads back to the locker room. He looks back towards the ring, shaking his head in disgust...

...and we fade from one piece of pre-taped footage to another where we see "EARLIER TODAY" as the graphic.]

SLB: Alright, fans... over the past couple of weeks, we've received a lot of fan mail... a lot of questions on social media. "Where is Dylan Harvey?" As you may recall, Dylan Harvey was very violently assaulted by the African Assassin, Ebola Zaire, recently. Zaire was acting under the orders of...

[Blackwell's words trail off as he looks the side and finds Draco Romero walking into view, a sick smile on his face. Romero's pencil-thin moustache is already dripping with sweat as he approaches.]

SLB: ...this man, Draco Romero.

DR: Tsk, tsk, Mr. Blackwell. By now, you should know that no one "controls" Ebola Zaire. He is simply a force of nature that you hope to aim in the direction of those who you feel should fall into his path.

SLB: Like Dylan Harvey?

DR: Like Dylan Harvey.

SLB: You know... no offense to Dylan Harvey but what in the world could that young man - whose number of wins I could count on one hand - have done to get on your radar, Mr. Romero?

[Romero's grin grows, a hand wandering up to smooth out his sweat-covered moustache.]

DR: Mr. Harvey became a giant in a munchkin's shoes.

SLB: A giant in... you're going to have to explain that one to me.

DR: It's simple, sir. Mr. Harvey was meant for a role in life... a role that must be played. He was to be the fodder that makes others look good. He was to be the "talented young superstar" who never got over the hump because he didn't have the size for it... or the killer instinct... or the right mindset... or whatever it was that he is lacking. He was to be a mere mortal walking in a world of Gods and monsters.

But he thought otherwise. He thought he could rise up. He thought he could overcome.

And for one night he did... and my Varag suffered the price for it.

[A shake of the head.]

DR: And those who have sent me were displeased, Mr. Blackwell... and they demanded that a price be paid... a price in blood.

SLB: And that's why you sent Ebola Zaire to savage young Mr. Harvey not that long ago.

DR: Indeed. And that, Mr. Blackwell... was just the first step.

SLB: What does THAT mean?

DR: I have watched Dylan Harvey. I have studied him. And I know his secrets.

SLB: Secrets?! What secrets?!

[Romero grins again.]

DR: If I told you...

SLB: ...they wouldn't be secrets. Okay, I get it. But does that have anything to do with where he's been lately? He was supposed to be on Saturday Night Wrestling two weeks ago and didn't show up. He was supposed to be on live events with his partner, Beef Bonham, this week... and again, didn't show up. Do you know something about that?

DR: I know everything about everything, Mr. Blackwell... and Mr. Harvey has been... how should I...

[He taps his long finger on his chin.]

DR: ...persuaded... to join our cause.

SLB: Cause?! What in the world are you going on about?!

DR: Mr. Harvey will no longer appear on behalf of the AWA... until the time is right and those... oh-so-special skills he possesses, way down deep inside... the shadows he tries to hide in... until those are brought to the light of day.

SLB: This is pointless. You're out here talking in riddles and-

[Suddenly, a loud shout comes from off-camera.]

"ROOOOMERRRROOOO!"

[Draco Romero steps back with a start, a bemused look on his face as the hulking form of Beef Bonham steps into view.]

BB: Enough with your doubletalk and Cryptkeeper act, I want to know where my friend is!

[Romero shrugs.]

DR: He has been... relocated... for further training.

BB: That's not gonna cut it with me, Romero! I want to see my friend!

DR: Perhaps... if you showed the same talents... that could be arranged.

[Bonham shakes his head.]

BB: Naw, naw... I want no part of you and your collection of freaks!

[Romero's eyebrow raises.]

DR: Such harsh, rude talk. I'm afraid, Mr. Bonham, if you must persist in this line of uncivil behavior, I'm going to have to invite you to go to the ring and meet one of my so-called "freaks."

BB: Hah! You think I'm afraid of what you've got in your back pocket?! Bring 'em on...

[Bonham reaches out, shoving Romero backwards against the wall.]

BB: ...CHUMP!

[The bulky Bonham turns, making his exit as Romero reels in disbelief.]

SLB: Well... there you have it, fans... it looks like we've got another match on our hands here tonight with Beef Bonham taking on... who? Who will he be facing, Romero?

[Romero slowly raises an extended long index finger, sliding it over his thin lips...

...and backs away, leaving a confused Blackwell as we fade to black...

...and then back out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first...

[The PA system comes to life with the sounds of "BEEF! BEEF! BEEF!" being chanted repeatedly before Beef Bonham emerges to a loud reaction and some instrumental music escorts him down the aisle.]

RO: From Seattle, Washington... weighing in at 302 pounds... BEEF! BONNNNHAM!

[Beef Bonham, a rotund man with his black hair shaved in a mohawk, and dressed in a black singlet with "BEEF" across the gut in white block lettering, hooks a thumb to himself and shouts "BEEEEEEEF!"]

GM: A rare spotlighted appearance for Beef Bonham as he steps into the ring tonight looking to avenge his friend and tag team partner Dylan Harvey who has apparently fallen into the web of Draco Romero, Bucky.

BW: Hey, Draco's a good guy. I'm sure he's got Harvey set up at a five star hotel enjoying the finer things in life... either that or a dark dungeon where his mind and spirit are being broken. One of those though definitely.

GM: Give me a break. Back to Rebecca.

[Bonham enters the ring, again jerking a thumb at himself as many in the crowd shout "BEEEEEEEF!" in response. His music fades.]

RO: Annnnnnd his opponent... from DEEPEST... DARKEST... AFRICA... he is the Botswana Beast... the African Nightmare... being accompanied to the ring by Draco Romero...

EEEEEEBOOOOOOLAAAAA ZAAAAAIRRRRE!

[With jungle drums and tribal chanting coming across the PA system, Ebola Zaire wobbles out from behind the entrance curtain. Looking like something out of a horror movie, the morbidly obese Zaire trudges towards the ring. He wears a red cloth hood over his head, long tails hanging off it over his back. His fingers are heavily taped - something we notice as he continually slaps at his own chest. His red boots with a curling point polish off the white pants ensemble. Draco Romero follows at a distance, his fingers steepled as he walks the aisle.]

GM: Look at the sight of that man.

BW: Draco? He's a nice guy, Gordo, I'm tellin' ya.

GM: Not Romero! Zaire. One of the most vicious... the most savage men in the history of this sport. You know, you think back to Memorial Day Mayhem in 2012 when Zaire and Juan Vasquez battled in a brutal No Disqualification match... and

you wonder if we wouldn't have all been better off if Zaire had finished the job on Vasquez that night.

[The fans boo as the savage beast somehow wedges himself under the ropes, crawling on all fours to the center of the ring with a fork clenched between his teeth. Bonham looks concerned as Zaire crawls towards him, reflexively backing into the corner, pointing a finger at him.]

GM: Beef Bonham may be rethinking this challenge right about now, Bucky.

BW: He might also be regretting that fourth Big Mac he had for lunch.

GM: Would you stop?!

[Bonham swings his arms back and forth in front of him, getting ready for battle as Draco Romero extends a hand towards Rebecca Ortiz, requesting the house mic. She obliges and Romero smiles as he taps the top of the mic, checking to make sure it's on.]

DR: A thousand pardons, Mr. Bonham... but I believe there's been some sort of mistake.

[Bonham shakes his head, shouting "WHAT MISTAKE?!" off-mic.]

DR: You see, anyone who has followed the sport of kings for even an instant know the reputation of Ebola Zaire, the African Nightmare. They know precisely what he's capable of and how many bloody chunks he's prepared to carve you into.

[Zaire, now on his feet, is reeling back and forth, fork still in his mouth as Romero tries to keep him under control.]

DR: That was not my goal here tonight, Mr. Bonham. My goal was to show you - and them...

[He gestures to the crowd.]

DR: ...that even when you wield a brutal battle axe like mine... sometimes you opt for a dangerously sharp sword instead.

[Romero grins again, staring at Bonham as new music begins.]

GM: Now what is this all about?

[A man with a Japanese accents shouts "GOLLLLLLDENNNNN TIIIIIGERRRRR!" over the PA system as an instrumental track with Asian influences plays over the PA system. A few moments later, a man in a full electric blue bodysuit emerges from the curtain. His face is covered with a golden mask designed to look like a tiger's head. A portion of the crowd reacts strongly at this.]

GM: Wait a second... isn't this guy retired?

BW: Apparently not. He's right here in front of us, Gordo.

GM: No, no... Golden Tiger is a competitor for Tiger Paw Pro... well, WAS. I'm almost certain he retired.

BW: Gordo, how could he have retired? He's right here in front of us!

[The masked man quickly walks to the ring, rolling under the bottom rope, coming to his feet...

...and rushing across the ring where he smashes a forearm into the jaw of Beef Bonham! Romero and Zaire vacate the ring as the bell sounds.]

GM: Well, the Golden Tiger - whoever he is - has started this one off quickly.

BW: Look at him, Gordo!

[The crowd reacts as the masked man gets Bonham in the corner, hammering him repeatedly with stiff forearms to the jaw, driving him down to a seated position in the corner.]

GM: Get him off the man, ref!

[The official tries to do exactly that but the masked man has other ideas as he steps up on the second turnbuckle, grabbing the top rope as he kicks his legs out, swinging back in to drive both knees into Bonham's chest!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Goodness! This one might be over before it even gets started!

[The Tiger pulls Bonham back to his feet, again ignoring the referee as he whips Bonham across the ring, sending the burly man slamming back into the far buckles. The masked man sprints across the ring, showing blinding speed as he front flips, driving his heel into Bonham's sternum!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: Koppo kick in the corner!

[The Golden Tiger pops up off the mat, grabbing the dazed Bonham by the back of the head, throwing him down to the canvas. He walks to the ropes, grabbing the top.]

GM: Slingshot over the top to the apron...

[He hangs on to the top rope, slingshotting right back in with a flipping legdrop across the chest of Bonham!]

GM: Ohh! Another impressive move by the Golden Tiger and... well, Draco Romero certainly looks pleased with himself.

BW: Can you blame him? Does this guy work for him too? What a coup!

GM: Romero certainly does seem to have a knack for finding quality - and violent - talent from all over the globe. One has to wonder about his background. Where is he finding all this talent? And where does he get the money to bring them in?

[The Golden Tiger stomps Bonham a few times as the big man works to get back to his feet. A knife edge chop sends him stumbling back into the corner.]

GM: The Tiger staying on the attack... very focused... very dangerous.

[Grabbing the arm, the masked man looks for another whip but this time, the big man from Seattle reverses.]

GM: Reversed! The Tiger hits the buckles!

[The masked man slams hard into the corner, stumbling back out towards the fan favorite who lowers his head, hoisting the Tiger high into the air, throwing him down with a sky high backdrop!]

GM: Wow! Did you see the elevation he got on that?!

[Bonham nods his head to the cheering crowd, pumping one arm and cocking the fist as the Tiger struggles to get up off the mat...

...and lashes out with a stiff left jab as the crowd shouts "BEEF!"]

GM: Here we go!

[And the action continues like that, Bonham throwing the left jab as the crowd chants along...]

"BEEF!"

"BEEF!"

"BEEF!"

"BEEF!"

"BEEF!"

[With the masked man reeling, Bonham does a full turn, playing to the crowd as he swings his arm around and around and around...

...but before he can throw the haymaker, the Tiger reaches out, jabbing a finger into his eye!]

GM: Oh, come on!

[Bonham blindly staggers towards the ropes which is when the Tiger runs towards the same ropes, leaping to the middle rope, springing back to snatch Bonham in a front facelock, twisting around with him in his grasp, and DRIVING him skullfirst into the canvas with a thunderous tornado DDT!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: That's it! This one's over!

BW: Oh, I don't think you get to make that decision, daddy!

[The Golden Tiger promptly gets up, ducking through the ropes. He grabs the top rope, looking down at the prone Bonham...

...and leaps into the air, springing high in the sky off the top, tucking his legs up...]

GM: DOUBLE STOMMMMMMP!

[...and DRIVES his feet down into the skull of the downed Bonham!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[The Golden Tiger gets up, walking across the ring where he drops to a knee on Bonham's chest, pulling a leg up in a cradle.]

GM: One. Two. Three. It was academic from there, Bucky.

BW: That double stomp was devastating, Gordo!

GM: Absolutely... and I believe he calls that the Tiger's Bite... or at least the man we used to know as the Golden Tiger did. This one...

BW: You honestly think this is someone else?

GM: It looks like Sweet Lou's in there with Draco Romero. Maybe we'll get an answer to that question.

[The crowd is jeering the assemblage in the ring as Sweet Lou steps in, mic in hand.]

SLB: Draco Romero, I've gotta know - what kind of bait and switch did you just pull on us?

[Romero shakes his head.]

DR: No, no... no bait and switch. Simply a demonstration of the might of my... allies.

SLB: You keep referencing your mysterious allies... who are you talking about?

DR: Ahh, my dear Mr. Blackwell... always on the prowl for your elusive scoops.

[He holds a long finger up to his sweaty lips again.]

DR: Loose lips lead to broken hips.

[Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: Well, can you at least tell me something about this man who you introduced here... the Golden Tiger?

[Romero nods.]

DR: Once upon a time, a legend ruled the rings of Japan. A Golden Tiger with skill unmatched and glories unrivaled. But alas, as is the circle of all things, that Tiger fell.

[He turns, gesturing towards the masked man.]

DR: But in his place rose a new Golden Tiger - stronger, faster, more ferocious than his predecessor. Where one Tiger perished, another has risen... and that is good news for me... and bad news for everyone else, Mr. Blackwell.

SLB: Mr.... uhh, Mr. Tiger... can you tell us a little bit about your background?

[He sticks the mic in the masked man's face but gets no response but a stare from behind the golden mask.]

DR: Silence... is golden.

[With a light chuckle, Romero turns and gestures for his men to follow behind him, exiting the ring.]

SLB: Well... Draco Romero showing tonight that he just might be a force to be reckoned with after all, fans. We'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black...

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

"The future."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[To a space shot of Earth below.]

"To bringing our futures into the present."

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

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

[And we slowly fade to black,...

...and then back up to the backstage area where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is standing next to Jack Lynch. The Iron Cowboy is in his street clothes, and has a thoughtful, some might say dejected, look on his face.]

SLB: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling where the man standing next to me is a former National Tag Team Champion, a former World Tag Team Champion, a former Stampede Cup Winner, and of course, a former World Heavyweight Champion. But Mr. Lynch, I have to say that the expression on your face is one I usually only see on the likes of Allen Allen.

[Lynch exhales slowly.]

JL: Well Lou, I gotta admit that I ain't feelin' all that great these days.

It wasn't that long ago that I was World Champion, and feelin' on top of the world. I had everything and now, I look around, and I wonder what I got left.

Juan stole my title. And Brian James? Well, Brian James beat me right in the middle. I couldn't get it done.

That's not somethin' I'm used to sayin', Lou.

SLB: Your feelings are certainly understandable.

JL: Well, here's the thing, Lou. When you've got the father I do, when you've got the brothers I've got, well, ya find yourself thinkin' a lot about legacy.

Let's look at mine.

Two years ago, it was me and Demetrius Lake in a Texas Death Match, a match that took everything outta me, but one that I came out of as the winner. And a year ago, it was me and Supreme Wright in a Towel Match. Wright dragged me to hell, and I just barely came back out the other end.

Now, ya ask anyone to name the most memorable matches in the history of SuperClash, and if those two matches ain't on the list, then that's someone who doesn't know what they're talkin' about.

SLB: And three years ago, you teamed with your father and your brother in a Street Fight that people are still raving about.

[Lynch nods his head.]

JL: Them three matches? That's a hell of a legacy, Lou. And there's only one thing that could top them. That's finally makin' it to the Main Event.

And I know in my heart that I belong in the Main Event, Lou.

[Lynch removes his cowboy hat, fingers running through his hair before he puts it back on.]

JL: But now, I don't even know if I'm gonna be on the card at all.

Ya look around, and everyone is makin' that final push to get to New Orleans. But no one is even talkin' about me anymore. I had my shot, and I dropped the ball.

So yeah, I ain't feelin' that great. And yeah, at this point, I don't even know how I'm gettin' to SuperClash.

"I might have an idea about that."

[Both Lynch and Blackwell turn in the direction of the voice, and in steps none other than Lynch's long time tag team partner, "Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor.]

BOC: Jack... is it finally time to talk about TexMo?

[O'Connor chuckles, and flashes a grin.]

BOC: Listen Jack, I understand that you wanted to be in the Main Event. And I understand that you either wanted to be defending or fighting for the World Title. And I can't give you that.

But I can give you the chance to make history.

I can give you the chance to become the first man to win tag team gold with three different men. And more importantly, I can give you the chance to shut up Taylor and Donovan.

Now, they keep talking about how they've cleaned out the division. But they haven't cleaned me out.

You want to add to your legacy?

Shake my hand, and let's get it done.

[O'Connor sticks out his hand.]

JL: Ya know what, Bobby? TexMo takin' the gold sounds like a damn fine way to spend my SuperClash.

[Lynch takes O'Connor's hand, and the pair of them shake. When it ends, Lynch turns to Blackwell.]

JL: Lou, go find them two brats. And tell 'em that TexMo is comin' for them.

And hell is comin' with us!

[A big grin breaks out on the Iron Cowboy's face as he slaps his partner and friend on the back, the duo making their exit as we cut from the backstage area out to the interview platform to Mark Stegglet. He nods to the camera.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen, my guest at this time is a man who is out for payback after what went down two weeks ago. Please welcome to the stage... the Iron Badger himself... MANZO KAWAJIRI!

[The crowd voice their approval as the camera pans to the entrance and Kawajiri walks out. He looks even more serious and determined than usual, with a bandage covering a part of his otherwise bald head.]

Without even missing a beat, Kawajiri strides out of the back and past a bewildered Stegglet.]

BW: Wow, look at Kawajiri! He forgot where the interview stage is!

GM: Knowing the Iron Badger, he has something else in mind tonight. Remember, two weeks ago in Houston, he was attacked backstage.

BW: Who would poke the Badger, Gordo? I even go out of his way in the catering line.

[Manzo has reached the ring and made a beeline for Rebecca Ortiz. She quickly hands him her microphone. Kawajiri proceeds to roll into the ring, get back to his feet, and cast a scowl at the camera that makes his anger almost palpable.]

MK: Two weeks ago, someone attacked Kawajiri!

[As the Iron Badger fumes, the crowd boos.]

MK: I came to the AWA to fight... but that was not fight. A fight is two men, eye to eye. Kawajiri respects any man that wants to fight.

But the person that did that was not a man. He was a...

[You know what's coming next... as do many in the crowd who chant along.]

MK: PUNK BITCH!!

[As always, as the crowd roars its approval.]

MK: Kawajiri says this. You come out now. You come out and face me! Or you stay hidden forever...

[Suddenly, a murmur from the crowd turns to a gasp.]

GM: Is that... what the-?!

[A man has crawled from under the ring and scaled the turnbuckle behind Kawajiri. Even the way he climbs is unsettling. The fans start to scream and shout warnings as Manzo glares at the camera.]

GM: IT'S CANIBAL!

BW: I thought we had left that psychopath in Europe!

[Canibal is perched on the turnbuckle, wearing his ring gear and grimacing wildly. The Iron Badger, alerted by the fans, turns around just as Canibal flies off the top rope with a spinning leg lariat that flattens the Japanese heavyweight wrestler.]

GM: Canibal with the assault from behind!

BW: And I'd bet every dime I've ever made in this business that this isn't the first time he's attacked Kawajiri!

[Canibal rolls to his feet, raises his thumbs and executes his double-cutthroat pose to the jeers of the audience.]

GM: Canibal with another attack on Kawajiri - and I'm sure you're right, Bucky. I'm sure Canibal was responsible for the attack in Houston as well.

[The tattooed luchador with the skull features painted on his face seems to enjoy his comeback to the spotlight, but he fails to notice that Kawajiri has already shaken off the effect of the top rope attack as he slowly rises.]

BW: Uh oh.

GM: Don't look now but you've got a problem, Canibal!

[Kawajiri does not even wait for Canibal to turn around as he plows into his back to send the attacker sprawling to the mat.]

GM: OHH! KAWAJIRI FROM BEHIND!

[Kawajiri stays on his feet, beckoning Canibal towards him. Canibal is quickly on his feet, equal to the challenger as he rushes forward, throwing a wild spinning back kick that Kawajiri easily avoids as Canibal spins past him, turning around...]

GM: HEADBUTT!

[The surging headbutt to the chest of Canibal knocks the luchador off his feet a second time...

...and this time, he rolls from the ring, leaving a fired-up Kawajiri stomping around the ring, looking for a fight.]

GM: Kawajiri wants some more! He's coming after him!

[Manzo lunges at Canibal through the ropes but the Monster Assassin quickly makes his way out of range and away from ringside.]

"I-YURN BAD-GER!"

"I-YURN BAD-GER!"

"I-YURN BAD-GER!"

[As the familiar chant starts, Canibal continues to retreat, rubbing his chest and staring at Kawajiri who points an angry finger at his foe, the microphone not picking up on the curses he is spitting at the attacker.]

BW: That did not go well for our stalking lurker.

GM: Fans, Canibal just revealed himself as the attacker of Manzo Kawajiri and I wonder if the hunter did not just become the hunted. Sweet Lou, I understand you've got some... colorful personalities back there with you as well.

[We fade from the ring to Sweet Lou Blackwell standing in front of an AWA backdrop.]

SLB: Alright, thanks, Gordon... and joining me now is quite the collection of monsters. Of course, you see "Pretty" Porter Crowley...

[Crowley sneers, making a move towards Blackwell but Anton Layton in his usual hooded robe extends a hand clutching the crystal known as the Eye of Tyr, blocking Crowley's path.]

AL: Take care with your words, Blackwell. Porter would love to add your tongue to his collection.

[Blackwell gulps visibly.]

SLB: Of course, we also have The Lost Boy...

[The Lost Boy leaps up, snarling and snapping as Layton extends the crystal in his direction too, causing him to whimper and drop down to his knees.]

SLB: Might want to put a leash on that one. And then there's The Hangman.

[The Hangman stares down menacingly at Blackwell but does not budge. Layton grins, nodding proudly at his control over the big monster.]

SLB: Huh. Okay. Well, Anton Layton, you heard young Daniel Harper earlier tonight. He says that Howie Somers will NEVER join your Slaughterhouse.

[Layton nods.]

AL: Daniel Harper has loyalty towards his friend. I admire that. I respect that. But he also speaks the words of a FOOOOOOL, Blackwell... a language you also know quite well.

SLB: Hey!

AL: Because if young Harper was speaking with truth, he would face the reality that loyalty to mortals is nothing when you compare it to the loyalty one feels towards...

[He lifts the crystal, glimmering in the light.]

AL: ...the Eye of Tyr.

SLB: Again with the Eye of Tyr? Do you really expect us to believe that that... thing... has the ability to control minds?

[Layton pulls back his hood, revealing black circles painted around his eyes as he stares at Blackwell.]

AL: Mind control is a carny trick pulled off to make people bark like a dog and pretend they're getting hot when they hear a word. What the Eye of Tyr does is... bend... the will of others to it.

Look at my Hangman.

[The camera pans over to the towering sight, holding his noose aloft.]

AL: He came to the AWA with loyalty towards the man who discovered him. He worked for him. Fought for him. He protected him.

But the Eye knows all... and the Eye sees all... and the Eye told me that the Hangman would come.

And so the Hangman looked deep into the Eye and realized the error of his way... he realized the power of the Eye and those who follow it.

[Layton shrugs.]

AL: Where does he stand now, you simpering toad?

[Blackwell gets huffy at that one.]

SLB: By you, you overconfident-

[The Lost Boy growls, cutting Blackwell off in mid-insult.]

SLB: So, you're saying that Howie Somers is going to... follow the Eye?

AL: I'm saying that if young Somers looks into the Eye... he will see his failings... he will see his future... and he will see what would happen if he left his friend behind and stood beside true pow...

[Layton's words trail off as he stops short, his head snapped back.]

AL: AHHHH!

SLB: What in the world?

AL: AHHHHHHHHHHH!

SLB: Do we need a doctor in here or-?

[Layton lifts a hand, cutting off Blackwell. He brings his head back down, his eyes wide.]

AL: Can you feel it, Blackwell?

[He inhales sharply.]

AL: Can you smell it?

[A smile grows across his face.]

AL: There's power here tonight. Raw power. Untamed power.

[He chuckles.]

AL: She's here, Blackwell. And she's taken her first steps towards a new reality.

[He nods, seemingly excited about this development as he makes his exit, the Slaughterhouse following behind him.]

SLB: She... who?

[Blackwell shakes his head as we fade back out to the ring where the arena fills with the sound of an ominous synth as a sullen presence appears in the entry way. As "Another One" by Night Club kicks in, Erica Toughill makes her way down the aisle, a rolled up t-shirt in her hand. She pays very little attention to the fans and focuses on the ring, snapping a wad of pink bubble gum the whole time.]

RO: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit in the AWA Women's Division. Introducing first... From Rochester, New York... weighing 170 pounds... ERICAAAA TOUGHILL!!!

BW: Gordo, this is not going to be to be pretty.

GM: It is very likely not, Bucky. Ricki Toughill has been on a rampage since we crowned a Women's World Champion earlier this year.

BW: And it's all Julie Somers' fault.

[Ricki Toughill rolls into the ring under the ropes. She wears a black neoprene crop top, long black tights accented with (tasteful) mesh cutouts around the hip and upper thigh, and shiny knee-length black boots. Her attire is also decorated with designs in bright turquoise and neon orange, the symbol for the clubs playing card suit on her chest. Most prominent among her half-dozen tattoos is the large octopus occupying her right shoulder and bicep.]

BW: Normally we see Ricki with some kind of sporting good, since she likes to show off what a jock she is, but what does she have there?

RO: And her opponent... from San Francisco, California... weighing in at 136 pounds... Sarah Jennings!

[Jennings waves to the crowd, throwing yellow streamers over the ring ropes. Jennings is dressed in a two piece gold outfit with gold glitter around the right side of her face. She is suddenly crowded into the corner by Toughill as "Another One" fades abruptly. Toughill waves the rolled-up shirt in Jennings' face.]

ET: "PUT THIS ON. PUT THIS ON."

GM: Now that ought to not be allowed! Why does Toughill want to do that?

BW: Maybe she thinks that gold bikini is indecent.

GM: Only if she was born before the Great Depression, Bucky.

[Jennings flinches and quickly begins fumbling with the t-shirt, pulling it over her head.]

GM: The referee ought not to be allowing this, but he, along with just about everyone else seems to be thoroughly intimidated by this banshee.

[The referee signals for the bell as Jennings finishes pulling on the t-shirt.]

BW: Uh-oh, Gordo. That t-shirt, that's...

[Jennings looks down at the shirt. She has all of a second-and-a-half to process that she is now wearing a piece of "Spitfire" Julie Somers merchandise - available at AWAShop.com - before...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Oh no! A malicious Pearl Harbor by Erica Toughill!

[Toughill sandwiches Jennings into the corner, raining hateful right hands down upon her.]

BW: Oh daddy, if no one will wave the red cape in front of the bull, the bull will put up a cape herself.

[Jennings is dragged out of the corner, dragged to the adjacent corner and thrown face-first into the buckles.]

GM: This woman is getting battered by this mental case! What has gotten into Toughill?

BW: She wants that fight with Julie Somers, Gordo. Not a match, a fight!

[Toughill whips her opponent to the opposite buckles and charges after her.]

ET: "hhy-AAAAAAAAAAH!"

[She leaps up and flings her posterior into Jennings. Toughill snapmares Jennings out of the corner and cinches her arm around her neck.]

GM: Oh my! Bucky, you know Toughill's reputation, and you know that AWA officials would never sanction a match like the one she wants, not when we have network standards.

BW: Who said anything about the network? She can get that match IF it's at SuperClash, and IF Julie Somers stops avoiding her challenge!

GM: Well, I would hope the Spitfire would have the good sense to know that women's wrestling has evolved out of the freakshow, and to not rise to people like Toughill trying to drag it back into the gutter.

[Toughill starts grinding a knuckle into Jennings' eye socket.]

GM: I mean, for goodness' sake this woman is a sadist! And thankfully the referee forces Toughill to break the hold.. but she is not done!

[With a handful of Jennings' gilded hair, Toughill drivers her knee over and over into the skull of her opponent.]

BW: But Gordo, don't you think she has a point? Years and years of spilling blood and who gets to cash after all that time? Not her, it's Julie Somers who's reaping the benefits.

[Toughill, her opponent's hair still in her fist, throws Jennings between the ropes to the floor.]

GM: I don't see any point to Toughill's mayhem; all I see is an insecure bully, and someone needs to stand up to her.

[Toughill rolls out to the floor after.]

BW: This is where things get scary for opponents of Ricki Toughill.

GM: And this is exactly the kind of match she wants.

[With a simple shove, Toughill sends Jennings into the ringside barricade, where she crumples, then drags her by the hair...]

ET: "ee-YAAAAH!"

[...and flings her into the nearest ringpost. There is a "just audible enough to be unnerving..."]

"PING."

BW: Ohhhhh.

GM: Ecchh. Please, for the sake of her poor young victim's career will someone get control of Erica Toughill?

[Toughill grabs the glassy eyed Jennings and props her upright beside her. She finds the nearest camera and points to the Julie Somers merchandise.]

ET: "Her blood's on your hands, Spitfire! Give me my fight!"

[She doubles Jennings over and cinches a waistlock.]

GM: Oh no, not a powerbomb! NOT ON THE FLOOR!

[Toughill hauls Jennings up. Gordon Myers gets his wish. Erica Toughill does not powerbomb her opponent on the floor.]

[She turns slightly to one side and powerbombs her across the ring apron.]

GM: Ack!

BW: Oh nó.

[Jennings crumples in a heap off the apron and onto the floor. The referee dashes through the ropes to the ground. After a cursory check of Sarah Jennings, the bell rings.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Toughill cracks her knuckles and blows a sinister pink bubble a few feet away.]

ET: "WRONG PLACE, WRONG TIME."

[A pair of EMTs make their way to the ringside area passing Erica Toughill on the way out.]

GM: Let's... We'll have another look at this despicable attack, fans.

[Cut to a slow motion replay of the powerbomb that ended the match.]

GM: This woman is so dangerous, Bucky. She threatened to decimate the AWA Women's Division...

[Myers pauses on Toughill throwing her opponent to the ring apron.]

GM: My stars... what does this prove to anyone?

[Back to live action, with the EMTs attending Sarah Jennings.]

GM: Well... if we hear anything about the status of this poor young woman who Erica Toughill senselessly brutalized, we'll be sure to pass it along.

[Cut back to the entranceway, where Toughill is being confronted by Kayla Cristol, Victoria June, and "Lady Lightning" Lori Wilson.]

VJ: "Real tough girl, ain't ya, you piece of trash!"

KTPC: "Y'all proud of y'self?!"

[Toughill reels back a fist and The Pistol flinches. Toughill chuckles joylessly...

...But turns straight into Lady Lightning, who go eye-to-eye. The look of disgust on Wilson's face says more than any words.]

GM: Looks like Erica Toughill just found a few more people who are less than thrilled at what she just did and what she's trying to do to the Women's Division.

BW: Wilson's right up in her face, Gordo. We might get another match out of this.

[But Erica Toughill just defiantly inflates another pink bubble and brushes past the veteran, disappearing through the curtain.]

GM: Perhaps another time and another place, Bucky. Fans, we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling.

[Fade to black...

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

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

[There's a voiceover.]

VO: Now you can!

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

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

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

Kids sizes and adult sizes available.

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

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

[FLASH!

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

"I can be a champion too!"

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

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

[Fade to black...

...and then back up on the backstage area where Theresa Lynch is standing in front of an office marked "JON STEGGLET."]

TL: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling, fans. I am just moments removed from speaking to acting Director of Operations, Jon Stegglet, who had an update for me on the medical condition of the man known as Mason.

[Lynch pauses.]

TL: As I mentioned earlier tonight, Mason was assaulted in the parking lot by an unknown assailant and suffered serious injuries as a result. We've been told that he's been taken to a local hospital for examination and treatment but that AWA doctors on site - including Dr. Bob Ponavitch, the AWA head doctor - believe that Mason has suffered multiple broken ribs as well as a fractured sternum.

[She lets that breathe for a moment.]

TL: Upon discussing this with Mr. Stegglet, he believes that if those initial diagnoses hold up, Mason will be out of action for quite some time...

[Dramatic pause.]

TL: ...and that Supreme Wright will be without a partner heading into SuperClash.

[Another pause.]

TL: From backstage here in Oklahoma City, I'm Theresa Lynch... and let's head back out to the ring!

[Fade out to the squared circle. Rebecca Ortiz is in the ring with referee Scott Ezra and an African-American woman, dressed in a red halter-neck crop top, black tights, red knee pads and black boots.]

RO: The following contest is scheduled for one fall, with a ten-minute time limit. Introducing first, already in the ring, from Oklahoma City ...

JACKIE COOPER!!!

[The African-American woman raises her right fist in the air, to cheers from the hometown crowd, then does a bit of shadow-boxing.]

RO: And her opponent...

[Garbage's "Shut Your Mouth" plays over the arena speakers. Xenia Sonova steps through the entranceway, dressed in a black sports bra, a pair of MMA-style fingerless black gloves, a pair of black shorts, black knee pads and black boots. She has her dark brown hair tied back in a ponytail. Her jaw set, unsmiling, Sonova holds up her right fist, her arm perpendicular to the ground, the back of her hand to the crowd, then thumps her fist once against her chest, before making her way towards the ring.]

RO: Hailing from Saint Petersburg, Russia, by way of London, England, she is...

XENIA SONOVAAA!!!

[Sonova pays little attention to the crowd as she makes her way down the aisle. Reaching the ring, she climbs the ring steps onto the apron, then steps through the top and middle ropes, heading straight to her corner, her face still all business. She steps onto the middle rope and again holds up her right fist, arm perpendicular to the ground, the back of her hand to the outside. As the music fades, Sonova steps off the ropes and does some final stretches while staring down Jackie Cooper.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Here we go, as Sonova and Cooper circle each other, looking for the collar-and-elbow... They lock up... And Cooper immediately forces Sonova into the corner.

[Cooper pins Sonova against the turnbuckles, as the referee calls for a break and begins his count.]

GM: Referee trying to get them out of the corner.

[Cooper backs off at three, but comes charging back, looking to lay a kick across the midsection, which Sonova catches.]

GM: Cooper tries to swipe at Sonova, but Sonova's got her at leg's length as it were.

BW: The Russian femme fatale has a smile on her face, as she's got the Oklahoman in quite the predicament here.

GM: Sonova swings Cooper around. Cooper looking to catch Sonova with a slap to the...

BW: Shades of Callum Mahoney!

GM: Sonova caught the arm and took Cooper down into the cross armbreaker! Fortunately for Cooper, she fell close to the ropes.

[Sonova scrambles to her feet and looks down on Cooper, who appears shaken as she looks up at her opponent. Sonova moves in on Cooper, who holds her hands out and pulls Sonova down chest-first, possibly throat-first, into the ropes.]

GM: Ohh! Cooper caught her coming in!

[As Sonova kneels against the ropes, Cooper gets a running start, driving her knee into the upper back, smashing her against the ropes.]

GM: Innovative offense on the part of Cooper... throws her down to the mat and a cover... one... two... no! Sonova kicks out!

[Cooper shoves her back down, applying another lateral press, earning another two count.]

GM: Cooper trying to wear her down but Sonova kicking out a second time...

BW: Third time's a charm?

GM: One! Two! Nope, Sonova out again!

[Cooper quickly gets to her feet, snatching the rising Sonova in a front facelock...]

GM: Cooper hooks her... and SNAPS her over with a suplex!

[The athletic Cooper kips up to her feet, promptly leaping into the air, twisting her body in mid-leap to drop a leg down across the chest!]

GM: Wow! What a move out of Cooper!

[Cooper stays seated, shouting "COUNT HER!" to the official who dives to the mat to oblige.]

GM: Another two count there... Cooper really showing her stuff so far in this one... and she locks on an inverted facelock, sometimes called a dragon sleeper, as she looks for a submission...

[Sonova instantly stretches out her body, trying to extend her legs.]

BW: You see Sonova trying to reach out for the bottom rope with her legs there, but she's just out of range.

[Recognizing the situation, Sonova pulls her legs up under her, pushing up to a knee as Cooper tries to keep the hold applied.]

GM: I'm not sure if Cooper's trying to get a submission or just trying to wear Sonova down. There's not a lot of pressure on this hold and- oh! Sonova with the back elbow to the midsection... and another...

[Sonova pushes to her feet, breaking out of the hold with ease before flipping Cooper over into a seated position in a snapmare...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and BOOTS her right in the spine!]

GM: Goodness! A hard kick to the back of Sonova leaves Cooper in a bad way down on the canvas...

[Cooper is sitting on the mat, grimacing in pain as Sonova walks around her, looking down on her...]

...and quickly spins, slamming her heel into the side of Cooper's head, flattening her!]

GM: Spinning back kick to the temple! That might be it! She might be out cold after that!

[The referee seems to agree, imploring Sonova to cover her... but she shakes her head, shouting "UP!" at her prone opponent.]

GM: Sonova won't cover her... she's pulling her off the mat...

[With stars in her eyes, Cooper throws a wild clothesline attempt, nearly falling down as Sonova sidesteps with ease, snapping off a thrust kick to the back of Cooper's head, sending her falling down facefirst to the mat.]

GM: Good grief! The educated feet of Xenia Sonova are doing a number on Cooper here...

BW: And she's not done yet.

[Snatching Cooper by the hair, Sonova brings her to feet, swinging her knee up into the head once... twice... three times... and then flings her towards the ropes, spinning around into a full spinning back roundhouse to the chin, snapping Cooper's head back and depositing her on the canvas.]

GM: Oh, she's out! Come on, Sonova! Pin her!

BW: You think you can tell her what to do?

[Sonova sneers at the protesting official as she grabs Cooper by the hair, hauling her to her feet...

...and locks in the rear naked choke!]

GM: Oh, come on! Ring the bell! This one's over!

[The referee takes a quick courtesy look at Cooper and then quickly signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Good call by the official there. Cooper was in no shape to tap out, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely not. I think that kick turned out her lights and the choke was just adding insult to injury.

GM: Sonova picks up the win by referee's decision... and fans, when we come back, Theresa Lynch will try to get a word with the winner, Xenia Sonova! Stay tuned!

[Fade out on Sonova, getting her arm raised in the center of the ring, as she looks down with a smile at Jackie Cooper, who hasn't even begun to stir yet...

...and then back up on the exterior of a fast food restaurant that looks quite familiar to fans of delicious, mouth-watering, artery-clogging fried chicken. Yes, it is the Mecca Of Fried Chicken, KFC.

We cut inside where a friendly young man is working the counter, smiling at the customers he aids.]

FYM: Thank you and have a fantastic day!

[The next person steps up to the counter wearing a black trenchcoat, dark sunglasses, and a hat. We see him from the front.]

FYM: Good afternoon, sir, and welcome to KFC! What can I get for you today?

[The customer lifts his head slightly to look at the menu and responds.]

C: Three piece meal. Original recipe. Breasts and legs... heh... breasts and leg, oh yeah.

[The employee raises an eyebrow in recognition.]

FYM: I'm sorry. But aren't you former World Champion and Pro Wrestling Hall of Famer Eddie Van Gibson?!

[The sunglasses come down to reveal an angry EVG.]

EVG: How did you know?!

[We cut behind him to see the back of his trenchcoat is covered in a large maple leaf with the words MISTER MAPLE LEAF surrounding it. Cut back to the friendly young man who smiles.]

FYM: I had a hunch.

[We cut to a shot of the chicken, glimmering and golden in all its glory. A voiceover begins.]

"Come into your local KFC today and not only can you get our three piece combo meal for the low price for \$4 but you can also pick up these special souvenir cups featuring some of the greatest pro wrestling stars of all time!"

[Cut to a young boy showing his cup.]

"I got Ryan Martinez!"

[To an older lady.]

"Hamilton Graham? I remember him!"

[To a family of four, all showing different cups.]

"Collect them all!"

[We cut back to Eddie Van Gibson sitting at a table, groaning as he eats a piece of chicken. He looks up, his eyes locking on a pair of twins in their early twenties. The two blondes giggle as they look at the Hall of Famer.]

EVG: If I were to LET you suck on my...

[He looks down invitingly.]

EVG: ...Original Recipe chicken from KFC...

[And then into the camera.]

EVG: Would you be grateful?

[Cut to the end graphic advertising the promotion. Another voiceover.]

"Get your KFC today! As good as it's always been!"

[Fade to black...

...and then back up to live action backstage at the Chesapeake Energy Arena, where Theresa Lynch is standing by with Xenia Sonova, still smiling from her victory.]

TL: Congratulations, Xenia, on your victory here tonight. However, in terms of the Women's Division here in the AWA and in terms of contention for the Women's World Title, you seem to be, how should I put this, a little bit lost in the shuffle. How do you plan on addressing this situation?

XS: I know very well just where I stand in the AWA Women's Division, Theresa. When the people aren't talking about the Women's World Champion, they're talking about the Golden Girl, Melissa Cannon, or Ayako Fujiwara, the former Olympic gold medallist. Then they're talking about Julie Somers and Ricki Toughill. Maybe, just maybe, they'll ask just what is going on with Skylar Swift. You're right, I have been lost in the shuffle. Overlooked, if you will...

And I have no problems with that. You saw what I did to Jackie Cooper out there tonight. Overlooked shots are the hardest to avoid. And when I pull out any number of submission holds from out of nowhere, there can only be two outcomes... Tap out, or pass out. I know what I have to do and I'm fine being lost in the shuffle while I do what needs to be done. Just as long as the right people are paying attention.

And that's all I have to say about that, Theresa.

[Sonova walks away, as we cut to...

...the same shot on a television monitor back in the locker room area. Tony Donovan is watching the scene, a big smile on his face, dressed in street clothes as Wes Taylor approaches.]

WT: Hey.

[Donovan doesn't respond.]

WT: HEY!

[He turns with a start.]

TD: Oh. Hey, man.

[He nods at the camera.]

TD: Camera crew says we're scheduled for interview time.

[Taylor throws a look over his shoulder at the camera.]

WT: Not right now. Camera's down, pal.

[The cameraman lowers the camera's lens, pointing down at the ground...

...but sneakily does not turn it off as Taylor and Donovan continue to speak.]

WT: Have you seen Brian anywhere?

TD: James or...?

WT: Lau. I know better than to try to talk to Brian when he's got this big match tonight. But Lau... have you seen Lau?

TD: Earlier. When I first got here. Why? You haven't?

WT: No. I get the feeling he's trying to avoid me.

TD: Why would...?

[A momentary pause.]

TD: Oh. Shane.

WT: Right. Look, I know my uncle is a screw-up. Has been for his entire life. That's why my dad could never get him in a job anywhere... or at least anywhere that he could hang onto it without screwing everything up in a matter of a few weeks. But... you know... he's blood. Just like your old man.

TD: Can we not talk about-

WT: Tony, you can tell the world you hate your father all you want... but it's me, you know? And I know that your father is blood... and you're proud of everything he did in his career... and that deep down, your family legacy means the world to you. Right?

[Donovan is silent for a moment and then gives a slight sigh.]

WT: Okay. So... that's why I need to talk to Brian. I need to sort out this mess with my uncle.

TD: Makes sense. Hey, uh...

WT: What?

[Donovan raps his knuckles on something, presumably the TV monitor he was watching.]

TD: She's something, isn't she?

[Taylor sighs.]

WT: Come on. Help me find Brian.

[Taylor pauses, looking at the cameraman.]

WT: You're still here? We'll find you later for the interview, okay? Maybe out in the ring?

[The cameraman utters something off-mic in agreement as the World Tag Team Champions exit...]

...and we fade out to the ring where a monstrous assemblage of talent is standing.]

RO: The following contest is a six man tag team match set for one fall with a-

[Ortiz doesn't even finish before she has to bail out of the ring thanks to The Lost Boy tearing across the ring, jumping into the air, and smashing a forearm into the skull of a hapless opponent. The bell sounds.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Well, so much for law and order in this one. The Slaughterhouse team of Crowley, the Lost Boy, and the Hangman out here with Anton Layton going right after... gosh, we didn't even get the names of these poor kids.

BW: I gotcha, Gordo.

GM: Really?

BW: Of course. I do my research. This one in here right now... his name is Helpless Victim #1.

GM: Oh, would you stop?!

[The crowd jeers as the Lost Boy stomps and stomps and stomps the young man into the mat. He pulls him to his feet by the arms, throwing him backwards into the corner where one of his partners reluctantly tags in...

...and gets bieleed over the top rope into the ring by the Lost Boy, spitting, snarling, and howling all the while.]

GM: The Lost Boy is a wild animal out of control in there.

[Dropping to his knees, the Lost Boy surges towards the young man as he gets to his knees.]

BW: Crawling headbutt on Sad Pathetic Goof #2.

GM: Headbutt after headbutt, driving him back across the ring...

[Reaching over the ropes, Porter Crowley grabs The Lost Boy by his greasy topknot, dragging him to his feet. He viciously slaps his own partner across the face.]

BW: I guess that's a tag.

GM: Looks like it.

[Crowley shoves the young man against the Slaughterhouse's corner, pinning his shoulders to the buckles, holding him up as he delivers a headbutt... and another... and another, his grasp keeping the victim on his feet.]

GM: Crowley's mauling this kid in the corner... oh, come on!

[The headbutts switch to biting, gnawing on the forehead of the opponent as the crowd jeers and the referee protests.]

GM: Crowley's all over him!

[Grabbing the young man by the arm, Crowley rockets him across the ring to the far corner, sending him slamming into the turnbuckles. He runs in after him, delivering a big clothesline!]

GM: Clothesline in the corner... Crowley's in the wrong part of town...

BW: You think he cares?

[Crowley winds up, blasting one of the men on the apron with a haymaker to the face, sending him off the apron. The other drops to the floor, shaking his head...

...which is Anton Layton's cue to run along the apron outside the ring, dropping him with a clothesline as Crowley distracts the referee!]

GM: Ohhh! Layton with an attack on the floor and-

[Layton smirks, stalking away as Crowley turns back to the wounded opponent in the corner, lifting him up into a fireman's carry...]

GM: Look out... this might be it right here...

[But Layton waves him off, pointing to the Hangman. Crowley sneers as he slings the man off his shoulders down to the mat with a fireman's carry slam. He stomps to the corner, angrily slapping the Hangman's hand.]

GM: The Hangman is in... tugging that glove into place...

[He reaches down, snatching the downed opponent by the throat, hauling him to his feet by the grip...

...and spins him around, allowing the Hangman to lift him up into torture rack position. He walks out to the middle of the ring, looking out on the crowd...]

GM: The Hangman's got him up! We've seen this before!

[...and he spins the young man into a sitout neckbreaker!]

GM: OHHHH! THE ROPE'S END!

[The Hangman rolls over, planting a hand on the chest of the downed opponent, kneeling as he looks at the far corner, intimidating the opponents into staying exactly where they are as the referee counts to an easy three.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And this one is over... very over.

[Layton joins his charges in the ring, raising the Hangman's arm, pointing to him as the fans jeer loudly.]

GM: The Slaughterhouse picks up an easy - and dominant - six man tag team victory here tonight in Oklahoma City... and Bucky, I would not want to be on the bad side of this collection of individuals.

BW: Tell that to Stephanie Harper's baby boy. He keeps running his mouth and these men are going to silence him once and for all.

GM: Maybe, maybe not. When Howie Somers come back from that burn he suffered at the hands of Layton, you better believe Next Gen is going to be looking for payback in a big way.

BW: Not according to Layton. He says the fires will cleanse Somers and deliver him to the dark side. You just saw the Slaughterhouse crush their opponents... can you imagine them with Somers on their side?

GM: I certainly can not. Fans, let's go backstage to Colt Patterson as he gets some comments from one of teams in our next match here on Saturday Night Wrestling LIVE on The X!

[We fade backstage where Colt Patterson is with the British Bashers, who are both dressed for competition in tights that are white for the most part, except for the

Union Jack design, which covers most of Rory Smythe's left thigh and most of Robbie Storm's right thigh. They also have on capes that are of the Union Jack design.]

CP: About time someone called the real star out of the locker room and out onto the field.

[Patterson throws a glance at the Bashers.]

CP: Although I'd wager my talents could've been better used elsewhere... but here we are nonetheless and you, British Bashers, have answered the challenge of those two grunts Joe Flint and Charlie Stephens. US Versus The World. Do you feel any pressure representing your home country in a match like this?

[Robbie Storm is the first to speak, ignoring Patterson's obvious disdain for them.]

ROBBIE: Oh, we feel the pressure alright, Mister Patterson. Not only do we hope to showcase the best of British wrestling against the experience of "Captain" Joe Flint, the grit of Charlie Stephens, and the combined talent of American Pride, but, as many have pointed out, the AWA tag team division is STACKED! Both Rory and myself and American Pride are looking to make our mark and advance up the ranks, for a shot at the tag team titles. So, you're right, pride is all to play for, and then some.

CP: Well, while I don't like the odds of either of these teams against the champions of the world, I'll admit that a win tonight would send one of your teams up the rankings. It's a big match and that brings me to my next question - where the heck is your mentor and manager, "Prince" Colin Hayden? Shouldn't he be ringside to watch your backs and guide you in such a big showdown?

[This time, it's Her Majesty's Might - Rory Smythe who speaks up.]

RORY: "Prince" Colin Hayden, as you know, is back in the UK, handling some Battle Knights Wrestling business. But, you see, "Prince" Colin has taught us all he can and he has full confidence that we'll do well tonight without needing him to tell us what to do. And we don't need an extra pair of eyes watching our backs, because we know American Pride are honorable men, so we expect to have a clean match and a great match that the AWA Galaxy will be talking about for weeks!

CP: A clean match, huh? Ordinarily, I'd agree with you that those star-spangled suckers you're facing tonight aren't likely to bend a rule... but I think we've all noticed the warnings heading their way lately. The Soldiers of Fortune are coming for American Pride! Aren't you concerned they may get involved in your match tonight?

[Storm shakes his head.]

ROBBIE: If those Soldiers of Fortune, or anyone else, think they want to stick their noses in American Pride or Bashers business, we know Charlie and Captain Flint have got our backs, and anyone looking to get involved where they don't belong will soon find themselves facing the allied powers of American Pride and the British Bashers! Show them, Ror!

[Rory Smythe flexes his arms, the Union Jack spreading out behind him, as we cut to another part of the backstage area where - standing in front of the AWA logo - is "Sweet" Lou Blackwell. Standing to his right is the leader of American Pride, "Captain" Joe Flint, while standing in the background is Flint's partner, Charlie Stephens. Both men are geared for battle, as their USA vs. the World Challenge is coming up soon. Flint looks eager to get the festivities started, while Stephens stands stone faced, holding a flag pole with the American Flag on it.]

SLB: Gentlemen! It's my pleasure to have you here, and boy, you two look ready for war.

[Flint grins a very wide grin.]

JF: That's right, soldier! I've been looking forward to USA vs. the World since we proposed it a few weeks ago, and I'm glad someone stepped up to the plate to take us on!

SLB: You're referring to the British Bashers, of course.

[Flint nods an eager nod.]

JF: Normally, there ain't no better honor than to have our staunchest allies on the other side of the Ocean havin' our backs. Brother, those two are two real men that we certainly would go to war with, that's for sure! Fightin' side by side, takin' out the maggots and pukes of the AWA like the Axis and the Kings.

SLB: I'm very happy you think highly of the Bashers, Joe, but since you two seem eager to get the festivities started, there's a lot at stake here for an exhibition match.

JF: Of course! There's plenty at stake here tonight, my man. The tag team division here in the AWA is fillin' up really quickly with a ton of tag teams, all of 'em lookin' to make their own marks and fly up the rankins' for a shot at the Tag Team gold.

Bashers, my friends, I know yer lookin' to get your hands on Donovan and Taylor just as much as we are! Only one of us can move up the rankins' with a victory tonight, unfortunately, and we're gonna have to put our mutual respect aside for awhile. Rest assured, no matter what happens in that ring tonight, we've got yer backs.

[Stephens simply nods his head in the background.]

SLB: One more thing, the Soldiers of Fortune have vowed to show up tonight. I have to ask, are you two ready for them?

JF: They can bring as many soldiers as they want, Sweet Lou. We'll mow 'em down in record time. At one time they were my allies and we were all proudly fightin' for our country, but somethin' changed inside of them. They go out on Power Hour and call us relics of an America that no longer exists?

[Flint shakes his head.]

JF: As God and my country as my witness, I will make sure their idea of America NEVER exists.

[Flint turns towards Stephens and slaps his back.]

JF: TEN HUT! Alright, soldier! It's time for war!

[Flint and Stephens march off screen, Stephens waving his flag the entire time, as Blackwell looks on.]

SLB: Alright, fans - the USA vs the World challenge is set to begin and begin it will, right after this commercial break so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black...]

Open on a prairie highway in the dead of winter. Sheets of snow drift quickly across the blacktop in the high wind.]

"The Canadian Prairies: Desolate, cold, and forbidding."

[Cut to some pretty obviously 1980s era footage; a balding man with thick tinted glasses and bright orange sportcoat, a crest with the words "Chinook Wrestling" on the crest.]

AL PICKARD: "Hi-de-ho and fiddle-dee-dee wrestling fans, and welcome once again to the greatest show on canvas!"

["Let There Be Drums" by The Incredible Bongo Band kicks in, introducing a montage of wrestling from the various eras in a small brick space.]

"And the hottest wrestling in the West."

[A talking head interview with an older black man with greying hair, juxtaposed with his younger self: jheri-curled hair and a red sleeveless karate gi.]

"DEAD END" EVANS: "You wanna know how to wrestle, you go to the Colton Cave. One hour there learned you more about wrestling than a lifetime anywhere else."

[The next interview is with an Indian man with a large turban and thick black beard, juxtaposed with his turban-less wrestling days, the Commonwealth Heavyweight Championship belt over one shoulder, a silver mace over the other.]

RAJ BHULLAR: "You would see Americans, you would see Japanese, you'd see English... you'd see the world—we would bring the world to you."

"For the first time on video see the pain and passion, and the triumph and tragedy, featuring over four hours of rare and archival footage from Colton vaults spanning half a century."

[A man with long, wavy brown hair in a navy and black singlet, decorated with gold six-pointed sheriff's stars. Today, he has greying hair, a blue flannel shirt, and a more weathered face.]

JEREMIAH "THE SHERIFF" COLTON: "What we had in Alberta, and what we continue to have to this day, is a respect for tradition and respect for our fans. And not everyone was willing to respect that."

[Cut to an interview from a dozen years before, where Jeremiah Colton stands beside Al Pickard.]

JTSC: "We're talking about values that need to be respected, and I'm not going to stand off to one side and let punks like that walk all over us!"

[Cut to a rebuttal from Jackson Hunter.]

JACKSON HUNTER: "What we were presenting had never been done in North America... ever."

[Cut to footage from Hunter's days in wrestling: silver snakeskin tights and a head full of blue spiked hair. He moonsaults off the top rope onto a prone victim lying on top of ladder that has been bridged between the ring apron and barricade.]

JH: [in voice-over from the mid-2000s] "Hey Sheriff, you think I don't have the guts to start a revolution? Just watch me!"

"Chinook Wrestling: The Greatest Show on Canvas! Available now on DVD, Blu-ray, and digital download at AWAsShop.com."

[Fade to black...

...and as we fade back up, Rebecca Ortiz is already in the ring as are Charlie Stephens and Captain Joe Flint, the team known as American Pride.]

RO: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit and is the USA VERSUS THE WORLD CHALLENGE!

[Cheers go up from the Oklahoma City crowd. Captain Joe Flint grins as the cheers turn into a "U-S-A!" chant. Charlie Stephens proudly waves the American flag back and forth as the chant rings out.]

GM: Some proud Americans here in Oklahoma City, Bucky, just like everywhere we go in the good ol' US of A.

BW: Hey, I'll give American Pride credit for that.

GM: What's that?

BW: They can whip a crowd into a jingoistic frenzy the likes of which I haven't seen since... oh, hey... I DID watch the news last night.

GM: Easy, tiger.

[As the chants finally die down, Rebecca Ortiz smiles and does her job.]

RO: First, already in the ring at this time... they are the team of Charlie Stephens and Captain Joe Flint... AMERRRRICAAAAAN PRIIIIIIDE!

[Another big cheer and "U-S-A!" chant goes up for Stephens and Flint. Stephens waves the flag as Flint salutes it.]

RO: Annnnnnd their opponents...

[The traditional military march "The British Grenadiers" starts to play over the arena speakers. Robbie Storm is first to step through the entranceway, followed by the more muscular Rory Smythe.]

RO: Coming down the aisle... they hail from the United Kingdom... they are the team of Rory Smythe and Robbie Storm...

THE BRIIIITIIIIISH BASHERRRRRS!

[As they make their way down the aisle, Smythe and Storm each take a side, trying to reach out and touch as many outstretched hands of fans as they can. Reaching the ring, Storm hops onto the apron and wipes the soles of his boots on the canvas before entering the ring. Smythe climbs the ring steps, onto the apron, and does as his tag team partner has done, before stepping through the ropes.

Smythe and Storm head to opposing corners and climb onto the second rope. They raise their arms in the air to mostly cheers from the fans but there are handfuls of fans caught up in the hyper patriotism that boo the Bashers. As the music fades, Smythe and Storm climb off the ropes and go to the team's corner to huddle and discuss strategy.]

GM: Well, the Bashers certainly have to be taken a little aback by the reaction they just got on that entrance. Mostly cheers but you could hear the boos from the crowd as well.

BW: I'm not surprised, Gordo.

GM: No?

BW: Nah. We're in Oklahoma City. They may not even know the War of 1812 is over.

[Gordon chuckles as the Bashers finish their strategy session, Smythe staying in as Storm ducks out. On the other side of the ring, Captain Joe earns a salute from Stephens before Flint steps out to the apron, handing off the American flag to a ringside attendant.]

GM: Alright, we're settling in here in OKC and this should be a very good tag team match as both of these teams are looking to make an impact in this crowded tag team division. Charlie Stephens starting things off for his team and big Rory Smythe in there for the Bashers.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: There's the bell and we're off and running in this one. Stephens quickly out to mid-ring, extending that hand to Rory Smythe - both of these teams are great sportsmen, showing why the fans like them both.

[Smythe smiles as he shakes the former U.S. Army private's hand and then claps his hands together a few times, getting the crowd clapping in rhythm as the two men circle one another...]

GM: Stephens coming into this one at a size disadvantage to Smythe.

BW: Sure, he gives up four inches and about thirty or forty pounds but it's the muscles where he's really lacking.

[The two fan favorites collide in the middle in a collar and elbow, Stephens quickly moving to grab a side headlock.]

GM: Right into the side headlock goes Stephens - a New York native who never saw a wrestling mat until his Army days where he excelled in both hand-to-hand combat and amateur wrestling. Upon leaving the Army, he tried his hands at some local independent promotions in the Northeast before finally landing in the AWA a few years ago.

[Smythe backs Stephens to the ropes, easily shoving him off to the far side of the ring.]

GM: Smythe fires him off... drop down by Smythe...

[Stephens goes up and over, bouncing off the ropes back towards Smythe who EXPLODES into a shouldertackle, knocking Stephens off his feet and putting him down on the mat to mostly cheers from the AWA faithful.]

GM: Pure power on display by Her Majesty's Might, Rory Smythe. Just absolutely ripped, Bucky.

BW: Six foot five, 265 pounds of solid muscle. If he wasn't such a baby-kissin' goof, he might really make something out of himself in this business... oh, and if he dumped that Lynch lovin' Hayden.

GM: You and Hayden had your share of run-ins in your days in Texas, no?

BW: I'd rather not talk about that.

[Stephens is back on his feet in the meantime, circling once again as they end up back in a lockup.]

GM: Back to the tieup, jostling around, jockeying for position...

[And with a loud "HEEEE-AAAAAH!", Smythe shoves Stephens out of the lockup, tossing him halfway across the ring and down to the mat a second time. The crowd cheers (mostly) again and there's a definite high-pitched squeal as Smythe lifts his muscular arms into a double bicep pose.]

GM: Oho! And the ladies love them some Rory Smythe, Bucky.

BW: Gordo, we're in Oklahoma City. If they don't have their bifocals on, they may think he's Rex Summers in there.

GM: Highly unlikely.

[Stephens pulls himself off the mat, standing with his hands on his hips as he eyes Smythe from across the ring. Smythe though is smiling, jumping from foot to foot, staying loose as he beckons Stephens forward.]

GM: Stephens showing a little frustration, his Captain out there on the apron urging him on.

[Stephens nods at Flint as he edges out of the corner towards Smythe who strikes a defensive posture, ready for another lockup. But this time, Stephens feints high, goes low, and snatches a single leg, yanking Smythe's leg out from under him and sliding across his torso into a side headlock.]

GM: Back to the headlock goes Stephens, a grounded version of it this time, really grinding away, trying to wear down the bigger competitor.

[Smythe twists his torso, trying to avoid having his shoulders on the mat. Stephens plants his feet, leveraging the shoulders down for a one count before Smythe powers his way out.]

GM: Quick one count but that's all. Flint shouting some encouragement to Stephens from outside the ring as Smythe rolls to a knee, just powering his way to his feet. There's just no way for Stephens to keep him down with all that strength.

[Stephens keeps the headlock applied in the standing position as Smythe wraps his powerful arms around him...

...and lifts Stephens off the mat, holding him up in back suplex position as he walks across the ring with him...]

GM: He's got him up! What's he going to do with him?

[Smythe walks over to the American Pride corner...

...and sets Stephens down on his feet, smiling as he backs off with a bow.]

BW: That's Smythe just trying to embarrass Stephens, Gordo.

GM: Maybe. Rory Smythe a six year veteran of the mat game having started training at the age of 20 and then debuting for United Kingdom Grappling in December of 2010.

[Stephens glares at Smythe for a moment and then reaches out, slapping the offered hand of his partner. Flint steps through, patting his young partner on the shoulders to calm him down. He turns towards Smythe as Stephens exits, a smile on his face as well.]

GM: And I think Captain Joe Flint might be a little amused at what Rory Smythe put young Charlie Stephens through out here. But that's put aside as a real American hero steps in. A former Marine who served in both Afghanistan and Iraq... they called him the Duke in the Corps. Of course, he's known for two big things in his pro wrestling career - having trained under the legendary former World Champion Hamilton Graham and for the bloody feuds he had in Texas in the ol' PCW... another guy you had a run-in or two with, Bucky.

BW: There doesn't seem to be very many veterans of the ol' Southern territories that I didn't have a run-in or two with, daddy.

GM: A few territories elsewhere as well. Up in the Northeast. That brief run in Canada. Out in Hawaii.

BW: I think everyone gets the idea!

[Flint slaps his hands together, circling the ring as Smythe does the same. The two come together in a collar and elbow... but this time, Smythe doesn't get the easy power edge as Flint holds his ground against Her Majesty's Might...

...and then suddenly dips down, lifting Smythe off the mat and slamming him down.]

GM: Quick and effective body slam by Captain USA...

[Smythe scrambles off the mat, running right into Flint's lifting arms a second time as he gets slammed down.]

GM: A second body slam by Flint.

[The Brit scrambles up again, charging frustratedly at Flint who scoops him up, spins him around, and slams him down a third time! He pumps a fist as the crowd breaks into a "U-S-A!" chant. Flint nods along with it as Smythe grabs his lower back and scoots back to the corner, reaching up to tag his partner who slingshots over the top rope.]

GM: There's the tag and in comes young Robbie Storm out of Birmingham, England. 23 years of age...

BW: ...and all of 174 pounds. He's gonna get ragdolled in there by Flint.

GM: We'll see about that. Flint's going to have to watch out for this young man's speed and agility.

[Storm sizes up Flint for a moment, nodding his head as Flint stands mid-ring, ready to collide with the much-smaller competitor. Storm edges towards him and as Flint lunges for a tieup, Storm ducks down, rushing into the far ropes.]

GM: Storm a blur of motion in there, bouncing off the ropes...

[And as he rebounds back, Storm leaps up, spinning around with his legs around Flint's head, making a full trip around before taking Flint down with a head scissors!]

GM: Around the world and back with that headscissors!

[Flint scrambles up, catching a dropkick on his pronounced chin...

...and another as he gets up again!]

GM: A pair of dropkicks sends Flint out to the apron! The Captain is reeling at this point... and look out for Storm!

[With Flint rising on the apron, Storm rushes to the nearest turnbuckles, leaping into the air to the middle rope, springing back with a dropkick that catches Flint flush and sends him falling off the apron to the floor!]

GM: Wow! Springback dropkick by Storm puts Flint out to the floor...

BW: And that's not a safe place to be against this kid.

GM: Absolutely not.

[Storm walks around the ring, pumping up the crowd a bit as Flint rises to his feet outside. The highflyer grabs the top rope, ready to slingshot out onto Flint.]

GM: LOOK OUT BELOW!

[Storm slingshots over the top rope...

...and Flint goes ducking out of the way, desperate to avoid the dive. But as he comes back up, he looks puzzled because he can't find Storm...

...since "Thunder" slingshotted over and landed on the apron, feigning the big dive. Flint spins and spots him...]

GM: Ohh! Back kick to the mush!

[Flint staggers back, holding his mouth as Storm sets his feet on the apron...

...and leaps to the middle rope, springing back with a picture perfect moonsault that wipes out the Captain as Storm lands on his feet on the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Absolutely stunning high flying maneuver! That springboard moonsault finds the mark and Captain Joe Flint is down outside the ring yet again.

[Storm pulls Flint off the floor, rocketing him back under the ropes inside the ring as he pulls himself up on the apron. Stephens shouts a warning to his partner as Storm grabs the top rope with both hands.]

GM: Storm's gonna fly again!

[Leaping into the air, Storm springs off the top rope, going immediately into a somersault...

...but Flint, hearing Stephens' warning, dives forward towards the ropes, avoiding Storm's effort!]

GM: Storm misses!

BW: I think he was looking for that Fantastic Voyage somersault rana, Gordo!

[Flint's surge to the ropes gives him momentum as he bounces back towards an off-balance Storm who turns around...

...and gets FLATTENED with a high impact lunging lariat that sends Storm flipping through the air before hitting the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Flint flips Storm over to his back, rolling into a side press, hooking a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Storm just BARELY got the shoulder up! Captain Joe Flint - about six minutes into this twenty minute time limit - lowered the boom with that big lariat - the Howitzer - and almost picked up the victory.

[Flint gets up off the mat, a disgruntled look on his face as he buries a couple of boots into Storm's chest to the angry shouts of Rory Smythe.]

BW: Now this is getting interesting, Gordo. They're starting to get a little nasty in there.

[The Duke drags Storm off the mat, throwing him bodily back into the American Pride corner where his whole body jolts from the impact. Flint slaps the hand of his partner who steps in and grabs Storm around the head and neck, flipping him out of the corner with a snapmare.]

GM: Flint goes out, Stephens comes in...

[Stephens grabs Storm by the head, flipping over him and snapping his head and neck down towards the mat!]

GM: Ohhh! That'll stretch out every single bit of your neck!

[Storm grabs his neck, writhing in pain on the canvas as Stephens climbs to his feet. He slowly walks back towards Storm, watching as the smaller competitor struggles to get up to a knee...

...and a well-placed double axehandle smashes home on the back of the neck, putting Storm back down on the mat near the American Pride in the corner.]

GM: Oof. Hard shot to the back of the neck by Charlie Stephens...

[With Storm laid out on the mat, Stephens grabs the top rope, stepping up to the middle rope to shove himself into the air before dropping his shin down across the back of Storm's neck!]

GM: And it looks like Flint and Stephens will be targeting the neck of Storm after that devastating Howitzer, Bucky.

BW: An interesting strategy. Personally, I'd tell them to go for the legs... take the flying out of the picture for Storm. But they'd never listen to me so they'll remain the losers that they are.

GM: You looking to change gigs?

BW: Nah, I'm afraid you're stuck with me, Gordo.

[Storm rolls over, ending up with his head underneath the bottom rope. Stephens sees his position, taking advantage of it by stepping out to the apron, taking aim...

...and drops off, driving the point of his elbow down into the throat area! Storm's legs kick into the air, flopping about on the mat as Stephens stands outside the ring, nodding at a young man in the front row in a t-shirt made to look like the American flag.]

GM: Stephens crawling back in... Storm's in a bad way right now as American Pride really go to work on that neck.

[Stephens reaches out, slapping his partner's hand.]

GM: There's another tag for American Pride - doubleteam on the way...

[A double whip sends Storm across the ring and a double clothesline takes him back off his feet!]

GM: Again going after the neck!

[Rory Smythe steps up on the middle rope, shouting "COME ON, ROBBIE!" from the apron. Many in the crowd cheer in response as Flint looks around the Oklahoma City crowd with a slight disbelieving look.]

GM: Joe Flint doesn't like what he just heard from this crowd in OKC.

[Flint takes aim, dropping a big elbow down on the back of Storm's neck... and another... and another...]

GM: Heavy elbows, right down on the neck... and Robbie Storm is in serious trouble, fans.

BW: He sure is. Flint and Stephens are working that neck something fierce.

[Pulling Storm off the mat, Flint looks him dead in the eye...

...and gets a forearm to the jaw for his efforts!]

GM: Ohh! Storm popped him!

[Storm spins, turning towards the corner, stretching out his arms...

...and Flint rushes forward, clubbing him with a forearm to the back of the neck, knocking him back down to the canvas.]

GM: Ohh... nearly got to the corner. Storm created an opening and it was almost enough to get him out of the ring.

[Flint stands over Storm, staring at Smythe for a moment before he grabs Storm by the ankle, dragging him back across the ring to the American Pride corner where he slaps Charlie Stephens' hand.]

GM: Quick tag to Stephens... look out here!

[Flint lifts Stephens into the air like he's going for an atomic drop...

...and then DROPS Stephens down into a legdrop on Storm!]

GM: Ohh! What a doubleteam! And that might be enough!

[Stephens rolls into a lateral press, reaching back for a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[But again, Storm's shoulder pops off the mat before the three count!]

GM: No! No! Storm kicks out!

[Stephens angrily slams a fist down on the mat, glaring at the official for a moment before a shout from Flint snaps him out of it. Stephens nods to his veteran partner, dragging Storm off the mat, throwing him HARD into the buckles where Storm's head snaps back from the impact.]

GM: OHHH! He hit the corner hard right there!

[Stephens slaps Flint's hand, tagging him back in. The duo each grab an arm on Storm, pulling him out of the corner...

...and violently HURLING him back in, his head whiplashing backwards again!]

GM: Good grief! A brutal slam into the buckles and... Flint snapmares him out...

[Flint raises his leg high, stomping down on the back of Storm's neck.]

GM: And again he goes after the neck!

[Smythe shouts across the ring as Flint brings Storm back up, using a pair of right hands to send him into the neutral corner. He grabs Storm around the head and neck...]

GM: Flint looking to biel him out of the corner!

[...and he does, flinging Storm halfway across the ring before the high flyer slams down hard on the canvas!]

GM: Goodness! Storm is taking a tremendous amount of punishment but so far, he's been able to hang on and avoid staying down for a three count.

BW: He just called for the Heavy Artillery!

GM: That's what he calls his running clotheslines in the corner... pulling Storm up, whips him to the neutral corner..

[Flint charges in after him, landing a clothesline that lifts Storm's feet off the mat before allowing him to settle back down.]

GM: There's one!

[He grabs the arm, whipping Storm across again...

...but as Storm nears the corner, he leaps up to the second rope then springs to the top as Flint charges in...]

GM: MOOOOONSAULLLLLT!

[...and catches the incoming Flint with the flipping bodypress, knocking him off his feet!]

GM: STORM DROPS FLINT!

BW: And this is his chance, Gordo!

GM: It absolutely is! Storm down on the mat, turning towards his corner! Rory Smythe is waiting right there, shouting to his partner to make the tag! Can he get there though? Can he get there in time?

[Storm is crawling... and crawling, dragging himself along the canvas as a stunned Flint tries to shake off being hit with the moonsault.]

GM: Storm's trying to get there, trying with all the energy left in his body!

[Smythe jumps up and down, shouting, insistently sticking out his arm as Storm gets closer... and closer. Flint gets to a knee, shaking his head, trying to recover.]

GM: It's a footrace now! Flint on a knee! Storm nearing the corner! Who's gonna get there first?

[Storm pushes up to his feet as Flint rises, turning to make a grab...

...and Storm makes a desperate lunge as Flint tries to hook him from behind!]

GM: TAG!

[The crowd ERUPTS for the tag as Rory Smythe pumps both muscular arms, ducking through the ropes. He lands a quick one-two on Flint, throwing a backhand chop that knocks him to the ropes. A powerful whip sends him to the ropes...]

GM: Smythe shoots him in... biiiiiig back bodydrop by Her Majesty's Might!

[Charlie Stephens takes the moment to charge in towards Smythe who turns to greet him, lifting him off the canvas...

...and pressing him straight up over his head!]

GM: OH MY! GORILLA PRESS BY SMYTHE!

[Smythe holds him high, watching as Flint regains his feet...

...and HURLS Stephens onto Flint, wiping him out like Stephens threw a crossbody on his own partner!]

GM: HE PICKS UP THE SPARE!

[Smythe turns to the crowd, nodding as he pumps his powerful arm a few times...

...and with a loud "WHAAAAAAAAAAAAA-HUUUUUU!" he connects with a running clothesline that takes Stephens over the top rope, dumping him out on the floor.]

GM: Smythe takes out Stephens and that leaves him all alone with the legal man, Captain Joe Flint!

[Smythe greets the rising Flint with a forearm to the jaw... and a second. An overhead elbowsmash rounds out the combo, sending Flint staggering back into the corner where he bumps into the turnbuckles before wobbling back out into a

bodylock, lifting him off the mat, and dropping him with a Northern Lights Suplex, complete with a textbook bridge.]

GM: SUPLEX OUT OF THE CORNER! ONE!!! TWO!!! THR-

[But a diving Stephens comes flying in from out of nowhere, dropping down on top of Smythe to break up the pin!]

GM: OHHH! STEPHENS MAKES THE SAVE!

[Stephens gets up off the mat, pulling Smythe with him. The referee protests as Flint rises to join him.]

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

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

GM: Double clothesli- ducked by Smythe!

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

GM: Blind tag by Storm, I think!

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

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

GM: SUNSET FLIP OUT OF NOWHERE!

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

"ONNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOO!"

"THREEEEEE!"

"DING! DING! DING!"

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

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

BW: Man, if the USA had a better tag team, the Bashers wouldn't have stood a chance! I can't believe this is the best our country can do!

GM: Bucky! American Pride wrestled their hearts out here tonight, they may have come up short, but the crowd definitely appreciates their efforts.

[Stephens comes in to comfort his dejected partner. Flint climbs to his feet, looking a little bit upset at the loss. Stephens starts talking to Flint, and Flint quickly starts feeling better. The Bashers turn to leave the ring, when American Pride decide to interrupt them before they make their exit.]

BW: Maybe they're not done?

[The Bashers look a little wary, as American Pride beckon them towards the center of the ring.]

BW: Hey, maybe they want to continue the fight? A good ol' fashioned brawl, thats what American pride should be all about!

[After a brief staredown, Flint and Stephens extend their hands. To the cheers of the crowd, the Bashers do not hesitate to shake the hands of American Pride.]

GM: Looks like you're wrong, Bucky! Now this is what American pride is truly all about! Win or lose, after a hard fought back and forth match, they were able to swallow their prides and shake the hands of the Bashers!

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

BW: That pride of theirs is gonna put them at the end of the line again, Gordo.

GM: Not necessarily, they impressed tonight! Who knows, maybe there's another British Bashers/American Pride match coming down the road? I'm sure...

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

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

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

BW: The Soldiers of Fortune have arrived!

GM: There's four men in the ring, looking for a fight! I don't know if the Soldiers have thought this through.

BW: You can't tell me that the Soldiers haven't come prepared for war, have you? Who knows how many of them there are these days?

[Flint, Smythe, and Storm are standing near the ropes, shouting out towards the back. Stephens is right behind the threesome, gripping the flag pole and ready for the Soldiers to rush the ring. However, it doesn't seem like anyone's coming.]

GM: Perhaps the Soldiers thought better of things and decided to stay away from the ring. They certainly talk a big game, and-

[Before Gordon can finish his thought, the sound of steel hitting flesh is heard, as Rory Smythe drops to his knees. Storm turns to see what happened, when suddenly the flag pole is rammed right into his stomach, courtesy of Charlie Stephens. The crowd stops reacting, in shock at what has just happened.]

GM: OH MY STARS! Charlie Stephens has just laid out the British Bashers!

BW: You think he was one of the Soldiers of Fortune all along?

GM: I think that could be the case. Joe Flint is in total shock!

[Flint is looking crestfallen, looking at Stephens and muttering something we can't pick up. Stephens stands stone faced, staring down Flint and gripping the flagpole tightly.]

GM: Stephens is looking at Flint with a murderous intent here, Flint's in a lot of danger here if it turns out that Stephens didn't come alone. The Soldiers could be anywhere, looking for their moment to rush the ring.

BW: If I was Flint, I'd turn tail and run. Live to fight another day, as the old expression goes!

[Flint doesn't look like he's going anywhere, in fact, he lunges towards Stephens, ripping the flag pole from his grasp to the cheers of the crowd! The Bashers are starting to get their bearings on the other side of the ring. Flint slowly steps towards Stephens, his face turning red as he shouts at Stephens, who is slowly backing away.]

GM: No way! Flint's a real American! He's never going to back down! He's going to give Stephens what for! He-

[Again, before Gordon can finish his thought, Flint winds up... and cracks the recovering Storm across the head with the flag pole. He does the same to Smythe who had gotten to his knees.]

GM: NO!!!!

[Flint stand over the downed Bashers, the look of disbelief slowly turning into a warped grin. He turns towards Stephens, who has a cat who ate the canary smile on his face. Flint starts nodding his head, pointing at the Bashers, then he lets out a loud bellow.]

JF: FORWARD!!! MARCH!

[Flint and Stephens rush the downed Bashers, stomping them repeatedly as the boos rain down on them.]

BW: Stephens and Flint must have been the Soldiers of Fortune all along!

GM: I can't believe this. Not Joe Flint of all people. Why?

[Stephens drags Smythe towards the center of the ring and pulls him to his feet. Flint is winding up his right arm and charges towards Smythe, knocking him off his feet with a devastating lariat!]

BW: Howitzer! That one felt like it must have had YEARS of frustration behind it!

GM: There's gotta be an explanation for this! This is totally wrong, we've all known Flint for a long time, this isn't something he would do!

BW: But he's doing it, Gordo! He's doing it! USA! USA!

[Stephens drags Storm out towards Flint, and pulls him to a seated position. He shouts something at Flint, and Flint balls up his right hand into a fist, and blows on it. He raises his fist to the crowd and starts to laugh.]

GM: Oh no...

BW: If he's going to do what he's about to do, then this has gotta be the ultimate humiliation!

[The crowd starts cheering as a bunch of AWA wrestlers run down to the ring to make the save. Flint and Stephens think better of it, and roll out of the ring. Stephens notices that one of the wrestlers that made the save is "Outback" Zack Kelly, and he points a finger at Kelly's direction and starts shouting. Kelly shouts back as Flint holds Stephens back. The duo then hop the railing and make their way through the booing crowd.]

GM: American Pride.. excuse me, the Soldiers of Fortune.. whatever you want to call them now, they've made their retreat. American Pride, you know, there's nothing to be proud of here. What those two did in the ring after their match was a total disgrace. They're just a bunch of cowards. They have a lot to answer for, that's for sure, especially Joe Flint.

BW: Who knew that big ol' softie had it in him?

GM: It's absolutely ridiculous. The British Bashers look like they're going need some medical attention, but the calvary arrived just in time before any significant damage could take place.

[In the ring, the Bashers are being attended to. Storm is sitting in the ring, blood trickling down his face, and a look of rage in his eyes as his partner is being attended to.]

GM: Fans, we'll be right back... oh brother...

[Fade to black...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#A hallelujah high from the floor to the ceiling#

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

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

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

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

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

#When the lights come on#

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

#When the lights come on#

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

...and then to black.

We fade back up backstage where Sweet Lou Blackwell stands before an AWA backdrop. To his left stands Julie Somers, who is dressed in a white shirt with a glittery AWA logo over a pink ribbon -- it's the AWA Breast Cancer Awareness Month shirt, folks. She also wears blue jeans and her long, wavy brown hair falls over her shoulders.]

SLB: Fans, I am here with Julie Somers, who we haven't seen in action for a few weeks ever since she scored a disqualification victory over Erica Toughill. Two weeks ago, Julie, you saw Toughill not only pin young Maci Layne, but took it upon to herself to further beat her down after the match was over, then humiliate her. Toughill claims that it was the AWA and the wrestling industry that made her who she is -- that made her a monster. Now she wants you in that ring on her own terms. What is your response to that?

JS: Sweet Lou, I heard what Erica had to say a few weeks ago. I saw what went down when she faced Maci Layne. How she said that if the AWA was going to treat her as trash, then that's what she'll be.

Now, to say that she didn't have it rough in the wrestling business would be a lie. But the truth is, she's not the only one to have to go through what she did early in her career. Because I learned enough about what the business used to be like -- how too many promotions considered the women to be nothing but eye candy, or just there to put on a show to titillate, or to never be appreciated for their athletic talents, whatever they may be,

But the people who taught me about that were the ones who didn't succumb to what certain people in the business wanted from them. All they ever heard were the catcalls, the wolf whistles and the sexist remarks. But they never let that get the best of them. All it made them was more determined than ever to prove those people wrong.

I don't doubt that you survived all of that, Erica, but rather than know that it was about proving people wrong, you let it eat away at you. And now, that a promotion like the AWA has finally decided to give the women a chance to be more than just eye candy, all you want to do is take every woman who wants to take that chance and try to put them out of the business for good. All because you never wanted to

move on from the past and show those who did you wrong that you were better than that... that you could be better than that.

Now you say you want me on your terms, Erica? All because you're in shock that I escaped the Shrew's Fiddle? That I showed I had learned more than a few things from the people who have mentored me?

[She pushes a strand of hair away from her face.]

JS: Well, if that's the way you want to play, Erica, I'm more than happy to oblige, any time you want.

SLB: That sounds like you will accept Erica Toughill's challenge, Julie. Do you think you are prepared for that?

[Before Julie answers, there's another voice.]

"That's a good question."

[And that's when "Lady Lightning" Lori Wilson walks onto the set. Wilson is dressed in a white blouse and a pair of black pants. She wears her trademark headband as well.]

LW: Listen, Julie, I understand you want Erica Toughill in the ring again. But I want you to keep a few things in mind before you meet her on her terms.

JS: [holding up her hand] Wait, Lori, I get it... I need to have a plan for what's ahead. I have to spend as much time as I can preparing for what's to come and...

LW: [cutting her off] Julie, that's not what I'm talking about. If you are going to get into the type of match that Erica Toughill wants, where it's no count out, no DQ, you are going to have to do more than prepare. You need to understand what that means.

Because I've been there many times before. I've wrestled many matches in which there were no rules, where I got chairs drilled into my knee, where I flew off the top rope and put somebody through a table, or got put through a table myself. Or more than that, where I got drilled between the eyes with a closed fist or had my knee wrenched time and time again over the ring apron.

It's going to take more than scouting an opponent and knowing how to counter her every move. It requires you to understand that in a match with no rules, a person like Erica, who shows little reason to restrain herself, now has no reason to do it at all. You know how she likes to swing that bat around when there are rules in place -- ask yourself what will happen when there are no rules in place.

[Somers shakes her head.]

JS: So you're saying I need to hold off on facing Erica Toughill on her own terms? How can I stand by and do nothing, Lori?

LW: I'm not asking you to stand by and do nothing, Julie. I'm asking you to think carefully before you jump into this situation, to understand what it means to face Erica on her terms.

[There is silence for a moment. Somers takes a deep breath before speaking again.]

JS: I can't do it, Lori... not this time.

[Silence again.]

SLB: Well, it looks like the Spitfire has made up her mind and...

LW: Wait, Sweet Lou... Julie, before you run to Jon Stegglet about making the match, I ask one favor of you.

JS: [nodding] All right, what is it?

LW: You let me face Erica Toughill first.

[Somers' mouth hangs open for a moment.]

JS: Lori, you don't have to do that! I can handle this!

LW: Look, I get it. You want Erica Toughill in that ring more than anything else. But I'm asking you to grant me this one favor.

It's not because I don't trust you. It's not because I think you don't stand a chance. It's because I want you to watch how a veteran like myself handles herself against a woman like Erica. Like I told you, I've been through this a lot in my career, and if you get the chance to see what somebody who has been down that road before, handles the situation in that ring, then you'll be better prepared for what's to come.

You may have seen people like Lori Dane do that, but let's face it, that Lori prides herself on being the Queen of Extreme. Better you get to see a Lori who's been in a match like that before, but prides herself on being the wily veteran who has learned how to survive in any match.

[Wilson gets a slight smile.]

LW: Besides, you aren't the only one who would like to get Erica Toughill in that ring.

[Somers tilts her head back and rubs her chin.]

JS: All right, fair enough. But I will say this... my patience with Erica is running out and I don't know how much longer I'm willing to delay things.

LW: I understand. Just pay close attention when I face her.

[Wilson extends her hand. After a moment, Somers grasps it.]

SLB: Fans, it looks like Erica Toughill will get a match on her terms, but it may be Lady Lightning who answers the challenge first! I wonder what the Queen of Clubs will have to say about this? We'll be right back after this break.

[Fade to black...]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

You want it darker
We kill the flame #

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

Magnified, sanctified, be thy holy name

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

Vilified, crucified, in the human frame

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

A million candles burning for the help that never came

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

You want it darker

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

You want it darker
We kill the flame #

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

You want it darker

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

I'm ready, my lord...

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

"SUPERCLASH VIII."

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

[Fade to black...

...and then back up to live action where Sweet Lou Blackwell stands at the interview area with Shadoe Rage. Rage stands back to camera, hood drawn over his head.]

SLB: We are back here LIVE on Saturday Night Wrestling and my guest at this time has some explaining to do after the dastardly attack on "Cannonball" Lee Connors. Ladies and gentlemen, Shadoe Rage.

[The tall broad-shouldered wrestler keeps his back to the camera, hood up, staring impassively at the AWA logo on the set.]

SLB: Well, what about it? How do you explain your despicable actions?

[Blackwell seems tough until Rage's head snaps to face him. Rage turns to loom over Blackwell. He pulls back his monk cloth cowl, revealing his savagely handsome features, crown of dreadlocks and mad, hazel eyes as he speaks with that ragged rasp.]

SR: Despicable actions? I did what was necessary, Sweet Lou. I took him down a peg.

SLB: So you're saying that you were out to get him for what happened with your brother?

SR: Last I remember, my brother put him down. People seem to forget that. People around here always seem to conveniently forget Rage victories. People forget that I am the greatest World Champion this promotion has ever had.

SLB: What?

SR: Nobody had more successful televised defenses, Blackwell. Nobody. And that's a fact, but see, because it doesn't fit the AWA narrative nobody ever talks about it. No, they want to pretend a Lynch who was gifted a toy belt is the best in the business. Well, that's a lie.

[Rage draws off his hood.]

SR: And here's another lie... a lie about this wrestling family from Calgary, Alberta!

SLB: You're talking about the Coltons.

SR: I'm talking about the Faketons. Week after week, I see these commercials for their defunct wrestling promotion and people pretend they were something special and yet week after week Age of Rage wrestling talent competes as your Women's World Champion, the toughest tag team in the Women's Division, the Afro Punk and dozens of up and comers without commercials or fanfare. Why?

SLB: I suppose you're going to tell me.

[Rage's eyes gleam with fevered light.]

SR: Blackjack Lynch.

SLB: Of course.

SR: Blackjack Lynch cannot handle the truth. The Rages are the greatest wrestling family in this business. Bar none. But Blackjack Lynch won't let that be known. So he's trying to fool all these simpletons in the AWaverse...

[Rage sweeps a well-muscled arm across the screen.]

SR: ... into thinking that the Coltons are the premier family in Canada. They are not. The Rages are. We are the premier family in Rage Country and Rage Country is the whole world! Oh yeah!

SLB: Those are some mighty big words, but will you put your money where your mouth is?

SR: Excuse me?

SLB: You want to say you're better... prove it in the ring.

[Something about Shadoe Rage changes. He has become still and cold. Deadly. Even Sweet Lou acknowledges the change in demeanor with a step back and an involuntary gulp. Rage's mouth splits into a rictus grin.]

SR: I'll prove it in the ring. Blake Colton, you come on down next Saturday Night Wrestling and I dare you to try to steal my shine again! I dare you! I DARE YOU!

SLB: Now that's a challenge you might regret if it gets accepted.

SR: Sweet Lou, I'm no coward like Blackjack Lynch and his litter. I ain't scared of Blake Colton. Come step to me, man-to-man, face-to-face, not behind my back. Let me show you where Blake Colton stands in relation to me.

SLB: And where is that?

SR: HE DOESN'T! CAUSE HE'LL BE FLAT ON HIS BACK!

SLB: Oh, you're impossible!

SR: Yeah, impossible to beat. Blake Colton tried to steal my light. He's going to find out

HE. WILL. BURN!!

[Blackwell throws a dismissive gesture at the out-of-control former World Television Champion.]

SLB: All right, thank you very much. That'll be enough. Sensational Shadoo Rage everybody. Gordon, Bucky, back to you.

[Rage gets the last word, whispering towards the camera.

SR: He will burn.

[We fade from the backstage area out to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are standing.]

GM: Thanks for that, Sweet Lou... and as travel down the road to SuperClash, there are a whole lot of the AWA's finest competitors jockeying for position, trying to find their way onto the lineup for the biggest show of the year. We heard Jack Lynch a little earlier worrying about that and he's been in some of the biggest matches in SuperClash history, Bucky!

BW: It just goes to show you that nothing buys you a spot at the big dance. Not your name. Not your money. Not your legacy. Each and every year, you gotta earn it. I don't care if your name is Lynch, Rage, Wallace, or Allen Allen - you gotta bring it and bring it hard to be on the bill in New Orleans on Thanksgiving Night.

GM: And coming up next is a man who certainly hopes to be a part of that big show - the current reigning World Television Champion, Callum Mahoney, who is starting to pick up steam as of late with many of the AWA faithful.

BW: These goofy entrances of his are going viral, Gordo. Some of these idiot fans have completely forgotten that just a month or two ago, he was backjumping their goofy favorites and now they're cheering him because he's getting them to chant along during the entrance! It's insanity!

GM: It just goes to show that you never can predict how the AWA faithful will respond to something. Rebecca, take it away!

[Cut to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing by with referee Scott Ezra.]

RO: Oklahoma City, please welcome your host of Sports Sunday and the "Sports Animal" on WWLS's "Morning Animals," Gerard Garrett!

[Gerard Garrett, a babyfaced man, clean-shaven, with short, neat ash-blond hair, steps through the entranceway. He is dressed in a black suit over a white shirt and crimson tie, and carries a microphone in his hand.]

GG: Oklahoma City and the millions watching worldwide, brace yourselves, because you are about to be awed by the arrival of...

[The Chieftain's "Brian Boru's March" is met with jeering mixed in with some cheers from the fans in attendance.]

GG: THE GLOBAL FACE OF AWA TELEVISION!

[Callum Mahoney, sandy-haired with lightly-tanned skin and dressed in a black studded leather jacket, with metallic spikes covering the shoulders and lapels of the jacket, over his wrestling attire, which consists of a black singlet, with the image of a brown bear, standing on its hind legs, across the front, black knee pads and black boots, strides through the entranceway. Draped over his right shoulder is, of course, the World Television title.]

GG: For it is time, once again, to put the AWA World Television championship ON THE LINE!

[Mahoney grabs the belt by the strap and holds it up, to cheers from the crowd.]

GG: WHO will walk out of this match the AWA World Television champion?

[Some of the fans can be heard yelling "MA-HO-NEY!" As he makes his way down the aisle, Mahoney, who would normally regard the AWA faithful with disdain, actually has a smile on his face.]

GG: WHO, in ten minutes or less, will make his opponent submit to any number of holds, or lay him out with the Pogue Mahone?

[Again, the distinct shout of "MA-HO-NEY!" can be heard. Reaching the ring, Mahoney climbs the steps, wiping the soles of his boots on the canvas before stepping through the ropes.]

GG: He is the Armbar Assassin. He is the Top Rebel of the Rebel County, Ireland. He is...

CALLUM MAAAHONEEY!!!

[Standing in the center of the ring, Mahoney holds the belt aloft once more. He then motions for the microphone from Rebecca Ortiz, who hands it over, as the music fades.]

CM: Once again, I have no idea who I am scheduled to face, but, as always, it does not matter, because, Oklahoma City, you know that whoever it is will have NO CHOICE, but. To. Tap. Out!

[Large parts of the crowd join in shouting "TO! TAP! OUT!"]

CM: So, to the poor soul waiting back there, let's not waste any more time. HURRY UP and...

[The crowd finishes the sentence for him.]

"GET! IN! HERE!"

[Mahoney hands the mic back to Ortiz, who can now make the actual ring announcement.]

RO: The following contest, scheduled for one fall, with a ten-minute time limit, is for the AWA World Television championship! Introducing first, the champion, hailing from County Cork, Ireland and weighing in at 240 pounds, he is...

CALLUM MAAAHONEEY!!!

[There's a decent reaction for Mahoney at this point.]

RO: And the challenger...

[There's a pregnant pause, building anticipation as Mahoney paces the ring, awaiting his opponent...

...and then "Snake Hunt Holler" by Blood Ol' Mule kicks in to a decent reaction from the Oklahoma City crowd.]

GM: This music sounds familiar, Bucky, but I just can't place it.

BW: Me neither but some of these fans seem to know what it is.

[Rebecca Ortiz, shed some light on this mystery.]

RO: From Zeb, Oklahoma... weighing in at 237 pounds...

KAAAAADENNNNNN OOOOOATS!

[One-half of the old school AWA tag team known as the Oklahoma Brothers bursts into view through the curtain to a decent-sized cheer!]

GM: Oh yeah! Kaden Oats is in the building and no wonder these OKC fans know who he is!

[Oats grins at the reaction, obviously surprised at so many fans remembering him. He does a tip of the invisible cap to the fans before making his way down the aisle towards the ring, slapping as many Okie hands as he can.]

GM: Of course, Kaden Oats and his brother Cooper competed in the AWA several years ago as the Oklahoma Brothers. After their time here, they went on to wrestle all over the US... Canada... and even worked in Total Japan Pro Wrestling for an extended period of time. But tonight he's back in the AWA and he's set to challenge Callum Mahoney for the World Television Title.

[Oats reaches the ring, climbing up the ringsteps and ducking through the ropes to another cheer. He raises an arm in recognition, still all smiles at the reaction of the fans. He sheds a red and white ring jacket, revealing red trunks and white boots underneath.]

GM: And what a Cinderella story it would be, Bucky, for Kaden Oats to come back to the AWA - the place where he and his brother got their first big break in pro wrestling - and win this title on the night he returns.

BW: 33 years old. About six foot four... 237 pounds. Well-built, good definition on the upper body. He may be older than the last time we saw him, Gordo, but he looks to be in tremendous shape.

[Oats gives the top rope a tug as the referee signals for the bell.]

GM: And here we go! One fall, ten minute time limit for the World Television Title! Kaden Oats, of course, played football at Northeastern State here in Oklahoma, graduating with a degree in physical therapy.

[Mahoney comes out to the middle of the ring as Oats extends his arm, offering a handshake.]

GM: Show of good sportsmanship by Kaden Oats...

[But as Mahoney grabs the arm, he gives it a yank, pulling Oats into a shoulder tackle, knocking him down to the mat.]

GM: Ohh! Cheapshot by Mahoney!

[The Fighting Irishman dashes to the ropes, bouncing off. Oats pops up and then drops down, forcing Mahoney to jump up and over the top. Mahoney bounces off the far side towards Oats who sets his feet, using a hiptoss to flip Mahoney over, tossing him down to the canvas.]

GM: Hiplock takeover by Oats!

[Mahoney scrambles up towards Oats who shoves him back into the ropes, whipping him back across the ring.]

GM: Mahoney gets fired across... and a back elbow up under the chin takes him down!

[Oats winds up his right arm, dropping an elbow down on the chest... and again... and again... and again. He flips over into a lateral press, reaching back to hook a leg for a two count.]

GM: Two count only for Oats, trying to steal one in the early part of this matchup.

[As Mahoney gets back up, Oats lifts him high and slams him down to the canvas, shaking Mahoney from head to toe.]

BW: Can you imagine Oats winning the World Television Title? I'm getting word right now that he's not even actively wrestling anymore full-time. He's got a physical rehabilitation clinic here in Oklahoma that he works in on a regular basis and just wrestles the occasional weekend gig.

GM: His life would certainly change in an instant if he were able to capture gold tonight in front of his home state crowd.

[Oats follows up the bodyslam with a senton backsplash, dropping his 237 pounds across Mahoney's torso and then flipping over for another pin attempt.]

GM: Oats gets one! He gets two! He gets- no!

[The Oklahoma native is quickly on his feet, dragging the World Television Champion up with him...

...and Mahoney slaps the hand away, driving his skull into Oats' forehead!]

GM: Oh! Headbutt by the champion!

[Oats staggers back as Mahoney laces a boot into his midsection, doubling him up. Mahoney grabs a handful of hair, swinging his knee up into Oats' face, knocking him flat on his back as the crowd (mostly) jeers.]

GM: And whatever love the OKC crowd had for Callum Mahoney seems to have vanished when they realized his opponent was a hometown hero.

[Mahoney doesn't acknowledge the jeering crowd at all as he takes aim, dropping his knee down into Oats' chest.]

GM: Ohh! Crushing kneedrop by Mahoney... and look at this!

[The Television Champion plants his hands on the canvas, kicking his legs up into the air, and bringing BOTH knees down onto the torso.]

GM: That'll do a number on the ribcage for certain.

[Mahoney slides off of Oats, grabbing a wrist and pulling his arm away from his side, exposing the ribs as the Fighting Irishman winds up, smashing a forearm down into the ribcage!]

GM: Mahoney taking aim on those ribs, pounding away at them.

[Bringing Oats to his feet, Mahoney whips him the half-distance to the corner before moving in on him. He squares up, leaning over to swing his balled-up fists into the ribcage - first a trio of blows to the left side of the body and then two more to the right.]

GM: The champion battering Oats like a human punching bag in the corner.

[Leaning down, Mahoney muscles Oats up on his shoulders, walking out of the corner and out to the middle of the ring...

...where he shoves Oats over his head, dropping down to a knee as Oats lands ribs-first on the bent knee!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Gutbuster! And that leaves Oats in a very bad way down on the canvas, sucking wind into his lungs.

BW: And you know what I like about this, Gordo?

GM: What’s that?

BW: The first thing to go on a wrestler who isn’t in the ring every night is the gas tank... the stamina. And now Mahoney’s going right after that area, repeatedly hitting the ribs and forcing Oats to breathe very hard to get air into his lungs. A very well-thought out strategy.

GM: Sometimes you forget about Mahoney’s ring generalship because you know just how much he loves a good scrap.

[With Oats down on the mat, Mahoney pins him gutfirst to the canvas and then goes down on all fours, swinging his knee up into the exposed ribs once... twice... three times...

...and then spins over Oats’ downed body to the other side, switching to knees there with another trio of blows to the body.]

GM: Mahoney’s just pummeling those ribs!

BW: I’m not sure how much more Kaden Oats can take of this, Gordo.

[Climbing to his feet, Mahoney delivers a stiff boot to the ribcage, forcing Oats to roll to his back, cradling his midsection. The referee steps in, checking to see if Oats can continue and when he assures the official he can, Mahoney strikes again, stomping the midsection.]

GM: Callum Mahoney bringing Oats back to his feet... swings a knee up into the gut... backing him into the ropes.

[Grabbing the arm, Mahoney looks to fire Oats into the ropes but the Oklahoma native reverses it...]

GM: Reverses the whip... Mahoney off the far side...

[With a grimace, Oats muscles Mahoney up off the canvas, swinging around to drive him down with a powerslam!]

GM: POWERSLAM! POWERSLAM! WE COULD HAVE A NEW CHAMPION!

[The referee dives to the mat as Oats struggles to keep the leg hooked.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But the Fighting Irishman kicks out in time, breaking up the pin attempt. Oats angrily slams a hand down on the canvas, questioning the official as he brings Mahoney up off the mat, using an overhead elbowsmash between the eyes to send the champion staggering back into the ropes.]

GM: Mahoney's on the ropes! Oats has him in some trouble here!

[After landing a barrage of forearm shots to the jaw, Oats leans down, muscling Mahoney up into a fireman's carry of his own. He wobbles out from the ropes, wincing with every step...]

GM: Oats has got him up! He's struggling to keep him there though and-

[With Oats battling to keep him on his shoulders, Mahoney manages to slip free, landing behind him where a hard shove sends Oats chestfirst into the ropes. He staggers back into a well-placed hooking blow to the ribs from behind which stuns him long enough for Mahoney to grab Oats' arm, looping it around his own neck as Mahoney drops down in a neckbreaker!]

GM: OHH! EMERALD CUTTER FROM BEHIND!

[The champion dives on top of Oats, reaching back for a leg.]

GM: ONE! TWO! AND THREE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And there's another successful defense of the World Television Title by Callum Mahoney!

BW: He worked the ribs, going to them over and over in there, softening them up... and then took advantage of them when Kaden Oats was looking to end the match and the title reign. An Emerald Cutter later and Mahoney retains the title.

GM: He certainly does and as Mahoney knocks off challenger after challenger, you just have to wonder what SuperClash might have in store for him, fans. Speaking of which, Theresa Lynch is standing by with someone else who is hoping that his SuperClash plans are crystal clear after this night. Theresa?

[Cut to backstage, where Theresa Lynch stands with a microphone in hand. The blonde interviewer's face is a mixture of anger and fear, as she casts a wary eye at the very large man standing next to her.]

TL: My guest at this time is the AWA's Engine of Destruction, Brian James.

[The son of the Blackheart is already in his wrestling gear, a white towel covering his face. At the sound of his name, he reaches up to pull the towel off of his head and he glares at Lynch.]

TL: Mr. James...

BJ: How about we start with one of my questions, little girl.

[Lynch's eyes shoot to James, and she offers a slow nod.]

BJ: How does it feel, little girl, to be standing a foot away from a man who was scraping your brother's blood out from under his fingernails two weeks ago? How does it feel to be right next to the man that stomped your other brother's head into the mat and left him for dead?

TL: Listen, I know you don't like me. I know you don't like my family. But this is my job, and all I want to do is be a professional...

BJ: Of course you do. Because that's who you are. You're a professional interviewer. So go ahead, professional, interview me.

[Lynch draws in a breath to steady herself.]

TL: Tonight, you'll be stepping in the ring with three men, and all four of you will be vying for a chance at the World Heavyweight title.

BJ: You see, that's where you're wrong. This isn't four men fighting for a chance at the World Title. This is three lambs going to the slaughter, and one wolf coming to devour them.

Care to guess which one I am?

[Lynch gulps.]

TL: I think I know the answer to that.

BJ: Of course you do.

TL: Be that as it may, the men you're facing tonight are an impressive group.

[James scoffs.]

BJ: To you, perhaps. But since you're so impressed, why don't you go ahead and list them for me.

TL: First is your so-called brother, a former World Heavyweight Champion himself, Johnny Detson.

[The always scowling expression on James' face grows several degrees more intense.]

BJ: I'm not going to spend a lot of my time repeating the things I've said about Detson before. Everyone knows that the blood between me and my brother is bad. Everyone knows the things he's done to me.

But tonight, there's only one thing that matters between us, Detson.

It's that thing we all saw two weeks ago. Two weeks ago, you came down, and for the first time, you had to look me in the eyes. For the first time, my back wasn't turn. For the first time, you had to face me like a man. And what did you do?

You froze, Detson.

That feeling you had? That thing that made your guts clench and made your blood run cold? That's fear, Detson. And when you fear something? It doesn't go away easily. Fear is poison. Fear is deadly.

You fear me Detson, and tonight, you're going to learn why the smartest thing you could ever do is fear me.

As for me? The only thing I'm afraid of is that it'll be over too quick, that you'll fold too easily. The only thing that I'm afraid of is the possibility that I won't get to savor hurting you for as long as I want to.

TL: And what about Jordan Ohara?

BJ: The Phoenix?

TL: Yes.

[James scoffs again.]

BJ: Ohara, you call yourself The Phoenix? You claim that you're the sort of person that comes along once in a millennium?

I got news for you. Chumps like you are a dime a dozen.

Phoenix? You know what you are, Ohara? You're nothing but a pigeon. You swoop in, make a lot of noise, spew your garbage all over the place, and everyone thinks you're a nuisance. What have you accomplished in the AWA?

As far as I can tell, the only thing you've ever done is making Derrick Williams look good by comparison.

You want to talk once in a millennium? Let's talk being in the ring when the Dogs of War were defeated for the first time. Let's talk winning the first ever Mayhem match. Let's talk carrying a man to the finals of the Stampede Cup on your first night in the company. Let's talk about putting Otto Verhoeven out to pasture once and for all. Let's talk winning the Battle of Boston.

Except we're talking about me, not you.

You want to be the future, Ohara, then step on up. Come and try me, Ohara, so that the next time I list my accomplishments, I can add bringing your career to an abrupt end to the list.

JL: What about another former World Champion, Ryan Martinez?

[James chuckles, but there's no joy in it.]

BJ: Ryan Martinez. You know what your problem is?

You forgot who you are, and why you're here.

You think this is some kind of crusade. You think you're here to what? Save the AWA. You see yourself in the midst of some struggle. I'm here to tell you that none of it matters. The only thing you should have ever cared about was that gold you let slip through your fingers.

Your ideals mean less than nothing, Martinez. Your code of honor? That's just the name that you gave to your weakness. You don't have what it takes to win the fight, and you hide behind your morals to justify it.

Well my code is a lot simpler than yours Martinez – win at any cost, and hurt as many people as you can along the way. Everything else is just talk. And we all know that talk is cheap.

I'm not a crusader. I'm not a hero. I'm not a White Knight. I'm a fighter, Martinez. The son of the Blackheart. The Engine of Destruction.

You're here to change the world?

Well, I'm here to conquer it.

You can count on this, Martinez. I'm bringing your little crusade to an end tonight.

You keep your ideals. You keep your honor. Me? I'm coming for blood, and I'm going to take that gold from around the waist of Juan Vasquez.

[James turns to stare at Lynch.]

BJ: And that is what I've got to say to these "impressive" men. We're finished here.

[James places the towel over his head and stalks off, leaving a shaken Theresa Lynch in his wake...

...as we fade to black.

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

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

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

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

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

...and we fade back up to live action where Gordon and Bucky are standing at ringside.]

GM: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling, fans, where if you're just joining us, you've missed one heck of a night of action so far. Of course, at the top of our show, we saw AWA owner and acting Director of Operations Jon Stegglet confront AWA World Champion Juan Vasquez. We expected to start the night with Mr. Vasquez being stripped of the title and fired from the AWA... but that's not what happened. Instead, we learned that Mr. Vasquez will spend his final night under AWA contract defending the title at SuperClash... and win, lose, or draw, he will walk away from the AWA forever.

BW: Now the only question is - will he walk away as the World Champion?

GM: That remains to be seen... and later tonight, four men - Johnny Detson, Jordan Ohara, Brian James, and Ryan Martinez - will collide to see who will get the opportunity at SuperClash to stop that from happening when they do battle in the first-ever Final Four match in our Main Even...

[Gordon trails off, his brow furrowing. After a moment, the crowd begins to jeer as our camera cuts to the aisleway where Women's World Champion Lauryn Rage comes striding down to ringside in street wear, skintight jeggings, knee high black boots and a black t-shirt under a hot pink fur vest. The AWA Women's World Championship is strapped around her waist as she carries a chair with her to the ring. Her hair is coiled into a long purple braid.]

GM: This is an unexpected interruption by our Women's World Champion, Lauryn Rage.

BW: No fanfare. No music. She seems all business.

[Lauryn climbs through the ropes. She sets up her chair in the middle of the ring and unstraps the title. She sits down, legs crossed with the title over her lap. She taps her foot impatiently.]

GM: Well, it's unusual for Lauryn Rage to not want to speak but...

BW: They haven't given her a mic yet, Gordo!

[Lauryn continues to stare out at the crowd, her face an angry sneer.]

GM: I don't get this. She hasn't even asked for a microphone - does she even WANT one?

BW: She's a Rage! What do you think?

[Rage continues to sit in the ring - not saying anything... not even moving as valuable show time expires. The crowd begins to boo louder. Lauryn makes a 'So what' face at them as they grow more and more irritated.]

GM: What is this all about?!

BW: Don't you see! It's a sit-in!

GM: What?

BW: Come on, Gordo, you were around in the 60s... heck, you were around in the 1860s. It's a civil protest against unfair treatment!

GM: Unfair treatment?! Are you kidding me?!

BW: Of course not! Do you think it's fair Lauryn has two Number One Contenders?! It doesn't even make mathematical sense!

[The Women's World Champion remains silent and unmoving as the crowd begins to boo even louder. Finally, a ring attendant offers her a microphone. She rolls her eyes as the microphone is deposited on her championship.]

GM: This is bizarre behavior - even from the likes of Lauryn Rage. I don't understand this at all. If Bucky is right, apparently Rage is protesting what happened two weeks ago when we learned that because of her actions during that Number One Contender match, she'll be defending the title at SuperClash against Melissa Cannon AND Ayako Fujiwara!

BW: Totally unfair! Someone should overturn that decision!

[Lauryn drags out the silence. The crowd is booing louder and louder with every moment that passes.]

GM: Alright, that's enough of this. We have a show to present and she's delaying it. We're supposed to be hearing from Rex Summers! The Samoans are scheduled to be out here in action! The crowd is sick of this and - quite frankly - so am I! Can someone please come out here and get her out this ring?!

[At long last, Rage finally deigns to pick up the microphone. She slowly lifts it to her lips, looking out at the jeering crowd.]

LR: You know... if you would all just shut the HELL up...

[The champion's words inflame the crowd, causing them to boo lustily again. Lauryn basks in their rage, a satisfied smirk on her face as they let her have it.]

LR: This is MY ring! This is MY championship! I am YOUR champion!

[The boos are almost overwhelming as Rage shouts over them on the mic.]

LR: ME! DA KID!

[She holds up the title belt with one hand, somehow getting an even more negative reaction.]

LR: And it's about time all y'all learned to deal with that. I am your champion. Not them irrelevant hags, Melissa Cannon or Ayako Fujiwara. Me! A Rage!

[She stares daggers through the crowd.]

LR: And we all know that the suits would prefer someone else in this spot... but the Women's Division doesn't have a Lynch... it don't have an O'Connor or a James or even a Shane.

Just me. A Rage. Just the last child of Adrian Rage. You know. The Great One. Me. And yet Gellar and now Stegglet treat me like I'm a piece of crap.

[The crowd cheers that idea! Rage waves a dismissive hand at them.]

LR: You don't even believe that. You're just parrots. You're just puppets. It doesn't even bother me. None of you mean anything to me. You are just fans. You have not made the sacrifices I've made. You don't come from my stock. You are beneath me. Just as those two irrelevant tricks are beneath me.

They aren't taking this title from me. And I ain't takin' Stegglet's crap. So just like he bent over for Vasquez... he's gonna bend over for me.

[The crowd "ooooohs" on that one. Rage looks satisfied.]

LR: So until Stegglet comes out here and works with me about who I will face at SuperClash, I'm a sit right here and there ain't gonna be no show. Ya dig?

[Lauryn drops the mic as she sits back and waits.]

GM: No show? What an insolent little spoiled brat Lauryn Rage is! She says she's taking Saturday Night Wrestling hostage until Jon Stegglet comes out here and get her a new opponent for SuperClash!

BW: That seems pretty fair to me, Gordo.

GM: Of course it would. But I'm betting Jon Stegglet doesn't think it's fair... and I'm betting that Melissa Cannon and Ayako Fujiwara don't think it's fair either. In fact, I'm betting that-

[Suddenly, the crowd CHEERS at the sight of one of the women set to challenge for the Women's World Title at SuperClash - Melissa Cannon - walking out into the aisle in a pair of black workout pants and a green t-shirt with "COMBAT CORNER" printed in bold white font across the chest. Cannon shakes her head as she walks into view, saying something off-mic as she points down the aisle at the ring. Rage rises from her chair, looking down the aisle at Cannon.]

GM: There you go, Bucky! I was about to say that I bet that Melissa Cannon or Ayako Fujiwara would be the ones to come out here, shut her mouth, and send her packing!

BW: We'll see about that! I like Lauryn's chances one on one with Cannon.

[Cannon walks the aisle in her street clothes, trading words with Rage - both women speaking off-mic. Rage backs to mid-ring as Cannon approaches. The crowd cheers as Cannon grabs the ropes, pulling herself up on the apron...

...and dropping back quickly to the floor as Rage rushes the ropes, slamming the chair into them in an attempt to club Cannon with it!]

GM: Oh my! She tried to use that chair on Cannon and-

[Cannon shouts at Rage from the floor, daring her to put the chair down and fight. But Rage again takes a swipe at the ropes, shaking her head defiantly.]

GM: Lauryn Rage came prepared, determined to keep Cannon out of the ring... determined to keep the squared circle and keep her so-called sit-in intact.

[The stand-off has the crowd urging Cannon on. Cannon pauses, looking around ringside for an equalizer...

...when suddenly, "The Cyborg Fights" by YellowExxhy plays over the PA system to a smile from Cannon, a frown from Rage, and a burst of cheers from the Oklahoma City crowd!]

GM: Oh yeah! Melissa Cannon doesn't have to do this alone tonight in OKC!

[Ayako Fujiwara emerges from the entryway, an angry expression on her face as she points at the ring with two extended arms...

...and then breaks into a sprint!]

GM: Here comes Fujiwara and no chair looks like it's going to stop her, Bucky!

BW: Time for Plan B, Lauryn! PLAN B!

[Fujiwara dives under the bottom rope at a full sprint, sliding up to her feet as Rage winds up with the chair...

...but the former Olympian dives in first, lifting Rage off the mat in a double leg, lifting her up into the air, and DRIVING her down to the mat with a thunderous slam that sends the chair clattering to the canvas to a HUUUUUGE CHEER!]

GM: OH MY STARS! FUJIWARA WITH THE KING-SIZED... scratch that... she nails a QUEEN-SIZED takedown on the champion!

[Cannon slides into the ring, lifting the chair off the mat, and watching as Rage rolls out to the floor.]

BW: Oh, now Cannon gets in there. When there's no more work to be done, Cannon's right there to soak up all the glory. Typical.

GM: That's not what happened at all, Bucky.

[Ayako Fujiwara beckons Rage back into the ring but the Women's World Champion is having no part of it, staying out on the floor as Cannon applauds what Fujiwara was able to do.]

BW: Oh, how adorable. They're on the same page now, Gordo, but what's going to happen at SuperClash when they have to work against each other to try and become the Women's Champion.

[A jubilant Fujiwara turns away from Cannon, walking to the corner where she steps up to the midbuckle, saluting the cheering crowd...]

GM: And listen to the reaction for Ayako Fujiwara here in Oklahoma City! Big cheers for one of the women who will- wait a second!

[The crowd jeers as Rage slides in behind Melissa Cannon, reaching around to rake her eyes with two hands. With Cannon blinded, Rage snatches up the steel chair off the mat, running across the ring...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and waffles Fujiwara with a blow that sends her sailing off the middle rope, falling over the ropes and out to the floor to the shocked jeers of the capacity crowd!]

GM: SNEAK ATTACK BY RAGE!

[An irate Rage turns around, chair in hand, ready to go after Cannon again...

...but a half-blinded Cannon storms across the ring, throwing herself into a flying dropkick that knocks Rage off her feet!]

GM: Cannon drops Rage with a dropkick - and now she's got the chair!

[Cannon snatches the chair off the mat, winding up with it. Rage rolls to a knee, begging off, raising her hands and asking for mercy. The crowd jeers.]

GM: Oh, now she wants no part of Cannon! Now that Cannon's armed herself, Rage wants no part of her!

[Rage shakes her head back and forth, pleading with Cannon not to strike her with the chair...

...but her gaze keeps floating to the other side of the ring, just beyond Cannon.]

GM: Cannon looks like she might just smash her good with that chair and...

[The crowd buzzes with confusion as Rage suddenly drops to her back, shouting as she grabs at her head. Cannon looks equally confused, not putting the chair down, staying at the ready for some kind of trick...

...and there's a trick coming, just not the one that Cannon expected.]

GM: Wait a second!

[The crowd buzzes as Ayako Fujiwara, grabbing at her back, slides back into the ring, climbing to her feet...

...and angrily spins Cannon around, shouting at her!]

GM: What the-?!

BW: Fujiwara thinks CANNON hit her with the chair! Oh man, that's brilliant!

GM: What?!

BW: Look at Lauryn! Lauryn planned this whole thing!

[Rage is now out on the floor, watching with a grin from a knee as Fujiwara angrily accuses Cannon of attacking her from behind and Cannon tries to deny it.]

GM: You're right, Bucky! Look at her! She wasn't begging for mercy - she was buying time, trying to get Fujiwara to see Cannon holding that chair! What a manipulative little-

BW: Easy there, Gordo. That's the World Champ you're talking about!

[Cannon tosses the chair aside, shouting at Ayako who gets in her face, jabbing a finger into her chest as she accuses her in Japanese. The crowd urges calm between the two as Fujiwara shoves Cannon and Cannon returns the favor.]

GM: These two are going at it in the ring and... and all the while, Lauryn Rage who set this whole thing up, is loving every minute of it!

BW: Well, maybe this Three Way Dance at SuperClash just got a whole lot more interesting, daddy!

GM: We've got a few officials in there, trying to settle these two down... fans, let's go backstage to Theresa Lynch who is standing by with "Red Hot" Rex Summers! That poor girl...

[Gordon shakes his head as we fade to the backstage area where Theresa Lynch is indeed with Rex Summers who is dressed in a skin-tight violet t-shirt and black leather pants. The t-shirt is a v-neck, cut to show off some gold chains dangling around his neck. There is no Summers Sweetheart to be seen.]

TL: Thanks, Gordon. Rex Summers, I have it on good authority that you're going to be doing your best Sweet Lou Blackwell impression here tonight. You've got a scoop for us?

[Summers smirks with a nod.]

RS: You got that right, sweetness. The word on the street is that Rex Summers has done it again.

TL: Done it again? I hesitate to even ask what that means.

RS: Rex Summers has made yet another one of the AWA's darlings tuck his tail between his legs and hit the bricks. You get me?

TL: That much is clear. But who are you talking about?

[Summers pumps his arms up and down, looking to the sky above.]

RS: THE GODS HAVE CALLED UPON THE GLADIATOR... AND THEY'VE SAID, GLADIATOR, YOU ARE NO MATCH FOR REX SUMMERS! REX SUMMERS IS YOUR BETTER IN EVERY WAY! EMOTIONALLY! DEFINITELY MENTALLY! AND...

[Summers pulls his arms down into a double bicep pose, pulling one up to plant a kiss upon it.]

RS: Absolutely physically, Theresa, as you can attest to.

[Theresa looks like her stomach is churning as we speak.]

TL: Are you saying that you've chased the Gladiator out of town?!

RS: You got it, babe. And while the suits may tell you that it's because he got injured while in the ring with yours truly - I think we all know the truth. It's because he stood on the mountaintop, looked down on those he'd beaten... and then looked up and saw me standing above him, looking as ONLY I can look. And he knew. He knew in that moment that he had no chance to beat me. He knew he had no chance to dominate me like he'd dominated every year for over a year. He knew that the And Two was about to become the And Three... And Four... And Five... you do the math, sweetheart.

TL: Wow. So, if it's true that the Gladiator has left the AWA... your road to SuperClash is wide open.

[Summers nods again.]

RS: Absolutely. And as I look down that road, Theresa, there's only one thing that I can see... one place that I belong... one opportunity to right a wrong that that miserable twit Emerson Gellar caused this year.

TL: And what's that?

RS: Rex Summers is coming to SuperClash... and he's coming to Steal The Spotlight.

[Summers grins, winking at Theresa.]

RS: See you around, doll.

[Theresa shakes her head with disgust as Summers exits.]

TL: Shockingly, that WAS big news for Rex Summers. The Gladiator injured and gone from the AWA?! Rex Summers with his sights set on stealing the spotlight at SuperClash on Thanksgiving Night for the second year in a row?! I haven't even heard of a Steal The Spotlight match at SuperClash being on the table! I'm going to try to get to the bottom of this, fans. Now, let's go back to the ring for more action!

[We crossfade back out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall. Introducing first, in the ring to my left, at a total combined weight of 493 pounds, the team of The Sicilian Stud and Hugh Jenner!

[The Sicilian Stud, a man with short, brown hair and a stocky build, dressed in green wrestling trunks with the flag of Italy on them, smiles and waves to the crowd. Hugh Jenner, a man with curly brown hair with graying tones and dressed in blue trunks and wrestling boots, acknowledges the crowd as well.

The unmistakable notes from the tuba that signals the start of "The Theme from Jaws" kicks in over the PA system.]

RO: Their opponents, accompanied to the ring by their manager, "The Professional" Dave Cooper, at a total combined weight of 530 pounds... representing The Lion's Den... here are Scola and Mafu... THE SAMOAN HIT SQUAD!

["The Professional" Dave Cooper comes through the entrance first. He has thinning brown hair and a mustache, and is dressed in a pair of navy blue slacks and a light blue button-down shirt. Walking behind him are Scola and Mafu. Scola, the larger of the two, has an afro and is dressed in a pair of black tights with a blue floral pattern and white wrestling boots. His partner, Mafu, has unkempt black hair that hangs down the sides of his face, is dressed in a similar pair of tights, but he does not wear wrestling boots, although his bare feet have white tape wrapped around them.]

GM: Here comes the Samoan Hit Squad, who have been on a tear ever since they returned to the AWA.

BW: And they'll be the first to tell you that they owe a lot to Dave Cooper for that. He not only knows what it's like to be part of a top tag team, but he takes the interest of his charges seriously.

GM: No doubt that Cooper knows what it takes to be successful in the tag ranks. And he's made it clear he thinks his men should be next in line for a shot at the World Tag Team Champions.

BW: Yeah, and then Bobby O'Connor and Jack Lynch had to cut in line.

[The Samoan Hit Squad follows Cooper to the ring, Scola keeping a stoic look on his face, a hard stare in his eyes, while Mafu has a wilder look in his eyes and a smile, as if he can't wait to tear into his opponent. Cooper has a smirk on his face as he leads his charges to the ring, Scola climbing through the ropes while Mafu chooses

to slide underneath them. Once in the ring, Mafu slides toward the middle of the ring and gets on his hands and knees, as Scola steps behind him and folds his arms.

And then Cooper turns toward the aisle and motions to the back.]

GM: Wait a minute... what does Cooper want?

[That's when, out from the back, steps the newest member of The Lion's Den, Rene Rousseau. The French Canadian is dressed in a pair of gray slacks, a white button down shirt and a red necktie. He also wears sunglasses and an arrogant smirk on his face.]

GM: And now we have Rene Rousseau coming to ringside. I don't like this one bit, Bucky.

BW: What, because you want to sympathize with Chris Schwa-nay-nay?

GM: No, because he has no business being at ringside. He's not a manager!

[Rousseau walks down to ringside, scoffing at the fans who heckle him. Cooper steps out of the ring and greets Rousseau with a handshake, then directs him toward the ringside table.]

GM: Hold on... don't tell me Rousseau is going to insist on joining us.

[Rousseau walks toward the table, taking his place beside Wilde. The two of them shake hands. Rousseau casts his eyes at Myers, then gives a disdainful wave, before putting on a headset.]

BW: Rene Rousseau, it's an honor to have you here.

GM: I'd beg to differ with that.

RR: Of course, you would beg to differ, Gordon. Because you know I outclass you when it comes to providing insight as to how things work inside the ring, just like I outclass Chris Choisset and Cesar Hernandez when it comes to what I can do inside that ring.

[The bell rings and it's the Stud starting things off against Scola. Stud cautiously circles his larger opponent, who simply glares.]

GM: Sicilian Stud not wanting to match power with Scola.

RR: Well, I'll give him this much, he's smart enough to know he can't wrestle a power game. Too bad he's not smart enough to realize he can't wrestle any game against the might of Scola.

[Stud fires off several shots at Scola's midsection, but Scola seems unfazed. That's when the Samoan grabs Stud by the head.]

GM: OH MY! Devastating headbutt by Scola and the Stud is rocked!

BW: You weren't kidding about Stud not being smart enough, Rene. Now look at what Scola's setting him up for.

[Scola whips Stud into the ropes, then bounce off the opposite side.]

RR: Yes indeed, Bucky, look at that flying shoulderblock. See, some people don't think Scola is that quick or agile, but moves like that show otherwise.

GM: It is indeed an impressive move... now he's got Stud by the hair.

[Scola reaches over to slap hands with Mafu.]

GM: Tag is made... now they've both got the Stud.

[Scola and Mafu simultaneously connect with headbutts and the Stud slumps to the mat.]

GM: And a vicious double headbutt!

RR: You wouldn't expect anything less, Gordon. Too bad you're too busy thinking that people like Chris Choynet and Cesar Hernandez could ever stand a chance against the Samoans.

GM: You've been in the ring with them, too, Rene... and that still makes me surprised you'd ever cast your lot in with them.

RR: It's called learning to respect your opponents, Gordon. Something that Choynet and Hernandez never do!

GM: I don't buy that, especially when talking about the likes of The Lion's Den.

BW: Now, now, Gordo, you show some manners around our special guest.

[Meanwhile, Scola has left the ring and Cooper gives instruction to Mafu, who nods and sets up Stud for a Russian legsweep, only to fall forward to the mat instead of backwards.]

GM: Mafu driving Stud face first to the canvas! And look at how he keeps rubbing Stud's face into the mat!

RR: That's what you call staying on top of your opponent, Gordon.

GM: It's what I call bending the rules, Rene.

BW: And that's what I call being impolite to our guest, Gordo!

[Mafu drags Stud off the canvas, then steps back and measures, unleashing a thrust kick right to the jaw.]

GM: OH MY! What a vicious kick! Stud goes down in a heap!

[But he's close enough to his corner, where he reaches up to tag in Hugh Jenner.]

RR: There's a tag, but I doubt Jenner is going to fare any better than the Stud. Especially against two men that work together as well as Scola and Mafu.

GM: Jenner giving it his best shot... he's not wasting any time!

[Jenner rushes Mafu and fires off several forearm smashes, enough to back Mafu into the ropes.]

GM: Here's an Irish whip by Jenner...

RR: No, Mafu just reversed it. Now watch how a pro does it, Gordon.

[Mafu leaps into the air and dropkicks Jenner, then is quick to jump on top of his opponent.]

GM: Nice dropkick and now... oh, come on, he's biting Jenner! And you want to associate yourself with men like that, Rene?

RR: Mafu is a gentlemen, believe it or not, but people like Jenner don't deserve to be treated well, because they have no class!

GM: I'd hardly call what Mafu is doing a classy move.

BW: Gordo, you can say what you want, but I'd trust Rene on this one... especially after Mafu apologized to him two weeks ago!

RR: See, Bucky knows a gentlemen when he sees one.

[Mafu drags Jenner off the canvas and reaches over to tag in Scola.]

GM: There's the tag... now Mafu whips Jenner across the ring...

[Jenner comes back at Mafu, who bends over for a back body drop...

...after which Scola catches Jenner and drives him into the mat.]

GM: OH MY! Mafu backdrops Jenner right into a powerbomb by Scola!

[Outside the ring, Cooper applauds, then shouts at Scola, "Keep sending the message!"]

GM: What in the world is Cooper talking about?

RR: He's talking about sending a message to everyone else in the AWA about who is the best tag team and who deserves the title shot more than any other tag team.

GM: I presume Cooper has a few things to say about the World Tag Team Title match that's getting set up at SuperClash?

RR: Oh, he'll have plenty, but I'll let him do the talking after the match.

[Scola drags Jenner off the canvas, then hooks him around the waist.]

GM: And look at that! Scola with an overhead belly to belly throw!

BW: He threw him like a rag doll, Gordo!

[Scola rises to his feet and glances at Cooper, who applauds again and shouts, "Finish him off!"]

GM: It sounds like Cooper wants to end this one.

RR: I think the message has been delivered. Look at how Jenner doesn't put up any resistance.

[Scola tags in Mafu, then sits on the top rope in his corner. Mafu climbs up to the second rope.]

GM: We've seen this before... a unique move but an effective one.

[Scola hooks Mafu into a front chancery, then suplexes him upward, before releasing Mafu and shoving him down.]

GM: Big splash by Mafu right onto Jenner!

BW: This one's over, folks.

[Mafu covers Jenner as Scola stands on the second rope, eyeing Stud, who doesn't move. The referee counts to three and calls for the bell.]

GM: Mercifully, this one is over. Let's get the official word.

[The referee stands between Scola and Mafu and raises their arms in victory.]

RO: The winners of the match... THE SAMOAN HIT SQUAD!

[Mafu has a wicked grin on his face while Scola merely glares at the crowd, but his facial features soften when he turns to Mafu and the two exchange a high five.]

GM: Another win for the Samoan Hit Squad... meanwhile, Rene Rousseau, while you are here, I believe you have a challenge of your own to answer.

RR: A challenge? [Scoffs] From my former partner?

GM: Yes, that would be the one.

RR: Chris Choynet wants to face me? Does he really think that he can beat me? If he could never beat the Samoans... and if he could never beat a whole host of others he's faced... then what chance does he have against me?

GM: It sounds like you are ducking a challenge, Rene.

RR: I never duck a challenge! I'm just surprised that Chris thinks he has a chance to beat the man who taught him everything he knows! If he wants to face me, then I will be more than happy to oblige. But all that's going to happen is that I will prove beyond any shadow of a doubt that Chris Choynet doesn't measure up to me, in terms of class, in terms of ability and in terms of knowledge about what to do in that ring!

[By this point, Dave Cooper has walked up alongside Rousseau, with Scola and Mafu right behind him. Cooper has taken the ringside mic.]

DC: Rene, Rene... hey, I understand what you're thinking. You're as surprised as I am that Chris Choynet is still hanging around the AWA after he lost out on his chance for greatness. But if he wants you in that ring, we'll get the contract signed. And he can have Cesar Hernandez in his corner if he wants... the fact is, Hernandez lacks the smarts that I have, and the smarts that you have, about what it means to guide a dimwit like Choynet to victory.

BW: Hey, Cooper, now that you're here, what do you think about Jack Lynch and Bobby O'Connor stepping in front of the Samoans for a tag team title shot?

DC: Bucky, I'm honestly tired of all these people who think they have a right to a title shot simply because of their bloodlines... because they have daddies who have all these connections and promote all these shows, that it somehow entitles them to a title match any time they ask for it. I'll say this right now to Jack Lynch and Bobby O'Connor: You two better get eyes in the back of your head, because right here with me is the only tag team who deserves any title shot.

[He gestures back to Scola and Mafu, the former with his arms folded and a frown on his face, the latter with his hair hanging in front of his eyes and a sick grin.]

DC: The truth is, there is no tag team that is more devastating, more dangerous and more talented than Scola and Mafu. It doesn't matter if it's Lynch and

O'Connor, or Taylor and Donovan, or any other pairing they want to throw against us... the Samoan Hit Squad is gonna tear them apart, just like they've been tearing every tag team they've faced apart.

[Rousseau removes his headset and stands up. Cooper slaps him on the shoulder.]

DC: And you watch, Gordon Myers... in two weeks, this gentleman here is going to make quick work of Chris Choynet, then he's going to keep tearing up the ranks on his way to greatness, too. Remember, there isn't a man in the AWA who hasn't achieved greatness since associating themselves with me, so just as the Samoans have been established as the team to beat in the AWA, so Rene Rousseau will do in the singles ranks.

Now, then, The Lion's Den will be on our way -- and as for you, Myers, you can thank your lucky stars you got to be in the presence of greatness.

[With that, Cooper, Rousseau, Scola and Mafu head away from ringside and up the aisle.]

GM: A very confident Dave Cooper leading his Lion's Den. Fans, we've got to take a quick break but when we come back, we'll have Hall of Famer Jeff Matthews in action so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black...]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

You want it darker
We kill the flame #

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

Magnified, sanctified, be thy holy name

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

Vilified, crucified, in the human frame

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

A million candles burning for the help that never came

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

You want it darker

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

You want it darker
We kill the flame #

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

You want it darker

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

I'm ready, my lord...

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

"SUPERCLASH VIII."

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

[Fade to black...

...and we fade back up to live action where we get a nice panning shot of the capacity crowd in Oklahoma City. We stay silent for a moment until suddenly...]

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!"

[Sounds of gunfire reverberate throughout the arena as the opening Guitar part starts up to "One" by Metallica which brings big cheers as it can only mean the arrival of one man in the world of pro wrestling.]

GM: Oh yeah! The Madfox is in the house!

[Cut to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. First, already in the ring, from Milwaukee, Wisconsin... weighing in at 278 pounds... Kurt Porter!

[A pudgy pale man with a red beard raises both arms in his double-strapped black singlet to jeers from the crowd.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent... from Durham, North Carolina... weighing in at 262 pounds... he is the Madfox...

JEEEEEEEEEEFFFFFFFFFF MAAAAAATHEWWWWWS!

[On cue, the crowd sings along with...]

#HOLD MY BREATH AS I WISH FOR DEATH... OH PLEASE GOD WAKE ME!

[Out from behind the curtain steps Jeff Matthews, decked out in his ring attire which consists of crimson colored wrestling tights and high, laced up black boots.]

GM: The Hall of Famer! The former World Champion! Jeff Matthews is here in Oklahoma City as he continues to work his way back into ring shape from his very long hiatus before returning to action here in the AWA.

BW: He's not gonna get in ring shape facing tomato cans like this round mound of reject in there.

GM: Bucky, Matthews has two wins over Jayden Jericho - a fine young competitor - since returning to action. He's been very active on the live events as well. The Madfox is certainly not ducking any on-comers as he works his way back up the ladder of contention.

BW: Gordo, you read his resume yourself. Former World Champion. Hall of Famer. Do you really think he needs to face creampuffs like Porter here to get back in shape? I think Matthews is here for the payday and the easy night at the office. He's got no desire to face the top guys in the AWA, Gordo.

GM: Knowing Jeff Matthews as I do, I'd call that highly unlikely, Bucky.

[In the meantime, Matthews has made his way to the ring, ducking through the ropes as his iconic theme music fades out. The Madfox has a very serious

expression on his face, nodding at the referee's instructions as Porter shouts across the ring at him.]

GM: Kurt Porter looks like he's pretty eager to start this match, Bucky.

BW: I wouldn't be. Matthews may be soft in his old age but he's still a killer in there when provoked.

[As the bell sounds, Porter marches across the ring, running his mouth the entire time. Matthews watches... and watches... and watches...]

GM: Porter's right up in the Madfox's face, reading him the riot act.

[Porter aggressively stabs his finger into Matthews' chest once... twice... and as he goes for the third time, Matthews captures the arm under his armpit, violently and swiftly taking Porter down to the canvas with an armbar takedown...]

...and immediately transitions into the Fujiwara Armbar!]

GM: FUJIWARA! MATTHEWS HOOKS THE FUJIWARA!

[Porter hangs on bravely... for about three seconds before slapping the mat wildly as the referee signals for the bell and the crowd cheers.]

GM: Wow! Near record time victory there for Jeff Matthews!

[Matthews gets to his feet, glaring down at Porter who clutches his elbow as he rolls around in pain on the mat, rolling out to the floor. Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

RO: Here is your winner by submission... JEEEEEEFF MAAAAATHEWWWWWS!

[The crowd cheers as Matthews nods in recognition before sticking a hand out towards Ortiz, who hands over the house mic.]

JMM: Thanks. Thank you all.

[Matthews nods again.]

JMM: It always feels great to get a win. I've learned to not take them for granted anymore because you can lose everything at any moment.

[The crowd quiets down, hushed by the serious Matthews tone.]

JMM: That's pretty much what my old boss, Chris Blue, was talking about two weeks ago too... and I hope some of you back there in the locker room were listening to him.

Because I sure was.

[Matthews nods again, looking down at the mat for a moment before looking up and continuing.]

JMM: When you've danced the dance, you can always tell when there's a change in the melody.

There's a heavy presence that seems to be forcing itself upon this federation. There's some who don't seem to be concerned with the chaos reigning over the AWA right now. Some who are willing to go about their daily business, coming out here, getting their paycheck, and moving on to the next town. Some who are

focused on their own situation... a rivalry, a title... whatever... not concerned at all with the bigger picture.

[A shake of the head.]

JMM: Well, I just want everyone to know that there IS someone out there who is concerned... and that person is me.

[A cheer from the OKC crowd who don't quite seem to know what he's talking about.]

JMM: I've been in this spot before, sitting back and watching it happen. Hell, I've been on the other side of Blue in this spot, watching him lead the other side... so we both know what we're talking about... and I'm telling you right now that I'm NOT just going to stand by and let it continue to happen.

This situation... whatever it is... it's not something to be taken lightly but that's exactly what's going on.

[Matthews shrugs.]

JMM: It's not a surprise, is it? In this day of age, everyone is more concerned about themselves than the world around them. But the people in the locker room... even all of you...

[He points at the crowd.]

JMM: ...everyone needs to understand that this concerns us all.

[He turns, pointing to the entryway.]

JMM: So, everyone back there... if you haven't been listening to Blue or the others... if you haven't been watching the warning signs... listen to me. Listen to what I'm saying.

Because when something like this goes down, everyone gets sucked in eventually. There's no watching out for yourself then. There's no staying out of it. Eventually, EVERYONE is a victim... you all... WE all end up in the crosshairs.

You can try to stay out of it... but eventually, you'll end up a casualty just like everyone else.

[Matthews shrugs.]

JMM: And I don't know about all of you but I've never enjoyed being the victim... and I damn sure don't intend on being the hunted.

[He holds up a finger, pointing at the camera.]

JMM: And the only way I know how to avoid that is to throw myself right into the middle of it all... let the world know that I'M hunting THEM!

[Another cheer from the crowd. Matthews pauses, nodding his head, chewing his bottom lip for a moment.]

JMM: Yeah. And that's exactly what I intend to do.

[He leans over, setting the mic down on the canvas before exiting the ring to cheers from the Oklahoma City crowd.]

GM: Wow! Jeff Matthews apparently is a man on a mission, Bucky, and so much for ducking the tough challenges because he just threw himself into the middle of something that-

BW: What?! What is he even talking about?! Do you know?! Blue was back there two weeks ago rambling about stuff... stuff we shouldn't even be talking about. Matthews is buying it?

GM: You're not?

BW: Look, love him or hate him, Chris Blue has been around this business for a long time... and there's a reason he's been sitting on the sidelines for the better part of the past decade. He's lost it! He's jumping at shadows!

GM: Maybe he is... maybe he's not. But if Blue is looking for people to stand beside him in an army... I think he might've just gotten his first soldier.

BW: Ridiculous. Even Ryan Martinez was smart enough to not get involved too deep with Blue... and he's the original dumb kid!

GM: Speaking of the Martinez family, I understand that Theresa Lynch is standing by backstage with the patriarch of House Martinez, another Hall of Famer and former World Champion. Let's hear from Alex Martinez! Theresa, take it away!

[Cut to backstage, where Theresa Lynch stands with a microphone in her hand. The blonde is all smiles, even more so than usual.]

TL: Thanks, Gordon. My guest at this time truly needs no introduction. He is a five time World Champion. He is a bonafide Hall of Famer. He is a man who has earned the nickname "Living Legend." He is the one and only Last American Badass.

He is Alex Martinez!

[Into the frame steps the seven foot, three hundred and fifty pound legend. Wearing his studded black leather jacket, a white t-shirt, blue jeans, black biker boots and his mirrored sunglasses, he cuts the same figure he always has – imposing and intense. Meanwhile, you can all but see the stars in Lynch's eyes, as she looks up into the scarred face of the legend.]

AM: Thanks Theresa. I ain't gonna lie, bein' introduced like that makes me feel good.

JL: Two weeks ago, we saw you return to the ring for the first time since Memorial Day, and you and your son defeated Maxim Zharkov and our World Champion, Juan Vasquez. It has to feel good, putting a little dent in the armor of the Axis.

[Martinez nods.]

AM: It does feel good, Theresa. I haven't been in the ring for awhile now, and though I was feelin' some ring rust, I feel like I did all right out there.

TL: I'd say that was a lot more than "all right."

AM: I appreciate it.

And what happened two weeks go, it got me to thinkin' Theresa. Got me to thinkin' about what everything that's happenin' here in the AWA. And about my place in everything that's goin' down.

TL: Which is why you asked for this time, I'm guessing.

AM: Yeah, that's right, Theresa.

Ya see, I got no doubt that tonight, my boy is gonna win that Final Four match. And I got no doubt that, when he gets to SuperClash, he's takin' that belt off of Vasquez. Hell, to coin a phrase, I'd say you can count on it.

But it gets me to thinkin' about what I'm gonna do at SuperClash.

TL: Everyone expects that you'll be in your son's corner.

[Martinez nods.]

AM: And I will be. I'll be there to watch his back.

But ya know, I heard Jack Lynch talkin' about his memorable SuperClash moments, and I got to thinkin' that he ain't the only one who has got a SuperClash legacy. You're talkin' to a guy who started in the AWA playin' enforcer when it was Juan and Stevie in the Main Event. You're talkin' to the guy who made SuperClash history by bein' the winner of the first and only barbed wire match in the AWA.

And last year, all I was doin' was sittin' in the stands, schmoozin' the sponsors.

So I put them two thoughts together. What am I gonna do at SuperClash, and what am I gonna do for my son?

And the answer comes down to one man – Maxim Zharkov.

[Lynch's eyes go wide.]

TL: Mr. Martinez, are you sure? The Tsar has never been pinned, never submitted!

[Once more, Martinez nods.]

AM: You're right about that, Theresa, and don't think I don't know how tough and dangerous that man is. It was at last year's SuperClash that big brute got in my face. I've been nose to nose with him. Not just two weeks ago, but damn near a year ago. And as I recall, he was there on Memorial Day too.

So this thing between me and Zharkov? Its been a long time in comin'.

Now, like I said, I know that, one on one, Ryan can beat Vasquez. I feel it in my bones. But I also know that Juan is gonna pull out every stop, and try every trick.

And I know he's countin' on Zharkov to back him up.

But Theresa? You know this better than anyone. There's nothin' a father won't do for his children. It wasn't that many years ago that your own father, Blackjack Lynch, stepped in the ring with his two sons and took out the Bullies after what they did to James. At this year's SuperClash, I'm gonna do the same thing.

I'm puttin' my body on the line, and I'm takin' you out Zharkov.

Ain't no one pinned you? Ain't no one submitted you? Well, Last Son of the Soviet Union, why don't you put that streak on the line?

And watch as the Last American Badass takes you out.

TL: You would cement your legend for all time, if you could shatter his streak.

AM: You're damn right.

Now, I've said before, that I know this body of mine ain't got many matches left in it. But while I may not be as good as I used to be, I know this, for one night, at SuperClash, for the chance to put you down, for the privilege of givin' Ryan a straight shot at Vasquez – well, on that one night, I can be better than I ever was.

So what do ya say, Zharkov? You ready to put that undefeated streak on the line? You ready, Last Son, to face an American Badass?

Are you ready, Zharkov...

[Martinez pulls his shades off.]

AM: To get...

BURNED?!

TL: I know this, the world is ready to see it.

AM: Then the ball's in your court, Zharkov. I'll be waitin' for your answer.

[Martinez strides out of view.]

TL: A HUGE challenge just laid down for SuperClash... and perhaps we might get the answer to that challenge right now because we're set to go back to the ring where The Tsar himself, Maxim Zharkov, will be in action!

[Fade back to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is a two-on-one handicap match. Introducing first, at a total combined weight of 412 pounds... Michael Ecartot, and Amos Grace!

[Michael Ecartot isn't much to write home about, doughy and pasty. Grace mugs for the camera - he looks like he was hastily put together in AWA 2K16, covered as he is in tattoos that appear to be clip art.]

[The sound of an artillery strike echoes throughout the building, kicking off the Soviet March. Enter through the curtains Maxim Zharkov - the Axis' towering specimen from Siberia. A dark teal robe, trimmed in red and gold, conceals his frame. His thickly eyebrowed and mustached face is mostly stoic, occasionally belying a disdain for the American spectators.]

GM: And Bucky, this is a bit of a change up: The Tsar is a common sight at our live events across the country, but it's rare that he makes an appearance in the ring on Saturday Night Wrestling.

BW: The outcome's predictable when he's in the ring, Gordo. Bad for retaining ratings.

RO: And their opponent... From Magadan, Russia... representing The Axis... accompanied by Jackson Hunter... weighing 151 kilograms... MAXIM... THE TSAR... ZHARKOV!

[Behind him is his ubiquitous advisor and the Axis' mastermind Jackson Hunter. Hunter is uncharacteristically calm, but his brow is furrowed. He's almost more terrifying.]

GM: And Bucky, the more I know about Jackson Hunter, the more I think there is more than meets the eye with him.

BW: He's just good at his job, Gordo, he's hooked into the Matrix - he IS the Matrix!

GM: There is something very unseemly about that man, Bucky; I know you feel like you can look the other way, but this whole time there is something about him that has been hiding in plain sight.

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

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And we're underway, Zharkov has requested a two-on-one handicap match against these two souls. For newer fans who are unfamiliar with this kind of match, it's effectively a tag team match where one team lacks a partner to tag out to.

MZ: Not that Zharkov needs to tag out to anyone.

[Zharkov pulls Ecarnot in by the head and claps him in the face with palm strikes.]

MZ: "PUSH-KA! PUSH-KA! PUSH-KA!"

GM: And we would be remiss if we didn't discuss the interview we just heard... the challenge we just heard. Alex Martinez just laid it down, Bucky. He wants Zharkov in the ring on Thanksgiving Night in New Orleans!

BW: Maybe he's forgotten who he's dealing with, Gordo.

GM: Perhaps. Zharkov has been in the AWA for 18 months now... He has never once been pinned, he has not submitted in a hold; the only fall he has dropped was against former World Heavyweight Champion Ryan Martinez back at the Battle of Boston, and that was The Tsar deliberately getting himself disqualified.

BW: I'm glad you pointed that out, Gordo: it was Zharkov's choice to lose that match - a strategic move to allow Juan Vasquez to advance in the tournament.

[Zharkov shoots Ecarnot to the ropes. Ecarnot bounces back and slams into Zharkov's massive shoulder like it was a brick wall.]

GM: And despite all that, Alex Martinez STILL wants to step into the ring with Zharkov at SuperClash because he believes it's the best way he can help his son.

BW: Gordo, lemme tell ta, there's a fine line between trying to make up for lost time as a parent, and wanting to be a martyr. I know I say, "never say never," daddy, but at the rate The Tsar is going, no one is ever going to pin or submit The Last Son of the Soviet Union.

[Zharkov lifts Ecarnot perpendicular, and falls forward on top of him to the ground. The referee dives into position, but before even counting, Zharkov breaks contact.]

GM: Zharkov is not getting paid by the hour here.

BW: It's not the money, Gordo; it's the pride of the Soviet Union.

GM: And listen to our great fans here in Oklahoma City!

"U-S-A!"
"U-S-A!"
"U-S-A!"

[Zharkov places his hands on his hips, glaring left and right at the chanting and jeering crowd in the Chesapeake Energy Arena from beneath his heavy eyebrows.]

BW: That's just pokin' the big bad Russian bear, Gordo!

[Zharkov peels Ecartot off the mat and tosses him into the corner, flinging his 350+ pound frame in afterwards.]

GM: My stars; good gravy!

[Ecartot slouches into the corner. Zharkov mutters some trash talk in Russian, then methodically rains down headbutts.]

BW: How frequently does Alex Martinez wrestle in the past couple of years, Gordo? You can count the number of matches he's had this calendar year on one hand. If you put someone that rusty up against a monster like Zharkov, who is pretty clearly firing on all cylinders and show no mercy for any opponent, you're risking not just losing a match, you're risking life and limb.

[Amos Grace has seen enough and runs along the ring apron to intercede.]

BW: Look at this goof, trying a cheapshot. Only take a cheapshot if it's going to work, kiddo!

[Zharkov turns to Grace, an annoyed look on his face, grabs him by the scruff of the neck and HURLS him over the top rope into the ring. The Tsar gets a running head start and flings his entire weight into an elbow drop across Grace's chest.]

BW: A Siberian Meat Cleaver!

GM: Fans, this is a handicap match, but as it progresses you have to wonder who is really handicapped here.

BW: Throw the entire starting line-up of the Sooners in there against Zharkov and you might have an even match!

[Zharkov leaps to his feet and charges into the corner, where the still-slumped Ecartot is freshly squashed again. Zharkov squeezes Ecartot with his massive arms and arches back...]

GM: OH MY STARS!

[Ecartot goes sailing over the downed Amos Grace with room to spare and splatters across the canvas just a couple of feet shy of the turnbuckle opposite where he was slouched fifteen seconds ago.]

GM: Well, if anyone has a shot to survive the assault of the Tsar, it's got to be Alex Martinez.

BW: Gordo, I hope Alex Martinez gets in there and give it his all.

GM: Really? I'm surprised you'd say that.

BW: Yep. I want Alex Martinez at 100%, daddy. That way if Zharkov takes him out once and for all, I don't want to have to hear any excuse about ring rust or being injured.

[Zharkov scrapes Grace off the mat and hoists him overhead.]

MZ: "TSAR BOMBA!"

GM: Oh my, that big crucifix powerbomb, dropping this young man on his head and neck!

[He drags Ecartot back to the center of the canvas, and drops to one knee between his two opponents.]

MZ: "Lights out, tovarisch."

[He places one finger on each opponent's chest.]

BW: Look at this cover, Gordo!

GM: This is true arrogance, but the results are inarguable, Bucky.

BW: Who would want to kick out and submit to more of THAT.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: One would think that The Tsar will fall someday soon... but it is not this day.

[Hunter looks up into the ring and tersely nods to Zharkov, who steps through the ropes to the floor as both exit to the "Soviet March."]

BW: And I got to agree with you, Gordo, something sinister is up with Jackson Hunter.

GM: So you see it too?

BW: Yeah, he didn't insult you once while he was out here. HA!

[Gordon sighs.]

GM: No response from the big Russian nor from Jackson Hunter here tonight but the challenge has been issued. Will it be accepted? We'll have to wait and see. Fans, we're going to take another break but when we come back, we'll hear from the AWA National Champion, Travis Lynch!

BW: Oh jeez, do we have to?

GM: Stick around!

[Fade to black...

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

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

[There's a voiceover.]

VO: Now you can!

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

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

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

Kids sizes and adult sizes available.

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

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

[FLASH!

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

"I can be a champion too!"

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

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

[Fade to black...

...and as we fade back up, we're greeted by the opening chords to the rock and roll classic "Tom Sawyer" kicking to life over the loudspeakers, sending the Oklahoma crowd into a frenzy.]

GM: We are back LIVE on Saturday Night Wrestling here in Oklahoma City and as promised, fans, we are about to be joined by the longest-reigning National Champion in AWA history, Travis Lynch!

BW: That's one promise I wish you'd broken, Gordo.

[Gordon chuckles as the cheers intensify when Lynch comes through the curtain in his trademark super smedium t-shirt. He throws his hand up into the air, smiles at the reaction of the fans, nodding his head as he continues to walk down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: Based upon that reaction, I have to say you're the only one who doesn't want to see Travis Lynch tonight!

BW: These Sooner Boomers need to have their head examined as Travis Stench did two weeks ago.

GM: For once, Bucky is right, fans...

BW: For once?

GM: Travis Lynch underwent the AWA concussion protocol after the back of his head was driven onto the thin mats outside of the ring two weeks ago.

BW: And they discovered what we knew all along, Gordo - there's nothing in there.

GM: Bucky! The National Champion was shaken up from the impact but he was quickly cleared by the medical team.

BW: The real question though is why did he drop the National Championship belt at Stegglet's feet? For a man who claims to be proud of being the longest reigning champion, he discarded the title like it was nothing more than a hunk of metal.

[Travis walks along the barricade, getting his arms and shoulders slapped by the fans as he stops for an occasional hug from the crowd. Breaking away from them, he pulls himself up on the apron, yanking off his t-shirt to squeals from the females in the crowd. In doing so, he also reveals the makeshift-looking title belt around his waist.]

BW: And apparently Stegglet has given him back the title belt.

[Travis looks down and upon seeing the title belt quickly unsnaps it and allows the bottom of the strap to drag behind him as he ducks under the top rope. Once in the ring, he quickly hands the National Title to the referee before leaning over the top rope and motioning for a microphone.]

GM: Looks like we are about to hear a few words from the champ.

BW: He only knows ten so this should be short.

[A loud "I LOVE YOU, TRAVIS!" is heard, and the National Champion smiles quickly before speaking.]

TL: Oklahoma City! It's another Saturday Night Wrestling and you know what that means! It's time for another AWA National Championship Open Challenge!

[The fans cheer loudly.]

TL: Week after week, I've come out here and given anyone who has wanted a chance at the National Championship their opportunity. And tonight is goin' to be no different...

[Travis pauses and holds up a finger.]

TL: Actually, that's a lie.

[The crowd buzzes with confusion.]

TL: Tonight is goin' to be just a little different 'cause Travis has a surprise for each and every one of you here in Oklahoma City! As I was leavin' the Toyota Center two weeks ago, cursin' that I was not goin' to have the chance to go 3 and 0... and earlier tonight as Jon Stegglet said that I'm not goin' to be the one to send Juan Vasquez's ass packin' from the AWA.

[Travis pauses and shakes his head in disappointment.]

TL: As I was walking out of Houston, I walked past a mirror in the hallway and I caught a glimpse of myself with that title right there over my shoulder..

[He points to the National Title being held by Ricky Longfellow.]

TL: And I started thinking.

[He turns towards the announce table.]

TL: Shut your mouth, Wilde.

[The crowd roars with delight as the camera cuts to an exasperated Bucky for a few moments before cutting back to a grinning Travis.]

TL: And I started thinking about the legacy of this title. All of the great champions who came before me. Men like Stevie Scott...

[Big cheer!]

TL: Men like Kolya Sudakov...

[Another big cheer!]

TL: Men like Calisto Dufresne...

[Less of a cheer but there's still some there.]

TL: ...and yeah, even men like Juan Vasquez.

[The boos pour down for that one. Travis chuckles.]

TL: And when I thought about that legacy, it really sunk in to me how special of a time this is for me in my career. It made me think about how lucky I am... and how PROUD I am to hold that particular title.

And when I look back on the last year... over a year now... holding that title, I know that breaking the record for the longest title reign in AWA history puts me in the conversation as THE greatest National Champion of all time.

[There are a lot of cheers for that.]

TL: But me knowing that isn't enough. Because I want all of YOU to know it...

[He gestures to the cheering fans.]

TL: ...and I want all of them in the back to know it too. So, I made a phone call... a call to a man who used to be the National Champion... who knows what it's like to have that prestigious title around his waist. And I told that man, "hey... do you want to come down to Oklahoma City and be a part of the legacy of the National Title one more time?!"

[There's a big cheer from the crowd now anticipating a special title match. Travis grins, nodding.]

TL: You know what? He had pretty much the same reaction. So I sent him a plane ticket, got him here to the building tonight, and now I want him to walk down that aisle, step into this ring with me, and be a part of the history of this title again!

Ladies and gentlemen... I give you the man who BEAT Marcus Broussard to win the title!

[The crowd starts buzzing louder.]

GM: Are you kidding me?!

[Travis continues.]

TL: The Athens, Georgia Madman...

RON HOUSTON!

[Lynch hands the mic back outside the ring as the haunting piano of Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata" begins to play.]

GM: I can't believe it, Bucky! How long has it been?

[The imposing figure of Ron Houston steps through the curtains. Clad in a full length tan trench coat with the Confederate Flag seamed into the back, his black wrestling tights, elbow pads, knee pads, and boots underneath. He has a big grin on his face at the warm welcome of the crowd as he raises his large fists in the air and begins to march down towards the ring.]

GM: Wow! A shocking turn of events here in Oklahoma City as former AWA National Champion Ron Houston has been invited here by the current champ, Travis Lynch, to challenge for the title!

BW: We haven't seen Ron Houston since the Legends Royale at SuperClash last year, Gordo.

[As Houston arrives at the ring, he steps over the top rope, shedding his ring jacket as official Ricky Longfellow holds up the National Title for all to see. Houston smiles at the title belt, nodding his head as he swings his arms across his torso.]

GM: A quick history lesson for our newer fans. Ron Houston, an AWA original, became the second man to hold the AWA National Title on July 19th, 2008 by defeating Marcus Broussard in Dallas, Texas. He would go on to hold the title for 98 days until Kolya Sudakov won it from him in San Antonio at a live event.

BW: 98 days is nothing to sneeze at, Gordo, but it doesn't come close to how long that piece of trash Lynch has been polluting the title.

GM: Travis Lynch, of course, is the longest reigning AWA National Champion of all time at an astounding 414 days... and Ron Houston steps into this ring tonight looking to end that reign. Can he do it? We're about to find out!

[The bell sounds as Houston and Lynch walk out from their respective corners, each extending their hand.]

GM: A handshake in the middle to a good cheer from the crowd... and here we go!

[The two men break apart, circling one another for a few moments before coming together in a collar and elbow tieup.]

GM: Locked up in the middle of the ring, Houston with the size advantage pushing Lynch back across the ring into the corner. Ron Houston stands six foot seven and weighs in at about 300 pounds...

[Houston holds Lynch against the buckles for a few moments...

...and then backs off, arms raised to another cheer from the crowd for the good sportsmanship.]

GM: Clean break by the former champion.

[A grinning Lynch claps his hands together, striding out of the corner towards Houston and lunging at him into another tieup. Lynch pushes and pushes, trying to shove Houston backwards but again, the larger man backs him into the corner.]

GM: Houston pushes him all the way back across a second time. Lynch backed into the buckles...

[The referee steps in again, starting a count...

...and Houston abruptly steps back, cocking his right fist as Lynch swings his arms up frantically to cover his face.]

GM: Whoa!

[But Houston doesn't throw the bomb, smiling as he reaches out, patting Lynch on the chest as he backs off. The crowd laughs along with a chuckling Houston as Lynch lowers his arms, glaring at the man from Athens, Georgia.]

GM: Ron Houston just having a little fun there.

BW: Mocking the Lynches? I can get behind that.

GM: He wasn't mocking anyone, Bucky. It's been a while since he's been in an AWA ring... he's just having a good time.

BW: The National Title is on the line, Gordo. There's no time to have fun.

[Lynch is visibly a little more upset as he walks from the corner this time. They lunge into a third tieup but Lynch quickly spins out into an armwringer, wrenching Houston's limb.]

GM: Oh, and Travis grabs hold of the arm, twisting it around.

[Holding the wristlock, Lynch smashes his elbow down over Houston's arm once... twice... three times before reapplying the armbar.]

GM: Lynch targeting the arm of Ron Houston.

BW: And I'm never one to give a Lynch credit but this is a good move, Gordo. Everyone who is a fan of AWA history knows that Ron Houston has a history of arm troubles. It's what basically derailed his career as a top AWA star. He went down with that arm a number of times and never really was able to fight his way back to full health.

[Houston winds up the free arm, smashing a fist into Lynch's face... and another...]

GM: Houston trying to fight his way out.

[A third haymaker causes Lynch to stumble backwards into the ropes as Houston grabs his own shoulder for a moment before moving in, laying a big knee up into the midsection.]

GM: The Athens, Georgia Madman drives the knee up into the midsection... big whip coming up...

[The whip sends Lynch across as Houston sets his feet, twisting his torso to deliver a back elbow up under the chin, knocking the champion down onto his back. Houston winds up the same arm, dropping a big elbow down into the sternum before sliding into a lateral press.]

GM: Houston gets one! He gets two!

[Lynch lifts the shoulder at two as Houston quickly gets back to his feet.]

GM: Ron Houston moving quite well for a man of his size - especially when you consider the last time he was in the ring on a full-time basis competing at this level.

[Houston beckons Lynch back to his feet, greeting him with a boot to the midsection. He grabs the champion by the hair, stomping to the corner where he smashes him facefirst to the buckles to the wails of the females in the crowd.]

GM: Ohh! Facefirst into the corner!

[Houston spins Lynch's back into the buckles, swinging his elbow down across Lynch's forehead.]

GM: And I don't think the early moments of this one are what Travis Lynch expected at all when he made the phone call to set up this matchup.

[Houston grabs the arm again, firing Lynch from corner to corner. The big near-300 pounder lumbers across the ring, crushing Lynch's torso against the turnbuckles!]

GM: BIG AVALANCHE IN THE CORNER!

[Showing a little fire in his eyes, Houston backs off, beckoning Lynch forward with both hands. The champion staggers out towards Houston who ducks down, lifting him up in a fireman's carry...]

GM: FADE TO BLACK! FADE TO BLACK!

[...but Lynch, who has done his homework, slips out of the lift, falling backwards to the mat where he rolls out to the floor.]

GM: Whooooa my! How close was that, Bucky?

BW: Too close for Travis Lynch. Houston almost turned his damn lights out in a flash.

[Houston turns, locking eyes with a surprised Lynch, and grins. Houston raises a hand, putting his fingers an inch apart.]

GM: Ron Houston letting Travis Lynch know how close he came to turning him into a FORMER National Champion... and what a moment that would've been.

[Lynch paces the ringside area for a bit, chewing his bottom lip in concern as he walks around the ring. Houston stays in the middle, keeping an eye on him.]

GM: Travis Lynch using the count to regroup a bit. That one really got in his head, I think.

BW: Well, there's plenty of room in there for it... it might get a little lonely actually.

[Lynch grabs the middle rope, pulling himself up on the apron. He hesitates getting back inside the ring though which draws Houston to come towards him, reaching out to grab him...

...which is when Lynch grabs Houston by the wrist, dropping down off the apron and snapping his limb across the top rope!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Oh! Smart move by Lynch!

[Lynch slides under the bottom rope as Houston recoils from the attack, grabbing at his oft-injured arm. Hooking a handful of tights, Lynch rushes the corner, throwing Houston shoulderfirst into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: OHH!

[Houston winces in pain, staggering backwards as Lynch drops down, rolling him into a schoolboy.]

GM: Rollup out of the corner! ONE!! TWO!!

[But Houston's long legs send Lynch sprawling off him, breaking the count to some cheers from the OKC crowd.]

GM: Kicks out in time... and Lynch is right on top of him!

[The Texan dives onto Houston with a double axehandle to the back, knocking him gutfirst to the mat. He slides up to the arm, extending it from Houston's side and pinning it down to the mat.]

GM: He's got Houston down... handstand kneedrop to the arm!

[Lynch kicks his bodyweight up into the air a second time, holding it briefly before dropping down kneefirst on the arm.]

GM: Another one!

[He goes up a third time, bringing the knee down across the tricep again!]

GM: And a third!

[Lynch scrambles to his feet as Houston attempts to push off the mat with his good arm. The Texan buries a boot into his midsection as he climbs, snapping off a pair of knife edge chops to put him in the ropes...]

GM: Another Irish whip on the way...

[Houston rebounds off the ropes, lumbering back across the ring as Lynch snatches him up, lifting him off the canvas into an inverted atomic drop!]

GM: Ohh! Right down on the base of the spine!

[The champion quickly backs to the ropes, bouncing off as he charges towards Houston, leaping up to land a forearm on the jaw...

...that staggers Houston but does not drop him!]

GM: Oh! Houston's still standing! That's surprising to me... and by the look on his face, to Travis Lynch as well!

[Lynch shakes his head in disbelief as he slaps his forearm, signaling for another leaping forearm. He rushes back to the ropes...

...but Houston rushes forward a moment later, catching Lynch with a big clothesline as he hits the ropes, tumbling over the top and crashing down on the floor to a cheer!]

GM: HOUSTON TAKES LYNCH OVER THE TOP WITH THE CLOTHESLINE!!

[Houston shakes out his arm, a bit flushed with anger as he steps through the ropes to the apron.]

GM: And it looks like whatever friendly little battle over the National Title these two had planned is out the window. This one's getting real serious in a hurry!

BW: Whoever thought two guys could have a friendly battle over AWA gold is dreaming. It's a championship in the Number One pro wrestling promotion on the planet! This is as serious as it gets!

[Houston drops off the apron to the floor, pulling Lynch off the ringside mats and smashing his face down on the ring apron to more anguished cries from the females in the crowd.]

GM: Ron Houston starting to show these fans in OKC exactly why he is a former AWA National Champion and one of the toughest brawlers in AWA history.

[Snatching Lynch by the trunks, Houston twists him around, lifting him up over his shoulder into powerslam position...

...and then DROPS him facefirst on the ring apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Travis Lynch rolled the dice in bringing in Ron Houston for this match and I think that roll just came up snake eyes!

[Lynch grabs at his face, rolling around in pain on the floor as Houston stands over him menacingly.]

BW: Oh, how sweet it would be for Lynch to end up getting this record-setting reign snapped by a guy who is semi-retired that Lynch INVITED to show up to challenge for the title!

[Houston leans down, dragging Lynch off the floor by the arm...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: IRISH WHIP INTO THE RINGSIDE RAILING!!!

[Lynch's arms hook onto the railing, trying to stay on his feet as Houston stomps towards him, ready to strike again...]

GM: Houston is looking like the same guy who took that title off Marcus Broussard and I can't even believe I just said that!

[Houston grabs Lynch by the hair, pulling him off the railing, walking across the ringside area.]

GM: Houston tosses Lynch back in... coming in behind him...

[With both men back inside the ring, Houston pulls Lynch off the mat again, lifting him up into a fireman's carry in the middle of the ring...]

GM: He's got him up! He's got the champion up!

[Houston looks out on the crowd, savoring the moment...]

BW: If he hits this, we've got a new champion!

GM: Houston's ready! He's set!

[The former champion goes into a spin, twisting his body around...

...but as he spins Lynch off his shoulders, the National Champion manages to land on his feet, going into a spin as Houston spins back around...]

GM: DISCUS PUNCH!

[The left-handed blow lands FLUSH on the jaw of Houston, snapping his head back and putting him down on the canvas!]

GM: He got him! He knocked him out!

[Lynch dives atop Houston, wrapping up both legs...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEE!!!

“DING! DING! DING!”

[Lynch climbs to his feet, looking down angrily towards Houston as the referee raises his hand and Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

RO: Here is your winner... and STILL AWA NATIONAL CHAMMMPIONNNNN...

TRAAAAAAVISSSSSS LYNNNNNNNNNNCH!

[Lynch pulls his hand down, still looking at Houston who slowly sits up on the canvas, rubbing at his jaw where the champion landed his signature discus punch.]

GM: Travis Lynch retains the title in a tough challenge from Ron Houston... perhaps an unexpected tough challenge from the look on Lynch's face.

[The Texan is handed his title belt which he holds in the air for a moment, a look of disgust briefly flashing as he pulls the title belt down past his face.]

GM: The Texan keeps the title and keeps that record-setting title reign intact... and at this point, you've gotta wonder who will be the man to break the reign? Who will be the man to take that title off Travis Lynch?

[Lynch walks to the corner, stepping up on the middle rope to accept the cheers of the fans as he holds up the title belt again. He drops back down, turning towards mid-ring where Houston has been helped up to his feet by the official.]

GM: Ron Houston back up on his feet... and it looks like he's offering to shake the hand of the champion. What a great show of sportsmanship by the former National Champion!

[Houston extends the hand towards Travis Lynch who looks at it for a moment, the crowd encouraging him to accept it...

...and accept it he does after a long pause, shaking Houston's hand as the crowd cheers.]

GM: A great moment here in Oklahoma City... and it looks like Travis Lynch is asking for the mic again.

BW: Seriously? What in the world did I ever do to deserve this?

[Lynch grins as he takes the mic.]

TL: Thanks, everyone... thanks!

[Lynch nods his head, sliding the title belt over his shoulder, hanging a little lower than usual.]

TL: And I want to thank Ron Houston for coming here to OKC and giving me one heck of a fight.

[Applause goes up from the crowd for Houston as he exits back up the aisle, raising an arm in thanks.]

TL: Man, that was fun.

[Lynch grins as he looks around at the crowd.]

TL: You know what? I don't want to stop there either. Turns out in two weeks, the AWA is heading to St. Louis for Saturday Night Wrestling.

[The crowd starts to buzz.]

TL: And it just so happens that a man who many call the greatest National Champion of all time is from there.

[Lynch nods as the fans cheer.]

TL: That's right! Let's make it official! In two weeks, I want to get inside this ring and put the title on the line against...

[Dramatic pause.]

TL: ..."HOTSHOT" STEVIE SCOTT!

[The crowd ROARS at that reveal. Travis nods his head, dropping the mic and raising his arm in triumph again.]

GM: Wow! That's a challenge! Travis Lynch wants to defend the National Title in two weeks against "Hotshot" Stevie Scott... in Stevie's hometown of St. Louis!

BW: What the heck, Gordo? Does Lynch think if he beats the ghosts of National Champions past that suddenly everyone's going to start fawning over him as the greatest of all time?

GM: Not a bad plan.

BW: It truly is.

GM: Fans, we'll have to wait and see if the legendary Hotshot is going to accept that challenge... but for right now, we're going to take a quick break. When we come back, it's tag team action with the TexMo Connection!

[Travis walks down the aisle, title belt over his shoulder as we fade to black.]

We cut to the living room of a house, where two kids are playing an Atari 2600. Some pathetic bleeps and bloopers are coming from the screen, as they have in every media portrayal of video games ever. The kids are halfheartedly going through the motions. One of them seems to be having trouble staying awake.]

Kid #1: This is boring.

Kid #2: I wish we had toys that could _really_ fight.

[Suddenly, a body is flung through the large front window with a loud crash. A hard-rock background track plays as the body gets to his feet... wait, is that Canibal?]

Kids: *gasp*

[And... is that Dave Bryant running through the broken window to attack him again?!]

Kids: Dave Bryant!

[And... did Shadoe Rage just kick down the front door to attack The Hangman from behind while he was grappling with Travis Lynch in the dining room for no apparent reason?! And is that Skywalker Jones leaping down the staircase at Calisto Dufresne? And why are Downfall beating up the mailman? Oh, there's Next Gen turning them around and brawling with them on the lawn!]

Kids: WOAHH!

[Yes, these two kids are about to have a very badly-acted simultaneous cardiac arrest and orgasm. It happens. Especially when Jordan Ohara is jumping off your kitchen cabinet to hit Rex Summers with a flying bodypress, Juan Vasquez is hiptossing Terry Shane III across your family room, and The Slaughterhouse and The Wilde Bunch are brawling across your driveway. Cain Jackson has just grabbed a dish from the china cabinet and breaks it across the back of Pure X, while Supernova is ramming Johnny Detson's head into the sink in the background, Jackson Hunter and Brian Lau are in a shouting match, Koyla Sudakov tries to clothesline Callum Mahoney, who ducks... poor Koyla hits the boys' father who was coming in to check out the noise. Then Maxim Zharkov wanders by and stomps on the poor guy. Because he can.]

Kids: THIS IS AWESOME!

[And cue the sales pitch!]

Announcer: And now you can bring the awesome home with Series Five AWA action figures from Hasbro!

[We cut to the product line, where action figures of all of our favorite AWA characters stand in dramatic action figure poses~!]

Announcer: Relive the greatest matches!

[Ryan Martinez tries to smash Supreme Wright with a kitchen chair, but Wright pulls open the ironing board from the wall to block it! Then we see the kids playing with the Martinez and Wright action figures.]

Announcer: Create new dream matches never before seen!

[The Rotgut Rustlers do a double throw to send Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan over the living room divider into the kitchen! Then we see the kids playing with the Rustlers, Taylor and Donovan action figures.]

Announcer: Form brand new alliances and teams that you'd never see live!

[Jack Lynch and Brian James double-clothesline Cesar Hernandez in the kitchen... then both grab for the paper towels to wipe off their hands with disgusted 'yuck' expressions. Then we see the kids playing with these three action figures.]

Announcer: Perform the great signature moves of the AWA wrestlers, or invent totally new ones!

[The magic of blue-screen editing makes it look like Gladiator is doing a double-backflip powerbomb to Larry Wallace. Well, his body is doing flips in the air as if someone were just spinning the footage around (because that's exactly what it is). Then we see the kids do the same 'move' with the action figures.]

Announcer: There's now action figures featuring the women of the AWA!

[Barging in through the door are Lauryn Rage, Charisma Knight and Erica Toughill, who rush into the dining room, where Melissa Cannon, Julie Somers and Lori Wilson just happening to be waiting for them! Then we see a couple of girls playing with the six action figures.]

Announcer: And there's even Torin the Titan!

[None other than Torin himself comes crashing through (yes, through) the wall, after which he grabs poor Jackie Bourassa and headbutts him. Then we see kids playing with the same action figures.]

Announcer: The base set comes with the Crockett Colosseum ring and four of the top stars in the AWA!

[Cut to a posed shot of Allen Allen, Manny Imbrogno, Caspian Abaran, and Kerry Kendrick. See, you have to buy the ring, and you get some reasonably popular-but-not-first-choice guys (GLASS CEILING~!) and then you HAVE to spend money to get the popular guys! Clever!]

Announcer: AWA Action Figures... get them today! Because it's the only way to get this close to the action... AND SURVIVE.

[With that, we cut to the post-fight devastation of the house... it looks like a tornado went through here. And exploded.]

Announcer: Ages 8 and up!

[Fade to black...

...and then back up backstage where we find Mark Stegglet standing next to Supernova. The fan favorite is dressed in a black Supernova T-shirt, blue jeans and has his face painted black and yellow.]

MS: Supernova, two weeks ago you were to face Johnny Deston for the chance to advance to the Road to the Gold, but you were attacked before the match by Kerry Kendrick and Flex Ferrigno. Despite a valiant effort on your part, Johnny Deston defeated you. I have to ask you, Supernova, what comes next for you?

S: Mark, it seems like it was just a few weeks ago when I kept telling people that I couldn't move forward without taking care of some unfinished business. And I thought I had that addressed, but it turns out I don't! Because, if you'll recall, it was Kerry Kendrick who ended my TV title reign... and we all know exactly how it happened... but the point is, Kendrick is another person I have unfinished business with. And it just so happens, not only do I have more unfinished business with him, he's brought along somebody else for the ride!

Kerry, all I ever hear from you is how nobody respects you, nobody treats you right and nobody recognizes you for the talent you have. Well, if you spent a little less time airing your gripes for all the world to hear, you might actually get recognized for the great wrestler that you are!

But if you wanted to get my attention, Kerry, you have it... full and undivided!

MS: Supernova, it would seem to me that this unfinished business would include you intervening to defend Boston Red Sox legend David Ortiz when it appeared that Kerry Kendrick and Flex Ferrigno were going to attack him on the Anniversary show. And after those two attacked you two weeks ago, I would say they believe they have unfinished business with you as well!

S: Mark, there's was no way I was going to stand by and watch Kerry and Flex bully a baseball legend like David Ortiz. Flex is the type of guy who thinks that he can do whatever he wants just because he happens to be big and muscular, and that he believes he's God gift to the earth and every woman he casts his eyes upon. But more than anything, Flex Ferrigno is a bully, and I've always believed you stand up to bullies!

And now that Flex took it upon himself to join Kerry in attacking me... well, just as with Kerry, Flex has my attention, full and undivided!

So there's only one way to settle things with these two... I want them in the ring at SuperClash!

MS: You are rolling out a challenge to both Kerry Kendrick and Flex Ferrigno? What type of match are we talking about here?

S: I'm talking about a good old fashioned tag team match, Mark! Since Kerry and Flex wants to pal around together, trying to intimidate anybody who gets in their way, then let's let them team up and try to intimidate me! And both of them will find out, just like everybody else who has faced me in that ring, that there's no way you can ever intimidate me!

MS: But do you have a partner? Or are you planning to go at this by yourself?

[Supernova gives a slight laugh.]

S: Mark, I'll put it to you this way... I know someone who would be more than happy to be my tag team partner. Right now, I'm not obligated to say who that someone is. But if I know Kerry and Flex, and the monstrous egos they have between them, I know they'll accept my challenge. And then they'll find out, despite those monstrous egos and their bullying ways, there's no chance they're going to be able to take the heat!

[Supernova cups his hands to his mouth, howls, then walks off the set.]

MS: Supernova has laid out the challenge to Flex Ferrigno and Kerry Kendrick... but who will be his partner? We'll keep an eye on how this develops. Back to you, Gordon!

[We fade from the backstage area out to ringside to Gordon and Bucky.]

BW: You know, Gordo... after eight years of this, I still can't get these idiots to throw it to me so I'm just going to take over!

[Gordon looks a little surprised before shrugging.]

GM: Alright... the floor is yours, Buckthorn.

BW: So, uhh... well, that was big stuff backstage.

[Gordon silently nods.]

BW: Right?

GM: Yes, it sure was.

BW: I mean, Supernova wants to challenge Kerry Kendrick and Flex Ferrigno so... that's big, right?

GM: Yup.

[Silence for a few awkward moments.]

BW: And... well, I think we have a tag match coming up... so that's... uhh.. so, yeah, speaking of tag teams!

[Bucky grins, proud of himself.]

GM: Yes? What about them?

BW: Well, we have some... more... some more tags.

GM: Ah, I see.

BW: Um, so... we should probably let Rebecca talk now... right?

GM: If you feel that's our next step.

BW: Right. So... Rebecca... umm... do your thing, girlfriend.

[Gordon chuckles again, gesturing at the camera as we fade up to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... at a total combined weight of 573 pounds... THE EXECUTIONERS!

[Two bulky masked men in full bodysuits and hoods throw up their arms to jeers from the Oklahoma crowd.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd their opponents...

[The sounds of "Who Do You Love?" by George Thorogood kick in to a big cheer from the AWA faithful.]

RO: At a total combined weight of 530 pounds... the team of Jack Lynch and Bobby O'Connor...

THE TEXMOOOOOOOOOO CONNECTIONNNNNNNNN!

[The crowd gets even louder as the popular duo comes barnstorming through the entranceway, grins on their face as they stand in their ring gear, saluting the cheering crowd.]

GM: And here they are, Bucky - the two men who made it crystal clear earlier tonight that they intend to challenge Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan for the World Tag Team Titles at SuperClash in New Orleans!

BW: Yeah, but where the heck do they get off doing that?! You want to talk about linejumpers?! Look at these two! They're trying to jump over the Samoans! They're trying to jump over the Wallaces! They're even trying to jump over Next

Gen and the Bashers! Who the heck have these two beaten in months to deserve a shot at the tag team titles?!

GM: Well, they're ranked in the Top 10 contenders-

BW: Behind five other teams! They're behind the Samoans! They're behind the Slaughterhouse and Next Gen! They're even behind the Shanes! Beat one of those teams and we'll talk about a title match!

GM: That's certainly not your decision and as Jack Lynch and Bobby O'Connor reach the ring, these fans would certainly support them getting a shot at the titles on Thanksgiving Night.

BW: These fans would support a lot of things I don't agree with. That doesn't make them matchmakers either, Gordo.

GM: That much is true so it remains to be seen if the Championship Committee will side with you on this matter or with the TexMo Connection and the AWA faithful.

[O'Connor is through the ropes first, saluting the fans as his lanky partner follows. The former World Champion mounts the midbuckle, pointing to the cheering fans as O'Connor looks on from the canvas, applauding his friend with a smile on his face.]

GM: And I'd say that Bobby O'Connor just might be the happiest guy in the building tonight to have his good friend, Jack Lynch, back by his side for tag team action.

BW: That much I'll agree with, Gordo. O'Connor's been drifting since making his AWA return and failing to win the World Title TWICE. He hasn't been the same since coming back and I'm betting he's hoping Lynch will carry him to the promised land.

[Lynch hops down off the midbuckle, huddling up with his friend before stepping out to the apron, leaving "Bunkhouse" in the ring with the smaller of the two Executioners.]

GM: We're set to go here for tag team action as Bobby O'Connor collides with... well, I guess he's Executioner #1.

BW: What if he's #4?

GM: Huh?

BW: I mean... what if there are a whole family of Executioners? We're getting close to Thanksgiving, Gordo... what if the Executioner family sits down for turkey dinner? Papa Executioner, Mama Executioner, the whole clan. And Mama is shouting at them all, "You useless Executioners are doing the family wrong! You're sullyng our good name because you can't ever win a match!"

GM: I... well, I suppose you could be right. It's not likely but...

BW: So, I think this is Executioner #4... one of the middle children.

GM: Alright, #4 he is!

[The bell sounds as O'Connor moves quickly into the middle of the ring, tying up with Executioner... #4, I suppose, and quickly taking him down to the mat with an armdrag. He keeps an armbar applied, driving his knee into the armpit with a grin as Jack claps from the corner.]

GM: Bobby O'Connor takes him right down, working that arm...

[Getting to his feet, O'Connor quickly twists the arm of the masked man who is still down on the mat, dropping a leg across it. He scampers to his feet as the Executioner gets up, shaking out his arm in some pain.]

GM: O'Connor attacks the arm with that legdrop, putting his opponent on the retreat.

[The masked man points at O'Connor... and then gestures that he pulled his mask. The crowd jeers as O'Connor disgustedly shakes his head. The referee shrugs at the Executioner who again gestures about a pull of the mask, turning to the crowd who boo even louder.]

GM: Nobody's buying this pull of the mask story.

[O'Connor shouts, "QUIT MESSIN' AROUND!" at the masked man who lunges at him, tying up again. The two jockey for position as the masked man shouts about a pull of the mask. The referee whips around to check...

...which allows the masked man to yank O'Connor's hair, tugging him off his feet to jeers from the crowd.]

GM: Oh, come on! That was a blatant hair pull!

BW: Was it? I didn't see anything.

GM: Of course not.

[O'Connor climbs to his feet, protesting the hairpull. The referee asks the Executioner about it but he denies it, shaking his head...

...which is when a fuming O'Connor charges him, blasting him between the eyes with a right hand! A flurry of haymakers follow, forcing the masked man back into the corner.]

GM: O'Connor's got him in trouble! Right and lefts upstairs... now downstairs!

[Grabbing the arm, O'Connor rockets the masked man across the ring to the neutral corner...]

GM: Corner to corner he goes... and O'Connor follows him in! Big clothesline!

[Twisting his body, O'Connor snatches a side headlock, giving a shout as he charges out of the corner, leaping into the air...

...and DRIVES the Executioner masked facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: Running bulldog out of the corner! That might be it right there!

[O'Connor flips him over, applying a lateral press, getting a two count before the other masked man comes in, dropping an elbow on the back of the head to break the pin.]

GM: Ohh! Executioner #...?

BW: Seven.

GM: Alright. Executioner #7 breaks up the pin.

BW: He's the runt of the litter.

GM: He's bigger than the other one!

BW: Nah, the bodysuit is just slimming on #4.

[O'Connor gets up, grimacing at the bigger Executioner...

...but his partner is already on the way, barreling across the ring and blasting the masked man with a haymaker that knocks him backwards through the ropes, sending him out to the floor. The referee reprimands Jack Lynch, escorting him back across the ring as O'Connor pulls Executioner #4 off the mat, shoving him back to the TexMo corner.]

GM: Tag!

[Lynch steps in as O'Connor lights up the masked man with a pair of knife edge chops in the corner. The Iron Cowboy laces a few big boots into the midsection before grabbing him by the arm.]

GM: O'Connor's out and this time, it's Lynch with a cross-corner whip!

[The masked man slams into the buckles, stumbling out as Lynch drops down into a three point stance...

...and runs him right down with a big football tackle, putting him down on the mat to a big cheer! Lynch pumps a fist!]

GM: And the quarterback is toast!

[Lynch turns to the fans, pointing to them...

...and then throwing his gloved right hand up in the air!]

GM: What the-?! Already?!

[The crowd is roaring now as the masked man wobbles up to his feet...

...and Lynch wraps his gloved hand around the head, applying the Iron Claw!]

GM: THE CLAW IS ON!

[Lynch digs his fingers into the temple, using his off-hand to brace the wrist for support. The referee slides into position, checking for a submission...

...which is when Bobby O'Connor goes tearing past, dropping Executioner #7 with a running clothesline!]

GM: O'CONNOR CLEARS OUT THE OTHER ONE! LYNCH FORCING #4 DOWN TO HIS KNEES WITH THE CLAW!

[And suddenly, the referee wheels around, waving for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And that's it!

[Lynch shoves the masked man down to the mat, throwing his gloved hand into the air to celebrate the win as the crowd cheers. O'Connor grins as he walks back to his partner, sharing a quick embrace before he raises his arms in triumph as well.]

GM: A quick and impressive victory for the TexMo Connection here in Oklahoma City and Bucky, what do you have to say about their desire for a SuperClash title match now?

BW: I say that everybody's beaten the Executioners - including Mama Executioner when Baby Executioner spills milk all over his bodysuit! Show me a win over the Samoans! Show me a win over the Slaughterhouse! Then maybe I'll agree with you that they've earned the shot.

GM: Well, it looks like Sweet Lou is heading to the ring and he's going to get some words from one of the most popular tag teams in the entire AWA as they look to earn themselves a shot at the World Tag Team Titles at SuperClash! Sweet Lou, take it away!

[Fade back to the ring where Sweet Lou has joined the TexMo Connection inside the squared circle.]

SLB: Gentlemen, that was about as an impressive win as I've seen here in the AWA.

[Blackwell stands in the middle, with O'Connor on the left and Lynch on the right. Both men are covered in a light sheen of sweat, and are slightly winded. Far from exhausted, closer to what a person who'd had a decent warm up would look like.]

JL: Thanks, Lou. I gotta say, it feels good to be back here, by Bobby's side, takin' it to someone and showin' 'em what it takes to make it here in the AWA.

SLB: And Mr. O'Connor, you must share that feeling.

BOC: You're darn right I do, Lou.

I know what people are saying, people are saying that I've been adrift ever since I came back from my arm injury. I had two shots at the World Title and I didn't win it either time.

But Lou, the good book says that there is a season for everything. And there will be another time for me to make a run at that World Title.

But right now, this is the season of the TexMo Connection. And Taylor and Donovan, your time is just about up!

SLB: No doubt, Mr. Lynch, that you've had plenty of trouble with the Kings of Wrestling, I have to imagine that it will feel good, to take gold away from them for a third time.

[Lynch nods.]

JL: You're damn right, Lou.

You heard Bobby mention the good book, and ya know something? There's a verse I've always liked. It goes like this - "you'll know them by their fruits." What that means, ya can take the measure of a man by what comes outta their actions.

And the only thing them Kings have produced is a lot of nonsense. They've broken every rule they can, taken every shortcut there is, and done nothin' but tarnish those titles.

Now, Trav and I took the tag belts off of Taylor and Donovan before. And I took the World Title from Detson. So yeah, I'm lookin' forward to takin' gold from them for a third time.

And heck, my third time takin' gold from them will also be my third time winnin' tag gold with my third partner.

That all sounds pretty good to me, Lou.

SLB: Mr. O'Connor, it has to feel good to be a part of your partner's legacy.

BOC: Well Lou, it's not about that for me. It's not about Jack Lynch. It's not about Jack Lynch's legacy. It's about Bobby O'Connor AND Jack Lynch. It's about us together, not just one of us.

SLB: That has to be a sentiment you agree with.

JL: Of course, Lou. Like I always say, Bobby is as much of a brother of mine as Jimmy or Trav. That will always be true.

SLB: Well then gentleman, good luck to both of you... and personally speaking, I hope you manage to get those so-called Kings to accept your challenge. But right now, let's go backstage where Theresa Lynch is standing by with Supreme Wright! Theresa?

[We fade backstage where Theresa Lynch is indeed standing by with the former two-time AWA World Champion, Supreme Wright, who is well-dressed in his usual street clothes.]

TL: Thanks, Sweet Lou. Supreme Wright, we still have no update on Mason's condition at this time, but you're obviously disappointed by tonight's turn of events.

SW: Disappointment would be a severe understatement, Miss Lynch. Right now, Mason and I should be headed down towards the ring to show The Syndicate and the world just exactly the sort of hell to expect from us at SuperClash. Instead, I'm here without a tag team partner because he was assaulted by a...

[Air quotes.]

SW: ..."mysterious assailant".

[Wright's stoic expression breaks, giving the barest of smiles as he shakes his head in disgust.]

SW: Let's play detective for a moment, Miss Lynch, because I'm pretty sure we've all already solved this mystery. It's obvious to anyone who attacked Mason. Who has the means and who has the motive to do what they did to Mason?

[Theresa answers without hesitation.]

TL: The Syndicate.

[A slight smirk from Wright.]

SW: Excellent work, Miss Lynch. You've cracked this case wide open! It's obvious why The Syndicate did this, but believe me, we will not be deterred and we will not be intimidated. At SuperClash...

[Supreme's words trail off as we see interim Director of Operations Jon Stegglet step into the scene with a grim look on his face.]

JS: Pardon the interruption but I'm afraid I have some bad news to report. I can now confirm that as a result of the injuries he sustained tonight, Mason will be out of action for an undetermined amount of time...

...but he will certainly be out of action past SuperClash.

[There's an audible groan from inside the arena at the announcement as Supreme closes his eyes, clearly not pleased at the news.]

JS: I'm sorry Supreme, but you're going to have to find a new partner.

[There's no answer. Supreme's eyes are still closed as he shakes his head slowly.]

JS: Supreme? Did you hear me?

[Supreme's eyes suddenly open, as he stops shaking his head.]

SW: A match.

[A puzzled Stegglet shakes his head.]

JS: A match?

[Wright's expression grows cold and his eyes narrow. He's clearly not pleased.]

SW: Send someone out to the ring for a match, Mr. Stegglet.

[Supreme's eyes meet with Stegglet's.]

SW: _Now._

[He begins loosening his necktie.]

SW: They sent their message.

[Supreme roughly yanks off his tie and throws it down.]

SW: Now I'm going to send MINE.

[He walks off, leaving behind a stunned Theresa Lynch and Jon Stegglet as we slowly fade to black...

...and then back up on the exterior of a fast food restaurant that looks quite familiar to fans of delicious, mouth-watering, artery-clogging fried chicken. Yes, it is the Mecca Of Fried Chicken, KFC.

We cut inside where a friendly young man is working the counter, smiling at the customers he aids.]

FYM: Thank you and have a fantastic day!

[The next person steps up to the counter wearing a black trenchcoat, dark sunglasses, and a hat. We see him from the front.]

FYM: Good afternoon, sir, and welcome to KFC! What can I get for you today?

[The customer lifts his head slightly to look at the menu and responds.]

C: Three piece meal. Original recipe. Breasts and legs... heh... breasts and leg, oh yeah.

[The employee raises an eyebrow in recognition.]

FYM: I'm sorry. But aren't you former World Champion and Pro Wrestling Hall of Famer Eddie Van Gibson?!

[The sunglasses come down to reveal an angry EVG.]

EVG: How did you know?!

[We cut behind him to see the back of his trenchcoat is covered in a large maple leaf with the words MISTER MAPLE LEAF surrounding it. Cut back to the friendly young man who smiles.]

FYM: I had a hunch.

[We cut to a shot of the chicken, glimmering and golden in all its glory. A voiceover begins.]

"Come into your local KFC today and not only can you get our three piece combo meal for the low price for \$4 but you can also pick up these special souvenir cups featuring some of the greatest pro wrestling stars of all time!"

[Cut to a young boy showing his cup.]

"I got Ryan Martinez!"

[To an older lady.]

"Hamilton Graham? I remember him!"

[To a family of four, all showing different cups.]

"Collect them all!"

[We cut back to Eddie Van Gibson sitting at a table, groaning as he eats a piece of chicken. He looks up, his eyes locking on a pair of twins in their early twenties. The two blondes giggle as they look at the Hall of Famer.]

EVG: If I were to LET you suck on my...

[He looks down invitingly.]

EVG: ...Original Recipe chicken from KFC...

[And then into the camera.]

EVG: Would you be grateful?

[Cut to the end graphic advertising the promotion. Another voiceover.]

"Get your KFC today! As good as it's always been!"

[Fade to black...

...and back up on a panning shot of the arena crowd.]

GM: Welcome back and... well, if you were with us before the break, you heard Supreme Wright DEMAND a match here tonight after receiving the news from Jon Stegglet that his tag team partner for SuperClash - Mason - will be out indefinitely

following an assault earlier tonight that Wright apparently believes was carried out by Casey James and Tiger Claw.

BW: It makes sense, Gordo.

GM: It certainly does. Fans, let's go to Rebecca!

[Cut to the ring to the shapely ring announcer.]

RO: The following match is set for one fall with ten minute time limit. Introducing first...already in the ring at this time... from Des Moines, Iowa... weighing in at 218 pounds ... NELSON PARKER!

[A young man in a blue and white leg-length singlet and shaggy hair raises his arms to the arm with little fanfare.]

GM: Young Nelson Parker, put in one heck of a spot here by Jon Stegglet.

BW: You're telling me, Gordo. Not only does he gotta face Supreme Wright...he's gotta face an ANGRY Supreme Wright. Whatever they're paying him for this match, it ain't enough!

[The lights go completely dark as "Black Skinhead" by Kanye West begins to play, signifying the entrance of the former two-time AWA World Heavyweight champion, Supreme Wright. The former World Champion is still dressed in his street clothes, unbuttoning his dress shirt on the way to the ring. His face is a stoic mask, eyes focused only on the ring. Reaching the ring, Wright removes his shirt and takes off his shoes, leaving only his slacks and a white tanktop.]

BW: I guess he's gonna wrestle dressed like that?

GM: Supreme Wright demanded a match and he demanded it now. No matter what he's dressed in, he's still one of the most formidable wrestlers in the world.

BW: Just saying, it's not everyday you see the supposed greatest technical wrestler ever wrestling in black socks!

[As Wright moves to a neutral corner, the referee calls for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Parker rushes at Wright, who grabs him quickly and easily tosses him up and over with a hip toss!]

GM: Oh!

[Parker scrambles to his feet and is thrown with a Judo-style ipponzei. Looking slightly dazed, Parker takes a knee, eyeing Wright cautiously.]

GM: Nelson Parker tried to get the jump on Supreme Wright, but Wright's grappling skills are second to none.

[Wright stares at Parker with contempt.]

"Is that all you got?"

[He motions for Parker to get up.]

"Hit me!"

GM: Did he just say "Hit me"?

BW: Has Wright gone bonkers!?

[Nelson Parker looks hesitant for a moment.]

"HIT ME!"

[It doesn't take Parker anymore prompting, before he smashes home a forearm to Wright's chin. And another. And another. And another.]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!!!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

[But is quickly cut off by a slap across the ear from Wright that immediately drops Parker!]

GM: OH MY STARS!

BW: Whatta slap! He could've busted Parker's eardrum with that one!

[Parker is down on the canvas, holding his right ear in pain, as Supreme yanks him to his feet and shoves him into the corner. He looks out to the crowd for a split-second, drawing a quick cheer from the crowd as they anticipate the violence to come.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: And can you believe these Okies are cheering Supreme Wright? Less than a year ago, he threatened a newborn!

GM: They respect what Wright has done since SuperClash... and even moreso now that he's standing against the threat of the Syndicate.

[He then begins with a chop across Parker's chest...and then an elbow to the side of the head...another chop...and then another elbow to head. With each blow, he quickens the pace, until his arms are a blur and with each blow, the cheers from the crowd grow!]

GM: Supreme Wright is brutalizing Nelson Parker in the corner! I don't think I've ever seen a man move this fast with his strikes!

BW: I know one, Gordo! And he's one of the guys Wright's facing at SuperClash!

[However, Supreme suddenly changes tactics, striking with a palm to the jaw...then a quick spinning elbow...then an alternating set of knees to the ribs...]

BW: Wait a minute, I recognize this!

[And so does the crowd. And when Supreme finishes off the assault in the corner with a brutal elbow uppercut that drops Parker to the canvas, there's no doubt who that message was being sent to.]

BW: You talk about your "Shades of Tommy Stephens" and all that jazz, Gordo, but Wright took that straight outta Tiger Claw's playbook!

[Pulling a glassy-eyed Parker to his feet, Wright quickly throws him down out of the corner with a snapmare. From there, he dives at the seated Parker like a speeding bullet, smashing him in the back of the head with a forearm!]

GM: OHHHH!!!

[Beyond brutalized by now, Parker holds the back of his head, kicking his legs in pain, as Wright is on his knees staring coldly at his suffering opponent.]

GM: That is a simply CHILLING sight. Supreme Wright looks like a predator hunting its prey.

BW: Wright's a man that knows ten thousand holds and he could probably apply any one of those ten thousand he wants on Parker right now and there wouldn't be a dang thing Parker could do to stop him.

[And that's exactly what happens. With sudden quickness, Wright grabs Parker's left arm and shoves his face into the canvas. He quickly entangles Parker's left arm beneath his right leg and twists it into a hammerlock, holding it in place with his hip. There's a scream of pain, but Wright isn't done, as he then grabs Parker's right arm and pulls it beneath his right armpit, locking in a modified armbar. The crowd immediately recognizes the hold, gasping in horror.]

GM: Wait a minute! Wait a darn minute! This is the submission that Wright...that...

BW: THAT HE USED TO BREAK BOBBY O'CONNOR'S ARM!!!

[There's loud, agonizing screams from Parker, but without a free arm to tap out with, he just as quickly screams "I quit!"]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[However, at the sound of the bell, Wright immediately releases the hold, drawing more than a few sighs of relief from the crowd.]

RO: YOUR WINNER OF THE MATCH... SUPREME WRIGHT!

[Wright's hand is raised in victory, but he still seems angry and distracted, watching impassively as Parker is helped out of the ring by a couple of officials.]

GM: That might've just taken a few years off my career, Bucky. I thought we were about to witness another incident like the one we saw at SuperClash.

BW: Supreme Wright came into this match about as angry as I've ever seen him, Gordo and it showed. That was about as brutal as I've seen him in months. Whatever message he was trying to send out there to The Syndicate, I bet it ain't one that James and Claw are gonna like!

GM: Some people say Supreme Wright has turned over a new leaf...that he's put behind his dark past to focus on becoming the great wrestler that we all know he can be...but The Syndicate woke something up in Wright and that match was a reminder of just how dangerous he can-*tzzzk*

[Myers' audio cuts out mid sentence. On camera, both Myers and Wilde continue to talk into their microphones, but no sound comes out. They look at one another confused. Suddenly, there's a loud, slow clap over the PA system, and the video screen at the head of the aisle flickers to life. "Blackheart" Casey James sits on a small desk in front of a bank of video monitors, clapping his hands.]

CJ: Bravo! Bravo!

[Casey does a chef's kiss and points toward the camera, presumably at Supreme.]

CJ: This guy, huh? I gotta give it to ya, kid, you can go. And wow, you are so motivated tonight. That's... man, that's just great, you know? There's nothing more entertaining than a man with motivation.

[Casey claps again, nodding his approval with the highest levels of insincerity. He quickly changes gears as if he's engaged in a conversation.]

CJ: What was that? Oh, me? I'm just here in the production truck. It's really cool. Claw's here with me too, but it's a bit cramped and awkward in here, so he's... Well, just... [To the camera man] Turn the camera, dude. Jeez, learn to take a cue.

[The camera pans to the left, and we see Claw standing guard inside the door of what appears to be the interior of the AWA production truck. We also see a couple of production staff members sitting nervously at their stations, wrists duct taped to the arms of their chairs. Claw stands there, holding a paper bag, staring at one of the staff members in particular. He calmly reaches into the bag and pulls out a couple of walnuts. Without breaking eye contact with the staff member, Claw clenches his fist, crushing the walnuts. The staff member flinches with each crack. Claw finishes his crushing and suddenly opens his hand, letting the crushed walnuts fall to the floor. He doesn't even eat them. The mix of confusion and terror seem to be driving the staff member close to a breakdown. Claw pauses for a moment, and sighs. He turns and begins to stare at the second staff member. Just as he reaches into the bag again, the camera turns back to Casey.]

CJ: Claw's really getting into this. It's fun seeing him work again. Personally? I love this. I've always been a bit of a film guy. I shot a lot of my own promos back in the day. When I stole Kauffman's dog? I filmed that whole thing myself! Honestly, it's a hobby I really never gave up. I may have stopped wrestling for a while, but I never stopped filming.

[Casey looks to both sides and leans forward.]

CJ: In fact, I've got a little piece of work that I just wrapped up today. I'm really excited about it. I think it's my best work yet. Actually... You know what? Since we're here in the truck... [Gestures to the electronics around him] And we got the gear! Why don't we spin it up, huh? Go on, guys, play the footage...

TC: [Off camera] Play it.

[Casey's almost giggling face is replaced by footage of the arena's parking lot. In the production truck, Casey does a running commentary of what's in the video.]

CJ: [Voice over] So I filmed this using my GoPro on the dashboard of my car. That's GoPro, and it's a wonderful product. They pay me very well to mention my GoPro. By the way, that check can be made directly to Blackheart Industries, thank you very much. Anyway, here comes the good stuff...

[From the left, Mason enters the shot, dressed in street clothes and rolling his bags behind him. He walks slowly, checking his phone. From the right, Tiger Claw enters the shot. He's dressed in jeans and a Claw Academy hoodie, but with the hood down. Mason stops when he notices Claw in front of him.]

CJ: [Voice over] Check it out. I can't believe I just randomly caught this. Like, what are the odds that two participants in the MAIN EVENT at SuperClash just happen to bump into each other in the parking lot? And right in front of my GoPro?

[Claw stares a hole through Mason. Mason stays very still, the way a person tends to react when there's suddenly a wild animal in front of them. Claw makes a motion with his head that seems to imply, "Well, what now?" In the truck, Casey starts to do a not-great-but-passable David Attenborough impression.]

CJ: [Voice over] The Bootlicking Greenhorn stops in his tracks, having been noticed by the king of the food chain. He's not sure what to do next. One can almost see the thoughts running through his head before he finally chooses his next course of action...

[From behind Mason, hoodie clad Casey James sprints into the shot wielding a baseball bat. He roars as he full on swings the bat towards the back of Mason's head.]

CJ: [Voice over] To fall down and go "AUUUGGHHH!!!!"

[In the truck, James bursts into hysterical laughter. In the video, Mason reacts to the sound of Casey coming up behind him by dropping his head and hunching his shoulders, so his upper shoulders take most, but not all of the impact. The bat still connects with the back of Mason's head with a glancing blow, but with the viciousness of the swing, it's enough. Mason's baggage and cell phone scatter off in opposite directions as Mason drops to the floor of the parking lot. The two Syndicate members begin to stomp at him mercilessly. Casey continues his impression...]

CJ: [Voice over]It is all for naught. The Bootlicking Greenhorn succumbs to the tactics of the superior species. The Syndicate. Masters of the hunt.

[The Syndicate stop stomping Mason, and Casey lifts him to his feet. Mason isn't looking great. He's clearly bleeding from the back of his head, and he doesn't seem to be able to get his proper footing. Still, he keeps his hands up in a fighting stance. In the video, Casey and Claw look at one another for a moment. Casey steps back, clapping his hands as Claw starts to square up with an obviously concussed Mason.]

CJ: [Voice over] The predator toys with his prey...

[Claw goads Mason into throwing a few punches which miss wildly. He waves him forward, saying, "C'mon, kid... c'mon" and dodges a few more shots. Mason lunges forward in a wild attack. Claw sidesteps and throws a shin kick into Mason's ribs, which makes Mason bend forward at the waist. Claw throws a round kick that appears to be too high to connect, but at the peak, Claw switches the trajectory of the kick straight down across the back of Mason's head. Mason crumples onto the floor of the parking lot.

Casey and Claw stand over the fallen Mason, who isn't making any effort at all to get back up. Both Syndicate members suddenly look at something off camera and decide it's time to go. They almost casually head toward the car the camera is mounted in... The shot switches back to Casey in the production truck, and he's clearly enjoying himself.]

CJ: That... was... frickin' _awesome!_ The drama! The tension! Just the... the _rawness_ of it all! Right there... Two forces of nature meet face to face... One man must fall, and one must prevail. TWO MEN ENTER! ONE MAN LEAVES! It's frickin' _epic,_ man!

Dude, I feel so... I dunno, overwhelmed? Is that the word? I'm so overwhelmed that I got to catch that on camera. It's just... [Casey feigns tearing up] like the world is so big, and I'm just so small, and so lucky to witness these wonderful moments? This... [sniff] is the BEST time to be alive!

[Casey suddenly stops the fake tears and starts to look irritated]

CJ: Anyway, yeah. This is what you get, Supreme, when you bring a cub to fight a couple of lions. Come on, man, it's the MAIN EVENT of SuperClash. That kid ain't

Main Event. Not like we are. You failed, Wright. You failed yourself, you failed the AWA, and most importantly you failed that kid, Mason. You got him so messed up he may not talk straight ever again. I'm no doctor - I just powerbomb like one - but he looked like he was seriously concussed. And for what? Pride? To show that you could fight this war by yourself and it didn't matter who was fighting beside you?

[Casey leans forward.]

CJ: Well you can't, and it does... I don't care that he wanted in because of what we did to Gellar. You stepped up to be general in this war, so you gotta make the hard calls. You shoulda told that kid he was getting in way over his head. You shoulda _never_ let him in our sights. So try again. Try again, Wright, but this time, try and take us seriously, huh? This ain't some kind of game.

[Casey leans back, a satisfied smirk on his face.]

CJ: Now... We're going to stick around here for a bit. I wanna play around with some of this gear, and Claw... Well, Claw's got his activities planned out...

[Casey nods his head toward Claw off camera, and the cameraman pans around to catch Claw right in the face of one of the production staff members, speaking to him inches away from his ear.]

TC: Give me _one_ reason...

[The staff member is visibly sweating and close to tears. His breath comes out ragged, like he's trying his hardest to keep himself from screaming, but the effort is about to prove inadequate.]

CJ: [Straight faced and deadpan] Wright, If you're still all hot about your boy Mason and you still think you can take us on alone... Well, you know where the truck is.

[Wright seems to hesitate for a moment. He takes a step forward, but pauses not sure if he's willing to walk into what would be an obvious trap.]

CJ: Awww, why are you hesitating, Wright? I thought you were a tough guy. I thought you were the quote, unquote "Best in the World".

[Casey chuckles.]

CJ: Or did your grand-daddy waste his time raising a coward?

[That pushed the right buttons, because Wright's eyes suddenly open wide with rage and he quickly steps through the ropes, drawing a MASSIVE roar from the crowd as he runs up the aisle.]

CJ: There we go. Hey Claw, we're gonna have some company. Looks like some people don't learn via traditional teaching methods...

[We cut to Supreme in the back, walking with purpose as he nears the truck.]

CJ: Oooh, here we go, here we go! This is gonna be good!

[Supreme gets to the truck. The door has a Syndicate Mark of the Beast spray painted on it, and shouting can be heard from inside. Supreme opens the door and...

...The Syndicate is nowhere to be found. Physically, anyway. On nearly all the video monitors, we can still see Casey James taunting Supreme. The only people left in the truck are two production staff members duct taped to their chairs, calling out

for help. As Supreme enters the truck, the staff member that was taking most of Claw's abuse breaks down.]

PS: Oh thank god! Thank god someone's here! They're maniacs!

SW: Where are they? Where did they go!?

CJ: [From video] Come on, Supreme! COME GET US! ... Okay, I think that's enough. He'd have to be here by now. Hey, Supreme! Looks like you just missed us!

PS: They left ten minutes ago. They were filming this whole thing on a delay...

CJ: Whoops! Aw, Supreme, looks like you just got got! HA! WHAT A TWIST!

[Wright hammers a fist against one of the monitors in frustration.]

CJ: Hey, now, don't take it out on those poor monitors. We did you a favor not being in the truck, Wright. We don't usually do favors... So you take that second chance we just gave you, and you treat it like the miracle it is. Bring us a _proper_ fight, kid...

[In the video, Casey leans forward, giving the illusion that he and Supreme are nose to nose.]

CJ: ...and don't disappoint. See you soon, kid.

[Casey gives a wave as the video cuts off...

...and we go to commercial.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

You want it darker
We kill the flame #

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

Magnified, sanctified, be thy holy name

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

Vilified, crucified, in the human frame

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

A million candles burning for the help that never came

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

You want it darker

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

You want it darker
We kill the flame #

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

You want it darker

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

I'm ready, my lord...

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

"SUPERCLASH VIII."

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

[Fade to black...

...and then back up to a shot of Gordon and Bucky standing at ringside.]

GM: We are back LIVE here in Oklahoma City, fans, less than two months away from SuperClash... and speaking of SuperClash, the Syndicate just raised the stakes in this battle with Supreme Wright!

BW: Well, it looks like you were right... Wright was right... it was Casey James and Tiger Claw who assaulted Mason out in the parking lot earlier tonight... we just saw the video of it.

GM: AND we heard from Jon Stegglet who says that Supreme Wright has gotta find a new partner.

BW: And that's easier said than done, Gordo. The fans may be coming around on Wright again but the locker room hasn't. They still remember everything he did as part of the Wise Men... everything he did to Ryan Martinez and the Lynches and...

GM: But Ryan Martinez is on the same side with Wright these days.

BW: Maybe, maybe not. I'm just saying that if Wright needs a partner, he's going to have quite a hunt... and the hunt is on, Gordo.

GM: Fans, let's go back to the ring for Women's Division action!

[We fade back to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, making her way to the ring...

["Bad Reputation" by Joan Jett blasts over the airwaves.]

RO: The Bad Girl from the Badlands....

"UNHOLY" ROXY ROLLER!!!

[Jet black hair...a killer glare... powdered face and bright red lipstick. The Derby Diva glides around in the ring in a black mini skirt, ragged panty-hoes, a black crop top, and her signature red skates before spinning around near the corner ring steps and coming to an abrupt stop. She jeers at some fans in the front row and as she removes a skate nearly leaps into the crowd as she swings the skate wildly.]

GM: This woman is...

BW: Fire on wheels, Gordo! We talk about transitional athletes crossing borders and breaking boundaries all the time and this is a great example of how red hot the

AWA's wrestling scene in. Roxy Roller, known for her sweet moves, killer instinct, and...

GM: And what?

BW: Less than stellar attitude? No, that's too modest, Gordo. She's nuts, my friend. With a sprinkle of insanity and a heaping scoop of roller derby rage. She's currently banned from the Roller Pro League of Ladies for one year after being suspended for pummeling a girl with her skate.

GM: So we hired her?

BW: Of course.

RO: And her opponent... hailing from MONTREAL, CANADA!

[A sizeable reaction as "Dukes" by the synth-pop band Repartee kicks in mid-song with the belting voice of Meg Warren ripping across the airwaves.]

'CAUSE YOU'RE WORTH FIGHTING FOR!

RO: "THE DREAM GIRL" SKKKKKKKKKYLAR SWWWIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIFT!!!

C'mon over and we'll settle it right

Put your dukes up
'Cause I'm ready to fight

For you

I'll fight for yooooou #

[The Dream Girl bursts through the entrance portal, raising both fists into the air which draws a resounding cheer from the crowd. Her honey-brown hair is still tied up into a bun with a few errand strands rolling down her cheeks near her baby blue eyes. Skylar Swift is bedazzled to the nines as has become the norm as she makes her way to the ring. She has glistening silver suspenders with little fleur-de-lis symbols running down them over a white crop top with "DREAM GIRL" written across her chest. Her ring trunks are just as shiny, sparkling silver with a blue line down the side that expands as it flares out around her ankles over her black boots.]

GM: And you can tell from the reaction of these fans that one of the most popular superstars in the AWA Women's Division is heading down to the ring! I'm talking about Skylar Swift, Bucky!

BW: You love her. These people love her. You know who really loves her? Her shrink! She's lost it, Gordo!

GM: That's not funny at all, Bucky. Mental health is nothing to joke about and yes, while Skylar Swift has struggled with some issues in recent weeks-

BW: She's hearing voices, Gordo!

GM: Hopefully she's put all that behind her as she heads to the ring here in OKC!

[Swift soaks in the cheers from the crowd as she makes her way to the ring. She does her best to slap every little girl's hand who spills over the railing. She pauses for a moment, taking a snapshot with a young girl wearing a "DREAMER" shirt and then hands her the disposable camera as she soars up to the apron, gliding through the ropes and bouncing towards the center of the ring.]

GM: Look at her, Bucky! She's ready for action!

BW: We'll see, Gordo. We'll see.

[The bell sounds as Swift reaches out her hand.]

GM: Swift offering a handshake to the AWA newcomer. A very professional show of sportsmanship and perhaps an attempt to show everyone she's back to her old self.

[Roxy Roller reaches her hand out, grabbing Swift's.]

GM: And this is great. A wonderful display for all little girls out there hoping to shape the future of women's-

[But before Myers can finish his sentence, Roller yanks Swift's slender frame forward and drives her shoulder into her chest, flattening her on her back!]

GM: Oh! Cheap shot by Roxy Roller!

[The crowd groans at the ferocity of the shoulder block as Swift holds the back of her head for a moment, grimacing in pain... only to have Roller jerk her right back up to her feet and over her shoulders!]

GM: Roller dropping back... SAMOAN DROP BY THE DERBY DIVA! WHOA, BUCKY! This girl has some super strength! You wouldn't expect it by the looks of her!

BW: She's been known to crack ribs, bust a few knees, and single handily run through teams and while her looks may be deceiving she is a force to be reckoned with on the roller rink and hoping to make a similar impact in a wrestling ring.

[Already shaken up, Swift struggles to get up off the mat as Roller circles her, shouting at her to get up. As Roller takes a step towards her, Swift makes a lunge, trying to snatch a single leg...

...but Roller swings a knee up into the collar bone of Swift, sending her falling back down to the canvas where the former roller derby star attempts a cover.]

GM: Quick cover but just a one count there on Swift... and Roller's off to a hot start, Bucky, but we've seen it before against Swift.

BW: That's right. She seems to fall into a pattern where she gets her tail kicked but always somehow battles back to get back in the mix.

GM: If heart were measured in gold, Skylar Swift would be the richest girl in the world.

BW: I'm going to be sick.

[Back on her feet after the one count, Roller walks around the ring, gesturing for Swift to get back up.]

BW: And this is Roxy Roller showing some inexperience, Gordo. She should stay on her, kick her a few times, rub her face into the mat.

GM: Auditioning for a manager gig?

BW: Hey, you won't be around forever, Gordo... and I'll sell pizzas out of the trunk of my car before I work with one of those network schlubs.

GM: I think that was almost sweet, Bucky.

[Swift struggles to get up off the canvas as Roller grabs hold of her hair but the Dream Girl slaps the hand away, spinning around her to snatch a rear waistlock...]

GM: Suplex on the way? No! Roller kicks her way back down to the mat!

[Slipping her leg in front of Roller's, Swift shoves her forward into a trip, knocking Roller down where she spins across her back to snatch a front facelock. She pushes her feet underneath her, shoving backwards and rolling Roller into a variation of a guillotine choke!]

GM: Whoa! Submission hold out of nowhere by Swift... and this isn't the usual kind of offense we see out of her.

BW: You mean, it's not flashy and high risk?

GM: Roller's in trouble, Bucky! I'm not sure she has the experience to know how to get loose from this choke and we may get an early submission!

[Roxy scrapes and claws at the arm as she tries to wiggle her neck free with no success. She props herself up on her heels, her head still snug tight in the arm of Swift, and she begins digging her heels into the mat and driving her knees and hips forward...

...and eventually inching Swift back far enough so her head just brushes into the ropes to force the official to step in break them apart!]

GM: Wow, Roller showing some real grit there.

BW: And you keep going on about Swift's heart! How about Roxy's heart, Gordo? That was the heart of a winner! The heart of someone who will find a way and figure it out in the moment. Not stupid heart that ends with your arm broken because you were too stubborn to tap!

[Roller manages to get up first, moving in on Swift before she can get to her feet. A lunge gets sidestepped by Swift who shoves her aside, throwing a dropkick.]

GM: Dropkick by Swift!

[Roller scrambles up but a second dropkick sends her flying back into the corner.]

GM: Another dropkick connects as well!

[The crowd solidly behind her, Swift ducks down to boost Roller up onto the top turnbuckle.]

GM: Roller set up top... look at Swift!

[Stepping up to the second rope, Swift leaps into the air, snatching Roller's head between her legs, flipping her over and down to the canvas with a hurricanrana!]

GM: OHHHH MYYY! What a takedown by Swift!

[The crowd roars as Swift gets back up, pumping a fist excitedly as she rushes to the corner, running right up the turnbuckles to stand up top...]

GM: Swift up top! Roller struggling to get up off the mat!

[But as she does...]

GM: SKYLAR TAKES FLIGHT!

[The Dream Girl leaps forward as Roxy Roller rises up, catching her across the torso with a crossbody, taking Roller down to the canvas!]

GM: CROSSBODY OFF THE TOP!! ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[The crowd groans as Roller kicks out, breaking up the pin attempt!]

GM: Near fall right there by Swift! She almost had her right there, Bucky!

BW: Almost don't mean a damn thing, daddy! Roxy's still fighting!

[Swift scrambles to her feet, waiting for Roller to rise...

...and leaps up, throwing a roundhouse to the ribs...

...and leaps again, throwing another one to the other side of the body...]

GM: KICK AFTER KICK! IT'S A SWIFT KICK PARTY AND-

[With Roller reeling, Swift backs off, takes aim...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SUPERKICK!

[The blow snaps Roller's head back as she dead man falls backwards to the canvas, unmoving as Swift dives across her torso.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: SHOULDER UP! SHE GOT THE SHOULDER UP! HA! I TOLD YOU THIS GIRL HAD REAL HEART!

[Swift slaps the canvas and gets up in Davis Warren's face and he shakes his head and holds up two fingers...

...and for some reason this doesn't sit too well with Swift who screams at Warren who tries to back away.]

GM: Swift is really adamant that she had Roller down for a full three count. She needs to stay on track though and push through it.

[Swift shouts a few more times at the official who shakes his head, backing away as Swift advances him back against the ropes.]

GM: Swift needs to back off! She's shouting at the official and this isn't-

[And suddenly, the lights in the arena go out.]

GM: What in the...??? Bucky?!

BW: Still next to you.

GM: I'm not sure what's going on, folks, we seem to be having some sort of technical difficulty. I'm getting the call to cut to a commerc...

[Before we can cut away, the faint, eerie, sound of an organ can be heard throughout the arena.

"AHHHHHHHHHHH!"

And just as soon as they switched off, the lights flicker back on and it is indeed Skylar Swift screaming, high pitched, hands cupped over her ears.]

SS: AHHHHHHHHH!!!!

[Davis Warren motions for her, reaching his hand to her shoulder but before he can console her, Roxy Roller drags her over in a schoolboy rollup.]

GM: WAIT! NO!

[A reluctant Davis Warren drops to the mat, slapping the canvas once... twice... three times!]

BW: YES! ROXY ROLLER WITH THE UPSET OF THE YEAR! THE DERBY DIVA HAS DONE IT!

GM: I -- I'm at a loss, Bucky.

BW: I KNOW! CAN YOU BELIEVE IT?! I CAN! I CALLED IT, GORDO! ROXY ROLLER WITH THE --

"Ahhh-haaa-haaa-haaa-haaaaaaaaa!"

[Cutting off Bucky is a maniacal, evil laughter of what sounded like a woman.]

GM: What in god's name was that?!

BW: I -- alright, I gotta admit, even I'm a little spooked. Is that normal? It's normal, right? A grown man get spooked from time to time. Gordo?

GM: We need to get someone in there to get Swift out of the ring. She's... I think that's what finally has put her over the edge.

[Swift, on her knees, tears clouding her vision, begins screaming and clawing at the canvas. Davis Warren finally is able to reach down to console her and is nearly tackled by Swift who springs forward and lunges for him! Warren drops down out of the ring and signals for assistance as Swift crawls over to the corner, grabbing the ropes, and violently begins shaking them as she continues to scream out.]

BW: I somewhat... just a smidge...feel bad about some of my comments early. I mean, I'll get it over it, Gordo. But I don't wish this on anyone.

GM: We need to cut away, Bucky. Guys? You listening? There are kids watching. They don't need to see this.

[A couple security hands and a pair of medics trot down to the ring. Swift swipes at a guard closest to her and the group of men pivot and roll into the ring in various areas. Swift, with her back away from them, stands up and begins stomping the mat repeatedly as one man is able to sneak up from behind and grab her gingerly around the waist. She immediately flips out (well, more) and throws her arms and feet into the air. A few other men tend to his aid and Swift continues to scream, swipe, and kick feverishly at anything and anyone.]

GM: Come on guys, can we get a cutaway? She's got family... friends... no one needs to see this.

[The guards and medics struggle for a moment but are able to get the barely a buck and a quarter pound Skylar Swift out of the ring and finally, finally... the screen cuts away to black.]

Open on a prairie highway in the dead of winter. Sheets of snow drift quickly across the blacktop in the high wind.]

"The Canadian Prairies: Desolate, cold, and forbidding."

[Cut to some pretty obviously 1980s era footage; a balding man with thick tinted glasses and bright orange sportcoat, a crest with the words "Chinook Wrestling" on the crest.]

AL PICKARD: "Hi-de-ho and fiddle-dee-dee wrestling fans, and welcome once again to the greatest show on canvas!"

["Let There Be Drums" by The Incredible Bongo Band kicks in, introducing a montage of wrestling from the various eras in a small brick space.]

"And the hottest wrestling in the West."

[A talking head interview with an older black man with greying hair, juxtaposed with his younger self: jheri-curled hair and a red sleeveless karate gi.]

"DEAD END" EVANS: "You wanna know how to wrestle, you go to the Colton Cave. One hour there learned you more about wrestling than a lifetime anywhere else."

[The next interview is with an Indian man with a large turban and thick black beard, juxtaposed with his turban-less wrestling days, the Commonwealth Heavyweight Championship belt over one shoulder, a silver mace over the other.]

RAJ BHULLAR: "You would see Americans, you would see Japanese, you'd see English... you'd see the world—we would bring the world to you."

"For the first time on video see the pain and passion, and the triumph and tragedy, featuring over four hours of rare and archival footage from Colton vaults spanning half a century."

[A man with long, wavy brown hair in a navy and black singlet, decorated with gold six-pointed sheriff's stars. Today, he has greying hair, a blue flannel shirt, and a more weathered face.]

JEREMIAH "THE SHERIFF" COLTON: "What we had in Alberta, and what we continue to have to this day, is a respect for tradition and respect for our fans. And not everyone was willing to respect that."

[Cut to an interview from a dozen years before, where Jeremiah Colton stands beside Al Pickard.]

JTSC: "We're talking about values that need to be respected, and I'm not going to stand off to one side and let punks like that walk all over us!"

[Cut to a rebuttal from Jackson Hunter.]

JACKSON HUNTER: "What we were presenting had never been done in North America... ever."

[Cut to footage from Hunter's days in wrestling: silver snakeskin tights and a head full of blue spiked hair. He moonsaults off the top rope onto a prone victim lying on top of ladder that has been bridged between the ring apron and barricade.]

JH: [in voice-over from the mid-2000s] "Hey Sheriff, you think I don't have the guts to start a revolution? Just watch me!"

"Chinook Wrestling: The Greatest Show on Canvas! Available now on DVD, Blu-ray, and digital download at AWAshop.com."

[Fade to black...

...and then back up to live action backstage where we find Theresa Lynch standing next to Canibal. The self-styled "Monster Assassin", his eye sockets still covered in black paint, has his head cocked slightly sideways, making him look sinister even now.]

TL: Canibal, we haven't seen you in months. Ever since you and Las Bestias del Mal lost in Milan, you have been M.I.A.

C : My comings and goings are mine to determine and decide, girl. They are neither your concern nor the concern of the herd who huddles around their television set right now. Watching. Learning about the rules of existence by listening to El Monstruo Asesino... me.

[His voice is as hoarse as you remember, with the strange twangs of an unusual accent.]

TL: But why did you come back and attack Manzo Kawajiri? Was it you who ambushed him in Houston?

[He runs his tongue over his lips while nodding slowly.]

C : Why? Whyyyyyyyy?

Whywhywhywhywhy?

[The luchador chuckles as Theresa furrows her brow.]

C : Do you really want to understand me? Do you want to ascertain the machinations in the dark depths of my mind, hermana? Let me shine a little light for you... (he taps his index finger against his temple)... on this.

The people out there, even tonight, think that Kawajiri is this tenacious, invulnerable, unstoppable... animal. They laugh and clap and froth at the mouth with joy when he runs out there, calling him a... badger?

But they will have to sit down and come face to face with reality. There is only one predator in AWA, one relentless pursuer who will not stop hounding his prey, driving it onwards until the bloody final blow. One stalker, one hunter.

[He jams a thumb towards his chin.]

C: Uno Canibal.

TL: But tonight yo-

C : Tonight, hermana, I showed the badger WHO he is dealing with now. I struck him, for the second time, and he chose to defy me instead taking his punishment.

[He holds up two fingers, then a third, then a fourth, then clenches the hand into a fist.]

C: Can you hear the horns? The hunt has only just begun and it may twist and it may turn but in the end the badger's pelt, smeared with blood and guts, will be _my_ trophy. Only that will sate... my Hunger.

[A low growl follows that last word. Canibal leers one last time at Lynch before he saunters wordlessly out of the shot. Theresa visibly shudders then turns to the camera once more.]

TL: Well, that was at least a little insight. Back to you, Gordon.

[Cut back to the announcers table.]

GM: Thank you, Theresa. Canibal declares a hunt on the Iron Badger but he may as easily have called it a war.

BW: Gordo, Kawajiri is one hell of a strong hoss but I am not sure even can prepare for kind of craziness that kook will unleash.

GM: I think Kawajiri just might be stronger than even you suspect, Bucky. Fans, let's go to the ring where...

"ENOUGH, MYERS!"

[Gordon sighs as we cut to the ring where Brian Lau is standing, dressed in his usual impeccable style. He has a mic in hand, accepting the jeers from the fans as he begins speaking.]

BL: That's better. Know your place down there, oldtimer, or I just might have you replaced!

[The crowd jeers the threat towards Gordon.]

BL: I have demanded this time here tonight - alone... without that barely-employable twit Blackwell badgering me - so that I can address a situation that happened two weeks ago. More specifically, I need to address an employee of mine who has achieved a "Expected More" on his most recent personnel review.

Of course, I'm referring to my so-called bodyguard, Shane Taylor.

[Lau lowers the mic, allowing the fans to jeer the Kings' bodyguard. He nods.]

BL: I know. For once, I can agree with you moronic simpletons whose only use to me is the cash you drop to see my Kings compete at the premier level that only they can.

[And that turns the boos back towards Lau who gets an almost satisfied look on his face.]

BL: However, from time to time in business, mistakes are made and... well, recently I made such a mistake. So, I would like to have Shane Taylor come out here right now so that I can address my error.

[Lau lowers the mic, waiting...

...and waiting...

...and waiting.]

GM: Maybe Shane Taylor isn't here.

BW: Oh, he's here. I'm sure he's just hiding somewhere instead of doing his job!

[Lau raises the mic, his tone dripping with irritation.]

BL: Look, Shane... I don't have all night. I came out here to make things right but if you don't want to-

[Lau shrugs, setting the mic down on the mat...

...when the crowd suddenly buzzes as Shane Taylor - dressed in his usual stained white tanktop and cut-off denim shorts - comes walking down the aisle. He wears a cautious expression as he approaches the ring where Lau has picked the mic back up. The Hall of Fame manager nears the ropes, taking a seat on the middle to hold them open for Taylor.]

BL: Come on, Shane... get in here so we can discuss this like gentlemen.

[Taylor obliges, climbing into the ring. Lau walks a full circle around him, shaking his head a couple of times.]

BL: Now, Shane... I want to talk about-

[Before Lau can get another word out of his mouth, the sounds of ZZ Top's "Beer Drinkers & Hell Raisers" begins to play over the PA system, heralding the arrival of the AWA World Tag Team Champions.]

GM: And here come the tag team champions! We heard earlier tonight - overheard would be a better way to phrase it, I suppose - that Wes Taylor's been looking for Brian Lau all night... and now he's found him.

BW: Yeah, and Brian Lau doesn't look too happy about that. You know how he feels about conducting Kings' business in front of people.

[The champions reach the ring in short order, climbing inside. Wes Taylor looks a bit upset, stomping towards Brian Lau as Tony Donovan hangs back, watching.]

BL: Wes... Tony... good to see you guys.

[Taylor shakes his head, leaning over the mic.]

WT: Really, Brian? Because to me, it seems like you've been avoiding me for the better part of two weeks.

[The crowd buzzes, suddenly interested in the Kings' conflict.]

BL: Avoiding you? One-half of the World Tag Team Champions? One-half of the Tag Team of the Year for 201-

WT: Cut it, Brian!

[The crowd cheers this time as Taylor angrily addresses his manager.]

WT: Look... I don't know what this...

[He gestures to his uncle who is standing by.]

WT: ...is all about but I want no part of it. That man right there... he may have been a lousy bodyguard... but he's family. And family deserves better than how he was treated two weeks ago by YOU!

[The "YOU!" is punctuated with a stabbing finger to the chest, surprising Lau and drawing more cheers from the fans. Tony Donovan steps forward, putting a hand on his partner's shoulder, speaking off-mic to him.]

WT: No, no, Tony... this isn't about Kings' business... this is about blood. And that man right there is my blood, Brian. So whatever garbage you were about to do right now... just let him go. Let him walk away... and we'll get back to Kings' business... we'll get back the business of defending these tag titles and making sure that Brian or Johnny have a shot at putting Vasquez out of wrestling once and for all.

[Lau grimaces.]

BL: But right there, Wes... that's the problem. You see, the Kings of Wrestling are at their best when the entire world fears them. And this business with Brian and Johnny is bad enough. Because I've got news for you, kid.

[Lau shakes his head.]

BL: The Kings AREN'T fine. No matter how many times we've all said otherwise. The Kings aren't fine at all. The Kings - in fact - are soft. We've got a soft spot, Wes... a weakness... and it's one that everyone is taking advantage of right now. But in about two months when the Kings walk into New Orleans, we've got one shot to walk out as THE dominant force in wrestling... and it's not going to happen unless we toughen up that soft spot... unless we turn that weakness into a strength.

The Kings cannot have a heart, Wes... the Kings can't show mercy for the weak.

[Lau points to Shane Taylor.]

BL: And HE... is weak. He failed me... but most of all, Wes... he failed the Kings. And that means he failed you.

[Wes Taylor shakes his head.]

BL: Yes he did, Wes. And you can deny it all you want but if you search down deep, you know I'm telling the truth. He failed us all... and that is unacceptable.

WT: What about Fawcett? Didn't he fail us all too? Why isn't he out here?

[Lau smiles an unsettling smile.]

BL: The good Doctor may still be useful to us... and I will deal with him personally.

But this one...

[He points to Shane.]

BL: I need someone else to deal with him.

[Wes Taylor looks into Brian Lau's eyes, his jaw slightly dropped in disbelief as Lau slowly nods...

...and suddenly, Tony Donovan BLASTS a shocked Shane Taylor in the back of the head with a forearm smash, putting him down on the canvas. Wes Taylor angrily

turns towards his partner, shoving him back. Tony points to the downed Shane Taylor, speaking off-mic to him.]

BL: Your partner... your brother... he's only doing what has to be done, Wes. Think about it. Your brother. You talk about blood? We're your blood now. We're your family now.

But this needs to be taken care of... and it needs to be you to do it so that the rest of your family knows that you can do what has to be done.

[Wes Taylor stands, hands on hips, looking down at his uncle as Shane Taylor pushes to his knees, grasping at his nephew's legs as he pulls himself to a kneeling position, looking up helplessly at his family.]

GM: Wes Taylor is looking down on his Uncle... looking down on his family and-

[Shane pulls himself to his feet, his nephew catching him as he nearly falls back down. The Taylors turn in tandem, staring at Brian Lau...

...who suddenly looks concerned.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: Don't do anything stupid, Wes! Think about your future! Think about-

[And on a dime, Wes Taylor pivots and LAYS OUT his Uncle with a standing clothesline that drops him like a rock to the jeers of the Oklahoma crowd!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Gaaaah! Why, damn it?! Why would you do that to your own family?!

BW: The Kings are his family now, daddy!

[And with a grinning Lau nodding in approval, Taylor and Donovan start stomping Shane Taylor over and over and over into the canvas.]

GM: This is ridiculous! The man can't even defend himself!

[A smirking Brian Lau leans back against the ropes, yanking the leather belt from around his waist.]

GM: Oh, you've gotta be kidding me.

[Donovan pulls Shane Taylor to his feet, holding him aloft in a front facelock as Lau steps up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: Aaaagh! Leather belt across the back of Shane Taylor!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[Wes Taylor stands nearby, a look of shame on his face as Brian Lau repeatedly takes the leather strap to his Uncle. Taylor eventually looks away as the belt lands across the back again.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: Lau's taking the hide off Shane Taylor and-

[The crowd ERUPTS in cheers as Cody Mertz - steel chair in hand - comes tearing down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: CODY MERTZ! CODY MERTZ ON HIS WAY!

[Mertz dives under the bottom rope and comes up swinging, quickly clearing the ring as Donovan drops Shane Taylor back down to the canvas!]

GM: And Cody Mertz sends the Kings of Wrestling running for it!

[Lau backpedals down the aisle, pulling his pants to keep them up as Taylor and Donovan shout up at Mertz. They seem ready to go at him but Lau holds them back shouting "NOW'S NOT THE TIME! NOW'S NOT THE TIME!"]

GM: And I don't know why he did it but Cody Mertz just saved Shane Taylor from any even worse beating than what he already received at the hands of his so-called family. This makes me sick, Bucky. Absolutely sick.

[Mertz stands over Shane Taylor, gesturing for the Kings to come back to the ring as we fade to black...]

Open to a wide shot of former AWA tag team champion, City Jack, in front of a green-screened "A" and some swirly designs. Jack's wearing a "Bluegrass Kentucky Fed" t-shirt, jeans, and black knee brace. Beside him on the screen are the following words:

Knee Pain?

Back Pain?

Call Toll Free! 800.555.1548!]

CJ: Hey my wrestlin' family, ol' City Jack here to let you all in on a little somethin' special!

[Jack, very excitedly, pumps his fists.]

CJ: Have any ya'll had some pain recently? You know, in them there knees?

[Jack points to the knee-braced knee.]

CJ: Or maybe that back of yours been hurtin' after slavin' away so long on the docks, right?

[Jack flashes a smile as he lifts up his t-shirt a bit to show a back brace that's straining against his girth.]

CJ: Well this ol' sob says don't let it get ya! You call this here number?

[Jack thumbs over to his left where the 800 number is.]

CJ: And you tell 'em you got some pain, but ol' Docter CJ sent ya to get some RELIEF! And my friends here at the Medical Warnin' Center will send ya some good stuff to cure what ails ya! And hey!

[Jack wags his finger over for the camera to close in, like Jack's got a secret to tell.]

CJ: Ya got Medicare? Well, got some good news cause all them relief? My friends could get ya a brace for just some pennies or even no cash needed! Just like me!

[Jack points to both braces that he wears.]

CJ: So make the call, will ya? It's just a couple numbers on ya cell phone - 1-800-555-1548! And hey, tell 'em City Jack sent ya!

[Jack winks at the camera before the shot fades...

...and then fades back up on the locker room area where Theresa Lynch is standing. There is quite a bit of noise in the background.]

TL: We are back here live on Saturday Night Wrestling where... Cody Mertz... Cody Mertz! A quick word please!

[An angry-looking Mertz storms into view, turning towards the camera.]

CM: BRIAN LAU! I EXPECTED NOTHING LESS FROM A PERSON LIKE YOU! CAN'T GET THE JOB DONE YOURSELF SO YOU TAKE IT OUT ON OTHERS!

[Mertz fumes as Theresa speaks.]

TL: Cody Mertz, I gotta know... what in the world made you go out there to save Shane Taylor right now?

[Mertz shakes his head.]

CM: Look, I know Lau's type, Theresa. He's a user. Everyone talks about what a great manager he is - a Hall of Fame manager. Pages upon pages of wrestling history are written about James, Claw, and Lau... but what about the rest, huh? What about the other members of the Syndicate who Lau tossed aside when they weren't useful anymore? What about guys like Danny Dynamite who betrayed his friends and family to join the Syndicate? What about guys like Chris Myers who sold his very soul to join the Syndicate? What happened to them? Where are they now? They're not on the cover of a video game - that's for sure.

[Mertz is fuming mad.]

CM: So, I sat back here... waiting for my chance to get back in the ring with Taylor or Donovan, waiting to get what I've wanted since I came back to the AWA... and what did I see? I saw Brian Lau throwing Shane Taylor away like trash. And to make it worse, I saw Shane's own flesh and blood doing the exact same thing.

The Kings of Wrestling aren't fine. They're miserable excuses for human beings with no loyalty to anyone but themselves and their wallets, Theresa.

So when Shane Taylor took the lash of the belt from Lau... I felt it across my back. And I knew I had to do something about it.

[Theresa nods.]

TL: But aren't you worried that this just leads to the Kings putting a bullseye on your back?

CM: LET 'EM! LET 'EM COME FOR ME! I HAVEN'T BEEN HARD TO FIND!

[Mertz balls up his fists in front of him.]

CM: Let `em come, Theresa... and you better believe I'll be ready for them.

[Mertz storms out of sight, leaving Theresa behind.]

TL: Cody Mertz is NOT about to back down from the Kings of Wrestling - no matter how badly the numbers are against him, fans. Sweet Lou, let's go over to you!

[We cut backstage where we see Sweet Lou Blackwell standing with Johnny Detson. Detson is dressed to wrestle in his long gold tights with black boots with no shirt on, glaring at his surroundings as if he would rather be anywhere else.]

SLB: I'm standing here with Johnny Detson... and Johnny, what are your thoughts on what went on this evening?

[Detson smirks and begins to speak but just shakes his head.]

SLB: No comment? Well, you went into this night thinking that there might be a possibility for you wrestling for the World Heavyweight Title here tonight. A title you once held and haven't been able to reclaim.

[The smirk disappears from Detson's face.]

JD: Your point?

SLB: Simply put, what are your thoughts about what transpired at the beginning of this show?

JD: My thoughts... it's not my job to think for the Company, people have been handing stuff out to Juan Vasquez for years... why would anyone think that it would change now?

SLB: Now, you are going into a match where many consider you the underdog against a man it seems quite obvious you don't want to face.

[Whatever amusement Detson had from these questions is now gone as he now looks rather annoyed.]

JD: And who might that be?

[Blackwell certainly is smirking when he responds.]

SLB: You know who I'm talking about. Brian James.

[Detson scoffs.]

SLB: Johnny Detson, you can't argue that based on the last show, you sure didn't seem like you wanted to step into the ring with Brian James UNLESS his back was turned.

JD: And that's what you think?

SLB: That's what we all saw.

JD: That's not what you saw, that's what you were told you saw and therefore that's what you believe. Brian James comes out here draping a bath towel over his head and says the whole world is scared of him so that's what you believe! Juan Vasquez comes out here and takes credit for my hard work and you idiots just lap it up!

[Detson shakes his head.]

JD: You stand there and call the former World Champ an underdog? You stand there and say that I'm afraid? Maybe everyone needs to remember just who the heck I am!

[Detson grabs and rips the microphone out of Blackwell's hand.]

JD: Just because Juan Vasquez had some recent resurgence due to shock value and teaming with the Russian oil change crew, let's not forget where he was for the past two years... IRRELEVANCY and OBSCURITY! Now people are all up in arms about how he's acting! News flash dummies, he's always acted this way, I've been telling you people for years... Alex Epstein told you for years before that! A whole locker room doesn't rise up against you because you're Mr. Congeniality! But you people...

[Detson points at the camera, then at Blackwell, and then circles his finger around the whole arena.]

JD: ...have been either too stupid or ignorant to listen. But when poor old Juan was out there being irrelevant, blowing himself up in cages and constantly losing to Travis Lynch, I was out there... strapping this Company to my back... doing stuff Juan could only dream of... making this Company relevant across the globe.

[Detson turns to Blackwell, staring a hole through him.]

JD: North American tours happened on my watch! European tours happened on my watch! Taking this show that you're watching right now off Public Access and onto the Fox Network all happened because of me! My greatness made all of this happen. I defended that belt over three hundred and fifty times...

[Blackwell shakes his head in the background as Detson continues.]

JD: ...and he'll defend it once, but bow down to him. My rise in this Company is in direct correlation with the rise of this Company to unseen heights and is only matched by his steep decline, but give him praise. I mean, sure... Juan Vasquez was a big fish in a small pond, but I came in and turned that pond into an ocean!

[Detson smirks and shrugs.]

JD: So Juan wants to take his ball and go find another small pond... yeah, that sounds about right. But to fight tonight for a chance to wrestle Juan Vasquez at SuperClash, and to have him know I helped pack his bags back to obscurity... well, I'd never miss a chance at that.

[With that, Detson flips the mic back at Blackwell who fumbles with it for a bit before regaining control as Detson walks off.]

SLB: But that still doesn't answer how you get around Brian James?

[Detson stops dead in his tracks. His eyes goes wide, but only for a moment. He slowly turns around.]

SLB: We all heard what Brian James said tonight and we all saw what happened during his match against Jack Lynch. You did not want to get into the ring with Brian James!

[Detson's eyes narrow.]

JD: I'm sorry... was that a question?

[Blackwell begins to speak but Detson holds up his hand cutting him off.]

JD: Brian James is an idiot and a person caught up believing his own hype. Brian James believes that I am still the cause of all of this; that everything that's happened since the Battle of Boston is my fault and not his.

[Detson glares at Blackwell and shakes his head.]

JD: Brian James is an idiot. Son of a Legend; Trained by a Legend; Managed by a Legend; and Partnered with a Legend, and Brian James... hasn't learned a damn thing. And he's gonna go around and try to teach lessons? On what, how to punch solid metal objects? How to ruin the opportunities put in front of you? Nope! Sorry, kid... not listening to any of those valuable lessons... but here's one for you. Stop believing what all these people are saying about you because deep down you know it's not true.

[Detson raises his fist.]

JD: You think that because you have a habit of punching inanimate objects that I'm supposed to fear you? You think last show was about fear? Last week was about strategy. When I go into this match tonight, Ryan Martinez and that kid have put a target on my back and are probably going to collude against me. You want me to add Jack Lynch to that equation? No, I'd rather have a former ally than three known enemies. I'd rather have a brother-at-odds than a Lynch because at least if we're at odds you're still supposed to be my brother.

[Detson uses his fist to pound over his heart.]

JD: That's not fear... that's sound logic and maybe if you ever stopped to think or listen TO ANYONE you'd know this by know! Could I have cost you that match last time? Easily. However, I didn't, because it was the right play and it was the smart thing to do for all of us. Not fear, logic... sound mental thinking! I've never been the one who wanted to fight my brother... that's been you all along. Brothers gotta fight, that's what you said, right?

[Detson smirks.]

JD: Well, Brian... let's see if you're as bad as you think you are. There's two people standing in your way. Two people and then you can get what you want. Brothers gotta fight... and they can, Brian. You just have to go through Ryan Martinez. You just have to go through Jordan Ohara. But you can do that, right? You're the Engine of Destruction, you can do anything.

[Detson holds out his arms as if inviting James to try.]

JD: Can't you?

[With that, Detson glares at Blackwell and snorts out a laugh before leaving.]

SLB: There you go, guys. Johnny Detson poking the bear and I don't think he's going to like the result. Now let's go back to the ring for more tag team action!

[Crossfade back to a panning shot of the crowd.]

The arena lights go dimmer as glowing dry ice fog pours from around the entrance curtain. The stuttering voice of the AI SHODAN fills the arena as two figures gradually manifest in the fog...]

"How dare you, insect?"

"How dare you interrupt my ascendance?"

"You are nothing."

"A wretched bag of flesh."

"What are you compared to my magnificence?"

[The spotlights turn on the two figures in the entryway:

Riley Hunter, holding a nunchuck in each of his outstretched fists.

Derrick Williams, his forearm held in front of him, the word "AXIS" printed on the sleeve of his satin jacket.

"Those Who Fight Further" by The Black Mages plays over the sound system, and Williams and Hunter swagger their way down the aisle.]

RO: The following tag team contest is set for one fall. Introducing first, making their way down the aisle, at a combined weight of 473 pounds...

"THE FUTURE" DERRICK WILLIAMS...

"THE AMERICAN NINJA" RILEY HUNTER...

SYSTEMMMMM... SHOCK!

[The boos pour down for the Axis duo as they make their way down the ramp, arrogant smirks all around.]

GM: Tag Team action here on Saturday Night Wrestling. And when you see one member of the Axis, you will invariably find them with significant back up.

[The American Ninja gets a running start, leaping into the air over the bottom rope in a front roll up to a knee as Williams ducks through the ropes, striking a pose behind him. Riley Hunter is in his usual gear, mirrored John Lennon shades over his eyes under a mop of black, blue, and dirty blonde hair. Williams is in a black satin jacket with his initials embroidered on the right breast and you can see shiny silver trunks on camera.]

GM: Derrick Williams and Riley Hunter, now known as System Shock, have both been showing increased aggression since aligning with Juan Vasquez and his Axis.

BW: They've had a fire lit underneath them that needed to be lit.

GM: Wait, who is that?

[Cut to ringside, where there is seemingly a third Axis member ambling around ringside, pumping his fist to the beat of System Shock's theme. He's in a charcoal-colored carbon-fibre print superhero costume that seems to be stuffed with foam rubber muscles. A cowl is over most of his head, and a mirrored visor is across his eyes. The word "AXIS" is printed in silver across his forehead.]

BW: Yeah, who is that?

RO: Their opponents... from Anderson, South Carolina... at a combined weight of 367 pounds... Andy and Will... THE BLUE BROTHERS!

GM: I'm not sure who that is but thankfully there seems to be no sign of the Axis's chief fixer, Riley Hunter's cousin Jackson Hunter.

[Hunter takes the mic from Ortiz. He and Williams put on their best cheesy, condescending grins and decide to address the crowd.]

RH: It's a great night to stand with the Axis, isn't it Duke?

DW: It's a swell night to stand with the Axis, Ri.

RH: Now folks... Given that are myriad bureaucrats and psychos and fanatics out there that would attempt to derail our great inquisition, now more than ever, we need a protector. I mean two weeks ago alone, we had a would-be assassin try to strike at the very heart of the Axis to take out Mr. Vasquez. And then that maniacal sadist Jordan Ohara lured you to the top of that interview podium, Duke, and he shoved you twenty feet to the... solid... cement... FLOOR!

[Hunter places his hands to his face in extreme melodrama.]

RH: AHHH! I can't bear to think of it!

[Williams claps Hunter on the shoulder reassuringly.]

DW: It's fine Riles, it's fine. Trust me, it's fine. It seems like Mr. Ohara and I have a failure to communicate. We've reached an impasse, but I think it's something that we can work out. I mean, we're reasonable men, correct?

RH: Correct sir!

DW: And as reasonable men, we can settle disputes civilly. And that's what I intend to do with Jordan Ohara. Now, I know, this week, he's super busy with his Road to the Gold match he backdoored his way into, so I'll be super nice and not bother him this week. He can go and focus on how he'll come up short... either tonight or at SuperClash.

[He pauses for the boos, simply shrugging.]

DW: What? He will. Anyway, what I propose, is an olive branch. A chance for Jordan and I to do something we haven't been able to, and that's talk out what exactly happened between us. Give him a chance to really get his frustration off his chest, and for me to set the record straight. So what I propose, is in two weeks, on the next Saturday Night Wrestling, that Myself and Jordan Ohara appear for a Summit on Kerry Kendrick's Think Tank. And to sweeten the deal, I will guarantee that during this Summit, it will be only you and I, Jordan. I'll be out, by myself. No Juan, no Maxim, no Jackson, no Riley...

[Hunter looks shocked, while Williams raises a hand]

DW: Sorry man, just want to make it a safe space for Jordan. And yes Jordan, no our new friend here, No Axis period. Just you and me. I hope you accept this gracious offer.

RH: So you can see, while Duke and myself have been tasked with holding the torch for the Axis's future—and thus, wrestling's future... We can't be everywhere at once.

DW: I mean, my god, we're only two men.

RH: So my cousin Jackson has given us a great gift: he's given us his very first managerial client that he ever had, Nick Axidoupolis, and transformed him into a warrior

DW: He is more than a fellow Axis warrior, he is a symbol of goodness and truth to the Axis. He is an inspiration to us, as we hope he will be to you. Ladies and gentlemen, the Axis is pleased, proud, and paid to present you...

[They both point to the dorky looking superhero standing outside the ring.]

DW & RH: ...NICK AXIS!

[Williams and Hunter exchange satisfied high fives. Nick Axis raises both of his stringbean-y arms.]

GM: Oh, please.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[A quick cut to Nick Axis standing awkwardly at ringside, jaw slightly agape, not sure what to do with himself. Back in the ring, Williams starts the match by locking up with Will Blue, followed by a kneelift, and then a series of punishing overhead elbows.]

GM: You know, come to think of it, I was wondering why the Axis arrived at the building earlier today with Eugene Felsnic from "Grease" in tow.

BW: Gordo! That reference is older than you!

[Williams wraps his arm around Will Blue's neck and squeezes, pointing approvingly in the direction of Nick Axis.]

GM: Derrick Williams, he's been calling himself "The Future" recently. Not exactly known for his humility of late.

[In the corner, Riley Hunter stretches back, placing his boot on the top rope. Williams drags his opponent to the Axis corner and throws his face into the sole of Hunter's boot, tagging out in the process.]

GM: Tag is made. The American Ninja, the Seven-Star Athlete... whatever other hyperbole this young man has applied to himself is in now.

[Hunter and Williams both lay the boots in to their cornered opponent, until the referee's count of "four," when Williams throws up his hands and exits to the apron. Hunter drags Will Blue to the middle of the ring.]

GM: Double chickenwing locked in, maybe looking for that trademark move—no...

[Hunter arcs backward gracefully, planting his opponent on the back of his head.]

GM: Big double-arm suplex there!

BW: Just like his cousin used to do to LION Tetsuo back in the day!

GM: Hunter with a lateral press.

[The referee counts as high as one, when Hunter breaks the pin.]

GM: One-count only, but it looks like that would have been a three-count easily.

BW: System Shock wants to earn their check tonight, Gordo.

GM: Hunter pulling his opponent into a rear waistlock, maybe setting up for another suplex.

RH: "GET OVER HERE!"

[Hunter ripcords Blue out...]

GM: Oh, Instant Karma!

[Nick Axis pipes up from ringside.]

NA: "TOASTY!"

[With Will Blue out on his feet at the ropes, Hunter merely tosses him to his partner, inviting the tag.]

GM: Andy Blue in now, though I don't think he'll fare—

[Hunter dramatically backs off to his own corner in mock fright as Andy Blue steps through the ropes.]

GM: ...Much... better. Oh, PLEASE.

[Williams tries to soothe Hunter, tagging himself in.]

DW: "It's okay! It's okay! I think I got this."

GM: He thinks he's got this?

BW: Well, you know, Andy Blue has been known to get a shot in.

GM: Yes, the last time was 2010.

[Williams and Blue lock up, with Williams armdragging Andy Blue out of the lockup.]

GM: Nice armdrag there by The Future as he calls himsel-

SLAP

BW: Williams almost slapped Blue's teeth into the second row there.

GM: Goodness that was loud, and Williams follows up with a bodyslam without much delay.

[Williams walks around to Blue's head, taking a couple steps to the side, pointing to both Hunter and Axis in his corner, before falling over to the side like a falling oak, dropping a fist down into the head of Andy Blue.]

GM: Vicious fist drop there by Williams...

[Williams sits Blue up, standing over him and pointing at the ropes at Blue's back, waving his head as Nick Axis yells "DO IT, DUKE!"]

GM: Williams getting cheered on by, well, their mascot I suppose, and now he's building up a head of steam, rebounds, past Blue, rebounds again, and slides in hard with a sliding elbow strike. The newly proclaimed System Shock here is on a roll, and likely just showing off at this point.

BW: I mean, of course both Williams and Hunter are above this competition, but it never hurts to show off what you've got, especially with the tag division wide open.

GM: And nothing about Williams' invitation to Jordan Ohara in two weeks?

BW: Well, it's good that those two clear the air between them. With any luck, Williams might convince Ohara to start telling the truth instead of spreading his sensationalism.

GM: Oh good grief.

[Williams picks Blue up, grabbing an arm and reaching out to his corner, getting a tag from Hunter. Williams walks out to the center of the ring, before yelling out "Combo 3!" toward a nodding Hunter.]

GM: Combo 3?

BW: They're a solid, cohesive unit Gordo, they have numbers down and such.

[Williams slips behind Blue, putting his head under Blue's arm, then lifting him up, and dropping him down in a Belly-to-back suplex as Hunter heads towards the ropes...]

GM: Big dropkick to the head from Riley Hunter! My goodness!

BW: Pinpoint precision, Gordo!

GM: I'll say! That move could have gone very wrong had Hunter or Williams been out of position by even a few inches.

[Hunter takes a few seconds to bask in his handiwork, then sees Blue crawling to the corner to try and tag his brother in. He grabs Andy Blue by the ankle and taunts him with a hammy, hissing stage whisper.]

RH: "Nooo... nooo... you caaan't get awaaaay!"

[Hunter pulls his opponent upright and into a fireman's carry. The Seven Star Athlete vaults forward....]

GM: Rolling Samoan Drop... I believe we've seen this before.

[...And then swiftly hops to the top rope with startling agility...]

GM: ...Into a moonsault! Love or hate him--he seems to be a very polarizing figure--one cannot deny that the American Ninja is an elite calibre athlete.

BW: Of course not, Gordo. Wrestling's in his blood. His cousin wasn't any slouch either. You saw those matches he had back in the day with LION Tetsuo?

GM: Those were classics, although what Riley Hunter lacks in abrasiveness, he more than makes up for in immaturity... Now what's this?

[Hunter tosses Andy Blue into his brother, forcing the tag. Will Blue doesn't even get to step through the ropes, as he finds himself hiptossed in.]

GM: That's just bare-faced cockiness and arrogance.

BW: It ain't cockiness when you're that good; this System Shock is looking mighty fine.

[Hunter pulls his hapless opponent to System Shock's corner.]

RH: "Combo 8!"

DW: "A or B?"

RH: "A!"

GM: Looks like they're planning another one of their double-team maneuvers here.

BW: These two don't just make YouTube series, Gordo. They've been in the lab!

[Williams and Hunter both hit the ropes in criss-cross style as Will Blue stumbles upright in the middle of the ring.]

GM: System Shock building up to something here...

[After quite a few seconds, Hunter and Williams both stop abruptly in front of Blue and simply pummel him with rapid-fire kicks, knee strikes and elbows until he crumples into a heap on the canvas.]

NA: "AX-IS! AX-IS! AX-IS! AX-IS!"

GM: Or... they could just be the thugs like those they associate with.

BW: But they are elite-calibre athletes. Which means they can dish out elite-calibre buttkickings.

[Williams shoots his opponent to the ropes. On the rebound, he hoists him skyward, pivots 180 degrees and plunges to the mat.]

GM: An earth-shattering spinebuster!

[Hunter jumps a full foot in the air with the impact. A split second later, Nick Axis remembers his cue and reacts.]

NA: "WHOA! FUTURE SHOCK!"

GM: And, well... The Axis' mascot seems to like it too.

RH: "One more time, Duke! One more time!"

DW: "One more time, comin' up!"

[Williams yanks Will Blue off the mat and shoots him to the ropes again. He hoists Blue up again, but too high this time, allowing Blue to flop behind him.]

GM: Look at this! Reversal into a sunset flip!

[Williams wobbles upright for a few seconds...

He reaches for the ropes, but they are just inches out of reach...]

GM: And...! And...!

[Hunter stretches out and manages to catch Williams' outstretched palm.]

GM: No, the tag is made!

[Williams rolls through the sunset flip to his feet, and Hunter deftly pulls Will Blue upright into a double chickenwing.]

BW: We saw them do this at All Star Showdown, Gordo! Day of Lavo, into...

[Williams grabs Blue by the head as Hunter thrusts him downward.]

BW: Blackout!

[Hunter rolls his opponent into a cradle for the academic three-count. Williams pulls Andy Blue over the top rope into the ring.]

GM: They call it the Black Omen! You can call it another victory for Hunter and Williams!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[System Shock shares a fist bump. Hunter begins gesturing for Nick Axis to join them in the ring.]

RO: Here are your winners. Derrick Williams... Riley Hunter... System... SHOCK!

[Axis stumbles his way awkwardly into the ring, as Hunter and Williams hold the helpless Andy Blue upright.]

GM: And the match is over, for goodness' sake. You two boys have proven your point!

DW: "DO IT, NICK!"

RH: "RIGHT CROSS! RIGHT CROSS, BABY!"

DW: "JUST LIKE JUAN DOES IT!"

GM: Are they calling for this... character to do a Right Cross?

BW: Oh man, Gordo, what other Axis moves do you think he has in his arsenal?

[Clearly excited, Nick Axis pumps his fist and fires it into Andy Blue's face...]

NA: "OWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW!"

[...And promptly doubles over in agony, clutching his wrist.]

[Hunter and Williams look at each other for a couple of agonizing seconds. Andy Blue seems more confused than hurt. Williams then pops Blue in the jaw with an elbow shot, dropping him to the mat like a sack of potatoes.]

GM: An Axis superhero, huh?

BW: Gordo, my monitor must've gone out! What happened?

[Hunter grabs the squealing Nick Axis and points him to the fallen Andy Blue. Williams covers his mouth with both hands in faux shock.]

BW: Gordo! Nick Blue has a punch as deadly as Juan Vasquez!

GM: He does not, Bucky.

[Axis jumps up and down in triumph when he sees (what he presumes is) his triumph.]

GM: This is absolutely ridiculous. A fine victory for the duo now known as System Shock but... this Nick Axis business is out of control. Fans, we're going to take another break but when we come back... oh brother... it's time for the Think Tank with Kerry Kendrick!

BW: Oh yeah!

GM: Stick around, won't you?

[Williams and Hunter hold Axis' arms in the air as we fade to black...

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

"The future."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[To a space shot of Earth below.]

"To bringing our futures into the present."

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

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

[And we slowly fade to black,..

...and then back up to the arena where the chorus of "I Want It All" by Queen plays out.]

The interview podium has been covered by a carpet of midnight green. Erica Toughill looms off to one side like a bouncer, a pool cue grasped between her fists in front of her. Two black suede swivel balloon chairs sit toward the back, and in front of them, in a charcoal oxford shirt and black jeans...]

KK: This... is the Think Tank. I am Kerry Kendrick. I am a Self Made Man. I am the longest tenured member of the AWA roster...

...And I always will be.

[He smiles at the jeers around him.]

KK: And people, try and drag yourselves away from obsessing about the Sooners for just a few minutes; let's talk about something more important than football played by people who couldn't get over not being in high school any more, okay, Okies?

[Kendrick' snark does not go over well in Oklahoma City.]

KK: Have I touched a nerve? Anyway, Rick, show me the box scores for today.

[Toughill hands Kendrick a phone, which seems to already be displaying the page Kendrick had in mind.]

KK: Dear oh dear. Toronto Blue Jays, 4. Boston Red Sox 3.

Papi, Papi, Papi! What are you thinking? You should not be going out there and tanking against a team that lucked in to as many world championships as you have two decades ago. Especially when your team is looking up at...

[He swipes his thumb across the screen and snickers.]

KK: ...Oh yeah. CLEVELAND. People... let that be a lesson to you. The Self Made Man is never wrong. Do not argue with the Self Made Man. I said David Ortiz was an overwrought, underperforming, overpaid disappointment on the ball diamond, just like his pal Supernova is in the ring. You two deserve each other.

And on the topic of disappointment, my guest on the Think Tank this week is a third generation wrestler. They used to call him the "Salience," or the "Ring Leader." My guest is... TERRY... SHANE... THE THIRD.

[Cue the static that we've come to know as the start of the entrance for Terry Shane. As Shane walks through the curtain to cheers, he's in street clothes as he heads down the aisle to the platform. He throws a wary look at Erica Toughill before he takes an offered seat when Kendrick gestures to it before taking one of his own.]

KK: Let's get down to brass tacks, since I only really have one question for you. And that question is:

Didn't you used to be Terry Shane III?

[There are some sympathy groans in the crowd for that one.]

KK: The man who debuted at Homecoming 2012 with all the subtlety of a garbage truck... Who went on to win the Rumble the next year, and run roughshod over the AWA with the Shane Gang... Who could have beaten Dave Bryant for the World Title

if he didn't let his own misguided principles get in the way... I always wondered what happened to that guy.

Oh. Right. While you were sniffing around at Homecoming 2012, dressed to the nine, I was making a name for myself in Philly, the toughest town in all of professional sports.

When you won the Rumble, you were content to rest on your laurels, while I was serving an apprenticeship at in Tiger Paw Pro.

While you were choking against Dave Bryant at Guts and Glory, I was kicking at the AWA's door to announce that Kerry Kendrick was now the hottest ticket in town.

And now look at us, huh? I've got a guaranteed slot on AWA programming. I've got one more belt than you've ever had. And you? You get clowned by the Wallaces. On a weekly basis. And I say this as a fan of the American Idols and their show "Idol Chatter," but that's like getting stuffed into your locker by the band geeks, Terry. Let's face it, since you decided to come back to the AWA, your 2016 has been a... what was that term you used, Rick?

[Toughill mouths something off-microphone.]

KK: A dumpster fire, thank you. Your post-Shane Gang career has been nothing short of a dumpster fire. Imagine how your dear old dad must feel when he looks at that trophy wall at the Shane compound in Amarillo and sees that all that empty space that was meant for your accolades.

So as you're standing here now... How does it feel, knowing you used to be Terry Shane III?

[Shane's lip curls, but he sees Toughill twisting the pool cue in her fists out of the corner of his eye. He opts for a measured, clinical response.]

TS3: That's pretty clever there, Kerry. I see what you did there... you tried to compare one of the greatest rises to super-stardom this company has ever seen to your forgettable rise to mediocrity. You tried to compare my main eventing in World Title matches at PPVs to your success with a secondary...

[He holds up a finger.]

TS3: ...pardon...tertiary...short-lived title reign. You tried, oh you tried... to express that your role as background fodder in Japan is somehow as memorable as my success in a Rumble that was stacked unlike any Rumble before or after. The best part... the best part is... you somehow forgot to include YOUR first reign of terror in the AWA. You're quick to remind folks that Kerry Kendrick is the longest tenured AWA star and what does that mean exactly, Kerry? Are you boasting that it took you over eight years to win the Television Title only to lose it to your stablemate?

[The crowd "ooooohs" as Kendrick mockingly applauds.]

TS3: I led a Gang, Kerry. I made men into stars that would otherwise be digging ditches and mowing lawns if they were lucky. You fell into line and minded your manners and couldn't grow a personality or a set to stand up to anyone until you duct taped that [he motions gingerly to Toughill] whatever that is... to you. And people said I had a weird thing going with Sandra.

You want to talk about facts on this little ring-a-ding talk-show, bud? Fact is... you're on try number seventeen to make a name for yourself in this business and I know... I KNOW... that it just eats you up inside that even at my worst... even at my lowest point in my short, very short career. People still talk about the Ring Leader...

the Salience... TS3... or whatever cutesy name you've just been DYING to call me for the past minute and a half more than they will EVER talk about you. Good or bad, Kerry...

...Terry Shane III is relevant.

Kerry Kendrick...will always be as forgettable and short lived as your title reign.

[Kendrick's snarky demeanor has grown more belligerent. Those words cut a little deep.]

KK: Listen, pal: that title reign that you're looking down on... I earned it myself!

[The fans grow a little restless, as they know BS when they hear it.]

KK: SHUT UP! I put in the work myself! Where are you in the title history, huh? How many belts have you won, huh? Are you mad that Emerson Gellar put a guy like Callum Mahoney in line in front of you?

If I recall, YOU were the one who came in here, thinking that you owned the AWA. Bro, you don't own the AWA. I've been here before you, and I'll damn sure be here after you! You've had every opportunity gift-wrapped for you. You think the Shane Gang is a legacy; I think they're a punchline.

[The crowd "oooohs" as Shane grimaces this time, nodding his head.]

KK: And it's funny you'd bring up Miss Sandra Hayes: where is that hot little stick of dynamite, huh Terry? The sad fact of life is that she gave up on you, like everyone else did. And you know what? There's another comparison that I can make; one that all the Okies here can understand 'cause it's football. TS3, you are the RG3 of wrestling.

[Shane, while normally riled and known to erupt at comments like this, can't help but to snicker at Kerry who is somewhat irked by this notion.]

TS3: There it is.

[Shane softly, slowly, claps...once, twice, thrice.]

TS3: How long have you been sitting on that gem, Kendrick? One, two, six months? Couldn't even wait until we got back to Texas to pull the safety on that hand grenade? It stings. No, wait.

[He tilts his head, thumbing his chin.]

TS3: No, it stung. It stung a year ago when I sat at home thinking about what could have been. What SHOULD have been. I revived Donnie White's career and pushed him beyond even what he knew he was capable of. I took wash outs like Aaron Anderson and Lenny Strong and gave them meaning and purpose and they turned it into gold. I didn't do it. I'm not going to stand here and say I made them Champions.

But I made them matter.

Just like I'm going to make that Irish Spring soapbox champion Callum Mahoney and the title around his waist relevant again after you disgraced it and WASTED away your opportunity to be more than the [miming quotes] longest lasting loser in AWA history...

[Big roar from the crowd as a red-faced Kendrick fumes.]

TS3: Callum is going to have you to thank for this...

[A wry, smile.]

TS3: Because right here, right now... on...

[Shane smirks.]

TS3: ...the only show Tanking up the AWA ratings... I'm challenging Callum Mahoney at SuperClash to put that Television title on the line and I'm not only going to take it from him but I'm going to do what you and that goon couldn't do, Kerry.

I'm going to make that title matter.

[And on that note, Shane stands up, shoves the mic into Kendrick's chest, and walks away. Toughill makes a move but Kendrick throws an arm out to block her.]

KK: Never a dull moment here on the Think Tank. You do you, Terry Shane. You do you.

And don't forget to join us here in two weeks on the Think Tank for the much-anticipated Summit between Jordan Ohara and Derrick Williams.

[Kendrick snaps his fingers.]

KK: And maybe... just maybe... my friend Flex and I will have an answer for Supernova's challenge to boot.

[Kendrick smirks.]

KK: A Summit, huh? Anyone know where I can dig up a Table of Peace?

[And with that, we fade from Kendrick and Toughill backstage to Mark Stegglet. Standing at his side is the former World Television and World Heavyweight Champion, Ryan Martinez. The AWA's White Knight looks to be in better shape than he's been in a long time. Much, though not all, of his excess weight has gone away, no doubt a result of the intense training he's been undergoing under the watchful eye of another former World Champion.]

MS: We have heard from the other men competing in tonight's main event, and now, it is time to hear from the last participant. The man that is the sentimental favorite of many viewers. Mr. Martinez, how are you feeling?

[Martinez shakes his head, chuckling.]

RM: I won't lie, Mark. These last few weeks have been brutal. I've been training alongside the absolute beast they call Mason - good luck on your recovery, big man - and I've been stretched and tortured by the very best wrestler of our generation, Supreme Wright.

And they've both been kicking my ass, Mark.

But it's like I always say, iron sharpens iron. And the results speak for themselves. Just ask Vasquez, who just made his dentist a very rich man.

MS: That flying Yakuza kick was impressive. I think it's fair to say that the White Knight has found his Excalibur.

RM: Call it whatever you want, Mark. All I know is that Juan has only begun to receive the retribution his actions have earned him.

Especially after what happened after he lost.

MS: You're referring to... well, it's so disgusting that I don't even want to describe it!

RM: And I don't blame you. What you did Juan was show your true colors. You showed the world that you're nothing but a petulant little child, throwing a tantrum and lashing out when you don't get your way.

You're not a legend, you're not a hero, you're not even a man, Vasquez. You're a little boy, and it's high time someone put you to bed.

And tonight, I make myself the man to end your little childish tantrum.

MS: I have to say, Mr. Martinez, that's easier said than done.

[Martinez nods.]

RM: It won't be easy, Mark. The three men I'm facing, they're all dangerous. I don't take them lightly, not at all.

You've got Johnny Detson. Detson, you've taken every title I've won away from me. Don't think for a second that I've forgotten that.

But Detson, I know you better than even your so-called "brother." You and I? We've been in the ring many times. I was in the ring with you for an hour in Japan. You remember that?

And you remember what happened that night, when you had to face me straight up, without anyone there to cheat for you?

Because I do.

MS: And what about Jordan Ohara. He holds a pinfall victory over you. And some people have even said that this might be Ohara's moment. That he's surpassed you as the hero that the AWA needs in this moment.

[A thoughtful expression comes to Martinez' face, and he nods, acknowledging the phoenix's ascendancy.]

RM: You know, Mark, I can foresee a time when Jordan Ohara stakes a claim to being the very best in this sport of ours. It's not a stretch to say that Jordan Ohara will one day be a World Champion. My own father told me that. And the last man he said that about was Supreme Wright. So Ohara? You've got a bright future ahead of you.

But the future isn't here yet, Ohara.

Right here, right now, on this night? This isn't your time. I know you want it to be. I know you're so close that you can taste it. I've been there. I've been the brash young upstart banging on the door, ready to kick it down because they won't let me in.

But this is not your time, and this is not your night.

You may not believe me. But believe this – there'll come a point in this match where it's you and I, nose to nose. And when you look into my eyes, you'll know it

for yourself. You'll know this is my moment, not yours. You'll know that you've got more to learn.

MS: And of course, perhaps the most dangerous man in the entire AWA, Brian James.

[Despite his bravado, Martinez' expression darkens.]

RM: You know, Brian James used to be my friend.

He used to be a good man. But he's gone too far down a dark road. He's not the Brian James I used to know. Now, he's nothing but the Engine of Destruction, twisted and evil.

And you are dangerous, Brian. No doubt about that. Ever since you turned your back on TORA, you've seemed unstoppable. Some people might say I'm a fool for getting in the ring with you. Some people might think that I should just step aside and let you continue your path of destruction.

But I am not afraid, Brian. Not of you, not anyone.

Engine of Destruction? Son of the Blackheart? Well, I'm the White Knight, and I'm the son of a Badass... and I am ready for you.

MS: I would be remiss if I didn't bring up the fact that many people have spoken about how bad this year has been for you.

[Another nod from the AWA's White Knight.]

RM: It has been, Mark.

But two weeks ago, I felt the change. Two weeks ago, I put my foot in Vasquez' face, and I felt him go down. Two weeks ago, I proved to myself, and to the world that if you gave me a clear shot at Juan Vasquez, I could put him down.

I don't know how many times in the dojo Mifune-san would put me down and make me scream in pain. And every single time, he'd stand up and say the same thing to me - Nana korobi ya oki.

Fall down seven times, get up eight.

I've fallen down a lot, Mark. I've lost just about everything. But I am still standing. And tonight, I'm walking in to that match with a clear purpose.

I'm winning that match, and I am going to SuperClash. And I am reclaiming the title that Juan Vasquez not only stole from Jack Lynch, but stole from me as well. The year from hell is over, Mark. And the time has come for justice.

Count on it!

[With those words, Martinez steps away, prepared for the battle to come.]

MS: You heard the man, fans... and now we're just moments away from finding out exactly who WILL go to SuperClash to face Juan Vasquez on his final night with the company for the World Heavyweight Title! We've got one final commercial break to go and when we come back, it's Final Four time here on Saturday Night Wrestling so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black...]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#A hallelujah high from the floor to the ceiling#

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

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

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

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

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

#When the lights come on#

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

#When the lights come on#

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

...and we fade back to a piece of footage marked "EARLIER TONIGHT" which features a jubilant Brian Lau leading Tony Donovan and Wes Taylor back towards the Kings' locker room. Taylor seems less-than-thrilled at what has transpired on this night with Tony Donovan whispering to him as they walk.]

BL: A good day's work, gentlemen. Now head on in there. We've got Kings business to discuss...

[Lau's eyebrow raises upon seeing the camera.]

BL: I'll be just a moment.

[Taylor throws a glare at Lau before entering the room, Donovan shaking his head as he follows his partner inside. Lau waits for the door to close before speaking to the cameraman.]

BL: Yes?

[The voice of the cameraman is slightly muffled as he speaks.]

C: You just violently kicked Shane Taylor out of the Kings of Wrest-

[Lau holds up a hand.]

BL: Let's make one thing abundantly clear, young man. Shane Taylor was NEVER a member of the Kings of Wrestling. He was simply an employee. Like a janitor sort of. That reminds me... I met this one-eyed janitor once and...

[Lau trails off, waving a dismissive hand.]

BL: But I digress. You were saying?

C: Well, I suppose what I'm wondering is if Shane Taylor took the fall for what happened with Cody Mertz... what about Doctor Harrison Fawcett? Didn't you delegate this matter to him? Is he going to suffer a similar fate?

[A grin crosses Lau's face. Not humor. Evil. Pure evil.]

BL: As my friends at the FOX Network would say... "tune in next time to find out."

[And with a chuckle, Lau shoves open the locker room door, proclaiming "GENTLEMEN!" loudly as he does. The door swings shut on our cameraman as we fade to black...

...before fading to the bank of television monitors that can only mean the return - once again - of the Control Center. Cue the cheesy 80's synth music. Good, good. Now the voiceover?]

"With your SuperClash Control Center, here's Sweet Lou Blackwell!"

[The SuperClash VIII logo spins away, the synth begins to fade, and now we've got Sweet Lou standing in front of the television monitors.]

SLB: Hello, AWA fans, and welcome to the Control Center! We are just 55 days away from the biggest night of the year for the world of professional wrestling! Of course, SuperClash VIII will be coming to you LIVE from the SuperDome in New Orleans, Louisiana. There's been a lot of great wrestling action from the building over the years but you can bet your bottom dollar that none will be better than what the AWA brings to town on Thanksgiving Night for the once-a-year extravaganza known as SuperClash.

[The synth is completely gone by this point as Blackwell continues.]

SLB: We've got an exciting night here in the Control Center with a couple of very big announcements but before we get to that, let's go over what we already know about this historic event.

[A graphic appears showing Juan Vasquez on one side and a shadowy outline of a figure with a question mark on the other.]

SLB: The AWA World Heavyweight Title will be on the line as Juan Vasquez - in his final night in the company - will defend the championship against the winner of the Final Four matchup that is just moments away here in Oklahoma City tonight. Will it be Johnny Detson - a longtime Vasquez rival and former AWA World Champion - who would love nothing more than to strap that title back around his waist? Perhaps it'll be the young upstart, Jordan Ohara, who debuted less than a year ago at SuperClash and now finds himself a single victory from the showdown with Vasquez that he's been craving for so long. Don't forget the Battle of Boston winner, Brian James, who believes he's the only man who can put Vasquez down. And last but certainly not least, we have another former World Champion in Ryan Martinez who has battled back from the pits of despair here in the AWA to find himself one win away from returning to the SuperClash Main Event for the third year in a row. Who will get the job done? We'll find out soon enough.

[The graphic fades and is replaced by one showing Lauryn Rage, Melissa Cannon, and Ayako Fujiwara around the AWA Women's World Title.]

SLB: This one promises to be a thriller when three women battle for the title in a Three Way Dance. Lauryn Rage will be defending against both Melissa Cannon and Olympic gold medalist Ayako Fujiwara... but as we saw earlier tonight, Rage is hoping to get those two off the same page and in a hurry. Can she accomplish that before SuperClash? We'll find out in the weeks to come.

[That graphic exits and is replaced by Casey James and Tiger Claw on one side of the screen with Supreme Wright and another shadowy outline on the other.]

SLB: One of our featured SuperClash attractions took a major hit earlier tonight when James and Claw assaulted the man known as Mason out in the parking lot of the arena, sending him to the hospital where we've been told he's suffered several major injuries and he's out! He's out of SuperClash! Who will Supreme Wright find to be his partner? That remains to be seen.

[The graphic fades to reveal Sweet Lou.]

SLB: And so many challenges here tonight! We heard the TexMo Connection make it clear that they intend to challenge Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan for the World Tag Team Titles! We heard Supernova say he wants Flex Ferrigno and Kerry Kendrick in the ring that night! Just a little while ago, Terry Shane challenged Callum Mahoney to defend the World Television title against him on Thanksgiving Night! And of course, we heard the Hall of Famer... the legend himself... Alex Martinez offer to do battle with the undefeated Maxim Zharkov - the Last American Badass and the Last Son of the Soviet Union.

[Blackwell takes a deep breath.]

SLB: So many tremendous matches potentially on the lineup and we'll find out more next time out as to which challenges are accepted... but before we do, let's talk about a big announcement. Earlier tonight, we heard Rex Summers mention that he's out to win back something he believes he never should've lost - the Steal The Spotlight contract. And just moments ago, Jon Stegklet has made it official. At SuperClash VIII in New Orleans, we will once again see the Steal The Spotlight contract on the line!

[Blackwell grins, holding up a finger.]

SLB: But perhaps not in the way you might expect. More news on that to come in the weeks ahead. But right now, let's look past SuperClash VIII onto next year's

SuperClash IX as we continue to whittle down the list of cities that just might get to host the biggest event of 2017! Let's take a look at who is remaining.

[The graphic comes up listing the four remaining cities and their respective venues:

Toronto, Canada - Rogers Centre
Tokyo, Japan - Tokyo Dome
Los Angeles, California - Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum
Atlanta, Georgia - Georgia Dome]

SLB: There you see it, fans. Toronto, Tokyo, Los Angeles, and Atlanta... the final four cities remaining to potentially host SuperClash IX. Earlier tonight, I spoke with Jon Stegglet and he handed me this envelope...

[He waves a white envelope in his hand.]

SLB: ...which contains the name of the city that will be removed from consideration. I've always wanted to do this... the envelope please!

[He looks at the envelope which is already in his hand, kind of shrugs, and tears it open. He blows inside, dumping the card out in his hand.]

SLB: The city eliminated this week is... TOKYO!

[The graphic comes back up, a line going through Tokyo before it disappears from the list.]

SLB: And that means we're down to three, folks. Toronto, Los Angeles, and Atlanta. One of those three cities will be the host for SuperClash IX to be held in 2017.

[The graphic disappears, revealing Sweet Lou once again.]

SLB: And that's going to do it for this edition of the SuperClash Control Center. Please join us next time where we're sure to be adding to the lineup of the biggest event of the year - SuperClash VIII. I'm Sweet Lou... now let's go down to the ring for tonight's Main Event!

[We fade from Lou out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is your MAIN EVENT of the evening!

[Big cheer!]

RO: And it is the first-ever FINAL FOUR matchup!

[Another big cheer!]

RO: The rules are as follows. There will be four participants in the ring competing without needing to tag in and out. There will be no disqualifications, no countouts, and no time limit! The only way to be eliminated is by pinfall, submission, or by going over the top rope and having both feet touch the floor! The last man standing will be your winner and will go to SuperClash VIII to face Juan Vasquez for the AWA World Heavyweight Title!

[A final big cheer!]

RO: And now... the participants...

[The opening drumbeats and piano notes of Nas' "I Can" ring out throughout the Chesapeake Energy Arena.]

#I know I can
Be what I wanna be
If I work hard at it
I'll be where I wanna be!#

[Ortiz continues.]

RO: From Charlotte, North Carolina... weighing in at 225 pounds... he is the Phoenix...

JORRRRRRDAAAAAN OOOOOHAAAAA!!!!!!

[A big cheer goes up for Ohara as he bounces through the curtain, a big grin on his face. He points to the crowd, slapping his bare chest a few times before he starts down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: Jordan Ohara is in the midst of one of the most meteoric rises in the history of the AWA. Less than one year ago, he made his debut as part of the Steal The Spotlight matchup at last year's SuperClash VII... and tonight, he is one win away from being in the Main Event of SuperClash VIII! Incredible!

BW: But one win away doesn't mean you've got it locked up, Gordo. He's got three very tough - and very different - opponents in that ring tonight and if he's going to win it all and go on to face Vasquez at SuperClash, he's going to need to dig down deeper than he ever has before.

[He climbs up on the ring apron, stepping up onto the second rope to leap over the top and land on his feet inside the ring to more cheers. Taking center ring, Ohara breaks down into a karate flurry, ending up in a kata as the crowd shows their enthusiasm for the youngster.

The hip hop sounds of Nas give way to the roaring sounds of Bruce Dickinson's "The Zoo" to a mixed reaction from the Oklahoma City crowd.]

RO: Coming to the ring now... accompanied to the ring by his manager, Brian Lau...

[The curtain is pushed aside. And out first is none other than Brian Lau. Lau moves with a confident gait, arms out wide, flashing quite the smirk as the audience's boos grow louder. Lau looks over his shoulder, and gives a single nod of his head, as the music continues to blare. A moment later, a shadow falls over both Lau and the aisleway.]

RO: Hailing from Portland, Oregon, and weighing in tonight at 295 pounds... representing the Kings of Wrestling...

[A mountain of a man steps out, striding out with great purpose. Standing six foot six, with a body made entirely out of muscle, he cuts one of the most imposing figures in the AWA.]

RO: Here is...

BRIIIIIIAAAAAAN JAAAAAAAMES!

[As the boos rain down upon the son of the Blackheart, Lau and James fall into a matching pace as they march down to ringside. James has a white towel, with the words "KINGS OF WRESTLING" embroidered in gold over his head. The towel

covers the majority of his face, revealing only the shadow of a scowl beneath a dirty blond goatee.]

GM: There he is, Bucky. Without a doubt, the most physically intimidating presence in this match... perhaps in the entire company.

BW: Brian James has had a fantastic 2016 so far, winning the Battle of Boston tournament as the biggest highlight. But a win here tonight puts him in the Main Event of SuperClash and there's nowhere that James would rather be.

GM: Many believe that James is a future World Champion... well, he believes the future is now... or a little less than two months from now to be exact.

[At last, James enters the ring. Reaching up, he pulls the towel off his head, revealing medium length dirty blond hair that's been slicked back and tied into a ponytail. James hands the towel to Lau, and Lau reaches into an inner pocket of his jacket, producing a plastic box. Opening the box, Lau pulls out a half black, half red mouth guard, with the same golden tiger across the front. With James opening his mouth, Lau puts the mouth guard in place. There's a final grimace, and then James closes his lips. Lau exits the ring as James drops back into his corner, his eyes locked on Jordan Ohara as his music starts to fade...

...and is replaced by the classic rock stylings of "Kashmir" by Led Zeppelin. James instantly snarls, straightening up and looking towards the entrance in response to the music.]

RO: From Hollywood, California... weighing in at 248 pounds... representing the Kings of Wrestling...

JOHNNNNNNNNYYYYY DEEEEETSONNNNNN!

[With the guitar ripping through the air, the former World Champion appears wearing a black zippered sweat jacket with the Fox logo embroidered over his left breast. Wearing long gold tights and black boots, he looks over the crowd for a moment as the song continues to play.]

GM: Johnny Detson became a FORMER World Champion earlier this year when Jack Lynch snatched the title from around his waist. But tonight, he's hoping to earn his way into the SuperClash Main Event - a spot he believed he deserved last year.

BW: Yeah, last year Johnny was robbed while some drunken halfwit took HIS spot.

[Detson stands right before the walkway and throws his hood back behind his head. He gives a quick glance to the crowd to show them his disgust before walking down the ramp towards the ring. Upon reaching the ring, he looks up at Brian James who is waiting for him...

...and promptly takes the long way around the ring, going all the way to the opposite side before he rolls in, tossing his jacket aside. James grins at Detson's attempt to avoid him as the former champ's music fades.]

RO: And finally...

[There is the light tinkling of heavily synthesized music, which begins to grow in intensity, as Thirty Seconds to Mars' "Vox Populi" blares over the loudspeakers.]

RO: Coming to the ring now, hailing from Los Angeles, California...

[As the song builds, the heavy percussion of drums shakes the arena, the sound replicating the stomping of hundreds of feet.]

RO: Weighing 255 pounds...

[A chorus of singers belts out the opening words of "Vox Populi"]

#This is a call to arms, gather soldiers
Time to go to war#

RO: RYYYYYYYANNNNNNNNNNN...

[Once more, the choir of singers unites to repeat the chorus]

#This is a battle song, brothers and sisters
Time to go to war#

RO: ...MARRRRRRRRRTIIIIIIINEZZZZZZZZZ!!!!

[To a tremendous ovation, Ryan Martinez emerges at the top of the entrance ramp, wearing a black hoodie, the hood pulled up over his face. He steps down to the center of the entrance ramp and pauses, throwing his head back, to reveal his face. He pauses, looking out over the crowd.]

GM: The former World Champion is in the house and he looks ready for battle!

BW: Looking ready and being ready are two different things, Gordo. He may look ready but is he actually ready? We're about to find out!

[As the crowd cheers him wildly, Ryan gives them a single nod, and then races down to the ring, pausing only at the apron, before stepping between the top and middle rope. He still wears the battle scars from the rough year he's had - the athletic tape wrapped around his tricep, the kinetic tape on the back of his neck. The music fades as he looks around the ring at his three opponents, all posing a very different threat to his goal of getting back to the SuperClash Main Event for the third year running.]

GM: Referee Ricky Longfellow in there, making sure that all four men are back in their respective corners... and this is what it's come down to, fans. Four men. Elimination rules. Pinfall, submission, and over the top. And when we're down to one, that man will move on to New Orleans on Thanksgiving Night... that man will go to SuperClash VIII to battle Juan Vasquez on his last night as a member of this locker room for the AWA World Title.

BW: You've got two former World Champions and two guys that many people consider FUTURE World Champions. But to get the shot to wear the gold, they gotta go through the other three... and this is gonna be a wild one, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely. The referee steps to the middle, keeping all four back in their corners...

[Longfellow takes a deep breath, understanding the weight of what's ahead of him...

...and signals for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Here we go!

[No man races out from the corner. No desperate search for a collar and elbow. They eye one another warily, not wanting to be the first to make a mistake...

...but unsurprisingly, it's Ryan Martinez who steps out to the middle of the ring first, slowly turning to lock eyes with each of his three opponents.]

GM: The White Knight hits the middle of the ring first, almost daring the opposition to come at him... oh, brother... look at this!

[The crowd roars as young Jordan Ohara steps from his corner, walking out to center ring to stand toe-to-toe with Martinez.]

GM: The electricity in this arena is so thick, you could cut it with a knife! Look at this showdown!

[Martinez smirks, nodding his head approvingly at the "habitual line-stepper" as Ohara confidently stares at the man he hopes to supplant...

...which is when Johnny Detson angrily stomps out of the corner, yanking Ohara away from Martinez by the arm to jeers from the crowd. Detson steps right up into Martinez' face, shouting at the man he beat to win the World Title.]

GM: And there's absolutely no love lost between these two, Bucky.

BW: No sir. Johnny put that dumb kid in his place when he won the World Title!

GM: That's not how I'd describe it at all but nonetheless...

[Martinez doesn't respond to Detson's diatribe, only taking two steps back. Detson smirks, jerking a thumb at himself as he shouts "BACKING DOWN FROM ME?! NO SURPRISE! NO SURPRISE AT ALL!"]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: Don't look behind...

[Bucky's words trail off as Brian James steps from his corner, standing tall as Detson turns around...

...and nearly runs right into his "brother." The crowd ROARS for that showdown as Detson slowly looks up, eyes wide with shock.]

GM: Oh yeah! And you can tell these fans have been wanting to see this one!

[Detson shakes his head, slowly raising his hands, begging off towards the Engine of Destruction who steps forward as Detson steps back... and forward as Detson steps back...

...and then Detson backs away quicker, bailing through the ropes to the floor to jeers.]

GM: Well, that figures.

BW: Hey, at least he went through the ropes. No elimination there.

GM: No. You have to go over the top and have both feet touch the floor and-

[James slowly turns...

...and finds Martinez and Ohara joining forces for the moment, charging the much-larger opponent and connecting with a double clothesline that takes James over the top rope!]

GM: OVER THE TOP! JAMES IS GO- NO! NO! HE HANGS ON!

[The crowd buzzes as the near-300 pounder manages to use his uncanny agility to land on the apron, clinging to the ropes as Brian Lau nearly has a stroke outside the ring. Martinez shouts to Ohara who winds up, throwing a big chop across the chest of James...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!"

[...and causes him to stagger, hooking his arm around the top rope, trying desperately to save himself by staying on the apron. Martinez steps up, winding up as Ohara did a moment earlier...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!"

GM: Martinez with a chop of his own! Ohara and Martinez possess some of the most brutal chops in the entire AWA and they're putting them to work on Brian James right about now!

[Ohara steps in again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!"

[Then Martinez...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!"

[Then Ohara...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!"

[Then Martinez...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!"

[James staggers, his free arm pinwheeling in the air as the entirety of his body weight hangs the wrong way off the apron. Martinez brushes Ohara out of the way, running to the far ropes. He rebounds back, charging towards the stunned and nearly-eliminated James...]

...who uncorks a roundhouse high kick over the ropes, catching Martinez flush on the ear, sending him falling backwards like a dead man to the canvas!]

GM: OHHH! James fires back!

BW: He's not going down like that, Gordo!

[Ohara looks down in shock at Martinez before he dashes to the corner, leaping up to the middle rope. He twists around, leaping high into the air off the middle rope, arm extended over his head...]

GM: TOMAHAWK CHOP!

[...but James takes two steps down the apron, **BLASTING** Ohara across the collarbone with a vicious clothesline that knocks Ohara out of the sky!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[James leans on the ropes for a moment, taking a breather...

...which is when Johnny Detson rushes into view, snagging his “brother” by the leg, trying to yank him off the apron! A frantic Lau immediately starts shouting at Detson, demanding that he let go of the son of the Blackheart!]

GM: DETSON’S TRYING TO PULL JAMES DOWN! HE’S TRYING TO ELIMINATE HIM EARLY!

[James hooks both arms around the top rope, shaking his head, refusing to be pulled down to the floor as Detson reaches up, snatching the back of James’ MMA-style shorts, again trying to pull him down!]

GM: Now he’s got a handful of shorts! Detson’s trying to get James out of this before James has a chance to get his hands on him!

[James pulls his free leg up, swinging it back down into a brutal back kick to the face of Detson. The blow breaks Detson’s grip, knocking him down on the thin ringside mats. James turns, glaring at him, but steps through the ropes to get back inside the ring instead of going after him.]

GM: A little surprised there. I thought he’d pursue Detson on the floor.

BW: He can’t! He went over the top. He needs to get back in and reset before he can go after Detson and-

[Proving Bucky right, James steps right back through the ropes, jumping off the apron towards Detson. Still down on the floor, Detson again begs off, scooting backwards, trying to keep away from the Engine of Destruction...

...which distracts James long enough for Ohara to roll out onto the apron, getting to his feet. He stands, looking at James’ exposed back, beckoning for him to turn around!]

GM: ANOTHER FLYING CHOP!

[But James snatches Ohara out of the sky, catching him in a bearhug-hold...

...which he uses to **DRIVE** Ohara spinefirst into the edge of the ring apron!]

GM: OHHHH! INTO THE APRON!

[James lets go of Ohara, allowing him to slide down to the floor, sitting up against the apron...

...which is when Ryan Martinez **DRIVES** both feet squarely into the mush of Brian James with a baseball slide that sends him flying backwards, crashing into the ringside barricade as Detson rolls to the side, avoiding James’ flying body!]

“CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!”

GM: Into the railing goes James!

[Martinez gets to his feet, looking out at James and Ohara...

...which is when Detson rolls into the ring, charging Martinez from the blind side. He ducks low, locking his arms under Martinez' leg, trying to upend him over the ropes for the elimination!]

GM: DETSON TRYING TO TOSS MARTINEZ!

[But the White Knight clings to the ropes, shouting "NOOOO!" as Detson tries to toss his former rival from the ring. Detson grimaces as he struggles to get Martinez off the canvas.]

GM: Detson can't get him over! He went for the sneak attack, trying to get one of these guys out of there but-

[Martinez twists his body around, bringing the point of his elbow down on the back of Detson's neck once... twice... and Detson stumbles backwards, grabbing at the back of his neck as Martinez steadies himself and advances on him.]

GM: The White Knight's got Detson on his heels... big forearm across the chops!

[Detson falls back into the ropes where Martinez lays in a big knee to the midsection, doubling him up. A second knee finds the chin of Detson, snapping his head back and straightening him up as he wobbles towards the corner, Martinez in hot pursuit.]

GM: You know that Ryan Martinez never got a chance to get his hands on Detson after Detson essentially STOLE the title from him earlier this year.

BW: Stole it?! He pinned him clean as a whistle!

GM: AFTER Juan Vasquez delivered the piledriver!

BW: I don't remember that.

[Martinez is fired up as he moves in on Detson who suddenly jabs out his arm, sticking his finger in the former champ's eye!]

GM: Oh! Detson goes to the eyes!

[Detson grabs the blinded Martinez by the hair, slamming his head into the top turnbuckle. He spins Martinez' back into the buckles.]

GM: Detson ducks down, trying to get Martinez up on the top turnbuckle. What's he looking for here, Bucky? A superplex?

[Having sat Martinez on the turnbuckle, Detson attempts to shove him off!]

BW: No! He's trying to eliminate him! He's trying to push Martinez right over the ropes to the floor!

[But Martinez wraps his legs around the ropes as Detson pushes and shoves, trying to knock the White Knight from his precarious position to the floor...]

GM: Detson's on the middle rope, putting all his weight behind it... oh my! Hold on, White Knight!

[Martinez leans back from the shove, dangling over the ropes as the crowd roars with concern for the near-elimination. A wild-eyed Detson is hammering forearms down on the midsection of Martinez, attempting to knock him to the floor...]

...when suddenly, Jordan Ohara climbs on the apron, throwing a big chop across the chest of Detson!]

GM: Whoa! Ohara out of nowhere!

BW: Did he just SAVE Ryan Martinez?! What a maroon!

[Ohara steps up on the second turnbuckle outside the ring, winding up to throw a chop down between the eyes of Detson, sending him falling backwards off the ropes to the canvas!]

GM: Ohara knocks Detson down! And intentional or not, Ohara just saved Martinez for the moment!

[With the crowd roaring, Ohara steps up on the top turnbuckle, measuring Detson as he struggles to get to his feet off the canvas...

...and takes flight, soaring through the air and catching Detson flush across the chest with a crossbody!]

GM: PHOENIX FLAME! PHOENIX FLAME!

[Ohara reaches back, securing a leghook as the referee drops down.]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd groans as Brian James reaches under the bottom rope, grabbing Ohara by the ankle, yanking him clear from the ring...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and HURLS him spinefirst into the barricade at ringside!]

GM: INTO THE BARRICADE GOES OHARA! GOOD GRIEF!

BW: And that was Brian James saving Johnny Detson! The Kings are fine!

[James rolls under the bottom rope, walking to the middle of the ring where Johnny Detson is scooting backwards, hands raised...]

GM: Maybe not! Maybe Brian James saved Johnny Detson so that he can get his own hands on him!

BW: No! No, that's not right! The Kings are fine!

GM: You're still on with that?! Even Brian Lau admitted earlier tonight that the Kings aren't fine! They're not fine at all, Bucky!

BW: Their checks will still clear though, right?

[Detson keeps scooting backwards... and backwards... and backwards as James advances on him, focused on his "brother" and his desire to physically dominate him...

...which is when Ryan Martinez comes sailing off the middle rope, connecting with a flying clothesline that flattens the Engine of Destruction!]

GM: CLOTHESLINE OFF THE MIDDLE ROPE!!

[Martinez scrambles into a cover as Detson shouts "YES! YES! PIN HIM!" The referee drops down to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[James powers out, shoving Martinez into the air, flinging him off him. Detson's eyes go wide as the crowd reacts with shock.]

GM: Oh... my... stars.

BW: Pure power, daddy!

[Detson looks around frantically and then rushes forward...

...and snatches Martinez off the mat, rushing towards the ropes with him!]

GM: He's gonna toss Martinez!

[But at the last moment, Martinez reverses the momentum, tossing Detson over the ropes...

...but the roar of the crowd is cut short as Detson manages to hang on to the ropes, dangling off them for a moment before pulling himself to the safety of the apron!]

GM: Detson saves himself!

[Martinez throws a glance at Detson...

...and then turns back to Brian James, moving to pull the big man off the canvas...]

GM: I think Martinez is going to work with James to eliminate Dets-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...but James snatches Martinez' wrist, taking control of the arm and using it to violently flip Martinez down to the canvas with a judo throw!]

BW: YOU THOUGHT WRONG, GORDO! HAH!

[And as Martinez' hands shoot up to his taped-up tricep, a grimace covers his face and the crowd begins to buzz with concern for the White Knight.]

GM: Uh oh. That arm throw may have tweaked Martinez' tricep. We know he's had trouble with that since back in the early part of the summer. It's not fully healed although he tells me it's been feeling better than it has since he first hurt it.

BW: He may have to retract that statement right about now.

[With James distracted by Martinez, Detson ducks through the ropes, dropping down to the mat where he rolls back out to the floor, crouching low and out of view as James throws a glance over his shoulder.]

GM: And now Brian James is going to focus his attention on Ryan Martinez.

BW: That's not good for Martinez' hopes of going back to the SuperClash Main Event for the third year running.

GM: You think back to SuperClash VI when Martinez defeated Supreme Wright in one heck of a war in New York City to win the World Title... and then, of course, last year in Houston when he defended the title successfully.

BW: Against a drunken halfwit.

GM: To get back for a third time would be unprecedented... and if he does it, he'll face Juan Vasquez who will also be there for the third time. Of course, Vasquez was the Main Eventer of SuperClash I and II against "Hotshot" Stevie Scott.

[James grabs Martinez by the arm, pulling him to his feet and into an armtwist before he snaps his leg up, his heel bouncing off the sternum of Martinez, sending him stumbling back into the corner.]

GM: James is just so lethal with those kicks - especially for a man of his size.

[With Martinez trapped in the corner, James steps in, snatching him in a Muay Thai clinch...]

GM: James gets the clinch and Martinez better get those hands up fast!

[He doesn't and James' first kneestrike lands flush on the face of the AWA's White Knight. The second one hits the same target before Martinez finally slides his arms in front of his face, taking two more kneestrikes onto the arms before James uses the clinch to fling Martinez out of the corner and down to the canvas.]

GM: Good grief! Sheer violence with every movement in Brian James... and Brian Lau loves it!

BW: Of course he does. He's watching the man that just might take the Kings of Wrestling to the SuperClash Main Event!

GM: Of course, James was in that thrilling six man matchup last year alongside Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan against the then-undefeated Dogs of War. The James Gang ended that winning streak so James is no stranger to SuperClash success either.

[James walks out of the corner, sizing up Martinez as he approaches...

...which is when Jordan Ohara slides under the ropes, charging across the ring, leaping up onto the shoulders of James from behind!]

GM: REVERSE HURRICANRA-

[But Gordon is cut off as James defiantly holds his ground, reaching up with his powerful arms to grab Ohara's legs, shaking his head as he refuses to go over...

...and somehow powers Ohara back up, dropping him on his feet in front of him!]

GM: Incredible strength by Brian Ja- OHHHHH!

[The crowd "OHHHHHHs" along with Gordon as James dumps Ohara on the back of his head with a vicious released German Suplex.]

GM: Goodness!

BW: Ohara might think he's already in New Orleans after that!

[James gets up off the mat, throwing a glance towards the downed Martinez... then looks at the downed Ohara...]

GM: Brian James has physically dominated both Ryan Martinez and Jordan Ohara at this stage of the contest... and the only reason we can't add Johnny Detson to that list is because he's hiding from him!

[Cut to Detson kneeling on the floor, back against the apron, whispering to himself as we can see James standing in the ring amongst the laid out bodies.]

GM: Look at him! What a coward!

BW: Hey! You call it cowardice, I call it strategy! He's going to try to stay away from the strongest opponent in the match until absolutely necessary! What's so cowardly about that?

GM: You're kidding, right?

[James leans down, dragging Ohara off the canvas by the hair. Lau shouts to him from outside the ring. James gives a nod as he grabs Ohara under the armpits, flinging him into the turnbuckles halfway across the ring...]

...and then charges in after him, ready to deliver a ring-shaking clothesline!]

GM: James charges in!

[The crowd cheers as Ohara leans back in the buckles, lifting his leg up for James to run chinfirst into!]

GM: Ohhh! James gets his jaw jacked by Jordan Ohara!

[Ohara nods to the cheering crowd as he hops up to the middle rope, sizing up the dazed Brian James...]

GM: Ohara off the second rope!

[...and this time when he lands on James' shoulders, he snaps him over to the canvas with a rana!]

GM: Oh my! Ohara takes to the sky and down goes Brian James!

[Ohara nods again at the cheering crowd as James gets right back up and Ohara lights him up with a chop across the chest!]

GM: Big chop by the Phoenix! And even Brian James can't stand up to those!

[A second chop sends James falling backwards into the corner. With the crowd cheering him on, Ohara mounts the middle buckle. He looks out to the crowd, nodding his head...]

GM: Here we go!

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

[But before Ohara can land another blow, James steps out through the legs, reaching up to hook Ohara around the thighs. A frantic Ohara peppers right hands into the skull of James who ignores them as he steps forward...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

[...and DRIVES Ohara down into the canvas with a thunderous powerbomb! James reaches down, stacking up the legs, and pressing them down in a jackknife cover!]

GM: That might be it for Ohara! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The crowd ROARS in surprise as Ryan Martinez DIVES on top of the pile, breaking up the pin!]

BW: WHAT. ARE. THEY. DOING?!

GM: Ryan Martinez just returned the favor! Ohara saved him earlier and now the White Knight has saved the Phoenix from elimination!

BW: Damn it, Gordo! This match is about ELIMINATING people - not SAVING them!

[Martinez grabs James off the mat, whipping him the short distance into the turnbuckles. He charges in after him, twisting his body to drive his taped-up arm up under the chin with a back elbow!]

GM: Ohh! That'll rock James!

[Martinez squares up on James, pushing him back into the corner as he grabs the son of the Blackheart by the head...

...and starts pouring on the forearm strikes, landing blow after blow in the corner!]

GM: MARTINEZ IN THE CORNER! FOREARM AFTER FOREARM!

[The referee shouts at Martinez to back off but there's no chance of that as the White Knight pounds away on James, battering him wildly with precise and impactful blows...

...and then spins to his left, landing a rolling elbow on the jaw of the cornered James!]

GM: Lau screaming at his man to get out of the corner!

[Martinez backs a few steps out, watching James stagger towards him as the White Knight ducks down, lifting James by the upper thigh...

...and DROPPING him facefirst on the canvas!]

GM: FLAPJACK! JAMES EATS THE CANVAS!

[The White Knight flips James over onto his back, diving across his torso.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[James again strongly kicks out - although not as strongly as earlier - but this time, Martinez stays on him, taking a mount on him as he rains down open-handed blows to the side of the head!]

GM: Mounted strikes!

BW: Open-handed too. Want to make a bet on who helped him work on these?

GM: We all know that Supreme Wright will not throw a clenched fist... just these open-handed strikes and while we've seen those out of Martinez in the past, you better believe that his time with Supreme Wright will... level them up, so to speak.

BW: Level them up? You've been watching too much Idol Chatter.

[James reaches up his arms, trying to absorb some of the blows from Martinez...

...who shockingly grabs James' arm, scissoring it between his legs as he spins out to the side, attempting to apply a cross armbreaker!]

GM: Speaking of Supreme Wright! How about that?!

BW: He's trying to lock the arm, trying to hyper-extend the elbow!

[Lau is screaming at James now, slamming his hands down into the mat repeatedly as James grabs at his own hand, preventing Martinez from pulling the arm back...

...which is when Jordan Ohara leaps into the air, dropping his weight down on James with a somersault senton!]

GM: OHHH! Ohara crashes down on top of Brian James!

[Martinez withdraws from the submission attempt, getting to his feet, staring the few feet away...

...and locks eyes with Jordan Ohara who doesn't back away.]

GM: Ohara and Martinez exchanging a glance and-

[Suddenly, the crowd ERUPTS in a roar as the two men storm towards each other!]

GM: HERE WE GO!

[Martinez strikes first, landing a pair of forearms to the jaw that knock Ohara for a loop. He nods, stepping back, going into a spin...]

GM: ROLLING ELB-

[But Ohara lashes out with a knife edge chop on the spinning Martinez!]

GM: CHOP BY OHARA!

[A second chop finds the mark... as does a third that sends Martinez staggering back, clutching at his chest. He spins in a circle, turning away from Ohara who approaches from behind.]

GM: Ohara grabs the arm - whips Martinez to the corner!

[Ohara rushes the corner, leaping up to land a one-legged dropkick that catches Martinez under the chin!]

GM: Ohh! That'll rock your jaw!

[The Phoenix scrambles back to his feet, shoving the dazed Martinez back into the buckles...

...and then looks out to the roaring crowd!]

GM: Are you kidding me?!

[Ohara looks out at the fans, soaking in their cheers, signaling his intent and what he expects out of them...

...and then with a nod, cuts loose!]

"O [CHOP!] – HA [CHOP!] – RA [CHOP!]"

"O [CHOP!] – HA [CHOP!] – RA [CHOP!]"

"O [CHOP!] – HA [CHOP!] – RA [CHOP!]"

"O [CHOP!] – HA [CHOP!] – RA [CHOP!]"

"O [CHOP!] – HA [CHOP!] – RA [CHOP!]"

GM: MACHINE GUN CHOPS! OHARA STYLE!

[Ohara pauses, taking a breath...

...which is when a fired-up Martinez grabs him around the neck, spinning him back into the corner!]

GM: WHAT?!

[Martinez looks out at the fans, soaking in their cheers, and then with a nod, cuts loose!]

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

GM: MACHINE GUN CHOPS!

[Martinez pauses, taking a breath, as the fans chant for more. Ever a man of the people, young Ryan obliges. This time, the barrage of chops is slower, as is the fans' chant.]

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

[As he comes to a halt, Martinez grabs Ohara by the arm, whipping him from corner to corner...]

...and then barrels across the ring after him, swinging his leg up to deliver the Yakuza kick!]

GM: YAAAAAAKUUUUZAAAAAAA!

[But Ohara does a front roll out of the corner, avoiding the kick as Martinez' foot SLAMS into the top turnbuckle. He grimaces as he drops back, clutching his knee as Brian James comes up behind him, swinging his shin into the back of Martinez' leg, sweeping it out from under him!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: SWEEP THE LEG! YEAAAAH!

[Ohara rushes James, leaping up for a crossbody but James catches him across his broad chest, shaking his head...]

...and then presses Ohara overhead!]

GM: Good grief! Look at the power! Look at-

[James steps back, tossing Ohara downwards into a big splash on the prone Martinez!]

GM: OHHH! BRIAN JAMES USING JORDAN OHARA LIKE A WEAPON!

[James uses the flat of his foot to shove Ohara aside, dropping to his knees to cover Martinez!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But the White Knight's shoulder pops up off the canvas, breaking up the pin!]

GM: Ohhh! Nearfall there! Martinez managing to hang on!

[James moves right into the mount, just as Martinez did to him earlier in the contest...]

BW: THUNDER OF SEVENTEEN CLOUDS!

[...and immediately starts raining down mounted punches on the prone Martinez, landing on target again and again!]

GM: And you better believe those are clenched fists and not open hands!

BW: You got that right!

[Martinez brings his arms up, desperately trying to shield his face from the brutal strikes, but not before some well-placed blows find the mark. A few more moments pass before James tires of punching Martinez' arms. He rises to his feet, looking down disdainfully at Martinez who has a trickle of blood coming from his eyebrow.]

GM: And Ryan Martinez has been busted open by Brian James!

[James sneers at Martinez, raising his leg high to bring it down in a stomp on the ribs... and again... and again.]

GM: James is stomping the heck out of Martinez, forcing him under the ropes and right out to the floor!

[As James turns back to Jordan Ohara, he finds that the Phoenix has indeed risen again, throwing a big chop across the chest...]

GM: Ohara finds the mark with another one of those chops!

[Ohara lands a second, causing James to lean against the ropes...

...while Johnny Detson seizes the moment on the floor, pulling Martinez off the floor by the hair...]

GM: What the hell is Detson doing out there?! I almost forget he was there!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and RAMS Martinez' already-bleeding head into the steel ringpost!]

GM: AAAAGH! Brutal attack out on the floor by Johnny Detson!

[Detson backs off, looking tempted to go after Martinez some more but keeping his eyes on the ring where Ohara whips James across the ring...]

GM: James off the far side...

[...and Ohara leaps into the air, smashing his forearm between the eyes of the Engine of Destruction!]

GM: Ohhh! Flying forearm on target!

[With James down, Ohara dives across his chest, reaching back for a leg.]

GM: Ohara gets one! He gets two! He gets- no, that's all!

[Ohara scrambles right back to his feet, staying on James as he drops a pair of elbows down into the sternum. He brings James up, delivering a boot into the midsection before dashing to the ropes...]

GM: Ohara across the ring... off the ropes...

[The Phoenix leaps into the air, wrapping his arms around James, and dragging him down in a sunset flip!]

GM: Sunset flip gets one! Gets two! Gets- no! James breaks free!

[Ohara scrambles up again, beating James to his feet where he hooks him around the head, dragging him down in a small package.]

GM: Inside cradle gets one! Gets two! Gets- again, he kicks out!

[But Ohara is not to be deterred as he grabs the rising James, rushing towards the ropes. He bounces James chestfirst off the ropes, rolling him backwards into a rolling reverse cradle!]

GM: ROLLUP!! ONE!!! TWO!! THR-

[James' powerful legs are too much for Ohara though, kicking him off and towards the ropes at a fast pace...

...where Ohara HURLS himself between the top and middle ropes, wiping out a shocked Johnny Detson with a tope dive!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HAH! TAKE THAT, JOHNNY DETSON!

[A grinning Ohara gets up, throwing a glance at both Detson and Martinez before he approaches the ring, climbing up on the apron where James greets him with an elbowstrike to the temple!]

GM: Ohh! James caught him! A second elbow, right on target!

[James reaches over the top rope, securing a bodylock on Ohara...]

GM: Oh my stars! He's going for a belly-to-belly!

[...but Ohara claps his arms together on the ears of James, breaking his grasp!]

GM: Ohara breaks free!

[The crowd cheers as Ohara slips through the ropes, running up behind the stunned James, wrapping his arms around his body...]

GM: ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

[...and TAKES James over with a bridging German Suplex that wows the OKC crowd!]

GM: HE SUPLEXED A THREE HUNDRED POUND BEAST!

[The referee dives to the canvas to count!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KICKOUT! JAMES KICKS OUT IN TIME!

[Ohara rolls over to his knees, slamming a clenched fist down into the canvas with a loud "DAMN IT!"]

GM: The youngster showing signs of frustration in this all-important Final Four with stakes so very, very high.

BW: He's wanted nothing for months more than to get Vasquez in the ring when it counts and nothing counts more than SuperClash with the World Title on the line, daddy!

[Ohara gets to his feet as James crawls across the ring, trying to get to the corner where Lau's shouting "STAY BY THE ROPES! STAY BY THE CORNER AND RECOVER!" But Ohara is having none of that, yanking James up by the hair, pushing him back into the turnbuckles...]

GM: Big chop in the corner! And another!

[The red welts on James' chest are a reminder of the strength behind Ohara's chops as he grabs the bigger man by the arm...]

GM: Ohara whips- reversed!

[The powerful James reverses the whip, sending Ohara towards the corner where he leaps to the middle rope, springing back and twisting around into a crossbody on the charging Brian James...]

GM: CROSSBOD- OH! MY! STARS!

[Gordon's reaction comes as James rolls through the crossbody attempt, ending up right back on his feet, holding Ohara across his torso...]

GM: HE'S GOT OHARA! WHAT'S HE GONNA DO?! WHAT'S HE GONNA DO?!

[James walks out to mid-ring, turning with Ohara in his arms...

...and goes to lift him higher, twisting him around to sling him over his shoulder but Ohara keeps on spinning, hooking a front facelock...]

BW: WHAT THE-!?

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

[...and DRIVES James skullfirst into the canvas with a DDT!]

GM: OH MY STARS! WHAT A COUNTER BY OHARA! WHAT A COUNT- COVER!

[Ohara dives across James, reaching back to tiredly hook a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KICKOUT! MY GOD, HE KICKED OUT!

[The crowd is absolutely roaring as Ohara looks at the official in total disbelief, holding up three fingers hopefully.]

GM: Jordan Ohara thought he had him!

BW: Hell, Gordo - I thought he had him too!

GM: Jordan Ohara with a timely and devastating counter but it wasn't enough! It wasn't enough to keep Brian James down for a three count.

BW: And if you're Jordan Ohara, you're wondering if THAT wasn't enough to keep him down for a three count... what the hell is?!

GM: A fine question, Bucky... and as Jordan Ohara comes to his feet... perhaps it's the Phoenix Flame! Perhaps the Phoenix Flame is the answer to that question!

[Ohara approaches the corner, climbing to the middle rope...

Then stepping to the top...

He spreads his arms, looking down as Brian James lies prone on his back, barely moving as Lau SCREAMS at his charge to get out of the way!]

GM: James is down! Ohara's up! Could this be it?! Could this do it?! Could this-

BW: WAIT A SECOND!

[The crowd ROARS with shock as someone suddenly appears on the ring apron...]

GM: WILLIAMS! IT'S DERRICK WILLIAMS!

[...and SHOVES an unsuspecting Ohara off the top rope, sending him crashing down to the barely-padded floor below!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT THE HELL?! DAMN HIM! DAMN YOU, DERRICK WILLIAMS!

[A smirking Williams looks down off the apron onto the prone Ohara who is sprawled out on the floor.]

GM: Derrick Williams - where the hell did he even come from?!

BW: From the crowd? Under the ring? Who cares?! Williams just struck and struck hard!

GM: And all that garbage about wanting a summit on the Think Tank! What was THAT all about?!

[Williams drops down off the apron, dusting off his hands as he backs down the aisle towards the locker room, the crowd roaring their disapproval for his actions...

...and then start booing even louder as Johnny Detson rushes from his hiding place, pulling Ohara off the floor, tossing him under the ropes into the ring!]

GM: No! Not like this!

BW: The ultimate opportunist strikes again, daddy!

[Detson rolls in as well, getting to his feet. He pulls Ohara up, quickly securing the double underhook, leaping into the air...]

BW: WILDE DRIVER!

[...and DRIVES Ohara facefirst into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A smirking Detson flips Ohara onto his back, diving across his chest.]

BW: ONNNNNNE! TWOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEE! OH YEAH!

"DING! DING! DING!"

RO: Jordan Ohara has been ELIMINATED!

[The crowd jeers that announcement as the referee helps Ohara under the ropes out to the floor as a fired-up Detson springs to his feet, arms raised in the air...]

GM: We've got our first elimination just a hair past the twenty minute mark in this battle - this Final Four for a shot at the World Heavyweight Champion in the Main Event of SuperClash!

BW: It's more than that, Gordo. It's the chance to face Juan Vasquez in his final AWA match ever! It's the chance to send him packing from the company that he helped build!

GM: I never thought it would come to this but you're absolutely right, Bucky... and now we're down to Johnny Detson, Ryan Martinez, and...

[The crowd ROARS as a smirking Detson backs across the ring...

...and bumps right into a hulking and angry Brian James standing behind him!]

GM: ...AND BRIAN JAMES!

[Detson mutters a quick silent prayer...

...and then spins around, burying a boot in the gut of Brian James before James can react. Detson grabs James by the hair, pulling him into a standing headscissors!]

GM: He's got him! He's got James!

[Lau shakes his head, waving his arms from outside the ring as Detson reaches down to secure an arm...

...but James straightens up, backdropping Detson up and over with ease to cheers from the crowd!]

GM: James counters it... and Johnny Detson's looking for the exit!

[Detson starts crawling across the ring, looking to get through the ropes to the floor...]

GM: Detson's making a run for it but James is having none of it!

[James grabs Detson by the legs, pulling him into wheelbarrow position...

...and easily lifts him into the air, throwing him down on the back of his head with a released suplex!]

GM: OHHHH!

BW: Poor Johnny.

GM: Poor Johnny?! He brought all of this on himself! Him and his massive ego!

[James gets back to his feet, watching as Detson rolls over to his stomach, crawling across the ring again...]

GM: Detson again making a run for it... but again, Brian James is having none of that.

[James again leans down, looking to stop Detson who suddenly rolls to his back, reaching up to rake his "brother's" eyes!]

GM: OH! Detson goes to the eyes for the second time in this match!

[Detson rolls over to all fours, using the momentary blindness to crawl for his life, ending up on the apron...

...but James is still on him, reaching over to drag him to his feet on the apron!]

GM: James caught him!

BW: Detson's on the apron but he went UNDER the ropes, Gordo!

GM: He certainly did. He's in no danger of being eliminated from an over-the-top throw here... but Brian James may be thinking about eliminating him in other ways!

[Dragging Detson to his feet, James peppers him with three short elbows to the temple, leaving him staggered...

...when suddenly, Detson's legs get yanked out from under him, sending him plummeting downwards where his chin SLAMS down on the apron!]

GM: OHHH!

[A now-bloodied Ryan Martinez angrily grabs Detson, swinging him around by the head. He hangs on as he drives his own forearm into Detson's jaw over and over and over and over...

...and then HURLS him through the air, throwing him into the barricade!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Martinez glares at Detson angrily and starts to go after him...

...but before he can, Brian James reaches down from the ring, grabbing Martinez by the hair. Martinez twists around...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and sends James reeling backwards with a stiff open-handed slap to the ear!]

GM: Good grief!

[A fired-up Martinez climbs up on the apron...

...and James rushes forward, throwing a running kick to the chin that snaps Martinez' head back, sending him falling off the apron to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[James stands by the ropes, glaring down at the laid out Detson and Martinez on the floor.]

GM: And Brian James is standing tall in this Final Four at this stage of the contest! Three men left and... well, he's going out after them!

BW: Of course he is! A normal man might take a breather there, wait for someone to come to him, but Brian James is no mere normal man! He's the Engine of Destruction!

[James steps out on the apron, dropping down to the floor.]

BW: The only question, Gordo, is who is he going after first.

[James reaches down, dragging Detson off the floor.]

BW: Of course.

GM: Still think the Kings are fine?

[James lifts Detson up into his arms, walking across the ringside area...]

GM: Look out! Look out!

[Gordon and Bucky go scrambling away as James SLAMS Detson down on top of the announce table!]

GM: James slams him down on our table - I hope you can still hear us, fans!

BW: I hear ya, Gordo!

[James grabs Detson around the throat, pushing him down on the table as he slams a forearm down into the chest... one after another, battering him into place.]

GM: James sets the table with Detson and... now where is he going?

[The son of the Blackheart peels away from the tabled Detson, walking back across the ringside area towards the rising Ryan Martinez...]

...who ERUPTS with a forearm strike to the jaw!]

GM: Martinez fires back!

[A second forearm lands as well, sending James stumbling backwards as the crowd roars!]

GM: Martinez - bloodied, battered, but not beaten - continues to fight here in Oklahoma City with his dreams of SuperClash on the line!

[Martinez grabs James by the hair, winding up again but James swings a knee up into the midsection, cutting him off to the groans of the crowd.]

GM: Oh! There goes the rally by Martinez... James grabs the hair!

[The crowd groans again as James BOUNCES Martinez' face off the announce table!]

GM: Brian James picks up Martinez... and he's putting him on top of the table too! Martinez and Detson are sprawled out on that table and...

BW: What the heck does Brian James know about tables?!

GM: I have no idea. We know he likes to beat up chairs and stairs... maybe he's upgrading to tables!

[James rolls under the ropes into the ring, looking out at Brian Lau who looks quite nervous at his charge's actions. Lau gives a shake of his head but James ignores him, stepping back out to the apron. He backs to the corner, putting his back against the steel ringpost...]

GM: What in the world? James is climbing! Brian James is climbing!

[The Engine of Destruction steps up to the middle rope outside the ring, looking down at Martinez and Detson...]

...who BOTH suddenly come off the table, rushing towards the ring!]

GM: They're up! They're both up!

[Both men strike with right hands at the same time, stunning James who is perilously perched on the middle rope. Lau is screaming at James, begging him to get down...]

A second double haymaker lands, James wobbling visibly at this point as the two former rivals try to save themselves from their monstrous opposition...]

GM: Martinez and Detson working side by side!

BW: Who the heck ever thought they'd see that?!

[Frantically, Lau goes charging around the ring, running at top speed...]

GM: What in the... where is Lau going?!

BW: He's going fast!

[Detson and Martinez reach up, snatching two hands full of hair as they grab James' arms with their other hands. The crowd is roaring with anticipation as we hear Detson say... "One... two... THREE!"

And in tandem, they flip James off the middle rope...

...JUST as Brian Lau upends the table, shoving it out of the way, tipping it over into the front row of seats!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY STARS!

[Lau's last ditch move managed to prevent James from going through the table...

...but instead he slams VIOLENTLY down on the barely-padded floor!]

BW: I... I don't know if that was any better, Brian!

[Lau looks wide-eyed in shock at the scene in front of him as Detson throws a sideways glance at the man who is supposed to be his manager too...

...and then grabs Lau by the lapels to another big cheer from a crowd desperate to see the Kings completely unravel!]

BW: This is NOT Brian Lau's night!

[Lau frantically waves his hands, pointing at Martinez who is standing over the prone and anguished James. Detson throws a glance over his shoulder at Martinez...

...and then breaks away from Lau, SLAMMING his forearm into the back of Martinez' bloodied head, knocking him down to his knees.]

GM: Ohhh! And Detson goes after Martinez! So much for that partnership!

[Detson pulls Martinez up, slamming his face down into the ring apron, leaving a bloody smear before he shoves the man he beat for the World Title back inside the ring. The crowd is buzzing as Detson rolls in after him, quickly getting to his feet

as Lau rushes to kneel next to Brian James outside the ring, checking on his meal tic- excuse me, client.]

GM: Detson's on his feet, pulling Martinez up...

[Detson pulls Martinez into a standing headscissors...

...but before he can get any further down the line towards another Wilde Driver, Martinez yanks his legs out from under him, putting him down on his back!]

GM: Martinez grabs the legs... CATAPULT!

[Detson sails through the air, slamming facefirst into the turnbuckles where he staggers back towards Martinez who pulls him down into a sunset flip position!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Detson clashes his legs together on Martinez' ears, breaking up the pin attempt.]

GM: Two count only!

[Martinez climbs off the mat as Detson does, the latter throwing a big right hand that Martinez easily blocks...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and rattles Detson's head with a slap to the ear that sends him spinning away from Martinez!]

GM: Martinez hooks him... waistlock!

[The White Knight elevates Detson, dropping him down with an impactful German Suplex!]

GM: GERMAN SUPLEX!

BW: HE'S NOT DONE!

[Martinez hangs on to the waistlock, rolling Detson back up to his feet...

...and switches to a double chickenwing, nodding his head at the roaring crowd...]

GM: HE LIFTS!

[...and lets go, throwing Detson down violently on the back of his head and neck with a released Tiger Suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: What a pair of suplexes by Martinez! And yes, I'd say that tricep is feeling worlds better, fans!

[Martinez crawls across Detson, reaching back to snatch a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KICK OUT! DETSON KICKS OUT IN TIME!

[Martinez pushes up to his knees, clapping his hands together angrily.]

GM: And now it's Martinez showing some signs of frustration. He thought he had him right there, fans.

[The bloodied Martinez climbs off the mat, reaching up to wipe the blood from his eyes as he looks down at the dazed and hurting Detson. The crowd is roaring for its' White Knight as he leans down, grabbing Detson by the arm, pulling him up to his feet...]

...and Detson suddenly slaps Martinez' hand away, revealing his right hand encased in the black leather studded glove known as Black Beauty...]

GM: BLACK BEAUTY!

[...and throws a haymaker aimed at Martinez' jaw that will certainly end the White Knight's SuperClash dreams!]

GM: BLOCKED!

[The crowd ROARS as Martinez blocks the blow, swinging a knee up into the midsection. He grabs Detson by the arm, whipping him into the corner...]

GM: Detson to the corner... MARTINEZ!

[...and the crowd ERUPTS as Martinez follows him in, snapping his head back with the running Yakuza in the corner!]

GM: DETSON'S ON DREAM STREET! DETSON'S IN TROUBLE!

[A boot to the gut doubles up the staggered Detson as Martinez pulls him into a front facelock. The crowd EXPLODES!]

GM: He's calling for it! Martinez is calling for the Brainbuster!

BW: Can he get him up?! He's been having trouble with this for months!

GM: He's damn sure going to try! Martinez sets and-

[And with the crowd suddenly buzzing wildly at his appearance, a hurting Brian James is in the ring, rushing across. He runs right past Martinez and Detson, leaping up to the middle rope, twisting around as he jumps back off...]

...and SLAMS his shin into the forehead of the White Knight!]

GM: WHAT THE-?! WHAT THE-?!

BW: HOW THE _HELL_ DID HE DO THAT?!

[Martinez drops back to the canvas as James takes a knee, looking coldly at the downed Martinez and Detson...]

GM: Brian James - from out of nowhere - with that flying kick! We've seen him use it in the corner before but never quite like that!

BW: I don't even know how he's walking, Gordo, after that fall to the floor!

GM: He's doing more than walking... and this could be it, Bucky! This could be it right here!

[James angrily gets to his feet, letting loose a roar as he pulls Ryan Martinez off the mat by the left arm, twisting it around...

...and tucking it back behind his head!]

GM: Oh my god! He's going for the Blackheart Punch!

[James has words for Martinez, off-mic but by the expression on his face, they are full of anger and confidence as he rears back his right hand, clenched into a mighty fist...]

GM: BLACKHEART PUN-

[...but Martinez SURGES forward at the last moment, shifting his torso to avoid the punch as he SLAMS his skull into James' head!]

GM: HEADBUTT!

[James staggers backwards, his eyelids fluttering as Martinez grabs at his own already-bloodied head!]

BW: I think Martinez rang his own damn bell with that one, daddy!

GM: You may be right but he saved himself from the Blackheart Punch and-

[Martinez steps forward, reaching out for James who grabs the taped-up arm by the wrist, violently twisting it into an armwringer. He YANKS on the wrist, causing Martinez to fall facefirst to the canvas where James drops his knee down on the tricep once... twice... three times!]

GM: James is savaging the arm!

[Keeping his grip on the wrist, James drags Martinez back to his feet, flinging him towards the corner. When Martinez' back hits the buckles, he comes tearing back out across the ring...]

GM: YAAAAAAKUUUUUZAAAAAAA!

[...but the running Yakuza misses the mark as James sidesteps, shoving Martinez chestfirst into the corner!]

GM: OHH! He missed the kick and-

[And as the White Knight stumbles back, James wraps his powerful arms around the head and neck of the former World Champion!]

GM: REAR NAKED CHOKE! REAR NAKED CHOKE!

BW: THIS IS HOW HE WON THE BATTLE OF BOSTON, DADDY!

GM: IT CERTAINLY IS! HE'S GOT IT LOCKED IN! HE'S TRYING TO CHOKE OUT RYAN MARTINEZ AND END HIS DREAMS OF A SUPERCLASH MAIN EVENT WITH JUAN VASQUEZ!

[Martinez stretches out his arms, trying to reach the ropes. Desperation is in his eyes as he struggles against James' mighty grip!]

GM: This could be it! This could be the end of Ryan Martinez and his goal to recapture the World Title at SuperClash! He's fighting it, Bucky!

BW: Yeah, but if Brian James' rear naked choke is anything like his mentor, Tiger Claw's - all the fighting in the world won't do Martinez a lick of good, Gordo!

GM: Martinez stretching out! He knows his only escape right now is in the ropes! But can he get there? Can he get to the ropes in time to save himself?!

[The crowd is urging the former World Champion on in his efforts to escape as he stretches his arms out, inching closer... and closer... and closer...]

GM: Martinez is... he's gotta be less than a foot away! Just inches away now! But he's starting to fade as well! The light is starting to go out in his eyes! He's starting to-

[With one last surge, Martinez reaches out, snatching the rope with one hand, pulling himself towards them as the crowd roars with relief...]

GM: He got them! He's in the ropes!

[...but James shakes his head, refusing to let go!]

GM: He made it to the ropes! Break it! Break the hold! The referee's ordering him to break but-

BW: But what's he going to do, Gordo?! He can't disqualify him!

GM: You're right, Bucky! There's no penalty against Brian James if he wants to hold this hold until Thanksgiving! Martinez got to the ropes but he can't-

BW: DETSON!

[From the blind side, Johnny Detson goes charging across the ring to where James and Martinez are tangled up near the ropes...]

...and he ducks down low, wrapping his arms around James' leg, lifting upwards...]

GM: DETSON TRYING TO-

[...and DUMPING Brian James over the top rope, dropping him down to the floor!]

GM: HE'S GONE! JAMES GOES OVER THE TOP! HE'S ELIMINATED!

[Detson stays by the ropes, laughing wildly, taunting James as he sits on the floor, glaring up at his "brother." Martinez slinks away, gasping as he tries to get blood going to his brain...]

GM: Detson eliminates Brian James and then there were two!

[The former World Champion leans over the ropes, shouting at the son of the Blackheart who is still seated on the floor, a dejected Brian Lau standing next to him.]

GM: Lau's out there with his charge but all he can do is console him. Brian James came so close there... so close to winning it all but-

[And as Detson continues to shout, gloating towards the eliminated James...]

...he fails to notice Ryan Martinez on his feet, leaning against the turnbuckles, barely able to stand as he beckons at Detson, the crowd buzzing louder... and louder... and louder...]

GM: MARTINEZ IS LYING IN WAIT! MARTINEZ IN THE CORNER, WAITING FOR DETSON TO TURN!

BW: JOHNNY! HEY JOHNNY!

GM: WOULD YOU SIT DOWN?!

[Detson suddenly realizes the crowd is roaring now. He turns abruptly, looking for Martinez...

...who comes barreling across the ring towards Detson, leaping into the air, throwing his leg up into a flying Yakuza!]

GM: THE FLYING YAKUZA! THE SAME MOVE HE USED ON VASQUEZ TWO WEEKS AGO TO EARN THIS SPOT IN THE FINAL FOUR!

[With Detson laid out, Martinez dives on top of him, wrapping up both legs...]

GM: ONNNNNNE! TWOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The Oklahoma City crowd EXPLODES in a roar as Martinez pushes up to his knees, throwing his arms up in the air in relieved triumph!]

GM: HE DID IT! HE DID IT! MY GOD, RYAN MARTINEZ IS GOING TO SUPERCLASH! HE'S GOING TO SUPERCLASH AND HE'S GONNA FACE-

[Suddenly, Juan Vasquez is in the ring behind Martinez...

...and he BASHES him across the back of the head with the title belt!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GAAAAH! VASQUEZ HITS THE RING!

[The World Champion angrily throws the title belt down to the canvas, trashtalking Martinez as he puts the boots to him over and over...

...and then shouts "HE'S NOT GOING TO SUPERCLASH!" at the fans, leaning down to grab Martinez by the hair, yanking him into a standing headscissors!]

GM: Oh my god! Vasquez is looking to ruin SuperClash! He's going to try and take out his challenger right now! He's going for the piledriver - the same move that started Martinez on this horrible year!

[The Hall of Famer reaches down, wrapping his arms around Martinez' torso...

...but the White Knight has other ideas, straightening up and tossing Vasquez down to the canvas with a backdrop to HUUUUUGE cheers!]

GM: MARTINEZ REVERSES! OH YEAH!

[And the White Knight drops back against the buckles again, waving his arm, calling the World Champion to his feet...]

GM: Come on... come on...

BW: Oh, you biased son of a-

[...and as Vasquez rises, turning to find Martinez, he finds the White Knight barreling in on him, leaving his feet...]

GM: FLYING YAKUZA AGAIN! HE KNOCKS VASQUEZ FLAT!

[Martinez spins around, locking eyes with the referee, and waves to the downed Vasquez before diving across him, wrapping up both legs tightly. The referee looks puzzled for a moment and then dives to the mat, slapping it once...

...twice...

...and three times, leaping to his feet as Martinez does the same, throwing his arms into the air!]

GM: MARTINEZ PINS THE WORLD CHAMPION! HE PINS THE WORLD CHAMPION WITH THAT NEW FLYING YAKUZA!

[Martinez marches across the ring, scooping up the World Title belt off the canvas, walking to the corner where he hops up on the midbuckle, shoving the title belt up into the air!]

GM: He's got the belt! Martinez has the title belt!

BW: But it doesn't belong to him, daddy!

GM: Not yet... not yet it doesn't! But on Thanksgiving Night, if Ryan Martinez hits that move... it may belong to him once again! Ladies and gentlemen... we're out of time here in Oklahoma City where the White Knight... yes, the AWA's White Knight is back and... by god, he's found his Excalibur.

[Martinez is all smiles as he points to the title belt, soaking up the cheers from the roaring crowd!]

GM: We've gotta go! We'll see you next weekend on the Power Hour and in two weeks in St. Louis for Saturday Night Wrestling! So long everybody!

[Martinez is on top of the world, holding the World Title belt over his head...

...as we fade to black.]