



SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING

**OCTOBER 29, 2016
MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE
FEDEX FORUM**

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

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

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

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

[The logo and fanfare fade...

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

"WE ARE... FOX SPORTS!"

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

"The recognized symbol of excellence in professional wrestling."

[The logo fades to black...

...and that black slowly fades to the star-filled sky that hung above Minute Maid Park at SuperClash VII. After a moment, the drums to Halestorm's "Scream" kick in along with its signature call at the outset.]

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

[Travis Lynch emerges from behind a curtain, throwing a hand up into the air.]

#Oh-ohohohoh-ohohohohoh!#

[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 FedEx Forum - 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 Memphis! We are LIVE in the FedEx Forum! And we are LIVE on the road to SuperClash!

[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: Hello everybody and welcome! We are now under a month until the biggest professional wrestling extravaganza on the planet - of course, I'm talking about SuperClash VIII which will be coming to you LIVE on Thanksgiving Night from the

world famous Superdome in New Orleans, Louisiana! Bucky Wilde, we are so close to SuperClash, you can almost taste it!

BW: That's the overdump of Cajun spices they put on everything down there, Gordo. I can feel the heartburn coming already;

GM: But before we can get to SuperClash, we've got two big stops left. In two weeks, we'll be in Jackson, Mississippi for the final stop on the road to SuperClash but tonight, we're in Memphis and this city has ALWAYS been a pro wrestling hotspot, Buckthorn.

BW: You got that right, daddy. Memphis and pro wrestling go together like Elvis and Bigfoot. Ahhh... the good ol' days of Mid South Wrestling back in the 70s with the Beale Street Bullies running roughshod. Those were the days when men were men, Gordo.

GM: Please don't start singing about Herbert Hoover. Fans, it's going to be an exciting night of action here in the FedEx Forum and to get things started, our own Sweet Lou Blackwell is up in the ring to introduce a special guest that we've been waiting to hear from for two weeks now. Lou, take it away!

[We fade up to the ring where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing in front of a raucous crowd ready for a night of American Wrestling Alliance action. Blackwell is all smiles in his standard black tux, white dress shirt, and red tie.]

SLB: Alright, Gordon, and Memphis, Tennessee... how ya doing?!

[Big cheer! Blackwell nods approvingly.]

SLB: I always look forward to being back in Memphis and tonight is no different... and tonight, we've got something extra special that we've all been looking forward to. Ladies and gentlemen... would you please welcome back to the AWA ring one of the greatest baseball players of all time and a surefire future Hall of Famer... Big Papi himself... DAVID ORTIZ!

[A big reaction goes up for Ortiz who comes trotting through the curtain in a flashy deep purple suit as "All The Way Up" by Fat Joe blasts over the PA system. Big Papi walks the aisle, heading over to the railing to slap a whole lot of hands. He's got a big grin on his face, soaking up the cheers from the crowd as he heads towards the ring.]

GM: A big ovation here in Memphis for David Ortiz, one of the most prolific sluggers in baseball history, Bucky.

BW: Sure is... for all the good that did his Sox who can sit on the sidelines and watch the rest of the playoffs! They got swept right out by the Cleveland Indians, Gordo!

GM: They certainly did... and the best of luck to the Indians and the Cubs in the World Series over on the big FOX Network tonight. But Big Papi's not sitting on the sidelines watching the game, Bucky, he's here tonight in Memphis and we understand he's here to address the recent words of Kerry Kendrick and Flex Ferrigno.

BW: Oh, those weren't just words, daddy - that was a challenge!

[Ortiz climbs the ringsteps, waving to the crowd as he ducks through the ropes. He playfully dances around the ring, jumping into the ropes and bouncing off them a couple of times, feigning a boxer's stance towards Sweet Lou who jokingly puts up his dukes.]

SLB: David Ortiz, for a man whose team got knocked out of the MLB playoffs recently, you're in a pretty good mood.

[Ortiz nods.]

DO: Big Papi is ALWAYS in a good mood, Sweet Lou. Do I wish we were still playin'? Sure. But things happen. The better team won this time and I'm just happy to be here in Memphis tonight! Hello Memphis!

[Big cheer! Ortiz waves again.]

SLB: Well, Big Papi... I know you're here tonight as an AWA fan but you've got another reason for being here and that's what we heard from Flex Ferrigno and Kerry Kendrick two weeks ago and if you happen to have forgotten, let's take a look...

[We fade to footage marked "Two Weeks Ago" as Kerry Kendrick and Flex Ferrigno are on the mic inside the ring.]

KK: Supernova challenged us for SuperClash VIII in New Orleans. Well, pal... where's the money in that? Where's the intrigue? Where's the buzz in watching you get Jurass-kicked by the Quadrasaurus and the Self Made Man?

Doesn't Supernova get beaten up every year around election time? Isn't that the annual tradition? You know after a while of losing, maybe as a candidate you should be serving up a new platform instead of losing in a landslide every year. The people want change, 'Nova.

And if you think that I'm too indignant about our place in the AWA, 'Nova... Maybe if you stood up for yourself and made a little noise yourself you'd be challenging Juan Vasquez for the World Title. Instead, you were polite and respectful about it, and got thrown into a lottery where Flex and myself could pick you off.

Point being, there's nothing to gain by beating up Supernova again. Where the money is... Where the mainstream attention is... Where the SuperClash-stealing moment is...

...Is a match with Big Papi.

[The crowd ROARS at the suggestion!]

GM: WHAT?!

[Kendrick smirks at the crowd's reaction before continuing.]

KK: Looks like Cleveland took care of your other commitments, Ortiz! You're such a big fan of the AWA...

What do you say to actually stepping into the ring at SuperClash, Ortiz?

[We fade back from that footage to live action where Ortiz shakes his head as the crowd boos. Always one to ham it up, Ortiz nods to the fans, waving his arms and causing them to boo louder.]

SLB: Well, these fans in Memphis don't seem too fond of Kerry Kendrick and Flex Ferrigno... and I know that feeling is mutual, Papi.

[Ortiz grins.]

DO: Hey, Sweet Lou... I'm a fan of all the AWA stars!

[He shrugs.]

DO: I even respect what those two got in the ring. They're a couple of tough characters, you know?

SLB: Oh, I know. But you heard what they had to say. Despite everything we've heard about your legal situation - your contract situation that is - they continue to call you out and tonight, you've answered the call. I've gotta know why.

[Ortiz puts a hand on Blackwell's shoulder, grinning as he does.]

DO: Sweet Lou, Big Papi's got a whole lot of lawyers working for him. Smart guys... smarter than me for sure.

[He chuckles.]

DO: And after those two ran their mouths two weeks ago at Big Papi, I asked my lawyers to take another look at those contract.

SLB: And?

DO: And it's true. As a member of the Red Sox, my contract says I not getting in this ring at all, Lou.

[Blackwell looks dejected but Ortiz raises a finger.]

DO: But when we lost in the playoffs... my retirement became official! My retirement from baseball is official! And that means...

...it's time to play ball, boys!

[Big cheer!]

SLB: Wait, wait... are you saying what I think you're saying, David Ortiz?

DO: I think I'm saying what you think I'm saying! My contract says that I'm now free and clear to climb inside this ring at SuperClash... and kick both their butts all over the Bayou, baby!

[Another huge cheer breaks out from the Memphis crowd...

...which quickly turns to boos as Kerry Kendrick and Flex Ferrigno emerge from the locker room to no music, both wearing gigantic grins. Kendrick is in a black leather jacket and jeans, flanked by Erica Toughill, who is in her ring gear, a Louisville Slugger over her shoulder. Flex Ferrigno brings up the rear, trashtalking the fans giving him a hard time alongside the railing as the trio makes their way down the aisle.]

BW: Uh oh. This is bad news for David Ortiz, big papi!

GM: I don't like the looks of this one bit. David Ortiz should get out of that ring and he should do it right now!

[Toughill grabs a microphone of her own and holds it up for Kendrick.]

KK: Did I hear that, Flex? Did I hear that? Did I hear that this guy, whom the AWA executives have been wining and dining for months is going to step into the ring...

...And let us do whatever we want with him? Papi, you're a big guy, but it's one thing to swat away a ball coming at you at a hundred miles an hour.

[He balls up his fist in demonstration.]

KK: It's quite another thing when it's coming at you, backed by two hundred fifty pounds of malicious intent. I honestly, really truly wasn't expecting you to say "yes" to that challenge, Ortiz. I was expecting your very expensive lawyers to talk you down into cornering someone else. But stepping in the ring?

[Kendrick, Ferrigno, and Toughill time their entrance to this line, stepping through the ropes and quickly getting in a loose triangle around Ortiz who keeps his head on a swivel, making sure no one attacks him from behind as Kendrick laughs incredulously.]

KK: What's... what's wrong with you, man? Flex... Flex... I can't even with this.

[Toughill extends her microphone arm for Ferrigno who takes the mic from her, leaning in close to Ortiz.]

FLEX: YA KNOOOOO-

[And the crowd ROARS as David Ortiz rips the mic out of his hand.]

DO: I know a lot of things, big boy! I know that at SuperClash, the whole world gonna be watchin' when YOU go down...

[He points to Kendrick.]

DO: ...and when YOU...

[He jabs a finger into the muscular chest of Flex Ferrigno to a big "OHHHHHHH!" from the Memphis crowd.]

DO: ...go right down with him!

[Ferrigno sneers, staring down at the finger still jabbed into his chest. He is obviously seething with rage.]

BW: Flex is gonna snap that finger right off.

GM: I'm afraid you might be right about that, Bucky.

[Ferrigno reaches out, grabbing Ortiz by the wrist holding the mic. Ortiz grimaces, trying to pull his arm away but Ferrigno is simply too strong, pulling the arm towards him.]

FLEX: You're gonna put me down, fat boy?

[Ortiz nods his head, still unable to get his arm free from Ferrigno's grasp.]

FLEX: You and what army?

[Ortiz leans forward, shouting into the mic.]

DO: THAT ONE, BABY! COME ON!

[He points with his free hand towards the curtain...

...and Judas Priest's "You've Got Another Thing Comin'" starts up to a DEAFENING ROAR from the Memphis crowd!]

GM: OH MY STARS!

[Kendrick's jaw drops at the sound, turning and grabbing the baseball bat from Erica Toughill as Ferrigno shoves Ortiz back into the corner, also turning towards the ring entrance...

...where the crowd EXPLODES at the sight of Supernova striding down the ring in a pair of blue jeans and a Boston Red Sox jersey with his face painted like a flame, only it's red on white!]

BW: YOU'VE GOTTA BE KIDDING ME!

[Supernova storms down the aisle towards the ring, diving under the bottom rope. He pops up to his feet, ducking under a wild swing of the bat by Kendrick and running right into Ferrigno with a big right hand... and another... and another. A backhand puts Flex into the ropes as Supernova spins around and finds Kendrick coming at him, bat pulled back over his head...

...which is when 'Nova buries a boot in Kendrick's midsection, cutting him off...]

GM: Supernova goes downstairs and-

['Nova points at David Ortiz who barrels out of the corner, swinging his knee up into Kendrick's jaw, sending him flying to the canvas to a HUUUUUGE ROAR from the crowd!]

BW: WHAT THE-?!

GM: RUNNING KNEELIFT BY BIG PAPI! OH MY!

[Supernova grins, nodding at the action...

...which allows him to get blindsided by Ferrigno who bashes him over the head with a double axehandle, knocking 'Nova down to his knees. He winds up for another...]

GM: Ferrigno's got Supernova down and-

[But Flex stops dead in his tracks, looking disbelieving at David Ortiz who is holding Toughill's discarded bat and is pointing it right at Ferrigno, sticking it under his chin!]

GM: OH MY STARS!

[Ferrigno looks shocked, lowering his arms as Ortiz uses the bat to push him back away from Supernova. Ferrigno can be seen trashtalking off-mic, threatening Ortiz who is giving some trashtalk of his own...

...until Supernova charges back in, connecting with a clothesline that takes Ferrigno over the top, dumping him out to the floor to another tremendous roar from the Memphis crowd!]

GM: 'NOVA TAKES HIM OUT! OH YEAH!

[Supernova backs off, trading a big embrace with David Ortiz who strikes a batting stance, shouting for the rulebreakers to get back inside the ring as Kendrick grabs Ferrigno and starts pulling him down the aisle away from the ring.]

GM: Not so tough now, huh?!

BW: Is this a match?! Is this official?!

GM: I think it is, Bucky! I think we're gonna see Kerry Kendrick and Flex Ferrigno take on Supernova and Big Papi himself, David Ortiz, at SuperClash! Oh my!

[Supernova cups his hands to his mouth and howls, then he and Ortiz stand at the ready, posed in perfect position for lots of photos from the ringside press as we fade from the excitement out in front of the sold out crowd to the backstage area where Jayden Jericho is standing in a black t-shirt with a large pink heart with a crack down the middle of it and a pair of blue jeans. By his side, of course, is his famous father in a pair of bright red leather pants, a matching leather vest, and no shirt underneath but a handful of gold chains hanging down. Oh, and he's also got some pink-tinted heart-shaped sunglasses. Yes, indoors. Theresa Lynch, this one is all yours.]

TL: The feel of SuperClash is in the air! The electricity is running high! And the men by my side have just learned from acting Director of Operations, Jon Stegglet, that they're in! Jayden Jericho, after your victory over Curtis Kestrel that everyone saw on my Power Hour show last week, the bosses say you've got yourself a spot in that huge Steal The Spotlight ladder match! Your thoughts?

[A grinning Jayden Jericho nods before speaking.]

JJ: Theresa, I'm on Cloud Nine right now! This is the kind of thing you dream of. All the hard work, all the days and nights training, all the times I've been yelled at by my dad to run harder, jump higher, and "do it again..." they're all worth it right now, Theresa, because I'm headed to the biggest show in the wrestling world with a chance to steal not just the spotlight... but the whole show too.

[Theresa seems taken aback by Jericho's very smooth delivery.]

TL: And you, Ronnie D, your thoughts on your son making it to the big dance?

[D dramatically pulls down his sunglasses.]

D: Theresa Lynch, you show the brain cells that your idiot brothers and your deadbeat dad all lack! My son has made it to SuperClash not because of some win over a Canadian knockoff... he's made it because it's his destiny. Because it's fait accompli! He was born for greatness and once he got over his mother's tendency to fall to the bottom and found himself in my warm embrace, it was only a matter of time until he got right here. SuperClash is the biggest night of the year but Jayden here and myself, we're going to make it just a little bit bigger when we win Steal The Spotlight and show the world why I should be in the Hall of Fame!

[Theresa looks a little annoyed after the shots at her family.]

TL: The Hall of Fame? What does Steal The Spotlight have to do with the Hall of Fame?

JJ: Theresa, true or false... my father is the most unappreciated and underrated major superstar in the history of this sport.

[Theresa shakes her head.]

TL: I'd say that's false.

[D angrily wheels on her, jabbing a finger at her.]

D: Then you're as dumb as your pedigree says you are, honey! "Playboy" Ronnie D was one the biggest free agent in the history of our sport! "Playboy" Ronnie D once strapped the biggest promotion in the history of our sport - the legendary EMWC - to his damn back and carried it for over a year! "Playboy" Ronnie D fought names like Porter... James... Claw... Annis... Langseth... Brody stinkin' Thunder, and that's just the starting point. And when "Playboy" Ronnie D jumped ship for the Great White North, it made headlines all over the stinkin' world, Theresa Lynch!

TL: I suppose all that's impressive but I still don't understand what that has to do with your son and Steal The-

[Theresa holds up suddenly, watching as another competitor walks into the frame. This one is "Cannonball" Lee Connors dressed in a white karate gi. He throws a glance at D but turns his focus onto Jericho.]

LC: Congrats. Just a short time into your career and you're already headed to SuperClash. I have to admit, Jayden, I'm a little bit jealous.

[Jericho seems about to respond when D cuts him off.]

D: You're a lot bit jealous, pal! And you're gonna be a lot more jealous when my boy here climbs that ladder at SuperClash, grabs that contract, and sets himself up to challenge for the World Title. Heck, after Vasquez blows this joint for greener pastures, maybe they'll just GIVE my son the World Title.

JJ: Dad, I don't want to win it like-

D: Quiet, son. You'll take the World Title however you can get it. Trust me, they don't come along that often.

[Connors turns towards D.]

LC: Oh, that's right. For all your talk about what a legend you are, you never held a World Title, did you? Not in Los Angeles... not in Toronto... nowhere. You washed out... with not a single title to show for it. And you think you're a Hall of Famer?

[D grimaces.]

LC: You know who belongs in the Hall of Fame? Canada's greatest wrestling family, the Coltons... that's who. They've done more for this sport than you'll ever dream of doing... and they NEVER get the respect they deserve. Those people are like family to me... they took me in when I had nothing... and then someone like you makes fun of them on the Power Hour.

[Connors shakes his head with disgust.]

LC: You're nothing, man. A has-been who never even sniffed the top. The Hall of Fame isn't calling you, Playboy... and you know it... and you want your son to live through because your career is over and you never even sniffed the-

[Suddenly, Jayden Jericho surges forward, blasting Connors in the ear with a forearm shot, knocking him down to the floor as Theresa yelps and backs away.]

JJ: You don't talk about my father like that!

[Jericho kicks Connors while he's down.]

JJ: Ever!

[D smirks, holding his son back from attacking again.]

D: Thanks, son. Best son a father could ever ask for... and as for you, Connors... if the Coltons did such a bang-up job training you, better than I ever would... than maybe you want to put your SuperClash hopes in that skill.

Two weeks from tonight in Mississippi, it's going to be you... against my son... and I'll personally go to my old pal Mark Stegglet and make sure they stick you in Steal The Spotlight if you win... capiche?

[D looks down at Connors who is struggling to get up off the floor..

...and kicks him once in the chest himself, knocking him back down. D then tugs his sunglasses back in place, turning to a shocked Theresa Lynch.]

D: When he gets up, let him know we'll see him in two weeks, sweetheart.

[D and Jericho make their exit as Connors lies on the floor, Theresa now kneeling next to him as we fade out to a crowd shot of the Memphis fans.]

GM: Goodness. The race to get into that Steal The Spotlight ladder match coming up at SuperClash is tight and we now can confirm that Jayden Jericho has made the cut. Two weeks from tonight though, Jericho will take on Lee Connors and if Connors wins, he'll be in the match as well... well, if Jon Stegglet agrees to it.

BW: Oh, it's gonna happen, Gordo. If there's one thing Ronnie D knows how to do, it's politic his way around the backstage area.

[Gordon chuckles.]

GM: Fans, we'll be right back so stick around, won't you please?

[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 fade back up to live action where we find the AWA World Tag Team Champions Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan standing in the ring. Both men are holding house mics in hand and dressed in their ring gear.]

TD: Memphis, Tennessee!

[There's a surprisingly strong cheer for that!]

TD: Sorry. That's not usually my thing but everyone knows that the Donovan family has a special relationship with the city of Memphis and... well, I may not have been a Beale Street Bully in name, you better believe that I'm one in my heart.

[Another big cheer!]

TD: Later tonight, Wes and I are going to put these World Tag Team Titles on the line one more time when we take on the golden children of the AWA - Lynch and O'Connor.

WT: That's right and it's going to be our esteemed pleasure to make sure we rob them of their chance to walk in the back door to the Superdome in New Orleans. You want to be on the SuperClash lineup, Jack Lynch? Not through us!

[Donovan smiles, nodding.]

TD: But speaking of family ties, I've spent the better part of two weeks now having to answer the question - "Why, Tony, why? Why would you risk earning the ire of the Axis of Evil in order to save your father?"

[Taylor interrupts.]

WT: It's a damn fine question.

TD: It is, my brother. Let's make one thing clear. My father and I may not see eye to eye on much of anything... and the last time you saw he and I in this ring together, I was busy kicking him in the mouth... but he's still my blood. He's still my family.

And if Juan Vasquez thought he was gonna get away with kicking the crap out of my family, he's sadly mistaken.

[Taylor nods, slipping an arm over his partner's shoulders as the crowd cheers.]

WT: That's right. And Vasquez, you put your hands on my partner... on MY brother... on MY blood... and when you do that, you deserve whatever the hell you get from the rest of the Kings of Wrestling. Fact is, oldtimer... you're damn lucky you're still walking on your own power this week 'cause Brian and Tony wanted to put you in the hospital for what you did.

[Donovan nods.]

TD: "Brian and Tony."

[Taylor grimaces, shaking his head.]

TD: Yeah. "Brian and Tony." Brian and Tony and Wes were out here representing the Kings of Wrestling... but there were two parts to that puzzle who were nowhere to be found. In fact, there were two pieces to that puzzle who made it crystal clear backstage that maybe... just maybe... they don't fit in that puzzle anymore.

WT: Tony, let's not-

TD: No, Wes... let's. Let's get to the bottom of this situation because I'm sick and tired of all this crap.

"The Kings are fine."

[Donovan shakes his head.]

TD: Nah, the Kings are far damn sight away from being fine. For months now, Wes and I have been like the kids trapped between two fighting parents. And I don't want to speak for my partner but frankly, I'm pretty damn sick of it. So, let's get-

[But Donovan is cut off by a sudden chorus of boos from the Nashville crowd as the camera cuts to the entranceway. The reason for the boos? The brains behind the brawn, Brian Lau, is making his entrance. Dressed to the nines, tonight in a white suit with a red tie, the Hall of Famer makes determined strides towards the ring, focused squarely on the World Tag Team Champions. Pausing to take a microphone for himself, Lau enters the ring and positions himself between the two second generation stars.]

BL: I know you both know this, I know even these backwater hicks from this nothing happening town know this...

[Lau pauses, letting the fans hurl insults at him, a slight smirk on his lips.]

BL: But I don't like doing business in public. But since neither of you two have seen fit to return my phone calls...

[Lau looks from Donovan to Taylor, and back to Donovan.]

BL: Here's where we'll do it.

I'm going to remind you two of something.

It was a few years ago, and I was living the life. I'd walked away from this business, because there was nothing left for me to do. I'd done it all, and better than anyone before or since. And then, I got a phone call from Brian James.

And I knew, right then and there, that there were still things to do.

Not long after that, Brian calls me again, and he says that he wants me to meet two of his friends. Two guys he knew from the Combat Corner. Two guys that he says have more potential than anyone else. Two more sons of legends. So I did.

And look at you now!

[Lau gestures to the gold around the waists of Taylor and Donovan.]

BL: But do you remember what I said to the three of you when you convinced me to do this? Do you remember my terms? Because I do.

I told you that if we were going to do this, that there were three conditions. First, if we do this, then we go all the way to the top. No half measures. If we're doing this, the goal is to be number one, and it doesn't matter who we trample on the way.

The second? That we do this together. That we hang together, and that we don't step out of line. And if there's a problem, we handle it quietly.

And third? I'm the brains. I come up with the gameplan, and you execute it. When you get your marching orders, you march.

Now, Wes, you made the hard decision. When it came down to us or your uncle, you made the right choice.

But Tony? You went outside the Kings, and you dragged Wes and Brian with you.

[An agitated Donovan growls at Lau.]

TD: You better stop right there, "Mister" Lau. Yeah, we agreed to let you make the plans. But in the heat of the moment? Sometimes you don't make decisions. You pick a side and you make a stand.

And after all that's happened in the last few months, I'm starting to wonder what side you're on!

[Lau has gone red faced, and he steps forward, right in Donovan's face.]

BL: Now you listen here!

[But before Lau can continue, he's cut off by Bruce Dickinson's "The Zoo." As the heavy guitar fills the arena, the reaction is decidedly mixed. Most boo, but there are significant cheers as the AWA's Engine of Destruction makes his way down the ring. Brian James is shirtless, wearing blue jeans and a pair of black boots. There's no towel over his head today. The Son of the Blackheart makes it to the ring in record time, and puts himself right between Donovan and Lau. Both back away respectfully, and James reaches for Lau's microphone, which the manager hands over.]

BJ: I bet no one woke up this morning expecting me to be the voice of reason.

[James begins to pace back and forth, forming a barrier between his mentor and his brothers.]

BJ: But you're both right.

When this started, we decided we were going to do it together. Wes, Tony, you're my brothers. You know that I'll always have your back. Just like I know you've got mine. And Mr. Lau, being brothers means that when one of us goes to war, we all do.

And I'll tell you right now, putting my fist in the face of an Axis member is never going to be the wrong choice. Vasquez? Williams? Hunter? Zharkov...

I'm not apologizing for that.

But Tony? There's something you're wrong about. Ever since the start, Mr. Lau has always had our back. He's earned our trust, and he's earned the benefit of the doubt. I don't regret having your back two weeks ago. But I've got no doubt that Mr. Lau is on our side.

But speaking of people who aren't on our side...

[James' expression hardens.]

BJ: The reason for all these problems isn't Mr. Lau, and it's not Tony defending his blood. The reason for all the trouble in the Kings is that there's someone who's been pulling in his own direction, and who hasn't been pulling his weight.

Johnny Detson.

[Boos at the mention of the former World Champion.]

BJ: From the get go, Detson hasn't been on our side. He's been on his own side. He's the one getting between us.

But, brother to brother, I'm making you a promise right now. Come SuperClash? That problem gets solved. Because after I beat Detson, well the story's going to change. And I-

[James, however, is cut off by the opening rift of "Kashmir" as Johnny Detson comes out from the back. Detson is dressed in a black three piece suit with a white button down shirt and a purple tie. He ignores the fans and just stares at the ring as he walks down. He climbs up the stairs, through the ropes and into the ring. He just stares at the four of them and then suddenly starts a slow, mockingly clap. As James bores a hole through him with his stare, Detson simply smirks and produces a mic from his inside jacket pocket.]

JD: Oh my God! Everybody look! It's the James Gang!

[Detson laughs and again claps his hands.]

JD: Sorry boys if you don't get more of a reaction from me just because some forty year old losers in their Mom's basement think the James Gang is the second coming or something. Because we all know what the James Gang really is...

[Detson points at James.]

JD: A product of his ego! Because that's all this really is and that's all this has ever really been about. This guy's stupid little gang.

[Detson's eyes don't leave James.]

JD: And you're sure having a great time rewriting history here, buddy. You're always here for your brothers?

[Detson scoffs.]

JD: Where were you in March for your brothers? April? May? June? July? Any of those ring a bell? Sure we took this little gang and we made everyone Kings and

then what? You were in Japan, you were in some dark corner of Thailand, you were “mentally preparing” for the Battle of Boston... what you weren’t doing though? You weren’t with us!

[Detson points to Donovan, Taylor, and then to himself.]

JD: We were the Kings of Wrestling, we were the ones looking out for each other. We had each other’s backs. You were nowhere to be found. Don’t think that because one time you go out there and have their back that it changes all the times when you couldn’t be bothered!

[Detson glances over at Donovan.]

JD: Tony... I’m sorry for last week, but your dad let himself get put in a No DQ street fight against a guy with four flunkies.

Now your dad was never winning a scholastic competition...

[Donovan takes a step towards Detson who immediately holds his hands up.]

JD: ...wait a second! I’m just saying he should have been smarter than that, and he should have. But if you think you’re now the President of some “I Hate Juan Vasquez” Club... well, I’ve hated that pompous jerk since before you were singing your first show tune so just get in line!

But the fact is we DID decide to not go after the Axis as much as it pains all of us.

[Detson lets that piece of news hang over the crowd.]

JD: And if I’m going to be the unfortunate leader of the Kings after SuperClash...

[Detson shoots a glance at James.]

JD: ...then leaders have to make tough choices and they are not always the ones you would like. I would have loved to march down to the ring with you and stick my fist right in Vasquez’ face.

[He nods, holding up said fist covered in the black leather glove known as Black Beauty.]

JD: There will be a time and place for that... and believe me, then I’ll have your back. We’ll do it the right way, we’ll have a plan...

[He nods at Donovan.]

JD: Tony... trust me, I have and always will have your back. Don’t get roped into what he’s saying, he couldn’t care less, it’s always been about him.

[He points an accusing finger at Brian James who is now being physically blocked by Wes Taylor who has a hand on his ally’s shoulder, trying to calm him down.]

JD: What HE deserves, what HE wants.

He talks about brothers... he had you in HIS gang! Not YOUR group, HIS gang!

[Donovan arches an eyebrow, throwing a glance at Brian James as Detson continues.]

JD: When I changed that and made us all equals, he was the only one who resisted... he’s the only one who wants his name back as the symbol of the group.

He takes all the credit for last SuperClash, he takes all the credit for Battle of Boston. This all started because his greed and ego wanted something that I had, brothers and groups be damned. The only reason he considers you still his brother is because the two of you don't have anything he wants!

[Detson again points at James.]

JD: And let's be honest Brian... I didn't give you a title shot, not out of fear, but because of the simple fact that you didn't deserve it!

[Detson smirks as James fumes. Detson saunters closer to him, taunting the big man.]

JD: Yeah... Wes and Tony CARRIED you to beating the Dogs of War... the same Dogs of War that were handing YOU your lunch until daddy showed up to save the day under the guise of protecting him...

[He points at Lau as James' rate of breathing increases.]

JD: In fact, daddy and his baseball bat showed up again to take Torin The Titan out of the equation too!

[Detson's smile gets wider as he sees he's getting to James.]

JD: Let's face it, kid. The truth is you haven't EVER won a big time match here in the AWA that daddy doesn't have his fingerprints all over so what exactly have you done here?

[Detson looks over at Taylor and winks before pointing to the tag champs.]

JD: The champions of this group...

[Detson points at himself.]

JD: World Champion...

[Detson points at Lau.]

JD: Hall of Famer...

[Detson points at James and laughs.]

JD: Daddy's Little Boy!

[And as quickly as he says it, his eyes widen with fear as James takes him to the ground.]

GM: Here we go!

[Detson covers up as James hammers down with lefts and rights, leaving the tag champs standing behind him in shock and surprise not sure how to react to the situation.]

GM: Brian James has heard enough of Johnny Detson's loud mouth!

[Lau is the only one doing anything as he begins to yell at James, before trying to grab an arm of James.]

GM: Lau's trying to get James off Detson, pleading with him to get up!

[Lau grabs the arm as James starts to get up off of Detson...

...and swings his arms back, flinging the Hall of Fame manager down to the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[James jerks around, looking to see who was trying to stop him...

...and his jaw drops as he realizes what he's done and who he's done it to. He immediately turns away from Detson who is crawling across the ring, rubbing at his jaw. James has a look of remorse on his face as he moves towards Brian Lau.]

"Brian, I'm-"

[Lau rips his arm away from James trying to help him up.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Trouble in paradise for the Kings of Wrestling, Bucky?

BW: I don't know how much paradise it's been lately but the Kings are certainly NOT fine, Gordo.

[Lau climbs off the mat, wiping his hands, his jacket, his pants... and then proceeds to exit the ring, not even bothering to look back at the four men inside the ring. James looks shellshocked as he watches his manager and mentor exit. Across the ring, Johnny Detson has managed to get back to his feet, rubbing his jaw as he retrieves his discarded mic, walking over towards the World Tag Team Champions.]

JD: Man, there's no one he won't turn on. Imagine what happens when he has his sights set on the two of you.

[And on cue, James abruptly spins around and DRILLS Detson with a roundhouse kick to the temple, knocking him flat to a HUGE roar from the Memphis crowd!]

GM: OH MY STARS!

[A seething James stands over Detson, looking down at him for a second before dropping to the mat and rolling out of the ring, leaving a motionless Detson behind.]

GM: He dropped him, Bucky! He dropped him like a stone!

[Donovan stands over Detson as well, looking down at the former World Champion for a moment. He shrugs, ducking through the ropes to make his exit as well.]

GM: It looks like Detson's words didn't have an effect on Tony Donovan.

[But Wes Taylor on the other hand remains in the ring, shaking his head at his exiting allies before leaning down, pulling a barely-conscious Detson off the mat. Together, the duo stands in the ring watching as their fellow Kings of Wrestling exit the arena.

No, the Kings most certainly are not fine as we fade to black.

In stark, high contrast black and white, a large curtain with the words "SuperClash VII" written large across it cascades to the ground like a falling leaf. Behind it is a slow-motion montage of similarly stark monochrome clips, slowly fading in to each

other. Leonard Cohen's rumbling, deep voice plays over top the minimalist orchestration of "You Want It Darker."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

You want it darker
We kill the flame #

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

Magnified, sanctified, be thy holy name

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

Vilified, crucified, in the human frame

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

A million candles burning for the help that never came

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

You want it darker

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

You want it darker
We kill the flame #

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

You want it darker

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

I'm ready, my lord...

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

"SUPERCLASH VIII."

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

[Fade to black...

...and then fade back up to a panning shot of the Memphis crowd, still buzzing over what they saw before the commercial break. We cut to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing by with referee Scott Ezra and two of the competitors for the upcoming match.]

RO: The following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, already in the ring, hailing from Memphis, Tennessee and weighing in at 250 pounds...

JOHNNY SAPPHIRE!

[Johnny Sapphire, an African-American man, with closely-cropped hair and a neatly-trimmed beard and mustache, is dressed in a pair of blue trunks, white knee pads and black boots. He raises his arms in the air to a smattering of cheers for the hometown competitor.]

And his partner, hailing from Nashville, Tennessee and weighing in at 227 pounds...

SHANE ROYAL!

[Shane Royal has the slightest hint of a tan, shoulder-length dirty blond hair, and a beard and mustache, too. He has on a purple sequined jacket, white trunks, white knee pads, and white boots. The fan reaction for Royal is not as warm as the reaction for Sapphire.]

RO: And their opponents...

[The traditional military march "The British Grenadiers" starts to play over the arena speakers. Colin Hayden is out first, brandishing a black cane, tipped with silver and topped with a silver roaring lion's head, with a pair of red gemstones for its eyes. He has on a gray houndstooth suit over a black waistcoat, or vest, as you Americans call it, over a burgundy shirt.

Hayden is followed by the lean-built Robbie Storm, who has lightly tanned skin, light brown eyes and slicked back, short, wavy, brown hair, and the taller, more muscular Rory Smythe, who has golden tanned skin, hazel eyes and wavy, dark brown hair, closely-cropped around the sides and back.

Both men are wearing tights that are white for the most part, except for the Union Jack design, which covers most of Smythe's left thigh and most of Storm's right thigh. Both men are also starting to sport the beginnings of some magnificent facial hair, with the lower half of Smythe's face covered with a moderate amount of stubble and Storm's limited to just the hair above his upper lip. Holding his cane aloft and pointing it towards the ring, Hayden leads his team down the aisle.]

RO: Coming down the aisle, weighing in at combined weight of 439 pounds, and being accompanied by "Prince" Colin Hayden, they are the team of Rory Smythe and Robbie Storm...

THE BRITISH BASHERS!!!

[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, Hayden climbs the ring steps, onto the apron, wiping the soles of his dress shoes on the canvas, before stepping through the ropes. Storm hops onto the apron and, like his manager, wipes the soles of his boots on the canvas before entering the ring. Smythe follows Hayden, climbing the ring steps, onto the apron, and does as his mentor and his tag team partner have both done, before stepping through the ropes.

Hayden stands in the center of the ring, while Smythe and Storm head to the corners on either side of him and climb onto the second rope. They raise their arms in the air, while Hayden holds up his cane and points it at his charges. As the music fades, Smythe and Storm climb off the ropes and all three men go to the team's corner to huddle and discuss strategy.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And it's Shane Royal starting things off with the powerhouse Rory Smythe. Collar-and-elbow... And, surprisingly, it's Royal backing Smythe into a corner. Royal with a shot to the side and a clubbing forearm to the side of the head. Irish whip! Smythe reverses...

[Royal bounces off the turnbuckles and walks into a European uppercut, which sends him careening towards the Bashers' corner and a headbutt courtesy of Robbie Storm.]

BW: Hey! That's not fair!

[Royal turns right around and stumbles into a headbutt by Rory Smythe.]

GM: Smythe tags in Storm, who stays on top of Royal. Side headlock into a snap suplex...

BW: You know I'm loathe to compliment either of the Bashers, but that was a thing of beauty.

GM: Royal tries to beg Storm off...

[But then the Nashville native buries a shot into the gut, doubling up Storm.]

BW: Hah! And he suckers him in! These Bashers are gonna have a rough time with the Soldiers of Fortune if they do things like that!

[Storm is reeling backward from a right hand to the face from Royal who ignores the referee's warnings about the closed fist, moving in on Storm who is back against the ropes.]

GM: Royal's got Storm on the ropes, shoots him across...

[As Storm rebounds, Shane Royal goes to scoop him up but the agile Storm slips out of his grasp, landing behind him.]

GM: Up and over goes Storm... shove from behind!

[Royal hits the ropes chest-first, bouncing backwards into a waiting Storm's arms...]

GM: Ohh! Back suplex! Bouncing the back of Royal's head off the canvas! And the Bashers are maintaining the flow, Storm making the tag to Smythe.

BW: But he took too long, Gordo!

[Bucky's comment comes as Royal manages to get to his corner, tagging in Johnny Sapphire.]

BW: Rookie mistake by the Bashers - and that's the kind of mistake you can expect when you've got a manager like that Lynch lover, Colin Hayden.

[Cut to ringside where Hayden is instructing Storm on his error as Smythe and Sapphire lock up mid-ring.]

GM: Out of the tieup and into the armwringer by Smythe... and what does it feel like when a man as strong as Rory Smythe is cranking on your arm, Bucky?

BW: Well, it doesn't feel good, Gordo, if that's what you're asking.

[Showing some skill of his own, Royal ducks under and reverses into an armwringer of his own. Smythe slaps his shoulder a couple of times before front rolling out of the pressure, kipping up to his feet, cartwheeling to throw Sapphire off balance, and then gives a hard armwringer, flipping Sapphire over to the canvas.]

GM: Oh my! What a show of agility on the part of Rory Smythe, showing he's got more than power in his arsenal!

[Sapphire raises a closed fist in threat but Smythe backs him across the ring to the corner, slapping his partner's hand.]

GM: Both men in... whips across...

[And with a shout, both men run him down with a double shoulder tackle!]

GM: Nice doubleteam there out of the Bashers, putting Sapphire down.

[Smythe exits as Storm pulls Sapphire back up, flipping him over to his back with a snapmare and then dropping a knee across the forehead!]

GM: Kneedrop finds the mark - and another quick tag for the Bashers.

[Smythe ducks back in, lifting Sapphire up into a fireman's carry...]

GM: Smythe lifts him up... perhaps looking for the Hayden Hoist here!

[Stepping closer to the corner, Smythe HURLS Sapphire up, over, and down to the canvas with a thunderous slam!]

GM: Oh my! He got that one for sure!

[Smythe drops to his knees, ready to cover.]

GM: ONE! TWO!

[Smythe abandons the cover to intercept the incoming Shane Royal, who he picks up in another fireman's carry.]

GM: Whooooa my! He's got him up as well, Bucky! Two for the price of one!

BW: Where's he going with him?!

[Backing to the corner, Smythe keeps Royal up on his back as he makes the tag.]

GM: Another tag... Storm coming in... no, he's going up!

[The crowd buzzes as Storm steps to the middle rope, climbing to the top as Smythe stays in the corner with the struggling Royal...]

GM: What in the world is going on here?!

[Storm grins as he stands up top, pointing out to the cheering fans. He hops off the top rope, both feet landing on the back of Royal before he leaps off him, front flipping...]

GM: OH MY STARS!

[...and CRASHES down on top of Sapphire with a 450 splash!]

BW: He calls that The Man Who Fell To Earth!

[Smythe lifts Royal over his head, throwing him down in a slam as well!]

GM: AND ANOTHER HAYDEN HOIST AS WELL!

[Smythe steps back, lifting his arm and counting along as the referee slaps the mat once... twice...]

GM: They got 'em!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The ring announcer makes it official as "The British Grenadiers" starts to play once more. Smythe and Storm are joined in the ring by Colin Hayden, who, together with the official, raises the Bashers' arms in victory.]

GM: Folks, don't go away. When we come back, Mark Stegglet will try to get a few words from the British Bashers and "Prince" Colin Hayden.

[We fade from the ring 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.]

We fade back up to Mark Stegglet and the jubilant British Bashers standing on the interview platform. A smiling "Prince" Colin Hayden is standing next to Stegglet, ready to field questions.]

MS: Congratulations, Rory Smythe and Robbie Storm, on another victory in the AWA. Now, Colin, SuperClash grows closer, but have you heard anything about any possible spot for the Bashers on the AWA's biggest show of the year?

PCH: Well, Mark, before I answer that question, let me remind you what happened two weeks ago. Two weeks ago, the Soldiers of Fortune continued to run their mouths. They ran their mouths about the state of this country that has been nothing but welcoming to us. So, the Bashers decided it was time to shut the mouths of those two turncoats.

ROBBIE: Not only did we shut them up, Mark, we ran them off!

PCH: That's right. But the cowardice of Stephens and Flint has only meant that they have delayed the reckoning that was promised to them. Now, SuperClash is shaping up to be a jam-packed event, so maybe that won't be where our worlds collide, but I hear there's going to be a Pre-Game Show on FOX.

RORY: That's right. And we'd love nothing more than to get our hands on them where the whole world can see it for free! I mean, Flint and Stephens could still be running for all we know. Well, keep running, lads, because the Bashers aren't letting up on the chase.

PCH: What the Bashers are saying, starlight, is that you cannot run forever. One way or another, at SuperClash, before SuperClash, or some other time in the future, we will deliver the reckoning that was promised.

[With the pointing of the cane, Hayden leads his charges off the interview platform.]

MS: The British Bashers, making it clear who they have set their sights on. After what the Soldiers of Fortune have been saying, I'm sure more than a few people are hoping for that reckoning to happen. The question remains, of course, when? We're going to take another quick break but when we come back, we'll hear from Theresa Lynch as she tries to get some words with the Hall of Famer, Jeff "Madfox" Matthews!

[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 then fade back up backstage to Theresa Lynch, standing with microphone in hand in the parking lot.]

TL: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling here in Memphis, Tennessee! I'm here back in the parking lot area, waiting for the arrival of Jeff "Madfox" Matthews. The last time on Saturday Night Wrestling, Matthews offered his help to Supreme Wright against the Syndicate in that big tag team showdown at SuperClash. So, I'm hoping to find out if that offer has been accept...

[Lynch's words trail off as she looks past the camera]

TL: Wait... I think I see... Yes, here he comes now. [Waves] Madfox! Jeff Matthews! A few questions?

[Suddenly, there's a roar off camera]

TL: Oh my god!

[The camera quickly pans around to catch what Theresa is reacting to. A short distance away, Matthews in his street clothes is down on one knee on the parking lot asphalt, presumably put there by the hulking mass of Casey "Blackheart" James standing over him. A bit further away stands Tiger Claw, feet planted, and arms crossed as if he's simply watching the assault unfold.]

CJ: Wanna piece of the Syndicate, huh?

[James lays in a few stomps, driving Matthews down further.]

TL: Someone get security out here!

[Matthews manages to get around a sloppy push kick that was aimed for his head, and shoots up to his feet. He hits a few shots to James' kidneys, causing James to stumble forward a bit toward the front of a nearby parked car. James turns around just as Matthews closes in, and they clinch up a bit, forcing James to fall backward onto the hood of the car. In the background, Claw rolls his eyes.]

TC: Get UP, you sack of crap! USE that damn weight!

[James seems to be motivated by his corner man, and starts pushing back, lifting himself off the car. Both Matthews and James fight for the upper hand in a painfully tight collar and elbow. They turn once, twice, then just as James is about to turn a third time, Matthews drops to one knee and mares James over his shoulder. James rolls through, but this brings him dangerously close to the camera man. The shot jostles around as the camera man leaps out of the way...]

TL: Woah! Woah, are you okay!? Where the hell is security!?

[The shot stabilizes and we see James in a sitting position, with Theresa just behind him in a panic. Matthews steps up and throws a soccer kick right into James' back. James howls in pain as the Madfox takes a moment to catch his breath. Suddenly, there's a loud CRACK! The shin kick is heard before it's really seen hitting the side of Matthews' head. Matthews crumples down to the ground as Claw stands over him, grumbling...]

TC: Gotta do everything myself...

[Claw throws a forward knee into Matthews' head, knocking him prone on the asphalt.]

TC: Get up, Chunk. Let's finish this.

[James gets up to one knee, then up to his feet, holding his back and wincing in pain as he does. Claw grabs a handful of hair and ear from the side of Matthews' head and begins to pull him to his feet. The quick shock of pain seems to bring Matthews back to his senses, and he begins to fight back, throwing body shots on Claw. Claw tries to ignore the punches, but they start to take a visible effect after the third or fourth. It's at this point security shows up.]

TL: Finally! Stop them! They just attacked!

[Security starts to advance on the melee just as Matthews starts to gain the upper hand on Claw. Matthews is about to throw a straight punch into Claw's face, but James roars out and spins, hitting a very stiff discus lariat through the Madfox. Madfox falls back, and everyone in the area lets out a collective 'WOAH!']

As Madfox falls back, feet nearly off the ground, he runs into Theresa Lynch. The impact seems to knock her unconscious immediately. She rag-dolls her way all the way to the floor, the back of her head making significant contact with the concrete. Matthews, to his credit, does what he can to prevent landing on her and rolls through. He quickly sits up and looks around, a look of concern on his face.

The mass of security guys seem to be stunned for a second, most of them looking wide eyed at Theresa on the floor. One of them snaps out of his trance for a second, and divides the team up, four guys seeing to Theresa, and four guys getting the Syndicate away from her. Both Claw and James have a hint of concern on their faces, and step back, hands up.]

CJ: Woah, woah, it's cool. Someone get someone to... Hey, go get a paramedic or something. Someone's gotta take care of her.

[The security guys push Casey and Claw back. James reaches toward the camera man and appears to grab his shoulder. The camera guy is dragged with James as he's pushed back by the security team...]

CJ: No, I'm not playin' around here, get someone to take care of her! Go to the trainer's room and get someone! Yes! Go!

[The shot pans around and we can see Theresa on her back, with three security guys checking on her. A fourth comes in with a paramedic. The shot pans back around to The Syndicate, who have put some distance between the security team and themselves. They don't appear to be resisting at all.]

CJ: Good, hey, doc, take care of her, alright? Take care of her...

[Suddenly, James pulls the camera guy toward him, and he looks right into the camera. The look of concern immediately melts away and is replaced with a sick grin...]

CJ: Because Supreme... He can't take care of her, can he? We told you, Supreme... This is war. Nobody's safe.

Nobody.

Not even your main squeeze.

[James lets go of the cameraman and backs off, his hands up in a gesture that's part submissive and part pantomiming an explosion. As he backs away from the camera, we see Claw watching the paramedic check on Theresa, a smirk on his face. He glances at the camera for a moment before both men turn and walk off into the parking garage...

...and we abruptly cut 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 then fade back on a still-buzzing backstage area, out near the parking lot. There are AWA officials, security, paramedics, and various other stagehands running around. In the middle of it all though, "Sweet" Lou Blackwell stands with members of the AWA's First Family, the Lynches, specifically the Living Legend Blackjack Lynch, former World Heavyweight Champion Jack Lynch, and the current National Heavyweight Champion, Travis Lynch. Joining them is Jack Lynch's TexMo Connection partner, Bobby O'Connor. All three Lynches are irate, while O'Connor has a look of concern on his face.]

SLB: Fans, we are back here live in...

[Blackwell looks over at a fuming Jack Lynch, his words trailing off.]

SLB: Jack, I... well, after what we just saw... I've got to imagine that the only thing on your mind is the condition of Theresa Lynch. We've just seen her being loaded into an ambulance, and I'm wondering...

[Before Blackwell can say more, he's cut off by Jack Lynch.]

JL: What I'm wonderin' Lou, is why I'm still here. Why any of us are here when 'Reesa is lyin' on a stretcher with a damn brace around her neck. We should be with her, not standin' around back here jaw jackin'.

[It's the family's patriarch who answers.]

BJL: You're here because you've got business to take care of. And you're here because this man...

[Lynch points to O'Connor.]

BJL: ...is countin' on you to take care of that business. You got a commitment, and you're gonna see it through. Bobby's been waitin' a long time, and you owe it to him to go into that ring with your head screwed on straight and show the world that you're a man who doesn't let his people down.

[The elder Lynch son shouts at his father angrily.]

JL: My people? My sister is my people, old man! And you don't want me going to the hospital? Fine! Then let's go hunt down James and Claw and show 'em what happens when you mess with a Lynch!

[Now it's O'Connor who steps in.]

BOC: Jack... no.

Listen, I love Theresa as much as you do. But we can't go after the Syndicate, not tonight. What happens if you get hurt? You heard Taylor and Donovan, this is our one title shot.

I've waited patiently, but you owe me this. No distractions, no excuses.

After tonight? You know I'll back you up. But not tonight. Tonight is about us, and it's about those titles.

[Blackjack lifts his mighty paw, setting it on his son's shoulder, trying to comfort him.]

BJL: Listen to your partner, Jack. You've got business to take care of tonight. You do that, I'll go see Theresa. And when the time comes? I promise you that we'll make this right.

[Lynch shrugs off his father's hand angrily... and then his shoulders drop as he nods.]

JL: I'm sorry, I hear ya, I hear all of ya. But I just can't...

[Lynch takes a step forward, but is stopped when Travis steps in front of his older brother.]

TL: Now listen Jack, listen to the old man. You got things to take care of.

JL: Now I'm going to hear YOU tell me about handling my business?

[Travis glares angrily at his brother, and it seems like things might explode, but at the last minute, Travis shakes his head.]

TL: Shut up and listen for once.

You know, as well as I do, that 'Reesa is in good hands. She's got the best doctors lookin' after her. And you know as well as I do that Theresa would kick your butt from here back to Dallas if she found out you bailed on Bobby and the tag titles so you could spend your night playin' nursemaid to her.

Get your head screwed on straight, and do the right thing.

[Jack opens his mouth to speak, but closes his mouth and exhales.]

JL: Fine, all right. You're all right.

Bobby, you got yourself a partner tonight. And before the night's over, you'll have yourself a shiny new belt.

But I won't forget what those Syndicate bastards did. And sooner, rather than later, they'll pay for this.

[Lynch throws a look over his shoulder before exiting, eyes coming to rest on someone being spoken to by AWA officials. It is Supreme Wright and he looks just about as mad as we've ever seen. Shaking with intensity, Wright spins away from the officials, slamming his hand into the wall with a loud "DAMN IT!" Several AWA officials take a step back, walking away as Wright slumps against the wall, his forehead pressed into the cement...

...and we fade to another part of the backstage area where Melissa Cannon and Ayako Fujiwara are standing on either side of Sweet Lou Blackwell. They're both dressed in their ring gear but honestly look like they couldn't get any further away from one another and stay in the frame of the camera shot.]

SLB: Alright, fans... a terrible scene backstage here in Memphis. My thoughts of course are with my broadcast colleague, Theresa Lynch, but much like her family, I know that she'd want the show to go on in her absence. Right now, I'm here with the two women who will be competing against a very stiff challenge in the form of the Serpentes in just a few moments. Of course, the Serpentes will be joined by their former ally - or perhaps ally once more - Lauryn Rage who will defend her Women's World Title against the two of you at SuperClash.

[Cannon nods.]

MC: That's right, Lou... but that's not what tonight is about. Tonight isn't about Lauryn Rage. She'll get what she's got coming to her in just about a month in New Orleans. Tonight is about the two of us coming together against a common enemy. It's not an easy thing to do, Lou. When you're as competitive as the two of us are, it's hard to not be out for yourself and only yourself at every chance but tonight, if we go out there without having each other's backs... the Serpentes are going to tear us apart.

[Ayako nods in agreement.]

Ayako: Melissa-san is correct. The Serpentes are strong, powerful... dangerous. We can't let our battle in the future taint how we fight the battle we have in the present. Lauryn Rage has placed this challenge before us, but we will conquer it!

[Blackwell nods.]

SLB: I think it should come as no surprise to anyone that Lauryn Rage put this match together specifically hoping the two of you couldn't work together and that the Serpentine might soften you up for her.

[Cannon snorts derisively.]

MC: If that's what Rage was hoping for, her dreams are going to be crushed tonight. Ayako and I may not be the best of friends right now because we both know what's at stake at SuperClash... but I have all the respect in the world for her and I know she does for me. So together, we know that we're going to be a tough team for anyone to beat... and that's all we have to do tonight... be together... be on the same page... work as a unit to achieve a common goal.

SLB: Which is?

MC: Getting through Rage's little trap in one piece so that when we get to SuperClash with the title on the line, we can look each other in the eye and say "May the best woman win."

SLB: Ayako, your thoughts on that?

Ayako: I've never allowed personal feelings or emotions to get in the way of what must be done. Lauryn Rage may believe she can poison the relationship between me and Melissa-san. She may believe she can use The Serpentine to do her dirty work for her and weaken us before SuperClash. She can believe all these things...but she is wrong.

[Ayako and Melissa lock eyes and smirk at each other.]

Ayako: We may be opponents at SuperClash, but tonight, we are a team and imagine, Lou-san, what Melissa Cannon and Ayako Fujiwara can do together.

SLB: You two together? The possibilities are certainly endless.

Ayako: That is right Lou-san, with Melissa, together our potential is unlimited. We are UNLIMITED. If we work in tandem, there is no fight we cannot win. The Serpentine will never be able to bring us down. Any of Lauryn Rage's plans would amount to nothing as long as we work together.

Tonight, we will defeat The Serpentine. We will overcome Lauryn Rage's pathetic attempts to sow discord between us. And then, with the distractions out of our way, we'll turn our focus to Lauryn Rage and SuperClash.

And woe be unto her.

[Blackwell turns back to the camera.]

SLB: Alright, fans, I-

[Cannon interrupts.]

MC: Lou, before we go, I just want to send my love and support to Theresa. She got knocked down out there tonight by a couple of punk bullies who think they're better than everyone else. But anyone who knows that family and especially knows Theresa knows that when she gets knocked down, she'll get right back up stronger than ever.

[Ayako nods soberly in agreement.]

Ayako: What happened to Theresa-san was unfortunate. It's been a chaotic time in the AWA recently and so many innocent people have been hurt by the actions of wicked men and women.

MC: It's sad and pathetic is what it is. But there's no doubt in my mind those people are going to get what's coming to them! Whether it be The Syndicate or Juan Vasquez or even Lauryn Rage, they'll get theirs soon enough. We just have to go out there and continue fighting the good fight.

Ayako: You're right. We cannot allow evil to just continue to happen. We must continue to fight against it. [She turns her attention back to Lou.] I wish Theresa-san a speedy recovery.

[Seemingly on the same page now, Melissa and Ayako bump fists and walk off camera.]

SLB: Alright, fans... both of those women sending their support to Theresa Lynch but they have their eyes set on defying gravity here tonight when they take on the Serpentine who most certainly are on a very different mission. Let's go to the ring and Rebecca Ortiz!

[Fade to the ring where Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following Women's Division tag team contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit! Introducing first...

[The Lox' "Money, Power, Respect" blares over the PA system.]

RO: From Rahway, New Jersey and the Bronx... being accompanied to the ring by the Women's World Champion, Lauryn Rage... they are Mamba and Copperhead...

THE SERRRRRRPENTIIIIIIINES!

[Lauryn Rage struts out onto the stage, the Women's World Title securely around her waist. Rage taunts the jeering crowd as she jerks her thumbs over her shoulders, signaling the entrance of the Serpentine. Copperhead stands on her left, the mohawked Dominican hissing at the crowd. Mamba takes the other side, flexing her muscles as Rage nods approvingly. The camera draws in close as Rage holds up a small duffel bag.]

"Now remember... there's a shopping spree worth of cash in here if you do what we discussed. Not a Lauryn Rage shopping spree... but enough for you two."

[The Serpentine glare at Rage for a moment before nodding, walking up the aisle as Rage trails behind, swinging the duffel bag around playfully as they head towards the ring.]

GM: What was that all about, Bucky?

BW: I don't have a clue, Gordo. It sounded like a financial arrangement has been made between the Serpentine and their former ally, Lauryn Rage.

GM: That much I gathered but what did they discuss previously? What do they have to do to get the cash?

BW: Whatever it is, it can't be good news for Cannon and Fujiwara, daddy.

[The trio enters the ring as we await the arrival of their opponents. The music fades.]

RO: And their opponents...

[The lights drop down to black, causing an "oooooh" from the Memphis crowd. They stay there for a few moments before the quiet panflute introduction of Zamfir's "The Lonely Shepherd" begins to play over the PA system. A pale yellow lighting fills the arena, covering the crowd... the ring... and, of course, the entryway.]

RO: First, from Los Angeles, California... weighing in at 145 pounds...

MELISSSSSSAAAAA CANNNNNNNONNNNNNNN!

[Cannon strides through the entrance curtain to a big reaction, standing in her ring gear - the trademark yellow jumpsuit she's worn since returning to the ring against Miyuki Ozaki. Cannon points towards the ring where Lauryn Rage beckons her forward as the music shifts to "Battle Without Honor Or Humanity."]

GM: Melissa Cannon heading down the aisle, ready for tag team competition here tonight as she stands less than a month away from her Women's World Title showdown - that historic Three Way Dance - that we'll see at SuperClash.

BW: And she's walking all alone, Gordo. So much for team camaraderie.

GM: Well, it's hard to be best of friends with someone who will stand between you and your dream in about a month, Bucky.

BW: That's true but if they can't get it together tonight, Fujiwara and Cannon might not even make it to SuperClash! The Serpentes might take them out right here and now!

GM: An excellent point.

[Cannon reaches the ring, pausing out on the floor and shaking her head at the idea of running headlong into the fray against three people. As she trades words with Rage from the floor, the music shifts to "The Cyborg Fights" by YellowExxhy to another big cheer.]

RO: Annnnnd her tag team partner... from Fujinomiya, Japan... weighing in at 70 kilograms...

AAAAAAAYAKOOOOOOO FUJIWARRRRRAAAAA!

[The roar grows even larger once the crowd sees Ayako Fujiwara, dressed in an elaborate black Susohiki-style kimono, emerging from behind the curtains with her arms spread wide apart. She stops at the top of the aisle and lowers her head momentarily to soak in the crowd's reaction, before lowering her arms and making her way down to the ring.]

GM: And here comes the other third of that Women's World Title match coming up at SuperClash, the Olympic gold medalist - Ayako Fujiwara!

BW: I'm so sick of hearing about her gold medal, Gordo. The only gold that matters in this business is the gold around Lauryn Rage's waist! Until Fujiwara wears that, she hasn't done a damn thing in this business.

GM: Well, we know that's not true. Even if you discount that she was so close to being the very first AWA Women's World Champion in that Rumble this past summer, you have to acknowledge the success she had in Japan. She's a two-time winner of the Empress Cup for crying out loud!

[Coming up alongside Melissa Cannon, the two women size each other up for a moment...

...and then to a tremendous roar, dive under the ropes into the ring. Mamba and Copperhead race to intercept as Lauryn Rage bails from the ring and referee Shary Miranda signals for the bell.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: Here we go!

[Fujiwara and Cannon both take a handful of clubbing forearm blows from the Serpentes before they manage to get back to their feet, quickly putting their opponent on their heels with forearm strikes of their own, bouncing off the jaws of Mamba and Copperhead.]

GM: The Serpentes jumped the gun, trying to get an early advantage but Cannon and Fujiwara are fighting back!

[The crowd gets louder and louder with each blow thrown. The Serpentes are backpedaling across the ring as Lauryn Rage shouts at them from the floor...

...and then both go tumbling over the ropes, crashing down to the barely-padded concrete courtesy of a double clothesline!]

GM: OH MY!

[Cannon ducks through the ropes, taking a spot on the apron as Fujiwara stands guard inside the ring...

...and watches as one of her SuperClash opponents charges down the apron, leaping off to drive a flying knee into the jaw of Mamba!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Pumping an arm triumphantly, Fujiwara grins at Lauryn Rage who approaches the Serpentes, shouting loudly at them.]

“THIS IS UNACCEPTABLE! DO BETTER!”

[And while she shouts, she fails to notice how close she is to the ring...

...which allows Fujiwara to reach over the top rope, snatching a handful of Rage’s hair! The crowd ROARS as the Women’s World Champion yelps, suddenly finding herself being dragged up onto the ring apron!]

GM: Look at this! Fujiwara’s got ahold of the champ!

BW: You know how much that hair style cost?! Fujiwara’s gonna pay for this!

[Fujiwara hauls Rage up onto the apron, reaching over the top rope to wrap her arms around Rage’s torso...]

GM: She’s going for a belly-to-belly from the outside into the ring!

BW: Lauryn’s not even in this match! Somebody stop this!

[On cue, Copperhead reaches under the bottom rope, grabbing Fujiwara by the ankle and yanking her off her feet. She gives a tug, dragging Fujiwara under the ropes...

...which is when Lauryn Rage leaps up, driving both feet down onto the chest of Fujiwara whose lower half of her body is hanging off the apron!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Cheapshot by the champion!

BW: Hey, Fujiwara dragged her into this!

[The referee gets up in Rage’s face for the illegal double stomp, shouting at her. Rage gives it right back, letting young Shary Miranda have it.]

GM: Our rookie referee in there getting an earful from the champion... and she’s very lucky she didn’t get the Serpentes disqualified for a stunt like that, Bucky.

[Copperhead takes the opportunity as Rage clears out to the floor to climb up on the apron, taking aim on Fujiwara...

...and drops a big running splash down on the chest, again driving the small of her back into the edge of the apron!]

GM: Good grief! A violent assault outside the ring by Copperhead and the Serpentes have just put Ayako Fujiwara on the defensive early on in this one.

[Rolling off Fujiwara to the floor, Copperhead drags her with her, standing her up as she grabs her by the arm...]

GM: Irish whip... OHHH! Fujiwara SLAMS spinefirst into the ring apron!

[Copperhead leans in, delivering some of her patented trash talking.]

“You like that, girlie?! I got plenty more where that came from!”

[A hard right hand to the jaw causes Fujiwara to slump down to her knees as Copperhead glares at the jeering crowd. Rage gives a shout of “STAY ON HER! STAY ON HER!” that gets a glare in her direction as well before Copperhead rolls Fujiwara under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Copperhead puts her back in... rolling herself back in as well.

[Copperhead is in, grabbing Fujiwara by the ankle and dragging her backwards towards the Serpentes’ corner before she tags in Mamba who is rubbing at her jaw after the flying knee by Cannon who shouts for her partner to get back to her feet.]

GM: The Serpentes make the exchange... in comes Mamba... all 6’2, 200 pounds of her.

[Mamba winds up her arms, smashing a double axehandle down across the kidneys of Fujiwara who had managed to get to all fours. A second one puts her down on her stomach again as Mamba walks around her, throwing a glance over at Cannon and pointing a threatening finger at her. Outside the ring, Copperhead verbalizes the threat.]

“YOU’RE NEXT! YOU’RE NEXT, CANNON!”

[Mamba nods in agreement as she hauls Fujiwara off the mat by the hair, throwing her bodily back into the Serpentes’ corner where she slams backfirst into the

turnbuckles. The referee steps in as Mamba lands a pair of big knees to the midsection.]

GM: Come on!

[Mamba slowly turns around, pleading her innocence to the official as she backs up, pinning Fujiwara against the corner...

...and swings her elbow back into the side of the head once... twice... three times before she steps out of the corner again.]

GM: The Serpentes are in total control right now... another tag...

[Copperhead slides in, joining her partner in the ring. Each woman grabs an arm on Fujiwara, pulling her partway out of the corner...

...and then HURLING her right back in, jolting the spine again as Lauryn Rage shouts her approval from the floor!]

"AIN'T NO ACTION IN TRACTION, AYAKO!"

[Copperhead grabs Fujiwara, dragging her a few feet out of the corner and into a double underhook before she tosses her effortlessly across the ring, throwing her down with the suplex.]

GM: Butterfly suplex and a beauty, Bucky.

BW: Very nice execution on that one... but she threw Fujiwara across the ring and that could be a mistake if she can make a- nope!

[Fujiwara briefly seems to have visions of making the tag as well before Copperhead runs across the ring, viciously stomping the small of her back.]

BW: Now that's good tag team wrestling, Gordo. It's the difference between a real tag team and two people thrown together who have their own agendas.

[Copperhead waggles a finger at an anxious Melissa Cannon, grabbing Fujiwara by the ankle and dragging her back across the ring.]

"Nah, nah, nah, little girl. This fish is mine."

[An elbowdrop across the small of the back causes Fujiwara to howl in pain as a smirking Copperhead climbs back to her feet, turning to the corner where she slaps Mamba's outstretched hand.]

GM: Another quick tag by the Serpentes... and you're right, Bucky. The teamwork of these longtime partners is completely overwhelming Cannon and Fujiwara at this point of the contest.

[Mamba steps in, taking a moment to stomp Fujiwara alongside Copperhead to the jeers of the fans and the protests of referee Shary Miranda.]

GM: Copperhead out, Mamba back in... dragging Fujiwara up to her feet... look out here...

[The 6'2, 200 pound Mamba lifts Fujiwara into the air, spinning around with her before violently throwing her down in a ring-shaking body slam. Mamba bounces a few times on impact, sneering across the ring at Melissa Cannon as Lauryn Rage shouts, "YOU'RE DONE FOR, FUJIWARA!" Mamba nods in agreement as she drops to her knees, arrogantly covering Fujiwara for a two count before she kicks out.]

GM: It's gonna take more than a bodyslam to finish off Ayako Fujiwara, Bucky... no matter what Mamba thinks.

[Mamba barks at the referee as she climbs back to her feet, dragging Fujiwara back up by the arm...

...when Fujiwara suddenly surges forward, landing a big forearm shot on the jaw to cheers from the crowd!]

GM: Big forearm finds the mark!

[Fujiwara lands a second and a third, the crowd getting louder for her...

...until Mamba swings a knee up into the midsection, cutting her off and taking the fans' noise level right back down.]

GM: Ohh... Mamba goes downstairs... big hammer throw on the way...

[The whip lands Fujiwara in the neutral corner as Mamba sets to charge in after her...

...and runs chestfirst into the corner as Fujiwara dives out of the way in time!]

GM: Ohhh! Into the corner goes Mamba!

[Fujiwara throws a look towards her corner where Melissa Cannon insistently sticks out her hand for a tag...

...but shakes her head, swooping in behind Mamba instead, hooking a rear waistlock...]

GM: Waistlock!

[...and the powerhouse HURLS the 200 pound Mamba up and over, bouncing her off the canvas with a released German Suplex!]

GM: GERMAN SUPLEX BY THE WOMAN THEY CALL MISS GERMANY!

[Fujiwara climbs back to her feet, looking down at the Mamba, and then marches across the ring, slapping Cannon's hand with some mustard on it, and then angrily points at the downed Mamba as Cannon slips through the ropes.]

GM: Well, that was a tag... not a very friendly one but a tag nonetheless.

[As Cannon comes in, she's greeted by the rising Mamba who throws a right hand that Cannon easily blocks before landing a stiff elbowstrike to the jaw!]

GM: Oh! What a shot!

[Mamba stumbles under the blow as Cannon loops her left arm around Mamba's head and neck, holding her up as she unleashes a torrent of vicious right forearms to the side of the head!]

GM: Blow after blow landing from Cannon!

BW: Michaelson sure did teach her a thing or two about throwing those forearms and elbows, Gordo.

GM: A vintage Todd Michaelson style offense here in Memphis on display!

[She shoves Mamba back into the neutral corner, backing across the ring with a pump of her right arm...

...and then charges in, leaping high in the sky to land another forearm to the jaw!]

GM: Leaping forearm connects in the corner!

[Grabbing the head of Mamba again, Cannon throws a European uppercut right up under the chin... and another... and another, the crowd getting louder and louder for every blow landed. We cut to Lauryn Rage on the outside, grabbing her own jaw in sympathy pain... or perhaps thinking about what that might feel like in about a month.]

GM: And Lauryn Rage may be looking for a way out of her match at SuperClash after this display of striking power by Melissa Cannon!

[With Mamba reeling, Cannon grabs an arm, whipping her across the ring to the far corner. She smashes into the buckles, stumbling back out towards Cannon who rushes across the ring, leaping into the air, and taking Mamba off her feet with a flying clothesline punctuated by a Cannon shout!]

GM: Oh my! Cannon takes her down... and a cover off the clothesline!

[The referee counts one... two... and this time, it's Mamba who lifts the shoulder off the mat, breaking up the pin.]

GM: Two count only for Cannon...

[Cannon climbs to her feet, throwing her arms up in a familiar signal.]

GM: She's calling for the Billion Dollar Bomb!

[A nodding Cannon circles the rising Mamba, burying a boot into her midsection...

...and then pulls her into a standing headscissors. She reaches down, looping up one arm in an underhook.]

GM: Cannon hooks one arm... and then the other!

[But before she can hoist the 200 pounder into the air, Copperhead slips through the ropes and lowers the boom in the form of a double axehandle to the back of the neck!]

GM: Ohhh! Copperhead breaks it up!

[The crowd ROARS as Ayako Fujiwara steps in, charges across, leaping into the air to throw a dropkick that knocks Copperhead through the ropes, putting her out on the floor!]

GM: Fujiwara clears out Copperhead! And the referee didn't like that!

[The crowd jeers as Fujiwara is forced back across the ring by referee Shary Miranda...

...which allows Lauryn Rage to hop up on the ring apron behind the official's back, grabbing Cannon by the hair, and YANKING her back down to the mat, the back of her skull bouncing off the canvas!]

GM: OHHH! COME ON!

[A smirking Rage is back down on the floor before the referee turns around to find both Mamba and Cannon down on the canvas.]

GM: Blatant interference by the Women's World Champion right there, Bucky.

BW: Where? I didn't see anything! I was trying to get that guy over there to bring me a hot dog! Hey... you! Dog over here!

GM: A likely story from my colorful color man, fans, and that move right there out of Lauryn Rage may have completely turned the tide in this tag team battle. Can Melissa Cannon recover? We'll find out as we come back from this commercial break!

[A smirking Lauryn Rage looks on as we 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 fade back up as Mamba is putting the boots to the downed Melissa Cannon, repeatedly stomping at the small of her back.]

GM: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling here in Memphis, Tennessee where during our commercial break, Mamba has been absolutely dominating Melissa Cannon.

BW: They both have, Gordo! Don't leave Copperhead out of this!

GM: I suppose I shouldn't leave out Lauryn Rage either since it was her interference that turned this match around, Bucky.

BW: I don't know anything about that.

GM: I'm sure. Mamba now pulling Cannon up off the mat... look out here!

[The crowd "ooooohs" as Mamba not only lifts Cannon up in her powerful arms but presses her straight over her head. The crowd is buzzing as the Serpentine's powerhouse strides around the ring, her arms at full extension as she holds Cannon aloft for all to see...

...and then HURLS her down to the canvas! Cannon's back slams into the mat as she cries out, arching her back in pain as Mamba strikes a double bicep pose for the jeering crowd.]

GM: Impressive strength on the part of the Mamba as she puts Melissa Cannon down hard on the canvas... and now where is she going?

BW: Looks like she's going up. Boy, this woman can do it all, Gordo!

GM: The six foot two, 200 pound Mamba stepping up on the middle rope... standing tall for all to see as we cross the halfway point in the time limit for this tag team showdown.

[Mamba stands on the middle rope, beckoning Cannon back to her feet as Lauryn Rage can be heard shouting from the floor.]

"GET UP, YOU NEVER WERE! YOU THINK YOU CAN TAKE MY BELT?!"

[Cannon slowly stirs off the canvas, clutching her lower back as Mamba leaps from the middle rope, extending her right arm...]

GM: Flying clothesline and...

[...and CRASHES into the canvas as Cannon drops down to a knee, ducking under the blow!]

GM: ...and she misses! She missed the clothesline!

[The crowd cheers as Cannon steadies herself, turning to look to her corner where Ayako Fujiwara is pacing back and forth, shouting in Japanese at her partner.]

GM: I don't know if Cannon has a clue what Fujiwara is saying but she's heading towards her voice... looking to make that tag!

[Cannon is crawling across the ring on her hands and knees, the crowd urging her on as Fujiwara takes her spot in the corner, jumping up and down emphatically as Lauryn Rage shouts at the Mamba to stop Cannon's approach.]

GM: My stars, Fujiwara is all sorts of fired up as she waits for the tag! Can Melissa Cannon get there and give it to her?

BW: Copperhead should run in there to cut her off!

GM: Bucky!

BW: You're right! Lauryn should take matters into her own hands and do it!

GM: You really are too much, old friend. Cannon's closing the distance, halfway to her corner now...

[Fujiwara stretches out her arm, pulling the tag rope to full extension.]

GM: Cannon's getting close! Mamba's still down on the canvas and-

[Cannon pushes up to her knees, looking out at Fujiwara...

...and surges forward, slapping the hand!]

GM: TAG!

[With a wild shout, Fujiwara ducks through the ropes, rushing into the ring where the 200 pound Mamba has pushed up to all fours...]

GM: Fujiwara hooks her... are you kidding me?!

[The crowd ROARS as Fujiwara grunts with effort, deadlifting Mamba off the canvas in a gutwrench. Mamba is kicking and flailing for a bit before Fujiwara HURLS her overhead and down to the canvas with a gutwrench suplex!]

GM: OH MY!

BW: What a Karelin lift out of Fujiwara! I can't believe she pulled that off, Gordo!

[Fujiwara pumps her arms in excitement as she turns back to the slowly-rising Mamba...]

GM: Fujiwara hooks her - Northern Lights!

[She tosses the 200 pounder halfway across the ring before kipping back up to her feet...

...and catches the incoming Copperhead around the torso as well, tossing her with a mirror image of the Northern Lights she threw moments ago!]

GM: Fujiwara's tossing the Serpentes around the ring like a pair of rag dolls!

[She swoops back in on the rising Mamba, hooking a rear waistlock...]

GM: Waistlock!

[...and DUMPS her on the back of her head with a teeth-rattling German Suplex!]

GM: German Suplex on Mamba!

[Getting to her feet, she spins around, burying a boot in the gut of Copperhead. She smirks before backflipping over the doubled-up Copperhead, grabbing another waistlock, and dumping her with a suplex of her own!]

GM: OH MY STARS!

[Fujiwara gets to her feet, the crowd roaring as she stands in the midst of two laid out Serpentes. She smiles at the reaction, bowing slightly before pointing to Lauryn Rage and making the belt gesture.]

GM: And Fujiwara letting Lauryn Rage know that in just about a month's time, she's coming for that Women's World Title!

[Rage snatches the title to her chest, shaking her head defiantly as Fujiwara stares down at her...]

BW: Fujiwara's taking her eye off the prize though, Gordo.

GM: She certainly is for the moment.

[Turning away from Rage, she goes into a running cartwheel, dropping both knees down into the lower back of Mamba!]

GM: Cartwheel kneedrop takes a page out of her mother's playbook!

[With Mamba down on the mat, Fujiwara stands over her, looking down...]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

BW: There's no way, Gordo. No way she deadlifts a 200 pounder off the mat for that German suplex!

[With a loud shout in Japanese, Fujiwara endeavors to do just that, reaching down and wrapping her arms around the torso of Mamba...]

...which is Copperhead's cue to attack from behind, smashing a forearm across the back of Fujiwara's head!]

GM: Ohhh! Copperhead from the blind side and-

[Another loud shout fills the air but this one comes from Melissa Cannon as she barnstorms the ring, charging across with a leaping forearm smash that sends Copperhead sprawling through the ropes and out to the floor.]

GM: Oh my! Cannon clears out Copperhead!

[The referee jumps in again, shouting at Cannon to vacate the ring as Fujiwara turns her attention towards Mamba again.]

GM: Fujiwara pulling her up off the mat... scoops her up in those powerful arms... she may be looking for the Kanpekina!

[Fujiwara walks out to the middle of the ring, throwing a deliberate look at her partner... and then one at Lauryn Rage who is clutching the title belt to her chest...]

GM: Fujiwara's set...

[She swings Mamba to the side, dipping down low, and then spins back the other way, twisting around and DRIVING the 200 pounder into the canvas with a ring-rattling reverse-spin powerslam!]

GM: SHE GOT IT! THAT'S IT!

[The referee dives to the canvas to count.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO! TH-

[A lunging save by Copperhead breaks up the pin to the jeers of the crowd... which is when Melissa Cannon storms in yet again.]

GM: Cannon in and-

[A high impact clothesline sends both Cannon and Copperhead tumbling over the ropes, crashing down hard to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CANNON CLEARS HER OUT! What a hard fall for both women!

[Referee Shary Miranda shows concern for the competitors, diving out to the floor as Lauryn Rage rolls in on the other side, title belt in hand.]

GM: Look out here! Rage is in and she's got the strap!

[Rage waits as Fujiwara stirs off the mat... waiting... waiting... waiting as Fujiwara pulls Mamba up with her...]

GM: The referee is checking on Cannon and Copperhead! She doesn't see any of this going on and-

[Rage suddenly surges forward, title belt at the ready, taking a big swing at Fujiwara...]

...who ducks down, causing Rage to SLAM the face of the belt into Mamba's head to the roar of the Memphis crowd! Rage looks on in shock as Mamba falls limply to the canvas...]

GM: She missed! She missed!

[...and is even more shocked when she gets grabbed in a waistlock from behind!]

GM: Fujiwara's got Rage!

[The former Olympian LAUNCHES Rage up and over, dumping her on the back of her head with a released German Suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Rage promptly rolls to the floor, leaving the title belt in the ring. A grinning Fujiwara picks it up, holding it over her head to cheers from the crowd.]

GM: Fujiwara's got the belt!

BW: But it's not hers!

GM: She's got it! Tell your buddy Rage to come and take it from her!

[A dazed Melissa Cannon pulls herself up in her corner, spotting her partner wasting time by gloating with the title belt...

...and slaps Fujiwara on the shoulder, tagging herself in.]

GM: Tag! Cannon with the tag... I'm not sure Fujiwara was looking for it.

BW: Of course she wasn't but that gloryhog Cannon couldn't turn down the chance to steal some spotlight from her!

[Cannon ignores the protesting Fujiwara as she slides into the ring, taking up a spot several feet away from the corner, slapping her knee twice as she waits for Mamba to rise.]

GM: Cannon's calling for that flying knee! She's looking to end it here!

[And as a dazed Mamba pushes up to her knees, the former Combat Corner student tears across the ring, leaping into the air, and DRIVES her knee into the face of Mamba, snapping her head back and sending her down to the canvas in a heap!]

GM: KNEESTRIKE CONNECTS! KNEESTRIKE CONNECTS!

[Cannon flips Mamba over, diving across and hooking the leg.]

GM: ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Cannon pops back to her feet, throwing her arms up in the air triumphantly as Fujiwara looks on, hands on her hips as she stares at Cannon.]

GM: A hard fought tag match there with Melissa Cannon and Ayako Fujiwara getting the win...

BW: ...and that gloryhog Melissa Cannon getting the spotlight!

GM: I don't know if I'd go that far but Fujiwara does NOT look pleased with what went down here tonight, Bucky. She's staring a hole right through Melissa Cannon and... well, if they were hoping to be on the same page heading into SuperClash, I'd say this mission was NOT accomplished here tonight.

[Cut to the aisle where Lauryn Rage has retrieved her belt and is backpedaling down the aisle, smirking at the action in the ring as she clutches her title belt to her chest.]

GM: And Lauryn Rage is loving this conflict between Fujiwara and Cannon!

[Fujiwara barks in Japanese as Cannon, getting her attention. She strides across the ring, shouting accusations at Cannon who shakes her head, pointing to the referee and raising her hand.]

GM: I think Melissa Cannon's trying to tell Fujiwara she was just trying to win the match for their team but it doesn't look like Fujiwara is buying it, Bucky.

BW: And she shouldn't! That gloryhog didn't care about the team winning! She just wanted to get HER hand raised at the end of the match!

GM: This situation continues to heat up as we get closer and closer to SuperClash just about a month away! Fans, we're going to take a quick break but when we

come back, the World Television Champion will be in action so stick around, won't you please?

[Cannon and Fujiwara are still trading words mid-ring as we fade to black.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

You want it darker
We kill the flame #

[...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 we fade back up backstage to the locker room. There, by himself, is the AWA National Champion, Travis Lynch. Travis is attired in his trademark super smedium T-shirt, which has the image of Texas, colored like the Texas state flag, upon it and the word HEARTTHROB written diagonally over the image of Texas in black lettering. A silver crucifix rests on top of the T-shirt and a pair of blue jeans.]

TL: I know that in this business injuries happen... heck, my family has seen our share of them... but I never thought that I would be here...

[Before Travis can continue, another man enters the locker room. The former World Heavyweight Champion, Ryan Martinez. The AWA's White Knight wears a "House Martinez" t-shirt and a pair of black pants.]

RM: Hey.

[Lynch stares at him without a word.]

RM: Theresa gonna be okay?

[Lynch shrugs.]

TL: They don't know yet. Pops is supposed to call when they...

[Lynch's words trail off.]

TL: This really why you're here?

[Martinez lowers his gaze.]

RM: Look, I know this is your interview time, but I really need to talk to you. And you must have your ringer turned off, because you haven't been answering any of my calls.

[Lynch looks annoyed at the interruption.]

TL: I'll be honest, I don't really have a lot to say to you. And apparently its been awhile since you've had anything to say to me.

[Ryan nods.]

RM: You're right.

I've been so wrapped up in my own things that I haven't been a very good friend. I've let you and Jack down. I've let Supernova down. I've been a jerk to Ohara after all he did to hold the line. But I'm trying to change that. I'm trying to be the man I used to be. And that starts with you, Travis.

Though you may not like what I've got to say.

[Lynch's eyes narrow.]

TL: Spit it out.

[Ryan nods again.]

RM: First off, I want you to understand that you and Jack are some of my best friends. You're both like family to me. You two have had my back for years, going all the way back to when we took on the Wise Men. I respect you, Travis, and I respect all you've done.

[Travis braces himself for the other shoe to drop.]

RM: But what the hell was that two weeks ago? That was a damn disgrace, and you know it!

[Lynch bristles at the criticism, pointing an accusing finger at his friend.]

TL: Wait. Wait a minute. So let me get this right. The first time you talk to me in nearly a year is to call me out and criticize me?

[Travis glares at Martinez.]

TL: If you were anyone else... on this night with what's already happened... I'd be tellin' you to get the hell out of here before somethin' happens to you. But you're right, we're friends, so tonight, I'm goin' give you a pass. But let me ask you somethin', do you really think I don't know...

[Travis lowers his head and runs his hands through his hair.]

TL: Seriously, man?! You think I don't know that what happened in Saint Louis was a disgrace? You don't think I'm not embarrassed... no, not embarrassed... disgusted... you don't think I'm not disgusted in myself for what happened!?!

I jumped a legend in this business and dragged my family's name through the mud, and for what? Seriously for what?!?

[Lynch slumps down on a wooden bench.]

TL: I keep telling everyone that I want to build upon the legacy of that title...

[He uses his head to gesture to the makeshift replacement title belt hanging over a chair.]

TL: ...and then I do and do that to Stevie? Damn it, Ryan... I KNOW what a disgrace that was and I'm STILL beatin' myself up over it!

[There's a moment of silence between the two men for an awkward few seconds before Martinez speaks again.]

RM: Listen... listen, Travis... that wasn't you. Whatever else is going on with the belt and the pressure and... whatever else, you're not that guy. You're better than that.

You've just got... I heard what you told Jack... told him to get his head screwed on straight...

[Travis nods.]

RM: The same goes for you. You've got to pull it together. Because the guy we've seen out there lately isn't you... you're better than this. You're better than all of that. And that belt...

[He points to the National Title.]

RM: It deserves better than what you've been giving it lately. And the fans? They damn sure deserve better than what you've been giving them lately.

[Travis slowly nods in agreement.]

RM: And damn it, Travis... I'm gonna be selfish for a minute and tell you that I need the real you too. I need the real Travis back...

[Pause.]

RM: ...cause I can't beat Vasquez without the real Travis in my corner.

[Ryan pauses again, letting that sink in to Travis who looks up questioningly.]

RM: I can't do it, Trav. I can't beat him without you. And if I can't beat him... then all the things we've all sweat and bled for, they're going to come crumbling down.

[Martinez' eyes close as he inhales and exhales slowly.]

RM: There is no one in the entire AWA that has your record against Vasquez. Vasquez has never beaten you one on one, and you've beaten him twice. You're the only person in this entire company with that kind of winning record against him, you realize that?

That's the Travis I need. That's the Travis Lynch the AWA needs!

Help me with this, help me with him, and when it's all over, I promise you that I'll help you with all this mess around the title.

So I'm standing here, Travis, and I'm telling you that you're my last, best hope for putting Vasquez down.

All I need to know is... can I count on you?

[Travis takes a long moment to consider what's been said before he finally exhales and stands to his feet.]

TL: In this locker room, everyone knows I've got Bobby and Jack. But they seem to forget that I've got you as well. You're my extended family, brother... you'll always be able to count me.

RM: I knew you wouldn't let me down.

[Martinez extends a hand, and Travis takes it. As both shake hands, we go back to ringside, and a very ill looking Bucky Wilde.]

BW: You've gotta be kidding me!

GM: Ryan Martinez and Travis Lynch reaffirming their bonds of friendship with some huge potential impact on SuperClash! Ryan Martinez says that Travis Lynch is the only man in the AWA to have a winning record against Juan Vasquez and he wants his friend's help in vanquishing the World Champion!

BW: You have GOT to be kidding me!

GM: Oh, this is no joke, Bucky Wilde! Ryan Martinez means business... and he's got unfinished business with Juan Vasquez on Thanksgiving Night in New Orleans!

BW: You have GOT-

GM: Oh, would you stop?! Fans, speaking of unfinished business, it's become an annual tradition here in the AWA and in two weeks, right after Saturday Night Wrestling, we'll be bringing you a very special broadcast known as Unfinished Business as we take an up close and personal look at both champion and challenger heading into SuperClash where Ryan Martinez goes one-on-one with Juan Vasquez who will be stepping inside an AWA ring for the final time. That'll be one that you will NOT want to miss... and speaking of things you won't want to miss, let's head up to the ring for our World Television Title showdown!

[Cut to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing by with referee Scott Ezra.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome the man they call the "Voice of the GFC," the "Don of the Hexagon," and one of Memphis' own...

MISTER SHAUN BURGESS!!!

[Cheers for the "Don of the Hexagon," an African-American man, who looks in good shape for being in his sixties, with closely-cropped black hair and a neatly-trimmed

goatee, as he steps through the entranceway. Burgess is dressed in a luxurious maroon suit, over a white shirt, and carries a microphone in his hand.]

SB: How y'all doin', Memphis?

[The crowd cheers louder in response.]

SB: See, this city may be home of the blues, but the man about to come out here is looking more to, as they, I mean, as I say in the GFC, LAY DOWN A BRUISIN'!

[The crowd goes wild for one of Burgess' catchphrases.]

SB: So let's keep this show a-rockin' 'n a-rollin' and give it up for...

[The Chieftain's "Brian Boru's March" is met with some jeering mixed in with the continued cheers from the fans in attendance.]

SB: 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.]

SB: 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 the crowd's approval.]

SB: WHO will walk out of this match the AWA World Television Champion?

[A large part of the crowd yells "MA-HO-NEY!" As he makes his way down the aisle, Mahoney actually has a smile on his face, nodding approvingly at the reaction.]

SB: WHO has promised Terry Shane at SuperClash, in New Orleans, Louisiana, to, and this we are no stranger to in the GFC...

MAKE!

HIM!

TAP?!

[Again, the shout of "MA-HO-NEY!" is heard, followed by the chants of "MAKE HIM TAP!"]

SB: WHO is the Armbar Assassin and MASTER of the Emerald Cutter?

[Once more, the fans yell "MA-HO-NEY!" Reaching the ring, Mahoney climbs the steps, wiping the soles of his boots on the canvas before stepping through the ropes.]

SB: He is the Rowdiest Rebel from the Rebel County, Ireland. He is the man who continues to make the World Television championship MORE than matter! He is...

CALLUM MAAAHONEEEY!!!

[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: Even as I look ahead to New Orleans and the challenge of Terry Shane the Third, I continue to put MY title on the line against ANY and ALL challengers management feels the need to send out here, because whoever it is that steps through that entranceway, the outcome remains the same: he will have NO CHOICE, but. To. Tap. Out!

[A large part of the crowd joins in shouting "TO! TAP! OUT!" And, again, follows up with chants of "MAKE HIM TAP!"]

CM: So, to the poor fella whose honor it is this week to serve as an example to Terry Shane the Third, HURRY UP and...

[The fans finish 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!!!

And the challenger...

[The sounds of "The Great Gates Of Kiev" royally fill the PA system to a large cheer from the Memphis crowd.]

RO: From Memphis, Tennessee... weighing in at 240 pounds... he is the King of Southern Wrestling...

"REEEEEEEGAL"
RICKYYYYYYYYYYYY
REEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEED!

[With the majestic music playing, Reed strides into view, a royal purple velvet cape with white fur lining hanging over his shoulders and back. A matching crown rests atop his head as he points a golden scepter towards the ring.]

BW: Are you kidding me? Are my old eyes deceiving me, Gordo?

GM: Haha! The protege of former Mid-South Wrestling superstar, Robert Royale! A multi-time champion all over the South! One of the most popular men to ever step foot in the city of Memphis! What a moment this is for "Regal" Ricky Reed!

BW: And when you say he's one of the most popular men to ever step foot in the city of Memphis, Gordo, you're underselling it! This guy is so popular, I bet he could run for mayor down here and win!

GM: He describes himself as the "best wrestler you've never seen," having spent most of his career right down the road at the Mid-South Coliseum. The South belongs to Ricky Reed... and on this night, the World Television Title just might as well.

BW: If Mahoney was looking for a fight just about a month out from SuperClash, he's sure got one tonight, daddy!

[Reed reaches the ring, climbing the steps. He sets the scepter down on the canvas before gesturing for the referee to open the ropes. Referee Scott Ezra obliges, sitting down on the middle rope as Reed steps through. He twirls around, his cape spinning behind him as the Memphis crowd cheers on their hometown hero.]

GM: I already said it once but what a moment this has to be for Ricky Reed. He's been working for years to get his shot at the big time... but his love for his hometown has prevented him from taking the plunge.

BW: Lord knows he's had his offers.

GM: Absolutely. But now he gets his chance right here in front of these adoring fans and this has to be very special for him.

[Reed unhooks the cape's chain from around his throat, folding it up and stacking his crown on top of it before he hands it out to a ringside attendant with a stern warning.]

BW: That crown's worth more than that bum's house!

GM: Bucky! Honestly, Bucky... I'm a little surprised you're so enthusiastic to see Ricky Reed here tonight. You had your fair share of run-ins with him over the years in your time down here in Memphis.

BW: That's all water under the bridge.

GM: Really?

BW: Sure. It doesn't hurt that he's about to get his face smashed and his arm broken by Mahoney.

GM: I should've guessed.

[Reed theatrically points across the ring, his other hand curled up into a fist as he threatens to punch Mahoney in the mush. The Fighting Irishman on the other hand has a slightly concerned expression on his face.]

GM: You had to expect that these matches where Mahoney would willingly defend against an unknown opponent might catch up with him at some point... and that "some point" could be tonight.

BW: What happens if that happens, Gordo? Does Terry Shane face Ricky Reed at SuperClash instead?

GM: Boy, that would be something, wouldn't it? "Regal" Ricky Reed on the biggest stage in wrestling defending championship gold! That's the kind of story that would get the attention of the entire wrestling world going into New Orleans.

[The bell sounds as Reed and Mahoney scamper out of their respective corners. Mahoney strikes first, sliding to a knee as he makes a grab for Reed's leg but Reed pulls it back, dancing away with a smirk on his face and a waggle of his finger.]

GM: Mahoney goes for the takedown but comes up empty.

[Mahoney gets up, glaring at Reed as the Memphis native steps to mid-ring, beckoning him forward with both hands. The Fighting Irishman edges in slowly...

...and makes another dive for the leg, but Reed counters with a wild flurry of clubbing blows to the back of the head and neck to a roar from the Memphis crowd!]

GM: Oh my!

[Mahoney pulls out again, sliding on his rear to the corner, holding the back of his head in surprise.]

GM: Not your usual counter to that single leg takedown but it was certainly effective.

[The champion grabs the ropes, pulling himself to his feet. Reed again beckons him forward but this time, Mahoney shakes his head, waving for Reed to come to him.]

GM: Aha... looks like Mahoney wants to try a different approach here.

BW: A smart one too. Reed has to beat him, Mahoney can run laps around the ring for ten minutes and call it a successful night at the office if he has to.

[Mahoney grimaces as Reed refuses at first... but suddenly rushes forward at Mahoney who sees him coming, sidestepping as he swings Reed back into the buckles...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAP!”

GM: Knife edge chop by Mahoney and-

[The crowd cheers again as Reed grabs Mahoney by the head, swinging him back into the corner. The Regal One draws way back, swinging that right hand into the jaw...]

GM: Big right hand! Another! And another!

[With Mahoney reeling from the impressive haymakers, Reed plants a kiss on his fist and throws an uppercut that lifts Mahoney off the mat, dropping him down into a seated position against the buckles.]

GM: Oh my! What a shot that was by “Regal” Ricky Reed!

[Reed grabs Mahoney by the arm, pulling him off the canvas and flings him across the ring into the turnbuckles...]

GM: Mahoney hits the corner hard... stumbling back out...

[...as Reed ducks down, flipping Mahoney through the air and sending him down hard on his lower back on the mat!]

GM: SKY HIGH BACKDROP BY RICKY REED!

[A shocked Mahoney scrambles up off the mat...

...and gets caught with a surprising standing dropkick that finds the mark, sending the Fighting Irishman sprawling through the ropes and out onto the barely-padded concrete floor!]

GM: Hard fall through the ropes to the floor by Mahoney... and look out now, Ricky Reed's coming out after him!

BW: He's notorious for liking to play dirty on the floor, Gordo. He may be popular but he's no Mr. Nice Guy.

[Reed grabs Mahoney by the arm, giving a shout to the fans to clear as he goes for the whip...

...but Mahoney reverses it, sending Reed sailing up and over the barricade, crashing into the front row of seats as the Memphis crowd scatters!]

GM: OH MY STARS! INTO THE FRONT ROW GOES RICKY REED!

[Mahoney leans against the timekeeper's table for a few moments, catching his wind as Reed gets showered with words of support and encouragement from his hometown crowd at ringside.]

GM: Mahoney catching a breather as Reed reels out in the crowd.

BW: If I was Mahoney, I'd roll in right now and see if you can take the countout win.

GM: Of course you would.

BW: Why not? You still win the same amount of money by countout that you do by pinfall or submission! There's no glory in fighting for the sake of fighting, Gordo. If Mahoney prolongs this match, he could get hurt or he could even lose the title altogether and then where would his SuperClash goals be?

GM: Mahoney seems to have turned over a leaf as of recent so I'm hoping the title means more to him than to win by countout against a tough challenger.

[Mahoney stands by the apron a few more moments as the official starts up a ten count. He looks conflicted outside the ring, throwing a glance back and forth between Reed and the ring.]

GM: Come on, champ. Show us all why you deserve to wear that strap.

[With a visible sigh, Mahoney stomps away from the ring apron, leaning over the barricade to grab the rising Reed...

...who chucks a cup full of soda into the eyes of the Irishman!]

BW: Ahhh! That got on my shoes! My custom alligator shoes! He's gonna pay for that, Gordo!

GM: Reed dipping into his Memphis-sized bag of tricks to turn the tide in this one!

[Reed comes back over the railing, approaching the blinded (and sticky) Callum Mahoney from behind.]

GM: Reed tosses Mahoney back in, rolling in after him.

[Mahoney retreats back into the corner, frantically rubbing at his eyes to try to clear his vision as Reed approaches...

...and Mahoney lunges forward, smashing his head into the abdomen of the incoming Reed!]

GM: Mahoney may be blind as a bat right now but he knew where Reed was well enough to land that headbutt to the solar plexus.

[Coming off the mat, Mahoney grabs the thinning hair of Reed, throwing a big forearm uppercut!]

GM: Uppercut by the champion!

BW: Reed may need to see a dentist after that one! I've got one to refer him to if he needs one.

GM: You're going to send Reed to your dentist?

BW: Absolutely. His name is Dr. Ian Maxwell Payne.

GM: ...you go to a dentist named Dr. I.M. Payne?

BW: Hey, I appreciate his honesty.

[A few more forearms to the jaw connect, sending Reed spiraling back against the ropes. Mahoney is moving swiftly now, trying to inflict more punishment. He grabs Reed by the hair, stepping into a skull-splitting headbutt that really has the Royal One reeling.]

GM: Mahoney takes control as we near the four minute mark of this ten minute time limit.

[Mahoney grabs Reed by the arm, tossing him across the ring.]

GM: Literal Irish whip by the champion... ohh! Hard back elbow up under the chin takes Reed off his feet, putting him down on the canvas.

[The Fighting Irishman drops a few stomps on the torso, keeping Reed in place...
...and then SMASHES his face with a kneedrop to the cheekbone!]

GM: Ohhh! 240 pounds straight down on the face of the challenger!

[Mahoney settles into a lateral press, driving his forearm across Reed's cheekbone as he pins the shoulders down.]

GM: Mahoney's got him down - can he keep him there?

[A two count follows before Reed kicks out to cheers from the Memphis crowd.]

GM: Reed slips out in time and- look out now!

[Mahoney swings a leg over the torso of Reed, grabbing a handful of hair as he smashes his right hand down into the face over and over again. Much of the crowd gets on Mahoney's case for this aggressive act that continues until the referee's four count.]

GM: Mahoney coming dangerously close to a disqualification right there, Bucky. Reed might be frustrating him a little bit.

BW: I'm telling you, Gordo - he should take the DQ! The AWA brass pulled a fast one on him tonight and he should just get out of this as soon as he can.

[The World Television Champion stomps around the ring a bit, visibly upset as Reed stirs from the canvas, climbing to his feet with the aid of the ropes...

...which is when Mahoney charges in from the blind side, leaping up with a high knee that catches Reed's outstretched arm that is grabbing the top rope!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Reed immediately spins away from Mahoney, a grimace on his face as he clutches at his shoulder. He positions his body so that his entire body is between Mahoney and the arm, taking a wild swing with his right hand that Mahoney easily avoids before burying a left hand in the midsection.]

GM: The flying knee found the mark, Bucky, and this just might be the turning point in this contest.

BW: Mahoney's like a shark that smells blood right now. Look at him going after that arm!

[Having wrapped the arm around the top rope, Mahoney is absolutely pounding it with forearms and elbows as the referee again warns him to back off...

...to which he responds by kicking the trapped limb to even more jeers from the crowd!]

GM: Mahoney is showing that mean streak that has made him one of the most successful competitors in recent AWA history, Bucky.

BW: And I think this is a good lesson for everyone out there - particularly Terry Shane.

GM: What's that?

BW: Mahoney may be out here smiling and getting the crowd to chant for him during his entrances but when the bell rings, he's still the same ruthless son of a gun he's always been.

[Reed again stumbles away, trying to protect his arm as Mahoney pursues him towards the corner. He grabs the shoulder, spinning Reed around...

...and Reed again responds with a big haymaker to the jaw!]

GM: Oh, that got him! Reed lands the big right as we've passed the halfway mark in the time limit for this one!

[Another right hand lands, the crowd roaring for each blow as Mahoney gets backed across the ring.]

GM: He winds up again... ohh! Mahoney cuts him off with a boot to the gut!

[And with Reed doubled up, Mahoney grabs the arm, extending it, and drops down in a single arm DDT known as the Pogue Mahone!]

GM: Ohhh!

BW: That's one way to end up with your shoulder separated!

[Reed cries out in pain as Mahoney uses the arm to flip him over, attempting another lateral press with the forearm jammed into the cheekbone!]

GM: Mahoney with the cover - he gets one! He gets two! He gets- no! Reed slips out the back door again!

[And with Reed flipped over onto his side, Mahoney gets up, grabs the arm, and drops back into the Cross Armbreaker that he's so well known for!]

GM: The Armbar Assassin strikes! He's got it locked in!

[But the momentary roar of the crowd falls off as Reed stretches out his leg and drops his foot on the bottom rope.]

GM: Foot on the ropes! Foot on the ropes!

BW: Mahoney shouldn't break it... well, he should break his arm but not the hold!

GM: Water under the bridge, huh?

BW: Hey, I wore a neckbrace for a year because of this jerk's piledriver! You try and forgive and forget a thing like that! You exchanging Christmas cards with Caleb Temple these days?

[Gordon chuckles softly as Mahoney withdraws from the hold at the four count and Reed rolls under the ropes to the safety of the floor...

...or so he thinks.]

GM: Reed rolls out but Mahoney's coming after him.

[Out on the floor, the Fighting Irishman grabs Reed by the wrist, lifting his arm into the air...

...and SLAMS it down on the edge of the ring apron!]

GM: Good grief! That could snap a forearm clear in half!

[Reed again stumbles away, clutching his forearm as he leans chestfirst against the ringpost. Mahoney pauses, measuring him up...]

"THREE MINUTES REMAIN! THREE MINUTES!"

GM: Three minutes left in the time limit for this one... and what in the world is Callum Mahoney considering right here, Bucky?

BW: He's gonna put an end to this.

[Mahoney charges in from behind Reed, leaping into the air with the goal of using his knee to drive Reed's shoulder into the ringpost...

...but Reed spins away from the post, causing Mahoney to smash his own knee into the steel!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE HITS THE STEEL! MAHONEY HITS THE STEEL!

[The World Television Champion cries out, sinking to his knees out on the barely-padded concrete floor.]

GM: And this might be "Regal" Ricky Reed's chance, fans!

[Turning back towards Mahoney, Reed grabs at his shoulder as he approaches, aware of the referee's advancing ten count inside the ring. He grabs Mahoney by the hair, pulling him off his knees...]

GM: Facefirst down into the apron!

[The crowd is cheering Reed on, a determined expression on his face as he slams Mahoney's head down a second time!]

GM: Two times into the apron! He shoves Mahoney under the ropes back inside the ring.

[And as the veteran takes the long way back in, climbing the ringsteps, ducking through the ropes to get inside the squared circle, the fans are roaring now, cheering him on.]

GM: Look at him, Bucky! That's the face that so many unfortunate opponents over the years dreaded seeing - even you!

[Mahoney is still down on the mat as Reed approaches, muttering to himself as he holds his right arm at the ready, fist clenched as Mahoney backs off, shaking his head...]

GM: Reed's backing the World Television Champion down!

[The champion suddenly rushes from the corner, throwing out his arm for a haymaker but Reed blocks it, throwing one of his own that sends Mahoney flying through the air before crashing down to the canvas!]

GM: My stars! One of the legendary right hands from Ricky Reed and down goes Mahoney off that one!

"TWO MINUTES! TWO MINUTES!"

GM: Two minutes to go in the time limit for this one! Can Mahoney get the job done on that bad knee? Or can Ricky Reed make history tonight here in Memphis?

[Reed approaches the corner where Mahoney is standing in a daze, stepping up to the midbuckle and raising his fist for all of Memphis and the wrestling world to see...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Reed hops down, Mahoney barely able to stand on his own. He grabs the Fighting Irishman by the hair, running across the ring from corner to corner... and SMASHES his head into the top turnbuckle. Mahoney stumbles backwards out of the corner, falling facefirst to the canvas.]

GM: Down goes Mahoney again... and listen to these fans! This crowd is going nuts, Bucky!

BW: WHAT?!

GM: My partner can't even hear himself... which is probably a good thing considering some of the stuff he says...

BW: HEY!

[Reed points to the downed Mahoney, nodding his head as he backs to the corner, hopping up to the middle rope. He yanks down the single strap on his single to a DEAFENING ROAR as he holds his fist up for all to see again...]

GM: Memphis fans have seen this many times over the years! When they see it right now, it just might mean the crowning of a new AWA World Television Champion!

"SIXTY SECONDS!"

GM: One minute in the time limit! You gotta go now, Ricky Reed!

[With one final deep breath, Reed leaps into the air, set to drive his fist down into the skull of the champion...]

GM: FISTDROP! FISTDROP! HE GOT ALL OF THAT!

[A grinning Reed collapses into a North-South position, making an attempt at a cover.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

[The referee leaps up, pointing as the crowd goes absolutely crazy!]

GM: HE DID IT! HE DID IT! WE'VE GOT A NEW TELEVISION CHAMPION! WE'VE GOT A NEW-

BW: NO! NO!

[And then it becomes clear what the referee is pointing at!]

GM: OH! MAHONEY GOT HIS FOOT ON THE ROPES! HE GOT HIS FOOT ON THE ROPES, BUCKY!

BW: He sure did! The title is safe!

GM: This crowd is Memphis is irate! They thought their hometown hero had won the title! So did he! So did I! So did the entire wrestling world!

BW: You were all wrong!

[Reed buries his face into his hands, completely in disbelief at his near miss at becoming the World Television Champion...]

"FORTY-FIVE SECONDS!"

[Reed urgently gets back to his feet, many in the crowd leaping up and down, cheering him on. He spots Mahoney's injured leg still on the ropes...]

...and steps up on the middle rope, dropping his weight down on the knee!]

GM: OHHH! Reed going after the knee that hit the post earlier!

BW: Why?! He doesn't have time for a new gameplan! He should go for that damned piledriver!

GM: Bucky, you know as well as I do that piledrivers have been illegal all over the South in many regional promotions for years - stretching all the way down to Mexico! Reed may not even be aware that the piledriver is legal in the AWA!

[Grabbing Mahoney by the ankle, Reed drags him out to the middle of the ring. He holds the foot, looking down at Mahoney...]

"THIRTY SECONDS!"

[...and wraps the leg up in a spinning toehold!]

GM: Spinning toehold!

[The crowd ROARS as Reed spins around the leg again, increasing the pressure on the limb...]

GM: The very same hold that Terry Shane has pledged to use to win the title at SuperClash... if Mahoney even gets that far!

BW: He does it again! Can Mahoney hang on?

GM: The crowd in Memphis is on its feet! Are we about to see the title change hands? Are we about to see-

[But as Reed spins the hold around again, ducking down low for added pressure, Mahoney reaches up with his hand, grabbing the hair of Reed, and drags him down into a small package!]

GM: SMALL PACKAGE OUT OF NOWHERE!

[The referee dives to the canvas, slapping the mat once... twice...]

GM: HE GOT HIM!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd deflates instantly at their hero being knocked off as Mahoney bails from the ring, snatching his title belt off the timekeeper's table as Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.

GM: A hard-fought win for Callum Mahoney, successfully defending his title here tonight against local favorite "Regal" Ricky Reed. A disheartening loss though for Reed who surely had visions of a shocking debut title victory here in front of the fans who've supported him for so long.

[Reed is kneeling on the canvas, hands on his head in shock as he watches Mahoney raise the title belt over his head outside the ring. With a reluctant nod, he does a golf clap for Mahoney, pointing to the champion as Mahoney soaks up a few more boos than prior to the match.]

GM: Mahoney keeps the title, looking ahead to the SuperClash Pre-Game Show where he'll put the gold on the line against Terry Shane... and we'll be seeing the challenger in that one in action later tonight as well. But right now, we're going to

take a quick break because when we come back, we'll be getting some comments from the man who is still your World Television Champion, Callum Mahoney!

[Mahoney is still celebrating his win as we fade to black.]

Fade to a shot of a hallway, a Ryan Martinez poster on the wall. A young boy and his father turn the corner, now in the hall.

Cut to a closeup of the boy who points excitedly down the hall.]

"DAD, LOOK! IT'S RYAN MARTINEZ!"

[Cut to Ryan Martinez' back as he walks down the hallway, presumably heading for the ring... and then back to a two shot of the boy and his father who speaks for the first time.]

"You have to be quiet, son. He's getting ready for the big match."

[Cut back to Martinez' back, almost gone from sight now.]

Cut back to the young boy who shouts.]

"RYYYYYAAAAAN!"

[Cut to Martinez who slowly turns, a determined expression on his face.]

Cut to his boots, turning and walking towards the young man's voice. Step... step... step...

Cut back to the young boy, a nervous expression on his face now. Did he upset his hero?

Martinez' footsteps echo in the hallway as we cut to the young boy's father, looking down at his son and then down the hall at an approaching Ryan Martinez.

Cut to Martinez, still focused as he looks down unsmiling at the young boy.

Cut to the boy who has hero worship in his eyes as he looks up at Martinez and boldly speaks.]

"Go get him, White Knight."

[Martinez cracks a slight smile, reaching up to grab a Ryan Martinez White Knight t-shirt draped over his shoulder. He holds it up for a moment, setting it down on the young boy's shoulder as a proud father looks on. The boy breaks out into a huge grin as Martinez pats him on the other arm, turning to walk away as the opening notes to his music are heard.]

We cut to a closeup of the young boy once last time.]

"Wow."

[Then to Martinez, walking through the curtain into a blaze of bright white light.]

And then cut to a graphic that reads "The AWA: Who's Your Hero?"

Fade to black...

...and then back up to live action where “Sweet” Lou Blackwell is standing by on the interview platform with Callum Mahoney, looking a little weary from his tough title defense. World Television title draped over his left shoulder.]

SLB: Callum Mahoney, congratulations on another successful title defense of the World Television championship.

[Mahoney nods as there’s a pretty large contingent of boos for him. He shrugs as Blackwell continues.]

SLB: Two weeks ago, you accepted Terry Shane’s challenge for a match at SuperClash with the World Television Championship on the line. Shane has said that he plans on using the Shane family legacy – that spinning toehold that his father taught him – to snatch this very title off your waist. What have you got to say about that?

CM: Well, Sweet Lou, Bucky Wilde described most accurately what went down with the Shanes two weeks ago in St. Louis. Hey, Bucky, what did you call it? A disgusting display?

BW: A disgusting display! That’s what it was!

[Mahoney nods, even though he couldn’t hear Bucky repeat his claim.]

CM: Yeah, I was disgusted too. Not because St. Louis decided to honor Terry Shane Junior; every city needs its heroes, I guess. No, I was disgusted because on a night meant to celebrate his father, Terry Shane, as usual, somehow made it all about himself!

[And for the first time in quite a while, Mahoney finds himself on the receiving end of even more jeering than a few minutes ago.]

CM: Oh, please! Don’t tell me you bought into Shane’s “Aw, shucks! You weren’t meant to bring me out here, Dad!” act. You see, Shane heard about the honor being bestowed upon his father and put him up to saying all those things about him. He threatened his father; it was either provide him the ringing endorsement and affirmation he so craved, or he was going to do what Terry Shane does best... Spit in the face of said family legacy!

[The booing grows louder in response to Mahoney’s disrespect.]

CM: In fact, for a guy who talks a big game about EARNING the love, support and respect of the fans, instead of Daddy hyping you up, Terry, you sure have no problem trotting out your so-called family legacy when it’s most convenient for you. The latest being your claiming the spinning toe hold as some sort of birth right.

[He chuckles.]

CM: Unlike you, Terry, I didn’t INHERIT the armbar. I MADE it the weapon that it is. So, in New Orleans, you bring your family legacy and put it up against my lack of pedigree, and I’ll show you just how little that legacy means to me when I do to you what I did to my opponent... no, what I do to my opponents EVERY TIME they challenge me for this!

[Mahoney holds the World Television title aloft, before leaving the interview platform to a shower of boos.]

SLB: Yeesh. Callum Mahoney certainly not winning any friends here tonight in Memphis... now let’s go backstage where I understand that our old friend Colt Patterson is standing by with Jon Stegglet for a very special announcement!

[We cut backstage where we find Colt Patterson, surprisingly dressed a little low key in a white tuxedo jacket with the sleeves cut out to show off his arms. He's also wearing no shirt. Okay, he looks ridiculous. But Jon Stegglet's there and he looks nicely dressed.]

CP: Blackwell, you stooge, that was the worst excuse for an interview I've seen since... well, since this guy here used to interview ME back in the day.

[Stegglet grins.]

JS: We've come a long way since then, huh, Colt?

CP: You better believe it. When you booted Keeton from his seat on the announce team, I never dreamed I'd be working for you someday!

[Stegglet looks uncomfortable at this.]

JS: Well, uhh... the past is in the past... but speaking of the past...

CP: That's right. They told me you specifically wanted me here for some announcement you've got. I don't blame you for wanting the best interviewer in the business but-

[Stegglet holds up a hand to interrupt.]

JS: While I appreciate your talents, that's not exactly why I asked you to join me, Colt.

CP: Oh? Spill it, bossman. What's the story?

[Stegglet smiles again.]

JS: I asked you to join me because I wanted to announce that at SuperClash... well, right before SuperClash actually on the FOX Network's SuperClash Pre-Game Show, there's going to be a very special match.

CP: Mahoney versus Shane, we already know that.

JS: One more match, Colt. One more.

CP: Alright... I got the scoop, Blackwell! The boss wanted me for the scoop! Tell me, Jon Boy... I won't stooge ya off.

[Colt raises his arm, cupping his hand to his ear.]

JS: We're going to be hosting an Invitational Battle Royal.

CP: I'm always one for a big brawl. I like it!

JS: But that's not all, Colt. This is going to be the Blackjack Patterson Memorial Battle Royal.

[Colt's jaw drops.]

CP: Blackjack Patterson. You named it for Pops?

[Stegglet smiles with a nod, clapping a hand on Patterson's shoulder.]

JS: That's right, old friend. The AWA's always been about honoring the history of this business and the legacy of those who paved the way for us... and I can think of no one better that I'd like to pay tribute to than your dad who meant so much to so many promotions over the years.

[Colt actually looks a little emotional as he looks at Stegglet.]

CP: Jon, I...

[His words trail off as his voice cracks.]

CP: Thank you.

[Stegglet smiles.]

JS: You're welcome, Colt... and I look forward to announcing the first batch of names competing in that match later tonight.

CP: You heard it here first, fans! The Blackjack Patterson Memorial Battle Royal. That's got a nice ring to it! And now, I-

[A voice calls out from off-camera.]

"Excuse me, Mr. Stegglet, I need to speak with you."

[Patterson and Stegglet pause as Jordan Ohara steps into view.]

JS: Jordan, what can I do for you?

JO: It's about SuperClash, sir, and Derrick Williams. I want him one-on-one in a match to settle our business once and for all.

[Stegglet smiles.]

JS: I'm sure you do.

CP: Yeah, we're all sure you do... but-

[Ohara interrupts Colt Patterson.]

JO: But that coward won't sign a contract. So, sir, since Williams has proven he has no pride or courage at all, I need to ask you a favor. I need you to force him to take this match. Please.

JS: I see. You and Derrick Williams one-on-one at SuperClash, huh?

[Another voice rings out from off-camera.]

?: No no no no, good try Phoenix.

[Entering the screen is "The Future" Derrick Williams, wearing his silver and black "System Shock" gear with a black satin jacket with "AXIS" logos on it, his hair tied back.]

DW: No, this is not happening. I've already dealt with you, I don't need to face you again... no match needs to happen, it doesn't happen. This conversation is moot, because right here, I'm going to get an answer.

Mr. Stegglet, I'm sure you've gotten the written request from Mister J. Hunter that the team of myself and Mister R. Hunter, collectively known as System Shock,

should get the winner of tonight's World Tag Title match, as we're undefeated, and for whatever reason, we seem to be granting title shots to teams with no actual matches in over a year and-

[Stegglet raises a hand to cut Williams off.]

JS: Actually, Mr. Williams, I did receive the letter. And I am going to give you your answer right now.

[Williams beams at Ohara as he waits.]

JS: Your request is officially denied!

[The crowd inside the arena cheers as an incredulous Williams shouts.]

DW: WHAT?! DENIED?!

[Stegglet nods.]

JS: Yes. It's denied... but don't worry, Mr. Williams... you WILL be in action at SuperClash...

[Williams looks concerned.]

JS: ...against Jordan Ohara!

[Another big reaction from inside the arena as a beaming Ohara pumps a fist in celebration.]

JS: And Mr. Williams, don't even think about trying to get out of it.

[Stegglet starts to walk away as Williams is grumbling to himself.]

JS: Oh, and since it's been a while since you've had a singles match, I thought you might like a tuneup. So you've got a match tonight...

[Williams' jaw drops.]

JS: In fact, you've got a match right now.

[Williams is somewhat incredulous.]

DW: Right now?! I'm not even warmed up!

[Stegglet gestures at him.]

JS: At least you're already in your gear. Better get out there.

[Williams throws a glare at a smiling Ohara.]

JO: Better hurry. Don't want to miss your match.

[A furious Williams storms off, leaving Ohara behind as we cut back to ringside, where Myers is chuckling and Bucky is besides himself]

BW: Robbery, collusion! System Shock should totally get a Tag Title shot! Why should The Future have to face that punk Ohara if he doesn't want to!

GM: Precisely because he doesn't want to. He's tormented Jordan Ohara for months - he should get what's coming to him!

["Radioactive" by Imagine Dragons starts over the PA as Rebecca Ortiz takes the mic.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen, this match is set for ONE FALL with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first... from Brooklyn, New York, weighing 270 pounds and representing THE AXIS...

..."THE FUTURE" DERRICK WILLIAMS!

[As the lyrics start, emerging from the entrance is "The Future" Derrick Williams, arms stretched out as the house lights dim and strobes around the entranceway go off. Williams is wearing His usual ring gear of short, thigh length glossy silver tights with black stripes down the sides, with 'The Future" designed in Skyer font on the back, also in black. He wears Silver boots with black laces and trim, coming up to mid-calf, with silver knee pads, the logo of the Axis on both. His wrists are taped with glossy black athletic tape, and a black neoprene compression elbow brace on his right arm. Completing the ensemble is a black satin jacket, with "AXIS" down the right arm, and "SYSTEM SHOCK" on the back. Williams enters the ring and ascends the corner, his arms outstretched while the lighting rig flashes silver strobes around while the song welcomes us to the new age.]

GM: Well, Williams is out here, and he's quite full of himself.

BW: The Future can be as full of himself as he wants to be, Gordo... he's anointed by Juan Vasquez.

GM: Indeed.

[Williams steps down and begins to remove his jacket, then looks puzzled, looking around and noticing nothing but Rebecca and a ref in the ring with him.]

GM: The Future just noticed that his opponent isn't here yet.

[Williams walks over to the ref. An audible "Where's the local guy?" can be heard, while the ref shrugs.]

RO: And his opponent...

[Williams looks over at Ortiz, hands on hips expectantly, when "Nomad" by Santana starts to play over the PA, causing Williams to roll his eyes then turn to the ref yelling "Are you kidding me?" while the crowd comes alive in cheers.]

RO: From Montemorelos, Mexico... weighing in at 209 pounds... CASPIAN ABARAN!

[The crowd cheers as the music builds. When the famous guitar of Santana begins to play about fifteen seconds in, Caspian Abaran splits the curtain and jogs out to the approval of the crowd. A young Mexican man with deeply tanned skin and curly dark brown hair, Abaran's attractiveness draws some high-pitched cheers from the female supporters. Abaran's tights are a bright yellow, with intricate patterns intertwined in red and brown down both legs. His boots are red, and has similar intertwined patterns in yellow and brown. He also has wristbands, striped in red, yellow, and brown. Abaran raised his hands up in the air and does a twirl as he jogs to catch all sides of the arena.]

BW: OH COME ON, GORDO! This isn't right! Williams had no time to prepare for an opponent of Abaran's caliber!

GM: So he can't do it then?

BW: Of course he can do it, just... it's not fair!

[Quickly arriving at ringside, Abaran jogs down the apron and around to his left. He turns and spreads his arms out to the side, reaching them forward to acknowledge the crowd. The nimble luchador then backflips over the top rope into the ring, immediately locking eyes with Williams and getting checked by the ref. Williams smirks, holding his hands out.]

"Come on now Caspian, we know how this ends. Take a walk and save a beating."

GM: Williams is trying to back Abaran away? I don't think he's going to get very far with this strategy.

[Williams turns his back to Abaran, shaking his head. The young Luchador doesn't back down and instead walks toward "The Future".]

GM: Abaran is having none of it...

[Abaran approaches Williams, swinging him around... but Williams knows it's coming and is swinging as he turns...

...which Abaran sees coming, ducking under the haymaker and returning fire with a forearm shot on the jaw that staggers the man known as The Future!]

GM: Oh! Abaran catches Williams with that one and we're off to the races in this one.

[The bell sounds as Abaran sprints to the ropes, rebounding off towards a stunned Williams who throws a clothesline response. Abaran ducks under the swinging arm, rebounding off the far side, leaping up to catch Williams in a rana takedown!]

GM: Oh my! Abaran's got Williams reeling!

[Abaran gets right back up to his feet, catching the recovering Williams with a dropkick on the chin!]

GM: He caught him again!

BW: Get out of there, kid!

[Both men scramble back up as Abaran rushes to the ropes again, building momentum. Williams loads up and swings a forearm shot at the luchador who slides through the legs, using an armdrag to take Williams off his feet as he turns around!]

GM: Whoooooa my!

BW: Slow down! Derrick, get out of there! Call a time out! Do something!

[As if he heard Bucky, Williams slides right out of the ring to recover. However, Abaran takes the time to line Williams up, taking a couple hops and heads toward the opposite ropes.]

GM: And no safe haven for The Future as Abaran builds up a head of steam, and he leaps and wipes out Williams on the floor!

[The crowd rains down cheers on Abaran as he connects with the tope, pumping his fists to get the crowd louder.]

BW: Ahhhh, where's Jackson? Where's Riley? Where's Nick? Why is Derrick all alone out here?

GM: Williams tossed back in, Abaran heading to the apron. Williams up, a little slowly...

[Williams, after getting to his feet, makes a move toward the ropes, but Abaran uses the ropes to swing his legs up, catching Williams in the head with a kick!]

GM: Williams staggered there... barely able to keep his feet...

[With a dazed Williams in his sights, Abaran leaps to the top rope, springing off...

...and connecting flush with a springboard missile dropkick!]

GM: Dropkick on the money! The cover!

[Williams kicks out with plenty of authority just as the ref's hand hits the mat at two.]

GM: Just a two count there and Williams seemingly was not prepared for Abaran's high octane offense here.

BW: How could he be?! He didn't even know this match was coming!

GM: Bucky, I'm just wondering... if he's having trouble here, what kind of shape would he be in just four weeks from now at SuperClash across the ring from Jordan Ohara?

[Abaran waits for Williams to reach his feet, running in and spinning around in the air attempting a leg clutch]

GM: Abaran going for a roll, but the big 270 pounder stands firm! He's lifting Abaran up.

[Williams begins pulling Abaran up, but the smaller man uses the momentum to keep going, grabbing a headlock on the way up, trying to change his center of gravity to bulldog Williams. But Williams is too strong in this case, grabbing Abaran around the waist and falling backwards, dropping the explosive luchador on his upper back and shoulders.]

GM: And Williams countered that nicely into a belly-to-back suplex. That stopped Abaran dead in his tracks, and should give Williams a bit of a breather.

BW: And now you see Williams take control. That was a nice show by Abaran, but he's not going to be able to take this hard-hitting offense.

[Climbing to his feet, Williams opts not to take a breather, measuring Abaran and dropping a fist down between the eyes.]

GM: Ohh! Fistdrop finds the mark by Williams... right back up... and he drops another one!

[Abaran tries to cover up as Williams gets up again, dropping a third.]

GM: Lateral press by the Future... two count only. Still no hooking the leg, and you'd think him hanging with his associates, especially Juan Vasquez, he'd have stopped that bad habit.

BW: You would, but Williams always seems to be doing damage checks with those covers.

[Getting back to his feet, Williams pulls Abaran up with him, firing him off into the ropes, charging in behind him. Abaran bounces off, sees no Williams, spins around and eats a Peek-a-boo Clothesline from Williams.]

BW: Oh, I love that move! Absolutely brilliant! And notice how Williams comes in from the blind side as well, making sure his opponent can't see him before he lowers the big boom!

[The Future steps back, measures, heads in and drops a big elbow across the chest. And he repeats.]

GM: The high impact offense of Derrick Williams is paying dividends so far in this one although Caspian Abaran is certainly showing why AWA officials put him in a Qualifying Match for a spot in Steal The Spotlight.

BW: Hah! He's going to be taking on Canibal in that one though, Gordo, and I don't like his chances there either!

GM: That match, fans, will be a featured attraction on next weekend's Power Hour so don't miss it... but right now, Abaran's in a tough fight against Derrick Williams who pushes him back into the corner.]

[Williams pops Abaran with an elbow, then holds it in a crossface type thing against the corner as he leans in, "I told you to walk, Caspian. Don't upstage me!"]

GM: Williams trash talking... now firing Abaran across the ring.

[Williams charges in after the running Abaran, looking to deliver a running elbowstrike but at the last second, Abaran slides through the ropes, leaving Williams to connect with the turnbuckle pads, followed by an upswinging kick from Abaran that staggers Williams back.]

GM: Quick counter there by Abaran, and he's going to fly again!

[And fly he does as he springboards off the top rope and flies at Williams, who takes a step forward, and catches Abaran over his shoulder, then spins around quickly, forcing Abaran to the mat with tremendous power in a move we've seen from him often!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: Just like that, Gordo! Spinebuster from Williams and Abaran is D-O-N-E Done!

GM: A tremendous counter there... and Williams dives on the cover!

[And Williams' penchant for not hooking the leg haunts him yet again as Abaran slips out at just the last moment. Williams looks shocked and is immediately up and arguing with the ref]

GM: Abaran is out at two and Williams is livid. But arguing your point isn't going to win you a match.

BW: But that was a slow count, Gordo... it should've been the end right there,

GM: And this is poor strategy by Williams as Abaran is getting up.

[The rising Abaran stumbles towards the arguing Williams, throwing a dropkick between the shoulderblades. Unfortunately for him, Williams was face to face with the referee, and Williams bumps lightly into the ref.]

GM: Ohhh! The official just got run into by Williams!

BW: Thanks to Abaran! He should be disqualified for that!

GM: It was completely unintentional, Bucky. Completely!

[The referee bends over, stumbling away from the action as Abaran rushes to the ropes, bouncing back towards Williams who steps towards him, grabbing him by the torso and shoving him skyward...]

BW: Williams pops him up and-

[Williams steps back and DRIVES his foot straight up between Abaran's legs as gravity does the extra work. The crowd audibly groans as Abaran slumps to the mat, clutching the family jewels.]

BW: FOULLLLLLLLLLLLLL!

GM; Blatant low blow there as the ref was recovering from that contact! And now Williams taps the ref on the back to clear his cobwebs.

[With the referee now alert to the action in the ring once more, Williams walks back to Abaran, lifting him off the mat and straight into the three-quarter nelson...]

BW: Here it comes, daddy!

GM: FUTURE SHOCK!

[After driving Abaran's skull into the canvas with one of his signature maneuvers, Williams rolls him over, hooking a leg, and sits down over Abaran's shoulders as the referee delivers the academic three count.]

GM: This one's over.

[The bell sounds as the referee rises, raising Williams' arm. But Williams jerks the arm away and even as Rebecca Ortiz is making his win official, Williams is heading out to the floor.]

GM: What's this all about?

[Williams pulls a chair from the timekeeper's table, then tosses it in the ring. He takes a second chair from Ortiz and slides back into the ring.]

GM: The match is over! You won the damn match, Williams! There's no cause for this!

BW: Apparently he disagrees. Respectfully, I'm sure.

GM: There's not a damn thing respectful about Derrick Williams these days, Bucky. Not a damn thing!

[Williams stands over Abaran, yelling "I TOLD YOU NOT TO UPSTAGE ME! THIS IS ON YOU!" as he slides Abaran's head into the chair on the ground, the back against the man's neck.]

GM: Oh no. No, no, no... damn it, Bucky...how long are the Axis going to get away with these heinous actions they always do?! For goodness sake, Williams... your fight isn't with Abaran!

BW: No, but Abaran was put in his way.

[Williams grabs the other chair, and starts measuring the shot up, constantly looking up as the crowd boos loudly.]

GM: These fans are letting him have it, Bucky!

BW: You think he cares?!

GM: Maybe once upon a time but not anymore!

[The Memphis crowd breaks into a chant that riles up Williams even more.]

"JOR-DAN!"

"JOR-DAN!"

"JOR-DAN!"

GM: The fans are calling for Jordan Ohara! Begging for him to put a stop to this and-

[The crowd ERUPTS into cheers at the sight of Jordan Ohara racing down the aisle!]

GM: AND HERE COMES JORDAN OHARA!

[The crowd comes unglued, jumping up and down as Williams spots Ohara coming, tossing the chair aside, forgetting about Abaran...]

GM: Williams is waiting for him!

[...and Ohara dives headfirst under the bottom rope, popping up to his feet as the two men square off for a mere second before rushing at each other and throwing blows!]

GM: AND HERE WE GO!

[They spend a few seconds just wailing on each other, before Williams gains a slight enough advantage to grab Ohara's head and throw a full force forearm shot in. Ohara steps back a step, then turns and fires right back with a chop that could break the sound barrier.]

SMACK BOO!

THWACK YAY!

SMACK BOO!

THWACK YAY!

SMACK BOO!

THWACK YAY!

SMACK BOO!

THWACK YAY!

SMACK BOO!

THWACK YAY!

[You can guess who's who. The last exchange sees both men step back, then run right back into each other with the right hands again in a full out brawl!]

GM: Fans have waited so long for Ohara to get a full piece of Williams!

BW: Help! Help! Assault!

GM: Here comes the locker room!

[The locker room empties of prelim and local guys and refs flooding the ring to separate Ohara and Williams as it doesn't look they'll stop of their own accord anytime soon.]

GM: And they're finally separating these two or else we might be here all night.

[The boys manage to separate Williams and Ohara...

...then Williams yells something the cameras can't pick up at Ohara, and Ohara breaks free and soars over the other wrestlers to get back at Williams as the crowd explodes again.]

GM: Ohara is getting months of pent up frustration out here.

BW: Yeah, well, if he wants to stand a chance at SuperClash, he better save some!

GM: And where did these two come from?

[These two would be Riley and Jackson Hunter, who reach under and pull Williams out of the ring as the wrestlers separate the two again, and start taking him back down the aisle. Williams is still hot under the collar, yelling back at Ohara as they head down the aisle.]

GM: Williams' partners-in-crime are down to get him out of Dodge.

BW: Well, the troops that someone sent weren't enough so real men had to step in, Gordo!

GM: Ohara stands in the ring... and it looks like this fight is over for now but what a battle it's going to be at SuperClash when these two-

[Gordon cuts off as a little lanky red masked guy rolls into the ring behind Ohara. He dramatically holds a finger to his lips to the crowd who are booing wildly.]

GM: Oh jeez... it's Nick Axis! The flunky of the Axis!

BW: Flunky?! He's a valued member of the group!

GM: I suppose they do need someone to carry their bags.

BW: Oh, you're a real riot, Gordo! Now Ohara is going to get what for!

GM: He's reaching in his trunks... and pulls out... something covered in... is that duct tape?

BW: That could be anything in there, Gordo! A metal bar, roll of quarters...

[And Nick Axis, wraps his hand around the taped object, bring a finger to the lips in the quiet motion as he takes a big Popeye wind up with his fist...

...and as Ohara turns around, Axis plants it between the eyes of the Carolina native!]

GM: Ohh! Big right hand and-

[Axis spins around, holding both fists up in triumph as he jumps up and down.]

GM: Oh brother.

BW: Um... Nick... turn around!

[Ohara stands there with an incredulous look on his face. Axis is still celebrating but when he does turn back around, he recoils in horror that Ohara not only isn't knocked out, but is burning a hole through the mascot with his eyes.]

GM: This... isn't going to end well for Nick Axis.

[Axis begs off, shaking his head at Ohara who advances on him...

...and so he goes for the sucker punch but Ohara catches the wrist!]

GM: He caught him! He blocked it!

[With a squeeze, the masked man yelps in pain and releases his object, deftly caught by Ohara. After a second of inspection, and testing the weight, Ohara just looks confused at Axis. "THIS IS JUST A WAD OF TAPE?!?!"]

BW: At least an attempt was made.

[A quick cut to the aisle where the three other Axis members are still backing away shows all three groaning and shaking their heads. Ohara shakes his as well, drops the tape, then winds WAAAAAAAY up and deposits a chop across Axis chest that drops the mascot like he was hit with a shotgun and echos all across the arena. Axis rolls to the floor, flopping down on the barely-padded concrete as Ohara approaches the ropes, stepping up onto them as he points down the aisle at the fleeing Axis!]

GM: Oh yeah! Jordan Ohara sending a crystal clear message, Bucky - he's coming for Derrick Williams and the Axis at SuperClash!

BW: You know the old saying "be careful what you wish for?" Well, Jordan Ohara should dive down into that wishing well and fish out his quarter because when Williams and the Axis get their hands on him at SuperClash, he's going to be wishing for a more comfortable hospital bed for the holidays!

GM: We'll see about that... and in just a few moments, we're also going to see what Travis Lynch, the AWA National Champion, has in store for us here tonight, fans, so don't touch that dial!

BW: Dial? Who the heck still has a dial on their TV?

[Ohara is still shouting down the aisle at Williams as we fade to black...

...and then back up. We see two young kids - a boy and a girl - standing at the barricade at an AWA live event. They are on their feet, screaming and shouting for

the action in the ring. We can hear a bell and soon, Travis Lynch is standing in front of them, giving them both a high five with the AWA National Title belt hanging over his shoulder. The young man turns towards the camera.]

“Wow! I wish I could be the champion!”

[There’s a voiceover.]

VO: Now you can!

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

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

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

Kids sizes and adult sizes available.

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

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

[FLASH!

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

“I can be a champion too!”

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

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

[Fade to black...

...and then come back up to live action where we find the National Champion, Travis Lynch, standing mid-ring. He’s dressed in the same attire we saw moments ago, the sounds of Rush’s “Tom Sawyer” blasting over the PA system as we come back from commercial. Travis Lynch is not his usual smiling self, looking quite sullen as he holds the title belt hanging from his left hand towards the ground. He looks out at the crowd as the music fades and a very noticeable chorus of boos rains down on the Texan.]

BW: Are we in Philadelphia? I'm hearing boo birds for Stench tonight!

GM: It appears not all the fans have accepted the apology from Travis for his actions in St. Louis two weeks ago.

BW: And why should they? He finally showed his true colors. They finally know he's exactly what I've been saying for years - he's a scumbag! Someone call my t-shirt printer - I smell money! We're back in business, daddy!

[Lynch slowly raises the mic in his right hand.]

TL: I can tell not all of you have forgiven me for what happened two weeks ago with Stevie Scott...

[The AWA faithful cheer loudly at the mention of Scott.]

TL: I can respect that. Heck, I even said I was disgusted in myself for what I did. Fourteen days later and I'm still kickin' myself in the rear for it...

[Travis lowers his head as more boos rain down on him.]

GM: You can tell by Travis' tone that he's clearly not himself tonight, and I can't blame him with what happened to his sister, our colleague, Theresa Lynch.

[Travis raises the mic.]

TL: All I can do is keep doin' what I've been doin' for all these years to prove to you all that I'm the same man I've always been. I'm the same Travis Lynch you've supported for so long.

[There's cheers for that - louder than the boos - which brings a smile to Travis' face.]

TL: So, those of you cheerin' for me right now - I say thank you for remembering who I am deep down. And those of you booin'... well, I'm sorry for letting you down... and just know that I'm gonna keep on comin' out here and fightin' the good fight to make you believe in me once again...

[Even more cheers for that... although some boos are still heard.]

TL: Now, a lot of you might be wondering why in the heck I'm even out here after what happened to my sister earlier tonight but just like I told Jack, we've got business to take care of and Theresa would kick my butt if she woke up and found me by her bedside instead of back here in this arena, defending this title.

[He raises his left hand, holding up the makeshift title belt.]

TL: Month after month, week after week, night after night, I keep on comin' to this ring to put this title on the line because I want all of you to see me in the same light as men like Ron Houston... like Stevie Scott... like Kolya Sudakov... and yeah, even like Marcus Broussard who didn't have the nicest things to say about me on the Power Hour.

I've broken every record this title's got... but I've still got a lot to prove... and tonight, I'm gonna continue provin' it.

[Travis turns towards the entrance way, still holding up the belt.]

TL: So, for anyone in the back who wants a shot to end my title reign... you walk down that aisle and make it happen.

[There's no response yet.]

TL: Come on, boys! Who wants to step up and challenge the champ? Who wants to-

[Travis is cut off by a guitar and clap sounding out over the PA system. The crowd starts to rumble in anticipation. Boos rain down for the opening strains of Johnny Cash's "God's Gonna Cut You Down."]

GM: Oh, you've gotta be kidding me.

BW: If there's one guy in this locker room who doesn't kid around, Gordo, it's this guy!

[The curtains part and Shadoe Rage steps through the curtains. He is dressed in shiny black tights with the silver piping, his black leather robes and ragged monk's cloth head scarf. The dreadlocked warrior stares murderously through Travis Lynch. He holds a microphone in his black-gloved hand as the music starts to fade.]

BW: This is going to be interesting.

GM: Bucky, you know that Blackjack Lynch forbade Travis and Jack Lynch from ever competing against Shadoe Rage.

[Rage raises the mic.]

SR: Travis Lynch, you made an open challenge? You want a fight? Well, how about you grow a pair and fight me?

[Travis grimaces, shaking his head.]

TL: Rage, you know damn well that I made a promise to my father that I-

[Rage interrupts.]

SR: Little boy, what are you going to do? Man up or hide behind your daddy's pant leg like you did as a kid when Adrian Rage used to come to town?

[Rage mimes knuckling tears from his eyes and wiping a runny nose.]

SR: Travis Lynch, I'm calling you out! You want to make people believe you're a great champion by calling out legends? Well, I'm a living legend. The Rage name IS legendary. Why don't you fight me?

[Travis shakes his head again, pacing around the ring a bit.]

TL: The only thing the Rage name is legendary for is being overhyped...

[Rage bristles.]

TL: ...overrated...

[He shouts something off-mic at Travis.]

TL: ...and completely out of your stinkin' minds! And you know that I'd love nothing more than to get you inside this ring and make you pay for what you did to my family back at Homecoming but I made a promise to my father and I'm a man of my word...

[Rage is fuming now, pacing the aisle as he returns verbal fire.]

SR: Man of your word? How convenient. You're just a scared little boy, just like you were as a little baby watching Adrian carve your old man to ribbons.

[Lynch exhales sharply.]

TL: The only thing I remember about your old man are all those old magazine covers of my pops kickin' his teeth down his throat before ripping his head apart with his bare hands!

[Lynch holds up the claw hand, signaling the Lynch family legacy to a big cheer!]

TL: You remember what this looks like, right? Your old man sure did.

[Rage is fit to be tied at the mention of his father.]

SR: What you should remember is my father digging a pencil into your father's eye! You should remember the fireball that burnt his face! You should remember all of it, Lynch, because when I get my hands on you, I'm gonna show you the horror your father faced. Fight me. Let me show you why the Rages are the greatest wrestling family in the world and the Lynches are nothing but self-absorbed, fame-stealing frauds.

[The crowd jeers that comment as Lynch leans against the ropes, lowering his head in silence.]

GM: I think this is getting hard for Travis to turn down, Bucky... despite the promise he made to his father.

BW: He can just break it. It's not like his old man never broke a promise to half the wrestlers he employed! "Oh, the house is down... sorry, here's half of what I promised you!"

[Rage angrily continues as Lynch doesn't even look at him.]

SR: You mean nothing to anyone outside of Texas, Travis. You're just a paper champion propped up by your father. I'm going to take you out to make Blackjack hurt. I'm going to take out his money maker. You're gonna pay for Blackjack's sins! Look at me, boy! LOOK AT ME!

[Lynch's head snaps up, his own anger obvious at this point.]

TL: Enough, Rage!

[Rage shakes his head defiantly, continuing.]

SR: Oh, you've had enough, little boy? The truth is too much? You're as pathetic as your old man.

[Lynch shouts in response.]

TL: I SAID ENOUGH!

[Lynch drops the title belt, leaning over the ropes to yell at Rage who is close to the ring at this point.]

TL: I've had enough... enough of you... enough of the boys in the back... enough of this title... enough of all this! I'm sick and tired of all of it! I'm sick of defending myself to people like you... I'm sick of trying to prove myself to people who won't ever be satisfied... I'm sick of hearing the-

[Rage interrupts.]

SR: I'm sick of all of your excuses! I'm sick of all your lies! You're only here because of your father's propaganda machine! You're only here because your old man made the AWA take you when he sold the company! Admit it! Admit that the Rages mean more to this business than your pathetic family ever has!

[Lynch scoffs.]

TL: You're as delusional as your old man was, Rage. Night in and night out... for DECADES... the Lynch name has been the measuring stick of this business. You want truth, Rage? Here's the truth...

You see... your old man? He was nothin' but shock and awe, Rage. Nothin' but a cheap gimmick with no substance to back it up. He was a deranged lunatic who thought success was measured by the amount of blood he drew each night... not by how many people he drew to the building... not by how many titles he won... hell, not even by how much money he made.

But you already knew that. You already know all of that.

You talk about a propaganda machine? Your father was a horror movie villain brought to life. An old broken down fossil who got booked in town after town because he was on the cover of all those old wrestling magazines covered in blood and digging a pencil into someone's forehead or biting them with those filed teeth.

[Rage recoils backwards, burying his head in his arms.]

TL: Come on, Shadoe... you wanted to hear the truth, right? Here's some more for you. The truth is that your father was a failure. He couldn't control himself so he burned his bridges in every place he ever worked until he was working for peanuts in places that couldn't draw a dime.

He didn't have talent... he didn't have skill... all he could do is bleed.

[Lynch's words have hit hard as Rage is absolutely seething now.]

SR: LIES! LIES! LIIIIIIIES! I'm gonna gut you, boy! I'm gonna rip your lying tongue right out of your mouth and nail it to the damn wall as a prize! I'm gonna make what my father did to yours look like... like... like...

[Rage is so out of control at this point, he can barely speak. He growls and roars before shouting.]

SR: I MADE THE AWA WORLD TELEVISION TITLE THE HOTTEST TITLE IN THIS COMPANY!

[He gestures, staring at the discarded title on the mat, his voice dropping to just above a whisper.]

SR: And you made that into a toy. And you know what, boy? I don't even want your toy. I don't even want my beautiful waist tarnished by that piece of garbage! I'm not here for your title, Lynch! I'm here for your blood! YOUR BLOOD!

[Rage smashes a fist into his own face, his eyes wild and wide.]

SR: JAMES IS OUT! THERESA? OUT! And now I'm gonna put you out! I'm gonna put you down like a rabid dog.... yeah, that's right... right between the eyes... POW!

[Rage curls his fingers into a pistol, "firing" at the ring.]

TL: You want my blood, Rage? You're gonna have to come and take it.

[With a twisted grin, Rage dives under the bottom rope, rushing towards Travis Lynch with his fist drawn back.]

GM: HERE WE GO!

[The two collide in center ring, fists flying wildly as the two men attempt to drive their knuckles THROUGH each other's skull!]

GM: WE'VE GOT A FIGHT ON OUR HANDS, FANS!

[The skilled fists of Travis Lynch get the edge, battering Rage back towards the ropes. The National Champion steps back, going into a full spin...

...which is when Rage ducks down, elevating Lynch over the ropes and dumping him out on the ring apron!]

GM: Ohh! Travis hangs on! He lands on the apron... and Rage is going out after him!

[Grabbing Lynch by the hair, Rage smashes his elbow down between the eyes as referee Ricky Longfellow comes tearing down the aisle, diving under the bottom rope, and gesturing to the timekeeper.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Well, it looks like this an official match... an official NON-TITLE match from the words that were exchanged, I'm gathering.

[Rage smashes his elbow down between the eyes a second time, knocking Lynch down to his knees.]

GM: Travis is down out on the apron... oh, look out here!

BW: Rage is gonna turn his lights out right now!

[The former Television Champion backs up to the corner post, tugging down a kneepad to expose his kneecap...]

GM: He's looking for the Eclipse and-

[...and Rage goes charging down the apron, looking to deliver the move that has hospitalized wrestlers and ended careers!]

GM: KNEESTRI-

[But Lynch surges to his feet, catching the charging Rage with a big left hand to the jaw!]

GM: Left hand finds the mark!

[A second one sends Rage staggering backwards, hanging onto the top rope to stay on his feet.]

GM: And that makes three!

[Rage falls back again, getting close to the ringpost as he sinks down to a knee. Lynch holds up his clenched left hand to the crowd...

...and then opens the hand into Iron Claw position to an even bigger reaction!]

GM: Lynch is calling for the Claw! Travis Lynch is looking for that Iron Claw!

[He steps towards Rage, ready to lock it in...

...but Rage reaches up, hooking the front of his trunks, and gives a hard yank as he falls backwards, pulling Lynch past him...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE POST! TRAVIS LYNCH GETS SENT INTO THE POST!

BW: Headfirst too! Not that it would do a lick of damage to a melonhead like Lynch!

[Travis slumps down to the floor, arms up over his head as Shadoe rolls under the ropes back into the ring. The referee reprimands him for the outside-the-ring action as Rage climbs off the mat, shoving the official aside.]

GM: Whoooooa! Careful there, Shadoe Rage. Rage, of course, has a history of abusing officials and has actually been both fined and suspended in the past because of it!

[The official reminds Rage of that very fact as Rage stomps across the ring, stepping up to the middle rope, then steps to the top, arms raised high over his head as he waits for Lynch to get up off the floor.]

GM: Shadoe Rage standing tall for all to see!

[Lynch slowly gets off the floor, exposing a cut on his forehead.]

GM: Travis Lynch has been busted open, fans!

BW: See?! Shadoe said he was coming for his blood and he wasn't kidding!

[Rage grins for a moment at the sight of the blood before leaping into the air, dropping a double axehandle down across the skull of the National Champion!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DEATH FROM ABOVE! And he got all of that, Bucky!

BW: Absolutely! He might've done even more damage to the skull of Scumbag Stench!

[Rage leans down, dragging Travis off the floor by the hair and rockets him under the ropes into the ring. With a wicked sneer at the ringside fans, Rage pulls himself up on the apron. He points to the corner as he walks down the apron, stepping up to the middle rope...]

GM: And it looks like Shadoe Rage might be looking to finish things off early!

[Rage climbs to the top rope again, arms high over his head...]

GM: Could it be another Death From Above or maybe the...?

[Gordon's words trail off as Rage leaps into the air, arm cocked back...]

GM: ...ELBOW!

[...but the National Champion rolls aside in time, sending Rage CRASHING down hard into the canvas, missing the top rope elbowdrop completely!]

GM: He missed! He missed the elbow off the top!

[Rage grimaces as he rolls back and forth on the canvas, gripping his elbow in pain.]

GM: My stars! He may have broken his own arm, Bucky!

BW: A whole lot of impact on that missed flying elbow... and if Lynch had a lick of wrestling skill in his head, he might be able to take advantage of it.

[Rolling to the ropes, Lynch uses them to climb to his feet. He winces as he leans against them, shaking his head to clear the cobwebs as Rage, holding his elbow, tries to get off the mat as well.]

GM: Both men on their feet... and here we go again!

[The two meet in the center of the ring again, trading big haymakers to the roars of the crowd. Most of the fans cheer Lynch's fisticuffs while booing those of the former World Television Champion.]

GM: Back and forth, back and forth they go!

[Again, Lynch's fists seem to be getting the better of Rage's, backing him across the ring...

...when he swings a knee up into the midsection, cutting off the attack!]

GM: Rage goes downstairs, turning the momentum in his favor again...

[He grabs Lynch by the hair, marching towards the corner, looking to slam his bloodied forehead into the top turnbuckle...

...but Lynch extends his muscular arms, gripping the top rope and blocking the faceslam!]

GM: Travis blocks it!

[Rage tries again but Lynch shakes his head defiantly before grabbing Rage by the hair and returning the favor!]

GM: Ohhh! Rage hits the corner hard!

[He goes flying backwards from the impact of the blow, falling down on all fours in the center of the ring. Rage is crawling away from the Texan as Lynch advances on him, both fists curled up and at the ready.]

GM: We haven't seen this much fire in the gut of Travis Lynch in some time, Bucky.

BW: If I know anything about those stinkin' Stenches, it's that if you run your mouth about one of them, you're running your mouth about all of them! And they don't take kindly to that!

[Rage manages to get across the ring to the ropes, trying to crawl through them to the floor when Lynch catches him by the foot, shaking his head as the crowd cheers him on. He drags Rage back into the ring...

...but the former World Television Champion flips over to his back, delivering an upkick to the chest of Lynch, knocking him backwards and down to the mat!]

GM: Oh! Rage kicks his way free... and now he manages to get out to the floor.

[But Travis Lynch isn't about to give him a breather, rolling under the adjacent ropes near the timekeeper's table...

...where he angrily snatches the ring bell off the table!]

GM: What the...?! What in the world has gotten into Travis Lynch here tonight?!

[Lynch stalks across the ringside area, gripping the metal bell in his hand. He turns the corner to where Rage is now down on his rear, scooting backwards at the sight of Lynch and the bell. The referee slides under the ropes, blocking Lynch's path to Rage, waving his arms wildly.]

GM: The referee's telling Lynch that he'll disqualify him if he uses the bell!

[Lynch glares at the official for a moment... and in a huff, drops the bell on the ring apron before brushing past the referee to pursue Rage. Rage is still scooting backwards when Lynch drills him with a running kick to the chest!]

GM: Oof! Hard kick by the Texan!

[Dragging Rage off the mat, Lynch spins him around by the hair...

...and SMASHES his face into the ring apron once... twice...]

GM: Lynch bouncing Rage's skull off the apron, blood pouring down the face of the Texan now!

[Lynch pulls him back, shouting in Rage's face.]

"I'm comin' for your blood, Rage! I'm comin' for it!"

[And smashes Rage's head into the apron a third time before allowing him to slump down to his knees on the floor. Lynch turns around to look at the Memphis crowd, raising his left hand over his head to cheers.]

GM: He's calling for the Claw out here on the floor!

[Lynch turns around, grabbing Rage by the hair, pulling him back to his feet as he pulls back his left hand...

...and Rage digs his fingers into Lynch's eyes, gouging at them as the crowd jeers!]

GM: Oh, come on! Rage went to the eyes on Lynch to get away from that Iron Claw!

BW: Smart move! The Claw could end this thing in an instant, Gordo.

GM: It certainly could... and look at this now!

[The crowd starts jeering again as Rage undoes a strand of white athletic tape from his wrist, leaning between the ropes to loop it around the throat of Travis Lynch!]

GM: He's choking him, fans! He's choking the champion!

[Lynch is coughing wildly, his tongue sticking out as his face reddens from the sudden pressure on his windpipe!]

GM: Come on, referee!

[The official tries to look around Rage but the former Television Champion is using his body to shield the referee from being able to see the illegal assault...

...which also means he can't see it when Lynch grabs the steel ring bell he deposited on the apron...]

"CLAAAAAAAANG!"

[...and SWINGS it into Rage's skull, sending the wildman falling backwards into the ring as Lynch drops the bell!]

GM: He crowned him with the bell!

BW: Rage got his bell rung! Get it?!

GM: Oh good grief.

[With Rage laid out inside the ring, arms up over his head, a gasping Lynch leans against the apron for a fit, pulling oxygen into his body before rolling under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Both men back in now and-

[Rage pushes up to his knees off the mat, blood now streaming down his head as well.]

GM: And now Rage is busted open as well! Both men bleeding in this non-title grudge match!

[Lynch looks down at the bleeding Rage gleefully, raising his left hand once more...]

GM: He's calling for it! He's calling for that Lynch family Iron Claw!

[...and locks his grip around the skull of Rage, using the off-hand to steady the hold as Rage reaches up with both hands to try and free himself!]

GM: He's got it locked in! Lynch has got the Iron Claw locked in!

[The National Champion digs his fingers into the bloodied head of the wild Canadian, causing Rage to flail at the hand wrapped around his skull!]

GM: Rage is trying to fight it but he's in trouble, fans! Travis Lynch has Shadoo Rage in serious trouble and-

[Lunging sideways, Rage falls to his knees as he throws himself into the ropes, dragging Lynch with him.]

GM: Oh! He got to the ropes!

BW: Now Lynch has to break it!

[The referee steps in, shouting at Lynch to break the hold...

...but the defiant and bloody Lynch shakes his head!]

GM: Lynch is refusing! He says no!

BW: What?! He can't do that! He's gotta break it!

[Lynch again shakes his head as the referee demands that he release the Iron Claw!]

GM: Travis Lynch - all the anger, all the frustration, all the pain!

[Rage grabs the ropes with both hands now, screaming madly as he pulls with all his strength...

...and the crowd reacts with surprise as Rage and Lynch tumble through the ropes, crashing down on the floor!]

GM: Ohhh! Out to the floor they go! And that broke the hold, Bucky!

BW: What a scumbag Stench is! He wouldn't break the hold!

GM: I think that just shows how frustrated Travis has been as of late and-

[Outside the ring, Lynch rolls over, shoving the bloodied Rage down onto his back as he swings a leg over him...]

GM: Big left hands! Over and over to the head!

[The referee starts his ten count from inside the ring.]

GM: The count is on as Travis is putting a beating on Shadoo Rage out on the floor! He's all over him!

[Lynch continues to hammer away at Rage, pummeling his bloodied skull as the former World Television Champion tries to shield himself. The count continues from inside the ring.]

GM: I don't even know if Lynch hears the ref! He's blinded by rage... no pun intended... and he may be losing control out here tonight!

[The referee's count is up to five with Lynch still continuing to pound and pound...]

GM: Travis Lynch continues to use those fists, ignoring the official up inside the ring. The count is up to six...

BW: This guy's snapped, Gordo! Stench is showing himself to be the piece of trash I always said he was!

[Lynch's fists are covered in Rage's blood as he continues to land blow after blow as the count reaches seven... and eight...]

GM: Travis Lynch paying absolutely no regard to the referee! This is getting incredibly close and-

[The referee shouts "NINE!"]

GM: That's nine! Travis Lynch... did he just hear it?!

[Lynch suddenly gets up, turning towards the ring. He takes two steps towards it when...]

"TEN!"

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd groans with disappointment as Travis Lynch slumps forward, his head on his arms on the ring apron.]

GM: Travis Lynch looked as though he snapped out of it... that he heard the referee's count just before ten but he couldn't get back inside the ring at time.

BW: Yeah, that Texas-sized temper of his got him in trouble!

GM: Lynch still out on the floor... and I think he's disappointed in himself more than anything. Yes, he wanted payback on Shadoe Rage for his words and actions towards the Lynch family but he also wanted that win and-

[Suddenly, Lynch pushes off the apron, fire in his eyes as he stalks across the ringside area, grabbing Rage by the hair and hauling him off the floor.]

GM: Wait a second! The match is over! There's no need for this!

BW: I told you, Gordo! I told you he's the biggest scumbag that I've ever-

GM: Lynch tossing Rage back inside the ring... I don't understand. It's over, Travis! You both got counted out and- oh no!

[The crowd buzzes as Lynch grabs a ringside steel chair, folding it up and sliding it under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Lynch has got a chair! This can't be good! We're going to need some help out here, I think. If anyone is listening back there, we're going to need some help please.

[Lynch rolls under the ropes, grabbing the steel chair off the canvas as he rises to his feet.]

GM: I don't like the looks of this, fans. Shadoe Rage trying to get up off the mat, blood pouring down his forehead onto his face... up on his knees...

[And there he stays as Travis Lynch steps forward, looking through his own crimson mask down on the man who started this situation off by badmouthing Travis and his family. Lynch says something unheard by anyone but Shadoe Rage as he rears back with the chair!]

GM: Don't do it, Travis! Come on, kid! Don't do it!

[Lynch stares down at the bloodied and helpless Rage as a ripple of surprise washes over the Memphis crowd. His eyes dart around the ringside area, looking out at the fans as Rage slowly but defiantly raises his arms, extending them out to his sides.]

"DO IT! DO IT, BOY!"

[The shout from Rage snaps Lynch's attention back onto him, staring into the eyes of the madman as he waves his arms at himself...]

"DOOOOO IIIIIIIIT!"

[Lynch's arms are shaking with intensity as he stands with the chair at the ready. A twisted sneer crosses the face of Shadoe Rage.]

"You want my blood, boy? You're gonna have to come and take it."

[Lynch's eyes go wide, bursting with anger as he stands at the ready... ready to drive the chair down on Rage's bloodied skull... ready to bash him over the head

with the steel chair and possibly put Rage on the shelf just weeks before the biggest night of the year... ready to expel some of the frustration digging into him over the past few months...]

GM: Come on, kid. He's not worth it. You know that. Think about your father!

BW: He's gonna do it, Gordo. That scumbag is gonna bash a helpless man with a steel chair to the head!

[Lynch pauses, looking down at Rage whose eyes are clinched tightly, waiting for the blow to fall...

...and then flings the chair aside, shaking his head as some cheers go up from the crowd.]

GM: Travis tosses the chair aside! He couldn't do it after all!

[Lynch doesn't even hesitate before he exits the ring, snatching up the National Title and dragging it up the aisle behind him to a mixed response from the Memphis crowd.]

GM: Well, this night has not gone the way that Travis Lynch was hoping in my estimation but in the battle for his very soul, it looks like Travis managed to save himself... for the moment.

[Lynch walks up the aisle, ignoring the fans alongside the barricade as he heads towards the locker room.]

GM: Fans, we'll be right back with the World Tag Team Titles on the line so stick around, won't you please?

[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 on quite the mess. The camera shot opens backstage with a crazed Rage stalking the interview area, still dressed in his ring gear, hastily-applied gauze covering his forehead. He's got a chair in hand and a crazed look in his eye. Everything around him is overturned and upset. Rage slams the chair into his own head repeatedly, snarling and yelling until he sees the camera and leaps at it.]

SR: What's the matter with you, Travis? What's the matter with you? You too good to hit me? You too good? You think you're better than me? I'm not too good to draw my own blood! I'm not too good!

[Rage smashes his own head with a chair repeatedly, opening up his cuts again. More blood begins to flow, streaking his face.]

SR: Think you're doing what daddy wants? Naw, daddy just knows you can't hang with me! You're nothing but a weak-willed scumbag, Travis! That's all you are! Paper champion! Protected by daddy! That's all you are! Protected by daddy! You're afraid to touch my blood! I'm not afraid to touch yours! I'm gonna be bathing in Lynch blood! Bathing in Lynch blood! Do you understand me?

Blackjack, you think you can protect your son? No, man! I'm gonna hurt him! I'm gonna make every Lynch bleed until I get my hands on you! Do you understand? No one is safe until I get my hands on you at SuperClash and make you bleed for that Iron Claw you slapped on me! I'm gonna make you bleed for insulting my family. I'm gonna make you bleed because I hate you, Blackjack! Step in the ring or every Lynch bleeds from Henrietta to the little baby Lynches, yeah.

[Rage smashes himself with the chair more. The clang against his skull is sickening. The camera closes in on Rage's beautiful but terrible blood-soaked face.]

SR: It's gonna be a bloodbath! It's gonna be a bloodbath!

It's gonna be... a _bloodbath!_

[We fade from the bizarre scene out to a panning shot of the arena crowd.]

GM: What a sickening display by that individual, Bucky!

BW: What?

GM: Did you hear him just now? Did you hear him threaten Henrietta Lynch? Did you hear him threaten the Lynch children?! He's a damn lunatic!

BW: Oh, well... that. Sure, I don't endorse violence against children.

GM: And Henrietta?

BW: Oh, that sow's had it coming for years!

GM: Unbelievable. Fans, let's go up to the ring for our World Tag Team Title match!

[We fade to a shot of Rebecca Ortiz standing in center ring.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is for the AWA WORRRRRRRRLD TAG TEAM TITLES!

[Big cheer!]

RO: Introducing first... they are the challengers...

[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. "Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor pauses to salute the fans but his partner just keeps on walking. Jack Lynch is obviously in a bad mood, storming down the aisle in his ring gear - no sign of his usual entrance attire. O'Connor frowns at his partner before he follows, slapping the hands of fans all along the aisle.]

GM: And here they come, Bucky... the two men looking to earn their way onto the lineup of the biggest show of the year, SuperClash VIII. Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan are trying to prevent that from happening - they know what it means, how it feels to miss that show - and that's why they offered the tag title match here tonight instead of in New Orleans.

[Lynch is through the ropes first, again failing to acknowledge the fans as he stomps his way into the corner. He leans back into the buckles, eyes down at the ground as Bobby O'Connor follows him in, pointing to the fans and getting a big cheer for it.]

GM: And what an opportunity this is for Bobby O'Connor, fans. Almost one year ago now, he had his arm broken by Supreme Wright at SuperClash. It's been a long road back for him, both through healing and rehabbing that arm, to finding his way back in the AWA after so much time away. But tonight, he's got a chance for a triumphant ending to a rough year for him.

[Cut to Lynch tugging at the ropes.]

GM: On the other hand, it's been quite the year for Jack Lynch up until now. Another reign as World Tag Team Champion when he and his brother, Travis, beat Taylor and Donovan back in May. Then, of course, he won the AWA World Title earlier this year from Johnny Detson, holding it briefly before losing it to Juan Vasquez. But for such a big year, Jack Lynch finds himself on the outside looking in when it comes to SuperClash but he hopes to fix that here tonight and become a tag team champion with a third different partner, making history in the process.

[Cut back to Rebecca Ortiz mid-ring.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd their opponents...

[The sounds of "Beer Drinkers & Hell Raisers" by ZZ Top kicks in over the PA System. The fans respond appropriately with a savage greeting.]

PW: Representing the Kings of Wrestling at a total combined weight of 503 pounds... they are the AWA WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMMMMPIONNNSSSSS...

WES TAYLOR AND TONY DONNNNOVAAAAAN!

[The curtain parts as the World Tag Team Champions storm into view. Taylor's in black trunks, kneepads, and boots. Donovan's got his usual double-strapped singlet in red that ends around mid-thigh, black boots, and red kneepads. Both men have the World Tag Team Titles around their waists, trading a high five as they head down the aisle.]

GM: Well, this is interesting. No sign of Brian Lau. No sign of those Kings of Wrestling jackets that Johnny Detson gave them months ago. Taylor and Donovan are coming alone... and after what we saw earlier, I'm not even sure if THEY are on the same page, Bucky.

BW: Look, families fight and that's what we saw earlier... but blood is still blood, brothers are still brothers, and that's what they two are. And on top of all that, they're businessmen so even if they're slightly in disagreement on some things going on around them, you better bet they're focused on the matter at hand, daddy!

GM: We're about to find out as the tag team champions near the ring and we get set for this tag team title showdown!

[Taylor rolls under the bottom rope, shedding his title belt as he does. He comes to his feet, holding it in the air as he stomps across the ring towards the TexMo corner...

...and gets a gloved right hand right in the mouth from a pissed-off Jack Lynch, sending Taylor right back down to the mat to a big cheer from the crowd!]

GM: OH! HERE WE GO!

[Bobby O'Connor is shocked by his partner's actions but is quick to move, intercepting Tony Donovan as he comes through the ropes, battering him with quick jabs to the jaw...

...and using an overhead elbowsmash to drive Donovan back through the ropes to the floor!]

GM: BUNKHOUSE ELBOW CONNECTS!

[The crowd is roaring now as O'Connor ducks through the ropes, dropping down to the floor to continue the fight with Donovan as Lynch continues to pound on Taylor down on the canvas. The referee is frantic, shouting at all four men, desperate to regain some semblance of control before things get out of hand completely.]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands here in Memphis!

[Lynch pulls a struggling Taylor off the canvas by the arm, whipping him across the ring.]

GM: Clothesline ducked by Taylor... off the far side...

[Lynch ducks down, launching Taylor into the air with a big backdrop that puts him down hard!]

GM: Sky high backdrop by the challenger!

[Taylor grabs at his lower back as he crawls back to his feet off the canvas, ending up in the arms of the waiting Lynch who hoists him up and slams him down to the mat once again.]

GM: Scoop and a slam by Lynch... off the ropes...

[The six foot seven Lynch leaps high in the air, dropping his knee down across Taylor's sternum!]

GM: Ohhh... big ol' kneedrop by the Texan! Lynch going for a cov- no he's not!

[The crowd squeals as Lynch foregoes the cover to grab Taylor by the hair, battering him with right hands. We cut to the floor where Bobby O'Connor grabs Tony Donovan by the arm, whipping him the distance of the ring...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: And Donovan gets put into the steel out on the floor! Right into that steel barricade! Oh my!

[Donovan is reeling as O'Connor moves swiftly to his corner, climbing up on the ring apron and shouting encouragement to Jack Lynch. Lynch holds up his gloved right hand to a HUUUUUGE cheer!]

GM: He's calling for the Claw! Lynch looking to end this thing early!

[But Taylor sees it coming and promptly rolls under the ropes, dropping down to the floor in a heap. The crowd boos with disappointment as Taylor takes a breather outside the ring...]

...but not for very long as a frustrated Lynch steps through the ropes, jumping down to the floor near where Taylor is trying to recover!]

GM: And Jack Lynch isn't about to allow Wes Taylor a chance to get back into this thing... big right hand out on the floor! And another!

[Taylor wobbles backwards, falling to a knee near the ringpost. Lynch grabs him by the hair, hauling him to his feet...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HEADFIRST INTO THE POST GOES WES TAYLOR! OH MY!

[Taylor slumps against the post for a moment before sliding down to his knees, his upper body resting against the steel. Lynch is still seething mad as he throws a glance up at the official who is ordering him back into the ring. The audio goes silent for a moment as Lynch says something.]

GM: Some strong words out of the Texan, obviously still upset over what happened to his sister here earlier tonight. We have yet to receive an update on Theresa Lynch's condition by the way. From our social media accounts, it's obvious there

are a lot of you out there concerned for her wellbeing and we'll be bringing you that information as soon as we have it.

[In the meantime, Lynch brings Taylor to his feet, rolling him under the ropes back into the ring before ducking through the ropes himself.]

GM: Lynch back inside now... maybe looking for that Claw again...

[But as the Texan gets in, he finds his partner with his arm outstretched. Lynch looks agitated for a moment and then nods. He drags Taylor off the mat, pulling him over near the corner where he slaps Bobby O'Connor's hand before grabbing Taylor's arms, holding them back so O'Connor can bury a right hand into the midsection.]

GM: Hard shot downstairs by Bunkhouse Bobby, a few words there for his partner as Lynch exits. I think he just told Jack Lynch to calm down.

BW: That trademark Lynch temper tantrum, Gordo. We saw it with Travis a little while ago and now Jack's showing off his - not to be outdone by his little brother.

GM: Let's just hope this match doesn't end like Travis' with Shadoe Rage.

[Lynch slaps Taylor hard on the back of the head before ducking through the ropes to the apron, leaving his partner in the ring with one-half of the tag team champions.]

GM: O'Connor spins Taylor around, putting him back against the ropes.

[Crouching down, O'Connor unleashes a series of alternating rights and lefts to the ribcage of Taylor, striking hard at his torso.]

GM: Bunkhouse Bobby lighting up Wes Taylor with those fists to the body as Tony Donovan manages to get up on the apron, obviously in some pain as he shouts to his partner.

BW: Thanks to the thuggery of the TexMo Connection!

GM: Well, things certainly did get wild at the outset of this one.

[O'Connor straightens up, grabbing Taylor by the arm...]

GM: Hammer throw across the ring... big right hand downstairs!

[And a well-placed kneelift snaps Taylor's head back, putting him down on the canvas. O'Connor drops to his knees, applying a lateral press.]

GM: We've got one! We've got two! But that's all.

[O'Connor grimaces as he climbs back to his feet, throwing a glance over at Jack Lynch who doesn't say a word, his eyes burning into their opponents.]

GM: O'Connor waits as Taylor gets up off the mat... ohh! Hard forearm driven into the lower back of Taylor! And a second!

[He scoops Taylor up under his right arm, dropping him down across the knee in a backbreaker...]

...and then slides backwards, putting Taylor's shoulders down as he hooks a leg.]

GM: Side press gets one! Gets two! But again, Taylor slips out of the pinning predicament.

[Back up to his feet, O'Connor yanks Taylor into a seated position.]

GM: O'Connor putting Taylor up... to the ropes...

[The crowd cheers as O'Connor lunges forward, driving his shoulder into the middle of Taylor's back. Taylor howls in pain as O'Connor throws him back down, attempting another pin but getting another two count.]

GM: O'Connor is wasting no time at all trying to win this thing. He's gone for cover after cover on Taylor, trying to get him down long enough to become one-half of the World Tag Team Champions.

[O'Connor gets to his feet, looking out with a nod to the cheering fans as Taylor struggles to get up off the mat, stretching out an arm towards his corner. O'Connor's grabs the reaching arm, twisting it around in an armwringer...

...and gets a thumb to the eye for his efforts!]

GM: Oh! Taylor goes to the eye and now goes to the corner!

[But as he tries to tag out, he finds himself just out of reach as O'Connor hooks a handful of the waistband on Taylor's trunks, pulling him back and lifting him into a back suplex!]

GM: So much for that plan!

BW: He pulled the tights!

GM: In response to getting poked in the eye!

[O'Connor grimaces as he rises, wiping at his eye as Taylor rolls over to his stomach, trying to stay off his back.]

GM: O'Connor puts himself between Taylor and the corner, perfectly blocking any attempt to tag out and escape this situation. Smart tag team wrestling there, Bucky - even you have to admit that!

BW: There's not a single thing that O'Connor could ever do that I'd describe as "smart"... unless it's punching Jack Stench in the damn mouth. That would be pretty sharp of him.

GM: How can you even say that?! With Jack Lynch as his partner, Bobby O'Connor is a win away from winning the World Tag Team Titles!

BW: With Jack Lynch as his friend, O'Connor got his damn arm broken last year at SuperClash!

GM: That's not fair and you know it!

BW: Am I wrong, Gordo? Did Supreme Wright break O'Connor's arm for giggles or did he do it to get in Jack Lynch's head? Tell me I'm wrong.

GM: O'Connor pulling Taylor up off the mat now... continuing the assault on the lower back with a pair of clubbing forearms down across it as he holds him in that front facelock...

[Still holding the facelock, O'Connor spins Taylor around and then uses a vertical suplex to take him up and over.]

GM: Nice execution on the suplex there... and did you see that, Bucky? He made sure he suplexed him out towards the center of the ring instead of towards his own corner. Smart?

BW: Obvious. I'm not going to give him credit for doing the fundamentals of tag team wrestling.

[O'Connor rolls up to a knee, throwing another glance towards his corner where Jack Lynch is standing, arm outstretched.]

GM: And it looks as though Jack Lynch wants to tag back in.

[O'Connor grabs Taylor by the hair, looking to pull him across the ring towards his corner...]

GM: O'Connor coming over, looking for a tag...

[A desperate Taylor spins away from O'Connor, burying a right hand in between the eyes of Jack Lynch, knocking him off the apron and preventing the tag!]

GM: Oh! Come on!

[O'Connor clubs Taylor in the back of the head with a forearm, turning him around to eat a few haymakers...]

...which is when Jack Lynch comes barnstorming under the ropes into the ring without a tag. He throws himself at Taylor's legs, dragging him down to the mat and battering him with right hands!]

GM: Jack Lynch is in the ring!

BW: Illegally! Get him out of there, ref!

GM: The referee is certainly trying but Jack Lynch's emotions are getting the better of him right now!

[The official pulls Lynch off of Taylor by the arm as O'Connor loudly protests to his partner, trying to calm him down. Lynch's eyes are blazing with anger as he shouts at the referee...]

...and then tries to lunge past him as he spots Tony Donovan slinking in through the ropes, trying to take advantage of the distraction.]

GM: Donovan's in! The referee's trying to hold Lynch back though!

[Donovan buries a knee into the small of O'Connor's back. He grabs him by the arm, spinning him around...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and puts him shoulder first into the steel ringpost by the Kings' corner!]

GM: OH MY STARS!

[The crowd is all over Donovan as he ducks out of the ring to the apron, smirking as the referee finally gets the shouting Lynch out of the ring. Wes Taylor is crawling

across the ring towards his own corner as the referee quizzes Donovan as to what happened. Donovan shrugs, reaching down to slap Wes Taylor's hand as he approaches.]

GM: Tag! The champs make the exchange and in comes Tony Donovan, fresh off putting O'Connor's formerly injured arm into the steel!

[Donovan grabs the trunks, pulling O'Connor into his arms, and dropping him with back suplex aimed at putting the shoulder down first!]

GM: Ohh! O'Connor's shoulder takes a hard impact on the canvas... and you can see him instantly going to grab at it. Donovan knew what he was doing with that one.

BW: With that one? Gordo, when are you going to acknowledge that the Tag Team of 2016 is one of the best teams we've ever seen?

GM: Oh, I can acknowledge that they're incredibly talented even though I don't like their attitudes or their tactics... unlike you who can't give the TexMo Connection one lick of credit!

[With O'Connor down on the mat, Donovan takes his formerly broken arm and stretches it out to the side, pinning the wrist to the canvas as he drops a knee down across the bicep... and again... and again. The third time, he leaves the knee in place, grinding his kneecap into the arm as O'Connor cries out in pain.]

GM: Look at this! Tony Donovan just breaking down that arm as viciously as he can.

BW: Don't forget that Donovan spent some time under Supreme Wright's learning tree, Gordo. If anyone knows how to physically torment an opponent, it's him... just ask Bobby O'Connor.

[Donovan climbs to his feet, stomping down on the arm once... twice... three times. He sneers at the jeering crowd, throwing a glance at Jack Lynch is absolutely fuming now, gripping the top rope with white knuckles.]

GM: Donovan grabs the arm, bringing O'Connor back to his feet.

[He hammerlocks the arm up behind O'Connor before scooping him up and slamming him down on top of his own trapped limb.]

GM: Hammerlock bodyslam and a beauty by Donovan! Goodness!

[The pain is evident on O'Connor's face as Donovan stands over him, taunting him...]

"You think you're going to SuperClash on our backs?"

"SLAAAAAAAAP!"

[A hard slap across the face draws jeers from the crowd and causes Jack Lynch to come through the ropes...

...but the official cuts him off, preventing him from attacking Donovan who shouts to Wes Taylor. Taylor steps through the ropes, joining Donovan in stomping O'Connor's shoulder several times. The crowd is booing and Lynch is shouting, pointing wildly, but the official sees nothing as he puts Lynch out and turns around to find Taylor back out on the apron and Donovan still in the ring, walking around the downed and hurting O'Connor.]

GM: Donovan lured Lynch in there with that slap and then he and his partner did the damage behind the official's back.

BW: Now THAT'S a smart move, Gordo.

GM: And illegal.

BW: It's only illegal if you get caught... and they didn't.

[Donovan throws a look at the corner to make sure his partner is up for what comes next. Taylor nods as Donovan pulls O'Connor up, twisting the arm around and slapping Taylor's hand.]

GM: Another tag by the champs.

[Taylor quickly scales the ropes, all 6'4" of him, and leaps off, dropping a forearm down across the trapped bicep!]

GM: Ohhh! Right down across the arm - nice show of athleticism out of Taylor and O'Connor's in a bad way on the canvas.

[Taylor swiftly grabs the wrist of O'Connor, pulling him up, twisting the arm and yanking once... twice... three times, bringing him back down to his knees. He tucks the arm under his armpit, sliding in behind him in an armbar.]

GM: Standing armbar applied by one-half of the World Tag Team Champions, stretching the bones, the ligaments, the tendons. Remember, fans... Bobby O'Connor came back earlier this year from that same arm being broken.

BW: Yeah, and a lot of athletes come back from injury talking about how they feel better than ever but I'm here to tell you right now that's a lie. When you break something or tear something, you're never quite the same. Right now, Bobby O'Connor is having months of bad memories rushing through his head as Taylor and Donovan look to not just keep him off of the SuperClash card... but actually take him out of action period!

[Taylor clenches his jaw as he pulls on the arm, straining it more as the referee checks for a submission.]

GM: O'Connor refusing to give up here as Taylor bends that arm at an awkward angle...

[Hearing no submission, Taylor twists the arm around, shoving O'Connor facefirst to the mat with a makeshift Fujiwara armbar applied.]

GM: Taylor with an armbar takedown... and this isn't exactly his forte but he's got the armbar applied, bending the limb back.

[O'Connor cries out in pain, smashing his free hand into the mat...

...which is when Jack Lynch comes through the ropes, booting Taylor in the back of the head to break the hold!]

GM: Lynch breaks the hold!

BW: You want to talk about illegal! And the referee saw it and isn't doing a damn thing about it!

GM: He's reprimanding him, Bucky. What more do you want?

BW: A disqualification! A fine! A suspension! Putting him in a rocket to the moon!

[As Lynch gets a mouthful from the ref, Taylor gets to his feet, dragging O'Connor across the ring to the other corner where he slaps his partner's hand.]

GM: Quick tag to Tony Donovan.

[Donovan steps in, grabbing O'Connor's other arm. Together, the champions wring the arm one way... wring the arm the other way... and then flip O'Connor over into a seated position where they both kick him in the back!]

GM: Effective doubleteaming by the champions has O'Connor in a bad way down on the mat... Lynch shouting about the doubleteam there.

BW: They've got a five count to get in and out... but I don't expect Lynch to know anything about that since no one in that family can count to five!

GM: Oh, you're a real riot, you know that?

[O'Connor stretches out an arm towards his corner, nowhere near it but a symbolic gesture...

...which allows Donovan to viciously soccer kick the elbow!]

GM: OH! COME ON!

BW: Hah! Totally legal!

GM: It was not! He used the toe of the boot!

BW: Eh, I'm not even sure that's still a rule.

[With O'Connor writhing in pain on the canvas, Donovan grabs the arm again, twisting it around, and drops his leg across the bicep.]

GM: And the champions continue to go after the arm! And look at this now, Bucky. You talk about Donovan's Team Supreme background, this looks straight out of the playbook of Supreme Wright.

[The crowd buzzes as Donovan locks up the injured limb, applying a short arm scissors to it.]

GM: Donovan's got a scissorhold on that arm... a short arm scissors...

BW: You don't see that too often these days, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely not... and pain is absolutely shooting up the arm of Bobby O'Connor! Could this be it right here? Could Bunkhouse Bobby tap out and live to fight another day?

BW: The better question is SHOULD he tap out and the answer, Gordo, is hell yes! He's risking his career in there... and for what? A chance to be a tag champion with a selfish son of a-

GM: Easy now, Bucky. You don't want to get on the bad side of the Lynches in the mood they're in right now.

[With O'Connor howling in pain, Jack Lynch slams his hand into the top turnbuckle, shouting for his partner to make a tag. He slams his hand into the buckle again...

and again... and again... and soon, the Memphis crowd is chanting along with the slaps.]

"BOB-BY!"

"BOB-BY!"

"BOB-BY!"

[Down on the mat, O'Connor seems to be energized by the chanting, waving an arm in the air as he tries to find a way out of Donovan's painful hold.]

"BOB-BY!"

"BOB-BY!"

"BOB-BY!"

[The chanting continues as O'Connor rolls himself to his knees, setting his feet. He clenches his jaw as the inspiration of the fans gives him strength...]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

BW: He can't do it, Gordo! He can't do it!

GM: OH. YES. HE.... CAAAAAAN!

[Gordon's last word is punctuated by O'Connor lifting Donovan off the mat, hoisting him clear up onto his shoulder. Donovan's face is covered in shock as O'Connor stumbles out to mid-ring...

...and DROPS backwards, slamming Donovan down to the canvas and completely breaking free of the hold!]

GM: HE ESCAPED! BOBBY O'CONNOR ESCAPED! AND NOW HE _MUST_ MAKE THE TAG!

[A dazed and hurting O'Connor rolls to his chest, still down on the mat as a stunned Donovan stares up at the lights. The crowd is roaring once more, encouraging the TexMo Connection to make the exchange as Wes Taylor screams for his partner to snap out of it and get to his own corner.]

GM: Both men are down! Both men are hurting! And we've got ourselves a race to see who can make the tag first!

BW: They're closer to the TexMo corner!

GM: They certainly are... and look at Bobby O'Connor! Look at the heart... the guts... of Bobby O'Connor as he literally drags himself with one arm across the ring, looking to get to his corner where Jack Lynch is practically out of his own skin dying to get inside that squared circle!

[The camera shot shifts, showing the 2-3 feet between O'Connor's outstretched hand and Lynch's...

...and then cuts again to show Wes Taylor coming through the ropes, hoping to intervene!]

GM: Taylor's in, trying to block that tag!

[But as Taylor comes in, the referee spins around, looking to stop him...

...which doesn't stop Jack Lynch from coming in as well, winding up a right hand and DECKING Wes Taylor off his feet with it!]

GM: Good grief! What a right hand!

[The referee spins around, forcing Lynch back to his own corner as Taylor recovers on the mat...

...and grabs O'Connor by the ankle, literally dragging him back across the ring as Lynch has the referee tied up once more. A fuming Jack Lynch is screaming at Taylor, trying to get past the official who manages to stay in front of him!]

GM: TURN AROUND, REFEREE! TURN AROUND, FOR CRYING OUT LOUD!

[Taylor ducks through the ropes as the referee turns around, looking puzzled at the scene before him as a dazed Tony Donovan climbs off the mat, a stupid smirk on his face...

...as he turns and SPITS right in the face of Jack Lynch!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: THAT'S IT! JACK LYNCH HAS HAD ENOUGH! HE'S HAD ENOUGH!

[Lynch ducks through the ropes again, winding up and BLASTING Donovan with a right hand between the eyes!]

GM: Down goes Donovan!

[Wes Taylor runs in again, looking to help his partner and he eats a right hand as well!]

GM: And down goes Taylor to boot!

[Donovan scrambles back up and gets floored once more!]

GM: Donovan gets dropped a second time!

[Taylor is up and he's down before he can even blink!]

GM: Taylor's down again as well!

[And as the referee grabs a pissed-off Jack Lynch by the shoulder, you can guess what comes next...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: JACK LYNCH JUST KO'D THE REFEREE!

BW: YES! SWEET GLORIOUS DAY! HE'S GOING TO GET SUSPENDED FOR THAT, GORDO!

GM: I don't know about that but he's certainly going to get disqualified you would think! Jack Lynch just flattened the referee with that accidental right hand... I mean, I think it was an accident at least. I believe he thought it was Donovan behind him but it obviously was not! It was the referee - referee Ricky Longfellow - and he got DROPPED with that haymaker!

[Lynch doesn't exactly look remorseful though as he grabs Tony Donovan by the hair, hammering him with right hands to the skull down on the canvas...]

GM: The Iron Cowboy has been fired up since his sister got knocked down and sent to the hospital earlier tonight... and now he's taking it out on Tony Donovan and Wes Taylor! Fist after fist to the skull and...

BW: And the TexMo Connection just BLEW their shot at the tag titles!

GM: I... well, I suppose I'm forced to agree with you there, Bucky. They certainly blew this chance.

[Lynch is still pummeling Donovan down on the canvas when Wes Taylor slinks across the ring, grabbing Lynch by the arm, spinning him around into a front facelock...]

...and DROPS him from a kneeling position on his head in a DDT!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief! Wes Taylor coming to the aid of his tag team partner with that DDT and... wow! Sudden impact to say the least!

[Taylor leans down, helping Tony Donovan up off the canvas, and together they start stomping Jack Lynch into the mat.]

GM: And now the champions are going to work on Lynch! The match is over but they're not done quite yet!

[The stomping goes on for a few more moments before Bobby O'Connor arrives to help his friend and partner.]

GM: Here comes O'Connor!

[He swings Taylor around by the arm, smashing a fist into his jaw, knocking him back towards the corner. Donovan is next as he gets a pair of jabs to the face followed by an overhead elbow smash.]

GM: O'Connor is cleaning house, trying to save his friend!

[O'Connor peels away to the corner, lighting up the trapped Wes Taylor with knife-edge chops.]

GM: Chops in the corner! O'Connor going to work on Taylor and-

[But as he turns around in the corner...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LEAPING SUPERKICK BY DONOVAN! OH MY!

[The impact snaps O'Connor head back, sending him crumpling down to the canvas, his torso hanging over the bottom rope. Taylor grabs his jaw, obviously upset as he delivers two hard stomps to the back of O'Connor...]

...and then slaps his partner on the shoulder, gesturing to the downed O'Connor.]

GM: What's going on now?

[Taylor drops to his back, rolling under the ropes to the floor. He grabs O'Connor by the injured arm, stretching it out to full extension. Feeling the stretch, O'Connor instinctually pulls back against it, stretching it out even more as Tony Donovan steps outside to the apron, climbing up to the middle rope.]

GM: What the...?! What are they doing?! What are they doing?!

[At Taylor's shout of "NOW!", Donovan leaps from the middle rope, coming down kneefirst across O'Connor's extended arm. O'Connor SCREAMS out in pain, withdrawing back into the ring, clutching his elbow as he rolls back and forth on the canvas, writhing in pain.]

GM: What did... what did they just do, Bucky?!

BW: They broke his arm again! The tag champions just broke O'Connor's damn arm!

[Taylor and Donovan stand at ringside, staring in at O'Connor...

...and then locking eyes on Jack Lynch. Taylor points to Lynch, nodding towards the ring. Donovan nods as well and the duo begin walking around the ring towards the downed Iron Cowboy.]

GM: And now they're going after Jack Lynch! Somebody needs to stop this before-

[On cue, a sea of AWA officials including old friends Tommy Fierro, Vernon Riley, and Soup Bone Samson are seen as they rush into view, wedging themselves between the World Tag Team Champions and the ring.]

GM: Thank the maker for this. We've got AWA officials all over the ringside area trying to prevent these two from doing any more damage. Get 'em back, for pete's sake! Get 'em back!

[The tag champions are arguing with the officials but they do seem resigned to the fact that their night is over as they start backing down the aisle, pleased smirks on their faces.]

GM: We're going to need some medical attention out here for Bobby O'Connor. I believe... goodness... I believe my partner may be right. They may very well have broken his arm again. Fans... we're going to take a break and get some help out here for Bobby. I... yeah, we'll be right back.

[Hold on the ring where O'Connor is screaming in pain still 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...

The screen remains black for several seconds. Slowly, a single light comes up. A spotlight focused on the center of the ring. And standing in the middle of that spotlight is a man who had earned the title of "legend." A five time World Champion. A Hall of Famer. The Last American Badass.

Alex Martinez.

Dressed in a black leather jacket, mirrored sunglasses, a red "House Martinez" t-shirt, and a pair of blue jeans, Martinez stands with the microphone in his hand, while in the background, thousands of fans hold up their cellphones, making the FedEx Forum look like a field of stars.

Slowly, the lights come up, revealing that at Martinez' right hand is his son, the AWA's White Knight, Ryan Martinez. The younger Martinez wears the same style t-shirt as his father, along with a pair of black pants. Both men have somber, serious expressions on their faces.

After exhaling slowly, the elder Martinez begins to speak.]

AM: You're all gonna have to bear with me here. I may ramble a bit. 'Cuz I got somethin' to say, but I'll be honest, I don't really know how to say it.

[The camera begins to tighten in on the living legend, until his seven-foot frame fills the screen.]

AM: Just about twenty years ago, I walked out of a roach filled locker room, into a dirty ring, lookin' out over an audience of about seventy people sittin' in cheap plastic chairs. There was a black mask over my face, and all I could hear was the voice of Jack Westerly tellin' me that I messed this up, it was all over for me.

Westerly gave me ten bucks for about ten minutes worth of work, and when I told him that it was fifteen bucks to gas up my car, he just laughed in my face and said "welcome to wrestlin', kid."

[A slight smirk comes to Martinez' face.]

AM: I've been thinkin' about that night a lot. And I've been thinkin' about all the nights that have come since then. Its been a crazy ride, these last twenty years. I've been from one side of the world to the other more than once. I've been at the very top.

And I've been all the way at the bottom too.

This same journey that allowed me to raise a family and to earn a place in the Hall of Fame is the one that took my wife from me, and ruined my body. I've had lunch with the Queen of England, and I've been on an operatin' table, listenin' to doctors wonder if they were gonna be able to fix me up enough to keep me out of a wheelchair.

But this ain't me cryin'. Its been the greatest privilege in my life, bein' able to come out, night after night, talkin' to you, fightin' for you, and layin' it all on the line.

And ya know what?

[Martinez cracks a rare grin.]

AM: I think I've done pretty well for myself.

[Just as Martinez opens his mouth to continue, the roar of approval from the crowd drowns him out. Their cheers last minute after minute.]

GM: Wow. Quite the moment here in Memphis, Bucky.

BW: What?! I can barely hear you, Gordo! Heck, I can barely hear myself!

GM: The Memphis fans - and fans all over the world paying tribute to the man known as the Last American Badass! They're on their feet in the FedEx Forum for... well, the emotion is clear on the faces of both Alex and Ryan Martinez.

[The cheers continue building to intensity until Martinez is seen swallowing hard, overcome by the crowd's adulation. Martinez finally lifts his hand, which quiets the crowd.]

AM: There's a lotta men who've earned the title of legend in this sport. Ya know their names - Thunder, Hardin, James, Reed, Van Gibson, Gaines, Tyler, Kinsey, and yeah, even Vasquez...

[The crowd erupts once more, but this time in boos at the mention wrestling's most hated man.]

AM: I don't like him any more than you do, but I'll give the devil his due. He earned bein' called a legend, even if I hate his stinkin' guts, and even if the man to my right is about to kick every single one of his teeth outta his head.

Now, like I said, they've all earned the right to be called legend. And there's a whole new group of kids comin' into their own right now. Men that'll earn bein' called "legend" before it's over. I'm talkin' about your Supreme Wrights, Travis Lynches, Jordan Oharas, and yes...

[Martinez turns his head, smiling as he looks at his son.]

AM: I'm talkin' about my son too.

[Another huge roar from the crowd.]

AM: All those men have had or are havin' great careers. They've sweat, they've bled, and they've given everything. And they have the careers they've earned, and all the accolades that they deserve.

But as lengthy as their resumes are, as great as their careers might be, I say, with all due respect -

There ain't no man had a better career than me.

[The thunderous applause from the crowd confirms that the fans agree.]

AM: Over the course of twenty years, I've been in the ring with everyone whose name is worth rememberin'. Either at their side, or more often, against 'em. I've gone toe to toe and stood face to face with 'em all.

The fact of the matter is, if you're anyone at all, it's because sooner or later, you've had to reckon with one Alex Martinez.

And let me tell ya somethin', I'm damn proud of that.

I'm proud that its been two decades of me comin' out, talkin' trash and kickin' ass. Its been two decades of dominance from yours truly. And if anyone thinks there's someone better, well, they're welcome to try and make that argument.

But listen to the old man ramble...

[Martinez shakes his head.]

AM: A couple of years ago, right after SuperClash II, I came out and I said that there was one thing left for me:

Immortality.

And for these last few years. Through Dragons, through barbed wire and Dogs of Wars, I've been chasin' that immortality, knowin' I only had a few years and only a handful of matches to achieve it.

But here's the thing. A few years has become one night, and a handful of matches has become one last match...

[There's a collective gasp from the audience that seems to suck all of the air out of the arena.]

AM: I've got a good life. I've got a beautiful woman who loves me. I've got children who find new ways to make me proud every single day. I've got a second career that's takin' me all over the world once again.

And I've got a beaten-up body that I can't ignore anymore.

I am proud of my career. I'm proud of these last twenty years. But here's the thing. If I'm gonna take pride in those last twenty years, then I gotta live up to my own legacy. I gotta stop before the last thing people remember about me is watchin' a pathetic, broken down old man tarnishin' all the things he spent twenty years buildin'.

I've seen too many wrestlers stick around longer than they should have. And all that anyone remembers is them makin' fools of themselves.

I won't be that guy.

That's why my last match will be at SuperClash against Maxim Zharkov. Win, lose or draw, that will be the very last match Alex Martinez ever wrestles...

[Before he can continue, the fans rise up in unison, chanting a simple message:

"PLEASE DON'T GO!
PLEASE DON'T GO!
PLEASE DON'T GO!
PLEASE DON'T GO!
PLEASE DON'T GO!
PLEASE DON'T GO!
PLEASE DON'T GO!
PLEASE DON'T GO!"

The camera cuts in close to Alex Martinez. His sunglasses have come off, and his eyes are red. Martinez draws in a deep, shaky breath and exhales.]

AM: The truth is, I've got to.

I love ya all, and if I don't go, I won't be worthy of the love you're givin' me right now. If I don't go stop, I'll be betrayin' all of you.

And I don't ever want any of you to think I let ya down.

A couple minutes ago, I spoke of immortality. And here's what I realized that makes this hard decision a little easier...

[Martinez motions for his son to come over. When Ryan has joined him, Alex slaps his hand down on his firstborn's shoulder.]

AM: A man doesn't become immortal by stickin' around forever. Because bodies don't last forever. Ya become immortal because of what ya leave behind.

You, son, are my legacy.

You're how I live forever.

[Martinez lifts his head and looks out over the audience.]

AM: And so are all of you.

[The spotlight travels all over the audience. Young and old, man and woman, Fathers, daughters, mothers and sons. Some wearing "House Martinez" shirts, others in Travis Lynch "Heart Throb" shirts, yet others in "Phoenix" hoodies. Even some sporting the colors of the Axis. But all of them staring up, wide eyed, looking upon the scarred face of the Last American Badass.]

AM: Some of you have been watchin' me since those days in that ugly black mask. Some of you know me from New York, or Los Angeles, or Canada, or Japan, or Las Vegas. Some of ya in the audience? This is your first time ever seein' me, and the thing you'll remember most tonight is the announcement that two big names of YOUR generation, Jordan Ohara and Derrick Williams, have been made official to collide at SuperClash.

But no matter when ya started, no matter who your favorite is, I'm there in your memories. And some day, you'll tell my story.

And you...

[The once Black Knight looks back into the face of the AWA's White Knight.]

AM: You carry my name, and you carry it with honor. You fight for yourself, for all these people, and now, for me too.

That's immortality enough.

[Martinez is once more overcome with emotion, as cheers fill the arena.]

AM: And one more thing...

[Martinez regains his composure, his expression turning intense.]

AM: Just 'cuz this is my last match, I don't want ya thinkin' that this is gonna be some kinda cakewalk for ya, Zharkov.

Beaten up don't mean beaten, and broken down don't mean broken.

I'm comin' for you, Zharkov. And I ain't comin' so that you can make your name off of me. I'm comin' to make sure that everyone remembers SuperClash as the night I went out in a blaze of glory? And when ya got caught in my blaze, ya know what's gonna happen, Zharkov?

You're gonna get-

[But before Martinez can finish, he is rudely interrupted...]

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, HOUSE MARTINEZ...PLEASE ATTEND CAREFULLY!"

[...a MASSIVE roar of boos rips through the air as "Duel of the Fates" by Galactic Empire plays, heralding the arrival of the most hated men in all of professional wrestling, The Axis of Evil. As they step out from behind the curtains (the looming Zharkov notably absent), the jeers grow as each member appears, peaking into a deafening level when Juan Vasquez steps through holding the AWA World Heavyweight title over his shoulder. With microphone in hand, Jackson Hunter mockingly chuckles claps at House Martinez in the ring.]

JH: Heh heh heh. You poor naive chumps.

[The boos begin to resurface.]

JH: What we're going to do is hit the reset button, Alex, and we're going to pretend that we didn't hear that load of sickening schmaltz. How about we hear from the opposition party, who will give you bit of an education on how the world of pro wrestling operates. And at the end, if you're smart, you will thank him.

[He hands off the microphone to Derrick Williams, who gives his best, most obnoxious smile.]

DW: MR VASQUEZ, YOU HAVE THE FLOOR!

[And much like the State of the Union address, the audience rises for El Presidente, but it is not applause that greets the World Champion. It is hate. It is disgust. It is utter contempt for the man that the fans once loved. And Juan Vasquez, the greatest hero the AWA once knew, now the man who now threatens to destroy the

very promotion he once defended with all his heart, can only chuckle at their outrage.]

JV: Alex, Alex, Alex... you were making such a damn fine speech and then you had to go and ruin it by lying to everybody. 'Cause as proud as you are of your two decades of dominance, we both know...

...it doesn't even begin to compare to MINE.

[A huge roar of boos greets that bold declaration. Vasquez smiles.]

JV: Boooooo. Boooooooo!!! Facts don't care about your feelings, snowflakes. Because the fact of the matter is this: While Mr. Last American Badass over here has been every bit the...

[Juan holds up his right hand and begins making air quotes.]

JV: "...pathetic, broken down old man tarnishin' all the things he spent twenty years buildin'." ...that he refuses to believe he's already become, I've never been better. I've never been smarter. I've never been tougher. I've never been more dominant in my life. And the proof is right here...

[He raises the AWA World Title belt over his head to another roar of boos.]

JV: It's sad, Alex. It really is. 'Cause once upon a time you were the baddest hombre walkin' on planet Earth. Not just my equal, but my superior! And I'm not even ashamed to admit that. But the day Alex Martinez was greater than Juan Vasquez is a day that hasn't existed for long, long, LOOOOOONNNNGGGG time. And now? You're an empty shell of what you once were. An old fool that couldn't "hold the line" against me, preparing to be broken once and for all by my boy Maxim Zharkov. And you're here to talk about immortality? You're here to talk about legacies? Let's talk about how I'm-

[The camera cuts to a red faced Ryan Martinez.]

RM: THAT'S ENOUGH!

You want to talk about who you are, what you are, Vasquez? Then let's talk about it...

[The younger Martinez begins to pace back and forth, his eyes never leaving the World Champion.]

RM: Let's see. Two time National Champion. AWA institution. Star of "the Juan Vasquez show starring Juan Vasquez."

That's who you used to be.

[Martinez moves towards the ring ropes, leaning over the top, eyes boring a hole into Vasquez.]

RM: Now, you're someone that's out here with a stolen belt, surrounded by a bunch of "boys" that are either too stupid to see you for what you are. Or not good enough to make it on their own.

[The crowd "oooohs" as Jackson Hunter extends an arm to either side, keeping Riley Hunter and Derrick Williams from angrily rushing the ring.]

RM: You want recognition? You want respect? You don't deserve either, Vasquez. And do you know why? Because you're exactly the sort of person this man...

[The former World Champion points to his father.]

RM: ...will never be.

You're obsessed with the past. Consumed with reliving your former glory. Too self-absorbed to see that time has passed you by. You're the man tarnishing your legacy. You could have been what we all wanted you to be, what we all expected you to be. The elder statesman. The legend with dignity and integrity, the man we all looked up to.

Instead, you're just a sad little man surrounded by a pack of jackals.

But don't worry Vasquez, because I'm gonna make you great again.

[The audience roars as Martinez nods his head. Vasquez is obviously fuming at having his own line turned against him, huddling up with Jackson Hunter as Martinez continues.]

RM: In New Orleans, I'm going to send you out of the AWA flat on your back. I'm going to give you something that no one will forget – the sight of Juan Vasquez, unconscious in the middle of the ring, with Ryan Martinez holding that World Title belt that you've tarnished high over my head.

I'm going to put an end to your story, Vasquez. The kind of bloody ending that your "legend" deserves.

The ending that you've earned!

[Vasquez sneers up at Martinez, having regained his composure for the moment at least.]

JV: Do you really believe that, chico?

[Martinez nods defiantly.]

RM: You're damn right I do!

[Vasquez gives a nod of his own with a smile.]

JV: 'Cause as strong as those words are, I know the truth. You probably don't even realize it, but nino, I've been around since SuperClash didn't have a number, since the center of professional wrestling universe revolved around Portland, and since your dear old daddy was just a young up-and-comer sitting at the Table of Peace and I can tell. Hell, Alex probably even sees it too.

You're afraid of me.

[Martinez shakes his head, shouting his response.]

RM: The hell I am!

[Vasquez ignores the reply, nodding his head in certainty.]

JV: The way you attack me with that wild desperation, the way you hesitate just for that split-second whenever you confront me...that's your body screaming out at you to stay the hell away from me. 'Cause I didn't just break your neck, I broke your spirit and there ain't no amount of training from Supreme Wright that can fix that.

[Ryan Martinez glares angrily at Vasquez.]

JV: That's why you want your daddy in your corner. You want someone there to save you. You want someone to be able to throw in a towel. You want someone to stop me from dropping you on your damn skull with another piledriver and ending you once and for all. And you know when I say that, that ain't just some empty threat. That's a damn promise.

[Martinez rolls his eyes mockingly.]

RM: All I hear from you are words, Vasquez. Empty words filled with empty threats. And none of your little mind games are going to work on me. You can't rattle me. I'm ready for you.

And I promise you, I'm not afraid.

[Vasquez and Martinez hold a staredown for a moment before Juan speaks again.]

JV: That a fact? Prove it.

[Juan points at Alex Martinez.]

JV: Get rid of the security blanket.

RM: You'd like that, wouldn't you? I agree to come alone, and you bring all your jackals along and let them have free reign? I'm not an idiot, Juan. I'm not-

[Vasquez interrupts.]

JV: No, you're just a coward.

[That draws a heated reaction, both from Ryan Martinez and the crowd.]

RM: I'm the coward!? You're the one that hides behind an army of sycophants! You're the one-

[Juan is quick to cut Ryan off.]

JV: -who broke your neck, turned your father into a bloody mess and defeated Jack Lynch all on his own!

[He grins.]

JV: You want to give me a bloody ending? Prove it. You want to show the world that you're not afraid of me? Prove it. You want to pry this World Title from my cold, dead hands and "save" the AWA? Prove it.

RM: You smug son of a...

[Ryan stops himself, his expression hard to read.]

RM: All right, I'll bite. How?

[Juan grins wide. He's got Martinez right where he wants him.]

JV: Since I'm sooo obsessed with the past, I know just the thing, brat. I want you to face me...

...inside The Woodshed.

[A huge shocked roar comes from the crowd at that announcement.]

JV: What do you say, amigo? Just you and me, surrounded by five tons of steel. No friends. No allies. Just the most brutal, bloodiest war of your damn life.

[Before Ryan can react, his father puts a hand on his shoulder.]

AM: Ryan, son... don't. You don't know what that thing is like. You can't understand what it means, steppin' in that thing. You weren't there in LA. I was, he was.

Don't do this.

[The White Knight turns to his father, and the two look at each other, exchanging volumes without a speaking a word, the intensity in their eyes telling the whole story. Slowly, Ryan turns back to face his SuperClash opponent.]

RM: I grew up in a hundred locker rooms, listening to a thousand stories. And everyone had a story about the Woodshed. Most of them were stories about how no one would get them inside that thing. And those who'd lived through it? I remember the look in their eyes. Haunted. Like that cell had taken something from them they'd never get back.

And now, you want me to step inside, Vasquez?

[Vasquez nods furiously, to the delight of the men surrounding him,.]

RM: You want to do it your way? The old way. The awful, evil way – blood for blood and by the gallon.

All right, Vasquez...

You got it!!!

[Juan cackles as the audience erupts.]

JV: Pleasure doing business with you, kid.

[He turns his attention to Alex Martinez.]

JV: How does it feel, Alex? Your career and your son's will both end on the same night!

[If looks could kill, Juan would be six feet in the ground.]

JV: Alex, you of all people should know that you have no control over who lives, who dies and who tells your story. 'Cause I'm gonna make sure that before all is said and done, there ain't gonna be a damn person LEFT to tell your story. In New Orleans, I'm erasing your son from the narrative.

[A smirk.]

JV: At SuperClash, your legacy...

...BURNS.

[A smirking Vasquez quite literally holds the mic up, dangling it in front of House Martinez...]

...and drops it to the floor, an echo bouncing out throughout the arena. The Axis begins to backpedal down the aisle, Vasquez mockingly waving at the Martinez clan as the crowd buzzes over what we just heard. We cut to Gordon and Bucky at ringside.]

GM: Can you believe what we just heard, Bucky?!

BW: The Woodshed! We haven't seen the Woodshed constructed in years!

GM: A solid steel cell is going up... and those two men are going to step inside it with the AWA World Title... and their very future in this professional wrestling industry on the line! Incredible! AND Alex Martinez has just shocked the world! Win, lose, or draw - his pro wrestling career is over at SuperClash!

BW: And his son's might be too if Juan Vasquez has his way, daddy.

GM: I'm sure we're going to have more - much more - on both of these stories throughout the night but right now, let's go backstage to Sweet Lou! Lou?

[We cut to the backstage area where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing next to a dejected looking Cody Mertz. Mertz is dressed in green and white track pants with a black AWA t-shirt. His hands are on his hips as he looks down at the floor shaking his head.]

SLB: Ladies and gentlemen, we are backstage and from what we saw a little earlier, Bobby O'Connor has been seriously injured at the hands of Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan! I'm here with an obviously worried Cody Mertz. Cody, you've said these actions have got to stop what are your thoughts now that Bobby O'Connor has very likely had his arm re-injured at the hands of the very same people that put you on the shelf?

[Mertz looks up at Blackwell.]

CM: First off, I just want to say how my thoughts and prayers are with Bobby. Bobby and I spent a little time rehabbing together and I know all the work he put in to get back to this point. It sickens me that all that work gets wasted by those two jackals!

[Mertz shakes his head.]

CM: You want my thoughts, Lou? Disgust that they feel they can do that to anybody they please without repercussions. Anger that the one thing I've been trying to do since I've come back, I haven't been able to accomplish. And impatience, because I've expected one of them to take me up on my challenge and they've done nothing but slither away time and again. Well no more! This HAS got to stop! This WILL stop and-

[A voice calls out from off-camera.]

"And just who is going to stop us?"

[Mertz and Blackwell are interrupted by Tony Donovan as he and Wes Taylor walk into the area.]

TD: You?

[Taylor and Donovan laugh as Mertz takes a defensive posture. Blackwell tries to edge between them, extending an arm]

SLB: Gentlemen... gentlemen, please! This is an interview area and not the ring... you all would do well to remember that.

[Taylor smirks, patting Blackwell on the shoulder.]

WT: Relax, Sweet Lou. My brother and I are just here to point out to you...

[He points to the camera.]

WT: ...to them...

[And then swings his finger around his head.]

WT: ...and everyone else back in this locker room... that we just beat the TexMo Connection, the over-hyped hope that everyone had to end our title reign. We beat them... and we sent lil' Bobby O'Connor back to the hospital.

[Donovan reaches up, wiping away a fake tear.]

WT: And you, Cody Mertz, would do well to remember THAT! Ever since we beat you and your boy for these titles at the start of the year, we've faced and beaten every tag team to step up to us.

TD: That's right. We've beaten everyone! And at this point, we don't even an opponent for SuperClash!

[Mertz defiantly shakes his head, sticking his finger into Donovan's face.]

CM: The heck you don't! I'm going to settle this at SuperClash!

[Donovan looks surprised and then starts laughing as a chuckling Taylor puts his arm over his partner's shoulders.]

TD: You?! You don't even have a partner, Mertz! The biggest show of the year DESERVES the Tag Team of 2016... so we're not about to deprive the wrestling world of seeing us in action to answer your silly little challenge.

WT: That's right. So, why don't you run along and find Jon Stegglet. Maybe he'll make room for you in that Battle Royal.

[The World Tag Team Champions start laughing again but Cody Mertz' eyes are locked on them and he is NOT laughing. However, he is smiling as he speaks again.]

CM: That's where you two are wrong. Because as long as I live and breathe... as long as I'm in this business... as long as I'm on this Earth... I'll ALWAYS have a partner.

[And that causes the tag champions to immediately stop laughing.]

CM: You don't want to accept my challenge for one of you to face me at SuperClash? That's fine. Then I accept yours! You say you don't have a tag team willing to face you in New Orleans? I say you're wrong because I've sure I've got someone at the other end of an international phone call that's just DYING to get their hands on you.

[The crowd inside the arena begins to buzz as Taylor and Donovan suddenly look concerned.]

CM: You two are the Tag Team of 2016? Well, you're gonna have to prove it at SuperClash against one of the best tag teams in AWA history!

[Taylor shakes his head, lifting his hands and protesting.]

CM: Shut up! Challenge... accepted! At SuperClash in New Orleans, it's gonna be the so-called Tag Team of 2016... versus...

[Mertz looks at Blackwell, a big grin on his face now.]

CM: ...AIR STRIKE!

[With that, Mertz turns to exit, leaving Taylor and Donovan who start to protest this turn of events to Sweet Lou Blackwell who is all smiles.]

SLB: Sorry, gentlemen... but I gotta say you brought all of this on yourselves! Fans, let's go to the ring for our next match!

[We fade away from a shellshocked Taylor and Donovan backstage...

...and we fade back up on the ring where we see Rebecca Ortiz is ready to introduce the next match.]

RO: Wrestling fans, the following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. First, in the corner to my right... from Van Nuys, California... weighing in at 204 pounds... Benny Race!

[A slender man in black full-length tights with a red stripe down the side waves an arm to little response.]

RO: Annnnnnnnnnd his opponent...

[Static.]

GM: And here comes the man who will challenge for the World Television Title at SuperClash!

[The grim and ghastly sounds of Ture Rangstrom's Symphony No. 4 begins resonating throughout the arena. A few moments pass before Terry Shane emerges through the curtain, heading down the aisle as the majority of the fans cheer the third generation grappler.]

RO: He hails from Independence, Missouri... standing 6 foot 2 and weighing in at 202 pounds...

TERRY! SHANE! THE THIIIIIIIIIIIIIRD!!!

[Shane quickly makes his way to the ring, climbing up the ringsteps, and ducking through the ropes.]

GM: Fans, we are just about a month away from Terry Shane getting another chance to put his name in the roll call of champions. Of course, his father AND his grandfather are former World Champions... and perhaps that will one day be in the cards for Terry Shane the Third as well. But in New Orleans, it won't be the World Title that he's after - it'll be the World Television Title when he goes head-to-head with Callum Mahoney.

[Shane gives the ropes a bounce or two, getting loose as the referee prepares to start the match.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

[As the bell sounds, Terry Shane and his opponent meet in mid-ring, doing a quick circle around one another before coming together in a collar and elbow tieup. Shane seems at ease in this environment, swiftly using his size advantage to push his opponent across the ring and into the ropes.]

GM: Shane backs him down with ease. The referee calling for a clean break...

[The crowd cheers as Shane swiftly breaks off his hold, patting his young opponent on the shoulder as he does.]

GM: ...and he gets one. Nice sportsmanship on the part of Terry Shane the Third who is just about one month away from this big title match.

BW: And what a win that would be for him, Gordo. Last year, he was completely out of the AWA... out of wrestling altogether... and to make his way all the way back to SuperClash and become a champion? That's a heckuva story.

GM: You have to wonder though if Terry Shane's full focus is on this situation... on this match... considering his good friend, Bobby O'Connor, is on his way to the hospital.

BW: Aw, poor baby. His wee little buddy hurt his arm?

GM: Bucky, that is totally distasteful! We don't know how badly Bobby O'Connor is hurt after that assault by the tag champs and-

BW: You know what could have prevented it? Not being friends with a Lynch.

[With the announcers bantering, Shane has tied up with Benny Race for a second time, quickly securing a side headlock and taking him over to the canvas with ease.]

GM: Terry Shane's one heck of a technician on that mat. Sometimes we forget that, Bucky, because he spent so much of his early days in the AWA battling the likes of Steve Spector and other individuals with a brawling background.

BW: Shane's promised he's going to use his family's signature hold - the Spinning Toe Hold - to win the title at SuperClash, Gordo. To get Mahoney to tap out to that, he'd better know what he's doing on the canvas.

[Shane cranks the headlock a couple of times while down on the mat, causing Race to try and pry the hands apart as the referee checks for a submission.]

GM: No submission on the side headlock.

BW: Hah! Not unless you've got guns like Ferrigno, daddy!

[Race manages to battle his way back to his feet although some might say Shane allowed it to happen as he cranks the headlock again before swinging Race right back down onto his shoulders.]

GM: Race gets to his feet but Shane takes him right back in, trying to push Race's shoulders down on the mat.

[Down on the mat, Shane gets a one count before Race lifts the shoulder. Shane nods as he again seems to allow himself to be forced back into a standing position.]

GM: Right back up they go... and you have to wonder if Shane's allowing that to happen, Bucky. Allowing young Benny Race to expend valuable energy forcing his way up so Shane can put him right back down.

[Back on his feet, Shane spins out of the side headlock, grasping Race's wrist and twisting it into a hammerlock but he only stays there for a moment before he ducks down, yanking Race's legs out from under him and putting him facefirst down on the mat where he lunges right back in, securing the side headlock.]

GM: Nice series of holds there, ending right back up in the side headlock, driving Race's face down into the mat.

[He stays behind his opponent for a bit, almost as if applying a rear chinlock but after a few moments, Race manages to get to his knees, ending up back in the traditional side headlock once more.]

GM: And back to the headlock. You know, Bucky... I have to wonder if Shane's been watching some tapes of his father's matches... maybe even his grandfather's matches. This is the kind of style they would employ, right?

BW: Absolutely. This is the kind of wrestling we grew up on, Gordo. Put 'em down, wear 'em down, wear 'em out, put 'em out. That's what I like to see.

GM: Could this throwback style of wrestling throw Callum Mahoney off his game at SuperClash? We'll have to wait and see. But as Benny Race works back to his feet once more, pushing Shane back into the ropes, it's his turn to give us a clean break.

[But Race opts for another option, burying his shoulder into Shane's midsection once... twice... and then backs off at the official's orders.]

GM: No clean break there but Race doesn't press the advantage either.

BW: The kid's gaining a little confidence though. That's what it'll take if he's going to find a way to put Shane's shoulders to the mat and make a name for himself here tonight.

GM: Three minutes into this ten minute time limit - the same ten minute time limit that Shane will be up against at SuperClash.

[Shane grabs at his midsection as he edges away from the ropes, eyeing his opponent. Suddenly, he lunges forward, ducking down to elevate Race in a fireman's carry, tossing him down on the canvas where he quickly grabs the arm, locking in an armbar.]

BW: Hey dummy... you're not going to get a win with a spinning toehold by going after the arm.

GM: Sometimes, Bucky, you have to attack certain areas to create openings to attack other areas.

BW: How would you know? You've never stepped foot inside the ring!

[Race again works his way off the canvas, still in the armbar as Shane gives the arm a twist...

...and then slips past it, locking in a gutwrench and flipping Race over to the canvas.]

GM: From the armbar to the gutwrench suplex... quick cover!

[A two count follows before Race slips a shoulder up.]

GM: Two count only...

[Race tries to sit up but Shane is right on top of him, locking in a rear chinlock. The Missouri native hangs on as Race gets to his feet.]

GM: Shane hanging on, trying to wear down his opponent... oof! Hard back elbow to the midsection! Now one upstairs to the jaw!

[Shane stumbles back against the ropes as Race pursues, winding up...]

GM: Big right hand by Benny Race! And another!

[Shane grabs Race by the head, swinging him back into the corner. He keeps a grip on the head with his left hand...]

GM: European uppercut in the corner!

[A second blow snaps Race's head back before Shane loops his arm under Race's armpit, flipping him out of the corner with a hiptoss!]

GM: Shane takes him up and over... Race pops right back up... and right into a scoop slam!

[With Race down on the mat, Shane drops an elbow across the chest, rolling into another pin attempt and earning another two count before Race kicks out. But before he can get back up, Shane manages to grapevine the leg around his own...

...and drops back to the mat, putting severe torque on the knee!]

GM: Oh!

[Shane gets back up, dropping back a second time.]

GM: Shane attacking the knee! Trying to tweak the knee! Trying to soften it up for that spinning toehold!

[Shane falls back a third time, putting pressure on the limb. He scrambles back up off the mat, backing off as Race tries to get up off the canvas.]

GM: Boot to the gut...

[The Missouri native double underhooks the arms, tossing Race through the air and down to the canvas with a butterfly suplex!]

GM: Oh my! Nice suplex by Shane!

[Scrambling off the mat, Shane grabs the leg of his opponent, twisting it around his own...]

GM: Spinning toehold locked in!

[...and again...]

GM: The Shane family hold is on! The hold he says he'll use to win the title at SuperClash!

[...and again... and this time, Race cries out, shouting his submission to the referee.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

[Shane immediately releases the hold, shoving Race’s leg down to the canvas. He turns towards the timekeeper’s table as Rebecca Ortiz announces him as the winner and then gestures towards her.]

GM: And it looks like Terry Shane has something to say, fans.

[Ortiz obliges, handing over the mic.]

TS3: I’m going to make this short and sweet because I’ve got a friend on his way to the hospital and right now, I need to be there for him just like he was there for me when I needed him.

[The crowd cheers as Shane nods solemnly.]

TS3: But that doesn’t mean I wasn’t listening to you, Callum Mahoney.

[A short breath.]

TS3: The global face of AWA television!

[He shakes his head, a slight smile on his face.]

TS3: And I thought I had an ego. But hey, you’re the champ so you get to talk a big game... but from the sound of things lately, I’d guess you already know that.

You come out here and tell people that I’m USING my family legacy when it’s convenient for me. He comes out here and says that I’m USING my father.

[Shane shakes his head.]

TS3: Those days are over, pal. I’ve made the mistake of disrespecting my family and making a joke out of my family’s good name. No more.

But what about you, Mahoney?

[Shane pauses.]

TS3: The whole world knows my failings. They know I won the Rumble and came up short against Dave Bryant. They know that I came into the AWA with a world of hype behind me and didn’t live up to it.

But what about you? You’ve got that World Television Title around your waist and suddenly, you think you’re the face of AWA television.

[He smacks his lips.]

TS3: You taste it, don’t you? Fame? Success? Just the slightest taste makes you believe that you’re better than the hype. It wasn’t so long ago that you were playing the role of Michelle Williams in SM and K’s version of Destiny’s Child and even that’s a little debatable as I always preferred Toughill over you but hey, she swung a mean stick and her voice was a little deeper than yours.

[Shane shrugs as some laughter comes up from the crowd.]

TS3: I'm glad you found success, Mahoney. After three years with this company, I'm glad you're doing more than tapping out the likes of the Philly Phighter. But you've got a long way to go to live up to the names who've held that title before you, Mahoney. Guys like Dave Bryant... like Supernova... like Ryan Martinez... and yeah, even a lunatic like Shadoe Rage.

But your time to live up to those names is about to run out. Come Thanksgiving Night at SuperClash, your time is up.

[Shane jerks a thumb at himself.]

TS3: And then it's my turn. My turn to make my family proud. My turn to make the men who held that title before me proud. My turn to make...

[He points to the fans who cheer in response.]

TS3: ...all of them proud too. And yeah, my friend in the hospital? It'll be my turn to make him proud of me too.

So, you bring your armbar that you're so proud of, Mahoney... and I'm going to bring that spinning toehold that means so much to me but doesn't mean a damn thing to you...

And we'll just see who walks out of the Superdome with that title around their waist.

[Shane tosses the mic aside, exiting the ring to cheers as he makes his way back down the aisle.]

GM: Well, Bucky... judging by what we just saw in that ring and heard on that microphone, I'd say Terry Shane is ready for SuperClash and his shot at the World Television Title!

BW: We'll see about that, Gordo. Terry Shane's convinced us he was ready before but never seems able to close the deal.

GM: Fans, we'll be right back with more AWA action so don't you go away!

[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 then back up on the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing alongside former World Champion and Hall of Famer, Jeff "Madfox" Matthews. Matthews looks worse for wear, a bandage on his head. With his shirt off, we can also see some heavily taped ribs that he grabs with a grimace as he moves.]

MS: Fans, I'm back here in the locker room with Jeff Matthews. Madfox, you just got done seeing the doctors and-

[Matthews waves a dismissive hand at Stegglet before speaking.]

JMM: All these years..

[He spits out some blood and moves his jaw around as if trying to crack everything back into place.]

JMM: All these years and those two are still running around like high school bullies. These two are still running around trying to intimidate and get their way, Steggs. They think that they are just going to come here, beat up on Jeff Matthews, and put him out of commission. Time may have passed but these two still have the same mental capacity they had back then. Continuing to try and just use brute strength and force to accomplish their goals.

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: Jeff, that attack had to have a goal. Do you think they were trying to send a message or do you believe this was a direct attempt to take you out of SuperClash after you proclaimed yourself ready and willing to fight by Supreme Wright's side in that tag team battle on Thanksgiving Night?

[The Hall of Famer shakes his head with a hint of dismay on his face.]

JMM: A message? I've been jumped and beaten by better men than The Syndicate. I've lost more blood and broken more bones than I care to remember. I've faced both those men before and I would certainly hope that they didn't think that what they did tonight was enough to keep me down.

[Matthews clutches his taped ribs again, grimacing.]

JMM: But I can't lie to you, Mark. I can't stand here and tell you that I'm not hurt. But this...

[He gestures to the taped ribs and points to the gauze on his skull.]

JMM: This is nothing that'll keep me from wrestling... from fighting. You know why they came after me tonight, Mark? Because they're worried.

They're worried that with the Madfox on his side, there's no way they can get past Supreme Wright at SuperClash.

[Stegglet looks a little surprised.]

JS: Are you saying you're still going to compete at SuperClash?

[A rough approximation of a smile crosses Matthews' face.]

JMM: I don't remember the last time I wrestled at one hundred percent. I've had my mind, body, and soul ravaged in the wrestling ring. A few bumps and bruises have never gotten in my way. So no Steggs... this isn't going to stop me from fighting by Wright's side at SuperClash.

[Mark Stegglet looks enthusiastic about this, nodding his head.]

MS: So, I take it you've spoken with Supreme Wright and he's agreed to have you as his partner?

[Matthews grimaces.]

JMM: That's who I was looking for before I was...

[He grabs at his ribs.]

JMM: ...interrupted by those two jackals, Claw and James. No, Steggs... we haven't talked about it. But that's not going to stop me from being there. I've talked the talk when no one else has stepped up to be his partner. He will NOT walk into that ring alone... I promise you that.

He will NOT fight alone as long as I'm breathing.

[Matthews turns, storming off as Stegglet looks on.]

MS: Well, fans... it appears as though Supreme Wright's got himself a partner for SuperClash... whether he wants one or not.

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

MS: Let's go back to the ring.

[We dissolve from the backstage area out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit and is a Qualifying Match for the Steal The Spotlight ladder match to be held at SuperClash VIII! Introducing first...

[A trumpet fanfare leads into "Himno del Chivas de Guadalajara" and the crowd cheers. Immediately, Cesar Hernandez steps from behind the curtain, and takes a deep theatrical bow to the audience.]

GM: Oh yeah!

BW: Oh, brother.

[Rebecca Ortiz continues.]

RO: From Guadalajara, Jalisco, Mexico... weighing two-hundred forty-two pounds... CESAR HERNANDEZ!

[A tall, rangy, dusky-skinned man with voluminous shoulder-length black hair, Hernandez sports a toothy smile as he waves to the fans, jogging confidently down the aisle. He fistpumps and claps, exhorting and greeting the fans on both sides of the aisle.]

GM: One of the most popular superstars in all the AWA, Cesar Hernandez is looking to make a major impact here tonight by winning this contest and heading on to the Steal The Spotlight ladder match at SuperClash.

BW: That's all well and good, Gordo, but he's about to get a major reality check. You don't get to spend the last few months teaming with that worm Shawnay and then jump right back into the singles scene.

GM: We'll see about that, Bucky.

[It takes him little time to cover the distance to the ring, and he hops the rope, coming up in a big uppercut fistpump as the fans cheer. The clean-shaven Mexican bears the scars of years of battle, yet despite it all retains a handsome visage. He's wearing red trunks and boots (both of which are monogrammed with his initials), matching kneepads, and white wrist tape. His ring jacket is a very stylish one, with

pleated sleeves and frills along the torso... it bears the color of his trunks, along with white and green lining and trim. Hernandez takes a slow jog about the ring, pumping his legs to limber up, as he greets and urges on the fans on each side.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

[Mickey Avalon's "Stroke Me" begins to play over the arena sound system. A sample of Billy Squier's classic 'The Stroke' is easily recognized...]

“STROKE ME STROKE ME”

[As Mickey Avalon finishes saying it's "As easy as one, two, three" the curtain opens and out walks the one and only “Red Hot” Rex Summers and a bleached blond beauty. She smiles widely as her arm is wrapped around Rex's. She is wearing a glittering golden gown cut down to her navel.]

RO: Hailing from St. Paul, Minnesota... he weighs in at 251 pounds... being accompanied to the ring by...

[The next words are dripping with disgust.]

RO: ...the luckiest girl on the planet tonight...

"RED HOT" REX SUMMERS!

[Summers is dressed in a full length blue robe with white sequins running down both lapels and in a zig zag formation across the front. He walks slowly down to the ring, a cocky strut shows his arrogance and disdain for his opponent. Summers simply smirks as he approaches ringside, and we catch the words "Red Hot" are spelled out in more sequins on the back of the robe as he walks past the camera, the Summers Sweetheart by his side, beaming at the camera. They walk up the steps together where she sits on the middle rope, allowing Summers to easily step into the ring where he grabs at the mic.]

RS: Cut the music!

[The crowd jeers as Summers snatches the mic in hand.]

RS: Rebecca, why don't you give your lovely lips a rest and let me take it from here?

[Ortiz grimaces as she exits the ring. The crowd is still on him as he turns towards the hard camera.]

RS: One year ago at SuperClash, I made the women of Houston, Texas thankful for six beautiful things...

[He parts his robe, revealing his chiseled abs.]

RS: ...these abs right here!

[More boos pour down as the Summers Sweetheart “swoons.”]

RS: And on that night, I won the Steal The Spotlight match, guaranteeing myself a future title shot where I would no doubt become the World Champion of allllll of your dreams!

But then... I met Emerson Gellar...

[Some cheers go up for the absent Director of Operations.]

RS: And he decided to make it his life's work to make my life hell! He stole my Steal The Spotlight... he stole my title shot... and he made 2016 a joke for me! When's the last time Rex Summers was in the Main Event? When's the last time I got MY deserved title shot?

Well, all that changes on Thanksgiving Night because I'm winning this match... and I'm going to SuperClash... and I'm going to climb that ladder... and when I get to the top, I'm going to take a second and make sure to give all you lovely ladies out there the show of a lifetime.

[He pauses, putting his hands on the back of his head as he suggestively swivels his hips to a mix of high pitched squeals and low pitched boos.]

RS: And then I'm going to grab that briefcase with the contract inside... and this time, there won't be an Emerson Gellar to get between me, that contract, and the World Heavyweight Title!

[The boos are pouring down on the arrogant Summers.]

RS: Somehow it's only fitting that my road to the World Title in 2017...

[He pivots, pointing at Hernandez.]

RS: ...runs right through you, Hernandez.

[Hernandez barks something in Spanish at Summers.]

RS: You keep yappin', you little chihuahua... 'cause in just a minute, they're gonna ring that bell, and I'm gonna Heat Check my way into SuperClash... and you into a footnote in the history books.

Now... hit that music while I show all you fat... out of shape... Memphis mudhens what the epitome of masculinity is all about.

[The music kicks in again as the Summers Sweetheart dutifully removes his robe, leaving Summers to show off his well-oiled physique with some posing as Hernandez tugs at the ropes behind him, eager to get the fight underway.]

GM: Good grief, is he done?

BW: Hold on! Hold on! He's going to show off the goods for the Memphis mudhens!

[The buxom blonde exits the ring, robe in arms as Summers turns and prepares for battle. Referee Scott Ezra stands between them, giving some final instructions before he signals for the bell.]

GM: There's the bell and this one is officially underway, fans!

[Summers smirks at Hernandez who is quick to the middle of the ring, wrapping up in a collar and elbow. Summers shoves and pushes, trying to bully the fan favorite across the ring but a quick armdrag takes him off his feet and down to the canvas.]

GM: Nice armdrag by the man from Guadalajara, Mexico. Hernandez, one of the most popular men in the locker room as well as with these fans, would love a chance to knock Rex Summers out of this Qualifying Match. A long history between those two.

BW: Just ask Hernandez' wife.

GM: Bucky, that's uncalled for.

BW: No, she was calling for it all the time to hear Rex tell it.

[Both men climb back to their feet, Summers shaking out his muscular arm as he eyes Hernandez. At a call from the official for action, they come together a second time, jostling for position until a second armdrag pulls Summers down to the mat, sending him scrambling to his rear end where he scoots back into a corner as the crowd cheers.]

GM: The armdrag takes him off his feet a second time!

[Summers sits in the corner for a moment, glaring out at Hernandez who stands center ring with his fists balled up. With the aid of the ropes, the Red Hot One pulls himself up to his feet, gesturing at his hair to the official. The crowd jeers as a disbelieving Scott Ezra inquires about a hair pull and gets an angry denial from Hernandez.]

GM: Looks like Rex Summers may be trying to get into the head of his opponent a little.

BW: What? It was Hernandez who pulled the hair there!

GM: I don't think so.

[Summers angrily stomps to mid-ring, getting into an aggressive tieup that he uses to push Hernandez across the ring into the corner. The official steps in, calling for a break...

...and Summers steps back, burying a right hand into the midsection.]

GM: Ohh! No clean break out of Summers as he goes downstairs... and then down across the back of the head with an elbowsmash!

[The elbow sends Hernandez down to a knee as Summers grabs the hair, laying in a second elbow down between the eyes.]

GM: Get the man out of the corner, ref!

[Summers does back off at the referee's order, arms raised as the Summers Sweetheart looks on adoringly...

...and then charges back in, using a well-placed kneelift to knock Hernandez down to the canvas in the corner.]

GM: Oh! Come on!

[Summers grabs the top rope, aggressively stomping and kicking Hernandez as he drives him under the ropes to the floor.]

GM: And out to the floor goes Cesar Hernandez!

[Ignoring the referee, Summers steps through the ropes to the apron. He looks down on Hernandez, sizing him up, and leaps off the drop a forearm down across the rising Hernandez' neck.]

GM: Summers keeps up the attack out on the floor, leaving Hernandez in a heap out there on the barely-padded concrete!

[Summers stands over the fan favorite, taunting him as the crowd jeers. He smirks as he pulls Hernandez off the floor, smashing his face into the ring apron.]

GM: The referee's got that count going on both men... and I suppose if there's a double countout, both men will lose their opportunity to steal the spotlight at SuperClash.

[With Hernandez draped across the apron, Summers rubs his face back and forth on the canvas.]

GM: More illegal activities on the part of Rex Summers but I suppose no one is surprised by that at this point.

[Summers shoves Hernandez under the bottom rope before rolling back in on his own...

...and the jeers get louder as another individual appears at the top of the aisle.]

GM: Wait a second here... that's Rene Rousseau!

[The camera cuts to the aisleway where the former Northern Light is indeed making his way down the aisle.]

GM: What business does HE have out here?

BW: Hey, he's the epitome of class and sophistication, Gordo. Maybe Hernandez signed up to take lessons.

GM: Highly unlikely, Bucky.

[Rousseau arrogantly saunters down the aisle, taking plenty of time to badmouth the fans giving him a hard time as Summers throws a questioning glance in his direction. Rousseau dismisses him with a gesture as Summers pulls the rising Hernandez up, driving the point of the elbow down across the back of the neck once... twice... three times before Hernandez collapses to his chest on the mat.]

GM: And Summers sets his sights on the neck of his opponent, perhaps already looking ahead towards the devastating Heat Check DDT.

BW: I'm sure that's exactly what he's doing Gordo, but there's no need for all that. If he hits the Heat Check, you're going out even if he hasn't touched your neck all night.

GM: It certainly is one of the most devastating maneuvers in the entire AWA.

[Measuring the downed Hernandez, Summers drops to his knees, driving the point of his elbow down into the back of the neck. He quickly sits down on the back of Hernandez, locking his hands under the chin and yanking back.]

GM: Chinlock slapped on by Summers... almost a variation on the Camel Clutch here.

BW: And with that upper body strength, he's bending Hernandez' spine in a way it's not meant to bend, daddy!

[Hernandez grimaces in pain as Summers yanks back on the chin with a growl of "Ask him, ref!"]

GM: Scott Ezra asks and Cesar Hernandez answers no... no, he will not submit.

[Summers cranks back on the hold a little more, pulling the neck into an awkward position as Hernandez struggles underneath him. Summers again demands that the official ask for a submission... and again doesn't get it.]

GM: Still no submission on the part of Cesar Hernandez, showing tremendous heart in the face of a very punishing hold. And the heart of Cesar Hernandez is one of the reasons he's one of the most popular wrestlers with the fans... as well as with the other competitors. Look how quickly he volunteered to come to Chris Choynet's aid against the Samoans. Not everyone would do that, Bucky.

BW: That's because the Samoans are a step up from cannibalism.

GM: BUCKY!

BW: Hey, it's an important step!

[Rene Rousseau has reached the ringside area now, casually walking around the ring. He occasionally throws a glance inside the ring to see Summers tormenting Hernandez.]

GM: And you have to assume it's that relationship between Hernandez and Choynet that has led to Rene Rousseau's appearance here tonight at ringside.

[Summers releases the chinlock, climbing to his feet, and immediately leaping up to drop his knee down on the back of the neck. He flips Hernandez over, diving across his torso.]

GM: Ezra counts one... he gets two... but that's all.

[Summers glares at the official, shouting "that was three, ref! ONE, TWO, THREE!" as he slaps his hands together. The referee shakes his head, holding up two fingers as Summers climbs back to his feet.]

GM: Summers back up, bringing Hernandez off the mat with him.

[An Irish whip shoots Hernandez across the ring and a running clothesline brings him crashing down to the canvas!]

GM: Again with a solid shot to the neck of his opponent... again perhaps setting up for the Heat Check. Right back to the cover now... and again Hernandez is out at two!

[Summers looks agitated as he climbs back to his feet, putting the boots to the back of Hernandez' neck as the referee looks on. He stands over him for a moment, looking out at the jeering crowd.]

GM: And these Memphis fans sure don't like Rex Summers as he puts a hurting on one of their favorites, Bucky.

[Rene Rousseau is still patrolling the ringside area, conversing with the fans as he occasionally throws a glance towards the ring.]

GM: I still don't like the idea of Rene Rousseau being out here, Bucky... especially considering the fact that Chris Choynet isn't even here tonight. Choynet is off doing promotional work in Nashville with a few other AWA competitors not here this evening so Hernandez doesn't even have any backup!

BW: Backup? What does he need backup for? Rene Rousseau just out here watching the show. He hasn't done a thing to merit your slander!

[Summers pulls Hernandez up by the hair, smashing his elbow across the neck again... and again...]

GM: Summers continuing to try and soften up that neck... big whip coming up...

[A Summers whip ends up with Hernandez crashing backfirst into the buckles as Summers storms in after him, landing a big running clothesline.]

GM: Goodness! And now he's heading up top!

[Summers slowly makes his way up the turnbuckles, berating the ringside fans as the Summers Sweetheart cheers him on.]

GM: Summers taking his time getting up there... to the second... finally now to the top...

[He stands up top, giving his hips a swivel to the squeals of some of the females in the building, and leaps from his perch, raising his arms together and clasp his hands into a double axehandle...]

GM: Off the top!

[...where Cesar Hernandez BURIES a right hand into the midsection, causing Summers to somersault as he lands, flopping over onto his back as the Summers Sweetheart grabs her heart in horror and the Memphis crowd roars!]

GM: HERNANDEZ CATCHES HIM COMING OFF THE TOP! OH MY!

[The fired-up fan favorite walks slowly around the ring, fists balled up as the crowd gets louder and louder...]

GM: And Cesar Hernandez seems to be getting a second wind, fans!

[As Summers gets back to his feet, Hernandez is waiting for him with right-left-right-left combo, sending Summers staggering back to the buckles.]

GM: Cesar Hernandez, the man from Guadalajara, Mexico, is on the attack...

[Grabbing the arm, Hernandez fires Summers across the ring into the far turnbuckles where he crashes into them, bouncing out in a stagger towards mid-ring where Hernandez doubles up, tossing Summers through the air and sending him bouncing off the canvas!]

GM: HIIIIIIIIIGH BACK BODY DROP BY HERNANDEZ!

[Again, Hernandez parades around the ring, his fiery temper heating up as he balls up his fists, calling for more crowd support. The Memphis crowd obliges, cheering on him.]

GM: Listen to these fans! They're solidly behind Cesar Hernandez! They want to see him steal the spotlight at SuperClash!

[Hernandez circles around the rising Summers, sliding in behind him to lift him into the air...]

GM: BIG ATOMIC DROP!

[Summers grimaces, reaching back to hold his rear end as Hernandez pumps a fist, running past Summers to bounce off the ropes, rebounding back and leaping into the air...]

GM: CROSSBODY! HE HOOKS THE LEG! ONNNNNNE! TWOOOOOO! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Oh! He almost got him!

[Hernandez comes to his feet, slapping his forearm a few times as Summers starts to climb off the mat.]

GM: He's calling for it, Bucky! He's calling for El Misil De Jalisco!

[With Summers in a daze, Hernandez rushes to the ropes, looking to rebound off...

...and as he does, he ends up stumbling away from the ropes towards Rex Summers.]

BW: What the-?!

GM: He tripped him! Rene Rousseau tripped him!

[Summers snatches the off-balance Hernandez in a double underhook...]

GM: NO!

[...and SPIKES him skullfirst into the canvas with a Heat Check DDT!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The arrogant Summers rolls Hernandez over onto his back, settling across his chest...]

GM: One. Two. And three.

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: Rex Summers is headed to SuperClash and for another shot to steal the whole damn spotlight, daddy!

[Summers climbs to a knee, striking a double bicep pose as the fans jeer and the Summers Sweetheart applauds.]

GM: Well, there's at least one person here in Memphis who likes this result... and maybe just one!

BW: Make it two!

[A smirking Rene Rousseau backs down the aisle, leaving Hernandez counting the lights in the FedEx Forum.]

GM: Or maybe even three. Regardless, Rex Summers is moving on... he's going to be a part of the Steal The Spotlight ladder match at SuperClash... and looking to repeat his victory from a year ago. But this is no ten man elimination match, Bucky. This is a ladder match - an entirely different beast than what Summers faced last year.

BW: You can put him in whatever match you want, daddy... when the Heat Check is delivered, your lights go out!

GM: Fans, let's go backstage where Mark Stegglet is standing by! Mark?

[We cut to backstage where Mark Stegglet is standing in front of an AWA backdrop. Joining him are the members of Next Gen. To Mark's left is Daniel Harper, who is dressed in a San Antonio Spurs T-shirt and blue jeans. To Mark's right is Howie Somers, who wears a white polo shirt and khakis. A part of Somers' face, the right side from near the top of his forehead to just above the cheek, is red, his burns still not fully healed.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. Joining me at this time is Next Gen. Two weeks ago, Howie Somers, you made your return to the AWA and Anton Layton thought he had put you under the influence of the Eye of Tyr, but it turned out otherwise. Still, I have to ask you about your health. You took a fireball right to the eye and some wondered if you might ever wrestle again. In fact, it doesn't appear you're at 100 percent.

[Somers gestures toward his face.]

HS: Mark, I won't lie to you -- these burns were a lot worse a few weeks ago. For a brief period, I had trouble seeing out of my right eye. I'm happy to report that my vision is fine, but I know it could have been a lot worse. And I'm not gonna pretend that everything is back to normal. The skin is still tender and I have to be careful about brushing anything against it.

But at least I know that the physical scars will heal and the pain will go away. What I have a bigger problem with, Mark, is what I went through the past few weeks, wondering if I was ever going to be by my friend and partner's side again.

[He gestures to Harper, who gives a quick nod.]

HS: What hurt worse than my face was watching on the sidelines as my partner had to fight the good fight by himself. There were plenty of times when I was worried about what might happen to him -- what if Anton Layton and his men took it upon themselves to attack him and I couldn't be there to help? I could never live with myself if something happened to Daniel and I wasn't there to be by his side.

I kept thinking about that, day after day, night after night, about how I wasn't there for my partner. I can thank my lucky stars that Daniel assured me that everything would be all right -- heck, he even went out and told everybody that he'd take on Layton and all his men, by himself, if that's what it took to set things right.

[He turns right to Harper and motions again.]

HS: But I know it wouldn't have been right for you to go it alone. It's not that I don't trust you to get the job done and I hope you understand that.

DH: Of course I understand, Howie. Just like I hope you understand that I'm never gonna let people like Layton and his cronies get away with everything they've pulled!

HS: And I respect that. But my point is that it isn't just you that needed to set things right. It wasn't just me, either. It was the two of us -- together, side by side, as a unit -- that needed to set things right.

[He turns back to the camera.]

HS: That's why, once my vision checked out and I got even the slightest clearance from a doctor, I knew I was coming back to the AWA. And while Layton thought he had me in the fold, that I'd just succumb to the Eye of Tyr like the others he has under his thumb, I knew the opportunity was there to deliver the message -- that I will never fall under your thumb, Layton. That I am going to be here, by my friend's side, and set things right, once and for all.

MS: Howie, if I could stop you for just a second -- you talked about getting the slightest clearance from a doctor. Are you actually cleared to wrestle yet?

[Somers gestures to his face again.]

HS: Mark, I had a long talk with my doctor. He told me he'd rather I wait until the burns are fully healed. But I told him that, as long as my vision was fine, that I wasn't going to wait until the burns were fully healed to get back to the AWA, back to my partner's side, and yes, back into that ring, because I want things settled with Layton and the Slaughterhouse, the sooner the better.

Because I don't need my burns to be healed to pound my fists into Porter Crowley's face. I don't need my burns to be healed to smack The Lost Boy upside the head. I don't need my burns to be healed to stand face to face with The Hangman and dare him to take his best shot, then show I can give a shot back, only better. And I certainly don't need my burns to be healed to prove to Anton Layton that, not only will I never succumb to his Eye, but that he will answer for everything he tried to take away from me and my partner right here.

MS: Howie Somers, don't tell me you are challenging The Slaughterhouse to a match so soon after your return?

[Somers nods his head.]

HS: That's exactly what my partner and I are doing, Mark. I'll let Daniel tell you about it.

[Harper slaps his hands together, like he's anxious to get the match on already.]

DH: Slaughterhouse, we know it was the two of you that cost us a shot at the World Tag Team Titles before the match even got underway. Ever since, you've been doing everything you could to hurt us and, then, you almost succeeded when you put my best friend on the shelf.

But there's a key word -- almost.

Now, Howie may not be fully healed, and I won't lie -- there's a part of me, even if it's a small part, that thinks he's taking a big risk. But after all that's gone down the past few months, I understand where he's coming from.

He wants nothing more than to wipe the mat with Crowley and Lost Boy, to settle things for good with Layton, and if it means putting The Hangman down for the count, then he'll do that, too! And I'm of the exact same mindset, Stegglet!

And if it means we have to sign a waiver to absolve the AWA of liability because Howie doesn't have a full clearance, then so be it! The only thing that matters to us, right now, is kicking Slaughterhouse's butts and proving that Layton can flash around that Eye all he wants, but he's never going to get the best of me and my partner!

HS: [nodding] My partner is right. If I need to sign a waiver, I'll sign a waiver. I want this settled and I'm not waiting until the burns on my skin are gone. Because I've ran out of patience to get this settled, especially with what else is going down.

In fact, let's just get this match signed for SuperClash and Daniel and I will show the world that, even if I'm not fully healed, I'm healed enough to put Layton and his followers down for the count.

DH: You heard him, Mark! Put us against Slaughterhouse on Thanksgiving Night and we'll prove we're more than ready to kick their butts!

MS: Wow! Next Gen challenging Slaughterhouse to a match at SuperClash -- the question is, will the AWA even allow it? Gordon, let's take it back to you and...

[Somers holds up his hand.]

HS: There's just one other thing I want to get off my chest, Mark. I won't be long.

Earlier tonight, I watched Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan break Bobby O'Connor's arm. I won't claim to be close to Bobby or to Jack Lynch, but those two men have my respect and my partner feels the same. And what I witnessed in that ring absolutely disgusted me. That wasn't about winning a match -- that was about taking the career of a man who has busted his rear, night after night, to prove to everyone that he deserves to be mentioned among the best in the AWA.

The World Tag Team Champions may think their only problems are with what's going on with the Kings of Wrestling. Well, I can tell you they're gonna have a lot more problems than that once Daniel and I take down Slaughterhouse for good.

Don't forget, Taylor and Donovan, that we had a match scheduled before the Slaughterhouse decided to jump us. I'm sure you two are still patting yourselves on the back, thinking that you accomplished something and could just write us off like you do every other team in the AWA who you've never stepped into the ring with.

If you two think for one minute that you've proven anything to us about how you are the better team, then it's just like I told Anton Layton thinking he had me under his influence.

[His eyes narrow into a hard glare.]

HS: Like hell!

[Harper nods at Somers' remarks and the two walk off the set.]

MS: Did I hear that right? Next Gen is thinking about challenging the World Tag Team Champions next? [Shakes head] I don't know what to say other than... we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling!

[We fade from the backstage area 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 on the backstage area where we find Mark Stegglet.]

MS: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling right here in Memphis, Tennessee... and joining me at this time is a young lady who we've received a lot of e-mails and social media interaction surrounding as of late. I'm referring to the Dream Girl herself, Skylar Swift.

[There's a big cheer from inside the arena at the young superstar's name. Swfit steps into view, visibly better than we've seen her recently but also looking a little unsettled. There are dark circles under her eyes. Her hair looks like it was styled at one point in the past few days but isn't anymore. She's wearing a black tracksuit with "Dream Girl" in silver script across the chest and matching trim down the pants.]

MS: Skylar, how are you holding up lately?

[Swift eyes Stegglet.]

SS: I thought this interview was going to be with Theresa.

MS: Theresa... oh, I'm sorry... did you not- Skylar, Theresa was hurt earlier this evening. She's in the hospital.

[Skylar's eyes flash with concern.]

MS: No, no... she's going to be alright.

[Swift slowly nods.]

SS: I'm sorry, Mark. I didn't know. I just... well, I was looking forward to seeing Theresa, you know? She was one of the only people... heck, maybe THE only person who wasn't calling me... you know... the C word?

[Stegglet's face looks nervous as his eyes dart towards the camera.]

SS: Crazy, Mark... crazy. Everyone thought I was crazy. I don't like that word. Mental illness is... well, it's a serious thing and not something to be turned into a joke or an insult, you know?

[Stegglet nods.]

SS: So, it hurt when everyone thought I was... you know.

[Stegglet nods again.]

SS: But hopefully now everyone knows the truth. You saw her, right? Everyone saw her two weeks ago?

[Stegglet smiles.]

MS: Yes, Skylar. We also saw... we all know that Charisma Knight was-

[Swift interrupts.]

SS: She was making my life HELL, Mark.

[Stegglet seems caught off-guard by Swift's outburst.]

MS: Yes, it would seem that way.

SS: No, no... it doesn't "seem" that way, Mark... it's what it is. She's tormented me for months with her silly songs and ridiculous cackle and all the mind games and... she was trying to get in my head and... well, she did it. Mission accomplished, Charisma!

[Stegglet slowly speaks up again.]

MS: Skylar, you seem like you're still bothered by-

SS: Of course I'm bothered! And you know why, Mark? Because I still can't sleep. I still can't focus on anything but Charisma Knight...

...and my fist smashing into her face!

[A big cheer from inside the arena.]

SS: YOU HEAR ME, KNIGHT?! Put down your stupid little mindgames and come find me! I'm right here! I'm right here! You come face me face to face... you look me in the eye and you watch how fast I put you down for what you've done to me!

And I don't need to wait... I don't need to wait til next time... I don't need to wait til SuperClash!

I'll do it right here tonight in MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE!

[There's another loud reaction from the fans inside the arena...

...but it quickly dies down as acting Director of Operations Jon Stegglet walks into the camera's view.]

MS: Uncle... erm, Mr. Stegglet...

[Jon gives his nephew a slight nod before turning his attention to Skylar Swift.]

JS: Skylar... I really wish I was here under better circumstances.

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

JS: First, I want you to know how sorry I am for all the things that Miss Knight did to you outside the ring as of late. It is a totally unacceptable situation and I... well, it only further proves that our initial analysis of Miss Knight's state was correct.

SS: What are you saying?

JS: I'm saying that after consulting with the rest of AWA ownership and AWA legal, Charisma Knight remains not medically cleared to compete.

[You can hear the moans in the arena.]

JS: So, as much as I'd love to put you in the ring with her for a match-

[Skylar interrupts.]

SS: Mr. Stegglet, I don't need her in a match.

[Stegglet looks confused.]

JS: I'm sorry.

[Swift shakes her head.]

SS: I can't, Mr. Stegglet. I can't wait for her to get cleared. I can't wait for her to get the stamp of approval. This has gone on long enough. All I need is for you to let her to show up so I can finish this. Show up here tonight... show up two weeks from tonight in Mississippi... show up in New Orleans at SuperClash, I don't care. Just let her show up... and I don't care if she can't wrestle...

[Swift looks down at the floor for a moment and when she looks up, her eyes are flush with anger.]

SS: Right now, Mr. Stegglet, I don't care if she can't walk! If she's breathing, I'm fighting... and with the good Lord as my witness, Mr. Stegglet, I'm not gonna stop fighting until this is finished... until this is done!

She wants me to walk away?

[Swift defiantly shakes her head.]

SS: I'm gonna make it so she CAN'T walk away... EVER!

[Swift storms out of view, leaving a shocked Stegglet family behind as we cut to another part of the backstage area...

...where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell stands with Brian Lau. Along with his bespoke wardrobe, Lau is sporting the beginnings of a very ugly bruise on his jaw. The scowl on his face as he glares at Blackwell only accentuates the ugly swelling that's a reminder of being hit by the Engine of Destruction earlier in the night..]

SLB: I'm joined here by-

BL: They know who I am, Blackwell! Just get on with it, will you? I've got someplace to be.

SLB: Someplace to be? What business could you have that's more important than being here?

BL: All you need to know, Blackwell, is that it involves an icepack and two Instagram models.

[Blackwell rolls his eyes.]

SLB: All right then, I'll try to get to it. Brian Lau, after everything that we've seen tonight, after everything that we've seen for months on end, are you really going to stand there and tell me that all is well within the ranks of the Kings of Wrestling.

[Lau narrows his eyes.]

BL: Let me explain something to you, Blackwell. There are two types of factions in wrestling. The first is what you call a stable. And a stable forms around a single, strong personality. And you know what's in the rest of the stable, Blackwell?

A bunch of sheep.

And do you know what sheep do, Blackwell? They get in line and they follow the leader. They do what the leader says. They carry his bags, they fight his fights, and they're all just smiling and happy to be there.

SLB: It sounds like you're speaking about a certain organization here in the AWA...

BL: Well, what do you know, Blackwell, you may not be as stupid as I think you are. Though you keep interrupting me and I may have to lower my estimation of you. Anyway, as I was saying, on the one hand, you have your stables.

And on the other? You've got a coalition.

Now a coalition might have a leader, but it's not all about one person. It isn't about one ego. It's about every member being as strong as every other part, and about being the strongest together. A coalition isn't one guy and his flunkies.

A coalition is a house of lords. A gathering of kings.

But you know what happens when you put five kings together? Well, sometimes there's a little friction, Blackwell.

SLB: A little friction?! Are you kidding me?!

BL: You still interrupting me, Blackwell?

Kings are not sheep, Blackwell. When kings gather? Well, you expect fireworks, and you get results. Look at the year the Kings of Wrestling have had. One World Heavyweight Title, one Battle of Boston winner, two, count them, two, World Tag Team Titles.

So yes, Blackwell, from where I'm sitting, the Kings are just fine. We're just... ironing out a few things.

SLB: Brian Lau, sometimes I don't know whether you're just giving me some line, or if you actually believe what you're peddling. After tonight, when Brian James struck you...

BL: Whoa, whoa, whoa, Lou. Let's not go spreading rumors.

We all know that Brian James is tightly wound. We all know that he's the fiercest competitor in the AWA. And we all know that sometimes, tempers can run hot. What happened tonight wasn't on purpose. Mistakes happen.

And as they say, this isn't ballet.

SLB: So what, you're just going to tell me that big purple bruise on your face is no big deal?

BL: That's exactly what I'm saying!

[A voice rings out from off-camera.]

"I couldn't agree more!"

[In walks Johnny Detson interrupting the interview. He is also rubbing his jaw from an earlier James attack though his result much more deliberate.]

SLB: Johnny Detson, what is the meaning of this interruption?!

JD: Sorry Lou, I just happened to be walking by and I just happened to hear what Brian was saying and like I said I couldn't agree more about Brian James.

SLB: Brian Lau and I don't agree on much, Mr. Detson, but I can honestly say we'd both probably find that hard to believe!

[Detson scoffs and dismisses Blackwell's admonishment with a wave of his hand.]

JD: Regardless of what I said before in the heat of the moment... Brian James is the Engine of Destruction. He is the Son of the legendary Blackheart Casey James! A former TPP champion. He is his father's son and that's nothing but a compliment!

[Detson smiles and shakes his head as Lau looks on suspiciously. Detson then stops and snaps his fingers shaking one at Lau.]

JD: Or is he in fact the embodiment of of his trainer and mentor Tiger Claw? Another legend. There's probably nothing that he didn't teach young Brian James. Brian probably learned every thing he knows from his Master.

[Annoyed, Lau interrupts.]

BL: Exactly what is it you're getting at with all this, Johnny?

JD: Well, you see the thing of it is... I mean, I was just following your advice. Remember when you said that to truly train for your adversary, you should study their past? I sincerely took that to heart... I mean you are a Hall of Fame manager and everything; it would be foolish to not listen to you.

[Detson pauses as he rubs his jaw.]

JD: Well, I took it one step further because... who is Brian James? Son of legend Casey James. Student of Tiger Claw. So I should study both of them. Now I just happened to be walking past the production truck as they were assembling a package about those two for their SuperClash match and I began to examine it... and I found something... you... might... want to see. Take a look over here... I had the tech crew set it up in case I ran into you.

[Detson leads Lau and Blackwell over to a large monitor set up backstage. Right now, it has the SuperClash logo on it but as Detson snaps his fingers, we see very different footage. This footage is dated July 11th, 1999 from Madison Square Garden in New York City. This footage comes from the legendary EMWC event known as Showtime VI.]

JD: Maybe you remember this?

BL: How could I forget?

SLB: For our fans at home who might not be familiar with it... this is from Showtime VI, the EMWC event and is this... oh no.

JD: Oh yes, Blackwell. This is one of the most infamous matches in the history of our great sport. On one side, Hall of Famer Tiger Claw... Brian James' trainer... on the other perhaps his most dangerous rival, Simon Ezra.

[Detson grins.]

JD: This match is called the Killing Box... and with good reason. Now, pause it in the truck...

[The footage freezes.]

JD: For the sake of our television partners at Fox, we're going to skip all the mindless bloodshed and brutality. Seriously? Barbed wire? Explosions? Broken glass? I don't know how you people are even still walking.

BL: A lot of them aren't.

JD: Point. Fast forward, guys.

[We skip ahead in the match and Detson finally snaps his fingers again.]

JD: This oughta do it. Hey... is that our current boss on commentary?

[As Simon Ezra pulls a bloodied Tiger Claw off the mat, he shoves him backwards into a barbed wire fence. Detson cringes as it happens. Ezra leans over, retrieving a pair of handcuffs from a barely-moving Brian Lau who is down on the mat littered with broken glass, blood, and Lord knows what else. The voices of Jon Stegglet and Todd Michaelson ring out like it's seventeen years ago.]

JS: He's got the cuffs! What's he-?! HE'S HANDCUFFING CLAW TO THE CAGE!!!! HE'S HANDCUFFING TIGER CLAW TO THE BARBED WIRE WALL!!!

TM: The right hand is cuffed to the cage...that's the arm that Claw still had use of! Smart move by the Blood Angel! But he still has to make the former World Champion submit...and NO ONE has ever done that before. What can he do?! What can he use to make the most dangerous man in our sport give up?!

[Detson chuckles as the audio dips down.]

JD: Two of our bosses. Ain't that something. Boy, they had talent, didn't they?

[Lau is silent as he stares at the screen where Ezra digs into his tights, retrieving a badly dented metal can.]

JD: Uh oh. Is that what I think it is?

BL: It was lighter fluid.

JD: Lighter fluid! What will you Extreme boys think of next?

[With the commentary muted for the moment, Ezra starts spraying the lighter fluid all over the handcuffed Tiger Claw. You can hear the crowd buzz with concern as

Claw cries out in pain at the fluid hitting his exposed cuts. Ezra rips off his own t-shirt, dousing it in the fluid as he wraps it around Claw's neck.]

JD: This looks pretty bad, boss. You know, I've never seen this before... not my cup of tea... but... how the heck did he even survive this?

[Ezra tosses the can aside, staring into the eyes of Claw. He grabs the house mic.]

SE: Say it.

[Claw stares back at Ezra, fully aware of what might happen if he says no. The shot closes on Lau, his face pale as memories of that night wash over him.]

BL: He wouldn't say it.

JD: Of course not. He's too determined. Too proud.

[Claw and Ezra continue to trade verbal spars. Ezra demanding Claw's submission but Claw defiantly refusing. The crowd is chanting "SAY IT! SAY IT! SAY IT!" repeatedly.]

BL: Damn him. He wouldn't say it.

[Ezra reaches into a pocket, pulling a lighter into view, holding it in front of Claw's eyes.]

BL: I didn't... I didn't have a choice, Johnny.

JD: I believe you, Brian.

[Claw stares at the lighter at the screen, leaning over the mic close enough for all to hear...]

"Light it."

[The crowd roars in response - both on video and those watching in the arena just as Brian Lau, Johnny Detson, and Sweet Lou Blackwell are. On the screen, we see a flood of officials surrounding the ring, trying to prevent tragedy from unfolding for all to see.]

BL: He would've never quit. Never.

JD: Just like Brian, right?

BL: I don't...

[Lau's words trail off as Ezra flicks his thumb across the lighter, igniting it on the seventeen year old footage.]

"Say it."

[Claw stares into the flames as Lau does now, the fire dancing in both their eyes. The audio is muted as Claw responds but we get the idea.]

BL: Stubborn son of a...

[But before Lau can finish... before Ezra can finish... Lau's voice is heard crystal clear from the footage...]

"I QUIT! I QUIT! I QUIT!"

[The crowd ERUPTS in cheers as the referee immediately calls for the bell. EMWC officials celebrate around the ring as a near disaster is averted. Simon Ezra continues to hold the flame open... as he looks towards the man who screamed the two words. The announcers are heard once more.]

JS: It was Lau! Lau said it!

[We follow yet another gaze... this time it belongs to Tiger Claw. His stare turns from his foe...to his friend. Brian Lau stands before him, beaten and broken...but proud to have saved his friend from incineration. Claw's eyes lock with Lau's...and in one moment, Lau knows he made the biggest mistake of his life.]

“CRACK!”

JS: SHIN KICK! SHIN KICK! CLAW NAILED LAU WITH A SHIN KICK!!!

[Our current day Lau cringes, looking away from the screen at the moment of impact.]

JD: Oooh!

[Detson is almost gleeful as he looks at Lau's reaction. The footage freezes, showing Lau unconscious and motionless on the blood-covered canvas.]

JD: I've never felt one of those before but... whew.

[Lau doesn't respond, still looking down and away from the screen. Blackwell raises the mic.]

SLB: Well, Mr. Lau, what do you have to say to that?

[But Lau says nothing at all. There's a troubled look on his face. The Hall of Famer looks to Detson, and then shakes his head and wanders off.]

SLB: What about you, Mr. Detson? What do you have to say for yourself?

[Detson looks at Blackwell strangely as if that was the dumbest question in the world.]

JD: Well, I just said it, didn't I?

[The camera lingers on the smirk plastered across the former World Champion's face, before we fade...

...out to a panning shot of the FedEx Arena crowd still buzzing over the footage they just saw on the big screen. A few moments later, "I'm the Best" rings out of the arena as the video wall flashes up with a collage of Lauryn Rage Instagram images. A like counter on the bottom of the screen climbs with blinding speed as Lauryn Rage steps out on the stage in her scandalously short hot pink unitard with gold inlay and trim.

The AWA Women's World Championship is strapped around her waist as she pauses on the stage, taking a video of herself on her phone. She runs through a series of poses before she pauses, standing with one hand on her hip and her other stretched out to the fans to 'kiss the rings!' She pauses, still somehow expecting the fans love and when the boos come instead she pops her eyes wide in shock and slaps her ample behind with the extended hand, showing the fans exactly what they can kiss instead.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is for the AWA Women's World Championship! Introducing first... from Halifax, Nova Scotia... weighing in at 154 pounds... she is the reigning AWA Women's World Champion...

LAURYNNNNN RAAAAAAGE!

[The champion marches down to the ring, her dark pink hair piled up on top of her head in a messy bun. She climbs the ring apron, wiping her gold boots on the mat before she enters the ring. Before Rebecca can introduce the challenger, Lauryn snatches the microphone from Rebecca's hand. She shoots her an evil look and says in a manner that can be heard on the mic "Don't forget a Rage got you this gig, ya dig?"]

GM: The champion once again forgetting her manners. She can't treat Rebecca Ortiz like that!

BW: Why not, Gordo? She's right. Ol' Becky there owes her family for her job!

GM: Oh, that's disgusting, Bucky! Get well soon, Phil! We all miss you!

LR: (addressing the booing crowd) Excuse me, I was talking. Look, SuperClash is around the corner and the AWA is doing everything they can to try to take this title off me and put it on one of their cronies. A Three Way Dance? They're trying to push Da Kid's back up against the wall all because Lynches have beef with Rages. Well, sorry, people, I'm not giving up this title just because the odds are unfairly stacked against me. That's not how I roll, ya dig?

[There's a decent amount of fans who respond "WE DON'T DIG!" in unison.]

LR: (pulling a cute face at the crowd) Yeah, yeah. I don't crack under pressure, people. You know what it was like growing up in my family?

BW: Probably like the Addams Family, but worse.

GM: You might be right, Bucky.

LR: Do you know the expectations I had to live up to?

Medusa Rage. World Champion and Hall of Famer.

Dalbello Rage. Multiple World Champion. Multiple tag team champion. Mean ol' cuss. Future Hall of Famer

Shadoe Rage. World Champion. Greatest AWA World Television champion ever...Multiple World Tag Team champion. Should be in the Hall of Fame already.

[Lauryn shoots a pointed look at the back.]

LR: Godiva Rage... multiple tag team champion.

Marissa Monet. World Champion. Multiple Women's World Champion. Tag team champion. Should be in the Hall of Fame already, too.

Sierra Browne. Multiple Women's World Champion. Multiple tag team champion. Future Hall of Famer.

[Again, Lauryn looks to the back.]

LR: Get it together, guys.

Then there's my other brother... they'll fine me if I say his name, but he's a multiple tag team champion and a World Champion, too.

And they all looked at me, like, 'You gon keep up?'

[Lauryn rolls her eyes.]

LR: That's what it was like for me. I didn't fold under that pressure. I busted my ass every day to keep up with them.

The Rage name IS wrestling, people. The AWA can't deny that. The Lynches - try as they might - can't deny that. Hell, when the AWA announced its Women's Division, they made sure everybody was talking about Melissa Cannon and Julie Somers. They tried to portray Ayako Fujiwara as some second coming of Miyuki. And me? Nothing. Just that kid with the loud mouth. Don't worry about her.

Well, I'm a problem! I won that Rumble fair and square. I threw my own damn sister over the top rope to win this championship! And I tossed everybody else I could, too! And what did I get? All you keyboard stans caping for your favorites: 'I think Mellissa should have won.' 'Why didn't they let Julie back in?' 'Her?'

Yeah, me. I know y'all were shocked. I wasn't. Because from Day One, I've been hustlin' and grindin' to be the best to be ready for this opportunity. I AM Women's wrestling. I am its present. And I am damn sure its future.

[Rage glares out at the crowd, daring them to say different.]

LR: And now at SuperClash they want to put me in with Melissa Cannon AND Ayako Fujiwara... in an elimination match?

[The crowd cheers.]

LR: How is that fair to me?

BW: She's right, Gordo! That isn't fair to the Champ.

LR: But the title isn't going to change hands the very first time it's defended at SuperClash. Melissa is good. Ayako is good. They beat the Serpentes tonight... barely holding it together. So they may even be good good.

[She rolls her eyes in disgust.]

LR: But I'm GREAT! Ya dig? I'm the best! And I don't care how much the odds are stacked against me, I'm walking out of SuperClash with my title. My reign is going to continue.

So tonight, I'm going to show you why they had to put two women against me at once. Tonight, I'm taking on a top flight wrestler from the Punjab! Y'all haven't seen her before, but my sis, Mantha found her and brought her to the forefront. See, family takes care of family.

[As an aside.]

LR: Ain't that right, Blackjack?

[Rage sneers at the camera.]

LR: So, tonight, I'm taking on Age of Rage Wrestling's very own Shiva Talwar! Girl, get your behind out here and let's see if you've got what it takes to give Da Kid a challenge!

[Lauryn casually tosses the microphone to Ortiz as she unbuckles the belt and hands it to the referee to hold up high. Lauryn does some lunges and squats to loosen her muscles.]

RO: And the challenger... from the Punjabi State in Indian... weighing 170 pounds... "The Destroyer" Shiva Talwar!!!

[The crowd doesn't know how to react as traditional Punjabi music plays over the PA system. The curtains part and Shiva Talwar emerges wrapped in silk, gold-filigreed robes. She is a harsh-faced woman with a hawk nose and dark almost black eyes outlined in smudged kohl. Her hair is jet black, brushed back from her rawboned face and held in place in a ponytail. She stalks to the ring, bowing to the fans as she sheds her robes to reveal her ring gear of crimson tights, purple boots and a gold halter top. She stares a hole through the Champion as she stretches her neck and rolls her wrists.]

GM: So we have our first look at Shiva Talwar. I'm told that she is indeed one of the newest products of the Age of Rage. You know, shouldn't that prove that there is no animus against the Rages other than what might be in their imagination?

BW: Why because the AWA is raiding their talent? I disagree.

GM: Of course you would.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And there's the opening bell. Both the challenger and the champion are circling each other, looking for an opening. Let's see what this Shiva Talwar has in her arsenal.

BW: I talked to Lauryn's older sister, Dalbello Rage. She told me that this woman is a striker and a submission specialist. She's no joke and I'm told Lauryn has to take this match seriously or the landscape of SuperClash may drastically change right here tonight.

[The two athletes size each other up. It is immediately apparent that Shiva is both taller and more muscular than the Champion. She stalks the champion, her hands raised. Lauryn teases locking up, using subtle feints and lunges to see if she can gain an advantage then she straightens up, running her mouth.]

"You're in here with Da Kid, ya dig. You better not embarrass me. You better not embarrass Lady D. Don't embarrass yourself, na mean?"

GM: And the crowd booing the trash talk as Shiva Talwar lunges into the lockup!

BW: Here we go!

[Both athletes shift and strain against each other, trying to force the other into an awkward position. Lauryn tries to dig under her opponent, but Shiva pivots and throws her away. The Champ stumbles before regaining her balance. She runs her mouth at Talwar again before they lock up one more time.]

GM: And Lauryn Rage with a side headlock now, trying to control Shiva Talwar, but Talwar with the top wristlock reversal and grabs a headlock of her own!

[Lauryn struggles in the grip and tries to reverse out into a top wristlock of her own, but Talwar continues through, transitioning into a hammerlock.]

GM: Talwar showing some technical wrestling skills at the outset of this one... Rage looking for a way out of this hold.

[The struggling Rage thrusts her ample backside into Talwar's midsection, twisting out of the hammerlock into an armwringer of her own.]

GM: Nice reversal by Rage... whoops!

[The crowd cheers as Talwar yanks Rage forward and takes her down face first to the mat with a trip. She dives on her with a side headlock again.]

GM: Bucky, the challenger has legitimate skills. She has a counter for everything the champion is doing on the mat. This might not be a good night for the champion, especially after Cannon and Fujiwara's victory earlier over her pet hitmen, the Serpentes.

BW: This is just the feeling out process, Gordo, but I gotta say, Talwar looks good early.

[Rage complains to the ref that Talwar is using the hair and as the ref questions Talwar, he distracts her a little, allowing Lauryn to shift her weight and roll Talwar over for a nearfall.]

GM: And the champ gets two out of it, but Talwar rolls through back into the side headlock, grinding away on the ears of the champion.

BW: I don't think Lauryn would look good with cauliflower ears, Gordo. She better find a way out of this headlock and fast.

[The champion feels around, trying to find an escape. She manages to sit out to relieve the pressure and then pops free, quickly diving into Talwar with a shoulder tackle. Lauryn pops to her feet, pulling up the Punjabi warrior and slaps her right in the mush.]

"Don't forget who I am!"

[The crowd cheers as Talwar responds with a series of lightning quick palm strikes that light up the Champion, landing on her jaw, nose and chest, stunning her.]

GM: What a flurry of offense from Talwar who has had enough of Lauryn Rage's disrespect! Waistlock and... my goodness, what a belly-to-belly takedown! Talwar on top now and Rage forced to cover up as Talwar pounds away with those palm strikes.

BW: Dang, a good number of these shots are landing, too, Gordo and they got some stink on them! Lauryn's in trouble!

[Lauryn is forced to eat a few more palm shots as she drops her arms to get under Talwar's legs and buck her off. She rolls to her knees, checking her nose for blood, leaving herself open to a vicious kick to the chest. The crowd oohs as the sound reverberates through the arena.]

GM: My stars!

[Talwar winds up again, but Lauryn catches the leg and uses it to throw Talwar away. She bails out of the ring to the fans' jeers.]

BW: Smart time out there! She needed to regroup!

GM: And the referee laying in the ten count as Lauryn argues with the fans.

[Talwar stands center ring, not falling for the trap of going outside after the champion. She stays in the ring, arms outstretched, knees bent, ready to fight. Lauryn glares at her and slowly reenters the ring, breaking the count at eight.]

GM: What is Lauryn going to do now? I'm surprised at how well prepared this Shiva Talwar is compared to the AWA Women's World Champion.

BW: Well, there's more tape on Lauryn Rage than there is on Shiva Talwar. So she gets the early advantage, but any champion will figure out how to turn the tide. If they don't, they're ex-champions pretty quick.

[Lauryn takes a different approach. She simply thumbs Talwar in the eye before unloading with a series of stiff body blows and head shots.]

BW: See, Talwar may be good on the mat, but she can't counter the Greco-Roman thumb to the eye!

[Now Talwar covers up as Lauryn Rage backs her into the corner. Rage starts laying into her with knee shots before she backs way up and charges in with a handspring elbow that rocks the challenger.]

GM: The champion in control now as she snapmares Talwar into the middle of the ring and follows up with a leaping drop kick to the back of the head!

BW: I told you she would figure this challenger out!

GM: Why isn't she going for the cover?

[Rage instead walks over her opponent and stands on the middle turnbuckles, yelling out at the fans.]

"This is my ring! This is my world! She isn't going to stop me! At SuperClash, the two little wannabes aren't going to stop me either! YA DIIIIIIIGGGGGGGGGG????"

GM: In my view, she's wasting too much time mouthing off to our great fans. She should be trying to pin this surprising challenger.

BW: Gordo, I might have to agree with you on that one.

[Lauryn hops down from the middle buckle and saunters towards Shiva. She drops down on top of her for an arrogant cover and only gets one.]

GM: I told you she took too much time.

[The champion drags Talwar up by the hair and uses the hair to toss her to the corner. She charges in, squashing Talwar with a flying hip attack.]

BW: That will knock the wind right out of you, Gordo.

[As Talwar slumps in the corner, Rage unloads with a series of elbows to the head and then drives a left hook to the exposed ribs. She tosses Talwar by the hair into the center of the ring again and hooks the leg for a cover.]

GM: Kick out at two! This Shiva Talwar is taking the best that the champion is throwing at her and is surviving right now.

[Lauryn's eyes are wild as she can't believe she hasn't earned a pinfall yet. She drags Talwar up once again, mushing her in the face as she talks trash. Talwar lunges forward, bulling Rage into the corner.]

GM: And the challenger with a series of shoulder blocks! Lauryn is winded!

BW: I don't think she expected this second wind from the challenger. Shiva Talwar doesn't seem to know how to stay down.

[Talwar locks her hands around Rage's waist, ducks her head under the armpit and brings her down to the mat with a beautiful Northern lights suplex. She gets a two count out of it.]

GM: And Shiva Talwar nearly scored the upset right there! Imagine what that would have done to SuperClash had Lauryn Rage lost the title!

BW: I don't want to think about it and the Champ doesn't either!

[The nearfall lights a fire under Lauryn. She fights her way off the mat, leaving herself open to an Irish whip. As she rebounds, Talwar tries to turn her inside out with a scything lariat. Rage ducks underneath the heavy shot rebounds to the other side and comes back, leaping at the challenger with a Fierro press...

...only to be knocked out of the sky by a boot to the gut from Talwar, knocking her down to all fours!]

GM: Talwar goes downstairs, kicking her right in the gut and folding Rage in half...

[Snatching a gutwrench, Talwar hoists the Women's World Champion off the mat, twisting him around...

...and DRIVING her down with a thunderous powerbomb!]

GM: OHHHH MY! WHAT A POWERBOMB BY THE CHALLENGER!

[The gutwrench powerbomb has Lauryn staring up at the lights as Talwar tries another pinfall.]

GM: ONNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOO! THR-

"OHOOOOOOOOOO!"

[The crowd groans with disappointment as Rage's shoulder sneaks up off the canvas at the count fo two.]

GM: No, no! Rage kicks out in time!

[Talwar looks up in surprise at the official who holds up two fingers. A frustrated Talwar climbs to her feet, dragging the champion up with her...

...and wraps her powerful arms around her, clamping her in a bear hug!]

GM: Bearhug locked in and you can hear the screams of the Women's World Champion that let you know how effective it is!

BW: Lauryn has got to breathe through the panic. That's what gets you in a bearhug! You panic and then you forget to escape!

[Bucky is correct as usual. Lauryn Rage flails in Talwar's grip as Talwar bounces on her toes, adding pressure to the move, but the champ slowly regains her focus.]

GM: Rage stretching out those legs, trying to get a little bit of leverage.]

[Rage is using her toes to purchase a little leverage on the back of Talwar's knees and then rains elbows down between Talwar's eyes, forcing the Punjabi warrior to break her grip. Lauryn lands on her feet and picks the leg, taking Talwar to the mat and she wobbles in pain as she spins, but manages to wrap the leg in a grapevine.]

BW: Step over toe hold!

GM: This can't get a submission out of Talwar, can it, Bucky?

BW: Probably not, but ol' Lauryn is slyly breaking Talwar down. Take out the legs and you have an opponent that is in a world of trouble.

[Lauryn continues to wrench on the leg as she regains her breath before she flips over onto Talwar's shoulders with a jackknife pin. She gets a two count out of it before Talwar rolls through getting on top for a two count of her own.]

GM: Beautiful reversal by Talwar! I am shocked at the fight she is putting up! I thought that Lauryn had picked a joke opponent for her final title defense before SuperClash.

GM: Come on, Gordo! Lauryn has always been a fighting champion! She would never stoop to such tactics!

[As Rage slowly gets to her feet, Talwar lifts her across her shoulders in a fireman's carry. She falls backwards, driving Lauryn Rage into the mat with a Samoan drop.]

GM: Rage is DRIVEN down to the canvas... and Talwar's not done!

[She rolls through, keeping Rage on her shoulders and then shifts Rage around and drops her face first to the mat with a flapjack. Talwar rolls to her feet, grimacing and gripping her knee.]

BW: See, that brief bit of attacking the leg prevented Talwar from being able to capitalize on the flapjack. The Champ got herself some time.

GM: Lauryn Rage escaping to the corner. This might not be a wise move because here comes Talwar charging in!

[Lauryn, in desperation, leaps out of the corner, driving her backside into the charging Talwar's face.]

GM: Ohh! What a counter by the champ!

[She hauls the challenger up, picks her up off the mat and charges the buckles, driving her back first into the corner before dropping to her knees, clutching her back.]

BW: Bucklebuster by Lauryn Rage! And the Champ is smelling blood now!

GM: The Champion seems slow to press her advantage to me. Those suplexes, the powerbomb and bear hug have sapped a lot of her explosion, Bucky.

BW: Yeah, maybe, but she's still got that killer instinct!

[Rage forces herself to her feet and stalks Talwar. With an evil grimace, she starts firing off a series of kicks. She grimaces as she twists to land each one. The barrage of kicks causes Talwar to slump against the middle turnbuckles. Screaming, Rage backs up and charges in again with her hip attack!]

GM: SHE MISSED! SHE MISSED!

[The crowd roars as Rage crashes into the buckles while Talwar pushed herself up onto the top rope, avoiding the charge.]

GM: Rage is staggered - another hard shot to the spine...

[And as she staggers in a circle, the fans are screaming as they see the opportunity. Talwar jumps on Lauryn's back and wraps her around the neck in a rear naked choke. The champion flails, searching for the ropes!]

GM: Shiva Talwar has it locked in! She has it locked in!

[Lauryn falls to one knee. Her flailing arms move less rapidly now.]

BW: I can't believe this! We might be about to crown a new champion just weeks before SuperClash!

GM: That choke is locked in! Can Rage find a way out in time?

[The tendons in Talwar's arms pop as she tightens her grip. Rage is on her knees, her face turning red as she struggles against the choke hold.]

GM: And now Talwar has the body scissors locked in!

[Balanced on the champion's back, Talwar snatches a body scissors, trying to yank the champion down to the mat. Lauryn resists with the last of her strength.]

GM: Rage is trying to hold on! Rage is trying to stay on her feet!

[Rage is flailing her arms, trying to keep her balance...

...and then seems to have a different idea as she wraps up the legs in her arms, violently throwing herself backwards, driving them both down into the mat!]

GM: OHHHHH!

[Still holding the legs, Rage plants her feet on the mat, bridging backwards as young Talwar is still focused at choking her out...

...and not on her shoulders that are now down on the mat as the referee drops down, counting one...two...]

BW: SHE GOT HER!

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: SHE OUTSMARTED HER, GORDO!

[Rebecca Ortiz makes it official as a shocked Talwar releases the hold, looking up at the official in surprise as Rage rolls to the side, flat on her back as the crowd jeers.]

GM: Lauryn Rage gave herself up to the rear naked choke to get Talwar into pinning position. What a desperate gamble. If Talwar had got a shoulder up, she would have been finished for sure!

BW: Hey, the Champ outsmarted Talwar plain and simple. This was a big test for her going into SuperClash and she passed with flying colors. She's proven that she can outthink her opponents as well as outwrestle them!

[The champion doesn't look like much a winner as she can't get off her knees as the referee raises her hand. She collapses back onto the mat, clutching the title and gasping for air as "I'm The Best" plays. In the background, a visibly upset Talwar curses herself as she leaves the ring.]

GM: Another successful defense for the champion. Is this the last one we see, Bucky?

BW: No.

GM: I have my doubts. Fans, let's go backstage where I understand we've got a very special announcement!

[We fade to the backstage area where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing alongside the acting Director of Operations, Jon Stegglet.]

SLB: Alright, fans... joining me right now is AWA co-owner and current Director of Operations, Jon Stegglet. Mr. Stegglet, it's been an exciting night of action here in Memphis but it's only going to get more exciting just about one month from now in New Orleans for SuperClash VIII!

[Stegglet nods with a grin.]

JS: You've gotta love this time of year, Sweet Lou, and right now, I'm so exciting about the lineup we're putting on at SuperClash... which has gotten even better here tonight with the addition of Jordan Ohara taking on Derrick Williams and the-

"You're exactly right, Steggy, you gotta' love this time of year!"

[The smile is almost immediately wiped off Stegglet's face, as we see AWA World Heavyweight Champion, Juan Vasquez, step into view. The champion is wearing a custom made, tailored crimson red suit with matching necktie. Over his shoulder, he holds the AWA World Heavyweight title. And he has the smuggest of smiles plastered on his face.]

JV: You gotta' love it, 'cause Juan Vasquez and The Axis have been unbeatable. Juan Vasquez and The Axis have been unstoppable! And no matter what obstacles you throw in my way, I keep on winning! In fact, I'm winning so much, I know you must be getting sick of it!

JS: Juan.

[Juan tries to contain his giddiness.]

JV: Steggy.

JS: Don't call me Steggy.

JV: Or what? You'll fire me?

[Juan laughs obnoxiously.]

JV: Get it? See what I did there? Hahaha!!!

[Juan laughs, but no one else does.]

JV: Oh boy, I crack myself up. But seriously, Rob Donovan? Do you have any other guys to drag out of retirement to face me this week? Did you pull City Jack away from a box donuts? Did you clear the cobwebs off Soup Bone Samson and bring

him in? Did you get Devon Case a hip replacement and a shiny new knee to come face me? Come on, Steggy, don't leave me in suspense! Who is it???

[Stegglet smirks and points behind Juan.]

"Me."

[Vasquez turns around and his eyes grow wide in shock. A massive roar can be heard from inside the arena as we see his opponent:

Supernova.]

S: That's right, Juan... Jon Stegglet didn't bring anybody out of retirement. He just looked to somebody who has been chomping at the bit to get his hands on you ever since last year's SuperClash!

See, you didn't just piss off Ryan Martinez, Jack Lynch, Travis Lynch and Jordan Ohara with the stunts you pulled at last year's SuperClash and since then. You did the same to me!

I've been looking forward to this for nearly a year... and tonight, it finally happens! The opportunity for me to knock some sense into that head of yours and remind you just how many people you've pissed off in the AWA with your antics!

[Juan chuckles.]

JV: I've been waiting for you to finally step up, Nova.

[His eyes open wide and a look of anger flashes across Vasquez' face.]

JV: I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU TO STEP UP FOR FIVE YEARS!

[Supernova and Jon Stegglet are actually taken aback by Vasquez' anger.]

JV: Do you understand how much of a disappointment you've been to me? You came into the AWA burning hotter than a thousand suns and you fizzled out in the blink of an eye. You main evented SuperClash in your first year with the promotion and you've never even been close to back ever since. You let men like Supreme Wright and Johnny Detson leapfrog right over you to the world title. You let that punk Ohara soar right past you. Hell, you didn't even WIN a title in the AWA until last year.

[Juan shakes his head in disbelief.]

JV: Unbelievable. Do you understand just how far you've performed below any of my expectations? It shouldn't have been Alex's son leading the charge against The Wise Men. It shouldn't have been Alex's son defeating Supreme Wright for the AWA World Title at Madison Square Garden. It shouldn't be Alex's son facing me in the Main Event of this year's SuperClash.

It should've been YOU.

[Nova glares at Vasquez, his anger growing.]

JV: Did you forget the point of being a professional wrestler is to win championships? To prove that you're the best every time you step in that ring? Just what the hell have you been doing since 2011? You should be well on your way to the Hall of Fame by now and instead, you're so far down the ladder, you've gotta' team up with a has-been baseball player to get on the SuperClash card!

[Supernova's eyes widen at that.]

S: YOU THINK I WANT TO BE TEAMING WITH A BASEBALL PLAYER?! I...

[He stops right there, taking a deep breath and holding up his hand. Everyone blinks in astonishment at his outburst.]

S: No... it has nothing to do with me forgetting about championships! It has everything to do with what I said a few weeks ago... that in order to get my focus back, I need to take care of unfinished business! And SuperClash isn't simply about teaming with a ball player, but about getting my hands on the man who took the TV title from me and the bully he hooked up with, who then took it upon themselves to jump me!

So once I finish with that business, I'll have my mind where it belongs, and that's to focus on becoming a champion again!

[His eyes narrow.]

S: But there's more unfinished business than those two... there's you! Like I said, I've been wanting you in that ring ever since what went down at the last SuperClash. And if I'm going to get my mind set on what matters the most, that means finishing my business with you... and that happens tonight!

But you know what else?

[He gestures at the title belt over Vasquez's shoulder.]

S: This just happens to be the chance to prove I'm more than worthy of that championship!

[A slight laugh.]

S: So get ready to feel the heat tonight... old friend.

[He and Vasquez have a brief staredown, then Supernova gives a slight smile and walks off the set as we fade to black.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

You want it darker
We kill the flame #

[...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 fade back up backstage where Colt Patterson stands before an AWA backdrop. Beside him is a pensive-looking Riley Hunter in a patchwork jacket that looks like it was taken from Alex Winter in "The Lost Boys."]

CP: You know everybody, it's true that your old pal Colt Patterson knows a thing or two about what it's like to be under the white hot spotlight, and that I know a thing or two about committing a little larceny to keep it on you. There are plenty of stars in the AWA Galaxy that want to Steal that Spotlight, and I just happen to have seven of them here with Riley Hunter.

RH: Oh, Colt... Let's not belabor the matter at hand. While I did come to the AWA to Steal the Spotlight - to use the mandated terminology - and for a metric ton of money, I am under no delusions as to why the AWA ultimately decided to bring me here.

It was to hu-mil-i-ate me, Colt. It was to take this punk who wanted to do things his own way and humble him. Just because I haven't been a part of this circle of guys pattin' each other on the butt for years. I'm the New Guy here.

I came here as the hottest free agent in the world, Colt. I came here to improve the AWA, and to take it from the studio, the nation, and to the world stage. And you can't do that by resting on your laurels. And what do I hear from Brian James? I'll sum it up, Colt: he said I was a gimmicky, little buuuh- [the syllable sticks in his throat] -oy.

And like a sucker... like a scrub... I didn't holler back. I was too busy putting his lazy carcass to work in the Battle of Boston instead of going through the motions like he usually does. Now to answer the question: have I cooled off in the months since?

Yeah, I have. You know how it goes. Knowing that no matter how much effort you put in, the promotion will promote Brian James and Supreme Wright and the Syndicate and Lynches and the Kings. To be blunt: it makes it kind of hard to give it my all.

[He lowers his round sunglasses and winks.]

RH: Or is that a poor excuse for being lazy?

[He shrugs and chuckles.]

RH: Hell if I know. All I know is... seeing the thousand-tiled mosaic that is the AWA... I can't afford not to care any more. The one thing those guys have in common, Colt... hell, what have in common with you and Mark Stegglet and everyone else in the AWA... They all have their family connections.

[The brooding presence of his cousin Jackson Hunter appears beside Riley.]

RH: And their family connections are not half the wrestler that this man is. He is so much more than just the mastermind of the Axis, the most dominant team in wrestling today; he is wrestling's best kept secret. I didn't enter this business with the name "Riley Hunter," Colt. I was born Riley MacDonald. When my cousin was blackballed by the influence of the Colton family, I decided to take up his mantle.

JH: You see, Riley has been too nice. Too Canadian. He had a lot of breaks that I didn't. Fun fact: my mother and his mother: identical twins. My mother was troubled teenage single mother, his mother was already an adult when she had him. He never had to fight dirty like I did.

RH: And in Chinook, when Jackson "The Raptor" Hunter was put in front of a ladder, he was a GOD who spat in the face of the laws of physics.

JH: And if you want to see a spotlight be stolen, put a Hunter on a ladder and watch what happens.

Everything I accomplished in my career before the door was slammed on me, I gave to my cousin, whom I have kept a respectful distance from so as not to overshadow him. But I am looking for the Axis to run the table at SuperClash - clean sweep.

CP: That so? Riley Hunter, Derrick Williams, Maxim Zharkov and Juan Vasquez are the set and rumored matches for the Axis. You expect them all to win?

JH: I do. And I will also be watching from the back silently rooting for my old pal and nemesis Johnny Detson in spirit.

CP: Really?

JH: Oh yes. Like I said, I kept my distance from the American Ninja so he could have seven star matches without my baggage. But when Brian James decided to run down Riley Hunter for everything he gives to this business, he ran me down by proxy. And he and his fellow Kings, stubborn little meatheads that they are, kept poking the bear until it broke down into an all-out gang fight a couple of weeks ago.

You see, Johnny Detson knows me. A little too well if you ask me. He knows that if I dislike someone enough... And if I can start reading them... Me, the old mind flayer, will never ever stop until I've sucked their brain out through the top of their skull.

[He turns from Patterson to face the camera directly, probably a little too closely, and at an angle that would make Stanley Kubrick wince.]

JH: In fact, Brian... Did Johnny not tell you about me? Did he not say what I did to guys like you? And you keep rattling sabres with the Axis? You want to talk about how you've made a career out of destroying people?

Mr. James, if you so much as breathe in the general direction of the Axis one more time, you ANTHROPOMORPHIC CAN OF AXE BODY SPRAY... I will return to Saskatchewan, retreat to the Last Mountain Ranch, open my tool shed, fetch the shovel I used to wield in the latter days of Chinook, blow the dust off of it, and bury your career so deep it will feed my lilies for years to come. I will tend those flowers

to spell out "Claw Academy trained a pig." I will invite Casey James and Tiger Claw over for a garden party to show them and give them both sensual - yet aggressively firm - shoulder rubs whistling "Purple" freaking "Rain." Alright? Now...

KEEP...

THE...

AXIS'...

NAME...

OUT...

OF...

YOUR FREAKING...

MOUTH.

[Without acknowledging Riley Hunter or Colt Patterson, Jackson Hunter walks off camera, never breaking gaze. Patterson looks a little taken aback by the caustic vitriol he's just heard. Riley Hunter looks suitably impressed.]

RH: Ah... It's like it's never left him. This must be how the Beatles felt the first time they heard a Bob Dylan song. Until next time, Colt...

...

...

...

...

...

GOOD NIGHT NOW!

[And with a flourish, Riley Hunter exits... stage right. Colt Patterson grins.]

CP: Boy, even I don't know what happens when the Hunters come to town in that kind of mood. Lord have mercy. Back to the ring and the lovely Miss Rebecca.

[Colt winks salaciously as we fade to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing, surrounded on all sides by wrestlers.]

RO: The following tag team contest is schedule for one fa-AHHH!

[Rebecca's sudden exclamation comes as Golden Tiger rushes across the ring, leaping into the air and smashing a forearm into an unknown competitor's head, knocking him down into the corner. The other individual turns to help his partner but is swarmed by Ebola Zaire who has a long black headscarf dangling from his bald and scarred skull.]

GM: Look out! Here we go in this one!

[Within moments, Zaire has his victim down on the mat, putting his hooked boots to work as he kicks the hell out of him repeatedly, driving him under the ropes and out to the floor. A sneering Draco Romero nods enthusiastically with a shout of

"Follow him! Finish him!" Zaire obliges, ducking through the ropes to the apron and then dropping to knee before finally coming to the floor where he grabs his rising victim by the back of the trunks...]

GM: Oh no!

[...and DRIVES him headfirst into the steel barricade!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: That'll send you looking for the Tylenol, daddy!

[Zaire's morbidly obese frame rests against the barricade, his tongue lolling disgustingly out of his mouth. We cut back inside the ring where Golden Tiger is putting the boots to the man he assaulted.]

BW: This is a slaughter.

[Tiger yanks his foe off the mat, throwing a stiff back elbow to the side of the mouth, knocking him back into the turnbuckles. He tees off in the corner, throwing heavy chops to the chest. Cut back to the floor where Zaire is now strangling his victim over the barricade.]

GM: Fans, I apologize for not saying much here but... frankly, I'm a little in shock here. These aren't two men looking to win a match... these are two men looking to hurt someone.

[Zaire drops his foe breathless to the canvas. The African Assassin spins around, walking across the ringside area...

...and shoves the timekeeper out of his seat, knocking him down to the floor. Zaire grabs the empty chair, flinging it wildly over the ropes and inside the ring!]

GM: Whoa! Look out!

[Zaire rolls under the ropes, watching as the Golden Tiger batters his foe with vicious headbutts. Zaire scoops up the chair, headbutting it a few times before he winds up...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the masked man bails out of the way before Zaire smashes the chair down across the skull!]

GM: Good lord!

[Zaire swings again...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And again...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And again...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The referee seems as shocked as the crowd, swinging his arms wildly.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: There's the bell but these guys don't care!

[The Golden Tiger pulls the barely-moving unnamed foe off the canvas, dragging him out to the middle of the ring where a healthy flow of blood is now streaming down his forehead...]

...and then FLATTENS him with a devastating standing lariat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The Tiger and the Assassin stand over the motionless and bloodied foe as Rebecca Ortiz announces the disqualification. Slimy as wet mud, Draco Romero climbs into the ring, snatching the mic out of her hand.]

DR: Winners and losers! Winners and losers! You announce your perception of the winners, Miss Ortiz... but you're looking at the true winners in the only game worth playing: the struggle for power... ultimate power.

But as in all games... there must be sacrifices made.

[He gestures to the scene in the ring.]

DR: We lose a match. We sacrifice money and glory for the ultimate victory.

[He sneers at the camera.]

DR: And that victory draws near. Closer and closer by the moment. Those whose employ I am in draw closer. They say the time is nearly at hand. They have seen the writing on the walls... and they have read between the lines.

They are coming... and victory comes with them.

[He gestures to the bloodied enhancement talent at his feet.]

DR: And men like this? They will be crushed in the gears of the war to come.

[Romero sneers again, bowing slightly as he hands the mic back to Rebecca Ortiz...]

GM: An absolutely brutal display put on at the orders of Draco Romero and... well, some ominous words to boot. Fans, we've got to take a break to get these young men some medical attention. We'll be right back.

[Fade to black...]

Fade to a shot of a hallway, a Ryan Martinez poster on the wall. A young boy and his father turn the corner, now in the hall.

Cut to a closeup of the boy who points excitedly down the hall.]

"DAD, LOOK! IT'S RYAN MARTINEZ!"

[Cut to Ryan Martinez' back as he walks down the hallway, presumably heading for the ring... and then back to a two shot of the boy and his father who speaks for the first time.]

"You have to be quiet, son. He's getting ready for the big match."

[Cut back to Martinez' back, almost gone from sight now.

Cut back to the young boy who shouts.]

"RYYYYYAAAAAN!"

[Cut to Martinez who slowly turns, a determined expression on his face.

Cut to his boots, turning and walking towards the young man's voice. Step... step... step...

Cut back to the young boy, a nervous expression on his face now. Did he upset his hero?

Martinez' footsteps echo in the hallway as we cut to the young boy's father, looking down at his son and then down the hall at an approaching Ryan Martinez.

Cut to Martinez, still focused as he looks down unsmiling at the young boy.

Cut to the boy who has hero worship in his eyes as he looks up at Martinez and boldly speaks.]

"Go get him, White Knight."

[Martinez cracks a slight smile, reaching up to grab a Ryan Martinez White Knight t-shirt draped over his shoulder. He holds it up for a moment, setting it down on the young boy's shoulder as a proud father looks on. The boy breaks out into a huge grin as Martinez pats him on the other arm, turning to walk away as the opening notes to his music are heard.

We cut to a closeup of the young boy once last time.]

"Wow."

[Then to Martinez, walking through the curtain into a blaze of bright white light.

And then cut to a graphic that reads "The AWA: Who's Your Hero?"

Fade to black...

Transition back to the arena. 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 nine iron slung over her shoulder. Two black suede swivel balloon chairs sit toward the back, and in front of them, in a black leather jacket...]

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, ya know, now that myself and Flex have hit the big time and by Monday it's going to be wall-to-wall coverage from "Garbage Time with Katie Nolan," to Colin Cowherd, to Jim Rome... I thought I'd do a little service for someone who probably will not get wall-to-wall coverage...

[Pan over to one of the balloon chairs, where a man nearing 50 sits with a beer gut, curly brown hair that is starting to grey, and a sweater with "HUGH" handstitched on.]

KK: ...And that's our friend, Hughie Jenner

[Kendrick sits himself down in the chair opposite Jenner.]

KK: Hughie... a lot of people seem to like you. And as a matter of fact: I like you. But...

...But you never win, Hugh.

[Kendrick draws some jeers. Some of the fans feel for Jenner.]

KK: Hughie, I don't know if I've ever mentioned this before, but I LOST my first match in the AWA. I lost the very first match in AWA history, Hugh. That stings, pal. You can't change history.

Look at Ricki, Hugh: she opened up her career with a four... year... long... losing streak. Now look at her: she is pound-for-pound, the most terrifying opponent—man or woman—in wrestling today. Look at me, Hugh: I've worked harder and longer than anyone else in that locker room. I am mainstream. I am the Heart and Soul of the AWA. I stared down every two-bit bureaucrat in the front office and I WON!

You've had three decades to get what you want out of this business, Hugh, and rather than brave the storms on the ocean, you've stayed on the shores and merely existed. You're too nice, Hughie. You've been punting across the entire country for years trying to make it, while I went out and made myself. I am a Self Made Man, and you—

HJ: Kerry, shut up!

[Jenner gets the biggest audience reaction he's ever gotten on Saturday Night Wrestling.]

GM: Wow!

BW: Oh, Hugh... manners, please

HJ: Shut up, and stop your weaselly little huffing and puffing!

KK: "Huffing and puffing?" We'll see who's going to be "huffing and puffing," old man!

[Jenner notices over his shoulder to see Toughill and her golf club are looming ominously behind him. He looks away long enough for Kendrick to pop him across the jaw with his fist.]

GM: Oh no, and Kendrick blindsiding poor Hugh Jenner!

[Jenner and the balloon chair both tumble to the floor as Kendrick rains down punches. Toughill prowls the interview podium, whirling the golf club in her hand.]

"Get him up, Rick! Get him up!"

[Toughill drags Jenner to his feet as Kendrick discards his leather jacket. His t-shirt is quite a bit smaller than it needs to be. Kerry Kendrick is looking quite a bit more jacked than he used to...]

GM: What has gotten in Kerry Kendrick, Bucky?! Is Flex Ferrigno's instability rubbing off on him?

[Toughill grabs a handful of Jenner's sweater and shoves him over to Kendrick, who applies a front facelock. He hoists Jenner a foot or so off the ground...]

...And drives him facefirst to the podium floor with a DDT that very closely resembles that of a certain Ladykiller.]

GM: No! An Implant DDT on that hard stage.

[Kendrick rolls off the interview podium, shouting to the camera on the way to curtain.]

"I am the AWA! I am the wrestler of the 21st Century!"

GM: Get him out of here! What in the world is going on with Kerry Kendrick?!

BW: Well, if nothing else, I think Hugh Jenner just learned to watch his mouth, Gordo.

GM: We'll see about that.

[We cut to shot of Gordon and Bucky standing at ringside.]

GM: Well, fans... it's been an exciting night of action here in Memphis and for the Lynch family, it's been a very eventful evening as well.

BW: Eventful?! They're leaving Lynch bodies and Lynch ally bodies all over this building!

GM: It has been a particularly rough night for them and their friends. We've seen Theresa Lynch hospitalized after an... I'll go ahead and call it an accident although I think many would believe that Casey James and Tiger Claw TARGETED her in the parking lot. We also saw Travis Lynch in a bloody war with Shadoe Rage. And of course, Bobby O'Connor has also been sent to the hospital - presumably with a broken arm - while teaming with Jack Lynch.

[Gordon shakes his head.]

BW: The legendary Lynch family curse is in full effect here tonight.

GM: The Lynch family curse? Oh, that's a load of hogwash!

BW: You believe in the Eye of Tyr but not the Lynch family curse? Ask James Lynch if it's real!

GM: Give me a break. Fans, during our last commercial break, the patriarch of the Lynch family - Blackjack Lynch - called the arena and asked to speak to us live on the air. Now, we've granted that request... Mr. Lynch, can you hear us?

[We cut to a split screen shot of a live shot of Gordon on the left and a still photo of Blackjack Lynch on the right.]

BJL: You bet I can, Gordon.

GM: Mr. Lynch, I know it's been a rough night for your family but I've been asked by our producers to make sure you're aware that you are live and to please try to keep your language under control.

[A dark throaty chuckle is heard.]

BJL: My reputation precedes me, I guess. Alright, Gordon... I'll keep the swearing to a minimum.

GM: Now that we have that settled... first, can we get an update on the condition of your daughter, Theresa?

[There's a moment of silence before Blackjack responds.]

BJL: She's going to be okay, Gordon. She's in and out of consciousness right now. The docs think she might have a concussion... a few bruises. But we thank the man upstairs for looking out for her.

GM: Amen to that. Send her our best wishes, won't you?

BJL: I sure will, Gordon... but I didn't call to talk about Theresa.

GM: You didn't?

BJL: No, sir. I called to talk about that rabid son of a bitch, Shadoe Rage!

[Gordon grimaces.]

GM: Now, Blackjack... you promised to watch-

[Blackjack interrupts.]

BJL: Oh, I know damn well what I promised... and I know what my sons promised me. So, believe me... Trav and I will have a discussion about what he did while I was at the hospital. But I want to tell Shadoe Rage that he's done crossed a line. I was willing to let things die after what happened at Homecoming. I was willing to let him be.

But obviously, that's not gonna happen.

Obviously, that son of a bitch... and that's exactly what his old man was, Gordon... obviously he won't be satisfied until he gets exactly what his old man got when I kicked his ass right out of Texas!

[Gordon shakes his head.]

GM: I don't follow, Blackjack.

BJL: No? Then let me make it clear as day. Shadoe Rage wants to stand there on worldwide television and threaten me? He wants to threaten my family... my wife... my kids... my grandkids! He's nothing but an animal, Gordon. A rabid, filthy animal filled with bad blood that's driving him as crazy as his father was.

And I know how we deal with rabid animals down in Texas, Gordon. It may be a little different than how they did it in the Rage house up in Canada... but in Texas, we take a rabid animal out back and we put him down.

[Blackjack is breathing a little heavy now.]

GM: Blackjack, are you okay? Do you need-

[Blackjack interrupts again.]

BJL: I need nothing from you, Gordon... but I need Jon Stegglet to listen and listen good. Shadoe Rage says he wants to get his hands on me at SuperClash... he says he wants to make me bleed?

Well, I'm comin' to the Superdome! I'm comin' to SuperClash! And I may be too old to get in there and wrestle him... but I ain't too old to get in there and fight him!

[Lynch pauses.]

BJL: You don't have to sanction it, Stegglet! You don't have to even make a match out of it! I'm comin'... he's comin'... and one way or another, we're gonna have a damn fight. And Rage - for all the trash you talk, all the lies you tell... you did tell one thing damn straight...

It's gonna be a bloodbath, you piece of garbage. It's gonna be a bloodbath.

[A loud "CLICK!" is heard next as Blackjack presumably severs the connection.]

GM: Wow! Blackjack Lynch accepting the challenge of Shadoe Rage! He wants a fight at SuperClash... and he says it's gonna happen! He says he's coming to SuperClash for a fight!

BW: The Lynch family legacy... their mammoth egos... strike again. Big bad Blackjack wants to fight Shadoe Rage. You know, Gordo... I always thought marrying Henrietta was the biggest mistake of Blackjack's life. He may have just topped it.

[Gordon shakes his head at Bucky.]

GM: You truly are unbelievable. Let's go back to the ring for more action.

[The camera cuts to the ring, where Rebecca Ortiz is getting ready to introduce the competitors for the next match-up on AWA Saturday Night.]

RO: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first in the ring, hailing from Destin, Florida and weighing in at one hundred and eighty five pounds... KAYSON KRIESICK!!

[A thin man, probably standing around 5'7" with short, curly dark hair raises his right arm as the crowd doesn't really seem to react. Kriesick wears a grey singlet with a single strap over his left shoulder.]

RO: And his opponent... ha..

[Suddenly, a booming voice is heard over the PA system. Recognizing the voice, Ortiz simply shrugs and lowers the mic.]

?: I was gonna give ya the benefit of the doubt the first time, toots.

[The camera pans towards the entrance, where Jackie Wilpon steps into view.]

BW: Uh oh.

[The crowd boos Wilpon, who is wearing a white suit with black pinstripes, and a matching black handkerchief is in his breast pocket.]

JW: But yer cute so I'm gonna let it slide. What can I say, I'm a sucker for a pretty face.

[Wilpon smirks, the camera pans to the ring, where Ortiz isn't exactly thrilled with what Wilpon considers flirting.]

JW: Now let's see, who's gonna make himself famous tonight? Hey, skinny, what's yer name? Carson? No wait, that can't be right.

[Wilpon rubs his chin.]

JW: Wait, didn't she say... Kayson?

[Wilpon breaks out into a grin, trying not to laugh.]

JW: Ho ho ho... oh man, saddled with that right off the bat. Someone upstairs really doesn't like ya, kid. I mean, look at you, boy oh boy.. ya look like someone that showed up to caterin' hopin' to get a free meal and before ya knew it the suits decided to throw ya in the ring. That's tough, really.. blame yerself or God, I suppose.

[Wilpon shrugs his shoulders as the crowd continues to boo.]

JW: Ya know, I think this crowd deserves to know a little more about ya before yer final night of eatin' solid foods. I don't think they care what ya have to say, though.

[Wilpon pauses to ponder the next thought.]

JW: If I had to hazard a guess, when you was six years old, ya must have been bullied day in and day out. Every night before ya went ta bed, ya said a little prayer. Ya wanted God to make ya big and strong, huh, so ya can get one over on those bullies? So you can eventually live our yer dreams of bein' the next, what? Adam Rogers? Stevie Scott? Juan Vasquez?

God works in mysterious ways, pal. Yer not even gonna be the next Hugh Jenner... and we just saw how he turned out!

[The crowd continues to rain down boos as a sly smile forms on Wilpon's face.]

JW: Ya shoulda drank yer milk with dinner, get those bones all fulla calcium, and maybe reconsidered yer life choices. Ya see, yer opponent tonight, when he was six years old, he heard monsters under his bed. Instead of wakin' up his folks, he went to do somethin' about it. He crawled under the bed and ended up puttin' 'em in the hospital.

[Wilpon slowly approaches the ring.]

JW: My friend, fortune does not smile upon thee. Thou hast found yerself a problem.

A six foot nine inch...

Three hundred an' eight pound problem.

Makin' his AWA Saturday Night debut... here is the Man of the Hour..

The Tower.... of PPPOOOWWWEEEEERRRRRR!!!!

BBLLLLLAAASSSSTTTTTEEEERRRRR
MMMMAAAASSSSTTTTTEEEERRRRRSSSSOOOOOONNNNNNNN!!!!

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

BW: He said he weighed in at three hundred and eight pounds? I think Jackie's being a little bit conservative here, I'd say he's pushing north of three hundred and twenty pounds.

GM: Masterson looks like he's chiseled out of granite. He's definitely a very imposing figure, for sure.

[Trailing behind Masterson appears to be two unknown local talents, dressed up like old fashioned orderlies. One of the men is holding a green canvas folding stretcher, which looks like something out of World War I.]

GM: My goodness, that's a very morbid sight, Bucky. I thought Masterson himself was bad enough, but that's pretty much a promise that this young man is not leaving on his own two feet.

BW: I think Mr. Kriesick's color just drained right out of him, whatever color he had left, that is.

[Masterson and Wilpon continue their slow walk to the ring, as Kriesick looks on, intimidated by the 'problem' heading his way. Masterson's wrestling gear is fairly basic. Tonight, he's wearing a pair of black trunks, black knee pads, and black boots. There's a large elbow pad on his right arm. Both men then reach ringside, and Masterson wipes the sweat off of his brow before jumping onto the apron. He steps over the top rope as Wilpon shouts words of encouragement.]

GM: There's a considerable height difference between the two men in the ring here. There's got to be at least a difference of a foot here.

BW: That's being generous. I think one of Masterson's arms is bigger than this kid. This is like a rabbit taking on a Bengal tiger, Gordo. Unless this kid is Bugs Bunny in disguise, I really don't like his chances.

GM: I hate to say it, but you might be right. The referee is calling for the bell, and Masterson is making his way over towards this young man.

[Kriesick, not knowing what to do, looks towards the ropes. However, Wilpon quickly makes his way over, blocking whatever escape route Kriesick may have.]

BW: This guy's best window of survival just slammed shut.

[Kriesick turns towards Masterson, who is grinning. However, the grin quickly fades to a sneer, and with a loud shout, Masterson yells 'HIT ME', sending spit flying in multiple directions.]

BW: Unless Kriesick's got a hammer or something hidden somewhere in that singlet of his, I don't think the free shot's going to be enough.

GM: He's probably going to need a couple, maybe a dozen?

BW: Maybe about a thousand.

[The crowd starts to encourage Kriesick, as he balls his right hand into a fist. as Masterson continues yelling, Kriesick decides to throw a punch.]

BW: Ha! Too slow, kid!

[The crowd's cheers turns into boos, as Masterson quickly catches the punch with his left hand. Masterson slowly shakes his head, yelling 'THAT WASN'T GONNA BE HARD ENOUGH'. Suddenly, with a quick jerk, Masterson pulls Kriesick towards him, and catches him with a very hard standing clothesline, flipping Kriesick and sending him crashing to the mat face first!]

GM: OH MY STARS!

BW: Way to not stick the landing, kid.

GM: He turned the youngster inside out, and this match may be over as soon as it began. Those two medics standing alongside Jackie Wilpon may as well roll Kriesick out right now.

[The referee rushes over to check on Kriesick, but suddenly Masterson yanks Kriesick to his feet, and hurls him from the ring through the second and third ropes. However, Kriesick has a very ugly landing, landing face first on the floor.]

GM: My God.. that's gotta be an eight foot drop, a very nasty face first fall for Kriesick. The referee really ought to be starting the count here, just get this over with.

BW: I think Masterson has other intentions.

[However, the referee is preventing Masterson from going outside. Masterson yells 'HE'S TRYING TA RUN AWAY' in protest at the ref. Meanwhile, Wilpon approaches Kriesick, rubbing his hands in anticipation.]

GM: Someone please get Wilpon away from him!

[Fortunately, the referee turns around and admonishes Wilpon before he can do anything. Wilpon protests, trying to explain to the ref that he was going to help Kriesick back into the ring. Masterson takes advantage of the distraction by quickly exiting the ring before the referee can stop him. He stomps towards Kriesick, and peels him up off the floor. With little effort, Masterson lifts Kriesick over his head.]

GM: A gorilla press coming up.. good lord, what's he got planned?

BW: Wherever he drops him, it definitely can't be good. Ooh! I hope he throws him into the crowd!

GM: I don't think we need any more incidents with fans, Bucky.

[While Masterson could put Kriesick anywhere he darn well pleases, he decides to bring Kriesick back in the hard way, throwing him over the top rope from the outside! Masterson quickly hops onto the apron, and steps over the top rope.]

GM: Masterson not giving Kriesick any mercy here so far, he's got him up.. is he going for an atomic drop?

BW: Maybe he's just gonna dump him right back outside?

[It looks like Masterson is going for one, but instead, he runs forward, and leaps into the air, driving Kriesick down with a running back suplex. Masterson then scrambles to his feet, and before giving the referee a chance to check on Kriesick, he bounces off the ropes, leaping high into the air and driving a leg down into Kriesick's windpipe.]

GM: For a man of Masterson's size, he can move as quick as a cat in there.

BW: That's probably the scariest thing about him! Strong as an ox as fast as a jaguar. Wilpon's found himself quite a prospect, don't you agree?

[Masterson pulls Kriesick to his feet, and backs away. Kriesick looks to be completely out on his feet as Masterson shouts 'SHOW ME WHATCHA GOT'. However, frustrated that Kriesick is dazed in the middle of the ring, Masterson charges, driving a foot into the face of Kriesick, sending him slumping to the mat.]

BW: I think some of these NFL teams could use a new kicker too with those extra point rules.

[As if Wilpon's aware of what Bucky is saying, he shouts 'It's time for him ta be sleepin' with the fishes. Masterson reaches down, grabbing Kriesick by the throat and pulling him to his feet. Masterson stares into the glazed eyes of Kriesick, grinning and laughing through his teeth. Without even bracing him with his free hand, Masterson yanks Kriesick into the air and slams him straight into the mat with a one handed chokeslam. The crowd oohs at that display of strength.]

GM: That is just frightening. He didn't even hold Kriesick with his free hand on that chokeslam.

BW: Walter Warren very well could have told this kid what's about to come next.

[Masterson, instead of going for a cover, decides to drag Kriesick like a rag doll by his hair to the corner. He then pulls Kriesick to his feet, and with his back facing the turnbuckles, he gets Kriesick in a standing headscissors position.]

GM: Speaking of Warren, we may very well have seen one career come to an end thanks to this move.

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

BW: The move that may have rendered Walter Warren obsolete once and for all! No amount of upgrades can bring him back!

[Suddenly, Masterson lurches forward, and starts to spin. After three effortless rotations, he just tosses the poor opponent indiscriminately into the air. Kriesick spins, and then crashes helplessly into the mat with a sickening thud.]

GM: Thankfully Masterson is finally making the cover, and there's the academic three count.

[The referee calls for the bell, as Masterson looks down in disgust at Kriesick. He then flicks sweat from his brow and shouts something that we can't quite understand. Meanwhile, the two orderlies scramble into the ring, one of the setting up the stretcher for Kriesick.]

GM: These two don't exactly look like professionals, but hopefully they can hand Kriesick off to someone that can give him the proper treatment.. OH NO!

[Before the orderlies can help Kriesick onto the stretcher, Masterson yells out 'AH WANNA HELP TOO!' Masterson reaches down, and yanks Kriesick to his feet. With a very serious look on his face, he then military presses him over his head as the orderlies back off.]

GM: Someone stop this! This kid needs help!

[Masterson then simply drops Kriesick face first onto the canvas stretcher, and then he starts laughing.]

BW: Well, he said he was gonna help, and he did!

GM: There was no need to drop him seven feet onto that stretcher! Thankfully Wilpon's got Masterson out of the ring before he can do any further damage. Sweet Lou's making his way to ringside for a word as Wilpon's orderlies are finally getting Kriesick out of there.

[Sweet Lou Blackwell makes his way over to where Wilpon and Masterson are, and they both appear to be engaged in a conversation.]

JW: ...and, well, ya can't just drop the guy on the stretcher like that. Ya run the risk of breakin' the fabric and possibly one of those wooden dealies that connect the fabric. Ya gotta roll the jabroni onto the stretcher, and then carry him out, ya got that?

[Masterson nods, and then starts talking loudly in a somewhat thick Midwestern accent.]

BM: Ah ain't a doctor! Ah don't know too much about complex medical stuff.

[Wilpon nods his head.]

JW: Well, good thing yer not gettin' paid to be one. That's a lot of fancy college work, stuff that's even way over my head! What yer good at, see, is breakin' backs and makin' fat stacks.

[Blackwell positions himself in between Wilpon and Masterson.]

SLB: Excuse me, if I can have a second.

[Wilpon narrows his eyes at Blackwell, rubbing his prominent nose.]

JW: Alright, Blackwell, speak.

SLB: Well, your man over there certainly made a statement in the ring tonight. For the second time, Masterson's opponent has been stretchered out of the ring. My question to you and Masterson is simple, what do you have planned for the AWA?

JW: I'm pretty sure your Dumbo ears were eavesdroppin' on our conversation. Like I just said, we're here to break backs and make fat stacks. Anyways, there's a really good possibility to make loads of cash comin' up.. what was it called?

[Masterson steps forward, intimidating Blackwell into stepping back.]

BM: SuperClash!

[Wilpon nods his head, as Blackwell wipes his face.]

JW: Yeah, that's right. Ya know that mook Supernova's theme song? Well, as that song says, out there is a fortune, waitin' to be had. Now, as of this moment, we

ain't anywhere on the card, so there's no money to be made! However, I think I can use my... legitimate business skills to pull some strings, and get us somewhere on the card. Maybe it's in that Battle Royal they announced earlier in the show? Maybe it's somewhere else? Who knows? Someone's gettin' their back broken either way. Ain't that right, big man?

[The camera focuses on Masterson, who's staring a hole into the camera. He grits his teeth with intensity, and bellows out as sweat begins to fly off of him.]

BM: JACKIE! AH DON'T CARE WHERE THE EGGHEADS PUT ME!

[A pause, as Masterson grits his teeth and starts laughing. As sudden as he started laughing, he stops, gazing into the camera.]

BM: As long as _someone_'s gettin' stretchered out and dumped in a meat locker somewhere, ah'll be happy.

[The camera pans back, with Blackwell and Wilpon getting back into frame.]

JW: Well, Sweet and Low, I gotta tell ya, this man would drive the dang ambulance back to the hospital if he got the chance to wreck someone's dreams at SuperClash. Let me tell ya a little secret.

[Wilpon leans in towards Blackwell.]

JW: He doesn't know how to drive.

[Wilpon chuckles as he turns towards Masterson as Blackwell gulps.]

JW: Alright, big man, let's go work our magic and get us onto SuperClash. Take care of yerself, Sweet and Low.

[Wilpon and Masterson exit stage left, as Blackwell looks on.]

SLB: Well, I sincerely hope Sweet and Low doesn't stick. I don't know what these two have in store for SuperClash, but it can't be good. We'll be right back after this break!

[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 back up on the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: This next contest on AWA Saturday Night Wrestling is a tag team match scheduled for one fall, with a ten minute time limit! Introducing first, already in the ring to my right, at a total combined weight of 540 pounds.. First, from Cleveland, Ohio, here is JAKE BAXTER!

[A good looking young man with short black hair, cut in a Caesar style, raises his arms to the crowd to little reaction. Both of Baxter's arms are covered in tattoos, and he's wearing black trunks.]

RO: His partner, from Little Rock, Arkansas... CHRIS NORTH!

[A rather hefty looking man wearing an orange double strapped singlet with a platinum blonde bowl cut does a double thumb point towards himself, as the crowd responds politely.]

RO: And their opponents...

[A loud crackling noise is heard, slowly fading into a piercing buzz, as a distorted voice is heard shouting out partial lyrics to "My Country 'Tis of Thee", accompanied by a chorus of boos from the crowd.]

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

[The 'ring' starts echoing, and it starts resembling an actual ringing sound. Suddenly, the ringing sound fades perfectly into the opening guitar riff by Ted Nugent of the Damn Yankees, as "Don't Tread on Me" starts playing over the PA. The crowd continues to mostly boo, although there are actually pockets of cheers.]

RO: Heading to the ring... at a total combined weight of five-hundred and twenty two pounds...

..."CAPTAIN" JOE FLINT....

...CHARLIE STEPHENS....

...THE SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE!

[As the vocals start up, the duo known as the Soldiers of Fortune do not bother stopping to acknowledge the crowd, as they rush the ring. Stephens has an American flag flapping behind him, and makes sure to lean it against the ring.]

GM: The Soldiers of Fortune waste no time in hitting the ring and things have already broken down!

[Ortiz quickly escapes the ring, as the referee looks on in confusion as Flint and Stephens slide in the ring. Both men quickly make their way over towards their opponents. Flint greets Barker with a straight right jab to the chin while Stephens tackles North and starts peppering North across the face with quick right hands.]

GM: The Soldiers of Fortune are wasting no time here against Baxter and North, I hope the referee gets control of things in a hurry.

BW: Ya gotta wonder, Gordo, if what the British Bashers said earlier lit a fire in them, they look a lot more upset than they usually do!

[The bell sounds to start the match, and Stephens drags North to his feet by his bowl cut, and scoops him up and takes him down to the mat with a big slam. Meanwhile, Flint drives his shoulder into Barker's midsection in the corner. Stephens then grinds his boot across North's face, with a twisted grin across his face. The referee looks on, and decides to try restoring order by telling Flint to get back to his corner.]

GM: It looks like the referee wants Flint to get to his corner so Stephens and North can start off this match, but he just can't seem to peel Flint off of his opponent.

[Stephens pulls North to his face and starts screaming in his face, then he spins him around and wraps his arms around North's ample waist.]

GM: Stephens setting up North, taking him towards the ropes.

[Stephens pushes North against the ropes, and pulls him back, rolling through with him.]

GM: Reverse rolling cradle... I think he's going for...

[Instead of finishing the cradle, Stephens rolls through even further, pulling North up with impressive strength. He then throws him back with a ring shaking German Suplex.]

GM: OH MY STARS! A release German Suplex on Chris North! North is well over three hundred pounds and Stephens shows off some surprising strength!

BW: Stephens has decided to call that move the Molon Labe.. Come and take 'em!

GM: [Sounding confused.] Take what?

BW: You know... them!

[As the crowd oohs that show of strength, Flint has grabbed Barker and delivered a crushing gut buster. Meanwhile, Stephens is beckoning North to pull himself up, and as North pulls himself on the ropes, Stephens rushes North and drives both of his feet into North's face. The momentum takes North out of the ring, dropping him to ringside with a loud thud.]

GM: Looks like we might finally get some order here, North finally gets dumped out of the ring as it looks like Stephens is exiting the ring to go after him.

[Suddenly, as Stephens steps through the ropes, Flint shouts at him as he drags Barker to his knees by his hair. He signals to Stephens, and makes sure to direct him to the corner so he can tag him back in.]

GM: Flint gets Stephens' attention, and Stephens gets to a legal corner instead of going after North.

BW: It looks like just as things are straightening out in there, it's gonna come to an end in a hurry!

[Flint tags Stephens back in, and Flint picks Barker up. Stephens leans against the ropes, then takes off. He bounces off of the opposite ropes, then launches himself in the air feet first. Flint lowers Barker and Stephens catches Barker under the jaw with a necktie clothesline!]

BW: Second Amendment, baby! Stephens showing off his own right to bear arms, right to Barker's chin!

GM: Stephens pressing both hands on Barker's chest, and the referee makes the three count. Just like that, this match is over!

[The bell rings, as the crowd mostly continues to boo.]

RO: Here are your winners, THE SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE!

[Stephens starts kicking Barker until Barker rolls out of the ring, and Flint barks orders at Ortiz for the mic. Stephens yells out, asking for the flag he brought to the ring. He then spots it and brings it into the ring. Ortiz is hesitant, but eventually hands Flint the mic. Flint makes his way to the ring as Stephens waves the American flag.]

JF: These colors don't run.

THESE COLORS... DON'T RUN!

[Flint looks out over the crowd, as they continue booing.]

GM: They sure did run two weeks ago!

BW: They never ran, Gordo, the Soldiers of Fortune just did a tactical retreat!

GM: Sure they did. If you want to put it that way.

[Meanwhile, Flint paces slowly back and forth.]

JF: I remember a time when those words would rally America. Things have changed.. oh Good Lord above have things changed. It wasn't even that long ago, when.. real Americans like us would say those words, facing down a cowardly challenge from international invaders, everyone would rise up and throw their support behind us. We would be the heroes America needs in dark times much like these.

[Flint lowers his head.]

JF: Now, all of a sudden, each and every one of you maggots here in Memphis start to boo us because being real Americans apparently is something to be ashamed of.

You people out here earlier cheered your little black hearts out earlier for the British Bashers, and especially when they came out here and called us cowards.

[Stephens, in the back ground, echoes the earlier statement from Flint, shouting "These colors don't run!"]

JF: Those two pukes mentioned somethin' called SuperClash that's comin' up. That seems like as good a time as any to hit 'em so hard their rotten, tea-drinkin', crumpet-eatin' teeth will be knocked back into proper shape.

[Flint starts laughing as the majority of the crowd continue to boo their hearts out.]

GM: Fans, I apologize, those comments were uncalled for and certainly do not reflect what we believe here in the AWA.

JF: When we have our hands raised in victory over the Bashers once and for all, the beautiful Stars and Stripes will fly right behind us whether you like or not. There's one, and only one flag that should be flying across this land that we once loved. Not the damned Union Jack, not a picture of that old hag Queen Elizabeth, and certainly not that stupid flag you pathetic slimes here in Memphis seem to worship.

[Stephens steps forward to give his two cents.]

CS: That damn rag should have been retired when the Dukes of Hazzard went off the air.

[Flint grins and nods his head as the crowd continues to boo.]

JF: Those good ol' boys certainly did cause a lot of harm.

[Flint looks out over the crowd, and does finally notice the very vocal minority cheering for them.]

JF: Heh. These guys get it.

[The camera shows five young men seated close to ringside, one of them wearing a certain red hat.]

JF: What's that chant guys like you like to do? Lock her up?

[The enthusiastic men start chanting 'Lock her up!', and the camera pans to Flint in the ring, who seems to sarcastically chant along, his heart obviously thinking it's ridiculous. Stephens steps forward and Flint hands him the mic.]

CS: [In a mocking tone of one of the Presidential candidates.] What three emojis would you use to describe what we'll do to the Bashers at SuperClash? Pokemon Go kiss my...

[Fortunately, Fox Sports cuts Stephens off before he gets out what he's trying to say. Flint asks Stephens for the mic back.]

JF: Hey Charlie..

CS: Go out and meet 'em? Don't mind if I do!

[Flint grins, as Stephens exits the ring, and makes his way to the five young men. Stephens greets them, shaking their hands. He points to the red hat that one of the young men is wearing. The man takes off his hat and enthusiastically hands it to

Stephens, who turns and rolls back into the ring. Stephens asks for the mic, and Flint hands it to him.]

CS: "Make America Great Again." Cute! I love these funny catchphrases! You're fired! Ha ha ha!

[Flint puts his hands on his sides, rolling his eyes. Stephens inspects the hat, and notices the tag.]

CS: Well, well, well, what's this? "Made in China"? [In a mocking tone of voice that sounds like one of the candidates running for President.] We're gonna be bringing back jobs to America! Bigly! Huge jobs! The best ones!

[Stephens shakes his head, then drops the hat. He hands the mic back to Flint, and looks out over towards the five young men. With a sneer, he jumps in the air and drives his right foot into the hat, before punting it away.]

JF: This is what we think of your stupid funny reality TV show hostin' con-man. Who does he think he is, tellin' us real Americans how this country should be run? He can't even run casinos in Atlantic City. Pathetic.

[The five young men, who were cheering the Soldiers of Fortune a few mere minutes ago, start booing them. The display did get some cheers from the rest of the audience that were just booing them a few minutes ago.]

JF: Heh, now you cheer. Disgusting.

[Flint spits on the mat.]

JF: We're puttin' the future of the land that we love in the hands of people that flip flop based on how someone may feel about somethin' politically at any moment in time. It's my way or the highway, ain't it? This is why this nation's goin' down the toilet. This ain't a game, ya don't root for a political party like it's some sorta sports team..

[Flint clears his throat.]

JF: Ya pukes...

Ya maggots...

Ya slimes...

[The crowd, which had come around when Stephens stomped on that hat, starts booing again, which seems to satisfy Flint.]

JF: The only ones that can save this country, not only from invaders rollin' over our land like the Bashers, but from people like each and every one of you that just plain ol' refuse to get it... are us. When we leave the Bashers layin', broken and bruised in the middle of the ring, whether it's at SuperClash or anywhere else for that matter.. we're comin' for the AWA World Tag Team Titles.

AT EASE!

[The opening to "Don't Tread on Me" begins playing as the crowd is finally joined in booing the Soldiers of Fortune. Satisfied, the two men leave and walk back up the aisle as the camera cuts to Gordon and Bucky at ringside.]

GM: Strong words from the Soldiers of Fortune on BOTH sides of the aisle, Bucky.

BW: Well, a lot of people were wondering where their political loyalties were as we're just a few days from Election Day and... well, I think we just got our answer.

GM: Only if the answer is: to themselves. Nonetheless, another tag team looking to make a mark on the scene and you have to wonder what.- if any - role they will be able to play on Thanksgiving-

[The video screen flickers as the house lights drop.]

GM: What in the world...?

[Through the flickers, you can hear a female humming and singing as the picture comes into focus. The scene is a graveyard, with a pale glow coming from the back. Skipping into the scene is a female, Black loose boots, black stockings, a red and black plaid skirt, with a black t-shirt under a black frayed leather jacket, her left hand and wrist covered in that gauntlet she's come to wear, a kendo stick in her right hand, swinging it around like a baton. By her half black-half blood red hair, we know it's Charisma Knight. She skips past the tombstones, singing...]

CK: Carrie Carrie, quite contrary, how does your garden grow? With Copper Ringbells and Bamboo shells, and Skylar's parts all in a row!

[She laughs as she slows to a walk]

CK: Skylar Skylar, I am disappointed! I thought you'd be smart enough to take my more than generous offer. And yet, you're sitting in that arena scoffing at my generosity and talking about how bad you want to get your hands on me for warping your fragile little mind.

Mamma spank!

I mean, you could've just walked away with therapy bills, but nope. Nope, you have to be the hero. There's an old adage, be careful what you wish, because you just might get it.

And get it you will, Skylar. I'm not going to let a little thing like a psychological evaluation stop me, no sir.

[She smiles as she twirls her kendo stick around again]

CK: I'll give you, EXACTLY. WHAT. YOU. WANT! Heh heh, heh heh heh, heheheheh, HA HA HA HA HA HA

[Her cackle continues before the screen flickers a few more times, then goes to black. And there it stays for a few moments, the crowd buzzing in the meantime...

...and then kicks back up to full illumination as the opening drum beats of "Light of Day" by Joan Jett and the Blackhearts start up over the PA system. As the music kicks in, "Lady Lightning" Lori Wilson emerges from the entranceway. She is dressed in a black singlet with white lightning streaks on the front, back and sides, black kneepads and wrestling boots, the boots with a lightning bolt on the sides. She also wears a black headband with three small lightning bolts on it.]

RO: The following Women's Division match is set for one fall... Introducing first, from Jacksonville, Florida, and weighing 125 pounds.. ladies and gentlemen, this is "LADY LIGHTNING" LORI WILSON!

[Lori walks down the aisle and slaps hands with fans stretched over the railing. When she reaches the ring, she climbs onto the apron and ducks through the ropes,

walking to the center of the ring and raising her arms to the crowd, a smile on her face.

Cut to backstage, where half a dozen other wrestlers are watching on a closed circuit television. Melissa Cannon and Victoria June look on. Some of Wilson's opponent's victims are also watching intently: Kayla Cristol, Cinder from the European tour, Maci Layne, among others. Ayako Fujiwara peers around the corner in the background. And front and center is Julie Somers.]

JS: Come on, Lori!

[Back in ringside, Wilson ducks through the ropes and climbs off the apron, removing her headband and presenting it to a girl around the age of 11 at ringside in a Supergirl-styled Julie Somers t-shirt, then rolls back in under the ropes, gets to her feet and takes her position in the corner.]

GM: Well fans, if you recall this match came about as a result of Erica Toughill's rampage through the AWA Women's Division, when we heard Lori Wilson say this two weeks ago.

[Cut back to footage from the last edition of Saturday Night Wrestling: Lori Wilson, flanked by Theresa Lynch, talking to Julie Somers.]

LW: Julie, listen to me. I get that all the women Erica has injured weighs on your mind a lot. But you're not the only one who feels responsible. When I came to the AWA, I made it a point to be the example that the women in this company needed. Somebody they could turn to for advice and learn about what it takes to make it in this business. And every woman that Erica has injured... well, several of those girls came up to me, asking for advice, and I did whatever I could to help them. So what Erica has done, it bothers me as much as it bothers you.

But I'm asking you, Julie, to let me handle this. Because if anybody should be held accountable for what Erica did to those women, it should be me. After all, I'm the one who came to the AWA to provide that leadership role and to be a mentor to anyone, not just yourself. So I failed those women who Erica hurt and I'm the one who needs to hold her accountable.

[Cut back to the arena, filled with the sound of an ominous synth as a sullen presence appears in the entryway. As "Another One" by Night Club kicks in, Erica Toughill makes her way down the aisle, a nine iron slung over her shoulder. She pays very little attention to the fans and focuses on the ring, snapping a wad of pink bubble gum the whole time.]

GM: And Toughill has a golf club over her shoulder. She had a baseball bat earlier tonight. She's not the first person who decided to give up baseball and take up golf as a hobby after facing David Ortiz.

RO: And her opponent... From Rochester, New York... weighing 170 pounds...
ERICAAAA TOUGHILL!!!

[Ricki Toughill rolls into the ring under the ropes, and props herself up with the golf club. 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.]

BW: Hey, Gordo, did you know that Erica Toughill's middle name is Marie?

GM: I did not, and I'm not entirely sure what the relevance of that information is.

BW: I'm just saying that it's lucky that all her opponents have an EMT with them

[Wilson and Toughill both cross to the middle of the ring, standing inches from each other. Toughill snarls some inaudible insults to her opponent. Wilson stoically adjusts her kneepads, not taking her eyes off the Queen of Clubs.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

ET: "ee-YAAAH!"

[Toughill swings her arm, trying to swipe her palm across Wilson's face, but Wilson dodges, grabs Toughill's arm and takes her down with an armdrag.]

GM: Oh my! Toughill trying for a cheap shot and she paid for it!

[Wilson locks in an armbar, but Toughill drags her way to the ropes and the referee forces a break.]

GM: Looks like Wilson's trying to assert herself early here.

BW: Just say it, Gordo.

GM: Say what, Bucky?

BW: She's tryin' to bully Ricki Toughill, isn't she?

GM: Oh, please.

[Toughill rages toward Wilson, but the nimble Wilson halts her with a perfectly-timed standing dropkick.]

GM: Tremendous agility!

BW: Didn't knock Ricki off her feet though!

[Toughill staggers, allowing Wilson to spring back up and dropkick her again.]

GM: And another!

[Toughill allllllmost looks like she's going to topple over, and the quicker Wilson angles for a third dropkick, but...]

BW: Oh, Ricki's got her!

[...Toughill manages to grab one of Wilson's ankles in mid-air, cinching it under her arm roughly. Wilson lands her free leg on the ground, hopping on it to remain upright.]

GM: Oh, this could be very bad for Lady Lightning. As soon as Toughill has an opponent at her mercy, she really begins to go to work on her.

[Toughill snarls at Wilson, and gives her an intimidating swat across the cheek with her free hand. Wilson responds by launching into the air...]

GM: Oh my! Toughill waited too long!

[...and giving Toughill an enzuigiri with enough force to somersault the Queen of Clubs flat onto her back.

Cut back in split screen to the women's dressing room, where the female fan favorites are all cheering along with the fans at Toughill's misfortune.]

BW: Oh, this is sick, Gordo! Erica Toughill has been bullied and picked on by veterans like Lori Wilson all her career!

GM: I'm sorry, did you refer to Erica Toughill as a victim of bullying and harassment, rather than a perpetrator?

[Wilson lies on her side on the mat, propping herself up by one arm. She slaps the side of her knee, and pulls down one of her kneepads, trying to flex her lower leg.]

GM: Oh, Toughill might have wrenched Lady Lightning's leg there and not even known it.

[Wilson sees Toughill starting to stir again on the mat, and skitters over to her, cinching in a basic, but very snug chinlock.]

BW: Look at that Gordo, she's trying to intimidate Ricki. Next thing you know, she'll be trying to put a sugar hold on her!

[Toughill kicks and snarls, but Wilson keeps the chinlock firm.]

GM: Ricki Toughill has left a trail of bodies in her wake over the past calendar year, but on each of those occasions she has been the more experienced competitor. This is the first time in the AWA that the Queen of Clubs is facing a veteran grappler.

BW: Look, Gordo, if you knew Ricki Toughill and actually took the time to understand her, you'd know that she's long since paid her dues in this business, and it's about time she was paid the respect she deserves.

GM: There's a fine line between respect and fear, Bucky. If we're talking about respect, then that woman in there, "Lady Lightning" Lori Wilson has more than earned the respect of the AWA locker room. The AWA Women's Division can be fractious but one thing that everyone seems to agree on is respect for Lori Wilson and all she's accomplished in this business. She's been a mentor to countless other young athletes, such as Melissa Cannon, Kayla "The Pistol" Cristol...

[Cut to the split-screen of the women's roster watching the match backstage, zoomed in specifically on Julie Somers.]

GM: ...And her, the Spitfire. And I know that that young lady wanted to have this match tonight, but Toughill wanted it to be her type of match, and... that's not a match that we can show on family television, folks.

BW: 'Cause the Spitfire knows that if she steps into the ring with Ricki Toughill in a straight up fight she'll be totally destroyed.

GM: Well, we don't know that, Bucky.

BW: Gordo, Julie Somers may be a Super Girl, but Toughill is the Queen of Clubs, and she will Reign.

[The match once again takes full screen as Wilson suddenly yelps out in pain.]

LW: "ACK!"

ET: "RRRRRRR!"

GM: She's biting!

BW: She's fightin' out of it!

[Toughill has her teeth sunk into the crook of Wilson's elbow. The referee forces a break and warns Toughill. Toughill surges upright, glaring him into the corner.]

GM: My stars, is there anyone that this women hasn't tried to domineer and terrorize to gain an advantage over?

BW: Why don't you try standing up to her?

GM: No... thank... you.

BW: Yeah, if she comes over this way, I'm heading for the exit, Gordo.

[The official helplessly points to the AWA crest on his shirt as he tries to escape along the ropes. Toughill turns around long enough to see Lori Wilson soaring at her.]

GM: She's taking her eye off the ball for too long! Lady Lightning with a huge forearm!

[Toughill goes staggering backward into the turnbuckles. With both hands on the top rope to brace her, Wilson works over the Queen of Clubs with kicks to ribs and abdomen. Toughill leans over and cowers between the ropes.]

BW: Hey ref, do your job!

GM: Isn't that typical. She calls for help when she needs the rules.

[Wilson obliges the referee's call for a break. As she backs up from the corner, she does so with a visible limp.]

BW: She's favoring that one leg, Gordo.

GM: Very true. I don't know that Toughill has noticed since this match has been a Lori Wilson clinic from the opening bell, but Wilson may have strained a ligament in her knee when Erica Toughill blocked that dropkick.

[Despite the pain in her leg, Wilson remains composed. Her opponent across the ring, however, is clearly rattled.]

"LAY-DEE LIGHT-NING!!!" *clap clap clap-clap-clap*

"LAY-DEE LIGHT-NING!!!" *clap clap clap-clap-clap*

"LAY-DEE LIGHT-NING!!!" "I-YURN BEE-VER!"

"LAY-DEE LIGHT-NING!!!" "I-YURN BEE-VER!"

ET: "nnnnnnGGGGH!"

[Toughill grits her teeth and growls to no one in particular, pulling at her inky black hair in frustration.]

BW: Well, look at this Gordo: Lady Lightning's been on offense this whole match, but right now she's just planted herself in one spot. Ricki Toughill's a predator and she can smell a wounded opponent.

[Wilson tries to egg Toughill on into a lockup, but Toughill just starts pacing in front of her like a caged jungle cat.]

GM: You may be right there, Bucky. Erica Toughill may know that something is up. We've talked about Wilson's experience, but the Queen of Clubs has a seasoned killer instinct about her too.

[Toughill rushes in low and tries for an amateur takedown. The two women grapple in the ring for a few seconds.]

BW: Look at this! Ricki Toughill is trying to out-wrestle Lori Wilson!

[Wilson sneaks out over the top, leveraging Toughill into a cradle.]

GM: Look out, Wilson's got her! One... Two... That was two-and-a-half there!

[Wilson gets upright quickly, but Toughill coils up and launches her shoulder into her opponent's hamstring.]

ET: "AAAAACK!"

GM: Oh what a chop block!

[Wilson's face contorts into a silent scream as she crumples on top of Toughill.]

BW: I think she figured it out, Gordo.

[Cut to the split-screen of the women's locker room, where the scene has become much more anxious. Ayako's hands cover her mouth. Victoria June can be heard repeating, "get to the ropes, Lori! Get to the ropes!" In the foreground Julie Somers has left her seat, with Melissa Cannon looking like she's ready to negotiate with her.]

GM: Oh my... with that reaction, this could be a serious injury, especially after a knee clip like that from a juggernaut like Erica Toughill.

[Toughill crawls back to the corner and crouches low, watching Lori Wilson writhe on the mat, consulting with the referee. She pulls herself upright in the opposite with the ropes.]

BW: The ref is giving her a chance to stop the match and she's not taking it!

GM: She's got pride in her heart and breath in her lungs, Bucky. And she seems dead set on teaching Erica Toughill a lesson.

BW: Oh, look out!

[The moment Wilson lets go of the ropes and stands uneasily on her own weight, Erica Toughill charges in with a full head of steam and launches herself, posterior-first. Wilson, unable to dodge in time, is sandwiched between the turnbuckles and 170 pounds of malice.]

GM: Oh! That was brutal!

BW: That had some hate behind behind it.

[Wilson crumples to a seated position, the wind knocked out of her. Toughill hikes up the waistband of her tights, pointing her ample rear end at her opponent's face.]

ET: "Slap THIS, Lori."

BW: HA!

[Toughill grabs the top rope and thrusts a series of methodical knee-lifts into the trapped Wilson's face.]

BW: And now, Gordo, now she's going to work. She smells blood and that's when she's the most dangerous!

GM: Look at the power behind those knee strikes!

BW: Yeah, careful about making fun of that figure of Ricki Toughill. That's a lot of power she's got in those wheels.

[Toughill punctuates her final knee-strike by grinding her knee into the cornered Lady Lightning's face.]

GM: This getting downright nasty - we knew this match would be nasty, but there is some real malevolence taking place in this ring, and Lori Wilson is having difficulty mounting a defense against Toughill.

BW: Wilson wanted this match. She wanted to take it to Ricki Toughill.

GM: Well, what's scaring me is if anyone in that locker room would have had Erica Toughill's number, it would have been Lady Lightning. But an injury early on seems to have put that notion to bed.

[The referee forces Toughill out of the corner, then consults with Wilson. The exact wording of what he asks her is inaudible, but her answer is not.]

LW: "NO!"

[Defiantly, she pulls herself upright again, and with gritted teeth, the veteran hobbles to the middle of the ring, where Toughill prowls.]

GM: Lady Lightning is not beaten yet! Listen to this crowd!

"LAY-DEE LIGHT-NING!!!" *clap clap clap-clap-clap*

"LAY-DEE LIGHT-NING!!!" *clap clap clap-clap-clap*

"LAY-DEE LIGHT-NING!!!" "I-YURN BEE-VER!"

"LAY-DEE LIGHT-NING!!!" "I-YURN BEE-VER!"

[Toughill's lip quivers in rage at the chants. She gets so flustered that she doesn't even see a Lori Wilson forearm strike.]

GM: Lori Wilson still has some fight in her!

BW: Gordo... look...

[The forearm shot seemed to have no effect on the Toughill. She stares back at Wilson. Wilson throws another forearm.]

And another.

And another.

And another.

The implacable Toughill just seems to absorb the impact.]

GM: My stars.

BW: This is going to get worse, Gordo.

[Toughill kicks Wilson in the leg, knocking her to her hands and knees.]

GM: Oh my. The scary thing is the this icy mask that Erica Toughill when she gains control of her opponent. No more rage, no more anger; just cold and calculating.

[Toughill just stands in front of her opponent, waiting for her to pull herself upright.]

"I-YURN BEE-VER!" *clap clap clap-clap-clap*

"I-YURN BEE-VER!" *clap clap clap-clap-clap*

"I-YURN BEE-VER!" *clap clap clap-clap-clap*

[The crouched Wilson looks up into the scowling eyes of her opponent. She throws a forearm that once again connects, but doesn't register on Toughill. She throws another.

And another.

And another.

And... fakes Toughill out enough to take her down with an armdrag.]

GM: She got caught!

[Toughill lands squarely on her back, stunned. As she tries to sit upright to get her bearings, Wilson throws her entire weight into a low diving forearm strike between Toughill's shoulder blades.]

ET: "WAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!"

[Toughill howls in pain.]

GM: She got her down! The Queen of Clubs is hurt!

BW: No! She's had back surgery! That should be a disqualification there! Doesn't Lori Wilson have any heart?!

"LAY-DEE LIGHT-NING!!!" *clap clap clap-clap-clap*

"LAY-DEE LIGHT-NING!!!" *clap clap clap-clap-clap*

"LAY-DEE LIGHT-NING!!!" *clap clap clap-clap-clap*

"LAY-DEE LIGHT-NING!!!" *clap clap clap-clap-clap*

[Wilson crawls her way to the nearest corner as Toughill shudders on the mat, prone for the first time in the match.]

GM: Is... Lady Lightning looking to go up?

[Cut to the women's locker room where Wilson's assembled colleagues are all loudly cheering her on.]

MC: You got her, Lori! You got her!

KTPC: GIT'R DONE!

C: 'MON THEN!

[Agonizingly, Wilson ascends the ropes. Toughill starts crawling upright, dazed.]

GM: On one leg, Bucky! Lori Wilson is mustering up every last ounce of grit and determination she has to teach this miserable bully a lesson! Ricki Toughill has only been pinned once the past year with the AWA, and it was with a move from the top rope! Will history repeat tonight in Memphis?!

[Toughill, still groggy, pulls herself upright, just as Wilson crouches on the top rope. Wilson leaps just as Toughill turns around...

...allowing Toughill to block her crossbody attempt and catch her.]

BW: OH!

GM: Oh my goodness.

[Toughill wobbles a bit, but manages to right herself. She hefts Wilson onto her shoulders.]

GM: Look at the strength of this tigress!

BW: She's not human!

[Toughill jogs for a few steps, then dives backward, dropping Wilson to the mat violently. She leans back casually, draping an elbow across Wilson's chest.]

GM: Pinfall and it's...

[Wilson gets a shoulder up at two-and-three-quarters.]

GM: ...It's not over.

BW: I would've just stayed down.

[Toughill drags Wilson's increasingly limp body to the ropes, draping her torso across the middle rope.]

GM: I hate to have to agree with you, but Lori Wilson has defied the odds and competitors like Erica Toughill for two decades, and she will not just give up and accept defeat.

[Toughill runs to the opposite ropes and dives onto Wilson's back on the rebound with a rocking horse splash.]

BW: But we have never seen a force as destructive as the Queen of Clubs, Gordo. I really don't want to see what she's capable of if one of her opponents keep fighting back.

[Toughill sees the handheld camera at ringside, pointing Lori Wilson's reddening face at it by the jaw and hair.]

ET: "Tell her, Lori! Tell Julie that 'you're sorry!' You're sorry you couldn't protect her from me!"

[Cut back to the women's locker room, where Julie Somers erupts from her seat again, with half the room trying to reason with her, the other half watching in disgust and fear.]

GM: What kind of joyless person is Erica Toughill anyway? We've seen some pretty reprehensible behavior out of her, but what is she willing to stoop to!

[Toughill scoops Wilson up handily and circles the ring with her, self-satisfied. She charges into the nearest corner, ramming the veteran's back into the buckles, and hold her there, inverted.]

BW: It's like watching a cat with a mouse; she's just toying with her now.

[Toughill shoves Wilson's foot under the top metal turnbuckle, then releases her grip, allowing her to drop.]

LW: "AAH!"

[Wilson's leg twists horribly in the Tree of Woe, shooting pain throughout her inverted body.]

GM: ACK! T-THIS EVIL QUEEN...! She's is deliberately trying to hyper-extend the knee of her opponent!

BW: She's off the rails, Gordo!

[Toughill rolls to the floor and reaches in to grab two handfuls of Lori Wilson's hair, shaking her violently.]

GM: For goodness' sake, will someone please step in here?

[The referee pries Wilson's boot from beneath the turnbuckle, which only enables Toughill to drag her to the floor with her. Wilson is in no position to fight, crumpling to the mats. Toughill adds a wholly unnecessary shove to Lady Lightning's head with the sole of her boot, then inspiration strikes, prowling the ringside area.]

BW: Oh, Gordo, she's so dangerous out here...

GM: I... I don't want to contemplate what she has in mind here.

[Toughill stops in front of the girl of about 11 or so in the Spitfire t-shirt whom Lori Wilson gave her headband to.]

GM: Where is she- oh no...

[Erica leans over the barricade at the panic-stricken girl with an expression of hate.]

GM: Oh- oh please do not! Absolutely not!

BW: Come on, Erica!

[She swipes her arm at the girl before security can intercede...]

GM: OH NO-!

[...Snatching the bandana cleanly and (physically) harmlessly off her head. She parades around ringside, digging her fingers into the bandana and renders it into small ragged chunks of frayed black and white rags.]

GM: My stars, I thought she was seriously considering...

BW: Well, she wasn't.

[Toughill returns to Wilson, still on the floor. She throws the ragged bandana around her neck and drags her around the floor behind her.]

GM: COME ON!

“DING! DING! DING! DING! DING!”

GM: Finally, this match is thrown out!

BW: She's flipped. She's berserk.

[Toughill drags Wilson to the ringside space in front of the young girl whom Wilson gave the bandana to. Cut backstage to where the locker room watches in ashen-faced shock.]

ET: "SAY IT, LORI!"

[She cinches the ragged bandana around Wilson's throat tighter.]

ET: "SAYYYY IT!"

[Wilson chokes out a few words.]

LW: "I'm... sorry... Julie..."

[Julie Somers shoves Melissa Cannon out of the way (into Ayako Fujiwara) and bursts from the locker room.

Back at ringside, Erica Toughill give Lori Wilson a condescending pat on the cheek before hauling her up into standing headscissors.]

GM: No, not this again! Please, could get some help out here!

[She lifts Wilson up into powerbomb position...]

GM: OH NO!

“THUNNNNNNNNNNK!”

[...and DRIVES her back down into the edge of the ring apron!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Toughill sneers at Wilson as she collapses to the floor, standing over her...

...as the crowd begins to roar all around her!]

GM: Oh, here comes the Spitfire...!

[Toughill turns once again to terrorize the young girl at ringside, but she doesn't notice the Spitfire-shaped blur coming up behind her...]

“WHAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Toughill crumples with the blow of a steel chair across the back, wielded by an anguish-stricken Julie Somers, followed by half-a-dozen other members of the women's roster.]

GM: Do you want a fight now, you bully?

[Toughill tries to crawl away, but with a howl of vengeance, Somers slams the chair across her back again.]

BW: Good gravy, the ladies have broken into a riot out here, daddy!

[The ringside area quickly descends into chaos as various referees and wrestlers try to tend to Lori Wilson, and separate Julie Somers from Erica Toughill.]

GM: It's pandemonium out here at ringside, but the big story is that Lori Wilson may have suffered a serious injury at the hands of that woman, Erica Toughill!

[Toughill crawls into the ring to escape the melee. Her reprieve is only temporary, as she tears past Victoria June to follow.]

BW: Someone call in the National Guard to separate these two!

[Although she has been relieved of the steel, Somers still tackles Toughill from behind to the ovation of the fans. She punches Toughill and the back and neck furiously. The melee is exacerbated by Kayla Cristol and Cinder who can't resist adding a few shots of their own to Toughill.]

BW: Gordo, this is turning into a gang beatdown on Erica Toughill, just because she lost her temper!

[Toughill slithers her way away through the crowd of people trying to restrain Somers and finds the golf club she left in the corner earlier. A couple of wild swings scatters Cristol and Maci Layne.]

GM: Toughill finds an equalizer and now she's decided to get out of Dodge, now that the odds aren't in her favor.

[Toughill looks up into the ring and sees Julie Somers glaring back hatefully, restrained by half-a-dozen wrestlers and referees.]

GM: And my stars, the look on her face like she's proud of what took place in that ring.

[Toughill points the golf club at the ring.]

ET: "Her blood is on your hands, Julie! Your hands!"

[Somers defiantly shouts for Toughill to get back to the ring while several of her peers try to keep her in place as we 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...

[We cut to backstage where Sweet Lou Blackwell stands before an AWA backdrop.]

SLB: Fans, a few moments ago we witnessed what I can only describe as an outright mugging... Erica Toughill was facing "Lady Lightning" Lori Wilson and clearly was not content with seeking a win tonight, as much as she was with trying to end the career of a 20-year veteran of this sport. And I know one woman who was clearly not happy to see her good friend and mentor be subjected to that...

[That's the cue for "The Spitfire" Julie Somers to walk onto the set. The look in her brown eyes and the frown on her face make it no secret that the usually friendly young woman is not happy.]

SLB: Julie, first of all, I know Lori Wilson is receiving medical attention and many are concerned about her well being. Is there any update you can give us about how she's doing?

[Julie runs a hand over her face and brushes her long, wavy hair behind her.]

JS: I'm no doctor but I can guess that Lori has a concussion, possibly a dislocated ankle, maybe a neck injury. She's still getting evaluated, likely will be heading to the hospital. I mean, I should be by her side right now, considering how I let her take this match tonight. I...

[She tilts her head back, runs her hand over her face again, then lets loose a frustrated sigh.]

JS: I was the one that let Lori convince me that she could teach Erica a few things. I mean no disrespect to my friend, but it's clear to me that the only way Erica is going to get taught anything is to actually meet her on her terms. And I've been in denial about that for too long.

I spent weeks thinking that Erica was just throwing a tantrum about how she kept getting overlooked by everyone else in this business. But I should have realized that her attempts to injure everyone she faced was more than about how she was being overlooked. It was about the fact that she's nothing but a bully who only lives for hurting people.

And I was always taught that you had to stand up to bullies -- and that's where I failed.

Well, no more of that.

[She jerks a finger toward the camera.]

JS: Erica Toughill, you want the gloves to come off, you'd better believe they're coming off now.

You want me on your terms -- then you get the contract ready and I'll put my name on the dotted line, no questions asked.

But you better believe this: You aren't dealing with the happy-go-lucky girl who just wanted to give the fans a great show. You aren't dealing with the woman who had her sights set on SuperClash so she could prove women deserved more than to be an occasional attraction. And you certainly aren't dealing with somebody who is thinking, first and foremost, about becoming the AWA Women's Champion.

This has gone far beyond giving the fans a show. Far beyond SuperClash. Far beyond a title. Far beyond any perception you have about people in the past treated you or me or anybody else.

This is about what I should have done a lot sooner, and that's beat the ever loving snot out of you!

[She takes a deep breath.]

SLB: Julie, while I certainly admire your will and determination, I have to ask you this -- are you worried that, by letting Erica Toughill set the terms, you could be setting yourself up for her to do the same thing she's done to every wrestler she's faced the past few weeks?

JS: Sweet Lou, I understand you're just doing your job. I understand you've got to ask the tough questions. But I will say this: Anybody who wants to think that Erica setting the terms means she's got the advantage, and means that I'm risking too much to settle this once and for all, I have only one thing to say about that.

[She stares hard into the camera.]

JS: You haven't seen what I'm like when I get pissed off.

[With that, she strides off the set, shaking her head. Blackwell's eyes grows wide]

SLB: Whoa... I know she's called The Spitfire, but that's a side I haven't seen out of her. [Shakes head.] Though a part of me isn't surprised, to tell you the truth. Gordon, let's go back to you.

[On that note, we cut back out to the ringside area where Gordon and Bucky are standing.]

GM: Thanks, Lou. A wild scene here in Memphis, Bucky, but now that Julie Somers has agreed to face Erica Toughill at SuperClash on HER terms - I'd suspect things are going to get a lot more wilder in New Orleans.

BW: Gordo, you can certainly tell it is SuperClash season here in the AWA! Lord have mercy!

GM: It's been a wild and crazy kind of night here in the FedEx Forum in Memphis, Tennessee but we're not done-

[Gordon freezes as there's the sound of static breaking over the PA system followed by some voices. The video wall lights up and soon, the entire video feed has been replaced with a shaky selfie shot from the end of Casey James' arm. Behind his far shoulder stands Tiger Claw. Both look seriously into the camera as Casey tilts the phone around to get the best shot. He pans up a bit, making a large, glowing sign visible over their heads. The sign reads "EMERGENCY" in bold letting.]

CJ: There we go. That's money, right there.

[Claw nods and give a shrug that says, "I have to admit it, when you're right, you're right."]

CJ: Hey, everyone out there in AWA Land. Go ahead and get all that booing and hissing at us out... Frankly, we kind of deserve it. I know, I know, that stuff me and Claw did back in the parking lot was... It was kind of inexcusable. We went down there to get a bead on where The Madfox's head was at, and, like, out of nowhere, there's Theresa Lynch... BAM, she gets blindsided, and gets knocked down... It wasn't a pretty knock down, either... I gotta say, it was a nasty bump on the concrete. I was there, and I... I dunno, I don't have any words... Well, one... What was that word again?

TC: Heinous.

CJ: That's the one. Heinous. What we did was heinous. What were we thinking? She's not a competitor in the AWA. She's a broadcast journalist, and we put her here in this hospital behind us. She deals in words and stories. We deal in pain and violence. We're from different worlds. There's got to be something in place to protect people like Theresa Lynch from the likes of The Syndicate... The MONSTERS. Something needs to be done. Someone needs to take responsibility and DO something about us.

Someone like you, Supreme.

[Claw's scowl intensifies a little at the mention of Supreme's name.]

CJ: Supreme, we've been picking off your buddies one by one here... Trying to get it in your head how serious we are. Trying to MOTIVATE you...

[Casey glances back to Claw]

CJ: Can you believe we've gotten to the point where we're kicking the crap out of his girlfriend?

[Casey turns back to the camera]

CJ: Seriously, dude, who lets us get THAT far? Come on, Supreme, we are in the MAIN EVENT of SUPERCLASH here. The biggest show of the year! The show where

grudges are settled and wars are won. The MAIN EVENT! What did you expect from us? We told you, it's war. Everything is on the line. Everything. What's the problem, Supreme? Maybe you didn't believe us? Maybe you didn't think we still had it in us?

TC: He still isn't motivated.

CJ: He still isn't motivated! Can you believe that? All these stories of big, bad Supreme Wright... Maybe the most intense, most dangerous competitor to step in that ring [Claw smirks], and he LET us put his girlfriend in the hospital? And we're standing here bragging about it?

[Casey looks off into the distance and shakes his head.]

CJ: I'm just... I dunno, what's the word?

TC: Dumbfounded?

CJ: No, not dumbfounded.

TC: Flabbergasted?

CJ: Nah, man, I'm not a cartoon.

TC: Nonplussed.

CJ: Yeah, that's it, I'm nonplussed. I can't imagine not wanting to at least perpetrate a bit of a beating on the men responsible if the same were done to me. You can ask what's wrong with us all you want, Supreme, but seriously, what's wrong with YOU? This is your fault, man. You shoulda stopped us long before we got to this point. I didn't think we were gonna have to lay out the skirt, but here we are... And I figured that if we did, there'd be this huge retribution of biblical proportions, but...

[Casey holds a hand to his ear]

CJ: I ain't exactly hearing any trumpets of Gabriel out here, you know? [Looks to Claw] I think we're going to have to continue to motivate here.

TC: I think you might be right.

CJ: Can't just give up...

TC: No, we certainly can't.

CJ: Not after all we've invested into this little project.

TC: One does not just walk away from an investment like that.

CJ: I'm thinkin'.... I think Theresa could use another visit from The Syndicate, don't you?

TC: I think it's the least we could do.

CJ: Oh, joy! There's nothing I like more than brightening up someone's day! Especially when that someone is me!

[Casey cackles sharply, and he turns the phone around. We lose sight of Claw and Casey as the camera is jostled, settling on the doors into the emergency ward. The shot moves forward, Casey holding the phone in front of him as the Syndicate

walks through the doors and into the ward. You can hear the excitement in Casey's voice as he speaks...]

CJ: Is it weird that I kind of like hospitals? This reminds me of when I visited that chump, Latta... You remember that? Back when I was terrorizing Kauffman? Man, those were the days...

[They turn a corner and end up in a large waiting room. Strangely, the room is mostly empty. Mostly because there's only one person sitting in the middle of the room. When he hears The Syndicate enter, he turns his head slightly and slowly gets to his feet. He turns around to face the camera...]

CJ: Oooooohkay, here we go...

[Just looking at Supreme Wright standing there, one would see absolute calm until they looked at his eyes. Supreme is clearly livid, and The Syndicate is obviously the source of the emotion. His calmness mixes with that rage to result in something truly scary to behold...]

CJ: Now Claw, THIS is the guy we've been looking for!

[Supreme immediately shoots forward toward the camera. Casey shouts "Here he comes!" at the exact moment everything is thrown into chaos. The phone is dropped, causing the scene to become a disoriented blur. Amid the thumps of the phone hitting the floor, a roar can be heard from Supreme. Casey shouts "GAAAH, GET HIM OFF ME!" Claw doesn't seem to make any sound at all.

The camera comes to rest on the floor, filming the feet of the three men battling each other. There's a loud crash, and Casey is on the floor, face looking right into the camera. At first he looks dazed, then angry. He quickly gets back up, presumably to run toward the melee that's still going on between Supreme and Claw. Casey can be heard roaring, and there's another loud crash. This is followed by Casey yelling...]

CJ: YEAH, BABY! I TOLD YOU, KID! You don't mess wi - GUUUURK!

[Casey makes some more strangling noises as Claw's feet can be seen running across the shot. There's a loud CRACK and the sound of an approximately Supreme-sized body tumbling over a chair. This is followed by a series of quick impacts in tandem with a person exhaling...

There's a rustling noise as the phone is picked up off the floor. Casey points the camera at his face, showing the sort of weary, disheveled grin someone gets after a fight. Behind him, Claw is in full mount on Supreme, raining down head shots...

CJ: WILD WEST, BABY!

[Casey's celebration looks like it might be a bit premature... Supreme has managed to sweep Claw over so that Supreme is in Claw's guard. Supreme rushes forward, causing Claw to get stacked up a bit, at which point Supreme disengages... He escapes the guard and leaves Claw a bit unbalanced. As Claw rights himself, Supreme gets past Claw's legs and drops a knee on Claw's face. Casey continues to grin into the camera like an idiot as Supreme turns and stalks up behind him.]

CJ: This is how we get things done! Wooooaaaah, wait!

[Supreme has lunged forward, jumped up and grabbed Casey in a headlock. Casey manages to hold the camera pointing at his face the whole time he's driven down into the floor. He has a helpless, "Oh crap, this is going to hurt" look right up until the moment of impact, where the phone actually makes contact with his forehead.

The picture goes out, but the sounds of a scuffle continue. Suddenly, there's a new voice heard...]

"POLICE! WHAT IS GOING ON IN HERE? THIS IS A HOSPITAL, FOR THE LOVE OF GOD! GET THESE MANIACS OUT OF HERE!"

[Based on sound alone, the scene is complete chaos. Several more people can be heard shouting, and the occasional walkie talkie goes off. The picture comes back up... Someone has picked the phone up off the floor, where it was laying face down, and we get a quick pan around the room. A number of police officers have Supreme, Claw, and Casey James separated in three different corners of the room. Most of the officers are trying to keep Supreme from leaping toward Casey. The camera turns so all that can be seen is the face of the police officer holding it. After a moment, he switches the phone off...]

...and we fade from the selfie footage to the bank of television monitors that can only mean the return 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 counting the days - just 27 days and counting from the biggest night on the calendar for the AWA every year - SuperClash! Of course, SuperClash VIII will be coming to you LIVE on Pay Per View on Thanksgiving night from the world-famous SuperDome in Louisiana for what promises to be an event the likes of which we'll never forget.

[The synth is completely gone by this point as Blackwell continues.]

SLB: And just when you thought this lineup couldn't get any bigger - couldn't be any more jam-packed, the AWA goes and proves you wrong. Let's take a look at what we've got scheduled so far.

[A graphic appears with a ladder and the words "STEAL THE SPOTLIGHT."]

SLB: The Steal The Spotlight ladder match is coming to SuperClash and boy, this promises to be a hot one. Already officially in the match are Jayden Jericho, Riley Hunter, and Rex Summers. On this week's Power Hour, Canibal will attempt to earn a spot of his own. And two weeks from tonight - during the final stop on the road to SuperClash - "Cannonball" Lee Connors will take on Jayden Jericho in a match where if he wins, he will get a spot in the match as well. Plus, we're told to expect more names announced in the weeks ahead and I can't wait for this one.

[The graphic changes to show Callum Mahoney and Terry Shane.]

SLB: The World Television Title will be on the line when Callum Mahoney, the current champion, defends the gold against Terry Shane III. Both men were in action tonight, both men scoring victories... and as we get closer to New Orleans, it may be all about momentum for these two competitors.

[Another change of the graphic.]

SLB: How about this one, fans? For months, we've been told that the Kings of Wrestling are fine but no longer as Brian James and Johnny Detson will collide at SuperClash with the loser walking across the ring, shaking the winner's hand, and accepting them as the leader of the Kings. The tensions between these two men

continue to grow and by the time we hit the Superdome, they'll be ready to explode at SuperClash!

[Three people appear on the graphic this time.]

SLB: The AWA Women's World Title will up for grabs in a historic Three Way Dance when Lauryn Rage defends the title against both Melissa Cannon and Ayako Fujiwara! Now, remember... to win this one, you must be the last woman standing. No first fall wins this one. This is under elimination rules. Who is walking out of the SuperDome as champion? My money is on anyone NOT named Lauryn Rage.

[The graphic changes again - now showing Supreme Wright on one side of the screen and the Syndicate on the other.]

SLB: As we saw moments ago, this one has taken a very personal turn here tonight in Memphis. Supreme Wright is still set to face the Syndicate in tag team action at SuperClash... however, as of right now, he still does not have a partner. Of course, we know that Jeff Matthews has offered to be that partner but we do not know if Supreme Wright has accepted that offer. In addition, if the Syndicate wins that match, they will be signed to the first-ever AWA "Legends" contract which - as we said before - essentially pays them a large sum of money and lets them do pretty much whatever they want whenever they want.

[We get a new graphic - this one showing the words "Blackjack Patterson Memorial Battle Royal."

SLB: It'll be Battle Royal time in New Orleans with this Blackjack Patterson Memorial Battle Royal... and already confirmed to compete is the newcomer to the AWA, Blaster Masterson! The Soldiers of Fortune are in this! The British Bashers are in it too! Rene Rousseau! Chris Choynet and Cesar Hernandez! The Samoan Hit Squad! And so many more to still be announced.

[And again, our on-screen graphic changes - this time showing Derrick Williams and Jordan Ohara.]

SLB: It'll be a clash of two men who both believe they are the future of this business when former friends and partners meet. Jordan Ohara takes on Derrick Williams on Thanksgiving Night at SuperClash!

[This time, the graphic shows two tag teams.]

SLB: How about this one, fans? We heard the challenge earlier tonight and it has been accepted! Next Gen will collide with the Slaughterhouse in tag team action at SuperClash! And this one could have major tag team title implications!

[Speaking of which...]

SLB: And when you talk about the World Tag Team Titles, what about this one that shockingly was made tonight? Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan - the so-called Tag Team of 2016 - will put their titles on the line against one of the greatest tag teams in AWA history... AIR STRIKE! Whew, that's going to be a hot one in New Orleans.

[Another graphic change, this one now showing Alex Martinez and Maxim Zharkov.]

SLB: The Last American Badass! The Last Son of the Soviet Union! Martinez versus Zharkov! This one's going to happen and it took on even greater importance earlier tonight when Martinez announced that - win, lose, or draw - this is it for him! This is his retirement match! The final match in a legendary career. There may not be a dry eye in the house for this one, fans.

[Another graphic switch.]

SLB: Also just announced this week - after months of speculation - it's official! David Ortiz - Big Papi himself - is coming to SuperClash! It's going to be David Ortiz teaming with Supernova to take on Kerry Kendrick and Flex Ferrigno and I cannot WAIT for that one!

[And another graphic change.]

SLB: Two weeks ago, we narrowed it down to two cities left to battle it out for the right to host SuperClash IX. We are down to Toronto and Atlanta and on Thanksgiving Night, we'll find out which city won the bid and has a whole lot to be thankful for!

[And one final graphic change.]

SLB: And in our Main Event, we go from what was already one of the most highly-anticipated matches in AWA history to something completely off the charts! Juan Vasquez, the AWA World Champion, will walk into the Superdome on the final night of his AWA contract. Win, lose, or draw... he's done in this company even if that means he escapes out onto Bourbon Street carrying the AWA World Title with him. His opponent, Ryan Martinez, has gone through hell and back this year to get back to Vasquez who violently assaulted him at the start of 2016. Martinez will compete in third consecutive AWA World Title match at SuperClash AND his third consecutive Main Event.

You take all of that and...

[A large WOODSHED graphic comes down around the existing one.]

SLB: ...and you stick it inside one of the most violent... most brutal... most dangerous... most sadistic... most vile... most vicious creations in the history of our sport. Solid steel surrounding the ring and ringside area. No escape and no surrender. This is the epitome of danger for these two men and one way or another, their rivalry will come to an end on Thanksgiving Night in New Orleans.

[The graphic disappears as we go back to Lou in the Control Center.]

SLB: Fans, it is Main Event time here on Saturday Night Wrestling but what a night it's going to be. Make your plans now to join us on Pay Per View for the biggest event of the year... the biggest night for our industry all year long. SuperClash is coming and it's coming just a few weeks away! Let's head to the ring and I'll see you next time... in the Control Center!

[We fade from the Control Center...

...and back to a live panning shot of the Memphis crowd. We hold it there for a few moments before the lights drop down.]

#It's dark...and hell is hot#

[Suddenly, large columns of flame erupt from the top of the aisle.]

"WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH!!!"

[DMX's "Ain't No Sunshine" plays as the top of the ramp is flooded in white light, where we see a silhouette with both arms thrust triumphantly into the air. As the lights return to normal inside the forum, the boos immediately begin when we see Juan Vasquez standing in front of the video screen, where in ten foot high lettering, we see the words "MAKE THE AWA GREAT AGAIN" appear.]

GM: Here he comes, Bucky. The man who baited Ryan Martinez into perhaps the biggest mistake of his career - the Woodshed at SuperClash VIII.

BW: You won't get an argument out of me on that one, Gordo.

[Vasquez lowers his arms and begins his walk towards the ring, looking more serious and focused than usual. He is dressed in a black M-65 Army field jacket with the words "IN JUAN WE TRUST" stenciled along the left arm and "DEUS VULT" on the right. Underneath, he wears the same wrestling tights he usually has on. Jackson Hunter trails behind him, smirking confidently as he pauses occasionally to shout at some ringside fans.]

GM: The Axis, thankfully, is nowhere to be seen but you also know that they're never far behind when their leader hits the ring.

BW: That's right. At the first sign of trouble, they'll be coming for... moral support.

GM: Give me a break.

[Vasquez is in the ring, handing the title belt over to the official as Hunter circles the ringside area just before "You've Got Another Thing Coming" by Judas Priest starts up over the PA system, drawing a loud crowd response. And that's when the blonde, crew-cut wrestler known as Supernova appears at the entranceway.

Supernova is dressed in black tights with yellow flames running up the side and black wrestling boots, each with a small, fiery sun on the sides. His face is painted yellow and black, resembling a flame.

As he heads down the rampway, he is more than happy to slap the hands of fans whose arms are stretched over the barricade. Upon reaching the ring, he climbs between the ropes, then cups his hands to his mouth and lets loose a howl, before taking his place in the corner.]

GM: Supernova climbing through the ropes and-

[The crowd erupts in jeers as Jackson Hunter surges forward, grabbing the former World Television Champion around the leg.]

GM: Wait a second! Hunter's- get him off Supernova, ref!

[As the official protests, Juan Vasquez swoops in to club 'Nova across the back of the head with a forearm smash. A quick kneelift to the chest follows as Vasquez pulls him fully into the ring. The official gives a shout in Hunter's direction before signaling to start the match.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: We're officially underway now but Supernova is at a disadvantage before the opening bell even rung!

[Vasquez clubs his forearm down across the shoulderblades once... twice... three times as he backs Supernova across the ring.]

GM: Vasquez pushes him back to the corner, competing in this non-title matchup on the road to SuperClash where we now know he'll do battle against Ryan Martinez inside the Woodshed with the World Title on the line.

BW: And don't forget, Gordo... win, lose, or draw... this is it for Vasquez! His contract expires the next day and he's out of here!

GM: I don't think anyone could forget about that as Vasquez whips 'Nova from corner to corner...

[Supernova smashes into the buckles, stumbling out as Vasquez sets himself up for his patented hiptoss...

...but Supernova blocks it!]

GM: Supernova blocks the hiptoss!

[Vasquez tries it again, a surprised look on his face as Supernova holds his ground, shaking his head defiantly.]

GM: Supernova won't go over for it, fans!

[But after a quick reversal, spinning around to trade places, it's Supernova who hoists Vasquez into the air, throwing him out to mid-ring before Vasquez bounces off the canvas!]

GM: And what a reversal out of Supernova into a hiptoss of his own!

[Vasquez climbs off the mat, holding his lower back as Supernova takes aim, elevates, and catches him on the chest with a dropkick.]

GM: Dropkick by Supernova takes the World Champion off his feet!

[With Hunter shouting at him, Vasquez scrambles up off the mat just in time for a second dropkick to take him down, sending him right back down to the canvas!]

GM: And another dropkick has Vasquez reeling!

[Reeling, perhaps... but not out as Vasquez quickly gets back up to his feet as Supernova launches into an assault, throwing a right hand... a left backhand... and a big haymaker to finish the combo, elevating Vasquez into the air where he crashes down near the buckles.]

GM: The fans in Memphis are on their feet! They smell payback coming to Juan Vasquez for all that he's done over the past year and Supernova just might be the guy to deliver it! Of course, earlier tonight, we also found out that Supernova will be in tag team action at SuperClash when he teams with David Ortiz of the Boston Red Sox to take on Kerry Kendrick and Flex Ferrigno.

[Vasquez grabs the ropes, pulling himself to his feet as Supernova advances on him...

...and then lashes out, sticking his thumb right in the eye of the face-painted fan favorite!]

GM: Oh, come on! Cheap shot to the eye by the World Champion!

BW: Never forget that Juan Vasquez is willing to do WHATEVER it takes to win,

[With Supernova temporarily blinded, Vasquez grabs him around the neck, swinging him back into the corner before he lights up his opponent with a knife edge chop!]

GM: Big chop by the champion!

[But Supernova stands tall, simply staring at a disbelieving Vasquez as the crowd roars...]

BW: I'm not even sure he felt that one, Gordo!

[Vasquez winds up a second time, chopping Supernova at full force but a defiant Supernova shakes his head, stepping towards Vasquez who backpedals a few steps away, shaking his head in shock.]

GM: No effect!

[Vasquez throws a third chop, watching as it splashes off the chest of Supernova who flexes his arms in front of him, letting loose a roar as the crowd cheers and Vasquez backpedals all the way across the ring, cowering in the corner as Supernova advances on him.]

GM: And again, Vasquez' chops don't slow down the man from Venice Beach!

[As Supernova nears the corner though, Vasquez lashes out with a boot to the midsection. He grabs the fan favorite by the head, smashing his painted face into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Ohh! Facefirst into the buckles and-

[Supernova pops back up, again shaking his head as he grabs Vasquez under the arms, flinging him back into the buckles to a big roar!]

GM: Supernova is - pardon the pun - fired up here in Memphis tonight!

[The cheers get louder as Supernova squares up, throwing fists and forearms. The speed of the blows get faster as the crowd gets louder, battering Vasquez all the way down to a knee before Supernova yanks him up, flinging him across the ring with an Irish whip.]

GM: Corner to corner whip... Vasquez hits the buckles, staggers out...
WHOOOOOOA MY!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!

[The crowd roars for the impact of Juan Vasquez bouncing off the canvas courtesy of a gorilla press slam!]

GM: Vasquez hits the canvas hard... and I think he's had enough of this, fans! Juan Vasquez is bailing out of the ring, rolling out to the floor.

[Jackson Hunter scampers around the ringside area, rushing to Vasquez' side. The World Champion is visibly in pain, holding his lower back as Hunter speaks to him...

...which is when Supernova walks over to the ropes, grabbing the top.]

GM: Supernova over by Hunter and Vas-QUEEEEEEEZ! OHHHH MY!

[The Memphis crowd EXPLODES as Supernova slingshots himself over the top rope, bringing his 260 pound frame down onto both Hunter and Vasquez and wiping out both men on the barely-padded floor.]

GM: WHAT A DIVE BY SUPERNOVA AND LISTEN TO THESE FANS, BUCKY!

BW: There's certainly no confusing who they're behind here tonight.

[Climbing back to his feet, Supernova cups his hands to his mouth, giving a howl for one and all to hear before he leans down, dragging Vasquez off the floor and shooting him back inside the ring.]

GM: Supernova puts Vasquez back in... and now it's his turn to climb in the ring.

[The former World Television Champion is up on the apron, ducking through the ropes when Jackson Hunter crawls along the floor, making a lunge and grabbing Vasquez' leg for the second time tonight.]

GM: Hunter's got him again! He's got Supernova again!

[The official gets a running start, sliding under the ropes to the floor where he reprimands Hunter for the interference. A threat of a disqualification forces Hunter to let go of Supernova...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...but with the referee's back turned, Vasquez is quick to kick the middle rope right up into the groin of Supernova!]

GM: DID YOU SEE THAT?! That should be an immediate disqualification!

BW: I saw it, Gordo... but the referee didn't... and you can't disqualify someone for something you didn't see go down!

[The official rolls back in, looking questioningly at the scene with both men down on the mat. Jackson Hunter sneers appropriately from his knees at ringside as the referee tries to figure out what went down behind his back.]

GM: The referee suspects something... but you're right, Bucky. He can't call it unless he saw it. Boy, this Juan Vasquez will absolutely sink to any level needed to win a match.

[A sneaky smile on his face, Vasquez climbs off the canvas, looking down on Supernova who is holding his groin in pain. He leans down, dragging his foe to his feet where he promptly scoops him up and slams him down.]

GM: Big slam in the middle... and it's almost hard to believe when you look inside the ring right now that these two men were actually friends at one point... were actually allies at one point.

BW: Not anymore.

GM: Certainly not... and Vasquez drops the elbow down into the heart of Supernova! That tremendous heart that gives him so much fighting spirit to battle through adversity time and time again... and if he hopes to claim victory here tonight, it'll need to carry him once again.

[Vasquez drops a second elbow... then a third. The elbows start off slowly but start to gain some speed around the fifth one... then the sixth... and seventh...]

GM: Elbow after elbow being dropped down into the chest of Supernova, trying to knock all the wind right out of him!

[The eighth smashes down into the sternum... the ninth does the same... and as he climbs to his feet, he comes to a halt, looking down at his foe...]

...he plants his boot on the eyesocket, doing a quick spin to rake the eye of Supernova once more!]

GM: Oh, come on!

[Supernova covers his face with his arms, flailing his legs in pain as he kicks at the canvas. Vasquez drops back against the nearby ropes, a devious smirk on his face as he looks down at the scene before him and the official reprimands him for the illegal action.]

GM: A vicious attack on the eye of Supernova and I hope that somewhere in this building, Ryan Martinez is watching... because this is exactly what he should expect at SuperClash.

BW: Only it's going to be worse, Gordo... it's gonna be inside the Woodshed where all bets are off! Everything's legal inside that hell of skin-tearing metal! If Vasquez wants to come after an eye, that's legal! If he wants to kick you low, that's legal! If he wants to-

GM: I think we get the idea.

BW: Does Martinez?

[Pulling the blinded Supernova off the mat, Vasquez walks towards the corner where he throws him back into the buckles again. He strides purposefully across the ring, falling back into the opposite corner as Jackson Hunter cheers him on from ringside...]

GM: Vasquez in one corner, Supernova in the other... and here he comes!

[The World Champion races across the ring, leaping into the air, and driving both of his knees into the chest of the still-blinded Supernova!]

GM: Double knees finds the target!

[Vasquez bounces back several feet from the impact, crouching low as he beckons for Supernova to come forward. The face-painted fan favorite staggers out from the impact of the knees, ending up wrapped up in the arms of Vasquez who LAUNCHES him through the air, throwing him down to the mat with an Exploder Suplex!]

GM: OVERHEAD SUPLEX BY THE CHAMPION!

[Vasquez rolls over to all fours, crawling across the ring and dropping down into a lateral press...]

GM: ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! TH-

[...but Supernova's shoulder shoots up off the canvas to a big cheer from the Memphis crowd!]

GM: It's not over yet, fans! Supernova kicks out at two and this Main Event here in Memphis continues!

[Vasquez pushes up to his knees, glaring at Supernova as the fan favorite rolls over to his chest, trying to push up off the mat.]

GM: Supernova trying to get up! Trying to get back into this fight with his longtime friend and ally!

[Vasquez gets to his feet, standing over the rising Supernova. He reaches down, grabbing the blond crew cut hair with both hands, dragging Supernova to his feet...]

...and DRILLS him between the eyes with a skull-splitting headbutt!]

GM: Ohhh! Headbutt!

BW: Vasquez has traded headbutts with some of the hardest heads in wrestling over the years - guys like MAMMOTH Mizusawa and Raphael Rhodes.

GM: A second headbutt!

[He hangs on to Supernova, keeping him from slumping back down as he slips his arm under his...]

GM: Hiptoss... no!

[...and fakes the Hiptoss - formerly one of the most crowd-pleasing moves in his repertoire - to instead CRUSH 'Nova with a standing lariat that puts him right back down!]

GM: Good grief! What a shot that was! And as Vasquez covers, this might do it, fans!

[A two count follows before Supernova's shoulder shoots up off the canvas to cheers from the Memphis crowd.]

GM: Supernova staying in the fight! Refusing to stay down for a three count!

[Vasquez angrily climbs to his feet, shouting at the official who holds up two fingers... and gets one in response to boos from the crowd.]

GM: No call for that. No call for it at all. Juan Vasquez has been showing an increasing pattern of disrespect for the referees of the AWA for months now and we just caught another glimpse of that here tonight.

[The World Champion puts away his obscene gesture as he turns his focus back to Supernova who is again pushing up off the canvas. Vasquez hooks him by the back of the trunks, pounding a forearm down across the back repeatedly...]

"WHAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAP!"

[...and then yanks him up by the tights right into a rear waistlock.]

GM: Waistlock!

[Vasquez lifts Supernova off the mat, flinging him down hard on the back of his head and neck with a released German Suplex that sends Supernova bouncing over onto his chest near the ropes where he promptly rolls out to the floor.]

GM: The German Suplex connects but he landed too close to the ropes! Supernova is able to roll under the ropes to the floor... and that's a mistake by Juan Vasquez. Will it be a costly one? We'll have to wait and see but... oh, come on!

[The crowd jeers as Jackson Hunter pulls Supernova off the floor, shoving him under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me! Give me a break!

BW: What? He was just helping him back in.

GM: He's helping Juan Vasquez try to win this match!

BW: That too.

[Again, the referee shouts in Jackson Hunter's direction as Vasquez grabs the downed Supernova, looking to finish the job.]

GM: Vasquez circling Supernova like a vulture circling his prey...

[He uses the toe of his boot to flip Supernova onto his chest, leaning down to wrap up the leg in a loose Indian deathlock as he grabs the arms.]

GM: No, no.

[Pulling back on the arms, Vasquez lifts Supernova's torso off the canvas, lifting his leg to put his boot on the back of his opponent's head...]

GM: He shattered Shane Destiny's face with this very move years ago!

[...and DRIVES Supernova facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: CURBSTOMP! CURBSTOMP!

BW: And this ain't the first time that Supernova's had his face driven into something solid like that! Think back to when the Dogs of War put him through that windshield a few years ago! He was out of action for months back then... who knows what kind of damage Juan Vasquez just did?!

[A smirking Vasquez flips Supernova onto his back, swinging his arms apart in a "it's over" gesture as he settles into a lateral press.]

GM: ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOULDER UP! SHOULDER UP! MY GOD, HE GOT THE SHOULDER UP!

[Vasquez is completely irate as he explodes back to his feet, getting right up in the referee's face with an accusing finger. He backs referee Ricky Longfellow to the corner, shouting at him as the official threatens to disqualify him if he doesn't back off.]

GM: And again, Vasquez going after the official! You've gotta be kidding me!

BW: What? That looked like a slow count to me too.

GM: I see. Jackson Hunter buy you dinner this week?

BW: That has nothing to do with it... but by the way, the Kobe beef was amazing.

GM: You're unbelievable.

[Vasquez finally backs off the official at the shouts from Jackson Hunter begging him to stay focused on the matter at hand - beating Supernova.]

GM: The World Champion moving back in on Supernova... trying to find a way to keep him down for a three count...

[Suddenly, a light seems to go off for Vasquez who beams broadly before leaning down, pulling the dazed Supernova up by the back of the tights, wrapping his arms around his neck...

...and jams his right thumb into the side of the throat!]

GM: ASSASSIN'S SPIKE! ASSASSIN'S SPIKE!

BW: Straight off the streets of West Memphis, daddy!

GM: The signature hold of the masked man known as the West Memphis Assassin who has played a role in some major AWA historical moments! But on this night, Juan Vasquez is taking us on a stroll down Memory Lane to when he wore that mask!

[Supernova's arms are pumping up and down, trying to rally the fans behind him as Juan Vasquez seeks to render him unconscious and finish off his opponent in this Main Event matchup!]

GM: Supernova's hanging on! The referee is right there checking for a submission or any sign he's losing consciousness!

BW: But for how long, Gordo? How long can he hang on?

GM: He's fighting it! He knows he doesn't have long! He knows that he needs to-

[The crowd ROARS as Supernova plants his feet, driving Vasquez back into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Ohhh! Both men go crashing backwards into the turnbuckles!

BW: But Vasquez hangs on to the hold! He didn't break it!

GM: Supernova stepping from the corner - he's gonna try it again!

[With the Memphis crowd on their feet, imploring Supernova to find a way out of this hold, Supernova plants his feet, driving backwards a second time to smash Vasquez in the turnbuckles!]

GM: That's twice! Twice into the corner yet Vasquez continues to hang on!

BW: Supernova's fading, Gordo! Those arms are slowing down! His legs are starting to go out from under him!

GM: He's gonna try it again! One more time... one last effort... can he do it? Can he break free?

[Supernova plants his feet under him and with a massive roar, he drives backwards, SMASHING the World Champion into the turnbuckles!]

GM: HE'S LOOSE! HE'S LOOSE!

[Supernova slumps to a knee momentarily before getting up, wearily grabbing Vasquez by the arm and shooting him across the ring with a whip.]

GM: Big whip across... Supernova in the corner...

[The Venice Beach fan favorite barrels across the ring, leaping into the air...]

GM: HEAT WAVE IN THE CORNER!!

[Vasquez starts to stumble out but the dazed Supernova shakes his head, pushing him back into the buckles.]

GM: Supernova keeping him in the corner! He's not done with him!

[Grabbing the arm, Supernova whips Vasquez across the ring a second time, sending him crashing into the turnbuckles.]

GM: Into the corner again... could we see another Heat Wave?!

[Supernova falls back into the corner tiredly, leaning back with his hands cupped to his mouth and delivering his signature howl...

...and then charges across the ring, leaping high into the air...]

GM: HEEEEEEAT WAAAAAAAAAAAVE!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the crowd ERUPTS in jeers as Juan Vasquez grabs Ricky Longfellow by the arm, yanking him into the weary Supernova's path, using him as a human shield to defend against the Heat Wave!]

GM: DAMN HIM! DAMN HIM!

[Supernova backs off, looking on in shock as the referee takes a step from the corner and collapses to a heap on the canvas. The fan favorite shakes his head and then turns his focus back to Vasquez, flinging him down to the mat. He grabs Vasquez by the legs, causing the crowd to roar with delight.]

GM: Yeah! Get him, Supernova! Get him!

BW: What happened to unbiased announcing, Gordo?!

GM: This guy has it coming!

[Crossing up the legs, Supernova steps through...]

GM: SOLAR FLARE! THE SOLAR FLARE IS LOCKED IN!

[Vasquez screams in pain, pounding his fist into the mat...

...and Jackson Hunter hops up on the apron, waving his arms dramatically towards the locker room before he himself climbs through the ropes, building up momentum, and CLUBS Supernova in the back of the head, throwing his full body weight into it and causing the hold to be broken!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Jackson Hunter breaks up the hold and...

[Hunter leans over Vasquez, checking on his charge...

...which allows Supernova to get back up, swinging Hunter around into a big haymaker that knocks him flat!]

GM: Oh yeah!

BW: Hey! He's a manager!

GM: He's a manager who got physically involved!

[Kneeling down on the mat, Supernova holds Hunter by the hair, repeatedly slamming his fist into the skull to the thrill of the crowd...]

...but the cheers turn to boos as Riley Hunter, Derrick Williams, and MAWAGA hit the ring!]

GM: Here comes the Axis! The Axis looking to bail out their leaders!

[Supernova sees them coming though and is ready...]

GM: BOOM! DOWN GOES RILEY HUNTER!

[...and as he wheels around, he catches the incoming Williams with a right hand as well!]

GM: BOOM! WILLIAMS EATS CANVAS TO BOOT!

[Supernova spins again...]

...and the mighty MAWAGA's hand darts out, his fingers locking around Supernova's windpipe!]

GM: AHH! MAWAGA with the death grip! He's got it locked on!

[Supernova flails his arms helplessly at MAWAGA, trying to break free of his clutches...]

...when the crowd ERUPTS into cheers!]

GM: HERE WE GO! HERE WE GO!

[It's Jordan Ohara who comes sprinting down the aisle first. Ohara dives headfirst under the bottom rope, coming to his feet to dish out a knife edge chop to Derrick Williams... then one to Riley Hunter... then one to Williams... then one to Hunter...]

...but a knee to the back by Vasquez takes the kid off his feet!]

GM: Ohhh! Vasquez with the cheap shot from behind and-

[As Vasquez gestures for Williams to feed Ohara into a standing headscissors, the crowd begins to buzz with concern...]

GM: He's going for the piledriver! Vasquez looking to take out Jordan Ohara before SuperClash and-

[The crowd EXPLODES at the sight of Alex Martinez and Ryan Martinez barreling down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: WE'VE GOT A FIGHT ON OUR HANDS NOW, FANS!

[House Martinez hits the ring in a hurry, getting right into the fight and saving Ohara from a potential piledriver. Fists are flying, breaking the scene down into total chaos as the Axis does battle with some of the AWA's most popular heroes.]

GM: MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE IS GETTING A SUPERCLASH PREVIEW! WE'RE OUT OF TIME! WE'VE GOTTA GO! WE'LL SEE YOU IN TWO WEEKS ON THE FINAL STOP ON THE ROAD TO SUPERCLASH! OH MY STARS!

[The brawl continues in the ring, the crowd going crazy as we fade to black.]