

The final stop on the road to SuperClash...  
Jackson, Mississippi



# SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING

November 12th, 2016

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

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

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

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

[The logo and fanfare fade...

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

"WE ARE... FOX SPORTS!"

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

"The recognized symbol of excellence in professional wrestling."

[The logo fades to black...

...and that black 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 and the deafening boos of the Jackson, Mississippi crowd as the shot opens to inside the ring, where we see a smug, smirking, sniggering Juan Vasquez seated in an unfolded steel chair in middle of the ring with the AWA World Heavyweight title slung over his shoulder. Standing in front of him is an equally smug Jackson Hunter, with microphone in hand.]

JH: Ladies and gentlemen, please attend carefully... because you are about to be addressed by your AWA World Heavyweight Champion, the Axis upon which the very wrestling universe rotates, and the man who holds the very fate of the American Wrestling Association in the palm of his hand. MISTER... JUAN... VASQUEZ.

[A HUGE roar of boos fills the Mississippi Coliseum as Vasquez rises from his seat and is handed the microphone from Hunter. He gives Hunter the AWA World title belt, as the manager takes a seat behind him, cradling the title in his arms. Vasquez doesn't seem to be in any rush to speak, taking in the reaction of the crowd on what may very well be his final appearance on Saturday Night Wrestling.]

JV: Remember this moment forever, people, 'cause after Thanksgiving, this just might be the last time you ever see me in an AWA ring on a Saturday night.

[A massive cheer comes from the crowd at that very pleasant thought. Juan seems amused by their reaction.]

JV: The stakes don't get any higher. Me and Alex's son battling for the fate of the universe inside one of the most violent, disgusting, bloody matches ever conceived by a human mind.

The Woodshed.

[Juan makes a low whistle.]

JV: But I'm not here to talk about that match. 'Cause like the advertisements say - win, lose, or draw? That's gonna' be my last match in the AWA...and before I go?

I need to say goodbye.

[The crowd grows a little silent at that. There's a sober look on his face now.]

JV: Seven years. I've been here for seven years. That's a huge chunk of my life and I'd be lying if I said it didn't mean anything to me.

It meant EVERYTHING to me.

I fought for you. I bled for you. I damn near died for you. It was the best damn time of my life. And as I stand right here and right now, I just wanna' say...

[A devious grin slowly forms on his face.]

JV: ...you're all damn FOOLS if you think I'm going ANYWHERE.

[And that brings back the boos.]

JV: I'm gonna' step into The Woodshed and I'm gonna' bleed Ryan Martinez dry! I'm gonna' step into The Woodshed and I'm gonna' break that dumb kid's stinkin' neck once again! I'm gonna' step into The Woodshed...

[He turns and points to the AWA World Title in Jackson Hunter's hands.]

JV: ...and I'm walkin' out STILL your AWA World Heavyweight Champion.

[Juan chuckles.]

JV: And lemme' tell you what happens AFTER that. Juan Vasquez, the greatest wrestler that ever lived. Juan Vasquez, the Hall of Famer. Juan Vasquez, the living legend. Juan Vasquez, the man singlehandedly responsible for building the AWA into the greatest wrestling promotion the world has ever seen?

He'll be a free agent for as long as it takes for him to shower, dress, and take exactly one step outside of his dressing room.

Because at that moment, he'll be handed a pen from whatever suit they decide to replace Jon Stegglet with after his ass has been relieved of his duties and then he'll be signing the most lucrative contract in the history of professional wrestling!

[The World Champion cackles, turning around to give Hunter a thumbs up before turning his attention back to the crowd.]

JV: And if you think there's no chance in hell of that happening, I've got two words for ya...

Mark Langseth.

[Juan covers his mouth and gasps.]

JV: Yeah, that's right. I said it. I just named the who should not be named. And I'll even mention the shameful word that the AWA's tried to bury for the last five years.

Westwego.

[His grin is as big as it is obnoxious now.]

JV: Do you think the suits in the AWA are actually stupid enough to make the same mistake twice and let their top champion just walk out of the promotion with their title? Imagine if they were actually stupid enough to let me walk. They'd hold a new tournament. And then they'd have to crown...

[Juan tries to find the appropriate word.]

JV: ...A UNIVERSAL CHAMPION! I mean, how stupid does that sound!?

[A laugh.]

JV: So don't worry true believers, Juan Vasquez continue to be in your lives for a very, very, VERY long ti-

[A voice rings out from off-camera.]

"That's just about enough out of you,"

[The camera cuts to the top of the aisle where Jon Stegglet, AWA co-owner and acting Director of Operations, is standing in a black suit. He looks surprisingly calm considering some of what just came out of Juan Vasquez' mouth.]

JS: Out of respect for what you did to get this company where it is, I gave you the benefit of the doubt. "He wants to make a Farewell Address," they said. "He deserves the chance to say goodbye." I agreed with that... because no matter what the hell you've done over the past year - and believe me, it's been plenty - I don't think there's a person in this business that will deny what you did to put us right here... right now... with the whole world watching.

But that doesn't wash away the sins of the last year.

[Stegglet grimaces.]

JS: It doesn't wash away the blood of Sweet Daddy Williams. Of Willie Hammer. Of Stevie Scott. Of the Martinez family. Hell, not even that turncoat Hannibal Carver.

[The crowd "ooooohs" at that. Vasquez covers his mouth in mocking shock.]

JS: You're not the only one who can come out here and say things that he's not supposed to, Vasquez. For instance, I'm sure that AWA legal would prefer that I NOT come out here and tell our fans that we're about to sign one hell of a check to settle that mess you got us into when you went after that fan.

So, when SuperClash is over and you're looking for that big money contract... remember that any chance of that went out the window when you put your hands on that fan and left us...

[Stegglet trails off.]

JS: I was working for Blue when the J\*STAR thing went down. I know what a lawsuit like that can do. And so do you. And you still left us open to it for... what? Ego? To prove that you're bigger than the business?

You're not, Juan. No matter what Jackson Hunter's whispered in your ear over the past year... you're not bigger than the AWA... no one is.

And at SuperClash, you're going to learn that the hard way.

[Stegglet shrugs.]

JS: You're right though. I've got no desire to have to strip that title off you on Black Friday and announce a World Title Tournament. Not at all.

But luckily, I won't have to. Because I believe. I believe in Ryan Martinez. And I believe that in New Orleans, he's going to beat you, take that title off your waist, and send you packing off to... Japan or Mexico... or hell, I don't even give a damn if Alana is waiting for you with open arms.

He's welcome to you. Because I know both sides of you...

[He holds up one hand.]

JS: The one who builds a company...

[And then the other.]

JS: ...and the one who tries to destroy it.

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

JS: I wish it didn't have to be like this, Juan... I wish it didn't go down like this. But a long time ago, my old boss pulled me aside after watching Creed tap out to Curtis Hansen in the middle of the ring before he packed his bag and walked out the door and he told me, "Everything ends. And it usually ends badly. Because if it didn't, it probably wouldn't end in the first place."

But before I say goodbye, Juan... before I sit back in New Orleans and watch the White Knight put you down...

I've got one more chance... one last chance to make an impression here on Saturday Night Wrestling on you...

You deserve one more match here on the show you helped build, amigo.

[Stegglet grins.]

JS: A big match. A huge match. A... giant match.

[Stegglet nods his head as Vasquez' eyes go wide. The Director of Operations steps to the side to reveal...]

GM: OH MY STARS!

[The crowd rises to their feet, craning their necks to get a look at the mammoth chunk of humanity walking through the curtain. He has no music. He needs no music to herald his arrival.]

He simply appears, towering over everyone as he strides down the aisle towards the ring. He veers to the side, using his massive arm to reach out his hand to those alongside the railing striving to touch the Eiffel Tower.]

GM: TORIN THE TITAN HAS RETURNED TO THE AWA!

[Vasquez looks to be in a panic, pacing back and forth as Jackson Hunter struggles to calm down the AWA World Champion.]

GM: Hello, fans! We are twelve days and counting away from the biggest event in all of professional wrestling, SuperClash VIII, and Juan Vasquez' final night on Saturday Night Wrestling just took quite the unexpected turn!

[The cameraman is positioned low, looking up at the Titan as he walks slowly down the aisle towards the ring. Jon Stegglet grins as he follows behind the big Frenchman.]

GM: Joining me, as always, is the one and only Bucky Wilde, and Bucky... we haven't seen Torin in action for a few months now!

BW: Thanks to the Syndicate.

GM: That's right. Torin's spent the bulk of 2016 nursing an injured knee thanks to Casey James and Tiger Claw but now he's back in action and what a GIANT surprise this is to kick off the final Saturday Night Wrestling before SuperClash!

[Reaching the ring, Torin climbs the ringsteps. The Titan swings one of his tree trunk legs over the top rope, stepping into the ring to cheers. He smiles at the crowd's reaction, raising one arm into the air to an enormous cheer.

Standing in his singlet - not bothering with special "entrance attire" - Torin is ready for action as he stands just a step out of the corner, arms crossed over his chest.]

GM: And can you imagine looking across that ring and seeing THAT as your opponent? Juan Vasquez has faced a lot of tough competitors over the years, Bucky, but I don't think he's ever faced someone the size of Torin The Titan! Seven foot two... 472 pounds... a giant in every sense of the word.

[Jon Stegglet moves towards the announcer's table, gesturing for a chair and a headset.]

GM: Whoa! A real treat here, fans. We're being joined by our boss, Jon Stegglet, who looks like he's going to sit in on commentary for this one...

[Vasquez stomps across the ring, shouting off-mic at Stegglet who smirks as he puts the announce headset on.]

JS: You're getting exactly what you deserve, Vasquez!

[Stegglet grins again as he shakes Gordon and Bucky's hands, having a seat next to them.]

JS: Ahhh. Feels like home.

GM: I'm sure it does after all your years as the lead commentator for the EMWC. But welcome to the announce table here on Saturday Night Wrestling!

JS: It's great to be here... and just twelve days before SuperClash!

GM: I'm sure you've got a busy night ahead of you, Mr. Stegglet, but thanks for taking the time out of your schedule to join us.

[Stegglet gestures at the ring.]

JS: Wouldn't miss this for the world, Gordon.

BW: I'll bet.

JS: Something on your mind, Bucky?

[We cut back to the ring where Jackson Hunter is whispering to Vasquez in the corner.]

BW: I'm just wondering if this is the end of your little vendetta against the World Champion. You've been sending people after him for weeks now!

JS: That's one way to look at it.

BW: You've got another?

JS: I do. As the acting Director of Operations, it's my responsibility to try and put on the best show possible, true?

BW: I suppose.

JS: And if Juan Vasquez is truly gone from the AWA after SuperClash, don't the fans deserve to see him wrestling on Saturday Night Wrestling as much as possible before then?

BW: I guess.

JS: And if he's going to wrestle, shouldn't he face top level competition as the champion that he is?

[Bucky sits silent.]

GM: Sounds like you agree with the boss, Bucky.

BW: No comment.

"DING! DING! DING!"

JS: There's the bell and we're underway in- errr... sorry, Gordon. Old habits die hard, I guess.

GM: As the kids say, "you do you," Mr. Stegglet.

BW: I don't even know you anymore.

[Torin slowly walks from the corner to the middle of the ring, shouting insistently for Vasquez to join him there. The World Champion gives a final nod to Jackson Hunter who drops off the apron, immediately pulling a cell phone into view.]

BW: Looks like Jackson Hunter needs to make a call. Can these people keep it down?

[Vasquez moves quickly, trying to circle around Torin who simply turns to keep his eyes on the World Champion who nervously wiggles his fingers...

...and then rushes forward, trying to get a collar and elbow tieup.]

GM: Lockup in the middle, Vasquez trying to get an edge...

[And with a loud, "AAAAAAHUUUUUU!" Torin flings Vasquez across the ring and down to the mat where Vasquez flips backwards before coming to a halt near the turnbuckles. Torin grabs his stomach, laughing at the downed Vasquez who takes a knee, looking anxious.]

GM: Vasquez goes down in a heap... and perhaps Jackson Hunter should save his conversation for another time so he can help advise his client.

[Vasquez climbs to his feet, looking across at the Titan who again waves a hand, beckoning him forward. Vasquez nods, moving in slowly...



...and then dives to the mat, grabbing Torin around the leg, struggling to try and get him off his feet.]

GM: Single leg takedown?! Are you kidding me?!

JS: It's like shooting on a redwood tree, Gordon. No chance of this.

[Torin looks down at the struggling Vasquez with a loud bellowing laugh. He reaches down, grabbing Vasquez by the hair, yanking him to his feet with ease before he scoops him up in his powerful arms, slowly walking around the ring with him...]

GM: And a titanic slam by Torin! Oh my!

[Vasquez rolls to his side, clutching his lower back as Torin stands over him, looking down on the AWA World Champion.]

GM: We didn't get official introductions but I'd imagine this is a non-title match, Mr. Stegglet.

JS: Absolutely. First of all, since it's Torin's first match back in some time, he's obviously not considered a top contender for the title. And second, I'm not about to deprive Ryan Martinez of his chance to win the World Title at SuperClash.

BW: But what happens if he doesn't?

JS: What do you mean?

BW: I mean, what happens if Martinez loses? You've said it... the marketing department has said it... SuperClash is Vasquez' final night with the company - win, lose, or draw, right?

JS: Right.

BW: So, what if he wins? What if he retains the title? Is he right? Will the AWA fold and give him the contract he's asking for to keep the World Champion? Will you strip the title and do another tournament? What happens?

JS: That's... well, we're not really ready to talk about that, Bucky. If it happens, then we'll-

BW: That means you haven't ruled it out. No matter what you're telling people, you haven't ruled out signing that contract he's looking for. The dirtsheets are right!

GM: Bucky, I don't think we want to talk about-

JS: No, that's okay. Bucky's talking about the recent Internet reports that we're back in negotiations with Vasquez for a new contract.

[Back in the ring, Vasquez has rolled out to the floor, grabbing at his lower back as he huddles up with Jackson Hunter.]

JS: I'll admit it, Bucky, since you asked. There are elements of the AWA front office who would prefer that we find a way forward with Vasquez. Now, I'm not one of them. I'm done with him. But I'll admit that it may not be unanimous in the office.

BW: So, is the marketing a lie? Could we see Vasquez still in an AWA ring after SuperClash? He seems to think so.

JS: Juan Vasquez believes a lot of things that just aren't true.

BW: That's hardly an answer, Stegglet.

[But before Stegglet can respond again, Torin reaches over the top, snatching the World Champion by the hair. The crowd roars as the giant pulls Vasquez up on the apron...

...where Vasquez promptly rakes his fingers across the eyes, temporarily blinding the Eiffel Tower, sending him stumbling away from the ropes. Vasquez rushes down the apron, quickly scaling the turnbuckles...]

GM: Vasquez is up top! Trying to take advantage of the blinded Torin and-

[Vasquez leaps from his perch, aiming to drop the giant with a flying crossbody...

...but ends up being caught in the massive arms of the Titan!]

GM: CAUGHT!

[Vasquez flails in the mighty arms of the giant, trying to battle his way free as Torin walks around the ring with him...

...and then sets him down on his feet...]

GM: What's he...

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A giant-sized slap across the face of Vasquez snaps the World Champion's head to the side, sending him crumpling down to the mat.]

GM: Good grief! He went right upside the head of the champ! And from the smile on your face, Jon Stegglet, I'd say you're enjoying this.

JS: This is great, Gordon. Absolutely fantastic.

[The Titan leans down again, dragging Vasquez up to his feet. He grabs him under the armpits, tossing him across the ring into the turnbuckles. The giant slowly approaches, winding up his right arm...]

JS: Look at this, Gordon...

[But as the giant swings his arm down in an open-handed overhead chop, Vasquez spins out of the way, causing Torin to slam his hand down on the top turnbuckle. The World Champion scrambles around, turning Torin back...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Knife edge chop by Vasquez!

[Torin doesn't even flinch under the impact of the chop.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[But again Torin straightens up, shaking his head at Vasquez...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[Vasquez ducks under, slipping his arm under Torin's.]

GM: He's looking for the hiptoss and-

[But Torin doesn't budge, looking down dismissively at Vasquez. The World Champion makes a second attempt but Torin holds his ground...]

GM: He can't get him over!

[Torin spins it around, reversing Vasquez back into the corner...]

...and HURLS him three-quarters of the way across the ring with a giant-sized hiptoss, throwing him down to the canvas where he promptly rolls out of the ring again, clutching his lower back as the crowd roars!]

GM: And again, the World Champion is searching for an escape! He might be looking for the airport right about now, trying to get his tickets to head to New Orleans a little early.

BW: I have it on good authority that the Axis is heading to Bourbon Street by private jet, Gordo.

GM: And by good authority, you mean Jackson Hunter?

BW: A good journalist never reveals his sources, Gordo... not that you'd know anything about that.

GM: I see.

[Torin shows a little bit of temper this time, stepping over the top rope to stand on the ring apron. Jackson Hunter, still on the phone, looks alarmed and points frantically at the giant as Vasquez struggles to get up to his feet on the apron. Torin drops down to the floor, circling around the ringpost to where Hunter and Vasquez are standing...]

GM: Vasquez rolls in. He wants no part of Torin outside the ring.

[Vasquez rushes across the ring, hitting the far ropes as Torin shouts at Jackson Hunter in French...]

...and drops down into a baseball slide, driving his feet into the face of the giant!]

GM: Ohhh! What a shot to the mush!

[Vasquez slides out to a seated spot on the apron, clubbing his forearm down between the eyes of Torin once... twice... three times. He drops down to the floor, grabbing Torin by his wild hair...]

...and SLAMS his skull down into the ring apron!]

GM: Oh! Facefirst to the apron and-

[The crowd ROARS as Torin snaps his head back, showing no ill effects from the faceslam. He reaches out a mighty paw, grabbing Vasquez by the throat!]

GM: He's got him again! The giant's got his hands on Vasquez and... GORILLA PRESS!

[The fans cheer louder as Torin lifts the World Champion over his head with ease, tossing him between the ropes back inside the ring.]

GM: And Torin tosses him back in like a sack of garbage.

BW: How appropriate.

[The giant gets back up on the apron as well, ready to climb back inside the ring...

...which is when Jackson Hunter strikes, leaping forward to wrap his arms around one of Torin's massive limbs!]

GM: HUNTER'S GOT TORIN! HE'S GOT TORIN BY THE LEG! HE'S-

[But the mighty giant is having none of that, twisting his body slightly to lift his free leg and BOOT Hunter right in the face, knocking him flat down on the floor to a huge cheer!]

GM: Wow! What a shot on Hunter!

[Torin shouts down in French at the prone Hunter, turning back to the ring, stepping over the top rope...

...when the crowd suddenly ERUPTS in jeers!]

GM: NO!

BW: HERE COMES THE CAVALRY, DADDY!

[The crowd's jeers get louder as Riley Hunter, Derrick Williams, and the mighty MAWAGA come tearing down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: The Axis is heading to the ring and-

[Riley Hunter dives under the bottom rope, popping up to his feet in time for Torin to snap off a reverse knife edge chop that flips Hunter backwards, causing him to land on his chest!]

GM: What a chop!

[Derrick Williams is the next one in, throwing forearms and elbows at the head of the giant...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Oh, come on! The bell has rung! This one is over!

[Torin absorbs the mighty blows of Williams for a few moments before reaching out and BLASTING him with a massive haymaker, sending Williams flying back across the ring...

...which is when Torin The Titan comes face to face with the mighty MAWAGA!]

GM: Uh oh!

[And the crowd ERUPTS at the sight of this showdown. The suited savage, MAWAGA, stands in the middle of the ring, almost daring Torin The Titan to come towards him...

...and the Eiffel Tower obliges, angrily stomping towards MAWAGA, arm raised back over his shoulder...]

GM: Ohhh! Thrust kick to the sternum!

[MAWAGA's kick stops Torin in his tracks before he snaps off a pair of chops across the chest, putting Torin back towards the ropes. The suited savage rains down Mongolian chops to the sides of Torin's neck, trying to take him off his feet...

...which is when Riley Hunter rushes in, popping up with a bicycle knee up under the chin!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INSTANT KARMA!

[Derrick Williams is back in, snatching a handful of wild hair as he rains down elbowstrikes to the side of Torin's skull. In the foreground, we see Juan Vasquez regaining his feet, turning to face the outnumbered giant...]

GM: Vasquez is telling them... are you kidding me?! Juan Vasquez is calling for a piledriver?!

JS: There's no way he'll get him up. No way.

[But before Vasquez can even try, the crowd ERUPTS in cheers!]

GM: OH MY STARS! OHARA! AND THE MARTINEZ FAMILY!

[Jordan Ohara, Alex Martinez, and Ryan Martinez come charging down the aisle towards the ring as the Mississippi crowd leaps up and down with excitement for the SuperClash preview they're witnessing!]

GM: OHARA'S IN! HERE COMES THE WHITE KNIGHT AS WELL!

[Ohara makes a beeline for his former friend and partner, leaping high in the air as he smashes a forearm into Derrick Williams' head! Ryan Martinez is coming for Vasquez when Riley Hunter gets his way...

...and gets FLATTENED with a spear tackle!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Alex Martinez gets to the ring, stepping over the ropes as he marches towards Juan Vasquez...

...who throws himself through the ropes, diving out to the floor before the Last American Badass can get his hands on him!]

GM: Ohh! Just missed him!

[With the crowd roaring and the Axis bailing out to the floor, the fan favorites are standing tall, ready for the fight to resume...]

JS: It's been a pleasure, gentlemen... but it looks like I've got more business to attend to.

[There's a "CLUNK!" heard as Stegglet drops his headset on the table, climbing to his feet. He walks over to the timekeeper's table and within a few minutes, his voice rings out again.]

JS: HEY! HEEEEEEY!

[All eyes go towards the AWA co-owner as he shakes his head.]

JS: Damn it. I should've known that you couldn't resist getting your gang involved, Vasquez.

[A smirking Vasquez clutches the World Title to his chest, waving his allies around him as they head towards the aisle.]

JS: Not so fast, Vasquez. I told these people that they were going to see your last match on Saturday Night Wrestling tonight... and I don't think they got their money's worth yet.

So... tonight... in the Main Event...

[He pauses.]

JS: It'll be Juan Vasquez, Derrick Williams, Riley Hunter, and MAWAGA...

[He grins as he points to the ring.]

JS: ...against Jordan Ohara, Alex Martinez, Torin The Titan, and Ryan Martinez!

[The crowd EXPLODES in cheers! Stegglet holds the mic high so Vasquez can see it, dropping it down on the table as the Axis loudly complains in the aisle about Stegglet's decision.]

GM: Wow! What a Main Event, fans! Just twelve days before SuperClash, we've got ourselves one HELL of a Main Event! We've gotta get some control out here though so we'll be right back - don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black...

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

"The future."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[To a space shot of Earth below.]

"To bringing our futures into the present."

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

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

[And we slowly fade to black...

...and when we fade back up, the camera is close in on a piece of metal about the size of a legal-sized sheet of paper hanging above the ring painted gold.]

GM: We are back LIVE here on Saturday Night Wrestling just days away from SuperClash VIII, fans, and as you can see, the Golden Ticket - that final invitation to compete in Steal The Spotlight - is hanging over the ring. We've been told that it will be hanging there all night and at any point during the night, any competitor in the back is invited to try and retrieve it. If someone is able to by night's end, they will be added to the field for the Steal The Spotlight ladder match coming up on Thanksgiving Night and-

BW: Don't look now, Gordo, but someone's coming!

[The camera cuts to the top of the aisleway where someone is peeking through the curtain.]

GM: Is that...?

[Seeing a clear path, the person breaks through the curtain and starts charging down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: That's Allen Allen! Allen Allen appears to be looking to grab the Golden Ticket!

[Allen dives under the ropes into the ring, popping up to his feet, and looking around frantically.]

BW: That idiot forgot to grab a ladder, Gordo! He's forgot to grab a ladder!

[Allen facepalms before sliding back out to the floor, approaching one of a handful of ladders that have been set up around the ring. He quickly folds it up, shoving it under the bottom rope...

...which is when the crowd jeers at the sight of Ultra Commando 3 jogging down the aisle towards the ring.]

BW: Now THAT'S a guy I wouldn't mind seeing in Steal The Spotlight!

GM: Allen's back in the ring, trying to set up the ladder before the Commando gets in there... but he's having trouble with it.

BW: The ladder's about twice his size and three times as strong!

[Allen gets the ladder set up in the ring as the Commando rolls under the bottom rope. Allen takes a step up it but is quickly grabbed from behind by the trunks, yanked off into a hard forearm shot to the kidneys!]

GM: Ohh! The Commando takes him down hard! And now the masked man is going to make a grab for the Golden Ticket!

[With Allen down on the mat, the Commando jerks the ladder into position, putting one foot on it...

...which is when the crowd cheers at the sight of Caspian Abaran jogging down the aisle!]

GM: The Prince of the Sun, Caspian Abaran, is also looking for that ticket!

[Abaran scrambles up on the apron, leaping into the air where he springs off the top rope to land safely on the ladder in an impressively athletic move. The crowd cheers as he takes another step up the ladder, reaching out an arm and grasping fingers towards the Golden Ticket...]

GM: Abaran's making his move! He's got one or two steps on the Commando and-

[The crowd jeers again as the camera cuts to the top of the aisle.]

GM: Wait a second! That guy looks familiar, Bucky!

BW: He should! That's Lord William Wesley Windsor from CCW!

GM: That's right! He's- what in the world is he doing?!

[Windsor is standing just beyond the entrance curtain, angrily gesturing back the way he came.]

GM: Windsor was recently eliminated from the Brass Ring Tournament that also would've guaranteed him a spot in Steal The Spotlight and now he's here on SNW making a grab for gold!

[Windsor is gesticulating wildly at this point...

...until his manservant Arthur comes stumbling into view, dragging a metal ladder with him!]

GM: Oh! He's got some help!

BW: I don't know if I'd call it that! Arthur looks physically outmatched by that ladder and-

[As Windsor verbally berates his manservant, the crowd BURSTS into jeers at the sight of two other men rushing into view. These men, however, don't appear to be looking for gold... they're already packing their own.]

BW: The tag champs are coming out here!



GM: Why?!

[Donovan is the first to reach the ring, diving under the bottom rope. He's quickly to his feet, taking aim...

...and leaps into the air, snapping off a leaping superkick onto Ultra Commando 3, knocking him off the ladder!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DONOVAN TAKES OUT THE COMMANDO!

[Taylor is under the ropes and into the ring as well now, snatching Caspian Abaran by the foot. Abaran tries to pull his way free but Taylor gives a hard yank, pulling the luchador off the ladder and down into a vicious uppercut up under the jaw!]

GM: OH!

[Taylor grabs Abaran by the back of the tights, hurling him over the top rope and sending him crashing down hard on the floor.]

BW: And I think Lord William has changed his mind!

[We cut to the top of the aisle where Windsor nervously fingers at his collar before slinking back through the curtain, leaving Arthur alone to drag the ladder back with him. Cut back to the ring where Tony Donovan has pulled a dazed Allen Allen into wheelbarrow position, lifting him up towards Wes Taylor who snatches a front facelock...

...and then DRIVES Allen skullfirst into the canvas with a thunderous assisted Cattlebuster DDT to the jeers of the crowd!]

GM: Good grief!

[Taylor angrily shoves Allen aside as Tony Donovan retrieves a pair of mics from ringside, handing one off to his rising partner.]

WT: Right there, Cody Mertz! Right there is a sneak preview of what you and your pal are gonna get in New Orleans!

TD: Cody Mertz, Cody Mertz... while Wes and I spent the last couple of months focusing on important things like our World Tag Team Titles and the Kings of Wrestling, Cody Mertz has been running behind our stretch limousine like a yapping little dog, trying to get his teeth around our heels. Every time we turned around, Cody Mertz was there... and we ignored him, thinking he'd go away. Well, he ain't goin' away!

WT: No., he's not going away at all... in fact, he's managed to worm his way into our lives in an even bigger way! He's managed to get himself into a World Tag Team Title match against us at SuperClash!

[The crowd cheers that as Taylor looks aghast.]

WT: And I thought it was bad enough that Jack Lynch and his broken-armed little buddy O'Connor was trying to use us to get themselves on the SuperClash card... then there's Cody Mertz. And Mertz' pal, Aarons, who we beat up so bad the last time we saw him, he tucked his tail, ran off to Japan, and no one's seen him since.

TD: That's right... but apparently that's going to change at SuperClash. Apparently Michael Aarons is dragging himself back to the good ol' US of A to saddle up his horse and ride along Cody Mertz once again.

[Donovan shakes his head as the crowd cheers again.]

WT: We understand that you people love Air Strike... hell, EVERYONE loves Air Strike apparently! For the past two weeks, all we've heard is how great it's going to be to have Air Strike back! How fantastic it is to have perhaps the greatest tag team in AWA history back in action. Well, we don't think it's great... and we damn sure don't think it's fantastic.

What we do think it is is annoying... like that yapping little dog chasing our limo.

[Donovan nods in agreement.]

TD: But Wes, you know the problem with a yapping little dog chasing cars? Sooner or later, the car stops... and that dog gets a mouthful of bumper.

Come SuperClash, Mertz... we're going to stop turning the other cheek... we're gonna stop looking the other way! We're going to turn around and stand toe-to-toe with the so-called best tag team in AWA history... and you're gonna run facefirst into the back of our car...

[Taylor smirks.]

WT: And then we're going to ease that car into reverse... and we're going to do what we should've done back in March. We're going to put Air Strike down once and for all.

See you on the Bayou, boys.

[Taylor tosses his mic aside as Donovan drops his, the tag champions retrieving their title belts off the mat before exiting the ring. We cut to ringside as the champions depart.]

GM: Some strong words there on the part of Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan, the World Tag Team Champions, Bucky.

BW: I gotta agree with them, Gordo. You've got Jon Stegglet out here talking about not giving Torin a title match because he's not a top contender... then why in the HELL is Air Strike getting one?!

GM: They're the former World Tag Team Champions! They're arguably the greatest tag team in AWA history, Bucky!

BW: Are you out of your mind?! The Blonde Bombers?! SkyHerc?! The Bishop Boys?! Do any of those ring a bell for you? Air Strike is a pair of punks and when Taylor and Donovan get done with them, there's a really good chance that Cody Mertz is going to spend a year in Japan too... and maybe never come back!

GM: Give me a break. I can't wait for that tag team showdown... and speaking of tag teams, it looks like we've got one up in the ring.

[We fade to the ring, where the unlikely duo of "Outback" Zack Kelly and Paulie Italiano are entering the ring to the cheers of the crowd.]

GM: I think this may be the first time this crowd has ever gotten behind Zack Kelly like this. After what Charlie Stephens did to him not that long ago, he's been itching to get some revenge on him and Joe Flint. He's definitely gotten a lot of sympathy

from this crowd, and they really want him and his new partner Paulie Italiano to get one over tonight against the Soldiers of Fortune.

BW: Yeah, sure, you got two teams on a roll right now, but the Soldiers of Fortune aren't exactly a patchwork team. They've been working for awhile, and ever since they both developed their new attitudes, they've been a well oiled machine and you gotta think a tag team title shot may be in their near future! Meanwhile, I don't think there's that many people that have actually wanted to team with Kelly, considering his overall record in the AWA. Italiano's not the best guy you'd wanna team with since he sometimes seems to be more focused on his Twitter account and playing with toys.

GM: Well, maybe teaming up with Kelly lit a fire underneath Italiano. These two men seem to be meshing very well lately, and if the Soldiers of Fortune are looking too far ahead to the Blackjack Patterson Memorial Battle Royal, and what is likely going to be an intense encounter with the British Bashers after that, they may wind up behind the eight ball if they're not careful! Let's go the ring for our introductions!

[The camera pans over to Rebecca Ortiz, as Zack Kelly and Paulie Italiano continue to get warmed up behind her.]

RO: The following tag team match is scheduled for one fall! Already in the ring, at a total combined weight of 473 pounds, here are "OUTBACK" ZACK KELLY...

[The crowd continues to cheer the plucky Australian, who smiles and waves to the crowd, happy he is getting a loud reaction.]

RO: ...and PAULIE ITALIANO!

[Italiano runs his fingers through his spiked hair, tugging a hairband that says "WATCH THE HAIR, BRO!". He grins, and starts pumping his fist along to a beat that only he seems to hear.]

RO: And their opponents...

[The crowd's cheers quickly turns to boos, as they're anticipating "Don't Tread on Me" by Damn Yankees to start at any minute. However, no music plays. Instead, a familiar New York accent thunders over the PA.]

?: Ey! Cool yer jets, Becky!

[The boos grow even louder, as the camera switches over to the entrance way, and out steps Jackie Wilpon. Kelly and Italiano look at each other, confused, and Ortiz looks grossed out by the interruption.]

JW: Why does it seem like so many people around here don't know how fill out a contract? C'mon! If I wasn't lookin' to teach these two boys a lesson, I'd help 'em out. Hey, I know Kelly over there, feelin' like some sorta rejected lover, wanted t' get his hands on my old friend Charlie Stephens. It's all well an' good, take care of a little mishap between former friends.. but that moron apparently sent over the contract without even putting the Soldiers of Fortune's names on it.

[Wilpon smirks.]

JW: It really shouldn't be too surprisin' that Stephens is a good friend of mine, he introduces his friend Flint t' me, and it turns out that over a buncha beers in a bar my pal Sal owns in Brooklyn, that we have some common ground! Yeah, I think ya may have heard of it, it's a little thing we'd like to call capitalism. I don't think the confused lookin' idiot with the spiky hair over there knows what I'm talkin' about,

so I'll sum it up really nice and simple... in a way that even he can understand it before he takes a ride on outta here an' ends up forgettin' every word I've said.

[Wilpon clears his throat.]

JW: Capitalism is the exchange of goods an' services for money. In this case, a heck of a lot of money. This deal worked out well for everyone involved. The Soldiers get to go on their little bereavement thing they told me about. I think I may have an idea of what that's all about, maybe the jackanapes in the truck in the back received a little somethin' from the Soldiers explaining everythin. Stephens gets this puppy-eyed kangaroo out of that mini-mullet he's startin' to grow up top....

GM: This can't be right! Could the Soldiers of Fortune even do that??

BW: Hey, it's Kelly's own fault for not even filling out that contract properly!

[Wilpon continues, keeping his focus on the ring.]

JW: ...by way of someone that's lookin' for a little warmup for the Blackjack Patterson Battle Royal.

[The crowd really lets Wilpon have it for the bait and switch, because they know what's coming.]

JW: Boys, ya thought ya could take the Soldiers' out an' take their places in the Battle Royal, but yer gonna have t' watch SuperClash from the... well, I'm not gonna call it comfort of a hospital room because unless th' nurses drug y'all up with morphine, yer gonna watch it in a whole lotta pain.

Let me introduce to y'all to the man that by the time SuperClash comes to an end, he's gonna be the single biggest superstar in the world since Tiger Woods broke golf over his knee in '97. A man that's gonna be on top of th' world lookin' down on creation, and the only explanation that I can find is the broken bodies piled up in the middle of the ring as this.. six foot... nine inch.. three hundred an' eight pound monster stands tall.

[Fantomas' "Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion" starts playing.]

JW: Here is... BBBBLLLLAAAASSSTTTTTTEERRRRRR  
MMMMMMAAAASSSTTTTTTEERRRRSSSSOOOONNNNN!!!!

[Stepping out onto the aisle way is the massive man of humanity known as Blaster Masterson. Masterson is focused on one thing and one thing only. Destruction.]

BW: I get chills every time Wilpon introduces Masterson, Gordo. This is one scary, scary man. Hey, maybe Wilpon can eventually replace Rebecca Ortiz as our ring announcer?

GM: She does an excellent job already, so Wilpon shouldn't quit his day job. I agree that Masterson is simply frightening. You really need to see him up close like we do to get an idea about how monstrous this man is.

[Masterson is wearing a black leather vest, but you can see the chest hairs poking out already caked in sweat. He's wearing a pair of purple trunks, black knee pads and black boots, with a large elbow pad on his right arm. His dark, curly hair is also dripping with sweat. As Wilpon, dressed in a white pinstriped suit lumbers behind him, Masterson starts yelling out in a thick Midwestern accent for the camera.]

BM: AH'LL TAKE 'EM BOTH ON!! AH'LL TAKE 'EM ALLLLL ON!!!

GM: You have to think that a handicap match will be Masterson's first real test so far in the AWA, Bucky.

BW: I think Masterson and Wilpon know what they're doing, Gordo. Take a look behind them..

[The camera puts its focus back on the entryway, where four men make their appearance, all dressed up in World War I era medic fatigues. Two of the men are carrying canvas stretchers that also look like they're straight from the era.]

GM: It doesn't get any less morbid each time we see those men dressed up like medics. Kelly and Italiano have to keep them in mind, as they're certainly going to do everything in their power to make sure they're not leaving on those stretchers.

[Masterson reaches ringside, and pulls himself to the apron. He stares down Kelly and Italiano, and steps over the ropes as "Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion" starts fading out. The referee, trying to make sense of the situation, goes over to Kelly and Italiano. However, Masterson yells out to interrupt the referee.]

BM: SHADDUP! AH'LL FIGHT 'EM BOTH AT ONCE.

GM: The referee has to make this decision about how this handicap match is going to go, not Masterson.

BW: I don't think Kelly and Italiano mind one bit, against Masterson, though, you may need another four or five people.

[Masterson removes his vest, and tosses it over the ropes. He stares down Kelly and Italiano, motioning for them to 'bring it'. The referee asks Kelly and Italiano if they actually want to both take on Masterson at the same time. Kelly and Italiano look at each other and nod, so the referee decides to ring the bell.]

GM: Looks like everyone's going to get what they want here, a straight up handicap match where everyone's in the ring at the same time. Kelly and Italiano wasting no time going after the big man!

[The crowd roars in approval as Kelly and Italiano swarm the much larger Masterson, landing punches and double axe-handles, hoping to get the big man off his feet early.]

GM: They got Masterson rocking, Bucky! They've got him leaned up against the ropes and this crowd is sensing already that Masterson might have bit off more than he can chew!

[Suddenly, Masterson reaches out, putting a hand on each man's chest, and with a mighty shove, sends both men flying across the ring.]

BW: I, uh, don't even think that assault even tickled Masterson.

[Masterson seemingly agrees with that statement, even though he most likely can't hear Bucky. Masterson looks at the two men, who have pulled themselves to their feet, and starts yelling 'IS THAT ALL YA GOT??' Kelly and Italiano look at each other, nod their heads, and charge towards Masterson. The duo dives at his legs, pushing him back towards the ropes as the crowd continues to cheer the two men on.]

GM: Going for the legs is a smart move, but they're way too close to the ropes, so they can't take him off his feet!

BW: If both men had a brain cell in their head, they know that is a stupid move. Ya gotta have one guy distract him while the other guy tees off on him! Masterson has them right where he wants them.

[Masterson reaches down and grabs both men by their hair.]

GM: It looks like you're right, he just simply yanked them off of him like this was nothing.

[Laughing through his gritted teeth, Masterson does the first thing that comes to mind.]

GM: Good grief! A double noggin knocker!

BW: I'd say this is a meeting of the minds, but neither man has much of a mind to begin with.

GM: Masterson just tossed Italiano clear across the ring like a rag doll, again, with one hand!

BW: I think Kelly's finally understood the gravity of his situation.

[Masterson shrugs his free shoulder, and uses his free arm to make Kelly eat a vicious standing lariat.]

BW: As we saw two weeks ago, that lariat could be enough to end a match right there, but Masterson's thinking... nah, I wanna play with these two some more.

[As Kelly crumples to the mat, Masterson looks over at Italiano, who's making his way to his knees. Suddenly, Masterson rushes across the ring, and jumps way up in the air.]

GM: OH MY STARS! A devastating leg drop across the back of Italiano's head as he was on his knees!

[Kelly starts to pull himself up in the corner, as Masterson quickly stands up after crushing Italiano.]

GM: Look out!

[Masterson, not missing a single beat, rushes again to the other side of the ring and crushes Kelly into the corner with another clothesline. The crowd starts to chant for Kelly and Italiano to make a comeback as Masterson yells out for the crowd to shut up.]

BW: I'm not even sure what scares me the most about Masterson, his strength, or his speed. He's like a runaway locomotive in there.

GM: He's left destruction in his wake already, and this match is only a couple of minutes old. The crowd is trying to get Kelly and Italiano back into this matchup, but.. good lord.

[Masterson yanks Kelly to his feet, and then presses him over his head.]

GM: Kelly is 250 pounds and Masterson's got him raised up over his head like a proverbial sack of potatoes!

BW: Italiano's starting to stir, and if I were him, I'd get out of dodge immediately!

[Masterson turns and sees Italiano pull himself back up to his hands and knees.]

GM: Masterson with a running start... NO! My goodness!

[Masterson runs a couple of steps, and simply tosses Kelly up into the air, making sure all 250 pounds of Kelly crashes down upon the back of Italiano.]

GM: Just like that, this crowd, who's been wanting Kelly and Italiano to teach the Soldiers of Fortune a lesson, is absolutely stunned, this is a massacre so far!

BW: If you think Masterson's through, well, think again.

[Masterson walks over to the tangled mess of Kelly and Italiano, and grabs Kelly by the back of the head.]

GM: C'mon, enough's enough.

[With a maniacal laugh, Masterson yanks Kelly to his feet, and then grabs Kelly by his throat.]

GM: For goodness sake, Kelly can't even stand. This one's over, for goodness sake.

[Kelly doesn't even get the chance to get his legs steady, as with one hand, Masterson sends him up and down with that devastating one handed chokeslam. Wilpon, looking out in glee, shouts out 'EXIT LIGHT.', with Masterson returning 'ENTER NIGHT'.]

GM: Masterson could just pin him right here, but instead he's looking to do so much worse. Over to the corner, and that standing headscissors can only mean one thing.

BW: Off to never never land for Kelly!

[Sure enough, Masterson yanks Kelly onto his shoulder, and spins around. After two rotations, Masterson hurls Kelly through the air, sending him down crashing with a sickening thud. Instead of going for the pin, Wilpon yells 'GET THE OTHER ONE'.]

BW: Kelly ain't going to the hospital alone, daddy!

[Masterson goes over to where Italiano is laying face first on the mat. He pulls Italiano up, mussing up his spiked hair.]

GM: This is just insult to injury at this point.

[Masterson gets Italiano in the standing headscissors position. He yanks Italiano up, and sets him on his shoulders. Masterson starts spinning, and after two rotations, he sends Italiano through the air, sending him crashing to the mat.]

GM: This one should thankfully be over now, that devastating helicopter powerbomb may be sending two more to the hospital.

[Masterson drags Kelly, and then Italiano to the middle of the ring. He drops to his knees, as both men are on their backs, and Masterson slaps a meaty hand across the chest of both men as the referee goes to make the count.]

GM: There's the three count, Blaster Masterson wins another one here on Saturday Night in devastating fashion.

[The bell sounds, as Masterson scrambles to his feet. The referee raises Masterson's arm in victory as Wilpon enters, pleased as punch.]

GM: Now let's get these so called nurses to get Kelly and Italiano out of here quickly, all right?

[As the medics climb onto the apron, Wilpon tells them to stop, and then tells them to get back down to ringside.]

GM: C'mon, Jackie, let them in there and at least do the job you hired them to do.

[Wilpon tells the medics to stay back, and to clear some space. He then turns to Masterson.]

JW: Ey! It's Saturday Night and ya know what that means? It's trash day! Send 'em packin' already, will ya?

[With a loud scream, Masterson yanks Italiano to his feet, and hurls him over the top rope effortlessly.]

BW: He could have tossed Italiano all the way back to Seaside Heights, if you ask me.

GM: Bucky!

[As two of the 'medics' attend to Italiano, Masterson yanks Kelly up, and much like with Italiano, he tosses him over the top rope. Masterson mockingly dusts his hands off, happy at a job well done.]

BW: There goes Kelly, like a boomerang that ain't comin' back.

[As the other two 'medics' attend to Kelly, Masterson raises his arms in the air, triumphantly. Wilpon claps his hands, then makes his way over the camera. He mugs at the camera and starts to speak.]

JW: An' that, my friends, is just a small taste of what yer gonna get at SuperClash. Win the battle royal.. somethin' else? and then profit!

[Wilpon lets out a laugh, then jerks himself away from the camera, and celebrates another impressive win for his client. The medics have put Kelly and Italiano on their own separate stretcher and have taken them away from ringside.]

BW: You gotta think that Blaster Masterson could be a heavy favorite to win the Blackjack Patterson Memorial Battle Royal at SuperClash?

GM: He's a force of nature, for sure, but rest assured at SuperClash, there's going to be a lot of other people in that ring chomping at the bit to win the Battle Royal, and they're gonna make sure they're not going to leave that ring on a stretcher. There's way too much talent in that ring to be manhandled by that brute.

BW: I'm setting the over/under on people getting carried out of SuperClash by the hands of Masterson at 2. Do you wanna take the over or the under on this one?

GM: I'm not betting on anything for goodness sake... well, let's send it down to Sweet Lou Blackwell who is standing by with a very special guest.

[We crossfade to the backstage area where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing.]

SLB: Ladies and gentlemen, my guest at this time... Jon Stegglet.

[The AWA co-owner and acting Director of Operations steps into view, a big smile on his face.]



SLB: Mr. Stegglet, you've already made a major impact here tonight on Saturday Night Wrestling as we continue down the path to SuperClash!

[Stegglet nods.]

JS: SuperClash is just days away now, Sweet Lou, and the eyes of the entire wrestling world are gonna be on New Orleans, I promise you that.

SLB: Earlier, you were out to address the AWA World Champion but right now, I understand you're here to talk about the AWA Women's World Championship match coming up at SuperClash.

JS: That's right, Lou. By now, the entire world knows that on Thanksgiving Night, Lauryn Rage will defend her title against both Melissa Cannon and Ayako Fujiwara in a Three Way Dance. Tonight, we're going to make that official with an in-ring contract signing featuring the three women who will compete in the historic first-time-ever Women's World Title match at SuperClash. Women have wrestled at SuperClash before, Lou, but never has a title been on the line. Tonight, we're going to get that contract signed.

[Blackwell grimaces.]

SLB: A contract signing, huh? Mr. Stegglet, no offense, but I think everyone is home knows how that's going to turn out.

[Stegglet shakes his head, lifting a hand in protest.]

JS: No, no, Lou... I've spoken to all three women tonight and let them know that we expect them to be on their best behavior as we put pen to paper and make history.

SLB: We shall see, my friend. Thanks for you time, Mr. Stegglet... and right now, fans, we're going to take a quick break. But when we come back, we'll be right back in the ring for more action so don't you dare go away!

[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 up backstage, where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is standing, microphone in hand.]

SLB: Every wrestler in the AWA waits for an opportunity. An opportunity to prove themselves. An opportunity to step up to the plate and hit it out of the park. And the man about to join me right now has been presented with a rare double opportunity. So, at this time, please join us, Mr. Kawajiri.

[Stepping into frame is the Iron Badger himself, Manzo Kawajiri. The 5'8" Japanese fighter is shirtless, and in his wrestling gear, a white towel around his bare shoulders.]

SLB: Tonight, Mr. Kawajiri, you have two opportunities tonight. The first, to take the fight to a man who's been on your trail for several months now, the very dangerous Canibal. And not only that, but if you win, you'll earn his spot during the Steal the Spotlight at SuperClash.

[Kawajiri nods.]

MK: Hai, Lou-san, all you said is true. But tonight? Only one part of that matters to Kawajiri.

Only Canibal matters!

SLB: But surely, you want to be in Steal the Spotlight.

MK: Of course, Lou-san. Kawajiri is not a...

SLB: Careful.

MK: ...idiot.

Kawajiri gonna go to SuperClash, Lou-san. Kawajiri gonna steal the spotlight, and Kawajiri gonna get the match he wants. Kawajiri already knows what match he wants. But that is SuperClash, Lou-san. Tonight, tonight is about what Kawajiri gonna do to Canibal.

SLB: You certainly have plenty of reasons for wanting revenge on Canibal. He's attacked you, time after time, spilled your blood more times than I can remember.

[Kawajiri nods his bald head, scowling.]

MK: Canibal attack Kawajiri from behind many times, Lou-san. He attack Kawajiri when Kawajiri not expecting it.

But Kawajiri will be looking Canibal in his eyes tonight.

Lou-san, Canibal likes to play, what do they call them? Head puzzles?

[Blackwell pauses a moment, before he realizes what Kawajiri means.]

SLB: Mind games?

[Another nod from the Iron Badger.]

MK: Yes, mind games.

Well tonight, there are no mind games, Lou-san. Tonight, with Canibal, it is only fighting, and fighting Kawajiri is no game!

Kawajiri tell you Canibal, its game over. Tonight, you lose everything. Tonight, Kawajiri take everything from you.

Tonight, Canibal, you are not master of mind games. You are just...

[Blackwell tries, but is too slow.]

MK: A PUNK BITCH!!!

[Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: Well, you heard it here folks. A very determined Iron Badger. And if I were Canibal, I might be worried that karma is coming for me! Let's go to the ring for this one.

[We fade to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit with a spot in the Steal The Spotlight ladder match on the line!

[Big cheer!]

RO: Introducing first...

[The classic 80's guitar riff of Accept's "Balls to the Wall" brings the Milanese to the feet.]

RO: From Kawasaki, Japan... weighing in at 240 pounds...

He is the IIRIIIIIIIIIRON BADGER...

MAAAAAAAAAANZO OOOOOO KAAAWAAAAJIIIIIRIIIIIII!

[As the song continues, out steps a man who is, frankly, not all that impressive looking. Five foot ten, bald head, a physique that resembles an egg or a bowling pin. And yet, as the camera focus on his snarling, determined face, the fans erupt in a deafening chant.]

"I-YURN BAD-GER!"

"I-YURN BAD-GER!"

"I-YURN BAD-GER!"

"I-YURN BAD-GER!"  
"I-YURN BAD-GER!"

[Manzo Kawajiri strides forward, stopping in the center of the aisle to raise his hands, encouraging the chant. Over his chest, Kawajiri wears a black t-shirt, with the phrase "#PBK" written across the chest in red letters, while around his shoulders is a black towel. Kawajiri moves to a neutral corner, arms stretched out behind him to grip the ropes, as he leans forward, his face already set in determination. ]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent... putting his spot in Steal The Spotlight on the line...

[A woman screams in panic for a moment, a shrill dramatic tone right out of a slasher movie. Then, "Twist of Cain" by Danzig starts its sinister beat and on cue, Canibal stalks through the curtain.]

RO: From Juarez, Mexico... weighing in at 245 pounds... he is...

CANNNNNNIBAAAAAAAAL!

[With his head cocked to the side and his posture slightly hunched over, he stares directly at the camera. His eyes seem wide-open, even more so as his sockets are painted pitch black. Slowly, he brings up his hands up to his throat to make a double cut-throat gesture and then point the thumbs downward, revealing his right tricep is heavily wrapped in white gauze and tape.

Then, in sync with the refrain of the song, Canibal jerks forward again, quicker than before. He makes his way to the ring with long strides, speeding up to slide into the ring.]

GM: Canibal getting in the ring, ready to put his spot in Steal The Spotlight on the line...

BW: I can't believe he's doing this, Gordo. Why? Why would you even risk such a thing? What does he have to gain from this?

GM: I truly have no idea but it was his idea... and it's about to go down right here in Mississippi...

[Canibal gets up in the face of Kawajiri, staring down at him menacingly. The referee tries to wedge himself between them to no avail...

...and then spins, waving to ring the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Canibal spins away, reaching up to make the double cutthroat thumbs down gesture again, spewing a stream of red mist up into the air...]

GM: Gaaah! That blood mist is absolutely-

[Canibal turns back to Kawajiri, red liquid dripping down the corners of his mouth...

...when the Iron Badger lunges forward, smashing his skull into Canibal's, knocking the luchador flat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HEADBUTT! HEADBUTT!

[Kawajiri breaks into a dash, hitting the far ropes as Canibal struggles to sit up on the canvas...]

...when the Iron Badger slides into a devastating lariat, knocking Canibal flat again!]

GM: SLIDING LARIAT! LEANS BACK TO COVER!

[The referee dives to the canvas.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEE!

[Kawajiri springs to his feet, throwing both arms up into the air triumphantly!]

GM: KAWAJIRI WINS! THE IRON BADGER IS HEADING TO SUPERCLASH!

[The crowd is ROARING for the shockingly quick victory as Kawajiri stomps towards the corner, climbing up on the midbuckle, throwing his arms in the air again as the sounds of "Balls To The Wall" echo throughout the arena.]

GM: Manzo Kawajiri just cashed in and he's going to be a part of that huge Steal The Spotlight ladder match at SuperClash!

BW: Wow! I knew Kawajiri had it in him to win this thing but I don't think any of us - especially Canibal - saw that coming that fast and that convincingly!

[Canibal rolls from the ring as Kawajiri continues to celebrate his big win...]

...which is interrupted as Lord William Wesley Windsor comes through the curtain, trailed by his manservant Arthur. Arthur has been spared the indignity of trying to drag the ladder down the aisle this time as Windsor is gesturing towards the ring, shouting at Arthur to run on ahead.]

GM: And it looks like Lord William is looking to grab that Golden Ticket again!

[Windsor points up to the ring, threatening Kawajiri who is crouched down, waving him forward...]

BW: What the heck?! Kawajiri already has his spot in Steal The Spotlight! Why is he going to try and stop someone else from getting in?!

GM: Force of habit?

[Windsor reaches the ring, climbing up on the apron...]

...where a well-placed headbutt knocks him right back to the floor, landing on his rear end, grabbing at his skull as Arthur looks on in horror.]

GM: Kawajiri drops Lord William... and look out here!

[Hitting the ring from behind Kawajiri comes the Samoan Hit Squad, sliding under the ropes...]

...where Mafu lashes out with a crescent kick under the chin of the turning Kawajiri, knocking him flat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KAWAJIRI GOES DOWN!

[Mafu drops to all fours, tongue out as he leans over Kawajiri, growling and snarling at him as Rene Rousseau comes trotting down the aisle, folding up a ladder and shoving it under the bottom rope.]

GM: Here comes Rene Rousseau! The Lion's Den is on the scene and they've got their sights set on the Golden Ticket!

BW: What a huge coup that would be for Rousseau!

[Scola yanks the ladder up into position, the Samoans standing guard as Rene Rousseau slides in, dusting himself off as he walks towards the ladder, stepping up onto it...]

GM: Rousseau is making his move!

BW: And how classy would Steal The Spotlight be with Rene Rousseau involved?!

[Rousseau starts climbing up the ladder, the crowd buzzing with excitement...

...and then ROARS at the sight of Chris Choisnet and Cesar Hernandez sprinting down the aisle!]

GM: HERE COMES HERNANDEZ AND CHOISNET!

[The fan favorites dive under the bottom rope, throwing fists at the Samoans as they get to their feet!]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands!

BW: We do, but look, Gordo! Rene Rousseau is getting closer and closer to the Golden Ticket! Hernandez and Shwanay can't get there! They can't get there to stop Rousseau! He's gonna get it! He's gonna-

[The crowd ERUPTS in cheers at the sight of Chris Choisnet ducking under a wild right hand from Mafu, hoisting him up on his shoulders...

...and going swiftly into an airplane spin, spinning him right into Rene Rousseau and knocking him off the ladder!]

GM: Rousseau goes down... OHHH! AND MAFU GETS THROWN DOWN ON TOP OF HIM!

[With his former partner pinned under a wild Samoan, Chris Choisnet throws a glance at the ladder and makes his move, stepping up onto it and starting to climb as the Mississippi fans cheer him on!]

GM: Chris Choisnet is going for it! Choisnet is climbing the ladder! Chris Choisnet has visions of going to SuperClash as part of Steal The Spotlight dancing through his head!

BW: He'd better lay off the sugarplums then, daddy, 'cause there's no way Chris Chauncey is going to be in that-

[The crowd groans as Scola slips up underneath him, gripping his thighs with the Samoan's powerful arms...

...and HURLS Choisnet down to the canvas with a thunderous powerbomb!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With a grimace, Scola rolls his partner and his stablemate out of the ring, helping them both back up the aisle as AWA officials get the others out.]

GM: Well, another attempt to grab that Golden Ticket has come and gone with no one holding it... but Manzo Kawajiri doesn't need a Golden Ticket, Bucky - he's IN!

BW: And if I'm in that Steal The Spotlight match, I'm not at all pleased at the idea of that Iron Badger being in there with me.

GM: Amen to that. Fans, we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling on the eve of SuperClash VIII! Don't you dare 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 fade back up on a panning shot of the arena and the crowd, revealing that the ring has been temporarily transformed. A jet black rug has gone down, covering the canvas. In the middle of the ring is a wooden table with a red table cloth draped over it and three black leather chairs, each on a different side of the table. Standing on the empty side of the table are Sweet Lou Blackwell and Jon Stegglet.]

SLB: Ladies and gentlemen, we are on the verge of history on Thanksgiving Night in New Orleans when the AWA Women's World Title will be defended at SuperClash for the very first time... and here to help make that official is one of the owners of this company and the acting Director of Operations, Mr. Jon Stegglet!

[Cheers go up for Stegglet who smiles and waves to the crowd.]

JS: Thanks, Sweet Lou... and right here in my hand...

[Stegglet holds up a leather folder.]

JS: ...is the official contract for the Three Way Dance that will go down at SuperClash pitting the AWA Women's World Champion, Lauryn Rage, against the top two contenders - Melissa Cannon and Ayako Fujiwara!

[The crowd cheers the big match.]

JS: And right now, we're going to bring all three women to the ring to sign the contract for this historic matchup.

[Blackwell nods.]

SLB: Alright, let's get 'em down here and get this show on the road. First, the former Olympic gold medalist... **AYAKO FUJIWARA!**

[There's a very loud roar of cheers as the lights go out and "The Cyborg Fights" by Makoto Miyazaki plays. Ayako Fujiwara emerges from behind the curtains, dressed in a gray, batwing long-sleeved, loose top blouse that stretches long enough to serve as a dress, a black chain belt around her waist, black leggings and knee high gray boots. Her unicorn-colored ombre hair is worn down and she has a reserved smile on her face. She slaps the hands of the fans as she makes her way down to the ring. Stepping in between the ropes, she greets Stegglet with a respectful bow before moving to the side.]

SLB: Next, an AWA Original and former student of your good friend - Mr. Stegglet - Todd Michaelson... MELISSA CANNON!

["Battle Without Honor Or Humanity" rings out to a huge cheer as Melissa Cannon jogs into view. She's in a very plain pair of black leggings paired with a green and white "COMBAT CORNER ALUMNI" t-shirt. She jerks a thumb at it with a big grin, walking quickly down the aisle where she pauses to slap the hand of everyone she can see. The former M-DOJO student pulls herself up on the apron, ducking through the ropes to another cheer. She moves across the ring, shaking Jon Stegglet and Sweet Lou's hand. Cannon throws a glance at Fujiwara, giving her a slight nod of respect before backing to another part of the ring.]

SLB: And finally, the AWA Women's World Champion herself... LAURYN RAGE!

[Boos rain down as Nicki Minaj's "I'm the Best" plays. Da Kid steps out on stage, posing one hand on her hip, the other outstretched for the fans to kiss her rings as the video wall shows Lauryn highlights with a like meter steadily increasing in the corner. When the crowd doesn't kiss Lauryn's rings, she pulls a disgusted face and shows them exactly where they can kiss before she pony steps down the aisle and enters the ring. Taking center stage, the burgundy-braided champion hits the turntable pose before unbuckling her championship belt and holding it high for the crowd and the challengers to see.]

SLB: All three of you go ahead and take your seats here... we're going to get this signing underway.

[The women take their seats, keeping their eyes on the others as they sit down.]

JS: Alright... this is the contract that each of your representatives have reviewed. Three Way Dance elimination style with the AWA Women's World Title on the line Thanksgiving Night at SuperClash.

[Cannon nods approvingly.]

JS: Ayako Fujiwara, the first signature goes to you and-

[As Stegglet places the contract in front of her, Fujiwara grabs Sweet Lou Blackwell's wrist, guiding the mic in front of her as well.

Ayako: Before I sign this contract, I have something to say.

[She looks at the champion.]

Ayako: Lauryn-san.

[Then at Melissa, with a slightly harder edge in her eyes.]

Ayako: Melissa-san.

Prepare yourselves.

[The words come across like more of a threat than anything else Ayako has said in all her months in the AWA.]

Ayako: For the fight of your lives. For the battle of your lives. For a force inside the wrestling ring that you have never seen before. I came here to prove the strength of my technique. I came here to show the world that the wrestling skill I possess is second to none. I came here...

...to be a CHAMPION.

[She glares at Rage.]

Ayako: YOU will not be stopping me.

[Then at Melissa.]

Ayako: YOU will not be stopping me.

[Her opponents don't try to let Ayako's words provoke them, but it's clear they're not pleased by them.]

Ayako: I respect your skills. I respect your accomplishments. But I know my ability. I know my drive. I know my determination. At SuperClash, I will make it obvious that your abilities cannot match mine. I will make sure of it. Ladies.

Prepare yourselves.

[And with that ominous warning, Ayako takes the pen and signs her name on the dotted line.]

JS: Melissa Cannon, sign right there if you will...

[Cannon steers the mic towards her as well. She grips the pen in her other hand, staring down at the paper.]

MC: This has been a rough couple of weeks.

[She nods.]

MC: Tonight should be a night of celebration! I'm signing a contract to go into the biggest show of the year and fight for a title I thought might never even exist... and it's a great honor to do so. To be chosen amongst all the great women we have in this division.

But some things are bigger than wrestling... and when I turn on my TV and see that the biggest glass ceiling around came THIS close...

[She holds up two fingers together.]

MC: ...to being shattered so hard that it would never be able to be put back together... and when I see that ceiling not only still stands intact but it stands stronger than ever...

[She sighs.]

MC: It's disheartening. Nah, it's heartbreaking is what it is. Millions of women out there are feeling like me today... a sense of hopelessness... like they don't know what comes next.

But this...

[She holds up the pen.]

MC: This is that glimmer of hope for me. This is that light in the darkness. Because I know that if I can go to SuperClash and compete for the Women's World Title... and show the little girls... and the young women all around the world that there's hope. There's opportunity out there for us even when people may not want there to be. There's a chance to stand up and put another crack in that glass ceiling... and that you can get up and do the same... and your sister... and your best friend... and your mom... and if we all can rise up and do it, there's no ceiling in the world that can hold us down...

[Cannon gets emotional, wiping a tear from the corner of her eye.]

MC: If we can all do that... then we can do anything... together. So, I'm going to SuperClash to fight for that title...

[She points to the title that Rage clutches to her chest.]

MC: But I'm not just going for myself. I'm going for her...

[She points at Ayako Fujiwara.]

MC: ...and her...

[She points to Rebecca Ortiz outside the ring.]

MC: ...and all of them...

[She gets a high-pitched cheer from the crowd.]

MC: ...and yeah, I'm even going for you, Lauryn Rage...

[Rage looks dismayed as Cannon smirks.]

MC: And I'm going to be damn proud to stand in that ring in New Orleans and to show the entire world that no matter what, we won't be stopped and we will NOT be held down.

[Cannon gets cheered as she signs the paper.]

JS: And now, the champion...

[Lauryn listens to the cheers in annoyance. She pauses as she raises the microphone to her lips. She stares out at the crowd.]

LR: Can a sista talk? Excuse me, can a sista talk?

[The cheers for Melissa turn into loud boos for the champion. Da Kid just laughs it off dismissively.]

LR: (looking at Ayako) Prepare yourself?

(Looking at Melissa) Doing this for all women?

[Lauryn looks stony faced for a minute before she bursts out into her staccato ghetto laugh.]

LR: Who the Hell do you think you are? Puh-lease! Ayako, dear. You prepare yourself. I know you strong. I know you was a bad chick in the Olympics and I

know you like to rely on that Miyuki connect ... but I stay prepared, Ayako. That's why I'm the Women's World Champion, the first and only. Inaugural.

[She gives Melissa the side eye.]

LR: That's why that glass ceiling, Melly C, it's already been shattered. And the women that don't come from privilege? They already got a role model. Me!

[The crowd boos loudly.]

LR: All you are talented, but all you ain't Da Kid, ya dig? You chasing relevancy by chasing my title. But check the pronoun. It's \_MY\_ title. And after SuperClash, it's still gonna be my title because nobody stays prepared like me, Yako ... and nobody knows what it feels like to shatter that glass ceiling like me, Melly C. So bring your best, because I'm bringing mine to this title match. And just like at the Rumble I'm gonna make history ... herstory ... again.

[Lauryn slowly draws her name on the contract before stabbing the page. She gets up, strolling between her two opponents. She drops the contract into Ayako's arms before glancing over her shoulder at Melissa.]

LR: Maybe you'll get another chance to be relevant again... in four more years.

[Rage slaps her rear end again in Cannon's direction who pops up from her seat, stepping up on the table, and leaps into the air with a forearm shot aimed at Lauryn Rage...]

GM: LOOK OUT!

[...who slips out of the way, causing Cannon to BLAST Fujiwara with a flying forearm that knocks her down to the mat.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Cannon grimaces, grabbing at her hair with both hands. She shakes her head in frustration, leaning down to talk to Fujiwara.]

GM: Melissa certainly didn't mean to do that. She's trying to apologize to Ayako Fujiwa- OH!

[The crowd echoes Gordon's response as Fujiwara lashes out with an upkick, catching Cannon on the chin and sending her staggering back towards the Women's World Champion...]

...who SMASHES the title belt between the shoulderblades, putting Cannon down as Sweet Lou Blackwell bails out of the ring and Jon Stegglet tries to reason with all three competitors.]

GM: This certainly wasn't what Jon Stegglet had in mind for this contract signing...

[Rage stands over Melissa Cannon, holding the title belt over her head, shouting some insults down at the floored Cannon as the crowd jeers...]

...and then ROARS as a steaming-mad Ayako Fujiwara rises slowly to her feet, fists balled up at her sides as she exhales sharply.]

GM: Ayako's up! And look at Lauryn Rage!

[The Women's World Champion backpedals, shaking her head, begging for mercy from the Olympic gold medalist...]

...and then suddenly sprints forward, swinging the title belt back for another blow!]

GM: Rage tried to sucker her in - cheap shot!

[Fujiwara sidesteps like a matador, shoving Rage chestfirst into the turnbuckles. And when Rage staggers out...]

GM: WAISTLOCK!

[...she LAUNCHES the champion overhead, throwing her down on the back of her head and neck with a released German Suplex!]

GM: GERMAN! GERMAN! SHE DUMPS THE CHAMPION ON HER HEAD!

[Fujiwara gets to her feet, shouting at the downed Rage as Melissa Cannon struggles to get to her feet. She extends a hand towards Fujiwara, trying to explain what just happened...]

...but Fujiwara is having none of it, grabbing the wrist and yanking Cannon past her into another waistlock!]

GM: WAISTLOCK!

[Fujiwara LAUNCHES Cannon overhead, throwing her down to the canvas as well to another huge reaction!]

GM: FUJIWARA WITH ANOTHER GERMAN! Showing the reason they call her Miss Germany!

[A fired-up Fujiwara stomps across the ring, flipping over the wooden table that they were signing the contract on. She snatches up the title belt off the mat, holding it up over her head to another huge reaction!]

GM: And Ayako Fujiwara's got the belt!

BW: She may have the belt, Gordo, but she ain't the champ!

GM: Not yet at least but that very well might change in just twelve days!

[As Fujiwara storms around the ring, showing the belt to the Mississippi fans, Jon Steggle tries to intervene, looking to talk Miss Germany down from her rage...]

...which buys Lauryn Rage enough time to get to her feet, storming across the ring, leaping up to connect with a hip attack that sends Fujiwara falling forward to the mat. Rage grabs her by the back of the head, smashing her face into the mat once... twice... three times!]

GM: Rage from behind! The champion from behind and-

[She flips Fujiwara onto her back, smashing her fist down into the Olympic gold medalist's face over and over and over...]

GM: Rage is all over her! She's battering Fujiwara into the mat!

BW: Look out, Lauryn!

[Staggering to her feet, Melissa Cannon grabs the back of her head before she dashes into the ropes, bouncing off...]

...and DRIVES both feet into the face of Rage with a low dropkick!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The blow knocks Rage off of Fujiwara, causing her to promptly roll right out of the ring to the floor...]

GM: And the Women’s World Champion is bailing out! She’s had enough!

BW: Rightfully so, Gordo! Why should she risk getting hurt twelve days before the biggest title defense of her reign?! Why should she take that chance?! Why should she-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The crowd ROARS as Melissa Cannon gets a running start, diving through the ropes with a tope onto Lauryn Rage, sending her crashing backwards into the ringside barricade!]

GM: CANNON PUTS HER INTO THE RAILING! OH MY!

[Out on the floor, Cannon stays on top of Rage, hammering her with forearms to the jaw...]

...and the crowd starts to buzz at the sight of Ayako Fujiwara on her feet, angrily approaching the corner where she starts to climb.]

GM: Fujiwara’s going up top! Are you kidding me?!

BW: This isn’t really her game, Gordo!

GM: It’s not but Fujiwara may be letting her emotions get the better of her as she climbs to the top and-

[Cannon pulls Rage up to her feet on the floor just as Fujiwara HURLS herself off the top rope, plummeting downwards...]

...and WIPING OUT both of her opponents with a crossbody dive!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: GOOD GRIEF! These three women are twelve days away from the biggest match of their lives and they’re trying to take each other out right now! They couldn’t wait until SuperClash!

[Fujiwara pulls herself off the floor, pumping both arms to a big reaction. She leans down, dragging Cannon off the floor and tossing her back under the ropes into the ring. Then she moves on to Rage, throwing her back in as well. Jon Stegglet again tries to intervene, stepping in her path and begging her to back off as Fujiwara comes under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Jon Stegglet’s trying to get her back but Fujiwara is out of control!

[Fujiwara is screaming in Japanese, angrily approaching Stegglet who backpedals, hands raised defensively...]

...and then to jeers from the crowd, we see AWA officials and security coming down the aisle towards the ring!]

GM: Here comes some help for Jon Stegglet...

BW: These fans don't like it, Gordo.

GM: They may not but we need to get this under control, Bucky. Tommy Fierro out here... Vernon Riley as well... trying to get Ayako Fujiwara to see some reason.

[A group of AWA officials slide into the ring, trying to calm Fujiwara down...

...when suddenly she throws her back in a roar, lunging forward to wrap her arms around an official...]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[...and lifts him high into the sky, throwing him down with an impactful belly-to-belly suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHE JUST SUPLEXED THAT OFFICIAL!

[Fujiwara turns to the side, snatching another one from behind...]

GM: GERMAN!

[...and throws him down on the back of his head! Fujiwara pops back up to her feet, looking around as most of the officials have backed off at this point, trying to avoid any further attack...

...all except Tommy Fierro who approaches her, shouting at her to "CALM DOWN!"]

GM: I'm not sure that's a good-

[Fujiwara lunges forward, lifting the former World Champion off the mat into her powerful arms. She dips low, nearly bumping his head on the canvas...

...and rotates back the other way, throwing Fierro down with a crushing reverse rotation powerslam!]

GM: KANPEKINA! KANPEKINA ON TOMMY FIERRO! OH MY STARS!

[Fujiwara climbs to her feet as Fierro rolls to the floor, seeing the rest of the officials bail out at this point...

...which leaves her to snatch Lauryn Rage up, lifting her up in her arms!]

GM: Rage is gonna get one as well! Rage is-

[But the resourceful Women's World Champion rakes her fingernails across the eyes of Fujiwara. The crowd jeers as Rage drops to the mat, grabbing her title belt and rolling to the floor. The jeers get louder as Rage flees up the aisle, throwing glances over her shoulder to see if she's being followed.]

GM: And the Women's World Champion is running for her life! She wants no part of this right now! None at all!

[Back on her feet, Melissa Cannon approaches the temporarily blinded Fujiwara...

...who lunges forward, lifting Cannon up across her torso. With red eyes, flushed cheeks, and an angry bellow in Japanese, Fujiwara rotates the other way, driving Cannon down to the canvas with a Kanpekina!]



GM: AND ANOTHER ONE! CANNON GOES DOWN HARD!

[Climbing off Cannon, Fujiwara rubs at her eyes for a moment...

...and then throws back her head in another angry bellow, drawing big cheers from the crowd as she exits the ring, stomping down the aisle past AWA security.]

"RAAAAAAAAAAGE! RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGE!"

GM: Good grief, fans! That one broke down and broke down HARD! And I would NOT want to be Lauryn Rage if Ayako Fujiwara catches up with her here tonight.

BW: She better keep running all the way to New Orleans, daddy.

GM: Fans, we're going to take a quick break! We'll be right back!

[Fade to black.

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

"The future."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[To a space shot of Earth below.]

"To bringing our futures into the present."

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

“Korugun. To life and all that it offers.”

[And we slowly fade to black...

...and then back to the backstage area in Mississippi where we find Mark Stegglet standing.]

MS: A wild scene out there in the ring moments ago, fans, and we're back waiting to see if-

[There is a commotion off camera that draws Stegglet and his camera crew's attention as Lauryn Rage comes running through backstage, title belt over her shoulder, screaming and shoving people in her way.]

LR: Move! Get out the way! Get out the way! MOVE!!!

[Stegglet approaches, trying to interrupt her.]

MS: Lauryn Rage! You're the Women's World Champion! Are you RUNNING from one of your opponents in twelve nights?!

[Rage throws a glance over her shoulder again, looking to be in a panic. She turns back to Stegglet, noticing the camera. She clears her throat, trying to appear calm as she speaks.]

LR: Running? I'm not running from anything or anybody, ya dig? I'm trying to get to the laundry area so I can get some dryer sheets for these chicks. Cuz they washed! They know they can't beat Da Kid so they trying to hurt Da Kid!

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

MS: Is this what we can expect at SuperClash?

LR: (focussed sharply on Stegglet) Look, the AWA has rigged the game, but Da Kid will be standing tall at-

[Stegglet interrupts.]

MS: LOOK OUT!

[Stegglet bails out of the way as Ayako Fujiwara comes storming into view, throwing herself at Rage and knocking her down to the floor. Rage's shouts of "GET OFF! GET HER OFF ME!" are heard as Fujiwara batters her on the floor. After a moment, Fujiwara gets up, holding Rage by the hair...

...and FLINGS her through the air, sending her crashing into a rolling equipment crate nearby!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Fujiwara mutters something in Japanese as she stomps towards Rage, pinning her down to the floor with wild forearm smashes...

...but somehow Rage is able to flip it over, flailing about with sloppy punches at Fujiwara's head!

After a few more blows, Rage drags Fujiwara off the floor by the hair...

...and SMASHES her face down onto a nearby table, sending a television monitor crashing to the floor. She SLAMS her face down a second time.]

"YOU WANT DA KID, HUH?! YOU WANT DA KID?!"

[A third faceslam into the table has Fujiwara sprawled out chestfirst on the table as Rage angrily turns away, walking out of view...]

...and then comes back into sight, holding a metal trash can that is dropping refuse all over the floor as she carries it.]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The blow over the top of Fujiwara's head puts the former Olympian down on the floor. Rage angrily smashes the trash can down a second time into Fujiwara's chest. She leans on the dented can, shoving it into the side of Fujiwara's face. The Japanese superstar is groaning in pain as Rage trashtalks her.]

"You're nothin'! Nothin' but trash! You in the right spot, girl! Trash!"

[A bunch of loud voices are heard as Rage looks around and finds a swarm of security in the backstage area, shouting at her to get off Fujiwara.]

"WHERE THE HELL WERE YOU WHEN SHE CAME FOR ME?! NAH, NAH! I'M ON TOP NOW! I'M ON-

[Rage suddenly looks up - as do the security team members in the immediate area - and our camera pans up just as Melissa Cannon comes leaping off a raised cargo platform nearby, diving on top of Rage and knocking her down to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Security quickly recovers from their shock, diving into the fray and seizing all three competitors. All three are pulled off the floor, dragged away from each other as Cannon struggles to get free. Rage is limply hanging from her guards, shaking her head defiantly as Fujiwara is pinned back against the wall, shouting in Japanese at both Rage and Cannon]

...and we abruptly cut from the backstage scene to none other than the Venice Muscle Beach, the famous outdoor gym in Venice Beach, California. Sweet Lou Blackwell is on the scene with none other than Supernova, who is dressed in a white Red Sox T-shirt and black shorts. His face isn't painted like usual, but he is wearing sunglasses. With them is David Ortiz, who is dressed in a black Supernova T-shirt and red shorts. In the background, we can see a number of fans who have gathered on scene, several who are mugging for the cameras.]

SLB: AWA fans, I am here in Venice Beach, California, with Supernova and Major League Baseball legend David Ortiz, and as we count down the days to SuperClash, live at the Superdome in New Orleans November 24, these two men are here to prepare for tag team action against Flex Ferrigno and Kerry Kendrick. And these two men didn't come to just any location to train -- they came to the world famous Venice Muscle Beach. Supernova, you certainly must have a lot of connections to get into this venue.

S: Sweet Lou, this wasn't just about connections -- this is about how a lot of the people who come here to train take a lot of pride in what they do. Because bodybuilding isn't just about bulking up -- it's about dedication and putting 100 percent into every workout you do here! You watch the men and women who come here to work out, and every one of them understands that you're going to be put to the test. And because my friend David Ortiz has never experienced the wrestling

ring before, I had to bring him here because I knew, and because he knew, he'd have to prepare for the fight of his life. Isn't that right, my friend?

DO: You got that right, Supernova. You see, Sweet Lou, when Supernova visited the Red Sox and wanted to take a few swings, I said we wouldn't put the pitching machine on easy for him, no. He was gonna get the best pitches we could send his way. We didn't let him coast through the workouts we do... so I didn't wanna coast through the workouts he do, you know?

[Blackwell nods.]

DO: 'Cause while I'm tired of Ferrigno and Kendrick with my name in their mouths, I know they tough. So I told Supernova not to go easy on me... I told him to put me to the test!

S: And that's exactly what we're gonna do here today, Sweet Lou! Heck, I even made arrangements with a few local guys to get some other equipment down here. Get the camera out over there and look what we got set up.

[He motions to his right and the camera shifts over a bit, panning past the crowd, toward the bleachers in the background. On the stage before the bleachers, there's a small ring set up. We hear Supernova's voice as the camera focuses on the ring.]

S: We're gonna do more than work with the weights -- we're gonna get conditioning, we're gonna do a little self defense and we're even gonna get Big Papi to experience a few moves. Now, we can't do a full-scale wrestling workout there, but we're gonna teach him enough to understand what this is going to be like.

[The camera pans back to Supernova, Ortiz and Blackwell.]

S: Now, Big Papi, I know you baseball players do more than take practice swings. You've told me about the workouts you've gone through and how you needed to get stronger, but are you ready to work out like you never have before?

DO: You better believe it, Supernova! Because while I was one of the best at knocking the ball out of the park, I know if I wanna be knocking Ferrigno and Kendrick out of the Superdome, I've gotta be put through every test, and that's why you and I are here, my friend!

S: [turning to the crowd] Shall we get started and show Ferrigno and Kendrick how much we'll be kicking butt -- and pardon my language!

[The crowd cheers in response -- they clearly approve.]

SLB: I'd say that's an affirmative response -- fans, let's see what Supernova has planned for the future baseball Hall of Famer!

[The camera cuts away to another scene -- it's David Ortiz doing the bench press. Supernova is spotting him and Ortiz is moving the bar up and down.]

S: You've got this, my friend -- I know you wanted to go up higher but remember, this isn't about lifting the most weight you can. It's about lifting the same weight, over and over, rep after rep.

[Ortiz doesn't respond -- he just breathes in and out.]

S: You're doing great -- just a few more -- you got this.

[Ortiz does a couple more reps and Supernova slips his hand underneath the bar on Ortiz's final rep.]

S: There you go! You got it, my friend! That's what we want to see!

[He helps Ortiz slide the bar onto the rack. Ortiz sits up and wipes his brow.]

DO: I get what you're saying, Supernova... the more reps, the better! Now I want to see what you can do!

S: You've got it -- let's turn up the heat!

[Ortiz sits up as we cut away to the next scene. This time, Ortiz has two dumbbells in his hand and moves them up and down several times. Supernova is opposite him, doing the same.]

S: Again, this about reps, Big Papi. You and I, each curling 75 pounds, over and over! This isn't just about building your strength, it's building your endurance, too!

DO: I get what you're saying... and I can feel it making a difference! Focusing on the reps not the weight does more for you!

S: Just remember to pace yourself but keep pushing! Just like you gotta pace yourself in that ring!

DO: Right now, Supernova, I feel like I could take on the world!

S: It's good you're thinking that way, but we got a lot more to do if we want to really get you ready for SuperClash!

[The scene cuts away to the beach. Supernova and Ortiz are running along the sand and quite a few fans have decided to run alongside them. The two men run past the camera and we glimpse enough of their faces to see sweat glistening.

Then the scene cuts back to the outdoor gym, where Supernova is doing squats as Ortiz encourages him.]

DO: Remember, my friend, you said it's about the reps! You got this!

[Supernova pushes the weights upward and they clang against the rack. He takes a deep breath.]

S: You're gonna get your turn next, Big Papi! I hope you're ready!

DO: Oh, you better believe I'm ready!

[The scene cuts again, back to the beach, where Supernova and Ortiz stands before ropes hanging from bars.]

S: You see, Papi, when you work out like these guys do, you can climb up these ropes! Now, I'm not gonna tell you that you got to go all the way to the top, but I wanna see you give me your best shot!

DO: You know I'm gonna give it my best shot, because I'd expect nothing less from you, Supernova!

[The two each grab a rope and begin to climb.

The scene cuts away, this time to the makeshift ring, in which we can see Ortiz clamping a side headlock on Supernova, the wrestler motioning with his hands as if instructing Ortiz how to properly apply the hold.

Then it cuts to Supernova applying a hammerlock to Ortiz and saying something to him, while Ortiz tries to escape the hold, reaching back with his hands to try to find leverage.

Another cut takes us to Ortiz coming off the ropes and shoulder blocking Supernova to the mat. Supernova sits up and gives a quick nod to Ortiz, who helps Supernova up to his feet.]

S: Now, you aren't really getting the full impact of what the wrestling ring's all about, and you especially aren't gonna have Ferrigno and Kendrick going easy on you! But I hope you realized enough about what this is all about, only to understand that I was going a bit easy on you!

DO: Supernova, if you were going easy on me, it sure didn't feel like it! But I don't want you going easy on me... I want you to come at me as hard as you can! I want to be ready for SuperClash and I want to come at Ferrigno and Kendrick with everything I've got, so you be sure to give me everything you've got!

S: [laughing] My friend, if that's what you want, then that's what you'll get!

[We cut away once more and find Supernova and Ortiz still in the ring. Supernova has flat gloves on his hand and holds them up, allowing Ortiz to punch them. Ortiz fires off quick blows, taking quick breaths each time.]

S: Hit me harder, Ortiz! Just like I came at you hard earlier, you come at me the same way! Don't hold back!

[Ortiz throws harder punches, causing Supernova to step back at one point.]

S: Hey, you don't have to come too hard! Remember, I'm not Flex Ferrigno!

DO: I told you I didn't want you holding back, so I won't, either! And right now, all I can see is Flex Ferrigno and how much I want to knock him upside the head!

[He continues to throw punches and Supernova smirks.

The scene cuts away once more to where the speed bags are set up. Ortiz is firing away with punches at the bag, Supernova standing behind him.]

S: Keep going, David! Remember, that's Kerry Kendrick smirking back at you! Wipe that smirk off his face!

[Ortiz doesn't respond -- he keeps punching away at the bag. Supernova walks around Ortiz so he's standing face to face with him.]

S: Look at those eyes of yours -- I can tell how focused you are! I see that fire burning in those eyes and I know you're gonna be ready for November 24!

[Ortiz finishes punching the bag and takes a deep breath.]

DO: November 24 can't get here fast enough! Now, Supernova, I want to see you wiping that smirk off Kendrick's ugly face!

S: It'd be my pleasure!

[Ortiz steps away from the speed bag and Supernova curls his fists. He starts firing away punches in rapid succession.

We cut away to another scene, this time with Supernova and Ortiz at the basketball courts behind the gym. They take time to sign a few autographs for fans. Blackwell is with them.]

SLB: Supernova and David Ortiz, putting themselves through quite the workout, but still finding time to meet the fans who have gathered here at Venice Muscle Beach! I must say, Supernova, you put David through a lot, yet here the two of you are, still finding time to greet the fans!

S: Sweet Lou, these people here deserve it... everyone who has been down here today has been encouraging us and supporting us as we did our workout, so the least we can do is send them home happy! And everyone we've talked to is looking forward to SuperClash and seeing us take down Ferrigno and Kendrick! Isn't that right, David?

DO: You got it, my friend! I can't tell you how much I appreciate you bringing me out here, not only letting me see some of the best bodybuilders and athletes around and how they work out, but putting me through a workout like they do, putting me through a workout like you did, to get me ready for the fight of my life! And as for the fans, I've always been appreciative of the people who supported me in my baseball career, and it's good to know they're still behind me as I get ready to step into that ring! This is how I say thank you to all of them!

SLB: Is there anything else you have planned before you call it a day?

S: David was actually asking about the bacon hot dogs that they're selling up there. [Motions behind him.] I told him that we aren't going to be eating anything like that before November 24, but once SuperClash is over and once we've knocked some sense into Ferrigno and Kendrick, we're gonna come back here and have bacon hot dogs to celebrate!

DO: I see it as added incentive, Sweet Lou! But as good as a bacon hot dog would be right now, nothing's going to be better than me taking care of business against Ferrigno and Kendrick at SuperClash, with my friend Supernova right by my side!

S: It's like this, Sweet Lou -- the heat is coming to SuperClash and Ferrigno and Kendrick are gonna get burned!

[He then cups his hands to his mouth and howls, drawing approving cheers from the fans on hand.]

SLB: What a day it has been, what a workout it has been, but to think, it's only going to get better come November 24 at the Superdome, when Supernova and David Ortiz go head to head with Flex Ferrigno and Kerry Kendrick!

[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 then fade back up on a live shot of the AWA faithful, already cheering. We cut to the ring where we find former AWA competitor and current AWA interviewer, James Lynch, standing between Chaz and Chet Wallace inside the ring. The latter two are in their ring gear.]

JL: Ladies and gentlemen... it's my pleasure and honor to be here tonight. I said on the Power Hour that if my sister couldn't be here tonight, I would be... and I meant that. So, here I am... and joinin' me right now is Chaz and Chet Wallace... the American Idols.

[Chaz and Chet give themselves some applause as the fans jeer.]

Chaz: No taste... no taste at all.

Chet: You're surprised? We're in Mississippi, bro.

Chaz: Oh. I was wondering what that smell was.

[Laughter from the twins who exchange a high five with the crowd jeers.]



JL: Gentlemen, please...

[Chaz holds up a hand.]

Chaz: Hold on, hold on... people, do you even realize what you're witnessing right now? You are witnessing wrestling history going down before your very eyes! You're witnessing one of wrestling's greatest families being represented by the future of it! And then you're witnessing James Lynch.

[Lynch grimaces.]

Chet: Now, brother... take it easy on him. I'm just glad that the AWA has invested in some kind of charity program to make sure that broken down has-been wrestlers like our old pal, James, here has a job.

Chaz: That IS pretty nice of the AWA... although you would think there might be a limit on how many Lynches one company can employ. Pretty soon Henrietta will be backstage washing my dirty clothes.

[He smirks but James Lynch is hot now.]

JL: You keep my mother's name out of your mouth - you understand me?

[Chaz sneers.]

Chaz: Oh, I understand you, Lynch... but maybe you don't understand basic math. Because, you see... there's two of us out here...

[A distinct buzzing starts to come up from the AWA faithful.]

Chaz: ...and only one of you... and that means-

[The Wallaces quickly bail out, diving out of the ring as the crowd roars at the sight of Shadoe Rage coming up the aisle, swinging a steel chair back and forth like a madman.]

[The Wallaces quickly bail out, diving out of the ring as the crowd roars at the sight of Shadoe Rage coming up the aisle, swinging a steel chair back and forth like a madman.]

GM: Uh oh! James, get out of there! Get out of there right now!

[An out-of-control Rage flings the chair over the top rope, watching it bounce off the canvas, clattering to a halt as Rage dives headfirst under the ropes. He throws a grin at the departing Wallaces before he turns his charcoal stare onto James Lynch who backed himself towards the corner, an obvious concerned expression on his face.]

GM: If you're listening in the back, we need help... we need help out here right now. This cannot happen... do you understand me? James Lynch is a man with a serious neck condition and-

[Springing to his feet, Rage retrieves the steel chair, shoving the edge of the chair back into James' throat and pushing him back against the buckles.]

GM: Come on now... we've gotta get some help out here. I'm told that Travis and Jack Lynch are not-

[Lynch struggles against the chair, trying to push it back as Rage applies enough pressure to his windpipe to keep him in the corner.]

BW: I've had dreams like this, Gordo. Good ones.

GM: Would you knock it off?! James Lynch... I don't want to call the man helpless but everyone knows that his neck injury he suffered in this very ring a few years back has essentially left him unable to compete.

BW: Rage may be looking to double down on that injury.

[Slowly, Rage pulls the chair back, allowing Lynch to breathe freely again. He coughs a few times as Rage unfolds the chair, opening it up and setting it down backwards before straddling it. He rests his forearms on the back of the chair, holding out his left hand expectantly. His crazed eyes never leave James' uncomfortable gaze as a ringside attendant deposits a mic in Rage's outstretched hand. He taps the top of the mic a few times before speaking.]

SR: James Lynch, it's time we had words.

[Rage's crazed glare has James Lynch frozen in his tracks.]

JL: I've got nothin' to say to you, Rage.

[Rage snorts with a cold, humorless laugh.]

SR: Really? No words, huh? Because you had a lot to say in the studio, Lynch. I want you to say to my face everything you had to say behind my back. Say it, Lynch. Talk to me like a man!

[Lynch grimaces.]

JL: I think I made myself pretty clear... I even spoke nice and slow so you could understand me.

[The crowd "ooohs" at the verbal harpoon as Lynch cracks a smile.]

SR: Oh real funny. Real funny. You're some kind of a comedian, man.

[Lynch shakes his head.]

JL: I'm just tryin' to do my job here tonight... I'm just tryin' to stand up for my sister since she couldn't be here.

[Rage cocks his head.]

SR: Now that's funny... you're gonna stand up for someone who stays employed lying on her back...

[The crowd "ooooohs" again. Anger flashes through James' eyes as he takes a step forward.]

SR: Nah, Lynch... I don't think you want to do that. Because in case you haven't heard the news... they say...

[He gestures towards the announce table and then the fans.]

SR: ...that I'm crazier than ever before. Crazy enough to bleed your brother two weeks ago. Crazy enough spend SuoerClash beating your old man so bad he spends the rest of his days at the old age home having Henrietta change his diapers.

[James' eyes flash with anger again, his fists balling up on either side of him.]

SR: You gonna do something?

[Rage slowly rises from the chair, sticking out his chin.]

SR: Do it. Do it. Come on!

[James looks back and forth at the crowd imploring him to do it.]

SR: What I want to know, Lynch, is that if I'm crazy enough to do those things... what in the hell do you think I'm willing to do to a beat up, has-been cripple like you?

[The crowd "oooohs" again. Rage comes up out of the chair, folding it up and flinging it aside. He steps forward, nose to nose with James Lynch now, mic still in hand.]

SR: Try me, kid! Try me! DO IT! DO IT NOW!

[Lynch grimaces, shaking his head.]

SR: DO IT, YOU CRAVEN SON OF A BITCH! DO IT!

[James shoves Rage back a step, cocking back his right hand...

...when suddenly the crowd ERUPTS in cheers!]

GM: BLACKJACK! BLACKJACK LYNCH IS HERE!

[The patriarch of the Lynch family comes stomping down the aisle in blue jeans, cowboy boots, and a plaid flannel shirt that he's unbuttoning as he walks towards the ring.]

GM: We may not have to wait until SuperClash, fans! We may get a preview of this right now!

[Blackjack gets half the distance down the aisle as Rage abandons James Lynch in the corner, stomping across the ring. Rage stands near the ropes, shouting at Blackjack, begging him to get in the ring as Blackjack continues to draw near.]

GM: We've got a showdown here! Rage on the inside, begging Blackjack to come for him... Blackjack on the outside, getting ready for a fight and-

BW: Wait a second!

[The crowd begins buzzing again as James Lynch scoops up the discarded chair, spits in both hands as he grabs it by the legs...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and SLAMS it across the back of Shadoe Rage, sending him sprawling through the ropes and out to the floor at the feet of Blackjack Lynch! The crowd is roaring for James' action as the fill-in interviewer slams the chair down on the mat, shouting at Rage...]

GM: And James Lynch clears the ring!

BW: He attacked the man with a damn steel chair... from behind! I'd ask what kind of a man does that... but I know EXACTLY what kind - a stinkin' Lynch, that's who!

[With Rage at his feet, Blackjack pulls Rage up by the hair and drives a right hand into his skull once... twice... three times...

...and then FIRES him skullfirst into the ringpost with such velocity, Rage's lower body whips up off the ground and he goes spinning to the floor as the crowd continues to roar!]

GM: AND HERE WE GO! THE FIGHT IS ON ON THE FLOOR HERE IN MISSISSIPPI!

[Blackjack pulls Rage up again, twisting him around to grab him by the arm...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

[...and whips him towards the barricade with such force, Rage comes off the mats and his entire body hits the railing parallel to the floor.]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[Blackjack kneels down on Rage, grabbing him by the hair as he winds up a big right hand again, driving it down into the skull over and over and over. The crowd is going wild for every blow as Blackjack lays them in...

...but then begins to boo at the sight of AWA officials and security charging down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: What a wild night we've seen here in Mississippi! You can really tell how ready this locker room is for SuperClash, fans! And while they get Shadoe Rage and Blackjack Lynch separated, we're going to take another quick break! Don't you dare go away!

[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...

As we return from commercial, standing in the ring is the AWA's Engine of Destruction, Brian James. The son of the Blackheart is wearing a black tank top and a pair of blue jeans, and already has a microphone in his hand. Standing in the center of the ring, James stares forward, intense as always.]

BJ: There's two reasons why I'm out here right now.

I'll start with the least important reason first.

[James smirks.]

BJ: Two weeks ago, a has-been who never really meant anything, and his nephew came out, having suddenly developed a severe case of having delusions of adequacy.

Hunters, yeah, I'm saying your names, let me make something real clear to both of you – there'll never be anything between us but air and opportunity. You want talk big? You want to make threats?

Well, I'm not a hard man to find.

But let me just say this, Riley Hunter, what you said two weeks ago? That's the difference between you and me. Because you're out here talking about your "performance."

Me? The only thing I remember was that I beat you.

But what's between us? That's for after SuperClash. And SuperClash is what I really came out here to talk about.

But I can't talk about it by myself. So, while I know you hate to do business in public, Mr. Lau, I'm going to need you to come out here.

[But instead of Brian Lau, “Kashmir” by Led Zeppelin begins to play as Johnny Detson trolls out from the back. He’s wearing a navy blue pinstriped suit with a bright red tie. He is carrying a microphone and shaking his finger at the ring as he smirks at James.]

JD: I know what you’re doing. This isn’t how this works, let me tell you how this works.

[Detson takes another couple of steps as James waves him forward, but Detson stops. He’s not getting into the ring.]

JD: You see here, Engine... you’re still not listening, you’re still not learning. You’re worried about Jackson Hunter saying your name and talking... heck, that’s all Jackson Hunter does! He talks... A LOT! You start diving into that - you’ve already lost because you’re playing his game.

[Detson smiles at James.]

JD: But you know what Jackson Hunter also is... a former World Champion. A guy who was at the top of the mountain who did everything and took on all comers. He’s been to the top of the mountain, like Brian Lau has, like your father has, like your mentor has, like... I HAVE!

[Detson stops and points at James.]

JD: I mean, sure... Jackson Hunter’s a glorified lackey, but he USED to be somebody. Have you?

[Detson shakes his head.]

JD: I mean short of a very... VERY assisted win in Boston, what exactly have you done? Not a whole lot. You had it all... Hall of Famers on every side of you, molding you to become the very future of this business and you threw it all away flying too close to the sun.

[Detson glares at James, still keeping a respectable distance between the two.]

JD: But you remember beating Riley Hunter? Congrats there Brian, but I’ll make sure what I do to you at SuperClash is etched in your brain for years to come!

[James narrows his eyes as he looks at the former World Champion.]

BJ: Detson... I’ve said all I plan on saying to you. The next time we talk, it’ll be the first time I tell you to do something. And that’ll be right after I beat your ass at SuperClash.

Until then? We’ve got nothing to say to each other.

[Detson seems poised to reply when he’s interrupted by AC/DC’s “Evil Walks,” as out steps Brian Lau. The legendary manager is on a black suit tonight, and he makes his way down to the ring with a determined stride. His eyes are hidden behind his designer sunglasses, but one can imagine they’re burning with anger. Lau enters the ring, and, turns to look at James.]

BL: You want to say something? Go ahead.

BJ: Yeah, I do want to say something. You’ve got a choice to make. And you need to make it tonight. And that choice is real simple –

Him, or me. Whose side will you be on when we get to New Orleans?

BL: Oh, I have to choose, do I?

BJ: You're damn right. Look Mr. Lau, I respect you. You know I do. And I know you've never steered me wrong. But it's time to decide.

And the way I see it? It's a simple choice.

You look at me, and you see the man you helped mold me to become. You look at me, and you see someone who's loyal and dedicated. To you, to the Kings of Wrestling, to all of the goals that the both of us set out to achieve.

Now, look at him.

[James points a finger at Detson.]

BJ: That's the face of a man who'll sell you down the river for a nickel.

[Detson looks at the two men in the ring and shrugs his shoulders.]

JD: Maybe you're right Brian, I've never made any excuses as to who or what I am.

[With a buffer between he and James, Detson gets closer to the ring.]

JD: But do you really expect a Hall of Fame manager like Brian Lau to believe the lines you're trying to sell him? Please, you can say all the things he wants to hear, but we all know its not true.

[Detson is now in the ring standing right next to Brian Lau.]

JD: I wasn't the one who knocked him to the ground! That was you! I've listened and done every single plan Mr. Lau has formulated and executed! I've taken his counsel and guidance, you've ignored it and spit in his face!

[James shakes his head as Detson points right at him.]

JD: Don't shake your head at me, kid! If you had really listened to Mr. Lau, if you really valued his opinion and did as you were instructed and guided to do... then I'D STILL BE WORLD CHAMPION! Not that Johnny Detson wanna be... you'd be National Champion and the Kings of Wrestling would have run this place! And it would have been all thanks...

[Detson puts a hand on Lau's shoulder.]

JD: ...to this person right here. So I think... Mr. Lau... the choice for you is an obvious one. The person who respects and values your opinion...

[Detson points to himself.]

JD: ...or the person who disregards and ignores it at every turn.

[Detson points at James with contempt. Detson smirks as he waits for Lau to speak but the Hall of Fame manager simply looks at both men, shaking his head.]

BL: I had planned on tell you both that I wouldn't be at SuperClash. I had planned on telling you both that you need to settle your business without me.

But I changed my mind.

I will be at SuperClash. And you want to know whose side I'll be on?

[Both James and Detson nod their heads.]

BL: I'm a King of Wrestling, just like the both of you. And the Kings? We're always on the winning side.

I'll be at SuperClash. But when I come out? I'm coming out alone.

You want me on your side, Brian? You want me on your side, Johnny?

Well, all you have to do is win!

[Lau pulls his sunglasses off and stares at them.]

BL: And until then? I'm not on either side.

This is the way you two wanted it, and this is the way you two are getting it! So that's my decision. And if you don't like it? Well, I'm done getting between you both.

Just consider it one more thing you two can fight about at SuperClash!

[With those words, Lau tosses the microphone at the ground and exits the ring, leaving two angry men scowling at one another. James and Detson both stand silent, watching Lau walk back up the aisle 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 as we fade back up, we find ourselves down at ringside with Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Welcome back to AWA Saturday Night Wrestling... and as we just saw, tensions remain high between the Kings of Wrestling, fans, and they will boil over at SuperClash in a couple of weeks when-

[The camera shot cuts to the aisle where Lord William Wesley Windsor and his manservant Arthur are again en route to the ring, this time carrying a ladder between them.]

GM: Again?!

BW: Third time's a charm, I suppose.

GM: I'm not so sure about that as the Englishman from CCW looks to grab that Golden Ticket again here tonight in Mississippi!

BW: You have to admire his determination, right?

GM: I suppose you do.

[Reaching the ring, Windsor and Arthur shove the ladder under the bottom rope. Windsor shoves his manservant under the bottom rope, gesturing for him to set up the ladder as Windsor walks to the ringsteps, climbing up them.]

GM: Windsor barking orders to Arthur and-

BW: A man of Windsor's stature does not "bark," Gordo... he instructs with authority!

GM: Whatever you want to call it, Arthur's got the ladder set up under the Golden Ticket and so far, there's no sign of anyone on their way to stop him.

[Windsor shoves Arthur out of his way as he tentatively puts a foot on the bottom rung. He looks up at the Ticket hanging overhead, shaking his head as he slowly steps up to rest both feet on the bottom rung.]

GM: Are you kidding me right now? It's going to take him all night to climb the ladder like that!

BW: Hey! Take it easy, Gordo! A man of Lord William's stature has probably never even BEEN on a ladder! It's not like he's changing the light bulbs or hanging Christmas lights in his palatial estate!

GM: Give me a break!

[Windsor slowly edges up to the second step, nodding his head confidently as Arthur grabs the ladder, supporting it as Windsor steps to the third...]

GM: Nobody's going to stop him?! Nobody is going to-

[The piercing sound of a woman's scream fills the air along with an evil - yet very familiar - cackle.]

GM: Oh my stars.

BW: What?!

[The black velvet hooded form of the Prince of Darkness himself, Anton Layton, comes rushing into view. His left arm is exposed as he holds it aloft, revealing the glimmering Eye of Tyr crystal gripped in his left hand.]

GM: Anton Layton is coming towards the ring and... is HE coming for the Golden Ticket?!

BW: If he is, Lord William's got a decision to make and he'd better make it fast! He's either gotta climb that ladder and grab that ticket or get the heck out of there in a hurry!

[Windsor's eyes are wide with terror as he sees the maniacal Layton stalking down the aisle towards the ring. Arthur starts looking back and forth between Windsor and Layton, perhaps seeking instructions on what to do next.]

GM: Windsor's going back down the ladder!

BW: I think that's a smart move.

GM: But can he get out of there in time?

[Layton slides under the bottom rope, eyeing Lord William as he slinks off the ladder, meekly putting his hands up and begging off as Layton stands before him, Eye of Tyr in one hand...

...and as the other hand comes into view, we spot the Golden Spike gripped within white knuckles.]

BW: Oh no.

[Windsor's eyes are locked on the Golden Spike, urgently shaking his head as he backpedals away. Layton snaps his head back, his mouth twisting into an evil smile as he steps towards him.]

GM: It looks like Anton Layton may not be about to let Windsor walk away quite so easy!

[Windsor steps back again...

...and Layton steps forward again.]

BW: Come on! Just let him go! He's royalty! He's got no history in this kind of violence!

[Windsor steps back again, near the ropes this time...

...and he grabs Arthur by the collar, shoving him at Anton Layton who raises his arm overhead and swings the Spike down, flattening Arthur as Windsor slips through the ropes to the floor to loud jeers!]

GM: Oh, come on! What a coward!

BW: Hey, what else is good help for?

GM: Arthur's been split open with that damn Golden Spike and... and don't look now but Anton Layton is making a play for the Golden Ticket!

BW: Can you imagine Layton with the Steal The Spotlight contract?! Not a single soul would be able to rest easy!

[Layton tucks the spike away in his robe as he begins the climb up the ladder, leaving the bleeding Arthur down at the foot...]

GM: Layton's climbing the ladder! Windsor has bailed out and is walking out of here. He's decided it's not worth it to deal with that Golden Spike and-

BW: Layton's already halfway up the ladder, Gordo! A couple more rungs and he might be able to grab that Golden Ticket!

GM: We'll see about that. Not a soul in sight though... not a soul looking to prevent him from this climb... not a-

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

GM: What in the...?

[A flash of panic crosses Layton's face as "Silver Panther" swings around with a back kick that sweeps Layton's legs out from under him, bringing him crashing down on the canvas. As he falls, "Red Dragon" goes scrambling up the other side of the ladder as "Golden Scorpion" swings an axe kick down to mid-sternum on the prone Layton which keeps him on the mat as "Red Dragon" reaches the top of the ladder...]

GM: What is happening right now?! Who are these guys?!

[Red Dragon leaps from his perch, burying both feet into the heart of Anton Layton as the crowd groans!]

GM: These three... what the heck are these guys even called?! I don't recognize them at all!

[A flurry of martial arts kicks come pouring down on Layton from all three men for a moment before Red Dragon reaches into Layton's sleeve, pulling the Eye of Tyr into view...]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: Gordo, these guys aren't here for the Golden Ticket! They're here for the Eye!

GM: I think you're right, Bucky... and here comes the Slaughterhouse!

[Porter Crowley and The Lost Boy come charging down the aisle towards the ring but by the time they get there, the three masked men have departed the premises, hurdling the barricade in three separate directions and disappearing into the crowd...

...and taking the Eye of Tyr with them.]

GM: They took it! It's gone! Anton Layton came out here to get the Golden Ticket and not only did he not get the Ticket... but he lost the Eye of Tyr!

BW: I can't believe it, Gordo! Who the heck were those guys?!

GM: I have no idea! But for a second... for a split second, Anton Layton looked like he knew EXACTLY who they were! Fans, we're going to... we're gonna need to try and get to the bottom of this. Sweet Lou is standing by... Lou, what do you have for us?

[We cut to the backstage area where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing, mouth hanging open.]

SLB: Well, Gordon, I certainly don't have anything about what we just saw... my goodness, what DID we just see?! After years of the Eye of Tyr being a presence in AWA events, Anton Layton just had the crystal taken away from him by... by... I know this sounds ridiculous to say but... a gang of ninjas?!

[Blackwell shrugs.]

SLB: I don't know anything better to call them but my guest right now was right here with me watching the monitor. Kayla Cristol, come on in here... my goodness...

[Kayla "The Pistol" Cristol walks into view, shaking her head in disbelief.]

KC: Just when I thought I'd done seen it all here in the AWA, Sweet Lou, someone goes and proves me right wrong!

SLB: A lot of craziness going on around these parts lately.

KC: You ain't just whistlin' Dixie, Sweet Lou. You got mind controllin' crystals... you got the Axis raisin' all sorts of heck... you got Charisma Knight... well, she's gone and lost a few cards out of her deck, Sweet Lou, and she's tormentin' my good friend, Skylar Swift, in the process.

SLB: Speaking of the Women's Division, you find yourself on the outside looking in heading into SuperClash.

[Cristol grimaces.]

KC: You got that right, Sweet Lou, and it makes me lose sleep at night, I tell ya that much. I look at that card and I see those three women fightin' for the gold. I see Julie tryin' to get her hands on that bully Toughill. But it gives me a little bit of comfort to know that I'm not the only one, Sweet Lou. If my good friend, Lori Wilson, can be shut out of the big dance, then I can't feel too bad about it, right?

SLB: I suppose.

KC: There's a whole lot of talented ladies not gettin' their chance to shine in New Orleans and while I guess I could cuss and shout and pitch a fit about it, I'd rather be there to support my friends and dedicate my 2017 to workin' harder than I ever worked before. Because if I do that, I know... I KNOW I can fight my way right up to the top.

[An accented laugh is heard from off-camera.]

"Is that a fact?"

[The camera pulls back to reveal Xenia Sonova standing on the other side of the shot.]

XS: Because from where I stand, Pistol, you are an embarrassment to yourself... and to the Lynches who trained you.

[Cristol bristles at the comment.]

KC: Is that right? You think I'm embarrassing myself? Well, how about we get in that ring tonight and I lay one heck of an embarrassment down on you!

[Sonova smirks.]

XS: You are not worthy of lacing my boots for battle, Pistol...

[Cristol shakes her head.]

XS: ...but it is time that the entire AWA knows what Xenia Sonova is all about. I accept your challenge.

[Sonova turns to make her exit.]

SLB: Wow! We've got ourselves another match here tonight and-

[A loud shout from off-camera seems to surprise Blackwell who flinches before turning towards the sound of it as a loud clattering sound is heard next. He frantically points and the camera pivots towards the source of the sound...

...where we find Ayako Fujiwara and Melissa Cannon brawling in the nearby equipment area, Fujiwara has just tackled Cannon back against a rolling equipment case, smashing her back into the solid wood. The crowd groans as Fujiwara slams a forearm down across the chest... and another... and a third... before Cannon snaps off one of her own, bouncing it off Fujiwara's jaw and sending her staggering away.]

SLB: Fans, the fight continues between-

[Cannon rushes forward towards Fujiwara who sidesteps, elevating Cannon up high into the air and throwing her down on top of another equipment case as the crowd inside the arena groans at the impact. A fuming Fujiwara is ranting to herself in Japanese as she climbs up on the case, taking a knee before slamming a forearm into Cannon's head over and over again. A sea of AWA officials quickly surround the case, shouting and trying to restore order in the backstage area.]

SLB: We've got officials back here... we've got security...

[Fujiwara peels off the downed Cannon, turning to shout at the officials trying to get her down off the case...

...which is when the prone Cannon swings her leg into a kick to the back of Fujiwara's knee, knocking her down on one knee as Cannon scoots backwards, trying to get back to her feet. She grabs at her lower back, then rubs at her jaw before grabbing Fujiwara by the hair from behind, twisting her around...]

SLB: We're going to need more help back here! Jon Stegglet is-

[Cannon swings her knee up into Fujiwara's face once... twice... three times... and then uses the toe of her boot to roll her off the case. Cannon stands on top, looking down at her as AWA officials encircle the downed Fujiwara, trying to prevent

any further conflict. The voice of Jon Stegglet is heard as he shouts at the two women.]

JS: HEY! KNOCK IT OFF RIGHT NOW!

[But Cannon won't listen, hopping down off the case. She shoves an official aside, trying to get at Fujiwara as the former Olympian struggles to get up off the floor...

...and with a shout, she shoves through three security guards, blitzing Cannon with a double leg takedown, throwing her down on the concrete floor!]

JS: HEY! GET THEM APART, DAMN IT!

[The security swarms both women, physically dragging them apart from one another and restraining them as both struggle to get free and continue the fight.]

JS: THAT'S ENOUGH OF THIS! SAVE IT FOR SUPERCLASH!

[But Fujiwara breaks free of the grip of the guards, rushing at Cannon whose arms are still being held back. She leaps into the air, smashing a forearm into Cannon's jaw and knocking down two of the people holding Cannon!]

SLB: My goodness!

[Fujiwara lands a couple more shots before she's dragged backwards again. As Cannon gets up, we can see a trickle of blood coming from the corner of her mouth as she shouts a threat at Fujiwara.]

JS: That's enough! If you two... hell, if all THREE of you can't control yourselves, I'm going to get the police in here and THEY'LL get you guys under control!

[Stegglet turns away, red-faced and upset as he stalks out of sight, leaving his security to keep the women apart as they shout at one another...

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

RO: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit and it is for the AWA World Television championship! Introducing first, the challenger...

[A young bleached blonde thin man raises his arms.]

RO: From Jackson, Mississippi... weighing in at 202 pounds... KEITH THOMPSONNNNNN!

[The cheers go up for the home state competitor.]

RO: And his opponent...

[The Chieftains' "Brian Boru's March" is met with boos mixed in with some cheers from the crowd as Callum Mahoney, sandy-haired with lightly-tanned skin and dressed in a black leather 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.]

RO: Hailing from County Cork, Ireland and weighing in at 240 pounds, he is the AWA World Television Champion...

CALLUM MAAAHONEEY!!!

[Mahoney grabs the belt by the strap and holds it up, largely to the crowd's disapproval, before making his way towards the ring. As he makes his way down the aisle, Mahoney largely ignores the jeers and taunts. Reaching the ring, Mahoney climbs the steps, wiping the soles of his boots on the canvas before stepping through the ropes. Standing in the center of the ring, Mahoney holds the belt aloft once more, as the music fades.]

GM: We're set to kick this one off - the final World Television Title defense on the road to SuperClash... and I'd have to say it's been an unusual few months for Mahoney since winning that title, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely. He started doing the guest ring announcer thing... the fans were seemingly falling in behind him, giving him their support... and almost out of nowhere, he yanked the rug right out from under everyone and went back to his old ways.

GM: A leopard never changes their spots, I suppose.

BW: Do they even have leopards in Ireland, Gordo?

[The bell sounds as Mahoney aggressively moves from the corner, rushing the young local competitor with a knee up into the midsection. A clubbing forearm across the shoulderblades follows, taking him down to his knees where a stiff knee to the side of the head puts him down on his back. Mahoney stares down at his opponent as the crowd grumbles about the quick start to the match. He looks out at the fans with disdain as he lifts the legs of his opponent and viciously stomps the lower abdomen.]

GM: Dangerously close to a low blow there as Mahoney starts off fast.

BW: This is the Callum Mahoney that I like, Gordo. Vicious. Brutal. A killer instinct surpassed by no one.

[Proving Bucky's words, Mahoney takes a knee on the mat, grabbing a handful of hair as he pastes young Keith Thompson repeatedly with forearms to the ear. He drags him to his feet after a bit, using a headbutt to stun him, sending him staggering back to the buckles.]

GM: Mahoney is well-known as one of the toughest men in the AWA locker room and we're seeing that right now for sure.

[With a hand on the face pushing Thompson's head back, Mahoney clubs him across the sternum...]

GM: Ohhh! Hard shot there in the corner!

[A few more solid shots follow, leaving Thompson to hang onto the ropes for dear life as Mahoney grabs the left arm, twisting it around the top rope before delivering a pair of overhead elbows down onto the trapped limb.]

GM: And just like that, Mahoney switches his focus to the left arm.

BW: The Armbar Assassin may be getting ready to make an appearance.

GM: Callum Mahoney, master of the cross armbreaker that he's used to put away so many competitors, will certainly be looking to apply that hold at SuperClash when he defends the title against Terry Shane III.

[Pulling the arm free, Mahoney twists it in an armwringer, putting a hand on the back of the head to flip Thompson over into a seated position on the mat where he

drops to a knee, jamming his other knee into the back of Thompson's neck. He reaches around, hooking his fingers in Thompson's mouth and yanking up and back hard.]

GM: Oh, come on! There's not a thing legal about that and the referee's letting him hear about it right now.

[Mahoney hangs on until four, breaking the hold and shoving the young man back down on the mat before dropping a knee down across the chest. He grinds his forearm into the cheekbone of Thompson while applying a lateral press that earns a two count.]

BW: This kid is dumber than he looks, Gordo. He should pack it up and call it a day before Mahoney REALLY put a hurting on him.

[Mahoney gets to his feet, stomping Thompson a few times before he backs away at the referee's orders. He stalks around the ring once, circling back towards the rising Thompson who he greets with a boot to the gut before twisting the arm around into an armwringer again, sliding swiftly into a hammerlock that he holds while throwing Thompson shoulderfirst into the top turnbuckle.]

GM: Into the buckles! Right on that shoulder!

[And as Thompson staggers back out, Mahoney leaps up, scissoring the arm and dragging the young man down to the mat trapped inside the cross armbreaker...]

GM: He's got it! He's got that armbar locked in!

[From there, it's just a matter of moments before Thompson frantically taps out, hoping to save his arm.]

GM: And this one is over, fans.

BW: Gordo, even the biggest Terry Shane fan has to be concerned about how good Mahoney looked out there tonight. That's a man on top of his game at the perfect time of year.

GM: Momentum is certainly on his side as he's declared the winner by submission heading into his big title defense in New Orleans.

[Mahoney allows the official to raise his hand, but as soon as the referee lets go, Mahoney exits the ring, picks up his title from the timekeeper's table and makes his way up the aisle. "Sweet" Lou Blackwell comes wandering out from backstage, mic in hand.]

SLB: Callum, a word, please. We saw your entrance earlier tonight. No guest announcers. No chant along that we've come to expect these past few weeks. Is this reflective of your mindset heading towards SuperClash?

CM: [Ignoring the question.] The Michelle Williams of SM and K, huh? Someone's up to date on his popular culture... Granddad... I do not just believe that I am better than the hype, Shane. I KNOW I AM THE HYPE!

[The claim is, of course, met by a chorus of jeering.]

CM: You want to know how I know that?

[He holds up the World Television championship belt.]



CM: Because I am currently in possession of THIS... THE global face of AWA television is not an empty claim, Shane. You want to know why?

[Mahoney points to the face plate on the title.]

CM: Because it says right here that I am the reigning AWA World Television champion. Not Shadoo Rage. Not Supernova. Not Dave Bryant. And certainly not you, because you...

[He chuckles.]

CM: You admitted it yourself. Won the Rumble and came up short against Bryant...

FAILURE!

Came into the AWA with all the hype and failed to live up to it...

FAILURE!

I don't have to live up to the names of the men who formerly held this championship, Shane. I don't have to live up to a family legacy. Not because I don't respect those names, or that I don't respect true legacies of families actually worth celebrating, Shane.

[Mahoney says the name with a sneer, making it clear that the Shanes are not one of those families he holds in high esteem. He drapes the World Television championship back across his right shoulder.]

CM: I don't have to prove myself because the proof is here...

[He smacks the face plate of the title.]

CM: And at SuperClash, here is where the championship will remain, while you will prove yourself, once again, exactly what you are... What you always have been and always will be... Forget living up to the legacy of the Shanes, fella, and embrace the legacy that is Terry Failure.

[Ignoring the boos and any follow-up attempt by Blackwell, Mahoney continues his way to the back when suddenly...

...Static.]

GM: Looks like we've got company, Bucky!

BW: I always found it ironic that the screen cuts away when Shane comes out. It's like someone in the back is fanatically hitting the red button to cut to a commercial but it never works.

[At the top of the aisle emerges Terry Shane III, walking through the curtain and positioning himself between the World Television Champion and his potential exit route. Shane stands in street clothes of a pair of black slacks and a gray hoodie with the hood pulled down. Mahoney shouts at no one in particular for the interruption as Shane produces a microphone.]

TS3: Terry Failure, huh?

[Shane shrugs.]

TS3: I guess it fits, right? You see, Mahoney... that's where you and I differ. If being a part of this company for the past few years has taught me anything, it's

that I need to OWN my shortcomings. Yeah, I'm the guy who showed up leading a pack of nobodies. The guy who got led around by the nose by a vicious little-

[He pauses with a grin.]

TS3: -young woman. Yeah, that's me too. The guy who betrayed his family's legacy and did some horrible, unspeakable things to them in an attempt to bury the past? Yep. Also me. The guy who won the Rumble and lost to Dave Bryant? The guy who abandoned his wrestling talent to be a garbage brawling thug? The guy who took the support of these people and trashed it time and time again? The guy who let down everyone in his life?

Those are all me, Mahoney. And I own that... and there's nothing I can do that will make anyone forget it... most of all me.

[The crowd cheers as Shane nods.]

TS3: All I can do is look forward... all I can do is keep going and try to make tomorrow a better day than today. I owe that to a lot of people. My parents, my brother, my friends like Bobby... and yeah, I owe it to all of these people too.

[He points to the fans and gets another big cheer.]

TS3: I own my past. Unlike you. Because you're the guy who changes his personality more than some people change their underwear. One week they love you and you love them... the next week, you spit in their faces for it. Hell, Mahoney... you're so unpredictable, it's almost predictable. It's a joke back there in the locker room about who you'll turn your back on next.

[Mahoney shrugs.]

TS3: Oh, I know you don't care. That's the sad part. Because you could be great. You could be on top of the wrestling world. But you don't care. You just want to fight. We knew that the first night you showed up with a fistful of cash and a chip on your shoulder. You walked out here and said you'd put that cash on the line against anyone who had the guts to step in the ring with you... and then you showed the world what it meant to be the Armbar Assassin.

[There's a smattering of applause for Mahoney for that one.]

TS3: And hey, I'll give you credit. You've stuck around here ever since... beating people up, breaking arms, making money... and finally... finally, you got your hands on that World Television Title. You became a champion... which is more than I've been able to do so... kudos to you, champ.

[Shane applauds Mahoney from the top of the aisle as Mahoney holds up the title belt.]

TS3: Our paths to this moment, Callum... they aren't that different really.

Okay, okay... maybe I didn't get my teeth kicked in by Kolya Sudakov faster than it would take to microwave some popcorn.

[An "oooooooooh!" breaks out from the crowd as Mahoney grimaces and Shane smirks.]

TS3: But along the way, we've both fought some of the best. We've won some... we've lost some... but we've both had the persistence and the determination to keep going. And that's worth my respect.

[More cheers.]

TS3: And that's why I'm looking forward to SuperClash. Because while the Internet would tell you, "They're both good guys! You can't have a match with two good guys!" I'm here to say they're wrong. I'm here to say there's no problem with two guys who respect one another climbing into that ring and giving it their all with an AWA championship on the line.

But maybe I'm wrong, Callum. Maybe you don't respect me... it sure doesn't sound like it. And maybe you don't respect these fans either.

[Mahoney nods as the crowd jeers.]

TS3: You may not respect me now... but at SuperClash... when I grab your leg... and I twist it until you scream... and when I walk out of the Superdome with the World Television Title around MY waist...

...then you'll damn sure respect me.

[Shane puts the mic down at the top of the ramp, pointing down the aisle at Mahoney and making the "belt gesture." Mahoney angrily shakes his head, holding the title belt over his head.]

GM: A final exchange of words between Terry Shane and Callum Mahoney... just twelve days before they meet in the ring with the AWA World Television Title on the line. Fans, we've got another break on deck but when we come back, we're going to hear from Julie Somers 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...

We fade up on the backstage area where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing alongside the acting Director of Operations, Jon Stegglet.]

SLB: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling, fans, and joining me as you can see is one of the owners of this company, Jon Stegglet. Mr. Stegglet, with just days to go until the biggest night of the year for the American Wrestling Alliance, what are your thoughts on the lineup that's been put together for the big event?

[Stegglet grins.]

JS: Let me tell you something, Sweet Lou... this show has the potential to be the best SuperClash of all time. I truly believe that. When you look up and down the card at the tremendous matches we've signed for this big event - from the Woodshed to Steal The Spotlight... from The Future versus The Phoenix to The Last Son of the Soviet Union versus the Last American Badass. From-

[A voice calls out to interrupt.]

"The National Title match!"

[Stegglet's brow furrows as Travis Lynch, the longest reigning National Champion in AWA history walks into view, the replacement title belt slung over his shoulder.]

TL: That was the next thing you were going to talk about, right? Because I know the biggest night of the year wouldn't go by without the AWA's original championship being defended.

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

JS: Now, look Travis... we talked about this. You've beaten all comers for that title. Everyone who has stepped up to face you for it, you've put down. You've been a tremendous champion.

TL: Been? I AM a tremendous champion, Mr. Stegglet. I'm the longest reigning National Champion that this company's ever seen! I make history every time I step into an arena with this...

[He angrily slaps the face of the title belt.]

TL: ...over my damn shoulder. But it sounds like you've got no plans for me at SuperClash... is that right?

[Stegglet shrugs.]

JS: You've been so caught up in your Open Challenges...

[Travis interrupts.]

TL: So, this is my fault? It's my fault that not even the front office is showing the champion respect? It's my fault that you have room on the card for some damn Battle Royal... for a baseball player to be in a tag match... for Shadoo Rage to bully my old man... but you didn't think to have me defend the title on the show? That's fine, Stegglet. I don't need the office to do my dirty work 'cause I'm here right now to tell this entire locker room... hell, the entire wrestling world... that at SuperClash, I'm declaring a National Title Open Challenge... the biggest one yet!

[Stegglet clears his throat.]

JS: I'm sorry, Travis but-

[Lynch arches an eyebrow.]

JS: It was discussed and we decided that we couldn't give up a section of valuable Pay Per View time towards a match where we don't know who the people involved will be. There will be NO Open Challenge at SuperClash either.

[Lynch grimaces.]

JS: But maybe... well, maybe you can get in the Battle Royal! Or... hey, there's still a Golden Ticket out there to be grabbed. Maybe you can Steal The Spotlight!

[Lynch interrupts.]

TL: Steal the spotlight?! The spotlight's been on me since I came out of the womb, Stegglet. This... this is garbage.

[Lynch pauses, shaking his head pensively.]

TL: And this... this isn't over either. I'm out of here... I'll see you in New Orleans.

[The National Champion storms out of view, leaving a surprised Stegglet behind as we fade out to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: Some... surprisingly strong words there from Travis Lynch, the National Champion...

BW: Oh really?

GM: Bucky, this isn't the-

BW: I've been telling anyone who'd listen for the past... I don't even know how many years... that all of these Lynches are scum. Travis Lynch is a self-entitled brat and he's proving it every time he comes out here. Everything has always been about him and that ego of his has overshadowed everything he's ever done - including being the National Champion. You're telling me there's no room for him on SuperClash? I say good riddance.

[Bucky is fuming as Gordon tries to wrap up.]

GM: Well, it certainly is surprising to say the least that Travis Lynch won't be putting the National Title on the line at SuperClash... but perhaps not as surprising as the fact that after all the effort Erica Toughill has gone through to get Julie Somers to sign that contract for SuperClash, now that Somers is looking to sign the deal - now it's Toughill who hasn't signed it! Can you believe that?!

BW: Look, Gordo... Ricki's going to do this on her terms. Just because the pampered princess, Julie Somers, wants something now... that don't mean it's gonna happen!

GM: Julie Somers is up in the ring right now to address this situation alongside our own James Lynch. James?

[We cut up to the ring where James Lynch is standing alongside Julie Somers who looks pretty agitated.]

JL: Thanks, Gordon. And you're right, I'm here with Julie Somers who seems to have a big ol' chip on her shoulders these days. Julie?

[Julie, who is dressed in her wrestling attire, has a rolled piece of paper in her right fist. She holds it up in front of her.]

JS: Right here, in my hand, I have a contract that is awaiting Erica Toughill's signature. The contract contains every term she wants in a match at SuperClash. No count outs, no disqualifications, anything goes, street fight... call it whatever you want, but the bottom line is it's on her terms. And where is she now, James?

JL: [shrugging] Your guess is as good as mine.

JS: Exactly! For too long, Erica accused me of her ducking her, of not wanting to face her on her terms, and she said she was going to take it out on everyone else until I met her on her terms. Well, now that I'm willing to do that, she's gone into hiding!

[She shakes her head.]

JS: I've said before that all Erica keeps doing is complaining about everyone but her is at fault for where she is now and how unfair the business was to her. Now that I've stopped brushing that aside and said I'd meet her the way she wants it go down, she's now proving how much of a coward she is!

[She slaps the rolled up paper into her left palm.]

JS: But there's no way in hell that I'm letting her duck me now! After all the stunts she's pulled, on every opponent she's faced, including my friend and mentor Lori Wilson, I'm not allowing her to duck me any longer!

[She steps forward and points toward the mat.]

JS: So I'm staying put in this ring until Erica Toughill gets her good-for-nothing rear end in here and puts her signature on this contract for a match at SuperClash, so I can prove to her, once and for all, that not only can I beat her, but that I can beat her on any terms, whether she sets them, or I do, or anybody else!

Erica, if you think otherwise, then prove it to me already!

[She slaps the rolled up paper in her palm once more.]

JS: I'm dead serious, Erica. Get out here or I'll have to-

[Somers is cut off in mid-sentence as the lights inside the arena cut to black.]

JL: What the-?! We apologize here, fans, but it looks like we're experiencing some technical difficulties here in the arena. Please bear with us a moment as-

[The lights flicker and when they come back on...]

GM: OH MY GOD!

[...The Hangman is standing in the middle of the ring with an arm extended...

...and his hand wrapped around the throat of Julie Somers!]

GM: WHAT THE HELL?! WHAT THE HOLY HELL?!

[James Lynch, chivalrous til the end, drops the mic and rushes forward only to get shoved violently back against the turnbuckles with the Hangman's free hand. Lynch SLAMS backfires into the corner, his neck jolting backward as he does. He sinks to his knees, grabbing at the back of his neck as The Hangman jerks his head back towards Somers who is coughing and gasping for air as the Hangman's grip tightens on her slim neck.]

GM: THE HANGMAN'S GOT SOMERS, DAMN IT! GET HIM OFF OF HER! RIGHT NOW!

[Somers is swinging at the Hangman's arm, trying to break his grip...

...when suddenly, the crowd ROARS at the sight of Howie Somers and Daniel Harper tearing down the aisle towards the ring!]

GM: NEXT GEN! IT'S NEXT GEN HEADING FOR THE RING!

[The Hangman drags Somers towards the middle of the ring, looking as if he's about to chokeslam Julie Somers into the mat. Daniel Harper and Howie Somers hit the ring before that can happen. Howie throws himself at The Hangman in a full body tackle, driving him back into the corner while Julie falls to her knees, gasping for air. Daniel Harper takes a knee next to her, checking on her condition as Howie drives his shoulder repeatedly into the midsection of The Hangman.]

GM: Next Gen - thank the heavens for these two because I just don't know what The Hangman had in mind right there. I have a suspicion and it makes me sick!

[But as Harper checks on Julie Somers, he fails to see Porter Crowley and The Lost Boy hit the ring behind him. Crowley uses a double axehandle sledge to the back of the head, knocking Harper down on his chest on the canvas. The Lost Boy is right on his heels, dropping to his knees with a headbutt between the shoulderblades.]

GM: Agggh! The Slaughterhouse hits the ring! Was this a setup, Bucky?!

BW: It sure looks like it! This has Anton Layton's fingerprints all over it, Gordo! He had his men go after Julie Somers, luring Next Gen out there and then he lowered the boom! KAPOW!

[The Lost Boy grabs Harper by the hair, raking his face back and forth on the canvas as Crowley turns his attention to Howie Somers, approaching Somers as he continues to work over The Hangman in the corner...

...but wheels around in time, catching the incoming Crowley with a right hand to the mush!]

GM: Oh! Big right hand by Somers!

[A second haymaker lands... and a third sends Crowley falling backwards off-balance. The powerful young Somers grabs Crowley by the hair, storming across the ring and HURLING Crowley over the ropes, sending him bouncing off the apron before hitting the barely-padded concrete floor at ringside!]

GM: OHH! CROWLEY GOES OVER THE TOP TO THE FLOOR!

[A fuming mad Somers spins around, catching an incoming Hangman with a right-left-right combo. The Hangman responds with a brutal uppercut to the chin, sending Somers staggering backwards...

...which is Daniel Harper's cue. Having knocked The Lost Boy to the mat with a series of forearm, Harper charges at the Hangman, leaping into the air to land another forearm, sending the Hangman back into the buckles!]

GM: HARPER'S ON THE HANGMAN!

[The crowd is roaring as Daniel Harper lights up the Hangman with a series of European uppercuts, leaving the Slaughterhouse's big man reeling. Harper grabs an arm, gesturing to Howie Somers as he gets into position...]

GM: Harper whips the Hangman out...

[Howie Somers lifts the Hangman off the mat, pivoting and DRIVING him down into the canvas with a thunderous spinning powerslam to a HUGE cheer from the Jackson crowd!]

GM: POWERSLAM!! POWERSLAM ON THE HANGMAN!

[Somers pops up, throwing his arms apart with a roar...

...and grabs his partner's outstretched arm, rushing across the ring in tandem to deposit The Lost Boy over the top rope with a double clothesline!]

GM: AND NEXT GEN TAKES OUT THE LOST BOY AS WELL!

[Howie Somers bounces back to mid-ring, shouting to the roaring crowd. He leans over, checking on his sister who is still grabbing at her neck. She nods at him, patting him on the shoulder as Daniel Harper gestures outside the ring...

...and then runs towards his partner who ducks down and backdrops him over the top rope onto Porter Crowley!]

GM: OH MY! WHAT A DOUBLE TEAM MANEUVER BY NEXT GEN!

[The crowd is absolutely going nuts as Harper kneels on the floor, pounding fists down into the skull of "Pretty" Porter. The Lost Boy slowly climbs to his feet, looking to intervene. Howie Somers turns his focus to the Lost Boy, approaching the ropes, ducking through them...]

"CLAAAANK!"

GM: OH! THE LOST BOY GOT THE RING BELL!

BW: And he rang Somers' bell with it!

[Howie Somers staggers back into the ring...

...and walks right into the outstretched gloved hand of the Hangman who twists him around, showing him to the crowd before lifting Somers into the air, driving him down to the canvas with a king-sized chokeslam!]

GM: CHOKESLAM BY THE HANGMAN!! GAAAAAH!



[The Hangman looks down menacingly at Julie Somers who crawls across the ring on her knees, coming to a halt next to her downed brother.]

GM: Oh no... please... not again...

[The Hangman tugs his glove into position, still with his gaze locked on Julie Somers...

...and then suddenly backs into the ropes, flipping over them and landing on his feet out on the floor!]

GM: The Hangman exits the ring and-

[The crowd jeers as he grabs Daniel Harper by the hair, dragging him off the downed Crowley.]

GM: We've got the Slaughterhouse outside the ring with Harper who is all alone out there, fans!

[The Hangman hammers his fist into Harper over and over as the Lost Boy circles the ring, bell still in hand...

...and SMASHES it between the eyes of Harper, knocking him down to his knees on the floor!]

GM: AAAAH! What a shot with the ring bell!

[Soon, Porter Crowley gets off the mat as well, joining the fray as he, the Lost Boy, and the Hangman batter Harper into the mat...

...which is when the crowd ERUPTS at the sight of Julie Somers determinedly walking across the ring, stepping out to the apron...]

GM: What is she...?!]

BW: You've gotta be kidding me, Gordo!

GM: Julie Somers is climbing! Julie Somers is climbing to the top rope!

BW: This can't be happening! Somers is out of control!

GM: Somers to the middle rope... to the top...

[And as The Lost Boy points her out to his allies, they slowly turn, just barely getting around as Somers HURLS herself backwards off the top rope, flipping through the air onto the pile at ringside...]

GM: MOOOOOONSAULLLLLLLLT!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The surprise attack from Somers catches the Slaughterhouse off balance, toppling the pile.]

GM: JULIE SOMERS WIPES THEM ALL OUT!! OHHHHH MYYYYYY STARRRRRRS!

[Somers springs up to her feet, a big grin on her face as she pumps a fist triumphantly, stumbling backwards towards the ringside barricade...

...where an arm extends from the nearby fans, grabbing the Spitfire by the ponytail.]

GM: Now what?!

BW: Uh-oh.

[The arm does not belong to a fan, it belongs to Erica Toughill, who drags Somers over the rail by the hair, bieling her into the gap the meager event security has formed around them.]

GM: She was waiting to ambush Julie Somers and we have ANOTHER brawl from the Women's Division!

BW: But this one, Gordo, I know who I have money on!

[The larger Toughill scoops up Somers and carries her through the crowd.]

GM: Where in the world...?!

BW: Don't worry about it! Ricki's got it under control! GORDO, LOOK OU-

[Bucky gets cut off by the sound of someone smashing off the ringside table. We cut to show Howie Somers out on the floor, smashing The Lost Boy's head off the announce table. Gordon and Bucky are on their feet, backpedaling away as an angry Somers turns his attention towards the nearby Hangman, blasting him with a right hand as he gets to his feet.]

GM: Fans, hopefully you can hear us - the fight has overtaken our table at ringside!

[Daniel Harper is back on his feet at this point as well, trading haymakers with Porter Crowley near the barricade.]

GM: All five of these men at ringside trading shots and-

[Cut back to Erica Toughill and Julie Somers, which a camera seems to have found halfway up the stands in the Mississippi Coliseum.]

GM: And meanwhile we still have this fracas going on as well!

[Toughill seems to be woman-handling Somers, but a shove from the Spitfire into the adjacent handrail slows her down. Toughill begins to retreat up the steps.]

GM: Julie Somers seems to be fighting for her life!

BW: She's got to! Ricki Toughill is the most dangerous woman in wrestling once you step out of that ring!

[Toughill stumbles up to the concourse area, trying to shake it off, but turns around to see Julie Somers, climbing up on the protective railing bordering the seats below.]

GM: The Spitfire in hot pursuit! Now that she has Toughill in her sights, she's not letting her go!

[Somers leaps off the protective railing and tackles the Queen of Clubs with a flying lariat to the cheers of the fans in the section above and below.]

GM: She came for a fight tonight!

[Erica Toughill rolls onto all fours and scampers for the nearest concourse exit. Somers grits her teeth and takes off out of sight after her...]

...and we cut back to ringside where The Lost Boy has Daniel Harper by the hair, smashing him facefirst into the ring apron!]

GM: And we've still got this fight going at ringside to boot! This is crazy, Bucky!

BW: When the Slaughterhouse is involved, it's gotta be crazy, daddy!

GM: These two teams are going to square off at SuperClash as well... and if this is breaking down like this, what in the world is going to happen in New Orleans?!

[Cut to another part of ringside where Howie Somers is being held with his arms back by The Hangman as Porter Crowley drills him with right hand after right hand after right hand...]

GM: It looks like a mugging out here right now!

[Cut back to Harper and the Lost Boy. The animalistic Lost Boy seems ready to smash Harper's face into the apron again when Harper buries an elbow back into the gut... and again... and again...]

GM: Harper trying to fight his way out of this!

[The Lost Boy stumbles away as Harper straightens up, spotting the Lost Boy's dropped ring bell from earlier in the brawl. He snatches it up, taking aim...]

"CLAAAAAAAANK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES ON THE LOST BOY!

[Harper tosses the bell aside, spotting his partner in some trouble on the other side of the ring. He pulls himself up on the apron, running down it and throwing himself on top of the trio with a crossbody, knocking all three men down!]

GM: AND HARPER PICKS UP THE SPARE!

[Harper grabs the nearest body - in this case, Porter Crowley - and starts peppering him with short right hands...]

...when the crowd erupts in jeers at the sight of AWA security jogging into view, trying to break up the fray.]

GM: And here comes AWA Security... they've had a busy night, Bucky.

BW: They sure have. I hope they don't get paid by the brawl.

[Security floods the scene, finally managing to get some bodies separated...]

...when we cut backstage where a handheld camera catches up with "Spitfire" Julie Somers.]

JS: "ERICAAAAA!"

[In the long concrete hallway, Julie Somers' voice is the only sound.]

JS: "Come on, Erica! I'm not afraid of you!"

[Behind her, a heavy equipment case begins accelerating. Somers hears it, but turns around too late.]

ET: "eeee-YAAAAAH!"

[The anvil case chops Somers' legs out from under her and she plants onto the concrete floor. She inhales sharply, trying to pull herself up, but Erica Toughill looms behind her...]

ET: You're on your own, Julie.

[And drives her heel onto the Spitfire's outstretched calf muscle.]

JS: "ACK!"

ET: They're not coming to save you.

[Toughill grabs a hold of Somers' waistband and the shoulder strap of her top, pivots, and tosses her sideways into the cement wall.]

ET: Your friends Ayako and Melissa? They're so wrapped up in themselves, they don't care what happens to you. When I'm done with you, I'm going to make their little schoolyard fight look like two toddlers fighting over a lollypop.

[Somers tries to pull herself up, but a kick to the ribcage drops her again. Toughill kneels down on the back of her neck.]

ET: Security, the backstage people... They're all stretched thin, Julie. Your brother and your friend Daniel? They're too busy being picked apart by Layton's merry band of misfits. Maybe your pal Lady Lightning will have your back.

[With one final push, Somers pulls herself out from under Toughill, forcing her to stumble back. On one leg, she lashes out with fists to Erica, but Toughill just absorbs them.]

JS: I'm...

[Punch.]

JS: ...not...

[Punch.]

JS: ...scared...

[PUNCH.]

JS: ...of YOU!

[With one punch to the midsection, Toughill doubles over Somers, then scoops her up onto her shoulders. Toughill pivots...

...and powerbombs Julie Somers onto the anvil case with a sickening, wet, thud. The loud groan from the fans watching on the video wall inside the arena echoes through backstage as Somers' face contorts into a silent scream, shallow gasping the only noise she makes.]

ET: You're not as invincible as you think you are, Julie. Just like I'm not as vulnerable as I let on.

[Toughill takes out the paper contract from earlier.]

ET: And as to your match. No countout? No disqualification? That's pretty much all I wanted. There's just one detail that you forgot.

[She takes out a pen and scribbles on the paper.]

ET: Falls count anywhere.

[She tosses the contract onto the broken Spitfire.]

ET: And for your sake, you better learn some fear before we get to New Orleans.

[With a sneer, Toughill turns her back on the downed Somers, walking out of view as a trio of AWA officials rush into view, one shouting "GET SOME HELP! GET A DOCTOR!" 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 then slowly fade to the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing by, microphone in hand.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen, my guest at this time is one half of the team challenging for the AWA World Tag Team Championship at SuperClash... Cody Mertz.

[Cody Mertz walks into the picture wearing a pair of green track pants with a white AWA Combat Corner tee shirt. He smiles at Stegglet as he stands next to him.]

MS: Cody... first off, I know many fans were hoping to see Air Strike together here tonight but I've heard Michael Aarons is still in Japan. Is that correct?

[Mertz chuckles.]

CM: Yeah Mark, Michael had a couple of things to iron out before he got here, but he'll be here come SuperClash because he wouldn't miss taking out Taylor and Donovan and once again becoming AWA World Tag Team Champions!

MS: That's good to hear; what might not be good to hear is what the tag champs said about you and your partner earlier in the show.

CM: I heard them, Mark. Saying that I don't give up? That I never quit? That I never say die? Am I supposed to be insulted? Where I'm from, those aren't bad qualities, guys, and I'm proud to say I am every one of those things. Whereas the two of you have attacked your own family, your own allies, and what you did to Bobby O'Connor two weeks ago...

[Mertz trails off as he looks down at the floor before looking back up.]

CM: Well, what you guys did two weeks ago to Bobby, I still can't put my head around it. Thoughts and prayers don't do it justice; but I'm just hoping we see Bobby O'Connor in an AWA ring again. But the only reason we have to hope that is because of the two of you! The stuff you've been getting away with has been going on for far too long now and come SuperClash, it ends!

[Mertz looks over at Stegglet.]

CM: You know, Mark, my father always said that actions have consequences; and it's how you deal with and prepare for those consequences that make you who you are. Well, it doesn't seem like the two of you prepared for anything and now you're going have to deal with it... more specifically us! And that us? It's former World Tag Team Champions; that us are former TPP Global Crown Tag Team Champions; that us is a former Stampede Cup winner.

[Mertz glares at the camera.]

CM: And that us... had more than enough reasons to want to take the two of you out before. Before you went out and kept adding to those reasons. So come

SuperClash, Cody Mertz... Michael Aarons... AIR STRIKE... we're coming to take the two of you out and end this once and for all! Run?

[Mertz shakes his head.]

CM: Not a chance! But if I were the two of you?

[Mertz shrugs.]

CM: Maybe I'd want to start taking your own advice.

[With that, Mertz walks off.]

The shot holds for a few moments before suddenly scrambling in a mix of colors and static...

...and then cuts to a dark room, a dim blue glow illuminates what little we see. Dark colored what looks to be peeling paint or wall paper can be seen as the camera focuses on the sole occupant, laying in a torn and dirty bed with a tarnished brass frame, creaking with every move the occupant makes, dressed only in a black slip dress, her half-black half-red hair is a giveaway as Charisma is holds a piece of paper clutched to her chest. On the night stand to her right, you can see a kendo stick leaned against the wall and that leather gauntlet she's been wearing lies on the table.]

CK: Oh little Skylar. You see, I might not have been totally truthful when I said "Name your Time and Place". Because today, I'm not feeling it. As you see, I've just decided to take a "me" day and stay in bed, But I'm watching, always watching. It's kind of become a hobby of mine, watching. But enough about my spare time, let's talk shop here.

[She sits up, her black eye shadow and black lipstick creating a haunting shadow in the pale glow]

CK: Skylar, I know you want me to show up somewhere so you can give me the spanking you think I should get. The one you "think" you can give to me. But we know that Ol' Man Steggy isn't going to let me just waltz around backstage at a Saturday Night Wrestling without having some quack try and "fix" my head. But, something came into my mind.

[She shifts herself back so she's sitting against the headboard, still petting the paper clutched to her chest]

CK: In twelve days, the AWA is throwing their biggest shin dig of the year in beautiful New Orleans. It's my kind of town, so much will be going on, with the stakes up and down the show being what they are I'm sure the suits will be busy with keeping their last hour intact, so they won't be watching closely. So Skylar, whenever you feel you got the right amount of courage, just waltz down to the ring at SuperClash, and call my name. Call my name, and I'll show up, in the ring with you, with bells on. Then you can \*try\* to do what you want. But Skylar, sweetie, be careful what you wish for, because you just might get it. Heh, heh heh, heh ha, hahahahahahahahHAHAHAHAHA!

[She slides down the headboard back into a laying position in hysterical laughter, as he lets her right hand with the paper she was holding fall to her side, showing it to be a picture of Skylar Swift, a candid, with her obviously unaware it was being taken. As Charisma continues to laugh, the camera pans around the room, showing a pair of monitors that are lighting the room, one in the "blue screen" no signal state, the other focused on SNW, surrounding the monitors are more pieces of paper that can't be made out behind the lit monitors, with scribbles of the paper's

circled, arrows pointed at some, with "Next" and "Revenge" barely legible on the wall as the camera fades...

...and then back up to a black and white shot of someone walking through a deserted hallway in slow motion, whistling a familiar tune to themselves.

Cut to a closeup of their feet. The sound of their shoes hitting the floor echo through the relative silence. The whistling ends as an off-key voice makes an attempt at singing.]

"I'm leeeeeeavin' on a jet plane..."

[The camera pans up from the floor, spinning around to get a closeup of a grinning Juan Vasquez as he puts his hand on the door. The singing ends as the smirking Vasquez speaks the final words.]

"...and I'm never... coming... back."

[Vasquez shoves the door open, giving the AWA World Title belt slung over his shoulder a little pat as he walks through into a blinding white light.

Cut to black as a voiceover begins.]

"Win, lose, or draw... witness the final time that Juan Vasquez will step into an AWA ring.

It's the end of an era.

It's the biggest night of the year.

It's SuperClash...

...and you've gotta be a part of it."

[The black screen changes to show the SuperClash logo along with all the details of where and when the event will take place...

...which soon fades to black once more before coming back up to live action backstage where we find Sweet Lou Blackwell.]

SLB: The time draws near and the biggest night of the year is just around the corner! That's right folks, I'm talking about SuperClash! All the matches are set, but not all the participants! As we know, the final spot in the annual Steal the Spotlight match will be determined by wrestler who can grab the Golden Ticket that hangs above the ring. Many have already tried, but some would say the odds-on favorite to grab that Golden Ticket is my guest now...

"HOLD UP JUST A MINUTE THERE, PLAYA'!"

[A HUGE roar from the Mississippi crowd can be heard as they see the best ring announcer in the business, Buford P. Higgins, strutting his way onto the scene. Higgins is dressed impeccably as usual in an all-white tuxedo with black lapels.]

SLB: Buford P. Higgins, what is the meaning of this!

[He sticks the microphone in Higgins' face, but the Hypeman Supreme shakes his finger at him.]

BPH: If you don't mind, Sweet Lou, I brought my own!



[Higgins cackles, as he produces his infamous solid gold microphone from his backpocket.]

BPH: Now then, Sweet Lou, I believe you were about to make an introduction for THE MAN. Well, I think it's still a hundred years too early for you to be doing THAT! So, clear way and leave it to a professional. Anyhow, as you were sayin'...your guest now...

[Buford inhales deeply.]

BPH: ...is the hometown hero, big ballah, shot callah, gravity-defyin', legend inspirin', one TRUE human highlight reel of professional wrasslin'! From right down Jackson's Military Road in Hot Coffee, Mississippi! He IS and always WILL be, MISTAH STEAL THE SPOTLIGHT! And tonight, he's gonna' be grabbin' that golden ticket to SuperClash. I'm talkin' about...

Sky.

[From inside the arena, you hear the crowd echoing Buford.]

"SKY!"

BPH: Walker.

"WALKER!"

[Deep breath and altogether now!]

BPH and the Crowd:  
"JOOOOOOOOOOOOOONNNNNNNNEEEEEEEEEESSSSSSSSS!!!"

[And then the man of the hour arrives, bare-chested and wearing a full-length mink fur coat, it's the former winner of Steal the Spotlight, Skywalker Jones.]

SJ: Thank ya', thank ya', hold your applause!

[Jones laughs.]

SJ: Flawless work as usual, Buford!

BPH: Of course!

SJ: Now then, Sweet Louie Lou, you know why Skywalker Jones is here and you know what he's gonna' do. So I'm not even gonna' waste any words tellin' the world how I'm gonna' walk on air, defy gravity and snatch that golden ticket! Nah, what I wanna' talk about, is how INSULTING it is that all these jiggadolts that came before me have been floppin' around and tryin' to take away what's rightfully mine! But have no fear, after watchin' failure after failure climb for that ticket and fall short, we've saved the best for last!

[Buford echoes those sentiments: "THE VERY BEST!"]

SLB: What's rightfully yours? Now Skywalker Jones, you must realize that anyone is free to grab that golden ticket and win an opportunity to wrestle at SuperClash.

SJ: That's just what they say. But we all know, Sweet Louie Lou, that it is a FORMALITY! A foregone CONCLUSION! DESTINY! ...that Skywalker Jones will soar the skies in front of his people right here in Mississippi and be in Steal the Spotlight! Still, it is revolting. It is sickening. It is DISGUSTING that Skywalker

Jones, the man that put this match on the map, Mister Steal the Spotlight himself! ...has to even put this much effort into entering the match!

[In the background, we hear Higgins loudly exclaim "Revoltin', sickenin' and disgustin'!"]

SJ: But I'll combat the AWA's favoritism. I'll triumph over its nepotism! I'll OVERCOME their sheer matchmaking incompetence! And by the end of the night, I'll be taking my rightful place on the SuperClash card.

[He flashes a smile approximately ten miles wide.]

SLB: How can you be so sure, Skywalker Jones? As you've seen all night, you're far from the only man gunning for a spot on the SuperClash card.

[Jones laughs.]

SJ: Brother, these people ain't got the skills, the brains or the smarts to get that golden ticket! But I do!

SLB: Skywalker Jones, are you saying you have a plan?

[Jones' laugh turns into a cackle.]

SJ: I guess you'll find out the same time everyone else does! HAHA! Come on, Buford!

[And with that, Jones exits stage left with Buford closely following behind him.]

SLB: Well, a VERY confident Skywalker Jones aims to grab that golden ticket. Will he? Stay tuned!

[We fade from backstage out to the ring where a roar of boos chorus through the arena. Jackson Hunter and his perpetually furrowed eyebrows have made their way to the ring; no ceremony, no backtalking to fans, no "Duel of the Fates."]

BW: Gordo, we heard Jackson Hunter wanted to have one last word before SuperClash VIII.

GM: I'm not terribly surprised, since he always seems to want the last word on every matter.

[Hunter rolls into the ring rather than stepping through the rope, apparently in no fear of crumpling his suit. Mark Stegglet chases after him, trying to follow interview protocol.]

MS: Jackson Hunter, on Power Hour, we heard you say-

JH: No.

[Hunter cuts Stegglet off palming the microphone away from him.]

JH: Go away. You just... get out of here. The grownups need to talk.

[Stegglet shrugs and obliges, exiting the ring.]

JH: Alex Martinez.

[YAAAAAY!]

JH: I need to speak with you.

[There's a long pause while the boos rain down again.]

JH: This is not Jackson Hunter, the Axis point man that needs to speak with you, it's Jackson Hunter, the former contemporary of yours that needs to speak with you.

[Another moment of silence.]

JH: Zharkov is in Siberia, you know this!

[Hunter begins his irritable pacing.]

JHL Do you think any member of the Axis cares what you do to ME? I've told them that this is between me and you. I'm the only one who is disposable ahead of SuperClash, Martinez. COME ON.

[A few familiar strums on an acoustic guitar sends a shiver down his spine.]

#It's alright  
It's alright  
It's alright  
I'm just...#

[The fans buzz with anticipation, knowing that this could be the last time on Saturday Night Wrestling that they could get...]

#A LITTLE CRAZY!!!#

[And as "Little Crazy" by Fight kicks into full gear, the spotlight leaves the crowd and settles on the entrance way. And there he stands. Five times a World Champion. Hall of Famer. A bonafide legend. The Last American Badass.]

GM: And there he is! Win or lose this Thanksgiving in New Orleans, this will be the last edition of Saturday Night Wrestling that the immortal legend that is Alex Martinez will be appearing on, at least as an active wrestler! What a moment!

[As Alex Martinez makes his way up the aisle with suspicion and intimidation in his eyes at the man who called him out, Jackson Hunter tears the necktie off over his head, bracing himself.]

GM: And Jackson Hunter looks like he's about to pass a kidney stone.

BW: Look I'm sure he's just got a bit of indigestion, maybe some bad beef.

GM: I see. And did you have the fish or chicken?

BW: I had the lasagna, Gordo.

[Martinez stands on the apron, glaring Hunter down. Hunter takes a deep breath, steadies his nerves, and stares right back.]

GM: And think of everything this man has accomplished in the business; all that he's done, the wars he has fought, the blood he's shed.

BW: I have to give it up for him: an innovator in his field, not always getting the respect he was due, but after all this time... two-time Commonwealth Champion, an innovator in high-flying...

GM: What are you talking about?

BW: Jackson Hunter, what a legend!

GM: Jackson... oh please.

[Martinez steps through the ropes; Hunter takes a hip flask out of his pocket. "Little Crazy" fades out...]

JH: Fancy a drink, Alex? I'll need one.

[Hunter takes a swig; the expression on his face indicates it's quite potent.]

JH: I need a drink right now because within a few minutes, I will be on the business end of Alex Martinez's last Firebomb as an active wrestler.

[As the fans cheer in anticipation, Hunter extends the flask to Martinez; he just shakes his head 'no,' but seems to be bemused and interested to hear where Hunter is going.]

JH: Suit yourself, Alex. And here I thought I had you 100% figured out, but you're still surprising me. Everything else seems to be as I've predicted. I can see it in your pupils, Alex. All these lights on you and your pupils still dilate when you get into the ring. We're all the same, you know. All us old wrestlers. Us old predators.

We're all the same. You. Me. Juan Vasquez...

[More booing.]

JH: ...We're all the same. We've all swallowed the professional wrestling lifestyle whole and let it grow within us like a parasite until it ate our insides. And now it's staring out through our eye sockets and telling us what to say and do. You don't think that I feel the same way as you? You don't think I know?

You don't think that it eats me alive that my own child feels a deeper connection to people on Snapchat than she does her own dad, because I can't let pro wrestling go?

Not all of us get the choice you do, Alex. Not all of us get to leave the ring on our own terms. And not everyone who says they're going to step away stays away for very long.

Which is why Maxim Zharkov is going to make very damn sure that this is not a ten-minute retirement for Alex Martinez.

[Martinez stares down at Hunter, but Hunter closes in.]

JH: Zharkov doesn't want the saccharine, sentimental Alex Martinez who announced his retirement two weeks ago. The Last Son of the Soviet Union does not want his final victory to be tainted with excuses. Zharkov wants the Alex Martinez that shredded William Craven into 500 strips of bacon and shoved piranhas down Yoshito Katsumura's pants!

Not the Last American Badboy!

The LAST... AMERICAN... BADASS!

Only then will he be victorious.

[Martinez mulls this over for a moment before lifting a mic to respond.]

AM: You said a whole lotta words just now, Hunter. But just about everyone of 'em was wrong. Let's start with the biggest thing ya got wrong. You said you were gettin' the last Firebomb of my career tonight.

Now, ya may well get firebombed tonight. In fact, if I were my son, I'd say you could count on it.

[Huge cheer from the fans.]

AM: But that ain't the last Firebomb.

Because Hunter? The last Firebomb of my career happens just before I put your man Zharkov down for the three count in New Orleans!!

[Another enormous roar from the crowd.]

AM: Since ya seem to know so much about me, Jackson, then you oughta know that I've spent the last twenty years listenin' to every jackass who could lace his boots up straight promisin' to take me out. I've been threatened by some of the very best.

And I'm still here. And all the ones that threatened me? Well, they're the ones that'll be sellin' 8x10s for twenty dollars a pop at all the little shows that'll be happenin' the night before I take your boy Zharkov out!

Unlike all those other "legends" though, you're gonna be right there to get what you want. You want the old Alex Martinez? You want the man who's spilled blood on six continents in a hundred different countries?

Well, I do aim to please.

So you're gonna get what ya want. And Zharkov? Well, the Last Son of the Soviet Union is going to get....

...BU—

JH: HOLD THE LINE!

[There is a tense moment as Hunter interrupts Martinez.]

JH: Hold that line, Alex! Hold that line! How'd that work for you, Alex? How did lighting a candle to stave off the forces of darkness work out?

You can't stop the darkness, Alex! You can't just tell the sun to stop setting! They called us an Axis, and Mr. Vasquez may be squeamish about the word, but I... am... NOT.

We are an Axis of Evil! I will stand up and tell the world: I am evil! I am the danger! I am the vampire that you invited into your house!

You can curse it, you can deny it, you can fight gallantly against it; but this is the shape of our society on display, Alex. You and I both saw it earlier this week! The darkness is coming! The long night is coming! Big picture, Alex: the Borgias terrorized Italy for thirty years of warfare and bloodshed, and out of that came Michelangelo, da Vinci, and the whole damn Renaissance! The Swiss have had five hundred years of smug, status quo peace and togetherness, and they spent that making cuckoo clocks.

But keep holding that line, House Martinez! Keep-ACK!

[Martinez's hand grasps Hunter's scrawny neck, and he uses his free hand to bring the microphone closer to his mouth as he leans forward, glaring at Hunter.]

AM: Ya know what? You're right! It's too late to hold the line! But at SuperClash, we're going to...

...ruin...

...your...

...NIGHT.

[The mic drops, and Martinez clasps both palms around the flailing Jackson Hunter's throat.]

GM: Is this it, fans?! Is this Alex Martinez's final Firebomb on Saturday Night Wrestling?!

[The fans, cheering with anticipation, suddenly seem to change into howls of warning.]

GM: Wait! That's Zharkov! The Axis said he wasn't here tonight!

[Zharkov has appeared in the ring behind behind Martinez, but the alert Martinez releases Hunter and turns around a split second before he can be ambushed.]

GM: ZHARKOV AND MARTINEZ!

[They lay into each other with punches as the fans erupt!]

GM: We're getting a preview of SuperClash in New Orleans! These two behemoths are at it tooth and claw!

[Zharkov shoves Martinez to the ropes, then charges in, pivoting.]

GM: Zharkov looking for a Peacemaker...

[Martinez ducks down and pulls the top rope with him. The Tsar tumbles over to the outside.]

GM: Oh, he ducked it!

[Hunter, wobbly legged, stumbles straight into Martinez's grasp again.]

GM: And Jackson Hunter was right! He is about to get...

[Hunter is hoisted into the air and Firebombed to the mat like a sack of cement.]

GM: ...BURNED!

[Hunter almost seems to bounce a solid foot in the air upon splattering across the canvas. Martinez stands upright once again and leans over the ropes to shout at Zharkov, who is backing off down the aisle, scowling.]

AM: GET BACK HERE, YOU RUSSIAN BASTARD! I GOT ONE FOR YOU TOO!

[Zharkov responds with a few muttered words in Russian, then turns on his heel toward the locker room.]

GM: What a preview of the colossal battle between these titans at SuperClash! It may be too late to hold the line, but now Alex Martinez says he's going to ruin Maxim Zharkov and the Axis' night in New Orleans! Let's go backstage to Sweet Lou!

[We cut to the backstage area where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing.]

SLB: Ladies and gentlemen, my guests at this time... Hamilton Graham and "Flawless" Larry Wallace!

[The aforementioned duo steps into view. Graham is in a charcoal gray suit with a red polo underneath. Wallace sports a pair of khaki pants, a white button-up shirt that is only buttoned about halfway up his chest, and some gold chains hanging around his neck.]

SLB: Gentlemen, I understand that congratulations are in order... that you, Larry Wallace, have been granted a spot in this year's Steal The Spotlight ladder match!

[Wallace snorts with derision.]

FLW: "Granted?!" "Granted?!" You sound like they're just giving them away on the street corner, Blackwell. I EARNED this spot! Because I'm the guy who made Bobby O'Connor's arm like a matchstick where the slightest bit of pressure...

[He snaps his fingers.]

FLW: ...breaks it in half! I'm the guy who every single so-called expert has tagged as the future of this company and at SuperClash, I'm going to prove it, Blackwell.

SLB: Mr. Graham, your thoughts?

HG: What happened to the good ol' days around there, Blackwell? What happened to a time when the front office would pick two guys at the top of their game and send them against each other to find out who is the best? A ladder match with what? Six? Eight? Ten guys in there? This is sanctioned carnage and calamity! This is some TV executive looking at NASCAR ratings and realizing that people will tune in if they think there's a chance of a spectacular crash!

SLB: I'm not sure if-

HG: No one pays you to have an opinion, Blackwell. Larry Wallace is the best WRESTLER in the AWA because that's what he should be. He's not the best at climbing a ladder otherwise he'd be painting houses for a living. He's a WRESTLER... and I guess that doesn't matter anymore.

[Graham shakes his head with disgust, storming out of view...]

...and as our camera follows him, we see him nearly bump into AWA Women's Champion Lauryn Rage who is slinking around a corner, gripping a wooden board in her hands.]

SLB: Lauryn Rage! What on Earth are you-

[Hill's eyes flash with concern as she spots Blackwell...]

...and then turns towards the closest door, giving a shout as she kicks it open, running through after it! We can hear loud voices from inside, muffled sounds of chaos.]

SLB: Larry Wallace, we've gotta-

[A loud "CRAAAAAAACK!" is heard from beyond the doorway, causing Blackwell to flinch. He gestures at the cameraman, waving him towards the door. The cameraman obliges, focusing on a sign that reads "WOMEN'S LOCKER ROOM" before he goes inside.]

GM: Wait a minute! He can't go in there - that's the Women's Locker Room!

BW: You gotta admire his investigative instincts though. Let's see what we find, Gordo.

[What we find is a smattering of female competitors - all thankfully fully clothed - shouting at Lauryn Rage as she stands over Ayako Fujiwara, choking her with what appears to be a broken half of a 2x4. The other half of the board lies a few feet away with splintered wreckage on the floor between them.]

GM: The champion has attacked Ayako Fujiwara inside the locker room area! She's choking her with that board!

[The Women's World Champion looks to be on the warpath as she uses the splintered board to steal the air from Fujiwara as Kayla Cristol and Victoria June are seen trying to get her off of the Japanese superstar.]

GM: The other competitors in there are trying to help Fujiwara but I'm not sure if-

[With a loud "CRASH!", the door to the locker room swings open again...

...and with a loud bellow, we see Melissa Cannon sprinting into view, diving into a tackle that knocks Rage off of Fujiwara!]

GM: OHH!

[Cannon manages to slip in a few quick punches to the head of the champion before she manages to wriggle free, climbing to her feet and shoving Kayla Cristol back into a locker as she rushes out of the room and out of view. A grimacing Melissa Cannon gets up next, shouting "RAAAAAGE!" as she pursues out the door and out of sight.]

GM: Cannon's going after Rage! The fight continues!

[A few more moments pass before a coughing and gasping Ayako Fujiwara climbs to her feet. Victoria June steps to her side, looking to help her by the former Olympic gold medalist angrily flings her aside, shouting in Japanese as she kicks the door open, storming out after them.]

GM: And there goes Ayako as well!

[Cristol and June stand in the locker room, shaking their head as we cut back out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit and if "Cannonball" Lee Connors is victorious, he will be added to the STEAL THE SPOTLIGHT LADDER MATCH!

[Big cheer!]

RO: Introducing first...

[Cut the lights.



A heartbeat echoes out throughout the arena. It beats faster as a line appears on the big screen, pulsing with the beat. It beats faster and stronger until it suddenly flatlines, a shrill tone filling the air...

...and a giant heart icon fills the screen with "PRODIGY" written across it in swirly text. It "bursts" into pieces as a "BOOM!" accompanying some minor pyro goes off. "Playboy" Ronnie D clad in red leather pants and a sparkling silver shirt runs into view with a loud "YEAAAAAAH, BAYBAAAAAY!" He slides to a stop, throwing his arms up as the sounds of "Immortal" by Eve To Adam starts up.]

#I am immortal... I'll never fade away  
I'm a legacy that lives beyond... far the grave.  
I am immortal. I'll never rest in peace.

And you're never gonna be... never gonna be... never be meeeeeeee!#

[Another "BOOM!" goes up as "The Prodigy" Jayden Jericho walks through the curtain, obviously a bit embarrassed by all the pomp and circumstance for his arrival. He looks out at the crowd, a grin crossing his face as the crowd responds with jeers.]

RO: First, from Toronto, Canada... weighing in at 215 pounds... he is accompanied to the ring by his manager and father, "Playboy" Ronnie D...

[D pops to his feet with a "YEAAAAAAH, THAT'S RIGHT!"]

RO: ...he is the Prodigy... JAAAAAAAYYYYDENNNNN JERRRRRRICHOOOOO!

[Jericho raises his arms over his head, getting more jeers. He looks a little disheartened, pumping his arms with a "COME ON!" but his father is right by his side, waving an arm dismissively at the crowd. Clad in silver full-length tights with red hearts littering them and a crimson red shimmering vest over his oiled-up bare torso, Jericho starts walking down the aisle towards the ring, his father "YEAH, BAYBAYing" him all the way down to the ring, D climbing the steps and ducking through the ropes, going into a spin and leaving his son on the apron. Jericho grabs the top rope, slingshotting into the ring. D slides out to the middle of the ring, dropping to a knee and striking a double bicep pose as his son slides behind him, standing with his arms crossed.]

GM: And once again, if you didn't know better, I'd say "Playboy" Ronnie D is the one competing in this match!

BW: Hah! We should be so lucky.

GM: Had lunch with him too, huh?

BW: Well, he offered.

[Jericho settles back in his corner, D jabbering away at him as Jericho nods his head.]

RO: Annnnnd his opponent...

[The sounds of "You're The Best" by Joe "Bean" Esposito springs to life over the PA system to cheers from the Mississippi crowd.]

RO: From Winnipeg, Canada... weighing in at 177 pounds...

"CANNONBALL" LEEEEEEEEEEEE CONNNNNNNNORRRRRRRS!

[Connors comes running out through the curtain, jumping up and down a few times in his bleached white karate gi. He throws his arms up in the air shouting, "COME ON! LET'S DO THIS!"]

GM: A huge opportunity here tonight for 22 year old Lee Connors as he looks to cash in and be added to the Steal The Spotlight Ladder Match going down just twelve days from now.

BW: He'd be better off grabbing that Golden Ticket, Gordo, because he's got no chance against the Prodigy.

GM: We'll see about that.

[Connors walks alongside the barricade, slapping the offered hands, a big grin on his face.]

GM: Connors has had quite the rookie year here in the AWA and what a way to cap it off by winning a spot in Steal The Spotlight... but to do that, he's gotta beat Jayden Jericho. Of course, Connors and Jericho had a little physical run-in two weeks ago which set up this encounter.

BW: Gordo, I think it's important to point out that Jericho's spot in STS is NOT on the line in this one. If Connors wins, he gets added but Jericho's in no matter what.

GM: Absolutely.

[The young man climbs up the ringsteps, ducking through the ropes where he quickly sheds his gi to reveal long black full-length tights with red "slash" marks on the legs. He throws a few shadow punches, wrapping it up with a big roundhouse kick to the air as he awaits the bell.]

GM: Two of the most athletic superstars on the roster - two of the youngest as well. We mentioned Lee Connors at 22 but Jayden Jericho is only 18 years old, Bucky.

BW: He may be a youngster in the ring but he wrestles like he's been doing this for years.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The bell has sounded and here we go in Jackson, Mississippi!

[At the sound of the bell, the two men step from their respective corners...

...and then freeze in their tracks at the sound of the jazz organ of "Whispering Streets" by Barry Adamson playing throughout the arena. The fans are already beginning to react to the opening chords.]

GM: Now, what is this about?!

[When the song intro ends and the melody kicks in, a light shines through the entrance-way, illuminating the stage fog. A lone figure in a long coat stands in silhouette, holding nunchucks overhead.]

BW: THE SEVEN STAR ATHLETE HIMSELF!

GM: Right. But why is he out here?!

[The spotlight falls on him, and Hunter wheels around, whirling the nunchucks theatrically. His eyes are partially obscured by small circular-framed sunglasses,

and his unruly dirty blonde and royal blue curly hair. He sweeps his pleather duster behind him and strolls his way down the aisle, a haughty and deranged grin on his face. Jericho and Connors are both looking down the aisle as Hunter makes his way towards the ring, "tipping his cap" at them as he settles into an empty seat alongside Gordon and Bucky.]

RH: Gentlemen! A good evening to you both!

GM: Riley Hunter, what in the world brings you out here?

RH: Aha, but I would think that would be simple to determine for a great mind such as yourself, Mister Gordon Myers. I am here to prevent a robbery.

GM: A robbery?! What are you talking about?!

RH: I've been told that these two gentlemen are hoping to go to Louisiana... and steal... MY... spotlight.

GM: I see.

RH: So, I've decided to plant myself right here with your fine folks so that on Thanksgiving Night, I dump these two faster than a lime Jell-O mold.

BW: Aw yeah! Now that's a treat, Gordo!

GM: I suppose.

[Hunter pulls a small styrofoam clamshell container out of his pocket.]

RH: Speaking of which, my cousin said you forgot this, Bucky.

[Connors shouts a warning at Hunter as the referee waves for the match to begin.]

RH: Keep your eyes on the prize, karate kid.

GM: Now, Riley Hunter, we've been seeing a series of Steal the Spotlight qualifiers in recent weeks, but you're obviously already declared for the match.

RH: That's the benefit of having good connected representation, Gordo. I know a guy who knows a guy.

[The two competitors circle for a moment before coming together in a collar and elbow at full force. The struggle takes both men down to a knee for a moment, still tied together as the fans cheer them on. Jericho comes back up, using his size advantage to push Connors back against the ropes.]

GM: Back into the ropes... let's see if we get a clean break here...

[The referee calls for a break as Jericho pushes off, leaning back with his arm cocked...

...and fakes a big overhead chop to the chest, smirking as he lightly pats Connors on the chest.]

GM: What do you know? A clean break it is.

BW: Much to the proud papa's dismay.

[Ronnie D can be heard shouting at his son, ordering him to "take advantage!" as Jericho shrugs.]

RH: To quote the great Shao Kahn, "is that your best," Jericho?

[Jericho turns back towards Connors as he approaches, burying a kick into the martial artist's midsection, pulling him into a side headlock.]

GM: Jericho grabs the headlock... Connors to the ropes, shoots him off...

[The Prodigy comes back strong, knocking Connors down to the mat with a shoulder tackle...]

...but Connors immediately kips back up to his feet, causing the crowd to "ooooh" as Jericho looks surprised.]

GM: Nice show of athleticism out of Lee Connors... and he immediately goes downstairs with a kick to the hamstring!

[Jericho grimaces before straightening up and throwing a leg kick of his own.]

RH: Oho! The kid's got kicks but I wouldn't endeavor to trade them with Connors!

[Connors snaps off another kick to the leg before Jericho throws another of his own but ends up with Connors holding his foot.]

GM: Connors catches the foot...

[Connors has a few words for Jericho before he releases the foot, ducking under a wild right hand by Jericho. Connors leaps up, throwing a spinning roundhouse that Jericho ducks immediately followed by a second kick that Jericho ducks as well.]

GM: Pair of kicks whiffs... legsweep by Jericho... no!

[Connors cartwheels away from the legsweep attempt, ending up with both men on their feet staring one another down.]

GM: We called them two of the most athletic men on the roster and they're proving it in the opening moments of this one!

RH: "Two of," Mr. Myers. The athletic A-number-one is sitting right here beside you.

[The two stand apart for a few more moments, staring each other down as Ronnie D shouts "go low!" at his son. Jericho obliges, lunging into a single leg, yanking Connors down to the mat. He pops back up, rushing to the ropes as Connors flips over, causing Jericho to hurdle over him.]

GM: Connors to his feet... leapfrog up and over!

[As Jericho rebounds, he leaps up, snatching a rana attempt...

...that Connors cartwheels out of, ending up on his feet as the crowd cheers. Connors dashes to the ropes as Jericho gets up.]

GM: Connors leaps... headscissors!

[But Connors' attempt at a rana ends with Jericho cartwheeling out of it, landing on his feet as well to cheers from the crowd.]

GM: Wow!

[Jericho's cartwheels ends with him near the corner where he slingshots over the top rope, landing on the apron. Connors rushes him, throwing a big forearm that gets cut off by Jericho leaping up, holding the ropes as he swings his leg up into the face, knocking Connors down to the mat!]

GM: Jericho with the timely counter, putting Connors on his back...

[Jericho grabs the top rope, slingshotting over the ropes to land on Connors with a slingshot senton!]

GM: Jericho flips over, covers!

[But Connors kicks out at one, barely giving Jericho a chance to settle into his pin. Jericho gets up, dragging Connors up by the hair. He pastes him with a pair of forearms, knocking Connors back down to a knee.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[A hard kick across the back puts Connors down on all fours where Jericho launches into a series of vicious stomps to the lower back, flattening Connors on his stomach.]

GM: And Riley Hunter, there's some of that killer instinct you were looking for.

RH: Some. But is it enough to win Steal The Spotlight? Jericho is fast, but I've shared the ring with that Cannonball and at times he can be faster than anything you can imagine.

[Jericho stands over Connors, slapping him on the back of the head a couple of times.]

GM: Jayden Jericho is a bit of an enigma, fans. At times, he seems like a genuinely nice guy and at times-

RH: His pops comes out from his subconsciousness?

GM: Well, yes.

RH: I know what that's like. I think I'm behind the wheel in that ring and then something takes me over and my cousin's voice turns on in my head and says, "nah, Riley, don't just win the match; you've gotta make it so that this guy questions whether he ever wants to lace up the boots again."

[Jericho gets caught with a forearm to the midsection as Connors gets to a knee. A second one follows, causing Jericho to stumble backwards and Connors to get to his feet...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Whoooooa my! What a chop out of Connors!

RH: Yes, but is he skilled in the art of the nunchukau?!

GM: The... what?

[A red welt starts to form on Jericho's chest as he grabs it. Connors squares up, balling up his fists as he snaps off a roundhouse to the sternum!]

GM: Ohhh!

[A second one lands as well, buckling Jericho's knees as he stumbles backwards, falling to a knee. Connors strikes a martial arts pose before bellowing loudly...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and uncorks a third roundhouse to the chest, putting Jericho down on his back clutching his chest.]

GM: Good grief! The martial arts skills of Lee Connors are on full display here tonight in Jackson, Mississippi!

[Connors stomps around the ring, looking out at the cheering crowd as Jericho pulls himself to his feet, stumbling back into the corner. Connors approaches the opposite corner, giving a war whoop before storming across the ring, stepping up on the middle rope and swinging his other leg into a hard kick to the chest!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[Connors hops down, running across the ring to the far corner again where he spins around, charging back in...

...and Jericho front rolls out of the corner, causing Connors to whiff on his leaping kick, slamming his shin into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Ohh! Connors missed that one... sitting up on the buckles now...

[Jericho charges back in towards Connors who leaps into the air, jumping over the incoming Jericho, landing on the mat and front rolling across the ring back to his feet. Jericho wheels around as Connors runs at him...

...but he leans back, bringing his feet up and catching Connors on the chin, sending him stumbling backwards!]

GM: Jericho catches him on the charge... sunset flip!

[Jericho leaps high in the air, looking to take down Connors with a sunset flip but "Cannonball" blocks it, holding his ground...

...and then slaps down on Jericho's hands with his own hands, causing Jericho to let go as Connors leaps into the air, tucking his legs as he backflips, and lands RIGHT on Jericho's torso with a moonsault double kneedrop to the chest!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Connors grabs Jericho by the wrists, shoving them down into a makeshift pin attempt. A two count follows before Jericho kicks out, breaking up the pin attempt.]

GM: What a move out of Connors!

RH: I knew he would kick out! I absolutely knew it!

GM: Really?

RH: Lee Connors is totally arrogant! I knew he would go for a lackadaisical cover. I know everything about everyone who is attempting to qualify for Steal the Spotlight, gentlemen!

BW: Even...?

RH: Yes! Even him!

BW: Wowwww.

[With Jericho down on the mat, Connors brings him back up to his feet, using a snapmare to flip him over into a seated position, snapping off a kick to the back... then one to the chest... then another to the back...]

GM: The educated feet of Lee Connors being put to hard work here tonight...

[Connors steps back, striking a martial arts pose...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and DRILLS Jericho in the back of the head with a kick!]

GM: Another devastating kick... and another cover gets one! Gets two! Gets- no! Jericho out at two!

[Connors grimaces as Jericho rolls away, looking up at the official who holds up two fingers.]

GM: Two count only there off the head kick... and Lee Connors gets back, stalking across the ring towards Jericho...

[With his father shouting advice, Jericho slowly gets up off the canvas...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

GM: Knife edge chop by Connors! You could hear that one all the way down at the Superdome where we'll be twelve days from now!

[Jericho recoils from the chop, stumbling backwards as Connors advances on him...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

GM: Another hard chop by Connors! Grabs the arm, Irish whip...

[Jericho rebounds, ducking under another knife edge chop attempt. He throws himself forward in a handspring, his legs bouncing off the ropes and propelling him back the other way where he leaps up into the air, twisting around to drive a kick into Connors' head, knocking him flat!]

GM: GOODNESS! What a move out of Jericho! Riley Hunter, you've gotta be impressed by what you're seeing here tonight out of these two men!

RH: I don't impress easy, Gordon Myers, but they do seem like they may be legitimate threats in Steal The Spotlight... well, Jericho at least. Connors has not earned his spot.

GM: Not yet at least... but that may be about to change. Remember, fans, if Connors can win this match tonight, he'll earn himself a spot in Steal The Spotlight.

BW: Right now though, both men are down.

RH: And what, dear Buckthorn, would happen if I went in there and kept it that way?

BW: I suppose Jericho's in and Connors is out.

RH: Yes, I suppose so.

GM: You're not thinking of getting involved in this match, I hope.

RH: ... Nooo.

[Both men struggle to get off the canvas, rising in unison at the referee's count of six. Connors attempts to strike first, rearing back for another chop but Jericho swings his leg up, kicking the wrist and blocking the blow. A short forearm follows... as does a quick, jabbing superkick up under the chin that sends Connors falling backwards to the corner.]

GM: Not a lot on that superkick... more of a jab than a knockout blow...

[With Connors in the corner, Jericho dashes across the ring at full speed...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: PALM STRIKE!

[The running palm strike snaps Connors' head back, causing him to slump down to land on his rear end in the corner. Jericho leans over the ropes, an almost embarrassed look on his face as his father rushes over to exaggeratedly blow on his hand.]

GM: Oh, give me a break.

[Jericho pulls away from his father, charging across the ring again. He leans back against the buckles for a moment before sprinting across the ring, leaping high into the air...]

GM: LOOK AT THE HANGTIME!

RH: FINISH HIM.

[...and DRIVES both feet into the face of the seated Connors with a dropkick!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Grabbing Connors by the ankle, Jericho drags him from the corner as his father shouts "COVER! COVER!"]

GM: ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! TH-

[The crowd roars as Connors' shoulder pops up off the mat. Ronnie D slaps the mat in frustration, shouting at the official to count faster.]

GM: Jayden Jericho looking at the official - I think he believed that would be enough for the three count but he was mistaken.

[Jericho stomps towards Connors who is attempting to roll from the ring. The Prodigy shakes his head as he leans down, dragging Connors up by the messy mop of hair...]

GM: Boot to the midsection... turns him around...



[Jericho yanks Connors into a standing headscissors, throwing his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture as he lifts him into the air standing near the corner...]

GM: Jericho's got the smaller man up for a powerbomb!

BW: Not just any powerbomb, daddy!

[Jericho comes charging out of the corner, looking to drive Connors down into the canvas with a running powerbomb...]

...but Connors manages to push off, slipping over Jericho's head to land on his feet on the canvas.]

GM: Connors slips out!

[Jericho spins around, coming back at Connors who leaps into the air, twisting his body around in a flying spinning roundhouse aimed at Jericho's head...]

GM: Jericho ducks the kick!

[Connors immediately lifts off again, swinging all the way around a second time...]

GM: He ducks again!

[...but he gets caught with the third one, almost an enzuigiri type blow to the back of the head!]

GM: OHHH! Incredible athleticism on the part of "Cannonball" Lee Connors!

[Connors gets right back to his feet, grabbing the stunned Jericho. He launches into another barrage of kicks - right kick to the ribs, spinning back kick to the midsection, right front kick to the chin to snap Jericho's head back up.]

GM: He's lighting up Jayden Jericho!

[Connors gives a shout, leaning down to slap the canvas with both hands before straightening up, going into a backspin...]

GM: SPINNING BACKFIST!

[...but Jericho ducks underneath it, causing Connors to whiff badly, sailing right past from his own momentum. Jericho catches him with a boot to the gut, twisting around, leaping into the air as he hooks Connors' chin against his shoulder!]

GM: HEARTBROKEN!

RH: No mercy! He's got him!

[Connors goes flying backwards, sprawling out on the canvas as Jericho grabs the legs, flipping into a double leg cradle!]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KICKOUT! CONNORS KICKS OUT!

[Jericho angrily slaps the mat as his father shouts "NO! NO! STAY FOCUSED!" The young Canadian gives a nod as he slowly gets off the mat. He leans down,

dragging Connors off the mat. Steadying him, Jericho races to the ropes, leaping up to the second as he springs back...]

GM: CROSSBODY!

[But Connors lashes out, goes into a spin and burying his heel into the sternum of the flying Jericho!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Jericho drops to the mat, his legs flailing as Connors strikes a pose over him, snapping off a standing Shooting Star Press as the crowd roars!]

GM: SHOOTING STAR!! ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THR-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

“TEN MINUTES GONE BY! TEN MINUTES REMAIN!”

[With the time limit call in the air, Connors gets back to his feet, holding onto his ribs as he strikes another martial arts pose, standing over Jericho as he rolls to all fours...

...and then swings his leg up, almost vertical before swinging it down heelfirst between the shoulderblades!]

GM: AXE KICK!

[Jericho flops over onto his back as Connors stands over him, bringing his hands together as if in prayer...

...and leaps high into the air, driving his feet down in a double stomp!]

GM: DOUBLE STOMP!! COVER!!

[The referee dives to the mat, slapping the canvas once... twice... ]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: JERICO'S OUT AT TWO! OH MY!

[This time, it's Connors' turn to slam his fist down into the mat a few times. He climbs to his feet, bringing Jericho up with him.]

GM: Irish whip across...

[Connors sets his feet, ready for a backdrop as Jericho approaches...]

GM: WHOA!

[...and front flips over Connors, landing on his feet behind him. He spins around, grabbing Connors by the hair, yanking him into an inverted facelock, and dropping down to drive the knee up between the shoulderblades!]

GM: OHH!

[Jericho brings Connors back up to his feet, reaching around the waist...]

GM: What's he...?

[A back suplex lifts Connors into the air but Connors backflips out of it, landing on his feet behind him. Connors returns the favor, wrapping his arms around Jericho's torso...]

GM: Connors reverses and-

[Jericho flips out as well, landing on his feet near the ropes. He reaches out, grabbing Connors around the waist again...]

GM: Wait! Too close!

[The Prodigy lifts Connors into the air, dropping back...

...and both competitors go tumbling over the top rope, crashing down on the barely padded floor below!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: A HARD FALL TO THE FLOOR FOR BOTH MEN!

[The referee grabs at his own head at the impact of the fall to the floor. He promptly slides out to the floor, checking on both downed competitors.]

GM: Both men are down... and the referee is right there immediately to check on both competitors. What a battle we're witnessing between these two young lions, Mr. Hunter.

RH: Hmm. Ever seen a lion after a hunting safari, Mr. Gordon Myers?

GM: Good grief.

[The fans - already on their feet after the big fall - suddenly turn their attention towards the top of the aisle and begin buzzing...]

GM: Are you kidding me?!

[We cut to the top of the aisle where Lord William Wesley Windsor is trotting down the aisle towards the ring again, looking back and forth for potential obstacles.]

GM: Lord William is heading for the ring again! He's going to make another grab at the Golden Ticket!

BW: DURING the match?! Can he even do that?!

GM: I don't... well, he's doing it, isn't he?!

RH: He is a Lord, and as part of his peerage he knows the boundaries that he is and is not subject to. I'm sure he knows what he's doing.

[The crowd buzz grows as Windsor reaches ringside, snatching up the ring apron to grab a ladder out from under the ring. The Brit lifts the ladder off the ground, setting it on the ring apron and giving it a shove.]

GM: Windsor puts the ladder in... and he's going in after it!

[Windsor looks around the ring again, making sure the coast is clear as he unfolds the ladder, setting it up under the Golden Ticket. He puts a hand on a rung, giving a nod as he steps on the bottom rung.]

GM: He's got a clear shot at it!

RH: An interesting conundrum. Tell me, Buckthorn... should I stay or should I go?

[Windsor steps up onto a second rung...

...and the crowd reacts again!]

GM: Who is that?!

[The camera cuts to the top of the aisle to reveal another competitor headed towards the ring.]

RH: Oho! Intriguing. Gabriel Cordova, the so-called best wrestler you've never heard of.

GM: Cordova was another participant in CCW's Brass Ring Tournament but was eliminated from it! It appears as though he's decided to take another shot at getting into Steal The Spotlight!

[Cordova sprints down the aisle, making it to the ring in quick fashion as he dives under the bottom rope. Lord William hops off the ladder, greeting Cordova with a pair of European uppercuts as he gets to his feet.]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands for that Golden Ticket again!

[Windsor pushes Cordova back against the ropes, laying in heavy forearms to the side of the head...

...and the crowd roars again, this time at the sight of "Golden" Grant Carter trotting down the aisle.]

BW: And if this guy gets his hands on the Ticket, it really will be GOLDEN!

RH: He is certainly old enough to have seen the original "Charlie and the Chocolate Factory" in the theatre.

[Carter dives under the bottom rope, making a beeline for the ladder. He is quickly two steps up, using his height to his advantage as he stretches an arm up towards the ceiling where the Golden Ticket dangles.]

GM: Carter's got a clear shot... no!

[Peeling away from Cordova, Lord William rushes the ladder, reaching up to grab Carter by the back of the tights, yanking him off the steps and straight down into a European uppercut!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And with Carter disposed of, Windsor grabs the ladder and steps up onto it once again.]

GM: Lord William taking another shot here...

[But as he does, Gabriel Cordova runs around to the other side and starts climbing. The more athletic Cordova easily outpaces Windsor, clearing the first few rungs in an instant.]

GM: And now it's Cordova taking a chance, climbing the ladder!

[Windsor desperately takes a swing around the ladder, trying to slow Cordova's climb. He takes a quick two step of his own, getting close enough that he can reach around and grab Cordova by the hair...

...and YANKS his face into the steel ladder!]

GM: Ohh! Windsor's trying to stop Cordova in his tracks!

[Windsor yanks the youngster by the hair a second time, smashing his face into the steel.]

GM: Cordova's dazed... and Windsor's climbing! Lord William is suddenly on the verge of grabbing that Golden Ticket! He's on the verge of-

BW: GORDO! LOOK!

RH: NO! NOT HIM! I DIDN'T PLAN FOR HIM!

[The crowd ROARS at the sight of Skywalker Jones sprinting the length of the aisle, diving under the bottom rope...

...and promptly runs at the ladder, leaping up to smash his shoulder into it, causing the entire thing to shake!]

GM: JONES! SKYWALKER JONES IS TRYING TO TOPPLE THE LADDER!

[Jones scrambles up, racing to the ropes, rebounding back with another flying tackle to the side of the ladder that wobbles it. Windsor grabs the ladder with both hands, screaming at Jones to stop...

...and suddenly, "Golden" Grant Carter is on his feet, moving to Jones' side as they both try to push the ladder over. Gabriel Cordova makes a last second lunge, climbing up two more steps, stretching high...]

GM: CORDOVA! CORDOVA'S CLOSE! HE MIGHT-

[...but Carter and Jones are able to get enough weight behind them, shoving the ladder over. Windsor goes crashing to the mat where he promptly rolls out to the floor. Cordova slams gutfirst down on the top rope, flipping over them to the floor as well!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CORDOVA WIPES OUT! JONES AND CARTER TAKE THEM-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SUPERKICK ON CARTER!

[Jones trashtalks the downed Carter before he pulls him off the mat...

...and HURLS him over the ropes, throwing him down to the floor alongside Cordova and Windsor!]

GM: Skywalker Jones got the aid of Grant Carter... and then immediately turned on him!

BW: Turned on him?! They're not friends, Gordo! They're not partners! This is business and business says only one guy is gonna grab that Golden Ticket and go on to compete in Steal The Spotlight at SuperClash!

[Jones turns back to the ladder, tilting it back up and steadying it. He looks out at the crowd, nodding his head...]

RH: No! This is a No Contest! This should not be happening!

GM: And Jones is going for it! Skywalker Jones is looking to cash that Golden Ticket in and earn what has almost become an annual trip to Steal The Spotlight for him!

[Jones steps up a couple of rungs quickly, pausing to look up at the Golden Ticket.]

GM: Jones is climbing! He's going for it and he's got no one to stop him! He's got no one to-

[With Jones scaling the ladder and nearing the top, "Playboy" Ronnie D slides into the ring!]

GM: What in the...?!

BW: Ronnie D is in! Ronnie D is in the ring... and he's climbing the ladder!

GM: Is HE trying to get the Golden Ticket?!

RH: Yes! Yes! You're an egotistical narcissist, Playboy! But you're an egotistical narcissist that'll keep Skywalker Jones out of MY Spotlight!

[Ronnie D climbs quickly, getting on an even level with Skywalker Jones who looks stunned...]

...until he gets popped with a right hand on the jaw!]

GM: Big right hand by Ronnie D! And I can't believe I just said that!

[A stunned Jones clings to the ladder with one hand, pulling himself into a lunging right hand to Ronnie D!]

GM: Jones and the Playboy are trading right hands on top of that ladder! "Playboy" Ronnie D thinks it's 1998 all over again!

[D tries to take a step up but Jones drills him on the chin, blocking his climb...]

GM: Jones caught him good! And he's getting closer!

[The crowd is buzzing as Jones is now about six inches away from grabbing the Golden Ticket. Ronnie D takes another step up, burying a right hand in Jones' midsection before grabbing two hands full of hair...]

...and SMASHES Jones' face into the top of the ladder!]

GM: OHH! That might do it! That might be enough!

RH: Again! Again! Harder!

[Jones falls back, just barely keeping his balance on top of the ladder...]

...and leaps up and forward, snatching Ronnie D in a headscissors...]

GM: OH MY STARS!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HEADSCISSORS OFF THE LADDER! OH MY!

[The rana off the top of the ladder HURLS Ronnie D down to the mat where he rolls right out of the ring. Skywalker Jones is a little slow to rise, grabbing at his chest as he gets to his feet...]

GM: Jones is up and-

[From the blind side, Jayden Jericho slides back in, rushing at Jones from behind, leaping into the air...

...and slipping his leg across the back of Jones' head, DRIVING him facefirst into the mat with great impact!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: JERICO TAKES OUT SKYWALKER JONES!

BW: I almost forgot we still had a match going on!

GM: So did I...

RH: Yes! Outta here, Jones! You're five stars, I'm SEVEN stars! No one tries to top me!

[As Jericho pulls Jones up, angrily tossing him from the ring...

..."Cannonball" Lee Connors slides back into the ring as well. Jericho turns around as Connors runs past him, leaping up to the middle rope, springing back...]

GM: Jericho off balance, turning around...

[...and takes him down with a Meteora, reaching back to tightly cradle both legs as the referee slides back in as well!]

GM: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: CONNORS WINS! CONNORS WINS!

["Cannonball" promptly bails from the ring, rolling to the floor as the crowd ROARS in response!]

GM: "Cannonball" Lee Connors is heading to New Orleans! He's heading to SuperClash! He's heading to Steal The Spotlight!

[A grinning Connors stands out on the floor, the fans leaning over the railing to slap him on the back and shoulders.]

GM: A big win for the young Canadian who just cashed his ticket to the biggest match of his life, fans...

[Connors turns around, slapping a few hands as we fade to backstage where we find the AWA's Director of Operations, Jon Stegglet, who is speaking with Tommy Fierro, and a small gathering of other backstage personnel. The voice of James Lynch.]

JL: Mr. Stegglet? A quick...

[James Lynch's voice trails off as Stegglet's attention is caught by a voice from off camera.]

"Hey, Bossman."

[Stegglet swings around and the camera does along with him, revealing the seven foot hall of famer, Alex Martinez. The Hall of Famer looks hot, the expression on his face angry and intense.]

JS: Alex, whatever you have to say, I'll get to it when I have a moment.

[Martinez shakes his head.]

AM: Look Steggy...

[A pause.]

AM: Nah, don't bother sayin' it, I already know...

But look, what I got say is real simple. The match tonight? You got me, Ryan, Jordan and Torin against Vasquez, Williams, Hunter and MAWAGA?

[Stegglet nods.]

AM: That don't work for me.

[Stegglet's jaw drops.]

JS: Wait, what?! You want out?

[Martinez exhales and shakes his head.]

AM: You really askin' me if I'm turnin' down a fight? Nah, what I'm sayin' is this. The four guys you put against us? That ain't enough.

I'm gonna need you to put Zharkov in that match.

[Stegglet scratches his chin thoughtfully.]

JS: If you want Maxim Zharkov in that match, I'll give him to you. But, only on one condition. You must add someone to your team.

[Martinez nods, and offers a dark chuckle.]

AM: Oh, I got someone already.

[Stegglet nods.]

JS: If you do have another partner, then you've got Zharkov.

[Another nod from the Last American Badass.]

AM: Pleasure doin' business with ya.



[The seven foot Hall of Famer strides out of view 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 "WOODSHED" comes up in solid white bold font, a loud clang of metal ringing out as it does. We fade up to a talking head shot of Brian Lau.]

"The third time they put someone through the career woodchipper they called the Woodshed - I was sitting at ringside. I was at the announce desk when that sadistic son of a bitch Blue decided to stick Langseth and Jake Shaw in there."

[We fade to footage from the EMWC event known as Blood, Sweat, and Tears 2002 where the aforementioned Shaw and Langseth are across the ring from one another, secured together by a leather strap.]

"They were tag team partners, you know? At the time anyways. And that made everyone think that maybe... just maybe... it wouldn't be so dangerous."

[Lau's voice is replaced by that of the play-by-play man that night - Jon Keeton - as hear his commentary.]

"Words cannot describe this match, folks. It's simply the 'Shed, the most dangerous match, not named the Killing Box, in the history of this business. It's the proving ground of all proving grounds. It's what separates the average man... from the legend... from the icon... from history."

[We see Shaw looking to Irish whip Langseth across the ring but Langseth reverses, grabbing the leather strap and using it to pull Shaw into a short-arm clothesline, knocking his partner down to the canvas as Lau's present-day voice is heard again.]

"There's just so many elements about it that are dangerous. Yes, there's the cage. Yes, there's the ability to go to the floor and fight and all the danger out there. But then you add in that strap... or the chain... or the dog collar... or whatever they choose to use to hook them together."

[A quick series of shots shows Shaw wrapping the strap around the throat of a doubled-over Langseth, using a hard yank of it to slam him down to the canvas on the back of his head... Langseth wrapping the strap around his fist and leaping off the middle rope to drive his clenched fist down between the eyes... Langseth stretching out the leather strap between his hands and using it to "clothesline" Shaw off his feet.]

"You find someone who is clever enough... who is smart enough to know how to use a weapon like that, they can really do some damage with it."

[Proving Lau's point, we see a shot of Langseth yanking on the strap, pulling Shaw between the ropes and headfirst into the side of the Woodshed before he collapses to the concrete floor below.]

"I sat there that night and watched these two so-called friends just tear each apart... with the strap... with the cage... with whatever they could get their hands on..."

[A series of shots flash by - Langseth dropkicking the steel ring steps into Shaw's face... Langseth smashing Shaw's face repeatedly into the wall of the cage... and finally, Shaw using an overhead belly-to-belly suplex to fling Langseth into the cage...

...and through the cage door!]

"And then... then the damn cage broke... and suddenly they were outside and... well... if there's one moment from that match that has made every highlight reel for damn near twenty years now... what came next was it."

[With the crowd roaring, Mark Langseth climbs up the side of the demonic structure known as the Woodshed, the leather strap hooked to his wrist forcing Jake Shaw to do the same.]

"All the way up there... up on top of that thing..."

[We see Langseth and Shaw trading right hands on top of the structure, flashbulbs popping for their every move as they stand perilously close to the edge of the Woodshed...]

"I'm sitting down at ringside thinking I wouldn't even want to be up there... and these guys voluntarily went up there and are fighting on top of it!"

[Langseth uses a belly-to-belly suplex to drive Shaw down on top of the roof of the Woodshed, causing the mesh to slightly bend on impact as the crowd "oooooooohs."]

"You know, I was in the building when the damn Killing Box fell apart... and this time, I was sitting at ringside wondering if that whole damn Woodshed was going to come crashing down on my head."

[With the mesh badly bent - perhaps on the verge of breaking - Mark Langseth wraps his arms around Shaw's torso, looking for a German Suplex that could very likely snap the supports on the Woodshed ceiling, sending them both crashing down in a career-threatening fall into the ring...

...but Shaw throws an elbow as we cut back to audio from that night over a roaring crowd.]

JK: Shaw blocks...

[Langseth wobbles around from the impact of the elbows, wandering right back into the grip of Jake Shaw who sets up for his signature Exploder Suplex.]

JK: OH GOD!

BL: I'M GETTING THE HELL OUT OF HERE...

JK: I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU...

BL: SHAW'S GONNA DO IT! HE'S GONNA [BLEEPING] DO IT!

JK: NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

[And Shaw lifts his opponent - and tag team partner - into the air. Langseth flies first, his body catapulted off the cage... but this is also a strap match, where each man is tied to each other...so Shaw's not far behind as they hurl through the air..]

[illegible]

[We see the motionless bodies of Shaw and Langseth, laying where the announce table used to be. A swarm of EMWC officials come to the announce table, where they check on the bodies of the two men that just risked their lives for this business. Lau and Keeton are shown, headsets off, checking on the two men as well, each man checking on Shaw and Langseth, each man seemingly in disbelief of what occurred.]

We fade to the present day Lau, watching the scene unfold on a monitor. He wipes his brow, shaking his head.]

"I've been in this business a long time and I've seen a lot of crazy things, guys. But there's very few that hold a candle to what went down that night. Yeah, those

guys got up... yeah, they continued the match... and yeah, they even continued their careers. But I think that if you ask anyone... they'd tell you that the careers of both those men were changed forever that night. Neither of them were ever quite the same. Look at them now. They're both gone. Shaw was on top of that world that night and now? No one's seen him in years. And Langseth's neck after that? Well, it wasn't long until he was in another one of these... for what most people thought was going to be his last match ever."

[Lau pauses, stroking his chin.]

"Come SuperClash... there's going to be a winner... and there's going to be a loser... but I promise you that NEITHER of them will be the same afterwards. Guaranteed."

[Cut back to the shot of Shaw and Langseth laid out in the wreckage of the ringside table as we fade to a graphic that reads "THE WOODSHED. PART THREE. LATER TONIGHT."

Fade back to black...

...and then back up on the ring where two competitors are already standing.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit and is part of the AWA Women's Division!

[Cheers go up from the crowd!]

RO: Introducing first... in the corner to my left... from St. Petersburg, Russia by way of London, England... she checks in at 125 pounds...

XENIAAAAAA SONOOOOOOOVAAAAAA!

[Xenia Sonova steps from the corner dressed in a white tank top, a pair of black pants and black boots. She also has on a pair of MMA-style fingerless black gloves. Her jaw set, unsmiling, Sonova holds up her right fist, her arm perpendicular to the ground, the back of her hand to the crowd, then thumps her fist once against her chest, before settling back into the corner.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd her opponent... she hails from Fouke, Arkansas... weighing in at 138 pounds...

She is the Pistol... KAAAAAYLAAAA CRISTOOOOOOL!

[A bronze-skinned woman with unruly dark brown hair dressed in a pink studded crop top that cuts off at the base of her ribcage, a pair of crossed pistols silkscreened on the front and pink chaps steps out of her corner, pointing her index fingers sky high as she "fires" them in quick succession before miming holstering them in her rhinestone and sequin-covered gun belt.]

GM: Alright, fans... we're set for this Women's Division matchup between two competitors who - so far at least - are unannounced to compete for SuperClash... so for them, the road to SuperClash IX starts tonight, Bucky.

BW: That's right. Every year, there's a mad scramble to see who can make the lineup on the biggest night of the year... and every year, there are people who just don't make the cut. Ask that scumbag Travis Lynch! Hah!

GM: Very funny. So, for competitors like Cristol and Sonova, this is the first step on the road to either Atlanta or Toronto on Thanksgiving Night 2017.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And there's the bell for this one.

[The two competitors slide out of their respective corners, sidestepping and circling one another as they ease into the matchup before coming together in the middle in a collar and elbow tieup.]

GM: Lockup in the center... Cristol immediately into a side headlock... Kayla Cristol, of course, a former student of the Lynch family. A nine year veteran of the ring at the age of 25.

[From the headlock, Cristol smoothly transitions into a rear hammerlock before dropping down and tripping up Sonova with a drop toehold, sending the Russian facefirst to the canvas.]

GM: Nice sequence of grappling by Cristol, taking Sonova off her feet there.

[Quickly scrambling up, Cristol swats the rising Sonova on the rear with an open hand, chuckling as the fans laugh and she scampers away to the corner. Sonova is fuming as she rises off the canvas.]

GM: Kayla Cristol having a little fun in there at the expense of Xenia Sonova.

[Sonova comes in hot as she gets to her feet, charging at Cristol who leapfrog over the charging Sonova. She spins around, catching the incoming Sonova with an armdrag.]

GM: Armdrag takedown by Cristol!

[The fans cheer as Cristol does the same move again.]

GM: And she sends her back across with another armdrag!

[Cristol pops to her feet, "pistols" blazing towards the sky to another big cheer...

...and connects with a dropkick, sending Sonova through the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: Oho! And out to the floor goes Sonova off the dropkick!

[Cristol is immediately back to her feet, a big smile on her face as she circles the ring, pointing to the fans and getting them pumped up for more action. She throws a glance towards the rising Sonova before dashing to the ropes...]

GM: Look out here!

[Cristol's rebound takes her across the ring where she drops down into a baseball slide, catching Sonova under the chin with another dropkick that sends the Russian falling back into the barricade!]

GM: Kayla Cristol is on a roll in the early moments of this one, fans!

[The Arkansas native rolls to the floor, grabbing Sonova by the hair, dragging her towards the ring.]

GM: Cristol fires her back under the ropes... and she's staying right on her, rolling back inside the ring as well.

[Cristol advances on Sonova who is back up as well, begging off as she backpedals towards the corner...]

...and then lashes out with a leg kick to the side of the knee!]

GM: Oh! Sonova goes downstairs to the knee... and a second one!

[Cristol grimaces as she grabs at her knee, stepping backwards...]

...which is when Sonova rushes forward towards her, running right into Cristol's arms as she scoops her up, twirls around once, and slams her down to the canvas!]

GM: Scoop and a slam by The Pistol! And my oh my, is she looking good, Bucky!

BW: She is but I still expect Sonova to be the one with her hand raised by the end of this one.

[Cristol gives a whoop as she leaps into the air, dropping an elbow down across the chest before rolling into a lateral press.]

GM: Cristol with the cover gets one... she gets two... she gets- no! Sonova out at two!

[Cristol claps her hands together as she gets back to her feet, reaching down to bring Sonova up with her. She grabs an arm, whipping Sonova into the corner before following her in, jumping up to the middle rope...]

GM: Cristol corners Sonova... forearms from the second rope!

[She drops six big forearms in the corner to the skull of Sonova before hopping down and grabbing the arm again, whipping Sonova across into the buckles.]

GM: Sonova hits the corner hard, stumbling back out...

[Cristol ducks down, setting for a backdrop...]

...but telegraphs it a bit too early as Sonova lashes out with a kick to the mouth, snapping Cristol's head back up. Sonova steps forward, grabbing Cristol around the upper body as she uses her leg to aggressively sweep out Cristol's, shoving her down violently to the canvas!]

GM: OHHH! Leg trip takedown by Sonova and did you see the back of Kayla Cristol's head BOUNCE off the canvas?!

BW: I sure did, Gordo, and she may be out cold right there!

[Sonova swiftly shakes the cobwebs, lunging down to the mat where she takes the mount on Cristol.]

GM: Sonova busting out those martial arts skills, raining down blows on a helpless Cristol from the mount!

[Several blows land undefended as the referee leans in, checking to see if Cristol is able to continue...]

...but Sonova lets up, backing off before the referee could even think about stopping the match.]

GM: Sonova now, back on her feet and circling Cristol like a predator might circle its prey.

[Pulling the dazed Cristol off the canvas, Sonova snaps off a thrust kick to the midsection, doubling her up. She shoves Cristol back into the ropes, advancing on her.]

GM: And this is not where Cristol wants to be right now, fans.

[Grabbing the ropes, Sonova swings her right leg around into the midsection in a rounding kick to the body. The shin lands on the gut once... twice... three times before she grabs the hair and uses a well-placed kneestrike to send Cristol falling through the ropes to the floor.]

GM: Ohhh! What a shot with that knee! Right on target and right between the eyes!

[Sonova glares at the downed Cristol, "dusting off" her shoulders before gesturing for the official to count her out of the ring.]

GM: And it looks like Sonova wants the count.

BW: That's right, Gordo. This is a woman who wants the win however it may come. She's got no qualms with taking a countout victory unlike some people around this joint.

[Sonova walks around the ring, taunting the fans to jeers as the referee counts Cristol out on the floor.]

GM: That count is up to three already. Cristol not showing any signs of getting back to her feet... however, she is up on her knee.

[The fans are cheering loudly for Cristol, encouraging her onward as she crawls on all fours towards the squared circle where Sonova awaits.]

GM: Cristol's trying to get back to the ring! Trying to get back to her feet as the count reaches five!

[At the count of seven, Cristol manages to drag herself to her feet with the aid of the ring apron. Sonova grimaces as she approaches quickly, connecting with a running boot to the chest that knocks her back to the floor to jeers.]

GM: Ohhh! And Sonova sends Cristol right back down outside the ring!

BW: Smart strategy, Gordo. Stay on your opponent and don't let them recover.

[Sonova slips out on the apron, backing towards the ringpost as she watches Cristol try to regain her feet once more.]

GM: Cristol trying to get up once again but Sonova is lying in wait...

[As Cristol does get up, Sonova rushes her, charging down the apron...

...but as she attempts the running soccer kick, Cristol spins out of the way, sending Sonova hurtling past, stumbling off-balance. Cristol grabs her by the ankle, yanking hard, and sending Sonova facefirst down onto the apron to a big cheer!]

GM: Nice counter out of Kayla Cristol... shoving Sonova back inside now...

[But Cristol opts to get up on the apron instead, reaching over the top to pull Sonova up, walking her towards the corner...]

GM: Sonova inside the ring... Cristol on the outside... but she's pulling her over into the corner... what does she have in mind here, Bucky?

BW: I'm not sure but I think she's thinking about that Boggy Creek Buster, Gordo! She's looking to finish it!

[Hanging on to Sonova by the hair, Cristol steps up to the second rope outside the ring. The crowd is buzzing as she "fires" a pistol into the air...

...which is when Sonova slaps her hand away, breaking Cristol's grip, and twisting around to throw a roundhouse to the head!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OHH! SHE CAUGHT HER GOOD THERE!

[Cristol goes limp, slumping forward over the top rope where Sonova steps up to the middle rope, slinging Cristol's arm across her torso...

...and lifts up, twisting around, and DRIVES the limp Cristol into the canvas with a ring-shaking uranage slam!]

GM: OHHHHH! DA SVIDAYNA!

[Sonova crawls across the prone Cristol, not bothering to hook a leg as the referee delivers the three count.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Sonova climbs off the mat, throwing her arms up in the air as the crowd jeers and Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

GM: Xenia Sonova declares victory here tonight in Jackson, just 12 nights before SuperClash VIII... and although she won't be on the card, you've gotta believe she'll be watching with great interest the two Women's Division matches on the jam-packed lineup.

BW: And that Lynch lovin' goof Cristol - hopefully she's a sign of things to come for the entire Lynch family come SuperClash.

GM: Speaking of the Lynch clan, we've got James Lynch backstage standing by with yet another member of the AWA Women's Division... Skylar Swift! James?

[We cut to the backstage area where James Lynch is standing alongside Skylar Swift who is wearing a white tanktop with a red maple leaf made out of glitter. She is not her usual sparkling personality though as she looks down.]

JL: Thanks, Gordon. And yes, joining me right now is the AWA's Dream Girl, Skylar Swift. Skylar, I...

[James' words trail off as he looks at Swift who has yet to acknowledge him.]

JL: Skylar?

[Swift finally looks up, showing off some bloodshot eyes with dark circles under them.]

SS: Hmm?



JL: I was going to ask you if you heard what Charisma Knight had to say earlier tonight.

[Swift nods.]

SS: Oh, I heard her, James. I heard her loud and clear. Look, I'm not going to lie, James. When I stepped through the doors for my first AWA show, I had one immediate goal. I wanted to compete at SuperClash... and so I've worked ever since then towards that goal.

And who knows, James? Who knows what would've happened if it hadn't been for Charisma Knight coming into my life? Maybe it would be me fighting for the Women's World Title... maybe.

[Swift shakes her head solemnly.]

SS: But there's no "maybe" when it comes to what I'm going to do to Charisma Knight at SuperClash. I'm going to play your game, Charisma. I'm coming to New Orleans... I'm coming to call your name...

[Swift pauses, looking right into the camera.]

SS: And I'm coming to kick your...

[Skylar's voice trails off as something off-camera catches her eye. James Lynch's gaze follows as well, turning hard as he sees what she sees.]

JL: You.

[It's not a question. There's a snicker, then into the shot struts Casey "Blackheart" James, walking past Skylar Swift like she's not even there. With an irritated look, she looks like she's about to say something, but she's stopped by a hand on her shoulder. That hand's owner, Tiger Claw, shakes his head and gives her a look that seems to say, "Right now might not be the best time." Swift appears to interpret the look perfectly and backs down. With a motion of his head, Claw suggests Skylar leave the area. With a look on her face like a deer caught in headlights, she nods in agreement and steps out of the shot.]

Meanwhile, James Lynch continues to glare at Casey, who stands in front of him holding an excessively sized drink from the concession stand. He gestures at Lynch with the straw.]

CJ: Heh heh, lookit him, Claw... I do believe he intends to do me harm...

[Casey takes a long sip from his drink... He stares at Lynch for a second, as if trying to make a decision. Suddenly, he appears to come to a conclusion. With a bored look on his face, Casey waves James off dismissively.]

CJ: Go and fetch Stegglet, dummy... and make it snappy.

JL: W....Wh...!?

CJ: What's the matter? Didn't hear me? Go and fetch Stegglet, dummy!

JL: What in the... Who do...

CJ: What's the matter? No habla Espanol?

JL: You're... what!? You're speaking English!

CJ: We sure are! There we go! Now we're talking! Now listen real close...

[Casey tosses his drink aside and gets right up in Lynch's face]

JL: Go... Fetch... Stegglet... Dummy.

[Lynch appears to have had enough.]

JL: Back off, you sonova... I don't have to take this kind of crap from you!

[James leans back a bit with a look of surprise that may only be partially feigned.]

CJ: Oh ho ho! Easy there, hotshot! Not even on your best day against one of us. Dig? But hey, you got some stones on you, I gotta give you credit. Listen, we got some stuff we need to talk to Stegglet about with the MAIN EVENT of SuperClash coming up, so we need you to... oh my god, why am I even... C'MERE!

[James grabs a hold of Lynch by both arms and pulls him into a side headlock. Lynch struggles, but is no match for Casey's grip. Claw raises an eyebrow.]

TC: So... Plan B again?

CJ: PLAAAN B, BABY! LET'S DO THIS!

[Casey drags Lynch off camera, followed by Claw, the camera pans around and follows The Syndicate at a distance.]

GM: What are they doing!? There's no need for this! James Lynch is retired!

BW: He's in a bad spot in that hold. Casey's got control of his neck. He could wrench that stack of dimes right off and make change for a dollar, daddy!

[The cameras pursue as the Syndicate has made their way to the Chimpanzee Position, Claw moving out front to clear a path by pushing people out of the way. Casey follows closely behind, Lynch still in his vise like grip. Crew members shout in surprise.]

CJ: Take a seat [BLEEP]oles, we're doing a Syndicate segment now!

[The two Syndicate members shove their way through the curtain at the head of the aisle and continue toward ringside. The crowd boos loudly as they stride down the aisle, Lynch's arms and legs a blur as he frantically tries to keep up with Casey's pace. Claw slides into the ring, then Casey throws James Lynch in under the bottom rope. Claw swiftly grabs Lynch, brings him to his feet, then applies a cross face chickenwing.]

GM: This is absolutely unnecessary! What do these two pieces of garbage want!? They're attacking James Lynch in the middle of that ring!

BW: That hold isn't on very tight. Claw just doesn't want James going anywhere, which... With these guys that might be worse. What do you think they have in mind?

GM: I've given up trying to predict the actions of these two long ago, Bucky.

[Casey James has grabbed a microphone and has stepped into the ring... He leans on the ropes toward the hard camera...]

CJ: STEGGLET! GET YOUR ASS OUT HERE! We got something we need to discuss! You get out here right now, or I swear to god, we're going to take this kid and

make a tragic story out of him! You get out here, and talk to us face to face! You hear me? Huh!?

[Casey pauses for a moment, making an exaggerated show of waiting for a response...]

CJ: No? [Shrugs] Alright... [Turns to Claw] Start rippin'!

[Claw tightens the hold, causing Lynch to immediately cry out...]

JS: STOP! STOP! WOAHH!

[Stegglet barges out to the head of the aisle with a mic in his hand. He pleads with the Syndicate]

JS: Stop! Please. Stop. I'm here. I'm talking. I'm here. Just... please let him go. There's no need for this. Please, I'm here.

CJ: Hold up, Claw...

[Claw loosens the hold again, a faint look of disappointment on his face.]

CJ: Hey, Stegglet... So glad you could make it. Jeez, you know, you're not an easy man to get in touch with...

[Stegglet, obviously concerned for James Lynch's physical wellbeing, grimaces but holds up a hand in a pleading gesture.]

JS: I'm sorry, guys, I'm... busy. I'm sorry you couldn't find me. I'm here now, so just let James go, okay?

CJ: Easy, now, easy. All in good time. We have to make sure we've got your full attention.

JS: YES, you have my full attention. What is it? What is so important that you need to do this?

[James grins, obviously pleased with Stegglet's concern.]

CJ: Your MAIN EVENT, Stegglet! The baddest men to step in this ring in... well, what I guess is a handicap match against the Supreme Wright, the best wrestler on this damn planet. After what happened last time with Theresa getting hurt and the fight we had in the emergency room, we started thinking that a regular wrestling match wasn't going to cut it. We need something more.

[Stegglet seems ready to argue but holds up, nodding his head.]

JS: Let James go, and we can talk about-

[James loudly interrupts.]

CJ: WE'RE TALKING NOW! Just... LISTEN. After that fight in the waiting room, we realized we didn't want some ridiculous display of collars and elbows. We want something more \_real.\_ We want some straight up violence. We want something fitting for a guy that's looking for payback after we hurt his girl, Theresa.

[The Blackheart smirks as the crowd boos.]

CJ: We want a Syndicate Street Fight, Stegglet, and if we don't get it, we're going to take this sack of crap and put him in a goddamn hospital bed right next to his sister.

[The boos get even louder. Casey grins at the reaction. Stegglet obviously pauses at this, considering his options...

...but as James raises a hand towards Tiger Claw, looking to signal him, Stegglet quickly makes a decision.]

JS: Fine! Fine! A Syndicate Street Fight! The match is made! Now let James go! Let him go!

[James Lynch starts to struggle a bit in frustration, but he's quickly restrained by Claw.]

CJ: I told you we'd hurt him if you didn't give us our match, Stegglet...

...but I never said we wouldn't if you did.

JS: NO! NO!

[Claw releases his hold on James Lynch and shoves him toward Casey James. The impact of Casey catching him stuns Lynch. Casey screams into his face in a not-at-all-accurate southern accent]

CJ: Y'ALL ARE GUNNA SEE THERESA REAL SOON!

[Stegglet is walking quickly down the aisle now, almost running as he shouts into the mic.]

JS: NO! YOU SON OF A... STOP!

[Claw hops to the top rope, and James is clearly preparing to lift Lynch up into the air when the crowd begins to cheer loudly...]

GM: JACK LYNCH! IT'S JACK LYNCH AND HE'S GOT A BASEBALL BAT!

BW: And he is furious! The Syndicate doesn't worry about much, but they better be worried about an angry Jack Lynch with a baseball bat!

[The Iron Cowboy comes tearing down the aisle towards the ring, running right past Jon Stegglet, rage in his eyes as he slides under the bottom rope, Louisville Slugger in hand.]

GM: Jack Lynch sliding into the ring!

[Lynch gets to his feet, ready to fight but James and Claw see him coming. Lynch winds up with the bat but James drops to the mat, rolling out to the floor. The Iron Cowboy twists his body around, charging at Claw who hops off the top rope down to the floor as Lynch takes a wild swing, coming up empty.]

GM: The Syndicate are in retreat!

[Lynch tries swinging the bat from the ring down to the floor over the ropes, but the shots are so wild that Casey James has no problem dodging them. Claw and Casey regroup at the foot of the aisle and run up about half way. Lynch stands in the ring shouting things that are thankfully not picked up by the ringside mics. Claw and Casey pause for a moment to make sure they're not being followed...]

GM: Jack Lynch has come to the ring to protect James - to protect his brother - and the Syndicate are running off like the cowards they are! Ladies and gentlemen, we have to go to commercial! Get these jerks out of here!

BW: Here comes security!

[Again, 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 as we come back to the arena, Jack Lynch is in still in the ring, baseball bat in one hand, and a microphone in another. The Iron Cowboy's face is bright red, and he's bristling with anger.]

JL: Just so y'all know, this ain't story time. What I got to say won't take long at all. So first things first.

Supreme Wright, get your ass out here!

[The crowd roars with shock at Lynch's demand.]

GM: Supreme Wright??? Why would Jack Lynch be calling out Supreme Wright!?

BW: Isn't it obvious? Jack Stench has finally lost his last brain cell trying to put two thoughts together! He thinks we're back in 2015 and he wants vengeance against the man that tormented him all year long ...with a baseball bat!

GM: Oh will you be serious!

[There's a moment of tense anticipation, as Wright doesn't immediately show himself. But then, the opening to "Black Skinhead" hits and the crowd ROARS at the sight of Supreme Wright, emerging from the entrance...and he does not look happy.]

GM: Here he comes!

[As Wright enters the ring, his eyes never leave their focus on Lynch. He steps right up to Lynch, stopping about a foot short of his bitter rival. The two former World Champions stare intently at one another, neither budging, neither blinking.]

GM: Bucky, the last time these two men were this close to each other? It was at SuperClash last year. And what happened was one of the damndest fights I've ever seen! Bloody, intense and violent in a way that words could never do justice.

BW: And I hope they do it again! I hope Wright breaks his arms, his legs, his spine, his fingers, his toes... his eyeballs!

GM: Are you kidding me right now?

[Finally, Lynch speaks.]

JL: Let's get a couple of things clear.

First, what I gotta say, I ain't askin'. I'm tellin' ya. Ya got me?

Second, I don't like you, and I know ya don't like me. And I wouldn't be out here, standin' this close to you unless I had to be.

But third, I ain't ever had to like someone to respect 'em. And as much as I don't like ya, Wright, I do respect you. Because of the blood between us, and because two people I respect have told me that you've changed ...that you can be trusted.

The first is Ryan, who's been tellin' me for weeks that he sees the change in you. And the second? Well, that's 'Reesa.

And I guess by now, the world knows exactly what she thinks of you.

[As Lynch stares at Wright, the latter nods his head, his expression still stoic and unreadable.]

JL: Twice now, those Syndicate sons of bitches have come out here and laid their hands on my family. And anyone who knows me knows that I ain't the type of man that sits around and lets people hurt my family without my answerin'.

I ain't been able to get my hands on 'em either time, because when I get there, they ain't there no more. But I happen to know that, in just a couple of weeks, those two jackasses will be in New Orleans, and there won't no runnin' away.

And I also know that you're in need of a partner.

So Supreme... Mr. Wright, if it makes ya feel better, I'm tellin' ya that, as of this moment, you got yourself a partner!

BW: WHAT?! NO!

[The moment after Bucky's outburst, the audience erupts with a roar.]

JL: This is family, you understand. And someday, ya just might be my family. So right here, right now, I'm lettin' ya know that you're search for a partner is over.

[Wright, stone faced as ever, reaches his hand out, asking for Lynch's microphone. Jack obliges.]

SW: Jack Lynch, the last time we stepped inside MY ring, I shed more blood and tears on the canvas than I ever have inside a wrestling ring.

[His eyes are narrow, glaring intensely at Lynch.]

SW: When you locked the Iron Claw on my knee, I saw my career flash before my eyes. And you know as well as anyone, that ending MY in-ring career is as good as condemning me to a living death. And not only that, you made me do something I have NEVER done in my life.

You made me QUIT.

[Wright's expression turns livid. His eyes open wide. The mask threatens to fall once more.]

SW: I have every reason in the world to hate you. To despise you. To refuse your offer to help me and leave your vengeance unfulfilled. But...

[Wright's expression softens...his body relaxes...and he finally allows himself to actually blink.]

SW: ...if there's anything I know all too well, it's that you'll do ANYTHING for your family.

[A beat.]

SW: Anything for Theresa.

[The weight of THAT statement isn't lost on anybody.]

SW: In our match, I wanted to teach and show you what it truly meant to be a professional wrestler. What it truly means to be a champion. And maybe I did.

[A slight smirk.]

SW: But what you did was open my eyes. What you did was make me realize that being a wrestler and a champion...doesn't mean I need to throw away my humanity.

[The surprised look on Jack Lynch's face says it all.]

SW: I was ready to take on The Syndicate all on my own. I thought I didn't need a partner. Yeah, I thought I could take on Casey James and Tiger Claw alone. It's a suicidal line of thought, I know...but pride and arrogance have always been my biggest weaknesses. Now though?

I'm not proud enough or dumb enough to say I don't need your help.

[Big Pop!]

SW: This doesn't mean that anything's changed between us. This doesn't mean I like you. This doesn't mean that we have to become friends. This doesn't even have to mean a DAMN thing past SuperClash, but Jack Lynch, I know you. I know I can trust you. And I know just exactly what you're capable of when someone messes with your family. So...

[Supreme does the unthinkable and holds his hand out for Jack Lynch to shake!]

SW: ...let's put an end to The Syndicate!

[And then the improbable, the impossible, the unthinkable happens: Jack Lynch and Supreme Wright shake hands!]

GM: OH MY STARS! Listen to this ovation! Can you believe it Bucky!? Jack Lynch and Supreme Wright fighting on the same side?

BW: I just saw it with my own two eyes and I still can't believe it!

GM: And we've been wondering who Supreme Wright would find to team with him for weeks now - well, wonder no longer! It'll be Casey James and Tiger Claw taking on Supreme Wright and Jack Lynch in a SYNDICATE STREET FIGHT at SuperClash! You heard me right, fans! Oh my!

BW: This is a dark day, Gordo. It'll be a day long remembered as a sad, sad day in pro wrestling history.

GM: Fans, what a wild night this has been so stick around because who knows what'll happen next!

[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...

Fade back to the arena, where "I Want It All" by Queen is midway through playing. The interview area has been covered in midnight green carpet. In the foreground is Kerry Kendrick in a suit jacket over a t-shirt; his slicked back hair reaches to his shoulders.

Beside him, with muscles erupting out of his brand spankin' new "Flex, Shrugs, and Red Sox Blow" shirt available for \$24.95 on the AWA Shop, is the bleached haired, foul mouthed, iron slamming, Red Sox hatin' genetic freak known as Flex Ferrigno. Flex stands next to Kerry and in front of Eric Toughill who is guarding a rather large cardboard box.]

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 the sad fact of life is I always will be.

[He chuckles to himself.]

KK: Now I may not know everything... heh, and of course that's debatable... But I do know how to stay in my lane. In 12 days, Big Papi and his designated wrestler buddy Supernova, who I think just discovered what it's been like to be me these past eight years... They step into the ring with the Self Made Man and the Quadrasaurus.

And at this time last year, the Self Made Man was more of a... utility infielder. But since David Ortiz stuck his nose where it didn't belong, in my world, in this ring...

[He takes off the jacket and tosses it to Toughill, who catches it in one hand. Kendrick's Philadelphia Flyers t-shirt looks like it's about to come bursting open, given that it looks like he's packed on 20 pounds of muscle mass over the past couple of months.]

KK: Flex has been training me to mash over a hundred RBI.

FLEX: Looooookin' yoked, my man.

KK: Well, Flex, it isn't all about me. 'Cause you and me, right here on "Think Tank," we're holding our own unofficial pre-SuperClash press conference. Time for a little demonstration of what Flex and Kendrick can do.

FLEX: Wait...

[Kerry mockingly looks perplexed.]

FLEX: Since we're taking out the bastard lovechild of Boston's own Bobby Brown and Barbara Walters...

KK: Is that even...never mind.

FLEX: We need to dumb this down in Beantown-ese so even numbnuts can understand.

KK: I know just what you're thinking.

[Kendrick reaches into the cardboard box and pulls out an apple, which he hands to Flex Ferrigno.]

KK: Papi, Nova... Do you like apples? How do you like...

[Before Kerry can finish the iconic line, Flex claps his hands together and the apple goes "squish" exploding all over the screen.]

KK: ...THEM [pause] apples.

FLEX & KK: [grotesque Boston accent] AHHHHHH!

KK: Well, you know, I saw that Supernova and Papi were down at Venice Beach. You people may not know this, but not only is Venice famous for gym bunnies like Nova and Ortiz, it's also famous for...

[Toughill takes a basketball out of the box and tosses it to Flex.]

KK: ...The Venice Beach basketball courts. Maybe they went down there after watching real athletes work out, shot some hoops.

[Flex starts dribbling the ball; it looks a little awkward and probably launches a thousand gifs on Twitter.]

KK: Well, obviously we're not gonna make the Association.

[Flex plants the ball on the ground and places his foot on top of it. With one downward thrust, the ball flattens.]

KK: 'Cause Flex and I, we play hardball.

FLEX: Ya knooooow what, Self Made Man, these Mississ...Missi...Mississippissippian mental morons know how strong I am. Lemme show 'em that Flex ain't all Guns & Poses. Check out this cardio, brother.

[Flex grabs an empty red rubber hot water bottle from the box. He puts the opening to his mouth.]

KK: Oh yeah. Let's fill that up.

[Flex begins inflating the hot water bottle by blowing into it.]

KK: And this isn't some dollar-store balloon, this is a hot water bottle! 170 pounds of pressure!

[The bottle is now the size of a bowling ball.]

KK: That's filling all four tires on a mid-size sedan right there!

BW: Look at this, Gordo!

GM: That is an impressive feat of lung capacity. We knew Flex could talk, but this is some amazing cardiovascular strength on display.

[The rubber bottle grows and grows until it's bigger than the burst basketball, then...]

"THOOM."

[...With a low "pop," the bottle bursts, and Flex throws it to the carpeted ground in triumph.]

KK: For those of you who say that we're "just" hot air, that's what hot air can do, people!

FLEX: GET THE STEEL! GET IT!

[Toughill hands a white towel to Flex. Kendrick pulls an eight-inch long bolt out of his pocket.]

KK: And this...

[He taps the bolt against the base of the microphone as if to demonstrate it's solidity.]

KK: ...Is a solid steel bolt.

FLEX: Ain't no match for me...just like that box of butter Ortiz!

[Flex grabs it out of Kendrick's hands and wraps it in the towel, which he squashes between his two hands.]

KK: Imagine the strength you'd need in your fingers and your palms to do that...

[Straining, Ferrigno presses his palms together. Then reaches into the towel, and pulls out a bolt that has been bent into a 'U'.]

KK: Wowwww. Check that out!

[Kendrick holds out the bent bolt for the camera.]

KK: And if we can do that with the palm of our hands, imagine what we're going to do to Nova and Big Papi when we put our entire selves into it.

[Flex makes a bending the bar motion with his hands as he stares into the camera with Kendrick nodding beside him as "I Want It All" starts to play over the PA system again. After a moment of self-congratulations, we cut back down to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Some impressive feats of strength there, Bucky... but I'll remind these two that Supernova is no apple or basketball.

BW: And David Ortiz is no solid steel bolt!

GM: Ortiz may not have the physique of someone like Ferrigno...

BW: Or even you.

GM: ...but he IS a world-class athlete and with Supernova guiding him, I expect David Ortiz to be ready come SuperClash for the fight of his life.

[...suddenly, a test pattern appears on the screen. The test pattern then quickly turns into static. After a few moments, the static fades, and what appears to be a low-quality shot of a front of a large brick building appears on the screen. In front of the building is a band.

After a few moments, the band starts to play "Nearer My God To Thee". It appears that this video is apparently the infamous video CNN will play when the world comes to an end. As the song continues, a voice starts speaking over the music.]

?: I better use some Tic Tacs just in case I start kissing her....

[The voice belongs to the new President of the United States, Donald Trump.]

DT: You know, I'm automatically attracted to beautiful... I just start kissing them. It's like a magnet. Just kiss. I don't even wait. And when you're a star, they let you do it. You can do anything.

[The music fades out to a dark screen, and a loud warped, piercing laugh is heard. The voice of Trump continues after the laughter disappears.]

DT: Grab 'em by the...

[Suddenly, the voice stops. After a moment, we fade into two sets of legs, wearing Army boots, standing next to a pile of dirt. Suddenly, a voice is heard, appearing to come from one of the two people standing.]

?: This.. could the future of our once great nation.

[The set of legs on the left turns and steps towards the camera. The man suddenly squats down, and we see the American flag. This man is one half of the Soldiers of Fortune, Joe Flint. Flint folds the flag respectfully, and places the flag in the hole. Flint stands, and the other man steps forward. Suddenly, a shovel hits the dirt, and is thrown towards the camera, seemingly filling the hole over the flag, and the camera.]

?: America made its ultimate choice to plunge itself into darkness on November 8th, 2016, but this doesn't have to be our future.

[An image of Donald Trump pops up on the screen.]

?: America has tossed aside its values for celebrity worship.

[The image changes to Kim Kardashian and Kanye West.]

?: Empty headed imbeciles, much like the pied piper lead the way.

[The image changes to Meghan Markle and Prince Henry, then changes to the British Bathers in the ring.]

?: America wants a return to monarchy....

[The image changes to a closeup of Laura Ingraham, facing off to the right. Her arm's extended, but it's thankfully cut off by Fox Sports so we don't fully see her 'salute'.

?: Fascism.

[Paris Hilton and Nicole Richie pop up on the screen.]

?: But we can stop this.

[Then it fades into what appears to be a group of young men, none of which are really in any sort of shape. Some are really skinny, while a couple of them are really fat. The young man on the far left appears to be wearing a t-shirt of a cartoon character. A rather large young man on the right is sitting in a motorized wheelchair. A couple of men appear to have symbols on their t-shirts, wisely blurred out by Fox Sports. There is an American Flag behind these nerdy men, rumpled and torn in spots.]

?: America has a choice. You can follow phony patriots like these basement dwelling losers who claim to be the ideal representation of American supremacy.

Or...

[The image disappears, and we fade into Joe Flint and Charlie Stephens. Flint is in full uniform, and Stephens is wearing camo jeans and a black t-shirt with the Soldier of Fortune's logo on it. Both men stand proud and straight, hands behind them, in front of an American flag waving in background.]

?: You can follow men who actually have, and will, put it all on the line to save this country.

Choose wisely.

[The image of the Soldiers fades to the Soldiers' Punisher-style American Flag logo, as the warped stinger from their entrance starts to play as the logo slowly fades to black.]

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

[The music halts as we fade back up to Gordon and Bucky sitting at ringside.]

GM: Well... I may not agree with everything that the Soldiers of Fortune have done or said lately but...

BW: Easy, Gordo.

[Gordon pauses, obviously holding something back. He nods a few times.]

GM: Yeah. I guess so. Fans, let's go to the ring.

[We fade back up to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... from Memphis, Tennessee... weighing in at 212 pounds... Johnny Moore!

[A young African-American man with bleached blond hair gives a big grin to the camera, curling his arm into a single bicep pose before Ortiz continues.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

[We stay silent for a moment until suddenly...]

“BOOM!”



[Matthews angrily grabs Moore by the trunks, pulling him out of the corner into a waistlock...]

...and then DUMPS Moore down on the back of his head and neck with a released German Suplex!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Matthews rolls to his knees, lunging forward to grab Moore by the hair, battering his skull with short right hands as the referee starts a five count.]

GM: Matthews pounding Johnny Moore into the mat...

[The Madfox climbs to his feet, grabbing Moore by the wrist before dropping his leg across the bicep.]

GM: Jeff Matthews targeting the arm, perhaps thinking about the Fujiwara Armbar.

BW: One of the things that makes Matthews so dangerous, Gordo, is the number of finishing techniques he has. The Foxtrap Figure Four leglock. The Foxden cutter. And of course, the Fujiwara Armbar.

[Matthews gets to his feet, pulling Moore off the canvas...]

...and then viciously takes him down with an armbar, driving Moore's chest and shoulder into the mat as he starts cranking back on the trapped limb!]

GM: And there it is! The Fujiwara Armbar! Matthews has been breaking arms and shortening careers with this hold for many, many years and when he locks it in, it doesn't take long for-

[Moore frantically taps out.]

GM: -his opponent to submit! There you have it!

[Matthews leaves the hold applied, cranking back a little hard as the bell sounds.]

GM: Come on! Break the hold, ref!

[A few more seconds pass before Matthews breaks the hold, sitting up on the canvas with a stoic expression on his face as the fans cheer.]

GM: Another short match that ends in an impressive victory for Jeff Matthews... and we've dispatched Mark Stegglet out there to talk to him.

[As the Hall of Famer gets to his feet, looking down disdainfully at his defeated opponent, Mark Stegglet steps in, mic in hand.]

MS: Another impressive win, Mr. Matthews...

[Matthews nods without comment.]

MS: But I've gotta say - you seem to have a bit of a chip on your shoulder in there tonight. Would that have anything to do with the fact that Supreme Wright has passed you over for his tag team match at SuperClash against the Syndicate?

[Matthews turns towards Stegglet, eyes boring holes into the young interviewer. After a few uncomfortable moments pass, he finally nods and begins to speak.]



JMM: I wanted to stand by him when no one else would. Everyone just sat back, no one stepped up. I put myself in the Syndicate's crosshairs while everyone stood idly by doing nothing. So naturally, he decides to not accept my offer. He hasn't even said a word to me or come up to me.

[There's a slight pause as a look of confusion sweeps his face.]

JMM: Jack Lynch, huh?

[Matthews is quiet another long moment before shrugging.]

JMM: If that's who he decides to partner with, so be it. He coulda used a man with a lot of experience against the Syndicate. It's frustrating to try and help and no one accepts that help. But I suppose it is what it is at this point. I do wish them the best of luck out there at SuperClash.

[A cheer goes up from the fans. Matthews looks up as if just noticing them.]

MS: Mr. Matthews, I think most of us assumed that you WOULD be teaming with Wright at SuperClash. With you suddenly on the outside looking in with just twelve days until the biggest night of the year, do you have a plan to compete at SuperClash in New Orleans?

[Matthews gives a humorless laugh, shaking his head.]

JMM: Do I have a plan for SuperClash?

[Matthews shakes his head, looking down at the mat.]

JMM: Quite frankly, Stegglet... I don't even know why I'm here anymore. I don't know what to do with myself. Seems like a man of integrity and morals, a legend in this sport... isn't appreciated around these parts.

[The fans cheer for Matthews, trying to prove him wrong. He looks up at them, giving a slight nod.]

JMM: I don't know, Stegglet. Maybe you can ask your uncle what his plan is for me at SuperClash.

[Mark Stegglet looks uneasy at that idea.]

JMM: I don't know, kid. Maybe the name Jeff Matthews doesn't mean anything anymore...

[The crowd murmurs with confusion as Matthews exits the ring, walking back up the aisle towards the locker room...]

...and we crossfade to the backstage area where Mamba and Copperhead, the Serpentes, are standing alongside Sweet Lou Blackwell.]

SLB: Hello, AWA fans... I'm standing back here with-

[Blackwell doesn't even get to finish his intro as a heavy-breathing Lauryn Rage bursts into view.]

LR: Mamba! Copperhead!

[Rage pauses, gasping for air as Blackwell looks puzzled and the Serpentes look bemused.]

LR: I need your help. Cannon and Fujiwara are trying to get me.

M: So?

[Rage looks surprised, shaking her head.]

LR: So, I need a couple big tough protectors. Just to get me to my car so I can get out of here.

[Mamba laughs as Copperhead steps forward, sticking a finger in Rage's face.]

C: You never paid us for the last time we ran interference for you, chica. What makes you think we gonna do you any freebies now?

[Rage takes a step back, a confused look on her face... an obviously fake confused look but hey, we appreciate the effort.]

LR: I didn't pay? That doesn't sound right to me. Look, we have so much history. You're not gonna let a little thing like money come between us, eh?

[Mamba and Copperhead look at each other before glancing down at the champion.]

M: Yeah, we are.

LR: (pulling a disgusted face) Wow, well, I won't forget about this, you know.

[Her threat seems to carry no weight with the Serpentes as Mamba steps closer to her. Copperhead reaches out an arm, preventing her partner from assaulting the Women's World Champion.

C: Okay, you go now. Bye bye, chica.

[Rage looks like she wants to say something else but knows there's nothing to be said. She slinks off muttering "Stupid snakes... these hoes ain't loyal" as she walks away, turning around a corner to go out of view...

...and goes FLYING back into view courtesy of a Melissa Cannon spear that sends her through a nearby door, knocking both women out of view!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY STARS!

BW: She can't do that, Gordo! That's the Women's World Champion!

GM: I'm pretty sure Melissa Cannon knows that!

[The cameraman pushes through the doorway to reveal that Cannon and Rage are now out in the parking garage area. Cannon has Rage down on the asphalt, swinging hard with haymakers to the champion's skull as she yelps underneath the assault!]

GM: Cannon's all over Rage outside the building! They're in the parking lot!

BW: Hang on, Gordo... I need to move my rental car.

GM: You stay right there!

[Cannon gets to her feet, pulling Rage up by the hair and using that grip to fling her bodily into the driver side of a sedan!]

"THUNNNNNNNNNNNNNNK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Rage's hangs on to the side mirror, trying to stay on her feet as Cannon grabs her by the hair, pulling her around to the front of the car...]

"THUNNNNNNNNNNNNNNK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"THUNNNNNNNNNNNNNNK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"THUNNNNNNNNNNNNNNK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Rage slumps backwards, falling to her knees after having her face slammed into the car hood three times. Cannon leans against the car, taking a breather...]

...when suddenly Ayako Fujiwara storms into view, charging at Cannon with a massive spear tackle of her own, knocking Cannon back onto the hood!]

GM: OHH!

[With a wild scream, Fujiwara swings her arms down into the torso of Cannon, right after left after right, clubbing down like a wild woman...]

GM: AYAKO'S GOT CANNON DOWN!

[Fujiwara scrambles up on top of the hood, lifting her leg and attempting to swing an axe kick down on Cannon who rolls out of the way, falling off the hood onto the asphalt!]

GM: OH!

[Fujiwara spins around, spotting Lauryn Rage getting back to her feet...]

...and with a two step run, she LEAPS OFF the hood of the car, wiping out Rage with a croosbody!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Fujiwara quickly takes the mount, pounding her fists down like hammers into Lauryn Rage as the champion attempts to cover up...]

...and then howls in pain herself as Cannon pulls Fujiwara off of Rage by the hair, twisting her around and throwing her into the bed of a nearby pickup truck!]

GM: What in the world?! Where is security?!

[Cannon scrambles up into the truck, eating a hard kick to the chest from a kneeling Fujiwara as she does. Fujiwara grabs Cannon by the arm, dragging her up into the bed of the truck. She lifts Cannon up into her powerful arms...]

...and with a shout, she SLAMS her down into the bed of the truck, causing the whole vehicle to shake from the impact...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And as Fujiwara stands over the downed Cannon, another sound fills the air. The wail of a siren.]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: Bad girls, bad girls... whatcha gonna do?!

[A police car pulls into view, siren still wailing as officers pour out of that vehicle. They're soon joined by a handful of others, storming the scene and attempting to get the women pulled apart.]

GM: We've got a scene on our hands! A wild scene!

[Lauryn Rage gets to her feet, pointing and shouting at both Fujiwara and Cannon as a police officer attempts to block her efforts to get back into the mix.]

GM: Police are trying to restore some order - to FINALLY restore some order!

[Fujiwara shouts at the three officers who are trying to get her down out of the truck. Two more grab Melissa Cannon by the legs, pulling on her as she tries to grab at Fujiwara's legs.]

BW: They're STILL trying to get at each other, Gordo!

GM: Cannon's been pulled out... holding her back... Rage too...

[Fujiwara is wildly flailing, screaming loudly in Japanese as she's grabbed by the arms and dragged from the truck towards a waiting police car.]

GM: Fujiwara's being dragged out of here! They can barely hang on to her!

[Swinging the door open, the officers are able to shove Fujiwara into the backseat, aggressively slamming the door shut. Fujiwara promptly rolls to her back, flailing out, kicking at the door, trying to knock it back open.]

GM: Fujiwara's... is she being ARRESTED?!

BW: She should be! So should Cannon!

GM: But not Lauryn Rage?!

BW: She's the victim here, Gordo! The victim!

[The officers now split up between Rage and Cannon, trying to keep them secured...

...which is when Lauryn Rage slips loose, charging the distance between her and Cannon, leaping up and BLASTING Cannon with a punch to the jaw!]

GM: OHH! CHEAP SHOT!

[The police quickly swarms Rage, dragging her struggling form back as Cannon shouts something that gets muted by the network censors.]

GM: The Women's World Champion took a swing at-

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

[The camera abruptly swings towards the sound, finding the rear window of the police car shattered and in broken shards on the asphalt.

Close on Ayako Fujiwara's head - the source of the broken window - blood streaming down her face.]

GM: Holy...

[The camera spins around to Lauryn Rage, her eyes wide with shock at Fujiwara's actions...

...and she slips away from the stunned police officers, jumping into a nearby car, firing it up, and speeding away with a squeal of tires!]

GM: And there goes Lauryn Rage! She making a run for it!

[The camera pulls back, showing Fujiwara hanging out the window, blood streaming down her face as Melissa Cannon stands against a wall, being handcuffed by the police...]

GM: This is... my stars...

BW: I can't wait for SuperClash, daddy!

GM: Amen, my friend. Amen.

[We hold on the scene for a few more moments before we fade to black.

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

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

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

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

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

...and fade back up to live action - first to a shot of the enthusiastic crowd and then down to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are standing.]

GM: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling, fans. It's been a wild night here in Jackson, Mississippi just twelve days away from SuperClash... and it's not over yet. We've still got this huge eight man tag team match set for tonight's Main Event pitting the Axis against the team of House Martinez, Jordan Ohara, and Torin The Titan! That's still to come but-

[But before Gordon can get the next words out of his mouth, the crowd erupts in a mixed response. There are some jeers, yeah. Some cheers too. And some laughs.]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me.

[We cut to the top of the aisle where Lord William Wesley Windsor slips through the curtain, a sneer on his face as he walks with purpose down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: He's trying for it again?!

BW: The Golden Ticket is still hanging, Gordo! It's still fair game! And that means there's still an open slot in the Steal The Spotlight match waiting to be grabbed!

[Windsor pauses at the end of the aisle, turning towards a fan who is giving a big double thumbs down.]

"You shut your mouth, sunshine, before I knock out your last two teeth!"

[With a smirking sneer, Windsor moves to the apron, pulling it up and grabbing a ladder under the ring.]

GM: Windsor's got the ladder, shoving it back in... he's been going for this all night long and maybe this is finally his big chance?

BW: We're about to find out, Gordo!

[Windsor tugs the ladder to a standing position inside the ring, looking up as he positions it under the hanging Golden Ticket.]

GM: Windsor's going to make the climb! He's looking to get his shot at the Steal The Spotlight contract at SuperClash!

[The British technician adjusts the ladder again, finally stepping up on it...]

GM: And here we go! Can he get there? Can he get up there and grab that Golden Ticket?

[Lord William grabs the next rung, taking another step...

...which is when the crowd starts cheering in response!]

GM: Wait a second! Not so fast, Lord William!

[One-half of the Colton Crew, Curtis Kestrel, comes jogging into view.]

GM: The Canadian, Curtis Kestrel, is looking to grab that Golden Ticket as well!

[Kestrel gets to the ring swiftly, diving under the ropes. As he comes to his feet, he makes a lunge for Windsor, grabbing him by the ankle.]

GM: He caught Lord William!

[Kestrel yanks and tugs at the leg as Lord William tries to shake him off. Windsor stretches his arm up, trying to get his hands on the Golden Ticket but remains too far out of reach...

...and the crowd reacts again!]

GM: The Golden Grappler is coming out here! Here comes Jackie Bourassa from CCW as well!

[Those two don't even get to the ring though before they start throwing hands in the aisle.]

GM: We've got a fight in the ring! We've got a fight on the floor and-

[The crowd reacts at the sight of "Arawak" Jack Veles stomping through the curtain, heading towards the ring.]

GM: Wait a second! He's already in the Finals of the Brass Ring Tournament, Bucky! He's already got his shot at getting into Steal The Spotlight!

BW: Call it an insurance policy, daddy!

[Veles reaches ringside, spinning the Golden Grappler towards him. He blasts him with a pair of right hands before a headbutt stuns the masked man. Bourassa leaps onto Veles' back, trying to impede his progress...

...but Veles uses Bourassa's arm to fling him violently down to the barely-padded floor!]

GM: Ohh! Bourassa goes down hard at ringside!

[Veles looks to get in the ring but the masked Grappler grabs him by the leg, blocking him from getting in...

...and Veles kicks him off just far enough to get up on the apron, landing a brutal running kick to the chest!]

GM: OHHHH!

[With the Grappler and Bourassa disposed of, Veles ducks through the ropes, climbing into the ring where he grabs Curtis Kestrel from behind in a waistlock...

...and LAUNCHES him through the air, throwing him down on the back of his head and neck with a German Suplex that shakes the ring!]

GM: Jack Veles is steamrolling his way through everyone in his path! Jack Veles may be about to grab that Golden Ticket!

[With Kestrel down, Lord William climbed up another rung, making a desperate grab at the Golden Ticket...

...but Veles simply shakes his head, reaching up to grab a handful of trunks, blocking Windsor's climb!]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: This isn't gonna turn out well for Lord William, Gordo.

GM: I'm afraid you're right, Bucky.

[With a tug on the trunks, Veles rips Windsor off the ladder...

...and right down into a rear naked choke!]

GM: CHOKE! CHOKE! VELES WRAPS HIM UP IN A CHOKE!

BW: That's one way to make sure someone can't stop you from climbing that ladder!

[Windsor can be seen tapping out but it does him no good until he's motionless. That's when Veles releases the hold, glaring down at Windsor before stepping over his prone form to the ladder.]

GM: Windsor is out and Veles is about to climb that ladder!

[Veles steps up onto the ladder, making his way rung by rung up it...]

GM: Jack Veles has a clear path, fans! Jack Veles is about to grab that Golden Ticket! Jack Veles is-

[The crowd ERUPTS in jeers!]

BW: OH. MY. GOD!

GM: BLASTER MASTERSON! BLASTER MASTERSON'S IN THE RING! HE'S IN THE RING!

[Masterson reaches up, grabbing a shocked Veles by the throat!]

GM: We were all distracted by Veles and we missed Masterson coming out here and-

[Masterson YANKS Veles off the ladder, violently throwing him down to the canvas with a chokeslam!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CHOKESLAM!! CHOKESLAM BY MASTERSON!!

[Masterson nods confidently, surveying the fallen bodies all around him...

...and then steps up on the ladder!]

BW: Can you imagine THIS guy in Steal The Spotlight?!



GM: A horrifying thought for the other competitors in that match, Bucky! But Masterson is climbing. His manager - that little snake Wilpon - is out here with him. He looks like the cat that ate the canary as Masterson continues to climb! There's no one in his way! No one that can stop him!

[Masterson gets halfway up the ladder, taking another glance up as the crowd buzzes with anticipation.]

GM: Masterson on the next rung! He's almost there! He's almost high enough to grab the Golden Ticket!

[Masterson extends his long arm as high as he can, showing the Ticket JUST out of reach...

...when suddenly, it starts moving higher!]

GM: What the-?!

BW: It's moving, Gordo! The Golden Ticket is moving!

GM: How is that possible?!

[Masterson shouts angrily, stepping up another rung, stretching out his arm...

...and the Golden Ticket lifts even higher above the ring!]

GM: Masterson's trying to get that Golden Ticket! He should have it right now but he can't get to it! Somebody's messing with the lift mechanism that controls the Golden Ticket!

[Wilpon is beside himself at ringside, pounding balled-up fists into the apron.]

GM: What's going on back there? Can we get a camera back to the control position? Can we find out what is-

[The camera cuts to the backstage area, showing an AWA official laid out on the floor, a dented steel chair lying next to him...

...and then pans up to show Buford P. Higgins yanking on a level, a big grin on his face!]

GM: Higgins?! It's Buford P. Higgins! Is there NO length these two won't go to to get Skywalker Jones in this match?! Is there-

BW: GORDO! GORDO! LOOK!

[The shot cuts back to the ring to reveal Skywalker Jones up on the apron. Masterson is distracted, shouting at Wilpon as Jones leaps into the air, springing off the top rope...

...and catches Masterson in the back of the head with a missile dropkick that sends the big man falling to the canvas, rolling out to the floor!]

GM: MASTERSON GETS KNOCKED TO THE FLOOR! OH MY!

BW: This is it! This is Jones' shot! He's not gonna get a better chance than this!

[Jones slowly gets to his feet, looking around...

...and spots everyone else that was going for the Ticket getting back to their feet outside the ring. He grimaces...]

GM: Maybe not, Bucky! It looks like Jones has got some company!

[The Golden Grappler pulls himself up on the apron, ready to intervene...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

[...and gets caught under the chin with a fierce superkick that sends him flying backwards off the apron to the floor, knocking down a pair of other competitors. Jones slaps the top rope, shouting at the guys outside the ring...]

GM: Jones takes down one but there’s a whole lot more outside the ring and-

[Jones angrily turns away, grabbing the ladder and yanking it closer to the ropes.]

GM: What in the...?

BW: Don’t do it! This is your shot! Grab the ticket! Grab the ticket!

[But Jones is determined, climbing the ring side of the ladder, heading quickly up the rungs. Fans all over the building rise to their feet in anticipation of what’s coming next as Jones steps to the top rung, arms raised over his head...]

GM: JONES IS ON TOP OF THE LADDER! GET HIM DOWN FROM THERE! GET HIM DOWN FROM-

[...and Jones HURLS himself from the top of the ladder, flipping through the air onto the pile of other Golden Ticket seekers out on the floor!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The announcers stay quiet as the crowd ROARS for the death-defying dive that results in the entire pile laid out on the floor including Jones. Several moments pass before we hear from them again.]

GM: SKYWALKER JONES WITH A DIVE OFF THE TOP AND... OH MY! THE GOLDEN TICKET REMAINS OUT OF REACH!

BW: FOR NOW, DADDY!

GM: INDEED! FANS, WE’LL BE RIGHT BACK!

[Fade to black...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#A hallelujah high from the floor to the ceiling#

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

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

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

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

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

#When the lights come on#

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

#When the lights come on#

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

...and we fade 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 SuperClash VIII Control Center! Check your calendars - we are just 12 days away from the biggest spectacle of the year - SuperClash VIII! Of course, the big event will be coming to you LIVE on Pay Per View on Thanksgiving Night from the world-famous Superdome in New Orleans... and let's get right down to it, fans... let's check out the lineup for this massive event!

[The synth is completely gone by this point as Blackwell continues.]

SLB: First, we'll be kicking things off on the big FOX Network for a live, special Pre-Game Show! We'll be bringing you all the last minute news... some special interviews... and two big matches that will see Terry Shane challenge Callum

Mahoney for the World Television Championship and the Blackjack Patterson Memorial Battle Royal! Tune in early and make sure you check out all the action on the big FOX... and once that's done, we'll be coming to you live on Pay Per View all around the globe for this tremendous lineup of matches.

[A graphic comes up that reads "STEAL THE SPOTLIGHT."]

SLB: It's the annual SuperClash showdown known as Steal The Spotlight but this year, it'll take place in the form of a ladder match. The contract hanging over the ring will guarantee one AWA competitor the right to the match of their choosing in the next 365 days. Competing in this one will be... "The Prodigy" Jayden Jericho, Manzo Kawajiri, "Flawless" Larry Wallace, Riley Hunter, "Cannonball" Lee Connors, last year's winner "Red Hot" Rex Summers, the winner of the CCW Brass Ring Tournament, and don't forget - there's still that Golden Ticket hanging above the ring tonight. If someone can grab that, they'll earn the final spot in this huge match!

[The graphic changes.]

SLB: The AWA Women's Division will be on display when Julie Somers and Erica Toughill finally collide... but this one will see Falls Count Anywhere! Is Somers playing right into Toughill's hands or is Erica Toughill underestimating the Spitfire? We'll find out in New Orleans.

[Another change in the graphic.]

SLB: How about this grudge tag team match set to explode after what we saw here earlier tonight? It's Next Gen taking on the Slaughterhouse! And where the Slaughterhouse goes, you can bet Anton Layton will be following... but where is his head at after losing the Eye of Tyr to those mysterious individuals earlier this evening? This one promises to have major tag team title implications, fans!

[The screen shifts to accommodate a new graphic.]

SLB: Some of the goings-on at SuperClash won't even be in the form of an official match. We know that Skylar Swift has her mind set on calling out Charisma Knight at SuperClash. And of course, we know that Shadoe Rage and Blackjack Lynch will collide in what is being billed as a fight - not a match - a fight!

[Another new graphic.]

SLB: The Kings of Wrestling will collide and quite possibly explode in New Orleans when Brian James and Johnny Detson finally meet one-on-one... with Brian Lau in a neutral corner observing the matchup. This clash of Kings will see the loser walk across the ring to shake the winner's hand and accept them as the leader of the Kings of Wrestling. I can't wait for that one.

[One graphic slides out to be replaced by another.]

SLB: It's a showdown between former friends and tag team partners when the Phoenix, Jordan Ohara, meets The Future, Derrick Williams. Ohara's been looking for payback for months and in New Orleans, he gets his shot to knock the Axis down a peg.

[The graphic changes.]

SLB: It'll be one heck of a tag team grudge match when Flex Ferrigno and Kerry Kendrick team up to take on Supernova and now-former Boston Red Sox slugger, David Ortiz. We saw Nova and Big Papi getting ready for battle earlier tonight but can Ortiz be ready to compete on such a high profile stage in just 12 days?

[Another switch.]

SLB: It'll be the final time that we'll see the Hall of Famer inside the squared circle when Alex Martinez meets Maxim Zharkov in a battle he pledges will be his last. The Last American Badass. The Last Son of the Soviet Union. This tremendous battle comes to SuperClash!

[A new graphic slides in.]

SLB: It'll be a Syndicate Street Fight when Casey James and Tiger Claw do battle with... and I can't believe I'm saying this... Jack Lynch and Supreme Wright! These former bloody rivals have agreed to put their differences aside for this showdown where if James and Claw win, they'll be signing AWA Legends contracts that essentially give them carte blanche to be tremendous pains in the you-know-what! Can Lynch and Wright find a way to work together? We'll find out on Thanksgiving Night.

[A new graphic pops in, showing three AWA title belts.]

SLB: And then it comes down to the championship matches... first, the AWA World Tag Team Titles are on the line when Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan defend against the former champions, reuniting for the first time in almost nine months... Air Strike!

[Another new graphic.]

SLB: The AWA Women's World Title is at stake as well. This one will see a Three Way Dance pitting champion Lauryn Rage defending the title against her two top contenders, Melissa Cannon and Ayako Fujiwara! The odds are certainly not on Rage's side but she's vanquished the odds before.

[And one final graphic changes.]

SLB: And of course, our Main Event. The AWA World Title on the line inside the demonic structure known as the Woodshed... and what is being billed as - win, lose, or draw - the final time that Juan Vasquez will step inside an AWA ring to compete. Ryan Martinez looks to become a two-time AWA World Champion in New Orleans, the culmination of a grueling quest that started for him at last year's SuperClash. Over the past couple of weeks, we've been taking a closer look at the matches that have taken place inside the Woodshed in history... and now, as we close out the Control Center... let's take one more look... at the Woodshed!

[Fade to black...

...and then "WOODSHED" comes up in solid white bold font, a loud clang of metal ringing out as it does. We fade up to a talking head shot of AWA owner Jon Stegklet.]

"The Woodshed. The last time that cage was constructed, we didn't even announce it ahead of time. A lot of people thought we were just looking for the shock value but the fact was... we didn't know if it would happen. Mark Langseth - the only guy to get in the damn thing twice - he was banged up, looking at retirement. His neck was being held together with bubble gum and tape... so there were a lot of guys in the office who didn't want him in that cage. But he insisted. Swore he could do it... swore he had enough left for one more fight."

[Fade to footage from the EMWC Pay Per View known as Redemption. We see a shot of the steel cell standing over the ring...]

"I can still hear the reaction of the fans in the Grand Olympic that night when they realized the 'Shed was going to go down one more time."

[...and then fade to special guest referee Gabriel Whitecross holding up the steel chain that will bind the two warriors together.]

"It was in the air. You could feel that we were about to see something special."

[We cut to footage from the opening of the match, the two competitors wrapping their hands around the steel links, an impromptu tug of war breaking out as they try to drag the other across the ring towards them.]

"Right away, you could see that Langseth's experience in the Woodshed was valuable. He knew how to use that chain to hurt someone."

[With the chain held out in front of him, Langseth uses the metal links to clothesline Courtade off his feet and under the ropes to the floor..

...where Langseth promptly pulls him back in before using the slack in the chain to whip it down across Courtade's back!]

"But before too long, Courtade had taken control and was looking to hurt Langseth and hurt him badly."

[As Courtade pounds the back of the neck with elbowdrops, we listen in on commentary from that night.]

TM: Courtade's painted the bullseye on the neck now... and it's now time to break the damn thing at all costs.

JS: I hope Langseth is ready for the assault. One bad shot... one hard drop could end it all, Todd.

TM: Mark Langseth knew the risks he was taking getting into this ring tonight. He's not just risking his career... he's risking the ability to walk out of this building tonight. He's risking his entire life after wrestling in this match... just because he has to. He loves this company, this sport that damn much.

JS: One more shot... one more night of glory for the man who epitomizes what this company is all about.

[We cut ahead in the match, showing the two combatants outside the ring where Courtade, the EMWC World Champion, whips the former champion towards the steel steps. Langseth's knees hit the steps, causing him to flip over them, unceremoniously being dumped on the floor. Cut again to moments later where Chris Courtade is using those same steps as a weapon, first smashing them into the base of a standing Langseth's neck and then dropping them straight down on the back of the neck from a very high elevation. Cut back to the talking head shot of Jon Stegget.]

"Honestly, it was getting hard to watch. Neck injuries are never something to play with. Mark Langseth knew it that night but he climbed inside that cell anyways. Ryan Martinez knows it too but he's going to be in that cage at SuperClash - guaranteed."

[Slow motion footage of Courtade smashing a steel chair down on the back of Langseth's neck over and over...]

"Courtade at that time was one of the most ruthless sons of bitches I'd ever seen in the ring... a lot like Vasquez in that respect. That's why... well, if I'm being totally

honest, this Woodshed worries me. Ryan Martinez has spent a big chunk of the year nursing his injuries and in a structure like this... there's no escape. Juan Vasquez will have the time and plenty of opportunities to do whatever he wants to Ryan Martinez. I just hope..."

[Stegglet's words trail off as we see Courtade attempt a piledriver on the concrete floor of the Grand Olympic Auditorium.]

"I just hope that Ryan knows what he's getting into."

[Langseth reverses the piledriver, backdropping Courtade onto the unforgiving floor.]

"It's not going to be easy. It's going to be the fight of the kid's life."

[The Hall of Famer drives Courtade's bloodied forehead into the steel mesh of the Woodshed, digging the metal deeper into the wound.]

"He's going to have to fight."

[Langseth buries a boot into the gut of Courtade before delivering a snap DDT on the concrete floor.]

"He's going to have to fight harder than he's ever fought before."

[As Courtade approaches Langseth, steel chair drawn back over his head, Langseth dips into a pocket...

...and HURLS a fistful of powder into the eyes of his would-be attacker!]

"He might even have to do some things that a White Knight might not ordinarily do."

[The big Texan attempts his signature piledriver again...

...but Langseth drops to his knees, driving an uppercut into the groin!]

"He's got to. He has no choice. The future of this company could very well depend on it."

[Courtade is again in piledriver position, this time up on top of a table out at ringside. And again, Mark Langseth goes low, stunning the EMWC World Champion as he gets up, hooking a front facelock...]

"Win, lose, or draw... this is it for Vasquez. But if he wins... he's taking the title with him. We survived that once... just barely..."

[Cut back to Stegglet, looking off into the distance.]

"I'm not sure we'd survive it again."

[And back to the action where Langseth snaps off his trademark spinning neckbreaker as we hear the call from that night.]

JS: NO SWEAT!! NO SWEAT THROUGH THE TABLE!! NO SWEAT THROUGH THE TABLE TO THE CONCRETE FLOOR!!!

[As both men lie motionless in the shamble of splinters and wrecked lumber that used to be a table... a chant starts up.]

"E-M-DUB-C!"

"E-M-DUB-C!"

"E-M-DUB-C!"

"E-M-DUB-C!"

JS: Hell yes! This is exactly what this company is all about! Two men putting everything on the lines for the love of the fans, their love of this company, and their love for the business!

[We cut back to modern day Stegglet again.]

"But the thing that keeps me up at night these days?"

[With a bloody Courtade hurting and perhaps nearing his end, Langseth smashes a pipe into his ankle...]

"I can remember that night in Los Angeles. Langseth coming back strong... the neckbreaker through the table..."

[Langseth snatches the leg of a downed Courtade, applying the anklelock that served him so well over the years...]

"The Greatness Personified locked on in the middle of the ring."

[For the first time in his career, Langseth climbs to the top rope, the crowd roaring as he dives off with a sloppy plancha onto a stunned Chris Courtade.]

"That dive... that ugly, ugly dive..."

...and then... them on the roof of the damn thing..."

[Cut to a shot of Langseth and Courtade standing atop the cell, battering each other relentlessly with haymakers. A wild Lariat attempt from Courtade is ducked as Langseth hoists him up into an electric chair lift...]

[illegible]





"History has a way of repeating itself. And... well, if it happens in New Orleans..."

[Stegglet pauses again, looking thoughtfully into the camera. And then shrugs. He gets up from his seat, walking out of view, leaving the empty chair behind...

...as we fade to black.

And then back up backstage. Sweet Lou is surrounded by the so-called Axis of "evil". MAWAGA and Maxim Zharkov loom in the background. Juan Vasquez's arms are folded across his chest, cradling the AWA World Championship belt. The hood of Derrick Williams' robe obscures his eyes. Nick Axis even stands upright and seems a little dangerous-looking...barely.]

SLB: AWA fans, I am here with the Axis, who are as we now know are at full force and-

[Riley Hunter pushes himself past "Sweet" Lou. He has a small wooden crate labelled "SOAP" in his hands, which he puts down and stands upon. Lou instinctively points the microphone up to the American Ninja, who seems more focused on rallying the troops.]

RH: You saw what happened out there in the ring tonight, fellas! You saw my cousin, our point man, our Man in Havana... a non-wrestler with a manager's license in good standing get put on the shelf for challenging the hegemonic forces of the AWA. We, the Axis... We raised the stakes in the AWA! And House Martinez... Ohara... Supreme Wright... Brian James... the entire Lynch family who are so crooked they have to screw their pants on... They don't like when their rule... this image that they've crafted in their heads... they don't like being challenged by iconoclasts like the Axis!

[Murmurs of agreement from the Axis.]

RH: They don't like not resting on their laurels! They hate us. You hear it! "I hate you, Derrick Williams: you betrayed your friend!"

[Williams smirks as though to say, 'hell yeah, I did.']

RH: "I hate you, MAWAGA: you're out to deliberately injure people."

[MAWAGA responds with a derisive snort.]

RH: "I hate you, Zharkov: you made me look bad in front of my Hollywood girlfriend!"

MZ: Chush' sobach'ya.

RH: "I hate you, Juan Vasquez: you sold out your principles and cheated your way to the top just because you thought you still belonged there, and my delicate sensibilities are offended by that."

[Vasquez glares up at Hunter, not sure where he's going with this.]

JV: Kid? I think \*I\* might be offended by that.

[Hunter continues, because he's on a roll.]

RH: Well, you know what offends me?

A man who has put in decades of service in this sport and NOT selling out his principles and cheating his way to the top!

[There are louder murmurs and cheers from the Axis.]

RH: Lemme tell you a little story about Xavier Colton, the X-Man; maybe you've heard of him. The most athletic and dynamic of the Colton family, but he was in the shadow of his older brothers. He just thought his natural talent and athleticism would carry him through to superstardom. But the years dragged on and it got cold in the shadow. Tiger Paw Pro starts up in 2004 and they don't call X-Man to show up, they call his cutthroat rival Jackson Hunter to face LION Tetsuo. So Xavier has enough, 'the hell with it,' he thinks, 'I'm fighting my own family, and I don't care who I have to step on to get to the top.' And what happens next?

BOOM. He blows out his knee! And now? Now he works as a security guard in Calgary's Southcenter Mall, because he waited too long to seize the moment!

And now we have five of these sanctimonious ethicists who already got theirs lined up. They're about to come over that hill to descend on us like a horde to punish us for doing what generations of wrestlers have done before!

So we have to do what our man MAWAGA would do!

[He slaps MAWAGA hard across the sternum to rile him up. The blow doesn't phase the Suited Savage, who shouts in untranslated Tongan.]

RH: Bend down, pick up any weapon we can, and beat those who are happy with the status quo to death!

[MAWAGA shouts and begins a haka, Zharkov roars in approval. Williams pounds his fist into his palm.]

RH: And if they don't Bend the Knee, what happens Mr. Vasquez?

[The World champion chuckles.]

JV: Amigo, we BREAK the knee!

[The Axis cheers as one and tears out of the backstage area...

...and we fade to another part of backstage where Mark Stegglet is near lost in an ocean of humanity. Gathered around him are two members of House Martinez – the Last American Badass Alex Martinez and the AWA's White Knight, Ryan Martinez. Near them is the sensational Phoenix, Jordan Ohara, and joining them is one of the few men in professional wrestling who stands taller than Alex Martinez – the aptly named Torin the Titan.]

MS: Gentlemen... this is, wow, this is something else.

AM: And this ain't all, Mark.

MS: That's right, our acting Director of Operations would only agree to include Maxim Zharkov in this match if you found a fifth man for your team. And you promised you had someone.

AM: Oh yeah, I did, and I do. And I ain't gonna keep you in suspense any longer.

[Martinez motions to someone offstage.]

AM: Here he comes. A man that needs no introduction. A man that bleeds AWA.

[And into the picture walks none other than Supernova. He is already dressed in his wrestling attire, consisting of black tights with yellow flames running up the side. His face is painted black and yellow, resembling a flame.]

MS: My goodness! This is a surprise! Supernova, please, tell me how this came about, and tell me what you're thinking!

S: Mark, if you want to know where this started, you go back to about three years ago, when the Wise Men took over this company, Percy Childes became the AWA president and everyone who professed their loyalty to him had the run of the place. It was at that time that one man stood up and said he was not going to just watch the Wise Men take over the company and impose their will over everyone else who knew what the AWA really stood for.

[Supernova gestures at Ryan Martinez.]

S: Right here, this man, the White Knight, he stood up for what he believed in. And when he was looking for other men to stand beside him and do what was right for the AWA, I knew I wanted to be in his corner. But while there were a few who Ryan Martinez called up, he didn't have to call me -- I called him first.

And after we got the job done and took back the AWA from the Wise Men and Percy Childes, I told Ryan that if he ever needed my help, all he had to do was call.

[Ryan gives a quick nod in Supernova's direction.]

S: And, as you can see, Mark, he put the call in to me tonight and here I am! Back from Venice Beach just in time to stand up against another alliance -- one calling themselves the Axis -- who wants to impose their will over everyone else.

But you all saw two weeks ago that I wasn't going to just stand around and watch it happen. So, Juan Vasquez, you've been waiting for me to step up... well, here I am, old friend!

[A slight laugh.]

S: You got me two weeks ago -- and tonight, you got me again! You've got the franchise of the AWA, right alongside the rising star, the Titan, the legend and the White Knight! And I don't want to speak too much for these men, but I know that we've all had just about enough of you, Juan, and those who've aligned themselves with you!

Tonight, you get to find out what happens when five men who represent that is truly good about the AWA, come together and take on five men who are no different from the likes of Percy Childes and the Wise Men, who have nothing but their own selfish interests in mind!

You wanted me to step up, Juan, you've got me -- and you've got a lot of others who are stepping us as well! All I'm gonna say is... be careful what you wish for!

[He cups his hands to his mouth and howls.]

MS: Torin, after the melee we saw earlier tonight, you've got to be feeling like you're in very good company right now.

[The camera pulls back, dramatically, to fit all of the Titan in the frame.]

TTT: HO! HO! Mark, you are right! Look at who is with me tonight! Torin know little Martinez and little Phoenix a long time!

[One massive hand claps down Ohara and Martinez' shoulders. Both men make a noticeable grimace, the Titan's strength undeniable, even when he isn't trying.]

TTT: They fight with Torin in Japan, Mark, and Torin knows they both have big hearts! Torin has watch both, Mark... seen them both grow, from young boys to men. These two, Mark, they are the future!

And friend Supernova...

[The Titan turns his attention to his face painted ally.]

TTT: Torin watch you many years, and has all respect in the world for you. You are legend here in the AWA. You are... what is the word? You are pillar, you are foundation. Torin very happy you on his side!

And there is big Martinez...

[The Titan and The Badass turn to face one another, and for once in his life, Alex Martinez has to look up to meet another man's eyes.]

TTT: Many years, people ask Torin – "what would happen if you fight Alex Martinez? Who would win?" Torin always wonder the same. Torin still doesn't know. But he knows it doesn't matter.

Because tonight we fight together, yes?

[The elder Martinez nods his head.]

AM: You're damn right.

MS: Mr. Martinez, tonight will be the second to last match of your entire career. That's got to be on your mind. Especially after you demanded that my uncle put your SuperClash opponent in this match.

AM: Ya know somethin' Mark? I am thinkin' about SuperClash. But mostly, I'm thinkin' about what tonight means for SuperClash.

Ya see, the Axis has been walkin' around, thinkin' that and actin' like they own this place for too damn long. That first "A" in "AWA" don't stand for "Axis," and it's about time we proved that.

Tonight is about SuperClash, and it's about provin' that the Axis ain't nearly so bad or invincible as they think they are. The Axis is comin' to an end at SuperClash. Jordan has got Williams. I've got Zharkov, and I know my son has Juan's number.

And tonight, we put the first crack on their foundation.

Tonight, the Axis learns what happens when the right men stand up, and don't just hold the line, but take the fight to them.

MS: Mr. Ohara, you've got to have chills, standing here amongst these men.

JO: Chills, man!

[He shows Stegglet his forearm.]

JO: Chills. When the Axis began to amass its power, I knew we needed an Allied force to protect the AWA. I have always wanted to be part of this force! To stand

with these men! Together we're going to teach Juan and his army of sycophants just how great the AWA is.

MS: But there is an elephant in the room we need to speak about, Mr. Ohara. Things haven't always been smooth between you and Ryan Martinez. Is that going to be a factor tonight?

JO: Things haven't always been smooth?

[Ohara casts a questioning look over his shoulder at Ryan Martinez.]

JO: Mr. Stegglet, I have no problems with Ryan Martinez. Ryan Martinez is like my big brother. He stood beside me at the Battle of Boston the first time I went up against Juan Vasquez. He inspired me. I want to be just like him! I want to take the AWA into the future! I hope Ryan will say the same thing.

MS: Well said. And with that, how are you feeling, Mr. Martinez?

[The younger Martinez nods thoughtfully.]

RM: You were right earlier, Mark. Things haven't always been smooth between Jordan and I. And I take responsibility for that. Everyone knows I can be something of a hot head.

[The other four, especially the elder Martinez, nod their heads in agreement.]

RM: But here is the thing I know about Jordan Ohara. His talent is matched by his sense of honor. He's a good man, and one I respect. I respect him as much as I respect Torin and Supernova. As much as I respect my father.

And whatever rivalry is between Jordan and I? That's for another time. If and when the time comes? Well, I know we'll settle it the way honorable men do.

[Jordan makes a slightly surprised face, but nods in agreement.]

MS: It sounds like you feel everything is in place for your match tonight.

RM: I do, Mark, and I think everyone else does too.

It's true, the Axis has run roughshod over the AWA for the better part of a year. But the tide is changing, Mark. People have risen up. People aren't having it any longer.

The days of Juan Vasquez and the Axis are over. And come Thanksgiving night, the AWA is getting an early Christmas present, courtesy of the men you see around me.

So you want to know what's going to happen tonight? Well, the Axis is going to meet the Allies. And when they do, you count on one thing. Hunter, Williams, MAWAGA, Zharkov, Vasquez... you're all going to get...

[All five speak in unison.]

"BURNED!!!"

[The group heads off camera, shouting excited words of encouragement to one another as they leave Mark Stegglet behind.]

MS: And if there was ever a better preview of what's in store for us at SuperClash, I can't imagine what it would be. Fans, let's head down to the ring for this very special ten man tag team affair!

[We cut from Steggle to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following ten man tag team contest is scheduled for one fall with a thirty minute time limit. Introducing first...

[There's a lot more to that "And..." as "Duel of the Fates" by Galactic Empire begins to play. The AWA faithful roar with boos at the sight of the entire Axis of Evil emerging from the entrance.]

RO: They are the AXISSSSSSSSS!

[The jeers intensify as Juan Vasquez, World Title belt draped over his shoulder, leads Riley Hunter, Derrick Williams, MAWAGA, and Maxim Zharkov down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: Well, there's no sign of Jackson Hunter which is just about the only good thing you can say about this scene, I think.

BW: Are you kidding me?! This is the greatest assemblage of professional wrestling talent since the night Hamilton Graham dined alone!

GM: They are certainly a formidable squad to be sure... and it'll be very interesting to see if this group can indeed go undefeated at SuperClash as they claim. They certainly have quite the mountain to climb to accomplish that feat - including defeating several of the men they'll be facing here tonight.

[The Axis hits the ring, each man climbing up into the squared circle as Rebecca Ortiz backs to a corner, trying to avoid any conflict. Vasquez mounts the middle rope in the corner, holding up the title belt as the crowd jeers.]

GM: There he is, fans. The AWA World Champion and the man who is likely stepping inside a ring here on Saturday Night Wrestling for the final time. It's been made clear that win, lose, or draw on Thanksgiving Night, Juan Vasquez will be competing in the AWA for the final time. Tonight, we get a preview of that matchup.

[The music starts to fade as is replaced by the sounds of "Little Crazy" by Fight as the crowd ERUPTS!]

RO: Annnnnnnnnnd their opponents... they are the team of... THE ALLLLLLLIIIIIES!

[The curtain whips open, revealing Supernova and Jordan Ohara leading the trek down the aisle. The mammoth Torin The Titan comes next followed by House Martinez bringing up the rear as the AWA faithful gets a "little crazy" for the final time on Saturday Night Wrestling.]

GM: And here comes the opposition with Alex Martinez also facing his final match at SuperClash when he meets Maxim Zharkov in action... but tonight, the Last American Badass has one more round to go on Saturday Night Wrestling!

[The fan favorites reach the ring quickly, climbing up into the ring as the fans continue to go wild...]

...and then barnstorm across the ring, quickly pairing off with members of the Axis as the crowd somehow manages to get even louder!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HERE WE GO! HERE WE GO!

BW: Referee Ricky Longfellow is going to have trouble with this one, Gordo! This one broke down before the bell even rang!

[The referee wades into the middle, frantically waving his arms as we see the teams square off - Torin with MAWAGA, Zharkov with the Last American Badass, Ohara with Williams, Hunter with Supernova, and - in a preview of the World Title match - Ryan Martinez with Juan Vasquez!]

GM: WE'VE GOT A FIGHT ON OUR HANDS!

[Alex Martinez quickly drives Zharkov through the ropes with a series of haymakers, swinging a leg over the top rope to go out after him. Across the ring, MAWAGA gets put back against the ropes as Torin The Titan rears back, swinging an open-handed palm down on the chest, bringing forth an echoing "WHAAAAP!" that can be heard down the block.]

GM: OHH! MY GOODNESS!

[Supernova suddenly is on a roll, throwing right hands... then switches to backhand blows...

...and a big clothesline takes the Seven Star Athlete, Riley Hunter, over the top rope and down to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Hunter gets cleared out... and Supernova-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SLINGSHOT DIVE TO THE FLOOR! HE WIPES OUT HUNTER!

[Supernova pops up to his feet, pounding his muscular chest with his fists as he howls to the sold out crowd. Back in the ring, MAWAGA and Williams are teaming up on the giant, pounding him back against the turnbuckles under a barrage of blows...

...which is when Torin reaches out, grabbing MAWAGA and Williams, clashing their skulls together with a massive shout.]

GM: OH!

[Getting back to his feet, Jordan Ohara sprints across the ring, leaping up to snatch MAWAGA in a headscissors, using the ropes to flip the Suited Savage over the ropes, flinging him down to the floor...

...while Torin steps forward, scooping Williams up in his arms, and slams him down to the mat! Williams promptly rolls to the floor, bringing Torin out after him.]

BW: And then there were two!

[Somehow separated in the chaos, the SuperClash Main Event competitors get to their feet at the same time, the distance of the ring between them. Vasquez is defiant, brash, angrily shouting at his young rival. Martinez is flushed with anger, a year of frustration boiling over into one moment...

...and as Martinez charges across the ring, Vasquez slips through the ropes, dropping to the floor as the crowd ROARS its disapproval.]



GM: Oh, come on!

[Vasquez smirks up at the younger Martinez, rubbing his fingers together in the universally-known money gesture.]

BW: Hah! Vasquez gets paid for the big fights, Gordo... and paid well. He's not giving it away in Jackson, Mississippi of all places!

GM: No offense to our fans here, I'm sure.

BW: Eh, they probably didn't even understand that they were being insulted.

[The AWA's White Knight is fuming as he shouts down at Vasquez who walks away, shaking his head. Martinez seems about to go out after him when suddenly...]

GM: Hunter's back in!

[Riley Hunter grabs Martinez by the arm, swinging him around and into a sharp back elbow up under the chin. The crowd groans as Martinez falls back against the ropes and the referee starts wrangling the two teams up onto their respective corners. Hunter grabs an arm, shooting Martinez across the ring.]

GM: The White Knight off the far side...

[Hunter shifts his feet, lifting the former World Champion up with a hiptoss, sitting out as he slams him down to the canvas...]

GM: Hiptoss slam by the Seven Star Athlete!

[Hunter scrambles back to his feet, racing to the ropes and catching a sitting-up Martinez with a one-legged dropkick. He rolls over, diving across his chest...

...but doesn't even get a one count as Martinez kicks out. Hunter sneers as he backs to the corner, slapping his partner's hand.]

GM: Tag! In comes Derrick Williams...

BW: Future Shock in full effect, daddy!

[Williams and Hunter work in tandem, double-whipping the former champ across the ring. A double back elbow under the chin takes Martinez off his feet. Hunter gives a shout, leaping up into Williams' grasp as the New York native slams his own partner down in a makeshift senton!]

GM: Ohhh! Nice doubleteam by Future Shock... and Williams covers.

[Williams, failing to hook the leg per usual, gets a one count as well.]

GM: Out at one. It's going to take more than that to put Ryan Martinez down for a three count.

[Williams gestures to the corner as Hunter ducks back out to the apron. Zharkov lifts a leg, planting his boot on the top rope...

...and Williams smashes Martinez headfirst into the boot before slapping the Tsar's outstretched hand.]

GM: Another tag.

BW: The Axis looking good out there, Gordo. Like a well-oiled machine.

GM: Jackson Hunter's certainly got them firing on all cylinders as we head into Thanksgiving Night in New Orleans where he's hoping for a clean sweep.

BW: Can you imagine the stroke the Axis will have around here if that happens?

GM: I can't, Bucky... I truly can't. Because if that happens, it means that Juan Vasquez has retained the World Title... and his contract has expired so he's free to take that title to the highest bidder and lay it at their feet.

BW: Pay the man!

[Zharkov hooks a front facelock on Martinez, dragging him three-quarters of the way across the ring so he can stare right into the eyes of the Last American Badass. Supernova grabs the elder Martinez by the arm, shaking his head and begging him to not go in after him as Zharkov muscles the White Knight up in a vertical suplex...

...and throws him down from a standing position, almost turning the move into a bodyslam. He turns back towards the fan favorites' corner, sneering at them as he points to the downed Martinez.]

GM: And at this point, The Axis is absolutely dominating Ryan Martinez which is... well, good for Juan Vasquez but not good for anyone else at all.

[Zharkov steps closer to the corner, jawjacking with Alex Martinez who looks fit to be tied at this point. The Russian steps closer again...

...and SPITS right in the face of the Last American Badass!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH! HE SPAT AT HIM!

[And that'll do it. Alex Martinez steps over the top rope, charging at Zharkov who steps back, allowing referee Ricky Longfellow to slide into the path of the seven footer, defiantly ordering him to exit the ring back to the apron.]

GM: Let him go, ref! Let him take his shot at Zharkov!

[Martinez seems to be pleading for the same thing...

...which allows for Derrick Williams and Riley Hunter to come back in, putting the boots to Martinez as Juan Vasquez looks on in the corner, smirking at the Axis' assault on his SuperClash opponent.]

GM: And I wouldn't be surprised to learn that Vasquez engineered this, trying to get the Axis to soften up his challenger on Thanksgiving Night.

BW: Well, duh. It doesn't take a ring general to figure that one out.

[Hunter and Williams vacate the ring just as the referee succeeds in getting the elder Martinez out. Zharkov pulls Ryan Martinez up to his feet, holding him by the hair as he taunts him...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the crowd ROARS as Martinez goes upside Zharkov's jaw with an open-handed strike!]

GM: He slapped the taste right out of his borscht-loving mouth!

[Zharkov recoils from the strike, the crowd cheering as Martinez tries to steady himself, stepping forward...

...and the big Russian leaves his feet, lashing out with a standing dropkick!]

GM: WHOA!

[The blow stuns Martinez, sending him flying backwards into the neutral corner. Zharkov gets up, pointing at the stunned White Knight...

...and then charges in after him...]

GM: CLOTHESLI-

[But the White Knight pulls himself clear, causing Zharkov to SLAM chestfirst into the buckles. The crowd roars as Martinez staggers, stumbling across the ring towards a lot of outstretched hands...

...and dives into the mix, slapping the first hand he sees!]

GM: OHARA GETS THE TAG!

[The Carolina native quickly steps up to the second rope, one foot on the top as he springs off, dropping a Tomahawk chop down between the eyes of the Tsar!]

GM: Flying chop off the top!

[Zharkov stumbles forward, grabbing the ropes with both hands to steady himself as Ohara twists around...

...and then spins back the other way, making a lunge at Derrick Williams who drops off the apron to the floor. Ohara angrily takes a swing over the ropes as Williams points at his temple.]

GM: Ohara just barely missed getting his hands on his SuperClash opponent and-

BW: ZHARKOV!

[The Russian comes charging in from behind...

...but Ohara sees him coming, dropping down as he pulls the top rope with him, sending Zharkov sailing over the ropes, crashing down to the barely-padded floor at ringside!]

GM: OHHH! Down goes Zharkov!

[With Zharkov out of the way, Ohara gets up...

...and BLASTS Juan Vasquez with a knife-edge chop, knocking him off the apron to a HUGE reaction!]

GM: Ohara chops down the World Champion! Oh yeah!

[A fuming Vasquez grabs the ropes, climbing up on the apron...

...and drops right back down as Ohara goes to chop him a second time. Ohara grabs the top rope, looking to slingshot over onto the World Champion...]

GM: Ohara... SLINGSHOT!

[...but Zharkov shoves Vasquez clear, reaching up to SNATCH the flying Ohara out of the sky!]

GM: CAUGHT! ZHARKOV CAUGHT HIM!

[Zharkov spins around with Ohara held across his chest...

...and DRIVES him spinefirst into the steel ringpost!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: TO THE POST! OH MY STARS!

[Ohara is dumped on the floor where he immediately reaches up, grabbing at his lower back as Zharkov looms over him, staring down at the hurting Phoenix. The referee starts his ten count as Vasquez orders Zharkov to put Ohara back in. The Russian obliges, rolling back in himself...

...and then slapping the offered hand of the AWA World Champion.]

GM: Tag! And that FINALLY brings Juan Vasquez into the match... and of course, he only comes in when his opponent is down and hurting on the mat.

[Vasquez quickly snatches Ohara, dragging him to his feet where he whips him into the turnbuckles, sending him crashing backfirst into the neutral corner. The Phoenix staggers out towards the World Champion who lifts him up, twists him around, and DUMPS him violently across a bent knee!]

GM: Ohhh! Devastating backbreaker by the World Champion!

[Vasquez shoves Ohara off his knee, lunging into a lateral press.]

GM: The backbreaker gets a one! It gets two!

[But Ohara fires a shoulder off the mat, breaking the pin. Vasquez sneers at the official as he gets to his feet, stomping the lower back once... twice... three times... and then uses the back of the tights to drag him to his feet, tucking his head under the arm...]

GM: He lifts Ohara up...

[...and drops down in a back suplex!]

GM: ...and drops him right back down! Another cover by the champion.

[Another two count follows. Vasquez glares at Ricky Longfellow this time. Longfellow doesn't back down, holding up two fingers as Vasquez slowly gets to his feet. He reaches out, slapping the outstretched hand of Riley Hunter.]

GM: The tag is made and in comes the man who was once known as the hottest free agent in the entire wrestling world. Of course, it was Riley Hunter who betrayed Jordan Ohara when he decided to join the Axis earlier this year.

[Hunter steps in, quickly gathering Ohara to his feet as Vasquez steps out. The Seven Star Athlete ducks low, hoisting the Phoenix up into a fireman's carry. He walks around the ring with Ohara across his shoulders for a bit, ending up in the neutral corner.]

GM: What's he got in mind here?

BW: Whatever it is, get the replay machines ready, daddy, because Riley Hunter ALWAYS puts on a show!

[Hunter steps out of the corner, reaching mid-ring before he rolls forward in a rolling Samoan Drop that ends up with Ohara down on the mat and Hunter on his feet, leaping to the middle rope where he springs off with a picture perfect moonsault across the chest!]

GM: What a moonsault! Hunter with the cover for one! He gets two!

[Again, Ohara's shoulder pops up off the mat.]

GM: Another two count and-

[With a smirk on his face, Hunter reaches out and slaps another offered hand. A ripple of concern washes audibly over the crowd as that man steps in.]

GM: Oh brother... here comes trouble.

BW: MAWAGA makes the tag and he's in the ring officially for the first time!

[Hunter brings Ohara up again, pulling his arms back as MAWAGA steps in, swings his arms around, and buries a thrust kick into the sternum. Ohara falls to his knees, coughing violently as MAWAGA stands over him, looking down stoically on the Phoenix.]

GM: Fans, we're closing in on the ten minute mark of this one as MAWAGA... ohh! Big overhead chop down on Ohara's neck... and another...

[The Suited Savage switches to Mongolian chops, raining down fire on the kneeling Ohara. MAWAGA suddenly steps back, takes aim...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and folds Ohara backwards onto his own legs with a front kick to the mush!]

GM: Good grief!

[MAWAGA steps back towards his corner, taking an offered tag from a smirking Derrick Williams.]

BW: And now, daddy, The Future's in to finish the job!

[Williams circles the downed Ohara, trashtalking a little as the crowd jeers.]

GM: Williams also betrayed Ohara earlier this year when HE joined the Axis.

BW: Hey, never let it be said that Riley Hunter isn't a trendsetter, daddy.

[Williams leans down, pulling the dazed Ohara to his feet. He twists around, hooking a three-quarter nelson...]

...but Ohara suddenly shoves him off and as Williams turns around...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SUPERKICK! RIGHT ON THE BUTTON!

[The downed Williams is flat on his back as Ohara falls to his knees again. Referee Ricky Longfellow steps forward to start a double count...

...and the crowd begins buzzing at the sight of someone walking... well, hobbling really... through the entrance curtain.]

GM: Wait a second! Jackson Hunter is coming out here!

BW: Oh, that brave soul!

GM: That... what?! There's a lot of things I'd call Jackson Hunter but that sure ain't one of 'em, Bucky!

BW: After taking that cheapshot Firebomb from Alex Martinez tonight, how can you call Hunter anything BUT brave?!

[Hunter is very visibly limping, clutching at his back as he heads towards the ring while Ohara crawls towards his corner...]

GM: Ohara's drawing near the corner as Jackson Hunter apparently is making his way out here to corner his troops.

[Reaching ringside, Hunter turns, walking around the ring...

...which is when Ohara reaches the corner, reaching up...]

GM: TAG!

[The crowd ROARS as Alex Martinez tags himself into the match. He swings one leg over the top, ready to mix it up...

...but Jackson Hunter grabs the other leg, hanging on for dear life as the elder Martinez attempts to get free!]

GM: What the-?! Referee, get him off the man! Get him to let go!

[Martinez grimaces as he tries to shake Hunter free...

...which allows Derrick Williams time to crawl to his corner, slapping an outstretched hand.]

GM: TAG! Riley Hunter tags back in!

[Hunter charges in fast, looking to take advantage of the trapped Last American Badass...

...and POPS Martinez on the chin with the bicycle knee!]

GM: INSTANT KARMA!

[Hunter promptly hits the ropes, rebounding back with a leaping elbowstrike to the point of the chin. With Martinez still half out of the ring, Hunter steps up to the middle rope, swinging a knee up into the chin a second time!]

GM: Another leaping knee!

[With Martinez reeling, Hunter snaps off a series of palm strikes to the chest, alternating hands...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: ANOTHER INSTANT KARMA!

[Martinez finally slumps forward, falling over the ropes and down to the canvas as Hunter pauses, striking a momentary pose before snapping off a standing Shooting Star Press!]

GM: OHH! Hunter hooks the leg! ONE!!! TWO!!!

[But Martinez POWERS OUT, lifting Hunter off of him and throwing him through the ropes to the floor!]

GM: What a kickout by the big man!

[With Hunter on the floor, he scrambles back up on the apron, using the ropes to assist him as he catches a rising Martinez with a leaping kick to the side of the head!]

GM: Good grief!

[Hunter rushes to the neutral corner, quickly scaling the turnbuckles...

...but the big seven footer lumbers in, BLASTING him with a right hand to the jaw!]

GM: Ohhh! Big right hand!

[Reaching up, Martinez hooks Hunter.... and HURLS him from his perch, sending him flying through the air and crashing down on the canvas!]

GM: Big slam off the top by a big, big man!

BW: And somehow, he's going to tag in the only guy in the match bigger than he is!

[The crowd ROARS as the Eiffel Tower tags himself into the match, stepping over the top rope inside the squared circle. The usually easy-going Torin looks pretty agitated as he grabs a rising Hunter by the hair...]

GM: HEADBUTT!

[...and PASTES him with a headbutt that sends Hunter flying backwards, twisting in the air before crashing down to the canvas. Torin walks out to mid-ring...

...and here comes the Axis!]

GM: Uh oh!

[Derrick Williams comes next, storming the Titan who easily dispatches of him with a big haymaker to the side of the head. Zharkov is next. He goes into a full spin as he comes through the ropes, looking to uncork the Peacemaker discus lariat...

...but Torin reaches out with both hands, grasping him by the throat.]

GM: Torin's got the big Russian!

[The Titan hoists Zharkov into the air with ease, the Russian flailing about as the air is choked out of him...]

BW: That's a choke, ref! Illegal! Illegal!

[Referee Ricky Longfellow drifts a little too close to the corner and Juan Vasquez reaches out, snatching him by the shirt. He angrily points to the Titan, shouting right in Longfellow's face. Longfellow twists out of Vasquez' grip just as Torin throws Zharkov down to the mat with a giant-sized thud!]

GM: Who else wants some of Torin The Titan?!

[That question is swiftly answered as the Suited Savage, MAWAGA, steps into the ring, slowly moving towards the mighty Torin. The Titan nods his head, beckoning MAWAGA towards him as the crowd roars with anticipation. Jackson Hunter shouts something in another language to MAWAGA who nods in acknowledgement, sidestepping his way around the big giant who slowly turns to keep MAWAGA in front of him...

...which turns out to be a plot as Juan Vasquez steps in, hops up to the middle rope, and then leaps off with a flying knee between the shoulderblades of the Titan. The Titan exclaims in shock, stumbling forward towards MAWAGA who catches him with a stiff thrust kick to the chin!]

GM: OHHH!

[The Titan does not go down but he does get dazed as MAWAGA bodies him back into the Axis' corner. The Suited Savage steps back, lighting him up with a series of chops, stiff-fingered thrusts to the throat, and finally a spinning back elbow to the side of the head!]

GM: Come on, ref! He's not the legal man!

BW: No, that's Riley HUNNNNNNTERRRRRR!

[Bucky's unique pronunciation comes as Hunter storms the corner, leaping up with a picture perfect bicycle knee strike...]

GM: INSTANT KARMA!

[Torin sags back against the turnbuckles as Hunter looks towards the corner, tagging in a grinning Juan Vasquez.]

GM: In comes the World Champion, looking to get himself a piece of the world's largest athlete!

[Vasquez smirks as he squares up on the cornered Torin, lighting him up with a half dozen chops across the chest...

...and then turns to look across the ring at Ryan Martinez, taunting his young SuperClash opponent.]

GM: Machine gun chops they're not but those blows were quite effective.

[Vasquez turns back towards Torin...

...who reaches out a single arm, locking his massive hand around Vasquez' throat! The crowd roars as the World Champion's eyes go wide.]

GM: He's got him! He's got him!

[But the wily veteran will not be taken down that easy, reaching out to dig his fingers into Torin's most vulnerable body part: the eyes!]

GM: Ohh! He rakes the eyes and Torin can't see a thing!



[The referee steps in, shouting at Vasquez, attempting to push him back out of the corner...

...but Vasquez angrily brushes past him, giving him a solid shoulder check in the process.]

GM: Watch yourself, Vasquez! That could be a disqualification!

BW: Tell that punk Longfellow to get out of his way then!

[Vasquez squares up again, blistering Torin with a knife edge chop... and then a forearm back across the jaw... another chop... another forearm... faster and faster until he's blur of motion rocking the giant with stiff strikes.]

BW: VIOLENCE PARTY FOR ONE, DADDY!

[The blow land faster and harder, repeatedly finding the mark as Torin starts to slump down even more in the corner..

...which is when Vasquez grabs two hands full of Torin's mighty afro...]

GM: Vasquez winds up... HEADBUTT!

[The skulls collide with head-splitting impact.]

BW: The World Champion has one of the hardest heads in all of wrestling, daddy!

[But it's Vasquez who slowly stumbles backwards, clutching his own head.]

GM: I think he may have just met his match!

[Vasquez falls to a knee as Torin lumbers back to a standing position, stepping out of the corner. He grabs Vasquez by the throat again, eyes wide with anger as he scoops him up...

...and wraps his powerful arms around Vasquez' torso in a mighty bearhug!]

GM: BEARHUG! A BODY-WRECKING BEARHUG APPLIED BY THE TITAN!

[Vasquez howls in pain as Torin's mighty arms are put to good use, squeezing the air out of the World Champion's body.]

GM: This might be it right here! He may have to give up if he wants to save his physical well-being for SuperClash!

[Vasquez screams "NOOOOOOO!" at Ricky Longfellow as he looks for as escape, shaking his head as Jackson Hunter shouts at him from the floor...

...and then goes back to the well, digging his fingers into Torin's eyes and breaking his grip!]

GM: Oh! Back to the eyes!

[The World Champion grabs at his ribs, stumbling the distance to his corner where he slaps the hand of Derrick Williams.]

GM: Tag!

BW: Back to the Future!

[The hard-hitting Williams steps up to the middle rope, taking aim as the blinded Torin slowly turns in a circle towards him...]

GM: Williams leaps!

[A well-planned flying forearm comes sailing towards Torin...

...but he reaches out, arms extended as Williams comes down!]

GM: CAUGHT... AND ANOTHER BEARHUG! OH MY STARS!

[Williams cries out, flailing his arms as he pounds at Torin's head and neck, trying to break his way free...

...which proves pointless as Torin lunges forward, CRUSHING Williams between his body and the turnbuckles to the joy of the Jackson crowd!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With Williams reeling in the corner, Torin slowly turns, lumbering across the ring towards his corner. Vasquez shouts something to his allies, causing Riley Hunter to tag Williams' shoulder, sprinting into the ring in an attempt to cut off Torin's tag.]

GM: Hunter's in, coming in hot!

[Hunter runs past the stumbling giant, leaping up to the middle rope in the Allies' corner, snapping off a kick to the side of Jordan Ohara's head as he does, and just barely leaps off the ropes again before getting grabbed by the Allies...]

GM: Dropkick off the ropes! He caught the giant on the chin!

[Torin stumbles back as Hunter quickly tries to compose himself, wondering what else he can do to potentially bring down the Eiffel Tower.]

GM: And right now, I'm betting Riley Hunter wishes he had a harpoon and tow cable, fans! It might be the only way of bringing down the Titan of Professional Wrestling!

[Hunter leaps up, landing a palm strike uppercut under the chin. In one motion, he sprints to the ropes, leaping to the middle rope, springing back with a back elbow to the bridge of the nose.]

GM: Oh!

[He kips up to his feet, throwing a back elbow that lands on the right arm before spinning back the other way with a rolling elbow type strike to the sternum. The Seven Star Athlete grabs Torin by the hair, pulling his head down...

...where he mockingly musses Torin's hair before dashing back to the ropes one more time, rebounding back...]

GM: BIIIIIIIG BOOOOOOOT!

[The giant-sized boot to the chin flips Hunter backwards, dumping him in a heap on the mat as Torin finishes stumbling to the corner where he slaps the hand of the only Ally to not officially be in the match yet.]

GM: TAG! IN COMES SUPERNOVA!

[The Venice Beach native comes tearing into the ring, running wildly past the downed Riley Hunter to the other corner, leaping into the air as he lands a wild right hand on MAWAGA, knocking him off the apron. A backhand blow takes Derrick Williams to the floor. A discus punch knocks Zharkov down as well...

...but to the dismay of the crowd, Juan Vasquez again drops to the floor in time to avoid being struck. He smirks up at Supernova who glares at him for a moment before stalking across the ring back to the rising Riley Hunter. A series of right hands find the mark, backing Hunter across the ring.]

GM: Supernova is on fire in this one... hammering Hunter back to the neutral corner...

[Grabbing an arm, 'Nova whips Hunter across the ring. The crowd buzzes with excitement as Supernova drops back to the corner, lifting his head as he cups his hands to his mouth and releases his signature howl...

...and then comes tearing across the ring, leaping into the air for his trademark Heat Wave splash!]

GM: HEAT WAAAAAA- NO!

[At the last moment, Hunter leans back, raising both knees and causing Supernova to crash chestfirst into them. The former World Television Champion stumbles backwards, clutching his sternum as Hunter hops up to the middle rope...]

GM: Now Hunter's on the attack, leaping off!

[He wraps his legs around Supernova's head, looking to take him down with a swinging rana...

...but the powerful Supernova holds his ground, refusing to go over!]

GM: What strength! What power on the part of Supernova!

[Proving Gordon's point, Supernova manages to muscle Hunter up onto his shoulders...

...and FLINGS him into the buckles with a powerbomb!]

GM: BUCKLE BOMB IN THE CORNER!

[Grabbing the arm, Supernova shoots Hunter across again. And again, he charges across the ring, leaping into the air...

...and CRUSHES Hunter against the corner with the Heat Wave splash!]

GM: YES! YES, HE GOT IT!

[Supernova flings Hunter out of the corner where he spins and falls on his back on the canvas. The face-painted fan favorite nods, walking towards the middle of the ring where he reaches down, folding up Hunter's legs...

...and steps through into the Solar Flare Texas Cloverleaf!]

GM: SOLAR FLARE! HE LOCKS IT IN! THIS IS IT, FANS!

[Hunter cries out as his legs and back are wrenched by the powerful Supernova.]

GM: He's got it locked in! There's no way out for Riley Hunter!

[That is, until Maxim Zharkov hits the ring.]

BW: You were saying, Gordo?!

GM: Oh, come on!

[A charging boot to the mush by Zharkov breaks up the submission hold. The big Russian looks quite pleased with himself until...]

GM: HERE COMES THE LAST AMERICAN BADASS!

[The seven foot Martinez hits the ring strong, battering Zharkov back across the ring with a series of big right hands...]

...and a running clothesline sends them both tumbling over the ropes and down to the floor!]

GM: Down to the flo- look out!

[Derrick Williams rushes in as well, landing a few kicks on the downed Supernova...]

...and then turns to look at the Allies' corner where Jordan Ohara comes sailing off the top rope with a crossbody!]

GM: PHOENIX FLAME! PHOENIX FLAME BY OHARA!

[The flying attack knocks Williams to the mat where he promptly rolls to the floor. Ohara jumps up, looking for more action...]

...and gets DRILLED under the chin by a MAWAGA thrust kick!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Ohara bails from the ring as MAWAGA turns towards the Allies' corner, beckoning them on...]

GM: AND HERE COMES THE TITAN!

[Torin slowly swings his leg over the top rope, stepping into the fray. He takes one long look at MAWAGA who is now indulging in an intricate haka as the crowd roars with anticipation once more...]

...and the two come together in a mighty battle, raining blows down on one another as the fans EXPLODE at the mammoth battle!]

GM: Now THIS is a fight, fans!

[Ricky Longfellow steps back, throwing up his hands in dismay at being unable to control the action. Juan Vasquez steps in, shoving Longfellow back into the corner, sticking a finger in his face, bullying him backwards.]

GM: Oh, come on! Leave the referee alone, you bully!

[Vasquez is all over Longfellow verbally as MAWAGA and Torin lock up like two kaiju, crashing into the ropes where they fall through and out to the floor, still throttling one another...]

GM: Oh! A hard fall to the outside for MAWAGA and Torin... look here! Look here!

[The crowd gets even louder as the AWA's White Knight steps into the ring, marching across towards his SuperClash opponent...

...and just as Vasquez rears back a right hand presumably destined to bounce off referee Ricky Longfellow's skull, Martinez grabs the limb, spinning him around. There's a look of surprise on the World Champion's face for just a moment as Martinez drills him with a forearm shot, sending him back into the buckles that the referee swiftly vacated.]

GM: He's got Vasquez back in the corner! Look out now!

[Martinez lets a smile cross his face for just a moment as he shifts his footing and lashes out with a knife edge chop.

You know what's coming.]

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

GM: MACHINE GUN CHOPS!

[Martinez pauses, taking a breath, as the fans chant for more. Ever a man of the people, young Ryan obliges. This time, the barrage of chops is slower, as is the fans' chant.]

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

[With Vasquez devastated by the big chops, Martinez whips him across the ring where the World Champion slams into the turnbuckles. Martinez ducks low, giving his right leg a slap...]

GM: He's looking for that running flying Yakuza - for the Excalibur!

[The former World Champion waits until Vasquez stumbles out of the corner, the crowd roaring as Martinez comes charging across...

...which is when Derrick Williams dives headfirst under the ropes, popping up to his feet, leaping up to snare a three-quarter nelson, and DRIVES Martinez skullfirst into the canvas all in one motion!]

GM: BLACKOUT!! BLACKOUT OUTTA NOWHERE!!

[Williams pops up, a joyous look on his face as he pumps both arms in triumph. He drops to his knees, flipping Martinez over onto his back, diving across the prone White Knight!]

GM: Martinez isn't the legal man... or is he?!

BW: I can't keep track anymore!

[Neither can Ricky Longfellow apparently as he dives down to the mat, looking to make the count!]

GM: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOO! THR-

[The crowd ROARS as Supernova makes a diving save, crashing down on the back of Williams!]

GM: HOW CLOSE WAS THAT, FANS?!

[Supernova promptly pulls Williams up, landing a right hand... a backhand... and another haymaker that sends Williams falling back to the corner...]

GM: Supernova's all over Williams after saving the match for his squad... grabs the arm... shoots him across...

[The fan favorite drops back in the corner again, cupping his hands to his mouth and howling to the crowd - a sound echoed by the AWA faithful - before tearing across the ring, leaping high into the air..]

...and CRUSHING Williams against the buckles with a Heat Wave splash!]

GM: HEAT WAVE IN THE CORNER! HEAT WAVE IN THE CORNER!

[Supernova bounces out, smiling as he spins in a circle...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: RIGHT CROSS! VASQUEZ WITH THE RIGHT CROSS!

[The most famous right hand in the sport DROPS Supernova like a rock. Vasquez smirks, shrugging at the jeering crowd. He turns to the fans, taunting them as Supernova lies motionless on the canvas...]

...and completely misses a seven foot Badass stepping over the top rope, stomping across the ring. The crowd ROARS as Vasquez turns around...]

GM: DOUBLE CHOKE! AND VASQUEZ IS ABOUT TO GET...

[Alex Martinez lifts his former Mexipower ally into the air, holding him high for all to see...]

...and DRIVES him down with the sitout powerbomb known throughout the wrestling world as the Firebomb!]

GM: ...BURRRRRRRRRNNNNNNNNED!

[The Firebomb bounces Vasquez off the canvas as Martinez starts to get back to his feet, looking to cover...]

...which is when Maxim Zharkov slides under the bottom rope, coming to his feet behind his SuperClash opponent...]

BW: ZHARKOV'S IN!

[The seven footer turns around as Zharkov goes into a spin...

...and FLATTENS the big man with the discus lariat!]

GM: PEACEMAKER! ZHARKOV LAYS HIM OUT WITH THE PEACEMAKER!!

[Zharkov gives a shout in Russian, standing over the floored Martinez...

...and dives down across his chest!]

GM: ZHARKOV COVERS! ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOOO! THRE-

[The crowd ERUPTS as someone comes flying into frame, crashing down with a frog splash across the back of covering Zharkov!]

GM: PHOENIX FLAME BREAKS UP THE PIN! OHHHHH MY!

[Zharkov rolls from the ring as Ohara moves quickly around the fallen bodies, looking for someone in particular.]

GM: Ohara's got Vasquez, dragging him up to his feet! Jordan Ohara's made no secret of the fact that he BADLY wants to defeat Juan Vasquez and this may be the last chance the kid ever gets! Do it, Phoenix! Do it for all of us!

[Ohara pulls a dazed Vasquez up, dragging him into a side waistlock...]

GM: He's looking for the Bolt Buster! Ohara lifts him up...

[But as Vasquez gets hoisted up into the air, the World Champion manages to back flip out of Ohara's grasp, landing behind him. As the youthful Phoenix spins around, Vasquez lifts him up over his shoulder, reaching back to hook the head...]

GM: HE'S LOOKING FOR THE CITY OF ANGELS! VASQUEZ LOOKING FOR-

[With Ohara hooked in position, Vasquez turns back towards the middle of the ring...

...and Ryan Martinez comes storming across the ring, leaping into the air and stretching out his leg to catch Vasquez FLUSH under the chin with his flying Yakuza!]

GM: EXCALIBUR! EXCALIBUR!

[The flying kick knocks Vasquez backwards and Ohara uses the momentum to flip Vasquez over into a rapidly-done sunset flip, coming to his feet and folding Vasquez into a jackknife cradle, frantically running in place as Ricky Longfellow dives to the mat, slapping the canvas quickly...]

GM: ONE! TWO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HE DID IT! HE DID IT! OHARA PINS THE WORLD CHAMPION!

[Vasquez rolls to his side, clutching his jaw as Ohara falls to his rear end, a joyful look on his face as he throws his arms up over his head...]

GM: Ohara wins!

BW: With a KING-SIZED assist from Ryan Martinez! And that crooked referee!  
That was the quickest damn count I've ever seen, Gordo!

GM: Ricky Longfellow did seem like he was counting with a bit of... enthusiasm...  
but it's a three count nonetheless and-

[With Ohara down on the mat, Derrick Williams slides in, steel chair in hand...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRILLS Ohara across the upper back and head!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[Ryan Martinez wheels around, rushing Derrick Williams who lifts the chair again  
but Martinez goes low, throwing himself into a full tackle, driving Williams back to  
the corner and the chair out of his hands!

And the crowd ERUPTS in cries of warning as MAWAGA slides back in behind Ryan  
Martinez, going into another intricate haka...

...and as Martinez turns, MAWAGA reaches out and snatches him by the throat!]

GM: TONGAN DEATH GRIP ON THE WHITE KNIGHT!

BW: He's got him! He's got him good and he ain't never lettin' go, daddy!

GM: The longer that Ryan Martinez stays in this hold, the longer his SuperClash title  
match is in danger! He's in serious jeopardy here, fans, and-

[But as MAWAGA shouts incoherently at Martinez, Torin The Titan steps over the top  
rope, stepping forward to grab MAWAGA from behind, a hand on each shoulder...

...and DRILLS him with a headbutt to the back of the skull!]

GM: OHH!

[A second headbutt lands as well...]

GM: TWO HEADBUTTS!

BW: Most mere mortals are out flat after one!

[Even Torin looks surprised at MAWAGA's resilience before a third headbutt lands  
and finally, MAWAGA breaks the hold, stumbling to a knee as a coughing and  
gasping White Knight staggers away, falling to a knee on the canvas.]

GM: Torin breaks the hold... and he HURLS MAWAGA TO THE FLOOR!

[The crowd roars as Torin steps over the ropes, dropping down to the floor where  
he grabs MAWAGA by the arm...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

GM: TORIN FIRES HIM INTO THE RINGSIDE RAILING!

BW: Where are those police officers, Gordo?! We may need them again!



[With the ring cleared out for the most part, Derrick Williams comes marching back out of the corner, grabbing Ohara off the canvas. He pulls him to his feet, patting him on the cheek twice...]

...and goes into a full spin...]

GM: ROLLING ELBO-

[But Ohara snaps off a leaping enzuigiri, catching Williams on the ear!]

GM: OHARA CAUGHT HIM GOOD!

[Williams stumbles backwards, falling against the ropes...]

...and Ohara gets to his feet, charging him, leaping into the air...]

GM: RUNNING CROSSBOD- OHHHHHH!

[The crowd echoes Gordon's reaction as Ohara's crossbody catches Williams high on the chest, sending both men over the top, tumbling all the way out to the barely-padded floor below!]

GM: And there they go as well! Ohara's out! Williams is out!

BW: Half the damn match is out, Gordo!

[With Vasquez and Ryan Martinez alone inside the ring and down on the canvas, Maxim Zharkov slides under the bottom rope into the ring.]

GM: The Russian's back in, pulling Martinez to all fours...

[The big Russian wraps his arms around the torso in a gutwrench, using it to hoist the White Knight off the canvas, flinging him across the ring in a released suplex.]

GM: Gutwrench throw by the Tsar!

[Zharkov climbs back to his feet, swinging his arms across his torso as he marches towards Martinez who has rolled onto his stomach...]

GM: And it looks like Zharkov's looking for the Gorynych on Martinez!

[He steps forward, a foot on either side of the prone White Knight...]

...which is when Supernova slides into the ring, rushing across, leaping up as he grabs Zharkov by the back of the head and SLAMS him facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: OHHH! LEAPING FACESLAM BY SUPERNOVA!

[Supernova takes a knee, checking on Ryan Martinez as Zharkov rolls out to the floor...]

...which allows Riley Hunter to pull himself up on the apron, nodding his head wildly from 'Nova's blind side. The Seven Star Athlete leaps into the air, springing off the top rope...]

GM: SPRINGBOARD FROM BEHIND!!

[...and a king-sized missile dropkick to the back of the head connects on the face-painted Supernova, sending him sailing across the ring, flying through the ropes and crashing down to the floor in a heap!]

GM: HE SENDS 'NOVA OUT OF THERE!

[Hunter gets to his feet, gleefully jumping up and down as he looks out to the floor where there's a growing pile of competitors brawling at ringside. He suddenly runs towards them, hitting the ropes. He rebounds back, hitting the far ropes. The Seven Star Athlete is a blur of motion with this much momentum behind him, sprinting across the ring...

...and HURLS himself over the top rope, flipping through the air and CRASHING down on the heap of wrestlers with a somersault plancha!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SOMERSAULT DIVE TO THE FLOOR BY RILEY HUNTER! OH MY STARS!

[Hunter's big dive results in a pile of bodies strewn across the floor at ringside...

...which is when the seven foot Last American Badass climbs into the ring. He stands in the center, looking one way at a downed Juan Vasquez... the other at his own downed son...

...and then out to the floor. The crowd ROARS its approval as Martinez looks long and hard at the pile of competitors getting up to their feet after Riley Hunter's big dive.]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

BW: He can't do this, Gordo! He can't do this!

GM: You want to tell him that?!

[And as the combined strength of the Axis and the Allies get to their feet out on the floor, Alex Martinez decides to give one more spot to the AWA Saturday Night Wrestling highlight reel in his legendary career.. He runs to the ropes, bouncing off, building a head of steam...]

GM: OHHHHHH! MYYYYYYYY! STARRRRRRRRRRS!

[...and throws his seven foot frame over the top rope, sailing like a giant-sized missile and CRASHES down onto the pile, wiping out everyone in sight once again! The AWA faithful EXPLODES in their reaction to the death-defying dive, roaring their support for the Last American Badass and all that he's given to AWA fans over the years!]

GM: WHAT A DIVE! WHAT A DIVE OUT OF THE LAST AMERICAN BADASS!

BW: And then there were two, daddy! It's the SuperClash Main Event! It's all we have left! It's all we-

[The crowd ERUPTS in jeers once again!]

GM: What's going on now?

[The camera shot cuts to the top of the aisle where we see - yes, again - Lord William Wesley Windsor making his way down the aisle to the ring.]

GM: AGAIN?!

BW: Third time... no, four? Maybe this is four?

GM: I can't believe he's coming out here during all this!

BW: The Golden Ticket is still in play, Gordo, and that's one heck of a motivating factor to get in the midst of whatever you have to!

[Windsor throws a glance at the sprawl of humanity on the floor, shrugging as he snatches up the ring apron, dragging a ladder into view.]

GM: Windsor's got the ladder - shoving it in... what in the-?!

BW: HIM?!

[The crowd cheers as Curtis Kestrel comes jogging down the aisle. The Canadian grappler slides in as Windsor sets up the ladder, rushing to intercept.]

GM: And Curtis Kestrel's got one more shot to get that Golden Ticket as well! Big forearm to the jaw... another... another... another...

[And a standing dropkick - and a beauty - sends Windsor back through the ropes, crashing down to the floor. The crowd cheers as Kestrel turns back to the ladder, stepping up onto it...]

GM: Kestrel's climbing! Curtis Kestrel making the climb, looking to grab the Golden Ticket!

[Kestrel gets halfway up the ladder, stretching an arm up towards the ceiling, a clear path between him and his Golden Ticket.]

GM: Kestrel's gonna get it! Curtis Kestrel's going to get the Golden Ticket! Kestrel's going to-

[The AWA faithful erupt in shock as a new figure is suddenly in the ring, positioning himself underneath Kestrel, reaching up to wrap his arms around Kestrel's thighs...

...and DRIVING him down to the canvas with a thunderous powerbomb off the ladder!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

BW: YES! YESSSSSS!

[The figure starts to climb in Kestrel's place, making his way swiftly up the ladder completely unimpeded.]

GM: He's gonna get it! He's gonna do it!

[He steps up, reaching up with both arms...

...and yanks down the Golden Ticket, falling down to the canvas in the process. The crowd ERUPTS in jeers at the sight of the man now holding the Golden Ticket gripped in white knuckled hands...]

GM: ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

BW: HE'S GOT IT! HE'S GOT IT! OHHHH YEAH!

[He rises off the mat, holding the Ticket up over his head, smirking as the crowd ROARS its disapproval...]

GM: JACKSON HUNTER - OF ALL PEOPLE - HAS GRABBED THE GOLDEN TICKET! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! THE MANAGER OF THE AXIS HAS GRABBED THE GOLDEN TICKET AND-

[He gleefully drops to the canvas, rolling out to the floor, gingerly running up the aisle with the Golden Ticket gripped in his greedy hands...

...and we cut back to the ring where Juan Vasquez is back on his feet, pulling Ryan Martinez into a standing headscissors...]

GM: PILEDRIVER! HE'S LOOKING FOR THE PILEDRIVER!

[But the courageous Ricky Longfellow intervenes as Vasquez lifts Martinez up, grabbing the White Knight by the leg and yanking him back out. He angrily shouts at Vasquez, pointing right in his face...

...which is when Vasquez throws Martinez aside, snatching the referee by the wrist, yanking him into a torture rack!]

GM: WHAT THE-?! WHAT THE-?!

BW: JUAN, DON'T DO-

[Vasquez steps to mid-ring, looking out at the stunned crowd...

...and then swings the referee around into piledriver position, sitting out in a devastating assault to the spinal cord of Ricky Longfellow!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd and announcers fall silent as Vasquez sits on the mat, a cold and heartless expression on his face as he stares at an absolutely still Ricky Longfellow.]

GM: I... I can't...

BW: Did I just see that? Did Juan Vasquez just-

[The crowd ERUPTS again as Ryan Martinez dives OVER the prone Vasquez, taking the mount as he recklessly and wildly hammers his fist down into the face of the World Champion!]

GM: MARTINEZ! MARTINEZ!

[The White Knight pummels Vasquez for a moment before pulling off, dragging the World Champion to his feet. He swings a knee up into the gut, snatching a front facelock...]

GM: Oh my stars! Martinez is going for the Brainbuster!

BW: We haven't seen him hit this since...

[But as he attempts the big lift, his arm seemingly gives way again, forcing him to put Vasquez back down. Vasquez buries a boot in the gut...]

GM: PILEDRIVER! HE'S SETTING IT UP!

[Vasquez lifts quickly this time, hoping to spike Martinez before he can escape...

...but the AWA's White Knight manages to flip out of the lift, twisting to land on his feet. He grabs Vasquez around the head and neck, taking him down hard to the canvas where he loops Vasquez' left arm around his neck and locks his own hands around Vasquez' head, pulling back in a crossface!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

BW: WHERE THE HELL DID HE LEARN THAT?!

GM: I'LL GIVE YOU ONE GUESS! HE'S GOT VASQUEZ TRAPPED! HE'S GOT VASQUEZ TRAPPED!

[The crowd is on their feet roaring as Martinez pulls back, wrenching the neck of the World Champion who raises his arm...

...and slaps the canvas repeatedly, somehow driving the arena decibel level even higher!]

GM: HE TAPPED! HE TAPPED!

BW: IT'S NOT A DAMN MATCH, GORDO!

GM: I DON'T CARE! JUAN VASQUEZ JUST TAPPED OUT!

[Martinez releases the hold, allowing Vasquez to roll under the ropes to the floor. The White Knight gets to his feet, staring down at Vasquez who is kept on his feet by Derrick Williams outside the ring. Martinez approaches the ropes, shouting at Vasquez who is absolutely fuming.]

GM: What a chaotic scene it is here in Jackson! We've got bodies everywhere! We've got Jackson Hunter of all people with the Golden Ticket! We've got a referee laid out with a... I don't even know what to call that move!

BW: I do but I wanna keep my job.

GM: Martinez makes Vasquez tap out!

BW: It wasn't legal!

GM: And that's just the tip of the iceberg, fans, because in twelve short days, we're coming to New Orleans and we're gonna blow the roof off the Superdome! We're out of time! We gotta go! We'll see you at SuperClash!

[Martinez makes the belt gesture at Juan Vasquez who shouts something off-mic in response. Two men at war. Two men who have a date on Thanksgiving Night.

A date with destiny.

Fade to black.]