

SUPER CLASH VIII



NOVEMBER 24, 2016
MERCEDES BENZ SUPERDOME
NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

[A black screen.

White text appears on behalf of the AWA legal team to inform you of the penalties involved if you happen to do things with the Pay Per View that you're about to watch that you shouldn't.

From that, we fade 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."

[Back to black for a moment.

With the screen still black, we hear the opening piano notes to Guns N' Roses' "November Rain" - a tradition now for the event that you're about to witness. As the screen fades up onto the SuperClash logo, another SuperClash tradition begins... the voiceover provided by the Dean of Professional Wrestling commentary, Gordon Myers.]

"For decades, the biggest day of the calendar year for the professional wrestling business was Thanksgiving night.

It was the night when all the biggest stars came out.

The night when all the biggest matches were held.

The night where careers were built and legends were made.

And the night where the memories that last a lifetime were formed.

On this night, the AWA returns to those days for the biggest event of the year. It is SuperClash...

...and it has arrived."

[Fade to black.

And then to the opening chords of a song that is oddly familiar to many a pro wrestling fan. Those "in the know" will almost instantly recognize it as "Lonely Road of Faith" by Kid Rock. The chords are accompanied by a graphic that reads...

"Some are satisfied with just being here.
Others with getting close.
Some with being champion.
But an elite few will not rest until they are... legendary."

An accompanying "AWA Legendary" graphic splashes on the screen just before the lyrics begin.]

#Up and down that lonely road of faith#

[The front page of the Wrestling Watcher newsletter from many years ago has a shot of Jon Stegglet, Todd Michaelson, and Bobby Taylor at the initial AWA launch press conference with their arms raised, smiles all around over a headline that reads "NEW PROMOTION LAUNCHES IN TEXAS!"

Fade to a shot of the very first AWA Saturday Night Wrestling, broadcast live from the WKIK Studios in downtown Dallas. We get our first glimpse of Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde with the AWA logo behind them and the SNW logo fading out to show them.

A shot of Marcus Broussard from the early days of AWA television, raising his arm in victory after a tough match gives way to a shot of City Jack and Tin Can Rust standing side by side in the ring.]

#I have been there#

[The shot dissolves to show Ron Houston standing in the corner, saluting the cheering AWA faithful in one of his early appearances.

Kolya Sudakov holding the AWA National Title aloft after his victory.

Calisto Dufresne smirking across the ring in a three-piece suit.

"Hotshot" Stevie Scott waving his arms angrily, calling someone to the ring.]

#Unprepared for the storms and the tides that rise#

[Kevin Slater shouting into the camera during an in-studio interview alongside Gordon Myers.

Sweet Daddy Williams shakin' that thang as he struts around the ring.

MAMMOTH Mizusawa towering over all as the camera drifts up his "mammoth" frame.

A group shot of the entire Southern Syndicate - Calisto Dufresne, Adrian Freeman, Stevie Scott, and Raphael Rhodes with a smiling Ben Waterson by their sides.

Rough N Ready stands across from the ring from the Bishop Boys, the two sides trading words from afar.

A bellowing Tumaffi spews saliva everywhere as he screams on the set of Saturday Night Wrestling.

The enigmatic Nenshou gripping his throat, spewing green mist into the air as Percy Childes looks on in an approving fashion.

Jackson Haynes smiles as Danny Morton wildly runs in place, sweat pouring down his forehead.

The good-looking Supernova cups his hands to his mouth, throwing his head back in a howl we never hear over the music.

"Big" Jim Watkins raps a Louisville Slugger on the SNW announce desk, pointing it at the camera.

And a lingering shot of Juan Vasquez in the ring at the very first SuperClash as he looks out on the cheering crowd.

We fade through black...]

#I've realized one thing, how much I love you#

[Eric Preston leaping off the top of the bleachers in the WKIK Studios, soaring through the air.

Tin Can Rust pushing a broken wooden flagpole down into the forehead of a bloodied Stevie Scott, the Russian flag down on the canvas beside him inside of the first WarGames in AWA history.

Supernova yanking down the top rope on a charging Kolya Sudakov, sending the former National Champion sailing to the floor as 'Nova wins the Rumble.

James Lynch turning a Jackson Haynes powerbomb attempt into a rana with both legs tightly cradled to win the Stampede Cup for he and his brother, Jack.

Juan Vasquez, fresh off driving Stevie Scott THROUGH the WKIK Studios set, says "The war... has just... begun!" into the camera.]

#And it hurts to see, see you cryin'##

[Calisto Dufresne hurling a fireball into the eyes of City Jack.

William Craven, freshly unveiled as The Dragon, presses a steel barricade overhead and slams it down on the spine of the man he tormented for over a year, Alex Martinez.

Mark Langseth fleeing into the night, National Title belt gripped in his arms as part of the Westwego Incident.]

#I believe we can make it through the winds of change#

[We fade through black to a shot of Ron Houston using a Fade To Black on Marcus Broussard.

To City Jack pummeling Calisto Dufresne with forearm smashes uncontrollably.

And to Juan Vasquez walking through the curtain at an AWA event, the World Title belt slung over his shoulders.

That shot holds for a bit... and then fades through black again.]

#Chaaaaa-aaaaa-aaaaange#

[A slick little montage of James Monosso blindly throwing himself off the top rope, flipping through the air to crash down in a sloppy moonsault onto Stevie Scott, the move that made him the first AWA World Champion...

...to Skywalker Jones flipping backwards through the air, sailing forward as he slams down onto a kneeling Kenny Stanton with his Zero G Shooting Star Press...

...to Jordan Ohara sailing off the top rope, smashing down in a Phoenix Flame splash on a helpless opponent.

We fade through black again.]

#And if you just hold on, I won't let ya fall#

[A grinning Eric Preston giving a thumbs up to the crowd.

Sweet Daddy Williams holding the top rope as he stands on the ring apron, shaking his groove thang for the fans.

"Red Hot" Rex Summers licking his lips suggestively as he swivels his hips at the fans.

Travis, Jack, and Blackjack Lynch sharing a family embrace in the middle of the ring.

Robert Donovan saluting a cheering crowd with a wave of his arm.

An arrogant Marcus Broussard wipes the sweat off his chest and flicks it in the direction of the camera.

A hooded Anton Layton throws back his head in his signature cackle.

Melissa Cannon and Lori Dane share an in-ring embrace, smiles on both of their faces as the SuperClash logo hangs from the rafters behind them.

Terry Shane leads the Shane Gang into the ring, Miss Sandra Hayes pausing to sneer at the camera as she menaces it with a pink-tape wrapped branding iron.

Bobby O'Connor throws his arm up into the air, smiling at the reaction of the crowd.

Cody Mertz steps up on the second rope, his hands twisted into the "I love you" sign as he taps his chest towards the fans.]

#We can make it through the storms...#

[A shot of the crowd inside the WKIK Studios...

...then to the Crockett Coliseum...

....then to Minute Maid Park, the site of last year's SuperClash.]

#...and the winds of change#

[As Kid Rock extends "change" to "chaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaange," we get a montage of in-ring clips of AWA competitors past and present squaring off...

Juan Vasquez and Stevie Scott.

City Jack and Calisto Dufresne.

James Monosso and Eric Preston.

Shadoe Rage and Supernova.

Demetrius Lake and Jack Lynch.

Supreme Wright and Ryan Martinez.

[There's some "Woooo hooing" over the instrumental for a bit, giving a montage of more AWA competitors, inching closer to present day.

Dave Bryant holding up the World Television Title.

Johnny Detson sneering at the camera.

Hannibal Carver throwing up a middle finger at someone.

Travis Lynch getting embraced by an enthusiastic female fan on his way towards the ring, a kiss being planted on his cheek.

The Blonde Bombers and Larry Doyle taunting fans at ringside.

Brian Lau flanked by the group formerly known as the James Gang.

The Dogs of War making their entrance through the crowd.

Alphonse Green giving a big thumbs up to the camera.

KING Oni growls at the fans as Doctor Harrison Fawcett nods in approval.

"Diamond" Rob Driscoll and Miss Sandra Hayes gloating to no one in particular.

Supreme Wright in a stylish suit with the World Title over his shoulder.

And then we fade through black onto footage from SuperClash VII. Ryan Martinez has just retained the AWA World Title against Hannibal Carver, hopping down off the second rope to continue his celebration as the music takes an ominous turn...]

#Though I walk through the valley of darkness#

[...and special guest referee BLASTS Martinez with the title belt.]

#I am not afraid#

[Cut to a shot of Vasquez driving Hannibal Carver through a ringside table with his trademark piledriver.]

#'Cause I know I'm not alone#

[Quick cuts of Maxim Zharkov assaulting Alex Martinez... Derrick Williams and Riley Hunter with their respective betrayals of Jordan Ohara... and then to Vasquez celebrating some dastardly act alongside all of them with Jackson Hunter cackling beside them.

The music builds up again, then breaks down into a different style set of lyrics.]

#And if the wind blows east, would you follow me#

[A redesigned AWA logo splashes across the screen for a moment before cutting to Supreme Wright delivering Fat Tuesday on Dave Bryant at SuperClash V.

Michael Aarons dropping a flying elbow off the top rope on a prone Danny Morton at SuperClash VII.

Brian James delivering the Blackheart Punch on a set of steel ringsteps rapidly coming his way.

Jordan Ohara dives off the top rope, wiping out three men on the floor with a crossbody.

Jack Lynch wraps an Iron Claw around the bloodied head of Demetrius Lake.]

#And if the wind blows north, would ya stay your course#

[Melissa Cannon and Lauryn Rage trade heavy blows in the middle of the ring.

Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan use their elevated Cattle Buster doubleteam to lay out a foe.

Shadoe Rage sends Donnie White plummeting off a scaffold down to the ring below as flashbulbs pop all over the building.]

#And if the wind blows west, would ya second guess#

[Supernova sails across the ring, crushing an opponent with the Heat Wave splash in the corner.

Derrick Williams snaps off a Blackout outta nowhere on Ryan Martinez.

Julie Somers moonsaults off the top rope onto a pile of male wrestlers at ringside... then gets dragged over the railing by Erica Toughill.]

#And if it blows to the south, would you count me out#

[Ayako Fujiwara shatters the window of a police car... with her head.

Future Hall of Famer David Ortiz pulls down the top rope as Flex Ferrigno takes a tumble to the floor.

Anton Layton hurls fire in the direction of Howie Somers.]

#And if the sun don't shine, would you still be mine#

[Johnny Detson lands a Wilde Driver on an unknown victim.

Maxim Zharkov ragdolls an opponent back and forth while trapped inside the Gorynych.

Tiger Claw and Casey James wielding baseball bats stare down police officers without fear.]

#And if the sky turns grey, would you walk away#

[Blackjack Lynch - in his prime - puts the boots to an opponent in the corner of a dirty old ring somewhere in Texas.

A glimmering shot of the Steal The Spotlight briefcase hanging above a ladder.

And a breathtaking long shot of one of Alex Martinez' big dives over the top rope, wiping out the pile of bodies underneath his giant falling form.]

#Would you say I do, if I say I'll be#

[Juan Vasquez batters an opponent with his fists down on the canvas.

Ryan Martinez chops the hell out of a victim repeatedly in the corner.

Vasquez uses the Air Raid Crash.

Martinez uses the Brainbuster.]

#And walk this road through life with me#

[An exchange of blows from Vasquez and Martinez, rapid-fire shots to the head that has the crowd on their feet jumping up and down...

...which turns into a burst of quick shots of AWA crowds past - bigger with each shot from the early days in the WKIK Studios to Madison Square Garden and beyond.]

#You know I love youuuuuu#

[A shot of Stevie Scott thumping his chest, pointing to the crowd...

...to Juan Vasquez doing the same...

...and then to Ryan Martinez completing the sequence with his own expression of love to the fans.

Cut to a shot of pyrotechnics lighting up the night sky over Minute Maid Park for SuperClash VII.

The music continues to show a sequence of Lori Dane saluting the fans... to Melissa Cannon... to Julie Somers... to Lauryn Rage... to Ayako Fujiwara...

Another sequence fades from Blackjack Lynch... to Jack Lynch with the World Title over his shoulder... to Travis Lynch smiling with the National Title around his waist.

From Alex Martinez holding up the EMWC World Title to Ryan Martinez holding up the AWA World Title.]

#On this lonely road of faith#

[A sequence showing the first National Champion, Marcus Broussard, raising the title in victory...

To Ron Houston staring into the face of the title belt, almost in disbelief.

To Kolya Sudakov standing with his Uncle flanking up, the title belt secure around his waist.

To Stevie Scott with the Southern Syndicate around him, the title belt on his shoulder.

To Juan Vasquez hugging the title to his sweat-covered chest.

To Calisto Dufresne, an ever-present smirk on his face as he shows it to the camera.

To James Monosso holding up the brand new AWA World Heavyweight Title.

To Dave Bryant with a title belt over each shoulder.

To Supreme Wright pointing to the title, a menacing look on his face.

To Johnny Detson, impeccably dressed as he poses for publicity photos with the title.

To Ryan Martinez, slinging the title belt over his shoulder as he steps up onto the middle rope to salute the AWA faithful...

...and then fade to black with the new "AWA Legendary" logo splashed across the black screen.

We fade back up on our first shot of the Mercedes Benz Superdome. The initial shot is from high in the rafters of the famed domed arena. A large stage has been set up on one end and when we say "large", we mean it. It's a glossy black surface, reflecting the swirling spotlights that are dancing all over the screaming and standing sold out crowd.

A giant video wall that is absolutely stunning both height and width is just beyond the stage as well, running the entire width of the stage minus a few feet on either side. Right now, the SuperClash VIII logo is splashed across it which is a truly awe-inspiring sight. A lighting rig is sitting on top of the video wall, helping with the swirling spotlights.

Matching the surface of the stage, a long, sloping ramp runs from the stage all the way down the tremendously long aisle leading to the ring which is sporting all white ropes on this night. The ring canvas is white as well leading to a black apron on all four sides. The ringposts have been spray-painted a classy golden color. The usual black metal barricade surrounds the ring, a bit further back than usual. Black mats line the floor, covering the unforgiving concrete.

Three wooden tables are set up around the ring - the homes for the timekeeper and ring announcer... Marcus Broussard and Harvey Sutton providing a secondary commentary track... and of course, our world-famous broadcast team.

The voice of Rebecca Ortiz rings out.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen... to honor America... here to sing America The Beautiful... recording superstar... ALOE BLACC!

[Applause goes up for Aloe Blacc as he stands on the ramp, smiling with a wave at the sold-out crowd. He stands center stage at the mic, closing his eyes as the music begins to play.]

#O beautiful for spacious skies
For amber waves of grain
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America! God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!#

[As Blacc holds the final note, the crowd roars their patriotic support. He smiles and nods, waving to the fans as we hear the comforting sound of Gordon Myers' voice live for the first time tonight.]

GM: What a performance of America The Beautiful that was... and fans, it is once again that time of year - that one night of year - where the entire professional wrestling world comes together! The biggest night of the year! Ladies and gentlemen, we are LIVE in New Orleans, Louisiana! We are LIVE in a sold-out Superdome with over 75,000 fans on hand! We are LIVE around the world on Pay Per View! And we are LIVE for the Super Bowl of Professional Wrestling that we know simply as SuperClash VIII!

[Gordon's words are punctuated by explosions of pyro rocking the jam-packed dome. Bursts of red, gold, green, and blue fill the sky as the crowd somehow manages to crank the decibel level up a little higher.

The shot of the pyro cuts to a different angle from high above the ring, showing a large lighting rig structure constructed over the squared circle...

...where you can see the Woodshed ominously hanging for all to see.]

GM: The New Orleans crowd is on edge for what promises to be one of the greatest nights in the history of our sport. So much on the line. So much at stake. So many tremendous superstars here to compete... to put their bodies on the line to compete at the highest level.

[Cut down to ringside where we find the Dean of Professional Wrestling announcing, Gordon Myers, in a black tuxedo with white dress shirt and red bowtie. Gordon is obviously happy to be here, a grin across his face. His eyeglasses are in place. His salt and pepper hair has been styled under his headset. The utmost professional is ready to get down to business. Next to him is...]

GM: Hello, fans... I'm Gordon Myers and I've been looking forward to this night for months now. Of course, by my side, as he has been at every once of these events is the one and only Bucky Wilde! Happy Thanksgiving, Bucky!

[The Most Colorful Color Man in the business earns his nickname on this night in a dazzling sunburst yellow sportscoat and slacks paired with a lime green dress shirt and a lemon-lime striped tie.]

BW: It's Thanksgiving Night but it's time to put the leftovers in the fridge and kick the relatives to the curb 'cause the AWA has come to the Bayou to do what we do better than anyone else, daddy! You want something to be thankful for, you're looking at it!

GM: The great state of Louisiana has been the site of some incredible moments in AWA history over the years... and tonight promises to be no exception to that as we've got world-class matches up and down the card. Titles are on the line! Legendary careers are coming to an end! The past, present, and future of our sport competing in that ring... and who knows, we might even get a surprise or two before this one's all said and done.

[We cut to another shot of the Woodshed dangling above.]

GM: And there you see it, fans - the battleground for tonight's Main Event which will see Juan Vasquez defend the World Title against the former champion, Ryan Martinez, in a match that we've been told is the final time for Vasquez inside an AWA ring - win, lose, or draw! The question that remains is - will Vasquez walk out

of the Superdome AND the AWA with the title still around his waist? We'll find out later tonight but right now...

[Another cut shows the steel briefcase that holds the Steal The Spotlight hanging above the ring.]

GM: ...that's the prize that the participants in our opening match are gunning for. The Steal The Spotlight contract that says that the winner can get a title opportunity at some point in the next year. That contract is how Juan Vasquez captured the title this summer... and winning it puts you in one heck of a position to win whatever title you're gunning for. The briefcase is hung, the ladders are set up, and it's time to get down to business! Rebecca Ortiz, let's get this show on the road if you please!

[We cut from the shot of the briefcase to a wide shot of the ring, showing it hanging over Rebecca Ortiz who is dressed for the occasion in a tight black dress with gold trim, the neckline cut to reveal some cleavage and the hemline cut short. She smiles brightly before speaking.]

RO: The opening contest of SuperClash VIII is the STEAL THE SPOTLIGHT LADDER MATCH!

[Big roar from the eager crowd!]

RO: This match will have no countout... no disqualification... no time limit... no submissions... and no pinfalls! The only way to win will be to climb the ladder and retrieve the briefcase hanging above the ring that contains the Steal The Spotlight contract!

And now, the combatants... introducing first...

[The lights go out, and the chanting of an arcane language plays through the Superdome. A row of blue flames appear along the bottom of the video wall. The deep, orchestral opening notes of "Battle With Magus" from the SNES game Chrono Trigger echo above the sound of the howling wind. A light shines through the entranceway, illuminating the stage fog. A lone figure in a long cape stands in silhouette, arms outstretched, palms to the roof.]

GM: And the extravagant SuperClash entrances that have become an annual tradition begin already.

[But as "Battle With Magus" intro reaches a crescendo, the voice of Barry Adamson interrupts and "Whispering Streets" takes over.

The spotlight falls on him, and Riley Hunter wheels around, sweeping the cape behind him. He picks up a rather gothic looking scythe, which he sweeps down the aisle. His eyes are partially obscured by small circular-framed sunglasses, and his unruly curly hair is now a matted and fully dyed royal blue..]

RO: Introducing first... from Calgary, Canada... weighing 203 pounds... he is "The American Ninja"... the Seven Star Athlete... representing The Axis...

RIIIIILEYYYYY... HUNNNNTERRRRR!

[At the end of the aisle, Hunter tears off the cape and waves the scythe in front of the camera recording him from a low angle. He rolls into the ring and stretches his arms to either side, palms turned to the roof again.]

GM: The Seven Star Athlete certainly is a threat to win this whole thing - perhaps one of the favorites even.

BW: He was made for a match like this, Gordo. His speed, his quickness, his athleticism.

[Hunter's music fades out, suddenly replaced by "Flawless" by V.I.C. which means the arrival of the Flawless One, Larry Wallace, who strides onto the ramp flanked on either side by his two younger brothers.]

RO: Next... now making his home in Miami Beach, Florida... weighing in at 233 pounds... he is...

"FLAWLESS"
LARRRRRRYYYYYYYYY
WALLLLLLLLLLAAAAAAACE!

[Clad in a silver glittering cape secured around his throat with a matching silver chain with a small version of the STS briefcase hanging from it, Wallace trades fist bumps with his brothers who head back to the back as Larry trots down the aisle in his royal purple trunks and white boots.]

GM: Larry Wallace out here all alone as the American Idols make their way backstage... and this is a serious test for Wallace who has not had the best of years since defeating Bobby O'Connor a year ago at SuperClash.

BW: One win here though can erase a year of bad memories, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely.

[Wallace climbs up on the ring apron, unclasping his cape and twirling it around once before depositing it out with a ringside attendant. He points across the ring at his ally/rival Riley Hunter who smirks in response, nodding his head as the music fades again and is replaced by...]

#It's as easy as one, two, three...#

["Red Hot" Rex Summers struts out on stage to the jeers of the AWA faithful as a logo consisting of a pair of giant lips with "RED HOT" written between them appear on the giant screen. The same logo is on the back of Summers' jeweled and heavily-sequined robe as he turns around, jerking a thumb over his back as he shows it off to the camera. A Summers Sweetheart is nearby, a bleached blonde who looks like she's top heavy enough to tip over with a strong breeze. She claps, beaming proudly as Summers turns back towards the camera, sauntering down the aisle as Rebecca Ortiz adds him to the mix.]

RO: From St. Paul, Minnesota... weighing in at 251 pounds... the man who won last year's Steal The Spotlight contract at this very event...

He is RED HOT...

REEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEX
SUMMMMMMMERRRRRRRS!

[Summers and his Sweetheart finish their walk down the aisle. He slows down as they draw near, allowing the Sweetheart to climb the steps first, holding the ropes open as he climbs through. He takes mid-ring, allowing the Sweetheart to remove his robe, folding it over her arm as he swivels his hips and shows off his well-toned physique to the masses.]

GM: Last year's winner as Rebecca Ortiz mentioned... and certainly one of the favorites to win it again this year.

BW: And this time, Emerson Gellar isn't around to rob him of it.

[Summers' music drops off as we hear the hard rock sounds of Accept's "Balls To The Wall." The crowd ROARS to life.]

RO: From Kawasaki, Japan... weighing in at 240 pounds... He is the IIRRRRRRRRRIRON BADGER... MAAAAAAAAAANZOOOOOOO KAAAWAAAAJIIIRIIIIIII!

[The moment the introduction is made, the fans start chanting.]

"I-YURN BAD-GER!"

"I-YURN BAD-GER!"

"I-YURN BAD-GER!"

"I-YURN BAD-GER!"

"I-YURN BAD-GER!"

[As the song continues, out steps a man who is, frankly, not all that impressive looking. Five feet 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 can be seen to be going crazy all around the scowling Kawajiri. 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 tears into the ring, tossing his towel down, and starting right towards Riley Hunter who skips through the ropes to the apron, shaking his head and wagging a finger at Kawajiri who tries to push past the lone official inside the ring.]

GM: It looks like the Iron Badger is ready for a fight.

BW: A guy like Kawajiri is built for something like this, Gordo. Bounce a ladder off his head - he might not even feel it!

[Kawajiri paces back and forth in the ring as his music fades and is replaced by Joe "Bean" Esposito's "You're The Best" rings out to another big cheer. A rising red sun on a white background appears on the giant video wall with "CANNONBALL" written in the middle of it - a sun that "shatters" as an animated cannonball strikes through it.]

RO: From Winnipeg, Canada... weighing in at 177 pounds... he is...

"CANNONBALLLLLLL"

LEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

CONNNNNNNORRRRRRRRRRS!

[Connors jogs through out on stage in a white karate gi. He pauses at the top of the ramp, bowing to the crowd... and then towards the ring where some of his opponents are waiting. He throws a quick one-two punch followed by a roundhouse aimed at the air. With a grin on his face, he starts trotting down the aisle.]

GM: A lot of competitors making their SuperClash debut here tonight including this young man right here. This is a big match for him and I can't wait to see if he lives up to the pressure.

[Connors reaches the ring, grabbing the top rope as he does a front flip over them into the ring. He takes center ring, going through an elaborate kata. Sharp-eyed viewers might catch a glimpse of Riley Hunter doing a similar kata, trying to imitate Connors out on the floor as the lights in the Superdome die down.]

After a moment, a flat line appears on the giant screen along with the accompanying "BEEEEEEEEEEEP!" Suddenly, the long beep breaks into a series of rhythmic beeps... much like a heartbeat. Then, a giant pink heart fills the screen with the heart beating in rhythm with the beeps...

...and BOOM! A series of bright white pyro bursts from the front of the stage as the heart "explodes" into the words "'PLAYBOY" RONNIE D!" The lights kick back in as "Immortal" by Eve To Adam plays over the PA system to mostly jeers from the sold out crowd.]

RO: From Toronto, Ontario, Canada... weighing in at 215 pounds and accompanied down the aisle by "Playboy" Ronnie D...

He is the PROOOOODOIGYYYYYYY...

JAAAAAAAAAYDENNNNN JERRRRRRRICHOOOOO!

[As a barrage of pink and red spotlights hit the stage, we see "Playboy" Ronnie D down in a crouch, striking a double bicep pose as his young son stands behind him. Jericho is slender but well-built. His dark brown hair with blonde streaks is tied back into a ponytail tonight. He smiles at the giant-sized crowd, striking a double bicep pose of his own before his father pops to his feet with a "LET'S GO, KID! TIME TO MAKE THESE SCHMOES FAMOUS!" Jericho nods, following his infamous father down the ramp.]

GM: Sheesh, you would think Ronnie D was in this match with the way he acts and not his talented young son.

BW: Gordo, you're just jealous they've never made a graphic like that for you.

GM: Hardly. But I would think that Jayden Jericho would be hoping to not just steal the spotlight in this match... but maybe steal a little back from his father in the process.

[Jericho reaches the ring, deadleaping from the floor to the apron before he slingshots over the ropes as Ronnie D takes to a corner, the music fading to be replaced by the sounds of AC/DC's "Thunderstruck."]

RO: From Tauranga, New Zealand... weighing in at 255 pounds... he is the 2016 Brass Ring Tournament winner...

WHAAAAAAAAIIIIIIITIIIIIRIIIIIIII!

[Straight off a movie poster, the tall, handsome, and muscular Whitiri comes jogging into view on the stage to a solid reaction. He smiles at the cheering fans, throwing his tattooed right arm up in the air. His wavy dark hair is pulled into ponytail as he jogs down the aisle in his simple black trunks, boots, knee, and elbow pads.]

GM: Now, this young man truly has the potential to be something special, Bucky. A real blue chip prospect.

BW: Prospects are made to be traded for real stars, Gordo.

GM: I don't think many sports fans would agree with that.

[Whaitiri dives under the bottom rope, coming up to his feet with a bit of a wince. Now that he's in the ring, we can easily spot the white bandaging around his knee - a souvenir from the Brass Ring Tournament itself. The music fades as he looks around the ring, sizing up the competition.]

The video wall glitches for a second, then turns a uniform blue. The sound of a videotape being placed into a VCR plays over the PA. In small digital letters, "PLAY" and "SP" appear in the top left corner of the wall.

Then the wall hisses with the usual sights and sounds of an old VHS tape: the occasional tracking glitch, the video artifacts of a chewed-up tape, INTERPOL "expressing its concern," etc.

Cut to a bleak looking prairie grassland. A freight train sounds its horn in the distance. The ground is flat all the way to the horizon, and all the vegetation is a dull brown, waiting for winter to bury it in the snow. Cut to a barbed-wire fence: a large sign on it reads "Broken Arrow Ranch / Last Mountain, SK / PRIVATE PROPERTY." A smaller sign below adds, "If you can read this, you're in range."

A tracking glitch cuts to another part of the ranch. A man in the middle distance steps out of slightly-rusted pickup truck that looks to be over two decades old. He tears the necktie off of him and discards his cheap suit jacket, replacing them with a black hoodie with a Jack Daniels-inspired logo on the back. He unlocks the padlock on a weather-beaten and rotting clapboard shed. As the sun starts to touch the long horizon in the distance, "Vale of Shadows" by Gunship begins to play.

An old, rickety aluminum ladder is taken from the shed and tossed into the truck's bed. He then takes out an old shovel, wiping the dried clay soil from the blade. As the dirt clears away, the blade of the shovel is revealed to have dozens of initials etched into it. It gets tossed into the back of the truck too.

Finally he takes out a wool blanket, carrying it with both arms to the tail gate of the truck, where he sets it down gently. Reverentially, he unfolds the blanket. Inside is a wrestling belt of a past age. The mahogany brown leather shows some cracks, and the elliptical plates of the belt are beginning to tarnish, but the words "Dominion of Canada Wrestling League" and "Commonwealth Champion" glint in the sunset.

He shoulders the belt. Jackson Hunter looks over his shoulder at the camera. Cut back to the arena, bathed in neon magenta and blue.]

Open the gates
This old dragon's heart is bleeding

[A lean looking figure in a floor-length high-collared suede coat the color of charcoal appears in front of the video.]

RO: Fighting out of the Broken Arrow Ranch, Saskatchewan... Weighing in at...

[The billed weight seems to cause an uncharacteristic momentary stutter for Ortiz.]

RO: ...220 pounds... the winner of the Golden Ticket... a member of the Axis...

JAAAACKSON... HUNNNTERRR...

[The look of Hunter's face betrays his antipathy the fans, for the crew, and for pretty much everyone in general. He skulks down the aisle, not in a particular hurry to fulfill anyone's schedule.]

GM: Jackson Hunter is the final man in this Steal The Spotlight ladder match... and to call his entry into this match by virtue of grabbing the Golden Ticket a surprise would be - quite frankly - an understatement, Bucky.

BW: It's not an understatement - it's you UNDERESTIMATING him, Gordo! You've never liked Jackson Hunter! You've never believed in Jackson Hunter! You've never-

GM: I've never gone to dinner with him and let him pick up the tab like you?

BW: Well, it wouldn't hurt to be polite.

[As he approaches ringside, Hunter turns his back to the ring to face the crowd. The elder Hunter cousin extends his arms upward, flashing a Nixon-ian peace sign with each hand.]

GM: Jackson Hunter had some pretty strong words earlier tonight on our Pre-Game Show for all of the other participants in this match.

BW: Slander! He was perfectly nice to his cousin.

GM: I stand corrected but-

[Suddenly, another song blares out over the PA system as the crowd buzzes with confusion at the sound of The Chieftains' "Brian Boru's March" as it starts to play.]

GM: What in the world?

[A few moments pass before Callum Mahoney emerges from the entrance, his knee wrapped in white tape as he angrily stomps down the aisle. He's in the same ring gear we saw him in moments ago on the Pre-Game Show as he stays focused on the ring, ignoring the fans on either side of the ramp.]

GM: The now-former World Television Champion, Callum Mahoney, is on his way to the ring and... I don't understand this at all, Bucky.

BW: Maybe he's just forcing his way into the match. It wouldn't be the first time someone has done that.

[Rebecca Ortiz walks over to the timekeeper, sticking her head through the ropes to converse with a pair of officials out on the floor.]

GM: Rebecca Ortiz obviously isn't sure what's going on either. The other eight men in this match look puzzled as well. We need to get to the bottom of this, fans.

[As Mahoney draws nearer, Ortiz backpedals to mid-ring, raising the mic.]

DO: Ladies and gentlemen, I have just been informed that AWA ownership has just decreed that there will be a NINTH competitor in this match!

[The crowd buzzes at this sudden turn of events.]

DO: From County Cork, Ireland... weighing in at 240 pounds... he is the FORMER AWA World Television Champion...

CALLLLLLLUMMMMM MAAAAAAHOOOOOONEYYYYY!

[An irate Jackson Hunter turns around, staring daggers at Mahoney as he approaches.]

BW: Don't look now, Callum, but I think you just stepped into the middle of Jackson Hunter's spotlight and he doesn't look the slightest bit happy about that.

[That might be an understatement as the agitated Hunter gets right up in Mahoney's face, reading him the riot act out on the floor as the rest of the combatants look on from inside the ring...]

GM: Hunter is blocking Mahoney's path to get inside the ring and-

[Not for long as Mahoney calmly responds by dropping Hunter to his rear end with a right hand to the jaw...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HERE WE GO!

[Mahoney steps past Hunter, looking to get in the ring where Jayden Jericho charges the ropes, leaping up to land a dropkick between them, sending Mahoney sprawling backwards to the floor. Jericho slides out onto the apron as chaos breaks loose in the ring with Whitiri brawling with Summers, Wallace brawling with Connors, and Riley Hunter staying safely out on the floor. Manzo Kawajiri steps through the ropes too, making a beeline towards Jackson Hunter and Callum Mahoney out on the floor.]

GM: This one is going to be tough to call all the action for, fans, so we apologize early for being unable to keep up... ohh! Kawajiri drills Mahoney with a forearm on the side of the head!

BW: We've got bodies all over the place, Gordo - this is like a sequel to that Battle Royal on the Pre-Game Show!

[Summers and Whitiri go tumbling through the ropes to the floor as a flurry of palm thrusts by Connors sends Wallace scurrying away, rolling outside as well. Soon enough, eight of the competitors are on one side of the ring, brawling wildly out on the floor...]

GM: This is nuts! The fans in the Superdome are on their feet already and what a fight this is!

BW: This just goes to show you how much that Steal The Spotlight contract means, Gordo! These guys are gonna fight with everything they've got in their bodies to climb that ladder and win that contract!

GM: Look at here... look at here... Riley Hunter's back in the ring now!

[The Seven Star Athlete takes a look outside and runs towards them, hitting the ropes as he charges across the ring, bouncing off the far ropes. He is at top speed now, sprinting across...

...and HURLS himself over the top rope with a somersault dive that wipes out the entire pile of bodies on the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OHHHH, WHAT A DIVE BY RILEY HUNTER!

[The American Ninja gets to his feet, enthusiastically pounding his chest a few times. He walks over to his fallen cousin, leaning over him.]

"JAX?! Cuz! You okay?!"

[Jackson Hunter gives no reply, staring up at the lights as he lies flat on his back on the floor.]

"Cool! Just checkin' on ya."

[And with that, Riley Hunter grabs a nearby ladder, folds it up and shoves it under the ropes into the ring. He slides in after it as the crowd begins to buzz at the first attempt to grab the briefcase.]

GM: Riley Hunter's going to be the first to climb, fans. Setting up that ladder now... moving it a bit to make sure it's in the right spot. And here we go... one rung at a time for the American Ninja, looking up at that metal briefcase hanging above the ring and the guaranteed title shot that rests within it.

[Hunter is quickly about halfway up the ladder, pausing to give a look up to see where he's at in relation to the case. He grimaces, stepping up another rung... and another...]

GM: Hunter's getting close!

BW: Can you imagine if it was over that quickly? What a shocker that would be.

[Hunter stretches out an arm, finding himself just out of reach of the briefcase...

...which is when Manzo Kawajiri slides under the bottom rope, coming quickly to his feet as the crowd cheers.]

GM: The Iron Badger back in now, looking to stop Hunter!

[And stop him he does, clubbing a pair of forearms down across Hunter's lower back, causing him to grip the ladder tightly and stop climbing...

...which is when Kawajiri spins around, reaching up to grab Hunter by the thighs...]

GM: Kawajiri's looking for a powerbomb here off the ladder! He's got Hunter in his grasp... Hunter trying to hang on!

[But the Iron Badger is successful in pulling Hunter off the ladder, stepping away from it...

...which is when the Seven Star Athlete unleashes a flurry of short punches to the head, stunning the Iron Badger who stumbles forward towards the ropes, the crowd getting louder as they anticipate a hard fall for Hunter who simply leans back, grabs the ropes, and flips over them as he tosses Kawajiri over the ropes to the floor with a rana!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Nice counter by Hunter who finds himself still on the apron after that...

[Hunter is on the apron alone until Rex Summers grabs him by the ankle from behind, trying to pull him down...

...but a short kick to the mush cuts that off, sending Summers staggering backwards near the ringside barricade...]

GM: Look out!

[The Seven Star Athlete leaps into the air, springing off the middle rope, flipping backwards in breathtaking fashion...

...and smashes Summers down to the floor with a picture-perfect Asai Moonsault that takes both men down!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

BW: And love him or hate him, Gordo, Riley Hunter is a thrill to see inside that ring.

GM: The man is certainly a top flight competitor... and I think these fans might even love to support him if he could tell his Axis buddies where to stick it.

[With the ladder still standing inside the ring, we find Callum Mahoney rolling in and making a move towards it...]

GM: Mahoney’s going for the ladder - and if you’re just joining us, fans... yes, that is Callum Mahoney in there unexpectedly. Added by AWA ownership they say... and I’ll give you one guess as to which portion of ownership made that call.

BW: Who cares?! Ownership is ownership! You want to argue with ownership?!

GM: Not at this point. This isn’t my hill to die on for sure.

[Mahoney steadies the ladder, giving it a shake to make sure it’ll hold him as he starts to climb. But he only gets a couple of steps up when he’s pulled down by Whitiri who catches him with a quick one-two jab followed by a knife-edge chop across the chest.]

GM: The big man from CCW coming to cut off Mahoney... ohh! Hard uppercut shot by Mahoney... that European uppercut!

BW: And Whitiri’s picture perfect smile may need some work after that one.

[Whitiri and Mahoney start trading blows to the thrill of the fans as Jayden Jericho scrambles back up on the apron. He leaps into the air, springing off the top rope...

...and splitting his legs, he catches both Mahoney and Whitiri in the face with a dropkick, sending both men down to the mat where they promptly roll out to the floor.]

GM: High risk springboard dropkick on the part of Jayden Jericho... and now the kid is going for it! Jayden Jericho, all of 19 years old, is climbing that ladder and looking for the biggest win of his life!

[Jericho moves swiftly up the ladder, clearing several rungs before you can even blink...

...which is when Lee Connors comes in from the other side, climbing up the opposite side of the ladder just as quickly.]

GM: Connors on one side of the ladder, Jericho on the other... these two have had issues with one another for several weeks now.

[Connors throws a looping right to the side of the head that stuns Jericho before he can respond with a blow of his own. The two are trading shots from their perch on the ladder as “Playboy” Ronnie D shouts at his son from outside the ring...

...and the crowd gets riled up as Jackson Hunter rolls in, scooping up a ladder he shoved in after him. Hunter holds the ladder across his chest, taking aim at the dueling competitors...]

GM: Look out!

[The mastermind behind the Axis charges across the ring, smashing the ladder he's holding into the side of the ladder they're climbing with enough force to knock it over, sending both Jericho and Connors crashing down to the canvas where they promptly rolls to the floor. Jackson Hunter looks pleased with his actions...

...and even more pleased when he charges across the ring again, smashing the held ladder into Manzo Kawajiri, knocking him off the apron before he can get back inside the ring.]

GM: The crowd's not too happy about this but Jackson Hunter is setting that ladder up in the middle of the ring. We've got one ladder down on the ground and one ladder standing as Hunter's going to make the climb!

[But Jackson Hunter only gets a couple of steps up when he spots Rex Summers coming in out of the corner of his eye. He leaps off, catching Summers with an elbow down between the eyes, knocking Summers down to the canvas.]

GM: Summers makes short work of that climb with the distraction... what the heck is he doing now?

[Hunter walks over to the ladder he set up, folding it back up, and lifting it up like he's going to bodyslam it...

...which is exactly what he does as he violently throws it down on top of the prone Summers!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Hunter shouts something off-mic at Summers as he walks over to the other ladder, picking it up off the mat. He sets it back up under the briefcase and begins climbing again...]

GM: Jackson Hunter looking to make that climb a second time...

[But Whitiri pulls him down off the ladder, peppering him with big swinging right hands...

...that Hunter responds to by shoving his foot into Whitiri's taped-up knee!]

GM: Oh! Cheap shot by Hunter!

[Hunter grabs Whitiri by the hair, running across the ring and HURLING him over the ropes and down to the floor.]

"AND STAY OUT!"

[In a huff, Jackson Hunter turns back towards the ladder, stomping across the ring as he grabs the rungs again...]

BW: If Hunter has to eliminate people one by one from stopping him, that's exactly what he's going to do, Gordo.

GM: It would appear that's his plan.

[But Lee Connors has other plans as he slides back in, rushing at Hunter, and flinging himself into a flipping koppou kick with his heel striking Hunter mid-back!]

GM: OH! Flipping kick by Connors, Hunter trying to hang on to that ladder...

[Jayden Jericho slides in as well, moving to stand beside Connors as they give each other a quick nod. Both men grab the hurting Hunter, lifting him off the ladder...

...and dump him on the back of his head with a double back suplex!]

GM: Ohhh! And that'll send Jackson Hunter back out to the floor!

[Connors gets up, looking to give Jericho a high five...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: SUPERKICK!

[The thrust kick up under the chin sends Connors stumbling backwards as Jericho rushes forward, using a snapmare to flip him over to the mat, and a big leaping dropkick to the back of the head to keep him down.]

GM: Jayden Jericho wanted none of the high five and he made Connors pay for even looking for it!

BW: Naive punk kid. There are no friendships in a match like this. This is every man for himself, daddy!

[Jericho grabs the ropes, using the extra leverage to push Connors under the ropes out to the floor...

...but when he turns around...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INSTANT KARMA! RILEY HUNTER OUT OF NOWHERE!

[The leaping bicycle knee sends Jericho falling backwards, falling through the ropes to the floor as Hunter whips around, looking to climb yet again... but Callum Mahoney is right there to greet him, clubbing him with a pair of forearms across the jaw.]

GM: Mahoney, the Fighting Irishman in the mix now... and if it wasn't for having to climb a ladder, I'd say a fight like this is right up his alley, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely. It's a Friday night in Dublin where everyone's fighting over who gets to change the light bulb!

GM: Is that a real thing?

BW: Sure. You've never heard the joke about how many Irishmen it takes to screw in a lightbulb?

GM: I think that one's best left untold.

[Hunter is reeling as Mahoney pounds him back towards the corner. Mahoney picks the ladder up that is down on the mat, rushing towards the buckles with it...

...and JAMS the top step into Hunter's midsection!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: And Mahoney's using that ladder as a weapon... that's more his speed than climbing it for sure.

[Mahoney picks the ladder up, swinging it into the gut a second time...

...and then turns back towards the standing ladder, looking to make the climb but before he can attempt it, Manzo Kawajiri intervenes with a forearm to the jaw!]

GM: And here we go again with Kawajiri and Mahoney!

[The crowd cheers as the two big brawlers live up to that reputation, hooking up and beating the tar out of one another with fists and forearms.]

GM: This is the kind of fight that Mahoney likes!

BW: Kawajiri too. These two might just brawl right out onto Bourbon Street if they get their way.

[With the two distracted, Riley Hunter slides the ladder out of his gut. He moves it over towards the other ladder, bridging the gap between the standing ladder and the middle rope.]

GM: What in the world is Riley Hunter thinking about here, Bucky?

BW: I have no idea but it smells like pain, daddy.

[With the ladder in position, Hunter steps up on it, getting a head start in climbing. Kawajiri and Mahoney are still brawling on the other side of the ladder, completely oblivious to Riley Hunter making a play for the briefcase...

...until they're not, both men freezing in their tracks and turning towards Hunter whose eyes go wide. He shakes his head, begging off as they both start climbing the ladder...]

GM: Mahoney and Kawajiri trying to climb the same side of the ladder, trying to get up to where Hunter is!

[Hunter is trying to climb faster now, hoping to reach the briefcase before Kawajiri and Mahoney can reach him...]

GM: Hunter's climbing fast but...

[Kawajiri gets within range first, smashing a right hand into the midsection as Hunter - near the top of the ladder - stretches out an arm for the grand prize. Soon, Mahoney pulls up alongside Kawajiri, throwing a blow of his own at Hunter. The crowd is buzzing as three men are perilously above the ring now, Hunter actually having the added danger of the bridged ladder behind him.]

GM: These three are a long way up there, fans! Kawajiri hits Hunter... Hunter hits Mahoney... Mahoney hits Kawajiri!

[And so it goes, the three men trading blows with one another for a few moments as the crowd roars the slugfest atop the ladder...

...but when Kawajiri steps up a rung, smashing a headbutt into Hunter's chest, they roar louder as Hunter just barely clings to the ladder, avoiding falling off onto the bridged ladder.]

GM: Riley Hunter trying to hang on...

[Mahoney steps up another rung as well and with a gesture towards Kawajiri, they each reach out, grabbing Hunter under the armpit...]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

[...and they lift Hunter into the air, flipping him over the top of the ladder, and HURLING him all the way down onto the canvas with a double hiptoss!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY STARS! WHAT A FALL TO THE MAT BY RILEY HUNTER THANKS TO KAWAJIRI AND MAHONEY!

[The crowd is still roaring for Hunter's long, hard fall to the mat...

...when Mahoney tries to shove Kawajiri off the ladder as well. But Kawajiri holds his ground, returning fire with an awkward left hand as he holds onto the ladder with his right!]

GM: And they're still fighting on top of the damned ladder! Mahoney and Kawajiri are pounding the heck out of each other up there, just trying to hang on for dear life!

[Rex Summers is the next to slide in, looking to take advantage of the situation. He ducks down, sliding his head between Kawajiri's legs and lifting him off the ladder in an electric chair position...]

GM: What in the..?!

BW: Summers saving his SM&K former ally! He's bailed out Mahoney and given him a clear path to the briefcase! What a guy!

GM: I'm not sure if that's what he intended but-

[The crowd cheers as Larry Wallace does the same thing, lifting Mahoney off the ladder in an electric chair lift.]

GM: And now they're both up! Both Mahoney and Kawajiri have been lifted off the ladder by Summers and Wallace and-

[Mahoney starts pounding the skull of Wallace as Kawajiri does the same to Summers, causing the two men to stagger forward...

...where they get in range for the Iron Badger and the Fighting Irishman to start brawling from up on their shoulders! The crowd ROARS for this unusual scene!]

GM: Are you kidding me?! This is crazy!

[The crowd is going nuts as Kawajiri and Mahoney are pounding each other from atop the shoulders of the Red Hot One and the Flawless One...

...who suddenly pull apart and DROP BACK, slamming the two brawlers down to the canvas from their perch as the crowd groans with disappointment!]

GM: Down goes Kawajiri! Down goes Mahoney!

[Wallace and Summers are quick to scramble up, coming together before either can reach the standing ladder. They're trading blows, working their way around the standing ladder until they get near the bridged one...

...which is when Summers buries a boot into the midsection, looking to hook a double underhook...]

GM: He's looking for the Heat Check!

[But Wallace straightens up as the crowd roars, looking to backdrop Summers onto the bridged ladder...]

...but Summers squirms loose, coming back down on the mat as the crowd groans with disappointment again. Wallace delivers a hard two-handed shove to the chest, sending Summers falling back into the ropes where he bounces off as Wallace leaps up, driving both feet into the chest with a picture perfect dropkick!]

GM: Oh my!

BW: You make the call, Larry!

[Wallace springs up, looking out at the crowd and shouts...]

"BEST! DROPKICK! IN THE! WORLD!

[...and then turns back towards the ladder, just as Whitiri leaps up and catches Wallace in the mouth with a pretty damn good looking dropkick of his own.]

GM: He was saying?!

BW: Oh shaddup, Gordo!

[The dropkick sends Wallace rolling from the ring as Whitiri turns towards the ladder, the crowd roaring at the idea of the Combat Corner Wrestling rookie winning the match.]

GM: And now it's Whitiri with a clear path to the briefcase! Go on, kid!

[With a grin, the New Zealander steps up on the bridged ladder, getting a head start as he starts climbing towards the hanging contract that would completely change his life.]

GM: Whitiri's about halfway up that ladder now and-

[The crowd groans as Jackson Hunter crawls back under the ropes, a wild expression in his eyes. He too steps up on the bridged ladder before climbing up two rungs, reaching up to hook Whitiri by the back of the tights.]

GM: Jackson Hunter cuts him off! Trying to keep him from reaching his dream!

[Whitiri swings a leg back, catching Hunter in the mouth with it. The former rugby star does it again, kicking Hunter in the teeth.]

GM: Whitiri trying to kick his way free as Hunter tries desperately to hang on!

[And with Hunter hanging on, Jayden Jericho slides under the bottom rope, another ladder in his hands...]

GM: Do we really need THREE ladders inside this ring?!

[Whitiri lashes back with another kick, this one stunning Hunter enough to lose his grip...

...and falls crotchfirst down on the bridged ladder!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: And that just ruined Jackson Hunter's evening!

BW: A blatant assault on the Hunter family jewels, Gordo! Disgusting!

GM: But it gives Whaitiri another shot at getting to the-

[Jericho winds up with the ladder, swinging it upwards...

...and catches Whaitiri flush under the chin with the top step!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The big New Zealander goes tumbling backwards, falling off the ladder to the canvas - just narrowly missing his own fall on the bridged ladder. Jericho moves to the corner, leaning the ladder up against it as he turns back towards the one already standing in mid-ring.]

GM: Jayden Jericho, the Prodigy, preparing to make his move for that contract now. He's tugging the ladder a bit, trying to get it into position...

[Which is when "Cannonball" Lee Connors rushes into the camera's frame, leaping up as he grabs hold of the ladder, swinging around it to drive his legs and feet into Jericho's face!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: Feint kick AROUND the ladder! I've never seen that before!

[Jericho goes stumbling backwards into the ropes as Connors gets to his feet, turning to climb the ladder.]

GM: And the young rookie from Canada looking to make the Colton family proud as he climbs that ladder!

[Shaking off the kick, Jericho grabs the ladder he put in the corner, setting it up alongside the first one.]

GM: Oh brother... I don't like the looks of this at all.

[The crowd is buzzing as Jericho starts to climb the ladder. Connors is on one, his back to the hard camera as Jericho climbs the second ladder on the other side, facing the camera.]

GM: The two young highflyers are making their way up those two ladders... and this could be it, fans! One of these two could be about to grab that briefcase, win that contract, and change their careers here in New Orleans! The crowd is on their feet here in the Superdome!

[The two young rookie get about three-quarters of the way up their respective ladders, both pausing to stretch upwards to try and reach the briefcase...

...and then Jericho pops Connors with a right hand to the jaw!]

GM: Big right hand by the Prodigy!

[Connors responds with an overhead chop across the chest.]

GM: And "Cannonball" with a chop!

[The two men trade blows from atop their perches, punches and chops as the crowd ooohs and aaaahs waiting to see who will take the long fall down...

...which is when Manzo Kawajiri grabs Jericho by the ankle!]

GM: The Iron Badger back into the mix! He's got Jericho!

[Connors takes the moment to step up another rung, stretching up high again as the crowd roars for him!]

GM: Connors is gonna get there! Lee Connors is gonna get that briefcase! He's got his fingertips- oh, so close!

[But the crowd groans as Callum Mahoney intervenes on the other side, grabbing an ankle on Connors, pulling him down a rung.]

GM: Mahoney's got Connors too! Both men cutting off Connors and Jericho!

[Connors twists his body slightly, driving a boot right into Mahoney's face. Jericho does the same on the other side, a couple of quick kicks to back off Kawajiri...]

GM: They're fighting their way free and-

[In tandem, Connors and Jericho leap off the ladders, snaring Kawajiri and Mahoney in headscissors, and flipping them over with flying ranas that send the two brawlers back out to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: What a move by both Jericho and Connors! And again, they've got a window of opportunity! Again, they've got-

[The crowd groans as Jackson Hunter, ladder slung over his head and resting across his shoulders is back on his feet...]

GM: Jackson Hunter back in... are you kidding me?!

BW: AIRPLANE SPIN!

[The wild-eyed manager of The Axis goes into a spin, driving one end of the ladder into the face of the rising Lee Connors.]

GM: OHH! What a shot on Connors!

[He keeps on spinning, knocking Jericho down with a ladder to the ear!]

GM: Jericho goes down as well!

[Whaitiri takes a spinning ladder to the back of the head as he gets in the ring.]

GM: Hunter's laying out everyone!

[Hunter comes to a slow stop, staggering a bit as he shrugs the ladder off his shoulders, dropping it near the corner. He wobbles back towards the pair of set up ladders in center ring...]

GM: Wait a second! I think Hunter's still in a daze, Bucky! He's climbing BOTH ladders at the same time.

BW: Maybe that's a strategy. Maybe it's more stable?

GM: Stable?! He's on TWO ladders!

[Rex Summers slides under the bottom rope into the ring, Larry Wallace doing the same...

...and each man grabs a ladder.]

BW: Oh no.

[The Flawless One and the Red Hot One start pulling the ladders apart as a confused Jackson Hunter starts screaming angrily at them.]

GM: It reminds me of the wishbone in that turkey we had earlier, Bucky!

BW: This isn't what Jackson wished for! Or me!

[Summers and Wallace keep on pulling until an off-balance Hunter flops backwards off the ladder, crashing down on his back where he starts flopping around like a fish out of water.]

GM: Hunter's down... and now it's Summers and Wallace looking to-

[Summers stands over the downed Jackson Hunter, swiveling his hips and taunting the leader of the Axis...

...when Riley Hunter slides back in, grabbing his back as he gets to his feet behind the distracted Summers.]

GM: Summers doesn't know that the American Ninja is behind him! He doesn't-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[But when Summers turns, he eats a bicycle knee up under the chin, snapping his head back.]

GM: INSTANT KARMA!

BW: He knows he's there now, Gordo!

GM: That might be the only thing Summers knows after that leaping kneestrike!

[The blow sends Summers stumbling backwards into the ropes. Hunter and Wallace lean down, picking up a fallen ladder...

...and charge Summers with it, connecting with a makeshift clothesline that sends Summers tumbling over the ropes to the floor!]

GM: They clear out Summers!

[Turning around, Wallace and Hunter step back towards mid-ring, each looking up at the two ladders set up under the hanging briefcase...

...and then throw down the ladder they're holding, each turning to make a mad dash to the ladders.]

GM: Here we go! Wallace and Riley Hunter - friends and allies - are in a race to get up that ladder and grab that contract!

[Both men get about halfway up the ladder, pausing to look at one another...

...and Wallace suddenly throws a right hand at his friend!]

GM: Every man for himself - just like we said at the outset!

[Hunter looks shocked - shocked, I say - before responding with a haymaker of his own.]

GM: Wallace and Hunter brawling about halfway up that ladder and-

[Wallace grabs Hunter by the hair, giving a yank as they go tumbling off the ladder, landing on the mat...

...where the brawl REALLY picks up!]

GM: Now we've got a fight between these two!

[The crowd is roaring for the two Idol Chatter stars throwing down with one another...

...but suddenly starts jeering at the sight of Chaz and Chet Wallace jogging down the ramp towards the ring.]

GM: What the-?! What are THEY doing out here?!

BW: The American Idols! I love these guys!

[The Wallace twins slide into the ring, each grabbing one of their allies around the waist, dragging them apart from each other. Chaz holds his brother back as Chet drags a shouting Riley Hunter away to the boos from the New Orleans crowd.]

GM: What is... they're separating them?!

BW: Of course! The Idol Chatter gang is a FAMILY, damn it! Nothing can break them apart!

GM: The Wallace twins are trying to keep them back from each other.

[Shouts of "CALM DOWN!", "STOP IT, YOU TWO!", "WHAT ABOUT AMSTERDAM?! REMEMBER AMSTERDAM?!" are heard as Larry Wallace and Riley Hunter are finally settled down. Hunter sighs deeply before reaching out...

...and there's a fist bump to a big cheer from a small portion of the crowd!]

GM: It's quite unbelievable but these guys DO have their share of fans.

[A grinning Chaz Wallace nods with approval, grabbing both men by the shoulders...]

"WAIT! WAIT! I'VE GOT AN IDEA!"

[Chet nods alongside his twin brother, both men throwing their heads back, cupping their hands to their mouths...]

"SUUUUUUUUPAAAAAAH DROPKICK PAAAAHTAAAAAY!"

[Larry Wallace and Riley Hunter look at one another, shrugging as the foursome breaks apart, looking for people to dropkick.]

GM: A super Dropkick Party?! Is that what he said?!

BW: Sounded like it to me!

[Chaz Wallace grabs Callum Mahoney, throwing him back into the corner in a seated position, shoving a ladder up into his face. A grinning Chet Wallace does the same to Rex Summers as Riley Hunter does it to Whitiri and Larry Wallace does it to Manzo Kawajiri.]

GM: Four men in the corner... four men in mid-ring!

[The crowd buzzes at the sight of four men in the corners with ladders pressed up against their faces as the four Idol Chatter stars gather in the ring, delivering an "atomic fist bump" where the power of the fist bump knocks them all apart...

...and they rush from mid-ring, leaping into the air, and connecting with four hanging dropkick to the four men in the corners!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: SUUUUUP-SUUUUP-SUUUUPAH DROPKICK PAHTAAAAAY!

[There's a group hug in mid-ring, drawing big cheers from a small portion of the crowd before the American Idols exit the ring to the floor, helping Jackson Hunter back to his feet. The dazed Hunter shoves them both away, shouting...]

"I'M GONNA GET THAT TITLE, YA BUMS!"

[Hunter dives under the bottom rope, stomping across the ring to the middle where the ladders were. He looks around in confusion for a moment, still feeling the effects from his last fall to the canvas. Riley Hunter grabs his cousin by the shoulder...

...and gets thrown down to the mat for it!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Jackson Hunter just threw down his own cousin!

BW: He didn't mean to do it! He didn't know!

[Jackson Hunter does look a little surprised by his own actions, pausing to check on his equally-surprised cousin...

...who suddenly kips up, snaring Jackson in a head scissors, flinging him down to the canvas with a rana!]

GM: Oh my! And now the Hunters are proving that Steal The Spotlight contracts may be more important than even family!

[Riley Hunter gets up, reaching down to grab a ladder and dragging it out to mid-ring where he sets it back up...

...and gets a ladder SMASHED across his back by Larry Wallace, sending the American Ninja down to all fours.]

GM: Ohh!

BW: Why Larry why?!

[The American Idols, still on the floor, seem to be wondering the same thing, shouting at their big brother for his betrayal of their friend. Wallace shrugs, lifting the ladder again...

...and SLAMS it down on Riley Hunter's back as he rests on all fours!]

GM: Down across the back again... and this might be the chance for Larry Wallace! This might be his chance to get the briefcase and completely turn around his year! The Flawless One making his move, stepping up on the ladder!

[But before he can get more than a few steps up the ladder, Manzo Kawajiri slides back in, climbing up the ladder after him...]

GM: The Iron Badger back in... he's climbing up as well...

[Kawajiri clubs Wallace between the shoulderblades with a heavy forearm. He grabs Wallace by his long hair... and SMASHES his face into the ladder once... twice... and then with a hard yank, he sends Wallace falling off the ladder down to the canvas...]

GM: Kawajiri takes down Wallace... and now it's HIS chance to try and grab that briefcase!

[Kawajiri takes another step up, standing several feet up above the ring. He reaches up, taking a grab at the briefcase but isn't quite there...

...when we see Callum Mahoney back in again, setting up a ladder so it bridges between the ladder and the ropes again. The Fighting Irishman steps up on the bridged ladder, using it to boost him up.]

GM: Mahoney with the climb, trying to stop Kawajiri again...

[Kawajiri stretches again, trying to get to the briefcase but Callum Mahoney steps up another rung, reaching up with a hooking shot to the ribs, forcing Kawajiri to put his hands down. Mahoney draws even with Kawajiri, grabbing the Iron Badger by the head, swinging him facedown into the top ladder step!]

GM: Ohh! Facefirst to the steel!

[Mahoney does it again, trying to knock Kawajiri down...

...and the crowd begins to buzz at the sight of someone heading down the ramp.]

GM: Wait a second! Do you see that?!

BW: What the heck is HE doing out here?!

[The crowd's reaction grows as Kawajiri gets knocked off the ladder by Mahoney...

...but even moreso as the new World Television Champion, Terry Shane, slides headfirst into the ring, scaling up the ladder quickly as Mahoney looks on in shock.]

GM: Shane! Terry Shane in the ring! Terry Shane is-

[Shane smashes a right hand into Mahoney's face, smashing his head down into the ladder as Mahoney was doing to Kawajiri. Shane steps to the next-to-top rung, looking out on the roaring crowd...]

GM: Terry Shane could grab the briefcase if he was in this match but that's not why he's here! That's not why he's-

[The crowd EXPLODES as Shane flips over the top of the ladder, grabbing Mahoney on the way down...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and uses a sunset flip powerbomb to DRIVE Mahoney through the bridged metal ladder!]

GM: OH MY STAAAAAARRRRRRS!

[Shane and Mahoney roll off the mangled ladder, getting pulled out to the floor by ringside officials as the crowd continues to roar for the crazy moment.]

GM: Terry Shane, after having his rightfully-won Television Title STOLEN from him by Mahoney on the Pre-Game Show, just took Callum Mahoney out of this match completely!

BW: What business does Terry Shane have out here?! None! No business! He just blatantly interfered in this match and... and... and he RUINED Mahoney's chances of winning Steal The Spotlight! He's not getting back into this match after that, Gordo - no way!

GM: I have to agree with you on that part but you were all about outside interference when the Idols were out here!

[The AWA officials at ringside are tending to Mahoney when Shane gets up with the aid of a couple people, staggering towards the timekeeper's table where he retrieves his World Television Title...

...and thrusts it up into the air to a huge cheer from the New Orleans crowd!]

GM: And Terry Shane is showing the world that HE'S the rightful champion!

[Shane hobbles back up the aisle, leaving Mahoney at ringside with AWA medical rushing to tend to him.]

GM: Mahoney is down and out... and we've got bodies all over the place out here.

BW: But Larry Wallace is up, Gordo - and he's got a clear path to go for it!

[Wallace does exactly that, pulling the ladder back into position as he starts to climb.]

GM: Larry Wallace again looking to turn this year around, rung by rung as he gets closer to that briefcase hanging above the ring...

[Down on the mat, Manzo Kawajiri is trying to climb up to his feet but as he does, Rex Summers reaches under the ropes, dragging him out to the floor and slinging him backwards into the barricade...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: So much for that effort by the Iron Badger... and now it's Summers climbing up on the apron...

[The 2015 Steal The Spotlight winner ducks under the ropes...

...and finds Riley Hunter waiting for him. The Seven Star Athlete springs into motion, throwing a pair of kicks to the legs. Summers shoves him back, creating some space.]

GM: Hunter charging in again- ohh! Summers with a back elbow up under the chin, sending Hunter back into the ropes!

[The Red Hot One charges in after Hunter who leans back, raising a boot that catches the incoming Summers up under the chin.]

GM: Hunter caught him coming in...

[Grabbing hold of the ropes, Hunter uses them to leap up, catching Summers on the ear with an enzuigiri-type kick!]

GM: Ohhh!

[Hunter quickly spins Summers around, shoving him back into the ropes, leaping up with his knee cocked and ready...]

“OHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: INSTANT KARMA! AGAIN!

[With Summers sprawled back against the ropes, Hunter races to one set of ropes, rebounding back with a running elbow to the side of the jaw...

...and keeps on running, hitting the far ropes and rebounding back with a second elbow to the jaw!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Hunter’s a blur of offensive motion in there... to the ropes again... another elbow on the way...

[But instead, Hunter runs right past Summers, leaping through the ropes with a front flip and wiping out Kawajiri and Whitiri out on the floor!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: GOOD GRIEF! RILEY HUNTER TAKES OUT TWO MORE ON THE FLOOR!

BW: And I hate to question the Seven Star Athlete, Gordo, but he just left Larry Wallace with a clear path to the briefcase! Wallace is climbing slowly but he’s still climbing!

[With Wallace well over halfway up the ladder, Jayden Jericho scrambles up on the apron. He grabs the top rope with both hands, leaping into the air, springing off the top...]

GM: SPRINGBOARD!

[...and lands on the ladder to a huge New Orleans reaction!]

GM: HE’S ON THE LADDER! JERICO LANDS ON THE LADDER! AND HE’S CLIMBING FAST!

[Wallace looks shocked and then stretches up, trying to reach the briefcase hanging above... but a right hand from Jericho forces him to grab hold of the ladder.]

GM: Jericho with a right hand... and another... and another!

[With Jericho up on one side of the ladder and Wallace up on the other, Jackson Hunter comes rolling back inside the ring...

...and as he gets up, he takes a spot on the side of the ladder, pushing and shoving with all of his strength!]

GM: Hunter's trying to shove the ladder over! Jackson Hunter showing no regard for friendships or family in this one - he wants the contract!

[Wallace looks down, pleading with his friend to no avail as Hunter shoves the ladder over, sending Wallace bouncing throatfirst off the top rope before slumping down to the mat and rolling to the floor. Jericho lands gutfirst on the top rope, actually flipping over the ropes and wiping out to the floor!]

GM: OH MY!

BW: That's it! That's it, Gordo! Jackson Hunter's got a shot! He's got a window of opportunity!

[Hunter drags the ladder back to mid-ring, tugging it into position as he takes a look up at the briefcase...]

GM: He's gonna go for it now! Hunter steps up on the ladder, making the climb!

[But before he can get two rungs up the ladder, he spots Whitiri coming back in and jumps off to confront him. A swift kick to the ear of the rising Whitiri knocks him back down on the mat. Hunter falls to his knees, swinging his fist down like a hammer into Whitiri's head repeatedly.]

GM: Hunter's all over the rookie on the canvas... pulls him up and- ohh! He throws Whitiri over the ropes and down to the floor!

[Hunter shouts at the floored Whitiri...]

"AND STAY OUT, JUNIOR!"

[...and turns back towards the ladder, dusting his hands off as he approaches it. This time, he gets three steps up the ladder when...]

GM: Connors! Lee Connors back in... and he's climbing the opposite side of the ladder!

[Hunter grimaces as he spots one of the Colton family's prize students climbing up in hot pursuit. He grits his teeth, stepping up another rung... and another... but Connors matches his pace and then some, ending up staring across at Hunter.]

GM: They're neck and neck on this chase for the briefcase and the contract within... ohh!

[The crowd groans as Hunter drives a haymaker between the eyes, trying to knock Connors down...

...but Connors not only hangs on to the ladder, he swings a leg around it, catching Hunter in the ribs!]

GM: Roundhouse to the ribs on top of the ladder?! Are you kidding me?!

[Connors lands a second roundhouse kick to the body, causing Hunter to lower his arm to protect his ribs as Connors takes another step up, reaching up with both hands towards the briefcase.]

GM: He's got it! Connors has got his hands on the briefcase!

[The crowd goes from elation to frustration as they realize Connors isn't tall enough to pull it down from where he's at. He grimaces as he steadies himself, looking to step up another rung...

...which is when Jackson Hunter reaches out, digging his fingers into Connors' eyes!]

GM: Ahh! Ahhh! He goes to the eyes!

[Hunter leans forward, looping an arm up between the legs of Connors, hoisting him onto his shoulder...

...and straightens up, backdropping Connors through the air and throwing him down on the canvas from a terrifying height!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BACKDROP OFF THE TOP OF THE DAMN LADDER!

BW: HOLY...

[Some in the New Orleans crowd fill in the rest as Jackson Hunter stands tall, spreading his arms wide with a big grin on his face and shouts...]

"YOU'RE GOD DA-"

[The audio goes silent for a few moments as we can see Hunter's mouth moving. When it comes back, the crowd is buzzing.]

GM: We apologize for the language of Jackson Hunter there, fans. Pay Per View or not, that's not what the AWA is all about.

BW: They don't call him the Patron Saint of the Seven Second Delay for nothing, daddy!

GM: Our old friend Al Pickard called him that on a regular basis and with Connors down, Hunter is all alone up on that ladder. He just needs to get one or two rungs higher and he's got it, fans! The most surprising entry in this match would become the unlikely one to win it!

[Hunter nods his head confidently, taking another step up...

...when the crowd begins to buzz with confusion.]

GM: Is that... is Ronnie D in the damn ring?!

[The former self-professed "Icon of Wrestling" is indeed in the ring and he's got Jackson Hunter by the ankle, shaking his head wildly.]

GM: Ronnie D is trying to stop Jackson Hunter from getting to that contract!

BW: Two of Canada's finest pro wrestlers ever right there, daddy.

GM: Hunter is livid... and you can't blame him for that. Ronnie D is hanging on for dear life, trying to pull Hunter off his perch and-

[Hunter uses a stiff back kick to the mush to break free, sending Ronnie D stumbling backwards...]

...and without hesitation, Hunter throws an ugly, sloppy moonsault off the upper portion of the ladder, flipping backwards to crash down on a rising Ronnie D, wiping him out to the roar of the crowd!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: JACKSON HUNTER WIPES OUT RONNIE D! AND THAT IS CERTAINLY NOT A CALL I EXPECTED TO MAKE HERE TONIGHT, FANS!

[With the crowd still roaring, Jackson Hunter drags himself up off the mat, grabbing Ronnie D by the legs. He steps through, tying them up, and then flips D over onto his stomach!]

GM: The scorpion deathlock locked in - I believe he calls this the Mindflayer!

BW: He sure does - and listen to Ronnie D scream! If he could tap out to end this pain, you know he would right about now but he's got no way out! He's got no chance to-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SUPERKICK! JAYDEN JERICO WITH A SUPERKICK AND DOWN GOES JACKSON HUNTER!

[Jericho shouts something off-mic at Hunter, glaring down at him. He goes to aid his father who is clutching at his back but Ronnie D frantically waves him towards the ladder instead.]

GM: Ronnie D's telling his son to climb the ladder! He's telling Jayden Jericho to make a grab for that contract!

[But before he can, Jericho spots Larry Wallace up on the apron...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: SUPERKICK! ANOTHER ONE!

[Jericho bounces back to mid-ring, eyeing Rex Summers coming in...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: SUPERKICK ON SUMMERS!

[Jericho pumps a fist triumphantly as he turns back towards the ladder in center ring...]

GM: Jericho's taking out everyone in sight... and that just might give him a clear path to the contract.

BW: Badger's in... he's got another damn ladder...

[Kawajiri is carrying the ladder in front of his face...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”
“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and gets it superkicked right back into the mush, sending him falling back into the corner!]

GM: Another superkick by Jericho!

[The ladder starts to tip towards Jericho who catches it before it can hit him, kicking the legs out to set it up to stabilize it, using it to pin Kawajiri back against the turnbuckles.]

GM: Jericho using that ladder to keep Kawajiri in the corner... and again, he's looking to climb!

[Jericho gets one foot up on the ladder when he spots Lee Connors climbing up on the apron. He angrily spins around, shifting his feet into position...]

GM: SUPERKI-

[But Connors ducks low, avoiding the superkick as he swings a leg under the bottom rope, sweeping Jericho's legs out from under him!]

GM: Ohh! Legsweep takes Jericho down!

[Connors approaches the corner as Jericho rolls under the ropes to the apron.]

GM: Both men out on the apron now... Connors looking to climb to the top turnbuckle it appears...

[But as he starts to climb outside the ring, Jayden Jericho gets to his feet, swooping in from behind to grab a rear waistlock...]

GM: What the-?!

BW: He's gonna suplex him to the floor!

[Jericho clenches his jaw, trying to execute a German Suplex off the apron to the floor but Connors grabs the top rope, hanging on to avoid it.]

GM: Connors hanging on... Jericho is- ohh! Back elbow by Connors!

[A second one finds the mark as well, stunning the Prodigy. Jericho slumps down to the apron, falling flat on his back. Connors pulls his hands in front of him in what appears to be prayer...]

GM: Connors setting up for someTHING!

[Gordon's exclamation comes as Connors snaps off a picture perfect pair of moonsault knees down on the chest of Jericho, crushing him under them on the hardest part of the ring!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Jericho rolls off the apron, clutching his chest in pain as Connors rolls into the ring, finding Jackson Hunter getting back to his feet. Connors leaps up, throwing a right kick to the body... then a leaping left kick... then a right... then a left... jumping back and forth from foot to foot, rocking the ribcage of Hunter.]

GM: Connors is all over him, a karate machine!

[With Hunter stunned, Connors leaps up, snapping off an enzuigiri to the back of the head. Hunter staggers in a circle, winding up and throwing a right hand at the air that ends up with him faceplanting on the canvas. Connors gives a fistpump, turning towards the ladder...]

GM: And now the rookie's going to climb...

[But before he can, Riley Hunter slides into the ring, grabbing Connors from behind. He grabs the wrist, twisting Connors around to fling towards the ropes. Connors ducks a back elbow attempt...

...and RUNS RIGHT UP THE LADDER!]

GM: CONNORS IS GOING! HE'S CLIMBING! HE'S-

[A desperate Hunter goes running up after him, snatching him from behind by the arms about three-quarters of the way up the ladder...]

GM: No, no! Don't do this! Don't-

[Hunter LAUNCHES Connors off the ladder, sending him sailing through the air where he gets DUMPED violently on the back of his head with a released Tiger Superplex off the ladder!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Connors flips all the way over onto his stomach, rolling from the ring as Riley Hunter is prone on the canvas from the impact...

...which makes him easy prey as the crowd goes nuts at the sight of Whaitiri up on the top of the ladder in the corner!]

GM: WHAITIRI'S ON THE OTHER LADDER! WHAITIRI IS UP TOP!

[The big man leaps from his perch, sailing off the ten foot high ladder...

...and CRUSHES Riley Hunter beneath him with a flying splash off the top of the ladder!]

GM: BIG SPLASH!

[Whaitiri bounces off, clutching his ribs as Riley Hunter flails about on the canvas, holding his torso as well...

...which is when Jackson Hunter pushes back up off the mat, looking all around.]

GM: Everyone's down! Everyone's out! Jackson Hunter is up on his feet all alone and-

BW: He's going for it!

[A gleeful Jackson Hunter steps up on the ladder, climbing as quick as he can with the crowd roaring for someone... anyone... to stop him.]

GM: Hunter's halfway up the ladder, the contract in his sights! Can he get there before someone can get up and stop him though?!

BW: I don't think anyone can stop him now! Jackson's almost there!

GM: One step closer... he makes a reach... not enough. He needs at least one more... maybe two...

[Hunter steps up another rung, stretching out with one arm over his head.]

GM: Close but no cigar! Hunter stretching... reaching...

[Hunter climbs up one more rung, reaching up with both arms to grab the hanging briefcase...

...and unhooks it, yanking it down into an embrace as he falls off the ladder to the canvas as the bell sounds.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

[The AWA faithful are audibly stunned for a few moments before ERUPTING into jeers as Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

RO: Here is your winner of the Steal The Spotlight contract...

JACKSONNNNNNNN HUNNNNNNTERRRRRR!

[The jeers get louder at the announcement as Hunter lies in the ring, still clutching the briefcase to his chest.]

GM: His very entry into this match was considered a joke by some... a fluke by others... but now, Jackson Hunter has battled out of retirement to win one of the greatest prizes in all the land - the Steal The Spotlight contract. And that means that Hunter can call his shot anytime in the next year and cash that contract in for an opportunity at the match of his choosing.

BW: I knew he could do it, Gordo! I told you! I told the world! Damn it, what's the Canadian version of Sizzler?! 'Cause we goin'!

GM: And the meal's on Jackson Hunter, I'm sure.

BW: Well, I wouldn't want to be rude.

[Gordon chuckles as Jackson Hunter rolls from the ring, walking very slowly up the aisle, still clutching the briefcase to his chest like he's afraid someone will rip it out of his hands at any moment.]

GM: With MAWAGA's victory in the Pre-Game Show Battle Royal, the Axis is now 2-0 on the evening with matches for Derrick Williams, Maxim Zharkov, and Juan Vasquez still to come.

BW: It's gonna be a big night for the Axis, daddy - I've got a feeling!

GM: Might want to get that checked out. Our opening match is in the books and it was a thriller - now let's go backstage to a man who has also been described as a thriller over the years, Sweet Lou Blackwell! Lou, welcome to SuperClash VIII!

[We cut from Hunter manically laughing as he walks up the ramp with the briefcase...

...to the backstage area where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing in front of an SuperClash VIII backdrop.]

SLB: Thanks, Gordon - as always, it's a pleasure to be here working with you, old friend... but you talk about thriller, these guys look like extras from the Michael

Jackson music video of the same name. Gentlemen - and I use that term loosely - come on in here...

[Suddenly, a trepidatious Blackwell finds himself ensconced in the loving arms of the Slaughterhouse. The Lost Boy comes in on one side, barking madly. "Pretty" Porter Crowley, broken hand mirror at the ready as he uses a old black plastic comb on his disheveled hair comes in on the other side. The Hangman takes up a spot behind Blackwell, running his noose over Blackwell's shoulder. And finally, there is Anton Layton - the Prince of Darkness - with his trademark velvet-like robe on, the hood over his head.]

SLB: It's been a difficult time as of late for this group. Anton Layton, it's just been a couple of weeks now since you had your prized possession stolen - that crystal we know as the Eye of Tyr - by an unknown group of... well, ninjas, I suppose.

[Layton raises a hand, setting it on Blackwell's shoulder.]

AL: Unknown to you, Lou Blackwell... not unknown to me.

SLB: Is that so? Care to shed some light on who they are?

AL: When you shed light into the darkness, Lou Blackwell, the rats flee and the roaches scurry. I need those rats exactly where they are... so I can crush them under my foot!

[Layton stomps down from emphasis.]

SLB: Alright then... many say that that crystal held special skills for you. That it gave you influence... power... over the men standing here with you tonight. That without it, you have no control over them.

[Layton snorts derisively from under his hood.]

AL: The Eye of Tyr is a weapon in a war being fought on many fronts, Lou Blackwell. It is a prize being sought out - a plaything for the Gods. And when the Gods play their games of war and dispute, it is the common man who feels their wrath. I am no common man, Lou Blackwell. I may have lost my Eye... but even a one-eyed man can still see... can still speak... can still wield influence.

[The Prince of Darkness throws his hood back, exposing his bleached-blond hair and pale white skin.]

AL: There is more than one way to peel the skin off an... apple.

[Layton suddenly lashes out, using a riding crop that we did not see to strike The Lost Boy who howls in response.]

SLB: What the-?!

[A second blow brings The Lost Boy down to a knee and a third down on both knees.]

SLB: For the love of- please stop!

AL: Love has nothing to do with it, Blackwell. Travis Lynch showed this animal love... and he bit him at the first sign of a better master. Fear, Blackwell. Fear is what keeps my soldiers in line.

[Layton steps towards Porter Crowley, shoving the riding crop up under the chin.]

AL: Fear...

[And then turns to the Hangman who does not flinch as Layton approaches.]

AL: Fear of me.

[The Hangman and Layton stare each other down for several moments before Layton spins away in a huff.]

AL: Harper... Somers... you have chosen the wrong day to be across the ring from my Slaughterhouse. Soon, the cheers from the masses will silence at the sounds of your screams. Fear. Pain. Suffering. The tools of the darkness... the tools of MY Master... the weapons of HIS war.

And for that, we are fully armed and ready for battle.

[Layton gestures with the riding crop, exiting the scene and calling for his men to follow him. The Lost Boy is quick to do so, yelping a little as he does. Porter Crowley follows closely behind, not hesitating...

...but the Hangman? The Hangman waits several moments, watching after his departing allies. He lifts an arm, slowly tugging his dark glove into place before he follows behind.]

SLB: Fans... I've never been a fan of scary movies and I think I just remembered why. How the heck do I always draw the short straw for these interviews? Mark Stegglet is standing by with the other team in this SuperClash showdown - Next Gen! Mark?

[We cut to backstage where Mark Stegglet stands in front of an AWA backdrop, alongside the members of Next Gen. Daniel Harper is to Stegglet's left. Harper is dressed in his wrestling attire, consisting of a white singlet with the words "NEXT GEN" in navy blue lettering, white knee pads and wrestling boots. Howie Somers is to Stegglet's right. Somers wears similar attire to Harper's, except Somers' attire is navy blue with "NEXT GEN" written on his singlet in white lettering. Somers also has some slight scarring and redness on the right side of his forehead.]

MS: Thanks, Lou! Next Gen, in just a few moments, you will step into the ring to face the Slaughterhouse. Howie Somers, the first thing I have to point out is it looks like your burns are healing, but are you 100 percent going into this match?

HS: Mark, I won't tell you that I'm 100 percent from a physical standpoint. The burns I received on my face, they aren't all gone, and the skin's still tender. However, I can tell you that I'm 100 percent from a mental standpoint. I'm focused, I'm ready and I'm looking forward to settling things once and for all with the Slaughterhouse. Isn't that right, Daniel?

DH: [nodding] I'm just as focused as you are, my friend! And for good reason -- it's been months since we were denied our shot at the World Tag Team Titles, all because Anton Layton and his men couldn't stand that they weren't able to get the job done against us the last time we met!

But it's gone far beyond them costing us a shot at the titles. For Layton, that wasn't enough! He and his men didn't just try to keep us from a shot at the title -- they tried to end the career of my best friend! They tried to break us apart! They tried to keep us from building upon the legacy that my mother, my uncle and aunt, my whole family established for themselves, and the same legacy that my best friend's uncle established!

[He gestures to Somers.]

DH: Then Anton Layton proclaimed that it was only a matter of time before my friend would submit to the Eye of Tyr! But all he proved was how delusional he really is!

Because not only did my friend return to the ring, he demonstrated that he was never going to betray me! That he and I were in this together! That there is no stronger bond than family! And that's what we are, Mark -- we may not be family by blood relations, but our friendship goes back years, and it all began because of the friendship my family had with Howie's uncle!

[He gestures toward the camera.]

DH: That's what makes us the stronger unit, Layton! Your men only follow you because you've convinced them of whatever power you think that Eye has, but if an object is all that binds you together, then you're not as strong as you think!

No, the bond that makes you strong is when you have trust among each other! When you know you have each other's backs at all times, when you know that no matter what gets thrown your way, that you can still count on each other! That's what family is all about, Layton -- and this family right here is going to prove that bond is strong enough to overcome anything you try to throw at us!

[He takes a deep breath and glances at Somers, who simply nods.]

MS: Howie, I can't help but notice that you aren't telling your partner to calm down.

HS: Because I can't blame him, Mark. You see, ever since I first came to the AWA, I tried to be polite. I tried to be patient. I tried to be the voice of reason. And in doing so, I'll admit it -- I let my guard down more than I should have.

Because ever since we crossed paths with the Slaughterhouse, all they've done is gone after everything I value in my life. It started back when my uncle came out on Homecoming to announce his retirement -- and that's when Layton's Slaughterhouse showed up and ruined my uncle's moment.

But that wasn't enough for them -- they took it upon themselves to injure me. In one night, not only did I watch my uncle get attacked, I found myself laying in a hospital bed, wondering if I might ever see out of one eye again. Wondering if I might ever regain my depth perception. Most of all, wondering if I might ever set foot in a wrestling ring again.

[He gestures to his forehead.]

HS: You can see the burns have almost healed, and for that, I consider myself lucky.

But after I announced I was back and that my friend and I wanted Slaughterhouse in the ring one more time, Layton and his men had to keep tempting fate.

And that's when I saw The Hangman wrapping his hand around the throat of my sister. My own sister! Now, I know my sister can handle herself, but that doesn't mean I'm going to stand around and watch while somebody like The Hangman tries to cripple her like that!

[He pauses and grits his teeth before continuing.]

HS: You know, Mark, I still keep picturing what Hangman tried to do to her and it makes me want to ram my fist down his throat.

So it's not hard to figure out that I'm done trying to be polite or patient. No, tonight I'm taking out all my frustrations on Porter Crowley and The Lost Boy. Because not only are they responsible for everything they done to me and the people that are closest to me, they are complicit in what Layton and Hangman have done as well.

Tonight, this isn't just about proving who deserves the next shot at the World Tag Team Titles. This is about Daniel and I sending a message home to Layton and company that you don't ever target my family and think you'll get away with it!

[He grits his teeth once more and takes a deep breath.]

MS: I do have to ask you one question -- you saw on the last Saturday Night Wrestling that three mysterious men jumped Layton and took the Eye of Tyr from him. How do you expect that turn of events to affect tonight's match?

[Harper shakes his head.]

DH: I don't have any idea who those three were who went after Layton, and quite frankly, a part of me thinks this is just some ruse on Layton's part to get us to think his men are going to be easy pickings! Well, Layton, I can promise you that not only are my friend and I still focused on Slaughterhouse, we are going to have our own plan in place to ensure that this stays between us and Slaughterhouse! Besides, regardless of who those three are that attacked Layton, we know that Hangman is still lurking about somewhere. Isn't that right, my friend?

[He gestures at Somers.]

HS: That's exactly right. And as far as that plan we have, Mark, it isn't going to be anything like the Eye of Tyr. No, it goes back to what my friend here was talking about earlier. That plan is to go to the one thing that we know we can count on at all times.

I'm talking about family, Mark.

[And that's the cue for another individual to walk onto the set. It's Eric Somers, who is dressed in blue jeans and a blue T-shirt with white lettering that says "IT'S THEIR TIME NOW."]

MS: Whoa, Eric Somers... what in the world brought you back to SuperClash?

[Eric Somers gets between his nephew and Harper, Stegglet now moving to Harper's left, as Eric pulls his nephew and Harper right beside him.]

ES: What brought me back, Mark? These two men right here are the answer to your question! The two men that I know can follow in my footsteps and become one of the greatest tag teams to ever set foot in the AWA!

[He slaps the shoulders of Next Gen, then raises a finger toward the camera.]

ES: Hangman, putting even one finger on my niece was the worst thing you could have done! If I even see you so much as breathe the wrong way on any of my family members, I'm gonna send you straight to the gallows, you hear me!

[He gestures to Harper.]

ES: I've said enough for one night -- you take it from here.

[Harper casts a quick smile, then turns to Stegglet.]

DH: Like I told you, Mark, family is what we count on! Family is what makes us stronger and family is the reason why we're gonna beat Slaughterhouse tonight!

[He glances at Howie Somers, who gives a quick nod.]

HS: Speaking of family, I'm reminded of something my sister used to tell us all.

[He points off camera.]

HS: Gentlemen... to the ring!

[He and Harper walk off the set, Eric Somers right behind them.]

MS: Clearly this is a family that sticks together -- but can they win together? We just may find out -- Gordon, back to you!

[We fade from the backstage area to a panning shot of the massive Superdome crowd.]

GM: Thanks, Mark. The battle of Fear versus Family, I suppose you could say, is coming up here in just a few moments and... Eric Somers' return to SuperClash is yet another surprise in the events of this evening.

BW: No one saw it comin', that's for sure... but to think that a big hulking lug like Somers would be enough to keep the Hangman in check, those three are delusional, Gordo!

GM: We'll see about that. Rebecca, my friend, take it away!

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

RO: The following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first...

[The shrill sound of a woman's scream fills the air before being replaced by the haunting sounds of Slayer's "Dead Skin Mask" playing over the PA system.]

BW: Welcome to your nightmares, daddy!

[A few moments pass before the black-hooded form of the Prince of Darkness, Anton Layton, walks into view. He stands as the music builds.]

RO: They are accompanied to the ring by Anton Layton and The Hangman... at a total combined weight of 562 pounds... The Lost Boy and Porter Crowley...

THE SLAUGHTERHOUUUUUSE!

[The Lost Boy and Crowley come lumbering into sight to flank a smiling Layton on either side. The Hangman emerges from the back to stand behind all three men, holding his noose high for all to see. Layton swings his arms forward, calling for the trio to follow him down the aisle to the ring. They oblige as the fans greet this dangerous quartet with loud jeers.]

GM: Eye of Tyr in hand or not, no one would dare doubt the threat that Anton Layton and his army brings in every encounter they're in, Bucky.

BW: Not if you want to survive the beating to tell someone about it. Layton may not have some supernatural control over this trio but he said it himself - he relies on fear to control them and that fear goes a long way to keeping the ship afloat.

GM: Fear can be a powerful motivator... but so can love... and that's what we've got on the other side of the ring tonight as Next Gen looks to avenge all the horrible things this group has done to them and their family over the past several months. You think back to Eric Somers being assaulted... to Julie Somers being snatched by The Hangman... and of course, to that fireball flung into the face of Howie Somers. For young Howie and his friend Daniel Harper tonight, this is about payback for those things and more.

[The Lost Boy rolls under the ropes, entering the ring. Down on his knees, he barks and snarls in the direction of the referee who backpedals away, shouting a warning at him. Porter Crowley climbs up on the apron, ducking through the ropes where he grabs his partner by his greasy topknot, dragging him back towards the corner.]

GM: Crowley having to physically restrain The Lost Boy here tonight... and you have to wonder if that's a good sign for Anton Layton or a bad one.

[Layton climbs into the ring, The Hangman following him so that all four members of the Slaughterhouse now stand aligned in mid-ring as their music starts to fade.]

The lights go down throughout the Superdome and, over the PA system, you can hear the haunting, opening notes of a song we haven't heard for a while: Deep Purple's "Knocking at Your Back Door."

As the tempo of the notes picks up, a spotlight shines over the ring. It goes out quickly and is replaced by another illuminating another part of the arena.

This pattern repeats itself through the Superdome, picking up its pace as the song builds up its tempo, up until the drums kick in, and then...

The music stops, it's dark for a moment...

...then the lights slowly come up and the video wall lights up with these words:

"That was then"

And that's followed by these words:

"Now it's Next Gen"

And that's the cue for "Wake Up" by Story of the Year to start playing over the speakers.

And with the lights back on in full, we see the members of Next Gen standing on the stage. Howie Somers is dressed in a navy blue singlet with the words "NEXT GEN" across the front in white lettering, plus matching knee pads and wrestling boots. Daniel Harper wears similar attire, but his singlet is white with "NEXT GEN" in navy blue lettering with matching knee pads and boots.

Standing behind them is Eric Somers, who wears blue jeans and a blue T-shirt with white lettering that says "IT'S THEIR TIME NOW."]

RO: And their opponents... at a total combined weight of 495 pounds... being accompanied to the ring by Eric Somers...

Daniel Harper... Howie Somers...

NEEEEEEEEXXXXXXT GENNNNNNNNN!

[The trio heads toward the ring, Howie Somers and Daniel Harper leading the way while Eric Somers keeps a slight distance behind them. Though the Next Gen members do reach out to slap a few hands, their eyes remain focused on the ring ahead.]

GM: Next Gen heading to the ring and boy, do they look focused on the matter at hand, Bucky.

BW: They look ready for action but being ready for a tag team match against a like-minded opponent is one thing... being ready for a war with the Slaughterhouse is a horse of a different color altogether.

[Harper, Somers, and Somers get about halfway down the aisle before huddling up. There's some animated discussion between the three as the crowd cheers them on...]

GM: Perhaps a last minute strategy session?

[...and on the shout of "BREAK!" from Daniel Harper, the three men break apart and break into sprints the remaining way down the ramp!]

GM: HEEEEEEERE WEEEEEE GOOOOO!

[Harper dives headfirst under the bottom rope, coming rapidly to his feet as he charges towards Crowley and The Lost Boy...

...and DIVES through the ropes onto Anton Layton who is out on the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Harper stays on top of Layton, pummeling him with right hands as a shocked Crowley and Lost Boy turn towards their master...

...failing to notice Howie Somers climbing in the ring behind them to big cheers from the crowd as the referee signals for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The bell has sounded and-

[As the two Slaughterhouse members in the ring turn around, Howie Somers steamrolls right over them with a double clothesline!]

GM: And Howie Somers picks up the spare!

[As his nephew is dominating inside the ring, Eric Somers scoops up a steel chair from the timekeeper's area, stalking around the ring to take up a protective stance near Daniel Harper, keeping the Hangman at bay.]

GM: Harper continuing to pound away on Layton on the floor...

[Finally, Harper peels off, heading back towards the ring alongside his partner as The Lost Boy and Crowley regain their feet...

...and in tandem, Next Gen barrels across the ring, taking both men up and over the top rope with a pair of clotheslines to another big cheer!]

GM: Next Gen is on the same page and they are all over the Slaughterhouse early in this one, fans. They are- Somers scoops up Harper.. PRESS!

[And racing towards the ropes, Somers HURLS his own partner over the top rope, throwing him down on top of the Hangman, wiping out the Hand of Justice out on the floor!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF! DOWN GOES THE HANGMAN THANKS TO HARPER AND SOMERS!

[Eric Somers grins, nodding his head in approval as Howie Somers exits the ring, pulling Porter Crowley off the floor...]

GM: Look out here!

“CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!”

[...and whips him hard into the steel ringside barricade!]

GM: Somers takes Crowley out of the equation for the moment... and now he’s turning his attention to The Lost Boy, dragging him off the floor, shoving him under the ropes into the ring...

[On the other side, Daniel Harper has rolled back in, walking swiftly towards his partner as Howie Somers takes a spot out on the ring apron...]

GM: Harper and Somers working together here...

[Somers grabs the top rope, giving his partner a nod as Harper does the same...

...and gives a big yank on the rope, catapulting Somers over the top rope into a big splash on the downed Lost Boy!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: That might do it right there!

[The referee drops down to count as Harper stands guard.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEE!

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: Wow! Next Gen completely dominates and thrashes the Slaughterhouse in just over a minute of action! Incredible!

[Harper pumps a fist in celebration as Howie Somers comes to his feet, embracing his best friend with a big grin on his face.]

GM: Anton Layton is out on the floor and he can’t believe it! He can’t believe he just saw his dominating duo taken out like that... in embarrassing fashion if you’re Crowley and the Lost Boy.

[As their music plays and Rebecca Ortiz makes it official, Harper and Somers mount turnbuckles, saluting the cheering crowd. Eric Somers joins them in the ring, chair still in hand in case it’s needed. He’s smiling at the victory, nodding his head in approval.]

GM: What a win for Next Gen! And if that doesn’t put them next in line for a shot at the World Tag Team Titles, I don’t know what will!

[Harper hops down, moving to slap Eric Somers on the shoulder. Howie Somers approaches his uncle next, a big embrace between the family members before the

trio exits the ring, walking back up the aisle to the huge ovation from the Superdome crowd.]

GM: Next Gen has done it and done it in near record fashion, putting a stop to the reign of terror from the Slaughterhouse... and look at Layton... Layton's hot, fans! He's hot and he's getting in the ring now!

[Porter Crowley has crawled back in, joining his partner down on the mat as the Prince of Darkness stands over them.]

GM: Layton's looking down on these two that have served him so loyally over the past year or so and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: OHH!

[The crowd exclaims as Layton lashes down on the Lost Boy with the riding crop we saw him use earlier in the night. He turns his focus on Crowley, striking him with it once... twice... three times as well.]

GM: He's whipping them like... like wild animals!

BW: I'm not sure that's the best idea he's ever had, Gordo.

GM: I- OHH! A shot across the face of the Lost Boy! Good grief!

[Layton shouts out to the Hangman, beckoning him inside the ring. The Hand of Justice obliges, climbing through the ropes to where he stands over his two stablemates.]

GM: Layton's shouting at the Hangman now, ordering him to dispose of these other two. Just disgusting! They're human beings, for crying out loud! They deserve better than to be wadded up and thrown away like trash!

[Layton shouts at the unmoving Hangman again, gesturing at Crowley and the Lost Boy...

...but the Hangman's eyes are locked on Layton.]

GM: The Hangman's not moving, Bucky. He's not doing Layton's bidding and that's just making the Hangman even angrier!

[Layton steps towards the Hangman...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and slaps the riding crop down across his chest!]

GM: He hit him! He hit The Hangman!

BW: And I'm DEFINITELY not sure that was the best idea, Gordo!

[The Hangman stands stoic for a moment as Layton continues to berate him...

...and then reaches out, wrapping his gloved hand around Layton's pale throat!]

GM: He's got him! The Hangman's got Layton by the throat!

[The crowd is ROARING as the Hangman drags a pleading Layton to the center of the ring, staring down into his cold eyes...

...and hoists him into the air way up high before throwing him down in a violent chokeslam!]

GM: CHOKESLAAAAAM!

[The Hangman stands over the writhing Layton, looking down coldly at him. And then simply walks away, stepping from the ring and walking back up the aisle towards the locker room.]

GM: And I'd say that ends the association between Anton Layton and The Hangman, fans!

BW: With a statement like that, you just got promoted from Captain Obvious to General Obvious, Gordo.

GM: Layton's laid out on the canvas... and look at this now...

[Porter Crowley and the Lost Boy slowly rise to their feet, looking to their master... the one who had been physically assaulting them moments ago...

...and with a shrug from Crowley towards his pain-filled manager, the duo makes their exit, leaving Layton in anguish on the canvas.]

GM: And how do you like that? The Slaughterhouse just completely collapsed all around Anton Layton here at SuperClash!

BW: The times they are a-changin', daddy.

GM: Amen to that. Fans, let's go backstage where I understand we've caught up with one of the participants in tonight's Pre-Game Show Battle Royal!

[Fade backstage to "Sweet" Lou Blackwell, who is standing backstage, next to Alphonse Green. Green is still in his wrestling gear, but is wearing his "Gang Green" t-shirt. Green's hair is a little slick due to the sweat from being in the Blackjack Patterson Battle Royal. He stands stiff, eyes closed.]

SLB: I'm standing here next to Alphonse Green, who made a surprise return to the AWA earlier tonight in the Blackjack Patterson Memorial Battle Royal. It was quite a pleasant surprise, as from what I understood, the final spot was only filled a couple of days ago. Now, I'd like to know, how does it feel to make your return at SuperClash?

[A pause, as Green has not responded to Blackwell's question as of yet. Blackwell looks a little annoyed, as Green has his eyes closed, seemingly concentrating.]

SLB: Uh? Hello?

[Blackwell waves his hand in front of Green's face.]

SLB: Anyone home?

[Nothing seems to faze Green, as Green continues to concentrate. Blackwell turns towards the camera and shrugs helplessly.]

SLB: Well, everyone, I'm sorry, but I can't seem to get Green to snap out of whatever it is that he's in right now. Normally, Green speaks a mile a minute but I guess during his recovery, he-

AG: Ooooh...

[Blackwell's eyes go wide in surprise, and he turns towards Green, who appears to be trembling a bit. For the first time in a long time, the AWA will be graced with Alphonse Green's gravely, southern accent.]

AG: Can ya feel it, Sweet Lou? All this energy... all the fans here in New Orleans and all over the world.. channeling their energy here in this one spot for SuperClash, the biggest show of the year.

Oh, Lord how I missed this.

[Green's eyes snap open, and he stops trembling. A wide grin forms and he turns towards Blackwell.]

AG: ...this feeling, this energy of thousands of people in the stadium and millions of people world-wide, flowin' right through me. Those chants ya heard durin' the battle royal made me forget that there is definitely a lot of tension flowin' throughout the whole AWA right about now.

I'm still tremblin', but ya know what, Sweet Lou? The energy keeps flowin' through me and yet I'm fulla regrets that my first night back in action didn't turn out the way me and Gang Green actually wanted it to.

[Green frowns in disappointment.]

AG: Shoot, I wish I could go back out there!

SLB: I understand that you're disappointed that you couldn't continue being the King of the Battle Royals, but if I could be honest with you, considering you missed most of the last two years dealing with plantar fasciitis and a torn Achilles tendon, the fact that you showed up seemingly at the last minute and finishing as a runner-up was amazing. It has to be a victory, although a moral one!

AG: Yeah, but man, the Axis had to win again. I kinda feel like some of th' energy was sucked out of the buildin' when I got tossed by MAWAGA. I was feelin' it, I wanted to win for all of the people in Gang Green that sent me cards and letters, and even slid into my DMs at 3 AM askin' me when I'm gonna do somethin' about the Axis. Can you imagine how many of those DMs I actually got, Sweet Lou?

A gosh darn heck of a whole lot!

[Green throws up his arms in frustration, and Blackwell is taken a back a little bit. After a brief pause, Green puts his hands on his hips, and takes a deep breath.]

AG: But ya know, that's okay. Everything is going to be okay, Sweet Lou. I trust in Ryan Martinez to close out SuperClash tonight tyin' Juan Vasquez to a chair and sendin' him on out on the back of a train, like the real Principal Skinner. Vasquez yellin' 'BUT I'M THE REAL HERO', and Martinez sayin 'We salute you for it, now don't come back!' while a band plays him out. Then we get the dramatic return of Emerson Gellar who says that the AWA will be reverted to the way it was before Vasquez started piledrivin' everyone into oblivious!

SLB: That's, uh, an interesting way of looking at the main event tonight.

AG: And then the rest of the Axis gets freakin' wrecked, I go and get a few wins under my belt, and we're gonna see Green/Martinez II, this time for the AWA World Heavyweight Title, and boy oh boy are we both gonna tear the ol' house down!

[Green pauses, and rubs his jaw.]

AG: I really did go a mile a minute despite gettin' kicked in the face, huh?

SLB: Oh, certainly.

[Green nods his head.]

AG: I think I just got an idea. I hate the fact that MAWAGA won the dang battle royal, but ya know what.. the big dude just gave me some inspiration.

[Green, realizing that his interview time is running short, grins the Alphonse Green grin we haven't seen in quite some time.]

AG: AWA, we're all about to ride... with Alphonse Green!

[Green raises his right arm up high, then slides off the left side of the screen. Blackwell then turns back towards the camera to sign off for the time being.]

SLB: Alphonse Green is back here in the AWA after a long recovery, and it definitely sounds like Gang Green is excited to have him back. We're going to go back to SuperClash for our next match, back to you guys!

[We fade back to the arena to a panning shot of the Superdome crowd.]

GM: Thanks, Sweet Lou. Alphonse Green with a surprise return earlier tonight in that Blackjack Patterson Memorial Battle Royal... and at SuperClash, you just never know what other surprises we'll see go down. But right now, coming up nex-

[Gordon's words are cut off by a loud reaction from the AWA faithful. A quick cut of the camera shows Skylar Swift in street clothes of blue skinny jeans with holes cut in the legs and a glittering black tank top marching down the ramp.]

GM: Well, we knew this was happening at some point tonight. It's obviously not on our schedule but Skylar Swift made it abundantly clear that she planned to come to the ring tonight and call out Charisma Knight.

BW: Who is STILL suspended pending a psychological evaluation, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely... but I don't think Swift cares about that one bit.

[Swift slides into the ring, coming to her feet and shouting "COME ON, KNIGHT! GET OUT HERE! LET'S GO!"]

GM: And Swift is ready, screaming out for Knight to show up.

BW: You know, Gordo... she may think she wants Charisma out here but I think she's making a big mistake. Charisma's been... well, unsettling... in recent weeks.

GM: That's true, Bucky, but she's also been tormenting Skylar Swift during all that time and you can hardly blame Swift for wanting some payback on the biggest stage of them all. Now, the question is, will Charisma Knight show up? She's suspended. She's not cleared to wrestle. But yet she still says she's going to show up to answer this challenge. She still says she's going to-

[Gordon is cut off abruptly as the lights go down and New Year's Day's "I'm About to Break You" fills the arena.]

GM: We know that music, Bucky.

BW: Is she back? Is she here?

[A spotlight hits the entrance door, and at that door, stands Charisma Knight, wearing her standard black gear with the red and orange flames, along with the black leather jacket. She looks a little heftier than we last saw her, her half red/half black hair spilling out the back of a fiendish clown mask covering her face.]

GM: Goodness. That's the stuff that nightmares are made of.

[Knight tilts her head, appraising Swift from afar before she slowly makes her way down the aisle, her expression unknown as she approaches the ring.]

GM: Charisma Knight is here at SuperClash and she's headed towards the ring... and Skylar Swift, I hope you know what you're doing.

[Swift leans over, hands on her knees, waiting for Knight to arrive as she stares a hole right through her.]

BW: You know the saying, Gordo - be careful what you wish for! She wished for Charisma and now she's here! And she looks damn scary!

GM: But Skylar isn't backing down. She's there in the ring... pacing around now like a caged lioness waiting for Knight to get to the...

[Gordon's words trail off as Knight stops at the side of the ring and starts looking around wildly...]

GM: What is she doing? What is she looking-

[With Knight distracted, Swift bolts to the opposite ropes, building up momentum as she rebounds back...

...and DIVES through the ropes, taking Knight off his feet!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OHHH MY STARRRRS! SWIFT'S NOT GONNA WAIT! SHE'S GOING RIGHT AFTER CHARISMA KNIGHT!

[The crowd ROARS as Swift climbs on top of Knight on the floor, raining down fists on Knight's head!]

BW: Sneak attack! Sneak attack! Knight didn't even get her jacket off, Gordo!

GM: Give me a break, Bucky! Knight's been tormenting her for weeks - this is comeuppance for her!

[Swift drags Knight off the floor...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

[...and HURLS her into the steel barricade!]

GM: INTO THE STEEL! OH MY!

[Swift charges in after Knight, leaping up to smash a forearm into her jaw!]

GM: Big forearm to the jaw by Swift... getting a running start to lay that in a little stronger!

[Swift backs off as Knight slumps against the barricade, trying to stay on her feet as the Dream Girl charges in a second time, leaping up to smash a forearm into the jaw!]

GM: Another big forearm! Knight's been put on Dream Street by the Dream Girl!

[Knight is leaning back, arms over the railing to keep her on her feet. Swift raises her arms, letting out a yell as if she's getting months of frustration out of her system right here and now...]

BW: She attacked Charisma before the bell!

GM: Bell?! What bell?! This isn't even a match! This is a fight!

BW: Then get security out here! Get this maniac off of Charisma!

GM: Charisma Knight stalked Skylar Swift for months and you think SWIFT is the maniac?!

[With Knight leaning against the railing, Swift grabs hold of it, measuring her foe...

...and then begins unleashing a series of rapid kicks to the body, the crowd counting along with them.]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Swift backs off for a moment, glaring in at Knight as a pair of AWA officials approach, shouting at Swift to back off... but the Canadian storms right back, picking up where she left off!]

"ELEVEN!"

"TWELVE!"

"THIRTEEN!"

"FOURTEEN!"

"FIFTEEN!"

"SIXTEEN!"

"SEVENTEEN!"

"EIGHTEEN!"

"NINETEEN!"

"TWENTY!"

GM: It's a Swift Kick Party here in New Orleans!

[As Swift backs off again, Knight slumps down to her knees out on the floor near the barricade...]

GM: Charisma Knight down on her knees and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SUUUUUUPERKICK!

[Knight's eyes roll back in her head as she collapses facefirst on the barely-padded floor. Swift gives a shout to the AWA faithful who roar in response while the officials try to get Swift to back away.]

BW: This is getting ugly now, Gordo.

GM: This is months of frustration, torment, torture... all that pain built up in Swift, she's getting it all out right now!

[Swift ignores the pleading officials, pulling Knight off the floor and shoving her under the ropes into the ring. Swift slaps her hand down on the apron a few times before climbing up on it, quickly moving to the corner...]

GM: Swift's climbing the ropes! Charisma Knight's in trouble!

BW: Come on, Charisma - move!

[Knight does move but only to stagger up to her feet, wobbling towards a waiting Swift who leaps from her perch, snatching a front facelock on Knight, twisting around in mid-air...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: TORNADO DDT! OH MY!! She calls that Broken Dreams, Bucky, and never has a move been more aptly named than that one as whatever plans Charisma Knight had for Swift have gone completely awry here at SuperClash!

[With a dazed Knight struggling to get off the mat, Swift grabs her by the hair, dragging her into a standing position...

...and then dashes to the ropes, bouncing off...]

GM: Swift coming off the ropes!

[She leaps up, flawlessly swinging her leg around and connecting with a tornado roundhouse!]

GM: BEAUTIFUL DREAMER CONNECTS AS WELL!

[The boot to the skull drops Knight like a rock, leaving her floored on the canvas!]

GM: And this has been a complete and total beating that Skylar Swift has laid on Charisma Knight!

[Swift holds out her hand, calling for "ONE MORE!" to the crowd who cheers loudly in response.]

GM: Swift's going for it again! She's REALLY going to put an end to this!

[The Dream Girl snatches Knight by the Clown mask, dragging her off the mat...

...when the mask comes right off!]

GM: The mask! She pulled off the mask and-

BW: And her hair?!

[The crowd buzzes in confusion as Swift stares at Knight's multi-colored hair...

...in her hands.]

GM: What?!

[Swift looks at Knight, stunned as the crowd's confusion ripples over the ring, and sees blonde hair on her foe.]

GM: Wait a second! That's not-

"THWAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: FROM BEHIND!

[The crowd groans at the sight of a second woman in the ring... a woman who just SMASHED a Singapore cane across the back of Swift's head, knocking her down to the canvas. The woman snaps her head back, causing the half-red/half-black locks to reveal the hauntingly made up face of the actual Charisma Knight in the black cargo pants/black tank top getup she's been seen in a few times.]

GM: THAT'S CHARISMA KNIGHT, BUCKY!

BW: Well, I'll be damned!

[Knight squats down next to Swift and cackles, dropping the broken kendo stick]

GM: It was a setup... the whole thing was a damn setup!

BW: Played beautifully, Gordo.

[Knight picks Swift up off the mat, her head cradled in Knight's right arm, arm across Knight's midsection. Knight looks down on Swift, "Sorry little Skylar!" before swinging around and slamming Swift down head first in a swinging reverse STO.]

GM: Oh my!

[Knight sits on the canvas, sneering at the camera as the crowd jeers.]

GM: Absolutely disgusting plan and attack by Knight and-

BW: Oh, come on now, Gordo! You were all cheers when Swift was beating Knight... well, not Knight but... the other Knight... when she was beating her senseless, you were cheering it!

GM: Charisma Knight suckered her in with a double and... this was a cowardly, cruel ploy by a cowardly, cruel woman, Bucky!

[Knight goes over and checks on the stand-in who nods her head as Knight helps her to her feet...

...and then grabs her head like she did to Swift moments ago, pulling it down into the cradled position.]

"NOT YOUR DAY!"

[Knight swings violently to the side, smashing her facefirst into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF! Now, Bucky... what the heck is the reason for that?!

BW: Reasons? I'm not entirely sure Charisma Knight could even give you a reason for half the things she does and I'm not about to take a deep dive into that swamp.

[Knight suddenly rolls from the ring, marching towards Rebecca Ortiz who bails out of her chair, getting several feet away as a sneering Knight snatches up the now-empty chair, flinging it recklessly over her head, sending it bouncing off the canvas as the AWA officials backpedal away in time.]

GM: Speaking of things without reason... there's no call for this, Bucky! Both of these women are out cold and she doesn't need a damn steel chair in there!

BW: My question is - who is she going after with it?!

GM: We've got a problem here. We're going to need some more help in there. For crying out loud, she's suspended! Kick her out of the ring! Out of the building!

[Knight snatches up the chair, folding it closed and slamming it down on the mat. She marches towards Swift, pulling her off the canvas and yanking her back into the setup position again...

...which is when the ringside area floods with AWA officials and security trying to talk Charisma Knight down!]

GM: Somebody stop this! Somebody please stop this!

[Everyone stops short of entering the ring though as Knight can be heard shouting "Any closer and she goes thunk!" at the officials. Tommy Fierro quickly goes up the ringsteps, pleading with Knight to let Swift go instead of smashing her head down into the steel chair.]

GM: We've got security out here! We've got officials out here! Tommy Fierro, a backstage official here in the AWA is begging with her to let Swift go and...

BW: That Singapore cane got split in half on Swift's head! She might not be able to take another hard shot to the head and-

[The camera shot cuts inside the ring, close enough we can hear the exchange between Knight and Fierro as he steps inside the ring.]

"Come on, Charisma... let her go..."

[Knight sneers in Fierro's direction.]

"Let her go?"

"Yes... come on, let her go. It's over. This has gone far enough."

[Knight tilts her head, appraising Fierro's words...

...and slowly, Knight's posture starts to relax, nodding her head.]

"Okay, Tommy... I'll let her go..."

[Fierro seems to breathe a sigh of relief...

...which is when Knight's body tenses up and before anyone can respond, she jerks to the side, violently slamming Swift's head into the chair!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: NO!

[And with that one movement, Charisma Knight triggers a swarm of security pouring into the ring to overtake her. Knight is sitting on the canvas, a smile on her face as security gets the handcuffs out for her. The smile quickly turns to laughter... haunting, hysterical laughter...]

GM: Dear god. What is wrong with this woman?

[Knight's laughter is peppered by wild jerks of her body, kicking and flailing about as security attempts to get her under control. It ultimately takes three guards to pull her from the ring, dragging her down the aisle as more AWA medical staff get into the ring to tend to Skylar Swift.]

GM: Get her out of here, guys. Get Charisma Knight the hell out of here.

[The laughter of Knight is in the air, sending chills down the spines of those listening...]

GM: Get... she's hurt, guys. Let's go to something. Cue up something now.

[The cackling Knight is pulled up the aisle as we abruptly cut to black...]

...and over the black screen, a booming voice is heard.]

"Between the time when the oceans drank Atlantis"

[The black screen dissolves into a tall figure standing on a corpse strewn battlefield. Dress in leather, and swinging a bloody sword, the man's dark hair hangs in sweat-soaked strands over his face, hiding it from the camera.]

"And the rise of the sons of Aryas"

[There is a quick-cut montage of the sword wielding man cutting down various foes. One after the other, all of his enemies fall to his blade.]

"There was an age undreamed of."

[The warlord strides off the field, and steps into a castle, reaching down to pull a golden throne off a dais, before settling into a large throne. Slowly, the man lifts his head to look into the camera.]

"Hither came Conan, the Cimmerian, destined to tread the jeweled thrones of the Earth under his sandaled feet, and to wear the jeweled crown of Aquilonia upon a troubled brow."

[The camera pulls in tight to reveal an angry face that is familiar to all wrestling fans. A scar runs diagonally across his scowling visage. But slowly, a grim smile comes to his face, as he leans back in his jeweled throne. As he does, words appear at the bottom of the screen.]

SPRING 2017.....

ALEX MARTINEZ IS....

KING CONAN!!!!

[Fade to black...

...and then back into a scene backstage, with "Earlier Today" displayed in the lower corner. Standing with his upper body in frame, is "The Future" Derrick Williams, wearing an AXIS T-shirt and matching Toque cap, twists of his brown, and some blonde, hair peeking out the bottom.]

DW: As Iron sharpens Iron, so one person sharpens another. An old proverb, but one that applies here.

You see J, this is the final step in a months long plan. This hasn't been some deep personal issue as you keep saying. This match between us tonight, it isn't really even about Axis vs The World. This here, this match tonight, this match of you and me, it's about... Us.

[Williams nods.]

DW: It's about you and me. It's about you... the prodigy... the Once in a Millennium talent, the guy so good that people have to work months to be as good as you are in a week. It's about how good you are, how good you've been.

And it's about how good I'll be once I beat you.

[Williams smirks.]

DW: Oh yeah, I know we faced off at the Battle of Boston, and you won there. But that was a different time, J. That was when no one really cared who either of us were. That was us facing off in a "Winner gets Juan" match.

And yes J, I'm not afraid to stand here and say you were better that night and you beat me... but that was months ago and things change. Later that night, you threw your hat in one way, and I realized that we didn't see the world the same. But we both made a statement that night. Mine was that I was destined for greatness. Yours was that you spent way too much time in Japan and became naive. J, we proved ourselves, but you decided to keep running into the wall, and I decided to find a way around it.

My so-called "betrayal" wasn't about me taking a shortcut to the top. It was about me finding my best way to reach that elite status. You see J, we're both Young, Brash, Boisterous, but I'm also a bit practical and pragmatic while you're naive and trusting.

[He holds up his hands.]

DW: I've been wrestling for six years now... three in this very company... and I know my limitations.

You see, I'm not a prodigy molded since birth by THE literal wrestling God to become the best technical wrestler on the planet.

I don't have a famous daddy with a last name that opened doors otherwise unavailable, then pretend I had it rough.

And I don't have unrivaled raw natural talent that being great comes naturally, trained by the greatest and most frightening disciple of the previously mentioned God.

No. I'm a kid from Brooklyn trained by a guy that has a good mind but success wise was a flash in the pan. I needed something else. Standing toe to toe and

throwing bombs may work for a bit and has made me one of the most lethal strikers in wrestling, but I needed training for my mind to make me better. To make be able to adapt, to make me three dimensional.

[Williams rubs his hands together.]

DW: And you're that training, Jordan. Every great athlete... every great wrestler... needs a rival. He needs that person to drive him. To make him better. To push him further than he ever thought possible. Jordan Ohara, you may be one of the best wrestlers in the world right now. You and I may be the fastest rising stars in all of wrestling. And when I beat you tonight HOW MUCH BETTER WILL I BE?

[Williams smirks again.]

DW: I spent four months... FOUR MONTHS... to get you 100% focused on me, and only me. To get you to chase me down to tonight... that was my goal. Everything you've done, everything that brought us here... from Madison Square Garden to the last Saturday Night Wrestling, everything's been of my design, and that leads to tonight.

The end of phase one of my rise.vvI played you, I led you, and tonight, I execute the rest of my plan and I beat you.

I'm no fool. Jordan... this isn't the last time we'll meet in the ring, but tonight is the most important. Tonight is the final step of a well executed plan. Tonight. the world realizes that pairing someone with my ambition with Juan Vasquez may have been the most dangerous thing that's happened the last twelve months. Because that event sealed the future of this sport.

Tonight... I BECOME THAT FUTURE! And the Future... is now.

[We fade from the pre-recorded footage to live footage backstage to the SuperClash VIII interview area where Sweet Lou Blackwell is holding court.]

SLB: Ladies and gentlemen, it is SuperClash VIII and what an event this is shaping up to be. My next guest at this time heads into his SuperClash matchup as one of the hottest wrestlers in the business ... please welcome the aptly named Phoenix, Jordan Ohara.

[Jordan Ohara enters the frame, wearing a brand new Phoenix emblem shirt in Carolina blue with a reflective Phoenix on the chest. The rookie's hair is pulled into a high pony tail with two wavy bangs hanging down around his face.]

JO: Thank you, Mr. Blackwell, I appreciate the compliment.

SLB: Oh please, Mr. Blackwell is my father, call me Sweet Lou now.

JO: Sorry, Sweet Lou. My head is in the clouds right now. SuperClash VIII ... this is a dream come true.

SLB: Well, what about it, Jordan Ohara, this has been one of the most amazing rookie years I've ever seen from any professional athlete in any sport anywhere. In this year alone you have beaten the current National Champion, Travis Lynch... you pinned the former World Champion, Ryan Martinez... you have previously pinned your opponent tonight, Derrick Williams... and now you have just pinned the World Champion, Juan Vasquez, on our last Saturday Night Wrestling! And tonight you face Derrick Williams again in one of the most highly anticipated SuperClash matches on the card. This must be overwhelming to you!

JO: Sweet Lou, when I was a little boy, my mother made me watch Michael Jordan games. She told me she named me after him because he was the greatest athlete that ever lived. When I was old enough, I told my mother I was going to be a greater athlete than him. He inspired me to fly! He inspired me to always work to be the best. And I think this year I proved that I am on my way. I want to be the Ace that runs this place. I want to be the greatest wrestler the AWA has ever known. And as great as my past accomplishments have been in defeating some of the most talented wrestlers ever... here tonight at SuperClash, Sweet Lou, I make a statement against Derrick Williams and everything he represents.

SLB: And what is that?

JO: Derrick Williams represents laziness, vanity, greed, jealousy and envy. He doesn't want to work his way to the top. He doesn't want to be the best. He wants handouts and money for nothing. It's disgusting, Sweet Lou. He is a terrible example of entitlement in a time when everybody thinks they deserve something for just showing up. And that's what Derrick Williams believes. He believes he should just show up and that should be good enough.

[Jordan shakes his head.]

JO: Do you know how good Derrick Williams is, Sweet Lou?

SLB: Tell me.

JO: (eyes wide) He has unbelievable potential. He is big, strong, fast. He hits like a sledge hammer. He's been trained by the best. The man is talked about as the Future for a reason. He was well on his way to doing everything that I am doing now. He has more talent in his pinky than most wrestlers have in their entire body, but he's content to just get by on his natural gifts, Sweet Lou. He's content to get by on name associations. You think Vasquez was stupid drafting him to the Axis? No. In one fell swoop, he eliminated a younger, faster, better challenger to his title and he got to elevate himself by standing on Williams' shoulders. And I used to think that Williams was too blind to see what was happening. And then I realized the truth.

SLB: What was that?

JO: Williams knew what was happening. He just didn't care. He doesn't have an ounce of pride in his body. He never wanted to be great. He never wanted to be the best. He just wanted the money. And he didn't care how he got it. So he sold out to Vasquez willingly even when he knew that together he and I could have been bigger than anything Vasquez could have imagined. We could have been the top two wrestlers in the AWA in short order. We could have been the next to take over the tradition of the AWA after Ryan and the Lynches. It was going to be our time. But no, he sold out for a quick pay off. He gave everything away to take the easy way out.

SLB: I can see this really, no pun intended, burns you.

JO: It disgusts me, Sweet Lou. If I may...

[Jordan holds out his hand for the microphone. Sweet Lou Blackwell looks shocked at the unusual breach of protocol, but hands the microphone over, stepping back as Ohara turns and stares directly into the camera.]

JO: Derrick Williams, for months I've been challenging you and for months you've been ducking me. Your complete lack of pride has been driving me crazy. But now that I've had the chance to really study you and see who you really are now I understand you. It wasn't that you didn't want the match. You wanted the money

to be right. Now I understand what you're all about. You are not like my brothers in Japan, Jun Maeda and Hachiro Kinoshita, who want to be the best and you are not a hungry haifu like me who wants to be legendary. You just want to get paid. So now I understand exactly what I have to do to not only beat you, but destroy you, Derrick Williams.

Now I know how to get to you.

[In the background, Sweet Lou Blackwell is transfixed by Ohara's intensity.]

JO: I am going to hurt your wallet.

I am going to make sure you will never taste a winner's purse as long as I am in the ring with you. I am going to stop those endorsements you dream about. I am going to burn your brand to the ground, Derrick. And when you are forced to recognize that your way will never work then you will be reborn into the man you should be. The Phoenix is going to bring you a brand new beginning if you will just get it through that lazy, entitled skull of yours that the way to the top is never easy and greatness can never be purchased only earned.

Tonight we are going to beat the living Hell out of each other and I am going to make you be a better wrestler. I am going to make you be the Derrick Williams you should have been. I'm going to make you understand why I've been able to surpass everything you've ever accomplished in the AWA in only one year. I'm going to make you understand that it isn't about brand recognition, product placement, \$5000 suits or hip man buns. I'm going to make you understand that it's about wrestling.

Derrick Williams, I'm going to make you great again!

[With that, Ohara hands the microphone back to Sweet Lou Blackwell and storms off set. Sweet Lou stares after the kid in amazement.]

SLB: All right, strong words from the Phoenix! Can he back them up? Let's go down to the ring and find out!

[We cut to a panning shot of the Superdome crowd, buzzing with anticipation for one of the night's featured contests.

After a few moments, the lights of the Superdome fade, and Aaron Copland's "Fanfare for the Common Man" begins to play over the building loudspeakers as the video wall lights up with clips of what can be described as, well, Americana.

Fields, mountains, families around the dinner table. As the music plays, the images slowly catch up with the passage of time. Farms and baseball are replaced with planes, fighter jets, cars... and then more modern times of skyscrapers, smart phones, the interactive massive LCD screens in New York's Times Square.

You can make out silhouettes of women on the stage walking down the ramp and taking up positions during this presentation. Then the pictures change to renders of self-driving floating cars, super trains, hologram screens... then one last change to a flying American Flag, finishing up with "The Future is Now" superimposing over the image, as the screen and the music fades.

The arena is dark and silent for a moment... then the opening chords of Imagine Dragons' "Radioactive" begins to play while spinning lights of gold and silver shine and spin from the top of the Video Wall. As the lyrics start, out from the door steps "The Future" Derrick Williams.

The first thing noticeable is his hair, his dark brown hair is braided, with blond weaves added for a dual color effect. He's wearing a large, heavily decorated ring coat, duster length, colored a glossy gold with silver designs all over, mainly the "Axis" logo and "Future" down the back, gold and silver epaulettes with gold cords sit on the shoulders, and the outside of the coat itself is lined with silver colored fur.

He makes his way down the ramp, passing women dressed in silver one swimsuit style costumes. He pauses halfway, and as the music hits the chorus, he stretches his arms out, with several lasers spreading out from the top of the video screen, and the women holding up those LED fan signs, all spelling out "THE FUTURE" in gold. As the chorus ends, Williams continues toward the ring]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit. Introducing first... representing The Axis... now residing in Miami, Florida...weighing in at 265 pound...

He is "THE FUTURE"...

DERRRRRRRRRRRICK WILLLLLLLLLLLIAMS!

[The jeers ring out from the sold out crowd as Williams continues down the long ramp towards the squared circle.]

GM: Derrick Williams, "The Future" if you will, is making quite an entrance here tonight, but conspicuous by their absence is... well, anyone else from the Axis.

BW: Gordo, Riley and Jackson had a hell of a time in the Steal the Spotlight match, so they deserve a rest.

GM: But also no MAWAGA or even Nick Axis, who Williams has been known to have floating around.

BW: You heard him earlier, Gordo, this is the end of a plan. He's led Ohara down this path all along, and now he's got him right where he wants him. He doesn't need any help.

GM: I'm not sure I believe that Bucky, but then again, Williams has spent the last several months under the tutelage of Juan Vasquez, so he very well could be lying.

BW: Or telling the honest truth.

GM: We won't know until it happens.

[Williams enters the ring, mounting the second rope in the corner and outstretching his arms again in time with the second round of the chorus. He descends and removes his jacket, revealing his ring gear for this evening, shiny gold tights going to his mid thigh, trimmed in silver, with the Axis logos and "Future" script adorning the tights in the same pattern as his coat. His knee pads are matching gold, with the Axis logos in purple. Gold boots with silver trim match his ensemble, with the laces being the same purple as the logo on the kneepads. He also wears gold wrist tape, and has his usual black compression sleeve over his right arm, covering mid bicep to mid forearm. He allows the ref to check him as he awaits his opponent]

RO: And his opponent...

[A spotlight focusses on the entrance as Nas' interpolation of "Fur Elise" plays and then kicks into "I Can!" The crowd dances and roars with the beat as everybody awaits Jordan's entrance.

The video wall lights up with the word "Phoenix" in fiery characters and suddenly, Jordan Ohara is there as he rises up through the mirrored stage to stand in front of the giant wall. The crowd ERUPTS at the sight of the one of the most popular superstars on the AWA roster as he stands, decked out for the big event in shiny Carolina Blue tights and custom blue and white Air Jordan 13 sneakers with specially blackened heels.

But it is his ring jack that impresses the most as he holds a pose, arms outstretched. The white sparkling jacket cuts close to body, splitting away at the chest to display his six pack. The arms are feathered and designed to look like wings as he stands in his Phoenix emblem pose.]

RO: Weighing in tonight at 225 pounds... from Charlotte, North Carolina...

He is the Phoenix...

JORRRRRRRDAAAAANNNN OOOOOOOOOHAAAAA!!!!

[At the call of his name Jordan explodes to life, jumping around the stage like a madman, playing air piano and then making his way down the long mirrored ramp towards ringside.]

GM: Jordan Ohara has had perhaps the greatest rookie year in the history of our sport, Bucky. We heard it discussed earlier. Victories over names like Vasquez... like Williams... like Martinez... like Lynch... but tonight, this is the biggest stage you can do battle on and the pressure on this young man has never been higher.

BW: Absolutely. He has a win over Williams already... but that was a different Derrick Williams.

GM: Before the dark times... before the Axis.

BW: Nerd.

[Ohara reaches ringside, staring up into the ring where Derrick Williams awaits him. He moves around the ring, dropping back against the barricade where some willing and eager adoring Ohara fans lean forward to embrace him as he smugly stares Williams right in the eye.]

GM: This rivalry began on the night back in August in Italy when Williams shockingly betrayed Jordan Ohara... and ever since, Ohara's been set on getting his former friend in the ring to avenge that moment and perhaps teach him a lesson or two in the process. Tonight, he finally gets that opportunity.

[Ohara climbs up on the ring apron, shedding his jacket and dropping it off his shoulders. His eyes are still on Williams as he slingshots over the top rope into the ring to more cheers.]

GM: There are many in the locker room - many high-profile observers and critics in the industry who think this could be a future SuperClash Main Event right here, Bucky.

BW: You know, Gordo... I look at this match and it reminds me of a match way back in early 1997 at the EMWC's Showtime V in Boston. Mark Langseth taking on Quinn Brown on the undercard of that one in a match that a lot of people were also saying could be a battle of future Main Event stars. Now, I'm sure both of these guys would love to have half the accomplishments in their careers of someone like Mark Langseth but Quinn Brown was a World Champion as well.

GM: Absolutely. And as this one gets set to begin, you have to wonder if Jordan Ohara will be able to keep his emotions in check and keep this a wrestling match. A wrestling match is to his advantage... a brawl is not.

BW: Williams is one of the hardest hitters in the locker room and if Ohara wants to trade blows with him, he'll be ruining that pretty smile in no time.

[New AWA official Pete Miller steps to center ring, a pair of bright blue shoes on his feet. He calls both men to center ring for a moment, giving the flashbulbs a chance to capture the moment before sending them back to their respective corners.]

GM: We're set to kick this one off, fans... new referee Pete Miller in there. A few new officials will be making their debut here tonight from what I understand. But this is a high profile spot for a new official.

BW: The best referees are the ones you don't notice, Gordo. Miller better keep that in mind.

[Miller swings his arms around in an exaggerated fashion, waving to the timekeeper.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And here we go!

[As the bell sounds, the former friends and partners come sidestepping out of their respective corners, trying to circle around the other. The fans start clapping in rhythm, cheering the two men on to battle...]

...and they come together in the center of the ring, quickly tangling themselves up in a collar and elbow tieup.]

GM: Lockup in the center, both men jockeying for position... who can get the edge at the outset of this one?

[Despite Ohara's impressive upper body, Williams uses his size advantage to muscle Ohara back against the ropes with relative ease.]

GM: Williams shoves him back... the referee calling for a break here...

[Williams slowly starts to untangle from his rival, letting the referee's count dictate his pace...]

...and he suddenly jerks back, cocking his right arm at the ready...]

GM: Elb- no!

[Williams holds up, smirking at Ohara covering up to defend a strike that never comes. He backs off, swinging his arms up into a double bicep pose, nodding his head at the embarrassed Ohara who stays on the ropes, staring at the Axis member.]

BW: Williams is so deep inside Ohara's head, he should change his mailing address, daddy.

GM: At some point though, the mindgames have to stop and you've gotta prove you can get it done inside the squared circle.

BW: You don't think Williams can?

GM: I think he can but I also think he's gotta prove he can do it on this stage with an opponent at the level of Jordan Ohara.

[Ohara pushes off the ropes, striding out to mid-ring where Williams awaits him, still smirking at his former friend...

...and Ohara lunges right into another tieup, entangling himself.]

GM: Back to the lockup... and right back against the ropes. Williams uses his own momentum, spinning him back against the ropes again...

[But once they reach the ropes, Ohara uses momentum himself, spinning Williams' back against the ropes.]

GM: Back into the ropes again... and now what?

[The referee calls for the break again. Ohara steps back, rearing back his arm for a knife edge chop...

...and Williams falls backwards through the ropes, dropping out to the floor where he falls on the barely-padded concrete as Ohara holds his pose, never throwing the chop. The crowd laughs as Ohara winks at Williams, the latter getting up and angrily slamming his hands down on the ring apron.]

GM: And Ohara returns the favor! Perhaps it's he who needs to change his mailing address, Bucky.

BW: Yeah, yeah... we'll see, Gordo. We'll see.

[Ohara backs away from the ropes at the referee's direction, allowing Williams to quickly slide under the ropes, popping to his feet and charging across at the Phoenix who hears him coming, twisting around and yanking Williams off his feet and down to the mat with a deep armdrag takedown!]

GM: Armdrag by Ohara!

[Williams scrambles up, charging Ohara again... and again gets pulled right back down to the mat with a second armdrag!]

GM: Down goes the Future again! You've gotta love those armdrags out of Jordan Ohara, fans! Nobody does it better!

[Both men scramble up again, Williams charging at Ohara...]

GM: Here we go again!

[...and again, Ohara drops down, ready to deliver the armdrag... but this time, Williams slams on the brakes, takes aim, and DRILLS Ohara in the back of the head with an elbowstrike!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ELBOW!! ELBOW!! THAT MIGHT DO IT!

[Williams flips Ohara over, diving across his chest without bothering to hook a leg.]

GM: ONNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOO!

[Ohara kicks out, breaking out of Williams' sloppy pin attempt, and promptly rolls under the ropes to the floor as a confident Williams gets to his feet, miming a three count to the new AWA official who holds up two fingers.]

GM: Pete Miller calling it a two count and rightfully so... but what an early mistake by Ohara!

BW: Williams forced that error though, Gordo, and he almost got the quick win because of it!

GM: Jordan Ohara bailed out to the floor after that two count... definitely feeling the effects of that elbowstrike to the back of the skull despite being able to kick out of the pin attempt... and don't look now but Derrick Williams is going out after him.

[Out on the floor, Williams grabs Ohara by the back of the head, smashing his face into the ring apron.]

BW: And this is what I love about the NEW Derrick Williams, Gordo. The killer instinct. This is something we wouldn't have seen out of him when he wanted to be the next Kevin Slater. Now that he's realized Kevin Slater was a bum who saw the wreckage of a wasted career at the bottom of a pill bottle and he's adopted Juan Vasquez - perhaps the greatest pro wrestler in history - as his mentor, he's a totally different guy in there.

[Williams bounces Ohara's face off the apron a second time, drawing a reprimand from the in-ring referee.]

GM: Again off the apron! Come on, referee!

BW: They're out on the floor - what do you want Miller to do about it?

[Williams shouts back at the referee, pulling Ohara back by the hair for a little trash talk before smashing his face into the apron a third time, drawing jeers from the New Orleans crowd.]

GM: And the fans in New Orleans don't like what Derrick Williams has become any more than Jordan Ohara does.

BW: Oh, boo-friggin-hoo, Gordo. The teenage girls in the crowd are wailing with sorrow at what Williams might do to Ohara's face. Better cancel that Tiger Beat shoot, kid!

[Grabbing Ohara by the arm, Williams turns him around...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

[...and sends him spinefirst into the steel with an Irish whip!]

GM: Backfirst into the steel! And the referee is being very liberal with his count in there. He doesn't want to see this one end in a countout any more than we do.

[Williams grabs Ohara by the hair, pausing to badmouth some fans in the front row giving him a hard time, before he walks back towards the ring, tossing Ohara under the bottom rope...]

...but Ohara grabs the ropes, using his momentum to swing his body around, and DRIVE his feet into Williams' face with a kick!]

GM: Ohh! What a counter out of Ohara!

[Williams stumbles back towards the railing, dropping to a knee as he grabs the side of his face. He gets back, finding Ohara waiting on the apron...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

[...and gets caught by a makeshift superkick by Ohara who steps down the apron to deliver the kick to Williams who is still out on the floor!]

GM: Ohara with the kick to the jaw! Williams is stunned!

[Ohara backs down the apron, his flesh against the cold steel of the ringpost, and then charges down it, leaping high into the air...]

...and DRIVES an overhead chop down between the eyes of Williams who is standing on the floor!]

GM: OHHHH! What a chop by the Phoenix! Right down between the eyes of his former partner and friend!

[Ohara pulls Williams off the floor, shoving him back under the ropes before scrambling back up on the apron. He points to the turnbuckles, earning a big cheer from the crowd...]

GM: He’s going for it! He’s looking for the Phoenix Flame early!

[Ohara marches down the apron, running up the turnbuckles...]

...while Derrick Williams rolls right out the other side of the ring to the floor, shaking his head at his former friend. The crowd jeers Williams’ bail out as Ohara looks disappointed, jumping off the buckles to the ring apron.]

GM: Williams is not down enough for that Phoenix Flame splash... not yet at least. The referee ordering Ohara back inside the ring now and-

[Ohara suddenly breaks into a dash, running down the length of the ring apron where he suddenly LEAPS incredibly high into the air, soaring over the corner ringpost...]

...and WIPES OUT Derrick Williams with a crossbody on the floor!]

“OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!”

BW: HOLY-

GM: WHATTA DIIIIIVE OUT OF THE PHOENIX, JORDAN OHARA! FROM THE APRON TO THE FLOOR IN IMPRESSIVE FASHION! OH MY!

BW: The kid’s got hops for days, Gordo!

GM: I... have no idea what that means but somehow, I still agree!

[Ohara gets up, full of adrenaline after his highlight reel dive. He pumps a fist, giving a roar to the cheering crowd before turning his focus back to his former friend, dragging him off the floor and tossing him back under the ropes.]

GM: Ohara shoots Williams back inside... the Phoenix climbing back up on the apron...

BW: Are you kidding me?!

[Again, Ohara points to the corner, determined to go up top and sail off onto the Axis member. He grabs the top rope, stepping to the second...

...and the crowd's cheers of anticipation turn into jeers of disappointment as Williams rolls right out of the ring again.]

GM: Derrick Williams again bailing out of the ring... and these fans aren't too pleased about that.

BW: Hey, Williams is no fool, Gordo. He knows that if he wants to win this match, he's gotta play his game. He can't wrestle Ohara's game... and right now, the pace and the style is all Jordan Ohara.

[Ohara hops over the ropes into the ring, glaring across the ring to where Williams is out on the floor...

...and again, the Phoenix bursts into motion, charging the ropes, leaping through them and scoring with a dropkick to a surprised Williams!]

GM: Ohh!

[Sitting on the apron, Ohara reaches up, grabbing the top rope, and pulls himself back over the ropes into the ring by skinning the cat...

...and promptly slingshots over the ropes, wiping out Williams once again with a slingshot crossbody!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Ohara's a blur of motion in there - perpetual action as he wipes out Williams with another dive to the floor.

BW: He wants to keep at this pace... at this level... and he wants Williams to be backpedaling at all times. Because if you're stepping backwards, you can't throw those strikes with enough power to knock someone out.

[Ohara pulls Williams off the floor again, tossing him back under the ropes.]

GM: Ohara tosses him back in...

[The Phoenix climbs back inside, just in time to see Williams roll out the other side again. The boos are deafening this time as the fans let Williams have it for his lack of courage and fighting spirit.]

GM: This is getting a little ridiculous, Bucky. If Williams is looking to run, maybe we can get him into a track meet instead of a pro wrestling match.

BW: It's all part of the strategy - I know it. You think Williams came in here without a gameplan put together by Juan Vasquez and Jackson Hunter, two of the greatest wrestling minds in our business? This is exactly what they sketched out, I promise you that.

[Still in the ring, Ohara shakes his head in disbelief at his former friend and then jumps up, dashing to the far ropes, rebounding back...]

GM: Ohara building up a head of steam and-

[...and DIVES between the top and middle ropes, looking for a tope onto Williams who sees it coming, leaping into the air, and SMASHING his elbow into the flying Ohara's jaw!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT A SHOT BY WILLIAMS!

[Williams snatches Ohara by the hair, refusing to let him slide back through the ropes into the ring. He uses that grip to pull Ohara out onto his shoulders in a fireman's carry, walking across the ringside area with it...]

GM: Williams has got Ohara up, looking to turn things around here and-

[Williams suddenly swings Ohara off his shoulders, sending him parallel to the floor...]

...and DROPS Ohara gutfirst across the steel barricade at ringside!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY STARS!

[Williams stumbles back, leaning against the apron as Ohara lies stretched out over the metal railing, his ribs having taken a brutal drop onto unforgiving steel.]

GM: Derrick Williams with an absolutely DEVASTATING maneuver out here on the floor. I don't even know what you call that but he absolutely crushed the ribs of Ohara with it.

BW: It was like hitting Ohara with an F5 tornado to the body, daddy!

[Williams allows a few more moments to pass, soaking up the disdain of the New Orleans crowd before he wobbles back towards Ohara, dragging him off the railing and dumping him on the floor. The Axis member delivers a pair of stomps to the abdomen before he puts Ohara back into the ring.]

GM: Ohara back in... Williams rolling in after him...

[Climbing to his feet, the Future drops to a knee, driving the other one into the ribcage... and again... and again...]

GM: Kneedrops down into injured ribs, trying to increase the damage he did with that hard fall onto the railing.

[The referee orders Williams to back off on his barrage of kneedrops... so he switches to some hard stomps and kicks to the ribcage while the fans jeer and referee Pete Miller complains loudly.]

GM: Williams is all over the body, battering the ribs... and you've gotta think this is part of the gameplan. Work the ribs, work the back... see if you can take away the Phoenix Flame.

BW: Absolutely, Gordo. The Phoenix Flame has put down countless opponents. If you can take it away, you can greatly improve your chances of victory.

[Williams hauls Ohara off the mat, muscling him back up across his shoulders into a fireman's carry again...]

...and standing mid-ring, he shoves him up and over, dropping him down across a bent knee!]

GM: OHHH! GUTBUSTER!

[Williams shoves Ohara onto his back, leaning over into a lateral press.]

GM: The gutbuster gets one! He gets two! He gets- no! That's all.

[Williams kneels on the mat, sneering at his fallen partner who is down on the canvas clutching at his midsection.]

GM: Williams gets another two count on that gutbuster... and look at Ohara... now it's the young Phoenix's turn to get out of the ring, trying desperately get a chance to recover from those blows to the body.

[But the Future cuts his former friend off, shaking his head as he pulls Ohara to his feet by the back of the tights, turning him around into a scoop, and throwing him down with a big bodyslam.]

GM: Bodyslam dead center in the middle by Williams... another cover...

[Another two count follows as Ohara lifts the shoulder off the mat. Williams again pushes up to his knees, this time swinging his clenched fist down into the ribs once... twice... three times...]

GM: MMA-style hammerfists to the body by Williams, continuing to do damage to the ribs...

[Williams climbs to his feet, sneering down at Ohara as the Carolina native rolls over to all fours. The Future takes aim, burying a hard kick into the ribcage that sends him right back onto his back.]

GM: Goodness. Brutal kick to the body there...

[Williams brings Ohara back to his feet by the arm... and then leans over, wrapping his arms around the torso as he charges across the ring, driving Ohara backfirst into the corner...]

GM: Williams puts him into the buckles...

[Holding onto the second rope, Williams drives his shoulder into the ribcage once... twice... three times. He grins, pumping his arm in the air as he backs off across the ring to the opposite corner...]

...and then sprints across, leaping into the air, and DRIVING his shoulder into the ribs with a leaping spear tackle into the buckles!]

GM: Ohhh! That'll knock the wind out of Ohara's sails!

[Ohara is nearly driven between the buckles by the running tackle, wincing as he loops his arms over the top rope, trying to stay on his feet.]

GM: Ohara's ribs have taken a load of punishment already in this one and Williams drags him out, looking to do more damage...

[Williams grabs Ohara, shoving him up into a seated position on the top turnbuckle.]

GM: The Future shoves him up top... ohh! Well-placed and hard-hit right hand to the jaw!

[The Axis member steps up on the second rope, looking to continue his assault.]

GM: Williams looks like he's setting up a superplex here... getting that front facelock...

[But as Williams tries to lift Ohara off the buckles, Ohara grabs the ropes, hanging on for dear life.]

GM: Ohara blocks the superplex! Hanging on to the ropes!

[Williams tries for the lift again but this time, Ohara buries his right hand into the ribs of his rival.]

GM: And now Ohara is fighting back! Blow after blow to the ribs, trying to fight his way free!

[Williams lowers his arms, trying to shield his ribs...

...and gets popped with a headbutt that sends Williams falling backwards off the midbuckle, crashing down on the canvas!]

GM: Oh! Headbutt breaks him loose...

[Ohara rises, standing on the middle rope as the crowd cheers him on...

...and leaps into the air, lashing out with a dropkick to the jaw of Williams!]

GM: Flying dropkick off the second rope! Ohara wipes out Williams once more!

[The blow to the chin stuns Williams as Ohara rolls around on the mat, clutching at his battered ribcage.]

GM: Both men down after the dropkick by Ohara as we're passing the ten minute mark in this one. Remember, one fall with a thirty minute time limit so plenty of time left with these two in there.

BW: Somewhere in the back, Juan Vasquez is looking on with a pleased expression on his face, Gordo. I gotta think Williams is executing this gameplan to perfection so far.

GM: Jackson Hunter as well, I'm sure... if he's regained his senses after winning the Steal The Spotlight contract earlier tonight.

BW: It's already been a crazy night on the Bayou, daddy, and we're just getting started!

GM: So many big matches still to come. Title matches, grudge matches, matches we never thought we'd see... and of course, hanging above the ring, the Woodshed.

[As the announcers get some hype going, we are watching a dazed Williams and a hurting Ohara work their way back towards their feet.]

GM: And it looks like the man known as The Future is actually managing to get to his feet first even though he took the business end of that missile dropkick from Ohara.

[On his feet, the Axis member approaches the rising Ohara, grabbing him by the hair, pulling him the rest of the way up...]

...and BLASTS him with an elbowstrike to the jaw!]

GM: Big shot by the Future!

[Ohara stumbles back to the ropes but shoves off...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

GM: Ohh! Ohara returns fire with a knife edge chop across the chest!

[Williams grits his teeth, wiping at his chest before returning fire with another elbowstrike to the side of the head!]

GM: Elbow by Williams!

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

GM: And Ohara with another chop, refusing to back down from one of the hardest hitters in the American Wrestling Alliance!

[Williams shakes his head, grabbing a handful of Ohara’s head, delivering a trio of elbowstrikes - each one harder than the one before it, the crowd groaning louder with each blow...]

“OHHHHHHH!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Ohara falls back against the ropes, grabbing the top rope to stay on his feet...]

...and when Williams moves in to grab him again, Ohara slaps the hand away, winding up...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

[The crowd roars as Ohara uses his chops to back Williams back out to the middle of the ring...]

GM: Ohara’s trying to chop the Future to shreds!

[Williams staggers under the chop barrage, sinking to a knee before he pushes back up, burying a knee into Ohara’s ribs...]

...and then swoops in around him, hoisting Ohara into the air, and quickly dropping him down with a back suplex!]

GM: Ohhh! And that stops Jordan Ohara dead in his tracks!

[Williams shoves Ohara down to the mat, leaning across into a pin attempt.]

GM: Williams with a cover for one... for two... but that’s all.

BW: Williams needs to keep his cool, stay focused on the gameplan... not let his desire to hurt this punk kid get the better of him.

[Back on his feet, Williams pulls Ohara off the mat, and HURLS him through the ropes, sending him crashing down HARD backfirst on the barely-padded concrete floor!]

GM: Goodness! A hard fall out on the floor by Ohara as Williams comes out to get him, looking to ramp up the punishment on his former friend.

[Williams, now outside the ring on the floor, pulls Ohara up by the hair, turning him around to face the ring...

...and then charges him forward, smashing Ohara's midsection into the edge of the ring apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Williams continues to attack the ribs... the back... the core of Jordan Ohara! Trying to break down the body, take away his power, take away the high flying, take away the Phoenix Flame most importantly...

BW: Look at this, Gordo... he's got him up for the ride again...

[Williams lifts Ohara up into a fireman's carry, taking him over towards the barricade...]

GM: This is how all of this got started, Bucky. If Williams hits this again, Ohara's going to be done for right now!

BW: Pretty sure that's the idea, Gordo.

[The Future sets up near the railing, nodding his head at the jeering crowd...

...and then goes into a short spin, determined to fling his former friend off his shoulders onto the steel...]

GM: Ohara's in trouble and-

[...but as Williams spins, Ohara manages to spin himself right off, landing a few feet away from his opponent. Ohara leaps up, pumping a leg to drive a front kick into the chin of Williams, snapping his head back!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Ohara rocked him! He rocked him! Williams is seeing stars!

[Ohara backs off, creating distance between himself and his rival. Satisfied, he gives a little hop before charging at Williams, leaping into the air...

...and getting snatched out of the sky by the powerful Williams who pivots his body and DRIVES Ohara down on the barely-padded floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: POWERSLAM ON THE FLOOOOOOOR! OHHHH MY!

[Ohara cries out, rolling around in pain on the floor as Williams sits near him, trying to clear the cobwebs from the pumpkick.]

GM: Both men are down! Both men are hurting and dazed! These two are taking the fight to one another in a major fashion here at SuperClash!

BW: Both men have heard the hype, Gordo. The battle between two future World Champions, two future SuperClash Main Eventers! And you better believe in a battle of the future, both guys want to be THE guy, daddy!

GM: This has been a hard-fought battle so far... and as the time ticks near to the halfway point in the time limit, you start to wonder when these guys are going to break out the big guns. We haven't seen the Phoenix Flame yet... we haven't seen the Bolt Buster... nor have we see the Neuralyzer or the Future Shock from Williams. Who is going to be the first to land one of those major blows? The answer to that question may determine who is going to win this thing.

[Back on his feet, Williams chucks Ohara back under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: There will be no countout win for Derrick Williams tonight. He's out to prove a point and winning that way isn't enough on this night. Both men back inside now... the Future hauling the Phoenix to his feet... and a big elbow, right across the bow!

[Ohara stumbles back again from the heavy strike, sinking to a knee as Williams stands over him, measuring him for what comes next...]

GM: Ohara down on a knee, Williams takes aim and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: OHARA OPENS FIRE! BIG CHOP!

[Williams staggers backward, clutching at his chest as Ohara climbs to his feet...]

GM: Williams is stunned, Ohara's up and...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: Another big chop by Ohara, battering Williams backwards!

[Williams takes a pair of steps back, trying to steady himself as Ohara winds up a third time...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: Again with the knife edge blow! Ohara's got all these fans behind him, driving him forward, urging him on...

[Ohara nods his head to those cheering fans, shaking with intensity as he readies another chop...]

...but Williams throws the elbowstrike first, the crowd groaning on the impact.]

"OHHHHHHH!"

[And another one, rocking Ohara back a few feet with it.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And he winds up, ready to fire a third...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The impact of the elbowstrike spins Ohara around...

...and he keeps spinning, landing a spinning back chop to the side of Williams' neck...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...which spins Williams all the way around, FLATTENING Ohara with a rolling elbowstrike to the jaw!]

"OHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[The crowd is ROARING now, on their feet for the exchange of strikes that leaves both men laid out on the canvas, chests heaving with exertion from the battle so far.]

GM: What a fight! What an out and out war between these two competitors so far in this one! Incredible!

BW: And you get the feeling we're just scratching the surface of what these two incredibly tough and skilled competitors are capable of, Gordo. We're witnessing something special in this one.

GM: Which one will be the first to their feet? Which one will be the first to get back on the attack and perhaps find a way to break down their opponent enough to defeat them?

"FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY!"

GM: You hear the announcement by the timekeeper - fifteen minutes passed. We've reached the halfway point in the time limit for this battle between former partners... former friends...

[Getting his hands underneath him, Derrick Williams pushes himself up off the canvas with a grunt of exertion. He climbs to his feet, breathing heavily as he looks down on Ohara as he too tries to get to all fours. The Axis member shakes his head, snatching his former ally by the hair, tossing him into the nearest corner.]

GM: Williams puts Ohara in the corner now... moving in on him...

[Williams adjusts his footing as he winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and fires off a knife edge chop of his own across the chest of Jordan Ohara. He follows through the blow, getting his arm in position, and comes right back the other way with a stiff forearm shot on the jaw!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: We've seen this before, Gordo!

GM: But I don't recall seeing it out of Derrick Williams. This is Williams taking a page right out of the Juan Vasquez playbook!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: Another chop!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Another forearm!

BW: And it looks like Jordan Ohara received his Evite to the Violence Party, daddy! I hope he brought some soft foods because he won't be chewing much after they turn out the lights on this party!

[The crowd punctuates the blows with a groan, providing the playlist for this particular party...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With Ohara reeling in the corner, Williams charges across to the opposite corner...

...and Ohara charges right in after him, swinging his leg up at the last possible moment...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: YAAAAKUUUUZAAAA! And it looks like Williams isn't the only one who has picked something up from his recent training partners!

[Williams is hanging onto the top rope for dear life, barely able to stay standing after having his head snapped back by the running kick. Ohara grabs Williams, pulling him out of the corner, slamming him down to the canvas...]

GM: Scoop and a slam by Ohara... and he's going up top!

[The crowd volume rises as Ohara leaps over the ropes to the apron, quickly looking to scale the turnbuckles...]

GM: Ohara on the climb! Williams is trying to get off the mat before he does! This is a race, fans!

[A quick cut to the crowd shows fans on their feet, screaming and shouting for Ohara as he tries to get to the top turnbuckle before Williams is ready for him to be there.]

GM: Ohara on the top... poised and ready...

[And as Williams gets to his feet, Ohara leaps high into the Superdome sky, sailing through the air towards him...]

GM: PHOENIX FLAAAAAME!

[...but Williams dives back to the mat, slamming chestfirst into the canvas as Ohara sails over him and SMASHES down hard into the mat! The crowd groans at the sight of Ohara hitting the mat and instantly grabbing for his ribs as Williams crawls to the ropes, using them to drag himself up to his feet.]

GM: Ohara went for it all but came up empty! Derrick Williams just barely avoided that Phoenix Flame crossbody off the top but avoid it he did and Ohara paid the price for it... and he paid a big one, Bucky.

BW: Huge mistake! Huge mistake for the rookie and now Williams needs to make him pay for it and make it a 3-0 night for the Axis so far!

[Williams leans back against the ropes, waving his arms to beckon Ohara back to his feet for several moments.]

GM: Williams is measuring him... obviously looking for something big here. He circles around him, trying to stay out of his sight as Ohara starts to stir off the canvas...

[Ohara pushes up to his knees, looking dazed as he cradles his torso. Williams nods approvingly, waving his hands again, almost begging his former friend to get up to his feet...]

BW: I think he's looking for the Future Shock, Gordo. He's coiled up like a snake... ready to strike at any moment...

[The crowd is roaring for Ohara, trying to root him back to his feet by chanting his name...]

"O-HA-RA!"

"O-HA-RA!"

"O-HA-RA!"

"O-HA-RA!"

"O-HA-RA!"

[The young Phoenix nods his head, listening to his fans as he tries to shove his way off the mat. With a guttural roar, he manages to get there, staggering and hurting as he wobbles towards a waiting Derrick Williams...]

GM: Ohara hasn't got a clue where Williams is! Williams is waiting for him and-

[And as Ohara turns around, Williams leaps up, securing the three-quarter nelson...

...and a desperate Ohara shoves him off, avoiding the potentially match-ending maneuver!]

GM: Ohh! Ohara avoids the Future Shock!

[Ohara grabs at his ribs as Williams scrambles up, putting all his strength into charging at the Axis member who sidesteps, shoving Ohara towards the ropes...]

GM: Ohara hits the ropes, Williams in right behind him...

BW: Peek-a-boo, ya punk!

[But as Williams comes racing at a confused Ohara with a clothesline, Ohara ducks down to avoid it...

...and flattens Williams with a high-impact chop that takes Ohara down to a knee from the effort of delivering it!]

GM: Good grief! What a chop by Ohara!

[Ohara says something off-mic to the downed Williams before stepping over him, ducking through the ropes to get to the apron where he starts to climb once more...]

GM: And Ohara's looking to fly once again!

BW: What kind of idiot does that after he just crashed and burned moments ago?!

GM: The kind who believes in his skill and talent taking him to the top if he lets it. Ohara now to the second rope... one foot on the top...

[And as Williams regains his footing, Ohara uses that one foot to propel him into the air, soaring high as he brings his outstretched arm and hand crashing down between the eyes of the Future!]

GM: TOMAHAWK CHOP OFF THE TOP! COVER!

[Ohara dives on top of Williams, tightly wrapping up both legs.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! TH-

[Williams' shoulder comes popping up off the mat before the hand can come down for a third time, breaking up the pin. The crowd groans for the near fall as Ohara again grabs at his ribs, pushing his way back to his feet.]

GM: Ohara needs to stay focused, push away the pain shooting through his torso right about now...

[Back on his feet, Ohara is doubled up holding his ribs as he waits for Williams to get back up off the mat as well.]

BW: Ohara's hurt bad, Gordo. He can barely stand up out there and you think he's got a shot to win this still? It's just a matter of time now until Ohara realizes that the Future is here, daddy!

GM: We'll see about that.

[As Williams gets to a knee, Ohara dashes to the ropes, rebounding off towards Williams...

...who surges to his feet, lifting Ohara by the upper thighs, pivoting around, and DRIVING Ohara into the canvas!]

GM: SPINEBUSTER! SPINEBUSTER!

BW: IT'S OVER, DADDY!

[Williams dives on top, again not bothering to hook a leg, nodding his head along with the counting official...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO! TH-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KICK OUT! KICK OUT! OHARA GOT THE SHOULDER UP IN TIME! OH MY!

[An angry Williams snatches a handful of Ohara's hair, earning some fresh jeers as he pounds the skull of his former friend with a series of short right hands between the eyes.]

"TEN MINUTES REMAIN! TEN MINUTES!"

GM: Ten minutes left in this one. And now is when both competitors kick it into another level...

BW: If they've got one left to kick it into, Gordo. Ohara's gotta be close to out after that spinebuster. He got DRIVEN into the mat! He can NOT have much left.

[Williams is full of frustration and anger as he climbs to his feet, using a handful of hair to drag Ohara off the mat...]

GM: Ohh! Hard elbow to the skull! And another!

[He shoves Ohara back into the corner, running in with a leaping elbowstrike to the side of the head again.]

GM: Williams is going head-hunting now on Ohara.

BW: And that's a mistake, Gordo. The ribs are banged up. The back is banged up. Forget about knocking the punk kid's block off and finish off the job on those two body parts.

[Williams angrily wraps his hands around the throat of Ohara, blatantly choking him as referee Pete Miller cries for a break.]

GM: That's a choke - clear as day - and our blue shoes wearing official is calling for him to back off.

[Williams breaks the choke at four, stalking Miller across the ring as he shouts him down.]

GM: Williams is losing his cool here, Bucky.

BW: He is... and you have to wonder if not having one of the Axis out here like Jackson Hunter is costing Williams right about now. If Hunter was out here, he'd keep the kid in check.

[Williams turns back towards Ohara, stalking across the ring where Ohara is still leaning against the turnbuckles...]

...but surges outwards as Williams gets within range...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Big chop by Ohara! Right across the chest!

[Williams staggers backwards, slipping to a knee as Ohara pushes out of the corner towards him...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Another hard chop by Ohara! Williams is bouncing off the ropes, careening all over the ring, trying to stay on his feet...

[Ohara winds up again, setting his feet under him...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and delivers a skin-tearing knife edge chop that actually spins Williams away from him, his back to Ohara who reaches around him, securing a waistlock...]

GM: Waistlock! He's looking for the German!

[But as he lifts Williams off the mat, Ohara cries out in pain, setting his former friend back down as he grabs at his ribs in agony.]

GM: No! No! He couldn't get him up with those banged-up ribs!

[Ohara staggers backwards into the corner, holding his midsection as Williams turns back towards him and charges!]

GM: Williams coming in hot and-

[The crowd ROARS as Ohara leans back, bringing up his boot to catch his former friend under the chin!]

GM: Ohh! He got the boot up and... look out! Look out! Ohara's out on the apron and he's climbing fast! Ohara trying to get up there before Williams can shake off the boot to the mush!

[Ohara, holding his ribs in pain, steps up to the top rope, nearly slipping before he catches himself...]

GM: Ohara's up top and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd recoils in disgust as Williams grabs the nearby referee, shoving him into the ropes with enough force to cause a pain-filled Ohara to lose his balance, falling crotchfirst on the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Ohara goes down HARD in an area no one wants to land on... all thanks to Derrick Williams!

BW: What?! It was that idiot referee's fault! He should be fired before he even gets started!

GM: Bucky, it was clear as day that Williams SHOVED Pete Miller into the ropes! He SHOVED him into Ohara!

BW: Clear as day, huh? Not from where I'm sitting.

[Miller is all over Williams who simply ignores him as he climbs to his feet, stepping up on the middle rope.]

GM: Williams with an opening here to wrap this thing up...

[Williams slings the hurting Ohara's arm over his neck, securing him as he goes to lift him from his perch...]

GM: Williams lifts him up... holding... holding...

[...and brings Ohara CRASHING down hard with a second rope superplex!]

GM: SUPERPLEX CONNECTS!

BW: That's gotta do it!

GM: Williams floats over, cover! ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! TH-

[The crowd ERUPTS as Williams' continued failure to hook the leg allows Ohara to escape once again.]

GM: Ohara kicks out! He's out just in time!

BW: I can't believe it.

GM: Neither can Derrick Williams... and he is BEYOND heated right now.

[Williams climbs off the canvas, angrily kicking the ropes as he reaches for his right arm, yanking his black compression sleeve off his arm.]

GM: Look at this! Williams is exposing that right elbow!

[He fires the sleeve into the crowd, sneering with disdain at both Ohara and the fans who adore him.]

GM: Williams has that arm exposed... more specifically, that elbow... and I don't like the looks of this one!

[Williams again stands behind Ohara, shouting at him to get up as the referee tries to count down the Phoenix...]

GM: Ohara's trying to get up, holding onto his lower back now as well as the ribs... and Williams is waiting for him again...

[As Ohara climbs to his feet with the aid of the ropes, Williams goes into a spin...

...and absolutely DRILLS Ohara in the back of the skull with his exposed elbow, sending him plummeting back down to the canvas in a heap!]

GM: NEURALYZER! NEURALYZER!

BW: Ring the bell, daddy, this one is alllllll over!

[Williams again drops down, covering Ohara without hooking a leg...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THRE-

[The crowd ERUPTS as the referee pulls out of the count, pointing down towards the canvas where we see Ohara's foot resting on the bottom rope.]

GM> Foot on the ropes! Ohara saves himself with a foot on the bottom rope and... wow!

BW: I can't believe it. I seriously can't believe it! What more does Williams gotta hit this guy with? A tank?!

GM: But as we near the twenty-five minute mark of this match, you've gotta wonder if Ohara has anything left. He got the foot on the ropes, sure... but he's not even moving down there on the mat.

BW: Well, the Future is makin' him move, daddy!

[Williams angrily drags Ohara off the mat by the hair, trashtalking him as he shouts in his face...

...and hammers home an elbowstrike to the side of the head!]

GM: Oof! What a shot that was! Williams moving in now, perhaps looking for the kill...

[Grabbing the arm, Williams whips Ohara across the ring, winding up his exposed right arm once again...]

GM: ELBOOOOOW- NO!

[The crowd roars as Ohara drops into a slide, sliding under the elbow and popping back up behind Williams who turns...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: SUPERKICK!

[The thrust kick catches Williams under the chin, causing him to stagger in a circle. Ohara swoops in with a shout, snatching Williams from behind...]

BW: He can't do it, Gordo! The ribs are too badly banged up! He can't-

...and the crowd EXPLODES as Ohara lifts Williams into the air, wincing in agony as he lets loose a pain-filled shout, spinning in a circle and DRIVING Williams down with a sitout powerbomb!]

GM: BOLT BUSTER! BOLT BUSTER!! OHARA PLANTS HIM WITH THE BOLT BUSTER!

[But the exhausted Ohara falls to his back, unable to take advantage of the powerbomb.]

GM: It took too much out of him though! He gave it his all and that's what it took from him!

[Ohara is on his back, his chest heaving from exhaustion as Williams does the same. Referee Pete Miller starts a count on both men as the crowd buzzes with concern at the idea of a double countdown decision.]

GM: Both men down! Both men exhausted! I just checked with the timekeeper and we're just over five minutes left in this battle and at this rate, I'm not sure anyone can win it!

BW: They've both taken a tremendous amount of punishment and are still in this thing. It's pretty amazing to witness and if this the future of the AWA, Gordo, I'd say we're in for one hell of a ride.

GM: Absolutely... and now Jordan Ohara showing signs of life, fans! Jordan Ohara rolling onto his stomach, crawling his way across the ring towards the corner!

[The fans are roaring once more, urging Ohara to get to his launchpad and finish this off.]

GM: Ohara rolls to the apron... using the ropes now to pull himself to his feet...

[With Williams still down on the mat, Ohara grabs the ropes with all his remaining strength and starts to climb them...]

GM: The Phoenix is rising! The Phoenix climbing the ropes, step by step up those turnbuckles. Pain shooting through his body. Exhaustion dragging down every step he makes. But still he climbs. He climbs higher... and higher... and higher...

[Ohara steps to the top rope, cautiously stretching out his arms to get his balance on the top as the New Orleans crowd rises to their feet, cheering him on, urging him to end this hard-fought battle!]

"FIVE MINUTES REMAIN! FIVE MINUTES!"

GM: Ohara's up top! Ohara's set to fly! He's got Williams in his sights and- what the-?!

[Suddenly, Williams pushes up to his knees, lunging at the referee in an attempt to shove him into the ropes a second time but Pete Miller is too quick for the banged-up Williams, avoiding the big push attempt.]

GM: Whoa! Whoa! Williams tried to use the referee as a weapon a second time but Miller caught on! He's too smart to get caught again and-

[But as the referee draws near the reprimand Williams for his efforts, the Future grabs the official by the legs, hanging on to him.]

GM: What in the world?!

BW: It's brilliant, Gordo! Brilliant! He's using the referee to shield himself from Ohara!

[A frustrated Ohara shouts down at the referee, waving an arm at him as Miller tries to break free from Williams' grasp.]

GM: Ohara can't jump from the top! The Phoenix Flame has been extinguished for the moment at least and-

[The referee suddenly yanks his leg out of Williams' grasp, leaving Williams down on all fours as Ohara suddenly straightens up, takes aim, and leaps high into the air towards his foe...]

GM: PHOENIX FLAAAAAAAAME!

[...who suddenly pushes up, uncoiling upwards as he snatches a three-quarter nelson on Ohara as the Phoenix plummets downwards...

...and DRIVES him facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: FUTURE SHOCK OUTTA NOWHERE! FUTURE SHOCK OUTTA NOWHERE!

BW: COVER HIM, KID!

[Williams does exactly that, using his head to roll Ohara onto his back before lunging across his chest, wrapping up both legs this time...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: HE GOT HIM! THE FUTURE IS... NOOOOOOOW!

[Williams rolls off of Ohara, rolling right out of the ring where he collapses to a knee on the floor as the groans of the crowd express their disappointment at the victory.]

RO: Here is your winner...

THE FUUUUUUTURRRRRRRE... DERRRRRRRRRRICK WILLLLLLLLLLLIAMSSSSSS!

[An exhausted Williams raises a weary arm outside the ring as the jeers of the crowd intensify.]

GM: What a battle between these two young superstars, Bucky, and while you can imagine this is just the beginning of their rivalry that we'll see in the years ahead, on this night - Derrick Williams is victorious at SuperClash!

BW: Not just Derrick Williams, Gordo... but on this very important night for the Axis, they're already three and oh! MAWAGA won the Battle Royal, Jackson Hunter stole the spotlight, and now Derrick Williams pours a bucket of cold water on the Phoenix! And I think this is just the beginning for them, Gordo! Zharkov and Alex Martinez... and the Woodshed still to come?! This could be a HUGE night for the Axis!

[Using the apron to drag himself to his feet, Williams sloppily backpedals up the ramp, a smirk on his face as he looks in on the official kneeling to check on the still-downed Ohara...

...and we fade back to a flashing graphic that says "ACCESS 365" before cutting to some footage marked "Earlier Today..." The camera angle is not our usual setup, implying that this footage was captured by a camera set up to capture all the goings-on in this particular hallway.

At the moment, those "goings-on" feature the challenger in the night's Main Event - Ryan Martinez - standing in the long hallway, lost in contemplations. Whatever thoughts are in his head are interrupted by the voice of a young woman.]

"Hello big brother..."

[Martinez turns around, the camera following his eyeline. Standing in the hallway, wearing a simple and modest black dress, the sort of dress one might wear to church, is a girl of about fifteen. Her red hair is straight and pulled back into a ponytail. The black dress is a sharp contrast to her pale skin and dark makeup. Around her neck is a golden crucifix.]

RM: Truth Marie...

[Martinez smiles as he looks at the severe expression on the face of Caleb Temple's daughter. And then Martinez shakes his head.]

RM: I'm not-

[Less of a creepy "little girl" now, the teenaged Truth Marie shakes her head.]

TMT: You are, Ryan. You always have been. You saved my father. You gave me my family back. And even before that, you were always there for me.

And tonight, we're all here for you, big brother. We are all rooting for you.

[Martinez smiles, lowering his gaze to the floor for a moment.]

RM: Thank you.

[The teenage girl speaks up again.]

TMT: And I have a message for you. A message from him.

[Truth Marie doesn't need to say who. Ryan knows. We all know. Martinez' expression darkens as he looks up at his quasi-sister once more.]

TMT: It is nothing bad, I promise you. Just something he wanted me to tell you. Something about tonight. Are you ready?

[Martinez nods.]

TMT: Daniel 2:21 says:

"He changes times and seasons; he deposes kings and raises up others."

[Truth Marie speaks the words from memory - like father, like daughter.]

TMT: He wants you to remember those words. He wants you to carry them in your heart. Because they are your words. They are the words for tonight.

The season of Vasquez is over, Ryan. It is time to topple the king. Tonight is your night. Tonight is when you are raised up.

We are all behind you. Your entire family.

[Martinez nods his head, smiling.]

RM: Thank you.

[Truth Marie nods solemnly.]

TMT: I believe in you. He believes in you. And big brother?

[Truth Marie flashes the briefest of smiles.]

TMT: We are counting on you.

[The Access 365 logo splashes across the screen again momentarily before cutting to...

...footage from a darkened room with only the massive sculpted silhouette of Maxim Zharkov visible, lit from behind. The footage reads "EARLIER TODAY."]

MZ: On the day of my birth, almost 25 years ago, my country died. From the day that I was born, I heard the trumpets across the ocean, announcing that the Soviet Union was a defeated nation.

Have you ever seen the stray dogs of Magadan? They come down from the mountains, having not eaten for days. All they have is the will to survive and the will to fight.

[Zharkov clasps his mighty hands together with enough force to make a viewer cringe.]

MZ: You treat this as the final battle of a great war, Alex Martinez... but you are already lost. America is lost too. You squabble. You mistrust your neighbor. You wish unimaginable cruelty on those you would not look in the eye. Tonight, on a night you dare call "Thanks-giving," those with the means to do so gorge themselves while allowing others to starve to death in the streets.

All my life, I have heard your declarations of victory. I have spent my life training for this night.

And as I stand over your fallen paragon Alex Martinez, I desire for America to know what feels like to be defeated.

To all who would oppose the Axis...

[The silhouette of Zharkov fades.]

MZ: ...Lights out, tovarisch.

[And with that, we fade from the pre-recorded footage to live footage backstage where Mark Stegglet stands, microphone in hand.]

MS: There are times when I just have to wonder.

What do you say?

[Stegglet exhales.]

MS: Twenty years. Five World Titles. A Hall of Fame ring. Some of the most memorable matches and moments in the history of wrestling. A man who has fought everyone. A man who has headlined in New York, Los Angeles, Toronto, Tokyo and every single point in between.

You say "legend" and you talk about Brody Thunder and JW Hardin. You say "icon" and you talk about Juan Vasquez and Stevie Scott.

But what word describes this man?

What do I say to this man, who is about to bring his legendary, iconic career to an end? What do you say when you're a small part of an amazing history?

I suppose...

[Stegglet pauses, overcome by emotion.]

MS: I'll just say... thank you.

Thank you for your career. Thank you for letting me be the man who stands with you this last time. Thank you for being the one and only Last American Badass.

From everyone who has ever bought a ticket, who has ever turned on their television. Thank you, Alex Martinez.

[As Stegglet tries to compose himself, the man he's been describing steps into the frame. His silhouette is as archetypal as it is recognizable. Seven feet tall. Three hundred and fifty pounds. Clad in a studded black leather jacket and blue jeans. Steel toed biker boots on his feet and mirrored sunglasses covering his eyes. His black hair is pulled back into a tight ponytail, and a red scar runs diagonally across his face, from temple to chin.

Alex Martinez is here.]

MS: Mr. Martinez. There is so much to say. But I have to know. Is it really over? Is this really the last ride of the Last American Badass?

[Martinez exhales slowly, and then nods his head.]

AM: First off Mark, I just gotta say. Thanks for what ya said. And yes. This is it. Win, lose, or draw... this is the night that my career ends.

Its been a long road from that first night, workin' for twenty bucks and a free hotdog to bein' at the Superdome, fightin' in front of seventy-five thousand fans.

It ain't always been easy, but its always been worth it. And it ends tonight.

MS: And are you ready? Are you ready for it all to be over?

[Martinez shakes his head.]

AM: Lemme tell ya somethin', Mark. That's a question for tomorrow.

Because ya ask that question tomorrow? And the answer is yes. Ya ask me tomorrow if I'm ready to move on, to be in a different place, then the answer is hell ya. It's been a good run, and it's good to stop when I can still fight, when people ain't beggin' me to stop embarrassin' myself.

But right now? Nah, I ain't ready. 'Cuz tonight?

I got business.

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: With Maxim Zharkov.

AM: You're damn right.

Ever since the first time I went nose to nose with Zharkov, I knew he was dangerous. And before I could ever put it into words, I knew that I had to be the one to take you on, and to take you out. And do ya know why?

Because Maxim Zharkov...

[Martinez pulls his sunglasses off, and the camera focuses on the Hall of Famer's intense expression.]

AM: Because you're me fifteen years ago.

You're the biggest, baddest, scariest guy walkin' around. You're the muscle standin' at the right hand of the top dog. You're the enforcer that carries out the will of an evil man. And if you ain't checked?

Well, you're gonna unleash a world of hell.

Just like me.

I got no doubt in my mind that there isn't a title in the AWA you couldn't take, right now, if you wanted it, Zharkov. And I'm certain that every time he looks at you, Vasquez thinks the same thing.

You're scary, Zharkov. Hell, ya scare me. And I don't scare easily.

You're gonna kick my ass tonight. You're gonna make me bleed. Hell, you're gonna make me thankful that I don't ever have to do this again.

I got no doubt about your talent, and your capacity for makin' a man suffer.

But remember how I said you were me? Well, there's one key difference.

[Martinez taps his chest.]

AM: Ya got no heart, Zharkov.

I've been watchin' ya, and from I see... while ya got the killer instinct, ya ain't got the heart, the soul to go along with it. You don't make your own decisions. I broke away. I made my own choices, I lived my own life.

When was the last time, hell, when was the first time, that anyone saw Maxim Zharkov do somethin' where ya couldn't see the strings? What has Zharkov done that didn't come after someone named Hunter or Vasquez told him to do it? You're a weapon, and you're in the wrong hands.

Normally, someone says "and If it's the last thing I do..." Well Zharkov, this is the last thing I'll do.

And you can bet your ass that I'm gonna do it.

[Martinez draws in another breath, nostrils flaring as he exhales.]

AM: Physically, I ain't who I was when I was in my prime. I know that, you know that. Everyone knows it. My body is broken. Ain't no denyin' that.

But let me tell ya somethin', Zharkov. I didn't come here outta nostalgia. I didn't come here so I could have some easy night and take a victory lap. I came here to do what I've done for the last twenty years.

I came here to fight.

And I came here to win that fight.

Yeah, you're younger and stronger. You're a killer. But you don't know you're fightin' for. Ya don't believe the way I do. This is my last match, Zharkov. This is my legacy. This is what I leave behind.

This? This is just somethin' someone told ya to do.

It's personal for me in a way it ain't for you. Personal because I know what I have to do. I know that, if I don't put an end to you, then you're gonna make life hell for all the people I leave behind.

For Jordan Ohara, the actual future of this business. For Supernova, who deserves to be spoken of in the same breath as all the legends Mark was talkin' about, includin' myself. For the Lynches, who deserve to be called the first family of wrestlin'.

And for my son.

I can't let ya stand in their way. I won't allow you to be the monster bleedin' 'em dry. You're a soulless killin' machine, and if I don't stop ya.

Then how am I ever gonna find peace?

So, am I ready to call it a career, Mark? Not until I can say that I fought for the future, and I did what needed to be done to give the AWA the future it deserves.

This is my last match. This is the last thing everyone will ever say about Alex Martinez. And there's only one thing I want them to say.

I want them to say that, one last time, I proved I had what it takes.

I want them to say that, at the very end, I did what I did what I always did. I took on the biggest, toughest guy I could find.

I want them to say that I took the fight to Maxim Zharkov.

And when all was said and done, Maxim Zharkov stepped into the fire, and got...

BURNED!!!!

[And one last time, Alex Martinez steps away, preparing for his final battle.]

MS: Alex Martinez heading to the ring for the final time... perhaps hoping to teach us all how to say goodbye. Gordon... Bucky... back to you at ringside!

[We crossfade to a panning shot of the sold-out Superdome crowd, buzzing with anticipation of what is about to come their way.]

GM: Thanks, Mark... and as we sit here at ringside, Bucky, you have to appreciate this moment. There's electricity in the air. These fans realize what they're about to see. This right here is a moment, Buckthorn. A historical moment. One that will live on in the annals of professional wrestling for years... decades to come. A moment... they will never forget.

[We fade from the shot of the crowd to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a sixty minute time limit and is the FINAL MATCH in Alex Martinez' career!

[There's a mixed reaction to that. Cheers in tribute to the Last American Badass but jeers at the idea of him walking away from the sport he's been a significant part of for so long.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome the Orchestra of the Combined Russian Pacific Fleet, and the Red Army Choir!

[Jeers go up from the crowd just before a rapid rhythm is played on a woodblock; the entire entrance stage has been occupied on either side of the entrance with men in green military uniforms with gold braiding. On one side is the orchestra, a few dozen men with instruments at the ready.

On the other side of the stage, a few dozen more men—some young, but many old—stand stock upright at attention. The Red Army Choir hums the recognizable opening line of the Russian folk song "Polyushko Polye."]

Polyushko-polye
polyushko, shiroko polye,
edut po polyu geroi,
eh, da krasnoj armii geroi.
Devushki, glyan'te,
glyan'te na dorogu nashu,
v'yotsya dal'nyaya doroga,
eh, da razvesyolaya doroga.

[As the song slowly begins to climax, the lights begin to fade, save for an imposing silhouette that appears in the center of the stage, back-lit through the stage fog.]

Eh, devushki, glyan'te,

mi vraga prinyat' gotovy,
nashi koni bystronogi,
eh, da nashi tanki bystrokhodny.

[Suddenly, everything goes black with the sound of an artillery shot, only the silhouette of Zharkov lit. The orchestra then launches into the "Soviet March." Zharkov strides into the light, covered in a red satin sleeveless fighter's robe, hood drawn up over his bald head with a large shining steel chain draped over his neck and shoulders.]

Nash Sovetskiy Soyuz pokaraet
Vse' mir ot Evropy k Neve na vosto-ok
Nad zemleoy vezde budut pet':
Stolica, vodka, Sovetskiy medved' nash!

Nash Sovetskiy Soyuz pokaraet
Vse' mir ot Evropy k Neve na vosto-ok
Nad zemleoy vezde budut pet':
Stolica, vodka, Sovetskiy medved' nash!

"DING! DING! DING!"

RO: Introducing first... From Magadan, Russia... weighing 158 kilograms...
representing The Axis...

MAXXXXXXXIMMMMMMM...

THE TSARRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR...

ZHARRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRKOVVVVVVVVV!

[With a stone-faced expression, Zharkov makes his way down the aisle alone deliberately. His thickly eyebrowed and mustached face is mostly stoic, occasionally belying a disdain for the American spectators.]

Vse narody zdes' stoyat togo,
Chto my vse voplotili na svet,
Blagodarnyy nizkiy poklon
Ot sa-moy mo-gu-sches-tvennoy v mire!

Vse narody zdes' stoyat togo,
Chto my vse voplotili na svet,
Blagodarnyy nizkiy poklon
Ot sa-moy mo-gu-sches-tvennoy v mire!

[As the music continues to play and Zharkov continues to walk the aisle, the voice of Gordon Myers is heard once more.]

GM: For eighteen months, the Last Son of the Soviet Union has rampaged through the American Wrestling Alliance with the ferocity of a Siberian Grizzly. The only fall Zharkov has dropped in his professional career was a disqualification when he fouled out against Ryan Martinez back in July at The Battle of Boston. He has not once been made to submit. He has not once been successfully pinned. But as any veteran grappler can tell you, all you need to win a match is three seconds. Does Alex Martinez have that last crucial bullet left in the chamber to finally score a fall over The Tsar?

BW: Gordo, you and I have seen a lot of once-in-a-lifetime talents come and go in that ring. We've seen some come out of nowhere to become legends, and some people who we swore would reach legendary status flame out. Zharkov is that guy.

You're not going to see Alex Martinez make a mistake in this match, but even on Martinez's best day, I don't know if he's got enough left in the tank to take down Zharkov; this guy is a freak of nature.

[When he reaches the ringside area, Zharkov elects not to leap onto the apron as usual. Instead he deliberately climbs the ring steps, dropping the chain in a pile in his corner.]

BW: Oh, look at that face on Zharkov, Gordo.

GM: A very focused Zharkov tonight: no bellowing, no physical intimidation. Just stony focus. And if you notice, Bucky, there is thankfully no Jackson Hunter. He's been an integral part of Zharkov's success in my opinion.

BW: Well, after Alex Martinez's unprovoked attack on the last Saturday Night Wrestling, I don't blame Jax.

GM: And after going through Steal The Spotlight earlier in the evening, I wouldn't blame him.

[The "Soviet March" reaches its crescendo, and the orchestra stands, taking a bow. The Red Army Choir stiffly salutes the ring. Zharkov pulls back his hood, and coolly begins a series of stretches, his glare set on the entryway...

...where we suddenly see Jackson Hunter limping into view to explosive jeers from the crowd. Hunter has changed into his usual suit, shouting "WAIT! WAIT! WAIT FOR ME!" as he hobbles into the sight of the capacity crowd, clinging to the Steal The Spotlight briefcase as he heads towards the ring.]

BW: It looks like we spoke too soon, Gordo.

GM: Unfortunately, yes. Maxim Zharkov had apparently made the decision to come out here on his own but Jackson Hunter has opted to join the man who brought him back to the mainstream world of wrestling.

[Hunter is hobbling as quickly as he can, soaking up the jeers from the crowd as Zharkov looks on stoically at the scene.]

GM: No reaction on the face of Maxim Zharkov. No sign of relief at the sight of his manager. No anger at Hunter barging in on his moment. It was a tremendous entrance for Zharkov - a show of strength from the former Soviet Union - as Zharkov prepares for the biggest battle of his young career.

BW: And perhaps to end Martinez' old career.

GM: One way or another, the career of Alex Martinez ends tonight... but for his sake and the sake of all his fans, you hope it gets to end on his terms.

[Hunter reaches ringside, rolling under the ropes to join Zharkov inside the squared circle. He approaches the big Russian, talking rapidly and heatedly, his face turning red with exertion as he attempts to deliver one final inspirational pep talk to the Tsar...

...when suddenly, the lights go out in the Superdome, and when they flash back on, standing in the entranceway, under the bright spotlight is guitarist Zakk Wylde, guitar slung over his shoulder.]

RO: Please welcome... rock and roll superstar and guitarist extraordinaire...

ZAKK WYYYYYYYYLDE!

[As the crowd cheers, Wylde breaks into a rendition of the Star Spangled banner.

While he plays, images flash on the video screen above his head.

The words "HOT STUFF" flash on the screen, followed by a logo that reads "MWF." This cuts to an image of a very young, some might even say handsome, Alex Martinez, thrusting a title belt over his head.

Next come the words "BLACK KNIGHT," which dissolve into the UEW logo, which cuts to an image of a still young Alex Martinez holding the UEW Ultimate Title over his head with both hands.

The screen lingers longer on the next words, as "LAST AMERICAN BADASS" appear, and then burst into flames, followed quickly by the EMWC logo.

A bloody Alex Martinez, who looks very much like the Martinez modern fans are familiar with, stands over a fallen Mark Langseth, the EMWC World Title resting on his shoulder.

Next is the UWF logo, with Martinez claiming the Universal Title after defeating Scott "Hotspot" Daniels with his patented Firebomb chokeslam. This is followed quickly by Alex Martinez claiming the IPW World Title from Gavin Cassel after another Firebomb.

As the Star Spangled Banner comes to an end, Wylde strums his guitar one final time, and then the Superdome goes dark again.

Through the darkness come two familiar words.]

#It's alright...#

[But it's not Rob Halford's voice that sings the words. As the lights come back and focus on the ring, we see the source of the decidedly feminine vocals.

There in the center of the ring, microphone in hand, and wearing a very tight black leather dress, is Selena Gomez. The fans roar at the sight of the long time girlfriend of the Last American Badass, who breaks into a lusty rendition of "Little Crazy."]

#It's alright...#

#It's alright...#

[Her words are punctuated by the loud roar of a motorcycle engine, the engine revs several times, as Gomez sings her heart out.]

#I'm just...#

[And as fireworks explode up and down both sides of the ramp, the crowd joins Gomez in singing, and they all go...]

#A LITTLE CRAZY!#

[The custom made Harley Davidson is driven through the curtains, as the spotlight falls upon the rider, the Last American Badass himself.

Martinez' hands are up above his head, gripping the ape hanger handlebars, the overhead lights glinting off his mirrored sunglasses. Martinez, like Gomez, is

swathed in black leather, and he lets the engine loose, roaring down the entranceway.]

GM: Oh my! What an entrance - one more time - for the Last American Badass!

[Martinez stops at the ring apron, kicking the stand out. Climbing the steps, he stops at the ropes, and turns around, looking out over the crowd, arms out at his side, head back, drinking in the adulation of the Superdome crowd.]

Turning towards the ring, Martinez throws one long leg and then the other the top rope, striding towards the still singing Gomez.

With a grin on his lips, Martinez interrupts the song to pull Selena close, ending the song with a passionate kiss that the fans heartily approve of.]

GM: Well then!

BW: Get a room, old man!

[With Gomez looking a bit faint, Martinez removes his studded leather jacket and sets it around her shoulders, before removing his mirrored sunglasses and setting them over Gomez' eyes. As Gomez exits the ring, Martinez stands in the center, cracking his knuckles.]

Ready to fight for the very last time.]

GM: The pomp and circumstance comes to an end, fans. The elaborate entrances are in the books. The celebrations of country and careers. The celebrity girlfriend sitting in her ringside seat now in her man's jacket and sunglasses. And now... it's time.

[Martinez stares across at Zharkov, nodding his head confidently as the Russian returns the stare. Jackson Hunter shouts something across the ring at Martinez before slapping Zharkov once on the chest, ducking through the ropes and hopping off the apron with the briefcase still in hand. Referee Scott Ezra gives a wave of his hands, summoning both men out to the middle of the ring. The duo obliges, stepping out to the center as the flashbulbs fire.]

BW: Gordo, I've got chillbumps up and down my arms. This is something else.

GM: It certainly is. The electricity is in the air and... well, you could cut it with a knife.

[The two behemoths are within inches of each other now, silently staring each other down as the crowd buzzes with anticipation of one of the biggest showdowns of the night.]

GM: Look at the size of these two, Bucky.

BW: Zharkov checking in at six foot two and 347 pounds... Martinez at an astounding seven feet even and close to 350 at this stage of his career. These are two big, big men that know how to hurt someone... and I think someone is getting hurt tonight and gettin' hurt bad, daddy!

[Referee Scott Ezra edges the two men apart... just a bit... and pushes through to signal for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: AND HERE! WE! GO!

[The staredown ensues, the gap created by the official quickly closing to leave no space between the Last American Badass and the Last Son of the Soviet Union. The fight is imminent now, the fans on their feet waiting to see two worlds collide...

...and suddenly, they come together in a massive tieup sparked by a lunging Zharkov. The two men jostle against one another, using their giant frames to push and shove each other back and forth, trying to establish an early advantage.]

GM: These two big bulls shoving one another around, trying to get an edge and-

[With a massive bellow, Zharkov HURLS Martinez off his feet and down to the mat with a mighty shove. The crowd erupts in disappointment and shock as Zharkov stands over Martinez, arrogantly shouting "UP!" at him.]

GM: Zharkov tosses down the seven footer and- wow! You've gotta be impressed by that!

BW: Zharkov didn't come for some sportsmanlike farewell to a legend, Gordo. This ain't no exhibition match. If Martinez thought that was the case, he's gonna be the Apollo to Zharkov's Drago, daddy! The big Russian came to fight!

GM: And so did Alex Martinez. Don't ever doubt that the Last American Badass is ALWAYS ready for a fight!

[Outside the ring, Jackson Hunter is going nuts, whooping and hollering and carrying on as the fans jeer his every move. He raps on the briefcase with his knuckles, taunting the ringside fans as Zharkov again beckons for Martinez to get up as the big man slides back to the corner, a surprised expression on his face.]

GM: Martinez looks just as surprised by that shove-down as the fans were... but he's getting up - he always gets up - and this fight is about to kick into another gear if you ask me.

[As the seven footer brings himself to a full standing position, he strides back out to mid-ring where Zharkov is waiting. Again, the two men come to a halt there, staring each other down, trying to intimidate the other to no success...

...when Zharkov suddenly throws a right hand, trying to catch Martinez by surprised.]

GM: Right hand blocked by Martinez! Here he comes now!

[The big man rears back, letting the looping right hand fly...]

GM: Big right hand! Another one! A third one!

[Martinez winds up again but holds up as Jackson Hunter scrambles up on the ring apron, shouting at the wrestling legend...

...who uses that long right arm to CLOCK Hunter, sending him crashing down to the floor to a huge cheer!]

GM: MARTINEZ DROPS HUNTER!

BW: There's no reason for that, ya big bully!

[But with Martinez' back turned, Zharkov rushes him from the blind side, burying a knee into the lower back to groans from the jacked-up crowd. Zharkov turns Martinez' back into the ropes, laying in a heavy overhand chop to the chest.]

GM: Ohhh! That'll leave a mark on the chest of the seven footer!

[Grabbing Martinez by the arm, Zharkov looks to whip him across the ring.]

GM: Irish whip by Zhark- no, reversed by Martinez...

[And as the Mad Russian rebounds back, Martinez swings one of his long legs up, catching Zharkov FLUSH under the chin!]

GM: BIG BOOT! ZHARKOV IS STUNNED! HIS EYES ARE GLAZED AND-

[With Zharkov on Dream Street from the big boot but still standing, Martinez surges forward, reaching out with both arms...]

GM: DOUBLE CHOKE!

[The crowd EXPLODES at the idea of Martinez defeating Zharkov in short fashion as he prepares to deliver his signature move, the double choke powerbomb known as the Firebomb...]

GM: FIREBOM-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[But on the way up, Zharkov swings his left knee up, catching the seven footer on the chin with it!]

GM: OH! Kneestrike by Zharkov breaks up the Firebomb! Zharkov saves himself!

[This time, it's Martinez who is dazed against the ropes as Zharkov scrambles to the far ropes, rebounding back across towards Martinez...]

...who ducks his head and LAUNCHES Zharkov over the top, sending him smashing spinefirst onto the ring apron before rolling off to the floor in a heap!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MARTINEZ SENDS HIM UP AND OVER! WHAT A COUNTER BY THE FORMER WORLD CHAMPION... BY THE HALL OF FAMER... BY THE PROFESSIONAL WRESTLING LEGEND AND ICON AND WHATEVER ELSE YOU WANNA CALL HIM!

[With Zharkov out on the floor, Martinez takes a long lap around the inside of the ring as the referee starts a count, perhaps pulling some oxygen into his very large body.]

GM: Zharkov took the hard fall to the floor and is in early jeopardy of a countout as he tries to recover...

[But Martinez shakes his head, acknowledging that he doesn't want the match to end like that. He gives a shout towards the referee, informing him of the same thing before swinging a leg over the top rope...]

GM: The big man is going out after the Russian... and these fans are loving every second of this one so far!

BW: That's subject to change, daddy. Let's see what they sound like when Zharkov is kickin' Martinez' tail all around that ring!

[Martinez steps out onto the apron as Zharkov manages to get to his feet out on the floor. Martinez throws a kick at Zharkov who is able to slap it away, smashing a headbutt into the side of Martinez' oft-injured knee.]

GM: Oh! Zharkov using his head there - if you'd pardon the pun - to go after one of the best-known weaknesses in all of pro wrestling, the left knee of Alex Martinez. He's undergone several surgeries on that knee over the years and it's really never been at one hundred percent since the original injury way back in the late 1990s.

[Martinez hobbles back a few steps, grabbing hold of the top rope to stay on his feet as Zharkov scrambles up on the apron alongside him. The big Russian advances on Martinez, grabbing him by the hair before throwing a big right hand to the side of the skull...]

GM: Big right by Zharkov... and another...

[But a quick and stiff back elbow from the Last American Badass catches Zharkov on the side of the chin, snapping his head to the side as Martinez turns to keep up his attack.]

GM: And now the big man is returning fire! Martinez with a right hand... and another big haymaker to the jaw!

[The big Russian stumbles backwards along the ropes, now grabbing hold himself to stay on the apron. Martinez steps closer and with a loud shout, throwing a big standing clothesline that flips Zharkov back over the ropes, dumping him inside the ring.]

GM: Oh my! Martinez puts him back in with that mighty clothesline and now he's headed back in as-

[But as a kneeling Zharkov grabs the official by the arm, pulling him into a distraction, Jackson Hunter comes charging around the ring, grabbing Martinez by the leg as Martinez tries to get back inside the ring. The crowd erupts in jeers aimed in the Canadian's direction once more as Hunter tries to prevent Martinez' re-entry into the squared circle!]

GM: Hunter's hanging on! He's got Martinez by the leg!

[The seven footer struggles against Hunter's grip, trying to pull himself free to continue his attack on Zharkov but the Steal The Spotlight winner's grip is tight, refusing to let go...]

GM: Hunter's gotta be careful out here! If the referee sees this, he might-

[The crowd ROARS as Martinez uses his other leg to kick Hunter off, sending him down to the floor. The Los Angeles native glares down at him with disgust before turning back towards the ring...]

...which is when Maxim Zharkov comes charging at him, fists clenched as he SLAMS a double axehandle into the chest of the seven footer, sending him sailing off the apron, and CRASHING down to the barely-padded concrete floor in a heap!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: THE RUSSIAN HAMMER BY MAXIM ZHARKOV - RIGHT ON TARGET!

BW: And somewhere out there, Ivan Kostovich is smiling at that! The big, bad American being put down with the favored weapon of the Russian pro wrestlers for so many years here in the United States - the Russian Hammer!

[Zharkov leans against the ropes for a moment, breathing heavily as he ponders his next move. Outside the ring, Jackson Hunter is climbing to his feet, holding the side of his head in pain as he shouts, "MORE! HURT HIM! BREAK HIM!" to his charge.]

GM: And now it's Zharkov's turn to try and put some punishment on Martinez... rolling out to the floor to go after him.

[Hunter nods approvingly as Zharkov drags the seven footer off the floor...]

GM: Zharkov coming over here by us now... look out here, Bucky...

BW: I'm outta here, Gordo!

[...and SMASHES his face down into the announce table as we see Bucky and Gordon quickly walk away from the table!]

GM: Ohh! Come on now!

[Zharkov points at Myers, shouting something in Russian at him before he grabs Martinez by the hair again, slamming his head down onto the wooden table a second time!]

GM: Again, he bounces Martinez headfirst off our announce desk!

[Zharkov again shouts at Myers as he pulls the seven footer away from the table, ducking down...]

GM: Are you kidding me?!

[The Russian hoists the Last American Badass' near-350 pound frame up into the air...]

...and SLAMS him down on the barely-padded floor!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BODY SLAM ON THE CONCRETE FLOOR! OHHH MY!

BW: What power! What strength! This is a man the Soviet Union can be proud of!

GM: The Soviet Union doesn't even EXIST anymore for crying out loud!

BW: That sounds like fake news to me, Gordo.

GM: Fake news... good lord. If ever the phrase "give me a break" was needed, this is the moment for it for sure.

[Zharkov stands stoic as Jackson Hunter stands over the downed Martinez, shouting down at him, taunting the seven footer who is grimacing in pain on the mat.]

GM: Get Hunter out of here! He's got no business out here!

BW: No business?! He's the leader of the Axis! He's the manager for all those guys! Jackson Hunter's got EVERY business being out here, Gordo. You're just letting your personal feelings get in the way of your job!

[With Hunter still talking trash to the downed Martinez, Zharkov climbs up on the apron. He leans against the ropes, looking out on the jeering crowd, spreading his arms wide...

...and then leaps off, dropping his weight down across Martinez' torso with a big splash!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BIG SPLASH TO THE FLOOR!

[Zharkov stays on top of Martinez, nodding his head as Hunter slides into referee's position and delivers a lightning quick three count.]

BW: That's it! It's over!

GM: It is not! Jackson Hunter is NOT a referee!

[Hunter springs to his feet, raising Zharkov's hand as the Russian climbs to his feet. The crowd is ROARING with jeers as Hunter points to Zharkov, walking towards Rebecca Ortiz shouting "SAY IT! ANNOUNCE IT, DAMN IT!" Ortiz defiantly shakes her head as Zharkov yanks his hand away from his manager, striding back towards Martinez who has rolled to all fours.]

GM: That maniac Hunter is over here yelling at Rebecca but Zharkov knows better. He's going back in on Martinez.

[Pulling the seven footer to his feet, Zharkov shoves him under the ropes into the ring. He slides in after him, watching Martinez crawling on his belly across the ring...

...and with a three step run, he leaps high in the air and brings his foot down on the base of Martinez' neck with a brutal stomp!]

GM: OHH!

[Zharkov stands over Martinez, arms spread wide as Hunter pounds his fists on the apron, shouting to his man to "FINISH HIM! BURY HIM!"

GM: Zharkov's got him down... look out here!

[The big Russian clasps his hands together mightily, locking his fingers as the crowd jeers loudly!]

GM: He's calling for the Gorynych! Zharkov's looking to end this right here and now in the Superdome at SuperClash!

[Zharkov reaches down, snatching Martinez by the hair, dragging him up off the mat...]

GM: He's looking to sink in that mounted full nelson!

BW: If he locks it in, Alex Martinez' final act as a professional wrestler will be to scream "I QUIT!" at the top of his American lungs! And you want to talk about propaganda!? That would be on the front page of every newspaper in Russia if it happens!

GM: It's not like any newspaper in Russia has a choice of what to run on the front page! But here in the United States, they do! And if Martinez wins this match,

from sea to shining sea, the biggest newspapers in the country will be able to celebrate a great victory!

[Zharkov snatches one of Martinez' arms, looking to lace it into the full nelson...

...but the Last American Badass spins away, flipping over to his back, and shoves one of his massive legs skyward, catching Zharkov on the chin with an upkick that sends Zharkov staggering backwards, arms pinwheeling as he tries to stay on his feet!]

GM: Martinez catches him flush! He kicked his way free...

[But Zharkov rushes back in, delivering a hard kick to the chest of the sitting-up Martinez, knocking him back down to the mat. The big Russian pounces, jumping into an MMA-style mount with a falling elbow shot to the jaw!]

GM: Zharkov's got him down!

[Martinez goes to cover up as Zharkov lands strike after strike to the head of the former World Champion!]

GM: Zharkov is pounding away on Martinez but the Hall of Famer is trying to cover up to defend himself, trying to get those arms up to protect his head and face from Zharkov's brutal attack!

[A few blows land ineffectively on the shielding arms of Martinez before Zharkov climbs back to his feet, staring down coldly at Martinez. The Russian walks away, taking a long loop around the ring, soaking up the jeers of the sold-out crowd as he circles back towards Martinez.]

GM: Martinez up on all fours, trying to get back to his feet...

[But before the seven footer can get off his hands and knees, Zharkov steps in, leaning down...]

GM: Zharkov is... what in the world? What is he doing, Bucky?!

[The crowd is buzzing as Zharkov locks his arms around Martinez' torso, snatching him into gutwrench position as Martinez is down on the mat.]

BW: It looks like he's going for a gutwrench, Gordo!

GM: From that position?! With Martinez still down on the mat?!

[The crowd ROARS in surprise as Zharkov lets loose a guttural roar, deadlifting Martinez off the mat into a gutwrench, holding him there, dangling him a couple feet off the canvas...]

GM: LOOK AT THE POWER OF ZHARKOV! HE'S HOLDING 350 POUNDS OFF THE MAT!

[Zharkov steps towards the corner, looking out at the crowd as flashbulbs fire all over the building...

...and then POWERS MARTINEZ INTO THE AIR!]

GM: GUTWRENCH SUPLEX BY ZHARKOV!

[The crowd is buzzing for the show of strength...

...but then Zharkov really gives them something to buzz about as he rolls back to his feet, still holding Martinez in his clutches...]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

[...and LIFTS HIM UP AGAIN!]

GM: ZHARKOV'S GOT HIM UP AGAIN! HE'S GOT MARTINEZ UP FOR A SECOND TIME!

[Zharkov drops backward, still holding on as Martinez slams down into the mat with a second gutwrench suplex!]

GM: That's two! Back-to-back deadlift gutwrench suplexes by the Last Son of the Soviet Union!

[The crowd is still buzzing as Zharkov rolls through for a second time, getting right back up to his feet. He nods his head confidently as he goes for another gutwrench lift...

...but suddenly, Alex Martinez reaches out, yanking Zharkov's legs out from under him!]

GM: Martinez counters! He turns it around and- CATAPULT!

[Martinez falls back, catapulting Zharkov up into the air where his stomach smashes into the top rope, causing him to flip over the ropes, smashing backfirst down on the apron before slumping down to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MARTINEZ SENDS HIM TO THE FLOOR! WHAT A COUNTER BY THE LAST AMERICAN BADASS!

[Martinez takes a knee in the ring, breathing heavily as he looks out to the floor where Zharkov is reeling from the hard fall. Jackson Hunter rushes to his charge's side, trying to help him back to his feet...]

GM: Hunter's out here by Zharkov, trying to get him up...

[And with that going on, Martinez rises to a standing position, throwing a glance out to the floor. He looks out on the crowd who ROARS in response!]

GM: One more time perhaps? One last time for the highlight reel?

BW: Jackson! Look up! Pay attention!

[The seven footer dashes to the far ropes, building up a head of steam as he tears across the ring where Hunter and Zharkov are now standing outside the ring...

...and in a moment that will live in AWA highlight reels for years to come, Martinez does indeed do one last suicide dive over the top rope, soaring through the air as flashbulbs light up the scene...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and completely wipes out Jackson Hunter as Maxim Zharkov goes sailing out of the crash zone JUST in time!]

GM: HUNTER'S DOWN! MARTINEZ TAKES OUT HUNTER!

BW: AGAIN!

GM: He was aiming for Zharkov though and Zharkov somehow got out of there. I don't know if he saw Martinez coming or...

[The shot on the screen switches into a picture-in-picture split screen. The smaller portion shows the live action of Martinez struggling to get up off the barely-padded floor while the larger picture shows the slow motion footage of Martinez soaring over the top rope towards Hunter and Zharkov...

...the latter of which goes flying out of frame thanks to a hard shove by the man who shocked the world by winning the Steal The Spotlight contract earlier in the night!]

GM: It was Hunter! It was Jackson Hunter who shoved Zharkov clear of that dive... who saved his charge from further damage from a 350 pounder diving to the floor on them!

[Martinez looks a little worse for wear as he gets up off the floor, visibly hurting as he turns away from the downed Hunter...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: PUSHKA!

GM: The palm strike up under the chin! Zharkov caught him!

[Martinez falls backwards, sinking down to a knee but Zharkov yanks him right back up...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Facefirst down on the apron! He smashes his head home into the apron, shoving him back into the ring now... and he's going in after him!

BW: But... but... who's going to help Jackson Hunter?!

GM: You're excused if you want to get yourself involved in this, Bucky. Maybe the Last American Badass will give you a shot in the jaw too!

BW: I'm needed here obviously.

[Zharkov rises to his feet inside the ring, dragging Martinez up by the hair. He swings his knee up into the midsection, doubling up the seven footer...

...and promptly yanks him into a standing headscissors near the corner, looking out on the ring...]

GM: Zharkov's got him hooked! The big Russian is looking for the Tsar Bomba!

BW: And I don't think ANYONE gets up from that - just like the Firebomb! If Zharkov hits it, it's over, daddy!

GM: Zharkov reaches down, hooking Martinez around the torso...

[But as the Russian looks to lift Martinez up, he finds himself unable to do so.]

GM: Blocked! Martinez blocks the lift!

[Zharkov tries for a second lift...]

GM: He can't get him up! Martinez blocks it again and-

[The crowd ROARS as Martinez stands tall, Zharkov dangling over his back helplessly as Martinez hangs on to the legs...]

GM: Martinez has got him up! He's got him up! Zharkov is trapped and-

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Using the grip on the legs, Martinez swings Zharkov back over his head, throwing him HARD into the buckles!]

GM: What a slam into the corner by the seven footer!

[Martinez slumps forward, his weight pushing Zharkov back into the buckles as the big man looks to recover...]

GM: We're over twelve minutes into this battle and I gotta say, Alex Martinez is looking pretty weary in here.

BW: He's a part timer now, Gordo! He's soft! He's used to sitting in his trailer for hours on end and working about five minutes a day while an assistant gets his water, peels his grapes, and a stunt man takes the hard falls! He's Hollywood!

GM: I'd love to hear you say that to his face - I truly would.

[The referee steps in, checking on Martinez who is visibly sucking wind. After a few more moments, Martinez pushes off the trapped Zharkov, winding up his arm...]

GM: Clothesline in the corner! And another!

[With the crowd cheering him on, Martinez lands five big standing clotheslines on Zharkov, shaking the big Russian from head to toe with every blow - the crowd getting louder with every blow.]

GM: The fans in New Orleans are on their feet as Martinez pounds away on Zharkov in the corner... and could we be seeing the beginning of the end here for the Axis?! They've won everything so far tonight but their hopes for an undefeated night are pinned on Maxim Zharkov right now!

[Martinez again is moving slowly as he steps out of the corner, grabbing Zharkov by the arm.]

GM: Big whip coming up...

[The seven footer sinks to a knee from the exertion from his Irish whip that sends Zharkov sailing across the ring, crashing into the turnbuckles. Martinez pushes off the knee, charging across on Zharkov...]

GM: BOOOOOOM! BIG CLOTHESLINE IN THE CORNER!

[Martinez backs out, wiping sweat from his eyes as Zharkov stumbles out towards him.]

GM: Boot to the gut!

[Martinez yanks Zharkov towards him, pulling him into a standing headscissors...]

GM: And now it's Martinez who has Zharkov hooked...

[The Los Angeles native grunts as he hoists Zharkov skyward, powering him up over his head...

...and sliding him into crucifix powerbomb position!]

GM: Uh oh! Uh oh!

BW: He's... this is ZHARKOV'S MOVE! THIS IS THE TSAR BOMBA!

[Martinez slowly walks across the ring, stepping to the corner and turning his back to the buckles as he holds Zharkov waaaaaay up high, giving the crowd plenty of time to think about what's coming next...

...and then he shows them as he steps out of the corner a few steps, tossing Zharkov into the sky...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: POWERBOMB! POWERBOMB! POWERBOMB!

[Martinez sinks to his knees, folding up Zharkov's legs in a jackknife as he puts all his weight down on the legs, pushing the Russian's shoulders to the mat.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[But Zharkov kicks out, sending Martinez slumping down on his face on the mat as the crowd groans at the two count.]

GM: Two count! Two count only!

BW: Gordo, he hit Zharkov with a powerbomb and he only got two! It wasn't two and a half! It was two and three quarters! That was a solid two count and that's ALL he got on the Last Son of the Soviet Union!

GM: Zharkov is a machine, Bucky! It's going to take a lot to finish him off!

[A weary Martinez pushes up to his knees, holding up three fingers towards the official in an expression some might call disbelief... some might call desperation.]

GM: Martinez thinks it was three but...

BW: But it wasn't even close! That was a two count - steady, on pace... it was a perfect two count and Martinez can't believe it! That's how much of a threat Maxim Zharkov is to the legacy of Alex Martinez!

GM: The legacy of Alex Martinez is one of perhaps the greatest professional wrestler in the history of our great sport, Bucky!

[Martinez is shaking his head as he climbs to his feet, moving towards Zharkov who is crawling towards the corner. The Russian grabs the ropes, dragging himself up off the mat as Martinez approaches from behind, grabbing him by the back of the head...]

GM: Martinez has got Zharkov in the corner and-

[He SMASHES Zharkov's head into the top turnbuckle repeatedly as the SuperClash crowd counts along!]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Martinez backs a few steps off as Zharkov is reeling in the corner, staggering out towards the seven footer...]

...who reaches out, locking his long arms around Zharkov's round torso!]

GM: WAISTLOCK!

[The crowd ROARS as Martinez hoists Zharkov into the air, hurling him backwards through the air, crashing down hard on the back of his head and neck on the canvas!]

GM: GERMAN SUPLEX! ALL IMPACT, NO BRIDGE!

[And as Zharkov lies on the canvas, his legs folded up on top of him, Martinez crawls towards him, again throwing his weight onto the legs, pushing Zharkov down to the mat!]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO!

[But again, Zharkov kicks out, the crowd expressing some surprise at this one as Martinez flops over onto his back on the canvas, his chest heaving with exertion as both men lie on the canvas with the official kneeling between them.]

GM: Another two count! Another impressive kickout by Zharkov!

BW: Martinez looks like HE took the German Suplex, Gordo! What more does he have left?

GM: There's no tomorrow for Alex Martinez, Bucky! All he's got left! Everything he's got left in his heart... his soul... every bit of his body... he can use it all right here tonight!

[We cut to ringside where Selena Gomez has shed the jacket and sunglasses and is on her feet, her eyes glistening with tears as she urgently pleads for her man to get back to his feet.]

GM: The emotion in this one is obvious. Everyone knows what is at stake in this one. The final battle for the Last American Badass! One more shot! One more ride! One last time! The crowning moment on the career of a lifetime!

BW: With one hell of an opponent that would love nothing more than to CRUSH Martinez and send him into retirement to live with THAT!

[Pushing his arms underneath him, Martinez shoves himself up to his feet. He's face is gleaming with perspiration, his hair soaked with sweat as he looks out on the roaring crowd urging him on. He nods to them, acknowledging their love and support as he wobbles towards the downed Zharkov who is trying to get back to his feet...]

GM: Zharkov's trying to get up... Martinez is waiting for him...

[And as the Russian gets there, Martinez lifts both arms, wiggling his fingers with anticipation. The crowd is ROCKING at this point, knowing exactly what Martinez has in mind... having seen it so many times in the past...]

GM: Martinez is ready! Martinez is waiting! Martinez is-

[The New Orleans crowd EXPLODES in cheers as Zharkov turns right into a double choke from the Hall of Famer!]

GM: CHOKE! DOUBLE CHOKE LOCKED!

BW: Zharkov's gotta find a way out! He's gotta get out of this NOW!

[Zharkov reaches up with his own hands, grabbing the wrists of the Last American Badass who has dragged him out to center ring in anticipation of a match-ending Firebomb!]

GM: They're in the middle of the ring! Martinez has him hooked!

BW: OR DOES HE?! LOOK! LOOK!

[The camera shot cuts close on the hands of Martinez and Zharkov, the latter of which have established an iron grip around the wrists of the seven footer...

...and are very clearly starting to pull one of Martinez's hands off his throat!]

GM: HE'S BREAKING THE HOLD! ZHARKOV IS BREAKING THE HOLD! CAN YOU BELIEVE IT?!

[The left hand is being pulled right off Zharkov's thick neck...

...which is when Martinez jerks the left arm away, sliding it behind the back of Zharkov...]

GM: What's he-?!

[...and with his right hand only, Martinez lifts Zharkov high up into the air, higher than normal so that Zharkov's legs slip up onto the shoulders of the seven footer...]

GM: HE LIFTS!

[...and DRIVES Zharkov down with a thunderous powerbomb!]

GM: OH MY STARS!

BW: THAT... THAT WAS AN OG FIREBOMB, GORDO! THE ORIGINAL FIREBOMB HE USED BEFORE THE INJURIES MADE HIM SWITCH TO THE DOUBLE CHOKE VERSION!

[Martinez collapses to his knees, swinging his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture before flopping chestfirst to the mat, slapping an arm over the torso of the Russian!]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HUNTER! THAT SON OF A-

[The crowd EXPLODES in jeers as Jackson Hunter, finally coming up off the floor after taking the Martinez dive earlier, snatches the referee by the leg and YANKS him under the ropes to break the pin count!]

BW: HUNTER PULLED OUT THE REF! HUNTER PULLED OUT THE REF! HE SAVED ZHARKOV!

[The referee is immediately up into the face of Jackson Hunter, shouting at the Axis' manager for his blatant interference.]

GM: The referee isn't calling for the bell! He's gonna let it go!

[Shaking his head, referee Scott Ezra turns back towards the ring to get back in...

...which is when Hunter rushes him from behind, delivering a hard shove into the back that sends the referee crashing chestfirst into the ringpost!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ARE. YOU. KIDDING. ME?! THAT SON OF A BITCH JUST POSTED REFEREE SCOTT EZRA!

BW: Gordo! Watch your damn mouth! Our new bosses might not take too kindly to your potty mouth!

GM: Jackson Hunter just DELIBERATELY attacked the official from behind to try and steal this match from Alex Martinez!

[Martinez pushes up to a knee on the mat, locking eyes with Jackson Hunter who is outside the ring...

...and then climbs to his feet as Hunter backs away from the official, shaking his head, raising his arms to beg off!]

GM: Get him, Alex! Get that little weasel right now!

[Martinez angrily stomps towards where Hunter is standing, swinging a long leg over the ropes and then the other to stand out on the apron. He gingerly gets down, wincing as he does and starts to walk towards a backpedaling and pleading Jackson Hunter.]

GM: Martinez is chasing down Hunter!

BW: This is a mistake, Gordo! Martinez hit the OG Firebomb! Zharkov's in trouble! He might be able to finish him off if he stays on him!

GM: But thanks to Jackson Hunter, there's no referee even if he does!

[The seven foot Hall of Famer stomps around ringside, chasing after Hunter who remains safely out of reach for the big man...

...and then rolls under the ropes.]

GM: Hunter's in!

[Martinez grimaces as he rolls under the ropes as well.]

GM: Martinez is in as well, getting back to his feet... here he comes for Hunter!

[Hunter stays in the ring, shaking his head and pleading for mercy as Maxim Zharkov kneels in the corner...]

GM: Martinez... HE'S GOT HIM! HE'S GOT HIM!

[The crowd is roaring as Martinez drags Hunter out to the middle of the ring by the throat, eager to see Hunter get his comeuppance...

...which means Martinez doesn't even see Maxim Zharkov come to his feet, the gleaming silver steel chain wrapped around his fist!]

GM: ZHARKOV'S GOT THE CHAIN! TURN AROUND, ALEX! TURN AROUNNNNNN-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd ERUPTS in jeers as Zharkov SLAMS his chain-wrapped fist between the eyes of the seven footer!]

GM: HE HIT HIM WITH THE CHAIN! ZHARKOV HITS MARTINEZ WITH THE CHAIN!

BW: WHAT A SHOT, GORDO! HE KNOCKED HIM FLAT WITH ONE PUNCH!

GM: ONE PUNCH WITH A DAMN STEEL CHAIN!

[The blow sends Martinez falling backwards to the mat where he promptly rolls over onto his chest, his arms coming up over his head.]

GM: Zharkov might have knocked him out right there! This could be over! This could be-

[At Hunter's direction, Zharkov grabs the elder Martinez by the sweat-soaked hair, dragging him into a seated position...

...and revealing that Martinez' forehead is busted wide open! The crowd groans at the sight of the crimson flowing from the wound as Hunter cackles with glee. He shouts at Zharkov, gesturing to the crowd, and then points at Martinez' girlfriend in the front row.]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: Hahaha! I love it!

GM: Hunter's ordering Zharkov to make Martinez face Selena Gomez! He wants Gomez to have to see her boyfriend bloodied and beaten by the Axis!

[Gomez shouts something off-mic at Hunter who fans himself in response. The words aren't heard thanks to a quick censor but the intent is obvious from the furious expression on Gomez' concerned face.]

GM: Jackson Hunter trading words with Selena Gomez in a scene I'm sure we'll see on TMZ tonight but right now, my concern is with Alex Martinez who has been busted wide open here in New Orleans as- OHH! Zharkov hits him again!

[Standing behind Martinez, a hand full of hair keeping the Last American Badass vertical, Zharkov uses his steel-wrapped fist to smash down into the forehead again... and again... and again... causing the flow of the blood to worsen, the crimson staining the silver steel as Zharkov attempts to bloody Martinez to a sickening degree.]

GM: Zharkov's beating Martinez bloody with that steel chain! Referee Scott Ezra is still down on the floor and... damn it, can we get another referee out here to put a stop to this?!

BW: You want Alex Martinez - the great brawler who thrilled fans all over the world by beating people with chairs and tables and light tubes and panes of glass and all that hardcore crap... you want him to go out with a scratch to the forehead?! You want a disqualification?!

GM: This is no damn scratch to the forehead, Bucky! Look at the man! Look at him! He's being beaten to a bloody mess... and if I know Alex Martinez as well as I think I do, you know damn well he's told his son and every damn friend he's got in that locker room to stay back there... he told them to not come out here under ANY circumstances! And with the respect the wrestlers of this era have for Martinez, you know they're gonna listen!

[Hunter turns his attention back towards Martinez, gesturing at Zharkov as he loosens his tie, shedding his suit jacket. He steps towards Martinez, using the sleeve of his jacket to wipe blood out of the Last American Badass' eyes...

...and then FLINGS the jacket towards Selena Gomez, watching as the bloody clothing lands in a wad at her feet as she turns away from it.]

GM: Disgusting! Absolutely disgusting!

[Hunter turns back towards Zharkov again, gesturing for Zharkov to lift Martinez up. The Russian grimaces but obliges, hauling the bloodied seven footer back up to his feet...]

GM: Zharkov's got him up, holding him up by the arms... what in the world is Hunter doing?!

[Hunter gets a slight running start, leaping up, pumping his legs...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INSTANT KARMA ON MARTINEZ!

[The bicycle kneestrike snaps Martinez' head back, causing his eyes to roll back in his head as he slumps back down to the mat. Hunter jumps up and down gleefully again...

...and with a sweep of his arm, Hunter calls Zharkov to action as the two men begin stomping and kicking the Last American Badass into the mat!]

GM: It's a two on one, damn it! A two on one with a bloodied and exhausted Alex Martinez trying to fend off an undefeated Maxim Zharkov and this year's Steal The Spotlight winner! This is a massacre for crying out loud!

[Smirking at the boos of the crowd, Hunter backs off, waving at Zharkov to lift Martinez up again. Zharkov pauses, shouting something in Russian at Hunter who snarls in response and reiterates his orders.]

GM: Some words exchanged there between Hunter and Zharkov but the Russian's pulling Martinez off the mat again, holding him up...

[Hunter backs off, turning towards the crowd where Selena Gomez is standing, tears now obviously running down her cheeks...

...and snaps his arms down, throwing a crotch chop in the pop star's direction to the dismay of the fans who let him have it for his unabashed assholery.]

GM: Oh, come on!

[Hunter turns back towards the bloodied Martinez, measuring him for his shot. He steps forward, leaping up, pumping the leg...]

GM: INSTANT KARM-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED! HUNTER GOT ZHARKOV!

BW: WHAT?! NO!

[Zharkov's eyes roll back before he collapses to the canvas. Hunter's eyes go wide as he spots his charge down on the mat...

...and Alex Martinez' eyes twinkle with a mix of rage and delight as he waits behind Jackson Hunter, blood dripping down his face and the crowd going nuts. We can even see Selena Gomez in the background jumping up and down with glee as Martinez lies in wait...]

GM: MARTINEZ IS BEHIND HIM! MARTINEZ IS WAITING!

[A stunned Jackson Hunter turns around...

...and gets two hands wrapped around his throat in an instant!]

GM: GOT HIM! DO IT, ALEX! PUT HIM DOWN!

[And the crowd ROARS as Martinez hoists Hunter high into the air, sitting out in a thunderous Firebomb that shakes the ring!]

GM: FIREBOMB! FIREBOMB ON JACKSON HUNTER!

BW: NOOOOOOOO!

GM: And Alex Martinez may have just ended Jackson Hunter's night, fans!

[Martinez gets back to his feet, wiping the blood from his eyes as he turns away from the downed Hunter...

...and spots Maxim Zharkov out on the apron, using the ropes to get back to his feet...]

GM: Martinez looking for Zharkov and-

[The crowd ROARS as Martinez wraps a mighty paw around the throat of Maxim Zharkov who clings to the ropes, trying to stay on the apron!]

BW: What the-?! He can't chokeslam him to the floor, Gordo!

GM: Oh no?

[But before Martinez can do whatever he has in mind, the Russian reaches in and rakes his fingers across Martinez' blood-stung eyes!]

GM: OHH! Zharkov goes to the eyes!

[Martinez staggers back from the ropes, rubbing violently at his eyes as Zharkov slips through the ropes, circling around the blinded Hall of Famer..

...and wraps his arms around the waist...]

GM: Waistlock!

BW: Can he do it?!

[Zharkov grits his teeth...

...and somehow powers the mighty Martinez off his feet, lifting him into the air, and DUMPING him violently on the back of his head and neck!]

BW: EAST GERMAN SUUUUPLEX! OH YEAH!

[Zharkov pops up to his feet, nodding his head confidently, spreading his arms to soak up the jeers of the New Orleans crowd...

...which suddenly turn into DEAFENING cheers!]

BW: WHAT THE HELL?!

GM: MARTINEZ IS UP! MARTINEZ IS UP!

[The fighting spirit of the Last American Badass allowed him to absorb the impact of the German Suplex, rising to his feet in quick fashion...

...and as Zharkov turns around...]

GM: OH YEAH! HOW DO YOU LIKE AMERICA NOW, PAL?!

[Zharkov's eyes go wide with shock as he looks across the ring at Alex Martinez, blood pouring from his forehead. Martinez slowly lifts an arm, extending his hand...

...and beckons Zharkov forward to a DEAFENING ROAR!]

GM: MARTINEZ ISN'T DONE! HE WANTS MORE OF ZHARKOV! HE WANTS MORE OF THE RUSSIAN!

[Zharkov shakes his head in disbelief...

...and then dashes towards Martinez, fury in his eyes!]

GM: HERE COMES ZHARKOV AND-

[The AWA faithful ERUPT as Martinez reaches out both arms, catching the incoming Zharkov by the throat with both hands!]

GM: DOUBLE CHOKE! DOUBLE CHOKE!

[The seven footer lifts Zharkov into the air, holding him high for the world to see as he steps to center ring, ready to deliver his signature move... the move that has filled highlight reels for over two decades... for one... last... time...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: FIREBOMB! FIREBOMB! FIREBOMB!

[Martinez sweeps the legs aside, moving from a seated position into a proper lateral press, hooking a leg just as referee Scott Ezra wearily rolls into the ring...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

[But it's not. It's really, truly not.

A collective gasp can be heard from the 75,000 plus fans in the Superdome as Maxim Zharkov's shoulder pops off the canvas a split second before the hand hits the mat a third time.

The referee rolls to his hip, throwing two fingers into the air, a look of disbelief on his face...

A quick series of cuts around the stadium show shocked faces... faces who've seen that very move defeat all it has come across for years... faces that know the Firebomb means victory for the man who wields it and defeat for its victims... faces that were so confident four seconds prior...

...and now?

But no face matches the expression on Alex Martinez.

This is not an expression of disbelief. Not of shock. Not of anger even.

This is an expression of... acceptance?]

GM: Zharkov... fans, Maxim Zharkov just kicked out of the Firebomb. I will repeat that because I can't even believe I said it... but Maxim Zharkov just kicked out of the Firebomb and...

[Martinez gets off the canvas, taking a deep breath as he does.]

BW: What does he do now, Gordo?! What does Alex Martinez possibly do now?!

GM: I... I don't know. That's the silver bullet in the gun. The final weapon. The only thing he needs until...

BW: Until it's not enough and he needs something else.

[Martinez leans down, looking at the barely-moving Maxim Zharkov with another unique expression on his face. Not unique to the man... but to the moment. Rare is it that Martinez shows this look in the middle of heated combat.

The look of respect.

Martinez reaches down with both hands, seizing Zharkov by the throat once more.]

GM: He's gonna do it again! Of course! What's better than one Firebomb to finish off a match?! TWO Firebombs!

[Martinez physically drags a limp Zharkov off the mat, pulling him out to the middle of the ring, staring his foe in the eyes...]

GM: Zharkov can barely stand!

[The Last American Badass sets his feet, tightening his grip as he prepares to deliver a second Firebomb on the Last Son of the Soviet Union, staring into his foe's fluttering eyelids...

...that suddenly snap open, his white eyes in full awareness as he swings his head down at full force, smashing it into Martinez' skull!]

GM: HEADBUTT!

[Zharkov recoils from his own strike, clenching his jaw and doing it again...]

GM: A SECOND HEADBUTT!

[The mighty Russian reaches up, snatching the wrists of a suddenly-dazed Martinez...

...and YANKS them off his throat, freeing himself as he maintains wrist control, yanking the seven footer towards him...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...or more specifically, RIGHT into his skull for a third headbutt with lands with such sickeningly violent impact, it cracks Zharkov's own skull open, leaving a stream of blood to cascade down his determined face as Martinez sinks down to his knees. Zharkov keeps his grip on the wrists, looking down at his foe.]

"LIGHTS OUT... LAST... AMERICAN... BADASS!"

[He abruptly releases the wrists, taking three steps back, going into an immediate spin...

...and OBLITERATES the kneeling Martinez with the discus lariat that knocks Martinez flat onto his back!]

GM: PEACEMAKER! PEACEMAKER!

[Zharkov grabs the legs, rolling into a back press as the official drops down to count.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[The crowd holds their breath, waiting for the knockout. Gordon pauses as well, letting the moment speak for itself. Even the referee seems to hesitate for just a split second, waiting for Martinez' pre-destined escape...

...but it does not come. He slaps the mat, doing his duty as the official.

And the crowd falls silent.]

GM: It's... over?

[Even Bucky can't gloat yet. Not yet.

Zharkov pushes off of Martinez, sitting up on the canvas as the crowd slowly starts to murmur.]

GM: Alex Martinez... in his final match... has lost to Maxim Zharkov.

[The referee climbs to his feet, walking towards the timekeeper who seems as shocked as the rest of us. He leans out, speaking to Rebecca Ortiz who nods a few times, raising the mic.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen... your winner of the match...

[She takes a deep breath.]

RO: MAXXXXXXIMMMMMM... ZHARRRRRRRRRRKOVVVVVVVV!

[Ortiz lowers the mic, her shoulders slumping as she looks down at the floor.

The director cuts to a series of shots of the crowd.

A thirty-something year old man with a "THANK YOU, ALEX!" sign clutched to his chest, his eyes wide with disbelief.

A young girl wearing an old school "Alex Martinez is EXTREME" t-shirt, probably handed down from the woman standing next to her, now holding her hand tightly for comfort.

Two teenagers angrily shouting something in the direction of the ring, quickly cut away from before we can hear their words.

Gordon Myers at ringside, staring blankly into the ring, blinking a few times in silence.

Maxim Zharkov rolls from the ring, snatching his blood-covered chain off the floor and grabbing Jackson Hunter with the other hand. He lifts Hunter up, slinging him over his shoulder as the Last Son of the Soviet Union starts to walk back up the aisle towards the locker room.

Finally... finally... the silence from our announcers breaks.]

GM: A career that MUST be described as iconic... as legendary... as historic... has come to an end here tonight in New Orleans. And fans... while it may not have ended in the fashion that many of us would prefer... we must acknowledge the years... the decades that have led up to this moment. Alex Martinez is... once upon a time, the man was described as an Institution. And I can't think of a better way to describe him.

BW: Gordo, I respect Alex Martinez as a man and as a wrestler as much as anyone who has ever met the man. But this isn't just about him. As much as everyone made it about him... this night now belongs to Maxim Zharkov! Zharkov beat the man in his final match! I don't want to call it an upset - although Vegas sure will - but going into this, I think everyone expected the big Hollywood ending for Alex Martinez. But I told you, Gordo... I told you all... that Zharkov was coming to be

the Drago to Martinez' Apollo. He was coming to break him. And that's exactly what he did.

[With the aid of the referee and a pair of AWA medical personnel now in the ring, Alex Martinez has managed to get to a sitting position. Blood continues to drip down his face although he has now been given a white towel to swipe at his head with. He looks... disappointed. He looks... distraught in some ways.]

GM: Look at that warrior right there. What a competitor. What a champion.

[The crowd is cheering now for Martinez, saluting the warrior for his final battle. He continues to sit on the mat for several moments, looking around at the crowd while occasionally mopping the blood off his face. He shakes his head, giving a loud "DAMN!" as he slams a fist down onto the mat.]

GM: Obvious frustration there on the part of Alex Martinez. Disappointment. Call it what you will. This isn't how he wanted his night... his career... to come to an end.

BW: Gordo, the Axis is now 4-0 on this night. 4-0! MAWAGA won the Battle Royal. Jackson won the Steal The Spotlight contract. Williams beat Ohara! And now Maxim Zharkov defeats and retires perhaps the greatest of all time! This is their night, daddy! The Axis is going all the way!

GM: And now, the only thing standing between The Axis and a clean sweep is Ryan Martinez. Ryan Martinez who comes into this battle with Juan Vasquez with the weight of the world on his shoulders... and now has to carry with him the fact that his father... his legendary father... has lost his final match in stunning fashion.

BW: And what does THAT do to Ryan Martinez' mental state going into the Woodshed, daddy?

[With the aid of those in the ring, Alex Martinez climbs to his feet, the crowd still cheering for him. The cheers are loud and respectful, saluting the man for his years of blood, sweat, and tears sacrificed for those in the arena and all over the world.]

GM: Martinez on his feet now, making one last trip around the ring, looking out on these fans.

[Cut to Selena Gomez in the front row, tears pours down her face as she claps for her man. He pauses upon seeing her, shrugging with a visible and audible "I'm sorry" in her direction. She shakes her head, still clapping as he ducks through the ropes. He slowly lowers himself off the apron, approaching her spot by the barricade.]

GM: Selena Gomez there to see it all come to an end... so proud of him for all he's accomplished both here in the squared circle and what he's been doing in Hollywood as of late.

[Martinez and Gomez embrace over the railing, the crowd around them standing and cheering as he helps her over the barricade, draping an arm around her as they start to walk back up the aisle.]

GM: The fans here in New Orleans are on their feet and who can blame them. He said it coming in. Win, lose, or draw - he was walking away and... well, Alex Martinez is a man of his word, fans. So when he says it, you can believe it. Some wrestling retirements are almost a mockery of the very word... but this...

[Gordon pauses for a moment, emotion creeping into his voice.]

GM: ...this is indeed the final time we will see Alex Martinez inside the squared circle.

[Gordon lays out, letting the cheering fans take Martinez and Gomez up the long ramp towards the stage, trailed by the AWA medical team keeping a watchful eye on the former World Champion and Hall of Famer. Upon reaching the top of the stage, Martinez slowly turns around, looking out on the crowd one last time.]

GM: Take a bow, old friend. You deserve it.

[But there is no bow. There is no final wave to the crowd. No raised fist of salute.

Perhaps the greatest of all time simply nods...

...and walks out of our lives forever.

Fade through black to the backstage area where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing in front of a SuperClash backdrop. Blackwell has a sad expression on his face, shaking his head as he speaks.]

SLB: A sad moment here at SuperClash VIII in New Orleans... a sad moment for professional wrestling fans around the world as Alex Martinez has fallen to defeat in his final match. When you stop and take a look back at the history of that tremendous Hall of Fame competitor in this business-

[The sounds of loud and obnoxious mock crying are heard coming from off-camera. Blackwell first looks surprised... which quickly progresses to annoyed as the camera pulls back and we see the source of said tears - the AWA World Tag Team Champions, Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan. Both men are wiping their faces with white towels, sobbing up a storm.]

TD: Oh, Lou... it's so sad! So sad! The mighty has fallen and the youth of the AWA have risen up to take his place.

[Taylor turns off the fake waterworks, flinging the towel in Blackwell's face. Blackwell recoils, throwing it to the floor.]

WT: Who would have ever thought, hmm? You see, Lou... that's a story as old as time in this business. The AWA is all about the past. This company wants to pay tribute to old men whose time has come and gone.

TD: Look, we've got our own issues with Zharkov and the Axis but if nothing else, that's what we just saw out there? That's what this night is about, Blackwell. Putting old men out to pasture once and for all.

WT: We saw it happen with Martinez a few minutes ago... and if I had to wager, I'd imagine we'll see it later tonight with Vasquez as well. Adios... amigo.

[Taylor waves mockingly at the camera.]

TD: Take a look at our match here tonight, Blackwell. The AWA World Tag Team Titles on the line. Now, we've held these titles for the better part of 2016 - cementing our foretold status as the Tag Team of the Year for 2016...

WT: Bank on it.

TD: ...but when it came time for the big dance, who did the AWA find to put in the ring to challenge for this hardware on our shoulders? Was it some hot up and coming team like... the Soldiers of Fortune?

[Taylor snaps his arm up in a salute.]

WT: At ease, gentlemen. The pre-show Battle Royal is calling your draft number.

TD: Is it the dark and scary Slaughterhouse?

WT: Hehehehehehe!

TD: Oh, I know... it's those stray dogs Somers and Harper who've been tugging at our pantlegs for months now. They got it, right? Surely they got the call on the big stage?

WT: Missed it by THAT much.

TD: That's right. Because when the AWA decided to find a tag team to challenge us for the titles here in New Orleans, they went back to the past once again. They went back and found a team that... we've already beat!

[Donovan breaks into mocking applause.]

WT: Brilliant. Truly inspired.

SLB: Gentlemen, you may have beaten Air Strike for those titles back in February but I think everyone knows that there were plenty of shenanigans around that victory.

[Taylor's jaw drops.]

WT: Shenanigans?! Lou, I'm shocked.

TD: Flabbergasted.

WT: Appalled even. How dare you besmirch the reputation of THE... GREATEST... TAG TEAM... ON... PLANET... EARTH?!

TD: New t-shirts?

WT: New t-shirts. Lou Blackwell, we are part of the most dominant faction in all of the AWA - the Kings of Wrestling. We are... count 'em up... TWO TIME... AWA World Tag Team Champions. And when we defeat Air Strike...

TD: AGAIN!

WT: ...here tonight, there will be no doubt at all that we have CLEANED OUT the AWA Tag Team Division once more.

SLB: You mention your status with the Kings of Wrestling but I don't see Brian Lau out here with you... and I've yet to see you two choose a side in this Detson/James debacle.

[Taylor shakes his head.]

WT: We agreed that we would let Brian and Johnny settle their dispute as men do and we would abide by the result. We won't take sides in that one but we'll be watching. As far as Brian goes... well, Brian's always welcome to join us at there at ringside but from what I've been told, he's disassociated himself from Kings' business until this Clash of Kings is settled.

SLB: So... no Brian Lau... no Johnny Detson... no Brian James. You two are on your own out there tonight.

TD: And we wouldn't have it any other way, Blackwell. Because when this match is all said and done tonight, there will be no debate... no dispute... no discussion... it will be clear as shined-up crystal that Taylor and Donovan are... THE... GREATEST... TAG TEAM-

SLB: Please, spare me.

[Donovan arches an eyebrow at Blackwell.]

WT: Don't you ever step on a man's catchphrase, Sweet Lou.

TD: Forget him, Wes. This palooka don't deserve to stand in our shadow. Come on. We've got business to take care of.

[Taylor nods and the duo exits, leaving Blackwell behind.]

SLB: Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan heading to the ring and... well, fans... it's time to see a rematch we've been waiting nine months for. Can Air Strike become the World Tag Team Champions for an unprecedented third time - let's go over to Mark Stegglet and see what they've got to say about it! Mark?

[We cut to another part of the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing next to one half of the tag team known as Air Strike, Cody Mertz. Mertz is wearing his custom long white tights with a green stripe down each leg with a pair of black boots. He is also wearing a pink Air Strike Fan Club shirt.]

MS: I'm standing here with Cody Mertz - one-half of the tag team, Air Strike, who make their return to an AWA ring here tonight! Now, Cody, I see you here but where is your partner?

[Mertz laughs.]

CM: Mark, it's great to be here tonight. And it's not great because of the tag title shot which I certainly do appreciate. It's not great because...

[Mertz trails off and shakes his head.]

CM: No.

MS: No?

[Mertz continues to shake his head.]

CM: For months, I've been calling these two out. For months! I've said all I need to say about these two, I've done the best I can to make sure these two don't have the free reign that they think they are entitled to. I've said all I need to say, and I'm tired of talking...

[Mertz looks over to his left and smiles.]

CM: You want to take over?

[The camera shot pans over to the right, and standing there is the other half of the Air Strike duo, Michael Aarons. Aarons' hair is a little longer and is braided behind his head. He is wearing long black tights with red geometrically shapes all over, and he is also wearing a black leather vest. He smiles at Stegglet and he chomps on his gum and then he and Cody exchange a fist bump as he lowers his shades and looks at Stegglet.]

MA: The more things change, huh, Stegs?

[Aarons then shifts his focus to the camera.]

MA: When I was last in this place, Team Daddy Issues was running around this place trying to be relevant. Fast forward a few months and these two dudes with the daddy feuds found a couple more people with daddy issues to form an exclusive irrelevant club... blah blah blah... boring boring boring.

[Aarons with one hand mocks someone talking moving his hand up and down. With the other, he takes off his shades and tosses them to the side.]

MA: For these past several months, I've been all over the world... Mexico, Europe, and Japan; tearing the roof off of building after building. And all I ever hear is, "When is Air Strike going to come back?" "Air Strike was the greatest tag team I ever saw!" "Your match at SuperClash was the highlight of the night!"

[Aarons smirks.]

MA: Funny, I don't ever hear them say anything about you. And when my main man Cods came back from injury - an injury you two caused - and challenged you, you ran scared. You ran and you ran until you got backed into a corner and the results are now so much worse.

[Aarons feigns disappointment as he shakes his head.]

MA: Because now you have to face THE greatest team to ever compete in the AWA! Now, I think you two have been whining about why we deserve this shot at the tiles tonight...

[Aarons scratches his chin.]

MA: Oh, I don't know,... maybe two time AWA World Tag Team Champions, Tiger Paw Pro Global Tag Crown Champions, Stampede Cup winners, and actually being named Tag Team Of The Year! Does that do it for you? How about because we are the high flying, death defying, always satisfying cuz there ain't no denying that we are the teenage dream team... Air Strike.

[Another fist bump!]

MA: How about because we already beat you once and then you put Cods here on the shelf and now we have a score to settle! So how about this... why don't we settle everything here tonight and put all our cards out on the table, and then we'll see where we stand. I guarantee you're not going to like the results! Because at the end of the day, you're not in this league, and you never were!

[With that. Aarons slaps his partner on the shoulder and the two head off.]

MS: A match some nine months in the making, fans, and this should be one for the ages! Rebecca Ortiz, take it away!

[We cut from backstage down to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a sixty minute time limit and is for the AWA WORLD TAG TEAM TITLES!

[BIG CHEER!]

RO: Introducing first... they are the challengers...

[There's a huge cheer from the crowd at just that statement, knowing very well that perhaps the most popular tag team in AWA history is coming to the ring in just a few short moments.

The lights go out in the arena, giving way to a barrage of spotlights that start circling around the sold out crowd as an air raid horn starts to sound.

The PA system comes to life with a very official sounding proclamation.]

"Ladies and gentlemen, there's an air strike imminent!"

[The crowd EXPLODES into cheers again as the horn suddenly cuts out at the same time as the spotlights, leaving the arena in darkness. The crowd buzzes with anticipation, awaiting the arrival of the two-time former AWA World Tag Team Champions.

Suddenly, a single spotlight lances out, splashing down on the entrance ramp on a piano. Sitting at the piano is a legendary figure in New Orleans, American singer-songwriter Dr. John who gets a tremendous ovation as his name is splashed up on the video wall. Wearing a purple suit with a green shirt and fedora, he begins to play the opening notes to Macklemore's "Can't Hold Us" to a tremendous roar from the crowd.

As he finishes the first few notes, the lights come back on and - lined up on either side of the entrance ramp - are members of the New Orleans Pelicans drumline, each dressed in #23 Pelicans jerseys with the last name "DAVIS" on the back. The drumline starts playing the percussion part of the song as Dr. John continues with the melody on the piano to the thrill of the partisan New Orleans crowd.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen... they are your challengers...

Former Tiger Paw Pro Global Crown Champions...

Winners of the 2015 Stampede Cup...

TWO TIME AWA WORRRRRRRRRRLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSSSSSSSSSSSSSS...

[The crowd is rocking now as Ortiz brings it home.]

RO: MICHAEL AARONS... CODY MERTZ...

AIIIIIIIIIIIRRRRRRRRRRRR STRIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIKE!

[The PA rings out with the signature lyric from the song.]

"AND SO WE PUT OUR HANDS UP!"

[The crowd obliges, hands up in the air clapping and swinging as Cody Mertz and Michael Aarons erupt out onto the entranceway, hands also up in the air as they bounce around the stage in rhythm to the music.]

GM: WELCOME BACK TO THE AWA, AIR STRIKE! OH YEAH!

[Michael Aarons is rearing red and black tights with black boots. A black leather vest covers his bare torso as he points to the cheering fans, a huge smile on his face. Cody Mertz is sporting his white tights with the green stripe going down each leg down to his black boots. He's wearing an Air Strike 2016 t-shirt that he immediately takes off, tossing it into the crowd with great enthusiasm.]

GM: And listen to this ovation for perhaps the most popular tag team in AWA history, Bucky!

BW: WHAT?! ARE YOU SAYING SOMETHING?!

[Gordon chuckles as the piano and drums keep playing. The lyrics - however - are not playing over the PA system and many in the crowd have taken that as their cue to sing along. It soon catches on to where most of the crowd is screaming the lyrics as Aarons and Mertz come together at the top of the ramp, exchanging a quick hug before a fist bump breaks them apart and sends them in a tandem sprint down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: And here comes one of the most decorated tag teams in the history of our sport, looking to make history here tonight by becoming the first tag team to wear the AWA World Tag Team Titles three times.

BW: They've held them twice. The Lights Out Express has held them twice. And Taylor and Donovan have held them twice too. Tonight, Air Strike is looking to break away from the pack and cement their name in the history books.

[As Air Strike reaches the ringside area, Aarons and Mertz split apart to make their way in opposite directions around the ring, slapping as many hands as they can before they climb up on the ring apron, slingshotting over the top to land on their feet. Another quick embrace and fist bump follow, smiles all around as Mertz and Aarons prepare for the battle ahead. The music fades as Rebecca Ortiz steps forward.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd their opponents...

[The crunchy guitarwork of ZZ Top kicks in over the PA system as "Beer Drinkers and Hell Raisers" starts to play. There is nothing more elaborate than that as Ortiz continues.]

RO: They are the TWO TIME and defending AWA WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONNNNNNNSSSSSS...

WESSSSSSSS TAAAAAAAYLORRRRRRRR!

TOOOOOOONYYYYY DONOVANNNNNNNNN!

THEEEEEEE KIIIIIIIIIIIIINGS OF WRESTLING!

[Taylor and Donovan make their entrance together, stomping out onto the entrance stage full of piss and vinegar.

Tony Donovan the Second's six foot six frame stands at the top of the ramp, barking down the aisle at the ring. Gone is the old double-strapped singlet, replaced with a simple pair of deep red trunks and black boots. Matching knee and elbowpads are present as well as is the Kings of Wrestling jacket that was gifted to the group by Johnny Detson some time ago.

Wes Taylor has inverted the colorscheme of his partner, working with black trunks and red boots. He's foresaken the Kings jacket for a black vest that reads "THE LAST OUTLAW" across the back in bold white block font. He and Donovan smash the titles together like toasting with drinks and then start stomping down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: And here comes the World Tag Team Champions... and you know they want to get the Kings off to a good start here tonight after the success the Axis has had early on here at SuperCla-SSSSSSSSSH!

[The crowd ROARS as Aarons and Mertz come barreling across the ring, diving between the ropes in stereo tope suicidas that wipe out the World Tag Team Champions on the floor!]

BW: WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT, GORDO?!

GM: It looks like Michael Aarons and Cody Mertz have not forgotten the way they lost the titles back in February! They want a piece of these two in the worst way!

[Aarons and Mertz pull Taylor and Donovan off the floor, chucking them under the ropes into the ring. The challengers climb in behind them as referee Scott Ezra signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: What the-?! What kind of a referee starts a match like that?! The champs aren't ready to defend their titles yet!

GM: Well, the bell has sounded so they better get ready and fast!

[Back inside the ring, Aarons grabs Donovan by the hair as Mertz does the same with Taylor, dragging them to opposite corners where they go to work smashing their faces into the top turnbuckle as the crowd counts along.]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[The Air Strike duo turns Taylor and Donovan around in the corners, whipping them out to center ring where the champions collide, spinning back towards their attackers who drop them with a pair of haymakers, sending both Taylor and Donovan down to the mat, rolling out to the floor as the crowd continues to cheer them on.]

GM: And there's certainly no sign of ring rust on the part of the challengers here tonight so far, Bucky.

BW: We'll see as the match goes on. The sign of a great tag team is not just teamwork but being able to anticipate your partner's actions before he does them. That only works when you team together night in and night out... so while Mertz has been trying to make his name as a singles star and Aarons has been off in Japan, Taylor and Donovan were busy being... THE... GREATEST... TAG TEAM-

GM: Don't you start with that too!

[As Taylor and Donovan stumble around the ring, coming together in an embrace on the floor, Aarons makes a gesture to Mertz.]

GM: What's this now? Aarons down on all fours by the ropes and-

[Mertz charges across the ring, stepping up on the back of his partner, and flinging himself over the ropes with a crossbody that takes down Taylor and Donovan again!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: BIG TIME DIVE TO THE FLOOR BY CODY MERTZ WITH THE ASSIST OF MICHAEL AARONS! And was that the kind of anticipation you were talking about, Bucky?

BW: Oh, shaddup, Gordo!

[Mertz retrieves Tony Donovan off the floor, shoving him under the ropes as Aarons exits the ring.]

GM: And it looks like we’re about to settle down into our first one on one battle of this match with Cody Mertz squaring off with Tony Donovan.

[Back inside the ring, the much-smaller Mertz pursues Donovan towards the neutral corner, pushing him back against the buckles.]

GM: Mertz with a whip sends Donovan across, crashes into the buckles...

[The third generation competitor stumbles out of the corner towards Mertz who ducks in behind him, lifting him up into the air, and bringing him down on a bent knee for an atomic drop.]

GM: Atomic drop by Mertz, jolting the spinal column of Tony Donovan!

[Donovan grimaces, reaching back to grab at his tailbone as he stumbles in a circle towards Mertz who ducks down, lifting him up again...]

GM: And an inverted atomic drop this time!

[Donovan winces, his thighs coming together as he hobbles towards Mertz who sidesteps, flipping Donovan up and over with a hiptoss down to the mat. Mertz promptly leaps up, dropping his 195 pound frame backfirst across Donovan’s chest!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Standing backplash by Mertz!

[As Mertz goes to get back up, Wes Taylor comes charging into the ring...

...and gets hiptossed right up and over to the canvas. Mertz quickly leaps up, dropping a senton down on Taylor as well as the crowd cheers him on.]

GM: Down onto Taylor! Cody Mertz is cleaning house on the World Tag Team Champions right about now.

[Taylor rolls out to the floor as Mertz turns his attention back towards the rising Donovan, backing him into the ropes as he reaches out to tag in Michael Aarons.]

GM: Quick tag by the challengers... double whip on the way...

[And together, Mertz and Aarons leap up, twisting around to throw a double flying back elbow that knocks Donovan back down to the canvas to cheers from the crowd!]

GM: Oh my! What a doubleteam by the challengers!

[Mertz and Aarons kip up off the mat in tandem...

...and race across the ring, knocking Wes Taylor off the apron with a pair of haymakers to another big cheer!]

GM: Air Strike is on a roll in the early moments of this one, fans!

[Mertz departs the ring as Michael Aarons slams his arms down on the top rope, shouting "COME ON!" which gets a big cheer as he turns his focus back on the rising Donovan, lacing a boot into the midsection.]

GM: Aarons whips him across...

[The tag team specialist dives at Donovan's legs, forcing the champion to hurdle over him. Donovan hits the ropes, rebounding back towards Aarons who leapfrogs over him...]

GM: Donovan off the far side again and-

[Aarons leaves his feet again, blasting a forearm off the side of Donovan's head!]

GM: Flying forearm finds the mark! What a shot!

[Aarons crawls towards Donovan, looking to make a pin attempt. A two count follows before Donovan kicks out.]

GM: Donovan out just after two... not much of a cover by Aarons there.

BW: Arrogance has always been a Michael Aarons trademark, Gordo.

GM: I think these fans would take issue with that as you can hear how solidly they're behind Air Strike in this World Tag Team Title challenge.

[Aarons takes a knee, grabbing Donovan by the back of the head and laying in a half dozen fists to the forehead as the fans roar!]

GM: Michael Aarons is showing some fire here tonight. These men have not forgotten the dastardly actions of Taylor and Donovan in capturing those titles earlier this year. You know, Bucky... Air Strike had arguably the greatest win of their careers when they defeated Violence Unlimited a year ago at SuperClash VII... only to have their careers as a tag team come to a crashing halt a few months later thanks to Taylor and Donovan. That loss sent Mertz to a surgeon's table and Aarons to Japan... and I think you could argue that Air Strike lost a year of their career as a team thanks to Taylor and Donovan.

BW: The Kings are always in a giving mood, Gordo.

GM: Nevertheless, Air Strike is reunited and it feels so good!

BW: Does it? Cody Mertz got himself a taste of singles stardom this year. Michael Aarons became a pretty big star in Japan. Maybe Taylor and Donovan did them a favor in breaking them up. Maybe they did them a favor in making them explore other options. Maybe neither one of them want to be here tonight teaming.

GM: That's nonsense. Look at how well they're functioning as a team!

BW: Old habits die hard.

[Bringing Donovan back to his feet, Aarons marches him towards the Air Strike corner where Mertz swings his legs up between the ropes, sitting on the middle rope with his feet raised high so Aarons can smash Donovan's head into them.]

GM: Another nice doubleteam and another tag by the challengers.

[Mertz slides through the ropes into the ring as Aarons steps out to the apron. Mertz spins Donovan around in the corner, lashing out with a knife edge chop across the chest.]

GM: Big chop by Cody Mertz... and another!

[Grabbing Donovan by the arm, Mertz whips him from the Air Strike corner into the Kings' corner. Mertz comes charging in, leaping up...

...just as Taylor grabs his partner by the wrist, pulling him clear from the corner.]

GM: Taylor with the assist... but Mertz lands on the middle rope!

[A smirking Mertz leaps off, connecting with a dropkick that sends Taylor sprawling off the apron to the floor again. Mertz scrambles up, shoving Donovan back into the corner. He delivers a few short right hands before backing off, waving to the crowd who cheer in response.]

GM: Mertz has got Donovan reeling... in he comes...

[Mertz leaps up, feet on Donovan's upper thighs as if he's going to attempt a monkey flip...

...but Taylor reaches up from out on the floor, grabbing the back of Donovan's trunks as Mertz goes flying backwards, slamming down on the back of his head on the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: Brilliant move by Wes Taylor right there!

GM: Brilliant move?!

BW: Absolutely! What would you call it?

GM: An illegal assist!

BW: Call it what you want, Gordo, but the tag champs just turned this thing completely around... and there's the tag from Wes Taylor. Now, we're really going to see this turned around!

[Taylor slides through the ropes, stomping across and driving the point of his elbow down into Mertz's throat as he drops to his knees.]

GM: Ohh! Big elbow driven into the windpipe... and that's a choke, ref!

[The referee steps in, starting a count that forces Taylor to break his choke at four... and then reapply it.]

GM: Get him off the man!

[Another four count follows before Taylor lets go of the throat, climbing up to his feet as Mertz gasps for air out on the floor and Aarons shouts to his partner to make a tag.]

GM: Taylor dragging Mertz to his feet now... big scoop... and a big slam down on the canvas!

[The scoop slam is instantly followed by Taylor leaping high into the air, bringing a kneedrop down across the collarbone!]

GM: Ohh! And a kneedrop that comes perilously close to the throat!

[Taylor slides into a lateral press, shouting "COUNT HIM, REF!" as he covers, earning a two count before Mertz slides out from under him. Taylor grimaces as he gets to his feet, delivering a pair of stomps to the chest before peeling away to consider his next move.]

GM: SuperClash has always been a big night for Taylor and Donovan, fans. It was - of course - at SuperClash VI when their union became official when they joined up and assaulted Tony's father, big Robert Donovan. Last year, they were in that show-stealing battle with the Dogs of War alongside their James Gang' partner, Brian James, when they broke the undefeated streak of the Dogs. And tonight, they're defending the World Tag Team Titles on the biggest stage of them all against their toughest opponents as a tag team to date.

[Taylor drags Mertz off the mat into a side headlock, twisting away from the official as he delivers a hard closed fist to the face... and another. The referee tries to get around to see the action but Taylor turns again, delivering one final clenched fist to the mush before allowing Mertz to slump down to the canvas.]

GM: More illegal activities on the part of Wes Taylor there... surely living up to that "Last Outlaw" name that he's given to himself as of late.

[The referee questions Taylor about the clenched fists but Taylor backs away, shaking his head and insisting it was an open-handed blow. The fans jeer as Mertz crawls across the ring, trying to create some space between himself and Wes Taylor. Taylor throws a glance over at Tony Donovan, nodding to his partner.]

GM: Taylor moving back in...

[The referee steps in, waving Taylor back as Mertz leans against the ropes, trying to recover...

...which allows Tony Donovan to slide down the apron, pushing Mertz' throat down on the middle rope. He sits down on the back of the neck, causing Mertz to violently flail about as the referee and Taylor argue.]

GM: Turn around, referee!

[Donovan walks away before Scott Ezra catches him in action. Taylor smirks as he approaches the gasping Mertz, sliding his shin up onto the back of the neck, pushing Mertz' throat down into the middle rope again.]

GM: Another choke by the champions, really putting it to Cody Mertz right now.

[Another four count follows before Taylor lets go, grabbing the top rope. The six foot three Taylor slingshots over the top, landing on his feet out on the floor...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and lands a big uppercut on the chin that snaps Mertz' head back and sending him falling back to center ring!]

GM: What an uppercut by Taylor!

BW: That's one of his favorites moves right there, Gordo. He loves throwing that big right uppercut.

GM: And you can see why as Mertz reels from the effectiveness of it.

[Taylor smirks at the jeering fans, blowing on his knuckles as he taunts them. He dips back under the bottom rope, rolling into the ring as Mertz tries to get towards his corner and Michael Aarons' outstretched hand...]

...but with a shake of his head, Taylor grabs Mertz by the ankle, dragging him back across the ring to the Kings' corner where Donovan tags himself in, ducks in, and drops an elbow down on the back of Mertz' head.]

GM: Nice teamwork by the champions there.

BW: Finally giving the champs some credit? Don't jump on the bandwagon now, Gordo - there's no room for your extra wide rear end!

GM: Trust me, I have no interest in being a fan of that particular duo... but I can respect their talents inside the ring. They wouldn't be the World Tag Team Champions if they weren't one of the best teams in the world.

[Donovan pulls Mertz off the mat, ducking in behind him.]

GM: Donovan lifts him up... and brings him down HARD on the back of the head with a side suplex!

[Donovan rolls over, applying a cover that gets another two count.]

GM: Another two count for the champions as we approach the ten minute mark of this tag team title battle here at SuperClash in New Orleans.

[The former Team Supreme member gets back to his feet, pulling Mertz off the mat by the back of the trunks, tugging him into a rear waistlock...]

GM: Donovan looking for the German!

[But Mertz is fighting, throwing a pair of back elbows to the jaw.]

GM: Mertz trying to fight his way out...

[Donovan manages to lift him up but Mertz ducks down, rolling forward into a cradle.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO!

[But Donovan kicks out, breaking free...

...and giving Mertz a clear path towards his corner!]

GM: Mertz is loose! Mertz is crawling! Mertz is-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Donovan swings his six foot six frame around, driving a boot up between the eyes of Mertz, cutting off his crawl as Aarons buries his face into the top turnbuckle and the crowd groans.]

GM: Donovan cuts off that tag attempt... back on his feet now...

[He yanks the downed Mertz to his feet, applying another rear waistlock...]

GM: GERMAN!

[...and DRIVES Mertz down to the canvas with a bridging German Suplex!]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Mertz kicks out at two, breaking out of the bridging pin to cheers from the AWA faithful.]

GM: Donovan landed the big German but it wasn't enough to get a three count on one-half of the two-time former AWA World Tag Team Champions.

[Donovan scrambles to his feet, planting himself between Mertz and his corner where Aarons is shouting encouragement to his partner. Donovan waggles a taunting finger at Mertz as he pulls him up, shoving him back into the Kings' corner.]

GM: Donovan puts him back into the corner...

[Donovan backs off, pumping his right arm a few times as he approaches the Air Strike corner...

...and abruptly steps back as Aarons takes a wild swing at him.]

GM: Oh! He almost got him there!

BW: Temper, temper, Michael Aarons.

GM: Can you blame him, Bucky?!

[Donovan turns his back on Aarons, charging across the ring...]

GM: AAAAVALAAAALANNNNNCHE!

[...but Mertz leans back against the buckles, causing Donovan to run headlong into two raised boots!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MERTZ GETS THE FEET UP!

[Donovan stumbles backwards as Mertz throws a quick back elbow to the incoming Taylor, stunning him as well. The crowd roars as Mertz hops up to the middle rope, leaping off to snare Donovan's head between his legs...

...and HURLS him down to the canvas with a rana!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY! Mertz takes down Donovan... and he's crawling to the corner!

[The crowd is roaring now, cheering on the El Paso native as he looks to make the tag and bring Michael Aarons back into the squared circle.]

GM: Donovan is down! Taylor is reeling! And Cody Mertz is looking for the tag!

[The crowd cheers Mertz as he crawls across the ring, arm outstretched towards his corner...]

GM: Mertz is getting close! Closer and closer with each moment and-

[The crowd groans as Tony Donovan dives across the ring, snatching Mertz by the ankle!]

GM: DONOVAN GRABS THE ANKLE!

[Mertz stretches towards Aarons again, finding himself just short of the tag as Donovan struggles to hang on...]

GM: Mertz can't get there! Donovan hanging on!

[Mertz rolls to his back, winding up his free leg...]

GM: Ohh! Hard kick down between the eyes! And another! And a third!

[Mertz' efforts to get free seem to be working as Donovan's eyes roll back in his head...]

GM: Mertz kicks him again! This might do it! Donovan's grip is getting weaker and-

[The crowd groans as Wes Taylor comes rampaging across the ring, blasting Michael Aarons with a right hand that sends him off the apron to the floor!]

GM: Oh, come on!

[The referee whips around on Taylor, reprimanding him for his illegal actions. Taylor shouts at the official, taking issue with his complaints...]

...which is when Michael Aarons slides in behind the referee, rushing Taylor with a right hand between the eyes to a big cheer!]

GM: AARONS WITH THE RIGHT HAND!

[The referee grabs Aarons, forcing him back across the ring as Aarons struggles to get free and attack again...]

...which allows Wes Taylor to grab Cody Mertz by the legs, dragging him back across the ring. The crowd jeers as Taylor stomps Mertz' head, ducking back out to the apron as the referee turns around.]

BW: Come on, Gordo. You gotta give the champs credit for that.

GM: I certainly do not. The referee is giving the champions a lot of leeway if you ask me.

[Taylor shouts at his partner who crawls to the Kings' corner, making the tag.]

GM: Taylor tags back in... Michael Aarons is absolutely fuming in the corner.

[Taylor steps in, yanking Mertz to his feet, throwing him bodily back into the buckles. He grabs the top rope, laying in kick after kick to the midsection of Cody Mertz as the crowd jeers and the referee complains.]

GM: Come on! Get out of the corner!

[Taylor switches his stance, launching into a series of vicious back elbows to the side of the head, battering Mertz' head repeatedly.]

GM: Referee! Do something!

[The aggressive Taylor spins back around as Mertz slumps to a seated position in the corner, viciously stomping Mertz over and over and over as the crowd jeers loudly...

...and then he finally backs off, an enraged look in his eyes as the fans and referee let him have it!]

GM: Taylor seriously risking disqualification there with that assault in the corner!

BW: Go ahead. Disqualify them. They'll keep the straps.

GM: And that's all they care about, isn't it? They don't give a damn about HOW they keep the titles!

[Taylor strides across the ring, his anger turning to satisfaction as he taunts Michael Arons who shouts at the son of the Outlaw...

...and then Taylor charges back in, swinging his big boot into the sternum of the seated Mertz!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

[Grabbing Mertz by the ankle, Taylor drags him out of the corner by several feet. He turns his back, hopping up to the second rope...]

GM: Taylor on the ropes... not his usual gameplan...

[The Arizona native leaps from his perch, dropping a leg down across the throat!]

GM: LEGDROP CONNECTS!

[Taylor swings his arms apart, twisting over into a lateral press.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Mertz again lifts the shoulder off the mat to cheers as Taylor angrily slams a hand down on the mat.]

GM: And now one-half of the World Tag Team Champions is starting to show some signs of frustration.

[Taylor climbs to his feet, barking at the official who holds up two fingers insistently.]

GM: Two count only according to the referee and Taylor's not fond of that call.

[The so-called Last Outlaw drags Cody Mertz off the mat by the hair, getting up in his face to shout at him...]

"YOU'RE NOTHING, MERTZ! NOBODY! A HAS-BEEN!"

[Taylor swings a knee up into the midsection of Mertz, backing him into the ropes. He grabs Mertz by the arm, shooting him across the ring...]

GM: Irish whip... clothesli- ducked by Mertz!

[The hard-swung clothesline leaves Taylor stumbling off-balance as Mertz approaches the ropes, leaping up to land on the second rope, springing back as he twists around...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and gets CLOTHESLINED out of mid-air!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

BW: That's gotta be it!

[Taylor dives across Mertz' torso, reaching back to hook a leg.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO! TH-

[The crowd ERUPTS as Mertz' shoulder pops up off the mat, breaking up the pin attempt JUST in time!]

GM: ARE YOU KIDDING ME?! CODY MERTZ KICKS OUT! CODY MERTZ KICKS OUT AND I WAS CERTAIN THIS ONE WAS OVER AFTER THAT CLOTHESLINE!

[Taylor is again visibly frustrated, sitting on the canvas shaking his head as he looks to the corner. Tony Donovan gives a nod, assuring his partner he's okay as he extends his arm.]

GM: And it looks like Taylor's looking to get some help from his partner in finishing off Cody Mertz. Back on his feet... and there's the tag.

[The tag brings Tony Donovan through the ropes into the ring. He nods again, holding up his arm as Taylor drags Mertz off the mat, shoving him towards his six foot six partner who sticks out his hand...]

GM: Mandible claw?!

BW: Oh no! This isn't just the mandible claw, Gordo! This is-

[Taylor swoops in behind Mertz, muscling him up for a back suplex as Donovan keeps the mouth claw applied...]

...and DRIVES the back of Mertz' head into the canvas!]

GM: VENGEANCE! TONY DONOVAN PULLING A PAGE FROM HIS OLD MAN'S PLAYBOOK!

[Donovan swings his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture as Taylor rolls from the ring and Donovan keeps the clawhold applied. The referee dives to the canvas to count as Aarons shouts to his partner from the corner.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO! THR-

[The crowd EXPLODES once again as Mertz' shoulder just barely pops up off the canvas in time!]

GM: HE KICKED OUT! MERTZ KICKS OUT!

BW: Incredible.

GM: The heart of Cody Mertz is on full display here tonight! Cody Mertz refusing to stay down... refusing to give in... refusing to let the World Tag Team Champions deny him and Michael Aarons the chance to make history tonight in New Orleans!

BW: And even Michael Aarons looks surprised at Mertz being able to kick out over and over. He looks like he thought it was over right there as well.

[Donovan climbs to his feet, dragging Cody Mertz up with him...]

GM: Donovan brings Mertz up again... backing off now...

[With a dazed Mertz in his sights, Donovan shifts his feet, surging forward, leaping up for a superkick...]

GM: TEAM SUPREME SPECIAL!

[...but Mertz ducks down, causing Donovan to whiff badly, flying past him. Mertz spins around, leaping up as Donovan turns back towards him!]

GM: ENZUGIRI! KICK TO THE HEAD!

[Donovan stumbles forward, dropping to his knees as Mertz rolls to his stomach, looking across at Michael Aarons who leaps into the air, shouting "COME ON, CODY!" as he sticks out his arm...]

GM: Aarons is begging for the tag! And Mertz needs to make it!

BW: He absolutely does, Gordo. There's no way that Cody Mertz can survive much longer in there on his own. He needs to make the tag. He NEEDS to make the tag!

GM: And he's trying! Cody Mertz is on his stomach, crawling with all the strength he's got left to get across that ring and make the tag! Cody Mertz, with history in his grasp, is trying to get to Michael Aarons - his longtime friend and partner - to help him make that history!

[The New Orleans crowd is on their feet, screaming and shouting for Mertz as he inches closer and closer to the corner...]

GM: Mertz is trying to get there! Can he do it?!

BW: Donovan's trying to get to his corner now too. Taylor's shouting at him, trying to get him there in time!

GM: We've got ourselves a race, fans! Which team can make the tag first?! Which team can get the fresh man inside the ring first?!

[Taylor is insistently screaming at his partner, shoving his hand into the ring as Mertz continues to crawl towards Michael Aarons who has his arm stretched out as far as he can manage...]

GM: Both men are close! Both men are-

BW: TAG! In comes Taylor!

[Wes Taylor is coming in fast towards Cody Mertz as Mertz pushes up to his knees, staring through glassy eyes across the ring...]

GM: Taylor coming in fast and-

[The crowd EXPLODES as Cody Mertz shoves himself forward, diving into a tag of his own!]

GM: TAG! TAG!

[The crowd's reaction carries Michael Aarons into the ring where Wes Taylor throws a right hand that Aarons blocks, responding with a right hand of his own!]

GM: Right hand! Another! Another!

[The barrage of haymakers backs Taylor to center ring where Aarons grabs him by the arm, whipping him into the buckles.]

GM: Taylor hits the corner, staggering out...

[Aarons ducks down, launching Taylor skyward and sending him crashing backfirst down to the canvas...]

GM: BIIIIIIIG BACK BODY DROP BY MICHAEL AARONS!

[Aarons spins away from the downed Taylor, catching an incoming Donovan with a dropkick on the chin!]

GM: Ohhh! And Aarons takes down Donovan with a dropkick as well!

[Aarons grabs the dazed Donovan, pulling him up by the hair, walking him over towards the downed Taylor who he pulls up as well...

...and CLASHES their skulls together to a big cheer!]

GM: DOUBLE NOGGIN KNOCKER BY MICHAEL AARONS!

[The blow sends Donovan stumbling over to the ropes as Taylor drops down to a knee. Aarons pumps an arm, charging to the far side, bouncing back towards Donovan...]

GM: BIG CLOTHESLINE TAKES DONOVAN TO THE FLOOR!

[The momentum of the clothesline also carries Aarons over the top rope but he manages to hang on, landing on the ring apron. He grins at the cheering crowd, giving a fist pump and a loud "LET'S GO, BABY!" as he stomps down the apron to the corner.]

GM: Aarons takes out Donovan and now he's after Taylor who is - of course - the legal man in this one!

[Aarons gets to the top rope swiftly, standing tall as Taylor staggers back up to his feet...

...and leaps off the top, catching Taylor flush with a missile dropkick that sends Taylor flying backwards, crashing down to the canvas!]

GM: DROPKICK OFF THE TOP BY AARONS!

[Aarons kips up to his feet off the mat, again pumping his fist and getting a big cheer from the New Orleans crowd.]

GM: Michael Aarons has got this crowd whipped into a frenzy... pulling Taylor off the mat now...

[Aarons throws him into Air Strike's corner...

...and slaps the hand of a tired Cody Mertz.]

GM: The tag is made and-

BW: I'm not sure I understand that, Gordo.

GM: Cody Mertz was in there a long time but Aarons is calling for... yes! He's calling for the Mertz Express!

[A winded Mertz steps in, nodding his head to his partner as Aarons takes up a spot a few feet out of the corner. Mertz runs to the opposite corner, taking a few deep breaths before he charges across the ring towards Aarons...

...who LAUNCHES Mertz into the air, throwing him up into a headscissors on Taylor who is sitting on the top turnbuckle...]

GM: MERTZ EXPRESS!

[Taylor goes bouncing hard off the canvas from the flying rana, smashing down hard into the mat as Mertz crawls towards him, diving across one-half of the World Tag Team Champions!]

GM: COVER! WE MIGHT HAVE NEW CHAMPIONS HERE!

[The referee drops down, ready to count...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO! TH-

[The crowd groans as Tony Donovan grabs Cody Mertz by the ankle out on the floor, YANKING him under the bottom rope out to the floor!]

GM: MERTZ PULLED OUT BY DONOVAN!

[Donovan grabs Mertz by the hair...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and HURLS him backwards into the ringside barricade!]

GM: INTO THE STEEL THANKS TO TONY DONOVAN!

[Mertz is sprawled out at ringside by the barricade as Michael Aarons rushes across the ring, grabbing the top rope...]

GM: LOOK OUT!

[...and SLINGSHOTS over the top rope, crashing down onto Tony Donovan out on the floor, taking him down to the barely-padded concrete!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AARONS TAKES DOWN DONOVAN! OH MY!

[Aarons climbs up to his feet on the floor, throwing a glance at his floored partner and then makes the decision to go back into the ring on his own. The referee rushes to cut him off, shaking his head and pointing out to Cody Mertz.]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: He's not the legal man, Gordo! The referee's telling Aarons that Mertz is the legal man in there with Wes Taylor! Outstanding job by the referee right there if you ask me!

GM: I don't know if I've ever heard you praise a referee but-

[Aarons is still arguing with the referee when he gets blindsided by a running forearm to the side of the head by Wes Taylor. The referee is all over Taylor as Taylor throws Aarons into a neutral corner, rocking him with looping blows to the body.]

GM: Taylor's all over him in the corner! He's not the legal man but Wes Taylor doesn't give a damn right now!

[Taylor grabs Aarons by the arm, whipping him across the ring into the far corner. He ducks down in center ring, setting for a backdrop as Aarons bounces out...

...and leaps into the air, snatching Taylor by the back of the head, and SMASHES his face into the canvas!]

GM: FACESLAM! AARONS PLANTS HIM FACEFIRST INTO THE MAT!

[And with Taylor down, Aarons points to the corner...]

GM: And Michael Aarons is going up top!

BW: He's not the legal man!

GM: I don't think he cares! Aarons to the apron... now going up top... and I think the whole world knows what's coming next, fans!

[Aarons stands atop the ropes, arms raised over his head...]

GM: HE LEAPS!

[...and soars through the air, plummeting down towards the prone Wes Taylor, arm cocked back...]

GM: ELBOW! HIGH IN THE SKY FINDS THE MARK!

[Aarons bounces up off of Taylor, throwing his arms in the air. He turns towards the prone Last Outlaw, looking to make a cover...

...but the referee waves him off, shaking his head to big jeers from the New Orleans crowd!]

GM: Scott Ezra says no! He says Aarons has to get out of that ring!

[With Taylor prone and Aarons being forced out of the ring, we see Cody Mertz crawling towards the ring. He grabs the ropes, dragging himself up on the apron as the fans roar...]

GM: Mertz is on the apron! Mertz is looking to take advantage of this situation!

[Taylor, clutching his chest, rolls to his knee, trying to get up off the mat as Mertz grabs the top rope with both hands, nodding with anticipation as the crowd gets louder and louder...]

GM: Mertz is ready! Mertz is waiting!

[...and as Taylor forces himself to his feet, stumbling visibly, Mertz leaps into the air, springing off the top rope...]

GM: SPRINGBOARD!

[Mertz comes flying in a somersault towards Taylor...

...who sidesteps, causing Mertz to land on his feet defensively!]

GM: Mertz lands safely!

[Taylor grabs a shoulder, swinging Mertz around into a boot to the midsection. The crowd buzzes with concern as Taylor snatches a front facelock...]

GM: CATTLEBUST-

[But as Mertz is lifted off the mat, he shoves Taylor off, creating some distance between the two men. Taylor uses that distance to rush him with a clothesline but Mertz ducks it, coming up behind the Last Outlaw...]

GM: MERTZ LEAPS!

[...and snatches Taylor's head between his legs from behind, flipping backwards and DRIVING Taylor skullfirst into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: REVERSE RANA! REVERSE RANA! HE'S GOT HIM!

[Mertz sprawls out over Taylor, reaching back to hook a leg...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THRE-

[The crowd groans as Tony Donovan THROWS HIMSELF into the frame, dropping down on top of Cody Mertz to break up the pin attempt!]

GM: OHHH! DONOVAN MAKES THE SAVE! HE SAVES THE TAG TITLES!

[Donovan gets back to his feet, getting shouted at by the referee...

...and then getting assaulted by a charging Michael Aarons, the crowd roaring as Aarons sends Donovan down to the mat, rolling under the ropes to the floor. Aarons angrily turns back towards Taylor and Mertz but the referee steps in, cutting him off...]

GM: Aarons being forced out of the ring again! Donovan's out on the floor and...

[A dazed and weary Cody Mertz sits up on the mat, looking to the corner where Michael Aarons is shouting something...]

GM: Aarons is telling Mertz to finish him off! He's telling Mertz to win those titles for Air Strike!

[A tired Mertz nods to his partner, the crowd's energy bringing Mertz up to his feet. He leans down to grab Taylor...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and gets DRILLED with an uppercut that sends him stumbling backwards!]

GM: Ohh! Taylor caught him!

[Taylor surges to his feet, grabbing the dazed Mertz by the hair, yanking him into a front facelock...]

GM: CATTLEBUST- no! Mertz spins out!

[Taylor throws a tired clothesline but Mertz ducks it, running across the ring to bounce off the ropes...]

GM: Mertz off the far side... Taylor with another clothesline... ducked again!

[Mertz hits the ropes again, rebounding back towards an off-balance Taylor. The Air Strike member leaps up, snaring Taylor's head between his legs, spinning around him in a satellite headscissors... around... and around... and around...]

...until he takes Taylor down hard with an armbar takedown, cranking back on the trapped limb!]

GM: BROUSSARD SPECIAL! BROUSSARD SPECIAL! WE'RE GOING TO HAVE NEW TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS!

[Tony Donovan slides in, looking to break the hold...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: SUPERKICK ON DONOVAN!

[Donovan hits the mat, rolling out as Aarons pumps his fists, looking at his partner cranking back with the Fujiwara Armbar as the crowd roars in anticipation of the title change as the referee stands close, waiting for the submission...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: WHAT THE HELL?!

[The crowd falls silent for a moment...]

...and then breaks into loud jeers as they stare at Michael Aarons who is standing over Cody Mertz, having just delivered a superkick right to the skull of his longtime friend and partner!]

GM: ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

BW: Oh, this is no joke, Gordo! Michael Aarons just superkicked Cody Mertz! He just superkicked his own damn partner!

[Aarons looks out at the jeering crowd for a moment, a smile on his face as he leans down, dragging a limp Mertz to his feet. He pulls him into an inverted facelock... looking out on the New Orleans crowd...]

...and then violently twists to the side, flipping Mertz over and DRIVING him facefirst into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!

[Aarons rolls to a sitting position, smirking at the crowd's reaction to a motionless Cody Mertz down on the canvas...

...and then he slides over to Wes Taylor, dragging Taylor's arm over Mertz. He shouts "COUNT HIM!" at the reluctant official who shakes his head before dropping to his knees.]

GM: One. Two. Three.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd jeers at the sound of the bell as Aarons chuckles. He smiles at the crowd's reaction, rolling back onto his back before kippping up to his feet. Taylor rolls from the ring as Tony Donovan rushes towards him, the title belts being embraced between the two members of the Kings of Wrestling.]

GM: Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan have retained the tag team titles here tonight... thanks to Michael Aarons... and I can't believe those words just came out of my mouth, Bucky.

BW: Look, Gordo... Michael Aarons has always had a bit of an ego to him... a chip on his shoulder... and I think we're seeing the results of that right now. He's done with Cody Mertz. He's done with Mertz holding him down. Like I said, he's been a big deal in Mexico... in Japan... for the past several months... ON HIS OWN. And then Cody Mertz comes along looking to ride that spotlight... no chance.

GM: I don't understand. I don't understand this at all... and Aarons is walking out of here. The fans are letting him have it and rightfully so.

[The boos are pouring down on Aarons as he walks up the ramp towards the back.]

GM: This was supposed to be a moment for the fans - the reunion and return of one of the most popular tag teams in AWA history - and it ends like... this? Disgusting. Absolutely disgusting. Michael Aarons has a lot of explaining to do if you ask me.

BW: All in due time, I'm sure.

GM: Well, fans... the World Tag Team Titles stay around the waists of Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan but I don't think there's a single soul in this building - outside of Michael Aarons - who is happy with how it went down.

[An arrogant expression is covering the face of Michael Aarons as he turns around at the top of the ramp, looking out at the sold out Superdome crowd...

...and we fade to the backstage area where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing in front of a large SuperClash VIII backdrop. On his left stands Jack and Travis Lynch. On his right is the patriarch of the Lynch Family, Blackjack Lynch.]

SLB: A shocking turn of events out there just moments ago and it's been one heck of a night at SuperClash VIII here in New Orleans already. Joining me right now is a family who is looking at a wild night ahead of them as well. Gentlemen, welcome to SuperClash.

JL: Thanks, Lou.

[Nods all around.]

SLB: When I say that you all are in for a wild night, I think that might be an understatement. Jack, later tonight-

[Blackjack holds up a hand.]

BJL: Lou, I know you got a job to do but... these days it can be a little tough to get my boys here in one spot so if you don't mind...

[Blackjack's tone lets Lou know he has little choice in the matter.]

SLB: Of course. The floor is yours, sir.

[Blackjack nods.]

BJL: Much obliged, Lou. And first off, I think this family could use a little prayer right now. Lou, you're welcome to join us....

[Blackjack pauses, his gaze drifting off camera. When he speaks again, his voice has a little more iron to it if that's at all possible.]

BJL: And you. I guess you're a part of this family for tonight too. Get in here, kid.

[The camera pulls back a bit as a genuinely surprised Supreme Wright nods, slowly walking in. The five men form a loose circle, arms up on shoulders as Blackjack speaks.]

BJL: Our Father who art in heaven hallowed be thy name...

[The voices of Travis and Jack are quite clear at this point, echoing their father. Supreme and Sweet Lou... not so much.]

BJL: Thy kingdom come... thy will be done on Earth as it is in Heaven.

[Blackjack pauses.]

BJL: Lord, you know that I have not always been a just man. I have sinned. We all have sinned. And I haven't always been worthy of all that you have provided to me and to mine over the years.

Tonight, we fight for that family.

Tonight, Lord... I pray that you give my son, Jack, the strength to avenge his sister for the wrongs done to her by Godless men. I pray that you make his right hand strong... that you give him everlasting strength in a fight that we know will be a test of his body... of his mind... of his soul.

[Blackjack pauses, clearing his throat.]

BJL: Lord, tonight I pray that you show Supreme what it means to be a member of this family. That you give him the wisdom to know right from wrong. That you give him loyalty and honor to stand by Jack's side as an ally. That you give him the humility to understand that some fights are about more than your own glory. That you allow he and Jack a moment of peace as they gird up their loins...

[Travis' shoulders can be seen moving swiftly up and down just before Jack reaches behind his brother and cuffs him on the back of the head.]

BJL: ...for the battle to come.

Lord, I pray that you give Travis the wisdom to find his path. He knows he has strayed from it... but who amongst your followers hasn't from time to time.

Travis, I don't approve of what you plan to do tonight... but you're my son... my blood... and I will stand behind you for it.

[Jack can be heard with a mighty "Amen" that causes Travis to chuckle.]

BJL: And Lord, if you can spare some of your time for me...

[Blackjack pauses.]

BJL: I ask that you summon up your divine generosity and bless this old body with enough strength for another fight. That you make me twenty years younger-

TL: Thirty is more like it.

[Jack again cuffs his brother.]

BJL: Fine, thirty then. Make me a young man again... a man willing of defending his family's name against a...

[Blackjack again pauses, stammering a bit.]

BJL: Well, you know what he is. You made him that way for some reason.

[This time, it's Jack who chuckles.]

BJL: But Lord, I pray you get me ready to go... and then you turn the other cheek and look the other way because the things I do to that piece of garbage is gonna make you think twice about letting me through Saint Pete's holy gate.

[Blackjack stops, coughing once.]

BJL: Alright, amen.

[A chorus of "Amens" breaks out as the fivesome straighten up, breaking the group prayer.]

BJL: Make our family proud, boys.

[Blackjack leans over, embracing Jack and Travis for a moment. He claps them on the back a couple of times as he backs up, locking eyes with Supreme Wright.]

BJL: And you...

[Wright looks on expectantly.]

BJL: ...don't you dare make fools out of us, you understand?

SW: Yes, sir.

[Blackjack nods.]

BJL: Alright... well... I'll see y'all after the show. Good luck.

[And with that, the patriarch of the Lynch family turns his back and makes his exit. Jack and Travis share a long exchange of looks, Jack's expression one of concern towards his little brother.]

TL: It's going to be okay. I know what I'm doing.

[Jack nods as Travis claps him on the shoulder and then looks over to Supreme Wright.]

TL: I just hope that you do.

[The AWA National Champion turns away, walking from the group, leaving Jack and Supreme standing alone.]

JL: Together again, huh? A SuperClash tradition?

[Wright nods.]

SW: Tonight will be different.

[And with that, Wright turns to leave the Iron Cowboy behind. The King of the Cowboys lets loose one final mutter, almost to himself.]

JL: Lord have mercy on ya if you're wrong.

[We fade to another part of the backstage area where Colt Patterson is in front of an AWA backdrop. Standing next to him is "The Spitfire" Julie Somers. She is dressed in her wrestling attire, consisting of a red halter top with matching Spandex shorts that come above her knees, red kneepads and white wrestling boots. She also wears a red jacket. Her wavy brown hair is pulled back behind her head.]

CP: SuperClash, the man who speaks the truth, Colt Patterson, is on the scene down on the Bayou... and in just a few minutes, we're going to see women's wrestling return to SuperClash, but it's not just any kind of match! This match is going to be Falls Count Anywhere, a match in which anything goes and there must be a winner!

[Patterson grins at the idea.]

CP: And one of the toughest women to ever step into the ring, Erica Toughill, is going to be facing the woman who is with me right now, "The Spitfire" Julie Somers! Now, Julie, it was just a couple of weeks ago when Erica Toughill powerbombed you on top of an anvil case! To be honest, I'm amazed you're standing beside me right now -- after a move like that, I would have thought you wouldn't even be cleared to wrestle tonight!

[Somers bites her lip before speaking.]

JS: What can I say, Colt. Erica did a number on me, I'll admit that. In fact, I had at least one doctor suggest that I'd be better off not getting into that ring tonight.

CP: Hold on - are you saying you're going against doctor's orders not to wrestle?

[Somers holds up her hand.]

JS: Let me make one thing clear, Colt -- I have been cleared to wrestle. Luckily, I didn't take that blow right to the head. I don't have a concussion -- I'm just a bit sore in the shoulders and the upper part of my back. The doctor who thought I shouldn't wrestle tonight -- she just thought I might need a little more time to heal.

CP: Well, being cleared to wrestle is one thing, but if you're not going into this match at 100 percent, then why go into this match at all? Why go into this type of match where your opponent is a huge favorite, especially after she's already shown how far she'll go to ensure she gets a win over you?

[Somers grimaces.]

JS: I knew you were the type to ask the tough questions, Colt. I've had to ask those questions of myself.

What exactly am I doing getting into a Falls Count Anywhere match? What exactly am I doing giving everything that Erica Toughill wants? What exactly am I doing facing her on her terms, every term she wants? What exactly am I trying to prove, anyway?

[She pauses for effect, then stares right at the camera.]

JS: Then I thought about everyone who Erica Toughill has hurt along the way.

I thought about Maci Layne. About Cinder. About Kayla Cristoll.

[She takes a deep breath.]

JS: About Lori Wilson.

I thought about every single woman who stepped into that ring with Erica, and how Erica thought more about hurting them than anything else.

And that's when I realized that this is why I'm going into this match, where I give Erica every advantage she wants, and where some might think that now is not the time to go into a match like this.

Because if I don't step forward -- something I should have done a lot sooner than SuperClash -- I'll never be able to live with myself. I'll never be able to look at myself in the mirror. I'll never be able to set foot into that ring without that lingering doubt in my mind, about how things might have been different if I hadn't just brushed Erica aside, writing off her antics like that of a spoiled child.

I have to go into that ring, no matter what odds are against me, put Erica down for the count, and make her pay for every single woman she tried to put out of wrestling for good. If I don't do that, Colt, there's no telling who she'll try to hurt next.

CP: The way things are set up in this match, Julie, it could be you who is the next woman she'll try to hurt. There's no count outs, no disqualifications, falls count anywhere -- have you given any thought to the lengths that Erica Toughill might go? Have you given thought to how Erica may decide that you're the one she'll want to put out of wrestling for good?

JS: Those thoughts have never strayed from my mind, Colt! I know what I signed up for, I know what I'm up against, and I know the odds are certainly not in my favor!

But alongside those thoughts, is the thought of every single young woman who has hopes and dreams they want to achieve, or the veteran women who are more than happy to pass on their knowledge and expertise to those young women.

It's those thoughts that make me realize that a woman like Erica Toughill just wants to spit all over that. Erica's actions the past few months have proven that's who she is. And I cannot let that go unanswered.

So those thoughts about what I signed up for -- those aren't the first on my mind, Colt. What's first on my mind is making sure that Erica pays for every single instance in which she tried to put a woman out of this sport.

And the only way to do that, Colt, is to not worry about every advantage she has, and to focus on the one advantage I have over her.

[She thumps her hand against her chest.]

JS: It's right here -- and believe me, it can do a lot more than Erica will care to admit.

But there's one other thing to keep in mind, Colt. Because Erica is getting all these advantages, getting every term she wants, getting the chance to pull whatever twisted action she can think of to hurt me, it means that she won't have any excuses for what happens in tonight's match.

Which means that, after tonight, she won't be able to talk about excuses for how somebody like me gets favorable treatment at her expense.

The only thing she'll be take about is how she underestimated me -- and lost to the better woman.

[With that, Somers strides off the set.]

CP: The Spitfire is without a doubt a great wrestler, but personally, I think she's in a little over her head. Will she stand a chance against Erica Toughill in her own element? We'll get our answer soon -- back to you, Gordon and Bucky.

[We fade from backstage to a panning shot of the massive crowd jammed into the Superdome on this historic night.]

GM: Thanks, Colt. Bucky, when you take a look back at the history of women's wrestling at SuperClash, you start back several years ago at SuperClash III - the tag team match. Then you look ahead to last year when Julie Somers and Charisma Knight competed in the first ever singles Women's match in SuperClash history. Now, tonight... we've got two Women's Division matches on display, including the first Women's World Title match at SuperClash... and then there's this. Julie Somers. Erica Toughill. Falls Count Anywhere.

BW: And if you thought the men were tough in a fight, Gordo, you ain't seen nothin' yet with Ricki Toughill in there. She can give it as good as any man I've ever seen in or out the squared circle.

GM: And you better believe there's likely to be plenty of action outside the squared circle in this one. Julie Somers is going into this one banged up but she says her heart will carry her to unimagined heights tonight. Erica Toughill thinks it's time to show the world that she's been overlooked for far too long and tonight is her night to shine. Only one of them will be proved right by the time this night is over. And a special match like this deserves a special ring announcer... let's go up to the ring and find out who.

[We fade from the wide shot of the arena to the ring, where a special guest ring announcer - thin, short, and dainty with her hair pulled back in a tight bun - holds the mic in hand. Tiger Paw Pro's Megumi Sato purrs, growls, and shrieks into the microphone into some heavily-accented English.]

MS: Lllllladies and gntlemennnnnn... In thissss contesssst... Therrrrre is NO... disqualification! Therrrrre is NO... countout! And...

FALLS...

COUNT...

ANYWHERRRRRrrrrrrrrre!

[The Superdome fans cheer, suitably hyped, just as the arena fills with the ominous synths of "Another One" by Night Club...]

GM: Fans, we'd like to welcome Megumi Sato to the Superdome and to the USA, where she will be performing the ring announcing for this deeply personal contest.

[At the entranceway stands... Casey Jones?... who emits a battle cry.]

ET: "GOONGALA!"

MS: Innnnnntroducing first... From rrrrrrrrrROCHester, New York... the TIIIIIGRRRRrrresssss... the QUEEN of Clubs... weighing 170 pounds...

rrrrrrrrrrRICKIII TOUGHILLLL!

[The large octopus tattoo on Casey Jones' upper arm betrays that this is Erica Toughill in a stylized skull-shaped hockey mask. She stomps down the aisleway.]

BW: The class tonight is Pain 101, and that is Julie Somers' instructor.

GM: Erica Toughill is definitely prepared to take it out onto Bourbon Street if necessary tonight, Bucky. We're told she's dressed tonight as the character Casey Jones from "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles."

BW: I would have thought you'd known that, Gordo, being as hip with pop culture as you are.

GM: I didn't know that, but I did have the pleasure of talking with Stephen Amell, who played Casey Jones in the Turtles movie earlier this year. Come to find out he's quite the fan of pro grappling!

[Toughill has exchanged her ring gear for her street clothes: an orange hoodie with the sleeves torn off, battered blue jeans and black Chuck Taylor All-Star sneakers. Also, most worryingly, she has a very heavy-looking golf bag slung over her back with a number of sticks poking out.]

GM: We'd seen the seeds of this rivalry planted early in the year, but it really took root back in July at Madison Square Garden in the Rumble, when Julie Somers eliminated Ricki Toughill, and Queen of Clubs retaliated and has held a grudge against the Spitfire ever since.

BW: Ricki's been in this business for years and she's had to take the long way around to get to this stage. She's seen her friends and people she's trained get to live their dreams while she's stood in the shadows, and Ricki feels like Julie Somers has cut in line.

[Toughill takes the golf bag off her shoulders and shoves it under the bottom rope into the ring, rolling in after it. She briefly lifts the mask to blow a pink bubble with a scowling confidence.]

GM: The last time these two met, The Spitfire seemed to have Toughill figured out, but then Toughill forced a disqualification. Now she has Julie Somers in the type of match that Toughill has become infamous for: a no rules donnybrook. No countouts, no disqualifications, and falls count anywhere in the state of Louisiana. Bucky, Erica Toughill has carved a path of destruction through the AWA Women's Division through the past year. What is she capable of when she's not constrained by the rules?

[Ricki Toughill lowers the hockey mask over her face again, then picks up the golf bag. She upends it and the crowd buzzes as over a dozen different sporting implements pour out of it and scatter across the canvas.]

BW: Oh, I think I've got a good idea what she's capable of, Gordo.

GM: My stars, this could be a very frightening situation the Spitfire will walk into. This match will start in the ring, but I have the feeling it will not end there.

[Toughill prowls through the hockey sticks, golf clubs, tennis rackets and croquet mallets and picks up her trusty baseball bat, tapping it into her open palm impatiently as her music fades...]

MS: Annnnnnnnd HEEEEERRRRRRRR opponent...

[...and the lights dim throughout the Superdome as the massive video wall backing the equally-massive stage lights up with a brief clip from the film "Batman v. Superman, Dawn of Justice," featuring Wonder Woman in action. An unidentified woman's voiceover can be heard.]

"On June 2nd, 2017, Wonder Woman comes to theaters."

[The clip comes to an end and the Wonder Woman logo appears.]

"But tonight, in New Orleans, another woman will rise to the occasion."

[The Wonder Woman logo then starts swirling, as if in transformation.]

"You know her by the name..."

[And then, the swirling graphics change color from gold to red and come into focus, revealing the name spoken on the voiceover.]

"The Spitfire."

[And that's when the guitar riffs kick in for the Wonder Woman theme, "Is She With You?" That draws a roar from the crowd.]

MS: FIGHTING ouuuuut of BOSSSSSSSSSTON, MASSACHUUUUUUUSETTS... weighing 145 pounds...

THE SPIIIIIIIITFIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIRE!

JUUUUUUUUUUULIE SOMMMMMMERRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRSSSSSSSSSSSS!

[Walking out from the entranceway is "The Spitfire" Julie Somers. She strides to the top ramp and stops there. Tonight, she's wearing a red jacket over her usual wrestling attire, a red halter top with matching Spandex shorts that come above her knees, red kneepads and white wrestling boots.]

GM: The Spitfire, Julie Somers, has arrived at SuperClash... perhaps bringing a little Amazonian super strength with her!

BW: She's gonna need it, Gordo! Look at her! She's dressed for a wrestling match but this ain't gonna be a wrestling match, daddy! This is gonna be a fight and I don't know if she's ready for it!

[At the top of the ramp, Somers spreads her arms to the sides and motions with her hands, encouraging the cheering crowd. She turns around for a moment, revealing the back of her jacket, which has "Spitfire" in white lettering.]

That's when Somers spins around and throws off the jacket, then points a finger toward the ring, where Erica Toughill stands. And Somers wastes no time, sprinting down the ramp.]

GM: You don't know if she's ready for the fight but she looks pretty ready to me, Bucky!

[Seeing Somers sprint down the incredibly-long entrance ramp, Erica Toughill bails from the ring, baseball bat in hand. She strikes an Ortiz-worthy batting stance in the aisle, blowing a bubble as Somers tears fearlessly towards her...]

GM: Toughill's waiting with that bat and Somers is coming straight for her! No fear! No backing down! Nothing but pure guts and-

[As Somers draws near, Toughill uncorks a big swing with the baseball bat that would certainly have brought Somers' night - and probably worse - to an abrupt end...

...but Somers drops down into a baseball slide, ducking the powerful swing by Toughill. She springs to her feet, hopping up on the ring apron as Toughill looks to regain her balance...]

GM: Somers is on the apron and-

[Somers leaps to the middle rope, springing back and twisting around into a crossbody that wipes out Toughill on the floor as referee Shari Miranda signals for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HERE WE GO! SOMERS HAS HER DOWN! MIRANDA OUT TO COUNT AND-

[But Somers isn't looking for a pin - not yet. Instead, she takes a half-hearted mounted position, grabs Toughill by the hair, and starts pummeling her with right hands to the skull as the New Orleans crowd roars in approval!]

GM: THE FIGHT IS ON! Falls Count Anywhere here in the Superdome and-

[Somers switches to a two-handed grip on Toughill's head, repeatedly slamming the back of her skull into the barely-padded concrete floor as the fans cheer her on!]

GM: Somers is looking to get a piece of payback for every single female competitor that Toughill attempted and in some cases succeeded in injuring over the past several months!

[Somers hauls a dazed Toughill off the floor by the hair, pulling her towards the ring where she SMASHES her facefirst into the ring apron!]

GM: Somers bounces her head off the apron... shoving her into the ring now...

[But Toughill grabs the bottom rope, swinging her legs around to catch Somers in the ear, sending her spinning away from the ring.]

GM: Ohh! Toughill caught her coming in!

[Toughill slides back out to the floor, reaching back under the ropes to snatch up a hockey stick.]

GM: Look out here!

[Toughill winds up with the hockey stick over her head...]

BW: She's about to pick up a penalty for slashing, daddy!

[...and Somers wheels around to catch her with a right hand in the midsection, cutting off the attack!]

GM: Ohh! And Somers goes downstairs on her!

[Toughill drops the hockey stick to the floor, allowing Somers to retrieve it. She winds up with it, holding it high overhead...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The big blow across the back sends Toughill slumping down to all fours on the floor, Somers still standing over her.]

GM: What a shot with the hockey stick! Remember, anything goes in this one!

BW: She hit her with all her strength and she STILL couldn't put Toughill all the way down, daddy!

GM: She's gonna try it again! Somers winds up a second time!

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The second blow lands across the small of the back, causing Toughill to cry out as she grabs at her lower back. Somers tosses the hockey stick aside, the crowd cheering the aggressive early actions of the Spitfire as she pumps a fist with a "LET'S DO THIS!" to the roaring crowd. She turns one direction, taking a step that way... and then suddenly turns back the other way.]

GM: Somers seems a little out of sorts out there. This isn't her usual type of match so she may not be quite sure what to do next.

BW: Maybe she should try a wristlock... maybe a collar and elbow...

GM: Not likely in this one.

[Somers scrambles up on the apron, walking down it as she pumps her arm to the cheering fans. She settles back against the ringpost, waiting for Toughill to get up off the floor. A wincing Toughill obliges in short order, stumbling in a slow circle as Somers takes aim. She runs down the apron, looking to deliver a kick but Toughill sidesteps, causing Somers to whiff on the kick, ending up off-balance...

...and easy prey for Toughill as she grabs Somers by the planted ankle, giving a hard yank, and causing Somers to crash facefirst down on the ring apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: And just like that, Erica Toughill turns this one around in a hard way for Somers!

[Toughill stays on the floor for a few moments, taking a few deep breaths.]

BW: Gordo, you also have to wonder how much the tag team match with Ricki's employer - Kerry Kendrick - later tonight is weighing on her.

GM: I'd hope not at all right now. She's got quite the fight here for her and can't afford to be distracted by Kerry Kendrick or his troubles.

BW: I know that Ricki is always thinking about Kendrick's troubles... and she gets paid very well to do it. So, I wouldn't be surprised if she's worried about that match somewhere in the back of her mind as well.

[Toughill pulls herself up on the apron, hanging onto the ropes to deliver a few short stomps to the kidneys of Somers.]

GM: Going right after that back that she hurt with that powerbomb recently... and now she's pulling Somers off the apron... oh brother...

[The crowd begins to grumble with concern as Toughill yanks Somers into a standing headscissors out on the apron...]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

BW: Oh, Ricki doesn't joke around when it comes to sending dames to traction, daddy!

[Toughill plants her feet, looking out on the floor...]

GM: Is she seriously going to attempt a powerbomb to the FLOOR?! To the CONCRETE FLOOR?!

BW: Well, there's some padding out there to-

GM: Not enough! Not nearly enough to protect from something like this!

[The buzzing grows to a heightened state, concern all around as Toughill looks to injure Somers early in this battle. She hoists the Spitfire up in the air, looking for the powerbomb to the floor...]

...but Somers is there to fight back, rocketing a series of short right hands to the skull of Toughill, battering her off balance...]

GM: Somers is fighting it! Somers is- she slips out!

[As she slips free, she lands inside the ring where she promptly runs to the corner, leaping to the middle rope, springing backwards...]

...and connects with a dropkick that sends Toughill sailing off the apron, crashing back down on the floor below!]

GM: Nice counter by the Spitfire, saving her skin for sure right there.

[Somers gets up, visibly a little flushed at the near-miss. She grabs at her chest, taking a few deep breaths of her own.]

BW: Do you think Julie Somers just realized what she's gotten herself into here tonight, Gordo?

GM: I'm not sure - she certainly looks a little rattled at having barely avoided that powerbomb attempt.

[Somers breaks into a dash, hitting the far ropes as she stampedes across the ring...]

...and throws herself into a suicide dive, arms extended to shove Toughill backwards, sending her crashing into the ringside barricade!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT A DIVE OUT OF SOMERS!

[Climbing back to her feet, Somers pushes Toughill back against the steel railing as she takes aim...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Big chop out on the floor by Somers!

[With Toughill trapped against the steel, Somers lights her up with a series of the aforementioned knife edge chops.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[Toughill is reeling when Somers peels away, throwing her arms back with a "YEAHAHAH!" to the cheering crowd.]

GM: Julie Somers is fired up - living up to her nickname - here in New Orleans tonight, fans!

[Toughill staggers off the railing, collapsing down on all fours on the floor as Somers grabs the ropes, pulling herself up on the ring apron. She again turns to the fans with a "YEAH ALRIGHT!" before walking down the length of the apron, sizing up her next move...]

GM: Somers is up on the apron, a house of fire early on in this one as Toughill is down on the floor, her head under the ring apron.

BW: This isn't fair! She can't see! She doesn't even know what Somers is setting up for up there!

GM: Nevertheless, Somers is measuring her target, ready to fly once more...

[Somers comes charging down the apron, arm extended, leaping off towards a rising Toughill...]

"WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...who UNLOADS a fire extinguisher right into the face of the flying Somers!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[The blinded Somers loses her aim, flying over Toughill and crashing down HARD on the barely-padded floor. Toughill drops the metal fire extinguisher, stumbling towards the apron as she watches Somers roll back and forth on the floor, rubbing at her stinging eyes.]

GM: A timely assist for Erica Toughill, completely changing the complexion of this battle as Somers had everything going her way early on in this one.

[Toughill pushes off the apron, leaning over...

...and slowly lifts the discarded hockey stick up into the air.]

GM: She's got the hockey stick back!

BW: And as dangerous as it was when Julie Somers had it, it's even more dangerous in the hands of Erica Toughill if you ask me, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely. I don't think you'll get any arguments on that front.

[Hockey stick gripped in hand, Toughill slowly approaches Somers as she pushes up to all fours, still trying to clear her vision...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SLAMS the wooden stick down across the back with enough force to actually crack it in half, sending one piece spinning through the air and almost into the crowd before it clatters safely down to the floor.]

GM: Good grief!

BW: She cracked a damn hockey stick across Somers' back! Do you know how much force it takes to do that?!

GM: I have no idea but I can hazard a guess as Somers is down on the floor in tremendous pain after that.

[Toughill angrily looks down at the broken wooden stick, stomping over towards Somers where she grabs a handful of hair, yanking the Spitfire into a kneeling position on the floor...]

BW: Don't look now, Gordo, but we might be about to have a faceoff!

[...and JAMS the splintered wood from the hockey stick into the forehead of Somers who raises both arms, trying to prevent the wood from digging into her skin!]

GM: Somers is trying to fight it but Toughill's trying to dig that splintered wood into her flesh! That woman is twisted, fans... absolutely twisted.

BW: And THIS is her game. THIS is her fight. And THIS is what Julie Somers should've desperately tried to avoid getting into here tonight at SuperClash.

[Tossing the stick aside, Toughill keeps a grip around Somers' chin, holding her head in place as she uses the other hand to batter Somers with closed fist punches to the face!]

GM: Good grief! No forearms or elbows from Toughill - just knuckle sandwiches for Thanksgiving dinner!

[The referee looks on helplessly as Toughill grabs the hair of Somers, spinning to the front of her...

...and SLAMS a knee into her skull, knocking her back into a seated position.]

GM: OH!

[Still holding the hair, Toughill delivers a second knee to the face... and a third... and a fourth...]

GM: Good grief! Somebody get her off of Somers!

BW: Who?! It's anything goes, daddy!

[A fifth and final kneestrike lands on the chin of Somers, sending her collapsing backwards on the barely-padded floor as Toughill stands over her, staring down with a cold, merciless expression on her face...]

...and then pops another large pink bubble.]

GM: The mean streak of Erica Toughill fully on display in this one, fans.

[The crowd jeers Toughill as she drags Somers off the floor by the hair, shoving her under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Toughill puts her back inside the ring now... and I'll have to admit that I'm a little surprised by that. With the Falls Count Anywhere rules, I fully expected Toughill to be all over this building by now.

[Toughill yanks up the ring apron, looking underneath. She snatches a pair of steel chairs, chucking them blindly over the ropes into the ring where referee Shari Miranda dances away from one that gets a little too close...]

...and then the crowd ROARS at the sight of Toughill grabbing a table under the ring.]

GM: Well, it looks like Toughill has decided to take advantage of the Anything Goes rules in this one now. A couple of chairs in there... here comes the table now.

[With the table in the ring, Toughill slides in after it as Somers crawls across the ring, trying to create some space. Toughill pops another bubble as she pulls the table up off the mat, leaning it against one set of turnbuckles.]

GM: The table in the corner... and now she's setting up those chairs as well.

[Opening one chair, Toughill deposits it on the mat. She opens the second, setting it down so that the seats are facing one another and touching.]

GM: I don't like the looks of this, fans - not one bit.

[Toughill stomps across the ring towards Somers who is using the ropes to pull herself off the canvas. A pair of kicks to the gut stop Somers cold before Toughill drags her back towards the set-up chairs...]

...and pulls her into a standing headscissors.]

GM: Uh oh.

[Toughill repositions so that she's near the set-up chairs, leaning down to wrap her arms around Somers' torso...]

GM: She's going for a powerbomb onto those chairs!

BW: She's gonna snap her spine like a twig, daddy!

[The powerful Toughill goes to lift Somers off the mat but the Spitfire sinks to a knee, avoiding the hoist...]

GM: Somers blocks it!

[Toughill tries again... and again... and with a frustrated look on her face, she breaks off her attempt, opting instead to club the hell out of Somers' back with her forearms...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[Somers slumps down to both knees from the barrage of blows, leaving her easy prey as Toughill hoists her up into the air...]

...where again Somers batters Toughill's head in mid-lift!]

GM: Somers fighting back again!

[The series of blows manages to get her free again, allowing Somers to drop down in front of Toughill where a hard thrust kick to the chest sends Toughill falling backwards into a seated position on the two chairs.]

GM: Oh! What a kick by Somers - to the ropes now!

[Somers rebounds back towards Toughill, leaving her feet with a shotgun dropkick that sends Toughill flipping ass over teakettle across the ring.]

GM: Somers sends her flying!

[The Spitfire angrily kicks the chairs aside, breaking up Toughill's construction. She snatches one of the chairs off the mat, folding it up. The crowd buzzes as Somers slaps the chair against the canvas once... twice... three times, measuring Toughill as she staggers up off the mat...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OHHH! STEEL CHAIR ACROSS THE BACK OF TOUGHILL!

[The New York native staggers across the ring, coming to a halt as she slumps against the propped-up wooden table. The crowd ROARS at the sight of that as Somers looks around at the cheering fans.]

GM: Oh yeah! These fans want to see Julie Somers put Erica Toughill through a table!

BW: Bloodthirsty Bayou savages.

GM: After everything that Toughill has done over the past several months to Julie Somers, Lori Wilson, and so many others - can you blame them for wanting to see Somers do some damage to her?

[Somers nods to the cheering crowd, opening the chair back up and setting it down on the mat a few feet away from Toughill who is leaning back against the table]

propped up against the turnbuckles. The Spitfire backs across the ring, her shoulders pressing up against the far corner as she sizes up Toughill...]

GM: Somers again, out of her element here... what's she going to do?

[With a deep breath to calm her nerves, Somers dashes across the ring, stepping up onto the steel chair, propelling herself into the air towards Toughill...

...who pushes herself off the table, leaping towards the flying Somers...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SPEAR! SPEAR! SPEAR! SHE SPEARED JULIE SOMERS OUT OF THE DAMN SKY!

[The crowd is roaring for the highlight reel moment as both women hit the canvas hard. Somers immediately goes to grab at her ribs as Toughill simultaneously grabs at her shoulder and her neck.]

GM: A devastating counter by Erica Toughill... and I think it did some damage to BOTH of these competitors, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely. A spear like that - sure, it might break Somers' in half but Toughill took a hard shot on her shoulder and it looks like she might've jammed her neck as well.

GM: Toughill fighting off the pain though, making a cover...

[The referee dives down to count.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! TH-

[But Somers fires her shoulder up off the canvas, breaking the pin attempt.]

GM: No, no! Somers kicks out in time!

[Down on the mat and holding onto her ribs, Somers rolls under the bottom rope to the floor.]

GM: And that spear may have taken more out of Julie Somers than we thought, fans. She's bailing out to the floor, looking for a chance to recover.

[On her knees with a wince on her face, Toughill bashes a fist down into the mat before rolling out to the floor as well.]

BW: There's not gonna be a chance to recover outside the ring right now... because Big Bad Ricki is comin' for her, daddy!

[Outside the ring, Toughill leans on the apron, catching a breather before she advances on the rising Somers...

...who throws a desperation haymaker at Toughill!]

GM: Big right hand by Somers!

[Toughill shakes off the punch though, swinging a knee up into Somers' ribs, cutting her attack off short. The New Yorker grabs Somers by the arm...]

GM: Get out of the way!

[...and whips her towards the railing, sending her crashing into the steel!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Toughill charges right in after her, twisting her body around into a running hip attack which SLAMS into Somers' torso, smashing her ribs and her back into the steel again!]

GM: Good grief! I think the railing shifted on that one!

[A fired-up Toughill grabs a stunned Somers by the hair, shouting at Marcus Broussard to "GET OUT OF THE WAY!" before she slams Somers' head down into the announce table!]

GM: Oh! Look out there, Marcus. Marcus Broussard and Harvey Sutton, of course, are providing alternate commentary here tonight so if you want to give them a shot, just switch over using your TV remote to commentary track 3.

BW: They may be about to be knocked off the air.

[Gordon chuckles as Toughill yanks Somers off the table, straightening her up by the barricade...]

...and throws a big standing clothesline that flips Somers backwards over the railing, knocking her down in a heap on the exposed concrete floor just beyond the barricade!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY! TOUGHILL PUTS JULIE SOMERS INTO THE CROWD!

BW: Totally legal... and a totally legal spot to go for a pin too!

[With Somers laid out on the concrete beyond the railing, Toughill climbs up on the announce table, sending Broussard and Sutton scrambling away. She looks down on Somers, taunting her as she waits... waits... waits...]

BW: If I'm Julie Somers, I stay down out there, Gordo.

GM: That might be a sound strategy because Toughill is waiting for her and who knows what she has in mind!

[But Somers slowly starts to regain her feet out on the floor as Toughill leans down, readying herself for what comes next...]

GM: Somers up on her feet... turn around, Julie!

[As she turns though, Toughill propels herself off the table, catching Somers across the collarbone with a flying clothesline that takes both women down hard on the unforgiving concrete floor beyond the railing!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: FLYING CLOTHESLINE CONNECTS... and that puts them BOTH down, fans!

[Several moments pass before either competitor shows signs of movement out on the exposed concrete... but when one does, it's Erica Toughill rolling to her stomach and crawling towards the downed Somers, lunging across her torso as referee Shari Miranda finds a small spot between two rows of seats to apply her pin count.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO!

[Somers' shoulder shoots up off the concrete at the two count as the fans all around cheer the kickout.]

GM: Two count off the flying clothesline on the floor - and what a battle these two are going through here in the Superdome at SuperClash!

BW: You know, Gordo... part of me thinks these two are just getting started but the other part wonders how much more they can take.

GM: We're going to find out, I believe, as Toughill gets back to her feet, dragging Somers up by the hair...

[Toughill starts walking Somers back through the rows of seats, pausing once to smash her head into a steel chair seat back.]

GM: Where on Earth are they going?

BW: Hey, you said it yourself, Gordo - Falls Count Anywhere in the state of Louisiana. Toughill may be about to test that out. Look out, Shreveport! Batten down the hatches, Baton Rouge!

[Somers throws a pair of weak blows to the midsection of Toughill as they work through the crowd but Toughill cuts it off with a knee up into the ribs of Somers...

...and then snatches a full soda from a ringside fan, taking a drink out of it before SMASHING it into Somers' face in an explosion of soda and ice!]

GM: More embarrassing than painful there as Toughill continues to make her way up the aisle... and who knows where she's going once she gets there.

[The camera shot pulls back to an elevated shot, showing a surge of crowd members surrounding the duo as they break free of the seating into the walkway behind the floor seats. Toughill pauses, throwing a glance towards the stage...

...which is when Somers shoves her off, sending her crashing into the metal structure that starts the bleacher seating.]

GM: Ohhh! Somers isn't going down without a fight!

[Somers grabs Toughill by the hair, walking her a few feet to the side...

...and drops to her knees, slamming Toughill facefirst into the metal floor of the bleachers!]

GM: Goodness!

[Showing a bit of a mean streak, Somers drags Toughill's face back and forth on the steel...]

GM: AHHH!

BW: She's trying to rip the skin right off Ricki's face!

[Toughill is wailing in pain at Somers' actions before the Spitfire climbs to her feet, looking down with disdain on Toughill. She violently stomps the back of Toughill's head into the steel before she walks a few steps up the bleachers, raising her arms to cheers from the fans.]

GM: Somers has got Toughill down... and now she's climbing further up into those bleachers. What do you think she's got in mind now, Bucky?

BW: No idea but for someone who has no experience in this type of match, she seems to be catching on quickly.

[Waving some fans aside, Somers climbs up on a chair in the bleachers, putting a foot on the back of the seat in front of her. She stays there, waving an arm at Toughill who tries to get back to her feet...]

GM: Toughill climbing off the steel - an ugly red welt on her cheek from that metal flooring...

[Somers steps up onto the seatback, barely able to keep her balance for a moment before leaping off, scissoring Toughill's head between her legs, and spins her over with a rana, flipping Toughill upside down and into the crowd!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT A MOVE OUT OF JULIE SOMERS!

[Somers takes a knee on the floor, pumping a fist and soaking up the cheers of the sold out crowd as Toughill reels from the high risk attack in the bleachers.]

GM: Somers shocked everyone with that headscissors takedown right there... and I think Toughill may have been more shocked than anyone, fans!

[Somers climbs to her feet, shouting to the cheering fans before she turns back to the floored Toughill. She wades through the fans, pushing them aside as she tries to get to where she deposited Toughill in the bleachers...

...when suddenly a giant white cloud appears, spreading into the air!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[A camera cut shows Somers staggering away from Toughill, her face covered in white powder!]

GM: Powder! Toughill threw powder in her eyes!

BW: Ever resourceful and ready for a fight, Gordo!

[Toughill comes wading out of the crowd, shoving fans aside as she makes her way towards the blinded Somers.]

GM: Toughill trying to get to Somers before her vision clears and... what in the... NO!

[The crowd groans as Toughill lifts Somers up into the air in a back suplex position...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DROPS her backfirst down on the steel steps of the bleachers!]

GM: AN AWKWARD FALL FOR JULIE SOMERS ASSISTED BY ERICA TOUGHILL! OH MY!

[Somers is writhing in pain on the floor from the hard back suplex onto the steel steps as Toughill stays on her back next to her, taking several deep breaths as the crowd continues to buzz over the painful move.]

GM: Toughill rolling to her knees, folding the legs over Somers now - jackknife cover!

[But on the steps, Toughill has trouble getting the right leverage and Somers slips out before the three count can fall.]

GM: Another two count up in the bleachers - what a battle between two of the top stars in the AWA Women's Division... and to think that just over a year ago, it didn't even exist!

BW: These women came to fight, Gordo. It's no longer about having to prove themselves to the masses. The people... the office... everyone knows what these women are capable of in and out of that ring. This one is personal.

[Climbing to her feet, Toughill grabs Somers by the hair...

...and SMASHES her head into the steel oval-shaped handrail in the middle of the aisle leading up the bleachers!]

GM: Good grief! You talk about a way to end up concussed... that's one of them for sure.

[Toughill threads Somers' limp form through the "O" part of the railing...

...and then yanks back on her hair, using the steel to put more pressure on Somers' spine!]

GM: Goodness - a makeshift camel clutch using the steel for leverage!

BW: And remember - it doesn't have to be a pinfall to win this thing, Gordo. A submission gets the job done as well. Somers might have to quit right here. Toughill's bending her in half!

[Somers' screams of agony are loud and clear as Toughill clenches her jaw, yanking back with all of her strength...

...but with no submission, Toughill lets go, shoving Somers forward as she hangs over the steel railing.]

GM: Toughill lets go... but what's next for her?

[She leans over the railing, twisting Somers' body around so that she's face to face with her... and drills her with a clubbing right hand... and another... and a third...

...which is when Somers reaches out, grabbing her by the shirt collar, and YANKS her into the railing!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[Toughill staggers backwards, grabbing at her mouth that smashed into the steel as Somers ducks out from under it.]

GM: Somers trying to stay in this - trying to keep fighting despite all these brutal assaults by Toughill.

[Somers grabs Toughill by the head, lacing in a pair of right hands near the jawline. She twists Toughill around, sliding an arm up under her armpit...]

GM: ARE YOU KIDDING ME?! ARE YOU-?!

[...and attempts a biel throw off the bleachers...]

GM: OHHHHHHHH MYYYYYYYYYY...

[...only to have it reversed as Toughill gains the edge, flipping Somers up into the air, tossing her off the bleachers...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ...STARRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRS!

[The crowd ERUPTS in a mix of shock and horror at Julie Somers' form flying off the bleachers and CRASHING down on unforgiving concrete. Up in the bleachers, an exhausted Toughill slumps to her knees, looking on as Somers lies motionless on the ground.]

BW: TOUGHILL TOSSES SOMERS A COUNTRY MILE, GORDO!

GM: Forget about the throw, it's the landing that worries me! She hit that solid concrete floor from incredible height... at incredible distance... and at spine-shattering impact!

BW: I think this one is over if Toughill can take advantage of this situation... but I'm not sure she can!

GM: Neither am I, Bucky. Both of these competitors have put their bodies through hell over the past... what are we... fifteen minutes in this one?

BW: A little more than that, I think, but it's gotta feel like an hour to both of them at this point, Gordo.

GM: You've got that right... Toughill now, crawling down the bleachers, desperately trying to get to Somers and make that cover... desperately trying to bring this match to an end after that devastating throw off the bleachers!

[Toughill crawls on her hands and knees down the bleachers, moving step by step down to the pavement where she inches towards the unmoving Somers, diving and throwing an arm across her chest as referee Shari Miranda drops down to count.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOULDER UP! SOMERS GETS THE SHOULDER UP! MY STARS!

[Toughill rolls off, flopping over onto her back. She raises her arms up over her head, burying her face out of sight as Somers rolls to her hip, her shoulder barely hanging off the floor as the New Orleans crowd roars in tribute for Somers' unbelievable fighting spirit.]

GM: And now the thought has GOT to be stampeding all over Erica Toughill's mind - what is it going to take to finish off Julie Somers? What more can she possibly do to the Spitfire to keep her down for a three count?

[Toughill comes off the floor to her feet, leaning over to take more deep breaths as the crowd cheers Somers on. Toughill gives a shake of her head as she leans out, grabbing Somers by the hair, and hauls her back up to her feet.]

GM: The Spitfire being held up by Toughill - completely unable to stand on her own at this point.

[The New York native holds Somers by the hair, looking a bit confused at her next move.]

GM: And confusion, I believe, washing over Erica Toughill who has thrown everything but the kitchen sink at Julie Somers yet Somers refuses to stay down. We wondered what Toughill could possibly do to finish her off - and I believe Toughill right now is wondering the same thing.

[She throws a glance towards the stage - mirroring the same look she gave it moments ago...

...and with a nod, she ducks down, slinging Somers over her powerful shoulder.]

GM: What the...?! She just picked her up like a sack of potatoes... and she's heading for the stage, Bucky!

BW: I guess if you want to finish someone off with the whole world watching, what better place to do it than center stage, daddy.

GM: Toughill walking past all the fans, wading through them now trying to get to the barricade near our production area.

[Shouts of "MOVE IT!" and "GET OUT OF MY WAY!" are heard as fans carve a path for Toughill as she insistently moves towards the darkened area of the stadium that has been set aside for production.]

GM: Toughill walking with purpose, Bucky. Whatever confusion about what she wanted to do next seems to have vanished. She knows EXACTLY what she needs to do next and she's heading towards that elevated entry stage to do it.

[Reaching the railing, Toughill dumps Somers off her shoulder onto the concrete behind the barrier. She swings a leg over it, leaving the cheering fans as she stays on Somers, pulling her right back up...

...which is when Somers throws a desperation right hand to the jaw!]

GM: Oh! Somers caught her there!

[Somers backpedals away from Toughill, trying to create some space as Toughill reels against the railing, rubbing at her jaw - a disgusted look on her face as she eyes the fleeing Somers...

...and leans over, scooping up a metal trash can nearby. She lifts it over her head, dumping trash all over the ground as she stalks towards Somers who is retreating rapidly, trying to give herself time to recover.]

GM: The action has spilled into our production area inside the arena... we've got sound equipment over there... lighting equipment... some pyro controls...

BW: Don't let her anywhere near that! She'll blow the place up to finish off Somers!

[Somers bumps into a very large equipment case as she tries to get away from Toughill...]

...and then decides to climb up on top of it. She backs off, breathing heavily as Toughill approaches...]

BW: Somers should stop running and stand there and fight, Gordo!

GM: She's not running, Bucky! She's trying to give herself a breather before Toughill-

"CLAAAAAAAAAANK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts as Toughill gets a running start and HURLS the trash can at Somers, sending it bouncing off her knees, knocking her down on top of the equipment case. Toughill sneers as she scrambles up on top of the case as well.]

GM: Now both women are up on that case... it's gotta be about a ten by ten area...

[Toughill approaches Somers who reaches up, throwing another fist...]

GM: Uppercut by Somers! Right on target!

[Climbing to her knees, Somers throws another hard shot to the head.]

GM: Big right hand! Somers trying to beat some of the fight remaining in Toughill right out of her!

[With Toughill stunned, Somers climbs to her feet, throwing a front kick that catches Toughill under the chin, straightening her up but leaving her wobbly and unsteady of balance...]

...which is when Somers rushes towards her, leaping up to plant her feet on Toughill's upper thighs...]

GM: What is she...?!

[Somers gives a whoop before dropping back, propelling Toughill into the air, flipping her over...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MONKEY FLIP!! MONKEY FLIP TO THE FLOOR!!! OH MY!!

[Toughill immediately rolls to her hip, reaching around to grab at her lower back that just SLAMMED down onto bare concrete from several feet up in the air.]

GM: RIGHT DOWN ON HER BACK!

[Somers rolls to a knee, looking down on Toughill who is crying out in pain as she visibly winces with her movements on the floor...]

...and the Spitfire turns, looking behind her...]

GM: Julie Somers climbing to her feet now... where is she going?

[The crowd begins to buzz as Somers backs up slowly, walking all the way to the opposite edge of the equipment case, standing high above the downed and hurting Toughill...]

GM: Somers standing tall... waiting to see what Toughill's got left in her...

[A dazed and hurting Toughill works her way to a knee, still wincing with every movement as she struggles to get off the concrete floor...]

GM: Toughill's trying to get up... and Somers is encouraging her to do so, shouting "GET UP!" at her foe...

[And as Toughill rises to her feet, Somers gives a shout, running across the top of the equipment case, building up speed...]

GM: ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

[...and HURLS herself into the air, taking flight, and WIPING OUT Toughill with a flying clothesline of her own!]

GM: FLYING CLOTHESLINE OFF THE EQUIPMENT CASE! SOMERS TAKES FLIGHT AND TOUGHILL CRASHES AND BURNS!

[With Toughill prone on the floor, Somers rolls over, her back pressed against Toughill's abdomen as referee Miranda dives to the floor to count.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KICKOUT! KICKOUT! KICKOUT!

[The crowd grumbles with disappointment as Toughill managing to get a shoulder off the concrete floor at the very last moment!]

GM: Unbelievable! What a battle between two of the best in the world today!

[Somers rolls off Toughill, exhaustion dripping off every move she makes as Miranda holds up two fingers for all to see.]

GM: What can these two possibly have left, Bucky?

BW: I don't know, Gordo. I just don't know.

GM: We've passed the twenty minute mark in this one but as you said earlier, it must feel like an hour to these two women. Toughill now, crawling across the concrete... and she's headed towards the staircase that leads from the floor up onto the stage.

BW: Exactly where we assumed she wanted to go a while ago.

GM: Somers cut her off from that goal before but now she's going for it... and can you believe this? Julie Somers is crawling after her!

[The camera pulls back, showing the two competitors crawling across the concrete floor towards the staircase, inching closer and closer by the moment as the fans go wild for the shot of the two women doing whatever it takes to get to their goal.]

GM: Look at the fight in these two! Scratching and clawing their way towards the finish line! Neither one has much left in them from what I can tell. It looks like it'll only take one more big move - heck, maybe even a small move - to finish this off.

[Reaching the stairs, Toughill begins dragging herself up them...]

GM: Toughill climbing the stairs on her hands and knees, dragging herself up onto the stage that she's been trying to reach for the past five minutes or so now.

[Somers is in hot pursuit... or as hot as you can be when you're crawling as well.]

GM: Somers is right behind her... and these fans are on their feet, waiting to see what's coming next.

[Toughill reaches the top of the stairs, pulling herself to her feet as Somers comes up behind her...]

...and STOMPS Somers between the eyes!]

GM: Ohh! On her hands and knees, Somers gets stomped right down between the eyes!

[Toughill sneers as she grabs Somers by the hair, hauling the Spitfire up to her feet...]

...and promptly drags her out onto the stage for all to see.]

GM: And here we go... the final stage - if you will - of this battle. You gotta think it ends here. You gotta think these two don't have much left in the tank.

[With all eyes on the stage, Toughill drags Somers towards the edge...]

GM: Uh oh. I'm not sure I like the looks of this, Bucky.

[Toughill pulls Somers' limp form into a standing headscissors near the edge of the stage...]

GM: Oh my god.

[The New York native throws a glance off the stage, checking something...]

...and as we cut to a shot from the floor looking up to the stage, we see Toughill looking down on the cameraman.]

GM: That's a long way down, Bucky!

BW: Whaddya think, Gordo? Ten feet? Fifteen?

GM: Whatever it is, I don't like the chances of Julie Somers if Toughill pulls this off!

BW: To win or to walk?

GM: Either one!

[Toughill adjusts her positioning slightly again, turning to face the edge of the stage...]

GM: She's going for that powerbomb! We've seen her try it a few times tonight and... SHE LIFTS!

[We cut to a split screen shot. The live action is in a small rectangle in the corner of the screen as the main part is overtaken by the replay.]

BW: Alright... here we go... Ricki had been wanting up on that stage for quite some time... obviously she had this in mind for a while. So, you can see her on the edge... getting set for that powerbomb OFF the stage to the... I still don't even know what that is on the floor. Whatever it is... it's a long way down, Gordo.

GM: She got that powerbomb she was looking for - well, she got her chance at it anyways... here it is...

[The replay shows Toughill lifting Somers up into the air, ready to toss her off the stage in a match-ending powerbomb...

...but the defiant Somers pounds the skull of Toughill, forcing the New Yorker to set her back down...]

GM: Somers fought her way out and...

[Gordon's words trail off as we see Somers straighten up on the replay, sending Toughill high into the air with a backdrop counter off the elevated stage...

...and with a thunderous "CRASH!" right through the production area on the floor as the crowd ROARS in response!]

GM: Wow. It's no less impressive... no less impactful on the replay.

[We cut to a different angle, showing Somers hoisting Toughill into the air again, sending her crashing down on the floor as AWA officials and other staff rush to check on her...]

BW: That's a hard fall to take, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely. It's a one way ticket to your chiropractor.

[And one more angle, Toughill up into the air...

...and DOWN as the crowd EXPLODES in cheers!]

GM: Gaaah. So devastating.

[The split screen vanishes, showing the full scene in live action once more.]

GM: Are you... are you kidding me right now?

[The crowd begins to buzz as we get a clear camera shot of Erica Toughill rolling over onto her chest, trying to get her arms underneath her.]

BW: Stay down, Ricki! Stay down!

[Somers shakes her head in disbelief, echoing Bucky's shouts for the brawler to "stay down!"]

GM: Erica Toughill is trying to get back to her feet AGAIN! Give me a break! This is crazy!

BW: Someone needs to tell her to stay down, Gordo. She's been through enough.

GM: No one can tell her to do it, Bucky. She's gotta do it herself... and I can't even believe she's trying to get up! How does someone get up after that? What kind of guts do you have to have to get up after that fall to the floor off the stage?!

[Staggered and stunned, Toughill manages to push up to her feet with great effort...

...and looks right up at Julie Somers, beckoning the Spitfire towards her.]

GM: A defiant Erica Toughill looking up at Julie Somers... telling her to come down... telling her to come finish her... she doesn't want to do it! Julie Somers doesn't want to do it, Bucky!

BW: What choice does she have?! Ricki's on her feet and-

[Bucky stops short as Somers stares down at Toughill, giving one final shake of her head before she abruptly turns around...]

GM: SOMERS! NO!

[...and throws herself into a moonsault off the elevated stage, catching a standing Toughill across the torso, and sending them both down hard onto the floor! Referee Shari Miranda leaps into the air at the sight of the daredevil dive, then throws herself down to the floor as well.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

[The bell sounds but the crowd continues to buzz at the death-defying dive off the stage by Julie Somers. Another flood of AWA officials and production staff hit the scene, checking on both Somers and Toughill now.]

GM: The match is over... the bell has rung... but both of these competitors are down in the wreckage of this production area. Toughill went through it... then they both went through it on that moonsault. Both of these women are hurt, fans. We've got... okay, I'm being told we've got medical staff en route.

BW: Good thing. I'm not sure either of these two are going to be able to walk out of here tonight.

[The camera pulls back as a pair of stretchers appear, the AWA medical team accompanying them as Dr. Bob Ponavitch rushes in front of them, kneeling down between Toughill and Somers, checking the condition of both.]

GM: You can see Dr. Bob Ponavitch out here... it looks like- hey guys, maybe we should cut to the back or something... give the doctor time to work and-

[Dr. Ponavitch suddenly backs up, watching in shock as Julie Somers uses some nearby officials to drag herself up off the floor...

...and shoves her arms skyward, celebrating her victory to the roars of the New Orleans crowd!]

GM: Somers is up! Julie Somers is standing! That's your winner right there, fans... right there...

[Somers throws a glance backwards, staring at the still prone Toughill...

...and with a nod, she takes the offered arm of an AWA official, helping her out of the wreckage.]

GM: A wild fight, a devastating battle... but a victory for the Spitfire nonetheless! And I'm afraid that Erica Toughill is going to need some help to get out of here. She may need to be taken out on that stretcher... and fans, while our medical team works on Toughill, let's go backstage to one of the participants in our next matchup.

[Cut to backstage where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell stands next to - and is dwarfed by - the six foot six, two-hundred-and-ninety-pound mass of muscle and sinew that is Brian James. The AWA's Engine of Destruction wears a black satin boxing robe, the waist cinched by a white sash. As always, the Son of the Blackheart is scowling and looks ready to separate the nearest head from the shoulders it rests atop. Bad news for Blackwell.]

SLB: They are calling it a clash of Kings! They are calling it a match that will determine much of the AWA's future. And in just a few minutes, we will see two men who are not brothers, and who are decidedly not fine, fight for the power to determine the fate of the Kings of Wrestling. Mr. James, tell me what's on your mind.

BJ: You want to know what's on my mind? The answer will surprise you, Blackwell. Because what's on my mind is history.

Do you know where we are right now, Blackwell?

SLB: New Orleans? The Superdome?

BJ: Right and wrong, Blackwell. Because this isn't just any old sports arena. This place where we're standing right now?

This is sacred ground.

[James takes in a deep breath and exhales slowly.]

BJ: I don't expect you to know this, Blackwell. And I know damn sure that you don't know the history of this place, Detson. But if you're someone like me. If you're a warrior. If you know the history of combat sports, then you'll know exactly what I'm talking about.

November twenty-fifth, nineteen eighty, almost thirty-six years to the date, saw one of the most famous fights in history. That was the night that Roberto Durán said the two words that would define his career and his life forever -

No Más.

[The barest hint of a smirk touches James' face.]

BJ: In case you didn't know what that means, it means "no more." It means that Roberto Durán stepped into that ring and received a beating so terrible that the only thing he could do was beg for it to stop.

And let me tell you two things, Detson.

First, you aren't half the man that Durán is. And second?

There won't be anyone around to hear you screaming for mercy.

[James exhales loudly, chest puffed up, nostrils flaring.]

BJ: Listen closely, Detson. There isn't going to be any corner for you to run to. There won't be any break for you to take, any water bottle to refresh you. The only

man who might have been willing to throw in the towel for you has already agreed to stay out of it, and out of my way.

The only thing that there will be is my foot in your ribs, my fist in your face, and your blood on the canvas.

[Blackwell interjects.]

SLB: When it comes down to sheer physicality, there is no doubt you have the advantage. But we have spent years seeing that Johnny Detson has the wiles and the ring acumen to find a way to win. Pardon my saying so, but Mr. Detson has beaten a great many men as big, if not bigger, than you.

[James nods.]

BJ: It's true what you say, Blackwell. Detson is slippery. And I won't take anything away from Detson. Everywhere he's gone, he's wound up with the World Title around his waist. Johnny Detson is not a man to be taken lightly.

And just because I can't wait to make him bleed, don't think that I'm under the impression that this will be easy.

But here's the thing, Blackwell, I've spent the better part of a year watching Detson. And I know more about him than you, or he, thinks.

I've been there when Detson won, and I've seen him lose. I know every underhanded trick in his playbook.

And I know every hole in his game.

SLB: A bold claim.

BJ: Well, I invite you and everyone else to watch what happens, though I'll warn you now:

It won't be for the faint hearted.

If you have a heart condition, if you're repulsed by the sight of blood, if you don't want to hear a multi-time World Champion squeal like a pig and beg for mercy that'll never come?

Well, you'll want to cover your eyes.

I've spent a year thinking about tonight, Detson. A year watching you strut around. Listening to you give orders. Watching as you tried to undermine the bond between my brothers.

But I'm about to make all of that worth it.

Because I'm going to hurt you, Detson.

In this place, this sacred place, this place where the unworthy are shown themselves and broken at the hands of a superior combatant?

I'm going to offer up a prayer in your blood, Detson.

When you've had enough, and you don't want anymore? That'll be when I am just getting started.

You're not walking out of the Superdome, Detson. You're going to be carried out. And it'll be a long time after you start screaming "no más."

It will be after I've knocked every single one of those perfect white teeth down your throat. It will be after your throat has gone raw from screaming for me to stop. It will be after your skin is whiter than rice because there isn't any blood left in you.

It will be three seconds after I drive my fist into your heart.

Thirty-six years later, everyone remembers what happened to Roberto Durán. And I make you this promise, Detson.

Whether it's thirty-six years, or three hundred and sixty, no one will ever be able to forget the beating you take tonight.

And that, Blackwell, is all I've got to say.

[With those ominous words, James stalks off, ready to make good on his promise.]

SLB: Having heard the words from Brian James, I truly believe that Johnny Detson is in for the fight - or perhaps the beating - of his professional career. The former World Champion however believes much differently. We caught up with him earlier today. Take a look...

[We fade from live footage to some other area of the Superdome as the words "Earlier Today..." flash on the screen. It is some bottom level of the place as it is dimly lit and the cinder block wall is painted in black and gold stripes. It is there we see Johnny Detson standing alone with a black towel draped over his head so only the silhouette of his mouth and jaw are seen. He stands there shirtless wearing a pair of standard black track pants. He turns to the side, talking to no one in particular.]

JD: Let me guess... my very existence stains the respect of this sport that you hold so dearly. My very career tarnishes the values you care so much about. Me, standing here in this spot, about to walk in that ring later tonight, has somehow damaged your fragile psyche. Brian James... the only protector of what is true and holy in the realm of professional wrestling has set his sights on the greatest insult to this sport, Johnny Detson.

[Detson turns back to face the camera, face still obscured.]

JD: But you know something, kid...

[Detson rips off the towel and throws it over his shoulder.]

JD: ...I just don't care! Because the fact that you... a two year grizzled veteran of this sport... has an opinion on anything in this business that we're supposed to take seriously is the biggest pile of pretentious, entitled crap that I've ever seen. You know what that is, kid? That's not making a name, it's living off your last one.

[Stretches his arms wide.]

JD: "Listen to what I have to say people because I'm the Son of the Blackheart."

The problem with that... son... is the Blackheart has earned their ears... you? Not so much.

[Detson shakes his head and he lowers his arms.]

JD: And the fact that you think people should be listening to you when you've listened to absolutely no one is laughable. You had it all, kid... you had it all. Look at you...

[Detson laughs.]

JD: You won some sort of genetic lottery. And not only that, this genetic lottery came with one of the greatest teachers that you could have ever hoped to have. A master of ruthless aggression many in this sport only dream they could be taught by, and that's what you had. To top it all off, a Hall of Fame advisor to guide you. And what that man did was assemble a group that was supposed to have no rivals. And before that group could take form, before I could teach you the most valuable lesson of all... you SPAT in the face of every single person that ever gave you anything. Because you see... that lesson, kid; that lesson that you didn't want to be taught because you thought you knew everything. What could the Son of a Blackheart; student of a Claw; guided by Lau learn from Johnny Detson?

[Detson smirks.]

JD: How to survive, kid. How to last.

[Detson nods in agreement with his last statement as he points to the camera.]

JD: Because as great as Casey James might have been. As immortal as Tiger Claw seemed. As far as careers go, they were here today, gone later that same day. Brian Lau left right with them. It's taken them close to twenty years just to try and come back. Me? I've been here night in and night out for close to twenty years because I know how to survive! I had to start at the bottom because they thought I was a joke. I had to stand on the sidelines and watch the E dominate because hardcore wasn't my cup of tea and I could play the long game. I did that, I survived... you? You just showed up, living off a last name and expecting the world to be put in your hands. Talking about how this person or that person insults your ideals and standards.

[Detson snorts out a dismissive laugh.]

JD: But maybe, that's what I was brought in for. Maybe the smartest man in this industry saw the AWA World Heavyweight Champion, saw the career, saw the long game and said, "That's what I want for Brian James. Maybe light bulbs and thumbtacks does not a career make. Maybe gasoline and Killing Boxes doesn't rejuvenate the soul. Maybe you need to survive."

[Calming down, Detson smiles and stretches out his arms again.]

JD: People have called me a lot of things from back when I started to right now. But you know what? I've outlasted them all. But you're going to be the one that ends that all? Because you strike fear in every inanimate object around the ring, you're going to be the one that teaches me that lesson I so desperately need to learn?

[Hard eye roll.]

JD: Kid, you're not the first "indestructible monster" I've ever faced...

[Detson sighs briefly and looks down at his foot before looking back up determined.]

JD: ...hell, junior... you're not even in the top three.

{Detson rips the towel off his shoulder and stares down at it, continuing to talk but not looking at the camera.}

JD: But you have something to teach me? You have some lesson that I need to learn; a lesson that you can teach me?

[Detson scoffs.]

JD: You're so naïve you don't even know what time it is. That bell you hear? School's not out...

[Detson smirk, laughs and shakes his head.]

JD: ...nah, that's the opening bell... school's just getting started. So take a seat, kid, because school... this lesson... we've just begun. Try to keep up, you might learn something.

[With that, Detson throws the towel at the camera blocking out the picture, muttering under his breath "Finally," as he leaves...]

...and we fade from the pre-recorded footage to a live shot of the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a sixty minute time limit and is A CLASH OF KINGS!

[Cheers go up from the AWA faithful at the idea of seeing two of the AWA's most disliked men beat the hell out of each other.]

RO: The loser of this match must walk across the ring and shake the hand of the winner who will be declared the leader of the Kings of Wrestling!

And now... already at ringside...

He is the one and only manager in the Professional Wrestling Hall of Fame...

BRIIIIIIIIIANNNNNNN LAUUUUUUUU!

[Cut to ringside where Brian Lau is seated in a chair. He's dressed in his usual stylish suit with mirrored sunglasses, a stoic expression on his face as he doesn't react to the jeers of the fans.]

GM: The man in the middle between these two huge egos. Brian Lau has sworn to stay neutral in this one though. He says he supports both men and when this one is over, he will support the winner as the leader of the Kings of Wrestling but until that time, he's going to stay right in the middle.

BW: Poor man. This has gotta be tearing him apart.

GM: Is that what he said at dinner this week?

BW: Something like that.

[We cut from the shot of Brian Lau to an elevated shot of the entranceway.

A long red carpet has been rolled down the center of the ramp. On either side of the ramp, five long poles, that while metal have been painted to look like wood, have been evenly spaced along the ramp. On the top of the stage is... something and something large, but it is hidden by the shadows created by the overhead lights.]

GM: What is this?

BW: Oh, I heard about this, Gordo... it's going to be great!

[And the lights in the Superdome go out. As the fans lift their cellphones high, shining their flashlights towards the stage, the flickering light catches movement, as several lithe figures move gracefully down the ramp, towards the poles.

With the Superdome still dark, the camera focuses on the video screen. As the familiar drums and horns of Alfred Newman's 20th Century Fox fanfare blares over the Superdome, a logo appears.

At first glance, its familiar Fox logo, but immediately, one realizes that instead of "20th Century Fox" the logo reads "Johnny Detson."

Next comes a loud "WHOOSH!" as the poles along the entranceway burst into flickering flames, looking like torches. Under the flames, dancing around each pole, is a blonde woman, her hair done in elaborate braids. Each woman wears a skin tight and entirely too skimpy white one piece, adorned with gold accents.

With the dancing girls writhing and gyrating, one of the most famous riffs of all time, Jimmy Page's driving, building, hypnotic intro to Led Zepplin's "Kashmir" plays over the loudspeakers.

As Robert Plant sings...]

#Oh let the sun beat down upon my face.#

[The camera cuts to the entrance, a spotlight dropping down. And there, we see, in the center of the entrance a massive throne.

Not the Iron Throne.

The Gold Throne.]

#I'm a traveler of both time and space#

[The throne looks to be made entirely of championship titles, all of them forged together, beaten into the shape of a throne meant for a king.

A King of Wrestling.

Perched in the throne, draped in a robe of white and gold, is the former AWA World Champion, Johnny Detson. There's a five pointed crown on his head, and a smirk on his lips.

As the camera pulls back to take in the entire scene, blonde dancers moving in time to "Kashmir," Detson rises from the throne and steps down onto the red carpet.

On the video wall behind him are a list of his accomplishments.

WWA WORLD CHAMPION

DCWL GRAND CHAMPION

PVW WORLD CHAMPION

WWO INTERNATIONAL PEOPLE'S CHAMPION

AWA WORLD TELEVISION CHAMPION

AWA WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION

The crowned and robed Detson strides arrogantly down the ramp, as the fans rain boos down upon him. He stops at the base of the ramp, just outside the ring and holds his arms out wide, at which point two of the dancing girls move off the pole and glide forward. One removes his crown while the other stands in front of him, slowly opening the front of his robe, before slinking behind him, to ease it off his shoulders and arms.

Detson's dirty blond hair is slicked back. He wears long black trunks with a deep crimson inseam. As the camera swirls upon him, we see a gold "Kings of Wrestling" logo printed on the backside. Detson's elbowpads are the same black and red design with smaller gold "Kings of Wrestling" insignias at the point of the elbows.]

RO: From Hollywood, California... weighing in at 248 pounds... representing the Kings of Wrestling...

He is a former AWA WORRRRRRRRLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONNNNNN...

JOHNNNNNNNNYYYYYYYY DEEEEEEEETSONNNNN!

[The two dancing girls move forward, taking their place at opposite corners and seat themselves between the top and middle rope, pushing and holding them open. With a final sneer at the crowd, Detson moves forward, slowly moving between the two ropes, and moving towards the center of the ring.]

GM: Well, that was quite the elaborate entrance for the former World Champion... hopefully he spent as much time in the gym preparing for the match as he spent preparing for that entrance, Bucky.

BW: Johnny's in top notch shape. Don't you worry about it. He's in the best shape of his life. And he's been spending night after night watching video of Brian James, looking for weaknesses, gameplanning what he's going to do here tonight.

GM: Hopefully he's been working on his cardio too because I'd imagine he's going to be doing a lot of running.

BW: Hah hah, very funny.

[Detson walks across the ring, looking down over the ropes at Brian Lau, throwing a salute at his manager who stares up at him through his mirrored sunglasses, his expression not changing one bit. Detson gives a nod, backing off.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

[The camera goes back to the entrance ramp. Set up on either side of the entranceway are sets of large, traditional Thai drums. As they begin to beat a steady, percussive rhythm, white smoke billows out from the entrance.

Coming down the ramp are two large dragons, supported on poles, with dancers underneath, twisting and turning the dragons to the beat of the drums. One dragon is yellow and red, while the second is red and black. As the drums resonate through the Superdome, the dancers finally come to stand in place on either side of the ramp, the dragon's long, serpentine body stretched nearly the entire length of the ramp.

With the drums beating steadily, a voice plays over the Superdome PA system, filling the cavernous arena. The voice of Sonny Chiba as Hattori Hanzo in Kill Bill Vol. 1. The English translation of his Japanese words appear on the video wall above the drummers.]

"For those regarded as warriors, when engaged in combat, the vanquishing of thine enemy can be the warrior's only concern.

Suppress all human emotion and compassion.

Kill whoever stands in thy way, even if that be Lord God or Buddha himself.

This truth lies at the heart of the art of combat."

[As the words fade into the ether, there is a final barrage of drums, as both dragons are lifted high into the air on the poles that support them, and streams of fireworks erupt from along the backs of the dragons.

And then the Superdome goes dark, illuminated by swirling, strobing, red and green lasers. That's when the drums really kick in. Not the Thai drums, but the drums of the music now tearing through the Superdome. A few second later, the guitars kick in, and then a voice howls...]

#LET'S GET READY TO RUMBLE!

[As "A Warrior's Call" by Volbeat kicks in, one of the most imposing silhouettes in the AWA steps through the entranceway and begins to move methodically down the ring. The figure moves through the swirling lasers to the center of the entranceway. Dressed in a black satin boxer's robe, the hood pulled up, he stops at midpoint.]

#Feel the fire, he's entering the ring
His mindset only knows how to win

[The lasers come to an end, and a single spotlight drops down on the robed man. Hands reach for the white sash on the robe, undoing the knot and opening the robe to reveal an oiled, muscular chest beneath.]

#Unleashing his Hell, you will not even hear the bell
Maybe you're strong, but you don't stand chance

[With the robe discarded, the AWA's Engine of Destruction comes into full view. Over the head of Brian James is a white towel, with the words "KINGS OF WRESTLING" embroidered in gold over his head. The towel covers the majority of his face, revealing only the shadow of a scowl beneath a dirty blond goatee.

James' chest is bare and well oiled, the muscles rippling under the overhead lights. Over his right pectoral is a black tattoo of a circle surrounded by eight protruding towers, a Sak Yant tattoo in the Paed Tidt style.

Both of his hands are wrapped in heavy black tape, leaving only the space between his fingertips and the first knuckle of each finger bare. The tape extends to mid-forearm. On his right hand is a black compression glove type elbow pad, with a red stripe that runs along the underside.

His left arm is covered in five lines of black tattoos, in the ancient Khmer language, in the Hah Taew fashion of Sak Yant tattoos. These tattoos extend from the top of his shoulder all the way down, terminating in a much smaller line that goes all the way down his middle finger.

He wears a pair of red and black Muay-Thai style shorts. The fit over the legs is baggy, but elastic bands at the bottom cinch them tightly just over James' knees. The right leg is black, with a golden tiger embossed over the thigh, while the left side is red, the words "BRIAN JAMES" done in a highly stylized font. Across the back of the shorts are the words "CLAW ACADEMY" again done in gold. Each knee is covered in a black knee pad, with a tribal style tiger image done at the very center of the knees. Eschewing wrestling boots, James legs are instead tightly wrapped in the same black tape that covers his fists.

James remains still, bathed in the silver spotlight, as "A Warrior's Call" drives into his new battle cry.]

#Feel the power of a warrior!

[Rebecca Ortiz speaks up once more, shouting over the music.]

RO: Fighting out of Portland, Oregon... weighing in at 295 pounds... he represents the Kings of Wrestling...

He is the 2016 Battle of Boston winner...

THE ENNNNNNNGINE OF DESTRUCTIONNNNNNNNN...

BRIIIIIIIIIANNNNNNNNNN JAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAMES!

[Behind him, the video wall comes alive, flashing the next words of the song on the screen.]

#FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!

[With fans screaming, James tears the towel from his head, sending it in a high arc into the crowd.]

Let's get ready to rumble

[This time, with the words flashing on the screen, the fans sing along, seventy-five thousand voices joining in the chant to...]

#FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!

[James breaks into a sprint the rest of the way down the entrance ramp moving faster than anyone would expect from a six foot six, two hundred and ninety pound man. Showing poise and balance to match his surprising speed, the Son of the Blackheart leaps from the floor to the apron and then steps into the ring causing Johnny Detson to bail from the ring out to the floor, looking up at James.]

#Unleashing his Hell, you will not even hear the bell
Maybe you're strong, but you don't stand chance

[James' dirty blond hair has been cut short, but he's sporting a full beard. Staring into the camera, his lips draw back into a snarl, revealing a half black, half red mouth guard, the golden tiger of his sensei's academy emblazoned across the front. James falls into a traditional Muay Thai stance, and gives the slightest nod of his head, indicating to the referee that he is ready. As he does this, the last lyrics of his song wash over the crowd.]

Behold, here comes the son
Believe it, he was born to be the chosen one
The call is for a warrior
His name will echo on the sea and on the ground#

[As the music fades out, James stands at the ready as Johnny Detson slowly comes up the ringsteps, eyeing the son of the Blackheart warily. The referee steps towards the ropes, waving Detson back inside the ring.]

GM: Another brand new AWA official on the job here tonight - Koji Sakai. Sakai comes to us highly recommended from the Land of the Rising Sun and quite the first gig for him here tonight.

BW: Well, at least he didn't get that Falls Count Anywhere match assigned to him. He might be shellshocked and quit before he gets started if he had. I'd expect these two to abide by the rules at all times.

GM: Hah! A likely story... and look at this, Bucky.

[As Detson steps through the ropes, Sakai stops him, pointing to his midsection. Detson looks confused at first until referee Sakai moves forward, putting him against the ropes as he starts patting Detson's waistline.]

GM: It looks like Detson's reputation has preceded him to our newest official who is giving a check to see if Detson's carrying that studded black leather glove known as Black Beauty.

[Sakai finishes his search, holding up his hands and nodding, gesturing to Brian James who doesn't respond at all. Detson shouts something at Sakai who ignores him as he strides to mid-ring, checking to see if both competitors are ready.]

GM: And it looks like our Clash of Kings is set to begin...

BW: Now that Sakai has slandered Johnny Detson!

GM: I believe the police call that "probable cause." It's not like we haven't seen Detson pull that glove into view before and put it to use, Bucky.

BW: Hrmph.

[The referee gives one final check and then signals for the bell with a wild flourish.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: There's the bell and-

[As James advances quickly, fists snapping out in a jabbing motion, Detson backpedals and wedges himself between the top and middle rope. The crowd jeers as the former World Champion can be heard shouting "GET BACK! GET HIM BACK!" The official obliges, stepping in and forcing Brian James to back several feet towards center ring. A few more moments pass before Detson slides back inside the ring in the corner, eyeing James from a distance.]

GM: Brian James in mid-ring, waiting to see if Detson will come to him.

BW: He shouldn't. Johnny Detson's chief strategy in this one should be to stay away from the striking of Brian James. James can turn your lights out in an instant and Detson doesn't have that skillset. He can't trade blows with James so he needs to find a way to avoid the strikes and then get things on his level.

[Detson edges out of the corner, moving slowly towards an unmoving James. He takes another step... and another...]

GM: James lying in wait as Detson approaches...

[And as Detson takes another step, James steps forward, throwing a front kick that Detson jumps backwards to avoid. A straight left hand is somehow swatted aside by Detson who stumbles back...

...and just BARELY avoids a roundhouse kick aimed at his skull as he falls into the corner. The referee again jumps in, putting an arm in front of James and ordering him back as Detson looks on, eyes wide and jaw dropped.]

GM: Some very close near misses there and I think Johnny Detson may have just seen his life flash before his eyes.

[Detson clings white-knuckled to the ropes as James is backed out to mid-ring once more. James extends an arm, beckoning Detson towards him. The former World Champion straightens up, dusting himself off as he stares out at the waiting James who is back in a fighting stance...

...and with a bellow, Detson tears out of the corner towards James!]

GM: Here we go!

[Detson comes out swinging, throwing a right hand that James sidesteps, grabbing the arm as he turns his back to Detson...

...and violently yanks him over his back, throwing him down hard with a judo throw!]

GM: OHHH!

[James backs off, shouting "COME ON!" to Detson whose bruised ego gets him right back up, charging in a second time...]

GM: Detson coming in hard...

[James extends his arms, freezing Detson as he swings his hip around, snaking his leg between the attacking Detson, and twists his body to throw Detson down onto his back a second time.]

GM: Another judo throw!

[Detson bounces up off the mat, determined to get an edge on James as he comes in hard a third time...

...and James simply extends a leg, sweeping Detson's legs out from under him as he shoves Detson violently down to the canvas in front of him. The crowd "ooooohs" at that one as Detson slams down hard on the mat, James standing over him.]

BW: Well, I guess Round One would have to go to Brian James, Gordo.

GM: Round One? Did this get changed into an MMA fight when I wasn't looking? Cause if so, Detson better start looking for the exit because we know Brian James has some experience in that world as well.

[James sneers down at Detson who is prone on his back in front of him, completely at the mercy of the Engine of Destruction...

...who steps back, again beckoning Detson to his feet.]

GM: A total show of disdain right there by James. Not even considering Detson enough of a threat to follow up when he's down at his feet. He just allowed him to get back up.

[Detson scrambles up, backing off to the corner, his cheeks flushed with color - maybe a mix of exertion and embarrassment as James stands center ring, perfectly balanced on the balls of his feet, ready to strike again at a moment's notice as Detson regroups.]

GM: And now Johnny Detson has gotta look for Plan B because Plan A certainly hasn't been working for him thusfar.

BW: Plan A? How do you even know you've seen Plan A yet? This could be Johnny Detson toying with Brian James, building his ego to world-eating levels, and just baiting him into a mistake.

GM: Is it?

BW: It could be!

[Detson slides from the corner, this time moving side-to-side rather than straight ahead. James pivots to keep Detson in front of him as Detson seeks to get an advantageous angle to attack from.]

GM: Detson sliding to the side again... James stays with him though...

[As he draws near, Detson makes a sidestep that James looks to mirror... but then pulls back the other way, charging in and throwing a fist right to the ear of Brian James!]

GM: Oh!

[Detson shoves James backwards into the ropes, rushing forward with one hand in James' face and the other throwing looping blows to the midsection - punch after punch landing in the abdomen of the son of the Blackheart - before Detson grabs an arm...]

GM: Detson with a whip- no, reversed...

[The reversal sends the former World Champion into the ropes, rebounding back towards James who steps to mid-ring again...

...and knocks Detson right off his feet with a shouldertackle!]

GM: And down goes Detson off the tackle!

[Detson scrambles right up, throwing a haymaker as he rises but James sidesteps it, shoving Detson into the ropes from behind, sending him bouncing off again...

...and another shouldertackle knocks him off his feet!]

GM: Another big tackle! James is taking Detson down at will right now and-

[Detson scrambles up again, winding up his right hand...

...and finds James waiting, his own right hand cocked back. Detson immediately slams on the brakes, staggering backwards, and falling through the ropes out to the floor!]

GM: Oh my! And Johnny Detson wants NO part of the Blackheart Punch, Bucky.

BW: Can you blame him? That's lights out right there, Gordo.

GM: It certainly is... and the former World Champion bailed out before James could let that fist fly.

[The Battle of Boston winner lowers his fist, looking on as Detson walks around the ringside area, grumbling to himself.]

GM: Still think Plan A is working?

BW: Oh, shaddup.

GM: Johnny Detson taking a walk out here on the floor, allowing referee Sakai's ten count to grow.

BW: He should use every single bit of it, Gordo. Every bit. Things obviously aren't going his way yet... and I emphasize "yet"... so he needs to keep his cool and figure out what comes next for him.

[Detson loops around the ring once before he shoves the timekeeper out of the way, sitting down at the ringside table. There's a smattering of laughs from the crowd as Detson takes some deep breaths, staring up at a waiting James who waves Detson back into the ring. A quick cut to Brian Lau shows no reaction from the Hall of Fame manager as he watches the ring intently.]

GM: That count is up to six now... make that seven as Detson gets back to his feet.

[Detson grabs the middle rope, pulling himself up on the apron as the count goes to eight. He steps through the ropes at nine, breaking the count as the referee signals for the action to continue.]

GM: Alright, back to the action we go... and it looks like Johnny Detson wants a lockup now.

BW: Okay, here we go... maybe this is Plan B, Gordo. Maybe you're right.

GM: Plan B is to get within reach of one of the strongest men in the locker room. Got it.

BW: Well, what the heck do you want Johnny Detson to do, Gordo?! You don't want him to strike with him! You don't want him to grapple! What CAN he do in your brilliant estimation?

GM: He can probably outcheat Brian James. He might even be able to out think him, Bucky. THAT'S what I expect out of Johnny Detson.

[Detson warily walks out to James who snatches him in a collar and elbow tieup. The former World Champion shows little resistance as James simply backs him across the ring, shoving him back against the ropes. Referee Koji Sakai steps in, calling for a break. He slides an arm between the two men, trying to facilitate the break...

...and when they come apart, Detson comes up firing with a right hand to the jaw.]

GM: Right hand and- uh oh.

[James doesn't even budge, not even showing that he felt the blow land. Detson winds up, throwing a second... but again James holds his ground.]

GM: Detson's gotta switch to Plan C now!

[Detson winds up again, throwing a third...

...and a smirking James shifts his feet, throwing a roundhouse kick into the midsection of Detson.]

GM: Ohh! James goes downstairs to the body!

[With Detson on the ropes, James throws two more rounding kicks to the body before he grabs a Muay Thai clinch...]

GM: CLINCH!

[...but a desperate Detson reaches up, digging his fingers into James' eyes to break the hold! The crowd jeers as James staggers away and Detson bails out of the ring again, diving out to the floor.]

GM: Whooooa! That was a close one - and again, you see that Johnny Detson wants absolutely no part of that from James.

BW: Those Muay Thai kneestrikes have sent chills up and down the spines of pro wrestlers for two generations now. We'll see the original ones later tonight, I'm sure, when Tiger Claw gets in that ring but James' kneestrikes are arguably even more devastating than his mentor's due to his size. Detson's done his homework, Gordo. He knows what he needs to avoid.

GM: He needed to avoid signing this contract if you ask me. Johnny Detson may have gotten too big for his britches to quote my dear ol' mama... and Brian James is gonna make him pay for it.

[James is blinking rapidly, rubbing at his eyes as Detson again takes a walk out on the floor.]

GM: Brian James trying to clear his vision from that eyerake... and Detson's trying to figure out how to stay in the ring with the Engine of Destruction for more than a minute without running for it.

[As James clears his vision, he looks out on Detson who pulls himself up on the apron at the count of five. Detson takes a moment to verbally berate the referee...

...which is when James rushes forward, stepping on the middle rope as he swings his leg up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KNEESTRIKE! KNEESTRIKE!

[The knee SNAPS Detson's head back as it lands under his chin. His eyelids flutter and he falls straight back off the apron to the floor, crashing down flat on his back. James bounces back to mid-ring, giving a shout of triumph as the crowd roars and referee Sakai rushes towards the ropes, ready to lay a ten count down on the floored Detson.]

GM: Johnny Detson might be out, Bucky! He might be out cold from that leaping knee to the jaw!

BW: Someone's gotta help him! Get the girls back out here! Get him a fan! Get him some water! Smelling salts?! Something, damn it!

[James stands in the center of the ring as the referee starts his count.]

GM: Referee Koji Sakai starting his ten count... and honestly, I'm a little surprised that Brian James is letting it happen. From what he's said... and from what we've heard... he wants to punish Detson here tonight and punish him in the most physical of fashions.

[Sakai's very deliberate count is being echoed by the Superdome crowd.]

"TWO!"

[James is pacing around the ring, staring across at Sakai.]

"THREE!"

[We cut outside the ring where Detson has yet to move an inch from the spot where he hit the floor.]

GM: Bucky, you know him better than I... do you think Johnny Detson would take a dive here?

BW: A what?!

GM: A dive! Would he stay down from that kneestrike whether he needs to or not just to make sure that he doesn't take more of a beating from Brian James?

BW: Absolutely not, Gordo! First of all, Johnny Detson is a world class competitor... a former - and FUTURE if you ask me - World Champion! He doesn't take dives!

GM: And second of all?

BW: You understand what's at stake here?! Being the LEADER of the Kings of Wrestling - arguably the most powerful faction in professional wrestling. Johnny Detson would Wilde Driver his own MOTHER to make that happen. He ain't taking a dive, daddy... no way.

GM: Jeez, I was just asking. No need to get hot about it.

[Bucky seems to audibly growl as the count goes to "SIX!"]

GM: Detson still showing no signs of movement out there, Bucky - I think he's out!

BW: I mean, he certainly could be. That kneestrike was pretty ferocious and- uh oh! James is going after him!

[The crowd buzzes as the Son of the Blackheart ducks through the ropes, dropping down to the floor to break the count. James circles around the ringpost, approaching Detson...

...and finds referee Sakai standing in front of him to jeers from the AWA faithful!]

GM: The referee's trying to keep him from going after Detson outside the ring!

BW: That's a smart move, Gordo. If Detson's hurt badly, the referee's responsible for his well-being and-

[James angrily argues with the official who shakes him off, ordering James to get back inside the ring... but the Engine of Destruction has other plans, brushing past

Sakai to pursue Detson. He leans down, grabbing Detson by the hair, pulling him up to his feet...

...where Detson goes to the eyes again!]

GM: Oh, come on!

[Detson snatches James by the hair, pulling his head back, and SLAMMING it down into the ring apron!]

GM: Detson sends him headfirst into the apron!

[A second faceslam into the apron sends James staggering away from Detson who stays right on him. He grabs James by the arm, twisting him around...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and sends him crashing into the ringside barricade!]

GM: OHHHH! INTO THE STEEL GOES JAMES!

[Detson nods his head, building some momentum as he approaches James, lashing into him with a series of front kicks to the body. The referee slides back into the ring, shouting for Detson to get the action back inside.]

GM: Detson pulls James off the railing... what the-?!

[He grabs James around the torso, getting the near three hundred pounder up into the air, twisting around...

...and DROPS him sternum-first across the barricade!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[James falls to the floor, rolling back and forth in pain clutching his chest.]

GM: The former World Champion strikes HARD outside the ring on the floor and James is in serious trouble just like that.

BW: I told you, Gordo! I told you that Johnny had a plan!

[Detson climbs back to his feet, viciously stomping James' chest over and over as the referee starts his ten count. The former World Champion drags James off the floor by the beard, shouting in his face...]

"YOU'RE NO KING! YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A COMMONER! A PEASANT!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The slap snaps James' head back, sending him falling back into the railing again. Detson grabs him by the arm, turning back towards the ring...]

GM: And now Detson's gonna send him into the apron!

[An Irish whip sends James towards the ring, running at top speed...

...and then James shocks everyone by leaping straight up onto the apron as he did during his entrance. The crowd "OHHHHHHHs" in a stunned response. The camera

cuts to Detson whose eyes go wide, jaw dropped in surprise as James turns to confront him, shaking his head at his former ally.]

GM: I can't believe it! What a show of athleticism out of James! What a-

[Detson shakes off the surprise, rushing at James, attempting to grab his legs but James leaps off the grasp...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[And throws a short side kick down into the chin of Detson, snapping his head back!]

GM: Good grief!

[With Detson wobbling, James backs off, taking aim on the former World Champion, his back touching the ringpost...]

GM: Here he comes!

[James comes charging down the length of the apron, looking for a soccer kick to the jaw...]

...but a desperate Detson reaches out, grabbing the apron itself that has slightly bunched up under the foot of James, giving a yank...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The wily move from Detson causes James to lose his balance, slipping on the apron, crashing down to a knee on it before he slides off to the floor, still on one foot and hanging onto the bottom rope for balance...]

...which is when Detson scrambles up on the apron behind him, moving quickly to leap into the air...]

GM: NO!

[Detson comes crashing kneefirst down on James' extended arm that is holding onto the ropes, first causing a snapping effect as he hits the arm...]

...and then CRUSHING the arm underneath his knee as he hits the ring apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Sensing an opening, Detson drops off the apron, grabbing James by the wrist...]

...and SLAMS the forearm down on the ring apron, causing James to cry out as he slumps to his knees on the floor, clutching his right arm in obvious pain. A quick camera cut to Brian Lau shows the Hall of Fame manager sliding his mirrored sunglasses down the bridge of his nose, looking on as Detson grabs the arm again...]

BW: He's gonna do it again!

[...and SLAMS the wrist and forearm down on the apron again!]

GM: Johnny Detson's trying to break that arm!

BW: Is it the arm or is it the hand, Gordo? Brian James had a notorious hand injury early in his career at the hands of Supreme Wright and you'd better believe that a ring general like Johnny Detson will know all about that.

[Detson grabs the arm of James, pulling him off the floor and dragging him towards the ringpost as the referee shouts his disdain for the tactics of Detson. Detson wraps the arm around the post, continuing to pull it until James' right hand is pressed against the steel...

...and then steps back, kicking the hand into the post!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[James again recoils in pain, staggering away from the post, clutching his hand and arm. A smirking Detson looks in at the official, following James far enough to shove him under the ropes.]

GM: That'll break the count but at this point, you have to wonder how much damage Johnny Detson has done to that arm... or hand, you could be right about that.

[Detson positions James that his lower body is inside the ring but his upper body extends under the ropes. The Hollywood native rolls into the ring, reaching through the ropes to wrap James' arm over the middle rope, pulling down hard on it as the referee lays another count on him...

...and he breaks the count by kicking the arm again!]

GM: And if the human Create-A-Wrestler known as Brian James has a physical weakness on him, Johnny Detson may have just found it, fans!

[Detson grabs the wrist again, slipping the arm between the ropes, yanking on it and pulling James' upper body into a sitting position against the ropes outside the ring.]

GM: Again, referee Koji Sakai is calling for a break - he's getting a firsthand look at the cheating tactics that Johnny Detson uses so well.

[The former World Champion lets go, leaving James leaning against, pain on his face...

...and then grabs the top rope, viciously stomping James' exposed elbow over and over as the crowd jeers and James winces with every blow.]

GM: This is an absolutely savage assault on the arm of Brian James!

[Detson leans over, grabbing James by the ankle and dragging him under the ropes a little further into the ring. He uses his boot to pin James' arm down to the canvas, grinding the elbow into the mat with his boot for a few moments...

...and then steps to the middle rope, springing up into the air, dropping his knee down across the hand!]

GM: OHHH!

[A smirking Detson shoves James down to the mat, applying a lateral press.]

GM: Detson with a cover for one! He gets two!

[But James kicks out, throwing the former World Champion off of him to a smattering of cheers.]

GM: And don't look now, Bucky Wilde, but it sounds like these fans are starting to rally behind Brian James a bit.

BW: I'd call these fans two-faced but if they had two, why the heck would they wear that one out in public?!

GM: Give me a break.

[Detson kneels on the mat next to James, locking fingers with him, pinning his arm down to the canvas...]

GM: Look out here...

[...and pushes himself up into the air, dropping his knee down on the forearm area of Brian James!]

BW: And the good thing about not just focusing on the hand, Gordo, is that he's taking a ton of pages out of James' offensive playbook. He takes out the strikes with that hand - including the Blackheart Punch... but a lot of suplexes and slams... maybe even that Kata Ha Jime he used to choke out Supreme Wright and win the Battle of Boston.

GM: An excellent point... and perhaps a very sound strategy out of Johnny Detson. It may not be Plan A... B... C... maybe even D, E, or F.

BW: Oh, knock it off!

[Detson kneels on the elbow, pulling the arm up roughly and twisting the wrist. James cries out, clawing at the back of Detson, trying to get a quick escape but Detson hangs on.]

GM: And this gets interesting, Bucky. Johnny Detson, while a world class professional wrestler, is not known for his mat wrestling or submission skills. He's got a few holds in his arsenal for sure... but he's not a Supreme Wright or a Jeff Matthews or a Terry Shane in his artistry on the canvas.

[Detson cranks the wrist again, shouting "ASK HIM!" at the referee who obliges but James' scream of "NOOOOOOO!" is easily heard by all. With a shake of his head, Detson climbs to his feet, keeping his grip on the wrist as he drags James up to his feet.]

GM: Both men back on their feet... and Detson right into a hammerlock, cranking up on that injured limb...

[With the hammerlock applied, Detson manages to muscle the near 300 pounder up, arm still trapped behind him, and SLAMS him down onto his own arm! James cries out as Detson drops to his knees, applying a lateral press.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOO!

[But again, James muscles out of the pin attempt as Detson shows an annoyed glance at the referee who holds up two fingers, miming James lifting the shoulder off the mat.]

GM: Two count off the hammerlock bodyslam by Detson... but at this stage of the contest, he's completely in control and needs to find a way to keep the momentum on his side.

[Detson climbs to his feet, hands on his hips for a moment as he looks down on James. He throws a glance at Brian Lau who has returned fully to his seat, his glasses back in position. Detson gestures to Lau, pointing at James...]

"THIS IS YOUR CHOSEN ONE, BRIAN? THIS?!"

[...and stomps James' arm for punctuation! James winces, rolling over onto his chest, trying to cover up the arm. Detson stands over him, looking down at Lau who still doesn't respond.]

GM: Detson looks like he's trying to get a reaction out of Brian Lau... like he wants Lau to realize he's wrong... like he wants Lau to leap from his seat and admit that Detson's the better man.

BW: Hey, if Detson wins this, that's exactly what's going to happen! Lau said he'd be behind the winner.

GM: Well, I think Brian Lau will be behind both men - win or lose - but the Kings of Wrestling will have a new leader after this match, that's for sure.

[With James down on his stomach under him, Detson suddenly leaps up, bringing the point of his knee down into the spine of James who arches his back in pain as Detson settles down, sitting on the back. He grabs James' right arm, looping it over his right knee while he grabs James' chin with his left hand, pulling back on it.]

BW: A single-armed camel clutch! Maybe you want to take back that garbage about Johnny Detson not being on Terry Shane's level, Gordo.

GM: That's not exactly what I said and you know it. However, I'd love to see the new World Television Champion and Johnny Detson square off in the ring.

BW: They're not even on the same level!

GM: Perhaps not but if he wins this one, maybe he'll earn a shot at the TV Title.

BW: That's not what I... damn it, Gordo!

[Gordon chuckles at Bucky's frustration as Detson yanks back on the chin with one hand and stretches out the arm with the other.]

GM: This one-armed camel clutch is proving to be quite effective though. No submission out of the Engine of Destruction but honestly, Bucky, I'm not sure off hand what it takes to get a submission out of Brian James but I have a feeling that Johnny Detson doesn't have that weapon in his repertoire.

[With no submission coming, Detson releases the hold, allowing James to slump facefirst down to the canvas...]

GM: Detson standing over Brian James now... listen to these fans...

[The New Orleans crowd lets him have it as he stands, arms spread, soaking up every bit of their vitriol.]

BW: He loves it. He loves every bit of it. Boo him. Hate him. Johnny Detson thrives off the disdain of these idiot fans, Gordo.

[Detson throws his back head, a smile on his face as the boos rain down onto him. With a chuckle, he leans down, dragging James off the mat by the arm, using it to whip him across the ring into the corner..]

...and runs in after him, landing a running knee to the midsection!]

GM: And now Detson using the opening that the injured arm has created to try and do some more impactful damage... he whips him back across to the opposite corner...

[The former World Champion charges in, laying in another knee to the gut. He steps back, throwing an uppercut that snaps James' head back, causing him to grab the ropes to stay on his feet...]

GM: Back to back running kneelifts to the gut leaves James in a bad way and now Johnny Detson's gotta start thinking about what it takes to put a man like Brian James down for a three count.

BW: There's only one thing he needs, Gordo - the move named after the greatest announcer in the history of our sport!

GM: The Stegglet Slam?

BW: What is with you tonight, old man?! The Wilde Driver, you idiot! The Wilde Driver!

GM: Ah, yes. If he hits that, Brian James' night very well may be over.

[Detson lays in a few chops across James' massive chest before grabbing the arm again...]

GM: He's going for another whip...

[The whip sends James across the ring, crashing back into the buckles as Detson charges in after him...]

...and runs right into a raised foot from Brian James that brings cheers from the crowd!]

GM: FOOT UP! JAMES CAUGHT HIM COMING IN!

[Detson's eyelids flutter as he stumbles backwards from the impact of the kick to the chin...]

...and James rampages out of the corner, instinctively extending his right arm...]

GM: BLACK MASS!

[James BLASTS Detson with a running lariat that looks like a mirror image of his father's move of the same name!]

GM: HE NAILS IT! HE HIT THE LARIAT!

[But James immediately falls to the mat, screaming in pain as he grabs his right elbow, rolling back and forth on the canvas.]

GM: Oh!

BW: Big mistake, Gordo! HUGE mistake! James was running on instinct and he used that injured arm to deliver the Black Mass lariat!

[James promptly rolls under the ropes to the floor, flopping facefirst onto the barely-padded concrete as Detson lies flat on his back in the middle of the ring.]

GM: Detson is down but James can't take advantage of it... but likewise, Detson can't capitalize on James using that injured arm to deliver the lariat!

[Referee Koji Sakai steps up to start a double count on the two competitors.]

GM: And I don't know anyone in the building who wants to see this match end like this, Bucky.

BW: No, I sure don't. Sakai oughta take a seat and let these two fight it out until we've got a clear winner.

GM: No matter who it is.

BW: Right. But it's probably gonna be Johnny Detson.

[Gordon sighs as the count on both men goes to "TWO!"]

GM: Both men down after the lariat. James is down on the floor, nursing that injured arm. Detson is down in the ring after being knocked senseless by that devastating Black Mass lariat.

BW: The old man would be proud. God rest his soul.

GM: Oh, I only hope Casey James heard that.

[With the count up to "FIVE!", Johnny Detson manages to roll over onto his chest, sliding his arms underneath him...]

GM: And it's Johnny Detson who is trying to get to his feet.

[We cut outside the ring where Brian James has grabbed hold of the apron with his left hand, gritting his teeth as he tries to drag himself off the floor.]

GM: Both men starting to stir now as the count is up to six...

[Detson gets up before another count, waving a hand dismissively at referee Sakai who backpedals, waving for the action to continue. The former World Champion steps out on the apron, looking down at James as he continues to try and use the apron to pull himself to his feet. James' right arm drifts into view, aiding the left as much as it can to get to a standing position.]

GM: Uh oh. There's that arm again.

[Detson's eyes light up at the sight of James' right arm in view. He nods his head, measuring the Son of the Blackheart...]

GM: Here he comes!

[Detson charges down the apron, taking aim at James...

...who suddenly jerks his right arm back, fully aware as he reaches up with his left arm, using Detson's own momentum to lift him off the apron, tossing him through the air, and sending him CRASHING down on the barely-padded concrete floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SLAAAAAM! WHATTA SLAM OUT OF THE SON OF THE BLACKHEART!

BW: Did you see him pull back that arm, Gordo?! The son of a gun was playing possum! He lured Detson into that! Detson thought he had a free shot at the arm and James took advantage of it!

GM: And maybe Brian James is showing that he deserves that ring general moniker as much as the former World Champion does.

[James leans back against the ring apron, clutching his arm in pain as Detson arches his back on the floor, wincing with every movement.]

GM: With one mighty slam, Brian James may have just turned the tide back in his direction here in New Orleans at SuperClash in this Clash of Kings!

[James pushes off the apron, wincing as he leans down to drag Detson to his feet, turning to toss him back under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: The crowd here in New Orleans buzzing with anticipation - feeling like Brian James may be about to turn this thing around.

[The Son of the Blackheart rolls under the ropes gingerly, slowly getting to his feet as Detson crawls across the ring, trying to stay away from the Engine of Destruction.]

GM: James is on the attack... on the hunt for his prey as Detson uses the ropes, dragging himself to his feet...

[James is on his feet as well, slowly moving in on Detson who grabs the top rope, trying to stay on his feet as James approaches...]

GM: Detson's in trouble... James has him trapped in the corner...

[The Son of the Blackheart takes a deep breath to compose himself as he lowers his right arm, lashing out with his unaffected left with a jab... and another... and another. A left cross finds the mark as well, followed by two short left elbows that has Detson clinging to the ropes.]

GM: Right out of the Tiger Claw playbook as James rocks Detson with those blows in the corner and-

[A pair of left hooks leaves Detson on rubbery legs as James suddenly throws the right, an elbow uppercut that snaps Detson's head back, causing him to fly over the top rope, crashing down in a heap on the floor below!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: What a series of punches by the Engine of Destruction and... wow! Johnny Detson takes an incredibly hard fall to the floor from that! Detson's gotta be on Dream Street after that and... Bucky, after all of Detson's work on the arm, essentially turning Brian James into a one-armed man for much of this matchup... to STILL be in danger has to be incredibly frustrating!

BW: This just shows the level of skill in Brian James. I mean, we knew it already, Gordo. We've seen it developing for a long time now... and when he won the Battle of Boston, the wrestling world was put on notice that the day where the "future" in "future World Champion" gets deleted is fast approaching. Johnny Detson is a former World Champion... and I believe that he'll hold that title again... but Brian James may be showing us that he WILL hold that title sooner rather than later.

[James leans in the corner for a few moments, soaking up some a breather as Detson lies out on the floor...]

GM: And I can't quite... what is Johnny Detson doing out there, Bucky?

BW: I can't tell.

GM: Can we get a camera over there?

[The referee turns Brian James towards him, reprimanding him for the closed fists in the corner...]

...and our camera cuts outside the ring to show Johnny Detson, a trickle of blood running from his nose, reaching down to untie his left boot.]

GM: What is he... Detson's going into his boot!

BW: Well, he's taking it off, Gordo. That could be... there could be a lot of reasons for that! An injured foot, a sore ankle... maybe an equipment malfunction of some kind?

GM: I don't think so, Bucky. I think Johnny Detson's got something in that boot and-

[With the boot kicked off on the floor, we see Johnny Detson pull something into view on our television screens...]

...and as the stadium crowd sees it on the giant video wall, they react with a shocked response as we do.]

GM: The glove! That damn black glove!

BW: Huh? What are you talking about?

GM: Open your eyes and look at the monitor, Bucky! Detson's got Black Beauty!

[Detson slides the silver-studded black leather glove over his right hand, rolling to his chest and tucking the hand underneath him as James and Sakai continue to argue inside the ring...]

GM: Detson's got that glove on - and he's doing his damndest to make sure that neither Brian James nor referee Sakai sees it! Remember, Sakai searched his tights for it at the outset of the match but somehow Detson must've saw that coming because it was in his boot! Detson had that loaded glove in his boot and now it's on his hand and... if he hits James with that, he's going to knock him out cold! No doubt about it!

[James waves off Sakai with disgust, exiting the ring to move in on Detson. He pulls the former actor off the ringside mats by the hair, shoving him under the bottom rope.]

GM: James puts him in - he's still got no idea about the glove!

[The crowd can be heard murmuring in warning towards the Son of the Blackheart as James rolls under the ropes as well, rising slowly to his feet. He winces, shaking out his injured arm as he advances on Detson who is crawling across the ring. We cut to Brian Lau at ringside who is once again sitting on the edge of his seat, this time with his sunglasses completely off as he watches to see if this is the final moments in this battle that has torn him apart.]

GM: James dragging Detson off the mat... it's coming! I can feel it coming just like these fans can! I can-

[Detson suddenly spins, right hand flying in a massive glove-covered haymaker towards the jaw of Brian James...

...but the punch never finds its intended target as James simply reaches up with his left hand, catching the wrapped fist within it to a HUGE ROAR from the New Orleans crowd!]

GM: HE CAUGHT IT! HE CAUGHT THE PUNCH!

[Detson's jaw drops, looking on in shock at James who shakes his head at the former World Champion dismissively. The Son of the Blackheart almost looks sad at his former ally...

...and then that expression turns to ice as James begins to squeeze Detson's hand in his own. Detson looks shocked at first, trying to rip his hand out of James' grasp!]

GM: James is squeezing his hand! He's squeezing the right hand of Johnny Detson!

BW: He's trying to break it!

GM: Just like Detson tried to do to James!

[Detson's efforts to pull away become more frenzied, repeatedly trying to rip his hand out of James' grip... but the Engine of Destruction only squeezes harder, forcing Detson to cry out... and then to sink to his knees, screaming in pain.]

BW: Damn it, Gordo! He's crushing his fingers!

GM: Turnabout is fair play, I suppose, and James has driven Detson to his knees!

[James switches his grip slightly...

...and suddenly, he rips the Black Beauty glove right off a shocked Detson!]

GM: He's got the glove! James has got the glove and-

[He throws it aside with disgust, looking down at the kneeling Detson...

...who surges to his feet, throwing a kick into James' midsection!]

GM: Detson goes downstairs!

[The former World Champion quickly hooks one arm...

...but as he attempts to hook the other, James spins out of his grip, moving swiftly to an upright position...]

GM: JAMES COUNTERS!

[...and THROWS his clenched right hand into the chest of his former brother in arms!]

GM: BLACKHEART PUNCH!

[But the blow doesn't have anywhere near the desired impact because of the damage done to James' arm and hand. He recoils in pain from his own blow as Detson simply falls backwards into the ropes. Detson grabs at his chest, almost shocked at the near disaster of getting hit by the Punch...]

BW: NO EFFECT!

[Detson rushes in behind James, spinning him around for another boot to the midsection...]

GM: James catches the foot and-

[While holding Detson's booted foot, James takes malicious aim and...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...brutally stomps the bare foot exposed by the boot Detson removed moments earlier!]

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!

[Detson hobbles backwards, falling into the ropes, staggering back towards James who rears back his right hand, breathing sharply... quickly... repeatedly... driving the pain out of his body as he prepares to deliver a match-ending blow...]

GM: He's gonna do it again?!

BW: He hit a damn set of steel ringsteps last year, Gordo! What do YOU think?!

[...but just before James can let the Blackheart Punch fly, the arena lights cut to black.]

GM: What the-?!

BW: I can't see! Gordo, I can't see!

GM: The lights are out, Bucky, for crying out loud but the question is-

[The question in question never gets asked...

...but likely gets answered in very clear fashion by the sound of snarling and barking dogs.]

GM: Oh my god!

[The Superdome crowd EXPLODES in a shocked roar as the PA system comes to life with "War Machine" by KISS as midnight blue lighting covers the entire crowd and swirling spotlights go everywhere.]

GM: Are you kidding me?!

BW: They're baaaaaaack!

GM: It's been nearly a year since we've seen these three men in an AWA arena and tonight - on the biggest stage in the world...

[The crowd somehow gets louder as the swirling spotlights steady into three solid spots of illumination in the crowd.]

GM: ...the Dogs of War have returned!

[The stringy, wet hair of Pedro Perez does little to cover his maniacal eyes shining through. His upper body is bare, showing some fresh scars from his wars in Puerto Rico that have become the stuff of Internet legend over the past several months.

His midnight blue pants are full length and he's bouncing up and down with anticipation, a twisted smile on his face.

The ever-chill Isaiah Carpenter is in the middle, his hair shaved clean as he stares coldly at the ring, a gameplan forming in his eyes as he awaits the right moment to strike. A midnight blue torso-hugging "flak jacket" goes along with his own set of full-length tights.

And the muscle brings up the rear. The sides of his head have been shaved since we've seen him last, the hair still long in the middle and hanging in a ponytail behind him. His ripped physique is on display and a pair of mid-thigh length trunks round out the ensemble as he smirks, planting a hand on his partners-in-crime's shoulders...

...and in perfect lockstep, they move as a unit down the stairs of the Superdome, hands being slapped down on their backs, shoulders, and chests as they make their swiftly down towards the ring.]

GM: It was one year ago that Brian James, Wes Taylor, and Tony Donovan shattered the undefeated streak of the Dogs of War and it looks like they've been brooding on that moment for one whole year before arriving here in New Orleans to avenge it, Bucky.

BW: But Gordo... look in the ring... look what's happening in the ring...

[As the lights come back to normal in the arena and the Dogs of War make their way towards the squared circle, we see that Brian Lau has slid into the ring, shedding his sportscoat in the process. He has immediately put himself between Brian James and Johnny Detson, insistently pointing at the new threat coming for the Kings of Wrestling.]

GM: Brian Lau's in the ring! Lau's in there and... I think he's trying to play peacemaker, Bucky!

BW: It sure looks that way to me.

[Lau is speaking rapidly and passionately, repeatedly pointing to the incoming threat as James and Detson eye one another. James' gaze repeatedly drifts to the new threat though...

...and to a shockingly large reaction from the AWA faithful, Detson and James exchange a quick fistbump, turning to face the Dogs of War together!]

GM: OH YEAH!

BW: What in the world?! Lau did it! He got them together! He got them on the same page!

[Detson and James are barely in position before the three Dogs of War come over the railing, quickly fanning out to take up a spot in three different sides of the ring. Lau is backpedaling, trying to stay out of harm's way as James shouts a threat at the Dogs of War. Detson shouts at Pedro Perez, waving him into the ring.]

BW: I mean... it's great that James and Detson are on the same side now, Gordo, but they're still outnumbered! They're still in a three on two situat-

[And the crowd ERUPTS at the sight of the AWA World Tag Team Champions, Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan, tearing down the ramp at top speed towards the ring!]

GM: YOU WERE SAYING, BUCKY?!

BW: Well, now THIS is gonna be a fight, damn it!

[Taylor and Donovan's sprint down the ramp towards the ring is cut off as they come upon Wade Walker...]

...and in a flurry of haymakers, the fight is on!]

GM: Here we go! Here we go!

[Isaiah Carpenter scrambles up on the apron, earning a left forearm from Brian James that knocks him back down. Johnny Detson does the same to Pedro Perez, keeping the ring clear of the Dogs.]

GM: Referee Sakai is letting it go so far since no one has touched either James or Detson and-

[And as Detson drifts back towards Brian James, the latter raising a hand for a high five to celebrate their teamwork on Perez and Carpenter...]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[...Detson BURIES a boot in the gut of Brian James, yanking him into a standing headscissors. He loops the arms, securing them before James can react, leaping into the air...]

GM: WILDE DRIVER! WILDE DRIVER ON JAMES!

[Detson springs up off the mat, the crowd ROARING in disgust for his betrayal. He is shouting at the downed James, trash-talking his former "brother"...

...which is when an irate Brian Lau swings him around by the arm, unleashing a barrage of words that bring silence to our broadcast.

But when we get sound again...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...it is the crowd reacting to a wild-eyed Detson delivering a boot into the midsection of Brian Lau, quickly tying him up, and DRIVING him facefirst into the canvas with a Wilde Driver!]

GM: MY GOD! HE TOOK OUT BRIAN LAU TOO!

BW: WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON HERE, GORDO!?

GM: I DON'T HAVE A DAMN CLUE BUT-

[Detson suddenly dives to his knees, flipping James onto his back, applying a lateral press with a leg hook...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEE-

[The crowd EXPLODES as James lifts the left shoulder off the mat JUST before the three count falls!]

GM: HE KICKED OUT! HE KICKED OUT! THE SON OF A BITCH KICKED OUT!

[And that's when Johnny Detson loses it, smashing his fists into the canvas, screaming at the official. He leaps to his feet, bullrushing referee Koji Sakai towards the corner where he turns him around...

...and pulls Sakai into him, forcing his vision away from the ring.]

GM: Now what the hell is Detson doing?!

BW: I don't-

[The crowd groans as Pedro Perez and Isaiah Carpenter slide into the ring behind the referee's back...]

GM: Oh, you've gotta be kidding me!

[Having gotten past the hulking Wade Walker, Wes Taylor climbs up on the apron, looking to defend his brother...

...but a charging Isaiah Carpenter lands a spinning leg lariat that sends Taylor flying back off the apron to the floor. A shocked Tony Donovan gets CLUBBED in the back of the head by Wade Walker, knocking him flat as Walker joins his Dogs comrades in the ring behind the referee's back.]

GM: Sakai is trying to get loose from Detson but-

[Wade Walker rolls Brian James onto his chest, reaching down to lock his legs into wheelbarrow position as Pedro Perez hops up on the middle rope. Walker lifts James into the air...

...and then brings him back down on the knees of Carpenter who leaps up to catch the falling James with his knees up into James' torso, sending him right back up for Walker to DUMP him on the canvas with a wheelbarrow suplex!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[A smirking Perez twists his fingers into the shape of a pistol, taking aim at the downed James...

...and leaps off, tucking his legs high...]

GM: DOUBLE STOMP! TO THE SKULL!

[Perez slithers from the ring, joining his allies on the floor as Detson lets go of the referee, diving on top of the prone James. Sakai looks around at the chaos, giving a shake of the head as he dives to the mat...]

BW: He didn't see any of it!

GM: All he sees is James on the mat... that's one! That's two!

[And Sakai slaps the mat a third time as the Superdome crowd ERUPTS in jeers!]

GM: I don't... what the hell did we just see, Bucky?!

BW: We just saw Johnny Detson win! That's what we saw, daddy!

GM: With the help of the Dogs of War?! At the expense of his status in the Kings of Wrestling?! Do the Kings of Wrestling even EXIST after he attacked Brian James AND Brian Lau?!

BW: Of course they exist! And Johnny Detson's in charge! He is THE King!

[Detson climbs to his feet, a huge grin on his face as he allows the referee to raise his arm into the air.]

GM: Johnny Detson celebrating his victory and... the Dogs of War are leaving! They've done their job and they're exiting the Superdome back through the crowd.

[The crowd is all over Walker, Perez, and Carpenter as the three men are walking back through the fans as they make their exit. Detson continues to celebrate inside the ring, jerking his thumb at himself over and over, taunting the downed James at his feet...

...which is when we cut to ringside and show a pissed-off Tony Donovan shoving the timekeeper aside and folding up his chair.]

GM: Donovan's got a chair! He's hot, Bucky!

[Donovan slides into the ring, chair in hand behind an unsuspecting Detson...]

GM: Donovan's-

[He rears back with the chair, ready to club Detson over the head with it...

...which is when Wes Taylor snatches the chair, preventing the swing from happening to a shocked reaction from the crowd!]

GM: What the-?!

[Donovan jerks around, ripping the chair out of his tag team champion partner's hand, throwing it down to the mat. The crowd is buzzing as the champions glare at one another. Taylor points to Detson, shaking his head...

...which is when Donovan delivers a two-handed shove in his friend and partner's chest, knocking him back into the ropes.]

GM: Oh!

[A disgusted Donovan drops down to the mat, rolling out to the floor. He reaches back in, pulling Brian James out to join him. With James' arm draped over his shoulders, Donovan starts walking up the ramp, leaving Detson, Lau, and Taylor behind. Taylor looks agitated, his glare moving from his exiting brothers to Detson who shrugs, shouting "I did what had to be done, kid!"]

GM: Johnny Detson's pleading his case to Wes Taylor... and now Taylor's taking his exit too.

[Taylor is shaking his head at Detson as he helps Brian Lau from the ring, practically dragging Lau up the aisle as Detson continues to smirk at the jeering crowd...]

GM: Well, Johnny Detson claims a controversial victory... and in the process of winning the leadership of the Kings of Wrestling, Detson may very well have caused the destruction of the Kings of Wrestling! This is a wild situation and we'll bring you more as it develops but right now, let's go to some pre-recorded comments from another AWA competitor we'll be seeing here later tonight!

[We cut to footage marked "EARLIER TODAY..." The footage shows the backstage interview area as it comes in.

A familiar figure is posed before the cameras, back to the screen, arms thrown out wide. We can't see his face, but we know it is Shadoe Rage from the mass of dreadlocks piled into a bun atop his head, to the ragged scarf around his neck to the black sleeveless leather robes. Rage turns to face the camera. He is not wearing his sunglasses so his charcoal staring hazel eyes burn through the lens. A boom mic above picks up Rage's strangled voice.]

SR: Oh yeah, let's go! SuperClash VIII! The infinity number! No beginning! No end! Time is eternal, yeah! My time is eternal! 8 is my favorite number! But it's bad luck for you, Blackjack Lynch! Because I've got you at SuperClash! Oh, message to Blackjack from Sensational Shadoe Rage and the Amazing Adrian Rage! We got you for as long as we want in a fight! Think the Texas Death match was bad? Think the towel match was Hell? That ain't nuthin' compared to what you're about to go through, Blackjack Lynch! That ain't nuthin' at all, man.

[Rage stares into the camera. A crazed smile splits his lips.]

SR: Did you kiss Henrietta today? How about Theresa? ... wait a minute. Is she even out of the hospital? How about those three boys of yours and the one you pretend isn't a Lynch? Did you kiss them? Did you get your affairs in order? Did you transfer your shares? Because we're going to the past! We're going back to the 80s like you're Michael J. Fox! Back to where it all started ... war!

Remember your little boys used to tremble in fear when you told them you were stepping in the ring with the most dangerous man in professional wrestling, Adrian Rage? Remember how Henrietta used to beg you not to do it? Remember how you did it for the money anyway? And remember how you'd steal the purse? House was way down. Thousand dollar fine. My dad knows! My dad remembers!

[A vicious twitch runs through Rage's body and suddenly he's more calm, more still. His body slows and he moves his head in a serpentine undulation. When Rage speaks his voice is still raspy, but more measured and smooth. It is as if someone else is speaking through Rage.]

SR: Blackjack, you stole my livelihood. You son of a bitch. You stole my legacy. You knew I was a desperate man with nine kids to feed just like you. You could have done the right thing and offered me a permanent job. You could have paid me what you owed. And now it's payback time. Now my son is going to get every dollar you owed me, Blackjack. You could have done this the easy way, but no, you had to give in to your cheap nature. A Canadian gave you your career. And a Canadian is gonna end it. Tell him, son.

[A violent shivers runs through Rage's body. He flaps his wrists, pirouettes in a circle, knuckles his forehead, trying to keep himself in check.]

SR: Yeah, you held the man down, but you can't hold his son down! No, not any more! For years you tried. For years you begged your boys not to step in the ring with me. But it was never about them! It was always about you! I can't wait to get my hands around your old neck. I can't wait to squeeze and squeeze until my fingers touch and your flesh gives way. I dream about it. I need it. I live for it! It's gonna be a beautiful dirge to your destruction! It's going to be my song of redemption! My daughter will never again know the tyranny of the Lynches. The AWA will never ever be influenced by you again!

[Rage shifts to the more reptilian personality.]

SR: It all ends tonight, Blackjack. I've waited for this moment for years. You never could handle me being bigger than you. You never could handle me selling out the arenas. You could never handle anybody being bigger than you. You sold me out. You blackballed me because I rose above you. You'll never kill me off. You'll never kill off my name. But Shadoo will kill off your name. He's going to kill you.

[The rabid Shadoo Rage returns.]

SR: Oh yeah, Blackjack Lynch, bring that big hand! Bring that Iron Claw! Bring everything you have left in that old body of yours because I'm going to strike you down and then nothing will stand in my way! The Lynch name is going to die! It will die in darkness!

[The camera closes in on Rage's maniacal expression as the shot fades out...

...and when we fade back up, we're down at ringside where Gordon and Bucky are standing.]

GM: Well, if you weren't disturbed by Johnny Detson and the Dogs of War's apparent alliance... perhaps Shadoo Rage's split personality will do the trick.

BW: We've always known that Rage was unhinged, Gordo, but it looks like that hinge has done snapped right off completely.

GM: Absolutely. Later tonight though...

[Gordon's words trail off at a large reaction from the AWA faithful. Gordon turns to the side...

...and we cut to a shot of Blackjack Lynch, the old cowboy himself, walking down the aisle towards the ring. The elder of the Lynch clan is dressed in blue jeans, cowboy boots, and a white Combat Corner Wrestling t-shirt... and one heck of a pissed off expression on his face.]

GM: Wait a second... here comes Blackjack Lynch!

BW: Hey, he's not scheduled right now.

GM: You want to tell him that?

BW: Maybe. I've been waiting a lot of years to give that old cheapskate a piece of my mind, Gordo.

GM: Oh brother, I'd pay to see that conversation.

[Lynch reaches the ring, climbing up the steel steps and ducking through the ropes into the ring. He walks across, waving a hand towards Rebecca Ortiz who hands over the house mic. Lynch takes center ring, looking down at the canvas for several seconds before raising his eyes, boring into the camera, before speaking.

BJL: The last couple of years, y'all have seen the softer side of Blackjack Lynch.

You've seen the proud papa. You've seen "Uncle Blackjack," lookin' over the CCW kids, and offerin' up words of advice and encouragement. You've seen the man who stepped away from being the man who spilled buckets of his own blood and gallons of anyones who crossed his path.

[Lynch grits his teeth.]

BJL: But after that...

[He jerks a thumb toward the video wall.]

BJL: After that, if you really expect me to stand back there and pose for pictures with celebrities and glad-hand the corporate type for another hour plus, you're out of your damn minds.

I ain't here to play nice. And I ain't here to talk nice either. Tonight, you're seein' the old Blackjack. The real Blackjack. The mean bastard that talks straight and don't give a damn who hears it.

That son of a bitch...

[Blackjack sneers at the camera.]

BJL: ...and make no mistake about it, that's exactly what he is. You see... Shadoe Rage has bad blood in him. Bad blood like his big brother...

Bad blood like his father... who was a bitch.

[A big cheer rings out for Blackjack's surprising profanity.]

BJL: So, when I call him a son of a bitch, I'm not trying to be a hard ass like Kowalski or Carver... I mean it literally... Shadoe Rage is... a son... of... a bitch!

[And the loudest cheer of all!]

BJL: That son of a bitch is threatening me. He's threatening my family. My sons. My daughter. My wife.

The day that Henrietta agreed to marry this ol' bastard was the greatest day of my life... and not a day goes by that I don't thank the Good Lord above for his blessings that she stands by my side even when every bit of good sense in her head tells her to go running for greener pastures.

So to threaten her... you gotta be a special kind of stupid, boy.

[Lynch smirks.]

BJL: And Lord knows you are. Not just stupid though. I could forgive stupid because your father was a no-nothin' piece of trash who... well, even the likes of you deserved better than him.

No, no... you're crazy too. I know that ain't the politically correct thing to say these days but ol' Blackjack's never been politically correct.

You're crazy... just like your old man.

[Blackjack shakes his head.]

BJL: And if I'm supposed to be scared because you twitch and shiver and start thinking you're him, you've wandered onto the wrong train of thinkin', son.

Because a lot of men bigger than you... a lot of men tougher than you... and hell, even a lot of men crazier than you have tried to scare me before and not a damn one of them succeeded.

You've got bad blood in you, boy. And the only way I know how to help you is to get it out.

[Blackjack leans closer to the camera.]

BJL: No leeches like the old days. No one to give you a little cut and drain the darkness out of ya.

[He holds up his gloved right hand.]

BJL: So, I guess we'll have to do this my way.

So get your ass out here... and let's finish what me and your daddy started a long, long time ago.

[Blackjack tosses the mic aside, waving a hand towards the locker room area.]

GM: Well, it looks like we're not going to wait for this, Bucky.

BW: Alright. I'm always up to see a Lynch gettin' the crap kicked out of 'em.

GM: Blackjack Lynch seems to be in a nasty state of mind... but he's still gotta go one-on-one with Shadoe Rage.

BW: Or one-on-two with Shadoe and Adrian.

GM: Adrian Rage is dead... but perhaps lives on in the fractured mind of his son here tonight in New Orleans. And if Blackjack says the fight is on right now, I'm sure Shadoe Rage is more than happy to oblige.

[And on that note, the arena goes black to "oooooooohs" from the sold out Superdome crowd.]

A single light runs around the arena screens before it settles above the entrance way. It hovers there for a moment before it winks out of existence. Mist roils around the ramp as the light blinks to life again and then more lights shine down from above, forming a spotlight on the mist and the tall black-robed figure who stands in its midst, head covered by a ragged monks cloth scarf and figure cloaked by a leather-sleeveless robe.]

GM: And here he comes... no referee, no ring introductions, no rules. This is not a professional wrestling contest, fans... this is a fight.

BW: That's right. Blackjack checks in at 102 years old so no promoter worth his salt would actually sanction a match. But a fight on the other hand. We've got no control over this, daddy.

GM: Not one bit... just the way Shadoe Rage likes it.

[The guitar and clap begin and the voice of Johnny Cash reverberates through the arena.]

#You can run on for a long time
Run on for a long time
Sooner or later
GOD WILL CUT YOU DOWN#

Shadoe Rage raises his head and throws back the cowl. He glares out at the crowd with his cruelly beautiful eyes. He shrugs off his leather robes onto the stage revealing his chiselled tawny physique and his dark pink trunks festooned with black stars. Rage removes his scarf and shakes his dreadlocks free. The savage stalks down the ramp towards the squared circle where Blackjack Lynch is pacing and waiting.]

GM: Who knows what we're about to see here? Common wisdom would tell you that with Blackjack's advanced age, Shadoe Rage has the advantage... however Blackjack is tough and determined and sometimes motivation can lead you a long way down the road towards victory.

BW: Victory? What the heck is victory in a fight like this? Still being able to walk when it's over?

GM: Maybe. That might be exactly what it takes... because there are no pinfalls... no submissions... no countouts or DQs.

BW: Like you said, Gordo - there's not even a referee in this!

[Rage reaches the ringside area, pacing back and forth a few times before turning back to the ring, his eyes burning into the waiting Blackjack Lynch.]

GM: Just a matter of moments now and-

[Rage suddenly dashes at the ring, sliding under the bottom rope...

...and gets a big cowboy boot to the skull!]

GM: Oh! Blackjack caught him coming in!

[Lynch boots him in the skull a second time... a third time...]

GM: And those aren't wrestling boots, fans. They're not even the cowboy-style wrestling boots we've seen on grapplers in the past. Those are traditional cowboy boots and I tell ya, that's gotta hurt.

[The legendary Blackjack drags Rage through the ropes by his dreadlocks, drilling him with a measured haymaker to the jaw that sends Rage flopping back into the turnbuckles. Lynch advances on him...]

GM: Another heavy blow by big Blackjack Lynch!

[The blow rocks Rage who slumps down a bit in the buckles... and one more punch between the eyes causes Rage to flop down into a seated position against the turnbuckles.]

GM: Rage driven down to the canvas - look at this!

[The crowd roars as Blackjack lifts his leg, putting his big boot down on the throat of Rage, strangling the air out of him as Rage kicks his feet helplessly on the canvas.]

GM: He's choking him... and there's no one that can stop him! No referee, no rules!

[Lynch leaves the choke on for several more seconds, proving Gordon's point. As he lets off, Rage gets to all fours, crawling across the ring, coughing and gasping as Lynch stalks the former World Television Champion.]

GM: Rage may be rethinking this fight, Bucky.

BW: No chance of that. Blackjack may be off to a quick start but sooner or later, Senior Citizen Meal Time ends and Blackjack's gotta pay the bill for the first time in his life!

GM: I... I don't even know what that means.

[Blackjack grabs Rage by the hair, dragging him to his feet as he walks him into the corner...]

GM: Headfirst into the turnbuckles... and again!

[The crowd starts to count along.]

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Lynch turns Rage around in the corner, shoving an elbow into his chin, forcing Rage's head back as the elder Lynch shouts at him...]

"YOU WANT TO TALK ABOUT MY FAMILY, HUH?! YOU WANT TO THREATEN MY FAMILY?!"

[...and then SMASHES Rage across the chest with an open-handed slap!]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief! That frying pan-like hand slapped down across the chest... and again, that sends Rage stumbling across the ring. Blackjack's faring well for himself so far, fans.

[Lynch approaches Rage who has wobbled into the adjacent corner...

...but the former World Television Champion wheels around, throwing a haymaker between the eyes of the elder statesman of the Lynch clan!]

GM: Oh! Rage with a right hand of his own!

[A second haymaker finds the mark, sending Lynch staggering back across the ring as a wild-eyed Rage pursues him. He winds up, bringing his signature elbow crashing down across the skull, knocking Lynch back into the corner.]

GM: And just like that, Shadoe Rage manages to batter Blackjack Lynch across the ring... and look out here...

[Grabbing Lynch by the arm, Rage goes to whip him across the ring...

...but the legendary veteran reverses, sending Rage across the ring, crashing into the far buckles where he staggers out...]

GM: BACKDROP!

[Rage goes soaring high into the air, crashing down hard onto the canvas as Blackjack Lynch stands in center ring...

...and slowly raises his right hand over his head, bringing the New Orleans crowd to their feet!]

GM: He's calling for the Claw! Blackjack Lynch is calling for his family's signature hold - the Iron Claw!

BW: No, no, no! Get out of there, Rage!

[And the Canadian quickly obliges, rolling from the ring out to the floor to big jeers from the AWA faithful. Rage grabs at his lower back, walking around the ringside area...

...where he bullies the timekeeper out of his seat, grabbing his chair, not bothering to fold it up before he flings it recklessly over his head, sending it bouncing across the ring.]

GM: Goodness! Look out!

[Rage grabs the timekeeper by the lapels, shouting wildly at him before shoving him down to the floor. He stumbles around the ringpost, Lynch shouting at him to get back into the ring but Rage goes over to the barricade, reaching over to grab another abandoned chair...]

GM: Another steel chair goes flying over the ropes... and just narrowly misses Blackjack Lynch.

BW: Blackjack's avoiding those chairs like his taxes.

[Rage wobbles alongside the barricade a few more steps before grabbing another chair. This one, however, he folds up and turns back towards the ring where Blackjack Lynch is advancing on the ropes, shouting at Rage...]

GM: Blackjack needs to watch out. Rage has that chair and-

[Rage sets the chair down on the apron, ready to slide back in...

...and Blackjack STOMPS the chair down onto Rage's fingers!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Rage recoils in pain, staggering across the ringside area as Blackjack boots the folded chair off the apron to the floor.]

GM: And what a statement by Blackjack Lynch! Blackjack says he doesn't need a chair! He doesn't need a table! He's as old school as it comes and all he needs is what he brought with him, Bucky - his fists!

BW: We'll see about that. Things change, times evolve, and Blackjack may not need a weedwhacker to survive this fight with Shadoe Rage but I think his fists against Shadoe Rage and whatever he decides to dance with is gonna be one heck of a mismatch.

[Still shaking his hand in pain, Rage wobbles back towards the ring, shouting angrily at Lynch who beckons him back in...]

GM: Rage coming back to the ring now...

[Lynch reaches through the ropes, snatching a handful of dreadlocks...

...and Rage digs his fingers into Blackjack's eyes, raking hard, and sending Lynch stumbling away rubbing at his eyes.]

GM: Rage goes to the eyes... and look at Rage now, quick as a cat up on the apron...

[The former World Television Champion rushes down the apron, quickly getting to the top rope in a heartbeat...]

...and leaps off, clasping his hands together, and bringing them crashing down across the back of Lynch's head!]

GM: OHHH! DEATH FROM ABOVE!

[And with Lynch down on the mat, Rage flips him over onto his back, taking a knee next to him. He grabs Lynch by the back of the head, rifling in a trio of right hands to the skull of the elder of the Lynch clan!]

GM: And now Rage is all over Blackjack Lynch down on the canvas!

[He climbs to his feet, pulling Lynch into a seated position on the canvas, bringing a big overhead elbow down between the eyes of Lynch!]

GM: Ohh! Another hard elbowsmash by Rage!

[Holding onto Lynch, Rage again smashes his fist down into the temple... and again... and again... and again...]

GM: Rage is viciously pounding on Blackjack Lynch...

[Peeling away from the seated Lynch, Rage walks across the ring to the corner, ducking through the ropes and stepping out onto the apron.]

GM: And it looks like Rage is going up top again!

[Shadoe Rage steps to the second rope... then to the top as Blackjack Lynch struggles to get back to his feet...]

GM: DEATH FROM ABOOOOOOOOV-

[...and the legendary veteran swings a gloved right hand up into the midsection of Rage, causing Rage to do a full flip over onto his back!]

GM: And Lynch counters it! He caught Rage downstairs and...

[Lynch sinks to his knees, tugging his glove into place...

...and digs his fingers into the abdominal muscles of Shadoe Rage!]

GM: AHHH! STOMACH CLAW! STOMACH CLAW!

[Rage cries out in pain, grabbing at Lynch's wrist, trying to yank it off of him as Lynch applies more pressure!]

GM: You think back to the stories we've all heard about Blackjack Lynch's incredible grip strength... about being able to crush an apple in his hand... about being able to bend coins with his fingers...

BW: Hogwash.

GM: No, no... I believe they're true, Bucky... and I believe that's the level of pressure being applied to the midsection of Shadoe Rage right about now. Look at the anguish on the face of Rage, Bucky, and tell me you don't believe it!

BW: If Blackjack Lynch told me the sky was blue AND I saw it myself, I'd STILL go and get my eyes checked to make sure. The man's a notorious liar. He's the stereotypical promoter who cheats the boys, lies about everything, and pays you as little as possible.

GM: We've all heard those stories too... and at the heart of those stories is this war between the Lynch family and the Rage family as Shadoe Rage believes his own father's career was derailed by Blackjack Lynch the promoter as much as Blackjack Lynch the wrestler.

[Rage rolls back and forth, grimacing in pain as Lynch clenches his jaw, digging his fingers deeper into the stomach of the wild-eyed Canadian.]

GM: Remember, those no submission that ends this fight either so this is Blackjack just trying to hurt Rage... not trying to force him to give up...

[Rage rolls to the side, trying to wrench Lynch's hand off his stomach, stretching his arms up over his head...

...wiggling his fingers in the direction of a nearby steel chair.]

GM: Rage is trying to get to the ropes but that won't help him either, Bucky.

BW: I don't think it's the ropes he's going for, Gordo.

GM: What are you... the chair?!

[And suddenly, Rage's grasping fingers wrap around the steel chair he tossed into the ring earlier...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and he SWINGS it with as much force as he can muster from a prone position on the mat, slamming it into Blackjack Lynch's upper right arm and shoulder, immediately forcing him to break the hold, falling to the canvas!]

GM: OH! Shadoe Rage with that chair! Rage with that steel chair across the arm of Blackjack Lynch... and down goes Lynch from that!

[Rage climbs off the mat, wincing as he grabs at his stomach with one hand, holding the chair in the other. He presses the top of the chair back into the mat, using it as a cane as he gets to his feet...]

GM: Rage trying to get up... trying to recover from that stomach claw...

[Using the toe of his boot, Rage flips Blackjack Lynch over onto his back, holding the chair high above his head...

...and DRIVES the edge down into the sternum of the Texan!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief! That'll knock the wind out of you!

BW: It sure will... and Shadoe Rage has a weapon and he's happy to use it against Blackjack Lynch.

GM: Rage lifts it up again!

[And drives it down a second time into Lynch's chest. With a smirk, Rage flips the chair open, sitting down on it on Lynch's chest, pinning him to the canvas. He sits down backwards on the chair, leaning down to glare into Lynch's eyes.]

"You done yet, old man?! You ready to admit the Rages are the first family of wrestling?!"

[Lynch chokes out a strangled "NOOOO!" as Rage grimaces...

...and then suddenly twitches violently, falling out of the chair to the canvas.]

GM: What in the world?

[Rage suddenly flips over onto all fours, crawling towards Lynch, his tongue lolling out of the side of his mouth...]

GM: Shadoo Rage crawling towards-

BW: No, no, Gordo... not Shadoo... Adrian.

GM: Adrian? What are you talking about, Bucky?!

[Rage suddenly pushes up to his knees, wrapping his hands around Blackjack Lynch's throat. His eyes are glazed over with unbridled aggression, his fingers digging into the older man's fleshy throat.]

GM: That's a choke! No doubt about it!

BW: And without a referee to save him, Rage may never let the old man go!

GM: Bucky, you know Blackjack Lynch as well as I do... you know that he told his kids to stay out of this. You know he told them under NO circumstances are they to come to the ring and intervene in this... no matter what happens.

BW: Oh, absolutely... and those brats will probably listen to the senile ol' fossil too.

[The camera cuts to a closeup of Rage, his eyes rolled back in his head as he digs the fingers in. Blackjack Lynch is coughing violently, trying to pull the fingers off his throat...

...and digs his own fingers into Rage's eyes, causing Rage to howl in pain and release the choke!]

GM: OH! Lynch goes to the eyes! This is a real street fight at times, Bucky.

BW: I'm not surprised Lynch is breaking the rules. Like father, like sons.

GM: What rules? This isn't a match - this is a fight!

[With Rage temporarily blinded, he starts flailing and twisting on the canvas...

...and when he comes to a halt, he rolls under the bottom rope out to the floor.]

GM: Rage exits the ring again... and Blackjack Lynch is going after him!

[The big Texan rolls under the ropes, walking towards Rage who is leaning against the ring apron, rubbing at his eyes. Lynch snatches two hands full of hair, smashing Rage's skull into the ring apron!]

GM: And Lynch turns this fight around out on the floor...

[But Rage pops Lynch under the chin with a back elbow, snapping Lynch's head back. Lynch stumbles back, falling to a knee as Rage reaches under the ropes, grabbing a chair he tossed in earlier.]

GM: Rage has got a chair again... setting it up out on the floor...

[With the chair unfolded and facing the ring, Rage drags Lynch around, sitting him in the chair before he lands a pair of right hands to the skull, keeping the legendary cowboy in place.]

GM: Blackjack's sitting in the chair... where is Rage going now?

[The former World Television Champion gets back inside the ring, circling around, a wild look in his eyes as he draws near the ropes. He's in the middle of the ropes when he steps up on the second...]

GM: What is he... is he going for the double axehandle THERE?!

BW: It sure looks like it. Not his usual plan of attack. He usually drops those from the corner but Rage is a little more unhinged than usual. Who knows what he's gonna do at any given moment?

[But as Rage gets up on the second rope with both feet, Lynch surges up off the chair at ringside...

...and extends his arm up, grabbing the middle rope and giving it a hard enough shake to cause Rage to fall off the ropes to the mat.]

GM: Lynch sends Rage falling back but not for long...

[Lynch climbs up on the apron as Rage scrambles up to his feet, advancing on him...

...but the big cowboy leans over, swinging between the ropes to drive his shoulder onto Rage's midsection!]

GM: Ohh! Lynch goes downstairs and-

[Still hanging onto Rage, Lynch straightens up, sending Rage sailing over the top rope with a backdrop...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...onto the set-up steel chair on the floor!]

GM: OHHHHH MY STARRRRRRSSSSS!

[The crowd is roaring for Rage's crash and burn through a set-up steel chair as Lynch slowly turns on the apron, leaning against the ropes as he looks down at his foe's mangled form.]

GM: That look... that look right there. If you're a longtime fan of this business or grew up in the Southern United States, you know the look on the face of Blackjack Lynch. You've seen it many times before. You know it as the look that man gets when he feels justice is about to be done to a rival who has wronged him.

[The fans are still roaring as Lynch gives a satisfied nod, slowly lowering himself down off the apron. He stands over Rage who is writhing in pain on the floor, still lying on the ruins of the chair he went through. The big Texan steps past him, starting the long walk up the ramp.]

GM: And Blackjack says he's done! He thinks that fall through the chair was enough!

BW: He might be right. Rage is in tremendous pain right now. Shadoe Rage is the kind of guy who has put his body through a lot of hellish things over the years - you think back to Death In Darkness... to the Scaffold Match with Donnie White from a few years ago. He's the kind of guy who probably should be done. His body probably should be telling him it's had enough and to go enjoy retirement somewhere with his kid and Monet. But that's not the kind of man Shadoe Rage is in his soul. He's a fighter. He's a guy willing to fight the years as well as the mileage to keep going.

[Lynch doesn't look back as he walks up the ramp, the fans alongside it cheering him on...

...until a voice rings out.]

"HEY!"

[The big Texan pauses, slowly turning towards the ring to find Shadoe Rage down on the ground on his knees, clinging to a mic as he stares up the ramp at Blackjack Lynch.]

"Where the hell..."

[Rage gasps, grabbing at his ribs in obvious pain.]

"...do you think you're going?"

[Lynch continues to stare, the fans buzzing at Rage's recovery.]

"This..."

[He winces again, grabbing at his lower back.]

"This ain't over."

[A "CLUNK!" as the mic hits the floor is heard and to the roar of the crowd, Blackjack Lynch starts walking back down the elevated ramp towards the ring.]

GM: My god, how the hell is Shadoe Rage even moving after that fall onto the chair?!

BW: Forget moving - he wants more of Lynch! I can't blame him. I've been wanting to beat Blackjack Lynch to a bloody pulp for over twenty years... all of the Lynches actually... even the ones they don't claim as Lynches.

[As Blackjack reaches the ringside area again, Shadoe Rage comes to his feet and the two come together in a flurry of fisticuffs!]

GM: This is a fight, fans! No referee, no rules and they're throwin' down in New Orleans!

[The fans get louder as Blackjack throws a series of big looping blows, leaving Rage reeling as he grabs him by the hair, shooting him back under the ropes into the ring. The big Texan climbs up on the apron, ducking through the ropes in pursuit.]

GM: Rage is in and Blackjack's right behind him, looking to finish him off...

[The crawling Rage gets a hand locked in his hair, hauling him off all fours to his feet, flinging him towards the ropes. Rage bounces off towards Blackjack who has his gloved right hand cocked back and ready...]

GM: CLAW! HE LOCKS IN THE CLAW!

[The crowd EXPLODES at the sight of the Lynch family Iron Claw locked around the skull of Shadoe Rage!]

GM: LYNCH HAS THE CLAW LOCKED IN!

[Rage stumbles around on his feet, the fingers digging into his temples and forehead!]

GM: For decades, this has been one of the most feared holds in all of professional wrestling! The grip strength - the hand strength of Blackjack Lynch - as we discussed earlier is the stuff of legend! And now Shadoe Rage is feeling that firsthand as Lynch squeezes the skull of his younger foe!

[The mercurial Rage grabs at Lynch's wrist, trying to pull it from his head but the legendary Texan reaches over with his free hand to hold his wrist in place, securing the hold even tighter as Rage cries out again, the crowd surging to their feet, sensing that the end may be near...]

GM: This could be it! We've seen so many go down in defeat to this hold over the years, Bucky!

BW: Rage has gotta get out of this and he's gotta do it swiftly, Gordo, or this one's all over!

[A desperate Rage bats at the hand clutching his skull, trying to free himself that way...

...but hope is fleeing for the Canadian as Lynch's fingers dig in deeper, and we begin to see crimson flowing from the skull!]

GM: It looks like - it's hard to tell with his hand engulfing Rage's skull but I think Shadoe Rage has been lacerated, fans! I think he's been busted open by the sheer strength of Blackjack Lynch!

[The fans seem to get louder at the sight of Rage's blood dripping down onto the canvas...

...and with the blood starting to flow, Rage's battering arms start to slow.]

GM: And if you're a fan of Shadoe Rage, don't look now but it looks like he's starting to fade!

[Rage's blows onto Blackjack's iron grip are weaker now and farther in between as he tries to free himself before it's too late.]

BW: I can't believe what I'm seeing, Gordo. I cannot believe that Blackjack's going to win this damn thing.

GM: It's not over yet, Bucky, but Blackjack is-

[The crowd ERUPTS as Rage falls to his knees. Blackjack stands over him, the fingers still digging into his foe's skull, a determined expression on the face of the Lynch clan's elder as he tries to end this battle.]

GM: He's got him down to his knees, blood streaming now - we can see it clear as day now - blood streaming from the forehead! The sheer force of that Claw has split the skull of Shadoe Rage and... look at the eyes of Lynch! The sheer force of will driving him on! This is not a fight that Blackjack Lynch looked for, Bucky, but it was one he was happy to accept after Rage crossed a line.

BW: Shadoe Rage was doing this for HIS family, Gordo. His child. His father. His brothers and sisters. For too long, the Rages have been marginalized by the pundits and historians in this sport. For too long, the Lynches have been deified. Shadoe Rage had visions of walking into New Orleans and yanking Blackjack Lynch down from the heavens to expose him as a mere mortal.

GM: Those visions, however, may be coming to an end as Blackjack Lynch is forcing Rage down... and he drives him down onto his back!

[The crowd somehow gets even louder as the sight of this, flashbulbs popping as a kneeling Lynch drives the back of Rage's skull into the canvas, blood starting to pool under Rage's head as Lynch lets loose a subhuman roar of triumph...

...and rips his hand away, leaving Rage bloodied and broken on the canvas to the cheers of the fans.]

GM: And that's it! Blackjack says that's enough! And again, no referee and no rules... almost like the old Outlaw Rules matches... and as Blackjack Lynch climbs to his feet, it's hard to deny that he just might be the original Outlaw of Professional Wrestling, Bucky.

[Lynch is back to his feet now, blood dripping from his fingers onto the canvas as he stares down at a barely-moving Shadoe Rage. He raises his gaze to the cheering fans...

...and with a roar, throws his gloved hand towards the sky, getting a huge cheer in response.]

GM: And there's the celebration for Blackjack, having vanquished another foe. And as the years go by, we know that every time Blackjack steps into this ring, it could be for the last time... but man it's fun to see him out here when he competes, Bucky. Even in a fight like this and not an actual wrestling match.

BW: Fun? You think this was fun? This was a violent, brutal battle that ended in bloodshed, you twisted son of a gun.

GM: That wasn't what I meant and you know it... and as Blackjack slowly turns, walking away from the carnage, these fans here in New Orleans are giving the living legend a standing ovation. How about that?

BW: I'd accept nothing less from a bunch of sheep.

[Lynch steps out to the floor, starting the long walk up the ramp.]

GM: And on a night where we've seen the Axis thrive and the Kings of Wrestling seemingly die, we don't yet know how this evening will go for the Lynch family but this is one heck of a start.

BW: By the time the Syndicate gets done with Jack, this might be the highlight, daddy.

GM: Also certainly a possibility as Blackjack Lynch takes that long walk up the aisle, heading towards the locker room and-

"Arrrrrrgh... you... you son of a bitch!"

[The crowd reacts to the voice as does Blackjack who halts in his walk, turning back towards the ring again where Shadoe Rage has crawled across the ring, lying on the canvas as he clutches a mic to his chest.]

"You're going to have to..."

[He breathes heavily into the mic a few times.]

"...KILL... ME!"

[He tosses the mic aside, blood dripping off his head onto the canvas as the crowd ROARS at his words. Blackjack Lynch runs his gloved hand through his hair, shaking his head in disbelief...]

GM: Shadoe Rage says he's not done and...

[The crowd EXPLODES as Blackjack Lynch starts walking down the ramp yet again, purpose in his steps as he tugs his glove into place, his steely gaze locked on the badly-bloodied Shadoe Rage who has managed to pull himself to his knees.]

GM: This one's not over... and here comes Blackjack again! This fight is about to continue and... you have to wonder if the pride of Shadoe Rage is about to be his undoing, Bucky. What does he have left?

BW: I've come to learn something about Shadoe Rage. He's like an old junkyard dog, Gordo. When he gets a bone in his jaws, you'll practically need a crowbar to pry them apart.

GM: Meaning what?

BW: Meaning that as long as he's got a breath in his body, Shadoe Rage isn't giving up.

[Lynch climbs up on the apron, angrily ducking through the ropes where he mutters "you just don't know when to quit, do ya?" as he approaches the bloodied and kneeling Rage. He holds the gloved right hand up again, leaning in towards Rage...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...who proceeds to swing his arm up into Lynch's groin!]

GM: LOW BLOW!

BW: Rage takes a swipe at the Lynch family jewels!

[The elder Lynch collapses to the canvas, clutching his groin in tremendous pain as the crowd continues to boo the cheapshot.]

GM: Shadoe Rage baited Blackjack back into the ring and then went low on him... which turns this fight completely around.

[A bloodied Rage comes up off the mat, twitching and giggling to himself as he does.]

GM: This guy is twisted.

BW: What was your first clue?

[Rage inches forward, leaning over Blackjack, blood dripping off his head onto the Texas legend's chest...

...and then suddenly jerks around, twisting and bending to grab Lynch's legs, lifting them up and holding them apart...]

GM: What is he...?

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Rage viciously stomps his foot down on Lynch's groin as he shouts loudly.]

GM: A stomp to the groin and... what did he say, Bucky?

BW: I'm not quite sure. I didn't-

[The former World Television Champion stomps the groin a second time, shouting again...]

BW: I think he said "Elias," Gordo.

GM: Elias? What is that-

[A third stomp finds the testicles of Lynch as Rage shouts "JEREMIAH!"]

GM: Jeremiah? Elias? He's shouting the names of Blackjack Lynch's children for crying out loud!

[Blackjack Lynch grabs at his own groin, trying to roll to the side but Rage defiantly hangs on to the legs, shaking his head...

...and STOMPS down a fourth time, shouting "THERESA!"]

GM: Good grief. This is getting difficult to watch.

BW: Well, there's nine Lynch children so we're only halfway there, Gordo!

GM: Remember, fans - no ref, no rules... and Shadoo Rage is taking full advantage of that is he- gaaaaaaah! Another one!

BW: And that one goes out to the Black Sheep of the Lynch family - and my good friend - Matt Lance!

[Rage stares out at the rabid crowd, licking the dripping crimson from his lips as he violently twitches and spasms...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"TRAVIS!"

[Lynch's resistance is fading, his arms flopping backwards to the side as his face starts to go pale from the unfettered abuse to his groin.]

GM: Somebody's gotta stop this.

BW: You said it yourself, Gordo. Blackjack would've told the kids to stay out of it. Jack and Travis are under strict orders to stay in the back no doubt.

GM: Which means that Blackjack is all al-OOOOOOOOOOH!

[The crowd echoes Gordon's response as Rage shouts "SAMANTHA!" and then obscenely licks his lips with some weird thrusting of the hips...

...and stomps AGAIN!]

"THAT CRIPPLE JAMES!"

[Lynch is barely moving on the mat at this time, breathing heavily as Rage stands tall, ready to deliver his final blow...]

GM: Come on. Enough is enough, Rage. Enough is-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"JACK!"

GM: Good lord almighty.

[Blackjack has slightly rolled to his hip now, both hands down on his groin, trying to shield it...]

GM: Well... at least that's over. I don't know what Shadoe Rage has planned next but-

[A smirking Rage throws Lynch's legs apart, dropping down to drive his kneecap into the groin as he shouts "MICHAEL!"]

BW: Did he just...?

GM: Disgusting. Absolutely disgusting.

[The crowd jeers as Rage continues to kneel on the groin of Lynch, grinding his kneecap back and forth as Lynch writhes in pain underneath him.]

GM: Fans, for those unaware... I can't even believe this... Rage just referenced Michael Lynch. Michael Lynch was the firstborn child of Blackjack and Henrietta Lynch and... unfortunately died at a very young age.

BW: That's... uhh... that's even too far for me, Gordo.

GM: That's too far for anyone. Anyone with a heart. Anyone with a soul. And Shadoe Rage apparently has neither after hearing that.

BW: I mean... we know he's being influenced by his father but-

GM: That's no excuse, Bucky. None at all.

[Rage climbs off the mat, staring down at the barely-moving Blackjack Lynch. He sneers at the jeering fans, twisting his finger around in the air before the bloodied Canadian stomps across the ring, leaping through the ropes to the apron.]

GM: Rage is going up top now. Hasn't Blackjack had enough?

BW: Not according to Rage... either one rattling around in his head...

[Rage stands up top, arms raised over his head...

...and leaps from his perch, soaring through the air, and DRIVES the point of his elbow down into the heart of the living legend!]

GM: ELBOW OFF THE TOP!

[Rage pops up off Lynch who is now motionless on the canvas, going into a spread-arm spin as the fans continue to jeer. The Canadian comes to a sudden halt, threatening to backhand the entire crowd... even children... and then marches across the ring, hopping through the ropes again.]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me! Not again!

BW: Oh, Rage is REALLY going to end this now.

GM: Blackjack's down! He's not moving!

BW: Just the way Rage wants him!

[And the former Television Champion takes flight again, gracefully sailing into the air...

...and then savagely crashing down elbowfirst on the heart of the elder of the Lynch clan!]

GM: ANGEL OF DEATH DROP AGAIN!

[Rage pops up off the mat, going into a spin again...

...and again getting wildly booed by the AWA faithful, a sound that freezes Rage in his tracks. He points to the crowd, going into a spin again...]

GM: Rage is losing it out here. The fans are booing him and - what?! He's surprised by that?!

[Rage angrily drags a thumb across his throat, giving a thumbs down as he heads across the ring again, ducking through the ropes to the apron. The jeers turn to a concerned buzz as Rage scales the turnbuckles...]

GM: Not again. Please. Somebody stop this.

BW: How many times have you said it, Gordo?! No rules! No ref! Rage can do whatever he wants in there and-

[Standing up top, Rage begins to violently twitch and shake...

...and leaps from his perch, DRIVING his elbow down into the heart of Blackjack Lynch a third time! The bloodied Rage stays on top of Lynch, giggling madly to himself...]

GM: A third... a third flying elbow connects and... fans, I think we're going to need some help out here for Blackjack Lynch. We're going to need-

[Rage abruptly rolls over, flipping Blackjack onto his stomach. He snatches Lynch by the leg, wrapping it up in a stepover toehold...

...and then hooks a cobra clutch before dropping down to the mat, twisting and cranking the neck of Blackjack Lynch!]

GM: And that's- that's the Constrictor! The finishing hold of his father!

[Rage is shouting nonsense, guttural roars that have no meaning as he cranks back on the head and neck of Lynch, shaking him violently with the hold. Lynch's arm is limp, showing no signs of resistance as Rage pulls... and pulls... and pulls...

...and suddenly, a flood of AWA officials hit the ring, diving on top of Rage and Lynch, physically wrapping their arms around Rage, trying to pull the bloodied maniac off of Lynch!]

GM: GET HIM OUT OF THERE FOR CRYING OUT LOUD!

[A shrieking Rage can be heard all throughout the Superdome, screaming bloody murder as AWA officials are all over him, trying to pull him off the downed Lynch.]

GM: Can someone PLEASE get this maniac off Blackjack!?

BW: They're trying, Gordo... they're trying.

[And finally... finally, the assembled AWA officials manage to wrench Rage's arms apart, pulling him several feet away from an unmoving Lynch. The crowd is jeering wildly as Rage kneels on the mat, jerking and twitching, licking the blood still streaming down his face...]

GM: This is... fans, this is a bad scene. Blackjack Lynch is not moving. He's not moving at all. And this... I think deep down this is what we were all afraid of when Blackjack took this challenge.

BW: Shadoe Rage was on a mission here tonight - to avenge his father, to avenge his family... and that can be a powerful motivator.

GM: Lynch is still down on the mat. We're going to need some medical help out here... and we may need the damn police to take Shadoe Rage and throw his ass in jail!

BW: Easy, Gordo. You said it yourself over and over - no ref, no rules. Rage was legally able to do exactly what he did.

GM: That doesn't make it right, Bucky. Blackjack tried to walk away from this fight several times tonight. He beat the man down but he didn't try to cripple him. Shadoe Rage is a different story altogether.

BW: The same man who put Tony Sunn's career on ice for good... you really thought he'd let up when he had Blackjack down?

GM: I don't... I don't know, Bucky. I don't know what the hell to think... but I'm sick of looking at him! Can someone get the camera off him? Can someone get us to a video or something?

[The scene is chaotic. Lynch still on his back as AWA medical officials hit the ring to work on him. Shadoe Rage is a few feet away, kneeling and cackling madly as he is restrained by AWA officials...

...and we abruptly cut backstage to footage marked as "MOMENTS AGO" where we see an extreme closeup of a New York Yankees logo.]

"Take it in... take it all in."

[The camera pulls back to reveal that we're looking at a closeup of a Yankees hat that is backwards and atop the head of Erica Toughill who looks banged up and less

than thrilled to be on her feet at this point of the night. As it pulls back further, we see Kerry Kendrick on her right and Flex Ferrigno on her left.]

KK: First thing's first: I need to offer a mea culpa. We have a case of mistaken identity on our hands. I know the AWA is trying to cut back, but I think it's a bit too much to ask teaming Supernova up with Esther Rolle. I know she works cheaper than David Ortiz, seeing as she's been dead for almost twenty years. But that's the kind of mentality that I've been up against ever since I walked in the door.

No matter how much I put in the work, no matter how much work I put in, there has always been this attitude of parachuting any old old-timer or B-grade celebrity into high profile positions while pushing the rest of us who have paid our dues out. And I for one welcome our new corporate overlords and their leaner, more lithe AWA. We're going to start by taking a couple of expensive contracts off your hands in Supernova and Ortiz. My colleague Flex will elucidate.

[Ferrigno does a doubletake in his partner's direction.]

FLEX: I'll what?!

KK: You'll tell 'em.

[Ferrigno nods, getting down to business.]

FLEX: Oh yeah. Yaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa know it's gonna go down like this, brotha. No matter how big and round David Ortiz is, no matter how far he swats a home run, no matter how many cheeseburgers the man can throw down...he'll never be more than half a wrestler on his best day. He's never gonna be a full wrestler, cuz he's always been a baseball player and there's only one Quadrasaurus in this Park and you're lookin' at em'! Being half a wrestler means he's been dragging down Supernova to his level, which makes him three-quarters of the wrestler he should be!

So you add David Ortiz being half a wrestler to Supanova being three-quarters of a wrestler and you got a team that's only as strong as one-and-one-quarters of a wrestler! One-and-one-quarters wrestler ain't got a chance against two wrestlers especially when they're named Kendrick and Ferrigno, ya with me?

[Kerry nods while Flex looks at him and then adjusts his nod side to side as he looks away.]

FLEX: But then you look at me! Da Monsta Muscle is a man-and-a-half! Who's a man-and-a-half? I'm a man-and-a-half! And Self Made Man is almost a man-and-a-half himself! So you add those together and you're looking at a tag team of two-point-nine-five people! And then you add tha Iron Beavah at ringside, and she's more woman than Nova and Ortiz are men. So she counts for at least zero-point-eight men, stackisticaly speaking of course.

KK: Of course.

FLEX: Now assuming Earth still rotates on a twenty-three-point five axial tilt... which it only does because I haven't been stammin' on it... Then you divide that one-point-two-five wrestlers into that three-point-seven-five... and you got yaself a team standin' in front'a ya that's...

...exac-ly three times as strong as Supanova and David Ortiz.

And ya know what this all means? Do ya?!

KK: Why don't you tell the good people what it means, big man.

FLEX: It means that in about five to ten minutes Rikki here is gonna be firin' up the limousine, dialin' up The Republic to tell the DJ's to start spinnin', poppin' bottles in the front seat with a couple hunnies ripped and ready in the back because the real SuperClash is 'bout to go down and ya knoooooooow we got the goods!

[Rikki hooks her thumbs out to Flex on the right and Kendrick on her left.]

FLEX: And the store...is...open.

[We fade from the taped footage...

...and fade up backstage live where Sweet Lou Blackwell stands in front of an AWA backdrop. To his left stands Major League Baseball legend David Ortiz, who wears a Boston Red Sox jersey and white tights with red striping. His face is painted red, resembling a fiery sun, much like that of the man who stands to Blackwell's right. Supernova, who has yellow face paint, is dressed in a Boston Red Sox jersey, along with his usual black tights with yellow flame designs running up the sides.]

SLB: History will be made tonight when longtime Boston Red Sox designated hitter David Ortiz steps inside an AWA ring tonight! David, you will be climbing in there alongside one of the top wrestlers in the AWA, Supernova. Now, when I watched Unfinished Business 3, I found it interesting that you and Supernova were training alongside Ryan Martinez, Supreme Wright and his father, the legendary Roosevelt Wright. To think that Supernova first put you through a training regime at the world famous Venice Muscle Beach, and then, you go through training with a man like Roosevelt Wright -- you do realize that he and his family take wrestling very seriously!

[Ortiz nods.]

DO: Lou, you better believe it! You know, I was a bit intimidated at first when I met with Roosevelt Wright. He and Supreme Wright are... they're the same. They expect that if you gonna wrestle... you be committed to it. And yeah, I thought they might have a problem with a guy like me - a baseball player - stepping in the ring.

But I remember one thing that Roosevelt Wright told me. He said if I was going to get into that ring, then I better be prepared to give it 100 percent, every single time. He said there's no place for anybody who isn't willing to give it their very best at all times. And that's when he asked me how serious I was about wanting to do this.

I told him the only way to prove it was for him to test me... and he said "let's see it!"

[He shakes his head.]

DO: I thought 'Nova here put me through a tough workout -- but the Wrights went even tougher on me! It wasn't easy, but I kept pushing myself, taking their best, and when it was all done, Roosevelt looked me in the eye and he said, "Not bad."

[He gestures to Supernova and grins.]

DO: As my friend Supernova says, when Roosevelt says that to anyone, that's actually a compliment.

SLB: Supernova, I know Roosevelt Wright is a tough judge when it comes to commitment to this sport. You really think David Ortiz gained the respect of the legend?

S: I'm not going to speak for Roosevelt Wright, and I'm sure David here won't speak for him, either. But I knew that it would be a good experience for David to learn from a legend like that. Not only that, but David got to learn a few things from Ryan Martinez and from Supreme Wright. They could have easily ignored him because they have their own matches to prepare for, but they took a little bit of time to make sure David understood what it meant to step into a wrestling ring.

SLB: David, do you think you gained their respect, too?

DO: Let me just say this... if I really want to gain their respect, I'll need to do that in the ring tonight. I'll need to show that I've learned what these great wrestlers taught me, by stepping into that ring and teaching Flex Ferrigno and Kerry Kendrick a lesson they won't soon forget, man!

SLB: Supernova, I know you consider Ryan to be a good friend, but I wasn't aware of any sort of connection between you and Supreme Wright. What can you tell me about that?

S: Sweet Lou, I wouldn't say that Supreme Wright and I are best buds, but we've always had mutual respect for one another. It could have been easy for him -- and for Roosevelt Wright, for that matter -- to say no to our request to train with them. But there are a couple of things that Supreme Wright and I agree about, even if we aren't the best of friends.

For one, Supreme Wright doesn't care for bullies. Sure, Supreme wants to beat his opponent and prove who's the better wrestler, but he doesn't go around flexing his muscles and think people should bow down before him. He doesn't make idle threats or yell in people's faces in hopes of scaring them.

That's why he doesn't like Flex Ferrigno -- a man who thinks he's God's gift to the earth because he happens to have big muscles and a power game. I see Flex Ferrigno the same way Supreme Wright does -- somebody who talks a big game, but when somebody else stands up to him and dares him to bring it on, he's not the tough guy he pretends to be.

And another thing Supreme Wright doesn't like is somebody who has talent, but spends less time maximizing it and more time complaining about how it's everyone else's fault that he hasn't achieved success. That's why he doesn't like Kerry Kendrick, because that's exactly the type of wrestler Kendrick is. And, Sweet Lou, you know I can't stand the man -- sure, he beat me for the World Television title, but he knows, deep down, that he didn't really earn that title, and as we all know, he lost it as quickly as he won it.

The truth is, Kendrick could be a great wrestler if he spent less time complaining and more time working for it. Instead, he casts his lot with a bully like Ferrigno and shows he'd rather throw away his potential.

[Supernova glances at Ortiz.]

S: Little did they know, after they ducked my challenge to them and called you out, that you had already been in touch with me.

DO: That's right, Supernova. When you and I first met, I knew right away I could call you a friend. And the more I heard Ferrigno and Kendrick talk trash, the more I knew I'd have to respond. That's when I knew you were the one I wanted to team with. Now the moment is almost here, and tonight, Big Papi and the AWA's franchise are gonna whip Ferrigno and Kendrick into shape and make them both wish they had never opened their mouths in the first place!

SLB: David Ortiz, you certainly sound like you are ready. Supernova, I'd ask if you are, but I think everyone knows the answer to that question.

S: Heh... you know you never have to ask whether Supernova is ready! After all the time we've spent training in Venice Beach, the time we've spent training with the Wrights and Ryan Martinez, the time we've spent training anywhere we could, you don't have to ask either one of us if we're ready!

[He turns and points to the camera.]

S: Ferrigno, you've been known a lot more for running your mouth than anything else since you arrived in the AWA. Tonight, you find out what it's like to step into the ring with a man who's best known for taking those who run their mouths and shutting them up for good! After tonight, you're going to learn what it really means to face the best the AWA has to offer and why you can't talk a big game if you can't back it up!

As for you, Kendrick, you're the last monkey I need to get off my back if I'm to get my focus on what I really want to accomplish! You've griped to anybody who will listen about the opportunities denied to you. Now you get that opportunity to prove yourself, but you know what -- I don't think you're ready to do that against me or David Ortiz!

[He turns back to Ortiz.]

S: You got any last words, my friend?

DO: It's like you say, Supernova -- it's time to bring the heat!

S: I couldn't have said it better!

[He cups his hands to his mouth and howls.]

S: Let's go, Big Papi!

[The two exchange a quick fist bump, then walk off the set.]

SLB: All right, fans, we know what Supernova can do inside in that ring, but what about the man they call Big Papi? Is he going to knock out of the park, so to speak? Let's go back to ringside!

[We cut to a panning shot of the sold-out Superdome crowd.]

GM: Alright, fans... during those backstage segments, I have to tell you that Blackjack Lynch was taken out of the ring on a stretcher and I'm being told he'll be taken to a local hospital for treatment. If we get an update on his condition tonight, we'll be bringing you that news... but as someone who has known Blackjack Lynch a very long time, Bucky, I think we can both say he'd tell us the show must go on.

BW: Absolutely.

GM: And on it goes with this match that has captured the attention of the mainstream media all over the world. We've got photographers here tonight and camera crews from outlets like Fox Sports, ESPN, the LA Times, the Washington Post, the Sporting News and so many others - all wanting to see the legendary slugger from the Boston Red Sox - David Ortiz - in this ring tonight in tag team action. Remember, fans... this whole thing goes back to the Battle of Boston earlier this year where Ortiz was in attendance as a fan and that situation did not sit right

with Flex Ferrigno. That was the beginning and tonight... tonight, this will be the end. Let's go to the ring.

[We fade away from the backstage shot to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

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

["Empire State of Mind" by Jay-Z and Alicia Keys, a song that immediately changes the mood in the building as an onslaught of boos rings out; a massive man steps through the entrance portal igniting a reaction that spikes the crowd into a real frenzy!]

Interspersed seamlessly into "Empire State of Mind," is Brian May's phenomenal guitar-work, as is the voice of the late Freddie Mercury, exhorting, "I WANT IT ALL!" from the song of the same name. Another man, smaller than the first, but still looking rather powerful steps out as well flanked by a Louisville Slugger-wielding Erica Toughill looking worse for wear after her battle earlier in the evening.]

RO: Coming down the aisle, at a total combined weight of 539 pounds... First, from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania... being accompanied by Erica Toughill...

The SELF MADE MAN...

KEEEEEERRY KENDRICK!

[With the anthemic love song to New York still ringing out in the Superdome, Flex Ferrigno postures up in the aisle, chain-head dress falling over the sides of his face. Aviator sunglasses looking nice and snuff over his nose. Kerry Kendrick scowls, a bottle of water in his hand. He takes a long gulp from it, then pours some onto his head.]

RO: ...And his partner, hailing from Strong Island ... He is the MONSTA MUSCLE, THE QUADRASAURAS, THE THRILLAH WITH THE GUNZILLAS...

FLEEEEEEEEEEEEEEX FERRIGNO!!!

[Ferrigno points and shouts at a group of fans along the rail. He tears the home-made poster that simply reads "FLEX SUX" in Sharpie away from them. While Flex jaw-jacks with every fan in the aisleway...]

FLEX: "Last time I saw someone as fat and hideous as you, Princess Leia threw a chain around ya neck and choked ya to death!"

[...Kerry Kendrick reaches the end of the aisle and looks on into the ring, a serious look on his face. He takes another gulp of water and tosses the bottle aside before ascending the ring steps. The Self Made Man turns to face the Superdome fans on the ring apron. He takes a couple of deep breaths before expelling a mouth full of water in air above him, which glistens in the stage lighting.]

Neeeeeeew York, (I WANT IT ALL...) concrete jungle
Where dreams are made of
There's nothing you can't do
Now you're in Neeeeeeew York (I WANT IT ALL...)
These streets will make you feel brand new
Big lights will inspire you (I WANT IT ALL...)
Let's hear it for New York
Neeeeew York, Neeeeew York (AND I WANT IT NOW!) ##

[Ferrigno rolls into the ring, and gestures for a handheld camera to come near. He curls his arm and his bicep expands into a massive peak. Flex bends his arm at his shoulder and plants a kiss on his bicep. The Long Island native has white and yankee blue pinstripe pants on with a navy blue painted leather workout strap tightened around his waist. He has matching blue boots on with the retired numbers of Yankee legends italicized across them.]

GM: Well, it's plain to see who Flex Ferrigno is hoping to get his hands on tonight, Bucky.

BW: There's no love lost between Flex and David Ortiz, that's for sure. That's the reason we're here for this one.

[The music fades as Rebecca Ortiz' voice rings out again.]

RO: Annnnnnnnnnd their opponents...

[The opening guitar riffs of "You've Got Another Thing Comin'" by Judas Priest kick in over the speakers. On the video wall, the music video for the same song plays.

The walls at the entranceway have been pulled back a bit -- and the reason becomes evident when the sounds of a motorcycle can be heard.

Or rather, multiple motorcycles.

One by one, members of the 2016 Boston Red Sox roster come out through the entranceway, each riding a motorcycle down the ramp and to the ring.]

GM: Look at this! Members of the Red Sox are here tonight!

BW: Are you kidding me?! Kendrick and Ferrigno never agreed to take on the whole team!

GM: Bucky, they're just here for moral support.

BW: Oh, sure, it's not like Supernova hasn't tried to stack the deck before! Or how soon did you forget about Melissa Cannon and her favoritism a year ago?!

GM: That's quite enough, Bucky.

[The players in question riding motorcycles down the aisle would be Matt Barnes, Mookie Betts, Jackie Bradley Jr., Clay Buchholz, Craig Kimbrel, Dustin Pedroia, Hanley Ramirez, Robbie Ross and Travis Shaw.

Meanwhile, the camera cuts to shots of the crowd, in which there happens to be a few other Major League Baseball players in attendance. The shot first finds Josh Reddick of the Houston Astros, who notices the camera upon him and pumps his fist.

Then the camera cuts to longtime MLB player Curtis Granderson. He stands up when he notices the camera is upon him and signals to the crowd, then points to the aisle.

And the camera then finds Adam Jones of the Baltimore Orioles. He has one of those replica AWA World Title belts draped over his shoulders. He smiles and pats the belt.]

GM: You also see several MLB players in attendance tonight -- they clearly are interested in how David Ortiz looks inside that ring!

BW: You mean, more people to tip the deck in Supernova's favor! Aren't these players supposed to be in arbitration or something?

[The first nine motorcycles have filed through the entranceway and they are followed by two more. And the crowd gets louder when they finally see Supernova and David Ortiz emerge on those motorcycles, side by side.]

RO: From Santo Domingo in the Dominican Republic... DAVID ORRRRRRTIIIIIIIZ!

And from Venice Beach, California... THIS! IS! SUUUUUPERRRRRRNOOOOOVAAA!

GM: And here they come!

[Supernova is to the left side of the aisle. He has his face painted to resemble a fiery sun and wears his usual black and yellow tights with flame designs running up the side. He also wears a Boston Red Sox jersey. Riding with him is a teenaged fan, dressed in a Red Sox jersey and his face painted like Supernova's. The kid pumps his fist several times.

Ortiz is to the right and he has his face painted with a similar design to Supernova, only with red paint instead of yellow. He wears a Red Sox jersey and his tights are white with red striping, resembling the pants on the Red Sox uniform. He also wears white wrestling boots. A teenaged girl rides with him, and she wears a Red Sox jersey and has a big grin on her face.]

GM: Look at this! Two lucky fans who won a contest during this week of events in New Orleans get to ride to ringside with Supernova and David Ortiz!

BW: As if Supernova hasn't stacked the deck enough! I mean, look at Kendrick and Ferrigno right now! They're beside themselves!

[Indeed, Kendrick and Ferrigno are both giving the referee an earful, but he seems to be doing his best to assure them he won't allow anyone else to be at ringside.

Meanwhile, the Red Sox players ride their motorcycles around the ring, going in a complete loop before turning their cycles to head back up the aisle.

All except for Supernova and David Ortiz, who park their cycles and dismount them, allowing the teenaged fans to follow the Red Sox players back up the aisle. We can now see the numbers of the jerseys the two men wear -- Ortiz wears his usual name and number, 40, while Supernova wears his name and number 86, the year that he was born.]

GM: You can see, Bucky, that the rest of the Red Sox and the two fans are returning up the aisle, though I can imagine they have seats somewhere in the building.

BW: See, I told you that they were here to stack the deck for Supernova!

GM: If you refer to anyone on behalf to support Supernova and Ortiz, then there's a lot more than those people. Listen to these fans!

[Supernova and Ortiz both ascend the ringsteps and duck between the ropes. Supernova looks out to the crowd, cups his hands to his mouth and howls. Ortiz pumps his fist at the crowd, then his eyes catch Kendrick and Ferrigno.

And that's when Ortiz and Supernova come face to face with their opponents, the four locking eyes with each other, Ferrigno and Kendrick shouting as the referee tries to get between them and direct the four men to their corners.]

GM: Referee Davis Warren in charge of this one... and you can see him quickly establish control, getting Flex Ferrigno out on the apron on one side... and will you look at this, Supernova is stepping out on the other! That means that slugger David Ortiz is going to start this match out for his team!

BW: Hah! I love it, Gordo! This baseball player's ego is bigger than his gut! He thinks he can stand in there and go one-on-one with a trained professional wrestler?! Supreme Wright... Roosevelt Wright... even that punk kid Martinez may have taught him something but they haven't taught him enough to stand toe-to-toe with the likes of Kerry Kendrick, daddy.

GM: We shall see, Bucky.

[Supernova and Ortiz trade a high five before the face-painted fan favorite from Southern California exits the ring, leaving the future MLB Hall of Famer inside the squared circle. Kerry Kendrick seems about to bust a gut on the other side of the ring, chuckling madly to himself as Ferrigno grins broadly as he looks in on Ortiz who is all business.]

GM: Davis Warren checking with Ortiz, making sure that he really wants to start this match and... well, he says he does. You've gotta admire his guts, Bucky.

BW: Sure. And I'm gonna admire them a whole lot more when they're spilled all over the mat in a few minutes.

[Supernova gives a shout of encouragement from the apron, drawing a smile and a thumbs up from Ortiz before he's suddenly all business again, in a slight crouch as he waits for the bell.]

GM: Looks like we're ready for tag team action here annnnnd...

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: ...here we go!

[A smirking Kendrick cockily walks out to center ring, coming face to face with Ortiz who doesn't back down one bit. Kendrick is running his mouth the entire time to the shock of absolutely no one.]

GM: Kerry Kendrick with an earful for David Ortiz who has some words of his own in response... and here we really go now! Collar and elbow tieup... and a good one! Both these men jockeying for position, spinning around the ring and-

[The crowd ROARS as Ortiz drops down, swinging Kendrick down to the mat with an armdrag!]

GM: Wow!

BW: I can't believe it.

[Neither can Kerry Kendrick from the expression on his face. Lying on the canvas, Kendrick's jaw is dropped and his eyes are wide as he stares up at Ortiz who has scrambled back to his feet. A confident Ortiz shouts, "COME ON! COME ON, MAN!" as he waves his hands, beckoning Kendrick back to his feet.]

GM: A beautiful armdrag out of David Ortiz and I don't think ANYONE saw that coming. And Ortiz isn't done with him... he wants more!

[Kendrick slides to a knee, throwing a glance out to Erica Toughill who is pacing back and forth at ringside as Kendrick gets to his feet, shaking his head at Ortiz. A

very clear shout of "Beginner's luck!" is heard as Kendrick prepares to lunge at his opponent and quickly does, going right back into a second collar and elbow tieup.]

GM: Back to the lockup... both men looking for an edge again and-

[The crowd ERUPTS as Ortiz drops down, throwing Kendrick across the ring a second time with an armdrag.]

GM: And another armdrag! Whaddya think, Bucky?!

BW: I think Kerry Kendrick is right! I think it's beginner's luck and we'll see what happens when he has to do more than throw an armdrag, Gordo.

GM: David Ortiz achieving some success so far in there, waiting for Kerry Kendrick to get back up again.

[Kendrick rolls to a knee, again looking on in shock as Flex Ferrigno barks at him from the corner. The so-called Self Made Man throws a glare at Ferrigno, gesturing angrily as he gets up to his feet.]

GM: Kendrick back up again... and maybe he won't be so quick about rushing in and taking David Ortiz too lightly again.

[Kendrick grimaces as he sidesteps, looking for another angle to rush Ortiz from. A shout from Supernova tips off Ortiz though who pivots, keeping his body squared up to Kendrick who again sidesteps but is again matched by a waiting Ortiz.]

GM: Kerry Kendrick trying to find a way in but Ortiz is holding his ground so far...

[Throwing any attempt at sneak attacks out the window, Kendrick rushes Ortiz quickly, securing another tieup and overwhelming him to pull him into a side headlock. Kendrick loudly shouts "HAH!" as he cranks on the hold. Supernova gives a shout into his partner as Ortiz grabs at Kendrick's wrists, trying to find a way out but Kendrick cranks harder on the headlock, keeping Ortiz' hands away from him.]

BW: See, Gordo. You can trail all you want but you can't become a pro wrestler overnight.

GM: I don't think anyone expected that, Bucky. They just thought that Ortiz might work himself into having a fighting chance.

[Ortiz suddenly backs into the ropes, building up momentum as he bounces off, shoving Kendrick off the far ropes.]

GM: Ortiz shoves him off...

[The crowd cheers as Ortiz dives at the feet of the rebounding Kendrick, forcing him to hurdle over the former MLB slugger.]

GM: Dropdown by Ortiz...

[Kendrick bounces off the far ropes towards Ortiz...

...who gets a HUUUUUGE cheer as he leaps up into the air for a sloppy looking leapfrog, sending Kendrick into the ropes again.]

GM: Wow!

[Kendrick rebounds off one more time...

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

GM: BIG TACKLE BY ORTIZ!

[The crowd ROARS for the tackle as Ortiz goes crazy, pounding his chest with his fists, bouncing around the ring, throwing his arms up and shouting "COME ON!" to the already cheering fans...

...and as Kendrick regains his feet near the ropes, Ortiz rushes him!]

GM: CLOTHESLINE!

[The AWA faithful explodes into cheers once again as Ortiz lands a running clothesline, sending Kendrick toppling over the ropes, crashing down on the barely-padded floor at ringside!]

GM: OHHHHH MY!

[Ortiz again leaps into the air, throwing his arms over his head as Supernova smiles and nods approvingly from the corner.]

GM: David Ortiz is en fuego in the early part of this one and he's sent Kerry Kendrick packing just a few minutes in!

[Outside the ring, Kendrick gets to his feet, angrily slamming his hands down on the ring apron. He shouts angrily in at Ortiz who stands near the ropes, waving him back in. Erica Toughill rushes to Kendrick's side out on the floor but the former World Television Champion angrily shrugs her hand off his shoulder, pointing aggressively into the ring. Toughill nods, slamming her baseball bat down on the ring apron before pointing it threateningly at Ortiz.]

GM: Kerry Kendrick's out on the floor and man oh man, is he hot under the collar at what we've seen so far, fans!

[Kendrick angrily paces around the ring as Toughill again points her bat at Ortiz who throws a glance at Kendrick before turning back towards Toughill who climbs up on the apron. The referee rushes to block her path, leaving her out on the apron threatening Ortiz with her bat...]

GM: I can't even believe Erica Toughill is out here after what we saw her go through earlier tonight, Bucky.

BW: That's called loyalty, Gordo! Loyalty to Kerry Kendrick and his success! She may have lost at SuperClash but she's going to do whatever it takes to make sure that Kerry Kendrick doesn't.

[With Toughill up on the apron being blocked by Davis Warren but threatening David Ortiz, Ortiz responds by putting his hands on the back of his head and swiveling his hips in Toughill's direction to a big cheer...]

BW: That's disgusting!

GM: You love it when Rex Summers does it!

BW: That's different! Summers' abs can cut glass and Ortiz' belly shakes like a bowl full of jelly!

[The crowd is still cheering for Ortiz' taunting of Erica Toughill...

...when Kerry Kendrick slides in on the other side of the ring, rushing Ortiz from the blind side!]

GM: Kendrick from behind!

[But Ortiz pivots before Kendrick can strike, extending his arm up under Kendrick's armpit and flipping him over to the canvas with a hiptoss!]

GM: Oh my! Ortiz drops Kerry Kendrick again!

[Rushing Kendrick before he can get up, Ortiz slaps on a side headlock of his own...

...but Kendrick spins with the momentum, shoving the Red Sox slugger back into the corner where he slaps an eager Flex Ferrigno's hand.]

GM: Tag!

BW: And Ortiz is in the wrong part of town, daddy!

[Ferrigno comes in quickly...

...but Ortiz fights his way out quicker, landing a quick trio of short right hands to Kendrick and dancing out of the corner, spinning across the ring to his own corner as Ferrigno comes in, angrily slamming his arms down on the top rope as he sees Ortiz get away.]

GM: Ferrigno thought he had Ortiz right where he wanted him but Big Papi proved otherwise and... there's the tag on the other side!

[And yes, Ortiz is breathing heavily, his cheeks puffing in and out as he steps out to the apron.]

GM: In comes the former World Television Champion and-

[Grinning at his partner's performance, Supernova nods before cupping his hands to his mouth, giving a howl that the AWA fans echo before he squares off with the powerhouse of the other squad.]

GM: Now we get down to serious business as Supernova has been looking to climb his way into contention for the AWA World Title and a victory over a pair of top notch talent like Kendrick and Ferrigno at the biggest event of the year could go a long way towards making that happen, Bucky.

BW: There's two sides to that coin, Gordo. A devastating loss at SuperClash can really put you on a downward slide for the year to come. So, if Supernova comes up short, he may find himself a long, long way from the title shot he's looking for.

[Ferrigno and Supernova circle one another for a few moments, the crowd buzzing with anticipation for the showdown to come...

...and then they come together in a collar and elbow, fighting for an advantage in center ring.]

GM: Collar and elbow tieup... and this isn't going to work out well for Supernova in my estimation.

BW: No way, daddy. Too much beef on that big bad bull.

[Ferrigno easily walks Supernova back across the ring into the neutral corner. He shoves him back as Davis Warren calls for a break...

...and the Mack Daddy of Muscle breaks by swinging a big right hand at the face-painted fan favorite who swings a hand up to block!]

GM: Blocked by Supernova! And a right hand of his own... and another...

[The crowd is roaring as Supernova lands haymaker after haymaker, backing Ferrigno three-quarters of the way across the ring towards the opposite neutral corner when he abruptly grabs Ferrigno by his beefy arm...]

GM: Quick whip to the corner...

[Supernova drops back into the corner, drawing a huge cheer from the AWA faithful and an anticipatory fistpump from David Ortiz on the apron.]

GM: He's going for the Heat Wave early in this one - charging in!

[Nova darts across the ring, leaping into the air for the corner splash...

...but Ferrigno pulls himself clear of it, leaving an empty corner for Supernova who extends his arms, catching himself on the top rope before he hits it!]

GM: Nice counter by both men and-

[Supernova goes dashing down the length of the ropes, landing a big clothesline that takes the powerhouse off his feet!]

GM: Big clothesline drops Ferrigno like a rock!

[A fired-up Supernova runs right back the other way, knocking Ferrigno down a second time...]

GM: Make it two by the man from Venice Beach!

[Supernova hits the buckles from his own momentum, bouncing off and moving around the ring, filled with energy as the crowd continues to get louder. Flex Ferrigno grabs the ropes, dragging himself up to his feet...

...which is when Supernova runs in again, landing a big clothesline that sends Ferrigno tumbling over the ropes to the floor!]

GM: ALL THE WAY OVER THE TOP TO THE FLOOR! OH MY!

[Supernova is PUMPED UP as he jogs around the ring, bouncing around and shouting to the enthusiastic Superdome crowd. He looks outside as Ferrigno starts to recover. The Quadrasaurus is quickly joined by Kerry Kendrick as the rulebreakers huddle up on the floor, rethinking their strategy.]

GM: Supernova waves in Ortiz... what's this about?

[David Ortiz takes one look at Ferrigno and Kendrick on the floor as he steps to mid-ring, Supernova slapping him on the back. Ortiz takes a deep breath, giving a nod...]

GM: Wait a minute.

[Ortiz dashes to the far ropes, bouncing off the build up speed...]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me! ORTIZ CHARGING HARD!

BW: BIG PAPI IS GONNA DIIIIIIIVE!

[Kendrick and Ferrigno see the big man coming, breaking off their huddle and visibly ducking down to avoid him...

...which is when Ortiz slams on the brakes, a big grin on his face as the crowd laughs at Ferrigno and Kendrick.]

GM: Ortiz just faked out the opposition... he had no intention of making that big dive, Bucky.

BW: Coulda fooled me.

[But as Ferrigno and Kendrick trade words with Ortiz, Supernova comes charging in behind his partner...

...who abruptly doubles over, lifting Supernova into the air with a backdrop, and FLIPS HIM OVER THE TOP onto an unsuspecting Kendrick and Ferrigno to a HUUUUUGE ROAR!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT A MOVE BY SUPERNOVA AND DAVID ORTIIIIIIIZ!

[Ortiz pumps both arms in the air, grinning broadly as he backpedals back to the corner at the referee's insistence, exiting the ring. Supernova gets to his feet on the floor, nodding to the still-buzzing crowd as he pulls the legal man, Flex Ferrigno, off the ringside mats, tossing him under the ropes. The referee waves Supernova back into the ring as well...

...and then gets his leg grabbed by Ferrigno. The referee turns towards the iron grip on his leg, berating Flex Ferrigno who is down on the canvas. Supernova climbs up on the apron, ready to get back in...]

GM: TOUGHILL! BEHIND YOU!

[And the crowd groans in sympathy as Erica Toughill rushes Supernova from behind, SLAMMING her wooden baseball bat into the back of his knee, causing Supernova to collapse down hard on the apron before rolling off to the floor, clutching his knee in pain. The crowd jeers loudly for Toughill's underhanded antics as David Ortiz rushes the scene, shouting at Toughill who vacates the premises, leaving Ortiz to kneel down on the floor to check on his partner.]

GM: Big Papi, David Ortiz, over there checking on Supernova and that baseball bat shot to the knee had to do some damage, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely. That was a full swing with a Louisville Slugger and it found the mark. Ricki may have just turned this entire match around for Kendrick and Ferrigno and just went a long way to winning the MVP Award for her team for this match.

[Ortiz continues to check on Supernova until the referee gets free of Ferrigno, ordering Ortiz back to his corner. Ortiz loudly protests, pointing out the downed Supernova and shoving an accusing finger towards Toughill who pops a large pink bubble in response. The referee shouts at Toughill who simply shrugs, turning to walk away as Ortiz obliges and goes back to his corner with a final "COME ON, NOVA!" to his partner who is trying to get off the floor.]

GM: Supernova trying to get to his feet, trying to get back into this match...

[As he gets to his feet, leaning on the ring apron for support, Flex Ferrigno reaches over the top rope, grabbing a handful of hair and dragging him up onto the apron. The big man reaches over the top, scooping Supernova up into his powerful arms. He walks out to center ring, holding his weight up with ease, and slams him down hard in the middle.]

GM: Big slam in the center of the ring... Ferrigno taking a moment to taunt David Ortiz to the disdain of this sold-out crowd in the Superdome.

[Ferrigno wipes the sweat off his chest, flicking it towards Ortiz who shouts at him in response. The muscular Ferrigno raises his right arm, striking a single bicep pose...

...and then drops a big elbow down across the sternum of of Supernova!]

GM: Elbowdrop... right down in target...

[Ferrigno rolls back to his feet, dropping a second... then a third...]

GM: Elbow after elbow finds the mark as nearly 300 pounds of Monsta Muscle come crashing down on Supernova.

[After the third elbow finds the mark, Ferrigno slides into a lateral press, earning a two count before he breaks it on his own to fire off a few pushups. The fans jeer the arrogant Ferrigno as he climbs to his feet, giving them a double bicep pose in response which just gets booed louder. Ferrigno turns towards Ortiz, making sure he sees the pose.]

GM: Sheer arrogance on the part of Flex Ferrigno, Bucky.

BW: Hey, if you've got it - flaunt it.

GM: So the saying goes... and Flex Ferrigno is in control of this one, dragging Supernova up to his feet. I'm a bit surprised that Ferrigno isn't attacking the leg though after Erica Toughill did the damage... and it seems like Kerry Kendrick is pointing that out to his partner right now.

BW: Flex isn't exactly the break down a bodypart kind of guy, Gordo. He's got big guns and he likes to fire them off... not spend in his time working on a half Crab.

GM: Ferrigno whips Supernova to the corner near Kendrick... ohhh! Big running clothesline in the buckles!

[Holding Supernova in place, Ferrigno slaps the offered hand of his partner.]

GM: Tag is made to Kerry Kendrick... and look out here...

[Kendrick and Ferrigno each grab an arm on Supernova, pulling him a few feet out of the buckles...

...and then VIOLENTLY throwing him back into the corner, shaking his body from head to toe!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Nice doubleteam by Kendrick and Ferrigno... and as Ferrigno steps out, Kerry Kendrick goes to work on the knee.

[Kendrick delivers a few hard kicks to the knee on the corner before pulling the face-painted fan favorite out to mid-ring, grabbing the leg as he lifts him into the air...

...and DROPS him down across a bent knee!]

GM: Shinbreaker by Kendrick! Putting more pressure on the knee that Toughill targeted with that baseball bat...

BW: Here you go, Gordo. You wanted them to target the knee and... figure four!

[Supernova cries out as Kendrick drops back, putting pressure on five separate points on the Venice Beach native's legs.]

GM: The figure four leglock expertly applied by Kerry Kendrick and this could be trouble for the team of Supernova and David Ortiz.

[Ortiz slaps the top turnbuckle a few times, shouting support in to his partner who is sitting up, grabbing at his leg in pain...

...and then flattens back out as Kendrick tightens up the hold, rolling back and forth to torque the legs more.]

GM: Kendrick attacking the legs, going after that knee!

[Supernova rolls his shoulders, trying to keep them off the canvas as Kendrick continues to punish the trapped limb.]

GM: 'Nova trying to hang on, trying to find a way out of this hold...

BW: I don't know if there IS a way out, Gordo. That hold is on and it's locked in tight!

GM: Ferrigno and Toughill rooting their partner on from one side of the ring... David Ortiz doing the same for the other... and don't forget the other tag team partner in this one for Supernova - the fans. The fans in New Orleans are on their feet, cheering on Supernova, urging him to find a way out of this punishing hold to continue the fight...

[Supernova cries out again, grabbing at his knee as Kendrick sits up and then aggressively throws himself backwards...]

GM: The pain is shooting through the knee of the Venice Beach native now as Kerry Kendrick tries to put an end to this matchup that has had so much attention and focus from media outlets and pundits around the world.

[Ortiz starts slapping the top turnbuckle, chanting "SU-PER-NO-VA!!" in rhythm to the beats of the proverbial drum...

...and soon, the voices of tens of thousands of fans are echoing his call!]

"SU-PER-NO-VA!!"

clap clap clapclapclap

"SU-PER-NO-VA!!"

clap clap clapclapclap

"SU-PER-NO-VA!!"

clap clap clapclapclap

[And suddenly, the face-painted fan favorite sits up, his eyes wide open, a fist in the air as Kendrick continues to rock back and forth, trying to sustain the pressure on the limb...

...but Supernova does not seem to feel it at all.]

"SU-PER-NO-VA!!"
clap clap clapclapclap
"SU-PER-NO-VA!!"
clap clap clapclapclap
"SU-PER-NO-VA!!"
clap clap clapclapclap

GM: Listen to these fans! And look at Supernova responding to them!

[Shaking his arm and nodding his head, Supernova torques his body to the side, trying to turn momentum on his side...]

GM: Supernova's twisting and turning, trying to flip this thing over!

BW: Kendrick's fighting it!

[The dastardly Self Made Man is fighting against Supernova's efforts, trying to keep both men on their backs where more damage can be done to the knee - and the chances of victory - of Supernova.]

"SU-PER-NO-VA!!"
clap clap clapclapclap
"SU-PER-NO-VA!!"
clap clap clapclapclap
"SU-PER-NO-VA!!"
clap clap clapclapclap

[And with one more surge of crowd support, Supernova manages to flip it over, bringing a loud cheer from the crowd and a wail of pain from Kerry Kendrick who suddenly has the pressure applied to HIS knees!]

GM: Supernova reverses it! He flips the hold over and the pain goes shooting back up the other way!

[That's a momentary issue though as Kendrick reaches out his hands, grabbing the ropes, and uses them to flip the hold back over...

...but the referee reprimands him for the use of the ropes, forcing him to break the hold. Kendrick breaks (at four, of course) allowing Supernova to roll under the ropes to the floor, grimacing in pain as he lies on his stomach, cradling his knee towards his chest.]

GM: The hold is broken... but you can see that Supernova took the worst of that exchange, Bucky.

BW: He sure did. Do you know what Kendrick should do now? He should roll him back in and lock the hold on again!

GM: Kendrick rolling outside the ring as well - that may be exactly what the former World Television Champion is plotting right about now.

[With the aid of the apron, Supernova manages to pull himself off the canvas...

...which is when Kerry Kendrick sprints towards him from behind, slamming his boot into the back of the knee, causing Supernova's legs to fly out from under him as 'Nova collapses on the barely-padded floor again.]

BW: DOWN GOES SUPERNOVA!

GM: Kendrick kicked the leg out of his... well, leg... and now Supernova is down once more on the floor.

[The referee shouts at Kendrick, ordering him back inside the ring...

...but before Kendrick obliges, he grabs the ropes, using them for support as he viciously stomps Supernova's knee repeatedly!]

GM: Kendrick's all over him on the floor, stomping his knee over and over!

[After a barrage of stomps, a smirking Kendrick backs away, pausing to taunt a pair of young Supernova fans by cupping his hands to his mouth, mimicking Supernova's trademark howl to jeers from the capacity crowd.]

GM: Kendrick finally rolling back inside the ring now...

[And quickly becomes engaged in a heated conversation with Davis Warren, keeping Warren's attention on him as Erica Toughill approaches the downed Supernova with speed and malice, driving the baseball bat down into 'Nova's knee which brings a wail of pain from Supernova and an angry shout from David Ortiz who hurries around the ring, causing Toughill to scurry off.]

GM: A brutal attack on the knee with that baseball bat for the second time tonight... and that leaves Supernova in a very bad fashion out on the floor.

[A smirking Kendrick gets to his feet, practically strutting around the ring to the jeers of the AWA faithful as Erica Toughill lightly taps the baseball bat against the ringpost, creating this ominous "CLANG!" sound over and over.]

BW: You hear that, Gordo?

GM: What's that?

BW: The bell tolls for Supernova!

GM: Oh, would you stop?!

[Ortiz is outside the ring, clapping and cheering for his partner until the referee orders him back to the corner. The cheers of Big Papi along with the support of the fans seems to drive Supernova back to his feet though - or foot since he can't seem to put much weight on the injured leg. He grabs the ropes, grimacing through his scraped-up facepaint as he rolls back inside the ring.]

GM: Supernova back in, Kendrick grabs the boot... he's going for it again... just as you suggested, Bucky...

[Kendrick drags Supernova away from the ropes, pulling him towards the center of the ring where he quickly wraps up the leg in a spinning toehold...

...and Supernova reaches up, grabbing a handful of hair to pluck Kendrick into a small package!]

GM: SMALL PACKAGE OUTTA NOWHERE!! ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOO! TH-

[But Kendrick kicks out, breaking free of Supernova's grasp. Supernova promptly turns his body, dragging himself across the ring towards David Ortiz' outstretched hand as the crowd roars to life once more!]

GM: Supernova's looking for the tag! Supernova's looking for the tag!

[But Kendrick is to his feet too quickly, grabbing Supernova by the foot and dragging him back towards the Kendrick/Ferrigno corner...

...where he lifts Supernova into the air by the leg and SLAMS the kneecap down into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Gaaaaah. That's one heck of a way to shatter a patella, fans.

[Kendrick sneers across the ring at Ortiz with a mocking "Tag me, Supernova! Tag me!" as he slaps the hand of Flex Ferrigno. The hulking Monsta Muscle comes through the ropes, snatching Supernova up off the mat.]

GM: Ferrigno in off the tag... big whip to the neutral corner... Flex follows him in!

[A desperate Supernova leans back, raising his left leg up off the mat to try to catch Ferrigno coming in...

...but Flex pulls up short, snatching the leg up over his shoulder. He reaches down under it, bringing his hands together around Supernova's neck...]

GM: CAPTURE...

[...and HURLS Supernova out of the corner, sending him bouncing across the ring with an overhead throw!]

GM: ...SUPLEX BY FERRIGNO! WHAT POWER!

BW: He tossed a 260 pound man like a sack of potatoes, Gordo!

GM: Sure did... and it looks like he's not done yet.

[Ferrigno advances out of the corner, all grins as Supernova rolls over onto his stomach, pushing up to his hands and knees...

...which is when Ferrigno snatches him in a waistlock, hoisting him to his feet with ease...]

GM: Waistlock!

[...and DUMPS Supernova on the back of his head and neck with a released German Suplex!]

GM: No bridge and ALL impact down on the head and neck... and if Kendrick was looking for surgical strikes to injure the knee of Supernova, Ferrigno is the one coming in with the big clusterbombs looking to do some serious damage.

[Ferrigno walks across the ring, drawing near to David Ortiz, leaning in and shouting "HOW YOU LIKE THAT ONE, FAT BOY?!" Ortiz throws a fist at Ferrigno, knowing that he's nowhere in range as Ferrigno chuckles, walking back towards Supernova who is again trying to get up off the canvas to keep fighting.]

"JUST AIN'T NO QUIT IN YOU, BOY!"

[Ortiz extends his powerful arms, lifting Supernova from a kneeling position up across his body...]

GM: Such power! Such upper body strength on Ferrigno!

[He walks across the ring, staring into the hard camera...

...and then removes his arm from under Supernova's head, striking a single arm curl pose to show off his strength!]

BW: One arm, daddy! He's holding Supernova up with one arm!

[But the arm slides back into position as Ferrigno flops backwards, HURLING Supernova across the ring with a fallaway slam, sending him bouncing off the mat. Ferrigno flips over, crawling into a sloppy, arrogant cover as he rolls to his back, nodding along with the count...

...and then getting a furious expression on his face as Supernova kicks out at two.]

GM: Two count! Just a two there... and Ferrigno's losing his cool fast, Bucky.

BW: He thought he had him there... but he didn't cover him well. A sloppy cover and that got Supernova out the back door.

[A fuming Ferrigno retakes his feet, dragging Supernova off the mat to slam a big forearm down across his back. He keeps one hand on 'Nova, making him stay on his feet as he clubs him a second time... and a third one, the slap of flesh on flesh echoing through the mammoth building.]

GM: Ferrigno grabs the arm, shoots him in...

[Ferrigno ducks down, setting for a backdrop...

...which is when Supernova pulls up short, booting Ferrigno right in the mouth to a big cheer!]

GM: Supernova caught him!

[A dazed Ferrigno stumbles backwards, rubbing at his jaw as Supernova drops back into the ropes for momentum, bouncing off towards Ferrigno...]

GM: Supernova fighting ba- no!

[...who snatches him up with ease, pressing him high overhead, holding him for all to see...]

GM: GORILLA PRESS!

[...and suddenly, he drops Supernova down over his massive shoulder before DRIVING him down with a thunderous powerslam!]

GM: POWERSLAM!

BW: THAT'S IT, DADDY!

[Ferrigno presses his palms down into the chest, sticking out his tongue and growling as he glares across at a concerned Ortiz.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

[The crowd EXPLODES in cheers as Supernova's shoulder comes flying off the canvas JUST in time to break the count!]

GM: KICKOUT! HE KICKED OUT!

BW: You gotta be... how the heck did he do that?!

GM: Heart! Supernova has tremendous heart! Tremendous fighting spirit!

[Ferrigno slowly climbs to his feet, barking "YOU FORGET HOW TO COUNT, REF?! THREE COMES AFTER TWO!" as the official holds up two fingers. With a shake of his head, Ferrigno leans down to grab Supernova...

...but finds David Ortiz shouting at him.]

BW: What is Ortiz doing?

[Ortiz is just talking fast now, hurling every insult he can think of at Ferrigno who turns to glare at him.]

GM: He's trying to distract him! Look at Supernova!

[Again, the weary fan favorite has rolled to all fours, dragging himself across the canvas as Ortiz moves down the apron, trying to keep Ferrigno's attention on him.]

BW: He's talking about Flex's mother!

GM: So he is.

BW: She's a very nice woman and Ortiz should keep her name out of his mouth!

[Ortiz grabs the ropes, giving them a shake as he continues to berate Ferrigno, his eyes drifting just a bit...

...but enough that Ferrigno spots Supernova crawling towards the corner again.]

"NICE TRY, FAT BOY!"

[Ferrigno spins away from a frustrated Ortiz, yanking Supernova off the mat by the back of the trunks. He angrily spins him around, stepping into a standing headscissors...]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: He's gonna put Supernova THROUGH the mat! That's how mad he is right now! Ortiz is REALLY under his skin!

[And now it's Ferrigno's turn to hurl some insults at Ortiz - words that apparently are less family friendly as our audio goes silent for a moment - and then hoists Supernova up into the air for a powerbomb...]

GM: BIG LIFT...

[...and at the peak of the lift, Supernova rifles some quick right hands into the forehead, causing Ferrigno to stumble and lose his grip on Supernova who slips free, falling to his knees in front of Ferrigno!]

GM: Oh!

[Supernova winces, grabbing at his knee for a split second...

...but when Ferrigno comes for him again, Supernova crawls between his legs, postures up and diiiiiiives!]

GM: TAG!

[The Superdome ERUPTS in cheers for the tag as Ortiz grabs the top rope, using them to slingshot himself towards an approaching Ferrigno, smashing a forearm into the jaw!]

GM: OHH!

[Staying on the apron, Ortiz uses the spring of the ropes a second time for a little extra momentum...]

GM: ANOTHER FOREARM!

[Ferrigno shakes his head, falling back a few more steps as Ortiz pumps his arms a few times...

...and hits one more forearm with the aid of the ropes, sending Ferrigno staggering backwards, slumping down with his hands on his knees as Ortiz slips through the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Ortiz is in! Big Papi is in and- what the heck is he doing, Bucky?!

BW: He's getting up on the second rope!

[Ortiz backs to the corner, hopping up to the middle rope as the crowd roars in surprise...

...and HURLS HIMSELF OFF WITH A FLYING CLOTHESLINE THAT TAKES FERRIGNO OFF HIS FEET!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OHHHHHH MYYYYYYY STAAAAAARRRRRRRS!

[The Superdome is ROCKING for the shocking aerial strike as Ortiz dives across the prone Ferrigno!]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts to a diving Kerry Kendrick who smashes a forearm down on top of Ortiz' back to break up the pin!]

GM: KERRY KENDRICK MAKES THE SAVE! OH MY!

[Davis Warren is immediately on Kendrick's case, forcing the Self Made Man to back across the ring, ducking through the ropes...

...which is when an irate David Ortiz approaches the corner. Warren positions himself between Ortiz in the corner, holding him back as Ortiz shouts angrily at Kendrick!]

GM: David Ortiz' temper has gotten the better of him, fans, and he wants himself a piece of Kerry Kendrick!

[Kendrick throws a glance past Ortiz at a rising Flex Ferrigno and shouts back at Ortiz, content to get into a verbal sparring session as Ferrigno comes to his feet, hands clasped over his head...]

GM: Here comes Ferrigno! From behind!

[...but Ortiz sidesteps, dragging the referee out of harm's way with him as Ferrigno whiffs, falling towards the corner where Ortiz shoves him from behind, sending him crashing chestfirst into the buckles before Ortiz drags him down!]

GM: SCHOOLBOY! SCHOOLBOY!

[The referee dives to the mat, slapping it once... twice...]

GM: THR- NO! FERRIGNO POWERS OUT!

[As Ferrigno attempts to get off the mat, Kerry Kendrick reaches over the ropes, slapping his shoulder to tag himself in.]

GM: Blind tag by Kendrick... coming in hot...

[He rushes towards Ortiz who sidesteps the charge, giving Kendrick a shove from behind that sends him pitching towards the turnbuckles where he twists, smashing backfirst into the corner as Ortiz steps back to mid-ring, throwing his head back in a howl...]

GM: ORTIZ CHARGING IN!

[...and gets just barely off the mat, crashing into Kendrick with a very makeshift version of the Heat Wave splash!]

GM: HEAT WAVE IN THE CORNER! HE GOT HIM!

[Ortiz grabs Kendrick by the head, tossing him from the corner where the AWA Original flops onto his back on the canvas. The Boston Red Sox slugger has sheer joy on his face as he rushes towards mid-ring, diving onto the prone Kendrick.]

GM: COVER!

[But this time, Davis Warren is not on the scene to count. This time, Erica Toughill is up on the apron, screaming and shouting and drawing the referee's attention onto her.]

GM: Oh, come on, ref! Get her down from there!

[The referee is attempting to do exactly that as Ortiz angrily slaps the mat once... twice... three times himself.]

GM: Ortiz counts to three but-

BW: But it don't matter unless Warren does it!

GM: Exactly right. Ortiz on his feet now, shouting at the official... shouting at Toughill...

[Which allows Kendrick to slip to his feet again, rushing in on Ortiz and burying a knee into the small of his back!]

GM: Ohhh! Kendrick nails David Ortiz from behind!

[A signal towards the corner brings Ferrigno through the ropes. The referee rushes to intercept him but Monsta Muscle keeps him tied up as Kendrick pulls Ortiz arms back, holding him exposed as Toughill winds up with the bat...]

GM: NO! NOT LIKE THIS!

...and takes a swing with it just as David Ortiz ducks down!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: SHE HIT KENDRICK! SHE HIT KENDRICK!

BW: WHAT?! NOOOOO!

[A shocked Ferrigno pushes past the referee, rushing towards Ortiz...

...who ducks a clothesline, allowing an incoming Supernova to snatch Ferrigno, using his own momentum to toss him into the corner!]

GM: Ferrigno in the corner!

[Supernova backs to the opposite corner, shaking out his leg, sucking in a couple deep breaths before he tears across the ring, leaping into the air...]

GM: HEAT WAVE!

[...and the flying face-painted fan favorite CRUSHES Ferrigno against the buckles!]

GM: HE GOT ALL OF THAT!

[Ferrigno slumps down to the canvas as Supernova points to David Ortiz. Big Papi nods, looking around at the roaring crowd with a smile as he dashes to the ropes.]

GM: Ortiz to the ropes...

[And as he rebounds, Supernova snatches his own partner, pressing him up over his head...]

GM: GORILLA PRESS!

[...and DROPS him down on a prone and unmoving Kerry Kendrick!]

GM: DOUBLE TEAM SPLASH!

[Supernova takes up a defensive position, standing guard as the referee drops down.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!

“DING! DING! DING!”

[The Superdome crowd ERUPTS in cheers as Supernova throws his arms in the air, celebrating his team’s victory. David Ortiz gets up off the mat, smiling and grabbing at his ribs as Supernova pulls him into an embrace.]

GM: What a win for Supernova and David Ortiz here at SuperClash!

[Kendrick rolls out of the ring, clutching his ribs as he falls to the floor. Flex Ferrigno is still sitting in the corner, shaking his head in disbelief as Rebecca Ortiz makes the official announcement.]

GM: Flex Ferrigno can't believe it! After all the garbage that's come out of the mouths of he and Kendrick for months now... how embarrassing this must be for them, Bucky.

BW: This... this can't be happening!

GM: Oh, it is! Open your eyes and take a long look at it! Supernova and Big Papi pick up the win... with Ortiz getting the deciding pin! Hah!

BW: No! No! No!

[Supernova and Ortiz continue to celebrate to the roar of the crowd, 'Nova moving to mount a midbuckle as he gestures for Ortiz to do the same. Soon, the two men are in opposite corners, cupping their hands to their mouths and howling to the fans!]

GM: Haha! And now they're giving these fans what they want to see! I love it! A big win for 'Nova and Big Papi and... what a night this is turning out to be. Three more matches left, fans. Lauryn Rage, Ayako Fujiwara, and Melissa Cannon battling it out for the Women's World Title. The Syndicate Street Fight with James and Claw against Wright and Lynch. And of course, the big one... the Woodshed for the AWA World Title between Juan Vasquez and Ryan Martinez. So much more still to come and right now, let's go backstage!

[We fade from the celebrating Supernova and David Ortiz to the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing, a big grin on his face.]

MS: Jubilant times out in the ring right now in New Orleans but will we see the same scene in just a short while when the AWA Women's World Title is on the line for the very first time at SuperClash. History is being made here tonight and my guest at this time - come on in here - knows what a long road it's been to get to this point.

[The camera pulls back a bit as Melissa Cannon strides into view, a green and white ring jacket covering up her ring ensemble. Her hair is pulled back into a tight braid as she gives Stegglet a smile and a nod.]

MC: Nobody knows better than I do how long it took to get here... how much work it took to get here. I was in the first women's match in AWA history... the first women's match in SuperClash history...

[Cannon shakes her head with disgust.]

MC: ...and the nicest thing I can say about that match is that it... wasn't what we were hoping for. Fast forward a few years and I'm on top of the world. Miyuki Ozaki, arguably the greatest women's wrestler on the planet at the time, and I had tore the house down at Rising Sun Showdown and the pressure was stronger than ever on AWA management to recognize the accomplishments of female athletes and to bring this Division to life.

They did. And it was a happy day.

Maybe I wasn't in the SuperClash match last year, Mark, but I celebrated anyways because we had taken one more step forward... we'd put one more crack in the glass ceiling that's held women down and out of this sport for much too long.

[Cannon nods.]

MC: And then the first Women's Champion was crowned.

[Another grimace.]

MC: Look, Ayako... in another time... in another place... it would be you and I one on one out there tonight. Two of the best in the world fighting it out to see who is THE best. But that's not this time... and it's not this place.

Because of HER.

Lauryn Rage.

[Cannon seems to get angrier as she mentions the champion's name.]

MC: Mark, Lauryn Rage is a fraud. She's a pretender. She's a self-promoting scumbag who somehow found herself in a spot that's so important to me people like... like Julie Somers... like Ayako... like Kayla and Skylar and all the rest. She's the champion. And in the eyes of the world, that makes her the best.

But I can guarantee you, Mark, that the only one who thinks Lauryn Rage is the best is the face that looks her in the mirror every morning.

[She raises a finger.]

MC: Don't get me wrong. She's talented. She's a good wrestler.

But she's NOT worthy of representing this company and this division inside that ring.

Especially now. Especially in these times.

[Cannon pauses, looking down for a moment to compose herself.]

MC: The world we live in has seen better days, Mark... much better. People everywhere are being attacked because they're different. Black, brown, a different ethnicity, a different sexuality... and women.

After so many years of fighting and of progress, women are being attacked once more. Their work. Their bodies. Their thoughts.

It's a time where it would be very easy to get disheartened and discouraged.

[Cannon looks up again, pointing at the camera with a fire in her eyes.]

MC: But we CANNOT allow that. We CANNOT allow women to feel like they're anything less. That they're unimportant. That they're there to be looked over and passed over and pawed over.

Women need a light through the darkness. They need to see that there is no ceiling to what they can accomplish.

Little girls watching at home right now need to know there is no limit to what they can achieve.

[Cannon smiles.]

MC: "Oh, Melissa... there you go again thinking you can be the hero to all."

[She nods.]

MC: Yeah. That's exactly where I am. Because in times like these... in the darkness... we need a light... we need heroes. We need people to lead the way into a better tomorrow.

And when we wake up tomorrow, this Division will have a new future. It will have a new leader.

It will have a hero.

[Cannon grins, turning to exit as Mark Stegglet is left behind.]

MS: Melissa Cannon, fans, with some poignant words in times of trouble. Can she become the hero she aspires to be? We may be moments away from finding out. In just a few moments, I'll be speaking to the Women's World Champion, Lauryn Rage, but before I do, let's hear some pre-recorded comments from the other challenger tonight - Ayako Fujiwara!

[The words "Previously Recorded" flash across the top of the screen as we fade into a shot inside a dimly lit training dojo. The building is empty, except for a figure seated in the seiza position in the middle of the dojo. As the camera slowly zooms in, we see that it is Ayako Fujiwara, her face nearly completely covered in bandages and dressed in an elegant, white kimono. Her trademark unicorn ombre-colored hair is tied up in Samurai-style ponytail. As the camera circles around her, a flashback to the last edition of Saturday Night Wrestling appears on the screen...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

[...and we see the crazed face of Fujiwara, with blood streaming down her face, staring out of a broken window. We flash back to the present, where an expressionless Ayako continues to stare straight ahead.]

Ayako: People told me that what I did last Saturday was unexpected. Very shocking. They could not understand how a nice girl like Ayako could do anything as barbaric as she did. Savagely attacking anything inside the wrestling ring that moved? Unbelievable. Smashing her head through a window? Unthinkable.

After what happened on Saturday Night Wrestling, so many people would come up to me and say, "Oh my gosh, Ayako, how could you do that to your beautiful face?"

[She giggles, running her fingers along the bandages on her face.]

Ayako: What exactly did I do to my face? I didn't do anything to my face. When I forced my head through that car window, I acquired scars of battle...scars of war. They are not the first scars that have marked my body and they will not be the last. They are not things to be ashamed of. To me, these scars are very beautiful and I am very proud of them.

[Beneath those bandages, Ayako allows herself the smallest of smiles.]

Ayako: Ever since I was a small child, I have trained to be a wrestler. A fighter. A warrior. But at the same time, I was taught to be graceful. Humble. Delicate. GENTLE. The epitome of a pure, virtuous maiden. In Japan, we call such a woman "yamato nadeshiko"...a Japanese wildflower. The Samurai's ideal woman.

[She chuckles softly.]

Ayako: The pure, virtuous maiden. The delicate flower. That has been the side of me that I have chosen to show you. The one that you have come to know. But as

you saw on Saturday night, I may be a delicate flower...but I am indeed a WILDflower.

[A mischievous little grin forms on her lips.]

Ayako: That is what lies in the heart of a yamato nadeshiko. She may be kind. She may be delicate. She may be graceful. But beneath that soft, demure exterior lies a core of STEEL. She has a power and strength of will that is second to none. When push comes to shove, she will battle fiercely to protect what she loves and believes in. _Nothing_ will distract her from her missions or goals.

[The slight smile on her face disappears, replaced by a hardened look of determination.]

Ayako: And there is NOTHING I believe in more fiercely than becoming the AWA Women's World champion.

On Saturday night, I was no longer Ayako the pure, virtuous maiden. No, you awakened Ayako the fighter. Ayako the warrior. Ayako the WRESTLER.

And woe be unto you, Lauryn Rage. Woe be unto you, Melissa Cannon. None of you have any idea what you have unleashed.

[Ayako rises to her feet, slowly walking towards the camera. Calmly. Delicately. Menacingly.]

Ayako: I do not fight to make history. I do not fight to bask in glory. I do not fight for vanity. I do not fight for ego. Ladies, I fight...simply...to win.

[As she approaches the camera, her voice grows louder.]

To win!

[And louder.]

To win!

[Louder, until it is a roar that echoes throughout the dojo.]

TO WIN!!!

[With that final shout, Ayako has torn the bandages from her face and stares directly into the camera, revealing the still healing cuts that mark her face. Her eyes are wide open, her face the same crazed look as it was from Saturday night. However, her features quickly soften and her voice quiets to a whisper.]

Ayako: To...win.

[She holds her stare into the camera for a moment...]

Ayako: See you at SuperClash.

[...before placing her hand over the lens and we go through black back to Mark Stegglet who shakes his head at what was just shown.]

MS: We've heard from both challengers in tonight's historic Three Way Dance for the AWA Women's World Title... now let's hear from the champion, Lauryn Rage.

[We can assume that the video we're seeing is also being played on the massive video wall for the fans inside the Superdome as the mere mention of Rage's name

draws a powerful negative reaction that can be heard all the way backstage by our announcer who smirks in response just before Lauryn Rage saunters onto set in her ring gear for the night, a red and white high cut long-sleeve unitard with silver and black embroidering swirling from her left hip across her body over her right shoulder and down the right arm of the body suit. The AWA Women's World Championship is strapped firmly around her waist and her hair is done up into a long red braid piled up high like a crown on top of her head. The champ takes a few selfies before she tucks her phone into her bosom. Lauryn listens to the boos, lips pursed, eyes narrowed.]

MS: Well, I see you're still making them fall in love with you, huh?

[Rage glares at Stegglet.]

LR: You know something, Stegglet, I don't get it. I just don't get it. In fact, let me talk directly to all y'all out there. Will you listen to yourselves? You got it all twisted. Y'all wanna boo me? Why? Because I am a top champion? Because I am my own woman? Because I am the brightest star? Because I AM the Women's Division? Or is it because I am going to once again whoop these two tricks who think they've got me in a corner?

I don't get it.

MS: (mumbling) Maybe it's because you're a-

[Lauryn cuts him off sharply.]

LR: Watch yourself now. I am the AWA Women's World Champion. You ain't gonna treat me like no ghetto ho, ya dig?

[Lauryn shakes her head as the arena crowd jeers her.]

LR: What? Y'all can't respect a woman's greatness? I know I ain't been blessed by the Lynches or these Stegglets or any other damn family tryin' to stay relevant backstage in the AWA. But I also know I ain't have to beg the bosses for a spot. I know I ain't have to ride nobody else's name to be recognized. I just had to toss some chicks over a top rope. And I busted my ass to do just that. So why boo me? I wanted to be champion and I did it. I ain't talk about it. I did it. That's the difference between me and Cannon and Fujiwara. They aight in the ring, but do you really think these two irrelevant chicks are going to stand up to me?

[The crowd cheers, answering her question as Lauryn makes an exaggerated shocked face.]

LR: For real?

[Another loud cheer rings out as Rage shakes her head, holding up a hand.]

LR: Excuse me, but I was talking. Come on, now. Don't be dumb. They already tried to beat me up. They already tried to break me down. Hell, they tried to kill Da Kid, ya dig? And guess what?

I'M STILL HERE.

I earned this title.

[She slaps the face plate proudly.]

LR: I won it fair and square in New York and I ain't done with it by a long shot. These two triflin' heffas ain't stealing it from me. I'm going into SuperClash to rip

their heads off. I mean, really, people, you don't see how this goof's brother tried to stack the deck against me just to give these birds a chance? They know one-on-one Melissa Cannon can't beat me. She ain't the special referee this time, feel me? They know one-on-one Ayako Fujiwara can't outwrestle me. Uh uh.

[Lauryn rolls her eyes and her neck at the thought.]

LR: So they put them together hoping that two very good wrestlers together might be better than the best. But they made one mistake. They made it so that to win the title one of them has to pin me to get me out of there. So it's every chick for herself. You've seen they can't work together. You've seen how crazy they get at the drop of a hat. So I'm walking into SuperClash the best and I'm walking out the same way. And those two can make all the pretty speeches they want. They can try their damndest in the ring. It won't make a difference. I am the best doin it just like my theme song says. I will still be the best and queen of this division because I earned it. I deserved it and Melissa Cannon and Ayako Fujiwara can't take it from me.

I deserve this!

And there isn't a woman on this roster...

A fan in the crowd...

Or a viewer at home who can tell me different.

[Lauryn looks Mark Stegglet up and down and kisses her teeth long and loud.]

LR: Or an announcer either for that matter...

[She eyes Stegglet again, staring him down.]

LR: ...bitch.

[Lauryn blocks Stegglet's response with her hand to his lips. She takes that hand, spins on Stegglet and slaps her butt with it as she strolls off. Stegglet takes a deep breath but can't help but peek at the champ's exit.]

MS: Well, there you have it, another wonderful moment with the AWA Women's World Champion. Perhaps this will be the last time I have to say that.

[Stegglet shakes his head as we fade through black out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is a THREE WAY DANCE!

[Big cheer!]

RO: Three competitors will participate in this match. You can be eliminated by pinfall or submission but there are no countouts and no disqualifications!

[Another cheer!]

RO: The last woman standing is the winner... and the AWA WOMEN'S WORRRRRRRRLD CHAMPIONNNNNNN!

[There's a roar from the crowd at the announcement, as the lights dim in Superdome. Then, the high-pitched keys of a piano ring out over the PA system, as "Shura no Hana(The Flower of Carnage)" by Meiko Kaji begins to play. As Kaji

begins to sing, a blue spotlight hits the main stage and a light snow begins to fall, as we see Ayako Fujiwara step out, dressed in a pure white kimono.]

Shindeita asa ni tomurai no yuki ga furu
Hagure inu no toooe geta no oto kishimu
Inga na omosa mitsumete aruku
Yami wo dakishimeru janome no kasa hitotsu
Inochi no michi wo yuku onna namida wa touni sutemashita

[In her right hand, Fujiwara carries a Japanese shirasaya sword in a black scabbard. Suddenly another spotlight hits, showing an effigy of Lauryn Rage on the stage. A third spotlight hits, showing an effigy of Melissa Cannon on the opposite side. As the music fades, an expression-less Fujiwara suddenly strikes...]

"KIAIII!!!"

[...unsheathing her blade and slashing once to her left and again to her right. There's a loud cheer from the crowd as she re-holsters her blade and the two effigies neatly slide to the ground, both cut in half. Placing her sword on the ground, Ayako proceeds to remove her kimono, revealing a bright red latex catsuit underneath. At that moment, the lights return, as "The Cyborg Fights" by Makoto Miyazaki plays and Ayako makes her way down to ring.]

RO: Introducing first... from Fujinomiya, Shizuoka Prefecture, Japan... weighing in at 73 Kilograms... she is a former Olympic Gold Medalist...

AYAKOOOOOOO FUJIWAAAAAARAAAAA!!!

[Stopping as she reaches the ring, she grabs the edge of the apron with both hands and bows deeply, before leaping up and sliding in under the bottom rope. As she pops up to her feet, Ayako is suddenly bombarded by red and white streamers from all sides by the ringside fans. She spins around, letting herself be wrapped completely by them!]

GM: Former Olympic gold medalist and someone who is in the midst of one heck of a debut year here in the AWA. There can be no better way to cap off that year than by becoming the Women's World Champion at SuperClash, Bucky.

BW: Ayako Fujiwara has been the answer to a series of trivia questions for years now, Gordo. Tonight, she adds one more as one of the participants in the first Women's World Title match in SuperClash history... and you better believe she'd love to add the cherry on top - the woman who became the Women's World Champion at SuperClash VIII.

GM: To do it, she's gotta find a way to get past two terrific competitors in Melissa Cannon and Lauryn Rage. I believe she can do it... and from the contingents of Japanese photographers and other media at ringside, they think she can do it as well.

[The streamers are quickly being cleared from the ring by ringside staff as the music fades and the lights dim.]

RO: Annnnnnd her opponent...

[The darkened arena flashes once with a bright yellow light.

Then again.

And again.

The lights alternate back and forth between black and yellow... black and yellow... black and yellow. Faster and faster until a steady heartbeat type rhythm is established...

...and then back to black. The crowd buzzes with anticipation in the darkness.

A voiceover is heard. It is the voice of Melissa Cannon but the words of Christina Aguilera.]

"After all you put me through
You think I despise you
But in the end
I wanna thank you
'Cause you made me that much stronger."

[And then back up to full yellow light as the rock-style electric guitars of Aguilera's "Fighter" rips across the PA system.]

"Well, I thought I knew you
Thinkin' that you were true
Guess I, I couldn't trust
Called your bluff, time is up
'Cause I've had enough."

[A geyser of steam erupts from center stage, flooding the area and obscuring the view as a platform rapidly rises upwards. A figure stands atop the platform as it goes past the stage level, rocketing skyward some fifteen feet above it.]

"You were, there by my side
Always down for the ride
But your joy ride just came down in flames
'Cause you greed sold me out in shame, mmm-hmm"

[A green and white jacket goes flying off the elevated platform, flung down with force towards the stage.]

"After all of the stealing and cheating
You probably think I hold resentment for you
But, uh huh, no no, nah, you're wrong

'Cause if it wasn't for all that you tried to do
I wouldn't know just how capable
I am to pull through
So I wanna say thank you."

[The camera cuts to the top of the platform, revealing a determined-looking Melissa Cannon standing up there in a much different outfit than we're accustomed to seeing her in. A black top with yellow trim, a yellow slash cutting across her torso and extending partially down over her ribcage. The rest of her midsection is exposed, showing off some more muscle tone than we've seen in the past. She's wearing matching black trunks with yellow trim and a pair of boots and kickpads with the same color scheme filling out the ensemble...]

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

MELISSAAAAA CANNNNNNNONNNNN!

"Cause it
Makes me that much stronger
Makes me work a little bit harder

Makes me that much wiser
Thanks for makin' me a fighter"

[...and with a triumphant shout, she leaps into the air, soaring off the platform with the aid of some well-concealed harness cables, carrying her through the air for about twenty feet before bringing her to rest on the ramp. She's quickly disconnected from the harness, running down the entryway towards the ring where her first opponent is waiting. Cannon does a dive under the bottom rope, springing to her feet in one motion where she's greeted with a barrage of green and white streamers, saluting her days from the Combat Corner.]

GM: Oh my! What an entrance for Melissa Cannon!

[Cannon stares across the ring at Fujiwara who claps in her hands in approval - perhaps mockingly as the former Combat Corner student backs across the ring to the opposite corner from the Olympian, awaiting the arrival of the AWA Women's World Champion.]

RO: Annnnnnnnnnd their opponent...

[Again, the lights dim down to darkness.]

RO: From Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada... weighing in at 154 pounds...

THE ONE...

THE ONLY...

THE AWA WOMEN'S CHAMMMMMPIONNNN OF THE WORRRRLLLLLLLD...

LAURRRRRRRRYNNNNN RAAAAAAAAAAAGE!

[A red and a white spotlight crisscross on the stage, blending over the figure of the AWA Women's World Champion, Lauryn Rage. She stands, head thrown back, back arched, with one hand on her outthrust hip as the giant video wall reflects her image on the screen with a "Like" counter climbing in the lower corner of the video.

Lauryn is decked out in a long-sleeved red and white unitard that is cut to reveal half her posterior. The unitard is embroidered with silver and black filigree that runs from her left hip across the back of the ensemble and down her right arm. Her hair is twisted into a matching red braid piled high on her head.

She looks over the crowd and pats the AWA Womens World championship.

"THE BEST DOIN' IT, YA DIG!!!!"

With that yell, the Champ swaggers down to the ring, giving the fans an eyeful as she passes by them.]

GM: The Women's World Champion has arrived here at SuperClash and she certainly looks dressed to impress, Bucky.

BW: She looks dressed to give our censors a coronary, daddy... maybe even you too, you old lech.

[Rage is ranting in the direction of the ring and the crowd as she makes her way down the aisle.]

"One of them gets a sword! One of them is flying like a damn superhero! What did Da Kid get?! What?!"

GM: Apparently the champion is upset with the entrances for this match.

BW: And rightfully so, Gordo. She should be out here with a limo... with men carrying her on their shoulders... with pyro! The challengers got more elaborate entrances than the champ and that just ain't right.

GM: Lauryn Rage's attitude has been known to rub some people the wrong way... perhaps our production team among them.

BW: Nah, nah... there's no excuse for this, Gordo. This is the AWA showing the world who they REALLY want as the champ.

[Rage steps up onto the apron, wiping her feet and then stepping though the ropes to do a turntable pose to all the fans. As she comes to a stop though, she spies the streamers still being cleaned up, and angrily turns her focus onto the ringside crowd.]

"WHERE MY STREAMERS?! I'M THE CHAMP, NOT THEM! WHERE MY STREAMERS AT?!"

[The crowd is jeering already as Rage rants in their direction. At a gentle nudge from referee Shari Miranda, Rage grimaces as she walks to the corner, allowing Miranda to search her before handing over the Women's World Title.]

GM: And as referee Shari Miranda holds that title over her head, these fans give tribute because that title is what this one's all about.

BW: There's a lot of side dishes in this one, Gordo. Cannon's mentor, Lori Dane, getting beaten up by the champ. That crazy brawl we saw recently that spilled into the backstage area. People spending the night in jail. But at the core of it all, you're right - this is about that chunk of gold and leather and what these three women are willing to do to walk out of New Orleans with that title around their waist.

[The final streamers are cleared out as Miranda hands the title out to the timekeeper. She strides out to center ring, checking to make sure the three combatants are ready for action.]

GM: It's Women's World Title time here in New Orleans and heeeeeere...

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: ...we go! The bell has sounded and we're off and running in this, our second to last title match of this wild night of action.

[Rage angrily turns to the fans again, shouting at them as Cannon and Fujiwara walk out of their respective corners...

...and make a beeline directly towards one another. The two meet in center ring, staring one another down as the fans buzz with anticipation of that particular showdown.]

GM: And look at this, Bucky. A lot of people have been waiting to see that clash right there.

[Cannon can be seen speaking to Fujiwara who does not respond, standing stoic as she stares into the eyes of the other challenger to the title they all hope to claim...

...and when Rage quits yelling at the fans for an instant, she turns and is not happy by what she sees.]

"WHAT THE HELL IS THIS?!"

[Rage stomps angrily across the ring, standing next to Cannon and Fujiwara.]

"I SAID... WHAT. THE HELL. IS THIS?!"

[There's no reaction from either Cannon or Fujiwara to the walking temper tantrum, Lauryn Rage who stands, hands on her hips as she glares at the duo.]

"I'M DA KID... I'M DA CHAMP... WHY Y'ALL SQUARING UP LIKE THEY PAID TO SEE YOU?!"

[There's still no response from either Cannon or Fujiwara as Rage seethes...

...and suddenly reaches out an arm, swinging Cannon by the shoulder towards her.]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Cannon's head snaps back to the side as Rage uncorks a vicious slap. She spins, grabbing Fujiwara by the shoulder and spinning her around as well. The arm goes back for another slap...

...but as she swings, Fujiwara reaches up to snatch her by the wrist!]

GM: Caught!

[Rage grimaces, quickly begging off, trying to rip her wrist out of Fujiwara's grip to no avail...

...and then gets YANKED into a stiff, teeth-rattling short-arm clothesline that knocks her off her feet to a big cheer!]

GM: Oh my! What a shot by Fujiwara!

[With Rage down on the mat, Fujiwara swarms her, flipping her over onto her stomach on the canvas and immediately wrapping her arms around Rage's waist. The crowd roars to life again, knowing what's coming...]

GM: She's looking for a German!

[Fujiwara lifts Rage to her feet with ease, ready to strike...

...which is when Melissa Cannon rushes into the frame, furious at the slap from Rage earlier. She yanks Rage out of Fujiwara's grip, pulling her into a Muay Thai clinch, and swinging her knee up into Rage's head, causing the champ to yelp in pain.]

GM: Kneestrikes by Cannon! Over and over to the skull of the champion!

[After a half dozen knees find the mark, Fujiwara rushes back in, pulling Rage out of the clinch into a bodylock...

...and HURLS her halfway across the ring with an overhead belly-to-belly suplex, sending Rage bouncing off the canvas and rolling under the ropes to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: QUEEN-SIZED THROW BY FUJIWARA!

[Fujiwara climbs to her feet, pumping a fist in triumph...

...which is when Melissa Cannon grabs her by the shoulder, jerking her around to face her. Cannon starts to shout at Fujiwara who responds by slamming a forearm upside her jaw!]

GM: OH!

[Cannon grits her teeth, returning fire with a forearm strike of her own.]

GM: Cannon fires back!

[Fujiwara launches herself forward, landing a second forearm.]

GM: And we've got a fight on our hands down here on the Bayou!

[Cannon lands another... and another... and another, backing Fujiwara across the ring...]

GM: Cannon stringing together some shots here, putting Ayako on her heels...

[But Fujiwara does not back down, landing three big shots of her own, putting Cannon up against the ropes where she grabs her by the arm, winging her across the ring to the far ropes...]

GM: Irish whip by Fujiwara... Cannon ducks the forearm and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd ERUPTS as the rebounding Cannon leaps between the top and middle rope, landing a big elbowstrike to the skull of Lauryn Rage, sending her flying backwards, and crashing into the ringside barricade.]

GM: OHHH, WHAT A DIVE BY MELISSA CANNON! OUT OF NOWHERE TO TAKE OUT THE CHAMPION!

[Cannon stands over Rage, shouting down at her...

...which makes her totally oblivious to the fact that Ayako Fujiwara has climbed out on the apron, hopping up on the midbuckle...]

GM: FUJIWARA FROM BEHIND!

[...and DIVES OFF onto Cannon, knocking her flat with a crossbody outside the ring!]

GM: AND DOWN GOES MELISSA CANNON OFF THE DIVE!

[Fujiwara climbs off the ringside mats, giving a shout in Japanese to the crowd who cheer loudly despite overwhelmingly having no idea what she just said. She nods as she leans down, dragging Melissa Cannon off the floor as well, shooting her under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Fujiwara tosses Cannon back in...

BW: She's not done either.

GM: She puts Rage back in as well...

[Fujiwara climbs back into the ring, getting quickly to her feet where she pulls Rage up by the arm, whipping the champion across the ring.]

GM: Fujiwara puts Rage into the corner... and now puts Cannon into the opposite corner.

[With a shout, Fujiwara charges across the ring, leaping into the air to drive a forearm down into the jaw of Cannon.]

GM: Flying forearm in the corner... Fujiwara back the other way...

[A leaping forearm lands on Rage as well.]

GM: Ohh! What a shot by Fujiwara!

[She runs back the other way, landing another leaping forearm on Cannon, leaving her dazed in the buckles.]

GM: Fujiwara grabs the arm... big whip across...

[Cannon crashes into Rage as Fujiwara stands center ring, watching as Cannon stumbles out towards her...]

GM: Fujiwara picks her up!

[Many in the crowd cheer as Fujiwara hoists Cannon up on her shoulders in a fireman's carry...

...and then get even louder as Rage staggers out of the corner...]

GM: ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

[Fujiwara dips down, lifting Rage up on top of Cannon!]

GM: SHE STACKS 'EM BOTH UP! WHAT POWER ON THE PART OF AYAKO FUJIWARA!

[The former Olympian stands center ring, looking out at the cheering crowd with both of her opponents slung over her shoulders...

...and drops back, smashing both women into the canvas!]

GM: DOUBLE SAMOAN DROP BY FUJIWARA! OH MY!

[The impact of the slam sends Rage rolling over near the ropes as Fujiwara climbs back to her feet. She throws a glance at Rage before pulling Cannon to her feet, chucking her through the ropes to the floor.]

GM: Fujiwara tosses Cannon out, keeping her focus on the champion.

[Fujiwara pivots, putting her attention on Lauryn Rage who is near the ropes, trying to get up to her feet...

...which is when Fujiwara hooks her in a rear waistlock from behind!]

GM: Fujiwara's got her! German Suplex coming up!

[Rage feels it coming though and stomps her foot down on Fujiwara's planted foot. Fujiwara lets go of the waistlock, grimacing as Rage snaps an elbow back into her temple!]

GM: Ohh! Rage finds a way out of that!

[The champion approaches Fujiwara, grabbing her by the hair as she swings her knee up into the ribcage.]

GM: And now the champion's going to work on Fujiwara, rocking the body of the challenger...

[With Fujiwara doubled up, Rage snatches a single underhook, flipping the former Olympian up and over to the canvas, floating through it to land in a straddle across her torso, pinning her down...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SLAPS the taste right out of Fujiwara's mouth!]

GM: Good grief!

[Rage stays on top of Fujiwara, running her mouth like few others can.]

"YOU THINK YOU'RE TAKIN' MY TITLE?! MY TITLE?!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Rage is looking pretty full of herself when suddenly she's grabbed by the hair and YANKED off of Fujiwara by an irate Melissa Cannon who drills her with a forearm to the jaw... and another... and a third that sends Rage spiraling away and backing into the corner.]

GM: Cannon on the attack, putting Rage in the corner...

BW: Nobody puts Da Kid in the corner!

GM: I knew that was coming and I just couldn't stop it. My apologies to those watching at home.

[With Rage reeling in the buckles, Cannon grabs her by the hair again, shaking her back and forth as she swings a knee up into the ribs... and a second... and a third, rocking the core of the Women's World Champion.]

GM: OHH! WHAT AN UPPERCUT!

[Cannon backs off, having landed a European uppercut that not only lifts Rage off the mat but drops her down into a seated position in the corner.]

GM: Rage is down in the corner... and she may be regretting the day she ever got involved with the likes of Melissa Cannon and Ayako Fujiwara, fans!

[Cannon steps back in, grabbing the top rope for support as she lifts her leg and repeatedly stops down into the chest of the champion. The referee shouts at her to back off but Cannon ignores her, still stomping to the roars of the New Orleans crowd.]

GM: The referee is calling for a break but there are no disqualifications in this one so Cannon can do whatever she wants!

BW: Remember that later on when you're crying about some questionable Lauryn Rage tactic, Gordo.

[Cannon backs off again, throwing up her arms to the roar of the crowd as she turns around...

...and gets caught in a bodylock by Ayako Fujiwara who FLINGS her overhead and across the ring to the opposite corner with an overhead belly-to-belly!]

GM: Goodness! What power on the part of Fujiwara, tossing Cannon with ease!

[Fujiwara turns her attention back towards a slowly-rising Lauryn Rage, approaching the corner... and smashing home an elbowstrike to the side of the head that knocks Rage's already-loosened hair down, sending a very long braid cascading down her back.]

GM: Whoa. I never knew Rage's hair was that long, Bucky.

BW: You know, Gordo... I like a girl with extensions in her hair. Bamboo earrings, at least two pair.

GM: Is that right? If my dearly departed mother was still with us, I think she'd be saying to knock you out right about now.

[Bucky chuckles as Fujiwara grabs the long braid, dragging Rage out of the corner towards center ring...

...but the crowd groans as Rage digs her long fingernails into the eyes of the former Olympian, sending her staggering back as Rage composes herself, grabbing her hair in her hand...]

GM: What in the...?!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHE JUST WHIPPED FUJIWARA WITH HER HAIR!

[A lash across the face of the former Olympian with Rage's long braid sends Fujiwara stumbling backwards in a mix of shock and pain. Rage nods her head gleefully, stepping up as Fujiwara staggers in a circle...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ACROSS THE BACK THIS TIME!

[Fujiwara sinks to her knees, a red welt rapidly starting to form across her back as Rage approaches the kneeling Fujiwara...

...and loops her braid around the throat, using it to choke the gold medalist to a shocked response from the crowd!]

GM: That's a... she's choking her with her hair, Bucky!

BW: I can see that! I can't believe it but I can see it!

[The crowd is jeering as Rage slides a knee up between the shoulderblades, getting more leverage on her choke. The champion spots Melissa Cannon climbing to her feet in the corner and abruptly breaks her choke, leaving Fujiwara gasping for air on the mat as Rage stomps across the ring, braid in hand...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: And this time, she gets Cannon across the chest with that braid! Goodness!

[Rage snatches Cannon by the hair, swinging her knee up into the ribs.]

GM: Rage returning the favor on Cannon with some kneestrikes of her own, rocking the rib cage of the former Combat Corner student.

[A series of knees to the body is wrapped up by a devastating knee to the mush, leaving Cannon sitting on the canvas as Rage stands over, laying the badmouth on her.]

"YOU NOTHIN', LISSY GIRL! NOTHIN' BUT A BUMP ON MY ROAD TO THE HALL OF FAME!"

[Rage spins around, swinging a foot up into Cannon's face in more of a mocking fashion than an actual kick. She has a big grin on her face, soaking up the jeers as she makes her way across the ring towards a still-gasping Fujiwara.]

GM: Rage grabs Fujiwara by the hair, dragging her up to her feet...

[But as she does, Fujiwara pops her on the chin with an elbowstrike!]

GM: OH! Big shot by Ayako!

[Rage's eyelids flutter from the impact, staggering as we see Melissa Cannon getting off the mat behind her. Cannon starts walking across the ring...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Rage's hand desperately snaps out like a snake, striking Fujiwara across the face yet again. Fujiwara's head snaps back to the side, a palm print on her face as Rage taunts her, beckoning Ayako to deliver a slap of her own...]

BW: Fujiwara's about to snap, Gordo... I can feel it.

[With a loud shout, Fujiwara's hand shoots up, snapping up across...]

...the face of Melissa Cannon as Rage dives out of the way, causing Fujiwara to go upside the head of Cannon!]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Cannon's head snaps back from the slap. She slowly turns back towards Fujiwara who looks apologetic but doesn't actually say anything as Cannon's gaze bores holes in her...]

...and then Cannon returns fire!]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief!

[Fujiwara steps back, grimacing...

...but then steps back up, letting another one fly!]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: Gaaaah!

[Cannon recoils, slipping back two steps from the impact as Rage looks on gleefully from the floor. The prize student of Todd Michaelson sets her feet and opens up on Fujiwara...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: This is incredible!

[Fujiwara holds her ground this time and then opens fire...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[The final slap has a little extra mustard on it, spinning Cannon away from Fujiwara who snatches a rear waistlock...]

GM: Waistlock!

[But Cannon is ready for it, wrenching her way out of Fujiwara's grasp, using a drop toehold to take her down to the mat where she quickly hooks the leg, reaching down to wrap her arms around Fujiwara's head and neck as she cranks back!]

GM: STF! CANNON COUNTERS INTO AN STF!

[Fujiwara cries out in pain, clawing at the canvas as Cannon tries to wrench a submission out of her to take it down to a one-on-one showdown. Rage watches from the floor, eager with anticipation to see one of her challengers taken out of the match. Her hands are on the bottom rope, looking on as Fujiwara attempts to use her strength to drag her towards the ropes.]

GM: Fujiwara's trying to get to the ropes but that won't help her if she does, Bucky!

BW: That's right. With no disqualifications in this Three Way Dance, Cannon can hold this STF all night even if Fujiwara's in the ropes!

[Fujiwara continues to inch closer to the ropes anyways, dragging her body across the ring as Cannon pulls back on the neck and Rage nods approvingly at ringside.]

GM: Can Cannon do it? Can she force a submission out of the Olympic gold medalist?

[Cannon's grip slips momentarily, giving Fujiwara the opportunity she needs to slip out of the hold, reversing into a crossface as many in the crowd cheer!]

GM: REVERSED! And now it's Fujiwara trying to submit Melissa Cannon in the center of the ring at SuperClash!

[Fujiwara leans back, cranking on the neck of Cannon who cries out in pain, arm lifted off the canvas...]

GM: Cannon may be about to tap out! She's got that arm hanging up there! Can she hang on?

BW: She's gotta do more than hang on, Gordo - she's gotta escape!

[Cannon cries out again as Fujiwara plants her feet, pulling backwards as she releases Cannon's trapped arm...]

...which Cannon then uses to sweep out one of Fujiwara's legs, throwing her off-balance long enough to roll to the side, putting Fujiwara down in a makeshift rollup for a two count.]

GM: And Cannon with a smooth reversal of her own for a two count!

[The two women, now free of one another, get to their feet quickly in tandem...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRILL one another with an elbowstrike to the skull at the same time, sending both women falling down to the canvas to the cheers of the AWA faithful!]

GM: Wow! A double knockdown by the two challengers and-

[Ever the opportunist, Rage slides under the bottom rope, scrambling across the ring, and pounces upon a downed Fujiwara!]

GM: ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO!

[Fujiwara powers out, tossing Rage off of her. The Women's World Champion looks agitated and then dives on top of the prone Cannon instead.]

GM: ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO!

[Cannon also kicks out and Rage proceeds to slam her balled-up fists into the canvas repeatedly.]

GM: Some frustration on the part of Lauryn Rage there - she thought she might be able to finish off one of these top-notch challengers to her Women's World Title but no dice.

[Rage gets to her feet, dragging Fujiwara up as well. She grabs an arm, flinging the Japanese superstar into the corner before charging in after her, leaping into the air, and twisting her body to collide hindquarters first into Fujiwara's torso!]

GM: Leaping hip attack on the part of the champion, leaving Fujiwara in a bad way in the corner...

[Rage stomps across the ring, swinging a kick into the ribs of a rising Melissa Cannon before pulling her up by the hair. The champion hoists Cannon over her shoulder, standing three-quarters of the ring away from Fujiwara...]

GM: What's she got in mind here?

[With a shout, Rage charges towards the corner as quickly as her body carrying Cannon's weight will allow...

...and HURLS Cannon backfirst into a stunned Fujiwara in the buckles!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Devastating move by Rage...

[She grabs Cannon by the hair, using it to snapmare her out of the corner into a seated position before throwing a dropkick to the back of the head.]

GM: Rage with the dropkick... and now another cover!

[Another two count follows before Cannon kicks out of the pin attempt. Rage grimaces as she climbs off the canvas, moving back towards Fujiwara.]

BW: This is a mistake, Gordo. You simply can't fight both challengers at the same time. Lauryn needs to get one of them out of there so she can focus on eliminating the other one.

GM: Which makes this an excellent time to remind our fans that this IS an elimination match. You must be the last woman standing in order to walk out of the Superdome as the Women's World Champion.

[Rage shoves the cornered Fujiwara back into the buckles, grabbing a handful of hair to throw an elbowstrike to the skull...]

GM: Big elbow by the champ... and another... and a third!

[Rage is teeing off on Fujiwara, leaving her in dire straits in the corner before throwing a vicious left hook into the ribcage, putting Fujiwara down on a knee.]

GM: A violent series of blows in the corner and Rage is in total control right now on BOTH of her challengers.

[Rage walks away, strutting around the ring as she blows on her knuckles and the crowd jeers loudly...]

GM: Rage wasting valuable time right here when both of her foes are down.

BW: Hey, you gotta take a moment from time to time to look around and enjoy the moment.

GM: In the middle of a title match?!

[Rage leans down, dragging Cannon off the mat by the hair again. She ducks down, lifting Cannon up over her shoulder for a second time.]

GM: And it looks like she's going for another one of those Buckle Busters, Bucky.

BW: Really looking to do a number on both Cannon and Fujiwara.

[Rage backs all the way to the opposite corner this time, giving herself the full diagonal of the ring to work with...

...and then charges across, determined to put Cannon THROUGH Fujiwara this time!]

GM: RAGE CHARGING IN!

[But Cannon manages to wriggle her legs out of Rage's grip, extending them behind her so that when Rage approaches the corner, Cannon's feet hit the top rope and she pushes back the other way, hooking a front facelock as she twists through the air...

...and DRIVES Rage skullfirst into the canvas with a tornado DDT!]

GM: OH MY! WHAT A COUNTER OUT OF CANNON! WHAT A COUNTER!

[Rage bounces away from Cannon on impact, forcing Cannon to roll to all fours as she tries to crawl towards the champion...

...which is when Fujiwara steps out of the corner, running into a picture-perfect cartwheel, and drops BOTH knees down into the back of Cannon in a double kneedrop!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Fujiwara out of nowhere with one of her mother's signature moves - the Cartwheel kneedrop and-

[Fujiwara flips Cannon over, diving across her torso.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO!

[But Cannon again kicks out, breaking up the pin attempt. Fujiwara runs a hand through her hair as she rests on her knees, looking down at Cannon angrily.]

GM: Cannon's out at two!

[Fujiwara climbs to her feet, moving in on the slowly-moving Lauryn Rage who is attempting to crawl from the ring. The Olympic gold medalist spots her, smiling as she shakes her head, leaning down to drag Rage up by the unitard. She holds her at arm's length for a moment, looking out on the cheering crowd...

...which is when Rage wheels around with fire in her eyes!]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHE SLAPPED HER AGAIN!

BW: What is that?! A half dozen times in this match?!

[Fujiwara's head is at rest, turning away from the dazed Rage who can barely stand...

...and then she EXPLODES with a Spartan-style front kick to the chest that comes with such strength and such velocity into the torso of Rage, it sends her flying backwards into the ropes and her hair flying off.

Wait.

What?]

BW: HER HAIR! AYAKO JUST KICKED HER HAIR CLEAR OFF HER HEAD!

GM: How is that...?

[The camera cuts closer to Rage, revealing a wig cap where her styled long braid used to hang.]

GM: A wig! She was wearing a wig!

[Rage is barely able to stand but has enough presence of mind to reach her arms up, covering her head in embarrassment as she shouts, "YOU MOTHERF-" and sprints towards Fujiwara who throws a second kick to the chest, rocketing Rage backwards where she goes THROUGH the ropes this time, crashing down hard on the floor as the AWA faithful laughs at her lack of follicles.]

GM: Lauryn Rage gets driven out to the floor... and look at her, Bucky.

[The camera cuts to the floor where the physically-wrecked Rage is still trying to cover up her head.]

GM: Just kicked through the ropes at high velocity and sudden impact and she STILL is worried about her appearance.

BW: This is horrible, Gordo. It's probably already on Instagram. It's probably already trending on Twitter.

GM: If you'd like to be a part of SuperClash on social media, let us hear you with the hashtag "DaKidIsBald"

BW: Oh, you're a real riot, Myers.

[Inside the ring, Fujiwara is smiling at Rage's embarrassment...

...when she suddenly gets dragged down into a rollup!]

GM: Schoolgirl rollup by Cannon!

[Referee Miranda dives to the mat to count.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO!

[But Fujiwara kicks out, breaking up the pin count. Cannon scrambles to her feet, coming up swinging at the rising Fujiwara...

...who ducks a wild elbowstrike attempt, snatching her from behind!]

GM: Waistlock!

[Desperate not to be suplexed out of her boots, Cannon throws a quick one-two with left and right back elbows to the jaw, breaking free. She dashes to the ropes...

...or starts to until Fujiwara hooks the back of her tights, yanking her back into a waistlock again!]

GM: SHE'S GOT HER!

[Fujiwara hoists Cannon into the air and VIOLENTLY throws her down on the back of her and neck with a devastating released German Suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GERMAN SUPLEX BY FUJIWARA! SHE GOT ALL OF THAT!

[Fujiwara flips over to all fours, crawling across the ring to make a cover on Cannon.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! TH-

[But Cannon's shoulder pops up, breaking the pin just before Fujiwara slams a hammerfirst down into the canvas in frustration.]

GM: Two count only on the German Suplex - the signature move of Fujiwara.

BW: They don't call her Miss Germany for nothin', Gordo.

GM: Absolutely not... and if she gets rolling with those suplexes, Melissa Cannon's night may be coming to an end.

[Fujiwara climbs to her feet, looking down on Cannon who is prone on the canvas. She leans down, dragging her to her feet, and promptly shoves her back into the nearest set of turnbuckles.]

GM: Fujiwara puts her back into the corner... big forearm across the jaw to keep her there.

[Fujiwara pumps a fist to the cheering crowd, stepping up onto the second turnbuckle with her fist raised high...]

GM: The fans here in New Orleans sound like they're ready to do some counting!

BW: Better cover your nose in case they get past ten!

[The former Olympian delivers some very un-Olympic fisticuffs as the crowd counts along...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

[But before they can continue, Cannon manages to duck down, slipping out from under Fujiwara. She quickly turns, grabbing Fujiwara by the legs and YANKING hard!]

GM: OHH!

[The strength of Cannon's pull causes both of Fujiwara's legs to come off the buckles, her face slamming down on the top turnbuckle as Cannon snatches a rear waistlock of her own...]

...and DRIVES Fujiwara down into the canvas with a German Suplex, keeping the bridge in place!]

GM: BRIDGING GERMAN!

[Miranda dives to the canvas, slapping the mat once...]

GM: TWOOOOOOOO! TH-

[The mixed response from the crowd is evident as Fujiwara kicks out to cheers from many and jeers from many as well.]

GM: A two count off the German for Cannon as well... and you could certainly hear how split these fans in New Orleans are between these two top level challengers, Bucky.

BW: Where's the love for Lauryn, huh? Where is it?

GM: I don't think you'll find any love for Lauryn Rage from this crowd... where the heck is she anyways?

[We cut to the floor on cue, showing Rage covering her head with one arm as she drags herself across the ringside mats towards the barricade.]

GM: I have no clue where she's going but inside the ring, we've got one heck of a fight on our hands as Cannon and Fujiwara battle it out to see who will walk out of the Superdome with the gold around their waist!

[Cannon pulls Fujiwara off the mat by the hair, landing a quick pair of elbowstrikes to the temple. She grabs the leg of Fujiwara, pulling it up into a shinbreaker position as she lifts her into the air...]

GM: Shinbreaker by Cannon! Perhaps looking to do further damage to the knee she targeted with the STF earlier in this one!

[Cannon lifts Fujiwara a second time, dropping her down in a second shinbreaker!]

GM: Make it two!

[Backing closer to the ropes, Cannon takes Fujiwara's folded leg, setting the foot on the middle rope...]

GM: What is she doing here?

[...and then steps up on the same rope, leaping into the air, and STOMPING the back of Fujiwara's knee!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Crying out in pain, Fujiwara rolls back and forth on the canvas, clutching the knee that may have just suffered major damage.]

GM: Cannon went after the knee and went after it hard, fans! Fujiwara is down and she is hurt badly!

[Cannon grabs the injured leg, giving it a quick yank to pull Fujiwara away from the ropes before grabbing the other leg and flipping through into a double leg cradle!]

GM: Cradle by Cannon! ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOO! TH-

[But again Fujiwara kicks out of the pin attempt although with a little less gusto this time.]

GM: Cannon trying to stay on the former Olympic gold medalist... stomps the knee once... make it twice...

[She pulls Fujiwara off the mat, shoving her back into the corner where she grabs the leg, wrapping it around the middle rope...]

GM: Cannon twisting that leg around the second rope and the bottom for that matter, completely immobilizing Fujiwara...

[Cannon dashes across the ring, throwing a glance to the floor where Rage has crawled over the barricade into the crowd.]

GM: I still have no clue what Lauryn Rage is doing but- OHHH!

[The crowd groans alongside Gordon as Cannon delivers a running dropkick to the trapped knee, causing Fujiwara to cry out in pain again. Cannon pulls her out of the ropes, throwing her down to the mat as she covers again.]

GM: Another cover.... and another two count for Cannon.

[Cannon pushes up to her knees, hands on her hips as she glares at referee Shari Miranda who insistently holds up two fingers.]

GM: Cannon taking some issue with the count but the referee says it was two and that looks right to me as well.

[Fujiwara is struggling to get up off the canvas as Cannon takes a breather, walking around the ring. She circles around and grabs the rising Fujiwara by the arm, setting her feet as she whips Fujiwara into the ropes...]

GM: Fujiwara off the far side...

[As the Japanese superstar rebounds, Cannon drops down to the mat, grabbing the leg as she rolls through into a half Boston Crab on the leg she's attacked for the past several moments...]

GM: RAINBOW BRIDGE!

BW: And what kind of an animal uses Fujiwara's trainer's own move against her?!

GM: Melissa Cannon picked this hold up during training for her now-legendary match against Miyuki Ozaki at Rising Sun Showdown and now she's putting it to use against arguably Ozaki's prized student!

[Fujiwara cries out again, clawing at the canvas as Cannon leans back, cranking on the hurting knee...]

GM: Cannon again looking for that submission - or at least to further damage the knee and take away some of Fujiwara's power moves.

[The camera cuts outside the ring for a moment to show Lauryn Rage has made it back over by the ring where the upper half of her body is jammed under the ring apron.]

GM: And again, I remain utterly clueless as to what Lauryn Rage is doing, Bucky. Is she hiding? Is she trying to let these two fight themselves out?

BW: That's the right strategy. Let Cannon and Fujiwara wear each other down and then the champ can swoop in to get the big win.

GM: Perhaps you're right. Perhaps Lauryn Rage's strategy will pay big dividends.

[Cut back to Cannon with her jaw clenched as she torques Fujiwara's knee to an angle that's painful to look at. She shouts "TAP! TAP OUT!" to Ayako who shakes her head defiantly.]

GM: Cannon's calling for the submission but Fujiwara is hanging on! She's somehow managing to hang on, dragging herself across the ring, trying desperately to get to the ropes.

[Cannon struggles to keep Fujiwara away from the ropes and abruptly spins around, holding the leg. Grabbing the ropes, Fujiwara manages to get up to her feet while Cannon hangs on to the other leg...]

GM: Fujiwara on one leg and-

[She suddenly jumps up, snapping a foot off the back of Cannon's head!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMH!"

GM: ENZUIGIRI! ENZUIGIRI ON THE MONEY!

[Cannon drops to her knees, slumping forward onto all fours as Fujiwara leans against the ropes, clutching her knee as the crowd cheers.]

GM: Both challengers down after the kick to the back of the head!

[Fujiwara grimaces as she reaches up, grabbing the ropes behind her to pull herself up to her feet. Her face is covered with pain as she plants the injured leg, edging towards Cannon who is on all fours and is crawling away from the standing Ayako.]

GM: Fujiwara's on her feet... moving in on Cannon...

[Cannon manages to get to the opposite side of the ring, using the ropes to pull herself up as well.]

GM: And now they're both up... and ready to fight!

[With a shout, Fujiwara lays in a brutal elbowstrike to the jaw, bouncing Cannon back against the ropes...]

GM: Big shot by Fujiwara!

[...and Cannon uses the momentum of the spring off the ropes to throw an elbow of her own, knocking Fujiwara backwards!]

GM: What a shot by Cannon! These two are swinging for the fences, Bucky!

BW: They sure are. That's how much this Women's World Title means to them!

[Fujiwara lands another blow, sending Cannon falling back into the ropes where she bounces back...]

GM: Cannon returns fire! Another heavy blow to the skull!

[Fujiwara grimaces, staggering back in towards Cannon...

...and with a loud shout in Japanese, she tears into Cannon with a left elbowstrike followed by a right elbowstrike...]

GM: Fujiwara's heating up!

[A left. A right. A right. A right. Cannon is wobbling under the impact of the blows as Fujiwara backs off, giving another shout, and coming in with a running (as much as the injured knee will allow) elbow...]

GM: RUNNING ELB- DUCKED!

[Cannon ducks the blow, sliding away from the ropes as Fujiwara bounces off, stumbling back...]

...and Cannon does a full spin, DROPPING Fujiwara with a spinning backfist!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SPINNING BACKFIST! SPINNING BACKFIST!

[Cannon dives across the prone Fujiwara as referee Shari Miranda dives to the canvas!]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THRE-

[But Miranda pulls up suddenly, pointing wildly towards the ropes...]

...where Fujiwara's leg rests!]

GM: FOOT ON THE ROPES! SHE GOT HER FOOT ON THE ROPES!

[Cannon rolls off, an exasperated expression on her face as she stares in disbelief at the referee.]

GM: Near fall for Cannon! She thought she had her right there!

[Cannon drags herself back to her feet, looking frustrated as she grabs Fujiwara off the mat, pulling her up as well, dragging her out to center ring.]

GM: Cannon pulls her to mid-ring... boot downstairs...

[The crowd buzzes as Cannon steps forward, reaching down to underhook one arm...]

...but before she can get the other, Fujiwara grabs her by the leg, straightening up!]

GM: FUJIWARA REVERSES!

[Fujiwara is holding both legs, standing center ring with Cannon dangling helplessly upside down over her shoulder...]

...and then DRIVES BACKWARDS, slamming Cannon down into the canvas. Fujiwara is on top of her, bridging for a pin attempt as Miranda drops down to the mat.]

GM: WATERWHEEL DROP! SHE GOT IT ALL!

[But Fujiwara's knee won't support the bridge as she breaks down, twisting around into a lateral press.]

GM: The bridge breaks down but the cover is there!

[Miranda slaps the canvas.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

[The crowd gasps as Cannon bridges out from under Fujiwara's pin attempt, getting right to her feet!]

GM: WHOA!

[Cannon sprints to the ropes while a shocked Fujiwara looks on, popping up to her feet. Cannon rushes towards Fujiwara who ducks down...

...and Cannon runs right into a standing headscissors, hooking one arm...]

GM: WAIT! HANG ON!

[She hooks the other as well, pausing a moment before lifting Fujiwara into the air, twisting her around, and DRIVING her down into the canvas with the Billion Dollar Bomb!]

GM: BILLION DOLLAR BOM- NO! BEHIN-

[But Gordon's shouted warning comes up short as...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFHHH!"

[...Lauryn Rage, her wig back in place, slides into the ring and BASHES Melissa Cannon in the back of the head with a steel chair she brought out from under the ring!]

GM: STEEL CHAIR TO THE BACK OF THE HEAD!

[Rage tosses the chair aside, diving on top of Cannon, wrapping up both legs as the stunned official starts a new count!]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd deflates as Rage leaps to her feet, pumping her fists triumphantly as Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

RO: Melissa Cannon has been... ELIMINATED!

[The boos intensify as Rage taunts the downed Cannon, waving mockingly at her as Cannon rolls from the ring with the aid of the official.]

"BUH BYE, BITCH! BUH BYE!"

[Rage throws her arms wide, highstepping around the ring, drawing the ire of the fans...

...and then suddenly, she dives on top of the downed Fujiwara, shouting "COUNT! COUNT!" at Miranda who has to leave Cannon and dive back towards the middle of the ring.]

BW: Referee is out of position!

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

[But the crowd ROARS as Fujiwara's shoulder pops up off the canvas, breaking the count in time!]

GM: Two count! Just a two count!

[Rage screams in... well, rage... before straddling Fujiwara's torso, grabbing two hands full of hair and SMASHING the back of the Olympic gold medalist's head into the mat!]

GM: Rage is all over her! She's trying to end this right now!

[Rage gets up to her feet, flinging Fujiwara towards the corner where she slams into the turnbuckles. The Women's World Champion backs up to the opposite corner, slapping her ample rear end a few times before charging across, leaping into the air...]

GM: FLYING HIP ATTACK!

[The posterior of the champion slams into Fujiwara's face, knocking her down into a seated position against the turnbuckles. With a sneer, Rage nods at the jeering crowd, making the belt gesture as she strides across the ring the opposite corner again...]

GM: Oh, this can't be good for the challenger!

[Rage charges across the ring a second time, this time running full speed at Fujiwara, twisting around and SLAMMING hindquarters first into Fujiwara's face!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The champion swings her arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture before dragging Fujiwara by the foot away from the corner.]

GM: Cover! ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

[The crowd ROARS once more as Fujiwara's shoulder pops up off the canvas, breaking the pin attempt.]

GM: Another cover and another kickout by Fujiwara! Ayako Fujiwara refusing to stay down against Melissa Cannon AND Lauryn Rage!

[Rage again slams her hands into the canvas, shouting "COUNT! FASTER!" at the official who backs out of her reach.]

GM: Lauryn Rage thought she had her there... but Fujiwara is proving to be harder to put down than I think ANYONE expected!

[The Women's World Champion grabs Fujiwara by the hair, dragging her up to her feet. She shoves her back to the corner again, backing away as she angrily slaps her own rear end again.]

GM: It looks like Rage is going for another flying hip attack and... well, I don't know how much more Fujiwara can take in there, Bucky.

BW: Finish her, Lauryn!

[Rage backs to the far corner, taking a few deep breaths before she charges across the ring, twisting and leaping...

...which is when Ayako Fujiwara leans back, lifting both legs and causing Rage's back to SLAM into her raised knees!]

GM: OHH! COUNTER BY THE CHALLENGER!

[Rage stumbles out, falling to a knee as Fujiwara leans down, grabbing her injured knee in pain.]

BW: Bad move by Fujiwara to use that bum knee to defend herself!

GM: She may not have had any other option, Bucky, and now she's-

[Fujiwara steps back to the corner, pushing up to stand on the second turnbuckle...]

GM: Fujiwara's up on the ropes, taking a big chance here and-

[Rage twists around, diving towards the corner where she grabs Fujiwara by the injured leg...]

...and YANKS Fujiwara off the turnbuckles, sending her crashing nastily down to the mat with the back of her head hitting the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The Women's World Champion dives across the downed Fujiwara, wrapping up her legs...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

[The crowd EXPLODES once more as the shoulder pops up!]

GM: KICKOUT! FUJIWARA KICKS OUT IN TIME!

[Rage again angrily shouts at the referee, actually bullying her back against the ropes this time and sticking a finger in her face, earning more jeers from the AWA faithful.]

GM: The champion is losing control out there. The frustration is boiling over and Ayako Fujiwara refuses to be denied her chance to become the AWA Women's World Champion here tonight!

[The champion circles back to Fujiwara, burying a pair of kicks into the ribs on the former Olympian before dragging her up to her feet, slinging her over her shoulder...]

GM: We saw this earlier on Cannon... and now she's-

[Rage sprints across the ring from corner to corner...]

...and HURLS Fujiwara into the buckles with enough impact to jolt her head and neck back in a whiplash-like motion!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Rage angrily throws Fujiwara down to the mat before ducking through the ropes to the outside...]

GM: Where is she going? Where is Rage going?

BW: She's going up top, Gordo!

GM: We don't see this too often. Lauryn Rage is certainly not as renowned for her flying technique as her brother, Shadoc.

[The champion steps to the second rope...then to the top...]

GM: Rage is up top! Rage is gonna fly!

[The Women's World Champion leaps into the air, tucking her legs up as she sails down butt-first...]

...and CRUSHES Fujiwara underneath her in a seated senton!]

GM: OHHH! All the weight down on the chest!

[Rage reaches back, snatching a leg...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOULDER UP! SHOULDER UP!

[Rage angrily rolls off of Fujiwara, letting loose an anguished scream as she stomps her feet into the canvas.]

GM: And now Lauryn Rage is boiling over, fans! Now she's losing all control!

[The champion glares at the referee who holds up two fingers preemptively. Rage shakes her head as she grabs Fujiwara by the leg, dragging her across the ring towards the corner where she drops Fujiwara's foot on the middle rope.]

GM: What's she doing now?

BW: She's going after that injured knee, Gordo. She puts it on the second rope there and... oh man, she's REALLY going after.

[The crowd starts to buzz with concern as Rage steps out to the apron again, starting a climb up the turnbuckles...]

GM: The champion's on the rise once more, climbing to the very top rope with that leg dangled across the ropes!

BW: If she dives off on that leg, Gordo, she may break it in half!

GM: You could be right. Rage to the second rope... now to the top... looking down on Ayako Fujiwara!

[With a devious smirk on her face, Rage leaps into the air, tucking her legs again, aiming her rear end for Fujiwara's elevated leg...]

GM: SEATED SPLASH ON THE LEG!

[...but Fujiwara yanks her leg clear at the last moment, causing Rage to SLAM down on her tailbone on the canvas!]

GM: SHE MISSED! SHE MISSED!

BW: Oh no!

[Rage's eyes go wide as she reaches back to grab at her lower back. The fans roar for the misfire as Fujiwara tries to do a pushup on the mat, attempting to get back to her feet and get back on offense.]

GM: Rage is down and hurting... and Fujiwara is starting to rise.

[But the wear and tear on Fujiwara's body throughout this match has taken its toll, allowing Rage to get to her feet first, limping and grabbing at her hindquarters as she inches towards the rising Fujiwara.]

GM: Rage is hurt but she's up first. Can she get back on track before Fujiwara takes advantage of her mistake?

[Rage grabs Fujiwara by the back of the hair, pulling her up. She twists her around by the arm, whipping her towards the ropes...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

[Fujiwara sends Rage into the ropes, rebounding back towards the Olympian who snaps around into a rolling sole butt, driving her boot up into Rage's midsection, doubling the champion up...]

GM: Fujiwara goes downstairs!

[Fujiwara twists around, her back to Rage...

...and snaps off a standing backflip over her doubled-over opponent to land behind her...]

GM: Oh my!

[But upon landing, Fujiwara immediately drops to a knee, clutching her injured leg in pain.]

BW: Another big mistake by Fujiwara!

[Rage quickly circles behind Fujiwara, lifting her up for a belly to back suplex...

...and then swings her down, smashing her facefirst into the canvas with a facefirst powerbomb!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Rage twists to the side, rolling into a double leg cradle with the champion sitting astride Fujiwara!]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KICKOUT! KICKOUT! KICKOUT!

[Rage falls out of the pin attempt to all fours, angrily slamming her fists repeatedly down into the canvas!]

GM: What else does she need to do?! What else can Lauryn Rage pull out of her playbook to put Ayako Fujiwara away?!

[Climbing to her feet, Rage looks around wildly...

...and then spots exactly what she's looking for!]

GM: The chair! She's got her eye on that steel chair!

[Rage stomps across the ring, retrieving the steel chair she brought into the ring earlier in the match. She gleefully slaps it into the mat a few times, nodding her head as she walks towards the downed (but rising) Ayako Fujiwara.]

GM: Rage has got the chair! Fujiwara is defenseless!

[The Women's World Champion draws the chair back over her head, reading to crown Fujiwara over the skull with it!]

GM: STEEL CHAIR!

[Rage swings the chair down fast and hard, aiming for the skull of Ayako Fujiwara who brings her arms up to full extension, catching the chair in her hands!]

GM: CAUGHT! BLOCKED BY FUJIWARA!

[The crowd ROARS once more at Fujiwara's defense as the two struggle over control of the chair...]

...but Rage lashes out, kicking the injured knee!]

GM: Oh! She kicked the knee and that gives control of the chair to Lauryn-

[Rage jams the edge of the chairback into Fujiwara's midsection, doubling her up as Rage swings the chair back again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: -RAAAAAAGE! Good god, what a shot across the back!

[The blow staggers Fujiwara who walks several steps away, arching her back in pain. Rage is taunting the fans, gesturing at Fujiwara, grabbing her own back in mock pain...]

...which is when Fujiwara slowly turns to face her.]

GM: Uh... oh.

[Fujiwara glares at Rage whose eyes go wide in shock, shaking her head in disbelief.]

BW: How the hell is she still standing, Gordo?!

GM: Rage seems to be asking the same question!

[A muttered "how... how... how..." escapes Rage's lips as Fujiwara simply shrugs her shoulders in response. Rage rears back with the chair again, rushing at Fujiwara who sidesteps...]

GM: WAISTLOCK!

[...and LAUNCHES Rage overhead, throwing her violently down to the canvas with a released German Suplex! The chair goes flying, sliding under the ropes to the floor as Fujiwara... KIPS UP ON THE BAD LEG!]

GM: OH MY STARS!

[Fujiwara starts shouting in Japanese at Rage who is scooting backwards across the ring, begging for mercy...]

GM: Ayako Fujiwara is standing! Ayako Fujiwara refuses to stay down!

[Rage backs to the corner, still shaking her head as she tries to drag herself to her feet...

...which is when Ayako swarms her, throwing elbowstrikes as quickly as she can...]

GM: ELBOWS! RIGHTS! LEFTS! RIGHTS! LEFTS! RAGE IS BEING OVERWHELMED IN THE CORNER!

[The champion pulls up her arms, desperately trying to defend herself...]

GM: Fujiwara backs off! Rage is in trouble, fans! The champion's in trouble!

[Fujiwara hobbles around the ring, giving a big shout before turning her focus back to Rage. She stomps in towards her...

...and Rage desperately throws a kick at the body, trying to defend herself but Fujiwara catches the foot...]

GM: Caught!

[The Olympic gold medalist gives the leg a yank, pulling the Women's World Champion up into her arms, holding her like a baby...

...and then DROPS her down across a bent knee!]

GM: BACKBREAKER!

[Rage writhes in pain on the canvas, clutching her lower back as a determined Fujiwara stands over her. She snatches Rage by the hair, hauling her back to her feet...]

GM: Fujiwara brings Rage to her feet again... Rage is swatting at her, trying to get free...

[But the blows fall without impact on an unblinking Fujiwara as Rage can barely stand...

...and then gets hoisted up on the shoulder of Fujiwara who lifts Rage up and DRIVES her down with a Northern Lights Suplex.]

GM: Ohhh!

[Fujiwara hangs on, rolling through to her feet where she snatches a front facelock on the downed Rage, deadlifting her off the canvas into vertical suplex position...]

GM: She's got the champion up! She's holding her high!

[...and after making sure the world sees her holding Rage at her mercy, Fujiwara pivots, dropping Rage legsfirst on the top rope rope, slingshotting her back up into the same suplex position where Fujiwara twists her body, DRIVING Rage into the canvas with a jackhammer slam!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DEAR GOD, WHAT A MANEUVER!

BW: This is horrible, Gordo. This is like sanctioned slaughter right now.

GM: Fujiwara pulling a variation of the old Kentucky Backsmasher - the signature move of Hall of Famer "Crimson" Joe Reed - into her arsenal tonight. Rage is down. She's not moving. I think this one is over.

[Fujiwara looks down on Rage angrily. The referee drops down to her knees in anticipation of counting...

...but no cover comes. The referee looks up questioningly at Fujiwara who shakes her head in response.]

GM: Rage is down. Fujiwara looks like she's not done yet though.

[Leaning down, Fujiwara drags a limp Rage off the canvas, pulling her in...

...and scooping her up, holding her across her torso...]

GM: Fujiwara's setting up for the Kanpekina! Looking to finish off Rage and become the Women's World Champ...

[Gordon's words trail off at the sound of "Demonizer" by Judas Priest blasting over the PA system.]

GM: What the...?

BW: Oh my god.

[Fujiwara's eyes go wide as she freezes in her tracks, looking out towards the entrance way. The lights above the video wall start flashing a bright white light in rhythm, blinding the crowd repeatedly.]

GM: This music is... I know this.

BW: You sure do!

[The bright white lights go on as bright as they can for a moment before turning to a deep crimson...

...and a force of nature comes storming through the entryway onto the stage.]

GM: OH MY GOD!

[The crowd has a similar reaction at the sight of the woman who now stands on stage. Large and imposing... south of six feet tall but somewhere around 250 pounds. This full-figured Japanese woman has a short textured steel Mohawk with the sides shaved short and kept black. Her face is pale white but the white is broken up by black lipstick and a black band of face paint across her eyes. Her right eye is a black sclera with a white iris and her left is red. She's wearing a tattered, cut up Judas Priest t-shirt over a black wrestling leotard.

She is Hell On Two Feet.

She is the Bloody She-Wolf of Tokyo.

She is the Lady of Pain.

She is Kurayami...

...and she is here.]

GM: IT'S KURAYAMI! KURAYAMI IS HERE IN THE SUPERDOME!

[Fujiwara's jaw goes slack at the sight of her, her arms dropping and allowing Lauryn Rage to slip out of her grip. A loud "YOU?!" comes from the former Olympian as Kurayami walks down the ramp with purpose.]

GM: She's coming to the ring, Bucky!

BW: Well, of course she is! Did you think she came all the way from Tokyo to watch?!

[Kurayami reaches the ring in short order, pausing at the end of the ramp to look up at Fujiwara, a cold expression on her face.]

GM: These fans are on their feet! This is NOT what they expected! This is NOT what anyone expected!

[Fujiwara has a shocked, questioning expression on her face as she shouts down in Japanese at Kurayami, obviously distracted...

...which gives the Women's World Champion a window of opportunity as she comes off the mat, sprinting towards Fujiwara from behind, snagging a waistlock as she shoves Fujiwara into the ropes, rolling back with her into a rolling reverse cradle!]

GM: ROLLUP BY THE CHAMP! ROLLUP BY THE CHAMP!

[Miranda dives to the mat to count.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

[But the powerful legs of Fujiwara - even with one bum knee - is too much for Rage to keep down as a mighty kickout sends the champion rocketing towards the ropes where she flies through them towards the floor...

...and ends up in the waiting arms of Kurayami!]

BW: Uh oh.

GM: She caught her! Kurayami catches Rage out of mid-air like a small child!

[The crowd is buzzing at this point, waiting to see what the Lady of Pain intends to do with the World Champion...

...only to respond with shock as Kurayami sets Rage down on her feet. Rage looks up at her, a grin on her face as the fans start to jeer!]

GM: Wait a second! Lauryn Rage... did she know she was coming?! Did she put all this together?!

BW: Are you kidding me?! What a coup!

GM: Is this some kind of insurance policy for Rage?! Is this- AYAKO! AYAKO!

[The jeering crowd ERUPTS in cheers as Ayako Fujiwara scales the top rope slowly and gingerly but unnoticed by the duo on the floor...

...and HURLS herself into a sloppy somersault, crashing down onto both Rage and Kurayami with a plancha that knocks both women down!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: FUJIWARA OUT OF NOWHERE WITH A DIVE OFF THE TOP!

BW: She's got too much Miyuki in her, Gordo. The girl's crazy!

[Pulling herself off the floor, Fujiwara throws a glance at Kurayami but keeps her focus on Rage, dragging her up and tossing her back inside the ring. Fujiwara hobbles towards the ring apron, rolling herself back in as well.]

GM: Both champion and challenger are back in now...

[The former Olympic gold medalist moves swiftly, pursuing a crawling Rage across the ring, jerking her to her feet...

...where Rage throws one more desperation slap that Fujiwara ducks with ease, scooping her up into her powerful arms!]

GM: She's got her! She's got her up!

[But as Fujiwara steps to mid-ring, ready to deliver the Kanpekina...

...our camera view spies Kurayami rising up behind Fujiwara like a demon rising from the depths of Hades. Fury burns in her eyes as she raises her arms over her head, smashing a double axehandle down across the back of Fujiwara, forcing her to drop Rage from the Kanpekina set-up for a second time.]

GM: Ohh!

BW: No disqualification!

[Snatching Fujiwara by the hair, Kurayami delivers a skull-splitting headbutt to the back of the head... and another...]

GM: Headbutts raining down on Fujiwara!

[A third headbutt has Fujiwara on Dream Street as Kurayami spins her around to face her...

...and right into a devastating lariat that flips Fujiwara inside out, dumping her on the canvas in a heap!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT A LARIAT!

BW: Fujiwara is out, Gordo! She's out!

GM: I think you're right! Fujiwara is not moving and... oh no.

[On her feet, Kurayami uses the toe of her boot to roll Fujiwara onto her back. She looks down on the former Olympic gold medalist and with a mighty bellow...]

"SHIIIIIII-NEEEEEEE!"

[...she drops back into the ropes, rebounding off, leaping into the air...]

GM: NO!

[...and DROPS 250 pounds down on the chest of Fujiwara with a giant splash!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[A sneering Kurayami pushes up to her feet, staring out at the jeering crowd as Lauryn Rage rapidly crawls across the ring, flinging herself on top of Fujiwara!]

GM: No, no... not like this!

[The referee reluctantly slaps the mat once...]

GM: No, come on.

[Twice...]

BW: It's over!

[...and a third time before calling for the bell.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

[A weary Rage rolls off to her knees, bowing her head down as the crowd jeers loudly and Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

RO: Your winner of the match... and STILL AWA WOMEN'S WORRRRRRLD CHAMPIONNNNNN...

LAURRRRRRRRRYNNNNNNNNNN RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGE!

[The title belt is handed to Rage who clutches it tightly to her chest, embracing it like a small child she thought she'd never see again. With Fujiwara motionless on the canvas, Kurayami turns her gaze onto Rage.]

BW: Uh oh. This might not be over yet.

GM: Kurayami has turned her attention onto the World Champion and- look out here, this might be trouble, fans.

[The monstrous Kurayami strides across the ring, reaching down to grab Rage by the arm, yanking her up to her feet. A flash of fear crosses Rage's face for just a moment... one single, fleeting moment...

...before Kurayami raises her hand, pointing a finger at her to even louder jeers!]

GM: You gotta be kidding me! Rage planned this?!

BW: It sure looks that way! What a masterstroke! Brilliant, I say... brilliant!

GM: Lauryn Rage knew she was outgunned coming into SuperClash so she went out and got the biggest cannon of them all, Kurayami! And... if these two are together, Bucky, who the heck stands a chance against them?!

BW: Nobody, daddy! Nobody!

[Kurayami continues to hold Rage's hand aloft as Rage raises the title belt in the air with the other hand, celebrating her victory as we fade through black to the locker room area where we find Mark Stegglet standing.]

MS: A gigantic win to retain the title for Lauryn Rage with the aid of the Japanese monster herself, Kurayami, and I don't think ANY of us saw that coming, fans. It's been an exciting night of action here in New Orleans with two big matches still to come and joining me right now is a man who has seen a great deal of big matches

and exciting action in the world of professional wrestling over the years. He is a current co-owner of the AWA and the former owner/operator of the legendary EMWC. Of course, I'm referring to Chris Blue.

[The camera pulls back as Blue steps into the frame, a smile on his face as he claps Mark on the shoulder. Blue is dressed in a black suit with a white dress shirt that is unbuttoned a notch or two - a far cry from his days when formal wear was a Laker home jersey instead of a road one.]

MS: Chris Blue, welcome to SuperClash!

CB: Thanks, Mark. We've come a long way, huh? I still remember the day your uncle told me you wanted to get in the business. "Little starry-eyed Mark? Seriously?" And look at you now.

[Blue shakes his head, grinning as Stegglet's cheeks flush a bit.]

MS: Ahem... Mr. Blue, the last time we saw you on AWA television, you were being asked to stay away from Ryan Martinez, a man you've tried to help mentor in recent months, by his legendary father, someone you're very familiar with. First, we saw Alex Martinez' final match earlier tonight when he fell to defeat at the hands of Maxim Zharkov. Your thoughts?

[Blue lowers his gaze to the floor, nodding slowly.]

CB: That... that was a tough one to watch, Mark. Alex and I haven't always gotten along. We haven't always seen eye to eye... not surprising when he's a seven footer and I'm... well, not. Hell, I've even taken a Firebomb or two in my time if memory serves. But... from my end at least, there was always respect. If you can't respect Alex Martinez and all he's done for this sport in his career, you're in the wrong business to begin with. He's a legend. He's a Hall of Famer and deservedly so and... it's a great loss to see him go out, no matter the outcome.

MS: I mentioned that he asked you to stay away from his son, Ryan, on this road to SuperClash.

[Blue chuckles.]

CB: That's right, he did... and in the interest of not feeling another one of those Firebombs, I obliged.

MS: Have you spoken to Ryan since that night?

[Blue shakes his head.]

CB: No, I have not.

MS: Mr. Blue, to be blunt, your voice has been one of the strongest against the idea of the Korugun Corp-

[Blue lifts a hand.]

CB: Mark, let's... well, that situation has changed a lot in recent days... drastically... and in ways I didn't necessarily expect.

MS: Are you saying you no longer oppose Korugun Corporation involvement in the AWA?

[Blue grimaces.]

CB: I'm saying I no longer have a choice in the matter. What's done is done and... now we just have to make the best of it.

[The former EMWC owner turns slightly, pointing a finger at the camera.]

CB: But they should know that I'm not going anywhere. And...

[He gestures around wildly.]

CB: ...and they can put as many cameras as they want in every damn arena we go into but I'm ALSO always watching.

[Blue smirks.]

CB: Count on it.

MS: Let's shift gears one more time and talk about the challenger in tonight's Main Event. You've known Ryan Martinez for practically his entire career... you've known Juan Vasques since he was working ring crew for the EMWC to get his foot in the door. What can we expect tonight in the Woodshed, a match you helped create?

[Blue sighs.]

CB: What can you expect? Pain. Violence. Bloodshed. And one hell of a match. Every once in a while, Mark, a match or a moment rolls around that is a turning point in pro wrestling. The Triple Cross... the Legends Beatdown... the rise of Eddie Van Gibson... Eternally Extreme... the first Vasquez/Scott match... Supreme Wright cashing in that Steal The Spotlight... so many others come to mind.

Tonight...

[He inhales sharply and then nods.]

CB: Yeah, tonight feels like one of those nights. One way or another, I think this business will never be the same after tonight, Mark. Now... if you'll excuse me, I've gotta go find my seat because I don't want to miss what's coming up next.

MS: You're referring to the Syndicate Street Fight?

[He nods.]

CB: Knowing those four... this one might be right up my alley. See ya soon, kid.

[He claps Stegglet on the shoulder again, making his exit as the backstage footage fades...

...and with a fancy swirling graphic that reads "ACCESS 365," we fade into a shot of Ryan Martinez, seated in his dressing room, staring straight ahead in deep thought. Just then, his concentration is broken by the arrival of Supreme Wright. The former two-time World Champion is dressed in a simple black satin jacket with white trim, not quite yet dressed for battle. Ryan smirks at his training partner, rival and presumably, friend.]

RM: You here to wish me luck?

[Wright shakes his head.]

SW: I don't believe in luck.

RM: Figures.

SW: If you've put in the work -and I know you have- you can create your own luck. If you've paid the slightest bit of attention to what I've taught you, you won't need luck or well wishes or any of that superstitious crap, tonight.

[Martinez chuckles.]

RM: Heh. Fair enough. So if you're not here to hype me up and make me feel like a god walking the Earth, then why are you here? You have an important match to get ready for, yourself.

SW: I'm simply here to make a request. You're a loyal man, Ryan Martinez. Some would say loyal to a fault. And with our recent history, some might say that you owe me one.

[Ryan nods.]

RM: I do.

[Wright allows the slightest of smirks to break his steely visage.]

SW: A debt to be repaid another time, then.

[Martinez raises an eyebrow.]

RM: "Another time"?

[Supreme dismisses that line of thought with a wave of his hand.]

SW: That's not important at the moment. Let's keep our focus on the present and not towards the future. Tonight, I've put myself into a situation where two of the most dangerous men who have ever graced this sport could end my career. Or perhaps...Jack Lynch's.

[Martinez frowns at the mention of Lynch.]

SW: Considering your ties to the both of us, you may believe you have a personal stake in the outcome of this match. There may come a time when you look upon that ring and see one of us or maybe even both of us in jeopardy. And knowing you, at that time, you might feel the overwhelming desire to save us.

This is my request:

Don't.

[There's a look of doubt on Martinez' face.]

RM: Yeah, but...

[Supreme cuts him off.]

SW: No. Your battle tonight is more important than mine...and I will not have you jeopardize all of our futures with a foolish attempt at heroics.

Promise me that no matter what happens out there tonight, you will stay right here. You will not come out there under any circumstances while we're dealing with James and Claw.

[Ryan hesitates to answer. Supreme speaks a little more forcefully.]

SW: Ryan.

RM (reluctantly): I promise.

[Supreme nods in approval.]

SW: Good. And if you break your word, I will break YOU. Understood?

[A grinning Martinez nods.]

RM: Understood.

[Satisfied, Wright turns to leave, but pauses at the door.]

SW: One final thing.

Remember it all out there, tonight.

Everything you've been through. Every little battle, struggle and obstacle that you've had to overcome and triumph over to get to this point. Everything we've discussed. Everything you've learned. All of it. Remember it all...and I'll see you on the other side...

[A beat.]

SW: ...White Knight.

[The look of surprise on Ryan Martinez' face turns into a grin as he realizes what Wright just called him. The significance not lost to him, Martinez seems to be filled with new confidence as he nods.]

RM: Count on it.

[Wright gives a simple nod and walks out the door as we fade out to the ringside area where Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde are standing.]

GM: Thanks to the new ACCESS 365 cameras, we just witnessed a very special moment between Supreme Wright and Ryan Martinez as both men prepare for their huge battles left on this night. But before we get to that, it has become an annual tradition here at SuperClash to take a look ahead at the year to come... the tentpole events if you will.

BW: That's right. I'm a busy man, Gordo, so I need to know where I'm gonna be all year long.

GM: 2016 brought us the AWA's first tour of Canada as well as the European tour that brought the AWA to all new markets for the very first time. Where will 2017 take us? We're about to find out! Let's go up to the ring to Sweet Lou Blackwell who has been joined by one of the owners of the AWA, Todd Michaelson!

[We cut from ringside to the ring where Sweet Lou is indeed standing alongside Todd Michaelson in his usual high-dollar olive colored suit. The crowd cheers the appearance of the AWA owner and Combat Corner head trainer as he waves to the New Orleans fans.]

SLB: Thanks, Gordon... and a big thanks to all of you here in New Orleans who have made us here in the AWA feel at home all week long! The great state of Louisiana has always been special for us in the AWA and this is just one more night to add to that history. But... now it's time to learn where SuperClash IX will take place a year from tonight. It's time to learn all about what 2017 has in store for

us... and to help me do that, I've got one of the members of the AWA ownership team with me... let's hear it for Todd Mic-

[But before Blackwell can finish his introduction, it is cut off by the classic rock riffs of "Tom Sawyer" by Rush.]

GM: What the...? That music can mean the arrival of one only one man, fans...

BW: And that man isn't even supposed to be on the card tonight!

[The camera quickly pans to the entrance as Travis Lynch makes his way through to a solidly mixed reaction from the AWA faithful. The longest-reigning AWA National Champion in history is attired in his trademark super smedium T-shirt, which has the image of Texas, colored like the Texas state flag, upon it and the word HEARTTHROB written diagonally over the image of Texas in black lettering. A silver crucifix rests on top of the T-shirt, around his waist is the AWA National Championship belt... at least the substitute one that was quickly made for Lynch earlier in the year. Lynch's expression is one of anger as he makes his way down the aisle, slapping an occasional offered hand but with his gaze focused on the ring where Todd Michaelson and Sweet Lou Blackwell are still standing.]

GM: The National Champion is headed for the ring most unexpectedly... and it's obvious that he's got something to say.

BW: Oh, and of course, it's so important that he's going to interrupt the biggest event of the year to tell us what's on his pea-brained mind!

[Lynch climbs the ringsteps, taking a mic from a ringside attendant as he ducks through the ropes. With the title belt still around his waist, Lynch stands in the ring, looking out at the mass humanity of fans all around him.]

SLB: Travis Lynch, welcome to SuperClash... but I've gotta wonder why you're interrupting this interview with Todd Michaelson. Mr. Michaelson is out here to-

[Lynch raises a hand, cutting Blackwell off.]

TL: Oh, I know why Mr. Michaelson is out here... and we'll get to him in just a moment. But right now, I'd like to ask that you all take a moment and send out some thoughts and prayers towards my father, Blackjack Lynch, who is being taken to a hospital after his run-in with that cur Shadoe Rage earlier tonight.

[Lynch bows his head for a moment, a gesture many in the crowd mimic.]

BW: What a family man Stench is. Shadoe Rage basically put his father in the Emergency Room and this punk is out here, quite obviously for his own ego since he isn't even scheduled for a match tonight!

GM: You know as well as I do that there's nothing he cares about more in this world than his family.

BW: Then why is he here right now and not at the hospital with his old man? Heck, where was he when Blackjack needed him the most?

GM: Bucky, you know that Blackjack would have lost his mind if-

[Travis again raises the microphone and exhales deeply, cutting off Gordon.]

TL: New Orleans... I'm torn right now, I'm really torn. Y'all saw what happened and I should be at the hospital by the old man's side but instead I stand in the center of this ring...

[Travis takes a few steps and shakes his head.]

TL: But the old man always taught me if you say you're goin' do somethin'... do it. So here I stand and all I can say is what a difference a year makes. One year ago, I walked that aisle to face off with the Hall of Famer, Juan Vasquez, for this title.

[Travis slaps the AWA National Title belt that rests upon his waist.]

TL: And tonight, while the old man stepped into the ring with a psycho and soon Jack teams with Supreme Wright... the longest reigning National Champion has to sit in the back and watch from the sidelines... isn't that right, Mr. Michaelson?

[Todd shakes his head and can be heard saying "This isn't the time, Travis" off-mic.]

TL: No? Not the time? When IS it the time, Mr. Michaelson? For weeks now, I've been trying to get a meeting with you... with Mr. Stegglet or Mr. Taylor... I wanted to talk about this situation and see what could be done and I kept getting pushed off. I kept getting put on the sidelines...

But hell... it's felt like the AWA has kept their National Champion... has kept ME on the sidelines since Europe.

[Lynch shrugs in Michaelson's direction.]

TL: Sure, live event after live event I was in this ring bringing the crowd to their feet, defending this title... but whenever Saturday Night Wrestling rolled around, my name was nowhere to be found on the card. I would ask around and I was told you need to talk to so and so... and they were never around. When they would finally get back to me, it would be we've got this plan for you and POOF! The floor falls out from that one... and few other ones.

So instead of flounderin', instead of waitin' for somethin' to happen, I threw out an Open Challenge to any of the boys in the back to walk that aisle and take a shot at the champ! A number of the locker room stepped up and took their shot, but came up short.

[Travis runs his hand through his hair.]

TL: And while this is goin' on, SuperClash VIII was takin' shape and it was like a who's who of the nineties was all over the card but STILL my name was never uttered.

It's like the man who made every public appearance asked of him, the former World Tag Team Champion, the longest reigning National Champion meant NOTHIN' to the AWA! Not once did my phone ring sayin', "hey, we got a great idea for SuperClash for you"... it was nothin' but damn crickets from the front office.

[Travis shrugs again as Michaelson again tries to get him to stop.]

TL: No, no... this time, I'm not goin' to sit back and say nothing, Mr. Michaelson. Just like I did when I said, "fine... if you're not goin' to give me a match at SuperClash, I'll make my own!" The biggest Open Challenge in AWA history... a challenge issued to the entire wrestling world - past, present, and future - for someone to come to New Orleans in front of all these great fans...

[A solid cheer goes up from the crowd.]

TL: ...and try to snap my record-setting reign... to try and win the very first championship this company ever recognized.

[Travis grimaces.]

TL: But even that wasn't good enough, was it? No, now the front office finally decided to act like I existed again just to tell me... "Nah, Travis... we can't have an Open Challenge at SuperClash. We're just not sure who would step up and we can't risk that slot when we have to put people on the show like..."

[Travis starts ticking off the names on his hands.]

TL: Allen Allen... Golden Tiger... Charlie Stephens... hell, even a baseball player gets his spot before me - ain't that right, Todd? Of course, he's going to get the AWA on ESPN and I'm not... is that right too?

[Michaelson shakes his head, trying to speak to Travis again but the National Champion isn't hearing it.]

TL: It seems like for some unknown reason, havin' the National Champion defend the title on SuperClash is... an afterthought.

This title...

[He holds up the National Title belt, looking at it with disgust.]

TL: ...is an afterthought.

And I guess that makes me an afterthought too, huh?

[Michaelson again shakes his head, pleading with Travis to put the mic down so they can talk but Lynch turns away from the AWA co-owner, turning his attention towards ringside...]

TL: Now, I wonder why that is...

Maybe... just maybe...

[Lynch scratches his chin.]

TL: Could it be 'cause someone whispers in the ear of his front office buddies to make sure it happens? Huh?

[Lynch stares down at ringside now, making it clear that he's looking at the secondary English announce table... more specifically, he's looking at the first man to wear the AWA National Title, Marcus Broussard.]

TL: Nah, it couldn't be that, could it?

[The champion points down at Broussard.]

TL: The very first AWA National Champion! The big free agent signing - the first free agent signing this place ever made! This company is built on his back... and he's trying to tear me down? Nah, that doesn't make any sense.

You know what else doesn't make any sense to me, Marcus Broussard...

[The crowd buzzes at Lynch directly addressing the Combat Corner Wrestling color commentator and the Combat Corner trainer.]

TL: You're a good friend of my old man, right? I mean... you two have become really tight over the last year or so. Hell, Ma told me about the grand ol' time you all had the last time you came to dinner at the ranch.

[Broussard doesn't respond, staring up at Lynch now as Harvey Sutton puts a hand on his broadcast partner's shoulder.]

TL: Then tell me, Marcus... explain to me, Marcus... how the HELL could you just sit there and watch what happened to him at the hands of that piece of garbage, Shadoe Rage, huh?! Tell me!

[Broussard grimaces.]

TL: How the HELL could you call yourself his friend and just watch that happen?! He needed someone to watch his back while Jack and I were doin' what he made us promise to do... stay out of it and keep Ma from bein' able to see it, you sat out here and did nothin'! NOTHIN'!

[Broussard looks down, perhaps feeling some sting from Travis' words.]

TL: And don't you dare tell me that you can't put your hands on a member of the roster 'cause you had NO damn problems takin' a swing at me at that Press Conference this week!

[A ripple of cheers goes up from the crowd for that. Travis looks around, obviously agitated.]

TL: The old man and Jack... they both knew what I was gonna do tonight. They didn't like it... but they knew it. They knew I was comin' out here... walkin' that aisle... and ignorin' every member of ownership who told me no. They knew I was comin' out here for one reason... to issue a challenge... with THIS...

[He holds up the National Title belt.]

TL: ...on the line... and they knew I was issuin' that challenge...

[He points angrily to the ringside announce area.]

TL: ...TO YOU!

[The crowd ROARS in surprise as Broussard shakes his head in disbelief. Harvey Sutton's grip on his partner's shoulder grows a little stronger as the fans cheer the idea of Broussard getting in the ring.]

TL: But after you turned your back on my father... after you just sat there on your ass and watched him get taken apart... I'm darin'... nah, I'm BEGGIN' you to man up and get your ass in this ring!

[Lynch throws the mic to the canvas, motioning for Broussard to step into the ring. The crowd seems eager to see it as well when another voice rings out.]

"NO!"

[The crowd buzzes with surprise as Todd Michaelson angrily walks across the ring, stepping in between Lynch and Broussard.]

TM: Absolutely not! There's no damn way this is happening!

[Down at ringside, Marcus Broussard rises out of his announce seat, shrugging off Harvey Sutton's hand as the crowd cheers.]

TM: Damn it, Marcus! Sit down! That's an order!

[Shaking his head, Broussard pulls off his suit jacket, dropping it on the announce table and starts walking towards the ring as the fans get louder.]

TM: Marcus, sit your ass down right now!

[Travis shouts "COME ON!" at Broussard who nods, grabbing an offered mic at ringside.]

MB: Todd, if you think I'm going to sit out here in that chair while this punk kid runs his mouth at me, you don't know me as well as you think you do, old friend.

[Broussard walks up the ringsteps, standing on the apron.]

MB: You see, kid... your pops asked me to let things lie between us after the Press Conference. He told me about all the stuff you've been going through... the stuff with the title belt being lost... stolen... whatever. He told me that this fight you've been going through, trying to earn everyone's respect, was breaking you down.

I can appreciate that, you know. I can appreciate trying to be the most respected wrestler on the planet.

And I can respect - better than anyone - trying to make that title belt the most desired championship in the world.

After all... I did it first.

[Broussard ducks through the ropes.]

MB: So, out of the respect I have for your father, I was going to let it go. I was going to approach you after the show tonight and shake your hand and let you know that even if some of that locker room doesn't respect you... even if the know-it-alls on the Internet don't respect you... hell, kid... even if some of these fans don't respect you...

[A sprinkling of boos go out.]

MB: ...I do. Because I know how hard it is to be the champ. I know what it's like to carry that weight on your shoulders. And I know how easy it can be to let that pressure break you down.

[Broussard nods.]

MB: And as much as my every night's dream would be to wear that title around that waist again... as much as I wish a Fairy Godmother would swoop down, touch a magic wand to my neck, and make me a young man again so that I could get back in that ring and do what I love more than anything else... that's not reality.

Reality is waking up with a sore neck every morning.

Reality is watching younger men... stronger men... do what I can't any more.

Reality is having my career ended far too early.

[He pauses.]

MB: But reality is also that even if I forget and forgive what you said about me before... even if I forget and forgive everything that went down at that Press Conference...

I can't forget what you just said about me and your father.

And I'll never forgive it.

You know it, Travis. You know your father better than anyone... and you know that if I'd gotten myself involved in that, he'd have taken my head off for it. Your father stands alone. He's his own man. And he deserved to have that moment in here to be the man this sport reveres... even if it ended badly for everyone.

He's his own man, Travis... and he lives everyday under that pressure and stands with his head held high.

[Broussard sneers.]

MB: Imagine that, kid. Someone who CAN live with the pressure of being the best.

[The crowd "OHHHHHHHs" in response. Travis takes a step towards Broussard but Michaelson shoves him back.]

TM: This isn't happening! Marcus, you know what the doctors say. One bad hit... one bad fall... one bad- any of that! And you might end up in a wheelchair for the rest of your life. And if anyone in this sport knows what it feels like to have that threat hanging over your head, it's me.

[Broussard nods.]

MB: Yeah. You do know it. And how many times have you gotten in this ring anyways, Todd?

[The crowd "OHHHHHHHs" again. Michaelson looks down as Broussard obviously scored a point on that one.]

MB: Todd, this is going to happen... because someone needs to teach this kid a lesson in respect... and in humility. And I didn't ask for that job but here it is... right in front of me.

So, you can either step aside and let me fight him with no rules...

[Broussard grins.]

MB: ...or you can step out there and tell Rebecca to give me a shot to put that title back where it belongs...

[He points to his waist as the crowd cheers. Michaelson looks down at the mat, shaking his head...

...and then suddenly, drops to the mat, rolling to the floor. The crowd starts to roar again as he approaches Rebecca Ortiz.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen, by order of AWA owner Todd Michaelson, the following contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is for the AWA NATIONALLLLLL CHAMPIONSHIIIIIIIPPPPP!

[HUUUUUUUUUGE CHEER!]

RO: Introducing first... in the corner closest to me... he is the challenger... the San Jose Shark... the very first AWA NATIONAL CHAMPION...

MARCUSSSSSSS BROUUUUUUUSSARRRRRRRRRD!

[ANOTHER HUUUUUUUUUGE CHEER!]

RO: And his opponent... he is the AWA NATIONAL CHAMPION...

TRAAAAAAVISSSSSSS LYNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNCH!

[Lynch raises an arm to a mixed response as Marcus Broussard, is standing. Broussard has shed his watch and tie and is in the midst of unbuttoning his dress shirt when the official approaches.]

GM: Somebody talk some sense into the San Jose Shark. Please.

BW: You know, Marcus and I go back a long way, Gordo... back to the early days of the AWA... and I think I know him as well as anyone in this business.

GM: And?

BW: And when he sets his mind to something, he's going to do it. A year ago, he wanted to be a part of that Legends Royale and nobody was going to talk him out of it - no matter how much we tried. Todd Michaelson's another one of his closest friends and he can't talk him down either. Little chance that Davis Warren's going to have any luck.

[Travis Lynch smiles across the ring at Broussard's refusal to get out of the ring. Warren seems to be pleading with the San Jose Shark who shakes his head, throwing his shirt to the outside to stand in dress slacks, shoes, and a bare torso. He beckons the National Champion across as Warren sighs, edging to mid-ring...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: I can't believe this is happening, fans. Marcus Broussard challenging for the National Title in an unscheduled match here at SuperClash VIII.

BW: If you can get past the part where Broussard is risking his physical wellbeing, Gordo... it's really quite the matchup. The very first National Champion against the current and longest-reigning National Champion.

GM: Travis Lynch belligerently coming out here and demanding that Broussard face him for the title here tonight... refusing to not be a part of this historic event in New Orleans.

[Broussard crouches low as he moves from the corner, walking towards the National Champion who claps his hands with a grin as he looks to engage with the San Jose Shark...]

GM: Travis Lynch certainly seems to be enjoying this moment. The fans are eager to see this showdown as well... but I think those of us who are close to Marcus Broussard are a little concerned for his health getting involved in this.

[Lynch walks out closer, not even reacting to Broussard's crouch...

...until Broussard explodes forward, snatching Lynch around the legs, putting his shoulder into Lynch's torso and driving him across the ring into the turnbuckles to a big cheer from the crowd!]

GM: Oh my! Broussard starting off strong...

[Jerking a surprised Lynch out of the corner by the double leg, Broussard powers him up into the air, twisting around...

...and throwing him down hard to the canvas with a takedown!]

GM: Ohhh!

[Lynch scrambles backwards, trying to get off the canvas but Broussard snatches a rear waistlock as he does, again lifting Lynch off the mat, and this time throwing him down on his chest on the mat to another big cheer!]

GM: Broussard digging in to his amateur days, throwing the National Champion around like a-

[Broussard suddenly grabs Lynch by the foot, scissoring the leg and dropping down to the mat...]

GM: SOCAL CLUTCH!

[Broussard's anklelock transitions quickly into a heel hook as Lynch dives, lunges, stretches, and grabs hold of the rope. Referee Davis Warren immediately calls for a break and Broussard obliges at the three count, allowing Lynch to drag himself to the floor where he angrily slams his hands down on the ring apron, glaring in at Broussard who is back on his feet, waving him back in.]

GM: And just like that, Travis Lynch is showing some signs of frustration already.

BW: Physically, he may be built like an Adonis, Gordo, but mentally, he's crumbling away more and more every week.

GM: I have to agree... and I think you can trace it all back to the moment he lost the National Title belt - the physical belt - during the tour of Europe. From that moment, he seems like he's been coming apart. This overwhelming thirst for respect... calling out the legends of the past like Ron Houston and Stevie Scott... and now Marcus Broussard. Travis just isn't the same man we've all known for so long.

BW: Oh, he's the same man I always knew he was. Self-centered, arrogant, and willing to do whatever it takes to keep his name out there.

[Lynch takes a long walk around the ring, taking a breather as Broussard keeps twisting around, keeping his eyes on the champion.]

GM: The referee's count is up to six... and that'll be enough for Lynch, climbing up on the apron.

[The National Champion ducks through the ropes, stepping back inside the ring. He nods at Broussard, grinning again as he claps and gives Broussard a thumbs up.]

GM: Travis giving the first man to wear the National Title a little "attaboy" there... and I'm sure that won't sit well with Broussard either.

[Broussard ignores the taunt, waiting for Lynch to advance on him. The National Champion shakes out his arm... and then lunges towards Broussard for a collar and elbow tieup. The San Jose Shark deftly snares the wrist in his hand, twisting it around.]

GM: Armtwist... right into a hammerlock...

[Lynch grimaces as Broussard cranks up on the left arm.]

GM: And you've gotta be impressed by Marcus Broussard early on in this one. Ever the student of the game, Broussard remembers that Lynch is a southpaw and accordingly goes after that left arm.

[Lynch attempts to reach back, looking to escape...]

GM: Travis Lynch trying to find a way out of this... no dice on the elbows...

[Reaching back, Lynch snatches Broussard around the head and neck, looking like he might go for a snapmare...]

...but instead, he drives backwards towards the turnbuckles!]

GM: Travis back to the corner... no!

[Broussard lets go of the hammerlock, sidestepping and tossing Lynch back into the buckles, his arm trapped behind him. Lynch grimaces, shaking out his arm as Broussard snags him again, flipping him over with a snapmare out of the corner.]

GM: Snapmares him out... look out!

[Broussard rushes forward, leaping over the sitting Lynch, snatching the head on the way over...]

...and SNAPPING Lynch's neck hard!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Rolling necksnap by... well, the challenger, I suppose.

[Lynch flails about on the mat, grabbing at his neck as Broussard dives on him with an elbow driven into the throat, shoving Lynch's shoulders down to the mat as he hooks a leg.]

GM: One! Two!

[But the National Champion escapes with ease before again rolling from the ring to the floor, grabbing at the back of his neck. The crowd jeers the escape this time, drawing an angry glare from Travis Lynch who looks out on the fans.]

GM: And so far, you'd have to say that Marcus Broussard is surprising a lot of people - including Travis Lynch!

BW: Lynch obviously took the Shark lightly. He thought with Broussard being retired, this would be an easy night at the office for him. Instead, Broussard's put strychnine in the guacamole, daddy!

GM: So far, Marcus Broussard is treating Travis Lynch like he didn't turn in his TPS reports and-

[With Lynch turning to address the front row fans, Broussard rushes him from behind, landing a baseball slide dropkick that sends Lynch sailing forward, crashing chestfirst into the ringside railing!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Broussard caught him from behind!

BW: And Lynch doesn't want to be out there with the Shark, daddy. Marcus Broussard wasn't always the good corporate citizen. He's got a dark side to him and-

[Grabbing Lynch by the arm, Broussard whips him across the ringside area where the small of Lynch's back SLAMS into the edge of the ring apron!]

GM: Ohhh! Another hard crash backfirst...

[Broussard grabs Lynch by the hair, twisting him around to SLAM his face into the ring apron...]

GM: Oh! Headfirst into the apron and-

[The crowd groans as Broussard rakes Lynch's face back and forth on the apron, digging his skin into the canvas...]

BW: Ahhh! That'll leave some skin on the mat!

[Lynch shoves Broussard back, staggering away from him, holding on to his face as Broussard circles the ringpost, following behind him.]

GM: The San Jose Shark is in hot pursuit as the referee continues to count both competitors out of the ring... and you get the feeling, Bucky, that Davis Warren might be happy to count them out and end this before Broussard potentially gets seriously hurt.

BW: Right now, Broussard is coasting! Right now, I've gone from wondering what happens if Broussard gets hurt to wondering what happens if he wins!

GM: Let's not get ahead of ourselves. Travis Lynch didn't become the longest-reigning National Champion in AWA history by chance, Bucky.

BW: No, he also had a corrupt family getting him every opportunity he DIDN'T deserve!

[Broussard grabs the fleeing Lynch by the hair, pulling him around to face him...

...and Lynch responds with a two-handed shove to the chest, sending Broussard sailing backwards into the ringpost, the back of his head and neck JAMMING into the solid steel!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Gaaah!

[Broussard immediately slumps to his knees, grabbing the back of his neck as Lynch leans on the apron, catching a breather. There's a sprinkling of jeers from the crowd as many rise to their feet, looking on with concern at the downed Broussard.]

GM: The back of Broussard's neck DRIVEN into that ringpost and... this is what so many of us feared, fans.

BW: That neck was the cause of his early retirement - taking many years off a successful career.

[The camera cuts to Broussard's friend, Todd Michaelson, who took Broussard's place at the second commentary table. Michaelson is on his feet as well, looking concerned at the action at ringside.]

GM: An obvious look of concern on the face of AWA co-owner, Todd Michaelson, as he looks down at his friend...

[Lynch turns, his back against the apron as he stares at Michaelson.]

"This is on you! You coulda put me on the show! This is all on you!"

[Lynch snatches Broussard off the ringside mats, firing him back under the ropes into the ring. The National Champion rolls in after him, crawling right into a lateral press.]

GM: One. Two.

[The crowd reacts as Broussard lifts a shoulder - not a cheer exactly. But an audible reaction of surprise and - to many - disappointment that this threat to Broussard's health isn't over.]

GM: Lynch couldn't hold him down for three... back on his feet now...

[Lynch drags Broussard off the mat by the hair, looking out at the crowd - many of which are booing some of the Texan's actions. With a shake of his head, he scoops Broussard up in his muscular arms, slamming him down hard on the canvas...

...and then he backs into the ropes, bouncing off and landing a big kneedrop down across the sternum!]

GM: Kneedrop finds the mark - and another cover by the champion.

[Again, Broussard kicks out at two... and again, the crowd noise is a ripple of surprise and concern. Lynch grimaces at the official who shakes his head, holding up two fingers.]

GM: Travis Lynch coming up to his feet, dragging Broussard up by the arm...

[The San Jose Shark pops a forearm into the jaw of Lynch to a cheer from the crowd!]

GM: Big shot by Broussard!

[An angry Lynch buries a knee into the gut of Broussard in response before whipping him across the ring, sending him crashing backfirst into the buckles!]

GM: Another hard shot to the spine - sending a jolt right up that injured neck no doubt.

[Again, we cut to ringside where Todd Michaelson is on his feet, looking very concerned as Lynch advances on Broussard.]

GM: Lynch moving in, grabbing the arm again...

[With a mighty whip that takes Lynch down to his knees, he rockets Broussard across the ring who SLAMS violently into the turnbuckles, his entire body convulsing on impact as he collapses to the canvas, writhing in pain as his hands come up behind his neck in a gesture that causes another ripple of concern to wash over the crowd.]

GM: Good lord almighty. Okay, Travis... we get it. You're the champ. You're the guy. What more do you want? What's it gonna take?

BW: You know, Gordo... Lynch is out here throwing blame on Broussard for what happened to Blackjack earlier but I think that's all a scam. This is about Travis Lynch. This is about the scumbag I've always said he is and people are finally coming around to agree with me. He's made this entire thing about him and he wants the world watching when he puts Marcus Broussard in a wheelchair for the rest of his damn life!

GM: I can't... Bucky, I can't believe that's true. No matter how far down a slope Travis Lynch has fallen in recent months, I just can't believe he'd ever go that far. I can't believe he'd come out here with the intent to cripple a man. I just can't.

BW: Believe what you want, Gordo. There's plenty of room on the anti-Lynch bandwagon for ya when you see the light.

[Lynch slowly gets to his feet, striding across the ring towards the downed Broussard who is still on the mat holding his neck. Lynch glares out at Michaelson who is shaking his head.]

GM: Todd Michaelson doesn't like what he's seeing and who can blame him. The bond between those two... Todd actually helped bring the San Jose Shark into the business. He was a big part of bringing Broussard into the EMWC and of course, a key part in making sure that when the AWA started, that Broussard was one of the top additions. And when Marcus suffered that career-ending injury, it was Michaelson who got him involved with the training job at the Combat Corner and later the announcing gig for Combat Corner Wrestling. They are very close friends and you better believe that Todd Michaelson does not like this situation at all.

[Lynch leans down, dragging Broussard off the mat by the hair, shoving him back into the closest corner. The Texas Heartthrob mounts the midbuckle, clenching his right hand to rain down blows...]

GM: Lynch hammering away, dropping fist after fist down between the eyes of the San Jose Shark!

[Lynch pauses a half dozen shots in, turning to glare at the crowd. He throws up his arms angrily...]

GM: I think... it seems like Travis Lynch is upset that the crowd isn't counting along with his punches.

BW: Boo friggin' hoo, Gordo.

GM: I think we agree on that one.

[Lynch abandons his punches, jumping off the midbuckle, glaring out at the crowd again. He's barking at a pair of fans in the front row giving him an especially hard time as he grabs Broussard by the arm again, looking for another whip...]

...but the distraction causes Lynch to have his whip reversed by Broussard, sending the National Champion smashing into the buckles where he staggers out.]

GM: Ohh! Lynch gets sent into the corner!

[As he staggers out, Broussard lifts him up under his arm and drops him down over a bent knee!]

GM: Backbreaker by the challenger - and I still can't get used to calling Marcus Broussard that! The San Jose Shark, who turned 40 earlier this year, is looking to shock the world and become a two-time National Champion... and he's hoping to teach Travis Lynch a lesson about wearing that title in the process.

[With Lynch down and writhing on the mat, Broussard backs into the corner where Lynch just was. He hops up on the middle rope, slowly raising his right fist for all to see...]

GM: The Shark ready to pounce!

[Broussard leaps from his perch, dropping to his knees as he DRIVES his fist down between the eyes of the Texan whose legs kick into the air in response.]

GM: Fistdrop connects! Broussard with the North-South cover!

[A two count follows before Lynch escapes. Broussard is quickly off the mat though, using a pair of boots to keep Lynch down on a knee as the first National Champion looks for his next attack.]

GM: The San Jose Shark smelling blood in the water now, looping Lynch's arm over his neck...

[The crowd cheers as Broussard SNAPS Lynch over, bouncing him off the canvas with a suplex. He rapidly scrambles into a lateral press, reaching back to snare a leg.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO!

[Lynch again kicks out, breaking up Broussard's pin attempt.]

GM: Another two count there... but you have to wonder if Marcus Broussard is getting closer... inching closer to finding a way to make history tonight here in New Orleans.

[A cut to ringside shows Todd Michaelson back in his seat, a grin on his face as his friend puts the boots mercilessly to the downed Lynch.]

GM: Broussard working over Lynch on the canvas... and how embarrassing a night this would be for Travis Lynch to get this match... to demand this match against a guy who has been retired for years... and to end up losing his title... to end up having his record-setting reign snapped by the San Jose Shark?

BW: You might never see Lynch again, Gordo... and suddenly, I'm cheering even harder for my boy, Marcus.

[Broussard brings Lynch back to his feet, snapping his head back with a European uppercut. Lynch staggers backwards, falling into the ropes to stay on his feet.]

GM: Hard uppercut by the challenger... and he's looking for more.

[Grabbing the back of Lynch's head, Broussard lands a second forearm uppercut... and a third that leaves Lynch hanging off the top rope, trying to stay on his feet.]

GM: Broussard grabs the arm, shoots him across...

[The San Jose Shark ducks down, setting for a backdrop on the rebounding Lynch...

...who leaps into the air, grabbing the upper thighs of Broussard as he attempts to take him down with a sunset flip!]

GM: SUNSET FLIP! CAN HE GET HIM DOWN?!

[There's a several second struggle as Broussard attempts to avoid being dragged down by Lynch's superior upper body strength...

...and succeeds as he kneels down on Lynch's shoulders, reaching back to hook his legs tightly!]

GM: COUNTER! COUNTER!

[The referee dives to the canvas to count.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! TH-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The disappointed crowd groans as Lynch kicks out to avoid the title-losing pin. Both men attempt to scramble to their feet. Lynch is a little quicker, going into a spin as he does...]

GM: DISCUS PUNCH!

[...but Broussard sidesteps the potential match-ending blow, catching Lynch as he goes by, hooking one arm and then the other as he drops to his knees!]

GM: BACKSLIDE BY BROUSSARD! ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The AWA faithful groans in disappointment a second time as more and more of the New Orleans crowd find themselves rooting for Marcus Broussard to pull off the shocking upset.]

GM: Lynch out at two and change that time... just barely getting loose in time.

[The scramble is on once more, both men getting to their feet at roughly the same time this time as Broussard reaches out, snaring Lynch in a bodylock.]

GM: BELLY TO BELL-

[But Lynch slams his arms together on Broussard's ears, breaking up the attempt at one of Broussard's signature moves. Sliding in behind Broussard, he hooks a rear waistlock, rushing him into the ropes. Together, they bounce back...]

GM: ROLLING REVERSE CRADLE OUT OF LYNCH!

[Referee Warren dives to the mat again.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO! TH- REVERSED!

[Broussard rolls through the cradle into one of his own!]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

[The crowd groans once more... then breaks out into cheers at the exchange of near falls from champion and challenger.]

GM: Wow! Both men really going for it here at about the ten minute mark of this National Title battle.

[The two combatants climb up off the canvas, moving a little slower now as Lynch winds up, blasting Broussard across the jaw with a big left hand.]

GM: Ohh! Big haymaker by the champion!

[A second one sends Broussard stumbling backwards a few steps as Lynch advances on him, rearing back again...]

GM: Big left-

[The crowd EXPLODES as Broussard shifts his feet slightly, catching the arm as it goes by, and drags the National Champion down into a Fujiwara Armbar!]

GM: FUJIWARA! FUJIWARA!

BW: Taught to him by Jeff Matthews, the master of the hold!

[Broussard plants his feet on the canvas, bridging back as he tries to torque the arm to its max. Lynch cries out, digging his free hand into the mat, shaking his head at the referee.]

GM: Lynch is trying to hang on but we've seen wrestlers of all sizes and skills tap out to this hold in short order! You can't survive this hold very long, Bucky.

BW: No way, Gordo. It's either tap or snap and I think either one ends up with Marcus Broussard walking out of this ring the new National Champion... and man, I love the way that sounds!

[The crowd is on their feet, cheering and shouting for Broussard as he tries to force a match-ending submission out of the National Champion!]

GM: Lynch is fighting it, trying to drag himself to the ropes... trying to-

[Broussard's feet slip on the bridge, throwing him off just enough for Lynch to get his own feet under him, rolling through the armbar. The movement forces Broussard onto his back as Lynch rolls to a knee...

...and raises his right hand up in the shape of the Lynch family legacy to a fairly big roar from the crowd!]

GM: THE CLAW! LYNCH IS GOING FOR THE CLAW!

[Lynch starts to lower the Iron Claw towards the skull of Marcus Broussard who reaches up with both arms, grabbing Lynch by the wrist, trying to block the hold from being applied.]

BW: It's with the wrong hand, Gordo. Lynch is a lefty and getting the Claw on with the right won't do the same amount of damage!

GM: Maybe not but we've seen this family use the Claw with either hand effectively before and if he gets it locked on, we might-

[Broussard rolls back onto his shoulders, stretching out his legs to scissor the right arm between them. He reaches up with his left arm, snatching Lynch around the head and neck...

...and then rolls to his left, flipping Lynch over into a makeshift pin attempt.]

GM: Wow! Where did that come from?!

[Another two count follows before Lynch escapes, both men again scrambling to their feet off the mat...]

GM: Broussard's up first...

[And as the frustrated Lynch gets to a standing position, Broussard reaches out, hooking his arms around the torso...]

GM: He hooks him!

[...and with picture-perfect execution, Broussard lifts Lynch into the air, torques his hips, and DRIVES him into the mat with his signature belly-to-belly suplex!]

GM: OHHHH! THAT'S IT! IT'S OVER!

[Broussard dives across Lynch, reaching back to snatch a leg as the crowd counts along with Davis Warren...]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THREEEEEEEE-"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KICKOUT! KICKOUT! LYNCH KICKS OUT IN TIME!

[Broussard rolls off of Lynch, burying his head in his hands as the referee leaps up, holding his hands just barely apart to demonstrate how close the count was. Broussard rolls to a seated position, still shaking his head.]

GM: Travis Lynch, maybe there's been a change in attitude... maybe the fans aren't as strongly behind him as they've been in the past... but that doesn't change the fact that he IS the National Champion for a reason, Bucky, and we just saw a piece of it right there. Tremendous heart. Tremendous fighting spirit.

BW: Marcus should pick him right up and do it again!

GM: Broussard slowly getting up... knowing that this is his chance. This is his moment. The fans in the Superdome are on their feet cheering him on, urging him to push that sun up into the sky for one more day of summer in his glorious career.

[Broussard grabs Lynch by the hair, bringing him to his feet. He grabs Lynch by the arm, rocketing him towards the ropes.]

GM: Irish whip across... Travis off the far side...

[Broussard extends an arm in preparation for either a clothesline or a sleeperhold attempt but neither connect as Lynch ducks under, slamming on the brakes as he does...]

...and when he straightens up, he opens fire with a THUNDEROUS lariat right to the back of Broussard's neck!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The blow drops Broussard like a stone. He hits the canvas in a heap, instantly reaching up to grab at his neck as the shocked reaction from the crowd quickly

turns to jeers. Lynch stands over Broussard, looking out on the crowd with a surprised expression on his face. He angrily responds.]

"I'M YOUR CHAMPION AND YOU CHEER HIM?!"

[Lynch's face is twisted into disgust as the referee slides to his knees, ordering Lynch to step back as Warren checks on Broussard's condition. A quick cut to ringside again shows Todd Michaelson on his feet. This time, Michaelson has pulled off the headset, leaving Harvey Sutton alone at the secondary commentary table as the AWA owner approaches the ring apron, looking on with concern towards his friend.]

GM: Fans... I... Davis Warren looking in on Marcus Broussard, trying to see if he can go on after that devastating blow to the neck. Todd Michaelson obviously concerned as well and-

[Lynch remains standing over Broussard, looking down on him. There's a moment... a brief moment... where concern washes over Lynch as well. He starts to lower to a knee when Todd Michaelson climbs up on the apron and shouts at him.]

"NO! NO! YOU'VE DONE ENOUGH!"

[Michaelson steps through the ropes, an action that stops Lynch dead in his tracks from making any further movement towards Broussard. The AWA owner delivers a two-handed shove to the chest of Lynch to the cheers of the fans, sending him back against the ropes.]

"THIS IS DONE... YOU HEAR ME? DONE!"

[Michaelson grabs Davis Warren by the shoulder, speaking to him briefly. Warren nods in acknowledgement, sliding out to the floor where he goes first to a ringside producer on a headset. We can clearly hear him ask for Dr. Ponavitch before he moves on to Rebecca Ortiz, speaking to the ring announcer who nods before raising the mic.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen... by order of AWA ownership, this match has been stopped due to the physical condition of Marcus Broussard. Therefore, your winner... and still AWA National Champion... Travis Lynch.

[The boos intensify at Ortiz' solemn announcement. Lynch still has no response to anything going on around him as Michaelson takes a knee next to Broussard, shouting "GET OUT OF HERE!" at Lynch and ordering him from the ring. Lynch pauses, taking a step towards Broussard and Michaelson when Davis Warren intervenes, shaking his head and pushing Travis backwards.]

GM: A chaotic scene here in New Orleans, fans... I... well, this is bad. This is not what any of us were hoping to see in this... but it's something I think we all feared we might see.

[A few more moments pass before AWA officials and medical personnel hit the ring, half moving to the side of Marcus Broussard and half trying to get Travis Lynch out of the ring. In the middle of all the insanity, someone gives Lynch the National Title belt back.]

GM: There it is. There's your belt, champ. I hope it was worth it.

[Lynch looks at the face of the quickly-built belt, shaking his head as he ducks through the ropes. He holds the title up for a moment...

...and is nearly leveled by the earsplitting boos that are raining down upon him. Lynch looks genuinely shocked at the response, opening his mouth to say something and then freezing.]

GM: The fans here in New Orleans are letting Travis Lynch know how they feel about what just transpired and...

[Lynch closes his eyes, the boos washing over him as he stands on the apron, the belt dangling from his hand.]

GM: I don't know, fans. I don't know what's gotten into Travis Lynch as of late. I don't know what he's become... but I know I don't like it. Not one bit.

[Lynch slowly slumps off the apron, dropping down to the floor. There are AWA officials on either side, encouraging him to make his exit. He takes a couple of steps, lifting the title belt in front of his face again, staring into the faceplate once more...

...and then suddenly shoves an AWA official aside, walking fast.]

GM: What's he-?!

[The crowd roars with shock as Lynch winds up and SLAMS the faceplate of the National Title into the ringpost!]

GM: OH!

[Lynch winds up, his face carved out of anger...

...and SMASHES the belt into the ringpost again... and again...]

BW: He's lost it, Gordo!

[The title belt repeatedly is driven into the steel as pieces of the gold and silver plating begin to snap off, falling at Lynch's feet. The shocked crowd's reaction switches to jeers once more as Lynch ignores them, demolishing his own title belt against the ringpost until all that remains is a leather strap with a few broken pieces still hanging from it.]

GM: He's destroyed it! He's destroyed the National Title here at SuperClash and-

[Lynch climbs up on the apron, AWA officials swarming towards him...

...and then flings the empty leather strap at Todd Michaelson's feet.]

"TAKE THE DAMN THING!"

[Michaelson stares down in disbelief at the destroyed title belt before looking back at the rage-filled face of Travis Lynch. The AWA owner strides angrily across the ring, leaving the side of Marcus Broussard as he's helped from the ring by the doctor's team...

...when suddenly a familiar voice is heard over the public address.]

"TRAVIS. LYNCH."

GM: Oh, not him now.

[It's Jackson Hunter.]

JH: For... SHAME.

[He's halfway down the ramp, walking his way toward the ring. After the Steal the Spotlight match and the beating from Alex Martinez, it's a tired, exhausted walk. He's also missing his jacket.

And in his hand is a briefcase.]

GM: Oh my stars, is Jackson Hunter going to cash in Steal the Spotlight on the National Champion?

BW: Oh, I dunno, Gordo. He's picked his spots before and it's turned out for the best for him.

[Lynch, fully agitated, impatiently beckons Hunter into the ring.]

JH: Is that how an American Wrestling Alliance National Champion behaves? Is that how an AWA National Champion respects the legacy of the belt of Marcus Broussard?

The belt of Mark Langseth?

[A mixed reaction to the name of the once-disgraced champion.]

JHL And the belt of Juan Vasquez?

[Suddenly, Mark Langseth seems an angel in comparison to the fans in the Superdome. In the ring, Travis Lynch is repeating words to the effect of 'should've known it was you. I should have known.']

JH: Well, Travis, in this case... I have the power to restore the grace and dignity of the Crown Jewel of the AWA. I have the power to rescue National Title from the Lynch family's daddy issues!

[Hunter slams the briefcase on the apron and pops the clasps. He opens the case a crack.]

JH: And I... will not use it.

[Hunter closes the case and clasps up it again.]

JH: I do not have the time or the inclination to deal with you, you little piggy boy. And if I got in that ring, I would do to you what my friend and colleague Shadoe Rage did your daddy earlier, and send you back to Texas... TO BE A CHICKEN... PLUCKING... CHICKEN.

[Lynch beckons Hunter into the ring angrily, shouting, 'OPEN CHALLENGE! COME ON!']

JH: I have the pleasure to inform you, young Travis... you little piggy boy... that Blackjack Lynch, who was such a good business partner to the decadent, deceitful and depraved Colton family in Calgary... He has not yet been afforded the status of "has-been," young Travis... He is what I have always maintained he is: he is a "never was."

And you, little piggy boy, are following in your father's zig-zagging, irregular footsteps. Aren't you pretty, Travis? Aren't you so handsome, Travis. Everyone look up at the big screens and get a good at Travis Lynch's face, because if he accepts another match tonight, that is the last time he will be looking like he does now!

[Lynch is incensed, shouting expletives down to Hunter.]

JH: You want two title matches back-to-back? I'll let YOU make the choice.

[Hunter slides the briefcase across the canvas into the ring.]

JH: Open that case, and you made your decision.

[Lynch grabs the case and struggles with tearing the clasps open.]

GM: Fans... this is unprecedented! We've seen the Spotlight contract used the same night it was won back at SuperClash V, but I have never seen the contract holder give the champion the prerogative to defend like this!

[Lynch opens the case, but suddenly stops when he sees the contents. His face blanches, and his fury is abruptly replaced with shock; you can almost see his blood turn to ice water.]

BW: What is going on...?

[Travis Lynch delicately removes a championship belt from the case, glinting with restored golden plates and polished black leather. The profile is very familiar.

It's the original National Title Belt... the one lost or stolen during the European tour.]

GM: Oh my goodness.

[Zoom in closer to the belt's front plate, and a new addition becomes visible: a red hammer and sickle vinyl decal.]

GM: Oh no...

[The sound of James Hannigan's "Soviet March" makes Travis Lynch recoil in shock and the crowd EXPLODES as Maxim Zharkov marches his way down the aisle rapidly.]

GM: OH NO.

[Zharkov shows no more scars from his war with Alex Martinez earlier in the evening than a bandage on his forehead and perspiration. Jackson Hunter rips off his necktie and throws it to the ground, pointing Zharkov up into the ring.]

GM: What in the hell is going on, Bucky?!

BW: Oh, I think it's crystal friggin' clear, Gordo! Travis Lynch's life has been a LIVING HELL since he lost that National Title belt back in Europe... and I think now we know who was responsible for that!

GM: Hunter?! Zharkov?! They STOLE the title belt and... and... Travis' life has fallen apart because of that moment! The shell of Travis Lynch that's in the ring right now... this is THEIR fault?! They broke the man! They mentally broke him down!

BW: And by the look on Zharkov's face, I think they're about to PHYSICALLY break him down as well.

[Out at ringside, Jackson Hunter confronts Todd Michaelson and Rebecca Ortiz, angrily gesturing at the ring. Michaelson sighs, nodding to Ortiz.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen... by order of AWA owner Todd Michaelson... the following contest-

[The crowd ERUPTS in a roar, overwhelming the rest of Rebecca's announcement but I think we get the gist.]

GM: Another title match?! The National Title - the REAL title belt this time - is on the line?!

[With a confident nod, Maxim Zharkov leaps from the floor to the apron in a single bound...

...which is when Travis Lynch rushes him with a left haymaker to the jaw!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HERE WE GO!

[Lynch lands another fired-up haymaker... and another... and another. The crowd starts to rally behind him, sensing an opportunity for the Texan fan favorite to redeem himself...

...but Zharkov grabs the top rope with one hand, keeping himself on the apron. Lynch winds up again but Zharkov is quicker, snapping off a stiff palm strike to the chin of Lynch, snapping his head back.]

"PUSHKA!"

[The blow sends Lynch staggering away as Zharkov steps through the ropes. Jackson Hunter pounds his fists into the canvas as Zharkov swoops in behind Lynch...]

GM: WAISTLOCK!

[Zharkov spins around to face the ropes before hoisting Lynch into the air, launching him across the ring...]

GM: GERMAN SUPLEX!

[Lynch SLAMS violently into the canvas on the back of his head and neck.]

BW: That's an East German Suplex to you, daddy!

[Zharkov gets up off the mat, walking confidently across the ring towards Travis Lynch who is trying to get up off the canvas...

...and snatches a second waistlock!]

GM: He's gonna do it again!

[Zharkov tosses Lynch into the air with ease, dumping him down a second time.]

GM: Another East German Suplex by the Tsar... and Travis Lynch is absolutely being dominated in this one!

BW: Both of these guys have had matches already tonight... tough matches... of course, Lynch just had his and Zharkov's was earlier tonight.

[Hunter shouts instructions to Zharkov as he drags Lynch off the mat by the hair, holding him up. Lynch's eyelids are fluttering as he tries to steady himself...

...and he pops Zharkov with a left hand to the jaw!]

GM: Ohh! Lynch firing back!

[But a furious Zharkov keeps his grip on the hair, bringing up his other hand to join the first...]

GM: HEADBUTT!

[The crowd groans as Lynch slumps to a knee. Zharkov keeps his grip on the hair, slamming his head down a second time... and a third... and a fourth... and a fifth...]

GM: Headbutt after headbutt on Lynch!

[Using his grip on the hair, Zharkov flings Lynch into the ropes. The National Champion bounces off, stumbling towards Zharkov who takes him off his feet with a powerful shoulderblock!]

GM: Ohhh! 347 pounds taking Lynch right back down to the canvas!

BW: This is like Christmas come early, Gordo! Zharkov is manhandling that scumbag Travis Lynch and I'm lovin' it!

[Zharkov walks around the downed Lynch, soaking up the jeers from the capacity crowd as Hunter continues to pound his fists into the mat, shouting "ENNNNNNNND HIM!" Zharkov gives a nod as he circles back towards Lynch, pulling him into a standing headscissors...]

GM: Wait a second! He's looking for the Tsar Bomba! He's looking to finish off the National Champion right here and now!

[Lynch slumps to a knee, preventing the lift for the moment.]

GM: Zharkov's trying to get him up and-

[Breaking off his lift for the moment, Zharkov clubs his massive arms down across the back...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[With a shout, Zharkov hoists Lynch up into the air, sliding him into crucifix powerbomb position...]

...but Lynch wriggles out, sliding down Zharkov's back to the canvas to some cheers!]

GM: Lynch slips free... turns around... big left hand! And another! And a third!

[With Zharkov stumbled and staggering, Lynch goes into a full spin...]

GM: DISCUS PUN-

[...but Zharkov spins quicker, lashing out with his arm at full extension!]

GM: PEACEMAKER!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The impact of the discus lariat turns Lynch inside out before dumping him on the canvas in a heap. Zharkov climbs to his feet, throwing his arms apart with a mighty shout...]

"LIGHTS!"

"OUT!"

"TOVARISCH!"

[Zharkov yanks the limp Lynch into a standing headscissors, powering him up into a crucifix hold...]

...and DRIVES Lynch down on the back of his head and neck with a thunderous crucifix powerbomb!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: TSAR BOMBA!

[Zharkov crawls forward on his knees, planting his palms on the chest of an unmoving Travis Lynch.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[A stunned silence washes over the New Orleans crowd for several moments, punctuated by a triumphant, violent "YES! YES! YES!" as Jackson Hunter thrusts his arms in the air in victory repeatedly...]

...and the sight of that shakes the crowd from their stupor, erupting in deafening jeers of their own for both Hunter as he climbs into the ring and Zharkov as he slowly rises off the mat, staring down at the motionless Lynch at his feet.]

GM: It's... it's over?

BW: Oh yeah! It's over, daddy! The long dark night has ended and the sun is comin' up 'cause we've got a new National Champion and it's finally one that we can all be proud of!

[The referee approaches the duo, holding the original title belt in his hand...]

...and Hunter snatches it away, shoving the official back as he presents the title belt to Zharkov who grabs it and shoves it skyward, again displaying the modifications to the title belt, drawing more anger from the Superdome crowd.]

GM: We have a new National Champion in Maxim Zharkov... after 467 days of Travis Lynch wearing the gold and.... wow. I'm in shock, fans. I'm completely in shock. Travis Lynch wasn't even scheduled to be on the show tonight and he defended the title TWICE.

BW: Shoulda stuck with one!

GM: Obviously but Lynch had to have been filled with such anger... such rage after learning it was Hunter and Zharkov who stole the title from him this summer in Europe. He had to have had so much anger at learning that they were responsible for his downhill turn in recent months in the eyes of so many people. Travis Lynch

is a good man! I know that to be true... but Hunter and Zharkov did so much damage to his reputation-

BW: Oh, stop being like all those millennials out there that never want to take responsibility for their own actions, Gordo. Don't like the President? Maybe your ass should've voted instead of Tweeting angrily over your Frappuccino!

[Zharkov stands center ring, belt overhead as a gleeful Hunter looks on and photos are taken all around.]

GM: Nevertheless, the Axis has struck again here at SuperClash and... well, there's only one match left for them now, Bucky.

BW: One match left and if this is the plan they had for Lynch, just imagine what they've got in store for Martinez, daddy!

GM: I don't want to imagine it - not at all. Fans, let's go backstage and get away from this terrible scene.

[We cut to the backstage area where AWA owner and acting Director of Operations Jon Stegglet is speaking to referee Scott Ezra. Sweet Lou Blackwell is nearby, sticking his mic into the conversation.]

JS: Look, it's gonna be rough out there... and I don't want another referee getting hurt so I want you to stay out of the way as much as you can.

SE: Don't enforce the rules?

JS: What rules? It's a Syndicate Street Fight. I don't even know what that means but I know that it means it's going to get ugly. I spent a lot of years calling these guys matches and I know that they - James especially - are willing to use anything in the building that isn't nailed down out there tonight. You understand?

SE: Stay out of the way. Got it.

[Stegglet pauses.]

JS: Actually, okay... try to keep it as close to a regular tag match for as long as you can, got me? Make them tag in and out... try to get them to abide by rope breaks and that kind of thing. Maybe we'll get lucky and we'll keep the wholesale bloodshed to a minimum.

[Ezra seems to turn a little pale at that comment.]

JS: It's gonna be fine, kid... I've got faith in you. And at any point you have any doubt or concern for your wellbeing?

[Ezra nods expectantly as Stegglet sighs.]

JS: Just get the hell out of there. Alright... now go. Good luck.

[The official scampers out of view, leaving Stegglet backstage with Sweet Lou.]

JS: Hey Lou... hell of a night, huh?

SLB: And it's not over.

JS: Thanks for reminding me. I don't even want to think about what's left. There's a reason that guys like Spreadbury and Powell have been out of this business for years now, huh?

[Stegglet runs a hand through his greying hair.]

SLB: It's not the years, boss... it's the mileage.

JS: Heh. Sweet Lou Blackwell... I always knew someday you'd come walkin' back through my door.

[Stegglet slaps Blackwell on the shoulder.]

JS: So tell me, my friend... what can I do for you moments before... whatever the hell James and Claw are going to do out there?

SLB: Well, before the stuff with Travis Lynch out there, I was supposed to-

[Stegglet slaps his forehead.]

JS: Next year's schedule.

SLB: Right.

JS: Well, Todd's not going to be doing that with you right now. So...

[Stegglet looks around, a little frazzled.]

JS: Lou, I'm gonna be honest with you. This has been a hell of a night and it's not over and I don't know what's about to happen out there in my ring and I don't like that at all not to mention I don't even know if we'll have a World Champion by the end of the night so... uhhh...

[Stegglet shrugs.]

JS: I'm going to take things one night at a time. But... the truck's got the video, I'm sure.

SLB: They do.

[The boss shrugs again.]

JS: Then roll it.

[Stegglet walks out, shaking his head as Blackwell chuckles softly.]

SLB: You heard the man. Roll it.

[We fade from the backstage area to a black screen. Slowly... very slowly... the sounds of "Sirius" by the Alan Parsons Project begins to play in the background as a voiceover begins.]

"As we close the book on 2016, we look back on one of the greatest years in AWA history..."

[The black screen vanished and is replaced by a shot of the KeyArena in Seattle.]

"The Pacific Northwest..."

[Quick to shots from the Canadian tour.]

"Our first visit to the Great White North of Canada..."

[Quick cut to members of the Boston Red Sox in the crowd on the 4th of July weekend.]

"The Battle of Boston..."

[Quick cut to shots from the European tour.]

"The summer tour that took us across the pond to Europe for the very first time..."

[And then to an external aerial night time shot of the Superdome.]

"...and here in New Orleans for SuperClash VIII."

[Back to black.]

"But where will 2017 take us...?"

[A globe appears on the screen, spinning faster and faster until coming to an abrupt halt.]

"February 4th, the AWA returns from its holiday hiatus the night before the Super Bowl in Houston, Texas for a live special on the FOX Network - SUPER SATURDAY!"

[The globe spins again.]

"March 18th, the AWA returns to Los Angeles, California for a very special event - the Anniversary Show!"

[Another rapid spin of the globe before coming to a halt.]

"On May 29th, it's a historic night as Memorial Day Mayhem X comes to you live from DALLAS, TEXAS - where it all started for the American Wrestling Alliance!"

[Spin the globe, make the deal.]

"On June 24th, the AWA returns to Madison Square Garden for the first of a new quarterly series on the FOX Network entitled "AWA FIGHT NIGHT.""

[Another spin goes by.]

"On the 4th of July, the AWA makes their Philadelphia, Pennsylvania debut for a very special edition of Saturday Night Wrestl-"

[A burst of static... another... and soon the globe vanished to be replaced by someone going crashing through a table. The sound effect echoes before another voiceover is heard... this one belonging to AWA co-owner Chris Blue.]

"Is that right? The AWA is coming to Philly... the house that EXTREME built... and they didn't ask for my permission?"

[Blue laughs.]

"Well, maybe I've got plans of my own for Philadelphia. Maybe it's time for the world to remember that Philly is..."

...ETERNALLY...EXTREME!"

[The static bursts again and goes back to the globe and the promo video like nothing happened at all.]

"On July 23rd, the AWA is heading back to Canada for The Battle of Saskatchewan and the return of the Stampede Cup tournament!"

[Spin that globe.]

"Don't miss the AWA all summer long as we visit new cities for the first time... places like Detroit and Chicago... and don't forget September 4th in Mexico in conjunction with our friends in SouthWest Lucha Libre!"

[One more spin of the globe.]

"And then... it all comes down to November 23rd... SuperClash IX. For months, there has been speculation. For weeks, we've whittled the list down to two.

Will it be Toronto and the historic wrestling venue formerly known as the Skydome?

Or will it be Atlanta, Georgia as the AWA blows the roof off the Georgia Dome before the demolition crews blow the rest of it up days later?

Toronto. Atlanta.

Toronto. Atlanta.

[We cut back and forth between shots of both cities... faster... quicker... almost dizzying...

...and then come to a halt with both shots on the screen with the SuperClash logo splashed across them both.]

"For the first time since SuperClash II, the AWA will be bringing you its premier event...

...from TWO locations!

The Rogers Centre in Toronto, Canada will host one half of the event and the Georgia Dome in Atlanta will host the other!

History will be made at SuperClash IX and all throughout 2017 as the American Wrestling Alliance goes coast to coast and beyond!

[The screen goes black again as we fade to a shot of the cheering crowd inside the Superdome.]

GM: How about that, fans?! Big news all around but nothing bigger than the announcement of TWO hosts for SuperClash IX! Toronto AND Atlanta!

BW: Incredible news but the only thing bigger to announce is - where the heck are you and I gonna be that night, Gordo?!

GM: I have no idea but wherever we are, I can't wait to be there for the biggest event of the year - SuperClash IX, Bucky. But that's a year away. We've still got two more big matches to come here tonight. And coming up next is the match we've been calling the Syndicate Street Fight! Let's go backstage and hear from one of the teams in this battle!

[Cut to backstage, where Mark Stegglet stands flanked by two former World Heavyweight Champions. On Stegglet's right is the Iron Cowboy, Jack Lynch. The lanky, Lynch wears a white cowboy hat, a black button down shirt, and a pair of blue jeans tucked into steel toed cowboy boots, his jeans held up by a thick leather belt with a massive buckle, making it clear what "street fight" means to him. On

Stegglet's left is Supreme Wright, still wearing the black satin ring jacket we had seen him in previously.]

MS: One year ago, these two men participated in what many believe is the greatest match in SuperClash history. And while its top ranking can be argued, there can be no arguing that it was a brutal, bloody encounter unmatched in its violent intensity. But tonight, you two men stand together. And so the first question is obvious. Supreme Wright, how will you and Jack Lynch find a way to work together tonight?

SW: Mr. Stegglet, with all due respect, there is no "finding" a way to work together. When you're up against two men as dangerous as Casey James and Tiger Claw, you don't walk into battle and try to figure things out as you go along. If that's the sort of mindset either of us have going into this match, we might as well quit right now and save ourselves a trip to the emergency room. Jack Lynch and I have already shook hands and agreed to put aside our differences and fight together as partners. To have each others' back. To be united together against The Syndicate. And as far as I'm concerned, that handshake and Jack Lynch's word is all I need to assure me that is exactly what will happen.

[Stegglet nods and then turns to Lynch.]

MS: Jack Lynch, I have to ask you this. After what we've tonight with your father. After all that's transpired with your brother Travis, well, it seems fair to ask where your head is at.

[Lynch draws in a deep breath and exhales slowly, reaching up to scratch the several days' worth of stubble that's collected on his face thoughtfully.]

JL: I ain't gonna lie to you or to the people, Mark. What happened between my daddy and Rage? Well, that's somethin' that'll have to be answered. You saw the same thing I saw. And Trav?

[Lynch shakes his head.]

JL: I ain't tellin' stories outta school to say that he's had his own run of trouble. And both these things Mark, they're things that'll need addressin'.

But not tonight.

Old Blackjack and Trav are both men, and they're both fighters who made their choices, and who made it clear that what's happenin' is their business. And tonight, I got business of my own.

Business with you...

[Lynch turns to his former rival.]

JL ...and with the Syndicate.

Now, let's be honest with one another. Me and you, we probably ain't ever gonna head down to the Spur and have a beer. We probably ain't never gonna be best friends. But tonight, we ain't gotta be friends.

All we gotta do is agree on somethin' I already know we agree on.

MS: And what is that?

JL: Anyone who knows me, anyone who's been watchin' since I first laced up a pair of boots knows that there ain't nothin' in this world more important to me than family. I'd do anything, anything at all, for my family.

Even when they don't like me, even when we ain't on the same page. Family is family, and that's a bond that I ain't in the habit of breakin'.

And you, ya son of a bitch...

[Lynch shakes his head, chuckling lightly even as he uses the epithet.]

JL: I didn't choose ya, but 'Reesa did. And so long as she wants ya... then dammit, you're my family, and that means more than what happened a year ago.

MS: Supreme, what do you have to say? Do you agree?

SW: Jack Lynch is right...I DIDN'T choose him. But whether we like it or not, we now share a cause. We now share a mission. We now share a goal. We now share...

[There's the slightest hint of hesitation in Wright's voice.]

SW: ...a bond. And just like in life, you don't get to choose your family, but you get to choose how strong that bond is. And maybe we'll never see eye-to-eye. Maybe we'll never be friends. But if we're to survive this fight, then at least for one night, Jack Lynch and Supreme Wright will be brothers.

MS: Despite that, and I don't intend any disrespect, but Jack Lynch, are you certain you can trust your partner?

[Lynch answers quickly, showing no hesitation.]

JL: Yeah Mark, I trust him. And maybe that makes me naïve. But I've made it this far goin' with my gut, and I ain't gonna stop now.

Ryan Martinez is one of my best friends, and he ain't said nothin' but that you've changed. He's told me a hundred times that I can count on ya, and I believe him. And more than that, 'Reesa has told me that she sees somethin' in you, somethin' worth believin' in.

So yeah, ya got my trust.

MS: Well, your partner seems fully committed, Supreme. But, it has to be said that Jack Lynch handed you a loss that we know affected you. Are you ready to let bygones be bygones?

SW: As far as I'm concerned, what happened between me and Jack Lynch one year ago, might as well have happened one lifetime ago. Whatever grudge I held against Jack Lynch died the moment that towel was tossed into the ring and the bell rang. I've moved on from that defeat because I HAD to move on. Dwelling on the past is the best way to be blindsided by the future. Tonight, our focus MUST be on The Syndicate.

MS: Even with you two on the same page, you're going into a street fight against two of the most decorated men in the entire history of the sport. Two men who have been partners for decades. Certainly, a street fight is not in your wheelhouse, Supreme.

SW: Mr. Stegglet...I respectfully disagree. I was destined to be a fighter before I even took my first breath. I've been raised to be a fighter from the moment I've opened my eyes to this world. If it's a fight, I am NEVER at a disadvantage. Just

what exactly makes a street fight deadlier than any other fight? A lack of rules? The use of weapons?

MS: Well, yes.

[Suddenly a very grim look appears on Wright's face.]

SW: A steel chair...a kendo stick...a baseball bat...barbwire...

...a cowboy boot...

[You can see a smirk form on Jack Lynch's face at the mention of that.]

SW: ...just what makes ANY of those weapons, more dangerous than me? I can break bones. I can make you bleed. I can knock you out. I can choke you out. I can inflict pain so intense, it breaks a man's spirit and pride, and forces him to QUIT. You can talk about weapons, but I am the ULTIMATE weapon.

[He stares down Stegglet, who seems quite intimidated at the moment.]

JL: He ain't kiddin either. I know that better than anyone, 'cause he did every single one of those things to ME.

[Stegglet pales at the thought.]

MS: Be that as it may...the Syndicate have the advantage when it comes to working together.

JL: Mark... I want ya to take a look at us.

Between us, you're talkin' about three AWA World Titles. You're talkin' about a Rumble winner. You're talkin' about SuperClash Main Events. You're talkin' about a Stampede Cup, you're talkin' about a National Tag Team Title, a World Tag Team Title.

You're lookin' at the only man in AWA history that won tag gold with two different men. So I think I know a little about workin' with different partners.

And yeah, Wright and I fought, but I don't see that as a disadvantage. I see it as this – there ain't no one who knows better than me exactly what Supreme Wright is capable of when his back is against the wall than me, and there ain't no one who knows better just how much fight is in my heart than Supreme Wright.

I've pushed this man, and I've been pushed by this man. And hell, I'll admit it. I never woulda been World Champion without Supreme Wright spendin' a year forcin' me to be at my very best.

So yeah, I'll put my experience against the Syndicate any day of the week.

[Lynch removes his hat, holding it close to his chest so he can look Stegglet right in the eyes.]

JL: Mark, lemme just say this – I know what Casey and Claw are capable of. I know that Casey James is one of the meanest bastards in a sport that's been filled with mean bastards for a hundred damn years. And I know that Tiger Claw is a lethal weapon unto himself.

But I also know what I'm fightin' for and who I am fightin' with.

Casey, Claw. Ya took it upon yourself to hurt my baby sister. A woman who weights a hundred and ten pounds. A woman who ain't an athlete and who was just doin' her job. You two did that, and then ya laughed it about it.

Well, that woman was my family, and blood will have blood. And like I said, this man right here... he's in the family too.

So you bring all your badness, Casey James. Ya bring your Black Mass, and I'll bring my lariat. You bring your Blackheart Punch, and I'll bring the Iron Claw. I know you fancy yourself a badass, but this cowboy has got somethin' to say about that.

And Claw?

[Lynch shakes his head.]

JL: Well, Mr. Wright, why don't ya tell Tiger Claw what happens when he goes nose to nose with you?

[Lynch turns to Supreme, who looks down for a second, before giving his answer.]

SW: When it's all said and done, I suppose Casey James won't be the only member of The Syndicate to have lost a body part in a wrestling match.

[With his arms crossed over his chest and his expression betraying no emotion, we can only assume Supreme Wright is joking. Uncertain, Mark Stegglet simply shakes his head in disbelief.]

MS: And I think that says it all folks. Rebecca Ortiz, back to you!

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

RO: The following contest is the SYNDICATE STREET FIGHT!

[HUUUUUUGE CHEER FROM THE CROWD!]

RO: It is scheduled for one fall with NO TIME LIMIT, NO COUNTOUTS, and NO DISQUALIFICATIONS!

[Another huge roar erupts from the New Orleans fans! Rebecca Ortiz lowers the microphone as we fade from the interior of the world-famous Superdome...

...and in to a wide shot of a large city park at night time. Grass and trees stretch off into the darkness, but in the middle of the shot is a large concrete amphitheater that some ambitious city planner probably figured would be used for plays and other shows to be held for the community using the park. Tonight, it holds a crowd of people. Hundreds of people having hundreds of conversations melting together into a high volume murmur.

The crowd appears to be divided into groups - gangs, even. Each group - no, definitely gangs - wearing a themed item as part of their look. One gang wearing black gloves, another with their heads shaved. Another group sports cowboy hats, while another wears clothes decorated with flames. Despite these differences, every person in the crowd has a common demeanor: They carry themselves with the aloofness of a street thug. Every person in the crowd looks like they're just taking a short break between bouts of loosely organized crime.

In the middle of the amphitheater, being looked at and pointed to by the crowd of ruffians, is a raised platform. Clearly someone intends to address the crowd here tonight. A group of incredibly intense looking people, all wearing a Claw Academy

gi, stand guard around the platform, keeping an eye on the crowd. Nobody in the crowd seems to be comfortable looking these people in the eye, let alone giving them attitude.

There's movement amongst the guards... Someone's headed toward the platform. The crowd notices, and for a moment, the volume of the murmur raises as everyone asks their comrades what's about to happen. As the movement gets closer to the platform, the crowd quiets down as they look harder to see what's going on. Two men move past the guards, walking toward the stairway leading up to the platform. They pause for a moment...

Tiger Claw looks over the crowd, A rare and subtle smile on his face as he observes the number of people who have been assembled. He's dressed in a Claw Academy hoodie and baggy MMA shorts. Behind him is Casey "Blackheart" James, dressed in black jeans, combat boots, and a long black trenchcoat. Underneath, he wears an old EMWC Casey James Demon T-shirt, his own face painted like a skull on the front. He has a huge grin on his face as he turns to face the crowd. He raises his arms...]

CJ: [Shouting] CAN YOU COUNT, SUCKAS!? I say the future is ours if you can count!

[James grins as though this is the most fun thing he's ever done in his life. Both men start to climb the stairway, Claw looking straight forward, and James still looking over the crowd, smiling...]

CJ: Now look what we have before us...We've got the Firestarters sitting next to the Disciples...

[Shot of one gang of ruffians with a fire motif on their jackets, their lead member absent-mindedly flicking a Zippo lighter open and closed. Cut to a shot of another gang with a clear appreciation of Satanic imagery. Their leader sticks out his tongue and throws the Metal Horns.]

CJ: We've got the Outlaws right next to the OG Outlaws...

[Cut to two distinct cowboy themed gangs who clearly aren't comfortable being that close to one another, but are keeping the peace. Their respective leaders both tip their hats to one another in respect.]

CJ: We got the Lone Wolves - That name makes no sense, fellas - holding court with the... Is that the Dynamite Boys? Who let them in?

[Another gang of cowboys stares menacingly at a gang of relatively clean cut guys in matching purple windbreakers who are now looking around nervously and shrugging.]

CJ: It's all good, boys, the point is nobody's wasting nobody, and that... is a miracle.

[James and Claw reach the top of the stairs. James steps on to the platform and leans on the railing.]

CJ: We know that for the last 25 years, the Syndicate has brought together the biggest, the baddest, the toughest men to rule our industry with an iron fist. We've taken collections of warriors and given them direction. We've given them purpose. For the last quarter of a century we have allied with some of the best in this business and taken over promotion after promotion, winning title after title, earning accolade after accolade...

[Points to Claw and himself]

CJ: But not just us. You too. The Syndicate is much more than the two men you see in front of you. Much more. Membership in the Syndicate almost guarantees you a spot in history. All of us, from the top to the bottom, from the Outlaws to the Lone Wolves, from Matsuoko to Annis. From the IIWF to the LWC to the EMWC to the AWA. Being Syndicate makes you _royalty._

[Casey pauses and looks at the camera...]

CJ: Except for Joe Latta. Joe Latta's a bitch.

[The crowd cheers in agreement. Near the back, someone holds up a hanging Joe Latta effigy.]

CJ: With this history behind us, we've got our sights on the AWA. We're taking back the respect we should have been given right from the beginning, and we're taking over. We've worked up the AWA so bad they're willing to put the future of the company on the line in a single match. We lose that match, and we're gone... But if we win that match, we get carte blanche. You know what that means, right? We can do whatever we want to do. And they put this up in a Syndicate Street Fight against Supreme Wright and Jack Lynch.

[Both Casey and Claw seem to smirk in unison]

CJ: Us... In a street fight? Both Wright and Lynch, they're pretty great athletes... But this is a game of warriors, guys. No rules. Just our imaginations. We've taken Wright and Lynch apart mentally. We've attacked their friends and family. They got nowhere to turn, nobody to help them out. And hell, Claw and I have been fighting street fights for longer than a lot of you've been alive, so can you dig it?

CAN YOU DIG IT!?

[Casey opens his arms wide and tilts his head back...]

CJ: CAAAANNNNNN YOOOOOUUUUUUU DIIIG IIIIIIT!!!!????

[The crowd of gang members raise their hands and cheer. The Blackheart looks back to the crowd, a smile on his face, and if one were to look very carefully, they might notice a small tear in his eye. Casey lowers his arms, motioning for the crowd to quiet their cheers... Claw moves forward, addressing the audience.]

TC: Here's the sum total: One gang could run this company... One gang... The Syndicate. _Our_ gang. Nothing would move without us allowing it to happen. The Syndicate calling the shots... Because we own this Street Fight!

[Casey bursts forward again, unable to control his enthusiasm.]

CJ: CAAAANNNNNN YOOOOOUUUUUUU DIIIG IIIIIIT!!!!????

[The crowd cheers again, and Casey pumps a fist and yells "YEAH!" He's obviously enjoying this far too much. Claw gives Casey a look that says, "What are you doing stepping all over my line?" Casey holds his hands up and backs off. Claw turns back to the collection of gangs.]

TC: The problem in the past is that they've tried to turn us against one another... We've been unable to see the truth, tempted with titles and fighting over who rules that 20 square foot ring. Our turf. Our little piece of turf.

That's crap, brothers. The turf is ours by right. All we have to do is destroy Supreme Wright and Jack Lynch like we've done to countless others countless times before. Like we've done to their friends and family. We go into this fight united. Nobody can break this Syndicate apart. Nobody can tempt us with titles or money to try and get us to turn on one another. Not any more.

We go into that ring, and we secure our territory. We secure the AWA. We secure our turf...

[Claw holds up his arms.]

TC: BECAUSE IT'S ALLLL OUR TURF!

[The crowd of gang members gives a rabid cheer and keeps it up. Claw looks across the sea of faces intensely, looking completely mentally prepared for the upcoming fight. Behind him, Casey roars back to the crowd, cheering just as loudly as the crowd cheers for them. Claw slowly turns, his intense gaze falling on Casey James. James looks back, and they share a nod. Casey removes the trench coat and throws it to the ground...

It's on.

"Nowhere to Run" by Martha Reeves starts to play as Tiger Claw and Casey James walk down the stairs of the platform. Flanked by the Claw Academy guards, they start to walk across the floor of the amphitheater toward the exit.

Cut back to the arena, where the music can be heard over the PA. With the lights down, the crowd watches the procession of Syndicate and guards. The head of the aisle lights up, and a group of people, each wearing black pants, a red Claw Academy gi, mirrored sunglasses and carrying a kendo stick, march down the aisle in unison. The group consists of men and women of varying ethnicities and ages. Many of them have their heads shaved and all of them have a certain tense potential energy to them, like the coiled spring in a grenade's firing mechanism. More of them keep coming out from the curtain, marching down the aisle until they've managed to line up on either side, facing one another. One of the guard shouts:

"SYNDICATE!"

The rest respond

"DAMN RIGHT!"

With a loud "HOO!" all the guards snap into a salute, holding their kendo sticks vertically in front of their right shoulder. The music abruptly stops, and everything goes dark. Just barely audible above the crowd's reaction is the slow steady sound of bottles being struck together. Clink, clink, clink.

The crowd quiets down a bit to hear what the sound is. it continues, getting slowly louder... Clink, clink, clink...

A voice speaks in sync with the rhythm of the bottles clinking together, almost singing...]

VO: Syndicate..... Come out to play-ayyy...

[Clink, clink, clink. some of the crowd starts to join in...]

VO: Syndicaaate... Come out to play-yay...

[Clink, clink, clink... A pretty good chunk of the audience sings along...]

VO: SYNDICAATE! COME OUT TO PLAYYY-AYYY!

["Roots Bloody Roots" by Sepultura starts playing. The lights at the head of the aisle come on just as the vocals kick in, and standing there are Tiger Claw and Casey "Blackheart" James. The crowd goes a little bit nuts at this point, many cheering the Warriors homage and many communicating their hatred of the Syndicate with shouts and boos.

Claw stands at the head of the aisle, hood drawn over his face, barely able to stand still from the anticipation of the fight that's to come. Casey James has pretty much slipped a gear. James immediately starts pacing back and forth, roaring in time with the music and generally behaving like a mad man. He appears to have picked up a length of chain from the backstage area and has it wrapped around his fist a few times. He's still got a good length of chain left at the end, and he starts swinging this around indiscriminately. After taking a moment to look menacingly to the crowd, James strides down the aisle and Claw calmly follows him.]

GM: And here they come, fans! Arguably the most dangerous and one of the most dominant duos to ever step inside the squared circle. Both men are former World Champions. Both men are Pro Wrestling Hall of Famers.

BW: They've broken bones and spilled blood just about anywhere on this Earth that you can do those things... and tonight, they're heading to the ring here at SuperClash for perhaps the final time to let it all hang out in this Street Fight.

[The Claw Academy members on either side of the aisle don't even flinch as Casey stomps by, roaring into their faces randomly. Many of them are barely missed by chain as Casey swings it to hit the floor or guardrail nearby. A few of them aren't missed by the chain at all, but still remain steady, staring straight ahead without a hint of emotion on their faces. As Claw passes by each pair of guards, they move their weapons from their right shoulder to their left, acknowledging the Syndicate.

As they reach ringside, Casey turns and starts threatening the ringside fans with the chain, swinging to hit the guardrail and just being a general menace. Claw pauses at the last pair of guards and unzips his hoodie. He methodically removes it, folds it up, and hands it to the guard waiting on his left. He then turns to the one on the right and glares at him a bit. The guard simultaneously bows and holds his kendo stick out, which Claw then takes. The guard lowers his arms, but still remains bowing to his teacher. Claw, after inspecting the kendo stick for a moment, returns the student's bow with a nod of his head.]

"CLANK! CLANK! CLANK!"

[The sound of James whipping the chain down onto the ringsteps echoes through the building before he storms up the same steps, climbing up onto a midbuckle outside the ring and letting loose a wild roar as some in the crowd echo the shout. He smirks as he hops over the ropes into the ring. Claw, still wielding the kendo stick, rolls under the ropes into the ring, taking his feet in mid-ring as he stands like a swordsman, ready for the opposition to come to him.

With the crowd boiling over at the scene, the music cuts out...

We sit in silence for several moments, James shouting "COME ON! COME THE F-" before his audio is cut.

When it returns, the familiar sounds of "When The Saints Go Marching In" fill the air inside the SuperDome as we see a traditional New Orleans funeral march jazz band entering the arena. As a procession of brass instrument-playing men in white shirts

and black ties emerge from behind the curtains, "When The Saints Go Marching In" fades out into the melancholic melody of the "St. James Infirmary Blues".

The lights then dim, as we see a black and white montage of the events that led to this match play on the screen:

The Syndicate attacking Emerson Gellar.

The Syndicate injuring Mason.

The Syndicate leaving Cain Jackson bloodied and beaten.

And finally, The Syndicate knocking Theresa Lynch unconscious.

The image on the screen freezes on Theresa's unconscious body laying on the ground before fading as one of the men in the Jazz band then begins to sing the words to the "St. James Infirmary Blues".]

#Oh, I went down to the St. James Infirmary
Saw my baby there
Stretched out on a long white table
So sweet, so cold, so fair#

[We now fade up to a slow-panning shot of an unconscious Theresa Lynch laying in a hospital bed...]

#Let her go, let her go, God bless her
Wherever she may be
She can look this wide world over
She'll never find a sweet man like me#

[...settling on a shot of a stone-faced Supreme Wright, watching over her.]

#When I die, bury me in straight-lace shoes
A Box-back coat and a Stetson hat#

[We then cut to a shot of The King of Cowboys and brother of Theresa, Jack Lynch, dressed in his trademark attire: A box-back coat and a Stetson hat. Then a cut to a shot of Jack taking a wild swing with a baseball bat at The Syndicate, driving both Hall of Famers from the ring.]

#Put a twenty-dollar gold piece on my watch chain
So the boys'll know that I died standin' pat#

[The video screen then goes to black as the song breaks into a powerful trombone solo and a spotlight suddenly hits the top of the aisle, where the band has parted like the Red Sea. The crowd proceeds to ROAR at the sight of Jack Lynch, seated atop a white horse. He wears a long, white duster coat. In his right hand, which is itself covered by a black glove, is his white Stetson hat. The spotlight then fades out, as we're once again left in the darkness, as the ominous sounds of thunder and rain. Over the PA system, we hear the voice of Samuel L. Jackson...]

"That voice in my head. Every time I think it's gone...it comes howling back. Calls me when I'm ailing. When I can't find my way home; lost in the pines. I calls it...

...the Black Snake Moan."

[The slow strumming of an electric guitar can be heard now, growing ever louder as "Black Snake Moan" begins to play. We see that there's a blues band now that's joined the Jazz band on the stage, playing. The crowd then breaks out into its

biggest cheer of the night so far, as the people of Louisiana see their native son, Supreme Wright on the video screen, before fading to black.]

#Mmm, mmm, black snake crawlin' in my room
Mmm, mmm, black snake crawlin' in my room
Some pretty mama better get this black snake soon#

[With a crack of thunder, the spotlight then hits the stage again and we see Wright is now beside Lynch, seated atop a black horse. Wright is wearing a gold, metal filigree laser cut masquerade skull mask, a black duster and a black stetson hat, looking the polar opposite of his tag team partner.]

#Black snake is evil
Black snake is all I see
Black snake is evil
Black snake is all I see
Woke up this morning
Black snake moved in on me#

[The two former enemies, turned partners, then ride on towards the ring, looking like the very image of righteous vengeance and furious anger ready to rain down hell upon The Syndicate.]

GM: Casey James and Tiger Claw... you called down the thunder and I do believe now you've got it! Because behold these men - out for vengeance - riding on horseback... and hell travels with them, you hear? Hell travels with them!

BW: Good lord, Gordo... now will you give ME a break?!

[Reaching ringside, Lynch and Wright dismount their horses and stare intensely with rage-filled eyes at Claw and James inside the ring. They remove their hats and coats, Lynch revealing the same casual attire he was seen wearing earlier in the night, but in contrast, Wright is wearing a long-sleeved, gloved, black compression bodysuit with gold accents in the colors of the hometown New Orleans Saints, looking very much like some sort of superhero out of a comic book.]

GM: You can feel the tension out here at ringside, fans. This is... for two years running, Jack Lynch has been involved in two of the most hate-filled wars we've seen in the history of this company - one of which was with the man he's standing side-by-side with right now.

BW: You think he's about to make it three in a row?

GM: From the look in that man's eyes, I do indeed, my friend.

[Referee Scott Ezra takes a deep breath before stepping to mid-ring, blocking James and Claw from approaching as Lynch clambors up on the apron, ducking through the ropes. Wright takes the stairs, wiping his boots on the apron before following his ally for this evening in.]

GM: The flashes are firing! The people are on their feet! And I'll be damned if this isn't going to be one HELL of a war!

[Rebecca Ortiz edges herself to center ring, speaking with an elevated volume to be heard over the crowd which is indeed on their feet, buzzing intensely as they wait to see what comes next.]

RO: Introducing first... in the corner to my right... representing the infamous Syndicate...

Former World Champions! Pro Wrestling Hall of Famers! Two of the baddest men to ever step foot inside the ring!

First, from Toronto, Ontario, Canada...

He is...

TTTTTIIIGERRRRRRRRRRRRRR CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAW!

[A pretty good-sized cheer goes up for Claw but it is overwhelmed by boos from the AWA faithful disgusted by his more recent actions.]

RO: And his tag team partner...

From Washington, D.C...

He is the Blackheart...

CAAAAAAAAAASEYYYYYYY JAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAMES!

[James leaps up on a midbuckle, again whipping the chain down recklessly towards a few ringside attendants as he shouts "LET'S DO THIS, MOTHERFU-" and gets muted again. He hops down, turning to shout across the ring as Rebecca Ortiz continues.]

RO: Annnnnnnd their opponents...

From Dallas, Texas...

[A big cheer goes up preemptively.]

RO: He is a former AWA World Champion... a former AWA World Tag Team Champions...

The King of the Cowboys... the Iron Cowboy himself...

JAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK LYNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNCH!

[Lynch silently throws up his gloved hand, staring right across the ring at Claw and James as he brings it down.]

RO: And his tag team partner...

From Baton Rouge, Louisiana...

A two-time former AWA World Champion...

The one... the only...

SUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUPREEEEEEEEME WRIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIGHT!

[The home state fans are roaring for Wright as he doesn't budge a single inch. No raise of the arm. No acknowledgment of the introduction at all. Ortiz quickly bails out of the ring, not wanting to be caught in the middle of this chaotic scene. The referee steps between the two teams, not bothering with any instructions other than "Go back to your corners for the start of the match!"]

GM: This place is like a powderkeg right about now, just waiting for the match to be lit... and it looks like referee Scott Ezra is going to try and oblige the request of Jon

Stegglet to keep this a normal tag match as long as possible. He's ordering two men and two men out... and he wants the weapons put aside...

BW: ...for now.

GM: Indeed.

[Claw reluctantly drops the kendo stick out on the ring apron as he steps out on the apron as well as James uncoils the chain from his hand, slinging it over the ringpost as he slaps the top turnbuckle a few times...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[...and as the bell sounds and James turns around, Wright comes tearing across the ring, leaping into the air, and DRIVING his knee up under the chin of Casey James, a blow that knocks the Blackheart flat in a heartbeat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[James is flat on his back as Wright scrambles to cover, looking to hook a leg...]

GM: ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

[The referee dives to the canvas, slapping the mat once... twice...]

GM: James kicks out at two and-

[The crowd ERUPTS as Wright seamlessly transitions from the lateral press into a cross armbreaker...]

GM: CROSS ARMBREAKER! THE JUJIGATAME LOCKED IN!

[James reaches up, gripping his massive bear paws together to keep the arm from being straightened out and hyperextended...]

GM: James is fighting it! He knows he needs to keep his hands locked together and-

[Ignoring the referee's protests, Tiger Claw simply steps through the ropes, raising his leg and STOMPS Wright directly in the face with a bare foot, breaking the hold immediately...]

...and immediately bringing in Jack Lynch who barrels across the ring and DRILLS an exiting Claw with a haymaker that sends Claw flopping down to the floor as the New Orleans crowd EXPLODES in cheers!]

GM: Good grief!

[Lynch gets escorted back across the ring as James gets up off the mat, shaking out his arm as he pulls Supreme Wright off the mat, shoving him back into the Syndicate corner.]

GM: Big right hand downstairs... and another...

[With Wright doubled over, James clasps his hands together into a big double axehandle blow between the shoulderblades, knocking Wright down to his knees.]

GM: James laying in some heavy shots in the corner... ohhh!

[The crowd groans as James gets a three step jog and SMASHES a boot into Wright's face, snapping him back against the buckles before he slumps to a heap on the canvas.]

GM: The Blackheart, Casey James, stomping the heck out of Supreme Wright down on the canvas...

[James leans down, dragging Wright up by the arm...

...and twists the arm around, folding it back behind Wright's head as a ripple of recognition washes over the capacity crowd.]

GM: He's going for the Blackheart Punch! James looking to finish him now!

[But before James can throw the blow, Wright snaps off a leg kick to the side of the knee. A second one causes James to let go of Wright, hobbling backwards in an attempt to escape.]

GM: The former AWA World Champion targeting the leg of Casey James... a third leg kick and James is having a hard time staying on his feet...

[Wright stays on James' heels, grabbing him by the arm, swinging him back towards him...

...which is when James wraps his powerful arms around Wright's torso, lifting him up into the air, and DUMPING him down on the back of his head and neck with a backdrop suplex!]

GM: Ohhh! James puts him down hard with the back suplex!

[James rolls to a seated position next to Wright, reaching down to rub at his knee as Lynch shouts at his partner, eagerly seeking a tag. James looks up at Lynch shouting "TAG ME! TAG ME!" in a mocking fashion before flashing Lynch a middle finger.]

GM: Oh. Well, we apologize for that, fans.

[Lynch ducks through the ropes, full of fire...

...but the referee rushes in again, blocking his path to jeers from the AWA faithful.]

GM: Scott Ezra doing a fine job early here, living up to the boss' expectations, I'm sure.

BW: Yeah, but at some point, these guys will have had enough and when that happens, Ezra better get the hell out of Dodge.

[Lynch grimaces as he steps back out to the apron, angrily slapping a hand down on the turnbuckle as he shouts "COME ON!" to his downed partner. James climbs to his feet, sneering at Lynch as he grabs Wright by the arm, dragging him up to his feet...

...and extends Wright's arm towards Lynch, waving it back and forth.]

"TAG HIM! TAG HIM, YOU PIECE OF SH-"

[A hard back elbow to the mush stops James' mockery cold. He stumbles back as Wright moves towards the corner, diving into a tag.]

GM: TAG!

[Lynch comes flying through the ropes, taking two steps before hurling himself into a Fierro Press on an unsuspecting Casey James!]

GM: FIERRO PRESS! JAMES GOES DOWN!

[The crowd is ROARING for Lynch as he rifles right hands into the skull of the Blackheart repeatedly!]

GM: JACK LYNCH IS ALL OVER CASEY JAMES! GET YOU SOME, COWBOY!

[Lynch peels off of James who is trying to get back off the mat, staggering towards his corner as Lynch grabs him by the shoulder, swinging him around into a boot to the midsection...]

...and a HUUUUUUGE uppercut that snaps James' head back, sending him falling into his own corner where Tiger Claw tags in!]

GM: And the Syndicate with their first tag as well!

[Claw comes quickly through the ropes, running right into a Lynch cowboy boot to the gut. Lynch grabs the smaller Claw, pushing him back into the ropes.]

GM: Irish whip sends him across...

[Lynch ducks down, setting for a backdrop...]

...but Claw twists around, using Lynch to backflip over the Iron Cowboy, landing on his feet behind him.]

GM: Ohh! What a counter!

[Lynch spins around, fist cocked back...]

...but Claw is spinning as well, burying his bare foot into the midsection of Lynch with a rolling sole butt!]

GM: Oh!

[Lynch doubles up as Claw grabs him by the hair, securing a Muay Thai clinch.]

GM: CLINCH!

[The crowd buzzes as Claw swings a knee up violently into the skull of Lynch... and another... and another...]

GM: Tiger Claw is showing the world why he was once the most feared striker in all of professional wrestling!

BW: WAS?!

[A fifth and final knee sends Lynch falling back into the corner where Claw pursues, grabbing the top rope as he swings a round kick around into the ribcage...]

GM: Claw's pounding away on Jack Lynch with those kicks to the body, over and over...

[Stepping back, Claw leaps up, twisting around to land a kick into the sternum of Lynch who hooks his arms over the top rope, trying to stay on his feet...]

GM: Claw's got Lynch reeling but he stays on the attack...

[A mighty whip from Claw sends Lynch crashing into the opposite neutral corner as Claw barrels across the ring, stepping up on the second rope...

...and DRIVES his knee into the jaw of Lynch, snapping the Iron Cowboy's head back again!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Claw hops down off the second rope, grabbing Lynch by the arm and rocketing him across the ring again. The Muay Thai warrior sets his feet, charging across again...

...but this time, as he steps up to the second rope, he finds that Jack Lynch has vacated the premises. Claw, ever quick on his feet, springs off, twisting around to face Lynch...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...who throws a terrific uppercut, snapping Claw's head back and knocking him out of the sky!]

GM: What a right hand by the Iron Cowboy - and what a start to this matchup!

BW: Gordo, I think this matchup is about to kick it up a notch to steal a phrase from the AWA's early days.

[Stumbling across the ring, Lynch extends his hand, slapping the offered hand of Supreme Wright who steps into the ring...

...and as Tiger Claw rises to his feet, turns, and faces Wright, the Superdome ERUPTS once more!]

GM: Oh yeah! This is what so many people have wanted to see for so long! Two of the best submission wrestlers in the world! Two of the best strikers in the world! And now they're coming together in the middle of the ring!

[Claw slowly edges to mid-ring, a slight smile on his face as he nods approvingly of Wright being in there. The fans are raucous, roaring their approval for this showdown as Wright walks towards Claw, arms raised in a defensive position as Claw mirrors this motion.]

GM: This... this could be something else, fans.

[Claw beckons Wright forward, the two men standing more like MMA fighters at this point than pro wrestlers...

...and the former two-time AWA World Champion wastes no time in obliging.]

GM: HERE WE GO!

[Wright storms towards Claw, lashing out with a swinging right elbow that Claw ducks under. A front kick follows but Claw slaps it aside. Wright keeps coming, throwing a left elbowstrike that Claw blocks.

The fans get louder.

Without missing a beat, Claw goes to counterstrike, throwing a straight right hand that Wright sidesteps. A left hook is feinted, causing Wright to duck as Claw swings his right knee up towards the doubled-up Wright's head...

...but Wright snatches the rising leg under his armpit, swinging his own head into Claw's chest, knocking him off-balance and down to the mat. Still holding the leg, Wright twists, flipping Claw onto his chest in a half Boston Crab!

And the fans get LOUDER!]

GM: Good grief, Bucky! What did we just see?!

BW: Two of the best in the world doing what they do better than anyone else, daddy!

[The referee dives to his knees, checking to see if Claw wants to submit...

...but Wright doesn't even give him a chance, cranking back on the leg just enough to give him the ability to reach back and STOMP the back of Claw's head into the canvas!]

"OH!"

[A second stomp lands.]

"OHH!"

[A third.]

"OHHHH!"

[A fourth, fifth, and sixth come rapidfire.]

"OHHHH!"

"OHHHH!"

"OHHHH!"

[And with a wind-up, Wright drops one more vicious stomp onto the back of the head, smashing Claw's face into the canvas before he lets go, twisting around and squaring up once more.]

"OHHHH!"

[The crowd is roaring for Wright as he waits for Claw to get back to his feet...

...and then the Louisiana crowd starts to show their love for the hometown hero.]

"SU-PREME!"

clapclapclap

"SU-PREME!"

clapclapclap

"SU-PREME!"

clapclapclap

[As the chant continues, Wright nods his head approvingly, watching as Claw comes off the canvas, rubbing the back of his hand across his nose, checking for blood. Claw glares at Wright as he turns to face him. Outside the ring, Casey James yells "SWEEP THE LEG!" and then giggles wildly as Claw glares at his partner for a moment.]

GM: Casey James managing to go from deadly serious to utter goofball in a heartbeat.

BW: Utter goofball?! I'm with Casey! Sweep the leg, Claw!

[Claw turns back towards Wright, again beckoning him forward. Wright obliges once more, coming at Claw a bit more measured this time, snapping off a leg kick that Claw checks.]

GM: Claw checks the kick...

[Wright throws one to the other leg and Claw again lifts his own leg.]

GM: Checks the other side...

[Wright circles around Claw who stays ready... and then throws a leg kick of his own that Wright manages to check.]

GM: Wright returns the favor...

[Claw goes to throw another leg kick... but feints, leaping into the air to catch the off-balance Wright with a stiff knee to the chest.]

GM: OH!

[Wright stumbles back as Claw surges forward, swinging for the fences with an elbowstrike that snaps off the temple of Wright, sending him spinning away chestfirst into the ropes.]

GM: Claw's got Wright on the ropes...

[Squaring up, Claw throws a series of hooking blows into the ribcage of Wright, twisting him around as he does...

...and then switches to kneestrikes to the body, teeing off with his right leg to slam home the knee over and over again!]

GM: Claw's on a roll here, doing serious damage to the body of Wright and-

[James sticks out his hand and Claw - reluctantly perhaps - slaps it. His Syndicate brother steps in, each grabbing an arm on Wright...]

GM: The tag is made... double whip by the Syndicate...

[Ducking low, Claw swings his leg around, catching Wright on the front of the shins, sweeping his legs out from under him and dropping him facefirst on the mat where James drops a big elbow down to the back of the head!]

GM: Ohh! And a nice doubleteam out of James and Claw!

BW: He swept the legs! Alright!

[James seems to be saying the same thing to his partner as Claw vacates the ring, shaking his head. James turns towards Claw, his arms spread wide...]

"Can I do it now?"

[Claw shakes his head, replying no. A disappointed James turns back to Wright, burying a couple of stomps into the upper back.]

GM: What was that about? Can he do what now?

BW: The Syndicate's always got a plan, Gordo.

GM: I suppose... and now Supreme Wright finds himself trapped in there with a much-larger competitor in Casey James.

[The Blackheart reaches down, grabbing Wright as he gets up to his knees. He snares a front facelock, slinging Wright's arm over his neck...]

GM: A suplex perhaps?

[...and powers Wright right up off his knees straight up into suplex position where he holds him for a moment before turning to the side and just throwing Wright down to the canvas like a bodyslam!]

GM: Ohh! Suplex into a slam and-

BW: And can you imagine what kind of power that took, Gordo? He lifted the man right up off his knees!

GM: Casey James had a reputation at one time as one of the strongest men in the sport. I'm not sure that holds true at this stage of his career but that did take a significant amount of power no doubt.

[James is strutting around the ring a bit now, getting close to the opposing corner where he sticks out his chin, begging Lynch to take a swing...

...and of course, the hot-headed Texan obliges but comes up empty as James steps back out of reach. He smirks at Lynch as he absent-mindedly reaches down to grab Wright off the canvas.]

GM: James pulling Wright to his feet and-

[With James distracted by Lynch, Wright grabs the wrist of the arm pulling him to his feet, twists his body, and jerks down on the arm, jamming James' elbow into Wright's shoulder!]

GM: Oh! Armbreaker over the shoulder by Wright... and right into an armtwist!

[Wright executes an extremely fast arm wringer, taking James off his feet and down HARD facefirst to the canvas!]

GM: Good grief! That's Wright trying to rip James' arm right out of its socket!

[Keeping his grip on the wrist, Wright pulls James back to a kneeling position and swings his foot up into James' jaw once... twice... three times before snapping off a few more rapidfire...]

GM: Wright's got James down and he's got him at his mercy!

[James powers right back up off his knees thought, burying his free fist into Wright's ribs a few times, breaking Wright's grip on the other wrist...

...and then lifts Wright into the air for another backdrop suplex...]

GM: Another supl- NO!

[The Blackheart rushes forward...

...and HURLS Wright over the top rope, sending him sailing through the air before CRASHING down in a heap just beyond the ringside mats and near the ramp up the aisle!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!

[The crowd groans at the impact of Wright's body SLAMMING down on the exposed concrete floor as James leans on the ropes inside the ring, breathing heavily as he grins at Wright's hard fall.]

GM: Goodness, Bucky. With the wrestling exchange we were seeing in there out of Wright, for a moment, I forgot this was a Street Fight.

BW: Casey James didn't!

[James backs off the ropes, blowing his cheeks out, puffing hard as Claw shakes his head. James nods repeatedly, shouting "I CAN DO IT, CLAW! I CAN DO IT!" Claw shakes his head again.]

GM: What in the world...?

[Outside the ring, Jack Lynch has moved to check on his partner who took the hard fall on the exposed concrete while James continues to jump up and down in the middle of the ring...]

BW: He's not... right? He can't.

[Pumping his right arm in the air, James dashes to the far ropes, bouncing off as he lumbers as quickly as he can (which admittedly isn't much) across towards the other side where the buzz of the crowd gets Jack Lynch to turn around...

...just as James throws himself between the ropes in one of the ugliest topes you'll ever see, swinging his elbow violently into the jaw of the Texan, knocking him flat in the process!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

[The crowd roars for the crazy dive by someone who probably shouldn't have even tried it as Wright, James, and Lynch are all laid out on the ringside floor. Tiger Claw grins at his partner's actions, shaking his head in disbelief as he waits on the apron. After a few moments, James manages to get up to a knee, shouting "I TOLD YOU, CLAW! I TOLD YA!" before slumping back down to the floor again.]

GM: Casey James with a suicide dive to the floor and I can't believe I even witnessed that with my own eyes, Bucky!

BW: If you would've asked me to make a list going into this match of the things I thought I was the least likely to see... that woulda been on there for sure, daddy!

[The Blackheart peels himself off the floor, grabbing Wright and tossing him back under the ropes.]

GM: James and Wright are the legal men in this one... as much as that matters in a Syndicate Street Fight at least.

BW: Hey, hand it to Scott Ezra for doing a great job of keeping this one under control...

GM: ...for now.

[A grinning James grabs the ropes, pulling himself up on the apron...

...which is when Jack Lynch grabs him by the leg from behind, giving a yank and causing James to SLAM chinfirst down on the ring apron!]

GM: Ohhh!

[Lynch spins James around, throwing big haymakers to the jaw of the former World Champion.]

GM: Lynch is lighting up the Blackheart... here comes Claw though!

[Claw comes around the ringpost, running down the length of the apron...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DROPS Jack Lynch with a running soccer kick to the chin, snapping the Iron Cowboy's head back before he slumps down to the floor. Claw barks at his partner, ordering him to get back inside the ring to work on Wright who is starting to stir off the canvas.]

GM: Lynch is down! James is getting back in... ohh! Big clubbing forearm across the back of Wright's head... and look out here, fans!

[James grabs Wright in a wheelbarrow position, dragging him across the ring towards the Syndicate corner...]

GM: And don't look now but I think we're about to see a Syndicutter!

[Claw ducks through the ropes, ignoring the referee's protests as he illegally hops up to the middle rope, shouting at James who nods, lifting Wright up off the canvas...]

GM: SYNDICUT-

[But as Claw leaps off the second rope, looking to snare the three-quarter nelson...

...Wright manages to reverse the momentum of James' lift, tucking his head and rolling through, taking James down to his back...]

GM: Oh! Counter by Wright!

[Claw slams down backfirst on the canvas as Wright pivots, dropping to his knees, and taking a mount on the downed James!]

GM: And right into the mount!

[With James down on his back, Wright opens fire, landing a big lunging elbowstrike and three palm strikes to the ear before Claw swoops in behind him, yanking him off his partner...]

GM: KATA HA JIME! THE REAR NAKED CHOKE!

[...but Wright feels it coming, using the arm to judo throw Claw out of the hold and down to the canvas next to his partner. Wright turns, throwing a glance towards his own corner where he sees no one available to help. He turns back...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and gets drilled on the ear with a leaping kamagiri from Claw!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF! WRIGHT WENT DOWN HARD!

[Claw scrambles into a pin attempt but the referee waves it off, pointing to James.]

GM: James is legal like we just said! Claw rolls out, James with the cover!

[A two count lands before Wright kicks out...

...and this time, it's James who quickly secures the mount, raining down nasty punches on Wright, several of which find a home before Wright is able to raise his arms in an attempt to defend himself!]

GM: Wright's getting pounded by the Blackheart - over and over with those giant fists to the skull!

BW: He's blocking some of them, Gordo, but a lot are getting through and doing big damage on Wright!

[The crowd is jeering but the referee is helpless, waving his arms and shouting at James.]

GM: The fists are totally legal in this one and Scott Ezra can't do anything about this beating that Wright is taking right now.

[Peeling off, James clasps his hands together, slamming a double axehandle down into the torso before making another pin attempt, getting another two count before Wright kicks out.]

GM: Another two count... and James is right back to his feet, looking to see what else he can do to Supreme Wright.

[Sucking wind a bit, James throws a glance towards his partner...]

"Now, Claw? How about now?"

[Claw shakes his head at his partner again and a disgruntled James snatches the rising Wright by the arms, yanking him into a standing headscissors.]

GM: James pulls him in! He may be looking for a powerbomb here!

[The Blackheart reaches down, wrapping his arms around Wright's torso before lifting him into the air...]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM UP!

[...and with a contingent of Syndicate fans screaming "GUNNNNNNNNNNNNNK!" in the background, Wright manages to score with a pair of 12 to 6 elbowstrikes down between James' eyes, stunning the Blackheart enough for Wright to wrap his legs around James' head, flipping his momentum backwards...]

GM: REVERSED!

[Wright flips James over to the canvas with a makeshift rana, twisting his body as he hits the mat to face the corner...]

...where Jack Lynch is now standing and waiting, shouting for his partner to get to him.]

GM: Lynch is in the corner! Wright on all fours, crawling towards him! Can he make that tag! Can he get there in time?!

[Not quite as a riled-up James climbs off the mat, grabbing Wright by the back of the tights, yanking him straight up to his feet...

...where he lifts him into the air and delivers major damage to the spinal column with a devastating Backdrop Driver that folds Wright in half!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: BACKDROP DRIIIIIVAAAAAHHHH!

[James twists around, leaning over Wright’s folded-up torso in a press pin.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[The crowd collectively gasps as the hand sails down towards the mat...

...but Wright’s shoulder pops up off the canvas!]

GM: OHHH! SHOULDER UP! HE GOT THE SHOULDER UP!

[Nearby, Claw angrily kicks at the bottom rope, shouting at James to “GET UP AND FINISH HIM!”]

GM: Claw’s looking to end this right now as we approach the fifteen minute mark of this battle, Bucky.

BW: That Backdrop Driver took everyone by surprise, Gordo. I didn’t expect it at all... and Supreme Wright was just inches away from dropping this Street Fight for his team.

GM: James back to his feet now... what else does he have in store for Supreme Wright?

[James leans down, grabbing Wright by the head and neck, steering him back up to his feet. He turns him around, facing Lynch in the corner who stretches out an arm again...]

GM: James again taunting Jack Lynch as he pulls Wright out to the center of the ring...

[The Blackheart grabs Wright by the wrist...]

GM: Look out here!

[...and shoves him out, giving a yank to pull Wright back towards him for a short-arm clothesline!]

GM: CLOTHESLI- DUCKED BY WRIGHT!

[Wright ducks the clothesline attempt, spinning around and catching the incoming James with a European uppercut... and another one, causing James to stagger!]

GM: Ohh! Pair of uppercuts by Wright!

[A dazed James throws another clothesline, this one sloppier and easier for Wright to duck. As James turns back towards Wright again, he throws a quick one-two right-left elbow combination that has James barely able to stand as Claw shouts at him from the corner...]

GM: James is on Dream Street!

[Yet the Washington D.C. native has enough left to throw another clothesline attempt, this one the worst of the three as he completely whiffs on it, allowing Wright to do a front roll across the ring, lunging...]

GM: TAG!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Jack Lynch comes tearing through the ropes into the ring, rushing towards the dazed James...]

GM: Big right hand! Another one! Lynch is rockin' and firin' away on Casey James and the Blackheart is looking like he's out on his feet!

[Lynch grabs James by the hair, rifling in a few more short blows to the skull...

...which is when James swings a knee up into Lynch's gut, cutting off his attack.]

GM: Oh! James goes downstairs on Lynch!

[Wrapping his arms around Lynch's torso, James bellows as he charges across the ring...

...and DRIVES Lynch's spine into the turnbuckles!]

GM: OHHHH!

[James lowers his grip to the middle rope, holding Lynch in place as he slams his shoulder into his midsection... once... twice... three times...

...but as James lets go of the ropes, the fresher Lynch grabs James by the head, spinning him around back into the buckles to a big cheer!]

GM: Lynch reverses!

[The crowd volume increases as Lynch throws one looping haymaker after another into the jaw of the Blackheart, rocking him back on his heels with every blow...

...and then goes downstairs, throwing rights and lefts back and forth into the ribs of James who recoils from the blows, lowering his arms to try and deflect them!]

GM: Lynch is all over him in the corner! This crowd is on their feet!

[Grabbing James' defending arm, Lynch goes for a whip...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed by James!

[The reversal on the hammer throw sends Lynch across the ring instead, crashing into the turnbuckles. The Iron Cowboy stumbles out...

...and James rushes in, slamming his 320 pound frame into Lynch with a shouldertackle that knocks Lynch off his feet!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: That's like getting hit with a freight train, daddy!

GM: It took the King of the Cowboys off his feet, that's for sure.

[James drags Lynch off the mat, looking to take advantage of the situation.]

GM: James with a whip of his own...

[With the Texan rebounding off the ropes, James winds up with his right hand, throwing it wildly at the chest of Lynch!]

GM: BLACKHEART PUN-

[But Lynch manages to twist his body out of the way of the strike, causing James to stumble past him off-balance. The Texan hits the far ropes, rebounding back towards James...]

GM: LARIAT!

[...but James manages to duck underneath it, causing Lynch to hit the ropes one more time, bouncing back...]

GM: Off the ropes again and- OHHH!

[A big collision follows with James and Lynch SLAMMING into one another and collapsing to the canvas in a heap!]

GM: Double knockdown! Lynch had some added momentum off the ropes and that was enough to take Casey James off his feet!

[The crowd buzzes for the exchange of missed signature maneuvers as James and Lynch both try to recover down on the canvas...]

GM: Lynch and James took each other down after that wild exchange... and with Supreme Wright out on the apron, trying to recover after some of the punishment he's taken so far, Lynch may be on his own in there for a little while.

[Lynch pushes up to his knees first, breathing hard as James does the same a few feet away...]

...and with the crowd cheering, the two men crawl on their knees towards one another.]

GM: On their hands and knees, they crawl back into the fight and-

[Kneeling next to each other, James winds up to throw a big right hand to the kneeling Lynch!]

GM: Oh!

[Lynch rears back from the impact of the blow... and then throws one of his own, rocking James with it!]

GM: They're throwing haymakers from their knees!

BW: God, I love this.

[James throws another... and Lynch returns fire as the crowd cheers!]

GM: They're trading punches and-

[James rears back...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and SPITS right in the face of the Iron Cowboy!]

GM: OH, COME ON! Absolutely disgust-

[The crowd ROARS as Lynch leans back and hacks a wad of saliva into the face of James in response!]

GM: OHH!

BW: You were saying?!

[James angrily throws his upper body forward, slamming his skull into Lynch's.]

GM: HEADBUTT!

[But the Iron Cowboy returns fire, landing a headbutt of his own!]

GM: Good grief!

[And to a tremendous roar that brings the fans to their feet again, James and Lynch lunge at each other, tangling up and throwing fists as fast their bodies will allow!]

GM: THEY'RE BEATING THE HELL OUT OF EACH OTHER ON THEIR KNEES! OH MY!

[James' weight gets the better of Lynch, causing both men to tumble to the mat, still tangled up and throwing bombs...

...and after a few moments, they roll through the ropes out to the floor, still trading shots as the crowd roars their approval!]

GM: THIS IS A DAMN FIGHT, FANS! THIS IS A DAMN FIGHT!

[Outside the ring, James blatantly sticks his fingers into Lynch's right eye, ripping and tearing hard!]

GM: OHH! JAMES GOES TO THE EYES! LYNCH IS BLINDED OUT THERE ON THE FLOOR AND-

[James angrily grabs Lynch by the hair with one hand and under the arm with his own arm...]

GM: What's he...?!

BW: OH MY GOD!

[...and clears the distance from the ring towards the barricade in two short steps before he HURLS the six foot seven, 265 pound frame of Jack Lynch into the air, sending him sailing OVER the ringside barricade, and into the seats filled with fans at ringside!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: THOSE ARE FANS! FOR GOD'S SAKE, THOSE ARE FANS!

BW: Get the damn lawyers on the phone again! We're gonna have a problem!

[AWA officials and security rush to the ringside area, climbing over the railing to check on the condition of the fans that Jack Lynch was just flung recklessly on top of.]

GM: Without warning! Without a single word of warning to those fans to clear out or get out of the way or... nothing! Nothing, damn it!

BW: Why would Casey James warn anyone?! He's NEVER given a damn about the fans, Gordo! And he sure doesn't give a damn about this company and their liability or anything like that!

[James leans against the railing, smirking as an AWA official gives him an earful...

...until James coldly turns and FLATTENS said official with a right hand to the jaw!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GAAAH! For the love of God, get these guys out of here!

BW: Hey, this is a SYNDICATE Street Fight! They make the damn rules, Gordo! Stegglet agreed to this and whatever the hell happens out here tonight is on HIS head!

GM: We've got fans down! We've got an official down! Jack Lynch is down as well, of course, but at least he's a damn wrestler!

[James throws a dismissive hand at the scene at ringside...

...and then with a wicked grin, he turns back towards the ring where Supreme Wright is watching from the corner, a concerned look on his face. James nods his head, stalking towards Wright quickly.]

GM: Oh no. Wright's all alone in there. All alone with the damn Syndicate!

[James rounds the corner where a weary Wright is backpedaling away, moving down the apron to try and escape from the Blackheart who is coming quickly towards him...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...which is when Wright surges forward, shuffling his feet and catching James on the chin with a thrust kick off the apron to James on the floor!]

GM: OH! A superkick... sort of... on James and-

[Wright backs off again, charging hard on James...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: SOCCER KICK! RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES!

[James' eyelids flutter as he sinks to his knees. The crowd is roaring for Wright as he leans against the ropes, breathing heavily...

...and completely failing to see Tiger Claw approaching from behind with the kendo stick he brought to the ring in his hands!]

GM: BEHIND-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The blow from the kendo stick connects vertically with the back of Wright's head, sending him falling off the apron to the floor. Claw sneers as he throws the stick down on the mat, ignoring the protesting official as he steps out to the apron, shouting down at James who is still on the ringside mats trying to recover.]

GM: Tiger Claw with a brutal attack from behind on Supreme Wright... and now the Syndicate is completely ignoring the referee! Scott Ezra is shouting at Claw to get back to the corner but Claw's having none of it.

[Out on the floor, Claw drags Wright up to his feet by the arm...]

GM: He's got him up and-

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: -WHIPPED INTO THE BARRICADE! OH MY!

[Wright cringes in pain, leaning back against the railing as Claw stalks towards him. Claw grabs the railing for support as he snaps off a series of roundhouse kicks to the ribcage, causing Wright to hang on to the railing to stay on his feet...]

GM: Claw's working over Wright up against the railing at ringside... and now Supreme Wright is REALLY in trouble because Casey James is up too!

[James stalks towards the railing where Wright is hanging on for dear life as Claw backs off...

...and James connects with a clothesline that flips Wright over the railing, depositing him in the crowd as well!]

GM: INTO THE FRONT ROW GOES SUPREME WRIGHT!

[James sneers as he looks into the nearest camera.]

"This guy thinks he's bad? He thinks he's tough? We're bad! We're tough! This clown can go fu-"

[And out goes the audio again. After a few moments, we're back.]

GM: Can someone put a muzzle on that piece of garbage for crying out loud?!

[James climbs over the railing, putting the boots to Wright a few times as he wades through the ringside fans that are sticking around to watch the fight up close and personal.]

GM: Casey James is out there amongst the crowd... just get out of his way, people. Who knows what this maniac might do?

BW: Just ask Bobby Taylor.

[James shoves a ringside fan trying to get a selfie, snatching the phone out of his hand...

...and SMASHING it over the back of Wright's head as he struggles to get off the cement floor!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: Better get that guy a Genius Bar appointment. Don't worry, kid - I know a guy who'll hook ya up!

[James continues to make his way through the crowd, snatching something out of the hand of another fan...]

GM: Are you- he's got a beer!

BW: Casey's reliving those EMWC days right about now!

[The Blackheart bottoms up on the cup of beer, draining it to some cheers from those around him...]

...which is when Wright pops up rapidly off the floor, connecting with a forearm uppercut to the jaw of James, sending a spray of beer up into the air!]

GM: OHH! What a shot by Wright!

[James stumbles backwards, shoving a fan aside as he takes aim at the rising Wright...]

GM: James is gonna charge him!

[But as the lumbering Blackheart comes tearing through the crowd, Wright drops down, snaring the ankle...]

...and BOUNCING James' face off the seat of an empty chair in the crowd!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DROP TOEHOLD INTO THE CHAIR... BY SUPREME WRIGHT!

BW: I bet you never thought you'd say that. The guy won't even throw a closed fist and he's out there having to use chairs to survive!

GM: Well, he didn't swing the chair. It was a defensive move so-

[Leaving James on the floor, Wright turns back towards the ring where Tiger Claw is waiting, perched atop the barricade...]

...and HURLS himself into a front flip off the railing, crashing onto a surprised Wright!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: We're in the crowd now and this is REALLY a Street Fight now, fans!

[Claw grabs a loose mount on Wright, throwing a few hard right hands as he gets to his feet, snatching up a vacated chair nearby...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and THROWS it down on Wright's torso and face!]

GM: Good grief! This is out of control now! The referee didn't even bother going into the crowd after them. Remember, this is NOT Falls Count Anywhere like the other match we saw tonight. To win, it has to happen inside the ring so Scott Ezra is doing the right thing staying in that ring where the decision has to take place.

BW: The referee may not be out there, Gordo, but we've got AWA officials and security by the boat load!

GM: And wisely so, I'd imagine. Like we said, James and Claw have no loyalty to this company or our fans so there's just no telling what they might try to do out there!

[Claw stands tall, looking out on the jeering crowd...

...and then STOMPS down hard on the chair still on Wright's face, causing the two-time AWA World Champion's legs to kick reflexively.]

GM: Claw shoving that chair aside, dragging Wright off the floor now...

[But as Claw turns with Wright back towards the ringside area, a wild-eyed Jack Lynch comes flying into the view of the camera, diving off the railing with a sloppy crossbody that takes out Claw and Wright!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHERE THE HELL DID JACK LYNCH COME FROM?!

[Lynch is on top of Claw as we cut to a different camera shot, pistoning his gloved right hand into the skull of the Canadian martial artist...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...when a steel chair is flung in Lynch's direction, hitting him right in the face!]

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!

[A sneering and bleeding Casey James stands over Lynch, glaring down at the scene in front of him with everyone down and out on the floor, the roaring crowd ringing them on all sides.]

GM: James just knocked Lynch off of Claw with that chair... now where the hell is he going?!

[The crowd is roaring as the bleeding James grabs Lynch by the hair, dragging him through the jammed ringside area towards the back of the section.]

BW: It's a Street Fight, ain't it? Maybe James is taking Lynch out to Bourbon Street to finish his Texas ass off!

GM: BUCKY!

[We switch to a shot of a boom camera that is attempting to follow James and Lynch through the crowd. The Texan throws a few weak blows on occasion but James is ignoring them as he's clearly a man on a mission... yo baby yo baby yo.]

GM: James is heading towards the back of the Superdome... they're entering... wait a second! That's one of our camera locations! One of our elevated camera locations we've got around the building tonight and-

[James grips Lynch by the hair, smashing his head into the metal superstructure holding a section of scaffolding about fifteen feet up above the arena floor!]

GM: Ohh! Facefirst into the steel!

BW: And that thing isn't meant for impact like that, Gordo. It's holding up one of our camera guys and-

GM: Get them out of there! Get them-

[Instead, we cut to a shot from that cameraman, peering over the edge of his small platform down on James and Lynch just as Lynch's head hits the steel again, causing the entire platform and shot to shake violently.]

GM: Good grief! This is unsafe for that cameraman! Get him off that platform right now before-

[James grabs Lynch by the hair, dragging him away from the steel superstructure a few feet...

...and SLAMS his face down onto a large rolling production case!]

GM: Ohhh! Goodness!

[The Blackheart climbs up on the case, leaning down to drag Lynch up there with him as the crowd starts to buzz...]

GM: What in the world is he... NO, NO, NO!

[The crowd ROARS for the scene as James scoops Lynch up in his powerful arms and...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BODYSLAM ON THAT PRODUCTION CASE! LYNCH'S SPINE DRIVEN DOWN INTO SOLID METAL AND PLASTIC AND GOD KNOWS WHAT ELSE!

[James, blood now streaming down his face to form the proverbial crimson mask, slumps back against the superstructure, a grin on his face as the crowd jeers his violent actions towards one of their favorites.]

GM: Casey James with the bodyslam on the case... and that might take Lynch out of this for some time now!

[The camera cuts away from James and Lynch to reveal Tiger Claw tossing Supreme Wright back over the railing, putting him into the ringside area. Claw hops over after him, the crowd's attention split between the two ongoing brawls.]

GM: Claw shoving Wright under the ropes... perhaps thinking they can isolate him and finish him off before Lynch would have a chance to intervene.

BW: Divide and conquer. It's a sound strategy, Gordo.

GM: It certainly is... and Claw rolling back inside the ring now, bringing that kendo stick with him...

[The former EMWC World Champion climbs to his feet, kendo stick in hand, looking down at Wright who is trying to crawl away from him...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and BLASTS Wright across the lower back with the kendo stick!]

GM: Gaaah! Shots like that are difficult to watch, fans.

BW: Then I'd close your eyes, turn your head, and make like Stevie Wonder, Gordo, because this just got real!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Another brutal, vicious shot across the back by Tiger Claw!

[Wright writhes in pain on the mat, rolling over to his back, shielding it from further blows...

...but Claw cares not for his target at the moment.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ONE ACROSS THE CHEST! OH MY!

[Claw backs off, smirking at the jeering crowd as he rests the kendo stick on his shoulder, slowly walking around the ring. He throws a glance out into the crowd, trying to see his partner but is unable to...

...but the growing buzz of the crowd can NOT be good news for anyone. Claw shakes his head, turning back towards Wright who is trying to get up off the mat...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd groans as Claw SMASHES the kendo stick down between the eyes of Supreme Wright. Wright's eyelids flutter as he sinks down to his knees, barely able to keep his head up as Claw stands over him like an executioner ready to swing his axe...]

GM: Don't do it, Claw. Not another one. Please, not another-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And with one final blow down between the eyes of Supreme Wright, the cane splinters, breaking in half before Claw tosses his part aside, watching as Wright sinks slowly to the canvas.]

GM: Gaaaaaah. He may be out, fans. Supreme Wright just might be out cold after that blow to the head.

[Claw seems to think so as he slowly sinks to a knee, nodding his head as he leans across Wright in a sloppy lateral press.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOOO! TH-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOULDER UP! SHOULDER UP BY WRIGHT! OH MY!

[Claw sits up on the mat, glaring at the official as Scott Ezra holds up two fingers to the Syndicate member.]

GM: Claw thought he had him after that violent kendo stick shot to the skull and...

BW: And so did I. I think a lot of people did, Gordo.

GM: Perhaps they did... but perhaps a lot of people also believe in the tremendous heart and fighting spirit of Supreme Wright who is on a mission here tonight to avenge the injuries suffered by Theresa Lynch.

BW: And why is that, Gordo? Why does Supreme Wright care what happens to Theresa Lynch?

GM: I think that's a personal matter that we don't need to discuss here tonight and-
[The camera cuts again to reveal Jack Lynch and Casey James trading haymakers...
...up on top of the elevated camera platform!]

GM: OH MY GOD! NO, NO! GET THEM DOWN FROM THERE!

BW: Gordo, the damn cameraman is still up there too!

[And on cue, we cut to the shot from said cameraman, cowering on the floor of the wooden platform as two big brawlers trade heavy blows a few feet above him.]

GM: This is out of control! That platform is... it's gotta be fifteen feet off the ground, Bucky!

BW: Absolutely.

GM: If one of these guys go off that platform, it's more than this match that might be over!

[James again digs his fingers into the eyes of Lynch, sending the Iron Cowboy stumbling backwards towards the railing surrounding the platform. The Blackheart angrily turns...]

"GIMME THAT DAMN THING!"

[James reaches down towards the view on our television sets...
...and then rips the camera out of the hands of the cameraman!]

GM: What the... he's got the damn camera!

BW: Oh, this could be real bad if you're a Jack Lynch fan. Luckily for me...

GM: Would you stop?!

[A smirking James lifts the camera up high for all to see, turning the lens towards himself for a moment...]

"Adios, motherfu-"

[The audio goes silent but the video does not as we cut wide to show James rushing at Lynch with the camera at the ready, determined to smash the camera onto Lynch's head and send him falling off the elevated platform to the concrete floor below...]

GM: NOOOOOO!

[...when suddenly, Lynch swings his gloved hand up at the last possible moment, intercepting the incoming Blackheart!]

GM: CLAW!! CLAW!! LYNCH HAS GOT THE CLAW LOCKED IN!!

[The New Orleans crowd ERUPTS at the sight of Jack Lynch digging his fingers into the skull of Casey James high above the arena floor...]

GM: LYNCH HAS GOT THE IRON CLAW LOCKED IN WAY UP HIGH!

[James drops the camera abruptly, sending it crashing down onto the platform as Lynch shoves him backwards with the Claw...]

GM: WAIT! NO!

[...and shoves him OVER the railing!]

GM: AHHHHH!

[But James grabs hold of the railing with one hand, dangling from it for several moments as Lynch leans over it, the Iron Claw still locked in. Flashbulbs are firing all over the building, capturing this unforgettable shot...

...and then when Lynch lets go, James goes falling down... down... down!]

[illegible]

[And SPLATS backfirst down on the same equipment case he used on Jack Lynch earlier, the impact actually CRUSHING the top of the case, leaving James laid out in the wreckage!]

GM: OH MY STARS! OH MY STARS! CASEY JAMES GOES THROUGH THE DAMN EQUIPMENT CASE!

[The crowd is still roaring as we pull back to a wide shot of Jack Lynch standing atop the platform, looking down on James who is laid out in the middle of the equipment case...

...and then cut back to the ring where Tiger Claw has just witnessed the horrific fall of his tag team partner and is staring on in shock, his jaw dropped open.]

GM: Claw can't believe it! Nobody can believe it! Casey James just-

[And with the camera aimed directly at Claw, we see Supreme Wright rise up from the canvas unseen behind Claw and the Superdome crowd ERUPTS in cheers!]

GM: WRIGHT! WRIGHT IS UP! WRIGHT IS-

[Claw abruptly turns around, swinging a right hand as he does that Wright easily ducks, hoisting Claw up into a fireman's carry...]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM UP!

[Wright walks out to center ring, shoving Claw up over his head as he drops to his back, swinging his legs up...]

GM: FAT TUESDAY!

[Claw bounces off Wright's raised legs, flopping over onto his back as Wright rolls to his hands and knees, crawling towards him to cover.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO! TH-

[Claw's shoulder shoots up off the mat, breaking up the pin attempt!]

GM: Claw's out at two!

[Wright rolls off Claw to his hip, breathing heavily as he looks out towards Jack Lynch who is climbing down off the superstructure.]

GM: And if Wright can hang on, he may be about to get some help, fans! The Iron Cowboy rides again!

[Wright slowly gets to his feet, turning back towards Claw again. He leans down, grabbing Claw by the wrist, dragging him up to his feet...]

GM: Wright whips Claw to the corner... follows him in... ohhh!

[The Running European uppercut in the corner snaps Claw's head back!]

GM: Uppercut in the corner!

[Wright grabs Claw by the arm, sending him back across the ring.]

GM: Wright coming in hot again!

[But as Wright approaches, Claw leans back in the buckles, raising his knee and causing Wright to run chestfirst into it!]

GM: Ohh! Claw caught him coming in!

[Claw ducks through the ropes, grabbing the top and leaping up, lashing out with a kick to the side of Wright's head, sending him staggering backwards!]

GM: Wright's dazed... Claw looking to strike again!

[Claw grabs the ropes, scrambling up them to take up perch on the top rope. He watches as Wright staggers in a circle towards him...

...and then launches himself from the top rope, catching him with a flying kneestrike to the skull!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOLDEN TIGER STRIKE ON A STANDING WRIGHT!

[Claw dives atop a downed Wright, reaching back to hook a leg as the referee drops down to count...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO! TH-

[The crowd ROARS as Tiger Claw suddenly goes sailing under the ropes, having been pulled out to the floor by Jack Lynch who POPS Claw with an uppercut, knocking him down to a knee.]

GM: Lynch has got Claw out on the floor!

[Pulling Claw up by the arm, Lynch takes aim...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and rockets him into the steel railing with an Irish whip that lifts Claw off his feet, launching him sideways into the barricade!]

GM: Good grief!

[Lynch stomps across the ringside area, throwing a glance in the direction of the elevated platform as he does. He pulls Claw off the floor, walking back to the ring where he tosses the Canadian back inside the ring.]

GM: We've got a two on one on Tiger Claw here... and this could be their chance to finish him off, fans!

BW: After Casey took that hard fall, I'm not sure if he's even getting back into this!

[Getting back inside the ring, Lynch pulls the stunned Claw off the mat, shoving him back into the turnbuckles. He hops up to the second rope, raising his gloved right hand into the air...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Lynch hops down from the buckle, grabbing Claw by the head and racing across the ring where he SLAMS his head into the top turnbuckle.]

GM: Wright's back up now...

[Lynch backs off, leaving Claw to Wright who winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and DRILLS Claw with an overhand open hand chop to the chest!]

GM: Goodness!

[Wright winds up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and lays in a second hard chop to the chest, Claw wincing in pain from the hard-hitting blow.]

GM: Wright's got Claw trapped in the corner...

[Grabbing Claw by the back of the head, Wright cradles it lightly and starts driving home elbowstrikes to the temple...]

GM: Elbow after elbow, battering Claw relentlessly in the corner!

[Wright suddenly backs off, glaring at Claw, and then goes into a front flip, his heel driving into the sternum of the Hall of Famer!]

GM: OHHH! Flipping kick in the corner...

[With Claw leaning in the corner, Wright drags him out to the middle of the ring, gesturing to Lynch who nods his head, winding up his gloved right hand...]

GM: Here we go!

[...and locks his fingers around the skull of Tiger Claw to a HUGE CHEER!]

GM: CLAW! CLAW! LYNCH LOCKS THE CLAW ON HIM!

BW: This might do it, Gordo!

[But while Lynch is hanging onto the Claw, Wright slides in behind Tiger Claw, hooking a side waistlock. The crowd immediately starts buzzing, wondering what they're about to see...]

...but we don't get to see it at all... not yet... as Claw lashes out with his left elbow to catch Wright on the side of the head, sending him spinning away.]

GM: Claw trying to fight out of it - whatever it is!

[Claw swings a leg up, driving a knee up into the gut of Lynch... and again... and again...]

...but the Iron Cowboy straightens up, refusing to break his grip on Claw's head! The crowd ROARS at Lynch's resiliency!]

GM: Claw's trying to fight out of this!

[Claw again starts throwing knees to the body... again and again and again... but Lynch continues to hang on, his legs spread as he solidifies his footing, keeping his base as Claw tries to break free...]

...but a desperate Claw goes to desperate actions!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE KICKED HIM LOW! CLAW KICKED HIM LOW!

[Lynch staggers backwards, crumpling to the canvas where he immediately rolls to the ropes, staying away from the sneering Claw who shakes his head back and forth, trying to clear the cobwebs before turning back towards the approaching Wright.]

GM: Claw's on the ropes, here comes Wright!

[Wright spins around, burying a boot in the gut of Claw. He quickly snatches him in a cravate, cranking on the neck...]

...and then swings his knee up into the forehead of Claw!]

GM: OH!

[Wright swings the leg up again and again, driving his knee into the skull of the Canadian martial artist...]

GM: Ohh! Wright drives him through the ropes! He lost the grip on the cravate and Claw fell right out on the apron.

[A fired-up Wright reaches over the ropes, grabbing Claw by the head, dragging him up to his feet into a front facelock...]

GM: Wright's looking to bring him in the hard way!

[Wright tries to hoist Claw into the air for a suplex but Claw hangs on to the ropes, refusing to go up.]

GM: Claw blocks it! Claw's hanging on!

[Wright breaks his grip, throwing a pair of elbowstrikes to the jaw! Claw hangs on to the ropes, refusing to fall off the apron as well. With a shout, Wright breaks away, dashing to the ropes...]

GM: Wright off the far side...

[Claw winds up his arm, throwing an elbowstrike of his own over the ropes but Wright sees it coming and baseball slides between the legs, ending up out on the floor...

...where Wright grabs Claw off the apron, lifting him into an electric chair!]

GM: Wright's got him up! He's got him up!

[Claw balls up his fist, pounding on the skull of Wright as he sits atop his shoulders...

...and the crowd ERUPTS as Jack Lynch rolls out on the apron, fire in his eyes as he takes to his feet...]

GM: Lynch is on the apron! Lynch is-

[The crowd EXPLODES as the Iron Cowboy comes charging down the apron, leaping into the air with a flying lariat that catches Claw flush across the collarbone, flipping him upside down off Wright's shoulder and DUMPING him violently down on the barely-padded ringside floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY GOD!! OH MY GOD!!

BW: They could've broken Claw's neck, Gordo!

GM: They may have done exactly that! This Street Fight is out of control!

[Lynch pulls Claw off the floor, chucking him back inside the ring. He pauses, grabbing at his groin before rolling back in... Supreme Wright following him close behind.]

GM: They've got Claw at their mercy now!

[Wright pulls Claw off the mat, securing a side waistlock as Lynch locks in the Claw once more...]

GM: Here we go! We saw this set up a moment ago and-

[Wright lifts Claw into the air in a belly-to-back suplex while Lynch hangs on to the Iron Claw and SLAMS the back of Claw's head into the mat as Wright finishes the suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: THAT MIGHT DO IT! THAT MIGHT DO IT!

[Wright dives across the prone Tiger Claw, wrapping up his legs as Jack Lynch stands guard over him...

...not noticing a drastic change in volume from the crowd!]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Cue a bloodied Casey James SLAMMING a steel chair across the back of Jack Lynch, knocking him flat on the canvas.]

GM: LOOK OUT!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A second chairshot follows, crashing down on the back of Supreme Wright's head, breaking up the pin attempt.]

"TAKE THAT, YOU GOD DA-"

[And again, our audio cuts out as James lets his silver tongue fly... along with the steel chair as he throws it down on the canvas.]

GM: Good god! Lynch is down! Wright is down! Claw is down! And Casey James... how the hell is that son of a bitch still standing, Bucky?!

BW: I don't know. I honestly don't know.

[James stands over his friend and partner, blood dripping off his forehead onto Tiger Claw's chest.]

"HEY CLAW... HOW ABOUT NOW?"

[A weary Tiger Claw raises a hand... and raises his thumb. A twisted grin crosses the face of Casey James as he shouts another expletive and waves his arms towards the entrance stage...]

GM: What in the...?

BW: Oh... holy... hell.

[The crowd ERUPTS in jeers at the sight of the Claw Academy guards from the entrance... some 10-15 of them... running down the ramp towards the ring.

And yes, they've still got their kendo sticks.]

GM: Oh no. Oh please no.

[James is grinning, hopping up to sit down on the top turnbuckle as the ring quickly floods with the entirety of the stick-wielding guards.]

"Gentlemen... fire at will."

[James starts laughing loudly as the kendo sticks come off the shoulders and start raining down on both Lynch and Claw.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
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"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[Kendo sticks are breaking left and right, leaving the remaining ones to be swung harder and faster as James continues to cackle madly and Tiger Claw uses the ropes to drag himself to his feet, watching as his students continue to do damage.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: This is too much! This has gotta be stopped! This is-

[Suddenly, the crowd ERUPTS at the sight of someone sprinting down the aisle, steel chair in hand...]

GM: What the...?! That's Jeff Matthews! The Madfox is coming! The Madfox is-

[Matthews dives under the bottom rope, blocking a swung kendo stick with the chair before jamming it into the attacker's gut, winding up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The chair connects across the back of the Claw Academy attacker, dropping them like a rock as Matthews takes aim...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Another blow lands on an attacker, dispatching them to the floor as well. An angry Casey James barks an order at a pair of attackers who approach Matthews from behind, taking aim...

...but Matthews spins around, tossing the chair at one of them who catches it...]

GM: OHH! DROPKICK TO THE CHAIR!

[The dropkick sends the chair into the attacker's face, knocking them from the ring. Matthews scrambles up just as another attacker swoops in on him...

...and uncoils, leaping up to snag a three-quarter nelson!]

GM: FOXDEN!

[The crowd ERUPTS as the attacker goes skullfirst in the canvas! Matthews pops up, looking for his next victim!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ANOTHER ONE!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AND ANOTHER!

[Matthews keeps dishing out Foxdens, driving the Claw Academy thugs from the ring as James flips out, scooping up the chair...]

GM: SWING!

[...and comes up empty as Matthews ducks down, leaping up to grab James around the head...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: FOXDEN ON THE BLACKHEART!

BW: IT'S LIKE THE LATE NINETIES ALL OVER AGAIN, DADDY!

[Claw wisely stays out of it as Matthews spies the Claw Academy gathering out on the floor...

...and the former Caleb Temple impersonator scales the ropes, standing up top with the crowd on their feet and roaring...]

GM: SOMERSAULT DIIIIIIIVE!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The big dive off the top crashes on top of the pile, knocking down the Claw Academy gang, wiping out everyone at ringside as the crowd roars and AWA security rushes onto the scene to try and get them out of there.]

GM: Thank the Maker for Jeff Matthews, fans! He just saved this match for Lynch and Wright!

BW: After all those weeks of offering to team with Wright, Matthews made his presence known here tonight in a big way!

[Outside the ring, Casey James staggers around the ring, shoving the timekeeper down to the floor as he grabs the house mic.]

“BRING ME THE TRUCK!”

[James tosses the mic aside angrily, turning back towards the aisle where the Claw Academy members are being forced back up the aisle by AWA security and officials...

...when suddenly a car horn starts honking.]

GM: What in the...?

[The crowd starts to buzz as a black heavy duty pickup truck with James’ skull logo spraypainted on the hood starts backing down the aisle.]

GM: What the hell is this, Bucky?!

BW: You think I know? I got here tonight still thinking Casey James was dead!

GM: Oh, knock it off!

[James is waving his arms towards the truck, nodding with approval as the truck gets closer and closer...]

GM: The truckbed looks like it’s full... but what is it...?

[Gordon’s words trail off as the camera catches an overhead glimpse of the truck...

...and we see a hardcore wrestler’s dream come true filling the bed.]

GM: Oh my god.

BW: Barbed wire! Light tubes! Tables! This is nuts!

GM: Fans, never forget that Casey James was a winner of the King of the Death Match tournament... and it looks like he’s bringing the Death Match to SuperClash!

[James nods approvingly as he yanks the tailgate down, reaching in to grab a steel chair... wrapped in barbed wire...

...and flings it recklessly over his head into the ring.

He reaches in again, finding a kendo stick... wrapped in barbed wire...

...and flings it recklessly over his head into the ring.

He reaches in again, grinning madly as he scoops up a canvas bag filled with something. This one, he turns to set on the ring apron...

...and Jack Lynch LEAPS off the apron with a Fierro Press onto him!]

GM: OHHHH!

[Lynch grabs James by his bloodied hair, repeatedly reaching back and firing in shot after shot to the skull of the Blackheart.

Inside the ring, Tiger Claw has pulled Supreme Wright off the canvas, snagging him in a Muay Thai clinch...]

GM: Wright's trying to defend himself - kneestrike! Another!

[Claw viciously lays in the knees, over and over to the skull of Wright before finally tossing his limp form into the corner. Wright almost collapses, his arms hanging onto the top rope as Claw moves in on him again.]

GM: Claw's got him trapped in the corner!

[Claw lashes out with a trio of left jabs to the bridge of the nose, switching to a pair of right crosses that buckle Wright's knees before a series of stiff uppercuts, each one snapping Wright's head back...

...and Claw rounds it off with a devastating elbow uppercut that sends Wright flipping over the ropes, crashing down to the concrete floor in a heap.]

GM: Good god! Wright goes all the way out to the floor... he might be out after that, Bucky. Some devastating blows by Tiger Claw and Wright may be out after that.

[We cut to the other side of the ring where Lynch is teeing off on James up against the side of the truck. Lynch grabs James by his bloodied hair, smashing his face into the truck's door.]

GM: Ohhh! And now this fight is surrounding that truck here at ringside... ohhh! Into the steel door a second time!

[James staggers backwards, spinning away from the truck and ending up leaning against the ringside barricade. Security rushes to get the fans away from James as he rushes forward, throwing himself into a tackle that knocks Lynch into the side of the truck, leaving a healthy dent there.]

GM: OHHHH! INTO THE TRUCK!

[James hangs on to Lynch, turning him around as James faces away from the truck...]

GM: No, no, no!

[...and then barrels forward, launching himself and Lynch into the railing at full speed!]

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

[The railing detaches from the piece next to it, snapping clean as James and Lynch go crashing down on top of the barricade into the crowd where security just narrowly managed to clear the area in time!]

GM: Holy...

[The crowd fills in the rest for Gordon Myers, earning some strategic censorship from the AWA production truck as James rolls off Lynch, both men lying flat on their backs on the railing at ringside.]

GM: Both men are down! Both men are hurt!

[Claw slides out to the floor, dragging Wright off the ringside mats and shoving him back inside the ring. He drags the limp Wright towards the ropes, muscling him up

to his feet where he grabs the two-time AWA World Champion by the arms, twisting the ropes to tie Wright within them.]

GM: Claw's trying to tie him up... he's trying to get-

[Wright snaps off an elbowstrike, trying to fight back. The blow knocks Claw back a couple of feet...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...where he throws a big shin kick that bounces off the skull of Wright, knocking him back into the ropes where he goes to work again - this time succeeding in his goal.]

GM: He's got him tied up in the ropes! Supreme Wright is at the mercy of Tiger Claw and-

BW: And breaking news- Tiger Claw ain't got a drop of mercy in him, Gordo.

[Claw leans in, speaking softly to the trapped Wright...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and then slaps him across the face, drawing a trickle of blood from the corner of Wright's mouth. Claw turns away, looking around the ring...]

GM: What's Claw looking for? What is he...? Oh no.

[The crowd buzzes as Claw's eyes come to rest on the barbed wire wrapped chair, walking towards it and lifting it in his hands.]

GM: Claw's got that chair that's been wrapped in skin-tearing barbed wire and... and he's getting ready to use that on Supreme Wright!

[Claw approaches Wright with the chair as Wright tries to kick away at it, still trapped in the ropes...]

GM: Wright's trying to keep him back but...

[Claw slams the edge of the chair back into the gut of Wright, leaving him dangling from the ropes. He uses the chair to lift Wright's head up, twisting the chair to turn the barbed wire towards Wright's face...

...and then YANKS it across Wright's face, causing Wright to cry out and blood to start to stream from his cheek. A smirking Claw backs off, nodding approvingly.]

GM: Wright is trapped in the ropes and this maniac is ripping him apart with that barbed wire!

[The camera closes in on Wright's anguished face, a nasty cut on his cheek - a remnant from the barbed wire. Claw stands in front of him, using the end of the chair to lift Wright's face up.]

"Look at me, pretender."

[Wright's head slips back down and Claw lifts it again more aggressively.]

"LOOK AT ME!"

[Wright's eyes lock on Claw's, a cold gaze exchanged between the two.]

"You're supposed to be my replacement? You're supposed to be the most dangerous man on the planet?"

[Claw snorts angrily.]

"Let me show you what danger is."

[Claw steps back, raising the barbed wire chair over his head...]

GM: NO!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With his arms trapped in the ropes, Supreme Wright has no choice but to take a full-force blow to the head as Claw swings for the fences with the barbed wire wrapped chair. The crowd recoils in shock as Wright's head slumps down, his body hanging limply from the ropes as new wounds open on the skull of Supreme Wright, blood starting to flow from them. Claw angrily throws the chair aside.]

GM: God... God help us...

[Claw stares into Wright's slumped form, slowly raising a triumphant arm as the New Orleans crowd lets him have it...]

GM: Tiger Claw celebrating in front of these fans. He hasn't won anything yet but it seems like...

BW: It seems like it's just a matter of time, Gordo.

GM: Supreme Wright is motionless, hanging helpless in the ropes. Jack Lynch is still laid out on the floor and... oh no.

[Gordon's almost quiet "oh no" is followed instantly by a MASSIVE shocked reaction from the AWA faithful.]

GM: Oh, please... no, somebody stop her.

[The camera cuts to the aisle where Theresa Lynch, dressed in a black and white sleeveless dress that ends just above the knee is headed down the aisle. Tears stream down her cheeks as she moves gingerly, her neck still wrapped in a protective brace.]

GM: For the love of God, somebody stop her, damn it! Somebody stop her right now!

[Claw's attention has now been turned towards the new arrival. He arches an eyebrow in surprise, staring up the ramp as AWA officials attempt to intervene but Theresa will hear none of it, shaking her head vigorously as she makes her way through the crowd of officials towards the ring.]

BW: Man, bad decisions are running like wildfire through the Lynch family tonight, daddy!

GM: Theresa Lynch will not be denied! Theresa Lynch is heading to that ring and... Lord knows what'll happen once she gets there, fans.

[Claw is still staring out at Theresa, a gleeful expression starting to grow on his face as he watches her arrival.]

“YOU THINK YOU CAN SAVE HIM?!”

[Claw thrusts out his leg almost absent-mindedly, burying a thrust kick into the torso of the trapped Wright.]

“YOU THINK YOU CAN SAVE HIM, GIRL?!”

[A second thrust kick finds the mark as well, Wright helpless and unable to defend himself as Claw uses him as target practice. A smirking Claw walks over towards the ropes, taunting Theresa who is now shouting at Wright, begging him to get free from the ropes.]

GM: Tiger Claw laying the badmouth on Theresa Lynch now! Disgusting!

BW: She better not get too close, Gordo. The Syndicate won't hesitate to take her out again!

[Claw turns his focus back to the trapped Wright, balling up his taped fists as he approaches. He lashes out with a one-two combo, snapping Wright's head back. He turns with a smirk, making sure Theresa is watching.]

GM: Come on!

[Claw fires away again, this time with a pair of right crosses that find the mark followed by a leaping knee up under the chin!]

GM: Good grief! This is horrible!

[Theresa Lynch, tears streaming down her cheeks, is now begging Claw to stop as well... but Tiger Claw will not be denied his pound of flesh on this night.]

GM: Another right hand... and another!

[Claw steps back, uncoiling a perfect spinning back roundhouse that seems destined to rip Wright's head from his torso!]

GM: Gaaaahhh! Devastating roundhouse kick by Tiger Claw!

BW: Wright's out on his feet, Gordo... not even standing at this point, just hanging helpless from the ropes.

[Claw turns again, taunting a pleading Theresa Lynch. He shakes his head, refusing to give her the satisfaction of ending his brutal assault on the man many have named as his natural successor as the most dangerous man in wrestling.]

GM: This is personal for Tiger Claw. This is very personal right now.

BW: Hey, he's had to sit around for a few years now and listen to people tell him that Wright is his equal... and may even be better! This is his chance to show that's all media hype and Internet kerfuffle!

[Lynch grabs the apron, flipping it up as she desperately searches for something.]

GM: What is she...? What's she looking for?

[Theresa runs along the length of the apron, on the hunt for something as Claw throws another pair of kicks to the abdomen, leaving Wright dry heaving from his trapped position.]

GM: She's got something... wait a second!

[The crowd groans as Theresa pulls a white towel into view.]

GM: She's got a towel!

BW: This is just like Houston last year! It's turned into a Towel Match!

GM: Theresa Lynch has got the towel! She's got the towel and she's going to give up this match for her family!

[Theresa looks undecided, staring in at Claw as he grabs Wright by the back of the head, throwing a series of brutal kneestrikes to the face that worsen the cut on Wright's cheek...

...and she makes her decision, drawing back her hand to throw the towel into the ring... to end the battle... to end the war...]

GM: She's gonna throw the-

[The crowd GASPS as her delicate wrist is grabbed before she can complete her throw...

...and a tearful and shocked Theresa Lynch comes face to face with a bloodied Casey James who grins a crimson smile at the much-smaller Theresa.]

GM: Oh my god! No! Hey! HEY!

[James throws a glare at Gordon Myers who has risen out of his seat now.]

GM: GET YOUR DAMN HANDS OFF HER!

[James sneers at Myers, keeping his grip on Lynch's wrist as she drops the towel and yelps in pain...]

GM: This is... somebody's gotta put a stop to this!

BW: Damn it, Gordon! Sit the hell down before you get your teeth kicked in! I saved your ass once, I ain't doing it against the Syndicate!

[James squeezes the wrist of Theresa, forcing her down to her knees as he verbally taunts her...

...and then thrusts his hips towards the kneeling Lynch, causing the crowd to roar with revolt!]

GM: That son of a...

[But Gordon's words never finish as Supreme Wright, seeing Theresa Lynch in physical danger, suddenly breaks free from the ropes!]

GM: WRIGHT'S LOOSE! WRIGHT'S LOOSE!

[The sound of the roaring crowd gets Tiger Claw's attention, swinging away from Lynch and James to spot Wright free. Claw looks shocked for a moment but lashes out with a front kick...

...and Wright catches the foot, reaching over with his free hand.]

GM: Wright catches the leg and... what's he doing?! What's he-?!

[The crowd ROARS as Wright violently grabs the toes of Tiger Claw's bare foot, giving a hard yank on them as Claw drops to the mat, rolling back and forth in pain, grabbing his foot...]

...and Wright tears across the ring, diving between the top and middle ropes to CREEEEEEEEAM Casey James with a diving elbowstrike tope!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!

[With James down on the floor, Wright stays on top of him, hammering him viciously with elbowstrikes to the unprotected skull! The Blackheart is being absolutely pummeled as Theresa Lynch kneels on the floor, tears still streaming down her face as she holds on to her wrist.]

GM: WRIGHT IS ALL OVER THE BLACKHEART! HOLY GOD IN HEAVEN!

[Wright abruptly breaks off his assault, moving to Theresa Lynch's side. He kneels down next to the young lady, drawing her into a gentle embrace that gets a HUGE cheer from the New Orleans crowd!]

GM: Oh yeah!

[Rolling from the ring, Tiger Claw scoops a steel chair off the floor, winding up with it as he hobbles towards the kneeling Wright and Theresa...]

...and gets the ever-loving hell SPEARED out of him by Jack Lynch!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SPEAR!! SPEAR BY LYNCH!

[Lynch pulls up off of the downed Claw, throwing a glance at Supreme Wright who gets to his feet, giving a nod...]

...and then suddenly, as if hit with inspiration, Wright gestures for Lynch to stay on Claw while Wright points to the Blackheart. Lynch shrugs, nodding in agreement.]

GM: Jack Lynch just speared Tiger Claw out of his proverbial boots... and the fight is back on!

[Lynch pulls Claw off the floor, firing him across the ringside area into the ring apron, his back slamming into the edge of it...]

...and he stumbles back out towards the big Texan who ducks down, hoisting Claw skyward with a backdrop!]

GM: BACKDROP ON THE FLOOR! GOOD GOD!

[Wright checks to make sure Theresa is okay before he pulls James off the ringside mats, throwing him under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: James gets tossed back in... and Supreme Wright is going after him!

[The two-time AWA World Champion rolls back into the ring, climbing to his feet...

...and bringing the barbed wire wrapped Singapore Cane with him.]

GM: Oh... oh my god.

BW: What the hell?! Wright's never even thrown a damn punch! Now he's got a barbed wire wrapped kendo stick?!

GM: Casey James is down on his knees... pleading with Wright... begging him...

[Wright walks towards James, shaking his head defiantly...]

GM: He's gonna do it! He's gonna do it, Bucky!

BW: I can't believe I'm seeing this. Supreme Wright is about to shatter his whole damn belief system... thanks to Casey James provoking him!

[Wright steps closer, looking down at the blood-covered Blackheart, raising the cane over his head...]

GM: Wright's gonna do it! Wright's gonna-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd groans as a desperate Casey James swings his arm up, catching Wright between the legs!]

GM: LOW BLOW!

[Wright sinks to his knees in front of James who smirks...

...and spits a mouthful of blood in Wright's face before piefacing him down to the mat!]

GM: Gaaah! What kind of an animal is Casey James!

[The Blackheart rises to his feet...

...and picks up the dropped barbed wire kendo stick!]

GM: Oh my god... no!

[James doesn't waste any time, lashing out like a snake.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Three brutal blows with the kendo stick leave deep gashes on the back of Supreme Wright as he lies on the canvas. James throws the stick aside, staring out at Jack Lynch who starts in on him...

...but a single word is shouted from Supreme Wright, freezing Lynch in his tracks.]

"NO!"

GM: What the...?

[Lynch looks puzzled, shaking his head as he starts towards the ring again, James moving to intercept...]

"NO!"

[Wright's shout again stops Lynch cold. Lynch looks anxious, trying to find a way past Casey James from the floor...]

...and suddenly grabs the ropes, pulling himself up onto the apron. James greets him with a right hand!]

GM: Oh!

BW: Lynch disobeying his partner!

[James throws another heavy right, staggering Lynch on the apron...]

GM: The Iron Cowboy's fighting to get in there but-

[The Blackheart suddenly reaches over the ropes, lifting Lynch up into the air, muscling him up into powerbomb position...]

...and with a shout of "CLAW!", James slides Lynch down into a back-mounted stretch!]

BW: Casey James channeling his inner luchador - some type of back stretch submission!

GM: Tiger Claw's in! Tiger Claw coming to his partner's aid!

[Claw quickly scales the turnbuckles, standing up to as the crowd buzzes and James turns to face the corner, Lynch dangling helplessly across his massive back...]

GM: What is... what are they doing now?!

[Claw suddenly leaps from the top, flipping over to snare a three-quarter nelson...]

...and DRIVE Jack Lynch skullfirst into the canvas!]

GM: WHOA! A VARIATION ON THE SYNDICUTTER! WE'VE NEVER SEEN THAT BEFORE!

[Claw dives across Jack Lynch, cradling the legs as Casey James stands guard between Supreme Wright and his pinned partner!]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd groans with relief as Wright THROWS HIMSELF into a double leg takedown on James, toppling them both on top of Claw and Lynch, breaking up the pin JUST in time!]

GM: NEAR FALL! SO CLOSE!

BW: Good god, what a war!

[A furious James jumps off the mat, blasting Wright in the mouth with a boot. A few more follow, forcing Wright out of the ring as James rolls out after him. The bloody Blackheart stomps over to the pickup truck, throwing aside a pair of garbage cans... tossing another barbed-wire wrapped chair aside...

...and his eyes light up as he finds what he's looking for, dragging it into view.]

GM: Oh my god!

[The hardcore fans in the crowd ROAR at the sight of a large piece of wood wrapped and tangled in barbed wire!]

GM: A BARBED WIRE BOARD?! That's got no place in a pro wrestling match!

BW: This ain't a match, Gordo! This is a Syndicate Street Fight, daddy, and anything goes!

[James gleefully pulls the board free of the truckbed, cackling with bloodlust as he drags it over towards the ring, shoving it under the bottom rope.]

GM: James puts it in...

[He shouts to Claw, pointing to the board. Claw nods in understanding as he goes to pull Jack Lynch off the mat.]

GM: That's for Claw... what's the Blackheart looking for?

[James goes back to the truckbed, digging for plunder yet again.]

GM: James is searching for something - obviously with evil intent.

[Inside the ring, Claw drags Lynch to his feet, grabbing a Muay Thai clinch and slamming home a few knees to the skull before shoving Lynch back to the corner.]

GM: Claw puts the Iron Cowboy in the corner.

[Ducking down, Claw manages to lift the larger Lynch, setting him down on the top turnbuckle. He turns, grabbing the barbed wire board to drag it into position...]

GM: We've got a bad scene in that ring. Tiger Claw getting that barbed wire board into position...

[Outside the ring, James finds what he's looking for, yanking it into view.]

GM: What in the hell is that?!

[The Blackheart is cackling madly as he pulls out a collection of about ten long florescent light tubes taped together into a very big stick.]

GM: Oh my god. This is too much! This is too far!

[James is still wildly laughing as he turns back towards Supreme Wright who is leaning against the ring apron, blood streaming from his face and back as the Blackheart approaches...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[Wright lashes out, catching James flush on the ear with an open-handed slap! The Blackheart recoils in pain, grimacing as he raises the light tubes over his head, looking for a big swing...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and comes up empty, shattering the light tubes in half on the ring apron as the bloodied and battered Wright front rolls out of the way. He comes quickly to his feet, rushing James as the Blackheart turns around...]

GM: Wright from behind-

[The Louisiana native sets his feet, swinging a big roundhouse towards the face of Casey James...

...who brings the light tubes up in front of his face!]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd gasps as Wright's foot and leg breaks through the glass, sending shards everywhere as he kicks James right on the jaw, glass flying into James' face and Wright's leg in the process!]

GM: OHHH!

[James goes down from the impact of the kick, new cuts opened on his face from the broken glass as Wright goes down, howling in pain as we spot a nasty cut on his leg.]

GM: Good god almighty! Wright kicked right THROUGH the damn glass! Both men are down! Both men are hurt!

[We cut back inside the ring where Claw is attempting to get Jack Lynch up for a superplex onto the barbed wire board but is having no success as Lynch hangs on to the ropes, preventing the lift...]

GM: Meanwhile, in the ring, Claw's trying to get Lynch up for that superplex!

BW: Lynch is fighting it, Gordo!

[Claw angrily steps to the top rope, perilously balanced as he throws a kneestrike into the jaw of Lynch, knocking his head back and freeing his grip from the ropes. Claw again looks for the superplex, his legs on the top rope on either side of the Iron Cowboy whose eyelids flutter for a bit...

...and then become crystal clear as he knows what comes next!]

GM: CLAW! CLAW ON THE KNEE! IRON CLAW ON THE KNEE!

[The crowd ROARS as Lynch digs his fingers into the pressure points surrounding Tiger Claw's kneecap!]

GM: We've seen this before! This is how he beat Wright last year! This is how-

[Tiger Claw, howling in pain, grabs Lynch by the hair, repeatedly driving palm strikes into Lynch's eye area...]

GM: OH! OHHH! OHHHHH!

[Claw switches to a two-handed grip on Lynch's hair, smashing his skull into the Iron Cowboy's at high velocity and dangerous impact!]

GM: HEADBUTT AFTER HEADBUTT BY TIGER CLAW... BUT JACK LYNCH IS HANGING ON TO THAT KNEE!

[Tiger Claw uses the grip on the hair to drag Lynch to a standing position as well, first on the middle buckle and then on the top rope as Lynch finally lets go of Claw's knee. Both men are standing on the top rope, fighting for their balance as the crowd buzzes with concern...]

...and Lynch returns fire with a headbutt of his own, stunning Tiger Claw!]

GM: Oh!

[Claw looks staggered as Lynch grabs him, steadying both men...]

...and then wraps his hand around Claw's skull!]

GM: IRON CLAW ON THE TOP ROPE!

BW: Are you kidding me?!

GM: HE'S GOT THE CLAW ON! HE'S GOT THE IRON CLAW ON-

[And Tiger Claw, sensing only one escape, wraps his arms around Lynch's body...]

GM: NO!

[...and LEAPS off, twisting around...]

GM: NOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[...and both Claw and Lynch SLAM DOWN ONTO THE BARED WIRE WRAPPED BOARD!]

GM: AHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[The crowd EXPLODES in reaction to the horrific-looking moment, both men howling in pain upon impact. The camera wheels around, catching the anguished expression on the faces of both men as Claw rolls free from the skin-tearing wire, blood streaming from several new cuts on his body as he rolls to the floor.]

GM: Claws out!

[A pain-filled Lynch rolls out after him, collapsing to the floor nearby.]

GM: Lynch is out as well!

[With all four men outside the ring, the crowd is absolutely roaring at this point, on their feet paying homage to the epic battle they've seen so far...]

...and then somehow get even louder, erupting into jeers as Casey James, absolutely soaked in blood, rises to his feet, crawling on his hands and knees under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: The Blackheart's in! The Blackheart climbing off the mat...

BW: He's the last man standing!

[DEAFENING, EARSPLITTING ROAR!]

GM: OH, I DON'T THINK SO!

[The Louisiana crowd is going out of their friggin' minds as Supreme Wright rises, also bloody, also battered, also beaten...

...but not broken. Not by a long shot. Wright crawls under the ropes as well, pushing up to his knees, staring into the eyes of Casey James as the former World Champion, Hall of Famer, and King of the damn Death Match looks him up and down.]

GM: HERE! WE GO! AGAIN!

[Wright pushes up off the mat, staring across the ring at the Blackheart who smiles a bloody grin, spitting a wad of crimson onto the mat before tiredly, weakly extending his arms...

...and flashing a double middle finger at Supreme Wright to a big negative response from the crowd!]

GM: DEFIANT! CASEY JAMES DEFIANT ALL THE WAY TO THIS... THE END OF ALL THINGS!

[A weary Wright shakes his head, stumbling forward towards James, winding up and throwing a big elbowstrike...]

GM: Ohhh!

[James recoils, falling back a step...

...and returns fire with a mighty haymaker that puts Wright on a knee!]

GM: Oh! James with a little more behind that punch right now!

[James sneers, grabbing Wright by the head, pulling him to his feet...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[The three lightning quick slaps have James reeling, spinning in a circle away from Wright who hoists him off the mat, lifting the three hundred plus pounds up into a torture rack...]

GM: RACK! HE'S GOT HIM HIM! IT'S TIME TO REIGN...

[Wright shoves James skyward, dropping to his back with his legs raised as James CRASHES down across bent knees!]

GM: ...SUPREME!

[Wright rolls to his side, throwing an arm across James' heaving chest.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KICKOUT! KICKOUT! THE SON OF A BITCH KICKS OUT! MY GOD!

BW: Mine too.

[Wright rolls off, staring up at the lights as James' chest heaves faster and faster, trying to pull oxygen into his depleted lungs...

...and slowly, a chant starts up again.]

"SU-PREME!"
clapclapclap

"SU-PREME!"
clapclapclap

"SU-PREME!"
clapclapclap

"SU-PREME!"
clapclapclap

"SU-PREME!"
clapclapclap

[And for perhaps the first time in a long time, the cheers of the fans seem to fill Supreme Wright's weary, battered body with something.

Call it a second wind.

Call it motivation.

Call it inspiration.

But Supreme Wright feels it.

And Supreme Wright rises again, looking down on James.]

GM: James to his knees... James trying to get to his feet!

[Wright steps forward, grabbing the bloodied James by the hair, hauling him up to his feet, staring him dead in the eyes...

...and grabs a front facelock, slowly turning James over so that they are back to back...]

GM: We know what's coming!

[Wright abruptly lets go of the setup, swinging his torso around, elbow cocked and flying...]

GM: DUCKED!

[...and the suddenly swift James ducks under the rolling elbow attempt, snatching an inverted facelock...]

GM: JAMES HOOKS HIM!

[...and James SLAMS an downward hammer fist into the heart of Wright!]

GM: OHHHHH!

BW: Was that...?! Was that a Blackheart Punch?!

GM: Some kind of variation! Not a straight punch but a hammerfist and- Wright's out! He's done!

[A sneering James staggers backward, flashing a double middle finger at the jeering crowd. He slowly turns, making sure to flip off every single person in the Superdome... yes, even children.]

GM: James is wasting time here... wasting valuable time...

BW: But if I'm judging right, he's got all the time in the world, Gordo! Supreme Wright ain't moving at all!

[A smirking James holds up one finger, shouting "ONE MORE TIME!"]

GM: Oh god.

[James does it again... "ONE MORE TIME!"]

GM: The Blackheart says he's gonna do it again!

[James stomps his foot in rhythm...]

"ONE... MORE... TIME!"

"ONE... MORE... TIME!"

"ONE... MORE... TIME!"

[The crowd responds with an overwhelming blast of jeers, causing James to snarl at them with a loud...]

"YOU CAN ALL GO OFF AND FU-"

[We get silence for a moment as James lets another blast of obscenities go before he grabs Wright off the mat, dragging him up to his feet, steadying him in front of him...]

GM: He's going for the old Blackheart Punch! The original version!

BW: Wright's out on his feet, Gordo! He's helpless!

[...but as James rears back his right hand, fist coiled as tightly as it can be, ready to strike the heart of his helpless victim...

...we quickly recall that never... never... is Supreme Wright truly helpless.]

GM: BLACKHEART PUNCH!

[The punch comes rocketing towards Wright... perhaps a little slower than usual thanks to the blood loss and James' lack of cardio...

It's still coming and coming hard.

It's still aimed at the dark heart of Supreme Wright, hoping to strike a final blow that will end the match in the Syndicate's favor.

But Supreme Wright is moving... and he's moving fast, his hand shooting up...]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[Wright grabs James' wrist with his right hand, slowing the Blackheart Punch even more as he brings up his left hand to meet James' fist, wrenching his fingers apart and intertwining his fingers.]

There's a flash of a smile in Wright's face as James' face turns to a mix of shock and horror... knowing all too well what's about to happen.

Wright violently twists James' wrist as he's done before, bending down and bringing James' hand down to the canvas...

...and then VICIOUSLY STOMPS the fingers!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LIKE SON, LIKE FATHER!

[James cries out, screaming in pain as he grabs at his mangled fingers. But Supreme Wright is not done, stepping in behind James. He grabs James' left arm, hammerlocking it behind him and then Wright uses his legs to immobilize the trapped limb as he reaches out, grabbing James' right wrist, pulling back on it...]

GM: OH MY GOD!

BW: WE'VE SEEN THIS BEFORE TOO!

GM: WRIGHT'S GOT THE ARM! WRIGHT'S GOT THE ARM!

[Wright throws a glance out to Theresa Lynch, a slight smirk on his face...]

...and then SNAPS BACK ON THE TRAPPED ARM!]

"AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The cries of Casey James as his arm snaps in the grip of Supreme Wright fills the air, practically overwhelming the reaction of the crowd... a reaction that is quite different than when they saw Wright do the same thing a year ago to Bobby O'Connor.]

GM: HE BROKE IT! HE BROKE HIS DAMN ARM!

[Wright steps back, watching James roll around in pain on the mat. The audio cuts out several times as James swears up a storm, eventually rolling to his knees, looking up at Supreme Wright who stands over him...]

GM: James' arm is hanging there at his side. He's at the mercy of Supreme Wright!

[Wright stares down at the bloodied, kneeling, and BEATEN Casey James who looks up defiantly. He says something, blood dribbling from his mouth onto the mat as he does.]

GM: What did he say? What could he possibly have to say at-

"FINISH IT!"

[James' defiant cry lands on Wright's ears as Wright slowly nods.]

"FINISH IT, YOU GODDAMNED COWARD!"

[Yep. That one slips past the censors as James stares up at Wright who lifts his right hand, index and middle fingers pressed together and thumb extended like a gun.

He slowly lowers his hand, pressing the "barrel" between the eyes of the Blackheart who lowers his head expectantly...

...and then Wright goes into a wickedly rapid spin, SMASHING the back of his fist into James' temple, knocking the bloodied Blackheart to the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SPINNING BACKFIST! OHHHHH MYYYY STARRRRRRS!

[Wright drops to his knees, wrapping up James' legs as he dives onto him.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd ROARS... almost an exhausted exaltation at the war they just saw. Supreme Wright sits on the canvas, stoic as the crowd cheers. A few moments later, Jack Lynch crawls into the ring, a nasty wound on his left arm bleeding badly as he tries to wrap a towel around it.]

GM: What a battle. What a war.

BW: I'm exhausted, Gordo.

GM: Think how they feel, Bucky.

[Lynch crawls across the mat, letting loose a deep sigh as he collapses next to his partner. Wright lifts his hand...

...and pats Jack Lynch on the shoulder, nodding his head at a job well done as the crowd cheers louder.]

GM: They made it, Bucky. They survived this match as a team.

BW: That's shocking on its own, Gordo. Look at 'em.

GM: Covered in blood. Physically beaten and God knows what else... but they've done it. They've won. And they've defeated one of the most dangerous forces in the history of our sport.

[From outside the ring, Tiger Claw drags Casey James under the ropes by the ankle, slinging James' unbroken arm over his shoulder as he starts to head up the aisle. Claw throws a glare at the ring as Lynch pushes up to his feet, offering his hand to Wright who happily accepts the assist to his feet.

A moment later, the cheers intensify as Theresa Lynch slides into the ring, rushing across to embrace her brother. Jack smiles, patting his little sister on the head with a whispered, "It's okay. We did it." Lynch steps back, nodding towards Wright. Theresa looks at Wright, a soft "You okay?" coming from her, getting a nod from the Louisiana native...

...and then she throws herself into a huge embrace of the two-time former champion.]

GM: Oh my! What a moment here in New Orleans!

[Theresa embraces Wright for several long moments, the crowd on their feet cheering the public display of affection as Jack strides towards the duo, a grin on his face...

...and extends his hand towards his partner once more.

Supreme Wright looks down at Theresa, his arm still around her...

...and then accepts the handshake, shaking Jack's hand to another huge cheer!]

GM: And this moment keeps on getting better, fans! The Lynches and Supreme Wright are standing tall on this night in the Superdome! On this night, SuperClash belongs to them!

[Theresa peels away, looking concerned at wounds on both men. They both try to assure her they're okay as she steers them towards the ropes, ushering them to exit out to the floor. The fans are still roaring for the trio as they start to make their way back up the aisle as well...

...and we fade to the backstage area where acting AWA Director of Operations Jon Stegglet is standing alongside Sweet Lou Blackwell, a shocked expression on both of their faces.]

SLB: Going into tonight's action at SuperClash, I think we all expected one heck of a war between those two teams but... uh... well, that was beyond my expectations, Mr. Stegglet.

[Stegglet smiles.]

JS: I've seen James and Claw do that kind of thing to EACH OTHER before, Lou. Nothing surprises me where they're concerned... and Jack... and Supreme... whew. What a night.

SLB: And yet, one more match remains.

[Stegglet's smile fades as he nods solemnly.]

JS: Yeah. One more match.

SLB: There's a lot at stake in this one.

JS: I think that's putting it mildly, Lou. Juan Vasquez has meant the world to this company... and win, lose, or draw, he's out the door after this night is over. Ryan Martinez is the present and future of this company... but you have to wonder if that neck would hold up if Vasquez gets him in another piledriver.

And then there's the World Title.

[Stegglet shrugs.]

JS: Hell, Lou... we don't even know if we'll have a World Champion employed by this company by the end of the night. If Vasquez wins, he'll walk out the door, take that title to the competition, and lay it on their doorstep. I've said it before, Lou - the AWA survived that once. I don't know if we survive it again.

[Stegglet sighs.]

JS: I don't know if we survive if the title born in the blood of James Monosso... and Calisto Dufresne... and Dave Bryant... and Supreme Wright... and Johnny Detson... and Jack Lynch...

And Ryan Martinez.

If that title goes away... I don't know what happens next.

[Stegglet's face changes, a new determination washing over him.]

JS: That's why it can't happen, Lou. That's why everything... EVERYTHING... is in the hands of Ryan Martinez and god knows that's a crappy thing to do to someone - to put that kind of pressure on them. But that's the situation we're in. That's the situation he's in.

He can do it, Lou. I know he can.

[Stegglet closes his eyes for a moment, giving a final nod.]

JS: He's going to do it.

[The AWA owner slaps Lou on the shoulder with a grin.]

JS: Count on it.

[And with that, Stegglet makes his exit as we fade to another part of the backstage area where Mark Stegglet stands, alone for the moment.]

MS: When he hired me, my uncle impressed upon me the need to be objective. To let everyone have their say and to not judge them. And I have tried to do just that. But the man about to join me? He's as true a friend as any I've ever made. He and I came up together. Its been my honor to be the man holding the microphone as he speaks. Objectivity be damned...

[Stegglet stands up a bit straighter.]

MS: He's a man that I hope, when this is all over, I can call "champ" once again. Ladies and gentlemen... Ryan Martinez.

[As Stegglet beckons, into the frame steps former World Television Champion, former World Heavyweight Champion, and the AWA's White Knight, Ryan Martinez. Martinez is dressed, surprisingly, in black. A black compression shirt and a pair of loose-fitting black workout pants. Martinez' dark hair is matted to his head with sweat, and perspiration pours down his flushed face, as the son of a Hall of Famer has clearly gotten one last workout in. His face is covered by a shaggy beard, but his brown eyes are clear, and filled with the burning spirit that made him a champion.]

MS: Mr. Martinez, Ryan... I don't think anyone, least of all you, needs me to talk about the stakes tonight. To say that everything is on the line is understatement.

[Martinez nods his head.]

RM: You're right Mark. It all comes down to this - can I stop Juan Vasquez, the man who broke my neck and nearly stole my career. Or will he continue to do what the Axis has done all night?

Does the World Heavyweight title stay here in the AWA? Or is it lost forever?

That's a heavy thing Mark. And don't think I can't feel the weight of it. Don't think I don't know that everyone's got questions. Is this bad shoulder, is this bad neck enough to carry the weight?

[Martinez lowers his eyes, scratching his chin, avoiding answering his own questions.]

RM: In a couple of minutes, Mark, I'm going to go to the locker room. I'm going to wash the sweat off my body, and I'm going to dress myself in gold and white, and then, I'm going to step out onto that ramp. And right here, in the Superdome, I'm going to walk straight into hell.

And while I'm getting ready, everyone is going to hear Juan Vasquez speak. Now I don't know exactly what he's going to say.

But I can guess.

He's going to tell you how great he is. He's going to tell you about how its been the Juan Vasquez era for at least a decade, and probably longer than that. He's going to tell you that the Woodshed is his kind of match.

He'll tell you that he's the king of the world, and that this is just another night for him that sees him facing just another victim.

Then he'll tell you about me.

[Martinez' eyes raise.]

RM: He'll call me nothing more than an over privileged kid who never earned anything he's gotten. He'll tell you about my bad neck. He'll tell you how he's beaten me before, and how all of his buddies have done the same.

But Vasquez... there isn't anyone on earth who knows my flaws better than I do.

The year began with the sound of my cracking vertebrae filling my ears, and then me counting lights as everything I worked so hard for was stolen away from me. And this year... it hasn't been easy. I've lost more than I've won.

I've had to look myself in the mirror every morning, and I've had to think about all that was taken from me.

All that I lost because I wasn't good enough.

Any man who wants to tell me that I failed them, I'll look them in the eyes and tell them they're right. That I have.

It's the hardest thing in the world – being honest with yourself. Learning your limitations, owning your failures. I've had to watch as every illusion was torn away.

This year saw me broken down, and just plain broken.

And then there's you, Vasquez.

[Brown eyes begin to burn as Martinez contemplates his opponent.]

RM: You are everything that you say you are. You are a man who stepped into every arena and owned it. A man who has been to the top of every single mountain. You are a legend, Vasquez. You are the name, and the man that will be the measuring stick of success that all others will be measured again.

You are one of only two men that has a legitimate claim to being called the greatest of all time.

So what chance do I have?

[A hand goes through Martinez' wet hair and he exhales, lips curling at one corner into a surprisingly confident expression.]

RM: You think you know the Woodshed. And maybe you do, Vasquez. Its true enough that I've never been in that structure. And it's true enough that I'm the hothead who agreed to enter the most match in existence against a very violent man. But I do know something about the Woodshed.

I know that in the Woodshed, a man has to meet himself.

Vasquez, you are a legend. But look at you right now. Surrounded by cronies and sycophants. Drunk on your own ego. Convinced that everything you touch will turn to gold. You rest on your past glories, and you count every perceived slight.

Some say you've fallen, Vasquez, but I know the truth. The truth that you don't want to face. You never fell, Vasquez.

You've been corrupt from the beginning.

You've never been a good man. You've been a man hiding his true face behind a mask. You wore the mantle of People's Hero without ever being one. You gave them a good story, but that all you gave them. Everything else was you taking. Taking their cheers. Taking their love, and always expecting more from them. Thinking that they owed you.

You've never wanted to serve, only to be served.

And the moment the mask slipped. The moment the praise you got did not match the praise you wanted, you turned. Not against those who cheered for you. You turned into the petty, spiteful, little man that you've always been.

And while I've been looking at myself, all you've been doing is looking at everyone else. Looking at what the other members of the Axis could give you. Looking at the accomplishments of those who wouldn't bend the knee to you and feeling the same petty jealousy usually reserved for a toddler.

You may be a legend as a wrestler, but as a man... you're still a child. You've never grown. You've never been able to get past yourself. And now, here you are, poisoned by yourself. Curdled and rotting from the inside.

I've done what you never had the courage to do – I've faced my flaws. I've looked at myself and listed every fault within me. I've come to accept that I wasn't good enough.

And that, Vasquez, is how I know that I'll win.

[Martinez inhales slowly, breathing out at the same speed.]

RM: You don't become strong by lying to yourself. You don't eliminate weakness by denying it.

I had to lose everything, and I own my losses before I could get here. I had to be broken down before I could be rebuilt.

But here I am, Vasquez.

I accepted that I wasn't good enough, and then I had the courage to let men like Supreme Wright and Roosevelt Wright make me good enough. I let go of all ego, and that's why I am here right now.

And you? What are you, Vasquez? You're as brittle as your ego. You think this is the next chapter in the legend of Juan Vasquez.

But what you don't realize is that this is the last chapter.

You are a legend, Vasquez, I'll give you that. But do you know what every legend has in common?

They all end.

That's what tonight is for you, Vasquez. The end. The end of the legend. The end of the lies you've told yourself.

I've failed before. But tonight is not the night I fail. I'm ready for you, in body, mind and soul. I am where I need to be. I've done the work, and I know how to beat you.

Tonight is the night that you step out of the spotlight, and into that same place that all legends go.

And if you won't do it with the grace that my father did... then I'll send you there on a stretcher, covered in your own blood.

MS: I have to ask you this. What do you say to the people who've been watching tonight? Who have seen Jordan Ohara fall to Derrick Williams? Who've watched Maxim Zharkov destroy your father, and then come back and destroy Travis Lynch? What do you say to people who are either losing, or have lost, their faith?

[Martinez takes a deep breath and lifts his head high. Standing with his feet firm and his shoulders squared, the White Knight looks directly into the camera, into the eyes and the souls of all those who ever believed in his words. People who saw him fight the Wise Men. Who watched him conquer Caleb Temple. And who now, one more time, need him to overcome the forces of darkness.]

RM: The most important thing any man, woman or child can do is keep the faith, Mark. I know its hard. Nothing is harder than keeping hope in your heart as forces gather against you.

But I tell you this – I have faith.

I have faith that the phoenix will rise from the ashes, reborn and greater than ever. I have faith that the legend of Alex Martinez will live forever. I have faith that Travis Lynch will reclaim the title he held so honorably.

And I have faith in all of the people here in the Superdome and watching at home. Faith that I can prove myself worthy of their faith.

I won't enter the Woodshed alone, Mark. I enter the Woodshed with the same spirit that brought Jack Lynch and Supreme Wright together. The spirit that gave them everything they needed to triumph over the Syndicate.

And like I said before. There are two men who could claim the title of Greatest of All Time. One of them is Juan Vasquez.

And I have the blood of the other one flowing in my veins.

It is so easy to lose faith. So easy to succumb to hopelessness and despair. But I don't see the failure Mark.

I see good men and good women standing up. Fighting to their last. And I see that even if they haven't all won tonight, that Next Gen, Supernova, David Ortiz, Jack Lynch and Supreme Wright have all overcome what seemed like impossible odds.

And I am telling you that tonight ends not with despair, but hope. Tonight, here in the Superdome, we will have victory, not defeat.

This is not the end. This is the beginning. This is not the long night. This is the new dawn. I swear to you, I will not lose. I swear to you, Juan Vasquez will not walk out with victory or the World Title.

We are at the end, not of the AWA, but of the poisoned legend of Juan Vasquez.

[Breathlessly, Mark Stegglet speaks one last time.]

MS: Say the words.

[Martinez nods.]

RM: Count on it!

[We fade from the challenger...

...and up to a shot inside the dressing room of The Axis. There, we see the entire group gathered: MAWAGA, Derrick Williams, The Hunters, the newly crowned AWA National Champion Maxim Zharkov ...and the AWA World Heavyweight Champion himself, Juan Vasquez.

Vasquez is wearing a stylized black military peacoat, presumably part of his entrance gear, left unopened to reveal the AWA World Heavyweight title strapped around his waist. He wears black leather tights, knee pads, and boots.]

JV: The World Title. The National Title. Undefeated in every single match. Outfighting and outmaneuvering the rest of the AWA at every single turn.

Who could have saw this coming?

[Juan grins.]

JV: WE saw it coming.

[He points his thumbs to The Axis standing behind him.]

JV: To say that tonight has gone beyond our wildest expectations would be a gross exaggeration. Because tonight has gone EXACTLY the way we planned it. And now, all that's left to do, is for the greatest to ever do it, to step into the most dangerous structure allowed in professional wrestling and put an end to Alex Martinez' pride and joy for good.

[Juan paces around a little, gathering his thoughts.]

JV: Amigo, I've got so much to get off my chest. Where to begin, where to begin...

[And he stops. He's ready.]

JV: The first time I my laid eyes on you, chico, you must've been 'bout ten or eleven years old. A skinny little brat running around backstage in the land of extreme, while his daddy was selling out arenas all around the world. Little did I know then, but one day Alex Martinez' son would be coming for my head. The designated savior of a wrestling promotion that's already found its salvation by the man who has always been its savior.

To quote someone close to us both, brat...

...you don't belong here.

[A sneer.]

JV: But **I** do.

[He points a finger to his chest.]

JV: SuperClash. The Main Event. All eyes on me.

This is EXACTLY where I belong.

[He nods his head confidently.]

JV: Sure, they can spread their fake news and tell the world that I'm a liability. That I'm out of control. That I'm a toxic presence slowly killing the AWA. That I'm the one to blame if the AWA goes under. But the fact is...

...you need me.

Wrestling needs me. The fans need me. The AWA NEEDS me.

[In the background, we can hear Riley Hunter yell, "That's right!"]

JV: This is my final match in the AWA, win, lose or draw?

[A smirk.]

JV: You wish.

Sorry, but you've got the wrong legendary Latino ubermensch. The one you're looking for? The one that's lost whatever magic he had left inside the ring? The one that's gone and never coming back?

[Juan looks over his shoulder to give Zharkov a quick glance, before turning back towards the camera.]

JV: He already lost miserably tonight to one of the greatest men I know.

Me? I ain't going anywhere.

[A chuckle.]

JV: They try to tell you that I'm too old. Too bitter. Too past my prime to stay in the spotlight. They lie to you and tell you I'm selfishly holding onto my spot. That I'm a relic that needs to gracefully make way for the future.

[A frown.]

JV: Isn't that what I'm already doing?

[Juan slaps himself in the forehead.]

JV: Oh, wait...I guess I was supposed to make way for the future that THEY wanted! Sorry. But Juan always did know what's best for all of you...and Jordan Ohara ain't it.

[Behind Vasquez, we see Derrick Williams grinning and saying, "Amen to that!"]

JV: Don't believe me? Then who are you going to believe? Them, or your very own eyes?

[He sweeps a hand behind him, gesturing towards The Axis.]

JV: 'Cause it seems to me, I've surrounded myself with, nurtured and helped grow the best young talent in this sport. It seems to me, in the twentieth year of my career, I just had one of the greatest individual years that ANYONE has EVER had.

...and it's only going to get better.

[A wicked smile forms on his face.]

JV: This ain't the end. This ain't even the BEGINNING of the end. THIS...is just the beginning of something amazing and wonderful.

I'm not Alex Martinez. I'm too smart to be. My body never broke down 'cause I was smart enough to take care of it. My time isn't over because I've still got so much left to accomplish. I'm not riding off into the sunset because I have no reason to. Since the last SuperClash, I've spent 365 days showing and proving to the world that not only does Juan Vasquez still got it, I've shown the world that there isn't anyone else out there that even comes close to having what I got.

[He pats the World Heavyweight Title around his waist for emphasis.]

JV: But you want to take this away from me, don't you? You want me to just lay down and die and let whatever dumb kid you've anointed take the keys to the kingdom. Sorry amigo, but that this is a kingdom that doesn't belong to you. That...

[A quick glance over to Derrick Williams.]

JV: ...FUTURE was already decided.

[Williams smirks.]

JV: But I'll spread their little propaganda again... win, lose or draw, this is my final match in the AWA?

Don't make me laugh.

What is the AWA without Juan Vasquez?

Nothing. Absolutely nothing.

Because the simple fact is... Juan Vasquez IS the AWA.

[He closes his eyes.]

JV: Try to imagine an AWA without Juan Vasquez. Try to imagine a future without me to lead and show you dumb kids the way. Just try.

[He pauses for a moment, before his eyes snap open.]

JV: You can't, can you?

Because without me, there is no AWA. Without me, it may as well cease to exist.

Listen up and listen good, son of Alex.

You're not just fighting Juan Vasquez, the greatest wrestler in the history of this sport, amigo. You're fighting the history of professional wrestling itself. You're fighting its tradition. You're fighting its legacy. You're fighting the very heart and soul of the company and sport you're telling the world that you're trying to defend.

And more importantly, you're telling the world that you, Alex's little brat...YOU...

...are the better man.

[A sigh.]

JV: Twenty years, kid. Twenty years. I've searched high and low for that better man for TWENTY years and I'll tell it to you now...

...that man does not exist.

I thought it was your daddy, but your dear papi just kept getting older and I just kept getting better.

[He almost sounds apologetic about it.]

JV: But if that better man does exist? It sure as hell isn't you.

No matter what you think of me, my friends or my actions this past year, this one thing remains true...

...I'm Juan Vasquez.

I came into this sport in the era of blood and guts, hardcore and extreme. I was torn apart by barbed wire and I was literally baptized by fire. And I survived. And I thrived. Because there's one thing I got more than anyone else in this world.

[He taps a finger to his chest.]

JV: There's no quit in this body. There's no quit in this soul. And nothing has changed that fact.

And that's frightening to you, ain't it?

[He leans in closer towards the camera and grins.]

JV: 'Cause it's the hero that's supposed to be brave. It's the hero that's supposed to be strong and courageous. It's the hero that's supposed to fight and survive and persevere over every obstacle in his way.

And I'll admit it, you're all those things Mister "White Knight".

You're brave. You're strong. You're courageous. You fight hard as hell for what you believe in and even though I gave you a broken neck, you found a way to survive and come back at me.

But still...you're no Juan Vasquez.

[He cackles.]

JV: After all, just who do you think is the hero of this story, amigo?

[He puts a hand over his mouth, whispering as if he's telling us a big secret.]

JV: The same person it's ALWAYS been.

[And slowly, he points a finger towards himself and smiles.]

JV: Like I said... you don't belong here.

[Juan inhales deeply and exhales, happily.]

JV: A fact that will be all-too obvious, when we step into the Woodshed.

[He looks into the camera, staring straight at it, speaking directly to Ryan Martinez, now.]

JV: You won't be the end of me. Legends and heroes like me? We get to write our endings. We get to decide our futures. We get to say when it'll be the end of our story.

And it won't be today.

It won't be today.

[He slowly shakes his head.]

JV: I'll be around long after tonight. I'll be here to see these men standing behind me become champions. I'll be here to see them fulfill their destinies. I'll be here to make sure the AWA will have a long, prosperous, glorious future. Because you NEED me to make it happen.

But it's the end of the line for you, Ryan Martinez.

And that's all there is... to it.

[And with that, Juan Vasquez turns away from the camera and begins to leave. However, the massive Maxim Zharkov places a hand on his shoulder, stopping him.]

MZ: Tovarishch.

[Zharkov holds up his steel Russian chain - still damp and red with blood... the blood of Alex Martinez - and hands it to Vasquez.]

JV: Spasibo, tovarisch.

[Juan turns to The Axis - to Maxim Zharkov, to MAWAGA, to Riley Hunter, to Jackson Hunter, and to Derrick Williams - he stares at his army, addressing them one final time.]

JV: Gentlemen.

[An all-too familiar, confident smirk forms on his face.]

JV: I'll see you on the other side.

[And with that, Vasquez heads off into battle. Fade to black.]

We fade up from black to a shot of the ring... more specifically, to what is hanging above it. The chiming church bells that mean the beginning of AC/DC's rock anthem "Hells Bells" sound out over the PA system as a series of spotlights begin circling, lighting up the massive steel cage structure as it slowly starts to lower from a special superstructure assembled over the ring.]

GM: There it is. One match left. One final battle. And an absolute hellscape serving as the battleground. People who have been around this sport a long time - myself and Bucky included - say this structure houses one of the most dangerous matches in this sport. Perhaps even THE most dangerous. It's been many years since the Woodshed has housed a professional wrestling showdown. Tonight, that streak is broken... and Lord knows what else gets broken in the process.

[The ripping electric guitars join the bells as the fans are roaring for the war still to come. The spotlights are still dancing all over the cruel and unusual punishment that is the Woodshed.]

GM: This match is one year in the making. It was one year ago that Ryan Martinez successfully defended his World Title against Hannibal Carver and while celebrating his victory, Juan Vasquez betrayed him... betrayed us all... and set us on this course. It could only end here, fans. It could only end like this. And for Juan Vasquez and the AWA... this truly is the end.

BW: Or maybe it's the end of Ryan Martinez, Gordo. Maybe Vasquez will pick him up for that piledriver one more time, drop him on that stack of dimes he calls a neck and make change in the process. Maybe Juan Vasquez is immortal and no matter what happens here tonight, he'll live forever.

GM: His legacy will, that's for sure. And this night will go a long way to showing us just what that legacy will be. He is no longer the man who came to this company saying he wanted to be the hero we were looking for. He's a shell of that man. Perhaps he never truly was that man to begin with. But Juan Vasquez's career is synonymous with being the greatest pro wrestler on the planet. He believes that honor still belongs to him... but there's one man standing in his way. Vasquez. Martinez. The Woodshed. Rebecca Ortiz... for one more time tonight... take it away!

[We cut to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is actually looking up at the Woodshed hanging above her as it lowers into position. She gives a slight shake of the head as she raises the mic.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with no countouts, no disqualifications, and no time limit.

[Big cheer!]

RO: It will be held inside... THE WOODSHED!

[Ortiz throws her arm up with a flourish to even louder cheers.]

RO: AND IT IS FOR THE AWA WORRRRRRRRRRRRLD CHAMPIONSHIIIIIIIP!

[Ortiz lowers the mic as the crowd roars once again.]

The lights in the Superdome go black, and as the crowd settles into a restless murmur, six spotlights project from overhead into the capacity crowd, more than seventy five thousand people gathered to witness this, the culmination of AWA's 2016.

The spotlights highlight diverse groups of people – men and women of every age and ethnicity, gathered together, each holding a songbook, their voices lifting together in song.]

#Do you hear the people sing,
singing a song of angry men#

[There is a flash of light on the video wall above the entrance, and then we see the incongruous sight of a sink. On the edge of the sink is a razor and a can of shaving cream, and in the sink itself are the remnants of a black beard. The music continues, the voice of the chorus rising in intensity and passion.]

#It is the music of a people who will not be slaves again,
When the beating of your heart echoes the beating of the drums
There is a life about to start when tomorrow comes.#

[The scene in the video walls cuts to a locker room, and the bare back of a man hunched over. His face is obscured, but the white and gold trunks, as well as the white gloves he pulls on give his identity away. The figure rises, his back still to the camera, and pulls a white leather ring jacket off of a peg that sits in the center of the wall, pulling it over his bare torso before he strides towards the door. As he opens it, he is bathed in golden light. And still the voices in the crowd grow louder.]

#Will you join in our crusade
Who will be strong and stand with me?
Beyond the barricade is there a world you long to see,
Then join in the fight that will give you the right to be free!#

[Shot from behind, the camera seems to rest just above his shoulder, as he walks out into the backstage area. There, gathered on both sides, are all of the AWA's heroes.

Supernova, his facepaint peeling away, but his smile bright, his hands clapping in encouragement.

Jordan Ohara, looking dejected but not demoralized, his eyes burning with the fire of the Phoenix.

Jack Lynch, who tips his white cowboy hat in honor of his friend.

Supreme Wright, stoic, offering only a single nod of approval.

And Alex Martinez. Bloody but proud, his eyes watery, the pride he's invested in his son immeasurable.

He walks past each, and then stops before the doorway, lifting his head, taking in a deep breath and exhaling slowly, head bobbing from one side to the next.

The floodlights open over the crowd, taking stock of every person in the Superdome. Some worried, many more hopeful, all of them looking to the demonic steel structure that has been erected around the ring.

And still the chorus sings, shouting the words now.]

#Will you give all you can give so that the banner may advance?
Some will fall and some will live,
Will you stand up and take the chance?#

[The lights begin to dim, and the song of the chorus takes on a hushed, reverent tone for the final verse.]

#Do you hear the people sing,
singing a song of angry men
It is the music of a people who will not be slaves again,
When the beating of your heart echoes the beating of the drums
There is a life about to start when tomorrow comes #

[Once more, the Superdome goes black.

And then, there is the faint tinkling of synth music.

As the drums begin, the video wall lights up again. The man behind the curtain's face is obscured in shadow, but he slaps his two fists together, in unison to the drumbeat.

As the crowd cheers, he lifts his head from the shadows. And there he is – clear eyed and clean shaven, bathed in the silver spotlight. Ryan Martinez. The son of a legend. A former World Champion, the man who held that title longer than any other man in AWA history. Once more, he exhales, and he takes the first step forward.

As he does, Thirty Seconds to Mars' "Vox Populi" begins in earnest, though Jared Leto's voice is completely drowned out by the sound of seventy five thousand voices joining together in the familiar refrain.]

This is a call to arms, gather soldiers
Time to go to war
This is a battle song, brothers and sisters
Time to go to war#

[The scene on the video wall is replaced by the White Knight's swords and shield logo, while red and blue fireworks erupt on either of the stage, while green lasers swirl over the crowd. Amidst the joyous cacophony, Ryan Martinez begins his walk down the aisle. As sparks illuminate his muscular frame, he looks out over the crowd. Clearly touched by the outpouring of love.]

Did you ever believe?
Were you ever a dreamer?
Ever imagine heart open and free?#

[To the ring, Martinez wears a long, white and red, sleeveless ring jacket, one that extends all the way to his ankles. The midsection of the ring jacket is cut out, sized in such a way as to frame the AWA World Heavyweight Title that he hopes to take home with him once more tonight.

The White Knight is clean shaven, his dark hair cut short and slicked back. White gloves that extend from wrist to fingertips cover his hands, and before he enters the ring, he stops on the ring steps and turns to the crowd, lifting his arms in the air, fingers splayed open, and hands locked together, to show the sword and shield logo done in gold and silver on the inside of his gloves.]

Ever want to be free?
Do you even remember?#

[Martinez draws a breath, and sheds his ring jacket, casting a look over the crowd, before he offers a solemn nod. Unsurprisingly, white is the dominant color in the White Knight's ring gear.

On his right elbow is a long white elbow pad, which goes from just below his shoulder to the middle of his forearm. His long white ring pants have on the right

leg, a pair of silver swords imposed over a shield of gold, while on the left leg are the letters "RM" in red, and done in an ornate, stylized gothic style script. His boots are white with white laces, though the soles are a glossy black color.]

Ever want to just stop?
Do you want to surrender?
Or fight for victory?#

[Resolute, Martinez casts no more backward glances as he enters the Woodshed, staring at the steel grates that will soon enough be painted with his blood. As he turns towards the aisle and awaits his opponent, "Vox Populi" plays its last strains.]

Here we are at the start, I can feel the beating of our hearts
Here we are at the start
Darkness falls, here comes the rain to wash away, the past and the names
Darkness falls, here comes the rain to end it all, the blood and the game#

[And abruptly, the audio and lights cut to black.

Several moments pass, the crowd buzzing with anticipation as they wait to see what comes next...

...and as the lights kick back on, all eyes turn towards the stage, where we see a large crowd of people - men, women, and children - all dressed in black jumpsuits with blank expressions on their faces, emerging from behind the curtains. They all walk about halfway up the aisle, before they too turn towards the video wall, where there is black...]

STATIC

[...and then footage from earlier this year of Juan Vasquez, with Maxim Zharkov and Jackson Hunter standing behind him, ranting to a hostile crowd.]

"I have influence. I have power. I have the ability to reach millions. But I don't choose to lie to you. I don't choose to deceive you. I just hope and pray that eventually you'll open your eyes and wake up to the truth just like I did:

The AWA is sick. The AWA is dying.

But we are going to save the AWA. And we will make it great again!"

STATIC

[We jump cut to another shot of Vasquez, staring directly into the camera.]

"What I do...I do out of love!"

STATIC

[Another jump cut to Vasquez from another time and another place.]

"I'm gonna' drain this filthy swamp of all the garbage polluting it. My AWA will be the greatest wrestling promotion this world's ever seen!"

[With that, the video wall goes dark, along with the rest of the Superdome, drawing a roar from the crowd. And with that, a dark choir sings...]

#KOR-AHHHHHH
#MAH-TAH
#KOR-AHHHHHH

#RAH-TAH-MAAAH

["Duel of the Fates" by Galactic Empire begins to play, as the video screen lights up once again, showing highlights from past year. Shots of Vasquez and the rest of the Axis of Evil wreaking havoc upon the AWA. Shots of Vasquez delivering piledrivers to Ryan Martinez. ...to Willie Hammer... to Sweet Daddy Williams ...to Louis Matsui ...to referee Ricky Longfellow intermixed with Vasquez' most violent moments, including brutally stabbing Alex Martinez with a fork and curb stomping Sweet Daddy Williams' face into the exposed concrete floor. It ends with a shot of Vasquez triumphantly holding the AWA World Heavyweight title as his cackling laughter echoes over the PA system...]

"HAHAHAHA!!!"

STATIC

[Darkness. And suddenly, a spotlight hits the stage. We hear a familiar voice, but this time, it's not a recording, it's live...]

"It's dark...and hell is hot."

[...and we see the infamous DMX, drawing a big cheer from the portion of the crowd that recognize the rapper as he performs "Ain't No Sunshine".]

#Ain't no sunshine when it's on
#Only darkness every day
#Ain't no sunshine when it's on
#Cuz when its on, ya gonna be gone
#Every time cuz we don't play

[Another spotlight hits the stage and this one draws the loudest boos of the night BY FAR. There, standing twenty feet in the air atop a raised white platform...an ivory tower, if you will, , bathed in white light, is the AWA World Heavyweight champion himself, Juan Vasquez.

The champion is wearing a black royal coronation robes with a dramatically huge sun king crown atop his head. Beneath his robes, we can see the AWA World Heavyweight title belt wrapped around his waist and Maxim Zharkov's Russian chain held in his right hand. Behind him, the video wall is in a frenzy, rapidly cycling through the words "HERO" "SAVIOR" "CHAMPION" "SUBMIT" and "OBEY"]

GM: Juan Vasquez, right where he thinks he belongs, above everyone else.

BW: It's hard to argue with that, Gordo. Look at the man's resume. All the World Titles, all the National Titles, the landmark feuds. Juan Vasquez IS the history book of professional wrestling... and tonight, he's out to prove that Ryan Martinez is nothing but a footnote.

[As the lights return inside the Superdome, the crowd of humanity standing in the aisle all genuflect in unison, bending the knee to their wrestling god emperor. A sadistic grin forms on Vasquez' face, as the platform begins to descend. Coming down from his ivory tower, Vasquez holds out his arms as if to allow us to bask in his glory, as the video wall now bears the words "IN JUAN WE TRUST".]

GM: Ryan Martinez watching from inside the ring. Watching this show of egocentric grandiosity. He's gotta be absolutely fuming, fans. For weeks, we've wondered what the Axis had in store for Martinez for this match. Would it be a strap? Would it be a dog collar? Instead, it's Zharkov's steel chain... the very chain that Zharkov used here tonight on Ryan's own father. The very chain that STILL has the dried blood of the legendary Last American Badass on it.

BW: It's a brilliant move by the Axis, Gordo. The last thing Martinez needs tonight is to fight on emotion... and they just made sure that's EXACTLY how he'll be fighting.

[Vasquez slaps hands with DMX, before he's joined at his side by Jackson Hunter. The duo make their way down the aisle, serenaded by DMX and deafening boos.]

GM: And when you hear the reaction of these New Orleans fans, it's hard to imagine that Juan Vasquez was once the hero of the masses here in the AWA. So very hard to believe it's even the same person at all.

[Vasquez shows no reaction to the fans' jeers, heading towards the ring with the briefcase-carrying Jackson Hunter jabbering away into his ear all the while.]

GM: You can see Jackson Hunter, the 2016 Steal The Spotlight contract winner earlier tonight, coming to the ring alongside Vasquez. Thankfully, this mammoth Woodshed structure which is in position will keep Hunter out.

BW: Thankfully, it keeps us out too, Gordo.

GM: You got that right. I have no desire at all to be inside this cage with these two men. All the hatred. All the bad blood. It's about to explode here in New Orleans and what better place to do it than the Main Event of SuperClash.

[Vasquez pauses at the entrance to the Woodshed, taking a long, hard look at the entire cell, slowly looking all the way up to the roof of it and then letting his gaze drift back down towards the challenger who is violently tugging at the ropes now, ready to burst into action at the slightest provocation. The World Champion turns towards Jackson Hunter, sharing a final fist bump with the leader of the Axis before Vasquez steps inside the steel.]

GM: AWA officials down there at ringside will go to work locking that door with chains and padlocks... and inside the ring, fans, you may notice a referee that doesn't look familiar to you.

[Cut inside the cell where an older man dressed in referee's stripes is speaking to Ryan Martinez. The man has some bulk on him and looks like he might have cracked some skulls as a youth.]

GM: Longtime fans may recognize him however as former EMWC official Mike Barnes. Barnes retired from the sport following the end of the EMWC but after every single AWA official refused to call this match after Vasquez' repeated abuses of officials in recent months, Jon Stegglet was forced to call in an old friend.

[Cut back to Vasquez as he climbs the ringsteps...

...and slowly lifts the steel chain - already secured to his wrist - into the air, showing off the dried blood of Alex Martinez as the White Knight fumes...]

GM: One final taunt from Vasquez before the bel-

[And without warning or hesitation, Ryan Martinez shoves Mike Barnes out of his way, rushing across the ring towards a surprised Vasquez who is still holding the World Title in his other hand, making him a sitting duck as Martinez storms him and BLASTS him between the eyes with a right hand!]

GM: OH!

[A second one causes Vasquez to drop the title belt on the apron as Martinez grabs him by the hair, yanking him over the ropes and throwing him down on the canvas!]

GM: Martinez brings him in over the top!

BW: That's not fair! The bell hasn't rung! Martinez doesn't even have the damn chain on yet!

[Vasquez scrambles up off the mat, the crowd roaring as Martinez lays into him with a heavy right hand... and another... and a third sends the World Champion spiraling backwards, falling into the corner.]

GM: The fists are flying on the Bayou! Martinez isn't throwing forearms, fans... he's not using his trademark chops either! These are closed fists and each and every blow is taking out some of a year's worth of frustration on Juan Vasquez!

BW: ILLEGAL closed fists, Gordo!

GM: Not in this one!

[With Vasquez back in the corner, Martinez grabs him by the arm, falling to a knee as he whips the World Champion from corner to corner...

...and then comes tearing across the ring after him, swinging his leg up...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: YAAAAAAKUUUUUUZAAAAAAA!

[Martinez backs off, the crowd on their feet sensing a title change as he shouts loudly. The former World Champion turns back towards Vasquez who stumbles out towards him. He buries a boot into the midsection, stepping forward to hook a front facelock at which point the Superdome crowd LOSES THEIR MINDS!]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM HOOKED!

BW: WHAT?!

GM: MARTINEZ IS GOING FOR IT! HE'S GONNA END IT NOW!

[The White Knight slings Vasquez' arm across his neck, positioning himself for a potential title-winning Brainbuster!]

GM: MARTINEZ LIFT-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH, COME ON!

[The crowd ERUPTS in jeers as Jackson Hunter - who had knocked an AWA official into the cage on the floor - slides into the ring and UNLOADS across the upper back of Martinez with the Steal The Spotlight briefcase!]

GM: JACKSON HUNTER CUTS OFF THE BRAINBUSTER! DAMN HIM!

[Vasquez slumps down to his knees as Martinez stumbles away from him. Hunter winds up, ready to lay in a second blow...

...which is when the challenger turns around, reaching up with both arms to block Hunter's shot!]

GM: UH OH!

[The anger-filled White Knight RIPS the briefcase out of Hunter's hands, flinging it across the ring where it skids under the ropes to the floor. He points a threatening finger at Hunter who immediately begins to beg for mercy, backing away slowly and shaking his head.]

BW: Get out of there, Jax!

GM: Ryan Martinez has had ENOUGH of this piece of Canadian filth, Jackson Hunter, and finally, he's gonna get his hands on him!

[Martinez surges towards Hunter who throws a desperation haymaker that Martinez easily blocks before using one of his own to send Hunter back into the corner.]

GM: Big right hand on Hunter!

BW: This match hasn't even started yet! Where the hell is security?!

[The former World Champion grabs Hunter by the arm, whipping him across the ring...]

GM: Hunter into the buckles - Martinez coming in hot!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: YAKUZA PART NIIIIIIIII!

[Martinez again steps back, beckoning a staggered and stumbling Jackson Hunter towards him.]

GM: Boot downstairs... Martinez hooks him!

[The crowd ROARS once more as Martinez appears set to deliver a Brainbuster to Jackson Hunter this time...

...when all hell breaks loose!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

BW: AXIS!

[The Superdome fans EXPLODE into deafening jeers at the sight of Maxim Zharkov, Riley Hunter, Derrick Williams, and MAWAGA hightailing it down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: HERE COMES TROUBLE FOR RYAN MARTINEZ!

BW: And since the bell hasn't rang yet, it's totally legal, Gordo!

[The American Ninja, Riley Hunter, is the first on the scene, coming through the cage door, diving under the ropes into the ring. Martinez sees him coming, shoving Riley's cousin aside...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...just in time to get DRILLED with the bicycle kneestrike!]

GM: INSTANT KARMA! INSTANT KARMA!

[Martinez collapses in a heap on the canvas as Hunter immediately dives on top of him, drilling him with haymakers. With Jackson Hunter and Juan Vasquez down on the mat, the ring quickly fills with Axis members joining the assault.]

GM: This is ridiculous! You're right, Bucky - where the HELL is security?!

BW: Oh, NOW we need them?!

[Williams is the next one through, joining his occasional tag team partner in stomping Martinez into the canvas. Then comes Zharkov. Then MAWAGA. And in mere moments, a four-on-one beatdown ensues with the Superdome crowd LOSING IT in anger!]

GM: MARTINEZ IS IN TROUBLE! THE AXIS HAS ARRIVED!

[But that beatdown is only a few moments old when...]

GM: OH YEAH!

[The crowd EXPLODES in cheers at the sight of Supernova, Jordan Ohara, Jack Lynch, and Supreme Wright hustling down the ramp.]

GM: HERE COMES THE CAVALRY! OH YEAH!

[The youthful Ohara is the first one into the cage, diving under the ropes. He comes to his feet and finds Riley Hunter moving in on him...]

GM: Big chop!

[Hunter goes down hard from the knife-edge chop, leaving a spot for Maxim Zharkov to step in...]

GM: Another chop!

[The crowd ROARS as Ohara's chop actually takes the new National Champion off his feet as well...]

...and then Derrick Williams pops in behind Ohara, swinging him around by the arm, snatching a three-quarter nelson!]

GM: FUTURE SHO-

[But this time, Ohara is ready for him, shoving Williams off into the ropes where he bounces back...]

...and Ohara UNCORKS a vicious knife-edge chop across the pectorals, knocking Williams off his feet as Ohara sinks to a knee, a determined look on his face as his former ally rolls out to the floor..

...where Jack Lynch grabs him by the hair and SLAMS Williams' face into the steel mesh!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Supernova slides into the ring on the other side just as Juan Vasquez gets up off the mat. The former friends immediately start trading blows but Supernova is

faster with his strikes, sending the World Champion staggering back across the ring...]

GM: Supreme Wright's tangled up with MAWAGA on the floor!

BW: Somebody leave a camera on that one - I'll pay fifty bucks right now!

[Supernova shoots Vasquez across the ring with an Irish whip, falling back into the corner with a SuperClash-sized howl that the New Orleans fans echo...

...and then sprints across, leaping into the air!]

GM: HEAT WAVE ON THE WORLD CHAMPION!

[The flying splash squashes Vasquez against the turnbuckles, causing him to slump to the canvas as Supernova bounces out, pounding on his chest, filled with adrenaline...

...which is when he sprints across the ring, leaping over the top rope with ease, and crashes down on top of Wright and MAWAGA!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SUPERNOVA TAKES OUT MAWAGA!

BW: He took out Wright too! He's out of control!

[And with the fans roaring for that action, Jordan Ohara grabs the top rope on the other side of the ring, slingshotting over the ropes onto Lynch and Derrick Williams!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OHARA WITH A DIVE OF HIS OWN!

[The Superdome is rocking as the Axis starts to peel away from the action inside the Woodshed, being forced up the aisle by the alliance of fan favorites. The fists and chops and forearms are still flying on the ramp.]

GM: Look at this fight! Look at this battle as the good guys try to even the odds for Ryan Martinez!

[Riley Hunter seems to be taking the lead at this point, shouting for a retreat as Williams heads back up the ramp. MAWAGA and Zharkov seem less agreeable with this decision but they're backing off as well, working their way towards the top of the ramp...]

GM: WAIT A SECOND! WAIT A SECOND!

[...where a surprise is waiting for them.]

GM: ALEX MARTINEZ AT THE TOP OF THE RAMP AND-

[The Last American Badass angrily swings MAWAGA around to face him, reaching out to grab him by the throat with both hands. The Suited Savage frantically flails on Martinez' arms, trying to break free...

...which is when Martinez lifts him high into the air!]

GM: FIREBOMB!

[A fired-up Martinez grabs Vasquez by the arm, whipping him across the ring to the far corner...]

GM: Vasquez hits the buckles... staggers out!

[Martinez ducks down, setting for a backdrop...]

GM: BACKDR-

[...but Vasquez pulls up, snaring a standing headscissors. He reaches down, looking to secure the body as the crowd ROARS in shock and horror.]

GM: HE'S GOING FOR THE PILEDIVER! HE'S GOING FOR-

[But Martinez has other ideas, straightening up and backdropping Vasquez up and over onto the canvas!]

GM: Martinez with the counter! Oh my!

BW: That was close, Gordo. That was REAL close.

[Martinez wheels around, dropping to his knees where he again starts raining down fists on the forehead of the World Champion!]

GM: Blow after blow landing on the skull of Juan Vasquez! His allies are gone. His propaganda is over! Now, it's time to pay the price for his sins over the past year!

[Climbing to his feet, Martinez wanders around the ring a little bit. As he circles back, he yanks Vasquez off the mat, shoving him back into the corner.]

GM: Back into the buckles goes Vasquez... and he's been spending a lot of time there so far.

BW: That's not where you want to be against Martinez. He's too dangerous with his striking, Gordo.

GM: He absolutely is and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts to one of Martinez' signature skin-blistering knife edge chops as it splashes across the chest of the World Champion.]

GM: What a chop by the challenger!

[Martinez winds up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Another hard chop! Vasquez is reeling!

[Martinez steps back for a moment, looking out on the cheering fans before he gives a nod, stepping back in...]

...which is when Vasquez lashes out, jabbing a thumb into the eye of the challenger!]

GM: OHH! Vasquez thumbed him in the eye! Cheap shot by the World Champion!

[A smirking Vasquez moves swiftly, sliding in behind Martinez, securing a rear waistlock...]

GM: Vasquez hooks him!

[...but Martinez deftly counters with a switch, ending up with a waistlock of his own!]

GM: Standing switch! Martinez has got Vasquez and-

[But the World Champion lunges forward, grabbing the ropes to prevent Martinez' lift.]

GM: He's got the ropes! Vasquez tangles himself up in the ropes to prevent-

[Martinez yanks again... and again... and again, trying to free Vasquez from the ropes and do some real damage...]

GM: Martinez continues to try and pull him free but Vasquez is hanging on for dear life, fans!

[Vasquez wildly shakes his head, refusing to let go of the ropes...

...and instead, swings his leg back, catching Martinez low with the heel of his boot!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LOW BLOW! LOW BLOW BY VASQUEZ!

[Still leaning on the ropes, Vasquez smirks at the jeering crowd, giving a shrug as he turns to face the downed Martinez.]

GM: And just like that, Juan Vasquez has turned the tide in this one.

[Vasquez moves over towards the downed Martinez, dragging him off the mat to his feet...

...and re-applies the rear waistlock.]

GM: Hooked!

[Vasquez lifts Martinez off the mat, throwing him violently down on the back of the neck with a released German Suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Gaaaaaah! Right down on the neck!

BW: That's right, Gordo. Right on the neck that put Martinez on the shelf for months and started every single bit of the worst year of the kid's career! You think that Juan Vasquez wouldn't LOVE to put Martinez back on the shelf in this - his final AWA match ever?! Hell, I wouldn't be surprised if he got a bonus from his next employer if he does it!

GM: Are you saying someone would PAY Juan Vasquez to injure Ryan Martinez?!

BW: I'm saying rival promoters did it all the time back in the old days... and I'm saying I wouldn't put it past Kai Alana to slip Vasquez a nice fat envelope to do it here tonight!

[Vasquez slowly climbs to his feet off the mat, looking down at Martinez who is already holding the back of his neck in obvious pain.]

GM: Look at the man. No mercy in him at all. Not one single bit.

[The champion quickly proves Gordon's assessment to be accurate as he leans down, grabbing the back of Martinez' tights, dragging him up to his feet...

...and promptly clubs him across the back of the neck with a forearm... and another... and a third sending Martinez down to his knees.]

GM: Vasquez beating the challenger off his feet, brutalizing that neck!

[But the champion promptly pulls him right back up into another waistlock...]

GM: Waistlock!

[Vasquez lifts Martinez into the air again, throwing him down on the back of his neck a second time!]

GM: Another German Suplex by the World Champion, continuing to assault the neck of his younger rival!

[Vasquez climbs back to his feet, arrogantly sauntering around the downed Martinez as the fans jeer his every footstep. His face twists in anger.]

"You want to boo me?! I'll give you something to boo!"

[The World Champion grabs the steel chain connected to his wrist, pulling the slack into his hand...]

GM: Oh no... he's got that chain and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE WHIPS MARTINEZ ACROSS THE BACK WITH IT! GOOD GRIEF!

[The challenger recoils in pain, grimacing as red welts rapidly start to form on his back. Vasquez nods approvingly, winding up again...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AGAIN WITH THE CHAIN ACROSS THE BACK!

BW: And now Ryan Martinez is learning the cold, hard truth about the Woodshed, Gordo. You can train with the best in the world. You can work out every day for months. You can feel like you're in the best shape of your life. And not a single bit of it matters when that door shuts and you're trapped in hell with someone who wants to end your career.

[Vasquez lets the slack of the chain down on the canvas for a moment, looping it around the throat of Martinez...]

GM: Oh, come on... don't do this!

[Planting his foot between the shoulderblades, Vasquez leans back, pulling the steel links up into the throat of the challenger who desperately claws at the steel, trying to get the chain off his windpipe.]

GM: He's choking the life out of the challenger with that chain!

[After a few more moments, Vasquez lets go, allowing Martinez to slump facefirst to the mat, a nasty shade of red on his face as he coughs and gasps for air on the canvas.]

GM: Thankfully, the champion lets go and we're just a handful of minutes - officially anyways - into this match but Ryan Martinez is certainly in some serious trouble, fans.

[Vasquez slowly pulls the chain free again, the slack hanging from his hand...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The steel links CRACK down across the spine of Martinez, the nasty red welts getting worse with each passing moment.]

GM: Vasquez is whipping the flesh right off the back of the White Knight, showing just how far he's willing to go to keep that World Title around his waist.

BW: Oh, you ain't seen nothin' yet, Gordo.

GM: I suppose you're right considering some of the things we've seen Vasquez do this year to the likes of young Willie Hammer... to Sweet Daddy Williams... to-

BW: That fan he beat up.

GM: And I'm sure our new owners are thrilled you brought that up. It's been nice working with you, Buckthorn.

[With Martinez down on the canvas, Vasquez takes a long walk around the ring, the chain getting to full extension as he sizes up the challenger for his next assault.]

GM: Vasquez dragging Martinez to his fe-

[The White Knight throws a desperate and wild right hand but Vasquez manages to sidestep it, shoving Martinez into the nearest set of turnbuckles.]

GM: Martinez backed into the corner now... Vasquez moving in on him...

[With a smirk, Vasquez rears back his right arm...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: Big chop by the champion...

[And again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[And again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[Vasquez looks out on the crowd as he winds up again, this time shouting a single word with each chop he throws.]

"WE!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WANT!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"JUAN!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[The crowd begins to jeer but Vasquez simply grins as he winds up again.]

"WE!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WANT!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"JUAN!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[Vasquez steps back, cupping his hand to his ear as he gets hit with a blast of angry boos from the Superdome fans. He nods, shouting "ONE MORE TIME!" as he steps in again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: OHH! MARTINEZ FIRES BACK!

[An open-handed slap across the ear sends Vasquez stumbling back, wincing in pain. The White Knight pushes out of the corner, moving towards the staggered World Champion as the fans roar in response.]

GM: Martinez caught him good and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[A right-handed slap is quickly followed by a left-handed blow, leaving Vasquez on wobbly legs...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[Right, left, right, left... and Vasquez is absolutely reeling now.]

GM: Martinez lighting up the World Champion with those open-handed slaps to the ear, knocking Vasquez equilibrium straight to hell!

[Martinez grabs Vasquez by the hair, winding up his right arm again...

...but Vasquez slaps the hand away, turning to dash to the ropes. He rebounds off towards Martinez...]

GM: Vasquez off the ropes and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SPEAR! SPEAR!

[The crowd ROARS at the sight of Ryan Martinez propelling himself towards Vasquez, violently slamming into his torso and taking him off his feet...

...where he promptly takes the mount, balling up his fists once more.]

GM: Martinez on top... right hand! Another! Again! Over and over, Martinez is bouncing his fists off the skull of the champion!

[Vasquez desperately raises his arms, trying to defend himself from any further blows...

...which is when Martinez grabs one of Vasquez' arms, scissoring it as he twists into a cross armbreaker!]

BW: I'll give you one guess where he learned that!

GM: Martinez showing off the skills he picked up training for this match with his former rival, Supreme Wright!

[Vasquez cries out, grabbing at his arm as Martinez attempts to hyperextend the elbow!]

GM: Martinez pulling back on the wrist as Vasquez wriggles and shakes and-

[And manages to get the slack of the chain in his grip, lashing out with it to strike Martinez across the tricep!]

GM: OH!

[Martinez immediately lets go, grabbing the arm that gave him trouble throughout the year.]

GM: Vasquez with a wily counter, going after that tricep that Martinez tore during training for the Battle of Boston.

[Vasquez gets to his feet, shaking his arm a few times...

...and then, glaring at Martinez as the White Knight attempts to get off the canvas, Vasquez pulls him up, shoving him back into the corner.]

GM: The World Champion puts Martinez into the corner... look out here...

[The champion winds up...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

[...and drives home a knife-edge chop across the chest. He follows through with the blow into position to throw a forearm strike back the other way.]

GM: OHH!

[And so it goes. Chop to forearm, forearm to chop, over and over again until Martinez is clinging to the ropes to stay on his feet!]

BW: VIOLENCE PARTY! TABLE FOR ONE!

[A smirking Vasquez grabs Martinez by the arm, rocketing him across the ring to the opposite corner. Martinez' back slams into the buckles, staggering out towards Vasquez who grabs a length of chain between his hands, holding it out...

...and DRIVING it into the throat of Martinez!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Martinez collapses to the canvas, rolling back and forth as he grabs at his throat. Vasquez drops to his knees, applying the first cover of the match.]

GM: Vasquez gets one! He gets two! But that's all off the steel chain clothesline!

[Vasquez grimaces as he pushes to his knees, throwing a glare at the official who holds up two fingers. The World Champion nods as he gets to his feet...

...and slowly starts wrapping the heavy steel chain around his right hand.]

GM: Uh oh. Vasquez has found another use for that chain... winding it around his fist and this has gotta be bad news for the challenger.

[Vasquez steps back, waiting... watching as Martinez struggles to get up off the canvas, still holding the back of his neck as he makes his attempt to rise, falling towards the ropes...]

GM: Martinez can barely stand and we're not even ten minutes into this battle. Vasquez is waiting for him with that chain... waiting to-

[Martinez slowly circles to face the champion who rushes forward, drawing his right hand back...]

GM: VASQUEZ!

[...but the White Knight ducks his head, lifting Vasquez into the air, and sending him all the way over the top rope and down to the barely-padded concrete floor below!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BACKDROP TO THE FLOOR BY THE CHALLENGER! OH MY!

[Martinez slumps to a knee inside the ring, his chain-linked arm resting on the ropes as Vasquez rolls around on the floor in pain.]

GM: Vasquez was looking to hit Martinez with that chain but Martinez managed to get his head down and get Vasquez up and over the top! A tremendous counter and that could turn things back in the favor of the challenger.

[Martinez grabs the ropes, dragging himself to his feet. He throws a look down at Vasquez, pulling at his own arm for a moment and realizing that he has to follow the chain.]

GM: The White Knight climbing over the ropes, settling down on the ring apron.

[Martinez stands on the apron, looking down on Vasquez who is writhing in pain on the floor from his back hitting the solid surface...

...which is when Vasquez gathers up the slack of the chain and YANKS!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[The force of the hard pull by the World Champion actually pulls Martinez right off the apron...

...and with enough strength to send him CRASHING facefirst into the steel mesh of the Woodshed!]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE STEEL! INTO THE STEEL, GOOD GOD!

[Martinez' collision with the steel sends him sliding down the skin-tearing metal, falling in a heap on the floor beside a seated Juan Vasquez who leans his head back against the steel, grinning at his own counter.]

GM: Vasquez used that chain, pulling Martinez off the apron and sending him FACEFIRST into the wall of that steel cage!

[A moment later, Martinez rolls over onto his back alongside Vasquez, revealing a nasty red gash on his forehead.]

GM: Uh oh. It looks like the challenger's been lacerated, fans.

BW: Lacerated?! That dumb kid's been busted open!

[Vasquez throws a glance over at his foe's bloodied forehead, nodding approvingly as he drags himself to his feet.]

GM: The World Champion climbing back to a vertical base now... and he's pulling Martinez up as well.

[Standing alongside the wall of the Woodshed, Vasquez grabs Martinez by the hair...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

[...and SMASHES his face into the skin-tearing metal!]

GM: Facefirst into the steel!

[With menace in his eyes, Vasquez pulls Martinez' face off the steel...

...and DRIVES it in a second time!]

GM: Martinez' head being bashed repeatedly into the wall of this demonic structure known as the Woodshed and-

[Grinning manically, Vasquez grabs two hands full of hair, raking Martinez' face back and forth across the mesh as Martinez cries out in pain and the fans jeer in anger!]

GM: He's trying to rip the skin right off his face!

[Martinez' fingers dig into the mesh, trying to push himself away as Vasquez continues to rip and pull his skin into the steel!]

GM: Martinez is fighting it but Vasquez is relentless!

[The World Champion finally lets up, pulling the bloodied Martinez off the steel wall of the Woodshed, flinging him under the ropes back into the ring.]

GM: The champion tosses him back in and-

BW: Good lord, look at him, Gordo... just look at him.

[The crowd groans sympathetically as Martinez crawls across the canvas, a healthy amount of blood now streaming down his face as Vasquez rolls in after him.]

GM: Martinez is badly busted open now... and Juan Vasquez is right on his heels, not letting up for a single moment.

[Vasquez climbs off the canvas, slowly wrapping the steel chain around his hand once again. He stands in center ring, beckoning for Martinez to get to his feet. The challenger plants his hands underneath him, trying to push up to his feet.]

BW: Martinez is trying to get to his feet but if he knew what was waiting for him, he might just stay down.

GM: Not a chance. This kid's got heart for days... just like his father.

[The challenger pushes up to his feet, staggering in a circle towards a waiting Vasquez who rears back...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRILLS the already-bloodied Martinez between the eyes with the steel chain!]

GM: Down goes the challenger!

[Vasquez' arm drops to his side, the chain falling off his hand as he drops to his knees, applying a lateral press.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[But Martinez' shoulder pops up off the canvas, breaking the pin.]

GM: Two count only. Martinez gets the shoulder up in time.

[Vasquez climbs to his feet, again glaring at referee Mike Barnes who holds up two fingers. The crowd jeers as Vasquez replies with one of his own.]

GM: What a piece of garbage this guy is.

BW: And to think you used to gush over Juan Vasquez! "I need a hero! I need a hero!"

GM: Knock it off, Bucky. There are plenty of guys you used to make a fool of yourself on commentary over that you can't stand now. Do we need to compare lists?

[The World Champion drags the bloody Martinez off the mat, scooping him up in his arms and slamming him down to the mat.]

GM: Scoop and a slam by the champion...

[Vasquez cocks his arm, dropping an elbow down into the chest. He scrambles up, dropping a second... and a third... and a fourth.]

GM: Elbow after elbow being dropped down into the heart of the challenger!

[The champion gets back to his feet again, quickly wrapping the steel chain around the entirety of his arm, holding it high for one and all to see...

...and drops the elbow down into the heart again!]

GM: Ohhh! Steel chain elbow on Martinez!

[Vasquez flips over again, using his chain wrapped forearm to jam it into the cheekbone of Martinez as he covers again.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO!

[Again, Martinez lifts the shoulder off the mat.]

GM: Another two count for the World Champion off that innovative elbowdrop!

[Vasquez pushes up to his knees, looking down at Martinez for a moment before he climbs to his feet...

...plants his boot right on the cut forehead, and quickly (and nastily) turns, digging his boot into the wound!]

GM: Ohh! Absolutely vicious move by Vasquez. Just designed to hurt - not beat - the challenger.

[With Martinez bloodied and hurting down on the mat, Vasquez grabs him by the hair, hauling him up to his feet where he tosses him back into the nearest corner.]

GM: Vasquez moving in on the challenger...

[Winding up, the champion lays in a big overhead chop!]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

[But Martinez returns fire with a knife-edge chop of his own!]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Vasquez shoves him back into the corner, rearing back again...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

[But Martinez instantly attacks again...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Vasquez delivers a two-handed shove to the chest, knocking him back to the corner again...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

[The three chops find the mark but Martinez is on the move immediately, throwing the skin-blistering chops he’s so well known for.]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The third chop sends Vasquez staggering, spinning away from Martinez who hooks him by the back of the tights, yanking him into a side waistlock.]

GM: BELLY TO BACK!

[But the wily Vasquez flips over the top, landing on his feet where he promptly SLAMS a forearm down on the back of Martinez' neck...

...and then uses two hands full of hair to YANK him off his feet, throwing him violently down so that the back of his neck SMASHES into the middle buckle!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[Martinez grimaces in pain, leaning against the buckles as he grabs at his neck. Vasquez is right there to continue the attack, ignoring the official as he plants his boot on Martinez' face, shoving it downward to viciously rake his boot across Martinez' cut head!]

GM: Ohh! Facewash in the corner!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Again!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: And a third one leaves Martinez in a bad way!

[With Martinez barely able to hold his head up, Vasquez dashes to the ropes, bouncing off with speed and intensity...

...and THROWS HIMSELF into a running dropkick that lands with enough impact to carry both Vasquez and his victim through the ropes and out to the barely-padded floor at ringside!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT A DROPKICK BY VASQUEZ!

BW: You talk about trying to take someone's face off! Holy hell!

[Out on the floor, Vasquez climbs to his feet, staring menacingly down at the bloodied and barely-moving Martinez.]

GM: And he's not done either from the looks of things, Bucky.

[Vasquez pulls his hurting rival off the ringside mats, dragging him towards the cell where he promptly SMASHES his bloodied face into the mesh once more, causing Martinez to slump down, his head resting against the skin-tearing metal.]

GM: Martinez is out on the floor... barely able to sit up... barely able to open his eyes...

[An agitated Vasquez stands over him, planting his foot on Martinez' face again...]

GM: Oh no.

[...and RAKES his boot across, digging his challenger's flesh into the steel mesh again!]

GM: AHHH! FACEWASH INTO THE STEEL!

[Vasquez' fingers are wrapped in the mesh as well, white-knuckled as he rakes his boot across the face a second time, crimson from Martinez' face starting to remain on the steel.]

GM: This is getting difficult to watch, fans.

[Vasquez sets again, raking his boot across a third time, leaving the bloodied Martinez with his face resting against the mesh. The World Champion stands over Martinez, looking out on the jeering crowd with an intense glare.]

GM: Vasquez has left Martinez a bloody mess on the floor up against the wall of the Woodshed...

BW: He's not done, Gordo.

GM: It would certainly appear that way. Vasquez backing off... taking aim again...

[Vasquez runs in once more, leaving his feet as he does, and throws a thunderous dropkick to the face that drives the skin into the mesh once more, blood splashing off of Martinez and onto the camera that had gotten close enough for an "the action's in your living room" shot.]

GM: Gaaaaah! Absolutely brutal... and you can only hope that young Ryan Martinez fans around the world aren't watching this right now. This is the epitome of Parental Discretion Is Advised.

[Vasquez rolls to a knee, staring in on Martinez whose eyelids are fluttering. The World Champion climbs up to his feet, raising his arms triumphantly as the New Orleans crowd lets him have it.]

GM: Vasquez is no hero to these fans. Not anymore.

[The champion leans down, dragging Martinez' limp form off the ringside mats, hauling him across the ringside area. He goes to toss him under the ropes...]

GM: Vasquez puts him back in and... wait a second...

[Vasquez hangs on to Martinez' head, pulling his torso back under the ropes so that Martinez' head and neck are dangling off the apron. The World Champion pauses, delivering some clubbing blows to the back of Martinez' neck to keep him in position...

...and then turns towards the corner, pulling himself up on the apron as the fans buzz with anticipation.]

GM: What is...? What's he doing, Bucky?

BW: I have no idea.

GM: Juan Vasquez thrives in the big match environment as we know - going so far as to save some of his arsenal for those big matches... and you don't get any bigger than this, Bucky. This is THE big match for Juan Vasquez so I expect him to leave nothing on the shelf.

[The World Champion turns himself so that his end of the chain doesn't restrict his movements, stepping backwards onto the second rope. The climb is slow because of the chain as Vasquez edges himself up onto the perch...]

GM: Vasquez is up top! The champion's got Martinez in his sights and-

[Leaping from the top rope, Vasquez extends his leg and SLAMS it down on the back of Martinez' neck before his follow-through takes him down to a hard landing on the barely-padded ringside floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GUILLOTINE LEGDROP FROM THE PENTHOUSE TO THE BASEMENT!! OHHH MY!

[The impact on the back of Martinez' neck causes him to slide from the ring to the floor, narrowly missing landing on his head. Vasquez grimaces in pain, reaching behind to grab at his lower back as he rolls from hip to hip.]

GM: It looks like that move took a lot out of the champion as well.

BW: Yeah, but you better believe it took more out of Martinez! Right down on the neck again and, Gordo, if he takes many more shots to that neck, we're going to be looking at a VERY serious situation.

GM: Ryan Martinez spent months on the sidelines after the piledriver by Juan Vasquez put him in the hospital with a neck injury. He's worked long and hard to come back from that and now Vasquez is here at SuperClash trying to start the whole process all over again.

[Wincing with every movement, Vasquez uses the apron to drag himself back to his feet. He pulls the bloodied Martinez off the ringside mats by the arm, shoving him under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Martinez gets tossed back under the ropes... Vasquez is coming in after him...

[The World Champion rolls under the ropes, crawling towards the dazed and bloodied Martinez. He throws himself across his torso.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO!

[But the time between the legdrop and the lateral press is enough for Martinez to lift a shoulder!]

GM: No! No! Two count for the champion there!

[Vasquez stares down at Martinez, a slight flicker of surprise as he shakes his head before climbing to his feet.]

GM: The champion is right back up though... ohh! Hard stomp right down between the eyes!

[The champion points to the corner, slowly making his way towards the turnbuckles as Martinez lies prone on the canvas...]

GM: Vasquez stepping up on the bottom rope...

[The Los Angeles native leaps off, flipping backwards with a moonsault down across the torso of Martinez!]

GM: Bottom rope moonsault connects!

BW: You talked about Big Match Juan... this is right out of that guy's playbook, daddy!

[Vasquez gets back up, moving back to the corner where he steps up to the middle rope, flipping backwards to crash across the midsection!]

GM: The second rope moonsault finds the mark as well!

BW: Third time's a charm!

GM: Vasquez back up... the World Champion moving to the corner...

[Vasquez steps to the second rope... then to the top, looking out on the fans pleading for Martinez to do something... anything... to avoid what comes next. Vasquez nods confidently before leaping into the air, flinging himself backwards as he flips through the sky...]

GM: MOONSAULT FROM THE TOP!

[...and comes CRASHING down on Martinez' raised knees!]

GM: KNEES! KNEES! MARTINEZ GETS THE KNEES UP!

[The crowd ROARS for the timely counter as Vasquez rolls off, grabbing at his ribs and sucking wind into his body rapidly.]

GM: I think he knocked the wind out of the champion with that!

[A dazed and bloodied Martinez shoves himself up off the canvas, looking down at Vasquez who is on all fours...

...and Martinez slowly and methodically grabs the slack in the chain secured to his wrist.]

GM: Oho! And payback is comin' for Juan Vasquez and she's one heck of a vengeful woman!

[Martinez winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE WHIPS HIM ACROSS THE BACK WITH THE CHAIN!

[Vasquez grimaces, pushing up to his knees...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and a second blow across the back puts him back down on all fours where he rolls over onto his back.]

GM: Oh no.

[The crowd buzzes with anticipation as Martinez looks down through blood stung eyes at his rival - the man who put him in a hospital for weeks...

...and STRIKES!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ACROSS THE CHEST! ACROSS THE CHEST!

[Vasquez' entire body comes off the mat, flopping and flailing about in pain on the canvas as the challenger stands over him, chain still gripped in his fingers.]

GM: Vasquez is being whipped with that chain - the favor being returned in spades from earlier in this one!

[Martinez drops the chain, leaning over to snatch Vasquez from behind.]

GM: Waistlock!

[The White Knight physically yanks Vasquez off all fours to his feet, holding him there for a moment until he hoists him into the air, throwing him down on the back of his head and neck!]

GM: GERMAN SUPLEX BY THE CHALLENGER!

[The crowd is roaring as Martinez sits up on the mat, blood pouring down his face. He rolls to a knee, climbing to his feet as Vasquez is down on his chest, crawling across the ring to try and get away from Martinez...

...but he fails miserably as Martinez uses the tights to pull Vasquez back to his feet and right into another waistlock...]

GM: Again?!

[Vasquez flails away at the clasped hands for a moment...

...and then gets HURLED overhead again, crashing down hard on the back of his neck!]

GM: Make it two! Two German Suplexes by the challenger and you can feel the tide turning in this building, Bucky! Ryan Martinez is turning this thing around and the White Knight may be on the verge of winning the World Title for the second time!

[Martinez sits up on the mat again, running a hand over his bloodied face, dragging a trail of crimson into his hair. The hand moves to his leg as he gets up, leaving a bloody smear on his white tights.]

GM: Martinez is up again... bloodied and battered but not beaten as he looks to find a way to put Juan Vasquez on ice and win this brutal encounter!

[Martinez grabs Vasquez by the hair, dragging him to his feet...

...where Vasquez launches himself forward, smashing his skull into Martinez' sternum, causing the White Knight to stumble backwards!]

GM: Oh! Vasquez lands the headbutt! It's one of his most dangerous-

[Vasquez quickly hits the ropes, running back at Martinez, arm cocked for a clothesline...]

...but Martinez ducks under, coming up to snatch the off-balance Vasquez in a full nelson. The crowd ROARS in anticipation as Vasquez' eyes go wide and Martinez sets his feet!]

GM: FULL NELSON! FULL NELSON AND-

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OHHHHH HOLY... MY STARS IN HEAVEN!

[The crowd's reaction comes as Vasquez actually goes a little further over, getting SPIKED headfirst into the canvas on impact! The referee dives to the canvas, giving Vasquez' hand a squeeze.]

GM: The referee's checking to see if Juan Vasquez' motor functions are still there. He hit HARD on top of his head!

[Martinez climbs up off the mat, looking over to see Barnes kneeling next to Vasquez...]

...and the White Knight moves in, shoving the official aside!]

GM: OH!

BW: Oh, look at that, Gordo! How about your White Knight now?! He's shoving referees that are trying to check on a man's health! Barnes is trying to see if Vasquez can still friggin' WALK after that suplex and Martinez pushes him out of the way! What kind of a monster does that?!

GM: After all that Ryan Martinez has been put through by Juan Vasquez and his Axis, can you blame him?! Can you blame the White Knight for ANYTHING he does here tonight?!

BW: Oh, what an excuse that is! "Oh, he's been hurt by his opponent so forgive him for trying to cripple him!" I'll remember that one, Gordo.

[Martinez drags Vasquez off the mat, ignoring the protests from the referee as he shoves Vasquez back into the corner...]

...and looks out on the crowd who ROARS in response!]

GM: Here we go, Bucky!

[The bloodied Martinez steps back in, sliding his feet into position as he rears back with his right arm...]

"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!]"

[Martinez falls back into the ropes, breathing heavily as Vasquez stumbles out of the corner, staggering out to center ring where he falls to his knees, red welts all over his chest from the brutal chops.]

GM: Vasquez is down! Can the White Knight capitalize?!

[Martinez shifts his body, his back against the buckles now as Vasquez crawls, his body moving in a circle to face his challenger. The champion pushes up to a knee, looking to get up off the canvas...

...when Martinez comes tearing out of the corner, rearing back as he does...]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: THE FACE! THE FACE! THE SON OF A BITCH CHOPPED HIM IN THE FACE!

[Vasquez recoils, spinning away from the chop as he faceplants on the canvas, arms up over his head as Martinez falls to his knees from the effort, breathing heavily as blood drips from his head down onto the canvas.]

GM: Martinez is down! Vasquez is down! Both men have put themselves - and each other - physically through the ringer in this tremendous battle inside the sport's most dangerous structure!

[With great effort, Vasquez shoves himself onto his back...

...and the crowd gasps upon seeing a nasty cut on the cheek of Juan Vasquez that has blood steadily flowing from it.]

GM: And now it's the World Champion who is busted open as well!

[Martinez slowly pushes himself back to his feet, losing his balance for a moment before catching his footing. He turns to face the downed Vasquez, seeing the blood for the first time...

...and now it's Ryan Martinez who decides to wrap the steel chain around his hand.]

GM: Uh oh! Payback is hell, Juan Vasquez! Payback is HELL!

[Martinez stalks towards Vasquez who continues to roll across the ring, ending up near the buckles where he uses the ropes to try and drag himself to his feet. He pushes out towards Martinez who physically shoves him back...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

BW: HOLY HELL!

GM: HE CHOPPED HIM WITH THE CHAIN!

[The thunderous chop with the chain wrapped around Martinez’ hand instantly rips the skin on Vasquez’ chest, leaving a bloody welt behind.]

GM: I can’t believe it! I can’t believe that just happened!

[The blow causes Vasquez to stumble from the corner but Martinez snatches him by the hair, shaking his head as he pulls Vasquez down into an inverted facelock...

...and then SLAMS an overhead chop with the chain-wrapped hand down into the chest again!]

GM: BURNING SWORD!

[The blow drops Vasquez to the canvas as Martinez sinks to his knees, applying a loose pin attempt in a North-South position.]

GM: MARTINEZ COVERS FOR ONE! FOR TWO!

[But Vasquez lifts the shoulder, causing a groan to come up from the Superdome crowd. Martinez rolls off onto his back - the two warriors lying side by side in the middle of the ring as they attempt to find the strength to carry on in this bloody war.]

GM: Both men are down after that Burning Sword by Martinez. Who has got enough, Bucky? Who has got enough to get back to their feet and continue the fight?

[A weary Martinez rolls over onto his chest, sliding his arms underneath him, trying to get up off the canvas.]

GM: The White Knight trying to rise, using that resiliency that he’s so famous for. The resiliency that took him through historic SuperClash battles with Supreme Wright... with Hannibal Carver... through an Iron Man match with Johnny Detson...

[Martinez pushes up off the canvas to his knees, blood streaming from his face down onto his torso.]

GM: Oof. That is a tough scene to see. The blood loss on Martinez is staggering as he tries to get back up... tries to keep this fight going...

[Martinez climbs to his feet, wiping the back of his hand across his stinging eyes as he turns back towards Vasquez again.]

GM: Martinez pulls Vasquez up off the mat...

[Grabbing the World Champion by the arm, Martinez falls to a knee as he whips Vasquez across the ring, sending him crashing into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Vasquez hits the corner hard... here comes Martinez!

[A charging White Knight swings his leg up...]

GM: YAAAAAAAAAKUUUUUUUZAAAAAAAAA!

[The foot catches Vasquez under the chin, snapping his head back again!]

GM: He got it all!

[The bloodied challenger grabs Vasquez by the hair, hauling him out of the corner towards mid-ring where he pulls him into a front facelock...]

GM: He's going for it again! Martinez is going for the Brainbuster again!

[But as the challenger lifts Vasquez into the air, the veteran snaps off a knee, catching Martinez between the eyes on the way up. The blow stuns Martinez, allowing Vasquez to drop back to his feet, hanging onto Martinez' wrist...]

GM: Vasquez counters and-

[The World Champion gives a powerful yank on the arm, pulling the challenger into a short-arm clothesline!]

GM: CLOTHESLINE BY VASQUEZ!

[The clothesline takes Martinez off his feet where Vasquez maintains his grip on the wrist, dragging Martinez up again...]

GM: Vasquez hanging on...

BW: He's gonna do it again!

[A mighty yank pulls Martinez into a second short-arm clothesline, knocking him off his feet!]

GM: Make it two!

BW: This all looks REAL familiar, Gordo!

[Vasquez hauls the dazed Martinez off the mat by the arm, keeping that grip on the wrist again...

...and this time, he gives a softer pull on the arm, sending Martinez stumbling towards him...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

GM: RIGHT CROSS! RIGHT CROSS!

[The short-arm version of the Right Cross has Martinez reeling, spinning away from Vasquez who snatches him in a half nelson...]

GM: WHAT'S HE...?! NO!

[...and HURLS Martinez up and over, throwing him down on the back of his neck violently with an impactful half nelson suplex!]

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

[The impact of the suplex causes Martinez to flip all the way over, bouncing off his neck and rolling right to his knees.]

GM: Vasquez isn't done!

[Vasquez gets right back up, stomping across the ring. He turns, keeping Martinez in his sights as he tugs down his kneepad, exposing his bare kneecap for all to see...

...and for Ryan Martinez to feel. Vasquez is fuming mad, ranting under his breath, shouting something unintelligible at Martinez.]

GM: He's got Martinez in his sights! Vasquez has got-

[Vasquez goes tearing across the ring, aiming his rage at the kneeling Martinez who seems in a helpless daze as the World Champion bears down on him, ready to deliver a match-ending blow...]

GM: RUNNING KNEESTRIIII-

[But Martinez dives forward, snatching the leg of Vasquez, tripping him up in the middle of the ring where he quickly ties up the leg...

...and reaches forward, hooking his hands around the head and neck of the World Champion!]

GM: STF! STF LOCKED IN BY MARTINEZ!

[The crowd ROARS at the glamour shot on the video wall of a bloodied Martinez letting loose a roar as he pulls back on the head and neck of his most hated rival as Vasquez claws at the canvas in pain!]

GM: Vasquez is down! Vasquez is trapped! And Vasquez is in trouble!

BW: He's gotta get out of this, Gordo!

GM: The World Championship may be slipping through the fingers of Juan Vasquez in the middle of the ring at SuperClash VIII, fans! He's trying to hang on! Desperately trying to hang on! But Martinez has that hold sunk in deep and Vasquez is-

[Martinez suddenly cries out in pain, jerking his arm away from Vasquez and releasing the hold.]

GM: What the...?!

[Martinez cradles his hand against his chest, grimacing as he looks down at it.]

BW: He bit him! Vasquez bit his damn hand, Gordo!

GM: Are you kidding me?! I knew he'd sink to whatever level he had to to keep that championship but I never thought he'd go that far! He's a damn animal in there!

BW: I told you he'd do ANYTHING to win this match and I think he just proved it.

[Martinez pushes up off the mat, glaring down at Vasquez as the World Champion drags himself towards the corner, feeling the pain shooting through his legs from the few short moments he was trapped inside the STF.]

GM: Vasquez is down and hurting in the corner as Martinez moves in on him and-

[But as the White Knight draws near, Vasquez reaches up, snatching a handful of tights, and YANKS Martinez towards the ropes, sending him toppling through the ropes where he somehow manages to land safely on the apron.]

GM: Vasquez with the leverage move but Martinez stays on the apron. He's coming right back in and-

[As Martinez' head comes through the ropes, Vasquez surges forward...]

GM: What the...?!

[Vasquez runs right into a standing headscissors, leaping into the air for momentum...

...and when he comes down, he sits out like a piledriver, DRIVING Martinez' head into the mat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MODIFIED PILEDRIIVER! MODIFIED PILEDRIIVER!

[Vasquez flips Martinez over, tightly wrapping up both legs as the referee dives down to count.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! TH-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KICKOUT! KICKOUT!

[The crowd ROARS for the kickout as Vasquez angrily slams a fist down into the canvas, pointing an accusing finger at Mike Barnes. The official shakes his head, holding up two fingers and backing away from Vasquez as the World Champion scrambles up to his feet.]

GM: Vasquez hit that modified piledriver, got a near fall, and now he's looking to finish him off! Now he's looking to finish off the challenger and... well, I don't want to speculate on the business side of things if Vasquez keeps the title but... having lived through the Mark Langseth situation, I sure don't want to revisit that here tonight.

[Vasquez grabs Martinez by the bloody hair, dragging him off the mat...

...and pulling him into a standing headscissors, looking for another piledriver.]

BW: Now he's REALLY gonna do him in, Gordo! A full-fledged piledriver this time and I hope Martinez has his reservations at the local hospital because he's about to need 'em!

[Vasquez reaches down, wrapping his arms around Martinez' torso, trying to lift him into the air...

...but Martinez manages to slump back down to a knee, preventing the lift.]

GM: Vasquez can't get him up!

BW: He's not done trying, Gordo!

[Vasquez breaks off the standing headscissors, going to work on Martinez' neck with clubbing forearms...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and then pulls him back into position, reaching down once again.]

GM: He's going for it again! Vasquez trying for the piledriver and-

[The crowd "ooooooooohs" with nervousness as Vasquez manages to get Martinez up into the air...]

...but a kicking and struggling Martinez forces the World Champion to set him back down on the mat...]

GM: A close call right there as Vasquez almost-

[Vasquez abruptly breaks the hold again, shoving Martinez back into the ropes. The challenger stumbles back towards him where Vasquez grips him under the armpits, shoving him skyward...]

GM: POP UP...

[...and DRILLS him with a Right Cross on the way down, sending Martinez flying backwards through the ropes to the ring apron!]

GM: ...RIGHT CROSS!

[The pop-up Right Cross leaves Martinez on the apron as Vasquez stands near the ropes, glaring at him as the fans buzz over what they just witnessed...]

...and then Vasquez sinks down to a knee, unzipping the side of his boot.]

GM: Oh, what the hell is this now?! What the hell is this?!

[The crowd groans as Vasquez reaches into his unzipped boot, pulling a weapon into view... a very familiar weapon.]

GM: He's got a fork! The son of a bitch brought a fork with him!

BW: Hey, it's Thanksgiving! Maybe he forgot it in there after dinner!

GM: Highly unlikely... and look at this! On second thought...

[Vasquez yanks Martinez to a kneeling position on the ring apron, the White Knight facing the crowd as the World Champion leans over the top rope, fork in hand, glistening in the arena lights as he holds it high...]

GM: ...DON'T! AHHHHHH!

[...and then DRIVES the sharpened tines down into the forehead of the challenger!]

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY! THAT SAVAGE! THAT SICK AND TWISTED SAVAGE!

[Vasquez leans into it, tongue lolling out of his mouth as he digs the sharpened points on the fork into the forehead of the White Knight, sending even more blood streaming down his body, leaving much of his torso a bloody red mess.]

GM: VASQUEZ IS CARVING UP THE WHITE KNIGHT INSIDE THE DAMN WOODSHED AND IT'S TOTALLY LEGAL!

[A few more moments pass before Vasquez lets go, allowing Martinez to slump down in a heap on the apron.]

"It's almost over now, kid. Just a little more and it'll all be over."

[A smirking Vasquez tucks the fork into the waistband of his tights as he steps through the ropes, following the chain to the ring apron where Martinez lies on his back.]

GM: Vasquez is out on the apron with Martinez... perhaps looking to put the finishing touches on the White Knight and come away with a victory in this bloody, brutal, and nightmarish Woodshed!

[Vasquez leans down, dragging a limp Ryan Martinez off the ring apron to a standing position...]

GM: Both men up now... but Martinez is just barely hanging on to his balance... just barely able to stand...

[Holding Martinez up, Vasquez drills him with a stiff forearm shot to the jaw!]

GM: Ohh! Hard shot by Vasquez!

[A weary Martinez swings his left arm wildly, catching Vasquez with a slap across the ear with not a lot on it. Vasquez takes the blow in stride, throwing another forearm in response!]

GM: Another forearm by the champion! Martinez is trying to fight back... trying to get a shot in... but he's been weakened by the offense of Juan Vasquez in this one as we're over a half hour into this bloody battle between two of the greatest - perhaps THE two greatest - professional wrestlers on the planet today.

[Vasquez throws another blow, knocking Martinez back a few steps. The White Knight wraps his right arm around the top rope, stumbling backwards but keeping his footing as Vasquez stomps towards him...]

GM: Vasquez moving in on his challenger and-

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Hanging onto the top rope, Martinez throws his left arm again, lashing out with a stiff slap to the ear that stuns Vasquez!]

GM: That'll leave a mark! Martinez caught him good there!

[Vasquez reels from the blow, stumbling backwards along the ring apron as Martinez moves towards him, twisting his body slightly...

...and throws a short stiff chop to the side of Vasquez' neck!]

GM: OH!

[This time, it's Juan Vasquez who grabs the top rope, trying to stay on the apron as Martinez unleashes a series of stiff short-arm chops to the same location.]

GM: CHOPS TO THE NECK!

[Vasquez is clinging to the ropes with both arms by the time Martinez goes into a full spin, extending his arm fully this time...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SPINNING BACK CHOP TO THE NECK!

[With Vasquez reeling, Martinez snatches a handful of hair, yanking Vasquez towards him into a front facelock, slinging the World Champion's arm over his neck...]

GM: ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

[The crowd rises to their collective feet, buzzing with anticipation for what could be a Brainbuster.]

GM: A Brainbuster?! Where?!

BW: On the apron! Off the apron! Who the hell knows at this point?!

GM: If he hits this, I think it's over! I think it's over right now if he hits this, Bucky!

BW: If he hits this, Juan Vasquez' next paycheck isn't coming from another pro wrestling company - it's coming from Disability!

[But Martinez' efforts to lift Vasquez come up short as Vasquez hangs on to the ropes for dear life, preventing the attempted lift...]

GM: VASQUEZ HANGS ON! HE'S FIGHTING IT!

[Vasquez pulls his head loose from Martinez' grip...

...and then surges forward with it, smashing his skull into the bridge of Martinez' nose!]

GM: OHHH! HEADBUTT!

[Vasquez grabs Martinez' bloody hair, smashing his skull into Martinez' again... and again... and again...]

GM: Headbutt after headbutt by the World Champion and-

[Vasquez quickly twists his body to the side of Martinez, wrapping a leg around the challenger's...

...and HURLS himself backwards, taking Martinez with him as they both go flying off the apron in a Russian legsweep!]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY GOODNESS! RUSSIAN LEGSWEEP INTO THE CAGE! INTO THE DAMN CAGE!

BW: Vasquez putting his own body on the line to do more damage to Martinez! He threw himself off the apron... good lord, Gordo - BOTH their damn heads slammed into the cage!

GM: They absolutely did! The Woodshed claiming the blood of both of these men here tonight, demanding tribute... demanding sacrifice to the evil gods that it serves as the altar of!

[The camera cuts to show both Vasquez and Martinez down on the floor at ringside. The former is rolling back and forth, grabbing at the back of his head while the latter is motionless on the barely-padded concrete, reeling from yet another hard shot to his fragile neck.]

GM: Both men are down and... wow. I don't know if Ryan Martinez is getting up from that, Bucky. Another hard shot to that neck. Another devastating blow to the same area that put him out of action for months. If Juan Vasquez' mission here tonight is to put Martinez back in the hospital with another neck injury... that mission may very well be accomplished very, very soon.

BW: The neck is taking blow after blow. Suplexes, slams, blows with the chain, and now blows with the cage!

[Vasquez reaches back, grabbing the steel mesh to drag himself up to a standing position. The fans are rabid, howling for the blood of the man they used to cheer for... used to worship. Now that idol worship has turned to an overwhelming desire to see him hurt like he hurt them.]

GM: Vasquez pulling Martinez off the floor... look at this. Martinez can't even stand on his own right now. This is a bad scene and if you're a fan of Ryan Martinez, you very well may be watching the closing moments of this hard-fought bloody battle.

BW: You very well may be watching the closing moments of his damn career, Gordo! Vasquez wants the win - no doubt. He wants to keep the title and spit right in the eye of AWA ownership - no doubt. But just as much, I think he wants Martinez' career. He wants to end the career of the son on the same night that his running buddy ended the career of the father.

GM: I have no doubt you're right, Bucky, because this Juan Vasquez is not the man I knew... that we all knew. He's a different monster altogether and... it pains me to think of the love and support these fans gave him for so long. It pains me to think of it.

[Vasquez uses a two-handed grip on Martinez' bloody hair to swing him around, his torso under the bottom rope and his head dangling off the apron.]

GM: We saw this before, fans. We saw this earlier. Is he going for it again?!

BW: He's gonna finish him right now!

GM: Martinez... ohhh! Hard clubbing blows to the neck by Vasquez, making sure that Martinez stays in place as the World Champion makes his way down the apron... and sure enough, it looks like he's headed up top once again!

[Vasquez reaches the corner, using the ropes to pull himself up onto the apron. He turns, sneering at the downed Martinez as he backs up against the ringpost, slowly lifting a leg to step back on the bottom rope.]

GM: Vasquez keeping his eyes on the challenger, making sure that he stays where he's needed as the champion slowly scales the ropes. You have to think he's looking for another one of those legdrops off the top onto Martinez' neck. That's gotta be his plan here!

BW: It's gotta be and it's gotta be curtains for Ryan Martinez if he hits it. That neck can't take another shot like that, Gordo... it just can't.

GM: I have no idea the limits that Ryan Martinez can push his body to and beyond, Bucky. We've thought we've seen those limits before only to see Martinez surge past them to another level. We know that Ryan is hurting. We know that he is exhausted and suffering from severe blood loss. We know that he's in the fight of his life and right now, things do not look good for him. But we also know that all those things have been true before. We also know that he fights on sheer will... that unquestionable fighting spirit we all talk so much about. The fire that burns within him. Is it enough? Can it bring him back again? Can he rise to the top once more?

[As Gordon's soliloquies, Vasquez has been slowly edging his way up the ropes, step by step. With both feet on the middle rope, he steps back, feeling for the top rope with his foot...

...and slips momentarily, just barely catching his balance before plummeting off the top rope to the floor. The crowd gasps as Vasquez looks down, finding the rope and steadying himself...

And it is in that moment.

That split second of distraction.

That is when Ryan Martinez acts, pushing his way onto the apron out from under the ropes.]

GM: MARTINEZ IS MOVING! MARTINEZ IS MOVING!

[The White Knight, sitting on the apron looks up at the climbing Vasquez...

...and grabs the chain with both hands, sending a flash of terror through the face of the World Champion!]

BW: NO!

[Martinez YANKS the chain hard, snapping up the slack between he and his rival. The chain goes tight, causing Vasquez' arm to shoot forward. He makes a desperate grab at the chain with the other hand...

...but it's too late.]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY GOD!! OH MY GOD!! OH MY GOD!!

[The Superdome crowd EXPLODES in a thunderous reaction as Martinez' yank of the chain causes Vasquez to come flying off the top rope, his momentum carrying him forward into a front flip...

...which ends abruptly, violently, and painfully with the World Champion's back SLAMMING into the ring apron!

Vasquez immediately flops off the apron on the bounce from the fall, crashing down to the floor where he instantly wails in pain, grabbing at his back with both arms as the crowd continues to roar for the physical insanity of the moment!]

GM: GOOD GOD IN HEAVEN! JUAN VASQUEZ' SPINE JUST SUFFERED FROM SUDDEN IMPACT AND HE MAY NEVER BE THE SAME AGAIN!

[Martinez is lying on his back on the apron, breathing heavily from the exertion of pulling his foe from the top rope. The crowd is buzzing loudly at this point, stunned by what they just witnessed.]

GM: Martinez is down! Vasquez is... my god, his back may be broken for God's sake! We may need to get some medical help down here for him because... this might be over, Bucky.

BW: If Mike Barnes stops this match, Ryan Martinez is going to be in the middle of another damn riot and I'm guessing our insurance can't handle such a thing. If he stops this match, you and I might be calling Kai Alana for a job tomorrow morning 'cause this place just might shut the hell down!

[Barnes slides out to the floor, checking on Vasquez at ringside as the standing crowd continues to buzz at what they just saw...

...and then they ROAR as Ryan Martinez reaches a limp arm up, grabbing the second rope, and pulls himself into a seated position on the apron!]

GM: MARTINEZ SITS UP! MY GOD, WHAT ELSE CAN THESE TWO DO TO ONE ANOTHER?! WHAT ELSE CAN THEY DO?!

[The White Knight slips off the apron, stumbling forward and catching himself on the steel mesh of the Woodshed. He leans against it, staring down at Vasquez who is still writhing in pain on the floor.]

GM: Martinez has a chance here, Bucky. He's got an opportunity if he can seize it!

BW: I don't know if he can, Gordo. He's been through hell just like Vasquez has!

[A weary and bloodied Martinez staggers towards Vasquez, dragging him off the floor by the hair despite the shouts of the referee. The former World Champion shoves the current champion under the ropes, crawling in after him... and keeps crawling, throwing an arm across in a lateral press.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEE-

[The crowd ERUPTS in shock as Juan Vasquez BARELY slips a shoulder off the canvas!]

GM: He... my god, he kicked out! He kicked out! Vasquez lives!

BW: Yeah, but for how long, Gordo?! How much more can he stand?! How much more can he survive?!

[Martinez pushes up to his knees, burying his bloody face in his hands for a moment.]

GM: Frustration starting to build on the part of the challenger.

[Martinez slumps back down to the canvas, rolling under the bottom rope to the floor. He ducks down...]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: This can't be good news for the champ.

[...and comes back up, holding a steel chair over his head to a huge ovation from the crowd!]

GM: Martinez has got a chair...tossing it over the ropes into the ring...

[Martinez crawls under the ropes again, using the same ropes to drag himself to his feet. Mike Barnes waves his arms at Martinez, trying to prevent him from doing further damage to a barely-moving Vasquez...

...but again, Martinez brushes past Barnes, barely acknowledging the official as he walks towards the steel chair he tossed into the ring.]

GM: Martinez has got the chair...

[The White Knight picks up the chair, walking slowly towards Juan Vasquez who has pushed up off the mat to his knees...

...and defiantly looks up at Martinez.]

GM: Uh oh.

[Vasquez waves his hands at his bloodied rival, calling him forward.]

"You've always thought you were better than everyone else! You're no better! You're just... like... me!"

[Martinez is trembling with anger, staring down at Vasquez who has closed his eyes and spread his arms wide, waiting for the chairshot to come down upon his skull...]

GM: I don't... this is not like Ryan Martinez. We've seen this before, fans. We've seen Ryan Martinez in this position before.

BW: Yeah, but we've never seen him in it when he had Juan Vasquez before him! Think of everything Vasquez has done to Ryan Martinez... physically... mentally... to his friends and his family. This is it! This is Martinez' chance to erase all of that... to avenge all of that!

GM: I don't know if he can do it. Hell, I don't know if I WANT him to do it. No matter what Vasquez has done. No matter who he is. I don't know if I want Ryan Martinez to walk down that road!

[Martinez' knuckles are white, gripping the legs of the chair as he stares down at a helpless Vasquez who anxiously screams.]

"WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?! DO IT! DO IT! DO IT NOOOOOOOOW!"

[Martinez takes a deep breath, drawing the chair back over his head...

...and then throws it aside angrily!]

BW: WHAT?!

[But still in movement, Martinez grabs Vasquez by the hair, yanking him from his kneeling position to his feet, pulling him right into the front facelock.]

GM: He's going for it again! He's going for-

[Vasquez though slips out, dropping to his knees...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LOW BLOW! LOW BLOW ON MARTINEZ!

[Vasquez promptly gets up off the mat, pulling the doubled-up Martinez into a standing headscissors!]

GM: WHAT?! NO! NO!

[A grinning Vasquez doesn't waste any time this time, jerking Martinez into the air before he can counter...

...and quickly drops down, dropping Martinez with a snap piledriver!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: THAT'S IT! IT'S OVER!

GM: VASQUEZ WITH THE COVER! BARNES DOWN TO COUNT!

[The referee dives to the mat.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KICKOUT! KICKOUT! HOLY... MY GOD, HE KICKED OUT!

[Vasquez pushes up to his knees, eyes wide with disbelief.]

GM: That snap piledriver won't cripple anyone but it's still a very dangerous maneuver and it still would be more than enough to finish off most men, Bucky.

BW: But let me guess... Ryan Martinez ain't most men.

GM: You're damn right!

[Vasquez surges to his feet, rushing straight at the official, shoving him back against the ropes.]

"YOU PIECE OF SH-"

[The audio cuts out as Vasquez reads the riot act to the the EMWC's Senior Official...]

GM: Fans, we apologize for the language of Juan Vasquez as-

[Vasquez angrily swings his hand up, slapping Mike Barnes across the face with a blow designed to humiliate more than injure.]

GM: Oh, come on! There's no call for that! There's no call for!

[...but in case Juan Vasquez has forgotten, EMWC employees never backed down from a fight.]

GM: OHHH!

[Sharp-eyed viewers would see fans LITERALLY jumping for joy as Mike Barnes BLASTS Vasquez with a right hand on the jaw! The weary Vasquez actually stumbles back as Barnes sets for another one. Vasquez draws his fists up, ready to throw down...

...which means he fails to notice Ryan Martinez kneeling behind him!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MARTINEZ GOES LOW!

BW: WHAT?! WHAT HAPPENED TO THE DAMN WHITE KNIGHT?! THE HERO?! THE BOY SCOUT?!

GM: ANYTHING GOES IN THE WOODSHED, BUCKY!

[Martinez climbs to his feet as a doubled-up Vasquez hops in a circle...

...and Martinez pulls him into a standing headscissors!]

GM: ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

[The White Knight lifts Vasquez off the mat quickly, dropping down just as fast with a snap piledriver of his own!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: PILEDRIVER! VASQUEZ GETS A TASTE OF HIS OWN MEDICINE!

[Martinez dives across Vasquez as a fired-up Barnes drops down to count with gusto.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT THE HELL?!

[The crowd groans at the sight of someone in the ring, something gripped in hand that they just used to club Ryan Martinez in the back of the head, breaking up the pinfall!]

GM: THAT'S JACKSON HUNTER! WHAT THE HELL IS HE DOING HERE?!

[Jackson Hunter rips off his suit jacket, throwing it into the steel mesh. He paces around the ring, shouting angrily at the downed Martinez. Referee Mike Barnes gets up, screaming at Hunter as well but Hunter is beyond reason at this point.]

BW: He came out from under the ring, Gordo! He must've... when all that chaos was going on out here earlier, Hunter must've gone under the ring to wait for this moment!

GM: What is... what does he have in his hands?!

[Hunter lifts the weapon above his head, pulling the long arms back and forth to make it crystal clear.]

GM: BOLT CUTTERS! HE'S GOT BOLT CUTTERS!

[Hunter gleefully turns towards the downed Juan Vasquez, using the bolt cutters to snip the steel chain tying him to Martinez.]

GM: He's cutting the chain! Jackson Hunter is out here inside the damn Woodshed and he just cut Vasquez free!

BW: Not only that, Gordo, but Stegglet came out here and banned the rest of Martinez' friends from ringside! He's all alone! Jackson Hunter wasn't part of that group so this is totally legal!

GM: It's not legal at all but the referee may not be able to do a damn thing about it. Look at Hunter, out on the floor now, dragging Vasquez out of the ring... what the hell is going on here?

BW: I don't know. Hunter's over there by the door to the Woodshed and-

[The crowd jeers as Hunter goes to work on the chain holding the door secure. He cuts through it before delivering a kick to the door that knocks the chain loose, sending the Woodshed door swinging open.]

GM: Hunter's got the door open... and he's pulling Vasquez out the cage door with him!

[The Superdome fans start buzzing though as Martinez, holding the back of his head, slides out to the floor after them, the steel chain still dangling from his wrist.]

GM: Martinez is coming for them!

BW: Forget it! The door's open! They're out of here! Remember, it's the last night for Juan Vasquez in the AWA - win, lose, or draw! It looks like Jackson Hunter is settling for the draw!

GM: Martinez is over by the door and-

"CLANG!"

[A cackling Jackson Hunter slams the door shut, pressing up against it as he laughs in the White Knight's face, taunting him from just beyond the cage door...

...which is when Martinez reaches through a gap in the mesh, snatching Hunter's tie!]

BW: HEY! HE CAN'T-

"CLANG!"

"CLANG!"

"CLANG!"

"CLANG!"

"CLANG!"

"CLANG!"

[Hunter's face slams into the steel repeatedly as Martinez yanks him by the tie, pulling him hard into the mesh!]

GM: JACKSON HUNTER'S FACE MEETS THE STEEL! OH MY!

[Seeing Martinez coming for him, Juan Vasquez throws a long look up the aisle towards the entrance...

...and then turns around, looking up at the top of the Woodshed.]

GM: Oh my god. No, no, no! Don't do it, Juan! Don't you even think about it!

[With the crowd buzzing in fevered anticipation, Vasquez makes his decision, rushing forward and grabbing the steel mesh in his hand as he starts to climb the wall of the Woodshed!]

GM: HE'S CLIMBING! VASQUEZ IS CLIMBING THE WOODSHED!

[Martinez delivers a hard kick to the Woodshed door, sending Hunter falling back into the aisle. The White Knight steps through the doorway, turning to face the side of the structure where Vasquez has swiftly managed to get about halfway up the climb to the top.]

GM: Vasquez is running for his life but he's running up to the top of a structure that's gotta be some fifteen to twenty feet up at the top of it!

BW: Martinez... he's not gonna follow him, is he?!

GM: It sure looks that way!

[The bloodied Martinez runs a hand across his head, taking a few deep breaths as he approaches the wall of the Woodshed, reaching up to wrap his fingers around the mesh!]

GM: Martinez grabs hold of the cage and now he's climbing the damn thing too!

[The crowd roars again at the sight of Martinez scaling the cage as Vasquez pulls himself over the top onto the roof. He turns back, throwing a glance at the climbing Martinez and immediately starts shouting down to Jackson Hunter.]

GM: Vasquez is up top and I don't think he's looking for company up there, Bucky!

BW: What the heck does he want Jax to do?!

[Hunter climbs up off the floor at ringside, throwing a look up to Vasquez, nodding in understanding...

...and he rushes towards the cage, jumping high as he does, and wrapping his arms around the legs of a climbing Martinez!]

GM: HE'S GOT MARTINEZ! GET HIM THE HELL OFF!

[Hunter kicks off from the cage, actually dangling from the side for a moment, trying to pull Martinez back down...

...and down they go, crashing down in a heap on the floor as the crowd groans!]

GM: Hunter and Martinez come crashing down to the floor thanks to Jackson Hunter trying to run interference for the World Champion!

[Hunter manages to get up before Martinez, grabbing him by the hair...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and runs forward to SLAM Martinez facefirst into the steel mesh!]

GM: Gaaaaaah! Jackson Hunter getting himself involved with this match! Blatant interference on the part of Hunter and the Axis here tonight, trying to make sure that Vasquez walks out of New Orleans as the AWA World Champion and screws us all in the process!

[Vasquez shouts down at Hunter again...]

"NOW'S THE TIME!"

GM: What the hell does that mean? "Now's the time?!" What the hell are these two jackals planning?!

BW: Do you really want to know?

GM: Hunter's dragging Martinez around the cell, pulling him by the hair over- HEY!

[The camera cuts to show Hunter smashing Martinez' head down onto the announce table. The maniacal Hunter shouts at Myers, pointing a threatening finger as he grabs Martinez again.]

GM: You stay away from us, you lunatic!

[Hunter pulls Martinez over toward the second announce table, flinging him down onto it. A hard shove sends Harvey Sutton packing as Hunter yanks off his tie, throwing it down...

...and then looks up to Juan Vasquez who is now standing near the edge of the Woodshed roof, looking down.]

GM: Wait a second! Wait a damn second!

BW: Oh my god.

GM: What the hell is...?!

[Hunter shoves Martinez down on the table, pushing his shoulders down onto the wood. All around the Superdome, we can see fans rising to their feet with nervous anticipation as Hunter holds Martinez down, pushing hard as he looks up at Vasquez who grimaces as he steps right up to the edge, looking down...]

GM: No! He's not gonna do this! He's not gonna do this! Damn it, somebody stop this right now! Somebody get out here and stop this right this damn second!

[Vasquez breathes deeply, pulling air into his lungs nervously. He takes several short deep breaths, reaching up to give himself the sign of the Cross across his chest...]

GM: NO! DON'T DO IT, JUAN! DON'T YOU DO-

[...and leaps off the roof of the Woodshed, pulling his arms and legs up to form the most perfect looking senton you'll ever see.

He plummets from his perch, flashbulbs firing, fans screaming, adrenaline and terror rising.

You wouldn't see the details in the moment. Only on replay.

But if you could, you would've seen the terror on Vasquez' face as he attempts the most death-defying move of his career.

You would've seen the bloodlust on Jackson Hunter's face as he awaited impact.

The fans around ringside had a mix of expressions. Some were thrilled. Some were sick to their stomachs. Some even were shielding their eyes, afraid to see what comes next.

[The crowd... well, they reacted as you'd expect. A thunderous roar that would rival any in AWA history on a decibel scale. Screaming, shouting, hooting, and hollering. Some chants would break out. Things about being awesome. Maybe even a few that aren't fit for the ears of our younger fans. The younger fans... they would have a different reaction. Sure, some would be thrilled by the moment but some would turn away. Some would shield their eyes. The tears might flow... just a little... for the man they once worshipped not so long ago. The man who had been their hero for much of their young lives.

It would be a moment. The kind of moment that lives in eternity on highlight reels. That racks up millions of views and - as the kids say - goes viral. It would sell DVDs by the millions. It would be the kind of moment that the men involved would be compelled to talk about the rest of their lives.

How did you feel when you got pulled onto that table?

What was going through your mind when you stepped to the edge of the Woodshed?

Do you think it's the greatest "spot" in wrestling history?

Those are questions that need answered. And they'll be answered for years to come. Jackson Hunter, Juan Vasquez, Ryan Martinez, Gordon Myers, and everyone else involved with that moment will never hear the end of it. It will be part of their legacy - for better or worse - for the rest of their days.

But on this night... it's not over. Not yet.]

GM: OHHHHHHHHHH MYYYYYYYYYY STARRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRS! AS GOD AS MY WITNESS, I HAVE NEVER... NEVER... SEEN A THING LIKE THAT! HUNTER'S BROKEN INTO PIECES! VASQUEZ' SPINE HAS GOTTA BE SHATTERED! AND RYAN MARTINEZ AVOIDED TRAGEDY BY JUST A FEW HEARTBEATS!

[Speaking of Martinez, he managed to roll clear of the ensuing wreckage, ending up sitting on the floor by the ring, staring breathlessly at the unfolding scene.]

GM: I CAN'T BELIEVE WHAT I JUST SAW! I CANNOT BELIEVE WHAT I JUST SAW!

[Martinez grabs the mesh of the cage, dragging himself to his feet as he looks down at the swarm of AWA officials and medical team members surrounding Jackson Hunter and Juan Vasquez.]

GM: This one is over, fans. I know... I know that going into this, we all thought there would be a clear cut winner but... I mean, after what we just saw...

[Gordon's words trail off as we see Dr. Bob Ponavitch ordering some of his aides to put Jackson Hunter on a stretcher.]

GM: No hesitation there. They gotta get Hunter out of here. He took the brunt of that move through the table and... whew. That senton off the top. I'd say to pull it up on replay but I honestly don't know if I can watch that again. That was... that was a lot to take in and...

[Dr. Ponavitch moves over to talk to Juan Vasquez who has Bobby Taylor and a couple of others kneeling next to him. Taylor's voice can clearly be heard, "He says no, Doc. No stretcher." Ponavitch's reply of "He doesn't have a choice!" is clearly heard as well as he signals to his aides.]

GM: The doctor trying to get Vasquez on a stretcher as well. He's taken several hard falls onto his back here tonight and he may need serious medical attention as well. He-

"NO!"

[The shout from a barely-moving Vasquez cuts off Gordon.]

"Get your damn hands off me, Ponavitch... I said no and I meant it!"

[Ponavitch moves in again, pleading with Vasquez as we see the World Champion push himself out of the wreckage, rolling to the side near where Ryan Martinez is standing.]

GM: Juan Vasquez not... he's not staying down, Bucky.

BW: He should but he's too damn proud.

[Martinez stares down at Vasquez as the crazy bastard rolls to his knees, looking up at his bloodied rival.]

"How about you, hero? Had enough?"

[Martinez shakes his head in disbelief as Bobby Taylor steps forward, grabbing a rising Vasquez by the arm...

...which is when Vasquez headbutts Taylor!]

GM: OH!

[And SPITS right in Martinez' face!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The White Knight's eyes go wide, his hand reaching up to grasp at the saliva sitting on his cheek...

...and suddenly, Martinez surges forward, grabbing Vasquez by the hair. A pair of AWA officials attempt to intervene and quickly find themselves in Martinez' crosshairs.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A chop to the first takes them off their feet. The second backpedals out of Martinez' reach, running into Vasquez who uses another headbutt, knocking him flat on the floor...

...and Martinez grabs Vasquez by the hair, dragging him out of the wild scene at ringside, pulling the struggling World Champion who is flailing at him wildly towards the Woodshed door!]

GM: ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

[Martinez flings Vasquez through the door, tossing him down to the barely-padded floor...

...and then defiantly glares at the ringside officials before he steps through the door himself, reaching back to slam it behind him!]

"CLANG!"

GM: You ask for whom the bell tolls... well, with that "CLANG!" right there, the bell tolls for Juan Vasquez!

[Vasquez crawls along the floor, pulling on the apron to drag himself under the ropes into the ring where he starts crawling again, trying to put some space between himself and the pursuing Martinez.]

GM: The match is on again and I can't even believe that's true! How the hell is Juan Vasquez even standing?!

BW: Well, he's not yet, Gordo! He's crawling for his damn life before Martinez get his hands on him!

[Martinez walks slowly to the corner of the ring, stepping up on the steel ringsteps to climb to the apron...

...and then pauses.]

GM: What's he...?

[Martinez looks down at the steps, drawing a big cheer from the AWA faithful.]

GM: Are you... he can't do this!

[The former World Champion steps off the steel staircase back down on the floor...

...and then kicks the steps, snapping the connector holding the two pieces together. The actual staircase tumbles away, leaving the large steel base underneath it remaining.]

GM: Ryan Martinez is grabbing that steel staircase and...

[With a mighty toss, Martinez hurls the base of the stairs over the top rope, sending them clattering across the ring as Mike Barnes scampers clear, shaking his head at the action still continuing.]

GM: Martinez rolls back into the ring... and at this point, you'd have to say that Juan Vasquez is at the mercy of the White Knight.

BW: Gordo, earlier tonight, we said that Juan Vasquez had no mercy. Does Martinez?

GM: I believe he does, Bucky. I believe he does.

[As Martinez climbs to his feet, we spy Juan Vasquez crawling across the ring, heading towards the steel chair that Martinez discarded earlier in the match.]

GM: Vasquez is crawling for the chair! Vasquez is reaching for the chair! Vasquez is-

[The World Champion cries out as Martinez stomps down on the wrist, pinning it to the canvas. He looks down on Vasquez, shaking his head back and forth as the fans roar!]

GM: There will be no chair for the World Champion! Not tonight!

[Leaning down, Martinez wraps a hand around the throat of Vasquez, using his grip to pull the champion to his feet...]

GM: He's gonna chokeslam him!

BW: I don't think so, Gordo! I think Juan Vasquez is about to get BURNED!

[A ripple of recognition washes over the crowd as they sense Martinez is looking to honor his legendary father here. The younger Martinez nods, pointing back towards the locker room...

...and then hoists Vasquez into the air, looking to lift him high enough to secure the OG Firebomb...]

GM: FIREBOM-

[...but Vasquez lashes out, driving the fork he used earlier in the match into the skull of the challenger!]

GM: AHHH! FORK! HE GOT HIM WITH THE FORK!

[The sudden stab to the forehead causes Martinez to let go of Vasquez who switches the fork to his left hand as he balls up his right and...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: RIGHT CROSS! RIGHT CROSS!

[The impact of Vasquez' fist cracking into the cheekbone of Ryan Martinez snaps the challenger's head around, sending him flopping facefirst to the canvas...]

...but Vasquez collapses instantly to his knees from the exertion of throwing the devastating blow. He leans forward on his hands, looking to crawl towards Martinez...

...but falls face first to the mat instead, unable to take advantage of the moment.]

GM: He got him! He hit the Right Cross! But he cannot cover!

BW: Of course he can't! He jumped off the damn Woodshed through a table about five minutes ago! I'm surprised he's even conscious!

GM: The medics are still out here at ringside. The AWA officials still out here at ringside. Jon Steggle and Todd Michaelson have made their way out here, joining Bobby Taylor at ringside.

BW: Hail hail, the bosses are all here!

GM: AWA ownership on hand to see this historic brutal battle between two of the greatest of all time.

BW: The hell with that. They're here to see if they'll still have a champion tomorrow morning or if it's REALLY gonna be Black Friday!

[Vasquez slides his arms underneath him, pushing up on his elbows. The camera zooms in on the World Champion as he grimaces, shoving himself up to all fours.]

GM: Vasquez starting to stir... Vasquez trying to rise...

[The champion again gives a roar of exertion as he shoves himself to his knees, breathing heavily as Ryan Martinez drags his body across the ring, using the ropes to pull himself so that his head is resting on the bottom turnbuckle.]

GM: Vasquez on his knees... the bloodied challenger trying to get up as well...

BW: How are they moving?! How do they have ANYTHING left to give?!

GM: Bucky, I've said some terrible things about Juan Vasquez over the past year and I've meant every single one of them... but you cannot deny the man's skill... the man's talent... and yes, the fighting spirit of one of the greatest to ever lace a

pair of boots! For many of these fans, this may be the final time they see Juan Vasquez compete in a pro wrestling ring and if it is, this is one hell of a way to go out.

[Vasquez pushes himself to his feet...

...and slowly raises the blood-stained fork in front of him, a sadistic smile on his face as he edges towards Martinez, looking like the villain from your favorite horror movie. Jason, Freddy, Michael, Ghostface... ain't none of them got a thing on Juan Vasquez when he's got a fork in his hand.]

GM: Vasquez is on the hunt, stalking Martinez like his helpless prey.

[Martinez flips over onto his back, his head still resting on the bottom turnbuckle as he looks up through glassy eyes at Vasquez, dragging his leg behind him.]

GM: The champion limping a bit... perhaps more damage done from that drop through the table out here at ringside.

[Vasquez eyes Martinez a moment before tucking the fork into his waistband once again, stepping closer to the downed Martinez...]

"You think the AWA can survive without me?"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"You think they can just toss me away like I'm nothing and I never meant anything to them?"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[Martinez' eyes flash with anger as he starts to get up off the mat...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...but Vasquez lashes out with a Right Cross aimed down at Martinez, smashing his head back into the turnbuckle at violent velocity!]

GM: Good grief. Another Right Cross.

BW: But Vasquez ain't covering, Gordo! He's got more for young Martinez!

GM: But does young Martinez have anything left for Vasquez at this point?!

[Vasquez, down on his knees after delivering another Right Cross, looks out on the jeering crowd.]

"I GAVE YOU EVERYTHING! EVERYTHING!"

[He points an accusing finger at Martinez.]

"AND YOU CHEERED FOR HIM!"

[He jerks a thumb at himself.]

"WHO WILL BE THERE FOR YOU WHEN I'M GONE..."

[And pushes up to his feet, putting his foot on Martinez' throat.]

"...AND I TAKE HIM WITH ME?!"

[He leans down, nearly falling in the process. He steadies himself, grabbing the ropes for support as he grabs the blood-soaked hair of the White Knight, dragging him and his now crimson-stained tights out to the center of the ring, flinging him down on top of the steel steps.]

GM: Martinez brought those stairs into the ring...

BW: He may be regretting that decision right about now.

[Vasquez takes a deep breath as he steps forward...

...and steps up on top of the steel base for the stairs. He leans down, grabbing Martinez again...]

GM: Oh god no.

BW: Oh, now he's REALLY gonna do him in!

[Vasquez pulls the bloodied and battered Martinez into a standing headscissors, standing atop the steel staircase base. He tiredly reaches down, wrapping his arms around the torso of the White Knight...]

GM: He's gonna piledrive him on the steel! He's gonna break his damn neck!

[Vasquez takes a few more deep breaths, pulling the oxygen into his body needed to lift his rival into the air one more time...]

GM: HE LIFTS!

[Vasquez lifts quickly again, 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 on top of the steel stairs base where he loops Vasquez' left arm around his neck and locks his own hands around Vasquez' head, pulling back in a crossface!]

GM: CROSSFACE! CROSSFACE! HE LOCKS IT ON AGAIN! HE LOCKS IT ON!

BW: WE SAW THIS A COUPLE OF WEEKS AGO - THE COUNTER TO THE PILEDRIVER IS LOCKED IN!

GM: COULD THIS BE IT?!

[Vasquez frantically claws at the steel stairs underneath him, pulling hard as he tries to find an escape...]

GM: MARTINEZ HAS HIM STRETCHED! MARTINEZ LOOKING TO FINISH HIM IN THE MIDDLE OF THE RING!

BW: VASQUEZ HAS TAPPED OUT TO THIS BEFORE!

[The World Champion's right arm hangs in the air, the crowd roaring with anticipation as they wait to see if he'll submit.]

"NOOOOO! NOOOOOO! DAMN IT, NEVER!"

[The crowd ROARS at the defiant Vasquez who howls in pain as Martinez pulls back harder on the neck...

...but within moments, it is Martinez who is howling as Juan Vasquez pulls his trusty fork out of his waistband and JAMS the sharpened tines into the forearm of the White Knight!]

GM: AHHHHHHH!

[Martinez breaks the hold, rolling to the side as Vasquez rolls off the steel steps with a thud, grabbing at his neck in pain.]

GM: There was no way out of that! There was no escape!

BW: But Juan Vasquez found a way! He found his way out by hook or by crook, daddy!

GM: Oh, it was definitely by crook!

[Vasquez, cradling the fork in his hands, starts elbow crawling across the ring, again trying to create space between he and Martinez as the White Knight slides on his rear to the ropes, using them to drag himself to his feet...]

GM: Martinez is up, leaning against the ropes...

[A weary Vasquez starts to rise as well, pushing up off the canvas. He wobbles forward, bouncing off the ropes as he stumbles back towards the middle of the ring...

...which is when a waiting Ryan Martinez electrifies the crowd again by tearing across the ring, leaping into the air, and lashing out with a flying Yakuza kick to the jaw that FLIPS Vasquez inside out, dumping him on the canvas!]

GM: EXCALIBUR! EXCALIBUR CONNECTS!

[Martinez crawls back towards Vasquez, flipping him over onto his back.]

GM: COVER!

[The referee dives to count.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: HOLY-

GM: HE KICKED OUT! HE KICKED OUT! VASQUEZ KICKS OUT _JUST_ IN TIME! MY GOD, WHAT A FIGHT!

[Martinez rolls to a seated position, staring out at the crowd, a look of disbelief on his face.]

BW: Can you imagine what's going through the head of Ryan Martinez right now?! He's used his new submission hold - Vasquez gets out! He used his new finisher - Juan kicks out! He even saw Vasquez jump off the top of the damn Woodshed and the son of a bitch is out here like the damn Terminator still going! What can Ryan Martinez do? Or the better question is - is there ANYTHING that Ryan Martinez can do to finish this man off?!

GM: I don't know. I just don't know. I thought he had him there. Ryan thought he had him there. The world thought he had him there.

[Martinez sits on the canvas, shaking his head in disbelief. He turns to look at the official who shrugs his shoulders, holding his hands inches apart.]

GM: The referee says it was that close... THAT close to victory.

[The White Knight lets loose a sigh... a deep, body-heaving sigh of resignation. He's still shaking his head as he climbs off the canvas, looking down at Vasquez who can barely move but still refuses to stay down. Vasquez is down on his back, looking up at Martinez...]

"You can't... you can't do it, kid. You never could. That's why you were never the one to re... aarrrrgh... to replace me. You were never good enough to replace me!"

[Martinez stares down at Vasquez, the veteran's words washing over him. He blinks several times, looking up at the lights as Vasquez lies at his feet, still talking.]

"It never was you. It should've been Preston."

[The White Knight's eyes flash, looking down at Vasquez again.]

"He should be here... and you shoulda been a god damn cripple!"

[Martinez buries his head in his hands, shaking his head...

...which gives Vasquez the chance to push up off the mat, coming up swinging...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ANOTHER LOW BLOW!

BW: They don't call him the King of the Low Blows for nothing!

[Vasquez, still on his knees, shoves Martinez back, sending him falling back down on the steel steps. The World Champion... El Cholo himself... rises to his feet like one of those horror movie villains again. He sneers as he looks down on Martinez.]

"It's fitting though, isn't it? Father and son... ended... on the same night."

[And with a loud shout, Vasquez lets loose one more Right Cross aimed at the skull of Ryan Martinez who is laid out on top of the steel base...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

[Martinez, having rolled to the side just in time, rises to his feet off the steel. His face is different now. Confidence has returned. Overwhelming confidence and determination. He knows why he's here. He knows he belongs.

And he knows what he must do.]

GM: MARTINEZ IS UP!

[But so is Vasquez, hobbling around the ring, cradling his right hand in pain from where he punched the steel steps by accident. Martinez is standing, watching as Vasquez stumbles towards him, winding up again...]

GM: RIGHT CROSS!

[Vasquez' blow is a little weaker this time, not able to throw it with the same ferocity after punching unforgiving steel...

...yet this time, he does not find a victim who is any more forgiving. Martinez sees the punch coming from a mile away and in a very familiar motion, he traps the hand, interlocking his fingers with Vasquez'.]

GM: HE CAUGHT THE HAND AND-

[Martinez pauses, looking into the eyes of Vasquez who looks horrified for a split second, fully conscious of what's coming but completely unable to stop it as Martinez violently twists the wrist to the side, slamming the hand down on the steel steps base...

...where the White Knight STOMPS the fingers into oblivion!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SOMEWHERE, A TEACHER IS VERY PROUD OF HIS STUDENT RIGHT NOW!

[Juan Vasquez screams out in pain as he cradles his hand, staggering around the ring. The move once called the greatest single strike in professional wrestling... a punch so ferocious, it was rumored to once knock cancer out of a victim... has been taken out of the equation.

Or has it?]

GM: RIGHT CROSS!

[A desperate Vasquez lashes out with the one move he knows could turn this match around in a heartbeat - the greatest equalizer in his possession. But again, the blow flies weakly - without its usual level of ferocity... without its usual level of precision...

...and Martinez again catches the hand, squeezing the injured appendages with enough force to drive Vasquez down to his knees, grimacing in pain as he reaches up with his left hand to help...

...and finds that trapped in the grip of Martinez as well.]

GM: Vasquez is on his knees and-

[Holding the hands... staring into the eyes of his rival... Martinez suddenly yanks Vasquez towards him as he swings a knee up, catching him flush on the chin! Vasquez' eyes roll back as he slumps down to the canvas once more...

...but Martinez, still holding the hands, has other ideas.]

GM: Martinez pulls him up...

[The challenger drags Vasquez towards him, locking in a front facelock one more time...]

GM: He's got it hooked! Dead center in the middle of the ring! There'll be no escape for Juan Vasquez this time!

[Martinez takes several deep breaths, blood coating his upper body...

...and lifts Juan Vasquez skyward, holding him straight up and down for the entire world to see. This is a moment for them to witness. A moment to say "I was there when..." A moment that if things go according to plan... just might be unforgettable...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BRAAAAAAAAAINBUSSSSSTERRRRRRRR!

[The impact on the skull leaves Vasquez motionless on the canvas as Martinez flips over, covering the prone World Champion.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE-

[But at the very last moment... and I do mean the LAST possible moment, Juan Vasquez, defiant until the end, shrugs his shoulders off the canvas, breaking up the pin attempt!]

GM: HE KICKED OUT! VASQUEZ KICKED OUT OF THE BRAINBUSTER!

BW: Incredible.

[Martinez' jaw drops as he pushes up to his knees. He stares at referee Mike Barnes who shakes his head in disbelief as he holds up two fingers, again holding his hands just a scant inch or so apart.]

GM: That's how close it was according to Mike Barnes! That's how close we came to having a new World Champion!

[Martinez rises to his feet, looking down on Vasquez who is unmoving, a slight smile on his face still. The challenger shakes his head as he looks down on the man who has made his life hell for a year. He looks down on him with anger... with frustration... with... respect?

The White Knight leans down, pulling an unmoving Vasquez off the canvas. He tugs him into a front facelock, once more...

...and to the roar of the crowd, he steps up onto the steel base.]

GM: Oh my god.

[Martinez looks out on the cheering crowd one last time, nodding his head as he pulls Vasquez into position, lifting him into the air, holding him up so the blood flows down into his skull... holding him high for all to see...

The flashbulbs fire in anticipation of capturing that historic moment...

...as Ryan Martinez brings him down... down... down!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With a shove, Martinez rolls Vasquez off the steel platform, grabbing both legs and rolling into a back press!]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The sound of the bell signals the crowd to release one of their loudest reactions of the night. There is relief in there. Satisfaction. Unbridled joy. A mixture of emotions for the crowning of a new World Champion and the defeat of a fallen hero. Martinez sits up on the mat, elbows on his knees as he buries his face in his hands, his body heaving with emotions as the faithful pay him homage.]

GM: We have a new World Champion... and for the second time, that man is Ryan Martinez! The White Knight rides atop the wrestling world once more!

[Mike Barnes leans through the ropes, retrieving the prize that brought so many so far to witness this moment. He strides across the ring, handing the treasured gold and leather strap to Martinez who - tears in his eyes - accepts the offering. The crowd roars once more at the sight of their hero with the mountaintop clutched in his hands. Martinez rests the title belt on his knees, staring at the gold plating in front of him for a long moment before he embraces the title belt to his chest to another huge reaction.]

GM: What a moment! Martinez has fought so hard for so long to get back the title that many believed he never should have lost to begin with... and now they're reunited and it does indeed feel so good!

[Barnes extends a hand to Martinez, helping the bloodied champion to his feet. Martinez accepts and as he steadies his footing, he thrusts the title belt over his head to a thunderous ovation. The Superdome is rocking with the love and support of the AWA faithful...

...and then it is rocking with the sights and sounds of pyro being blasted towards the sky. Golden fireworks blasting above the ring and up above the massive entry stage. Martinez smiles at the moment, striding across the ring. He steps up to the middle rope, slinging the title belt over his shoulder as another burst of pyro hits the sky.]

GM: Ryan Martinez paying tribute to these fans who were with him every step of the way!

[He lifts the title belt again, holding it high with both hands...

...and the crowd cheers again, this time at the sight of the locker room clearing out to come celebrate with the new World Champion.]

GM: Here comes the locker room! Next Gen... Jordan Ohara... Supernova... so many others!

[The ring quickly fills with celebrating wrestlers, clapping and cheering for Martinez. Jack Lynch and Supreme Wright are standing near the corner, Lynch reaching up to slap his friend on the back as Wright applauds, the slightest of smiles on his face. Jon Steggle, Todd Michaelson, and Bobby Taylor can be spotted in the background, exchanging relieved glances as they clap for the celebrating Martinez.]

GM: It's been one hell of a night, fans! One hell of a night!

BW: SuperClash just seems to get bigger and better every year but... even I don't know how we're gonna top this one, Gordo. Whew.

GM: I don't know either but I know we're gonna try! Fans, for all of us here at the American Wrestling Alliance, we wish you a good night from SuperClash VIII... and a Happy Holidays to one and all! We'll see you in 2017! So long everybody!

[Martinez continues to celebrate his triumph, pyrotechnics exploding all around him. A sharp-eyed viewer might notice Juan Vasquez who has crawled under the ropes

to the floor, lying on his back in the aisleway, staring up at the lights for the final time...

...as we fade to black.

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It's on black for a while. Long enough that some viewers may have changed the channel. But - like a Marvel Studios movie - if you've stuck around until the end, we've got one more thing for you...

We fade back up on the sound of clapping. Soft, golf style clapping. A small monitor shows the action back in the Superdome where Martinez is now being embraced by his fellow fan favorites.

A voice is heard. It's digitized, hidden from identification.

"Bravo, Mr. Martinez. Bravo."

Our shot still shows Martinez, now hugging Jack Lynch who slaps the White Knight on the back. Suddenly, it clicks off to a black screen.

"It's late, Mr. Martinez. Dinner has been served. The show is over. And it's time for many to go to sleep.

So, allow me to help in that. Allow me to tell the world a bedtime story."

[A clearing of the throat.]

"Once upon a time, there was a White Knight who ruled atop a glorious kingdom. A golden kingdom - some would say - the finest in all the land. It was a kingdom founded by men who longed for the good ol' days. A kingdom built on the backs of Sharks and Hotshots and dastardly Russians. It was a kingdom with forests watered by the blood of those who came before.

But deep within that kingdom, there was a dark place. A rotten core that threatened to spread and destroy all that was loved.

And as time went by, that darkness grew. Colder. Darker. Until a shadow emerged, tall enough to be seen by those who knew where to look.

It was eating away at the kingdom, tearing down the ideals on which it was built. It was shredding away the very soul of the kingdom from within.

Until one day, a benevolent god looked down from his throne atop the world and said, "I must save this kingdom from itself... for they know not what they do." And he sent forth his soldiers, trying to save the kingdom. But the peasants fought. The armies fought. The White Knight himself fought, clashing with the soldiers of the benevolent god... defying the god himself.

The darkness continued to grow until the god looked down and said... "I must deal with this matter myself. I must lead my own army into the shadows for all the cleansing light within me can purify the kingdom. I must destroy the kingdom in order to rebuild it in my image and restore it to the light."

And so, he gave his most trusted acolytes a task. To go forth and build an army the likes of which the world has never seen. An unbeatable army. An unstoppable army. An army worthy of his leadership.

And on a night when the world looked within and gave thanks for what they had, the god looked down and saw that his army was ready as well... and he was grateful.

And in that gratitude, he gave his acolytes the power to unleash his soldiers on the kingdom.

For you see, this God... had Monsters at his side..."

[A soft chuckle is heard again.]

"Do you understand the story?"

[The camera pans off the black screen to a familiar face. His tan has faded, his hair now white and brittle. His eyes look like they haven't felt the comfort of sleep in many days.

It is AWA President Landon O'Neill... or what's left of him.

A hand comes up, softly stroking the cheek of O'Neill, her expertly painted and manicured nails trailing down, leaving the slightest of scrapes on his cheek.]

"Do you?"

[O'Neill visibly shakes as he opens his mouth, a weak voice emerging.]

"I do."

[She laughs again, reaching past him as she speaks again.]

"I think we're done with hiding."

[A click of a button is heard and the next time she speaks, it is without the fog of digitization.]

"Landon, my dear... it is time. The honor is yours for all your loyal service."

[Still shaking, O'Neill lifts a hand, reaching out towards a large flashing red button. He hesitates, his tongue lolling out to run nervously over his lips. She speaks again, a hard edge to her voice now.]

"Do not fail me now, Landon."

[Her hand comes up to his cheek again... this time gripping a very familiar crystal in her hand. The light bounces off it... and O'Neill's eyes go wide with fear. He nods slowly, extending his finger..

...and as he presses the button, the lights in the building begin to flash in tandem with an ear-piercing siren of alert. O'Neill visibly cringes as the soft chuckle is heard again.]

"Good. Very good. He will be pleased."

[The camera pulls up to reveal the source of the woman's voice. She will not be immediately familiar to most wrestling fans but the most dedicated and educated of fans will recognize her. Her long, stark black hair hangs around her bare shoulders on display above a black leather top. She smiles at the camera coming to rest on her, a seductive gaze reaching through.

The sound of footsteps in the background causes her to arch her eyebrows, turning slightly.]

"Ah, good. You're here in time."

[Someone unseen steps partially into frame, a hand coming to rest on her shoulder. The hand has three golden rings on it, each more elaborate and bejeweled than the one before. Our camera pulls back a little more to reveal a Latino man, likely in his early 40s. He's very well dressed - if not a little bit sleazy looking. His lips peel apart to reveal brightly polished teeth in a sinister smile.]

"But of course, my dear... I wouldn't miss this for anything."

[The camera pulls back to fit all three into the shot, looking off into the distance together. The man and the woman smile sinisterly at what they're watching as O'Neill nervously looks on, his mouth opening and closing slightly as he stares blankly off-camera...

...and as our camera pivots to face the same direction that they are, we see why.

Rooms of all glass have had their doors opened, lights flashing, and sirens blaring as men lumber into view.

Some are familiar sights. Monsters like Ebola Zaire... like Morgan Dane... like Mutessa.

Some are unfamiliar but ominous nonetheless.

All are terrifying.

Whether you're a God or a Monster or just a member of the fairy tale kingdom looking to survive, this sight can only mean one thing.

This war... has begun.

Fade to black.]