

UNFINISHED BUSINESS III

[We fade from the end of the last Saturday Night Wrestling to black...

...and then back up.

The scene opens with a panoramic, aerial overview of the legendary Mercedes-Benz Superdome in New Orleans, the camera angle zooming in closer and closer on the venue, as the familiar voice of actor Keith David plays over the footage.]

"Professional wrestling is defined by rivalries."

[As Twenty One Pilots' "Heathens" plays, there's a sudden smash cut to the interior of the Superdome, a wrestling ring being constructed in the center.]

"You judge a competitor by those he has beaten."

[There's a quick succession of clips. Juan Vasquez trading blows with Stevie Scott. Ryan Martinez giving machine gun chops to Hannibal Carver. Both men, in separate situations, fighting off The Dogs of War.]

"Those who win become champions."

[A bloody Ryan Martinez lifts the World Heavyweight Title over his head. A second later, we see Juan Vasquez doing the same.]

"Icons."

[Ryan Martinez stands in the center of the ring, wearing his full "White Knight" regalia, the World Title around his waist.]

"Legends."

[Juan Vasquez, in a thousand dollar suit, stands surrounded by the men of the Axis, the World Title resting comfortably on his shoulder.]

"But when two men have defeated all of their enemies..."

[A fast succession of clips. Ryan Martinez pinning Hannibal Carver after a brainbuster. Juan Vasquez pinning Stevie Scott. Martinez defeating Johnny Detson. Vasquez triumphing over Dave Cooper. Martinez defeating Caleb Temple. And finally, Juan Vasquez smashing his fist into the face of Alex Martinez.]

"...then they must challenge each other, in the ultimate of proving grounds."

[Cut to what looks like an industrial warehouse, where the massive, deadly structure known as the Woodshed is being created. A man in a welding mask stands with a blowtorch in hand, sparks and flames splashing against the thick mask.]

"One will rise, and one will fall, as it must be. But until that night, as these two gladiators prepare for war, they have nothing between them but..."

UNFINISHED BUSINESS."

[As "Heathens" continues to play, a graphic is put up on the screen. On the right is Ryan Martinez, seen in profile. On the left is the profile of Juan Vasquez. Between them is the AWA's world Heavyweight Title. Below them is the logo for "Unfinished Business III."

Fade to black.]

"Two men, from the same city, and yet worlds apart."

[We cut to a very upscale part of Los Angeles. The sky is clear, the streets clean.]

"Ryan Martinez grew up on the Los Angeles of Hollywood lore. Among the rich, in the lap of luxury.

But this was not the Los Angeles that Juan Vasquez knew."

[The scene shifts to night time. We are in a dangerous part of town. Dirty streets, sirens in the background, frightening men on the corner.]

"And yet, now these two men find themselves in very different places. For Ryan Martinez, he has gone from the finest accommodations, to the simplest."

[Cut to the interior of a gym with the most basic of setups. Mats and men sparring. There is nothing fancy about it. Just the contest of champions fighting for supremacy.]

"While no one has soared to loftier heights than the man synonymous with the AWA itself... Juan Vasquez."

[Cut to the interior of a state of the art training facility, Juan Vasquez surrounded by the most high tech equipment. Vasquez currently stands in front of a machine intended on measuring his punching power. Vasquez is peppering the pad with jabs at first, watching the number jump slightly... and then snaps off one of his signature Right Crosses, smirking as the number goes sky high.]

"But the origins of the war that will come to the Superdome began last year, in Minute Maid Park, at the scene of Ryan Martinez' greatest triumph."

[A graphic comes up that reads "November 26, 2015" and then cuts to footage from the last few minutes of SuperClash VII.

The World Champion grabs a barely-conscious Hannibal Carver, dragging him to his feet, pulling him into a front facelock...]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM! MARTINEZ HOOKS IT!

[He slings the arm over his neck, looking as Juan Vasquez gets up...]

GM: MARTINEZ LIFTS!

[He lets Carver hang there for just a moment, thinking about what's coming. The end of the match. The end of his title challenge. The end of his AWA career...

...and DROPS him headfirst on the canvas!]

BW: BRAAAAAAAAAINNNNNBUUUUUSSSSSTAAAAAAHHHHHH!

[Martinez flips Carver over, hooking both legs, rolling into a back press as Juan Vasquez dives to the mat...]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: It's over!

BW: Wow.

[Martinez lets go of Carver's legs, letting them flop to the mat as the World Champion sits up, looking straight ahead at the roaring crowd - now mostly unified in their support of the AWA's White Knight.]

GM: Hannibal Carver said it would look like a fight... that it would look like a war. And that's exactly what it was. A war. For eighteen months, fans all over the world wondered what would happen when Ryan Martinez and Hannibal Carver finally clashed... and now, it has happened. A super clash... at SuperClash!

[Carver is motionless on the canvas as Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... your winner...

[Pause.]

PW: ...and STILL AWA... HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORRRRRRRRRRLD...

[Dramatic pause.]

PW: RYYYYYYYYYAAAAAAAAAAAN MAAAAARRRRRRRRRTIIIIIIINEZZZZZ!

[Martinez smiles at the announcement, nodding his head at the earsplitting roar of support from the AWA faithful. Juan Vasquez steps forward, grabbing Martinez by the arm, helping him up to his feet. Keith David speaks in voiceover.]

"It was the ultimate triumph for Ryan Martinez. The defeat of a man who had been his enemy for eighteen months. But the taste of victory soon turned to ashes in the mouth of the AWA's White Knight."

[Martinez hops down off the middle rope, turning to go to the other side...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and gets BLASTED across the face with the World Title belt by Juan Vasquez!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

BW: VASQUEZ HIT HIM WITH THE BELT!

GM: I SAW BUT... BUT... WHY?!

[Vasquez stands over Martinez, staring down at the World Champion with a gleeful grin on his face.]

GM: He looks almost... ecstatic about this!

[With Martinez motionless on the canvas, Vasquez looks long and hard at the AWA World Title, a gleam in his eye as the crowd buzzes with confusion.]

GM: The fans don't understand what's happening and neither do I! Juan Vasquez is... he's one of the pillars this place was built on! He's the People's Hero!

BW: Maybe not anymore, Gordo.

[Vasquez throws the belt down, bouncing it violently off the skull of Ryan Martinez with great disdain. Martinez raises his arms instinctually, trying to protect himself as Vasquez glares at him.]

GM: I don't get this at all.

BW: Neither do I but... I'm open to it!

GM: Are you... give me a break! This is horrible!

[Vasquez drops to a knee, grabbing the bloody hair of Ryan Martinez, driving his right hand into the forehead... again... and again... and again, the crowd's boos getting louder with every blow he lands on the head of the AWA's White Knight.]

GM: Vasquez is pounding Martinez into the canvas and-

[He leaps to his feet, shouting angrily at the jeering crowd, pointing at them... then pointing down at Martinez...

...and he pulls the destroyed Martinez off the mat...]

GM: No. Oh no.

[...and pulls him into a standing headscissors.]

GM: Oh god, no.

[Vasquez looks out at the jeering crowd which is screaming, begging him to not to do what he's looking to do.]

GM: For the love of God, Juan... don't do this! You're better than this! You're-

BW: How do you like your hero now, Gordo?

[Bucky's line echoes as we fade to black again. Silence reigns for a moment before Keith David's voice is heard once more.]

"That night, Juan Vasquez was thwarted in his attempt to break the neck of Ryan Martinez. But a few months later, in Las Vegas, Vasquez was not to be denied."

[The graphic now reads "February 13th, 2016" as we fade up to action from the Saturday Night Wrestling of the same date.]

BW: WE GOT A FIGHT ON OUR HANDS, DADDY!

[The crowd is ROARING as Martinez lands a flurry of hard shots to the side of the head as Vasquez raises his left hand, grabbing Martinez by the hair, throwing right

hands of his own! Gordon Myers, who has bailed out of the ring, makes his way over to the ringside announce table, yanking on his headset.]

BW: Look what you started, Gordo!

GM: What I- am I even on?

BW: Yeah, we gotcha.

[The fists are still flying in the ring, Martinez seemingly getting the better of the exchange when Vasquez swings a knee up into the midsection, cutting off the attack. He backs off, yanking off his sportscoat...

...and then loops it around the throat of Martinez, pulling back on it!]

GM: He's choking him! Vasquez is strangling the World Champion!

[Martinez' face turns red as he grabs at the cloth, trying to pull himself free. Vasquez steps on the back of his knee, forcing him down to the mat where he gets even more leverage pulling back on the jacket!]

GM: Ryan Martinez came for payback! Payback for himself! Payback for the man he defeated at SuperClash! He wanted payback and...

BW: And he's finding out why Juan Vasquez says no one truly knows who he is!

[The World Champion slams an elbow back into the midsection... once... twice... three times. He spins into the choke, the jacket still around his neck as he lashes out with a forearm shot to the temple. The jacket falls to the mat as Vasquez stumbles back into the corner...]

GM: Martinez puts him in the corner!

[Advancing on the Hall of Famer, Martinez grabs the powder blue dress shirt with both hands...

...and rips it apart, sending buttons flying and exposing the chest of Vasquez!]

GM: Oh!

[Shaking his head in disgust at Vasquez, Martinez shifts his feet...]

"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 steps back, giving a roar to the Las Vegas crowd as red welts form on the chest of Vasquez. The World Champion turns back towards him...

...and Vasquez lashes out, jabbing a thumb into the eye of Martinez!]

GM: OH! VASQUEZ GOES TO THE EYE!

[Dropping to his knees, Vasquez swings his right arm up into the groin of the blinded World Champion!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: AND HE GOES LOW! WHAT A PIECE OF-

[Back on his feet, smirking as Martinez slumps to his knees in front of him, Vasquez looks out at the crowd with disdain. He extends his arms, waving his hands, inciting them to jeer louder.]

BW: Can you believe this, Gordo? Vasquez is actually LIKING these boos.

GM: I can't believe it at all. It makes me physically sick to my stomach in fact.

[Vasquez nods to the crowd as he steps forward, pulling Martinez into a standing headscissors...]

GM: Oh god, no!

[The Hall of Famer doesn't give anyone time to react though, pulling Martinez up, and quickly sitting out in a piledriver! The crowd ROARS with an “OHHHHHH!” and then suddenly falls silent as they realize what they just saw.]

GM: What in the...?

BW: A quick-shot piledriver! That's not the usual delayed piledriver we see most of the time - the one meant to cripple. That one's meant to hurt... and hurt bad... but it won't put you on the shelf for a year!

GM: Martinez is down! Martinez is out!

BW: Yeah, he's not getting up for a while, Gordo. He's out cold!

GM: Juan Vasquez...

[Vasquez leans over, lightly slapping Martinez on the cheek with a “You'll get 'em next time, kid” before he rolls out of the ring. The jeers are even louder than when he walked in as he makes his way up the aisle... now surrounded by a sea of officials and security, trying to get him away from the ring. Vasquez trades words with many of them when another figure comes marching from the back as Keith David's voice tells the story.]

“And a few minutes later, the World Title that Ryan Martinez sweat and bled for was taken from him, stolen, as much by Vasquez as it was by the next champion, Johnny Detson.”

[We fade a little further into the scene where Detson leans down, grabbing Martinez by the hair, pulling his head off the mat. The crowd groans... then jeers as they realize Detson is moving an individual with a serious head and neck injury who should NOT be moved.]

GM: Somebody needs to stop this!

[Detson grunts, putting forth a lot of effort to lift Martinez' dead weight off the mat, tugging him into a standing headscissors. He smirks at the jeering crowd as he reaches down to hook one arm...]

GM: Come on. Somebody. Anybody.

[...and then the other...]

GM: Please. Somebody do somethi-

[Detson leaps into the air, DRIVING Martinez' face down into the mat!]

BW: WILDE DRIVER!

GM: Aggggh!

[Detson makes a big show of flipping Martinez over, pressing his palms down into the chest...]

GM: Not like this.

[Referee Dawson slaps the mat once...]

GM: Please not like this.

[...twice...]

BW: NEW WORLD CHAMP!

GM: No, no...

[...and a final time as the crowd drops into stunned silence for a moment before ERUPTING into jeers!]

GM: ...no.

[Detson leaps off the canvas, arms thrown into the air. He gestures wildly towards the referee who ducks through the ropes, retrieving the World Title belt that Martinez dropped earlier as Phil Watson's voice rings out.]

PW: Your winner of the match...

[Watson sounds as sick about it as everyone else.]

PW: ...and NEW AWA WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION...

[Detson is absolutely ecstatic as he snatches the title belt out of the referee's hands.]

PW: JOHNNNNNNYYYYYYYY DEEEEEETSONNNNNNNNNN!

[We cut to a shot of Detson posing with the title belt in the background, a motionless Ryan Martinez with a concerned referee kneeling next to him in the foreground as Keith David's voice is heard again.]

"Thus began Ryan Martinez' year from hell."

[Quick clips of Ryan Martinez. Visibly wounded and out of shape. Being defeated by Jordan Ohara, being annihilated by Maxim Zharkov. Falling at seemingly every turn.]

"And the rise, though many would call it a fall, of Juan Vasquez."

[Clips of Juan Vasquez defeating Alex Martinez on Memorial Day. Clips of the Axis slowly forming. Finished with Juan taking the World Title from Jack Lynch.]

"But Ryan Martinez fought back... climbing the tallest and hardest of mountains once more... and earned a spot in the Main Event of SuperClash for a third consecutive year."

[Clips of Ryan Martinez on the Road To Gold, slowly working his way back into contention, and at last, standing triumphant.]

"When we come back, we will see just how Ryan Martinez is preparing for his showdown with Juan Vasquez."

[The shot of Martinez standing tall holds for a few silent moments before we fade to black...]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

You want it darker
We kill the flame #

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

Magnified, sanctified, be thy holy name

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

Vilified, crucified, in the human frame

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

A million candles burning for the help that never came

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

You want it darker

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

You want it darker
We kill the flame #

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

You want it darker

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

I'm ready, my lord...

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

"SUPERCLASH VIII."

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

[Fade to black...

...and then back up on the exterior of a nondescript building. The windows have been blacked out, and there is no signage out front to indicate what this building is. Keith David's voice welcomes us back to Unfinished Business III.]

"It is known, simply, as The Dungeon."

[The camera travels inside, where we see a pair of young men on a thin mat, exchanging holds, grappling for dominance.]

"For three generations, it has been the place where the greatest of wrestlers have learned their craft. It is the birthplace of the Wright family dynasty. And it is here, on the unforgiving mats, that Ryan Martinez has come to rededicate himself to his craft.

But his day doesn't begin in the Dungeon."

[Cut to an exterior shot of Baton Rouge in the pre-dawn hours.]

"Ryan Martinez' day begins with a five mile run in Baton Rouge, 80 miles from the Superdome. And he is not alone. Joining him, and overseeing every aspect of his training, is a man that, a year ago, no one would have expected to help him.

His former, and some say greatest, opponent, Supreme Wright."

[As the camera focuses upon the long stretch of empty Baton Rouge streets, we see Martinez and Wright, running side by side. Martinez appears to be suffering worse than Wright. The latter is covered in sweat, but is breathing relatively easily, while the AWA's White Knight is working harder to breathe, and the tension shows on his face.]

"It may seem strange to see these two men working side by side. But they have been brought together by a shared respect, and a mutual goal."

[Cut to Ryan Martinez seated in the gym, out of breath, speaking in between deep exhales.]

RM: Supreme understands. He knows that Vasquez is a cancer in the AWA. He understands what's at stake.

[The camera cuts to a shot of Supreme Wright, seated next to Martinez. The former World Champion is dressed in training gear, drenched in sweat, but hardly showing any sign of fatigue or any other emotion for that matter.]

SW: Once upon a time, there wasn't a man in this sport that I respected more than Juan Vasquez. But the Juan Vasquez I once respected is no longer that man. The man that he is now, is not only vicious and cruel, but DANGEROUS. He threatens the very existence of this company. He threatens the future of professional wrestling. And I'll be damned if I let him continue to do that to the sport I love.

[Wright's focused gaze gives way to a shot of him holding a heavy bag in place as Ryan Martinez delivers a chop to it. Wright simply barks "again" and gets another chop. This repeats a few more times as Keith David narrates.]

"And though it was only two years ago that these two men engaged in what some have called the greatest wrestling match in SuperClash history, that past seems to be behind them now."

[At another bark from his new ally, Martinez snaps off a spinning back chop to the heavy bag, grinning at the result as Wright visibly shifts back a step. Cut back to the talking head shot of Wright.]

SW: After I lost my title, I was angry. I was bitter. I wanted the world to suffer just as much as I was suffering inside. It took a long time to get over that loss. It took a long time for me to let go of that anger and forgive myself for losing...

...and to forgive Ryan Martinez for defeating me.

[Wright shakes his head.]

SW: I know it took a gigantic leap of faith, but he accepted my offer to help him despite my history, because he knows that there's no one better to prepare himself for the match of his life.

[Cut to a shot of Martinez and Wright in the ring together. Martinez is repeatedly trying to land a double leg takedown on Wright who seems to be stuffing them with ease. He's shouting critiques of the White Knight's technique before we hear Martinez in voiceover.]

RM: I know his past... but I trust Supreme Wright completely. He's proven himself to me.

[Martinez snatches one leg on a takedown attempt but a quick spin out by Wright leaves a frustrated Martinez on all fours, bashing a fist into the mats.]

"But it has not been easy for Ryan Martinez."

[Back to the pair running. Martinez comes to a sudden stop, hands on his hips, body bent over. There is a look of defeat on the face of the White Knight, and a look of absolute pitilessness on Wright's]

SW: Tomorrow, we run ten miles.

[A shocked and breathless Martinez shakes his head.]

RM: I can't... I'll die.

[Wright remains unmoved.]

SW: Then die. But before you do, finish this run. Your body is cooling down.

[As Wright returns to running, Martinez seems to be on the verge of collapse.]

"And yet, the persistence that has carried him this far prevents him from surrendering."

[Huffing out a breath, Martinez forces himself back into motion, chasing after Wright.]

"Inside the dungeon, Martinez has countered Vasquez' Axis, by carefully selecting a set of Allies, each of them with some reason to join his crusade. They have come together, living like warrior monks of old, each dedicated to perfecting himself.

There is the young lion, Jordan Ohara."

[Cut to a shot of Ohara, in transition from grappling with one opponent, to dropkicking another, to taking a third out with a legwhip.]

"There is a man as iconic and as synonymous with the AWA as Juan Vasquez, Supernova..."

[Supernova is seen taking a drink from a bottle of water before he slaps his hands together, ready to go forward.]

"...who is joined by a newcomer to the wrestling ring, here, to learn the basics. Boston Red Sox slugger and future Major League Baseball Hall of Famer... Big Papi himself, David Ortiz."

[Supernova and Ortiz are on the mat, Supernova showing Ortiz an armdrag, and then a body slam.]

"Even Global Fighting Championship former champion, "Shades" Jesus Valiente, returning the favor from Martinez visiting him at a recent GFC event."

[Valiente has Martinez on the ground, pinning down a body dummy as Martinez throws heavy knees into the padded ribs. "Shades" looks on with pride, nodding his head as the White Knight lands blow after blow.]

"And of course, Martinez' legendary father, who is preparing for his final battle in the squared circle."

[Cut to a shot of Alex Martinez, surrounded by five trainees, all of them coming at him at once, with Martinez fending them off with fists and feet.]

"Supreme Wright himself is preparing for a battle, against a legendary team. He goes to SuperClash to face Tiger Claw, perhaps the most feared striker in the history of professional wrestling, and his Syndicate partner, Casey James, the Blackheart, and veteran of a thousand bloodbaths."

[A montage of Wright cutting a swath through various opponents – putting a chokehold on Ohara, capturing Supernova in an armbar, putting David Ortiz in a kimura that yields a lightning fast tapout.]

"As always, Supreme Wright has no capacity for mercy."

[We see, in rapid succession, Wright taking Martinez down to the mat and locking him in various holds, and each time, Martinez is forced to tap. After the last time, we see Ryan Martinez slapping the mat in frustration again.]

"We asked Supreme Wright about his philosophy, and his approach."

[We cut to Wright, standing off to the side, away from the others. His arms are crossed over his chest, his eyes taking a quick glance at the men going through their training, before turning his attention back to the camera.]

SW: I was asked why I said "then die." It's very simple. Because, if Ryan Martinez stopped, he might as well be dead. If you always put limits on what you can do, physical or anything else, it'll spread over into the rest of your life. It'll spread into your work, into your morality, into your entire being.

There are no limits.

There are plateaus, but you must not stay there, you must go beyond them.

[A beat.]

SW: If it kills you, it kills you.

[Wright almost seems to go into a trance, as he speaks, as if he's reciting from memory.]

SW: A man must constantly exceed his level.

[Wright's gaze drifts back to the ring, his eyebrow arching at something he sees out of young Ohara in there. He takes a step towards the squared circle as we hear Keith David again.]

"It is a strategy that has begun to pay dividends..."

[Once more, we are on the streets of Baton Rouge. This time, Martinez and Wright keep pace perfectly. Martinez looks leaner, his breathing isn't labored.]

"...as the Ryan Martinez that carried the AWA World Title for over a year begins to re-emerge."

[Martinez and Wright are on the mat. Wright tries to catch Martinez in an armbar, only for the White Knight to escape. They hook up again, and this time, it is Martinez who takes Wright off his feet.]

"And today, on the last day, Wright has invited a very special guest."

[Ryan Martinez is seen lying on the mat, motionless, completely exhausted. Supreme Wright stands over him.]

SW: It's time for your real training to begin.

[Wright steps aside, and beside him is an older man, who, despite his age, is still lean and dangerous looking.]

"On this day, Supreme Wright has brought in his legendary grandfather, Roosevelt, long considered the God of Grappling."

[Roosevelt looks down at Martinez, evaluating him for a moment, before giving a short nod.]

RW: Kid, I'm going to teach you something. That is...if you think you're ready.

[Both Wrights wait, the elder looking at Martinez skeptically. Finally, Martinez forces himself off the mat, looking into the eyes of Roosevelt Wright.]

RM: I'm ready.

[Both Wrights take Martinez to a closed door, and after entering, close it behind them.]

"Cameras were not allowed in the training room. But we are assured that Roosevelt taught Martinez a special submission. Something he guarantees will be effective against Juan Vasquez.

When we return from break, we will see that Ryan Martinez is not the only one preparing himself for war.

Though Juan Vasquez' preparations are very different than his opponent's."

[Fade to black.

...and then fade back up as the sounds of Jason Aldean's "Lights Come On" starts to play over various shots of the New Orleans area. A steamboat docked on the shore. A statue in the middle of the city. A twilight overhead shot of cars zipping by on the freeway. An overhead shot of a church cuts to a time lapse shot of the Superdome - the home of SuperClash VIII as the clouds move swiftly by and the lyrics begin.]

#When the lights come on, everybody's screaming#

[A night time drone shot of the Mercedes-Benz Superdome lights up the screen and then cuts to an interior shot of a crowd celebrating in the 'Dome.]

#Lighters in the sky, yeah, everybody's singing#

[A fan shot of a yellow sign that reads "HOME SWEET DOME" cuts to another crowd shot, this one of a fan gripping a sign that reads "THE DOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS."]

#Every word to every song to a girl to take it home tonight#

[A large crowd shot of a cheering crowd, showing off the immense audience who will be packed into the Dome soon enough.]

#When the lights come on, everybody's feeling#

[Older footage comes up, showing the huge audience that once packed into the Superdome to see Muhammad Ali fight Leon Spinks cuts to a shot of that actual fight.]

#A hallelujah high from the floor to the ceiling#

[A football falls just out of the reach of one of the San Francisco 49ers in a shot from a Super Bowl played in the Dome.]

#Yeah, the drink that we're drinking, the smoke that we're smoking#

[Cut to a shot of Mick Jagger center stage in the Dome at a Rolling Stones concert held there and then to Keith Richards from the same show strumming his guitar.]

#The party we throw, it's going all night long#

[A burst of pyro fills the screen before we see a time lapse of the crowd filing into the stadium for a New Orleans Saints game.]

#When the lights come on#

[Cut to another time lapse shot outside the Superdome as the sun goes down and the lights come on.]

#When the lights come on#

[And we cut to the SuperClash VIII logo with all the information on the show...

...and then fade to black.

After a few moments, the words, "Malibu, CA" flash across the screen and then the shot goes wide, where we see a palatial palace overlooking the Pacific Ocean. Keith David's signature voice lets us know we're back.]

"Towering high over Malibu's famous shores, this fortress-like estate houses a man that many consider the greatest professional wrestler that has ever lived."

[The shot then fades into what appears to be Vasquez' office. A marble topped desk is set up to face the doorway, with a laptop closed on top of it. Trophy cases are on the wall, showing replicas of the various titles and awards he's won. Pictures are neatly organized on the wall. And standing in the middle of the room is the man himself, the AWA World Heavyweight Champion, Juan Vasquez.]

JV: Alex's brat called The Woodshed the "old way"...the "evil way"...and that's exactly why I challenged him to step into that godforsaken cell with me. Because to him it's the stuff of legends. It's a myth. it's a bloody, brutal steel structure haunting his darkest thoughts. It's something that only exists in his nightmares. He can't even begin to imagine the horror that it brings.

[Juan walks over to the wall and takes a picture from it. There, we see an aerial view of a younger, blood-covered Juan Vasquez, teetering over the edge of a hole in the middle of a roofed cage, with former EMWC World Champion, The Gremlin, laying prone below. He looks to the camera with a sneer.]

JV: But I don't have to imagine anything.

I LIVED it.

[Vasquez stabs at the framed photo with a pointed finger as David's voiceover continues.]

"In a career spanning over twenty years, Juan Vasquez has seen and done everything imaginable in the sport of professional wrestling. A five-time World Champion and Hall of Famer, Vasquez, considers himself the living embodiment of the sport and its greatest champion. A mentality that carries over in his training."

[We cut to the interior of a training facility that can only be described as futuristic. Looking more or less like the inside of a spaceship, the building is illuminated by sleek neon blue lighting that snakes around automatic sliding glass doors and across steel walkways.]

"In the world of sports, elite professional athletes may spend millions of dollars per year maintaining their bodies...and Juan Vasquez is no exception."

[We cut back to Juan Vasquez, seated inside his office.]

JV: When you're the best, you better damn well train like the best. I started out my career running on concrete and asphalt. Sweating blood and shedding tears inside the grungiest sweatboxes you could possibly imagine. But lemme tell you, Spartan training like that? That's the sort of thing that'll shave ten years off your life and twenty off your career. The greatest investment I've ever made was in that training complex. Three stories. 1500 square feet. The best training technology money can buy. And worth EVERY penny.

[The scene then cuts to a shot back at Vasquez' training complex, where we see Vasquez hooked up to multiple electrodes, running on an incline treadmill as Jackson Hunter and several people in lab coats (with a Korugun Corporation logo discretely on the chest pockets) look on from behind a glass cell. Eagle-eyed viewers will notice that there are other members of The Axis training in the background, including Derrick Williams striking a machine and Maxim Zharkov lifting a considerable amount of weight over his head.]

"It is here where Juan Vasquez trains with every part of his workout precisely planned and measured to maximize training benefit."

[Vasquez grits his teeth and screams as the treadmill rises and his pace quickens. We then cut back to Vasquez inside his office.]

JV: Do you think I'm sweating Supreme Wright training Alex's son for a single second? Amigo, let me tell you something. I helped train Supreme Wright in the Combat Corner. I know his habits. I know his tricks. I know his secrets. And I'll tell

you right now, there's nothing he can teach Ryan Martinez that'll make a difference inside The Woodshed.

NOTHING.

[Vasquez punctuates his statement with a pounding fist on the marble-topped desk, his eyes flashing for a moment as David continues.]

"Known for years as one of the most brilliant minds in professional wrestling, Juan Vasquez meets with his manager and advisor, Jackson Hunter, to determine the gameplan that will lead Vasquez to victory inside The Woodshed. "

[We cut back to the training facility, where we see Vasquez and Jackson Hunter standing in front of a table that amazingly enough, projects a holographic image of The Woodshed structure. The two discuss strategy, Hunter pointing out something at ringside, as we cut back to Vasquez in the office.]

JV: I'll be honest with you. Supreme Wright is a brilliant wrestler. A genius inside the ring. If you want to learn a submission hold or how to counter a maneuver, there's no one better in the world. But he doesn't know a damn thing about this match. He's not from that time.

But I am.

And I KNOW.

The Woodshed is about attrition. It's about brutality. It's about survival. And amigo, there ain't a greater survivor in this sport than me. I've outlasted everyone from my generation. I've outlasted everyone that came in the generation that came after. And I'll tell you right now...

[Back to the training facility. We see Vasquez standing before a complex looking piece of equipment while Jackson Hunter and the same team of labcoats look on. Suddenly, he pulls back his right arm and balls his hand into a fist, taking one step forward and unleashing his trademark Right Cross onto the machine before him. A series of scrambled numbers suddenly appear on the machine.

Before we can see the numbers, the camera pans over to the shocked expressions of Hunter and the labcoats, who begin to clap enthusiastically as Vasquez smiles and walks away. The shot focuses on Vasquez' back for a moment, before panning back over to the number flashing on the display:

"2300"

Cut back to Vasquez in his office.]

JV: ...I'm sure as hell gonna outlast Ryan Martinez.

[The Hall of Famer cracks a confident smile, leaning back in his office chair and propping his feet clad in custom-made leather loafers on the desk as we fade to black.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

You want it darker
We kill the flame #

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

Magnified, sanctified, be thy holy name

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

Vilified, crucified, in the human frame

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

A million candles burning for the help that never came

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

You want it darker

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

You want it darker
We kill the flame #

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

You want it darker

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

I'm ready, my lord...

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

"SUPERCLASH VIII."

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

[Fade to black...

...and then back up to the final segment of Unfinished Business 3, the voice of Keith David ringing out once again.]

"As both men make their final preparations, each unwinds in his own way. For Ryan Martinez, it involves a return to Los Angeles, and to the familiar surroundings of friends and family."

[We are in the backyard of the palatial Martinez estate. Numerous people are there, gathered around for the traditional barbecue.]

"Though even then, training continues."

[Martinez has a plate of food, and is stopped by Wright, who shakes his head sternly, sending Martinez back for something healthier.]

"And for Juan Vasquez, "relaxing" is just that... relaxing in splendor and opulence."

[We cut to a shot of Vasquez and the rest of The Axis, inside a decadent restaurant. Everyone is dressed to the nines, laughing loudly as the steaks are served and the champagne flows freely.]

"But both men understand that the time for luxury will soon pass. Because waiting for them, is the most ominous structure ever unleashed on the American Wrestling Alliance."

[We cut to the exterior of a warehouse as a graphic reading "DALLAS, TEXAS" appears on the screen.]

"It is here... in this industrial area on the outskirts of Dallas... that a team is hard at work building something for Juan Vasquez and Ryan Martinez that can best be described as Hell on Earth."

[Cut inside the building where a team of uniformed men are gathered around. Another man - presumably the foreman - stands in front of them. Everyone is sweating profusely and dressed for dangerous work. Hardhats and protective gloves are the norm. The foreman gestures for everyone to fan out and as the camera booms up, we can see them surrounding a giant steel mesh wall that is laid out on the ground.]

Foreman: Annnnd... up!

[The crew grabs the mesh wall, grunting and grimacing as they attempt to tilt it upwards into a standing position.]

"Sixteen feet tall. Over two tons of skin-tearing metal thirsty for the blood of the men who dare to step inside it. It is the type of battleground that only the bravest and boldest of souls would dare to fight in. But it's that courage that can ultimately prove to be their downfall."

[Cut to a shot of Jon Stegglet in a corner of the warehouse. He's dressed in a blue AWA polo and slacks, looking up in awe as he watches the crew put the finishing touches on the structure.]

JS: Well... at least it's not the Killing Box.

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

JS: As a promoter, you never like to see guys get into a situation where their career is at risk any more than it already is each and every time they climb inside the ring. On a normal night, someone can blow out a knee or break a neck and that's it - their career is done.

In the Woodshed? There's just so many more things that can happen.

[Quick cut to the steel mesh, glimmering in the lights.]

JS: The cage. The heights. The...

[He bites his lower lip.]

JS: You know, the Woodshed's always had another element that almost no one's talked about this time. There's always something... something to tie these two together. Over the years, we've seen leather straps... dog collars... and all Hunter and Vasquez will tell me is "we've got it covered."

It's dangerous. Someone... both of them probably... are gonna get hurt... and we've just gotta hope and pray that it's not worse than that.

[Stegglet takes another long look at the assembled structure that the viewer can't see... not yet... as Keith David's voice returns.]

"One thing is certain, both men are prepared."

[Cut to Martinez, sitting inside the Martinez estate.]

RM: I've had a lot of big matches, but nothing is bigger than this one.

Vasquez, you've tried to cripple me. You cost me everything. And I know what you think – you think that the Woodshed is your type of match.

But your time is over, Vasquez.

You want the Woodshed? You got it. You want me to bleed? Then let's do it.

Just remember that I want it too. I'm coming for you, Vasquez. For all that you've done to me, and all that you've done to the AWA.

November 24th isn't just your last day in the AWA. It is your last day as a wrestler.

Count on it!

[We then cut to Vasquez, lounging poolside at his estate.]

JV: "Make the AWA great again."

[A chuckle.]

JV: That's not just a catchphrase, niños. I've lived it. I've done it. Wrote the book and had it hit #1 on the New York Times best-seller list. Do you know how many times I've...

[He holds up his fingers, making air quotes.]

JV: ..."saved" professional wrestling? By my count, this is the third. In 2004, I dragged it kicking and screaming from the darkness of the Era of Extreme and back into the light. In 2009, I changed the landscape of professional wrestling forever and made the AWA into the greatest wrestling promotion the world has ever seen. And in 2016? Well...

...you're all watching it happen now, aren't you? Ratings have never been higher. Crowds have never been bigger.

But everyone is just so ungrateful.

[He shakes his head.]

JV: No "Thank you, Juan." No pat on the back for a job well done. No, instead they've got the very stupid idea in their heads that the AWA needs to be saved from me.

[A snort.]

JV: The AWA and Ryan Martinez don't want to admit it, but the AWA needs me. Professional wrestling needs me. Stegglet wants me gone. Martinez thinks my time is over.

[Vasquez shakes his head.]

JV: I don't think so. I am eternal. I am forever. I'm Juan Vasquez, the greatest damn wrestler that ever lived. And I guarantee you, I'm walking out of The Woodshed, STILL your AWA World Heavyweight Champion.

[A smirk.]

JV: And that's all there is... to it.

[Fade to an overhead shot of The Woodshed.]

"Two men enter... only one man will leave under his own power.

Only one man will be World Champion.

Will it be the White Knight, restored to health?"

[Cut to Ryan Martinez, focused and determined, staring straight into the camera. A sheen of sweat pours down his face as his eyes bore into the lens... into you, the viewer.]

"Or will Juan Vasquez, veteran of hundreds of big matches, prove his mettle once more?"

[Cut to Juan Vasquez, a confident smirk on his face, patting the glimmering World Title belt resting over his shoulder. He points to the camera, throwing his head back in a laugh we can't hear...

...and we cut abruptly to black.

"Tune in on November 24th to find out."

[A graphic comes up with all the details on SuperClash VIII.

Hold..

...hold...

...hold...

...annnnnnd fade to black.]