

AWA FIGHT NIGHT ON FOX

AMERICAN AIRLINES ARENA
MIAMI, FLORIDA

10.21.17

[We start on a black screen as most shows do. We fade up into a black screen with white uplighting shining on large ovals that spin by, highlighting the individual sports that Fox Sports presents. A strong instrumental track plays as a voiceover begins.]

"Home to the GFC... the UEFA Finals... the U.S. Open Championship... the MLB All-Star Game... the NFL... Big Ten Football... and the FIFA World Cup.]

[The final oval falls away, leaving the Fox Sports logo center screen.]

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

[The music drops off...

...and a giant CGI robot appears, holding up another version of the FOX Sports logo with the signature line.]

"WE ARE... FOX SPORTS!"

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

"The recognized symbol of excellence in professional wrestling."

[The logo fades to black...

...and then up on a black background, a pulsing synth line running as a soundtrack as the shot opens on Lauryn Rage behind a panel of a steel cage, her logo super imposed nearby. She rattles the cage, snarling to camera.]

LR: Julie Somers, you decided to help me take down those nasty Serpentine who tried to end my career in Atlanta. And for that Da Kid Lauryn Rage gotta thank you from the bottom of her heart... later.

But tonight, I got you inside a steel cage at Fight Night in Miami and friendship and respect won't stop me from knocking you out and earning my rightful spot at SuperClash and getting my revenge against Kuruyami by taking back my AWA Women's World championship!

Tonight, I'm gonna do whatever it takes to put you down, Julie Somers. Do you think after being out of action almost a year that in the biggest match of my comeback Da Kid is going to miss her shot at the woman who deliberately tore up Da Kid's ACL?

[She throws a perfect hook from behind the vage, slamming her fist into her palm.]

LR: AW HELL NAW!

[The shot fades to a similar shot behind a panel of steel cage - this time showing "The Spitfire" Julie Somers, dressed in a red halter top and matching Spandex shorts that come just above her knees. She also wears a red jacket. Her long, wavy brown hair is pulled back behind her head.]

JS: I hear Kurayami would love to get me in that ring again, and it's no secret I want to face her again for that belt, but first, I've got to earn my way to that match... again. This time, I have to go through the former champion.

Hey, Lauryn Rage, I get it -- you believe you deserve a shot more than anyone else. Well, tonight, it's your chance to prove that, but just remember -- as much as you believe you deserve the shot, so I believe that as well!

You're looking at the one woman who Kurayami has not been able to beat and I'm not letting anything stand in my way of facing her for that title at SuperClash!

[She gestures toward the camera.]

JS: And that includes you, Lauryn. Tonight, when we meet in that cage, I'm going to show you, Kurayami and everyone else that I'm not going to let anything get in my way of finally realizing my dream of becoming a champion!

You bring your best, Lauryn, because I guarantee you I'm bringing mine!

[We fade from a determined Somers to Curly Bill and Odin Gunn, standing in the middle of a desolate desert wasteland.]

CB: Whaitiri, there's a thin line 'tween bravery and stupidity...

...AND YA' JUST CROSSED IT!

[He throws his head back, cackling.]

CB: They told me that the AWA was full of dumb kids, but you gotta' be the dumbest one of all! Me and Gunn are gonna' send you on a one-way trip to Hell, hombre!

[Gunn begins walking towards the camera, dragging the the Television title belt behind him. He gets right up into the view, eyes wide open, teeth bared and looking barely sane, before giving off a primal roar as we...

...cut to the former World Television Champion, Whaitiri. The handsome half-Māori is standing in front of a black backdrop with his name written in stylized lettering made to resemble a Māori tattoo.]

W: Odin Gunn... Curly Bill. You stole my title.

And tonight, you say I have to prove myself? Well, I've got something to prove all right. And I'm going to prove it to you and to everyone else?

And what is it I am going to prove?

That lighting can strike someone indoors!

You want proof that I deserve what you stole from me? Well, just remember that you called down the thunder!

[We fade from the former TV Champion...

...and then up on Jackson Hunter and Blake Colton, green screened in front of the logo for the Broken Arrow Ranch.]

JH: Viewers of "AWA Fight Night on FOX," please attend carefully. Carver and Williams may have ambushed me and caught me with my pants down in September and taken my National Title from me, but we are just full of surprises.

[Colton starts snickering portentously.]

JH: I contain multitudes, Carver. And as you beg for me to spare you your health when I lock in the Mindflyer, a move from which no man may escape... as that little piggy boy Derrick Williams realizes that Miami has not adopted him like he adopted Miami, staring on gape-mouthed and unable to interfere...

[Hunter claps his palms together and rubs them sinisterly.]

JH: ...Only then will you see me walk out of Fight Night, to SuperClash 9, and into wrestling history as the greatest two-time AWA National Champion. Just watch me.

[We fade once more...

...onto an extreme closeup of a can of Budweiser. We pan out, as we see it brought to the lips of the AWA National Champion, Hannibal Carver. He side eyes the camera as he finishes it off, crushing it in his hand before throwing it in a nearby trashcan.]

HC: I know they say heavy is the head that wears the crown...

[Carver reaches down, slapping the title belt that's strapped to his waist.]

HC: ...but I was hoping there'd be a whole lot more fighting and a whole lot less mind games. See, me? If I want something, there ain't no jawjacking about it. I take it. Preferably immediately after cracking someone in the face. But yeh, Hunter. That ain't yet style. Yeh get on the head of Ohara the second his mommy ain't holding his hand instead of just attacking me head on.

[Carver unstraps the belt, holding it up.]

HC: That ends tonight. Because no amount of backstabbing and double talk can make this beauty change hands. Tonight yer gonna have to be the better man. Yer gonna have to pry it from my hands.

[Carver rests the belt over his left shoulder, clutching his free hand into a fist.]

HC: These hands. Bad news, though. They're gonna be busy beating yeh black and blue. But on the bright side, when you finally pick yerself up from the mat?

[Carver nods.]

HC: First round's on me.

[We fade to the fearsome threesome known as the Dogs of War - a logo showing three snarling dogs CGI'd in beside them. Pedro Perez speaks first.]

PP: When the average person thinks of Miami Beach, they think of sun-drenched beaches, beautiful women, and the party life. When we think of Miami, we think of the underbelly of it all. The hard lifestyle. Scratching to survive. That's where we come in.

[Carpenter speaks up.]

IC: War is in the air. It's all anyone is talking about as the AWA gets ready to fight the biggest civil war in wrestling history. Tonight, we're going to show the world that the Dogs of War are ready to lead Korugun to victory by any means necessary.

[And then Walker.]

WW: WE! WILL! BREAK! YOUUUUUUUUU!

[And then we fade to Supernova dressed in a trench coat, black shirt and blue jeans, and wears sunglasses. His brown hair hangs just past his ears and wisps of his hair hang over his forehead.]

S: Castillo, you just had to do it, didn't you? Your Dogs of War couldn't get the job done individually, so now you want to put them together, and put them against me, a man I don't trust, and another man who I can't tell for sure where he stands?

[He spreads his arms to his sides.]

S: Fine. Have it your way, Castillo. But I'll tell you this -- I'm done playing these games. You know what it is I want -- besides you being ridden out of the AWA, that is. Sooner or later, Castillo, you are going to give in, even if I have to go through every single loyalist you want to throw at me.

But in the meantime, I'll be happy to whip your dogs again. And as for my partners, you don't need to worry about me not showing up. My loyalties to this company mean I show up when I'm told to wrestle. Just do me one favor.

[He points to the camera.]

S: Stay on my good side, if you know what's good for you.

[We fade from there to where Brian James stands in front of a plain wall, with the AWA logo painted across it. Dressed in a black tank top and board shorts, the Engine of Destruction stares intently into the camera.]

BJ: It's funny, it always seems to come down to me and the Dogs of War. And that's fine with me.

I love making them bleed.

Everyone wants to know what I'm going to tonight. What I'm going to decide. What's going to happen? Well I'll tell you - the same thing that always happens.

Mayhem. Violence. Destruction. And someone getting punched in the heart.

And Supernova and Detson? You're not my brothers. You're not my family. So listen closely. Tonight, just stay out of my way.

Or I may just decide to lay you out too.

[And finally to a black backdrop with a graphic showing Johnny Detson's name etched onto an Oscar-looking trophy that reads "WORLD'S BEST WRESTLER." With a smirk and a sneer, Detson slaps the title belt over his shoulder before speaking.]

JD: FOX's Favorite Wrestler on the big FOX for maybe the last time.

[He mockingly covers his mouth.]

JD: Oops. I probably shouldn't have said that. But you see, I'm Johnny Detson. I'm the AWA World Champion which makes me the best wrestler in the world today. I do what I want... which the Dogs of War are going to find out... Supernova is going to find out... Brian James is going to find out... and Javier Castillo is damn sure going to find out...

And I say what I want too.

[Detson grins.]

JD: You don't like it? That's just too damn bad.

[And as the World Championship belt glitters in the closing shot, we cut to the interior of the American Airlines Arena with the sounds of pyro rocketing off towards the arena's ceiling as "Go Off" by Lil Uzi Vert, Quavo, and Travis Scott plays in the background.]

After the pyro stops and the crowd roars, we get a panning shot of the crowd. The crowd is overjoyed to be in the house for one of the final stops on the road to SuperClash and that enthusiasm is loud and clear as they scream and shout their love.

As the smoke from the pyro clears, we get our glimpse of the Fight Night entrance stage - considerably smaller than we're used to seeing at major AWA events - just a bit larger than a wrestling ring and made to look that way complete with ring ropes on three sides, ringposts in all four corners, and a video wall hanging above the rear of the entrance stage.

An elevated ramp has been set up, our standard sloping ramp running the distance from the stage to the ring. It's been dressed to impress with a large AWA FIGHT NIGHT ON FOX logo splashed across it and bursts of pyro firing from launches on either side, set up every ten feet or so down the length.

The ring is dressed in all black ropes with a white canvas with the same FIGHT NIGHT ON FOX airbrushed onto the canvas. Matching black ring aprons are around the squared circle along with protective mats on the floor and metal barricades keeping the fans at bay.

A voice rings out over the dull roar from the crowd and music. It is loud and strong, cutting over the ruckus with ease. And it is familiar to fans of the all-new Power Hour airing every other week on Fox Sports X - the voice of Salvatore Albano... big Sal to his friends.]

SA: THE DECISION HAS BEEN MADE AND THE AWA HAS BROUGHT THEIR TALENTS TO SOUTH BEACH BECAUSE AWA FIGHT NIGHT ON FOX IS ONNNNNNNN THEEEEEEE AIIIIIIIIIIIR!

[Another burst of pyro goes up from around the ring.]

SA: The electricity in the air would make even Elon Musk proud as we are on the road to SuperClash IX to be held in Atlanta, Georgia and Toronto, Ontario, Canada in just over a month now. These fans have traded the beach for the arena but I

hope they're still wearing SPF 100 because the action in this building is gonna be bright and hot tonight, fans!

[We cut to the announce table at ringside where we can see the man who has been speaking. Big Sal is wearing a bright white tuxedo with a bright red tie. His ample midsection is putting some strain on the buttons of his dress shirt. His dark black hair has a bit of a shine to it - professionally styled perhaps?]

SA: My name is Salvatore Albano - Big Sal if you're nasty - and joining me for the next two hours of action is a man who needs no introduction but he might hurt me if he doesn't get one. Former three-time World Champion. A second generation superstar. And certainly one of the most colorful color men I've ever encountered - welcome to Fight Night, Colt Patterson!

[The camera pulls back a bit to reveal Colt Patterson who is wearing a pair of crush velvet pants in a deep crimson color along with a silver sequined tank top that allow him to show off his still-muscular arms in a double-bicep pose. A matching silver beret rounds out the ensemble as does the dangling silver earring hanging from his earlobe in the shape of a curled bicep. He smirks as he gestures to himself, getting a brief "COLT! COLT! COLT!" chant from the ringside fans.]

CP: Ahhhh, they love me here in South Beach, Big Sal! And who could ever possibly blame them? Miami is all about beautiful people and Colt Patterson's got beauty to spare, jack.

SA: Well, they say beauty is in the eye of the beholder and...

[Colt looks menacingly towards Albano.]

SA: ...and this beholder thinks tonight's lineup might be as beautiful as it gets!

CP: Nice try, Albano. I'll remember this when you're looking for someone to pick up tonight's hefty dinner check.

SA: Speaking of hefty, the former World Television Champion, Whitiri, has quite the hefty challenge ahead on him later tonight when he takes on "Curly" Bill Webb and the new champion Odin Gunn in a handicap match!

CP: I've known Curly Bill for a long time now and that man never gets himself into a situation that he doesn't know how to get out of. If he wanted a handicap match, you better believe he's got a plan.

SA: And in our other title match here tonight, we'll see Jackson Hunter attempt to regain the National Title when he takes on the champion, Hannibal Carver!

CP: Carver's coming to fight but in my book, Hunter's coming to win... and by hook or by crook, he's taking the title and becoming a two-time champion here tonight.

SA: If we look up above us...

[The camera shot cuts to show the steel cage dangling over the ring to a big crowd reaction.]

SA: ...we can see the battlefield where tonight's clash between Julie Somers and Lauryn Rage will go down... and when that one is all said and done, we'll know exactly who will challenge the AWA Women's World Champion for the gold at SuperClash!

CP: The Spitfire taking on the former champion. This one's what you call a pick 'em, Big Sal... I don't think anyone knows who'll come out on top in that cage.

SA: And finally, we're just moments away now from our opening matchup where we'll see six man tag team action pitting Korugun's Dogs of War taking on the unlikely trio of Supernova, Brian James, and the AWA World Champion, Johnny Detson!

CP: The most polished and successful trio in AWA history against three guys who might fight over who should walk to the ring first? This one's a no brainer. You got money? Put it on the Dogs here tonight.

SA: Like I said, we're just a few moments away from that one kicking off and before we see it, let's go backstage and hear from the AWA's most terrifically terrible trio, the Dogs of War, with Sweet Lou Blackwell! Lou?

[We cut backstage in front of an AWA backdrop where we see the Dogs of War lurking around Sweet Lou Blackwell.]

SLB: Excitement is in the air backstage tonight here in Miami as we're just about a month away from SuperClash IX and while tensions are high about the action here tonight, there's also a lot of chatter about what'll go down in Atlanta and Toronto on Thanksgiving Night... and gentlemen, before we talk about tonight, let's talk about SuperClash! I want to know what's going through your minds when you look at that WarGames match - the most important WarGames match in AWA history - and see Derek Rage... you see Morgan Dane... you see Juan Vasquez... but you don't see the three of you! What about it?

[Wade Walker starts to speak but Pedro Perez grabs his larger teammate by the shoulders, holding him back as Isaiah Carpenter slides in front of the mic.]

IC: Blackwell, you worm... you're back here trying to stir up trouble between Hell's Hounds and the man who runs the show, Javier Castillo. Castillo signs the checks, Blackwell. He signs yours... he signs ours... and ours are a whole lot bigger than yours.

[Blackwell interjects.]

SLB: No doubt about that.

[Carpenter grins.]

IC: And that means he calls the shots. It's his job to put together the best possible team to step into two cages of hell on Thanksgiving Night to make sure that the Korugun Corporation runs this joint after SuperClash. It's our job to go out there every night and show him why that team should have us and tonight, that means we're going to burn up Supernova... we're going to beat down Brian James... and we're going to make Johnny Detson wish he'd never laid his hands on Javier Castillo.

[Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: But it wasn't that long ago that you were taking ORDERS from the World Champion!

[Carpenter shrugs as Perez turns around to speak, leaving a fuming Walker looking on.]

PP: Times change, Blackwell... and so do employers. It seems like just yesterday that we were telling people that Percy Childes sends his regards, doesn't it? But Mr. Childes is enjoying life on a beach... and Johnny Detson decided to write checks with his mouth that his ass couldn't cover. That's where we come in.

[Blackwell eyeballs Perez... and then turns to look at Wade Walker.]

SLB: And you. You're okay with all this?

[Walker grimaces, rolling his neck as he leans in.]

WW: I'm not here to play politics. I don't care who signs my checks as long as it's got lots of zeroes at the end of it. Castillo wants these three to get a message? It's our job to deliver it. And when we deliver it, people go to the hospital.

PP: Ask that little punk, AJ Martinez.

[Perez and Carpenter laugh as Walker smiles a bone-chilling grin...

...and the trio make their exit, leaving Blackwell standing behind.]

SLB: The Dogs of War may not make the Main Event of SuperClash... but if they get their way tonight, Detson, Supernova, and Brian James might not either! Sal, Colt... back to you!

[We fade from backstage out to the ringside area where Colt and Sal are standing near their ringside announce table.]

SA: Thanks, Lou. Colt, there's been a lot of chatter about SuperClash... about WarGames... and about Javier Castillo recruiting for more spots on that team than he's got. He's got two spots left and we've seen him talking to Jordan Ohara... to Derrick Williams... to Brian James... to others as well. And that doesn't even count the Korugun soldiers like the Dogs of War and MAWAGA and so many others.

CP: The way I see it, Sal... Javier Castillo is a man who likes options. He wants to keep Jon Stegglet guessing. He wants to be able to walk into WarGames with the best team possible and if he has to overcommit a little bit and leave someone standing at the altar on the big day, he's perfectly willing to do it.

SA: You could be right but how could the Dogs of War not be included in WarGames? The most dominant trio in AWA history... perhaps in pro wrestling history! The current SWLL Trios Champions. The-

[Sal is cut off by the sounds of snarling dogs which lead into KISS' "War Machine" blasting over the PA system amidst a sea of swirling midnight blue spotlights.]

SA: And here they come... operating on their own timetable of course.

[The bell sounds as the voice of Rebecca Ortiz calls out.]

RO: The opening contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is a TRIOS MATCH! Introducing first... making their way down the aisle... they represent the Korugun Corporation... PEDRO PEREZ... ISIAH CARPENTER... WADE WALKER... THE DOGS OF WARRRRRRRRRRRR!

[With the lights still swirling, the Dogs of War emerge from the entrance onto the stage. Foregoing their typical entrance through the crowd, the Dogs of War appear to be all business as they stride down the ramp in their riot police style gear. Walker is the lead of the pack, walking with purpose and focus down the aisle as Perez and Carpenter trail behind.]

SA: The Dogs of War were undefeated as a trio from the moment they entered the AWA until SuperClash VII in Houston, Texas nearly two years ago.

CP: And you know who was on the other side of that L they got dealt, Albano?
Brian James.

SA: James said earlier that it always seems to come back to him against the Dogs of War and that certainly does seem to be the case - doesn't it?

[The Dogs of War arrive at the ring, Perez rolling under the ropes as Carpenter dives in and Walker stomps around the ring, climbing up on the apron before stepping through the ropes.]

SA: Tonight, they're facing three men who've been a thorn in the side of Javier Castillo for quite some time... and you can only imagine what their marching orders are in this one, Colt.

CP: One word, Sal - destroy.

[The music fades as the Dogs of War trade a few final pre-match words, waiting for their opponents to arrive.]

RO: Annnnnnnnnnd their opponents...

[The opening riff of Led Zeppelin's "Kashmir" rings out over the PA system, bringing a mixed reaction from the Miami crowd. The person who uses this entrance music comes stomping right through the curtain onto the stage, twisting around to glare over his shoulder. He rips his hoodie off, throwing it aside as he pulls off the AWA World Title, holding it over his head.]

RO: The team of BRIAN JAMES, SUPERNOVA, and the AWA WORLD CHAMPION...
JOHNNNNNNYYYYY DEEEEEETSONNNNN!

[Detson points to the title belt, shouting at the curtain behind him.]

SA: What in the world...?

CP: Looks like trouble in paradise already, Albano.

SA: I can't imagine any of these three men would describe teaming with the others as paradise.

[With Detson standing on the stage, shouting back at the entryway, Supernova emerges to a huge cheer. Supernova stares at the belligerent Detson from behind his dark sunglasses, watching as the World Champion presumably reads him the riot act.]

CP: Well, look, Albano... this isn't a match that Johnny Detson was looking for. He had no desire to team with two guys out to get him.

SA: No, this is Javier Castillo pulling the strings. Castillo can get away with this and he knows it... and if he can put the guys who he thinks have wronged him in a bad spot, he's gonna do it.

CP: We've heard Johnny Detson claim that Castillo will do ANYTHING to get that title off him. If the Dogs put him on the shelf, we might have a vacated World Title headed into SuperClash!

[Supernova pulls up to a stop alongside Detson, trading words with the World Champion as the Dogs look on waiting.]

SA: Whatever the reasoning behind this six man tag, Castillo's gotta be doing cartwheels in the locker room seeing these two argue like this.

[Supernova and Detson are now nose to nose, shouting at one another as the crowd looks on with concern...

...and Brian James suddenly comes stomping out of the back, a pissed-off expression on his face as he storms down the stage, shoving the two men apart as he keeps on walking!]

SA: Whoa! How about that, Colt?! The Engine of Aggression has heard enough of this and he's come to fight!

CP: He's not even waiting for his partners!

SA: Brian James has got a big night here tonight - a big decision to make - but this night starts for him as he faces off against some old rivals.

[James reaches the ring in no time flat, diving under the ropes into the ring...

...and he gets immediately swarmed by all three members of the Dogs of War. Perez, Carpenter, and Walker are stomping James before he can get off the canvas. Rebecca Ortiz rapidly departs, leaving Scott Ezra behind to signal for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: This match is underway... although I can't imagine how as Brian James steps in here against three men!

[The Dogs of War are absolutely pounding James into the canvas, stomping and kicking before Walker switches to double-handed sledge blows across the back, keeping James down on the canvas.]

SA: A three-on-one beating inside that ring... the referee trying to get the Dogs to disperse but that's as likely as you making a comeback in the ring, Colt.

CP: Never count me out, Albano. If Stegglet knew what he was doing, he'd call me up to WarGames!

[Supernova and Detson are standing at the top of the ramp, watching as Brian James gets assaulted by all three members of the Dogs of War. At a gesture from Perez, Carpenter drags James off the mat, holding one arm as Walker holds the other and Perez drives haymakers into the skull!]

SA: Perez teeing off on James like he's Tiger Woods on the links but James is hanging in there so far, still on his feet...

[Supernova pulls his jacket off, removing his sunglasses as he looks down at the ring...

...and with a dismissive gesture towards Detson, Nova starts charging down the ramp towards the ring as the crowd cheers loudly!]

SA: And Supernova's seen enough! The former TV Champion is headed to the ring to help his partner!

[Supernova dives under the ropes, catching Perez with a right hand to the jaw that sends him sprawling.]

SA: Big right hand! And Supernova is feeling the love from Miami!

[He twists around in time to catch a forearm to the ear from Walker, knocking him down to his knees as Carpenter flings James down in the corner, planting a boot on his throat.]

SA: Supernova made it a three on two there for a moment but the Dogs - always at their best when they work as a unit - quickly recover and regain control. Carpenter choking James down on the mat... and Walker and Perez are working over Supernova now.

[Walker holds a front facelock on the kneeling Supernova as Perez repeatedly kicks his ribs.]

SA: The referee still trying to get some control over this one.

CP: Good luck.

SA: Nova and James are still outnumbered and...

[We cut back to the top of the ramp where Johnny Detson is glaring down the aisle, the title belt slung over his shoulder. He grimaces, shaking his head as the crowd starts to urge him on.]

"JOHN-NY!"

"JOHN-NY!"

"JOHN-NY!"

SA: And someone might need to check my ears because I think this crowd is chanting Johnny Detson's name!

CP: I never thought I'd hear it.

[Detson looks around at the crowd, seemingly in shock at hearing the chant. He looks down at the stage for a long moment...

...and then starts running down the ramp towards the ring!]

SA: AND HERE COMES THE CHAMP!

[Detson tosses the title belt on the apron before diving under the bottom rope into the ring. He comes up swinging, catching a turning Carpenter with a right hand on the jaw that sends him flying across the ring!]

SA: Detson drills Carpenter!

[Perez peels off of Supernova, throwing a right hand that Detson blocks before snapping a boot into the gut of Perez...

...and then uses a handful of hair to HURL Perez over the top rope to the outside!]

SA: DETSON CLEARS OUT PEREZ!

[The Miami crowd is rocking and rolling now as Detson turns his attention towards Wade Walker who rushes at the champion with a clothesline...

...but the World Champion ducks low as Walker goes flying past...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and RIGHT into a leaping kneestrike under the jaw by Brian James, a blow that sends Walker staggering backwards, falling into the ropes...]

SA: Nova on the move!

[...and as Supernova connects with a running clothesline, Wade Walker goes toppling over the ropes to the outside!]

SA: And just like that, the Dogs of War have been cleared out of the ring by the Engine of Destruction, the AWA icon, and the World Champion!

[Detson pumps a fist triumphantly, stepping up on the ropes to shout at the Dogs as Supernova dashes to the ropes, rebounding back...]

SA: Supernova charging hard annnnnnnnd...

[...and HURLS himself over the top rope, crashing down onto all three Dogs of War who had huddled up to regroup on the outside!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: SWEET SANTA MARIA! SUPERNOVA TAKES THE DOGS DOWN!

[Nova pops to his feet, showing a little of the old Supernova as he pounds his chest with his clenched fists, giving a whoop of triumph before pulling Carpenter off the floor, tossing him back inside...]

SA: Supernova puts Carpenter back in... and finally, it looks like Scott Ezra's gaining some influence over these men, putting Detson and Nova on the outside. It'll be James and Carpenter leading it off for this all-star matchup here on Fight Night On FOX!

[James pulls Carpenter up, lifting him over a shoulder and charging a few feet into the corner, throwing him into the turnbuckles.]

SA: Hard into the corner... James squaring up...

[Brian James launches into a series of quick and high impact blows, landing a series of short jabs followed by a pair of leg kicks and a leaping knee into the sternum that causes Carpenter to crumple down a bit.]

CP: And it's been a long time since I've been in the ring, Big Sal, but I could feel that knee from here. It knocks the wind right out of you, leaving you sucking air. It's not a good feeling when you're in there with a talent as dangerous as Brian James is.

SA: Brian James has been considered a future World Champion practically since Day One and many believe he's never been closer since coming back to the AWA recently.

[Grabbing Carpenter by the arm, James whips him from corner to corner, sending him crashing into the neutral corner.]

SA: Carpenter SLAMS into the corner, staggering out now...

[James ducks low, boosting Carpenter into the air with enough lift to flip him all the way over in a backdrop, sending Carpenter facefirst down on the canvas!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: Wow! Carpenter eats canvas on a backdrop and you do NOT see that every day.

[James stomps to his corner, slapping Supernova's offered hand.]

SA: James is out, Nova's in...

[Dragging Carpenter off the mat, Supernova tees off with a series of hard right hands while holding Carpenter's hair to keep him from falling down.]

SA: Carpenter being lit up by Supernova... boot downstairs now...

[Supernova dashes to the ropes, rebounding off, leaping into the air as he grabs the doubled-up Carpenter by the hair...

...and SMASHES his face down into the canvas!]

SA: FACE SLAMMED DOWN BY SUPERNOVA!

[Supernova climbs up to his feet, showing some more fire as he backs away from Carpenter, measuring him for more...

...but drifts a little too close to the corner where the World Champion slaps him on the back, tagging himself in!]

SA: And... well, Supernova's not too happy about that but the champion just tagged himself in, Colt.

CP: As well he should. That glory hog Supernova wasn't going to do it and why wouldn't you want the greatest profession athlete walkin' God's Green to be inside that ring, Albano?

SA: Detson's a talent competitor... they're all talented competitors in there.

CP: Detson's more than talented, Albano. He's the champion. The World Champion. The AWA World Champion. And that means he's the best in the world at what he does.

[As Carpenter rolls out of the ring to the outside to regroup, Detson ignores a protesting Supernova, dropping off the apron to the floor where he goes stomping away from his corner, on the hunt for a rabid Dog of War.]

SA: Detson's on the outside and no matter how talented Isaiah Carpenter may be, this is NOT where he wants to be with the World Champion.

[Detson grabs the recovering Carpenter by his stringy black hair, SLAMMING his face down into the ring apron to cheers!]

SA: Detson bouncing Carpenter's face off the mat like a basketball!

[Spinning Carpenter around, Detson grabs him by the arm...]

SA: Whip coming up...

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...and Detson SENDS HIM INTO THE STEEL!

[Detson is fired up as Carpenter is left reeling against the ringside barricade...

...and then rushes forward, connecting with a big clothesline that flips Carpenter over the railing, dumping him in a heap out in the crowd!]

SA: CARPENTER JOINS THE FANS IN THE FRONT ROW!

[Detson bounces back, giving a shout as Carpenter is left reeling outside of the ringside area. He twists around...

...and Pedro Perez comes charging down the apron, leaping off with his hands clasped overhead...]

SA: AXEHANDLE OFF THE APR-

[...but Detson catches the sinking Perez with a haymaker in the midsection, flipping Perez over to crash down on the ringside mats!]

SA: DETSON CAUGHT HIM COMING DOWN! INTERCEPTION BY THE CHAMP!

[Wade Walker is next, barreling across the ringside area towards Johnny Detson...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...who sidesteps and sends Walker crashing with his own momentum into the ringside steel steps!]

SA: INTO THE STEPS GOES WALKER! AND JOHNNY DETSON IS OUTMOVING, OUTTHINKING, AND OUTSMARTING THE DOGS OF WAR ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE RING HERE IN SOUTH BEACH!

[Detson rolls back inside the ring, getting to his feet with his arms raised overhead to a big cheer.]

SA: We've gotta take a quick break - our first of the night - but don't you dare go anywhere, fans, because we've got one heck of a night coming your way!

[We fade from the image of the celebrating Johnny Detson to black...

...and then up on a SuperClash IX logo as the sounds of Limp Bizkit's "My Way Or The Highway" starts playing. The simple but recognizable single notes ring out as we go from the logo to an exterior shot of the Rogers Center - or famed Skydome - of Toronto and then to the soon-to-be-imploded Georgia Dome. We are implored by Fred Durst to check, check, check out his melody for a moment before the lyrics truly kick in on a shot of Ryan Martinez, thrusting the AWA World Title into the air.]

#You think you're special... you do#

[Closeup of Martinez' face, staring with determination.]

#I can see it in your eyyyyes#

[Switch to a shot of Martinez sharing a ring with Javier Castillo, the tension evident between them.]

#I can see if when you laugh at me.
Look down on me.
And walk around on me.#

[Cut to Javier Castillo dressed in his Generalissimo uniform in mid-rant, shouting at the crowd.]

#Just one more fight about your leadership.#

[A smirking Castillo addresses his Army.]

#And I will straight up leave your [BLEEP.]#

[Castillo and Martinez square off again, speaking to one another from several feet apart.]

#'Cause I've had enough of this
And now I'm pissed... yeah!#

[Cut to Martinez in the middle of an assault by the Korugun Army, being overwhelmed by the likes of Ebola Zaire and Muteesa.]

#This time I'ma let it all come out#

[Cut to Castillo striking Martinez with a steel chair across the back.]

#This time I'ma stand up and shout#

[Martinez hooks Castillo in a front facelock, preparing for his signature Brainbuster.]

#I'm do things my way.
It's my way.#

[A hooded Juan Vasquez comes out of nowhere, delivering a Right Cross to Martinez before revealing his identity.]

#My way or the highway.#

[We cut back to the SuperClash logo which is now "covered" by a steel cage and the word "WARGAMES" in bloody red bold font over the whole thing...

...and we fade to black.

We fade back up from commercial back on the action in the ring where the World Champion is approaching the ropes while Isaiah Carpenter is trying to drag himself back inside.]

SA: We're back here LIVE on Fight Night On FOX in Miami... and during the break, the World Champion - Johnny Detson - has been in complete control of this one, working over Isaiah Carpenter of the Dogs of War...

[Detson reaches over the top, pulling Carpenter to his feet and into a front facelock...]

SA: The champion's looking to bring Carpenter in with the assist...

[Detson sets for a suplex to lift Carpenter back inside...

...but Pedro Perez, who is also recovering on the floor, grabs his own partner by the ankle, blocking Detson's lift!]

SA: Perez with the assist from the outside... ohhh!

[With Detson off-balance, Carpenter slips the facelock, hooks him around the head and drops off the apron, snapping the World Champion's throat down on the top rope, sending him staggering backwards...]

SA: Carpenter using the ring to his advantage... and looking to do it again!

[Carpenter leaps to the top rope, springing off...]

SA: And what a flying clothesline by the daredevil of the Dogs of War!

[Carpenter stays down on the mat for a moment, throwing a few fists at the suddenly-downed World Champion...]

...and then rolls to his corner, slapping Pedro Perez' offered hand.]

SA: Perez with the help on the outside... now looking to help inside, slingshots his way in and...

[Perez throws himself on top of Detson, pounding him with fists to the head as the crowd jeers loudly.]

CP: Pedro Perez isn't the biggest guy in the fight but you better believe he might be the guy with the biggest fight in the fight. He's always looking to scrap and he'll throw fists with the best of 'em.

SA: Just ask Hannibal Carver.

[Perez drags Detson off the mat, lowering his shoulder into the midsection and driving the champion back into the Dogs' corner.]

SA: Back into the buckles... and there's another tag...

[Isaiah Carpenter slingshots himself back into the ring, shaking off the fatigue to join his partner in burying a pair of front kicks into the midsection.]

SA: The Dogs hooking him up... here we go!

[A double suplex out of the corner sends Detson crashing down on the canvas to jeers.]

CP: We've said it over and over - the Dogs are at their best in this environment. Working together. Working as a team... a unit...

SA: A gang of thugs?

CP: If that's what it takes, Albano, that's exactly what they're gonna do. They're not above putting someone's face through a windshield if that's what needs to happen.

SA: I'm sure no one's forgotten that fact... especially Supernova who was a victim of one of those attacks in the past.

[As Perez exits the ring, Carpenter leaps up to the second rope, springing back and drops a leg across the chest of the downed Detson, scrambling into a lateral press and waving for Scott Ezra to count.]

SA: First cover of the match gets one... gets two... no, the champion's out at two.

[Carpenter pushes to his knees, tucking his head and somersault rolling to his corner where he slaps Pedro Perez' hand again.]

SA: Perez and Carpenter working a two man game that would make Stockton and Malone proud as Carpenter goes out and Perez comes back in again.

[But before Carpenter exits, the duo whip Detson into the neutral corner.]

SA: Scratch that - another doubleteam on the way by all appearances.

[Perez rushes the corner, lighting up Detson with a running clothesline that stuns the World Champion...]

...and then Perez drops out of the picture as Carpenter rushes across, throwing himself into a high impact spinning leg lariat that catches Detson across the collarbone. Carpenter's momentum carries him over the ropes, dropping him out to the floor as Detson stumbles from the corner...]

SA: These two are- Perez downstairs with a boot...

[Perez throws himself into the adjacent ropes, running back in and SNAPPING Detson down to the mat with a swinging neckbreaker!]

SA: Neckbreaker! Right on the back of the neck! And Perez covers again!

[Another two count follows before Detson kicks out...]

...and Perez quickly takes the mount, pummeling the champion as the fans jeer and Scott Ezra screams for a break!]

SA: Perez risking disqualification here in Miami...

CP: I'm not sure that would bother them, Big Sal... as long as they got the job done that Castillo sent them to do.

[Perez climbs off the downed Detson, striding to the corner with a smirk as he slaps the offered hand of Wade Walker to an "oooooooo" from the Miami crowd.]

SA: We've got a tag - in comes the big man, the powerhouse of the Dogs of War - Wade Walker.

[Walker steps into the ring, methodically walking around the downed Detson, watching as the World Champion struggles to get to a knee... then to his feet where Walker swoops in on him...]

SA: Walker lifting him up... and PRESSING HIM UP!

[The crowd is buzzing in shock as Walker slowly strides towards the corner, holding Detson over his head at full extension. He pauses, looking Supernova dead in the eyes... then Brian James...]

...and then steps forward, sending Detson plummeting facefirst down to the canvas behind him as he glares at both James and Nova.]

"YOU WANT SOME?! COME ON!"

[He beckons them on...]

...and they quickly oblige, coming through the ropes to big cheers!]

SA: Ezra trying to keep them ba- no! James gets right past him!

[James lashes out with a right hand to the jaw of Wade Walker as Scott Ezra wraps up Supernova, trying to keep him back as Walker responds with a big blow of his own!]

SA: This is a fight, fans! Wade Walker and Brian James - longtime rivals - are hooking it up once again here in Miami on Fight Night On FOX!

[And as the Dogs' powerhouse and the Engine of Destruction are trading heavy blows, Carpenter and Perez take advantage of the distraction, dragging Detson under the ropes to the outside...]

SA: Detson gets pulled out and...

[With the referee distracted, Perez and Carpenter hoist Detson into the air, dropping him spine-first on the barely-padded concrete with a double suplex that sends a sympathetic groan rattling around the American Airlines Center!]

SA: Detson's spine meeting concrete on the outside... and this kind of chaos is right up the alley of the Dogs of War.

[The referee manages to get both Supernova and Brian James back out on the apron, fuming as the latter has some words for Wade Walker who ignores them as he goes to the outside after the World Champion.]

SA: Johnny Detson is usually the dangerous one on the outside... but with Wade Walker's size and strength, I gotta think the World Champion would rather be anywhere else in the world right about now, Colt.

CP: Detson's back took a pounding from that suplex - and as someone who knows something about back injuries, you just can't understand how painful they make every single movement. Every step, every breath, every time you raise an arm. Detson's back is getting battered and every time it happens, he gets closer to losing this match... and that title.

[Walker pulls the hurting Detson off the floor, lifting him over his shoulder...

...and throws the small of Detson's back into the edge of the apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Detson's face is covered with pain as Walker lowers the shoulder into the gut, repeatedly driving the champion back into the apron. Detson cries out with every slam to the apron.]

SA: Walker doing serious damage on the outside... and with the team of James, Nova, and Detson not exactly firing on all cylinders, you have to wonder how long the World Champion can survive a brutal beating like this.

[Walker dumps Detson back inside, crawling in after him.]

SA: Both men back in the squared circle, keeping this one going here tonight live on FOX.

[Walker climbs to his feet, watching as Detson tries to crawl across to his corner where James and Supernova both have their arms outstretched.]

SA: We do not yet know who Johnny Detson will be defending the World Title against at SuperClash. There are a lot of top contenders - a lot of challengers who would be worthy of that title shot.

CP: Albano, Detson can't be worrying about that right now. Detson's gotta worry about survival. The Dogs of War are focusing on him right now and I'll give you three guesses as to why but I guess you won't need two of them. If Javier Castillo wants Detson out of the picture before SuperClash, that's why the Dogs are here... that's what they're supposed to do.

SA: I wasn't saying that Detson was worrying about it, Colt. I was just speculating... heck, for all we know, Johnny Detson might end up on Team Stegglet and he won't even defend the title at all!

[Walker grabs the back of Detson's tights, dragging him up to his feet. He promptly lifts him up, holding him across his torso with ease, staring across the ring at James and Nova...]

SA: Walker's got Detson held up, big slam on the way?

[...and then DROPS Detson across the knee with a backbreaker!]

SA: Ohhh! Another hard jolt - right to the spine!

[Walker promptly straightens up, shaking his head at the opposing corner...

...and takes another step forward, dropping Detson down a second time!]

SA: We've got a pair of backbreakers and could we get a three of a kind on the river?

[A third backbreaker causes the crowd to groan in pain as Detson cries out. Walker straightens up again....

...and then tosses Detson aside like a sack of garbage, staying behind to stare down Brian James and Supernova again to jeers from the Miami crowd.]

SA: This guy's a machine, Sal.

CP: An ass-kicking machine for sure. A body-wrecking machine no doubt.

[Walker sinks to his knees, pressing his palms down on the chest and continuing to stare at Brian James as the referee drops to count.]

SA: It could be! It might be! It- no! Kickout! Two and change there for Wade Walker on the walking backbreakers but the World Champion refuses to stay down for three!

CP: And I gotta question the wisdom of that one, Sal. This match means nothing to Johnny Detson - NOTHING. Why not take the dive? Why not get the heck out of there and save your body for SuperClash? I've seen too many people get injured a month, a week, a day before a huge match because they were too proud to take time off before the big match. Do the smart thing, Johnny... not the right thing.

SA: What a... truly horrible outlook on this situation, Colt.

[Walker drags the World Champion off the mat, whipping him across into the corner...]

SA: Detson slams into the Dogs' corner... keep an eye on Walker!

[The near 300 pound Walker comes charging across the ring towards Detson, lowering his head...]

SA: WALKER CHARGING THE CORNER!

[...but Detson leaps up, raising his legs at the last moment!]

SA: KNEES UP! WALKER HITS THE KNEES!

CP: Pure desperation by Detson but it buys the World Champion a second's reprieve. He's gotta get out of there, Sal, or he ain't gonna make it to SuperClash!

[Walker staggers back as Detson grabs at his lower back, twisting to smash Carpenter between the eyes with a right hand... then doing the same to Perez, knocking them both off the apron!]

SA: The Miami fans breathing life into the sails of Johnny Detson! Carpenter and Perez are down and-

[Detson grabs his lower back again, stumbling from the corner...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SPEAR! SPEAR! WALKER CUTS HIM IN HALF AND THIS MIGHT DO IT!

[Walker folds him up, stacking the legs and pushing the shoulders down!]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT IS- NOOOOOOOO!

[The crowd ROARS as a rushing Brian James charges across, throwing himself onto Walker's back to break up the pin!]

SA: BRIAN JAMES SAVES JOHNNY DETSON... and that goes right on the list of things I NEVER thought I'd say!

[The referee forces James out of the ring as a fuming Wade Walker looks ready to go after him...]

...but a shout from Pedro Perez gets him back on focus. Walker angrily marches to the corner, slapping Carpenter's offered hand.]

SA: The tag is made as two Dogs manage to get the big dog on a leash.

[Carpenter grabs the top rope, slingshotting over into an elbowdrop down on the small of Detson's back!]

SA: And Carpenter scores with that elbow, right down on the lower back!

[Grabbing Detson by the leg, Carpenter drags him back towards the Dogs' corner before he knees down on the back, locking his hands under Detson's chin and pulling back into a makeshift Camel Clutch.]

SA: Submission hold applied, going right back to applying pressure... to applying torque on the lower back of the World Champion...

[Detson stretches his arms out, wincing as he looks for a way out of the hold...]

...but ultimately doesn't need one as Pedro Perez reaches over, tagging himself in.]

SA: Another tag - the Dogs showing off that premier level teamwork they're so well known for...

[Carpenter keeps the hold applied as Perez rushes to the ropes, rebounding back with a low dropkick to the face of the trapped Detson!]

SA: Dropkick right in the mouth - and another cover!

[Perez scores another two count before the World Champion slips the shoulder, breaking free.]

SA: And you've gotta be impressed at what we're seeing out of Johnny Detson here tonight, Colt.

CP: Albano, you oaf... I was the one who put Detson over at the top of this match. He's the best in the world! I told you and the world that he's the best at what he does. And NOW you're impressed? I ain't impressed because I knew this is what Johnny Detson is capable of all along.

[Perez angrily pulls Detson off the mat, tossing him bodily into the neutral corner. He steps in after him, balling up his fists...]

SA: The fighting fists of Pedro Perez coming out swinging... jab... jab... jab...

[A right haymaker between the eyes leaves Detson hanging to the ropes, trying to stay standing as Perez rushes across to the opposite neutral corner for extra momentum, charging back in...

...but a desperate World Champion rushes from the corner, throwing himself into the air with his arm outstretched!]

SA: CLOTHESLIINE! DETSON TAKES HIM DOWN!

[The crowd is roaring for the big shot by the champion as both men are laid out on the mat, Perez staring at the lights while Detson is facefirst on the canvas.]

SA: Both men are down! Both men rocked by that clothesline out of the corner - Perez by the impact and Detson by the effort! And now both men need to dig down deep to find the inner strength to get out of the middle of the ring, get across that squared circle, and get that tag! Supernova and Brian James waiting on one side! Carpenter and Walker waiting on the other!

[The referee starts a double count on the two laid out competitors as the crowd urges Detson to get up and get that tag!]

SA: We've got ourselves a race on our hands! Detson up on all fours! Can barely even move! He's inching across... dragging himself on his hands and knees!

[On the other side, we see Perez sit up on the mat, shaking his head to clear the cobwebs as Carpenter calls to him.]

SA: Both men up - sort of - both men looking to their respective corners!

[With the crowd cheering him on, Detson continues to crawl... and crawl... and crawl towards the corner where Supernova and Brian James are waiting...]

SA: Detson's getting closer and-

[The crowd jeers as Perez slaps the offered hand of Isaiah Carpenter...]

SA: Tag on one side...

[...and then ROARS as Detson dives and slaps Supernova's hand!]

SA: ...AND TAG ON THE OTHER!

[Supernova comes rushing into the ring as Carpenter slingshots over the top rope, charging in at him...]

SA: Both sides make the tag and... BOOM! Clothesline by Supernova!

[Carpenter scrambles up, coming back towards Supernova who regroups...]

SA: BOOM! ANOTHER ONE DROPS CARPENTER!

[Carpenter gets back up, a little slower this time as he struggles to his feet...

...and Supernova steps in, lifting the smaller man into the air and pressing him overhead!]

SA: GORILLA PRESS! CARPENTER GETTING A BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF MIAMI AND-DOWWWWWWWN HE GOES!

[The crowd is roaring as Supernova hops a couple of times, a little spring in the step of the long time fan favorite...

...who wheels around to catch the incoming Wade Walker with a right hand to the jaw... and another... and another...]

SA: Supernova caught Wade Walker coming for him and he's making him pay for it!

[...and another... and another... a left backhand... a right hook... a left jab...]

SA: He's still rocking the big man!

[...a right hook... a right cross... a right uppercut... and after taking a few steps back, a running haymaker that spins Walker completely around where Supernova grabs him by the head, tilting him back into an inverted facelock...]

SA: NOVA'S GOT HIM HOOKED! BLACK HOLE ON THE WAY!

[But Isaiah Carpenter comes back in, running hard, leaping into the air, snatching Supernova around the head and neck with his arm...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: BOOM GOES THE CANNON! A lot of names for that one but in Japan, they call it the Slingblade and it takes Supernova RIGHT DOWN to the mat!

CP: And Carpenter's the legal man too!

[A quick dive and leg cradle gets a two count for Carpenter off the Slingblade before Supernova kicks out in time.]

SA: Still not enough to declare victory for these Dogs of War!

[Carpenter gets off the mat, stomping Supernova a few times - and punctuates it with a double stomp to the gut before he heads to the neutral corner, climbing the turnbuckles while facing out on the Miami crowd...]

SA: Carpenter's looking to fly here in Miami!

[Stepping to the top, Carpenter grins just before he takes flight, leaping backwards while twisting around...

...and SPLASHES DOWN on the chest of Supernova!]

SA: PHOENIX SPLAAAAAASH! HOOKS THE LEG! IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT...
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: KICKOUT! SWEET SAN ANGELO, HE KICKS OUT IN TIME!

CP: Incredibly close near fall there for the Dogs of War. Isaiah Carpenter was less than a half a count away from scoring the win in this wild six man matchup, Albano. I thought he had him!

SA: Carpenter questioning the official - he thought he him as well... but Carpenter shakes it off, looking for a way to end this one here on Fight Night On FOX with the entire world watching.

[Carpenter pulls a dazed Supernova off the mat, walking him to the corner where he slaps the offered hand of Wade Walker.]

SA: And the big man comes in again... where's he going though?

[The crowd begins to buzz as Walker takes a seat on the top turnbuckle, gesturing towards his partner to "bring him up."]

SA: Walker sitting on the turnbuckles... Carpenter gets for a suplex here...

[But in mid-lift, he deposits Supernova down onto the powerful shoulder of Wade Walker...]

SA: Walker's got Supernova in powerslam position!

CP: On the ropes?!

SA: The Dogs looking for an exclamation point on this victory - to show Javier Castillo that they belong in WarGames like they said earlier!

[Walker stands up on the middle rope, holding Supernova in position...]

SA: Walker's up... he's ready... annnnnnnd...

[...and leaps off the second rope, DRIVING Supernova down with a middle rope powerslam that shakes the entire ring!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: In the words of my grandmother - al mali estremi, estremi rimedi - desperate times call for desperate measures!

[Walker pushes up to his knees, shoving his fists down into the chest as he presses the shoulders down...]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEE- AND A DIVING SAVE FROM BRIAN JAMES AGAIN!

CP: Ahhhh! This one was over, Albano! Brian James just broke up ANOTHER Wade Walker pin that should've ended this thing!

[Walker climbs off the mat, trying to get at James who the referee is forcing out of the ring again...

...but as he gets James out, Ezra whips around to prevent Walker from going after the son of the Blackheart!]

SA: Wade Walker is beside himself! He wants a piece of Brian James in the worst way!

CP: Be careful what you wish for... even when you're a rabid dog looking to gnaw someone's leg off.

[A furious Walker whips back around, marching towards Supernova who is struggling to get up off the canvas. He leans down, yanking Nova off the mat before slapping Carpenter's hand.]

SA: Another tag... and when you see how angry Wade Walker is right now, you gotta wonder what in the world they're going to try to do to Supernova now!

[Walker twists Supernova around, leaning low to hoist him over the shoulders into a torture rack position as Carpenter starts climbing the ropes...]

CP: Oh, they're REALLY gonna do a number on him now, Albano!

SA: Carpenter to the top! Nova stretched across the shoulders! Walker's got him right where-

[But as Walker tries to get into position, Supernova starts raining down blows in the middle of Walker's forehead!]

CP: What?!

SA: He's fighting it! Nova's trying to get free and-

[Nova slips out of Walker's grip, landing behind him where he delivers a two-handed shove to the big man's back, sending him towards the corner where he smashes into Carpenter who loses his balance and...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: CARPENTER MAY NOT BE FROM JERSEY BUT HE'S SUDDENLY SINGIN' SOPRANO!

[Supernova stumbles backwards, diving towards his corner...]

SA: AND JAMES TAKES THE TAG!

[The crowd ERUPTS in cheers as Brian James comes through the ropes, breaking into a sprint, leaping into the air...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRILLS Carpenter with a Superman punch, a blow that almost knocks Carpenter backwards off the ropes but he just barely manages to grab the ropes by his fingertips to save himself from a devastating fall!]

SA: NO KRYPTONITE TO STOP THAT PUNCH!

[With Walker on the apron and Carpenter reeling up top, James steps up on the second rope, pausing to drive a right hand down onto Perez to send him to the floor and a matching one dispatches of Walker as well!]

SA: Brian James to the top, ties him up...

[He hooks the front facelock, slinging the arm across his neck...]

SA: ...AND UP HE GOES! UP... AND... DOWWWWWWWN!

[The crowd ROARS as Carpenter SLAMS down on the canvas courtesy of the Brian James superplex!]

SA: Brian James is no stranger to the superplex but that might've been the most super of them all after that Superman punch to set it up... and while this dysfunctional trio may not be the Justice League, they may be good enough to vanquish this particular Legion of Doom if they can keep this up!

CP: Geek.

SA: And damn proud of it, Narcissus!

[James climbs to his feet, throwing back his powerful arms with a roar as the crowd shouts as well.]

SA: Brian James is fired up! Brian James knows he's in for a rough night - no matter what choice he makes - but for now, he's in an environment he knows and loves! The battlefield is raging and he's got carnage all around him! This is where Brian James belongs!

[A dazed Carpenter struggles to get to all fours but James leans down, wrapping his powerful arms around his waist, deadlifting him up to his feet...

...and SNATCHES him over into a German Suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Holding onto the waistlock, James rolls back to his feet, not letting go as Carpenter makes a desperate grab for the ropes but comes up empty when James takes him over a second time!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: WE MAY BE IN MIAMI BUT IT'S STARTING TO LOOK LIKE BERLIN!

[James keeps his hold on, dragging Carpenter up for a third time, holding him in position, looking around at the roaring crowd...

...and launches him overhead for a third time, this time letting him go so that he drops down hard on the back of his head and neck!]

SA: RELEASED GERMAN COMPLETES THE TRIFECTA!

[James climbs to his feet, looking down on the prone Carpenter and takes a step towards him...

...when a surge of reaction from the crowd tips him off that Wade Walker is in, barreling across the ring towards him...]

SA: WALKER FROM BEHIND!

[But James sidesteps the wildly-charging powerhouse, giving a shove that sends him towards the corner where Johnny Detson winds up and BLASTS Walker between the eyes with a right hand, sending him staggering back towards James...]

SA: AND JAMES HOOKS WALKER TOO!

CP: Can he get him up?!

[James sets his feet, ready to toss the near-300 pound Walker over his head...

...and does exactly that, earning a big cheer and a burst of camera flashes as the Engine of Destruction PLANTS Walker on the back of his head with a released German Suplex!]

SA: BRIAN JAMES IS TAKING ON EVERY DOG IN SIGHT!

[The laid out Walker rolls under the ropes to the outside as James turns his attention back towards Carpenter who is starting to stir off the canvas...]

SA: James grabs the arm, whip to the neutral corner...

[The son of the Blackheart turns to his own corner, slapping the hand of Supernova who steps inside the ring...

...and then shockingly slaps Detson's arm as well!]

SA: Did Nova just tag Detson?!

[James steps back as Supernova throws himself back into the neutral corner before charging across the ring, leaping high and hard into the air before CRASHING into a stunned Carpenter against the turnbuckles!]

SA: THE TEMPERATURE IS RISING IN MIAMI AND WE'RE RIDING THIS HEAT WAVE TO RECORD HIGHS!

[Nova grabs Carpenter by the back of the head, tossing him out of the corner towards an eagerly-waiting Johnny Detson who drives a boot into the midsection of Carpenter.]

SA: Uh oh!

CP: How many times have we seen this over the years, Big Sal?

SA: A whole lot! And each and every time, it's meant...

[Detson hooks both arms, preparing for a match-ending Wilde Driver...

...but he's suddenly grabbed by the shoulder, spun out of the setup to face...]

SA: What the...?!

[...Brian James who pulled him out of the maneuver!]

SA: Brian James! Detson was going for the Wilde Driver and James stopped him cold!

CP: Has he made his decision?!

[James draws back his right hand, ready to strike but as Detson cringes away, Supernova lunges forward, stepping between Detson and James!]

SA: I think the Blackheart Punch was coming for Johnny Detson but...

CP: Supernova SAVED him?! What the hell is going on here, Albano?!

SA: I haven't got a clue, Colt! I'm as confused as you are!

[With Carpenter down on the mat, James and Detson are trading words with Supernova standing between them, shouting at both men.]

SA: This one's breaking down! It looked like they were getting along well enough - it looked like they were on the verge of winning this thing but James wouldn't allow Detson to hit the Wilde Driver on Carpenter.

CP: Brian James hasn't forgotten all the stuff he went through with Detson over the past couple of years. Former reluctant allies, now bitter enemies. The blood of Tony Donovan and Wes Taylor on the hands of Detson according to James and-

[Detson angrily shoves James with both hands, gesturing to the downed Carpenter. James shoves him back, drawing his fist back again...

...when suddenly, the video wall lights up in the background.]

SA: Now what's going on?!

[As the three arguing men in the ring turn towards the video wall, they see AWA executive Veronica Westerly being held by the hair, makeup-stained tears running down her cheeks as the Women's World Champion, Kurayami holds her there.]

SA: That's Veronica Westerly - that's Brian James' mother!

CP: And that's Kurayami, the Women's World Champion!

SA: This is all Castillo's doing - you know it is. He said he wanted an answer from Brian James tonight. He wants to know if James is going to be a part of Team Korugun at SuperClash. He wants to know if James is willing to sell his soul of Castillo!

[James steps away from Supernova and Detson, looking up at the video wall with concern as Kurayami yanks the hair, causing Westerly to cry out in pain.]

SA: This is awful! Castillo put Brian James in this match... and now he's got this going on somewhere backstage and James is completely out of this now! He's obviously concerned for his mother. Castillo said some awful things about her two weeks ago and Veronica Westerly's health is in serious jeopardy at the hands of Kurayami and Korugun!

[Kurayami reaches out with her other hand, wrapping them around the throat of Veronica who screams in pure terror...

...which is enough for Brian James to exit up the ring, quickly jogging up the ramp towards the locker room!]

SA: This is... Brian James is out of here! He's going to the back and you can't blame him for that but...

CP: But he's leaving his partners behind!

[An irate Johnny Detson is standing near the ropes, shouting at the exiting James who doesn't turn to respond.]

SA: The World Champion's screaming at Brian James but James couldn't give a damn right now, Colt.

CP: Absolutely not. Brian James is out of here and we've got ourselves a Handicap Match all of a sudden!

[Supernova quickly grabs Detson by the shoulder, swinging him around and pointing at Carpenter...]

SA: Nova's telling Detson that Carpenter and Detson are legal - they're the ones in this match still and-

[The crowd groans as Detson angrily shoves Supernova, sticking a finger in his face.]

SA: Can you believe this?! Now we've got Supernova and Detson fighting!

CP: It was only a matter of time, Sal... only a matter of time.

[Supernova glares at the heated Detson for a moment... and then shoves him back to an even louder buzz of concern from the Miami fans.]

SA: Guys, you've got a match going on still! You've got-

[The crowd reacts as Detson rears back and throws a right hand!]

SA: Oh no! Here we go again!

[The reaction picks up as Supernova and Detson trade right hands near the ropes!]

SA: These two were all each other had left and now that's out the window!

CP: That's right - now it's a fight!

[The haymakers fly for a few more moments before Detson lashes out with a boot to the gut, doubling up Supernova...]

...and he steps into the standing headscissors, reaching down to hook an arm...]

SA: He's looking for the Wilde Driver! He's gonna take out his own partner and-

[...but Supernova straightens up, backdropping the World Champion up and over onto the canvas with a big thud!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Supernova backdrops out of it! Detson tried to take him out but-

[And with Detson struggling to get up, Supernova grabs him by the hair, yanking him back into an inverted facelock...]

SA: He's got him hooked! Nova's ready for...

[...and DRIVES him straight down on the back of his head to a burst of mixed reaction!]

SA: ...BLACK HOLE ON TARGET!

[A furious Supernova rolls out of the ring, striding up the aisle and leaving a motionless Johnny Detson behind!]

CP: And now Supernova's out of here too!

SA: He is! James is gone! Supernova's gone!

CP: But Carpenter ain't gone!

[The crowd jeers loudly as Carpenter crawls across the ring, diving onto the prone World Champion, hooking a leg...]

SA: It could be! It might be! Not like this!

[...and gets the three count!]

SA: IT IS!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd's jeers continue as Carpenter sits up on the mat, wearily throwing his arms in the air as Perez and Walker come in to join the celebration.]

SA: The Dogs of War pick up the victory here in Miami on Fight Night On FOX and... well, the fans may not like it but you have to believe that somewhere in the back, Javier Castillo's got a huge grin on his face, Colt.

CP: Absolutely. And is this enough to earn the Dogs of War their spot inside WarGames?

SA: Time will tell, Colt... and fans, we're going to head out of here for a quick break but we'll be right back so stick around, won't you please?

[With Carpenter pulled up to his feet, the trio stand center ring with their arms raised as we fade to black...]

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

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

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

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

[We fade to black...

...and come back up on a live shot of the backstage area where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing. We appear to be close to the Chimpanzee Position as Blackwell speaks.]

SLB: We're back here LIVE on FOX and what a wild scene we just witnessed. I'm currently hoping to get a word with - Supernova! Supernova, right over here please!

[A few moments later, Supernova storms into view, running a hand over his face and letting loose a roar of frustration. Blackwell visibly cringes back before regaining his game face.]

SLB: Supernova, you must be horribly frustrated at what just went down out there between yourself, Brian James, and Johnny Detson.

[Supernova shakes his head.]

S: Frustrated?! Frustrated's not the damn word for it, Lou! We had that match won! We had the Dogs right where we wanted them and first you have Brian James going into business for himself with Detson. And believe me, I get it - I'd love nothing more than to punch Detson in the mouth too. And then the business with Castillo and Kurayami and Veronica...

[Supernova waves a dismissive hand.]

S: And then there's Detson who-

[A loud shout comes from off-camera just before...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...there's a loud reaction from inside the arena as Johnny Detson storms into view, blasting Supernova with a steel chair across the back, knocking him forward and sending the cameraman scrambling aside. Blackwell looks horrified as the World Champion throws the chair aside.]

JD: YOU THINK YOU CAN PUT YOUR HANDS ON ME?! YOU THINK I'M GONNA LET THAT ONE GO?! NOT A CHANCE!

[Detson grabs the title belt that is nearby on a production equipment case.]

JD: Remember what I said, Blackwell. This belt means I do what I want... when I want. And if you don't believe me...

[Detson gestures to the downed Supernova.]

JD: ...ask him... when he wakes up.

[Detson exits with a smirk, leaving a groaning Supernova down on the floor. Blackwell waves for some help as he looks down at Supernova and we fade away from this shot...

...and onto another one where a pissed off Brian James is stalking through a corridor. He shoves a door open, looking inside for a moment before moving on.

James comes to an abrupt halt, grabbing a production crew member by the shoulders and shoving him back against a wall.]

BJ: Where is she?! Where is Kurayami?! Where is my mother?!

[The crewman mumbles something indecipherable as James tightens his grip.]

BJ: WHERE ARE THEY?!

[The crewman shakes his head wildly as James shoves him aside and continues his stomping march down the hallway.]

BJ: Son of a...

[He trails off as he shoves a second door open, peeking inside to a loud "HEY!" from within. James shakes his head as he continues his walk.]

BJ: She's gotta be around here... gotta be...

[James comes to another sudden stop, staring at the door in front of him that reads "EL PRESIDENTE" across the front in fancy script. With an angry exhale, James leans back and KICKS the door in, sending it flying open. He steps inside, the cameraman in hot pursuit as a shocked Javier Castillo gets to his feet, a look of alarm on his face.]

BJ: YOU!

[The son of the Blackheart rushes forward towards Castillo, his arms extended towards him. Castillo urgently steps back, cringing away...

...which is when MAWAGA comes rushing forward, cutting off James' approach. But James doesn't stop - or even slow down - as he lashes out with a right hand across the jaw of MAWAGA!]

SA: We've got a fight in the boss' office!

[MAWAGA retaliates with a blow of his own... then James responds in kind again...]

SA: MAWAGA and James throwing down in the office of the AWA Presid- oh!

[Albano's exclamation comes as MAWAGA throws a stiff-fingered uppercut into the throat of James, sending him staggering back...

...but as James straightens up to attack again, MAWAGA's hand snaps out quick as a snake, his fingers wrapping around the windpipe of James!]

SA: TONGAN DEATH GRIP!

[James starts batting at the arm holding his throat, trying to break out of MAWAGA's grip as a terrified-looking Castillo looks on from behind his desk.]

SA: James is trying to get loose but I don't know if he can!

CP: Nobody breaks MAWAGA's iron grip!

[James grabs at the wrist with both hands, shoving upwards as he tries to free himself...]

SA: Like Freddie Mercury, Brian James wants to break free!

[James' legs swing out to a wide base, pushing harder and harder as MAWAGA tries to keep his grip in place...]

SA: He's doing it! He's doing it!

[If we could see MAWAGA's eyes behind his dark sunglasses, you'd imagine they'd be going wide right now as Brian James powers the wrist upwards, the fingers starting to lose their grasp on his throat...]

SA: James is breaking out and-

[MAWAGA abruptly lets go before James can escape, throwing an off-handed blow towards James who swats it away before uncorking a haymaker that IMPACTS the chest of MAWAGA, sending the Korugun bodyguard flying backwards over the desk, nearly sliding off onto a shocked Castillo who loudly exclaims as James follows MAWAGA onto the desk, planting a shin across his sternum while reaching out to grab Castillo's lapels with both hands!]

BJ: WHERE IS SHE?! YOU TELL ME WHERE SHE IS RIGHT NOW, CASTILLO, OR I'LL-

[A panicked Castillo replies with bluster and bravado.]

JC: OR YOU'LL WHAT?! WHAT?!

[James lets go with his right hand, drawing it back into a fist as Castillo cringes away again...]

JC: If you hit me, I'll make sure she NEVER walks again! NEVER!

[James grimaces, suddenly torn between wanting to hurt Castillo so badly and wanting to protect his mother...]

JC: Think it through, James.

[...and with a sigh, James lets go of Castillo who falls back against the wall, his face flushed and damp with sweat.]

JC: A wise decision.

[James glares at Castillo.]

BJ: Where is she?

[Castillo starts to slide back to his usual self, a smirk crossing his face.]

JC: She's safe, Mr. James... for now.

[James starts to draw his hand back again, his face twisting into an icy glare.]

JC: I told you I wanted an answer tonight. Yes or no... will you join Team Korugun for WarGames?!

[A conflicted James looks away, shaking his head.]

JC: I'm not an unreasonable man, Mr. James. I will give you until the end of tonight to make your choice. Hmm?

[James slowly nods, sliding his leg off of MAWAGA's chest and retaking his feet. MAWAGA sits up quickly, ready to start fighting again... but a hand on his shoulder from Castillo gives him pause.]

JC: No. I won't have my prize damaged.

[There's a twinkle in Castillo's eye as he watches a sullen James sulk out of the room, leaving Castillo and MAWAGA behind.]

JC: The end of the night, Mr. James. No exceptions.

[James doesn't react to the final ultimatum as the door swings shut behind him and Castillo looks on with a grin...

...and we fade from backstage out to the ring where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell stands between two podiums.

Surrounding the ring is a litany of talent from the Women's Division. Donna Martinelli is beaming as she hangs out near the ring apron. Trish Wallace and Skylar Swift can be seen conversing. Ayako Fujiwara is standing beside her cat, Molly Bell, scratching Molly behind the ear as she eyes Trish warily. Standing at opposite corners are rivals Kelly Kowalski and Kylie Kujawa, who have agents Kevin Slater and John Shock respectively standing beside them in case they break away from each other. Finally, also standing at corners opposite each other, surrounded by officials, are Margarita Flores and the toxic twosome known as Seductive and Destructive, Harley Hamilton and Cinder.]

SLB: Welcome, everyone, to what we can deem as "Selection Saturday" here on Fight Night on FOX! Two weeks ago, history...

[Blackwell grins.]

SLB: ... or shall we say "herstory" was made when it was announced that the Steal The Spotlight match at SuperClash will take place amongst the Women's Division. Tonight, we go one step further. Not only will the team captains be making their selections, but we can tell you that the Steal The Spotlight match will go even further in terms of upping the ante.

[The crowd murmurs as Blackwell nods.]

SLB: The Women's Division has been the hottest division in wrestling, and fans have said they want more, so we're going to give you more. The Steal The Spotlight

match this year at SuperClash IX won't be five on five... no, fans, it's going to be six on six!

[The crowd roars its approval as Blackwell waits for their cheers to die down.]

SLB: Surrounding the ring is the talent that will be competing in that historic yearly SuperClash tradition, as the team captains for the last two weeks have been negotiating with President Castillo about the talent pool that will be in the match. There is one exception, however.

[The crowd murmurs once more.]

SLB: I suppose we had a bit of a macguffin out here. For those of you who watched the all-new Power Hour last week, you'll know that Molly Bell suffered a rib injury and is medically prohibited from wrestling for the rest of the year. She is not eligible to be in Steal The Spotlight, so she is not the tenth competitor eligible for selection.

[Molly can be seen pouting at ringside, as Ayako gives her a pat on the head.]

SLB: But who is eligible for selection... well, we have a cage match tonight between Julie Somers and Lauryn Rage. The winner goes onto SuperClash to take on Kurayami for the Women's World Title. The loser of that match will ALSO go onto SuperClash, and will be selected to compete in Steal the Spotlight!

[Blackwell exhales.]

SLB: I don't know about the rest of you, but I'm tired of waiting to see how this is going to unfold. How about we get the team captains out here and let them start picking, huh?

[The crowd cheers, as Blackwell smiles.]

SLB: That sounds good to me! Introducing first, please welcome the "Platinum Princess", Michelle Bailey!

["Stronger" by Britney Spears starts to play as the crowd roars, and out from the entrance comes the veteran Michelle Bailey. Michelle is dressed in a neon pink blazer worn over a black dress that cuts off just above the knee, along with black strappy heels. She's wearing black rimmed glasses and a simple shimmery eye shadow that causes her two-toned eyes to stand out, along with a nude gloss. Her fingernails are painted neon pink. She smiles warmly as she walks down to the ring, stopping for a moment as she spots a pouting Donna Martinelli.]

SA: Hold on here... Colt, I think this may be the first time Michelle Bailey has seen Donna Martinelli face to face since the incident between Laura Davis and Michelle's daughter. That was an incident that was incited by Donna Martinelli!

CP: They may be cousins, but I don't think you could call them family, Sal. They don't seem too close.

[Donna points at Michelle's blazer and fingernails, shouting "you can't wear pink, Michelle, that's the Peach Pits' color!" Michelle tilts her head, smirking, then says loud enough for the ringside cameras' microphones to pick up "I've been wearing pink since before you were singing in malls! Go complain to your mom about it!", then walking away as Donna stammers for a response.]

CP: Well, if there's anyone who can understand a fashion spat, it's me, Sal.

SA: I suppose there is. Donna Martinelli and the Peach Pits have embraced pink as their signature color, but that isn't going to change Michelle Bailey's wardrobe any.

[Michelle climbs into the ring, shaking Blackwell's hand, and takes her place behind her podium as her music fades.]

SLB: And the opposing team's captain, the "All-Around Athlete", Laura Davis!

[The lights dim and the opening chords of Jorge Quintero's "300 Violin Orchestra" play over the PA system.]

SA: And Laura Davis insists upon making a grand entrance, as always.

CP: Hey, if Michelle Bailey gets her entrance, why shouldn't The All-Around Athlete get hers as well?

[Up on the giant videoscreen, a scrambled image comes up and, as the violins reach the crescendo, the image forms words that simply read:

"DAVIS #1"

Then, as the orchestral music starts up again, two spotlights hit the entranceway and, standing there, is none other than Laura Davis. She has her back toward the crowd, her arms spread to the sides. She is wearing a red, white and blue track suit, and on the back on her jacket in blue lettering are the same letters on the videoscreen.

"DAVIS #1"]

SA: This woman certainly has a high opinion of herself, but to give her credit, she has backed it up in the ring.

CP: You got that right, Sal. Davis is one of the most accomplished wrestlers in the world today. You couldn't pick a better woman to be a captain for one of the teams in Steal the Spotlight!

[Davis turns around, then makes her way to the ring, the spotlights following her until she reaches ringside. At that point, the arena lights come back up and the spotlights fade.

She then ascends the ring steps, and that's when Martinelli moves forward along the apron, but Davis holds up her hand and shakes her head.]

"That's not your job, Donna."

[She then gestures toward Blackwell.]

"That's your job, Blackwell. Show everyone you're a gentleman."

SA: What exactly does Davis want from Sweet Lou?

CP: What do you think a gentleman would do here, Sal?

[Blackwell rolls his eyes and sighs, but walks over to the side of the ring and holds open the ropes. Davis ducks through them, then spreads her arms to the side, a smirk on her face.]

SA: I can't believe the arrogance of Laura Davis that she would insist the man doing interviews needs to hold the ropes open for her.

CP: Well, look at it this way... it's one of the first time Sweet Lou has minded his manners when doing his job.

[Blackwell then walks back to the center of the ring, casting a quick glance at Davis and shaking his head.]

SLB: I only have four words for you right now, Laura Davis... give me a break.

[Davis ignores him, instead pointing a finger toward Bailey, who simply returns a hard stare.]

SLB: Now normally when we make selections, we'd have a coin flip, but Michelle, you were recently punished for striking an AWA staff member with a bat. Not only did that punishment come with a fine of five thousand dollars, but I can also reveal that you have been forced to forfeit the rights to the first pick tonight to Laura Davis.

[The crowd boos, but Michelle encourages them to calm down.]

MB: That's right. It was unacceptable behavior, and if Ms. Davis wants the first pick, she's welcome to it. You can look around the ring here tonight and see that there is so much incredible talent. Whether I pick first or second, I'm confident that I can assemble a team that will defeat hers.

[The crowd cheers as Laura sneers at Michelle.]

LD: We'll see about that, Bailey. When I look at the talent assembled here tonight, I can already see how I'll put together a team that will claim the win in the first-ever women's Steal the Spotlight.

SLB: Now, there will be plenty of time in the month ahead for bulletin board material. Let's get down to the selections. Laura Davis, you are on the clock.

LD: Blackwell, you don't need to put me on the clock, because I already know who my first selection will be. I've watched her for the past few months and I can tell this woman isn't simply a star in the making -- she's a star in her own right. My first pick is none other than Harley Hamilton.

[Harley Hamilton steps into the ring, not really surprised at her selection, a smug look on her face.]

SLB: A big selection here for Laura Davis, as Harley Hamilton comes off the board. Michelle, over to you.

[Michelle thinks for a moment, then looks at Harley with a smile.]

MB: Well, I clearly think I should take Cin-...

[Harley's face turns into one of terror, as she shrieks "NOOOOOOOOOO!" as loud as possible. Michelle holds her finger up, as Blackwell mirrors her.]

MB: Sorry, sorry, I had to. It was worth it just to see that reaction. My first pick is Ayako Fujiwara. And by the way, Harley, all those "cougar" jokes? Now we're even.

[Ayako Fujiwara, followed by Molly Bell, climbs into the ring, as Harley glares at Michelle, mouthing "I'll get you for this one". Michelle gives Molly a scratch behind the ear as she shakes Ayako's hand with her free hand.]

SLB: A little bit of trickery there by Michelle Bailey, but Ayako Fujiwara has been chosen. Laura, it's your turn.

LD: You think you're so clever, Bailey. Well, it just so happens that you made my next choice an easy one -- but even so, my next choice is a no-brainer because, just like her tag team partner, she's a star in her own right. Cinder, welcome to the team.

[Harley's sour mood improves as Cinder rushes into the ring to take her side, as the two besties immediately greet each other with a boop to the nose.]

SLB: That's both members of Seductive and Destructive to Team Davis. Michelle, your next selection?

MB: Hm. Well, you know, next week there's a really big match in Atlanta, but just in case things aren't settled, I bet that it'd be nice to have a tall drink of Texas water on my side. Margarita Flores, come on over here.

[As Margarita Flores joins Michelle's side, the referees split off and start to keep Kelly Kowalski and Kylie Kujawa surrounded. Kujawa seems more interested in annoying John Shock at the moment, though, as Kowalski glares a hole through her across the ring. Harley can be heard through Laura's microphone saying "pick Kelly!" as Laura waves at her dismissively.]

SLB: An awfully strong pick there by Michelle Bailey, as Margarita Flores joins her team. Laura, let's take it to you for your third selection.

LD: Now, I understand that my new teammates would have their own ideas, but let's think about this: What better team member could you add that whoever doesn't win the cage match later tonight? Whether that's Julie Somers or Lauryn Rage, we'll have one of the best wrestlers in the AWA on our side. Therefore, whoever that woman is, she's my next selection.

[Harley pouts as her suggestion was rejected, but Cinder tries to cheer her up.]

SLB: Obviously, we'll find out who your choice there is later tonight, as we'll see the cage match between Lauryn Rage and Julie Somers, but you can't really go wrong with either of them, can you? Michelle, you've got the next choice.

MB: I do, don't I? And it's a tough one, because there's a lot of great talent out there. But there's one person in particular that I've been really impressed with lately. I know she's had a rough go of it the last couple of weeks, but after seeing her in Saskatchewan and Mexico, I know what she can do, and I know what she'll bring to my team. I know she's answered my call before...

[Michelle "ahem"s.]

MB: Phone's ringing, Skylar Swift.

[Skylar bounces in place at ringside, then rushes into the ring, grasping Michelle in a hug. She then goes to give Molly a scratch behind the ear, but then looks out to the floor and sees a surly-looking Trish Wallace staring at her, before shaking her head. Over on the other side, we hear Harley's voice again say "pick Kelly!" through Laura's microphone.]

SLB: A fine selection indeed, Skylar Swift has shown she really shines in these high pressure environments. Laura, onto you.

LD: Well, now it's getting to be more difficult, but that's a good thing, because there's still plenty of talented ladies who would be a perfect fit.

[She puts her hand to her chin, as if she's thinking about this.]

LD: But I think it's time to find out just how far my best student has come along. Donna Martinelli, here's your chance to prove yourself -- you're on the team.

[Donna reacts just as excited as Skylar does, running into the ring and hugging Laura before Laura gently nudges her away. Harley throws her hands up into the air as Cinder rolls her eyes, and the pair of Seductive and Destructive sidestep as far away from Donna as they can get.]

SLB: A dark horse candidate in this match...

[Donna shouts "HEY!"]

SLB: ... but we've seen dark horses go awfully far in Steal the Spotlight! Donna Martinelli is off the board. Michelle, let's get your fourth selection.

[Michelle cracks a grin.]

MB: You know... twice now, I've heard someone from your team make a great suggestion, and you've ignored it. I already know what she can do because I've wrestled her, and she's something special. So... thanks for the suggestion, Harley. Kelly Kowalski, welcome to my team.

[The referees and Kevin Slater part as Kelly Kowalski steps into the ring, with Michelle offering her a handshake. Kelly eyes the hand, but before she can accept it, we hear the voice of Kylie Kujawa ring out...

"SHELLEY, WHAT THE HELL?!"]

SLB: Um... so that's Kelly Kowalski selected to Michelle Bailey's team, Laura...

LD: Look at this, Michelle. Didn't you have some kind of deal with that one down there?

[The camera cuts to Kylie Kujawa, who has grabbed a chair and thrown it up the entrance aisle.]

LD: How many people in your life do you let down, Michelle? Your own cousin wants nothing to do with you.

[Laura motions to Donna Martinelli, who glares at Michelle.]

LD: Now you've hurt your friend's feelings by picking that... Jersey Devil thing over her? That's okay. Kylie Kujawa, I want you on my side -- you're in.

[Kylie, who is halfway up the aisle, turns around, eyes widened with anger.]

SLB: So that is Kylie Kujawa, the "Pretty Hate Machine", going to team with Laura Davis, and that means one pick left.

MB: Yeah, and that's okay, because she's not truly a last pick. Trish Wallace is a great wrestler, and I'm honored to have her on my team. Come on in, Tris-...

[We hear the sound of another microphone being turned on, and Kylie Kujawa's voice filtering through the arena.]

Kylie: No! NO NO NO NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[We cut to ringside, where Kylie has grabbed Rebecca Ortiz's microphone and turned it on.]

Kylie: No way, Shelley. No way is this happening! No way! No!

[Kylie stomps up the steps and climbs into the ring, as Trish Wallace stays on the floor. Everyone else watches from their respective sides as Kylie Kujawa stares at Michelle.]

Kylie: Six years ago, you and me, Shelley, we made a pact. We said we were in this together. Don't you remember? The whole world was going to be against us, and we swore we'd always have each other's backs! Then that busted-up bar menace breaks your nose...

[Kylie flings her hand at Kelly Kowalski, who suddenly gets an arm placed in front of her by Michelle.]

Kylie: ... I come here to help out, and now everything's out the window? I can't believe you picked her over me! But... but YOU?!

[Kylie wheels around and jabs a finger at Laura Davis.]

Kylie: You've got to be out of your damned mind! After what you've done? Especially to my niece?!

[Kylie jabs her finger at Donna Martinelli.]

Kylie: And I've known your family for years! They're all a bunch of jerks except for Shelley! You're the worst jerk out of all of them, and your music sucks!

[Donna's jaw drops, as she mutters "is she allowed to say that?" Kylie turns back around to Michelle.]

Kylie: They clearly want the boozehound on their team! You heard Strawberry Shortcake and her pet wolf child over there say it twice! They just didn't think you'd pick her! Can't we trade? Don't make me have to be on their team!

[Kylie kicks the ropes, then holds up her pinky. Michelle becomes flustered.]

Kylie: You gave me one of these, Shelley! You said we'd look out for each other, and you don't break these promises!

[Michelle sighs.]

MB: Okay. Okay. Kylie, please calm down.

[Michelle looks over at Laura.]

MB: You heard her. Can we work out a trade?

[Laura gets a wide grin on her face.]

LD: Of course we can, Michelle. If you want Kylie Kujawa so bad, you can have her...

[Laura's eyes narrow.]

LD: But it'll cost you Ayako.

[The crowd gasps, as Blackwell holds up his hand.]

SLB: Hold on just a moment, the trade that Ms. Kujawa suggested was her for Kelly Kowalski, not her for Ayako! That's Michelle Bailey's top pick for your last pick!

LD: If her promises mean so much to her, then she'll take it. And I'm sure Ayako will gladly be a part of my team instead of some insolent little rat.

[Michelle hesitates, unsure of what to do, when Ayako puts her hand on Michelle's shoulder. The two friends make eye contact and step away from the microphone for a moment, huddling up to share a couple of words with each other. An audible "trust me" is heard before they nod and break their huddle. Michelle steps back up to the microphone.]

MB: ... you have a deal.

[The crowd gasps again, as Michelle hugs Ayako. When the hug breaks, Kylie rushes over and grabs Michelle in a firm hug as Ayako walks over, Molly Bell in hand, to Laura Davis' side of the ring. When she gets there, a disappointed Harley Hamilton looks at Molly and reaches out to try and scratch Molly behind the ear, but a firm glare from Ayako stops that from happening. Kelly Kowalski, shaking her head, gets as far away from Michelle and Kylie as possible, as a surly-looking Trish Wallace gets into the ring.]

SLB: Well there you have it, fans. At SuperClash, in Steal the Spotlight, the team of captain Michelle Bailey, Margarita Flores, Skylar Swift, Trish Wallace, Kelly Kowalski, and Kylie Kujawa will take on the team of captain Laura Davis, Harley Hamilton, Cinder, Ayako Fujiwara, Donna Martinelli, and of course, whoever comes up on the short end of the stick in our big cage match this evening! It's going to be an exciting... it's going to be a happening... and of course, it's gonna be Herstory in the making at SuperClash IX! We'll be right back after this quick break.

[We fade away from the crowded ring...

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

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

[There's a voiceover.]

VO: Now you can!

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

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

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

Kids sizes and adult sizes available.

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

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

[FLASH!

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

"I can be a champion too!"

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

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

[Fade to black...

...and as we fade back up, we get a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo with the graphic reading "EARLIER TONIGHT...". The shot is back inside the office of the AWA President, Javier Castillo, who is seated behind his desk with MAWAGA lurking nearby. A knock on the door is heard.]

JC: ENTER!

[The door swings open courtesy of John Law who looks inside.]

JL: Fawcett to see you.

[Castillo uneasily looks across the room. A sharp-eyed viewer might also notice MAWAGA raising his eyebrows behind his sunglasses as his arms uncross and he takes up a more... defensive... position.]

JC: Uhh... yes... yes, let him in.

[Law sidesteps to allow the manager entry. Fawcett is beaming as he glides across the room towards Castillo. MAWAGA has taken a noticeable step forward, standing right behind the AWA President.]

"D"HF: General.

[Castillo nods again, a little bit nervously as he gestures to the chair across from him.]

JC: Sit, sit... please.

[Fawcett slides into a chair, steepling his fingers in front of him as a very familiar crystal hanging from a chain around the "Doctor's" neck becomes visible. The crystal catches Castillo's eye and he quickly produces a handkerchief to take a swipe across his dampening forehead.]

"D"HF: Something wrong, General?

[Castillo shakes his head.]

JC: No, it's just... well, I didn't expect to see you with the...

[He gestures towards the glittering gem.]

"D"HF: Oh, this old thing?

[Fawcett grips the crystal in his hand, holding it up between he and Castillo who very visibly leans backwards as if trying to stay away from the gem.]

"D"HF: After all this time apart, I have needed time to get reacquainted. Besides, you never know when you might need it, hm?

JC: Of course, of course... uhh... let's get down to business. I've got a busy night here tonight and the show starts soon. What can I do for you?

[Fawcett's face twists into an amused grin.]

"D"HF: My dear General, it was you who requested my presence.

[Castillo is staring at the crystal silently, seemingly missing Fawcett's words....

...and then as MAWAGA kicks his chair, Castillo snaps out of it.]

JC: Hmm? Oh! Yes, of course. I wanted to... well, I... where is the damn thing?

[Castillo looks frantically through the papers scattered on his desk before lifting one up.]

JC: Medical report on Shadoc Rage. It seems as though his neck is still injured... he's STILL being denied medical clearance... and from the way I hear it, he might not even be able to get back inside a ring until after SuperClash.

[Castillo chuckles.]

JC: Let that be a lesson to anyone who wants to defy Korugun.

"D"HF: And you.

[Castillo nods.]

JC: That's right. I've already thanked Rage's brother for his role in that... but I also wanted to thank you for it. You've done a tremendous job in getting Morgan Dane back to where we need him for WarGames and I'm looking forward to seeing what he can accomplish inside that cage.

[Fawcett nods his head, closing his eyes slightly.]

"D"HF: After all the time I've spent with him, I look forward to seeing Morgan make his dreams a reality as well.

[Castillo taps a finger on the desk.]

JC: So, while I have several... how you say... irons in the fire for the final members of my team, there are only three men locked in place. Derek Rage, Morgan Dane, and Juan Vasquez.

[Fawcett grins.]

"D"HF: An admirable team.

JC: Yes, yes... but we need more... and that's where you come in.

[Fawcett shifts slightly in his seat as Castillo raises an eyebrow.]

JC: You HAVE been able to accomplish your task, yes?

[Fawcett bites at his bottom lip nervously.]

"D"HF: Not... quite. The subject is proving to be more... resistant... to my charms than I expected. As I've said before, this isn't the usual case. It isn't as if we can tempt them with promises of money or championship gold. But I'm close... and getting closer all the time.

[Castillo's gaze goes cold.]

JC: I'm afraid that no longer is good enough. Time is not on our side, MISTER Fawcett... and if you can't get me what I need by the time we're on the air in North Carolina in two weeks...

[Castillo pauses, snapping his fingers as MAWAGA steps around the desk, now standing behind a nervous-looking Fawcett.]

JC: ...your services will no longer be required. Is that understood?

[Fawcett nods his head several times.]

"D"HF: It is, General. It will be done.

[Castillo nods.]

JC: Good. Now...

[Castillo turns, staring straight at the ACCESS camera.]

JC: Perhaps you can give me an update on our missing friend when not so many eager ears are listening.

[Another snap of the fingers since MAWAGA over to the camera, stepping in front of it as we get a burst of static and fade to black...

...and then back up to ringside where our announcers are seated.]

SA: The evil genius, Javier Castillo, continuing to work to assemble his team for WarGames, Colt.

CP: He's working overtime at it... and I've gotta wonder just what in the hell Jon Stegglet's doing. I've been an AWA employee for a long time - and a friend of Stegglet for a lot longer than that - and right now, I'm worried, Albano. If Korugun wins at SuperClash, who the hell knows what happens next? I might be gone... you'd definitely be gone...

SA: What?! Why?!

CP: You're not Castillo's type.

SA: Thanks, pal. Well... wherever he is, I'm sure Jon Stegglet is hard at work figuring out who will stand alongside Ryan Martinez and the man in our next match, Hannibal Carver, inside two cages of steel hell at SuperClash in just over a month's time.

CP: You may be right but with what Carver's got in store for him tonight, he might walk into WarGames the FORMER National Champion.

SA: That's certainly a possibility as the former champion himself - Jackson Hunter - gets his rematch right here tonight. Let's go up to Rebecca.

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

RO: Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest, set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit... is for the AWA National Championship!

[The rumble of distant thunder and synths from "Vale of Shadows" by GUNSHIP that fills the arena, which is bathed in magenta and turquoise light like an eighties movie.]

RO: Introducing first...

[Onto the stage steps a wiry, stubbled man in a battered, high-collared suede coat the color of charcoal. He plays it cool, but he has the demeanor of a velociraptor, and a dangerous smirk on his face. He rubs his hands together as he makes his way down the aisle.]

SA: There he is, Colt - the former champ who hopes to be the new champion in just a short time from now.

CP: I can't say that I like the man personally, but I admire the way he handles his business, getting back in the National Title hunt so quickly.

[And he's not alone: behind him is the hulking presence of the six-four, 350 pound Blake Colton. Colton looks very much like the Sasquatch he has been compared to, with his mop of unkempt dirty blonde hair emerging from the top of his "Rising Sun" bandana and his bushy, untrimmed beard. His massive, powerlifter arms and barrel chest are barely contained by the denim jacket he wears, the sleeves already torn away. Colton waves his arms in the air at the fans in Miami, demanding, "on your feet!" as he slowly makes his way down the ramp behind his sinister mentor.]

SA: I noted that in the past month, Jackson Hunter was awfully sanguine about losing the National strap, especially for someone as obsessed with his place in wrestling history as him.

CP: He's insecure, Albano. When the AWA came to town, a lot of guys like him found themselves on the outside looking in when it came to the sport of wrestling.

SA: Last month, Hannibal Carver and Derrick Williams managed to catch the Mastermind of the Axis and the Death Star off guard in a wild tilt that spilled out among the fans. Hunter has said his goal was to have a match with Jordan Ohara, whom he considers the true future of wrestling, for the AWA National Championship at SuperClash IX, either from Toronto or the home of the Power Hour, Atlanta, GA. If he wins here tonight, he might get the chance to do exactly that.

[As he ascends the ring steps, Jackson Hunter turns his back to the ring to face the crowd. He takes a moment to snarl at his surroundings.]

RO: He is the challenger... he hails from the Broken Arrow Ranch in Last Mountain, Saskatchewan, Canada... weighing in at 220 pounds...

JAAAAAACKSONNNNN... HUNNNNTERRRR!

[Hunter flings his arms into the air at a 45 degree angle, gesturing a Nixonian "peace sign" on either hand. He holds his arms in the air for a few seconds to survey the South Beach fans with a reptilian smirk.]

SA: Hunter, you could make the case, was rattled by the last minute changes to strategy forced upon him by Carver in that match last month.

CP: He's a master strategist, no question about it; when he has time to prepare a gameplan, set a few traps, lull his opponent into a false sense of security... he can be unbeatable.

SA: I'm surprised to hear you singing his praises, Colt. With the disrespect he shows the business at times...

CP: Like I said: I respect the man and I don't have to like him. I don't like tornado warnings, but if I see one coming, I'm heading for the basement.

["Vale of Shadows" fades out. Colton stands on the ring apron, listening to his mentor as he describes last minute instructions. Hunter wears shiny, black and silver snakeskin-patterned loose-fitting pants, and a sleeveless black and dark gray rashguard top.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

[The siren preluding "Gonna Be A Blackout Tonight" rings out over the PA system, heralding the arrival of the Boston Brawler.]

RO: From South Boston, Massachusetts... weighing in at 260 pounds... he is the AWA NATIONAL CHAMMMMPIONNNNNN...

HANNIBAL CARRRRRRRRVERRRRRRRR!

[The champion comes bursting through the curtain, the title belt over his shoulder as he stomps down the ramp in a black-hooded zip up sweatshirt and black tights with a red barbed wire design circling the waist.]

SA: Hannibal Carver is here and he's on the move!

CP: This guy don't get paid by the hour and if I know him, he's got a twelve pack on ice in the locker room and that ice is starting to melt!

[The Boston Brawler tosses the title belt over the ropes, flinging it in the direction of Jackson Hunter who jumps backwards to avoid it, letting it clatter on the canvas as Carver dives under the ropes, coming to his feet...]

SA: And as our ol' pal, Gordon Myers, would say - HERE WE GO!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The bell sounds at the order of referee Davis Warren as Carver comes to his feet, still wearing his sweatshirt as he throws himself at Hunter, blasting him with a right hand to the skull... and another... and another... and another...]

SA: CARVER'S NOT WASTING ANY TIME, COLT!

CP: He's bringing the fight to South Beach in true Boston fashion!

[The fists are flying, firing fiercely into Hunter's face with fury and ferocity, battling the challenger back across the ring towards the ropes.]

SA: Carver might be looking for a KO blow early on in this one.

[Grabbing Hunter by the arm, Carver goes to whip him across the ring...]

SA: Boston Irish whip, shoots him across...

[The champion sets for a backdrop but sets too early, allowing Hunter to pull up and bury a boot into the face of the doubled-over Carver, sending him staggering back into the far ropes.]

SA: Hunter caught him on the way back... Carver got shaken up by that one...

[With Carver reeling on the ropes, Hunter throws himself back into the ropes, building up speed as he charges across the ring...

...but Carver ducks the head again, hurling Hunter high and far into the air, sending him crashing down on the barely-padded floor with a backdrop!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: AND CARVER MAY HAVE BOOKED A ONE WAY TICKET TO TRACTION FOR JACKSON HUNTER!

[Hunter rolls onto his side on the floor, grabbing at his lower back as Blake Colton hustles to his side, dropping down to a knee to check on him.]

SA: Hunter's running buddy, Blake Colton, is right over there to see if his partner-in-crime is alright after that hard fall to the floor.

CP: He may be able to get up but he's not gonna be alright, Albano. A blow like that to the back - that's got no hope to not affect your chances of winning. That'll really do a number on ya.

[Carver drops down to the mat, rolling to the outside near Colton who immediately gets up, thrusting an accusing finger at Carver..

...who responds by smashing his fist into Colton's running mouth!]

SA: OH! Carver drills Colton too!

[The unsuspecting Colton drops back as Carver keeps on coming, throwing bombs to the head and face of Colton as the referee shouts a reprimand from inside the ring.]

SA: Carver is all sorts of fired up here tonight and-

[Grabbing the reeling Colton by the back of the head, Carver charges with him...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SMASHES his face into the steel ringpost, causing Colton to crumple forward, clinging to the post!]

SA: Carver puts Colton into the post and... wow! What a quick start in this one, fans. One fall, thirty minute time limit for the AWA National Title... and Carver pulls Hunter up, tossing him back inside.

[With Hunter back in the ring, Carver points to him, earning cheers from the Miami fans before he gives a nod, heading towards the ring to pursue.]

SA: Carver on the way back in, up on the apron and-

[Hunter grabs the official by the leg, pulling his attention towards him.]

SA: What's Hunter doing now? He's grabbed hold of Davis Warren and-

CP: Keep an eye on Colton!

[The Canadian powerhouse steps over, grabbing the back of Carver's tights...]

SA: He's got Carver!

[...and YANKS him backwards, sending Carver smashing down on the barely-padded floor with a SPLAT!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: Carver gets YANKED right off the apron to the floor and- he’s not done!

[Colton takes aim before a little three step jog, leaping up...]

SA: OHHH! AND A BIG SPLASH DOWN ON CARVER AS WELL!

[Colton pushes up to his knees, sneering at the jeering Miami crowd as Hunter lets go of the AWA’s Head Official, allowing Davis Warren to walk back over towards the ropes, reprimanding Colton who is dangerously close to Hannibal Carver in the official’s opinion.]

SA: Carver hit fast and hard to start this match but Blake Colton - the Enormous Equalizer on the outside - just turned the tide in this one a full 180, Colt.

CP: And quite frankly, Sal, with Colton being out here, I’m surprised Carver came out here alone. He knows the kind of shenanigans that Hunter and Colton can get into and he tried to be the big, bad tough guy. Well, how is that working out now?

[Carver is pulled off the floor by Colton, earning another shout from the official before he tosses the champion back into the ring at the feet of the risen Jackson Hunter.]

SA: Both men back in the ring now - the only place the title can change hands here tonight.

[Hunter drags Carver off the mat, pulling him towards the corner where he SLAMS Carver’s face into the top turnbuckle. The crowd groans as Carver’s face is raked back and forth on the buckle before Hunter swings him around, shoving him down against the buckles where Hunter places a boot on the throat, choking Carver as he slumps further down against the corner.]

SA: And Hunter’s wasting no time, showing that mean streak that is the stuff of legends. He raked the eyes - now he’s choking him. Hunter is vicious and violent and everything in between, fans.

[The referee forces a break, moving Hunter back across the ring as Carver falls to a knee in the corner, gasping for air as he coughs violently.]

SA: Davis Warren forcing Hunter back, giving Carver a breather for the moment...

CP: Literally in this case.

SA: That break isn’t likely to last long though - Hunter is just jonesing to get past the referee and get right back in there in his fight to win the National Title back here tonight.

CP: Jackson Hunter is looking to become only the third man to wear that title twice, Sal.

SA: He’d join Stevie Scott and Juan Vasquez if he does. Pretty exclusive company there, Colt.

CP: No doubt about that.

[Lowering his head, Hunter charges across the ring towards a recovering Carver...

...who leans back, swinging his leg up!]

SA: OHH! Hunter might be looking for the nearest dentist after that mouthful of boot leather!

[Hunter stumbles back as Carver pushes himself from the corner, landing a pair of wild haymakers to send the challenger back to center ring...]

SA: Carver with those fists of fury once more - putting Hunter on the run...

[Twisting around, Carver snares a three-quarter nelson...]

SA: BLACKOUT!

[...but Hunter is ready for it, slipping out like a wet weasel as he gets out, drops down, and rolls to the outside!]

SA: And Hunter immediately gets out of there.

CP: He knows that Blackout means it's all over so he was ready for it. You can say what you want about Jackson Hunter but you can't deny his ring generalship in there, Albano.

SA: I would never doubt the talents of Jackson Hunter... just his moral compass... and right now, he'd better hope he packed his track shoes because Carver's coming for him!

[The champion rolls to the outside to a big cheer, moving quickly after Hunter who makes a break for it, running around the ring with the champion in pursuit...]

CP: Hunter's about 40 pounds lighter than Carver so I'd imagine he'll take this race pretty easy.

SA: Carver probably also doesn't have the best cardio program.

[Hunter rolls back under the ropes as Carver pursues, sliding in under...

...and Hunter drops a knee down on the back of Carver's head as he comes under the ropes!]

SA: Hunter on target with that knee - right to the skull!

[Back on his feet - the crowd jeering loudly - Hunter starts stomping and kicking the back of Carver's head and neck.]

SA: Hunter's all over him now. He got his opening and he's looking to take serious advantage of it!

[Dragging Carver off the canvas, Hunter shoves him towards the ropes, making him fall over the middle one.]

SA: The challenger sensing this is his opportunity to inflict some damage...

[With Carver's throat on the middle rope, Hunter places his shin across the back of the neck, tugging on the ropes to choke Carver for the second time in the match.]

SA: Warren in there again, calling for a break on the choke...

[He gets it when Hunter breaks into a dash across the ring, bouncing back, and leaping up to drop his weight down on the back of the neck!]

SA: Ohhh... that'll take some of the wind out of the champion - again he's down on the mat, choking and coughing...

[Hunter takes aim, leaping up and dropping an elbow down near the throat region, shoving Carver down into a lateral press.]

SA: The challenger covers... and gets a two count before Carver slips out.

[An annoyed Hunter grabs Carver by the back of the head, smashing his fist down between the eyes once... twice... three times.]

SA: Hunter pounding away on the champion, trying to wear him down so that Hunter can finish him off and regain that National Title.

[Hunter scrambles to his feet, rushing to the ropes before the champion can recover, and drops a leaping legdrop down across the throat!]

SA: He covers again... and again Carver kicks out!

[Hunter gets back to his knees again, pounding Carver with closed fists to the skull.]

SA: And again, right back to pummeling... trying to wear the champ down...

[An agitated Hunter grabs Carver by the face, lifting his head off the mat and SLAMMING the back of his skull into the canvas once... twice...]

SA: The referee's gotta pick up the aggression here, I think. He's letting Hunter get away with too much if you ask me.

CP: He's letting them fight. There's gold on the line, Albano. This ain't a knitting competition. It's a damn fight.

[Flipping Carver onto his chest, Hunter lifts his torso off the mat and SLAMS his face down into the canvas.]

SA: Ohh! Bounces his face right off the mat!

[He flips him right over onto his back again, hooking a leg and rolling into a deep back press!]

SA: He's got one! He's got two!

[But Carver kicks out strong, breaking free at two as Hunter sits up on the mat, grabbing at his hair with both hands.]

SA: Jackson Hunter showing some signs of strain there, perhaps thinking he has Carver down more than he did.

[The challenger climbs off the mat, shaking his head in the direction of the official as he hauls Carver up by the arm, whipping him into the corner...]

SA: Hunter shoots him in...

[...and then charges in after him...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...AND MISSES THE TARGET!

[A side-stepping Carver causes Hunter to SLAM chestfirst into the turnbuckles, stumbling backwards as Carver steps back into the corner, hopping up to sit on the top turnbuckle.]

SA: Hunter hits hard, staggering back... Carver up on the ropes now. Unusual for him!

[Carver stands on the middle rope, lifting his right arm to a big cheer...]

SA: Carver believes he can fly and-

[The crowd jeers loudly as Blake Colton scrambles up on the apron, shouting first at Carver... then at the official who rushes over to try and get him down...]

SA: Colton again trying to get involved with this one! The referee's trying to-

[Carver shifts his footing slightly and then LEAPS off, his arm outstretched...]

...and DRILLS Colton across the collarbone, sending the Mighty Canadian down to the floor in a heap!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: WHAM, BAM, COLTON'S FAM FELT THAT ONE!

[Carver climbs off the mat, letting loose a roar as he looks down on the floored Colton...]

...which is when Jackson Hunter rushes forward, burying a leaping knee between the shoulderblades, sending Carver tumbling through the ropes and down to the floor alongside Colton!]

SA: OH! And Hunter from the blind side with a sneak attack sends the champion out to the floor as well!

[The crowd is jeering as Hunter sits on the mat for a few moments, recovering from the early onslaught of this title showdown.]

SA: Hunter trying to regroup before he makes his next move... which I'm sure will be to try and take advantage of Carver out on the floor.

CP: If he's smart, that's exactly what he'll do.

[With the referee starting a count, Hunter rolls to the outside of the ring, sneering at the booing ringside fans as he pulls Carver off the floor, pulling him closer to the same booing fans...]

CP: Some of these Miami fans are about to get an up close view of the action!

[...and SMASHES Carver's head down on the steel railing that holds the fans back from the ring!]

SA: Skull meets steel on the outside... and I don't think Hunter's done with him yet.

[A smirking Hunter swoops in alongside Carver, lifting him as if for an atomic drop and...]

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

SA: AND CARVER GOES DOWN HARD ON THE STEEL IN A MOST UNCOMFORTABLE POSITION!

[Carver grimaces in pain, reaching down with both hands towards the target of Hunter's offensive offense.]

CP: I hope Carver didn't make any post-match plans outside of that twelve pack... and he'll probably need the ice for putting more than his beer on ice.

[With the fans letting him have it, Hunter stumbles back towards the ring, rolling under the bottom rope to break the official's count. As the challenger rises, the referee is letting him have it for his questionable tactics...

...which gives Blake Colton a chance to get involved again, lowering the boom with a HUUUUUUUGE clothesline that sends Carver flying off his precarious position on the railing and into the crowd!]

SA: SWEET SANTA MARIA! What a clothesline by the Canadian Crusher, Blake Colton, and Hannibal Carver finds himself in the best seat in the house - the front row - after being in the worst seat in the world a moment ago.

[With Hunter sauntering around the ring and Colton looking on with a grin, clapping for his ally, the fans are really letting this dastardly duo have it.]

SA: Hannibal Carver, the National Champion, came into this one at a disadvantage and he knew it all along. He's fighting a two on one uphill battle here in Miami... here on Fight Night On FOX... with the gold at stake.

[The fans are still letting him have it as he leans over the ropes to taunt the downed Carver, sparing a few words for the jeering crowd as well.]

SA: The people of Miami want Jackson Hunter's head on a pike, Colt, but I don't know if Carver's in a position to give it to them at this point.

[Hunter turns to the middle of the ring, spinning around with his arms spread out, soaking up the jeers of the Miami fans...

...and then comes to such an abrupt halt, he almost falls down as his eyes lock on the entranceway and spots an old friend coming to visit.]

SA: Oho! Derrick Williams has seen enough, fans! He's seen enough of what Hunter and Colton have been doing to his friend Hannibal Carver!

[Williams points a threatening finger at Jackson Hunter who shakes his head furiously, gesturing towards Williams to the referee.]

SA: Hunter wants no part of Derrick Williams! He wants no part of The Future!

[Colton steps to the middle of the aisle entrance, shouting defiantly at Williams who continues to come down the ramp, threatening Colton from a distance that is rapidly shrinking.]

SA: Blake Colton is trying to impede the path of Derrick Williams... but I don't think Williams cares at this point!

CP: Roadblock or not, Williams is coming to the ring and... we talked about Brian James having a decision to make earlier tonight. Derrick Williams has a decision to make tonight too!

SA: That's right. Javier Castillo is hoping to secure Williams' services for WarGames. But right now, Williams has other things on his mind.

[As Williams slows his approach, trading words with Colton and Hunter, we see Hannibal Carver crawling under the ropes back into the ring...

...and Hunter wheels around, diving to his knees as he jams the point of his elbow into the back of his neck!]

SA: OH! Right down on the neck! Carver tried to get back in without Hunter noticing but no dice for the Boston Brawler.

[Grabbing the back of Carver's head, Hunter angrily rubs Carver's face back and forth on the canvas...]

SA: Hunter trying to burn the face, trying to rip the skin right off!

[Hunter gets to his feet in a huff, turning to glare at Derrick Williams as he slides towards the corner, shouting encouragement to the National Champion as Carver struggles to get back off the mat.]

SA: Carver starting to stir again... Hunter up on the middle rope now, measuring his man...

[The challenger waves his hands at Carver, calling him to his feet.]

SA: Carver's up - no clue where Hunter is...

[Hunter leaps from his perch, lashing out with both feet right in the chest of the champion, sending him back down to the canvas.]

SA: Dropkick straight out of the Bon Jovi playbook - shot through the heart!

[The Velociraptor scrambles into a lateral press, hooking Carver's leg again as the referee drops down to count.]

SA: ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO!

[But Carver again kicks out, breaking the pin attempt!]

SA: Carver's out at two!

[And again, the frustration of Hunter boils over as he hammers his fist down between the eyes of Carver over and over!]

SA: Hunter pounding Carver like a nine inch nail down into the canvas... while Carver hopes the National Title is something Hunter can never have.

[Pulling Carver up to his knees, Hunter drags him towards the ropes, again tossing him over the middle rope where he plants his shin on the back of the neck, choking the champion!]

SA: Hunter choking him out on the ropes... cutting off the flow of air...

[Williams is again shouting support for Carver, trying to cheer him on as Hunter cuts off the oxygen. The referee steps in, laying his five count down on the challenger...

...and Hunter backs off at four, angrily twisting around to shout at Williams who gets up on the apron, trading words with him.]

SA: And now it's Williams and Hunter engaging in a war of words... the referee trying to get Williams down off the apron...

[And as soon as the referee turns away from Carver, Blake Colton lunges forward and DRILLS Carver with a right hand to the jaw, knocking him back off the ropes and down in a heap on the canvas. Williams exclaims, pointing at Colton as the official turns around to see the massive Canadian raising his hands, backing off with an innocent shake of the head.]

CP: Williams let his emotions get the best of him there and his friend paid the price for it.

SA: It's hard to blame him, Colt. Derrick Williams has been gunning for Jackson Hunter since earlier this summer when Hunter brought about the end of the faction he helped created in The Axis.

CP: One might argue that if Hunter hadn't been turfed back in the winter, The Axis would still be running strong.

SA: It's a point of contention for sure... and with Williams and Colton trading words on the floor now, Hunter covers Carver again! Again trying to capture the gold!

[A two count follows before Carver kicks out. Hunter slams his hands down into the canvas as the referee holds up two fingers... and then twists away to warn Colton and Williams off getting into a fight on the outside.]

SA: Hunter climbing to his feet, obviously frustrated at his inability to put Carver down for a three count and bring that title back home to Canada.

[Hunter spies the official's distraction and quickly moves to a corner, going to work...]

SA: Don't look now, fans... but I think Jackson Hunter is taking that turnbuckle pad off!

CP: See, you don't have to like the man, Albano - but you gotta respect him. This is a brilliant move. It's a chaotic atmosphere out here with Colton and Williams and the referee is struggling to keep control of it all. This is the perfect time to bend a rule or two and see if you can win this thing.

SA: "Bend a rule or two," huh?

[Hunter throws the turnbuckle pad aside, turning his attention back on a rising Carver as the referee continues to argue with the bickering Williams and Colton on the outside.]

SA: Carver coming up to his feet and- oh! Elbow downstairs on Hunter!

[The crowd cheers the brief rally but jeers just as loudly when Hunter buries a knee in Carver's midsection. He grabs Carver by the back of the head, taking aim...]

SA: Hunter heading to that corner!

[Charging the corner, Hunter SMASHES Carver's head into the exposed steel, sending the National Champion collapsing backwards down onto his back, staring up at the lights as Hunter throws his arms in the air, making the "belt gesture" as he falls into a lateral press.]

SA: The challenger's got the cover but the referee's still outside! Hunter's screaming at him, ordering him back into the ring!

[The official finally obliges, diving back inside the ring to count as Hunter starts making his own count.]

SA: We could have a new champion here! It could be! It might be! It-

[The crowd ROARS as Carver's shoulder shoots up off the canvas in time, breaking the count!]

SA: CARVER KICKS OUT IN TIME!

[Hunter rolls to the side, burying his face in his hands with a loud roar of frustration.]

SA: Hunter thought that was it - he thought he'd won the title.

CP: Can't blame him, Albano. If it wasn't for the referee being out of position, he WOULD have won the title.

SA: Maybe, maybe not... but the actions of Blake Colton are at least partially to blame for Davis Warren being out of position!

[Colton is also berating the referee from the floor...

...when suddenly, the Miami crowd bursts into cheers!]

CP: Oh, what's this about now, Albano?! He's got no business being out here!

[The camera cuts to the ramp to show Jordan Ohara walking down the aisle, a disgusted expression on his face.]

SA: Another former National Champion - Jordan Ohara - is headed down the aisle... and well, this just throws a whole other level of intrigue on this one, Colt.

CP: Ohara's got a history with just about everyone out here. Old bad blood with Williams but friendship as well. The ol' parking lot jumping by Carver... maybe. Hunter's the one who took the title off him but two weeks ago, Hunter also seemed like maybe he was trying to take the kid under his wing.

SA: So, you want to know why Jordan Ohara is out here, Colt? I have no idea!

[Derrick Williams seems to agree, walking over to cut off his former-and-possibly-current friend, shaking his head.]

SA: Derrick Williams doesn't look too happy about Ohara's arrival... and after what Ohara did to Carver when Carver won the title, I can't say I'm surprised by that either. Now it's Williams and Ohara arguing on the outside! This one's seen more words exchanged than a marathon game of Scrabble!

[Close to the ring, Williams and Ohara are angrily expressing themselves...

...which is when Hunter pulls a dazed Carver off the mat...]

SA: LOOK OUT!

[...and HURLS him through the ropes, his body crashing into both Ohara AND Williams, knocking both men down on the barely-padded floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Jackson Hunter, that no good...

[The referee starts tearing into Hunter verbally again, gesturing wildly as Hunter backs off, hands raised and a grin on his face.]

SA: Jackson Hunter took advantage of that distraction, throwing Carver out on both Williams and Ohara... and I don't even know why unless he's just trying to stir things up further!

[With the official berating the challenger, Blake Colton hustles around the ring, dragging Carver up off the floor. He quickly lifts Carver up, holding him across his chest as he rushes forward...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SPINE MEETS STEEL ONCE AGAIN!

[Still holding Carver across his chest, Colton flings him through the ropes back into the ring. The crowd shifts their jeers towards Colton as he dusts his hands off, walking away and leaving Hunter to take advantage.]

CP: Jackson Hunter's got an opening here. Williams and Ohara are both down, Carver is hurting, and Hunter needs to finish this off right now. He needs to shift this into a whole other gear, Albano.

[Hunter moves quickly, pulling Carver to his feet and tugs him into a double underhook...]

SA: We've seen this before - can he get him up?!

[The challenger manages to muscle the National Champion up, flipping him over, and DROPS him down across the bent knee!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: The double underhook into the backbreaker.. and now Hunter makes another cover! Can he get him here? Can he win the title?!

[A two and change follows before Carver again thrusts his arm into the air!]

SA: Hannibal Carver showing tremendous guts here tonight, refusing to stay down no matter what Jackson Hunter throws at him in his quest to regain the title - to become the third man to hold that title on two occasions.

"FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY!"

SA: We've reached the halfway point in the time limit as Carver and Hunter battle it out over the oldest title in the AWA - the National Title. The title held by men like Scott, Vasquez, Broussard, and so many others. The title that was once the top gold in the American Wrestling Alliance. To hold that title is to hold a piece of AWA history in your arms and Jackson Hunter would love to put his name in the history books with that title for the second time.

[Hunter climbs to his feet, hands on his hips as he glares down at Carver...

...and then points to the corner.]

SA: Jackson Hunter was one of the world's greatest junior heavyweights in his glory days... but here in the twilight of his career inside the ring, you don't often see him take this big of a risk. But with this title on the line, he's going to take that risk here tonight.

[Hunter reaches the corner, slapping the buckle a few times before he starts to climb, leaving Carver down on the mat...]

SA: Hunter's going to lay it all on the line here - take any risk he feels necessary to recapture the gold...

[He steps to the top rope with one leg, taking a breath before he climbs up with the other, facing out on the crowd as Carver stirs a little bit on the canvas...]

SA: He's on his perch - ready to fly!

[...and then he blindly leaps backwards in a backflip, soaring through the air towards Carver's prone form...]

SA: IMPACT!

[...and CRASHES down across Carver's torso, reaching out to snatch the leg!]

SA: HE HITS THE MOONSAULT! IT COULD BE!!! IT MIGHT BE!!! IT... ISSSSSSS...

[But Carver just barely pops the shoulder up before three!]

SA: ...NOT! NO! SHOULDER OUT! SHOULDER UP! HUNTER ALMOST REGAINED THE TITLE BUT-

[The crowd reacts as Hunter smashes his fists down into the mat repeatedly, screaming with frustration. He comes to his feet...

...and stomps right towards Davis Warren, getting right up in the face of the AWA's Senior Official!]

SA: Hey now... watch yourself here, Mr. Hunter!

[Hunter sticks a finger in Warren's face, shouting him down and backing him towards the ropes as Warren tries to explain how close it was.]

SA: Jackson Hunter, you big bully... keep away from Davis Warren right now!

CP: He's taking a chance here. Warren could DQ him at any moment for this.

SA: Hunter's snapped! He's lost it! I'm not sure he even cares!

[Hunter surges forward further, sending Warren almost into the ropes...

...and that's when a pissed-off Hunter delivers a two handed shove into the chest of the official, a blow that knocks him into the ropes...

...where he springs back off and shoves Hunter himself, knocking Hunter down onto his butt!]

SA: OH!

[The crowd erupts in a mix of cheers and laughter as Hunter glares angrily up at Warren who looks a little shocked at his own actions...

...and as Hunter gets up, Warren bails out of the ring to the outside, begging off as Jackson Hunter stares down at him.]

SA: Jackson Hunter is angry, he's frustrated, and now he's embarrassed... and he's looking to take it all out on Davis Warren!

[Hunter suddenly bails through the ropes to the outside. The referee makes a run for it, seeing him coming... but Hunter is in hot pursuit, charging around the ring after him.]

SA: And now Hunter's chasing the referee on the outside!

CP: What's he gonna do if he catches him?! We've still got a title match going on!

[Davis Warren circles the ringpost, charging hard but Hunter is right after him, coming around the post...

...and nearly running right into a waiting Jordan Ohara who is shielding Davis Warren behind him! The crowd ROARS as Hunter slams on the brakes, glaring coldly at Ohara who waves him forward, daring Hunter to attack him!]

SA: Oh yeah! Take your shot, Mr. Tough Guy! You wanted to beat up a referee? How about taking on the Phoenix instead?

[Hunter backs off, shaking his head as Davis Warren rolls back in. An annoyed Hunter gets up on the apron, looking down at Ohara, talking to him from his spot on the apron...

...a conversation that comes to a sudden halt when Hannibal Carver charges from the blindside, smashing a forearm into the back of Hunter's head, sending him sailing off the apron...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: HUNTER GOES FLYING INTO THE BARRICADE!

[Carver leans on the ropes for a moment before taking a knee on the canvas, ducking through to the outside...

...where he comes face to face with Jordan Ohara.]

SA: And now it's Carver and Ohara facing off!

[Carver has a few words for Ohara who stands silent, nodding his head at the Boston Brawler.]

SA: Some bad blood there as well. You mentioned the parking lot attack on Ohara from a few months ago - that incident that many pinned on Hannibal Carver WITHOUT any evidence I might add.

CP: The broken beer bottles wasn't evidence?

SA: I don't think Hannibal Carver is the only member of the AWA locker room to drink beer, Colt. In fact, where were YOU that night in the parking lot?

CP: What kind of garbage are you peddling, Albano?!

SA: I'm just saying there are plenty of suspects in that attack... including these two Canadian hooligans out here tonight.

[With Carver and Ohara engaged in a mini-staredown, it gives Jackson Hunter time to pull himself with the aid of the railing. Carver peels away from Ohara to go after the challenger, pulling his head back by the hair, and SLAMS his head down into the railing!]

SA: Hunter's skull goes bouncing off the steel!

[Keeping his grip on the challenger's hair, Carver drags him over towards the ring where he SMASHES his head down into the apron!]

SA: Into the apron now as well - Carver looking to inflict a little punishment here in South Beach!

[Still holding the hair, Carver continues to drag Hunter alongside the ring...]

SA: Look out Rebecca... you've got company...

[...and SMASHES his face down onto the timekeeper's table, an attack that lifts Hunter up, depositing him onto the wooden table.]

SA: The referee's got a count going on both of these men right now. A double countout means a no decision and Carver keeps the gold... but I doubt even Hannibal Carver wants it to end that way.

CP: He should! Keeping the title is the important part - who cares how you keep it?

SA: Was that your philosophy when you were fighting the likes of Lorenzo Vasquez or Trey Porter back in your days with the EMWC gold?

CP: It should've been. If it was, maybe I'd still be in that ring smacking these two around instead of out here with you, Albano!

[Carver waves an arm, getting the staff from the timekeeper's table to vacate the premises as he climbs up onto the table alongside Hunter.]

SA: Uh oh... and I'm not sure I like the looks of this. Hannibal Carver, of course, is no stranger to the world of extreme in his days inside the ring but those days are long gone for him.

CP: Right. Must've been some other guy from South Boston who jumped off a ladder and put someone through a table in South Philly a few months ago.

SA: That was a special occasion, Colt.

CP: I'm sure it was. If all my years in this business have told me anything, Albano, it's that you can take the man out of the land of Extreme but you can't take the land of Extreme out of the man. Why do you think there are so few of them left anymore from those days?

[Up on the table, Carver drags Hunter up onto his feet before smashing a right hand down between the eyes.]

SA: Big right hand up on that table - both of these guys trying to stay standing, trying to keep their balance in a very awkward position...

[Hunter flails back with a wear right hand in response that Carver absorbs before grabbing Hunter by the hair and SMASHING a forearm into the jaw!]

SA: Oh! Forearm right to the dental work - tingling the teeth of Jackson Hunter!

[Hunter throws a weary left hand, stinging the ribs of Carver who again absorbs it before throwing a second forearm, this one directly to Hunter's ear...]

CP: They're trading shots but the ref is still counting! The ref's up to eight!

[The official's double count is at eight as Colt says when Carver delivers a third forearm shot, knocking Hunter backwards where he almost falls off the table...]

...and then both men make a dive for the ring as the referee hits nine, diving through the ropes to the safety of the inside as the official waves for the match to continue to big cheers!]

SA: They beat the count! They make it back in! And we're still going, fans!

"TWENTY MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! TEN MINUTES REMAIN! TEN MINUTES!"

SA: Ten minutes to go in this thirty minute time limit for the National Title! What a battle we've seen so far in this one, fans.

CP: This has been a hell of a night so far, Albano. Eat your heart out, Myers.

[Inside the ring, Carver pushes up to his knees as Hunter does the same...]

...and Carver again throws a big right hand, this time from a kneeling position!]

SA: On his knees and still fighting!

[Hunter throws one in response, a little more zing on it than last time.]

SA: And Hunter's right there with him! Both men showing a lot of guts, trying to be the one to finish this match and walk out of South Beach - and likely into SuperClash - with the gold!

[Carver lands another right... and another... and another, lacing them into the jaw of Hunter over and over...]

...and then grabs a handful of hair...]

"OHHHHHHH!"

SA: Facefirst down into the mat!

[He drags Hunter back up, shouting into his face...]

"OHHHHHHHH!"

SA: AGAIN!

[...and lifts a third time...]

"OHHHHHHHH!"

[Hunter is motionless, facefirst down on the canvas as Carver falls to all fours, breathing heavily.]

SA: Hannibal Carver trying to catch a breather. We're past the twenty minute mark and as we said earlier, Carver's probably not the man with the best cardio workout in the AWA locker room. He may be starting to run low on gas for the stretch drive of this one.

[And suddenly, the crowd erupts into wild jeers!]

SA: What the...?!

CP: Well, I can't say I expected this... but check it out! That's Muteesa and Derek Rage coming out here!

SA: But why?

CP: Carver's declared himself to be a part of Team Stegglet - maybe Castillo wants to take a piece of him too!

[A weary Carver leans over, using his own head to flip Hunter onto his back...

...but instead of going for a cover, he slips a leg over the downed challenger, taking the mount position as he fills his left hand with Hunter's hair...]

SA: RIGHT HAND!

[Carver winds up, holding the head in position...]

SA: ANOTHER ONE!

[He winds up again, taking aim...]

SA: CARVER POUNDING HUNTER REPEATEDLY!

[The referee is nearby, shouting at Carver for the clenched fists as he drives down another one, Hunter's head bouncing off the mat as Carver lets go of the hair.]

SA: Carver's got him right where he wants him but can he finish him off? Can he put an exclamation point on the title challenge of Jackson Hunter and put him down for a three count?

[And as Derek Rage and Muteesa draw near, Derrick Williams and Jordan Ohara rush the aisle to confront them!]

SA: We've got a standoff in the aisle! Members of the Korugun Army out here, trying to get involved but Ohara and Williams are putting on a united front against them!

[Muteesa, like the wild brawler that he is, rushes blindly into Williams and Ohara who are there to greet him with haymakers aplenty, keeping the wildman from getting involved!]

SA: We've got a fight on our hands at ringside! Ohara and Williams - working side by side to try and keep this one from getting even more chaotic than it already is!

[The duo batters Muteesa back up the aisle...

...which is when Derek Rage grabs his cohort by the arm, dragging him back out of range.]

"Another time, big man. Another time."

SA: Derek Rage choosing to fight another day... steering Muteesa out of here and... well, I've gotta wonder what in the world that was all about.

CP: It does seem a little puzzling. They came all the way out here and when they got confronted, they bail out? It's a strange scene for sure.

[Blake Colton suddenly pulls himself up on the apron, trying to get Carver's attention...]

...but before the Boston Brawler can even respond, Jordan Ohara and Derrick Williams charge towards Colton from opposite sides, meeting in the middle where each grabs a leg and YANKS Colton off the apron, his face bouncing off it!]

SA: OHARA AND WILLIAMS PULL HIM DOWN!

[Swinging Colton around, Ohara winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and connects with a knife edge chop as Williams winds up...]

"THWAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and smashes his elbow into the jaw of Colton! The duo continue to exchange turns, pounding Colton against the apron as the crowd roars for their timely intervention!]

SA: Colton's got his hands full suddenly... and now Carver's dragging Hunter off the mat... finally with a window to take care of him while Colton is being tied up...

[Ohara climbs up on the apron, taking aim on Colton as Williams continues to pound him.]

SA: Ohara going to fly off that apron onto him...

CP: Carver's got Hunter up... he's going for the Blackout!

[But as he turns for the three-quarter nelson, Carver finds himself shoved forward...

...where he SLAMS into Ohara's back, sending him flying off the apron and crashing down in a heap on the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Timely defense from Jackson Hunter... but it turns out to be offense as well, taking down Jordan Ohara who was trying to deliver more punishment on Blake Colton on the outside!

[A stunned Carver stumbles back from the crash as Hunter rushes forward, sliding to all fours, dragging Carver down into a schoolboy!]

SA: CRADLE FOR THE WIN! ONNNNNNNE!

[And with the referee's face down by Carver's shoulders, Hunter pops his feet up onto the ropes for leverage...]

SA: FEET ON THE ROPES! FEET ON THE ROPES, REF!

[The two count goes down without incident but as the referee goes to deliver a three, Derrick Williams shoves the feet off the ropes and Hunter's pin attempt falls apart to big cheers from the Miami crowd!]

SA: AND WILLIAMS SHOVES THE FEET DOWN!

CP: He just saved the title for his buddy, Albano!

SA: I gotta agree with you there - it looked like this one was over and the title was changing hands but the Future makes the save!

[Hunter scrambles to his feet, pointing at Williams who again calls him forward, waving him on...

...which is when Blake Colton comes from the blind side!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: STEEL CHAIR ACROSS THE BACK OF WILLIAMS! DOWN HE GOES LIKE A LEAD ZEPPELIN!

CP: Good times, bad times... Derrick Williams has had his share of both here tonight.

SA: Nicely done, my friend.

[Colton throws the chair aside, dropping to his knees to continue his assault on the Future as Hunter nods approvingly, turning his focus back to Carver.]

CP: And I like this. Hunter's close... he's real close... and now he's going to ignore Derrick Williams and finish this off.

SA: Hunter grabbing Carver, dragging him back to his-

[Carver slaps the grasping hands away, swinging a right hand to the jaw that rocks the challenger!]

SA: The fist goes flying and so do Jackson Hunter's feet! He's on rubber legs!

[Grabbing the side of the head, Carver tees off...]

SA: Elbow after elbow to the skull of the challenger!

[Carver peels back, going into a spin...]

SA: ROLLING ELBO- OHHHHHHHH!

[The high impact spinning strike connects, sending Hunter flying through the ropes, falling back out to the floor...]

SA: Carver rocked him like a hurricane and Hunter goes spinning out to the floor... and Carver's going after him!

[The Boston Brawler steps through the ropes, heading to the floor where Hunter is laid out on the ringside mats...

...and comes face-to-face with Jordan Ohara who is standing between Carver and Hunter.]

SA: Now what is THIS about?!

CP: Hey, Ohara took a hard shot earlier and all he knows is that Carver delivered it!

SA: Thanks to Jackson Hunter!

[Ohara stands his ground, trading angry words with the National Champion.]

SA: We've got another standoff here - this match has been chaotic from the bell and-

CP: Whatever's going on, it bought Jackson Hunter some time to recover a bit and he's getting the heck out of there.

[Hunter is indeed staggering away from Ohara and Carver's standoff, walking over near Colton and Williams...

...and retrieves Colton's discarded chair, lifting it up before flinging it recklessly over his head, sending it flying wildly into the air, bouncing off the canvas inside the ring as the referee scrambles to avoid it!]

SA: Look out! Come on, Hunter! You could seriously hurt someone doing that.

CP: Yeah, it could've hit me.

SA: Our number one concern for sure.

[Hunter falls back against the apron, turning to roll back inside the ring.]

SA: Hunter's back in... and now Carver's going to go back in to join him...

[But as Carver goes to climb into the ring, Ohara jerks him back by the shoulder, sticking an accusing finger in his face...

...and gets shoved down on his back for it!]

SA: Oh! Down goes Ohara! Carver, perhaps, has had enough of all this business with Ohara and Williams and Colton and-

"FIVE MINUTES REMAIN! FIVE MINUTES!

[The referee slides to the outside, confronting Carver and checking on the downed Ohara as Carver turns away, climbing up on the apron to step through the ropes...]

SA: Just five minutes to go in the time limit! These two have been battling it out for twenty-five minutes of incredible, wild, nonstop action here in Miami... right here on Fight Night On FOX...

CP: Carver's getting back in and...

[...which is when Hunter boots the middle rope into the groin of Carver!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: That's a low blow! Right between the uprights!

[Carver slumps down on the middle rope, grimacing in pain as Hunter charges back to the ropes behind him, rebounding back towards the hurting Carver...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: INSTANT KARRRRRMAAAAAAA!

[The bicycle kneestrike to the side of Carver's head nearly sends him back to the floor but Hunter grabs him by the wrist, yanking him inside the ring, throwing him down to the canvas and diving across him!]

SA: HUNTER WITH THE COVER! IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT...

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: HE KICKED OUT! HE KICKED OUT! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

[Neither can Jackson Hunter who comes up swinging at the air, screaming angrily in the direction of the official who steps back, shaking his head.]

SA: Jackson Hunter is beside himself!

[Hunter scoops up the nearby steel chair that he threw in the ring moments ago and promptly SMASHES it down on the canvas once... twice... thrice... then spins and smashes it down on the ropes... then to the turnbuckle...]

SA: This is a full-fledged meltdown on the part of the Canadian challenger!

[Hunter steps further, smashing the chair down on the ringpost a few times as the referee shouts at him, trying to get him back in the game...]

...but Hunter wheels around, taking a big swing towards Davis Warren who just BARELY avoids it!]

SA: OH! LOOK OUT!

[Warren scrambles up as Hunter winds up with the chair again, taking another wild swing...]

...and Warren dives through the ropes clumsily to avoid it, coming down hard on his feet!]

SA: Oh no! Down goes Warren! The referee's grabbing at his ankle... screaming in pain out here on the outside...

CP: What the hell else can happen in this one, Sal?!

SA: Hunter's got that chair and-

[Hunter looks over the ropes, watching Warren down on the floor grabbing at his ankle in pain...]

...and then slowly turns to look back at the slowly recovering Carver!]

SA: Uh oh. This doesn't look good, Colt.

CP: For Carver.

SA: Hunter's got the chair and Carver's got a problem - a BIG problem!

[Hunter nods his head manically, slapping the chair down onto the mat once... twice... three times... measuring up his shot as Carver continues to struggle back to his feet...]

SA: Carver's getting up... for perhaps the last time as the AWA National Champion!

[The crowd is buzzing as the champion rises to his feet, wobbly...]

...and a gleeful Hunter rears straight back overhead with the chair!]

SA: HUNTER WITH THE CHAIR!

[But as he goes to swing it down to crown both Carver with the chair and himself as the new champion...

...the chair won't move!]

SA: OHARA! OHARA'S GOT THE CHAIR!

[Hunter twists around angrily, pulling at the chair as Jordan Ohara stands in the ring with him, holding the other end of it!

"THREE MINUTES REMAIN! THREE MINUTES TO GO!"

SA: Three minutes and counting as these two battle for the National Title! Ohara may have just saved Hannibal Carver's skin and I can't believe I'm saying that!

CP: Let go of the chair, Ohara! This doesn't concern you!

SA: Ohara has said before he won't let Hunter win it that way! He's living up to his word here tonight in Miami!

[Ohara and Hunter are still struggling over the chair when the younger and stronger Phoenix jerks it free to a big cheer!]

SA: Ohara's got the chair! Ohara pulls it out of Hunter's hands and-

[And an irate Hunter leans back and SPITS in the face of Jordan Ohara!]

SA: OH!

CP: Hunter ain't happy!

SA: He sure isn't... but now neither is Jordan Ohara!

[Ohara's face flushes with anger and he suddenly rears back with the chair as an alarmed Hunter throws up his arms in a protective stance...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and then drops to his knees as Ohara swings the chair down and SMASHES it over the head of the staggered Hannibal Carver!]

SA: SWEET SANTA MARIA! STEEL CHAIR OVER THE HEAD! STEEL CHAIR OVER THE HEAD!

[Carver crumples to the canvas as a shocked Ohara looks down on him, disbelief on his face...]

SA: Ohara... he didn't mean to do that... did he?!

CP: Who the hell knows, Albano? This guy's been out for the spotlight - to make sure the spotlight is ONLY on him - since he got here!

SA: Ohara looks like he can't believe that happened!

[But the Phoenix doesn't get much time to take it all in as Blake Colton reaches under the ropes, yanking Ohara's legs out from under him, dragging him out to the floor as Hunter dives across the downed Carver, shouting to the hobbled official who drags himself up using the apron, looking through the ropes...]

SA: The ref can't get in there - he's gonna count from the outside!

[The referee slaps down on the apron..]

SA: ONE!

[...and again...]

SA: TWO!

[...annnnnnnnnnnnnd...]

SA: THREEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

CP: We've got a new champion!

[Jackson Hunter wearily climbs to his feet, boosted by a yank from the powerful Blake Colton to get him there. Colton puts Hunter leaning against the ropes for support as he rushes towards the official, snatching the National Title out of his hands and shoving it into Hunter's clutching arms.]

SA: There he is, fans. The two-time National Champion, Jackson Hunter, making history here tonight in Miami as he regains the title... through controversial means.

CP: Controversial?! He pinned the guy right in the middle!

SA: After Ohara - inadvertently I believe - struck Carver in the head with a steel chair!

[Ohara rolls into the ring, a stunned expression on his face as he looks at Hunter celebrating the title win. Colton, seeing Ohara glaring in their direction, opts to get his ally and get the heck out of South Beach as quickly as possible as the Canadian duo exits the ring and starts walking back up the ramp.]

SA: The new champion's making a run for it... and Jordan Ohara seems like he can't believe his own eyes. He came out here, trying to make sure Hunter couldn't cheat to win and-

CP: And he helped him win... just weeks after Hunter tried to get Ohara on his side. You telling me that's a coincidence, Albano?

SA: Are you implying it was intentional? That Ohara has fallen in line with Jackson Hunter and just helped him regain the title with intent?

[Derrick Williams rolls into the ring, taking a knee alongside Carver as he too glares up at Ohara.]

SA: Derrick Williams in there now as well, asking Ohara what the heck just happened.

[Ohara gestures to Hunter, trying to explain his role in the title change to his former friend.]

SA: We've got ourselves a tense situation here on Fight Night. Williams helping Carver up off the mat now and-

[A voice calls out, cutting off Sal.]

"For a... moment, Jordan... For just a moment... I thought you might not have listened to me."

[Ohara shouts back to the speaking Jackson Hunter, but you can't quite make out what he says.]

JH: It's waiting for you, Phoenix.

[Hunter pats his palm on the National title belt's main plate.]

JH: At SuperClash, I want you to rise up, Phoenix... take the belt from me... and send me... to the wrestling history books, and give me the immortality that I deserve!

[Hunter cradles the belt close to his chest and chuckles.]

JH: Heh heh heh heh! Be seeing you!

[He tosses the mic aside, waving a hand at Ohara who is glaring up the ramp at him...

...completely unaware that Williams has gotten a fuming Carver back to his feet - a man who he is trying to talk down... unsuccessfully.]

SA: Is that a challenge? Did Hunter just challenge Ohara to a National Title match at SuperClash?

CP: I think he did! What a match that would be, Albano! I can't wait to see-

SA: CARVER!

[And as Ohara turns back towards Carver and Williams, the former leaps up, snatching the three-quarter nelson and DRIVES Ohara's skull into the canvas to a huge mixed reaction!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: BLACKOUT! BLACKOUT ON OHARA!

[Carver rolls to a knee, glaring at the now-motionless Ohara.]

SA: And if you ask me, this thing between Carver and Ohara... it's still not done. Not by a long shot. Fans, we've got a new National Champion, perhaps a SuperClash challenge, and a whole lot more still to come tonight. We'll be right back with more Fight Night On FOX!

[Carver is back on his feet, Williams trying to prevent him from going any further in attacking Ohara as we fade to black.

We hold on a black screen for several moments before we hear the sound of footsteps. Loud footsteps breaking through a completely silent room.

They come to a halt.

A slight clearing of the throat.]

"WELCOME..."

[And with the blast of a spotlight, we see a circus ringmaster standing in the middle of it, a huge grin upon his face.]

"...TO THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH!"

[The boisterous "Whooooooooo!" of "The Greatest Show" from the soundtrack to the upcoming "The Greatest Showman" is heard a few times before...]

#Ladies and gents... this is the moment you've waited for...#

[The ringmaster winks at the camera, an actual sparkle showing off his polished white teeth...]

...and we cut to a graphic that reads:

SUPERCLASH IX
THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH

33 DAYS AND COUNTING

And then cut back to black...

We cut to the backstage area, just beyond the curtain that leads to the arena. Theresa Lynch is standing by, microphone in hand.]

TL: Much like you out at ringside, we're buzzing back here after what we all just saw--

[Theresa is cut off by the curtains flying open. Hannibal Carver storms in, a look of intense rage on his face.]

HC: Oh yeah, let's talk about what we all just saw! We all saw me trying to take care of business. MY business! Then that mama's boy came out with a head full of the truckload's worth of crap Hunter's been spoonfeeding him.

[Carver hooks his index finger directly at the camera.]

HC: Ohara, I heard yer apology. And if that Blackout didn't clue yeh in on just where and how far yeh can shove that apology, I've got plenty more where that came from. If yeh think this is one and done, I've got some bad news for yeh. Before I'm done--

[Carver immediately scowls, his eyes becoming laser focused with hostility. Theresa's eyes move to the source of Carver's anger and her eyes open wide in shock.]

TL: Oh my gosh...

[The camera swings over, where we see a smiling Juan Vasquez. Vasquez is dressed in custom-made blue suit, a dress shirt sans necktie, and a smug look on his face only Eddie Van Gibson could love.]

HC: Yeh slimy, double-crossing, no good swindler. Yeh've got a lot of nerve coming here, after what yeh pulled.

[Vasquez chuckles darkly.]

JV: What's the matter, amigo? Ain't you happy to see me? Ain't you gonna give your old amigo Juan, a hug?

[Carver grabs a laughing Vasquez by the lapels, pulling him in closer as the two stare each other eye-to-eye and face-to-face as Theresa goes running from the scene.]

HC: Oh, I ain't gonna give yeh a hug. After yeh tried to end me, yer signed up for the bonus plan.

[The smile remains on Vasquez' face but his expression turns slightly more dangerous.]

JV: Fifteen years of history between us say otherwise. I've always put you down like the rabid dog you are, amigo. ALWAYS.

[Juan's eyes open wide, the look on his face almost looking insane now.]

JV: You really think you can stop me now? Go ahead and tr-

[A voice calls out from off-camera to interrupt.]

"Whoa whoa whoa! Timeout!"

[Stepping into the frame would be the person behind the voice, Derrick Williams, causing both to pause as he tries to step in between his two "mentors."]

DW: Now, let's take a step back, breathe, cool down and look at this rationally.

[Carver takes another step back towards Vasquez.]

HC: Sure kid, I could do that. Or I could tear him to ribbons.

[Vasquez snorts a response.]

JV: If you can.

[Carver makes a move, but Derrick holds him back.]

DW: Hannibal, cool it. He wants you to. You shoot your shot on him now, it plays right into what he and Castillo wants.

[Williams shoots a glance back at Vasquez.]

DW: That about right?

[Juan shrugs. Williams nods, putting his gaze back on Carver.]

DW: Don't give Castillo the excuse.

[Carver's fists are balled up, ready to fly at the slightest trigger.]

HC: Just because the two of yeh ran around here together while I was gone...yeh think that's enough for me to stand down?

[Williams nods.]

DW: I got business, yeah. Take a walk, let me handle mine with him.

[Carver grimaces, ready to strike.]

DW: Trust me.

[Carver takes another look at Williams, then Vasquez, then at Williams.]

HC: This time. This one time. Don't make me regret it.

[Carver slaps a hand into the wall angrily as he storms out of view, leaving Williams to turn back to talk to Vasquez.]

JV: I always knew you were a good kid.

[Williams pulls out his phone and hits a couple buttons. Juan looks puzzled until we hear the buzzing of his phone. Williams raises an eyebrow.]

DW: "Baby Shark?"

[Juan shrugs.]

JV: Marisol changed it as a joke and I don't know how to fix it.

[Williams nods.]

DW: Just making sure I was still in there.

JV: Amigo, Vespasian Reed and Sweet Daddy Williams are still in there. No one gets left behind. If you ever wanna pick at what's left of Jake Shaw's brain, I can hook you up.

[Williams smiles... briefly.]

DW: I'll pass.

[Williams shakes his head.]

DW: See, I'm trying to understand the endgame here. Because I'm pretty sure that last year, you were selling us on how awesome things were going to be for all us... and quite frankly... amigo... things have really sucked.

[The Future leans against the wall, some of the tension draining out of him.]

DW: For being the vanguard, Castillo wanted us wiped pretty quick once he got in charge.

[This time it's Vasquez who looks agitated, a clenched fist smacking the wall as he speaks.]

JV: Do you actually think Castillo was ever supposed to be in the picture? He...

[Juan suddenly pauses and rubs his temples, looking to be in mild pain.]

DW: You okay?

[Juan motions that he's fine.]

JV: Look, we had a deal with Korugun. Once they got me out of the way, they altered the deal. Not my fault.

[Williams nods.]

DW: I know...

[Vasquez looks relieved.]

DW: ...but it does seem like you stopped caring once you got beat.

[Vasquez goes to object but Williams holds up his hands, cutting him off.]

DW: Which is fine, I understand. But it hasn't been the roses we got sold.

Now, Hunter's on me. I did what I thought was best for the three of us and that was minus Jax. And I ended up down Max, down Ry, MAWAGA is back with his boss...

...and I'm left cleaning all that up.

[Williams shrugs.]

DW: And I'll deal with it. All of it. But that doesn't rid me of the feeling that something reeks from the office of the General that me and a few other people are in the "too smart to be useful" crew.

I mean hell, Juan, I have to play patty cake with Ohara and burn my favors with Carver to get into range of Jax.

[Vasquez sighs.]

JV: Look, kid... I wouldn't have ever come back if I didn't care, but it wasn't exactly easy to get my foot back through the door.

But I'm here now, ain't I? I'd say trust me, but I know I taught you too well to believe that.

[Williams nods.]

JV: But you've got an open invitation to be on the winning team. I'd love it if I had someone in there with me that I knew wouldn't stab me in the back the first chance they got.

[Williams straightens up, staring his former (?) ally in the eye.]

DW: See, that's the problem. I know the sudden interest in me is solely because of you. And I'm just not sold on the vision anymore. You got your reasons, fine. I got mine so I'm staying out of it for now.

I guess what I'm saying is... this whole thing doesn't look like what we were promised. Maybe, just maybe... you haven't realized that yet.

[Vasquez pauses, looking down at the floor for a moment before locking eyes with his protege again.]

JV: Do what you gotta do. Just don't forget what I taught you: Always have a backup plan.

[Vasquez slowly raises his arm, a clenched fist at the end of it. Williams looks at it quietly for a few moments... and then bumps fists with his mentor. He nods, turning to exit as we focus on Vasquez' smiling face slowly turning into a scowl...

...and we fade back out to ringside where Sal and Colt are seated.]

SA: Tensions running high backstage here tonight in Miami, Colt.

CP: It's gotta be expected, Sal. The closer you get to a night like SuperClash, the higher tensions and emotions are running. Reminds me the time before Showtime I when Scott Pain and I got into an actual fistfight over the last chicken breast in catering. We were-

SA: As much as I'd love to hear it, I think you'll need to save that story for your upcoming podcast.

CP: What the hell is a podcast?

SA: Boy, you've got a lot to learn to make it in this business, brother. In the meantime, fans, we're about to head up to-

[Sal is cut off by music that can mean the arrival of only one man... music that has heralded that man's arrival for over twenty years. The ripping sounds of Metallica's "One" fills the air and the boos that follow are meant for a member of the Korugun Army - former World Champion and Hall of Famer, Jeff "Madfox" Matthews.]

SA: Time... and wrestling show formats... wait for no man, Colt.

CP: Hey, when a Hall of Famer wants to speak, you better make time for him.

[Matthews waits a few moments before entering the arena, standing on the stage for a moment in his ring gear as he looks out on the jeering crowd with a shake of his head.]

SA: Colt, I know the wrestlers live by the words - "always bring your gear" - but Jeff Matthews is not scheduled to compete here tonight on Fight Night On FOX to the best of my knowledge.

CP: Maybe he's got other ideas.

[The Madfox walks the aisle, sneering at the ringside fans giving him a hard time on either side of the aisle.]

SA: Jeff Matthews' resume is the stuff of legends. Multiple time World Champion. Some of the biggest opponents in the history of our sport with names like Martinez and Temple and Langseth and so many more. He came to the AWA in late 2016 to prove a point - that he's still the man that was once one of the best in the world. And in just over a month at SuperClash, he'll get that chance when he faces the man that many already consider the best in the world - Supreme Wright.

[Matthews reaches the ring, climbing up on the apron and taking a mic before ducking through the ropes. He takes middle ring.]

JM: Cut it. Cut the music.

[The music abruptly cuts out, leaving more room for Matthews to be serenaded by boos as he stands mid-ring.]

JM: You know what... I'm starting to get a little sick and tired of all the BS I've had to deal with lately around this place!

[The boos get louder as the frustrated Matthews shakes his head.]

JM: Love me or hate me, I was always true to my word. Because that's how we were raised. Your word is your bond. And any man who breaks his word has no honor.

[The crowd buzzes at these words - mostly confusion over them than anything else.]

JM: I don't know what it is... I honestly don't. Maybe it's as I've gotten up in the years, and took time away from wrestling... maybe I became a little docile watching my two girls grow up.

Maybe that's why Javier Castillo thinks it's a good idea to double cross me.

[The buzzing intensifies - the words towards Castillo has certainly gotten their attention.]

JM: Maybe it's why he thinks he can constantly brush me off or put me aside while he's making some grand play.

[He holds up one finger.]

JM: From Day One... from the moment at Eternally Extreme when I revealed to the world that I was with Korugun, I made it very clear to anyone who'd listen. I wanted a spot in the Main Event.

And at SuperClash, that Main Event is WarGames... and I wanted...

[Matthews trails off, shaking his head.]

JM: ...no, I DESERVE a spot in that match to make Team Stegglet regret the day they took Jeff Matthews for granted.

[The buzzing has turned back to boos now. Jeff pauses, looking thoughtful for a moment down at his hand which still shows signs of heavy taping.]

JM: Ever ask yourself what Supreme Wright whispered in my ear the day he decided to break my hand?

"You should be taking this much more seriously."

[The crowd cheers as Matthews glares at them, lowering the mic for a moment before quickly raising it back up.]

JM: Maybe that's what you ALL think.

Maybe that's what everyone in the back is saying.

But there isn't a [BLEEP] damned person on this planet that is taking this more seriously than I am!

[Jeers rain down from the Miami crowd as Matthews paces the ring a bit, anxious in his own skin as he vents his frustrations.]

JM: Not Castillo. Certainly not Wright. You ask the list of people I've put in the hospital over the years if I take this seriously!

You people... all of you... talk about me as if I'm washed up... that I'm not even the same person anymore...

[Matthews pauses, a slight chuckle escaping.]

JM: Take this more seriously? If Supreme Wright can get nursemaid Theresa to let him fight at SuperClash, the so-called best in the world is going to get a firsthand lesson on what it's like to take on the REAL best in the world.

[The boos pour down again as Matthews nods confidently.]

JM: I am a World Champion. Hall of Famer. Career Killer. There is no past tense here, boys. I'm STILL that man.

And that's a man who could end a career, a man who could still be champion.

[Oh, the boos are coming down hard now.]

JM: And at SuperClash... I'm going to add one more page to my history book when I beat Supreme Wright in the middle of the ring and show the world that Jeff Matthews is not just a former World Champion... he's a future World Champion as well.

[Matthews grins as the crowd gets louder.]

JM: But that's for another time. I'm sure by now you're all wondering why I'm standing out here in my gear. Well, the fact is, I went to Castillo earlier tonight and I DEMANDED to face Wright here tonight... one on one... no waiting for SuperClash.

[The crowd ROARS at the idea of that. Matthews waves dismissive hand.]

JM: Relax... he's not even in the building... that's how much he cares about all of you.

[The cheers switch to boos on a damn swivel.]

JM: Seems that concussion I gave him a month ago when I put him through those chairs is still hanging on. Poor baby is back home recovering.

But I'm sure he's watching.

[Matthews leans on the top rope with a smile, waving.]

JM: Hey, Supreme. They tell me they expect you'll be ready for SuperClash... and I tell them that if you're not, this whole place is gonna burn.

[Another nod.]

JM: But since I'm here... and you're there... I went to Castillo and told him I wanted some time tonight to send you a message.

[Matthews gestures to himself.]

JM: You just got the first part. Here's the second...

See, if you won't show up here tonight to take your ass-kicking in person... then I think someone's gotta take it for you.

Someone who it will hurt you to see me hurt.

[Matthews grins.]

JM: So, Tony Donovan... you'll do nicely.

[Matthews tosses the mic aside as he turns to look down the aisle.]

SA: Tony Donovan?! Are we getting an added match here tonight?

CP: Sure sounds like it. Donovan just came back to the AWA from injury a couple of weeks ago and... is he even cleared yet?

SA: I would imagine he is. He wrestled in that six man tag recently and-

[The sounds of ZZ Top's "Beer Drinkers And Hell Raisers" kicks in to a huge roar from the Miami crowd.]

SA: Well, it looks like Tony Donovan got the news. Matthews versus Donovan with the Madfox looking to send Wright a message. Tony Donovan, of course, was a member of Team Supreme back in the day and a student of Supreme Wright.

CP: The idea makes sense on paper, Sal - but I'm not sure Supreme really has feelings for anyone other than himself.

SA: And Theresa?

CP: I said what I said.

[The crowd cheers again as the former tag champion emerges on the entrance ramp... and he is NOT dressed to compete. He's standing in a pair of athletic pants and a black tanktop, gripping a mic that someone likely shoved in his hand as he walked through the curtain.]

TD: I assume this was Castillo's idea to not tell me he wanted me to wrestle tonight.

[Matthews doesn't deny it as Donovan smirks.]

TD: Figures. Well, if there's two things my dad taught me, Matthews... it's this...

Never turn down a fight someone's gonna pay you for.

[He holds up two fingers to cheers.]

TD: And always be willing to punch a [BLEEP] in the mouth.

[The crowd ROARS - presumably for the censored word - as Donovan throws the mic aside, marching down the ramp in his street clothes towards the ring.]

SA: Heh... well, we apologize for the language of Tony Donovan, fans... but he's got a point, Colt.

CP: I've known Jeff Matthews for going on twenty years, Sal, and... well, yes. I don't want to get censored but Tony Donovan used a real good word to describe Matthews.

[Donovan reaches the ring, glaring up at the waiting Matthews before he climbs up on the apron...

...and Matthews rushes for the before-the-bell attack!]

SA: Sly as a Madfox, Matthews on the atta- no, Donovan blocks the right hand and returns one of his own!

[Donovan steps through the ropes as the bell sounds, rushing the stunned Matthews and putting him down with a clothesline!]

SA: Donovan is what many would call a complete package inside that ring, Colt.

CP: He can fight, he can wrestle, he can fly - you gotta like what the future looks like for this young man as he comes back from the injury that sidelined him for most of 2017.

[Donovan grabs the rising Matthews in a front facelock, slinging an arm over his neck as he takes him up and over with a snap suplex!]

SA: Ohhh! Almost snaps him right out of his boots with that suplex - no doubt a remnant from his training alongside Supreme Wright.

CP: You look back on those Team Supreme days and Wright was really onto something, Sal.

SA: We're just a couple of years removed and you've got guys like Donovan, like Cain Jackson who had so much success in Japan before returning to the AWA, like Larry Wallace and AJ Martinez... even Matt Lance has done very well for himself in Mexico.

[As Matthews regains his feet, he begs off, backpedaling into the corner where Donovan pursues him.]

SA: Tony Donovan wrestling in street clothes here tonight but whether he's in wrestling trunks or swim trunks, you can't deny the talent and toughness this kid brings to the table.

CP: Third generation superstar... from quite the wrestling family too. Of course, his old man is as tough as they come but his uncles Matt and Adam... his grandfather and namesake back in the good ol' days.

SA: Donovan winding up and- oh! Matthews goes right to the eyes!

[Grabbing Donovan by the back of the head, the Madfox SLAMS his face into the top turnbuckle, turning his back into the corner as he winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Knife edge chop and a beauty by the former World Champion... Matthews won that title from his longtime nemesis Caleb Temple nearly 17 years ago now, Colt - in November of 2000.

CP: And he's out here talking about being a future World Champion - not too many guys can go 17 years between World Titles but someone as talented as Matthews might be the exception to that.

SA: A couple more chops find the mark... Matthews with the whip...

[But Donovan manages to reverse the whip, sending the Madfox into the opposite corner. Donovan charges in hard but Matthews ducks out of the corner as Donovan leaps, landing on the middle rope...

...and blindly leaps backwards, catching Matthews under the chin with a flying back elbow!]

SA: Ohh! And there's that flying ability you mentioned, Colt. So impressive for a young man of his size. Six foot six, 260 pounds... very similar in athleticism to his friend Brian James who he recently described as "brother without bloodline."

CP: I like that, Albano. I got a few guys in my wrestling past I'd consider the same way. Some families are chosen, right?

SA: Absolutely. We all choose who we associate with and while Donovan has found brothers in the likes of Brian James and Wes Taylor, Jeff Matthews has chosen to associate with the Korugun Corporation... even though he doesn't seem to be on the best of terms with them these days.

CP: Javier Castillo is happy to associate with people as long as they serve a purpose... and right now, Matthews serves the purpose of getting Supreme Wright out of WarGames.

SA: You don't have to like the strategy but you have to respect it, I suppose. Eliminate a dangerous member of the other team even if it means weakening your own as well.

[As Matthews comes up to his feet, Donovan swoops in behind him, snatching a rear waistlock...]

SA: German Suplex on the way...

[...but Matthews grabs the wrists, twisting and breaking the grip before taking him down with a drop toehold.]

SA: Matthews breaking out the sweet science, dragging Donovan down...

[Keeping the leg grapevined, Matthews stretches out in an attempt to snatch the head of Donovan.]

SA: The Madfox looking for a STF perhaps...

CP: You know, we talked about Donovan having skills in a lot of different areas but Matthews would fit that description too. We know he's got the science... the mat skills... the submission skills... but he comes from the E so you know he can fight.

[Donovan's left arm shoots up to block Matthews' grasping arm. The Madfox makes a few attempts to get past it as Donovan struggles to prevent the hold from being applied.]

SA: Nice defense on display by Donovan- oho! May have spoke too soon there as Matthews hooks the arm as well!

[Matthews gets to a knee, Donovan's left leg and arm now trapped. Donovan brings his right hand up, again trying to play defense...

...which is when Matthews slaps him across the back of the head.]

"That what Wright taught you?! Huh?!"

[Another hard slap causes Donovan to grimace as Matthews cranks on the trapped arm.]

"He teach you how to fight with a broken arm?!"

[A third slap has Donovan's face turning red as Matthews adds embarrassment to injury. He swings his other arm back, desperately trying to get some of the Madfox who simply grabs that arm as well, essentially locking in a double chickenwing with the leg grapevined.]

SA: Now, look at this hold, Colt!

CP: Impressive... most impressive.

SA: Tony Donovan finds himself all wrapped up in the sweet science of Jeff Matthews and if this is the kind of thing we have to look forward to in just over a month at SuperClash, I - for one - can't wait to see that match with Supreme Wright go down.

[Matthews holds the submission hold for a few more moments and then lets go, stepping out of it as Donovan rolls towards the ropes to regroup.]

SA: Matthews just let go... he didn't even try for the submission.

CP: That's called proving a point, Sal. He wanted to embarrass Tony Donovan... actually, he wanted to embarrass Supreme Wright by showing he could outwrestle one of Wright's prize pupils here tonight in Miami.

[Donovan climbs to a knee, glaring at Matthews who smirks at him, beckoning him back to his feet.]

SA: Matthews isn't done with him either. Donovan may need to try a different strategy at this point.

[Donovan gets up, still glaring at the Madfox who awaits him center ring.]

SA: And here we go again... into a lockup this time... Donovan's got a little more size, powering Matthews back across towards the corner..

[But as they get near, the veteran switches it around, using Donovan's own momentum to force him back into the turnbuckles. The referee steps in, calling for a break as Matthews shifts levels, burying a shoulder into the midsection.]

SA: Matthews driving him back into the corner..

[A second shoulder lands before Matthews straightens up, peppering Donovan with a few short forearms to the jaw.]

SA: Tony Donovan's got his work cut out for him here tonight, taking on a former World Champion and Hall of Famer on essentially no notice at all.

[Grabbing Donovan by the arm, Matthews goes to whip him across but Donovan reverses it.]

SA: Reversal on the whip... Matthews hits the corner..

[Donovan comes tearing across after him, looking for an avalanche in the buckles...

...and gets it, smashing Matthews into the corner to cheers!]

SA: Donovan crushing him in the corner..

[He snatches a side headlock, looking to follow it up with a bulldog.]

SA: Bulldog on the way!

[But Matthews pulls up and shoves the leaping Donovan off, sending him crashing down to the canvas!]

SA: But Matthews will have no part of that and down goes Donovan off the timely counter!

[Matthews moves quickly to take advantage, dropping a knee down into the sternum of Donovan to keep him down.]

SA: The Madfox right on top of him, showing that killer instinct that once made him known as the Career Killer.

CP: And he's hoping to be that man again at SuperClash when he meets the toughest opponent he's faced in probably fifteen years or so.

[The Madfox grabs the leg arm, stretching out to the side of Donovan where he drops the same knee down on the bicep.]

SA: Right onto the arm - all of his weight crashing down on it.

[He pins the wrist to the mat, keeping the arm in place as he drives his knee down on the limb over and over.]

SA: And when Jeff Matthews draws a bullseye on your arm like this, there's no doubt in anyone's mind what's in HIS mind.

CP: The Fujiwara Armbar. One of the most dangerous holds in all of professional wrestling. And Supreme Wright better be thinking of a counter for that right now because you know if Matthews gets the chance at SuperClash, he's gonna lock that arm in it and not let go until he hears a tap or a bone crack.

SA: The same fate may be awaiting Tony Donovan here tonight if he can't get back on track in a hurry.

[Matthews grabs the wrist, climbing back to his feet where he does the equivalent of a spinning toe hold on the arm and then DROPS his knee down on the bicep again, causing Donovan to cry out in pain...

...which Matthews silences with a kneeling right hand to the jaw!]

SA: Oh! And there's the fisticuffs of Matthews as well. The guy who once spent a year or so masquerading as Caleb Temple as part of a massive set of mindgames.

CP: And still has the tattoos to show for it. What kind of a maniac does something like that?

SA: Matthews has had moments where he is beloved by the fans but many believe the Jeff Matthews we're seeing these days is his true nature - cold, calculating, and absolutely ruthless.

CP: It was about a year ago that this saga between Matthews and Wright began, Sal. When he was offering his services to team with Wright against the Syndicate and essentially got spurned.

SA: He was left off any high profile spot on SuperClash VIII as well and those two blows really seem to have set this whole thing in motion. He's mad at the AWA. He's mad at Supreme Wright. And quite frankly, he just seems mad at the world as we approach SuperClash IX in just about a month's time.

[Dragging Donovan to his feet, Matthews grabs the head, rushing him into the corner where he smashes him into the top turnbuckle. He quickly wraps the arm around the top rope, pulling on it as the referee starts counting and ordering him out of the corner.]

SA: Matthews again staying on the arm - like a bulldog in there...

[He plants his foot on the ropes, giving himself even greater leverage as he torments the trapped limb... and then lets go before getting himself disqualified.]

SA: Donovan finds himself in the corner again.. ohh! Big chop by Matthews!

[Grabbing the arm, Matthews whips Donovan across the ring, rushing in on him...]

SA: Matthews on the move and...

[The crowd cheers as Donovan raises a boot, catching the incoming Matthews on the chin!]

SA: Ohhh! Donovan got the boot up in time!

[The Madfox stumbles backwards, barely keeping his feet as Donovan steps forward, going into a spin...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: DISCUS LARIAT! DOWN GOES MATTHEWS!

[The street clothes-wearing Donovan dives on top, reaching back to hook a leg.]

SA: We've got one! We've got two! We've got-

[But Matthews' shoulder pops up off the mat in time to break the count to jeers from the Miami crowd!]

SA: Two count only there... but Tony Donovan may have just bought himself a chance to get back into this thing.

[Donovan grabs at his left arm as he kneels on the mat, feeling the effects of Matthews' earlier assault. The Madfox rolls away from him, struggling to get up off the canvas.]

SA: And unlike Matthews earlier, Donovan is unable to follow up on his attack. The arm is obviously bothering him.

[Matthews uses the ropes to get to his feet as Donovan pushes up to his as well. The Madfox is leaning against the turnbuckles, his arms draped over it as Donovan approaches from behind.]

SA: Matthews may not know it but Donovan is right behind him now... waistlock!

[Donovan tries to pull Matthews out of the corner to attempt the German Suplex but Matthews grabs the top ropes with both hands, blocking the attempt...]

SA: Matthews hanging on to the ropes! Donovan can't pull him free!

[An angry Donovan breaks his grip, taking aim...]

"WHAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAP!"

SA: Big forearms raining down on the neck!

CP: That'll break his grip!

SA: It sure does... and now Donovan's pulling him out of the corner, getting some room to operate...

[But Donovan soon finds his grip broken again as Matthews grabs the left wrist, twisting it, spinning out of the waistlock into a full armtwist before bending the arm into a hammerlock...

...and then lifts Donovan into the air before dropping him down on top of his own arm with a back suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[An angry Matthews kneels on the mat beside Donovan, smashing right hands down into his face...]

"YOU THINK YOU CAN BEAT A FORMER WORLD CHAMPION!? YOU THINK YOU BEAT A HALL OF FAMER?!"

[The referee again forces Matthews to break off his attack as he gets to his feet in a huff, glaring down at Donovan...]

"GET UP!"

[Matthews waves a hand at Donovan who rolls to his side, removing his weight off his trapped arm. He again grabs at the arm, wincing in pain as Matthews circles around him.]

"GET UP!"

SA: Tony Donovan in his second match back from injury and he's taking on a guy who would like nothing more than to put him right back on the shelf with another injury, Colt.

CP: Jeff Matthews is as vicious as they come in there and there are a whole lot of bodies over the years that will testify to that.

SA: Including Supreme Wright who is sitting home with a concussion he received at the hands of Matthews recently.

[Matthews is ready and waiting as Donovan struggles back to his feet, holding the left arm as he does...]

SA: Donovan fighting to get up but Matthews is waiting for him...

[As he rises, Matthews swoops in on him, grabbing the left arm, twisting away from it as he grips it under his armpit...]

SA: FUJIWARA! MATTHEWS LOOKING FOR THE FUJIWARA!

[...but Donovan pulls his arm hard, yanking it free as he drops down, rolling Matthews into a schoolboy!]

SA: ONNNNNE! TWOOOOO! THR-

[Matthews kicks and rolls, somehow ending up with Donovan in a cross armbreaker attempt...]

SA: Matthews with the jujigatame - a page out of Callum Mahoney's playbook!

CP: But Donovan's got his hands locked, keeping the pressure from being fully applied, not letting Matthews hyper-extend the elbow which is where this hold is truly effective.

[Donovan manages to get his feet under him, stacking Matthews up on his shoulders. A quick two count follows before Donovan grabs the leg, twisting it into a half Boston Crab!]

SA: Oh! Donovan turned the armbar attempt into a half Crab!

[This time, it's Matthews' turn to cry out, clawing at the canvas as Donovan wrenches back on the leg, torquing the back of the former World Champion!]

SA: And perhaps Tony Donovan learned more from Supreme Wright than Matthews is willing to give him credit for - trading hold for hold with the Hall of Famer here tonight center ring in Miami, Florida!

[Matthews quickly gets to the ropes though, Donovan's left arm making it impossible to keep the hold locked in. The referee calls for a break and gets one as Donovan steps away, waving his arm as he tries to get the blood flowing in it once again.]

SA: Donovan couldn't keep the hold on... Matthews now on a knee by the ropes, looking to recover...

[Donovan turns back, moving in on Matthews...

...who lunges at him in a double leg, sweeping the legs and flipping into a double leg cradle!]

SA: ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOO! TH- NO! LOOK AT THE BRIDGE!

[The bridging Donovan gets to his feet, turning Matthews over into...]

SA: BACKSLIDE! DONOVAN TRYING TO BRING HIM DOWN!

[But the left arm continues to be a problem as Donovan can't get enough behind it to pull the struggling Madfox over. He abruptly breaks it, spinning back towards Matthews...

...who leaps up, snatching the three-quarter nelson, and DRIVES Donovan's skull into the canvas!]

SA: FOXDEN! FOXDEN! HE NAILED IT!

[Matthews dives on top, snatching up the leg.]

SA: It could be! It might be! IT IS!

"DING! DING! DING!

SA: Jeff Matthews picks up the big win here in Miami!

[The Madfox rolls off Donovan, taking a knee on the canvas as he grins into the camera.]

"You see that, Supreme? You see what I did to your student? You're next!"

[The Hall of Famer rises to his feet, allowing the referee to raise his arms in victory.]

SA: Jeff Matthews building some momentum as he heads towards SuperClash and his big showdown with Supreme Wright. I can't wait to see it, fans.

[We cut down to ringside to where Sal and Colt are seated.]

CP: You know what I can't wait to see, Sal? That exclusive footage we've got here tonight of last night's GFC show.

[Albano grins.]

SA: For those who don't already know, last night the GFC ran a show in Brooklyn, New York where our old friend Rufus Harris put his heavyweight championship on the line against top challenger Samson Storm - a fight that saw Storm defeat Harris to become the new champion.

CP: Samson Storm lived up to his name, Sal. From the bell, he was raining down blows on Harris.

SA: Thunderbolts and lightning may be frightening but it was Samson Storm who was a terror in there last night as he became the new champion. It was also a fight where former AWA National Champion Travis Lynch was attendance watching... and we've got some footage from last night's event both in the cage and behind the scenes that we'll be presenting exclusively later tonight. But until then-

[A single drumbeat begins playing over the PA at a slow pace.]

SA: Wait a second... is that...?

[Sal trails off as the beat starts picking up tempo, finally being accompanied by the unmistakable opening guitar to "Godzilla" by Blue Oyster Cult to a huge reaction from the capacity crowd.]

CP: Well, look who's back!

[The roar of the crowd gets impossibly even louder as out walks Bobby O'Connor. He flashes his trademark sheepish grin, seemingly embarrassed by the response. He waves a single hand to the crowd, as his other arm is in a sling.]

SA: A very nice surprise here on Fight Night On FOX as we didn't expect to see Bobby O'Connor back in an AWA ring for quite some time still. Bobby's still recovering from his latest injury to that oft-injured arm of his and has yet to be cleared to compete again by the AWA medical staff. He's been out of action for about a year now and... well, I'm just happy to see him back in front of the AWA faithful who are so happy to see him here tonight.

[The thunderous ovation continues as Bobby carefully enters the ring, making sure not to hit his injured arm against the ropes. He nods thankfully as he's handed a microphone.]

BOC: Boy oh boy, I can't tell you how good it feels to be standing in this ring again.

[Bobby blushes a bit as the crowd goes wild at this, "WELCOME BACK!" chants ringing out.]

BOC: As much as I wish I could accept those, I'm afraid this isn't me returning to the AWA roster.

[The enthusiasm of the crowd cools a bit, cheers replaced by boos.]

BOC: But this place is like family to me, and even if I can't compete... I couldn't stay away forever.

[And just like that, the cheers are back. Bobby nods, waiting a moment for the crowd to settle.]

BOC: Speaking of family... that is the exact reason why I wanted to come out here tonight. One family in particular, that's close to my heart as I'm sure they are to every single person in this building.

The Lynches.

[Bobby nods as the crowd shows their appreciation for the Lynch family.]

BOC: I've ridden the roads with them, fought by their side and spent more time with them than I have my own family at times. Sadly, I've seen some things that have broken my heart recently. Nearly every time the brothers are on my TV screen, all I see is strife. I just needed to come out here to make sure of one thing.

That deep down inside, they're still the same brothers I know so well.

[Bobby nods in agreement with the cheers of the crowd.]

BOC: So, James and Jack? Do your old friend Bobby a big favor and come on out!

[To the roar of the crowd, the opening guitar of Bon Jovi's "Wanted Dead or Alive" blares over the loudspeakers, and out steps Jack Lynch. The tall, lanky Iron Cowboy has a rare for these days smile on his face as he sets eyes upon his partner in the TexMo Connection.]

SA: It has been awhile since we've seen anything resembling happiness in Jack Lynch, Colt.

CP: Something is different. Something around the head area...

SA: We all know what you're talking about, but I don't think Jack Lynch would appreciate you bringing up the fact that James Lynch stole and then destroyed his signature Stetson hat recently. The very hat that his mother gave the Iron Cowboy.

CP: Oh, yeah... it was a real tragedy. Jack was pretty broken up about it... Henrietta too. But James doesn't seem to give a damn what either of those two think lately.

SA: A tragedy in its own right, Colt. The way James Lynch spoke to his mother recently... makes me sick to my stomach.

CP: That might be the pre-show linguini with clam sauce.

[Lynch enters the ring and moves to the center. O'Connor extends his hand, but the former World Champion shakes his head, and pulls O'Connor into a tight hug to the cheers of the crowd.]

JACK: Pardon my language, Bobby... but you're a damn sight for sore eyes.

[The crowd laughs as does Bobby who shakes his head at his friend.]

JACK: I missed ya, kid.

And I know your heart's in the right place...

[Jack grimaces.]

JACL: ...but as for Jimmy...

[Before the elder Lynch can continue, 7Horse's "Meth Lab Zoso Sticker" begins to play, though it is nearly drowned out by the boos of the crowd. James Lynch emerges from the back, staring down the aisle at the ring while wearing a black leather duster and blue jeans. A skull-design is on the handkerchief that covers half his face, looking every bit a bandit from a Western as he heads towards the ring.]

SA: Here he comes - the Demon Cowboy, the Judas, the Quisling, the Benedict Arnold...

CP: The only Lynch worth anything.

SA: We have one Bucky Wilde already, Colt... we sure don't need two.

CP: Hey, I grew up in Texas. I've was born and bred hatin' Lynches before Bucky got his head split open by Blackjack the first time.

[James Lynch enters the ring, staring in his dead-eyed fashion at both men. Jack makes sure to position himself so this back isn't to his brother who stands as far away from the duo as possible. Bobby shakes his head at them both, getting between the two as the music fades. O'Connor raises the mic.]

BOC: Now, I know a lot has gone on since I went away. I know a lot of hurtful things have been said and done. But James?

[O'Connor turns towards James Lynch.]

BOC: I'd like to give you the chance to do what the world has been waiting for you to do. Look at your brother face to face, and make this right.

[James nods his head, slowly removing the handkerchief and tossing it aside, baring his sneering face for all to see.]

JAMES: You want me to make this right, Bobby?

[O'Connor nods his head.]

JAMES: Well, to make things right with Jack Lynch, there's only one way to start. And that's with a story.

I can't tell you what day it was, because for a long time, one day was exactly like every other. Me, laying in bed, staring at four walls, alone and in pain. But on that day... I received a call. A call from a man who wanted to offer me advice.

Spiritual advice.

[James lowers the mic, glaring at his brother.]

SA: James Lynch has mentioned his spiritual advisor many times Colt. And yet never told us who that man is.

[James nods and continues.]

JAMES: And he told that I needed to get out of bed, and I needed to stop feeling sorry for myself. And that, most importantly, I needed to come back to the AWA.

And he promised me, if I got myself in shape, if I got my body and my mind right, that sooner or later, I'd come to realize who was to blame for all that's gone wrong in my life.

And he was right.

For awhile, I thought the problem was the AWA. So I became the AWA Institution, the stalwart Supernova.

[He shakes his head.]

JAMES: But it wasn't the AWA.

And then I thought maybe it was my family. Maybe it was being a Lynch that was the problem. But I'm a Lynch too.

And there's nothing wrong with me.

[The crowd jeers that one loudly as Jack chuckles at the reaction, nodding along.]

SA: Many would disagree with that.

CP: Let the man speak!

[James raises the mic again.]

JAMES: But finally, I realized what the real problem was. You know where I'm going with this, Jack?

[Jack shakes his head.]

JACK: I got no idea what nonsense this "spiritual advisor" has filled your head with Jimmy, so why don't ya just spit it out?

[It's James' turn to chuckle now.]

JAMES: Always so impatient. Always thinking your time is more important than anyone else's. Well, because of your ego, your pride, you'll love what I have to say next.

Because the problem is you, Jack Lynch.

[The boos are deafening as Jack sighs, throwing up his hands at his friend with a "You see?!" that we hear off-mic]

SA: This is outrageous!

CP: Outrageously true!

[Jack grabs the mic that Bobby is holding, jerking it towards him angrily.]

JACK: Now wait just a damn-

JAMES: SHUT YOUR MOUTH!

[That outburst has its desired effect.]

JAMES: Every time you come out here, I have to hear all your accolades repeated. Stampede Cup Winner. National Tag Team Champion. World Tag Team Champion.

World Champion. First man to win tag team titles with two different partners. First man to be World Champion and World Tag Team Champion.

As if that was all you, and not you either riding on someone else's shoulders or stepping on their throats.

[Jack glares at his brother, obviously seething.]

JAMES: Every accomplishment you've ever had has come at the cost of this family you're supposed to be leading, Jack.

You drove Travis into depression and addiction because he tried to match your accomplishments without being selfish. He couldn't live in your shadow because he doesn't have your ego and he wasn't willing to use people the way you do.

[Jack looks away from James... shaking his head.]

JAMES: You were so busy being "Mr. SuperClash" and making friends with the man who threatened to choke out your own daughter, the baby you named after me, that you couldn't be bothered to protect our father from that madman Shadoo Rage.

[Jack's gaze drops down to the mat.]

JAMES: You drove Matt to Mexico and Japan because you couldn't stand the thought of a younger, better Lynch getting more attention in the AWA than you.

[Still nothing from the Iron Cowboy in response.]

JAMES: You got our sister Theresa involved in a business she never should have been involved in and led her to a man that doesn't deserve her!

[Bobby puts up a hand, trying to stop James but the bitter Lynch ignores his pleas.]

JAMES: And of course... you abandoned me when my body broke down from carrying you for years...

[His gaze drifts over onto Bobby O'Connor.]

JAMES: ...and you turned around and found yourself another "brother"...

[James glares angrily at O'Connor who shakes his head, denying the charge with a loud "I didn't take your place - I never could have!" but the words don't seem to land on James who advances on O'Connor.]

JAMES: You think you're better than me, don't you?

[O'Connor again shakes his head with a "James, please..." off-mic.]

JAMES: You think YOU'RE his brother, right?

[O'Connor throws a glance over at his friend who still isn't looking up from the mat.]

JAMES: Well, let me show you what happens to his brothers...

[James reaches out for O'Connor...

...only for Jack Lynch to finally snap out of his daze and step between the men to cheers!]

JACK: I've heard enough of this nonsense.

[Jack extends an accusatory finger towards James.]

JACK: You... back your ass up right now.

[A smirk crosses James' face but vanishes in a flash as Jack reaches out and shoves him backwards, putting his hands on James for the first time since he entered the arena on this night.]

[For the first time, Jack Lynch gets physical with his brother, pushing him backwards.]

JACK: For months, I've had to put up with all of your... your BS!

[The crowd reacts to that as James... smiles?]

JACK: But that ends tonight. Ya wanna come out here and cry?

Well, like ya said to our mama, I'm gonna give ya somethin' to cry about...

[Jack reaches out, grabbing James by the collar, pulling his right arm back. James lifts both hands, grasping his brother's wrist.]

SA: Jack's looking for the Claw! Looking to slap his family legacy right on his brother's ungrateful, bitter head!

CP: Ungrateful?!

[Jack is struggling, forcing the Iron Claw closer and closer to James' head...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: WHAT THE-?!

[The crowd reacts with shock as Jack Lynch falls to the canvas...

...thanks to a well-placed forearm between the shoulderblades from the man standing over him, looking down on him.]

SA: BOBBY O'CONNOR JUST NAILED JACK LYNCH FROM BEHIND!

[The crowd is buzzing with confusion as Jack Lynch rolls over onto his hip, propping himself up and looking up with a confused expression on his face. His gaze drifts from a smirking Bobby O'Connor - an expression we're not used to seeing out of the longtime fan favorite - over to a grinning James Lynch who spreads his arms wide...]

"AND THE TRUTH, DEAR JACK... SHALL SET YOU FREE!"

[...and on cue, Jack Lynch's "brothers" in the ring with him being to stomp him, O'Connor violently planting his boot square between the eyes of the Iron Cowboy!]

SA: WHAT THE HELL, COLT!? WHAT THE HELL?!

CP: I can't believe what I'm seeing - but I like it! I like it a lot! Jack Lynch is getting his Texas-sized ego stomped out by two of the men he trusted - that he loved - most in the world!

SA: A horrific betrayal playing out before our very eyes!

[O'Connor peels away, leaving James to continue the assault...

...and then rips off the sling on his arm, tossing it aside with glee. He swings his "injured" arm around and around, showing the world that there is no injury remaining.]

SA: Are you kidding me?! This was a setup from the get-go! There's nothing wrong with him at all... physically at least. Mentally is a whole other story as he just betrayed his best friend!

[James turns away from Jack, grinning at O'Connor who is soaking up the jeers of the AWA faithful for his shocking betrayal...

...and then James Lynch and Bobby O'Connor embrace in the center of the ring to the mother of all explosions of jeers from the Miami crowd!]

SA: You've gotta be kidding me! These two are on the same page?!

CP: You hadn't figured that out yet? I'll do you one better, Sal... I think our mysterious spiritual advisor is no longer a mystery at all!

SA: You think Bobby O'Connor is the spiritual advisor?! You think Bobby O'Connor engineered this whole damn thing all along?! James Lynch said the spiritual advisor was the one who got him back in the ring! Was the one who showed him that Jack Lynch was his problem! If Bobby O'Connor is the spiritual advisor, that means...

CP: That means that Jack Lynch can't trust a damn soul, Albano, and I love it!

[Turning back to Jack who is struggling to get off the mat, James grabs his brother by the arms, dragging him to his feet while holding his arms behind him...]

SA: James holding Jack... restraining him from...

[O'Connor draws near, smirking at the struggling Jack Lynch who shouts "WHY?!" at him. The now-former member of the TexMo Connection grins, spreading his arms wide at the Iron Cowboy...

...and then lashes out with an elbow strike right on the jaw of Jack, causing the King of the Cowboys' eyelids to flutter as he collapses in a heap at the feet of O'Connor and his brother to even louder jeers!]

SA: Ohhh! What a shot! An elbowstrike on the jaw and down goes Jack Lynch for the count!

[O'Connor grabs the wrist of James Lynch, lifting his arm in the air, gesturing to the Demon Cowboy as the fans continue to boo.]

SA: Well, I don't know what the heck we just witnessed or why... but we've got to get to the bottom of this one, Colt.

CP: Just let me enjoy this moment, Albano.

SA: Fans, we'll be right back with more of Fight Night On FOX.

[The dastardly duo stand over Jack Lynch, soaking up the jeers as we fade to black...

...and then back up on a shot of two boys sitting in front of a TV playing video games. The shot is over the TV so we can see the living room behind them. The boys are very into the action on the screen which we cannot see but we can hear the explosions and gunfire of the latest hot first person shooter type game. The girls sitting behind them look bored to tears as the boys trade jabs like "GOT YOU!" "YOU'RE TOAST!" and "GRENADES FOR DAYS, FRIENDO!" A voiceover begins.]

"Feeling left out of the action?"

[The girls look up, nodding.]

"Looking for your next video game to trade bullets for bodyslams?"

[The girls nod more emphatically.]

"Tired of just another boring shoot 'em up?"

[The girls get up from their seats on the couch now, looking eagerly at the screen.]

"Wish there was someone who looked like YOU that you could control?!"

[A white light shines down from the living room ceiling on the two girls...

...and with a burst of shattering glass, the room fills with light.

As the light dies down, we find the grinning form of "Spitfire" Julie Somers in wrestling gear standing in front of the now-smoking television set.]

JS: Step aside, boys... it's Ladies Night.

[And we cut to a series of shots of video game pro wrestling action: Michelle Bailey delivering a Britney Spear to Kelly Kowalski. Charisma Knight and Skylar Swift trading blows. Harley Hamilton and Cinder making their entrance. The voiceover continues.]

"It's AWA 2K17 coming your way just in time for the holiday season. Play as your favorite wrestlers..."

[Victoria June drops Xenia Sonova with a front powerslam.]

"...create your own shows in our new El Presidente mode..."

[A digital Castillo is on stage making a match.]

"...take your created superstar from rookie to SuperClash Main Event!"

[A face we don't know is trading blows center ring with Trish Wallace before hoisting her into a Jackhammer suplex.]

"All in one tremendous game!"

[Cut scene of the digital Julie Somers standing on the turnbuckles, flipping off onto a prone Kurayami...

...and then to a shot of the real Julie Somers.]

JS: Now that's what I like to see.

[Somers looks over at the boys now huddled in the corner of the room.]

JS: Aww, we didn't forget about you two.

[Somers snaps her fingers as we get a barrage of shots from other characters - Supreme Wright using Fat Tuesday on Jeff Matthews. Jack Lynch applying an Iron Claw on Muteesa. Hannibal Carver using a Blackout on Derrick Williams. And finally, Ryan Martinez causing Johnny Detson to pinwheel through the air with an Excalibur. The voiceover continues.]

"AWA 2K17 drops October 26th at game shops, retail stores, and online! Available for your favorite gaming system and on PC!"

[Back to a shot of all four kids playing excitedly now, a tag team match on screen pitting Julie Somers and Victoria June against Ayako Fujiwara and Molly Bell. The on-screen Somers takes a German Suplex from Fujiwara as real life Somers grimaces, grabbing at her neck.]

JS: That had to hurt.

[And with that, we cut to a graphic promoting the release of AWA 2K17 as we fade to black...

...and then fade back up to the ring where we find Sweet Lou Blackwell standing there with a mic. Also in the ring with him are Howie Somers and Daniel Harper, the members of Next Gen. Somers, who is to Blackwell's left, is dressed in a white polo shirt and blue jeans. Harper's, to Blackwell's right, is dressed in a black polo shirt and tan shorts.]

SLB: Ladies and gentlemen, it gives me great pleasure to welcome Next Gen to Fight Night!

[The fans cheer as Somers and Harper each acknowledge the reception.]

SLB: First of all, Howie Somers, you managed to overcome the odds and secure a tag team title shot at SuperClash for you and your tag team partner. However, some would say the outcome itself was not without controversy, as there was... how shall we put it, some intervention by outside forces?

[Somers nods.]

HS: Sweet Lou, you are correct about outside forces getting involved. For the Soldiers of Fortune, it wasn't enough that I had to go in there by myself. They had to stack the deck even further and do whatever they thought would keep me from winning the match. And it is unfortunate that the Gold Standard was on the receiving end of their attempts. Daniel and I have wrestled them before and we respect what Bret Grayson and Mifune have accomplished. It's unfortunate the Soldiers had to put their noses where they didn't belong.

But the funny thing is, whereas I have nothing but respect for the Gold Standard, it's become clear the Soldiers have no such respect. I doubt they ever had any for them to begin with. And yet the Soldiers were the ones that took it upon themselves to get involved. If they actually respected Mifune and Grayson, they wouldn't have tried to get involved in the first place.

However, I still believed that I had what it took to get the job done, and that's exactly what I did. I'm sure we'll meet up again with the Gold Standard down the line, but right now, the focus is on Joe Flint and Charlie Stephens, and right now, I feel so confident in things, I'd happily take them both on if it came down to that.

[He gestures toward his partner.]

HS: But I don't have to, because my friend Daniel Harper is here tonight and he will be there at SuperClash as we seek to get those tag team titles back around our waists.

[Blackwell turns to Harper.]

SLB: Daniel Harper, it's been almost two months since you been in this ring. What can you tell me about your condition right now?

DH: Sweet Lou, I can tell you that I have been cleared to wrestle at SuperClash. I can also tell you that having to sit at home and watch my partner and friend fend for himself was the hardest thing I ever had to do. The only thing I could think about was how much I wanted to be in that ring, by Howie's side, in making sure that we got the Soldiers back in that ring and get those tag team titles back.

[He then raises a finger to his temple and raises his voice as well.]

DH: The fact is, I've still got a welt on my head, no thanks to Joe Flint hitting me with that flagpole! And not only am I forced out of the match after getting whacked upside the head, I find out that the man assigned to referee the match at Homecoming was actually a recruit by Flint and Stephens all along! Well, Sweet Lou, I can tell you all they did was throw gasoline onto the fire!

And now they want to talk about what they have planned for us at SuperClash... well, I can tell you we already know what our plans are going to be. It's going to be and Howie and I kicking ass and taking names, that's what going to happen!

[The fans cheer at that remark.

But that's when things are interrupted...

fffwwwweeeeeeeeeeeett
fffwwwweeeeeeeeeeeett
fffwwwweeeeeeeeeeeett
fffwwwweeeeeeeeeeeett

[The cheering crowd immediately starts booing. Marty Meekly appears, whistle in his mouth, waving the American flag.]

FFFWWWWWWEEEEEEEEEEEEETTTT!!!!
FFFWWWWWWEEEEEEEEEEEEETTTT!!!!
FFFWWWWWWEEEEEEEEEEEEETTTT!!!!
FFFWWWWWWEEEEEEEEEEEEETTTT!!!!

[The AWA World Tag Team champions, the Soldiers of Fortune join Meekly, and all three men make their way to the ring, soaking in the boos from the crowd. Next Gen keep their eyes on the Soldiers at all times, dropping into a fighting stance. Blackwell looks around nervously, pondering en exit.]

SA: The Soldiers of Fortune on this past Power Hour said they would be here tonight, and they made it know that they'd have an announcement for SuperClash. I don't think interrupting Next Gen is the proper time to make that announcement.

CP: Oh, I disagree. I think this is the PERFECT time to make that announcement. Get right up in their faces and let them know what you're gonna do to them when the lines are shining bright at SuperClash, jack!

[The Soldiers climb onto the apron and step in the ring as Meekly stays outside, waving the American flag back and forth. Blackwell starts to backpedal, expecting a

fight, but Joe Flint raises a hand and asks Blackwell to come over. Nervously, Blackwell approaches Flint.]

JF: Relax, Lou.

[Flint turns towards Next Gen, who are ready to attack at a moment's notice.]

JF: At ease, pukes. Drop those fists. Bad enough that Lynch lady got hurt a few weeks ago, so I ain't gonna risk Lou gettin' hurt. I still have a soft spot for him, after all.

[Flint grins.]

JF: Hey Lou, maybe after the show I can see about rentin' a Trans-Am and we can cruise up and down beachside, smokin' some stogies. How 'bout that?

SLB: No... no thanks.

[Flint shrugs his shoulders, knowing full well that Blackwell won't smoke any of Flint's cigars.]

JF: Suit yerself. Hey...

[Flint turns towards Harper.]

JF: Sorry 'bout that welt.

[Flint holds in some laughter, but Stephens can't. He doubles over in laughter, which causes Next Gen to take a step forward. Once again, Flint raises his hand.]

JF: Slow down there, boys. See, Harper, you said that at SuperClash, you an' Howie wanted to kick ass an' take names? You look in that mirror every mornin', see that damn welt on your forehead that's not goin' away as quickly as you'd like to.. and yer mad. You want revenge, an' you don't think a normal, regular wrestlin' match is the appropriate way to get revenge.

[Harper nods his head, seemingly curious at what Flint is getting at.]

JF: You're lookin' at Meekly out there, wavin' that flag, replayin' that night every night since you got clobbered. You just wanna take that flagpole an' just hit us upside the head with it, don't ya?

See, back in our days in the military, whenever we had an issue with our fellow soldiers, we'd go get drunk at a local dive bar. We'd wear clothin' that we know would get ripped to shreds in a fight. We'd be three sheets to the wind, stumble out into an' alley and just wail on each other until we resolved our differences. No holds barred, anythin' not nailed down can be used.

Maybe at SuperClash, we'll settle things once an' for all in an Alley Fight! Come as you are! No countouts! No disqualification, anythin' goes!

[The crowd cheers as a huge grin crosses Flint's face. Suddenly, Stephens steps forward.]

CS: Hey Joe, didn't one of your ol' runnin' buddies call this kind of match an Alley Fight? What was his name, Clifton Shaw?

JF: Clayton.

CS: Right. Well, I'm all for fightin' these two geeks over the arena, dressed in whatever we pull out of our closets. Hell, I'll fight 'em dressed in a chicken suit if need be. But! I think that match name is trademarked.

[Flint rubs his chin.]

JF: Good point. Don't wanna battle Shaw and the others in court again.

CS: Why don't we truly make this match our own. Same deal, no countouts, no disqualifications, come as you are.. only we call it a Boot Camp match!

[Flint nods his head eagerly, and turns towards Next Gen as the crowd starts to cheer for Next Gen to accept the challenge.]

JF: Well, boys.. it's time fer ya to become men. Boot Camp match, SuperClash... what do ya say?

[Somers and Harper look at each other for a moment, then they turn back toward Flint and Stephens.]

HS: You want to talk about us becoming men... well, we'll do a lot more than that. We're going to prove who are the better men, and if that means doing it in a Boot Camp match, then there's only one thing left to say.

[A pause for effect.]

HS: We'll be there.

[Harper gives a quick nod.]

DH: And we'll be taking back what was once ours, and that's a promise!

[The fans cheer at that remark.]

SLB: Unbelievable, fans... the stakes have just been raised for the World Tag Team Title match at SuperClash which will now be a BOOT CAMP match!

[Another big cheer goes up as the two sides square off, getting close enough to be in the same frame for all of those photos being taken right now.]

SLB: And speaking of title matches, we're going to take you now to exclusive footage from last night's Global Fighting Championship pay per view in Brooklyn when Rufus Harris met Samson Storm with the title on the line - take a look!

[We fade from the live action to pre-taped footage.

First, we get a panning shot of the crowd in the Barclays Center as an announcer's voice is heard.]

"IT'S TIME! IT'S TIME FOR THE BIGGEST PRIZE IN SPORTS - THE GFC HEAVYWEIGHT TITLE - TO BE ON THE LINE! OH, WHAT A NIGHT HERE IN BROOKLYN!"

[Cut to a shot of Samson Storm heading towards the Hexagaon, throwing punches at the air as he jogs down the aisle, led by his fight team with the crowd cheering loudly.]

"Samson Storm is one of the toughest guys I've ever seen compete in MMA. He can wrestle, he can punch, his submission game is on point. This might be Rufus Harris' toughest challenge to date."

[And then to a shot of Harris heading down the aisle, the chains around his neck, the grill-style mouthpiece in his mouth, the title secured around his waist as he barks to the sky.]

"Love him or hate him, Rufus Harris is one the greatest fighters this sport has ever seen. He's held the GFC heavyweight title on more than one occasion. He's knocked out a Who's Who of the sport. But tonight, there's a Storm Warning in the arena and it just might end with Harris as a former champ yet again."

[Our footage fades to black where we can hear punches land, grunts of exertion, screams of pain...

...and a graphic comes up reading "TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES LATER."

We fade back up on a shot of Samson Storm holding the title over his head.]

"Your winner... by split decision... and NEWWWWWW GFC HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORRRRRRLLLLLLD... SAMSONNNNNN STORRRRRRRRM!"

[A shot of a dejected Rufus Harris sitting on the canvas inside the Hexagon, his head down as Storm celebrates his title victory...

...a shot that a keen-eyed viewer would spot former AWA National Champion, Travis Lynch, standing in the crowd behind him, a smirk on his face.

We cut to another shot, this time of Harris exiting the cage, walking very close to where Lynch is standing shouting at him.]

"Tougher fight when your opponent is lookin' you in the eye, huh Rufus?"

[Harris throws a hard look in Lynch's direction but keeps on walking, his fight team nudging him past the gloating Texan...

...and then we fade to footage backstage, this time from the post-show press conference where we see Rufus Harris, his eyes covered in dark sunglasses now seated at the table to take questions.]

"Rufus, a split decision's gotta be a rough way to lose the title. Will you be looking for a rematch?"

[Harris' answer is quiet... almost subdued.]

"Ya know, I'm gonna leave that to my team - my agents, my managers. I'm gonna take a few days off to regroup... then I'll get back in the gym and figure out what's next."

[Another question pops up.]

"What can you say about the judging?"

[Harris smiles.]

"Nothing that won't get me fined or suspended by the Commission."

[The assembled reporters laugh as Harris gestures for the next question.]

"Hey Rufus... why are you too afraid to face Travis Lynch in an AWA ring?"

[Harris' smile drops instantly.]

"Who said I was afraid?"

[The reporter responds.]

"You've attacked him from behind. You turned down his challenge. What else could it be other than you're a huge Texas-sized chicken?"

[Harris rips off his sunglasses as the reporters start to murmur at what's going on...

...and the camera zooms in on the reporter asking the questions - Travis Lynch.]

"You?! How the hell did you get back here?! This is supposed to be-"

[Harris looks around anxiously as GFC security moves in. Travis shouts again.]

"You got more people to protect you, Rufus?! For a tough guy, you've got a lot of security guards! You want to throw me out, Rufus? Come do it yourself! I'm right here! Come on!"

[But Harris abruptly gets up and storms off the platform, leaving the reporters to all turn to talk to a grinning Travis Lynch who finds himself swarmed by media and security...

...and we fade from the pre-taped footage out to a live action shot of the ring where an anxious-looking AWA President, Javier Castillo, is standing microphone in hand. He seems a little agitated, shifting his balance, fidgeting a bit as he raises the mic to speak to the jeering crowd.]

JC: I am here for a special announcement.

[Castillo grimaces, obviously lacking enthusiasm for this announcement.]

JC: Just now, we all saw footage from last night's GFC show where my good friend, the man known as the Rottweiler, Rufus Harris...

[Javier trails off as he's showered with boos.]

JC: ...was shockingly upset and lost the GFC Heavyweight Championship.

[The cheers pick up instantly as Castillo grimaces again, shaking his head.]

JC: I can tell you all that Rufus Harris is an elite level combat artist... perhaps the greatest in all the world. And this is just a roadbump for him. Rest assured that it'll only be a matter of time before he's back inside the Hexagon and raising that title over his head again.

[The boos come back into play as Castillo grins.]

SA: General Castillo out here doing his best Head Cheerleader impersonation for Rufus Harris... a man not even under AWA contract. What's this all about, Colt? Why are we wasting valuable time here on the FOX Network to talk about Rufus Harris?

CP: Rufus Harris is a big name on the FOX Network! The GFC is a FOX Network production! Why wouldn't they want us to talk about the Rottweiler?

SA: I don't want to know about Rufus Harris - what I want to know is when Castillo is going to live up to his end of the deal and re-sign Travis Lynch to a new AWA contract!

CP: After what Lynch did?!

SA: Travis Lynch was forced to publicly apologize to Harris to get his contract back and he did it! He was a man's man and he did it!

CP: It was a weak sauce apology topped off with a grandstand challenge that he knew Rufus couldn't accept!

SA: Travis said he apologized!

CP: Yeah, but that's like the same sort of apology you give when your woman catches you with-

SA: I think that's quite enough of that.

[Before Colt's and Big Sal's conversation spins off into waters the AWA legal team can't defend anymore, Castillo once again begins to speak.]

JC: The footage we just showed however did NOT just show Rufus Harris in action... it also showed a FORMER AWA competitor in Travis Lynch in attendance, mocking Rufus... taunting Rufus... and violating the inner sanctum of a press conference to publicly HUMILIATE Rufus!

[Castillo is ticked off by this and it shows... but the fans are cheering and laughing about it to his disgust.]

SA: I'm not sure I'd go that far but Travis Lynch definitely seemed to enjoy seeing Harris lose the title to Samson Storm.

[Castillo continues.]

JC: Footage - the very footage we just saw - from that incident went... how you say... viral last night after the show. It was everywhere. YouTube, Twitter, Facebook, Snapchat. It seemed as though Mr. Lynch's actions caused quite the stir. It was even picked up on various quote-unquote big time sports networks.

SA: I'd call a segment on ESPN's SportsCenter big time for sure!

[Castillo has a disappointed look on his face.]

JC: And so I woke this morning to several messages from our friends at FOX, highlighting this social media buzz...

[Castillo grits his teeth.]

JC: ...and a demand to immediately re-sign the man responsible...

[The crowd ROARS as Castillo cringes and a quick "YES!" escapes from Big Sal.]

JC: Ladies and gentlemen... once again OFFICIALLY a member of the AWA roster...

[Castillo's voice is clearly dripping with disdain.]

JC: TRAVIS LYNCH!

[Suddenly, the voice of Rush's Geddy Lee fills the arena and the Florida fans go absolutely wild! The fans have leaped to their feet, their screams nearly drowning out the rage from Colt at the commentary table.]

#A modern-day warrior
#Mean, mean stride
#Today's Tom Sawyer
#Mean, mean pride

[As "Tom Sawyer" by Rush continues to blast over the arena's sound system, the six-foot three-inch tall, Dallas' own, Travis Lynch emerges from the entranceway as the ovation from the fans nears the top of the decibel chart. Travis pauses at the top of the entrance ramp and smiles broadly as the fans continue to scream their approval. As he nods in acknowledgment of the fans' appreciation he runs his hands through his shoulder-length, wavy, dirty blond hair before tapping his chest with his right hand. Javier Castillo paces in the ring, clearly not happy with the situation as Travis enters the extends his hand towards Castillo, asking for the microphone.

The AWA President reluctantly hands him the microphone and the former AWA National Champion smiles.]

TL: Finally!

[Travis looks Javier in his eyes.]

TL: I was wondering how long it was going to take you to uphold your end of the bargain, Javier.

[The microphone picks up the president saying, "That wasn't a real apology and you know it!"]

TL: And here we are in Miami, Florida and FINALLY you become a man of your word. It's refreshing to see that not all presidents are backpeddlers and liars.

[Some of the Florida fans quickly boo Travis but he just shrugs his shoulders.]

TL: Though Javier, I have to say it feels damn good to be back in the AWA as an active member of the roster. So I owe a heartfelt thank you...

[Javier looks a bit taken aback.]

TL: ...to each and every AWA fan!

[Travis taps his right hand to his heart twice.]

TL: 'Cause without y'all, I'd likely not be standing here right now.

[The microphone catches Castillo saying "You're damn right about that".]

TL: Your posts on Twitter, Instagram, and the emails flooding the inboxes of the FOX network and even the AWA offices showed how much y'all wanted me back in this ring. It showed how much you believed that a man could fight against his personal demons...

[Travis pauses as the crowd stirs again.]

"TRA-VIS!" "TRA-VIS!" "TRA-VIS!"

[Lynch lowers his head for a moment, obviously caught up in the emotions of the situation. He taps his chest again, lightly grabbing the silver cross resting upon his chest before he looks up and nods his head.]

TL: ...and push those damn demons back to the depths from which they came, as he battled through the darkness that had enveloped him. But I couldn't do it by myself. I had the support... no, not support... I had the LOVE of my family.

Jack, Theresa, the old man and ma, and even James to prop me up... and speaking of James, I've got something to say to him about what happened to Ma two weeks ago... what's been going with Jack... and damn sure what just went down out here with Bobby...

[Travis shakes his head in disgust as the crowd jeers.]

TL: But that's for another time... but don't think I've forgotten about it. But my family... my family pushed me to fight, they pushed me to battle... but more importantly, they were there when I needed them the most! When I fell deeper into the darkness, they were there to catch me. But I also had the love of you!

[Travis points to the crowd and the fans in attendance cheer their support and love for the former AWA National Champion.]

TL: Even before the GFC Pay Per View, y'all were asking when I would return to the AWA. Y'all posted how much you missed me... y'all expressed your love for me even when I made my mistakes... when I wasn't perfect. Hell, I know I ain't perfect, but I promise each and every one of you it's time I start making up for those mistakes!

[The crowd cheers as Travis pauses for a long moment.]

TL: I was born into this business, I knew what a wristlock was before I knew what a wristwatch was. And I was taught to respect this business from the moment I could walk. Yet, last year I wasn't the man I should've been. I may have indulged in a few more drinks every night than I should have, I let my anger take over. I let the haters get under my skin and allowed self-doubt to darken my mind.

Since SuperClash though, a lot has changed... but one thing that has never changed and will never change is my respect for this business! A respect that isn't shared by everyone who has recently stepped into the AWA ring.

[Lynch turns back towards the AWA President who... well, seems bored and looking for his cue to leave.]

TL: Yes, Javier, I am talking about your friend Rufus Harris...

[Boos once again fill the arena as Castillo arches an eyebrow at Travis, slowly shaking his head.]

TL: Rufus Harris... the Rottweiler... well, he doesn't share the same respect I have for this business. He may claim to love it... to be a fan of it... but the man I've met may love the action inside this ring but he damn sure doesn't respect the men and women that step into it.

[The fans cheer as Castillo shakes his head more pronounced now, raising a hand towards Lynch who keeps speaking.]

TL: He thinks it's beneath him 'cause the self-proclaimed baddest man in the land is... how did he phrase it? Oh right... "too real for professional wrestling."

[The crowd jeers that statement loudly... very loudly. Travis nods.]

TL: I think it's time that someone shows him how real this world is.

I think it's high time someone BEATS that respect into him!

[Castillo's face is ashen now, both hands up, almost pleading with Lynch to stop right there.]

TL: And that someone, Mr. Castillo... is gonna be me!

[The crowd ROARS as Castillo's eyes close, his head bowing in disbelief that he just let this happen.]

TL: Rufus Harris, while you're sitting at home this week trying to decide what's next for you in the GFC...

Why don't you make the decision to prove yourself in a different arena?

Why don't you walk that aisle and step into the squared circle with me on the AWA's grandest stage of the year?

[The crowd is rocking and rolling now as Castillo looks on in shock.]

TL: Why don't you come fight me... at SuperClash?!

[The crowd ERUPTS again as Travis tosses the mic aside, throwing his arms into the air as "Tom Sawyer" comes to life over the PA system again. Castillo glares at Lynch, a shocked expression still on his face.]

SA: Travis Lynch has been reinstated... and he's just issued a challenge! He wants Rufus Harris one-on-one inside that ring at SuperClash, Colt!

CP: Two worlds collide! The longest-reigning National Champion of all time wants to take on the multiple-time GFC Heavyweight Champion! This could be one of the biggest matches of all time... if Harris accepts the challenge!

SA: We'll be right back, fans!

[Lynch mounts the midbuckle, playing to the crowd as we fade to black.]

Cut to a college library where two students have a physics textbook open.]

STUDENT #1: So what's question 10?

STUDENT #2: "Matter that produces and/or emits ionizing energy can be described by what adjective?"

[Student #1 looks up from the book and slams it shut. Cutaway as he stands up, now suddenly wearing Derrick Williams' gold "Future" coat from SuperClash VIII through the miracle of editing. He takes out his phone and presses a "play" button.]

[A wide shot of the entire library as the student spreads his arms to the chorus of Imagine Dragons.]

"RADIOACTIVE... RADIOACTIVE..."

[Cut to a sushi chef with a white towel over his head and a kimono with a Claw Academy logo. To Volbeat's "A Warrior's Call," he bursts through curtains to serve a platter of sashimi to a table.]

In a gym, a woman does sit-ups in and out of frame to "You've Got Another Thing Coming" by Judas Priest. After her third sit-up, her face is spontaneously painted with a black and yellow 'S'. She cups her hands to her mouth and howls.

A man and two school-aged children step through the automatic glass door of a big box retailer to "Black Skinhead" by Kanye West. They are all in hooded fighter's robes, and they stoically nod at the camera in unison as they pause by the shopping carts.

A woman prances through a maze of cubicles to "I'm The Best" by Nicki Minaj, twirling a red braid and balancing a cup of coffee.

A civic worker in a visibility vest tries to move a dead tree branch into a truck to "Brian Boru's March" by The Chieftains. With part of the branch under his arm and his another hand, you'd swear he was giving the branch an armbar.

On a playground, a little girl with a distinct scowl stomps up to home plate to "Another One" by Night Club. She swings her bat wildly at the ball resting on a tee.]

STUDENT #2: [voice] Yeah, I think that's right.

[Cut back to library. Student #1 still has his arms open, but now to the sounds of library ambience. Someone in the background coughs. He sits back down.]

STUDENT #1: Okay... uh... Question 11?

"AWA: Be Your Entrance."

"The Official AWA Playlist, available now on Apple Music and Spotify."

Click The Link!

[Fade to black...

...and with a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, we come back to the office of Generalissimo Castillo where he sits behind his desk, looking pensive at a sheet of paper. There's a knock at the door, drawing a sigh from the AWA President.]

JC: Enter.

[The door swings open as "The Future" Derrick Williams strides into view. He quickly catches the eye of the Suited Savage, MAWAGA, giving a nod and then producing a phone from his pocket and handing it to the large Tongan]

DW: Left this in the limo.

[MAWAGA looks a little embarrassed as he hurriedly grabs the phone and puts it in his jacket pocket, getting a bit of a scowl from Castillo as Williams approaches the President.]

JC: Ah, Mister Williams. I hope you're enjoying being back in Miami... but I do believe it's time we've had your decision.

[Williams plops down in the chair across from Castillo, a frown on his face.]

DW: Really, it's like that? No explanation on what that was earlier with Muteesa and Rage?

[Castillo shrugs.]

JC: I thought it was very obvious that nothing was directed at you... not exactly at least.

DW: Not exactly?

JC: My main goal was to lay my Army's hands on Hannibal Carver... but I'll admit to having more than a passing interest to see what you'd do when confronted with a threat to your friend. Would you stand and fight with him? Would you stand alongside Ohara and fight with him?

[Williams shrugs.]

DW: You got your answer.

JC: I did... and as long as you have no problem facing one of your mentors on the opposing team at SuperClash in WarGames, then I have no problem with what happened tonight.

[Williams eyeballs Castillo hard.]

JC: Assuming that you've come here to accept my offer that is.

[Williams taps the desk.]

DW: I know sometimes I don't recall everything really clear, but I could've sworn that you had told me that I had reign to deal with Hunter without Army assistance.

[Castillo nods.]

JC: As agreed. We had no interest in anything involving Mr. Hunter tonight. As I said, Hannibal Carver was the target.

[Williams glowers.]

JC: Mr. Williams, I never promised that the special considerations we have given to you extended to your... chosen company.

[Castillo grins.]

JC: You simply should've chosen better associated... as I've been suggesting since back when your Axis friends were dispatched by Mr. Hunter.

[Williams sighs, folding his arms disapprovingly.]

JC: And the way I see it, this situation works out much better for you, no? You allowed Carver to... how do they say... "jump the line" on you in taking the National Title from Hunter. That has now been corrected.

[Castillo points at Williams.]

JC: Now the National Title is all yours. Your first step on your ascension to the top... to being "the man" here in the AWA. It's almost perfect, yes? You can capture the oldest title in the AWA, the National Title... join your might to Korugun's... and cement the REAL future of the AWA...

[Williams nods, his body language relaxing a bit.]

DW: Well, let's go with that then.

[Castillo grins.]

DW: You like business transactions. I like business transactions. Let's make one.

Two weeks from tonight in Charlotte, I finally get Hunter one on one, for the National Title.

[Castillo looks on intensely.]

DW: I get that... me and him.. straight up. No special refs, enforcers, lumberjacks, timekeepers, whatever. Just straight up me and Hunter for the title.

You give me that, make me BELIEVE my future is brighter with you in charge, and I'm open to being IN at SuperClash.

[Castillo chuckles.]

JC: You see, Mr. Williams... that's what I like about you. You simply cannot resist the chance to be in the Main Event... and that means we are on the same page.

Two weeks from tonight. Saturday Night Wrestling in Charlotte.

Jackson Hunter defends the National Title against Derrick Williams...

[Castillo slowly extends his hand.]

JC: ...and then you help Team Korugun secure the future of the AWA.

[He offers his hand to Williams who eyeballs it.]

DW: IF you hold up your end of the deal.

[Castillo keeps his hand out, another grin on display.]

JC: Of course, of course... the devil is in the details, yes? A formality.

[Williams warily extends his own hand, shaking Castillo's.]

JC: Excellent. Now, if you'll excuse me... my night is very busy...

[Williams nods, climbing to his feet. He turns to exit but pauses at the door, turning back...]

DW: Castillo, I meant what I said in July. You'd rather me be on your side than against it.

[Castillo rises from his desk, grinning with his arms spread.]

JC: Of course. I do all of this with the Future... our future... in mind.

[Williams nods, and exits the office. Castillo's smile fades and he shoots another look at MAWAGA.]

JC: Almost there.

[And with a chuckle, we get another flash of the ACCESS logo before fading out to the ring where Rebecca is standing.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit and is a HANDICAP MATCH!

In the corner to my right... the team of "CURLY" BILL WEBB and the AWA WORLD TELEVISION CHAMPION... OOOOOODINNNN GUNNNNNNN!

[The boisterous "Curly" Bill holds the title belt in the air, shouting at the jeering Miami crowd.]

SA: Odin Gunn, the newly-crowned World Television Champion a few weeks back, competing in a Handicap Match here tonight alongside his manager, "Curly" Bill Webb. The title is not on the line, Colt... but if Whitiri wants a rematch for the title, "Curly" Bill says he's gotta win this one.

[Webb turns his attention towards the former Television Champion, barking in his direction before he's even been introduced.]

SA: And Colt, when you see "Curly" Bill Webb in that ring with Odin Gunn and Whitiri, you realize just how large he is.

CP: "Curly" Bill's days in the ring may be in the past but that doesn't mean he's lost any of the size he carried in his glory days. All of six foot four... down to about 275 from his peak wrestling weight of over three hundred pounds. He's not the fighter he once was... but he's still a fighter and this is a tougher Handicap Match for Whitiri than you might imagine.

[Whitiri has a few words for Webb as well as Rebecca Ortiz tries to stay out of the mix.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd their opponent... weighing in at 255 pounds... from Tauranga, New Zealand...

WHAAAAAIIIIIIITIIIIIRIIIIIIII!

[And on cue, "Curly" Bill delivers a hard two-handed shove that knocks Whitiri back a step or two. The former champion responds in kind as the crowd cheers!]

SA: And this one may be breaking down right off the bat. You can see "Curly" Bill outsizes Whitiri... and Odin Gunn REALLY outsizes Whitiri but as you said, Colt, Webb's glory days are behind him. Once known as the Last of the Cowboys, Webb was a star all throughout the South in the United States during the 80s and 90s when guys like JW Hardin and Brody Thunder was running roughshod in the major promotions.

CP: If you ask me, Sal, Webb was every bit as tough as those guys in his days. Just because he never went to the big time - he didn't go to Los Angeles or Portland or Toronto... even South Laredo... he gets the short end of the stick in the history books but as a Texan born and bred, I can testify to how good and tough this guy was back in the day.

[Whitiri and Webb are shouting at one another as Webb slings the title belt over his shoulder, turning his body with Whitiri pursuing...

...which causes him to turn his back to Odin Gunn who rushes forward, smashing a double axehandle down on the back of the neck, knocking the former champion down to his knees.]

SA: Oh! Webb did that on purpose - he totally engineered that!

[A smirking Webb slaps the title belt, practically strutting across the ring as he leaves the ring, exiting to the apron as the referee calls for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: And Webb's not even handing the belt to the official!

CP: No need to. The title's not on the line so that belt belongs to "Curly" Bill.

SA: It belongs to Odin Gunn!

CP: Semantics.

[The six foot two, 335 pound Gunn grabs two hands full of Whaitiri's hair, yanking him to his feet with ease and smashing his skull into the base of Whaitiri's skull!]

SA: Headbutt!

[A second one connects as well!]

SA: Make it two!

CP: We're right back to the title match, Sal - when Gunn showed up as a total surprise for Whaitiri and then cleaned his clock for the second time!

SA: Odin Gunn and Whaitiri are certainly no strangers... and when I spoke to Whaitiri before tonight's show, he says he feels like he's starting to get a better understanding of Gunn. He says he thinks he's getting closer to where he needs to be.

[Gunn spins Whaitiri around, wrapping his hands around around the former champion's throat...

...and powers Whaitiri overhead, throwing him across the ring with what can best be described as a two-handed choke suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

CP: Doesn't look like he's getting any closer, Sal.

SA: The match just got started. Let's give the kid some time, okay?

[The champion stalks him across the ring, watching as Whaitiri comes up off the mat, battling up to his feet. He finds himself with his back to the ropes as Gunn draws near...]

SA: Gunn's trying to keep his back on the ropes... trying to-

[Whaitiri snaps off a jab to the jaw... and another... and another...]

SA: Whaitiri's firing back! Whaitiri trying to get something going here!

[Gunn throws a wild haymaker that Whaitiri ducks under, using his speed to race to the far ropes, rebounding back towards Gunn...]

SA: CROSSBOD-

[...but Whaitiri's flying 255 pounds gets snatched out of the sky!]

SA: CAUGHT!

[Gunn holds him across the chest, looking out on the disappointed Miami crowd...

...and then DRIVES Whaitiri down across his knee in a backbreaker!]

"OHHHH!"

[Gunn places a hand on the upper thigh and one on the face, bending Whaitiri backwards over his knee as the crowd jeers and Whaitiri cries out in pain!]

SA: Whaitiri just being punished here... and right now, things are not looking good for him in trying to earn another shot at the TV Title he thinks he can regain if he only gets the opportunity.

CP: This is an opportunity to get that opportunity and so far, it ain't looking opportune.

[Sal chuckles as Gunn shoves Whaitiri off his knee, climbing to his feet...

...where he finds "Curly" Bill Webb shouting at his charge, grinning madly as he sticks out his hand.]

SA: And don't look now, fans, but the Last of the Cowboys is calling for a tag.

[Gunn slaps the offered hand as the crowd jeers. Webb comes through the ropes, all grins as he fires some finger guns into the sky, looking down at Whaitiri as the former champion struggles to get back to his knees...

...and then he leaps up, stomping down between the shoulderblades!]

SA: And Webb looks to take advantage of Whaitiri down on the mat...

[Webb lands a second leaping stomp, this time down on the back of the head as the crowd continues to jeer.]

CP: If Webb can keep him down on the mat, this works well for him. He can't keep up with Whaitiri on his feet at this stage of his career but down on the mat, he keeps Whaitiri's speed to nil and he can use his size to really do damage.

[The big ol' cowboy circles around Whaitiri, watching as the former champion forces his way up to his knees again, trying to get back up and keep fighting...

...and Webb balls up his right hand, holding the hair as he draws waaaaaay back and DRIVES it down between the eyes, knocking Whaitiri back down to the canvas!]

CP: That right there! That's Webb's style, Sal. Rough-housing, bar room brawling. He'll punch, he'll kick... maybe he'll slam ya a bit. It's all basic. Nothing fancy. But it's effective - even at his... I'll say advanced age so he doesn't come over here and take a swing at me.

SA: Colt, your father was the legendary Blackjack Patterson...

CP: He sure was - God rest his soul. And my day was a hero to a guy like Curly Bill... just like he was to me. My ol' man... Jim Watkins... these are the guys that Curly Bill always wanted to be. These are the guys he always tried to be.

[Whaitiri rolls onto his back as Webb takes aim and drops down to his knees, burying a fist down between the eyes in a fistdrop!]

SA: Ohhh! That'll ring your bell - and look at this now... Webb's making a cover!

[A two count follows before Whaitiri kicks out, drawing a shocked look from Webb...

...who immediately covers again.]

SA: Another cover... and another two count.

[Webb is up on his knees, glaring at the official who holds up two fingers.]

SA: Webb looks less than pleased with the count... climbing to his feet now...

[A furious Webb looks like he's going to deliver more offense... but a hand slowly extended from his corner gets his attention...

...and Webb nods, walking to the corner and tagging Odin Gunn.]

"Finish that sumbitch!"

[Gunn steps into the ring again, methodically stalking towards Whitiri who is struggling to get back to his knees again.]

SA: I'm not sure if Whitiri is aware that Odin Gunn is back in the ring... but if he's not, he's about to be...

[The champion draws Whitiri back to his feet, shoving him back into the neutral corner.]

SA: Whitiri does NOT want to be in that corner!

[Gunn steps forward, throwing a hooking right forearm blow to the temple. A left quickly follows as Whitiri brings his arms up, trying to block some of the blows.]

SA: Whitiri's trying to cover up!

[Gunn keeps on swinging, lefts and rights, trying to remove Whitiri's head from his shoulders as the referee continues to count.]

SA: Gunn better listen to the ref - he's going to get disqualified!

[A shout from Curly Bill gets Gunn to back off, glaring at Whitiri who is reeling in the corner, clinging to the ropes to stay on his feet...]

SA: Whitiri is just about out on his feet by all appearances, Colt.

CP: He's landed a few shots here and there but right now, this is all Gunn and Webb.

[Gunn takes aim, charging in on Whitiri...]

SA: AVALANCHE!

[...but Whitiri dives out of the way, causing Gunn to SLAM chestfirst into the corner!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Whitiri clears out and Gunn hits the corner!

[Whitiri spins Gunn around, rearing back and throwing...]

SA: Big right hand! Make it two!

[Whitiri backs off, beckoning Gunn forwards. The big Samoan staggers a bit towards him as Whitiri ducks low...]

SA: SLAM!

[...but Gunn holds his ground, slamming the point of his elbow down into Whaitiri's ribs once... twice... three times...

...and then yanks Whaitiri into the air before DRIVING him down on his bent knee with a gutbuster!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Whaitiri looked like he was putting together a rally but Odin Gunn is THE rally killer with that gutbuster there.

[Holding onto Whaitiri by the hair, Gunn drags him back up, flinging him into the ropes...]

SA: Whaitiri into the ropes... Gunn's ready and waiting...

[The champion lifts the former champ into the air, twisting around, and DRIVES his spine into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SPINEBUSTER SLAM BY THE WORLD TELEVISION CHAMPION! And that just might do it, fans!

[Gunn slides into a pinning position, not bothering to hook a leg as the referee goes down to count.]

SA: It could be! IT MIGHT BE! IT-

[The crowd cheers as Whaitiri's shoulder pops up off the canvas!]

SA: Gunn just about planted him THROUGH the ring with that spinebuster slam and... wow, Whaitiri got that shoulder up though and this Handicap Match continues.

[Gunn climbs to his feet, staring down at the former champion.]

SA: Gunn's looking to finish... now, hold on...

[The crowd grumbles as Curly Bill again sticks out his hand, shouting to his charge.]

SA: ...Curly Bill wants another tag?

[Gunn turns his attention towards his manager, walking towards him and slaps the hand again.]

SA: And he gets it!

[Webb grins as he comes through the ropes, nodding his head.]

SA: Webb, the veteran if we're being nice about it, pulling Whaitiri up off the mat again...

[Webb ducks low, lifting Whaitiri up off the canvas...

...and takes one arm away from the lift, throwing Whaitiri down with a one-armed bodyslam!]

SA: Curly Bill showing off that he's still got some power in the ol' tank.

[A smirking Webb backs to the corner, nodding his head as he slowly climbs up the ropes, stepping up on the middle rope with a little bit of a wobble...]

SA: Curly Bill on the second rope?! Curly Bill is gonna... FLY?!

[With Whitiri down on the mat, Webb spreads his arms wide, looking down on him...]

...and (kinda) leaps into the air, coming down!]

SA: BIG SPLASH!

[But Whitiri rolls aside, causing the veteran to SLAM gutfirst down on the canvas!]

SA: HE MISSED! HE MISSED THE SPLASH! He went for the belly flop but Whitiri drained the pool and Webb gets nothing but an empty mat!

[Webb is down on his chest, snaking an arm underneath him to cradle his ribs as the crowd cheers!]

SA: Webb's down and this is it, Colt! This is Whitiri's chance!

CP: It absolutely is! He's gotta stage a comeback and he's gotta do it now!

[Whitiri pushes up to his knees, grabbing at his own ribs as he looks down on Webb, his eyes flashing with excitement as he struggles up to his feet...]

SA: Whitiri is realizing the same! He's got a window here and he's gotta take advantage of it!

[Whitiri grabs Webb by the arm, dragging him up to his feet...]

...and ducks low, scooping him up as the crowd goes wild!]

SA: SCOOP SLAM ON WEBB!

[The New Zealand native gives a big fist pump as he suddenly jerks to his side and sees Odin Gunn coming for him...]

SA: Gunn's in illegally and-

[...but as Gunn approaches, Whitiri ducks low, lifting the 335 pounder into the air to a HUUUUUGE ROAR!]

SA: SLAM! SLAM! HE SLAMMED ODIN GUNN AS WELL!

[Whitiri leaps into the air, pumping both arms in celebration!]

SA: WHAITIRI SLAMMED THE TV CHAMPION AND HE'S ON TOP OF THE WORLD IN THIS MOMENT FOR JUST THAT ONE BIT OF OFFENSE AGAINST ODIN GUNN!

[Whaitirii whips around, spotting Curly Bill coming back to his feet as well...]

SA: Webb's up... but Whitiri whips him in... charges the corner!

[A leaping forearm catches Webb on the jaw as Whitiri steps to the midbuckle, fist raised...]

“ONE!”

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEV-

[The punches are cut off as Whitiri leaps off the ropes, turning to see Odin Gunn charging at him...

...and ducks low, avoiding a clothesline as he rushes to the corner!]

SA: Gunn almost got him but Whitiri gets clear!

[Whaitiri turns around as Gunn charges him again...

...but sidesteps, rocketing Gunn forward!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SHOULDERFIRST INTO THE RINGPOST!

[The crowd is absolutely roaring now as the young Maori turns his attention back towards Curly Bill who is staggering out of the corner. Whaitri throws his arms back, leaping up with a loud "YEEEEEOOOOOOAAAAAHHHH!"]

SA: Webb's in trouble, Colt!

CP: He is... but he's been in trouble before! Curly Bill always finds a way out the other side!

[Whaitiri comes charging across the ring, lowering his shoulder...]

SA: CHARGE OF TŪMATAUENGA!

[...and SLAMS into Webb's torso with a big charging spear!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: HE GOT IT ALL! THIS MIGHT BE IT!

[Whaitiri excitedly climbs to his feet, pointing to the corner.]

CP: He ain't done, Sal!

SA: No, he most certainly is not! Whaitiri's pointing to the corner - he's calling for Ranginui's Prayer!

[The former champion ducks through the ropes, slapping the top turnbuckle...]

SA: He's going up top! Whaitiri looking to finish off Curly Bill and earn himself that rematch for the World Television Title!

[The New Zealand native scales the turnbuckles, heading up to the top rope for a sure-to-be-match-ending big splash off the top. The crowd is on their feet, buzzing for the popular young man as he gets one foot on the top rope, looking out on the AWA faithful...

...which is when disaster strikes!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The crowd is stunned as a well-built masked man standing just above six feet tall just BASHED a cowbell over the skull of Whitiri while Curly Bill had conveniently tripped up the official, earning a reprimand from the referee while dastardly deeds were going down behind his back.]

SA: Who the heck is that?!

CP: I know that masked man!

[The masked man stands, watching as Whitiri falls back inside the ring, crashing down on the canvas. He wears a classic-style wrestling mask that is half blue and half red with one white star around the left eye in the style of the Texas state flag. He's also wearing a brown suede leather cowboy jacket with fringe as he slings the bullrope and cowbell back over his shoulder, dropping down to the floor.]

CP: That's the mask of the Texas Ranger!

SA: The who?!

CP: For an expert on this business, you sure don't know your Texas wrestling history, jack!

SA: Save the history lesson for later! Whoever this... this Texas Ranger is... he just laid out Whitiri with that cowbell!

[And with the former champion down, a dazed Curly Bill Webb crawls across the canvas, throwing an arm across the chest...]

SA: Not like this! Whitiri's rematch is on the line and...

[The referee slaps the mat three times as the crowd groans with disappointment and then boos wildly at the outcome!]

SA: Curly Bill gets the pin!

[The bell sounds as a grinning Curly Bill sits up on the mat, allowing the referee to raise his hand as he throws the other one in the air with a wild whoop of "I DID IT! IT DID IT!"

CP: The Last of the Cowboys rides again!

[Odin Gunn, recovering from the crash into the pole, helps Curly Bill back to his feet, joining him in having his arm raised by the referee.]

SA: Whitiri had this match won when that masked man intervened and... now Whitiri will NOT get his rematch!

[With Whitiri down on the mat, Curly Bill gives a swoop of his arm to the so-called Texas Ranger, causing the masked man to roll in to join Webb and Gunn.]

SA: And of course, this guy is with Curly Bill and Odin Gunn! Of course he is!

[Webb grins even bigger as he slaps the Texas Ranger on the back, the boos getting louder as the Ranger holds up the bullrope and cowbell...

...and then points to the downed Whaitiri.]

SA: I don't like the looks of this at all, Colt.

[Webb nods, pointing even more aggressively at Whaitiri as the Texas Ranger pulls the rope down, looping the bullrope around Whaitiri's throat...]

SA: We need some help out here! We need security!

[...and starts dragging the former TV Champion around the ring, choking the life out of Whaitiri as he does!]

SA: He's choking him, Colt! He's strangling him with that damn bullrope!

CP: I can see that, Albano! Whaitiri may have messed with the wrong guys!

SA: They came after him! He didn't provoke this conflict!

[At Webb's shouted instruction, the Ranger pulls Whaitiri up to his feet...

...and then rushes towards the ropes, tossing Whaitiri over the top as he hangs on to the bullrope!]

SA: THEY'RE HANGING HIM! THEY'RE HANGING WHAITIRI RIGHT HERE ON FIGHT NIGHT!

[Whaitiri's legs are kicking, stretching out to reach the floor as the Texas Ranger tries to hold him aloft to keep the pressure on. The former champion is coughing, trying to get his fingers between his throat and the rope as the fans buzz with shocked concern...]

SA: I say again - we need help out here and we need it fast! We need-

[The crowd ROARS at the sight of a handful of fan favorites charging down the ramp to the rescue.]

SA: Here we go - "Golden" Grant Carter... Next Gen... here comes Omega as well... help pouring out here now for Whaitiri!

[Seeing the numbers shift to their disadvantage, Webb summons his troops to his side as the Ranger allows Whaitiri to fall to the floor and the trio exits the ring before they have to face the incoming threat.]

SA: And there they go - running off like thieves in the damn night, Colt!

[Webb extends his arms, keeping his men back as Next Gen shout threats at them from inside the ring, waving them back in...]

SA: Oh, you don't want them to fight now? Is that how it goes? Unbelievable! Fans, we're going to get some medical help out here for Whaitiri as well and... well, we'll be back... let's go to some pre-recorded comments from Victoria June!

[We fade from the chaotic scene at ringside to a shot that appears to be in a generic studio somewhere. An AWA backdrop hangs behind Victoria June who looks very unlike we're used to seeing her, wearing a big straw hat, headscarf, and heavy black tinted glasses presumably designed to keep all the light out of her eyes and

away from her. She jabs a finger towards the camera lens, her heavy Rocker leather jacket creaking at the sudden movement.]

VJ: Charisma Knight, what the hell is wrong with you? You trying to end mah career? You trying to put me on the shelf again?

[June points to her face.]

VJ: You want mah eyes?

[June lowers her hand, her face twisted up in disgust.]

VJ: The Serpentes spit their venom in mah eye and it cost me six months of mah career.

SIX MONTHS!

[June trembles with anger before she speaks again - softly this time.]

VJ: Ah couldn't see. Ah was functionally blind. That stuff ain't no joke if you don't take care of it quickly. Ah'd never been so scared in mah life. Ah never knew what it felt like not to be able to see.

Ah had to have help from mah local Institute for the Blind to figure out how to live an every day life.

[June shakes her head, her expression souring as she remembers.]

VJ: Count money. Make food. Navigate mah home. Ah had to learn how to live differently. But ah did. And luckily ah recovered. And ah was never happier in mah life.

And you, Charisma Knight, you were here when that happened to me. You know how much damage it caused me and you know what it cost me in terms of mah ringtime and mah career.

[Her face grows colder... more focused.]

VJ: And that's why you did it, ain't it? You thought it would be a good joke to blind me again? Send me right back into that terror, you sick twisted sack of crap. You wanted to get to me why? Because ah didn't want to join you and your little freak, Dr. Leah White?

[June draws a deep breath and tries to let it out slowly. Her shoulders twitch up by her ears and despite her efforts to keep herself under control her breathing comes harsher and faster.]

VJ: Ah don't know what happened inside to you, Charisma. Ah don't know why you turned your attention on me, but ah keep warning you that ah ain't the one. We ain't alike - you and ah. We ain't meant to be together. Ah ain't gonna bow a knee to you.

And Dr. White ain't gonna take mah eyesight away.

[She shakes her head.]

VJ: Ah was lucky. The doctors know how dangerous that mist is... and they got to me quick. They rinsed mah eyes and... here ah am. Ah ain't gonna miss much time. And ah wasn't as afraid the second time around.

And ah'm gonna be right as rain by Fright Night.

[June nods her head.]

VJ: So ah got time and ah got opportunity. And Dr. White, you gotta pay.

So ah'm calling you out for Fright Night.

And Charisma, ah want you to watch closely. Ah want you to see what ah do to your little pet monster to prove to you that ah ain't made of the same stuff as you or your little nightmare.

[June jerks a thumb at herself.]

VJ: Ah'm tougher. Ah'm stronger. Ah'm better. Ah'm meaner. Ah'm nastier.

[June pulls off her sunglasses so the camera can see her red, bloodshot eyes and the swollen tissue around her eye sockets. She glares through the screen.]

VJ : Ah'm the wrong bitch to [BLEEP] with.

[The shot fades out holding on those angry red eyes...

...and we fade back out to the ring where a royal blue carpet has been laid out over the canvas, and a table with a single clipboard sits in the middle, in front of an office chair.

On either side of the table stand Javier Castillo, looking as stern as possible, and Theresa Lynch, trying to mask her giddiness. And the fans in Miami only want one thing...]

"WE WANT RIC-KI!" *clap clap clapclapclap*

"WE WANT RIC-KI!" *clap clap clapclapclap*

"WE WANT RIC-KI!" *clap clap clapclapclap*

SA: A challenge issued from Victoria June to Dr. Leah White for Fright Night just seven days away and as someone who'll be up close and personal in the A-T-L for that big event, I hope that one gets locked down in a hurry. But that's for another night. This night... and this moment... while perhaps the worst kept secret in wrestling... belongs to someone else. And I think it's time for her to have her moment. Let's take it up to my colleague and the host of Power Host, Theresa Lynch.

[Theresa grins as she raises the mic.]

TL: Fans, when I found out about this... I made sure that I was the one who would be here for it. Forget about seniority, Mark and Lou... this one's allllll mine.

[Theresa smiles again as the fans cheer. Javier Castillo is glowering in her direction.]

TL: Oh, come on, boss man. You can't blame me for having a little fun.

[He apparently can.]

TL: Alright, fine... we'll do it your way. AWA faithful around the world, please join me in welcoming back to the American Wrestling Alliance...

[Dramatic pause.]

TL: ERICAAAAA TOUGHIIIIILL!

[Theresa is all grins as the fans roar with the whirring, metallic “whoosh” that precedes Bjork’s “Army of Me.” All focus shifts to the entrance, as...

...The South Philly Phighter steps onto the stage in stretch pants, Converse hi-tops, a sports bra which exposes his flabby, hairy gut, an octopus drawn on his upper arm in magic marker, and a very obvious bald cap. And here come the boos.]

SA: Well, it’s that bootleg Ricki Toughill that Kerry Kendrick and Sandra Hayes hired to mock her in those...I hesitate to use this word... comedic sketches. One guess who sent him out here, fans.

[He raises an arm as he stomps down to the ring, mocking Erica Toughill’s mannerisms to the groans of the audience. In the ring, an irritated Theresa Lynch interrogates an equally baffled Javier Castillo, who protests his innocence.]

SA: We know the real deal was invited here tonight, so I can only conclude this is yet another attempt by the Self Made Man to maintain his initiative.

CP: The Phighter does kind of have her body language down pat; you have to admit that. Looks a little like-

SA: I’m going to stop you right there before I have to find a new co-host.

[The fake Ricki rolls into the ring and waddles to the table, picking up a microphone.]

“WE WANT RIC-KI!” *clap clap clapclapclap*

“WE WANT RIC-KI!” *clap clap clapclapclap*

“WE WANT RIC-KI!” *clap clap clapclapclap*

SPP: [as Ricki Toughill] Boy oh boy, dreams sure do come true don’t they? Fourteen years I been in this business! Fourteen years a loser like me has-

[The faux-Toughill is cut off by the abrupt sound of a car horn honking.]

HONK

HONK HONK

SA: What in the world?

[To one side of the stage, a massive candy-apple red convertible with a gleaming silver grill is pulling in. Behind the wheel, “Golden” Grant Carter is pressing on the horn, bobbing his head to the car’s ample stereo, which sounds like it’s playing “I’m Still Standing” by Elton John.]

CP: Who’s getting lost on the way to the arena, Big Sal?

SA: “Golden” Grant Carter... ol’ GGC himself... is interrupting this interruption, and look who is in the passenger seat!

[GGC’s passenger’s face is largely masked by a “GGCY” ballcap, which also bobs along to “I’m Still Standing,” but the very real octopus tattoo that is draped across the door gives away her identity.]

CP: Wow, a cherry ’57 Cadillac Eldorado. Convertible! That’s how you make an entrance!

SA: This must be how you feel when I bring up anything Marvel or Star Wars-related.

CP: That is a classic American vehicle, Big Sal. I may not be a fan of GGC, but I admire a man with taste.

SA: So, you're looking forward to The Last Jedi too?

[Carter pulls the massive gear shift on the steering wheel and puts the Caddy into park. GGC and his passenger both lip sync along to the chorus's "yeah, yeah, yeah!," before his passenger leans over and they plant a light kiss on each other's lips.]

CP: ...even if that taste is a bit... oddball.

[Carter exaggeratedly tugs at the collar of his purple and gold t-shirt, as though releasing the steam from his torso. His passenger just slyly flashes a chipped-and-crooked-toothed grin back. She hops out of the Cadillac and jogs up to the entrance stage.

Once again, the arena fills with a whirring, metallic "whoosh," a little louder this time. And this time the crowd is cheering for the real deal as Erica Toughill rips off the ballcap, her short hair styled into a boyish combover. She takes a deep breath, obviously overwhelmed then visibly steadies her nerves and she excitedly makes her way down the aisle. In the background, GGC starts backing his Caddy back out of the arena.]

SA: One hundred days of exile for Ricki Toughill has finally come to an end! Her time in pro wrestling purgatory has been commuted, and she looks overjoyed to be back in the AWA, Colt.

[Toughill rolls into the ring, and jogs straight over to Theresa Lynch, almost tackling her with a big affectionate hug that lifts her two inches off the ground. Lynch points to the fans surrounding them who are bathing them with cheers, and gestures to the turnbuckles. Toughill, clearly unaccustomed to adulation, awkwardly climbs the ropes, one foot on the bottom, one foot on the middle and raises her arm for the fans.]

CP: Ya know, Albano, I respected Erica Toughill a great deal, and respect from Colt Patterson is not a thing that you can commonly come by. Last time we watched her on Fight Night, she sat in that ring and ran a pair of clippers over her head to honor a stipulation that no one was gonna enforce! Why? Because she gave her word?

[Giddy at the response she receives, Toughill crosses to the opposite corner and climbs up to salute the fans on the other side of the arena. She hammily pounds her fist into the air, still unaccustomed to being liked.]

SA: Ricki Toughill is a woman of her word, Colt. Like her or not—and there are many people here in this arena that seem to like her—she is a person who demonstrated integrity and grit. She demonstrated that at SuperClash last year when she took that horrendous fall off of the stage, then later that night, got right back up to accompany Kerry Kendrick to ringside.

[Then she charges over to the adjacent buckle, in front of which the South Philly Phighter has retreated. He rips off the bald cap and holds his hands up in surrender and terror. The Phighter pleads, "I'm so sorry! I didn't think you were here tonight," and presses his palms together in abject groveling.

Toughill responds with a patronizing pat on the Phighter's cheek (which causes him to wince) and gestures with her thumb toward the entrance. The Phighter, realizing

his luck, quickly exits the ring. Toughill gives him a scolding swat across his backside as he steps through the ropes and she ascends the third corner to soak in the fan's cheers as "Army of Me" fades. Javier Castillo picks up the clipboard on the table and begins his address to the raucous crowd.]

JC: Miss Toughill, in consultation with—

[Toughill walks right by El Presidente on the way back into the ring, indicating that she hasn't saluted the last remaining quarter of the arena. Theresa Lynch snickers as Ricki Toughill brushes him off with a "I'll be right back!" Castillo frowns as Toughill excitedly climbs the final set of buckles and waves to the fourth section of the arena, who cheer her on wildly.]

CP: That's pushing her luck.

SA: She is milking it a little bit, I will agree on that, but I think she's merited it based on how crummy the last few months have been for her.

CP: [flatly] Oh, poor Ricki.

[Castillo glares at Toughill as she approaches again. Theresa is nearby, a huge smile on her face.]

JC: Now then, we are here on very valuable network time, if you please.

Miss Toughill, in consultation with our partners at Korugun and with our partners at the network... on behalf of the AWA...

...I am pleased to offer you a new contract...

[Massive cheering from the fans.]

JC: ...and to reactivate your standing as an AWA Women's Division roster member. Both...

...effective immediately!

[Castillo beams as fake of a smile as he can manage and places the contract on the table in front of the chair. He pulls the chair away from the table, offering it to Erica Toughill with a grin that says, "please can we get this over with so I can get back to other matters." Toughill takes the microphone from Theresa with a grateful nod; suddenly her expression turns sour.]

ET: Before I sign this, Mr. Castillo... sir... We have a little bit of business we have to discuss, you and I.

[Theresa Lynch looks worried, realizing how volatile the situation could suddenly become. Toughill struts up to Castillo, blowing a pink bubble ominously.]

ET: A few months ago, you had me intimidated. I wanted to ask for something very important, but you had me scared of you. But ever since I hit bottom this summer, I've come to a realization: I can NOT be intimidated. If I want something. I want to reach out and take it.

[Castillo tries to put the chair between himself and Toughill, but she keeps advancing.]

ET: There's no John Law out here, Mr. Castillo. I'm too much of a pain in the butt for him to deal with. And MAWAGA's not going to come out here...

[Toughill hikes up the waistband of her stretchy pants, leaving the viewer to only imagine why MAWAGA would not involve himself with her.]

ET: So I'm just going to ask you...

[She looks up into his eyes with deadly gravitas.]

ET: ...where's my hug?

[A loud chuckle ripples through the fans. Lynch's hand flies to her mouth to stifle a giggle.]

ET: Theresa gave me one a couple minutes ago. You don't want to sweeten me up by giving me some sugar too?

[Toughill stands back with a smirk, arms akimbo, awaiting an embrace. The fans begin chanting again.]

"GIVE HER SU-GAR!" *clap clap clapclapclap*

"GIVE HER SU-GAR!" *clap clap clapclapclap*

"GIVE HER SU-GAR!" *clap clap clapclapclap*

ET: Come on! Bring it in here, big cat! Aren't I worth it?

"RIC-KI'S GONNA HUUUG YOUUUUU!"

"RIC-KI'S GONNA HUUUG YOUUUUU!"

"RIC-KI'S GONNA HUUUG YOUUUUU!"

[Castillo looks mortified, but he is a closer at heart. Tentatively, he opens his arms wider, bracing himself to show platonic affection. Apparently he isn't approaching fast enough for Toughill, who leaps at him and wraps her thick arms around his torso.

The fans explode in cheers as Theresa Lynch applauds and Javier Castillo's eyes bulge out of their sockets as Toughill bounces up and down excitedly. Toughill releases Castillo, who pants and stumbles away.]

ET: Was that so bad, Mr. Castillo?

[Castillo's expression says that it probably was worse than that, but Toughill continues.]

ET: I have to thank you, President Castillo, for giving me a second chance in the AWA. Not everyone who deserves a second chance gets one in this life and I promise... I swear to you, that I will not squander this. In fact, I have a few people I have to thank...

[Castillo, leaning by the ropes, pulls an "oh no..." expression.]

ET: I have to thank GGC for picking me up when I was at my lowest point and sticking by me. And I also have to thank him for the wicked yoga lessons. Check this out!

[She lifts the side of the shirt and points to her midsection.]

ET: I've lost 15 pounds! And I have to thank... Eddie Van Gibson!

[The EMWC-nostalgic section of the crowd erupts into cheers.]

ET: Back last summer, I walked into Eternally Extreme 2 as this meek, broken outsider, but EVG, he remembered me from way back at the Battle of Boston when he called me... What was it?

[She turns to the crowd and prompts them to answer.]

ET: He called me what?

"I-YURN BEA-VER!" *clap clap clapclapclap*

"I-YURN BEA-VER!" *clap clap clapclapclap*

"I-YURN BEA-VER!" *clap clap clapclapclap*

ET: Riiiiight, that was it. And he picked me up too, and I have to thank him for it, because without EVG, I wouldn't be...

...The Bloody... Idol... of...

...DOZENNNNS!

And Lauryn Rage, who has had my back from the other side of Lake Ontario for my whole career and never... ever... gave up on me. Good luck tonight, Lauryn!

[Some cheers go up for the former champion!]

ET: And good luck to her opponent too... the Spitfire! Yeah, Julie Somers! She rescued me from a broken back, when she could've left me to just suffer after all I did to her; she could have issued a receipt and didn't. Honestly I don't know who I'm rooting for tonight; both of them will make an excellent World Champion.

[Toughill looks over her shoulder to pre-empt any mention of the current AWA Women's Champion from President Castillo.]

ET: Don't even mention that waste of skin, Señor Presidente.

But, most of all...

[Toughill bites her lip in genuine emotion as she turns her head to Theresa Lynch. Lynch smiles and blushes slightly.]

ET: ...there is one person who really picked me up the past few months. Someone who made sure that I got every cent I was owed while I sat out my non-compete clause... Who made sure to sneak me in to "AWA 2K17" and made sure my stats were 76 Overall... Who made sure that no one would ever forget about me... And made this re-...

[Toughill begins choking on the words.]

ET: ...made this redemption possible for me. I want to very publicly and very deeply thank-

[The arena fills with the sound of brutalized electronic devices, and flashing blue lights. "The Business of Emotion" by Big Data interrupts the contract signing.]

SA: Here comes trouble...

CP: You can't build the best Fight Night ever without The Foundation, jack!

SA: Oh brother, how much did he pay you to say that?

[On stage, Kerry Kendrick appears in the flickering, multi-hued pool of light. Behind his sunglasses, he is very obviously glaring at his former employee in the ring. And he is flanked by his omnipresent "business associate" and perpetual thorn-in-the-side of Theresa Lynch, Miss Sandra Hayes. Hayes twirls her high ponytail with one hand, while shouldering her sparkly pink baseball bat in the other.]

CP: We had to know the Self Made Man would have something to say about this.

SA: Yeah, but I was just hoping we'd get through this without hearing him say it.

[Kendrick takes a long swig from a plastic water bottle before marching down to the ring. Lynch and Toughill pull in closer together as a smirking Sandra Hayes approaches as well.]

SA: How could this go any other way, Colt? The last time you and I sat together on FOX's "Fight Night," Erica Toughill and Kerry Kendrick had one of the most acrimonious falling outs since Brangelina. And if there's one thing the self-proclaimed "Heart and Soul of the AWA" cannot abide, it is letting someone else have the last word.

[The Foundation tosses the water bottle aside and picks up another clipboard from ringside. He climbs through the ropes, holding them open for Hayes to follow. Kendrick acquires Javier Castillo's microphone.]

KK: Cut the damn music!

[The damn music is cut.]

KK: First of all—

[There is a very loud crowd chant directed at Kendrick that FOX's censors seem to have trouble keeping up with. Hayes clicks her tongue and rolls her eyes at the vulgarity of the fans. Kendrick glares out at the thousands who are not chanting for Giant Aso.]

KK: ...First of all, no wonder these people seem to like you, Ricki; you're all class in South Beach. No wonder LeBron took his talents back to Cleveland to get his next ring.

[Oh yeah, that got `em. The boos are deafening now.]

KK: When moving to a city with a river that can be set ablaze is considered a move upward... that's a very bad thing.

And you, Rick...

[Toughill raises her hands to shoulder-level, palms down, and twiddles her fingers sarcastically as if to say, "ooh, I'm sooo scared."]

KK: Look at you, you're a freaking muppet version of yourself. Cracking lame jokes, gushy syrupy hugs, lip-syncing to Elton John. When did you become the AWA's answer to Ellen's talk show, huh?

This is what you're coming back to do? Hang out with a try-hard like GGC? Let Eddie Van Gibson latch onto you so he can avoid sinking into irrelevance for a few more weeks?

I thought you and I were cut from the same cloth: just two angry and two very thirsty wrestlers who were kicking against a system that wanted to see us fail. And who are you throwing your lot in with?

[Kendrick extends his index finger at Theresa Lynch.]

KK: One of the biggest beneficiaries of nepotism in the history of the AWA, and believe me when I say that bar has been set pretty damned high already!

[The crowd continues to let Kendrick have it but he doesn't care, continuing to rant as Sandra Hayes grins by his side, pointing at Theresa who looks upset at having this moment interrupted.]

KK: And I thought you were sick of getting beaten by Julie Somers. I guess you're admitting defeat on that file, am I right?

The sad fact of life is... the Erica Toughill I knew—the one who terrorized that locker room last year—she would have been disgusted by the woman in this ring. Maybe when Lauryn Rage inevitably flames out in her attempt to get the Women's belt back, you can be her tag team partner; she's gonna need someone to do her grunt work and carry her bags for her.

[Toughill grimaces, looking away after that jab. Hayes cackles madly as Theresa glares at her.]

KK: That's why you're always so salty about Kurayami walking around with the Women's Championship, isn't it? Because you wished it was you who stabbed Lauryn Rage in the back, and you wish it was you who blazed a path of destruction over the past six months with the belt you claimed to desire so much.

[Toughill purses her lips and avoids eye contact with everyone. There are many kernels of truth to her former employer's words. Lynch is heard to say, "don't let him get to you, Ricki."]

KK: And I'm going to be honest, I miss that Ricki. I miss my friend. You and I, we were real; we were little brother and big sister, you and I. We can be professional about this.

President Castillo has an offer for you. You've got that...

[He gestures to the contract on the table.]

KK: But my gorgeous... brilliant... deserving of all that she has...

[The crowd is roaring its disdain now for a beaming Sandra Hayes. Kendrick grasps her wrist, planting a kiss on her hand as she giggles.]

SA: Oh, I'm gonna be sick.

CP: Young love is a beautiful thing, right?

[Kendrick smirks.]

KK: Where was I? Oh... yes... Sandra has a bonus in mind.

[Lynch looks on, flabbergasted, as Kendrick places his clipboard onto the table beside the clipboard holding Toughill's contact.]

CP: A "bonus?" How much of a bonus?

SA: I have no idea, Colt.

[Hayes takes the mic from Kendrick, grinning like the cat that ate a whole cage full of canaries.]

MSH: Ricki, I know that we got off on the wrong foot that last time on Fight Night...

[Lynch protests off-mic about Sandra Hayes beating Toughill with her bat.]

MSH: ...but I also know that we can be professional. And while I'm also serving in the capacity of keeping my Self Made Man's beautiful, vascular body safe...

[Hayes twirls the bat as Lynch pulls a face that can be best described as "lol what."]

MSH: ...I felt the heat myself on more than one occasion this summer.

What I need, Erica...

[Hayes baits the hook.]

MSH: ...is my own bodyguard.

[The crowd reacts predictably with disgust and annoyance at Hayes' obvious attempt to get Ricki back under the Power Couple's thumbs.]

MSH: What do you say, Erica? You want a chance to start again? You want everyone to fear you again? You've got it!

The Queen of Clubs and the King of Spades can cut a path straight to the top— together!

[The boos continue to pour down as Hayes awaits her answer.]

SA: Hayes and Kendrick want to work WITH Ricki Toughill?

CP: Kendrick is a businessman and he always makes sure business is just that. We still don't know who will be challenging for the World Title at SuperClash. Maybe Kendrick is covering his bases. Toughill cost him the title at the Battle of Saskatchewan - she could be the one to help him get it this time around.

SA: As Gordon would say, "give me a break, Colt!" This is sheer manipulation! This is Kendrick and Hayes trying to ruin Ricki's big moment and mess with her head!

CP: Don't look now, Albano... but from the look on her face, I think it's working!

[There's a buzz in the crowd as Toughill picks up Hayes' contract to look over. Castillo stands back and observes, hands clasped in front of him, enjoying the intrigue. Theresa Lynch is aghast.]

"No, Ricki! You can't seriously—"

[Toughill almost apologetically holds out her hand to placate Lynch. There is a long silence while Toughill scans the pages of the contract Hayes offered her.]

MSH: Think about it, Ricki! You join up with both Kerry and me, you'd never have to worry about where the money is coming from again. In fact, if you want to negotiate more, you could sign it later.

All you need to do to seal the deal...

[Hayes slowly points her sparkly bat...

....in the direction of Theresa Lynch with a malicious smirk.]

MSH: ...is take the trash out of the ring.

[Toughill turns her head to face Lynch, a sudden coldness about her. Lynch's breath catches in her throat as her expression blanches. She instinctively shakes her head with a "Ricki, no... no, you can't..."]

SA: Hayes is trying to get Ricki to go after Theresa?! And is... is Toughill actually CONSIDERING it?! After everything Kerry Kendrick has done to her?!

CP: She also has to consider what Kendrick's done FOR her in the past, Albano.

[Toughill gives a reluctant nod, tossing the clipboard onto the table. Lynch backpedals a step but Toughill reaches out, placing a firm hand on her shoulder to halt her retreat. Lynch flinches mightily, dread filling her as Hayes looks on gleefully and the crowd buzzes with concern.]

SA: This could be... this could be terrifying. Erica Toughill has performed some sadistic acts in her time... and Sandra Hayes is calling for her to assault our broadcast colleague! We... do we have security standing by? We may need some help out here FAST!

[Toughill takes the mic from Theresa's trembling hands.]

ET: I'm going to give you an answer in a second, Miss Hayes, but there is something that I need to address here.

[Toughill speaks as she stares at Theresa.]

RT: What makes me so special, huh? What makes me so above it all? I'm not the only one out here who took a job because I needed to pay my bills. That could be said for anyone.

I'm not the only one who has done things that have... went against my conscience because I could rationalize it to myself later. If I don't do it to them, they'll do it to me, right?

[Theresa shakes her head again, pleading silently with her friend as Toughill's voice is cold and deep.]

RT: I'm not the only person who forgot what her goals and dreams really were. And that all there is to look forward to in life is to shut up, to work hard, and to just be thankful for what you have.

I have had four months since I was fired to consider these questions.

And the answer is that I am not special.

[Theresa quietly mumbles something off-mic to Toughill - something that sounds very much "you are, Ricki... you are." Toughill shakes her head.]

RT: Not in the slightest. I'm no different than any of these people.

[Lynch senses that Toughill's mind has been successfully poisoned by Hayes and Kendrick's words. She pleads a mournful, "no... no..." to Toughill.]

ET: So why shouldn't I take the money?

[She pauses, staring at Theresa as Sandra nods emphatically behind her, almost a twisted sense of lust on her face for what's about to happen.]

ET: Because I remember something that you told me when you met up with me after I was fired, Theresa, and I hope you don't mind that I share it now.

[Theresa's expression changes slightly, shaking her head.]

ET: I told you that Blackjack and Henrietta were very lucky to see the young woman you've become.

[The crowd cheers for that as Theresa looks on in confusion.]

ET: My mother and father never really approved of my career path—they've been gone over ten years now, and they never saw me win a match. Dad never even saw me when I was at least competitive. And every time I stepped through those ropes, I felt like a disappointment to them and to their memory, so what did it matter how I conducted myself? And what did you tell me, Theresa?

[Toughill holds the microphone out for Theresa in a change of pace. Theresa's voice quivers slightly, her Texas drawl momentarily shining through.]

TL: I—I told you that Mister and Missus Toughill aren't gonna be proud of seeing their beautiful princess on her knees, saying, "yes, Mr. Kendrick, sir."

[Toughill inhales sharply, and after a long moment, Lynch grabs her arm as though to comfort her.]

TL: Thank you, Erica.

[Toughill slides her hand off Lynch's shoulder and holds her hand.]

ET: No, thank you, Theresa.

[She turns slightly, looking at Hayes and Kendrick now.]

ET: Because I am not special.

I am just like everyone who has ever felt undervalued.

Or taken for granted.

Or felt like an outsider in a world that didn't want them.

[Toughill gives Theresa's hand a squeeze.]

ET: You're the one who amplified their voices, Theresa. You're the one who kept me in their minds when I was sure that they were going to forget about me, Theresa. You made sure that I heard them say, "we want Ricki." You put their hands in mine...

[She looks out on the crowd now.]

ET: ...and I promise you, I will not let any of you down again. I'm tired of letting people down. I'm tired of letting myself down. And I don't want anyone to ever have to ever say... "poor Ricki."

I admit I'm not marketing worthy. Yoga or not, I still got a muffin-top! I got cankles! I don't have clear skin or perfect teeth. I got weird tattoos. But this—

[She pulls up her sleeve and points to the octopus tattoo that occupies her upper arm.]

ET: This is covering up a scar from a C4 explosion! A match that I still won. That “celtic Tree of Life” below my shoulder blades? That’s where my back got broken by Kurayami. And I won that match too.

[Big cheer!]

ET: And I got lots of skin that still doesn’t have any ink on it, so ya know what?

[Toughill grins.]

ET: Let’s hit it!

[Toughill rushes to the contracts on the table, Castillo ducking out the way defensively. She shoves the office chair away recklessly, and clicks the pen hooked to the clipboard.]

ET: And as I sign this paper, Mister Castillo, don’t you dare take any credit for this, because it’s THEM–

[She points her finger out to the fans.]

ET: –who gave me the second chance. It’s THEM that I answer to now.

[She scribbles on her AWA contract eagerly, then Erica turns to Kendrick and Hayes.]

ET: And as for YOUR second chance...

[Toughill rips the sheets off Hayes’ clipboard, wads them up and tosses them over her shoulder, all without breaking eye contact.]

ET: ...If you don’t think that I am the same sadistic and violent Erica Marie Toughill that you claimed you knew—Mister Kendrick, sir—I invite you to come over here to find out for yourself!

[The fans are roaring. Theresa is practically giddy with excitement. Castillo senses that things are going south, but he dares not interject without backup.]

SA: There it is! Erica Toughill is back in the AWA, and she has made it clear that she is NOT playing bouncer for Sandra Hayes and the Self Made Man!

[Kendrick simmers while Hayes frowns disgustedly, impatiently tapping the bat into her palm. Kendrick slowly circles the table.]

CP: Oh, we’re gonna see a repeat of the last time these came together on Fight Night, Albano. Kerry Kendrick has never accepted “no” as an answer in his life.

[Kendrick now stands face-to-face with Toughill, glowering down on her, while she snarls back up at him defiantly.]

KK: Ricki... I’m going to tell you what I think you’ve just done. I–

“PFHHTT!”

“OHFFFH!”

[A glob of pink bubblegum and an ample helping of saliva blasts from Toughill’s lips into the Self Made Man’s face.]

ET: NO ONE GIVES A RAT'S ASS WHAT YOU THINK, KERRY!

[The crowd erupts as Kendrick's face ignites in rage as he and Erica Toughill tussle wildly, like squabbling siblings.]

SA: SWEET SAN LORENZO, IT HAS BROKEN LOOSE IN SOUTH BEACH!

[Kendrick and Toughill are all over each other, tumbling over the contract signing table to the floor, where they roll around the royal blue carpet, trying to land a decisive blow.]

SA: We've got a fight on our hands and-

[The significantly larger Kendrick is able to neutralize the squirming Ricki Toughill with a front facelock, the crowd buzzing with concern as he drags her up to their feet...]

SA: Wait, wait! No, no, no! Don't do this!

"NO! NO, STOP THIS!"

[Shockingly, it's Javier Castillo's plea that interjects - perhaps concerned of the optics of what's apparently about to happen. But Kerry Kendrick is determined, ignoring the AWA President as he drags Toughill toward the ropes and tries to hoist her into the air, but she resists and kicks with all her might.]

"KENDRICK, THAT'S AN ORDER! YOU LET HER G-"

[In his rage, Kendrick shoves Javier Castillo off-balance, knocking him down onto the seat of his pants as the crowd "OHHHHHHHs" in disbelief at The Self Made Man putting his hands on El Presidente. Even Sandra Hayes seems concerned with that move, shouting "KERRY!" as Kendrick tries to get back into position for some kind of a DDT...]

SA: HE SHOVED CASTILLO DOWN!

CP: He may live to regret that one, Albano.

SA: I-

[A desperate Theresa Lynch flings herself at the chaotic scene, trying to pull Kendrick's grip off her friend...]

SA: Theresa's getting involved now! Toughill's in trouble and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts as Sandra Hayes drops her sparkly bat, grabbing two hands full of Lynch's hair and YANKS her down hard onto the canvas!]

SA: SHE PULLED THERESA DOWN! DAMN HER!

[Hayes stands over Lynch who is holding the back of her head, writhing on the canvas.]

SA: Theresa may be hurt - another blow to the head - too many in recent weeks for her and-

CP: Batter up!

[The crowd jeers loudly, buzzing with concern as Hayes picks up her bat, leveling it and pointing it straight down on the stunned announcer...]

SA: This is too far, damn it! This has gone too far! Theresa's an announcer! She's got no business-

CP: That's right! Another Lynch who stuck her nose in someone else's business and then wants people to bow and scrape and feel sorry for her when someone decides to give her nose a rap!

SA: This is more than a rap, Colt! She's gonna hit her with that baseball bat!

CP: When Bailey does it, you've got no problem with it!

[Just when the crowd is reaching a fever pitch at the chaos ensuing in the ring, the fans achieve a crescendo when a sixth individual storms his way down the aisle.]

SA: TERRY SHANE IS HERE! HE IS HERE LIVE ON FIGHT NIGHT! And he looks like he wants to take a pound of flesh out of Kerry Kendrick!

CP: Is he even cleared to be here?! He's got that concussion issue and-

SA: He doesn't care! He sees what's happening out here with Hayes and Kendrick and... LET'S DO THIS FIGHT ON FIGHT NIGHT!

[Kendrick sees the third-generation Shane marching up the aisle and abandons his brawl with his former bodyguard, diving to the floor to meet him in the aisle.]

SA: Kerry Kendrick and Sandra Hayes have made this the Summer from Hell for former TV Champ, and - here they go!

[Kendrick takes a swing, but the nominal ring general proves he can fight just as effectively by blocking Kendrick's fist and responding with a trio of his own that sends the Self Made Man reeling!]

SA: Fans, it is bedlam out here, and the last time this much havoc was wrought in Miami was when Hurricane Andrew roared through!

[Sandra Hayes shrieks in the direction of the aisle with concern...

...then realizes that she has turned her back on the people in the ring.

With the fight ongoing in the aisle, she slowly turns around to see that Javier Castillo has bailed out of the ring...

...and Theresa Lynch is back on her feet, staring daggers at her as she grabs at the back of her head.]

SA: Sandra Hayes' had better hope she can put up prime Barry Bonds numbers with that bat, because our broadcast colleague looks like she may be about to throw her knuckleball!

[Hayes weakly menaces Theresa Lynch with her sparkly bat, muttering something to try and warn her off...

...but it is quickly yanked away from behind her by Ricki Toughill, her face reddened, a rivulet of blood dripping from the corner of mouth.]

SA: Miss Hayes should've ran when she had the chance!

CP: Oh, where's your outrage now, you hypocrite?! Sandra Hayes is a manager! She's not a trained wrestler! You were totally irate when a manager was going to beat up an announcer! If Erica Toughill puts her hands on her, it'll be like a mountain lion stepping on a rabbit; how is that fair?

[Hayes winces in terror at Toughill advances on her with the bat in hand. She raises her arms, begging off as she backpedals away from the threatening figure...]

CP: She's still got a chance! Run, Sandy!

[Hayes spins around, looking to dash...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and runs straight into Theresa Lynch's swinging palm across her delicate cheekbones!]

SA: Oh, they could hear that slap in Ft. Lauderdale!

[Hayes goes down from the slap, falling to her back as Theresa steps closer like she's going to go for more...

...but a grinning Ricki Toughill loops an arm around her friend's waist, keeping her in place as Hayes rolls to the outside, wailing for Kerry Kendrick and now-gone Javier Castillo.]

SA: Hayes is out of here! She wants no more of this tonight and- look at Kendrick now, trying to make a run for it!

[We cut to another part of ringside where Kendrick is up to his neck in trouble himself, with Terry Shane unloading his retribution onto his tormentor. Kendrick tried to roll into the ring to escape, but the quicker Shane trips him up.]

SA: Kendrick is walking straight into purgatory here without even knowing it.

[Shane slides into the ring and quickly rolls Kendrick onto his back. The Foundation extends both hands, pleadingly as Shane grabs one of his ankles. He looks out at the crowd who are absolutely ROARING with anticipation!]

SA: I think we're about to see one of the masters of the spinning toe hold invoice Kendrick for the pain he has put on Kendrick's family.

[Then Shane looks across the ring to Ricki Toughill and Sandra Hayes. He beckons Toughill over.]

SA: Wait, what's this?

CP: I think he wants Ricki to do the honors!

[Toughill cackles and takes Kendrick's foot from Terry Shane. Shane dives down and locks in a basic (but very snug) side headlock, as Erica Toughill steps over Kendrick's leg.]

SA: Incredible! Terry Shane pinning Kerry Kendrick to the mat so that Ricki can apply a Spinning... Toe-Hill?

CP: Oh, brother.

[Hayes shrieks demands for Toughill and Shane to release Kendrick; but she dares not enter the ring, where Theresa Lynch glares down at her from, adopting the classic "bring it on" pose.]

SA: Toughill's got it locked on!

CP: She might break his damn leg, Sal!

SA: If she did, I think you'd find few to argue that he didn't have it coming, Colt!

[With his arm muffling Kendrick's howls of pain, Terry Shane begins coaching Toughill on her Spinning Toe Hold technique.]

"Keep his shin off your knee at 90 degree angle! Sink in deeper if you can!"

[Shane looks at the squirming mass of stringy, dirty blonde hair and gives it a patronizing pat.]

"I think our boy's had enough."

[Shane and Toughill release their respective holds and Kendrick slithers his way out of the ring to the floor, next to the wailing Hayes.]

SA: I think Kerry Kendrick is finally paying back karma at a vastly inflated interest rate.

[Kendrick and Hayes backpedal up the aisle, Kendrick limping, Hayes still sobbing with her hand to her cheek. The Self Made Man snarls, flustered at being humiliated.]

CP: The Foundation isn't going to forget this, Albano! This is not the end of this by a long shot!

[Terry Shane, Erica Toughill, and Theresa Lynch all look back and forth between each other. Lynch cracks a smile and laughs to herself. Toughill and Shane laugh right back. Toughill extends her palms up, then Lynch, then Shane...

...Three-way High Five!]

SA: What a night this is in South Beach, fans! Don't go away 'cause we'll be right back!

[The three have their arms raised mid-ring as we fade to black.

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

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

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

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

[We fade to black...

...and we fade up on the backstage area with a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo. We find ourselves in front of the door marked "EL PRESIDENTE" where the monstrous masked man known as Polemos is standing. John Law, head of Korugun Army security, is standing to block his path.]

JL: What's up, big man?

[Polemos doesn't respond, just glaring at the door.]

JL: You got business with the boss?

[Still no response, Polemos' fists clenching. Law notably takes in the clenched fists, nodding his head.]

JL: Uh huh. Lemme guess. You're hot about what went down with Veronica?

[Polemos' gaze whips over to Law, burning into him.]

JL: Yeah, I thought so. Look...

[Law looks around, checking to see if anyone is listening.]

JL: I'm not exactly happy about it either. Rhoni's been good to me.. to you... to all of the Army guys, you know? She's a lot easier to deal with than...

[Law's gaze drifts over to the camera and he quickly goes quiet.]

JL: Anyways. I can't let you go in there.

[Polemos steps closer.]

JL: "Let" was a bad choice of words. Look, you know what happens if you go in there like this, right? You know he's going to sic me on you... MAWAGA... Muteesa... the Dogs maybe... it doesn't end well for you.

[Polemos pauses, looking at the door again.]

JL: I get it, big man. And you gotta do what you gotta do. But just think about what comes next... okay?

[Polemos stares at the door... then Law... and then gives the slightest of nods to the guard, turning to walk away...

...where he nearly knocks over Omega who is running down the hall.]

O: Wha-ho! Wwwwwhat's up, Polemos! Hey, I was just getting my hundred-thousand steps in and...

[Even Polemos glances at Omega with incredulity.]

O: Uh, Neptunians have a REALLY high metabolism. Did I catch you at a bad time? Again?

[Polemos looks back-and-forth as though thinking, "not this again."]

O: Ya know I'm here to protect the Earth, but I like to look out for my fellow Demi-Deity. Everything okay back at your secret lair? Everything is okay at home between you and...

[Omega whispers to Polemos in a failed attempt to not embarrass him.]

O: ...you Mrs. Polemos?

[Polemos glares down at Omega.]

O: Or Mr. Polemos?

[Polemos glares harder.]

O: Or is it still work? Man, call the EAP. Call HR! It's Westerly, right?

[Polemos looks away, breaking eye contact.]

O: Yeah, Westerly. You know what, Ricki Toughill nailed it out there: a job is a job, right? If it's worth it to you, I won't bug you about what you do any more. God of War's gotta do what the God of War's gotta do. I'll respect your blood oath.

[Polemos nods solemnly.]

O: Even if I'm tempted to call Veronica Westerly a word that rhymes with "bitch."

[Polemos rears back and thrusts his gloved hand across to Omega, sending him sailing out of frame. The God of War sulks off.]

O: [off-camera, pained] Maybe... I'll call... HR... on your behalf... Owwww...

[As Omega groans in pain, we fade to black.

As we fade up from backstage, we see "Blackheart" Casey James in his fighting gear walking from the timekeeper's table with a microphone.]

SA: Welcome back, fans! As you can see, Casey James jumped the gun on us a little bit. We know he's out here to confront his old friend, Tiger Claw, who was ordered to be here tonight... but we also know that James is a bit... impetuous... at times and didn't want to wait for the commercial to end so... here we are.

CP: I speak from experience when I say that when the Blackheart says he wants to go through the curtain right now, you don't get in his way!

SA: And if Casey James seems a little anxious... perhaps even a little paranoid... it helps to remember that there's a million dollar bounty hanging on his head for the man who can take him out of this business once and for all.

CP: A death mark's not an easy thing to live with.

SA: I don't... think... he has to die for someone to get the bounty. Although, John Wesley Hardin was a real piece of work in his glory days so... I'll concede the point.

[Casey has stepped into the ring. He gets right to the point...]

CJ: Alright, listen, I want this done nice and quick. Claw, get your ass out here right-

[The abrasive intro to "Ten Ton Hammer" by Machine Head begins to play, cutting off Casey before he can finish his sentence. The crowd roars, recognizing it as the intro song for the man who wastes no time walking out to the head of the aisle. Tiger Claw is here as announced.]

SA: Nobody - including Casey James - has seen or heard from Tiger Claw since he walked out of Eternally Extreme in South Philadelphia. On that night, there was a plan on place to get rid of Korugun once and for all by Bobby Taylor and Casey James... and James put the torch to that plan when he hit JW Hardin with the so-called Blackheart Punch Heard 'Round The World.

CP: It was just like being back in Portland... minus all the other garbage.

SA: Some wounds never heal apparently... but when the Blackheart made that decision, his teammates took umbrage with him over it. Including - we assume - the man on his way to the ring right now.

CP: But we don't really know that for sure, Albano. Claw just shook his head and walked away. He's been around Casey James for a long damn time - over twenty years - so maybe he's just used to that kind of thing.

SA: Or did he break the anger barrier? Did he just get so angry that he hit a moment of clarity? You know, like Fury Mach 2?

CP: What. In The Hell. Are You Talking About?!

[Sal ignores the question and continues the hype.]

SA: What is Tiger Claw going to say? Is he going to collect on that bounty? He looks like he's ready for a fight!

[Claw is indeed in his fight gear... The Claw Academy logo on his T-shirt displayed proudly. Note that he's not wearing boots. Long time Tiger Claw fans know that's a sign that Claw means business here tonight.]

CP: That's the real question, isn't it? These guys are as close as brothers. Brothers without the bloodline as Tony Donovan put it recently. But does that mean a guy whose glory days in the ring are behind him can simply ignore a chance to cash in a

bounty worth a million bucks? Imagine how much equipment a million bucks would buy for Claw Academy!

SA: Claw hasn't taken his eyes off of James for a moment, walking down that aisle. Casey... I daresay he looks uncomfortable right now.

CP: He's thinking the same thing I'm thinking! Casey knows Claw is one of the few people on the planet capable of collecting on that bounty... and if he goes for it, the Blackheart's in for the fight of his life. A fight he's been in before by the way.

SA: Long time fans remember the epic Dojo Match these two had once upon a time - a match that almost tore the entire Syndicate Dojo off its foundations.

CP: Almost. The American Airlines Center might not be so lucky with a million bucks at stake.

[By this point, Claw has stepped into the ring. Casey backs off a bit, his hands up in defense just in case. Claw stands there, his hand still on the top rope. He stares at Casey.]

SA: There's no hint of anything on that man's face.

CP: He looks furious, but he kind of always does.

[Casey appears to be waiting for Claw to say something, but Claw just continues to stare. James grimaces, raising the mic.]

CJ: Okay, can we skip the drama? Either kick my ass or quit with the Silent Bob sh[BLEEP] and just start talking already.

[Big cheer from the older members of the audience! Claw looks around to the crowd and gives the slightest nod...]

TC: Fine...

First of all, you're an idiot.

[Based on the crowd reaction, most of the people in the building agree with Claw's assessment. Casey stands there, mildly irritated, as if he's hearing something he's heard thousands of times before...]

TC: Right, everyone knows that. People who don't even know you know that you're an idiot... So for me, being one of the people on this planet who probably knows you better than yourself, this isn't news.

[James shakes his head, getting madder.]

CJ: Okay, seriously, do you mind just getting to the ass kicking part? I'm sick of hearing this.

[Claw raises a hand and James visibly jumps. He knows what those hands can do. Claw smirks at his reaction, shaking his head with a quiet "idiot" before speaking again.]

TC: No, it's important. I know you're an idiot. Not a straight up idiot, because I see flashes of brilliance in there somewhere sometimes. You just get so preoccupied with these stupid... Do you remember Malaysia?

CJ [Pauses, thinking]: I honestly cannot say that I do.

TC: Of course you don't... It's like you're in a constant mindset of complete chaos. That's the stuff I think is awesome. You're just this violent force of nature that just reacts. But that same mindset makes you prone to obsessing on the dumbest things, even when it's not good for you or anyone around you...

CJ: Are you talking about the Outlaw th-

TC: YES, THE [BLEEP]DAMN OUTLAW THING!

[Casey takes a step back, instinctively defending himself from an attack he's convinced is coming. Claw pauses for a moment to regain his composure.]

TC: Yes, Casey, the Outlaw thing. For years, I've been hearing you rattle on about Hardin... Sometimes you love him. Sometimes you hate him. Sometimes you just make fun of him, but you've been carrying on about Hardin for the majority of the 25 years we've worked together.

And that Masked Outlaw thing you guys used to pull? You realize that was one of the worst received stunts back then, right? Instead of the mask being something feared, you turned it into a harbinger of backstage bullsh[BLEEP], all to fuel your stupid little obsession with Hardin for... I don't even know the reason any more.

[Claw lets loose something close to a sigh of exasperation.]

TC: I knew... As soon as I saw Hardin walk down that aisle and come to the ring... I knew this was all going to fall apart. I knew that you weren't going to be able to hold yourself together. It was the one play they made that made perfect sense. There was no way you could follow through with any ruse when Hardin was put in front of you.

[Claw pauses in his rant. Casey just sort of stares at him, almost looking a bit hurt.]

TC: But that's the important thing. I knew. I know exactly what you bring to the table. I know exactly how you're going to react to a situation. Because I know exactly who you are... and I can't punish you for being you. If I have a problem with it, then that's on me.

[James nods, approving of this conclusion... but anxiously shrugs...]

CJ: Sooooooooooooo...

[Claw shakes his head.]

TC: So I'm not here to collect the bounty on my friend, no. You're safe for the time being. You're also welcome back at the Academy.

[James looks SO relieved.]

CJ: Thanks, man, I...

[Claw interrupts.]

TC: As my sparring partner.

[Casey's expression drops. Suddenly, this doesn't sound so good.]

TC: And you know how I like my sparring first thing in the morning.

CJ: Dude, was that a joke?

TC: Was it? I'm not laughing. You don't get off the hook that easily. You still did something dumb, I just don't think you deserve to have your career ended over it. Now, that said...

[Claw looks down at his attire, then makes a show of looking at Casey's]

TC: It looks like we're both dressed for a fight. If there's anyone else in the back right now that's interested in that bounty and taking on The Syndicate to collect, now is the time to take your shot.

[The crowd ERUPTS at the idea of that... so does Casey James who claps his hands together and rushes at his friend for a forced embrace. Claw endures it... briefly... and then James quickly backs away with a muttered apology. He turns towards the entranceway, his best friend and greatest partner by his side, staring down the ramp...]

“BRING IT, MOTHER[BLEEPERS!]”

CP: You heard the man - who's got game enough to put down the Syndicate?!

SA: Heh... I'd have to wager not... that... many.

[It's at that point, everything descends into chaos. There's movement all over the arena - at the head of the aisle, amongst the floor seats, up in the bleachers... People moving in the direction of the ring.]

SA: This is like something out of a bad dream! Look at this!

[A surging mass of humanity is coming from all around. Sharp-eyed viewers would see The Summit... would see the American Idols... would see Muteesa and Morgan Dane...

...but surprisingly, it's a sprinting "Slim" Jim Colt charging down the ramp that gets the most attention!

The crowd starts to cheer, and Claw and Casey look around at what's coming. Both men look at each other...]

CJ: Time for work?

[Claw nods before running toward the ropes in front of him, and throwing himself into a flying forearm dive on Colt, completely wiping him out on the floor!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[A grinning Casey James shouts “THAT’S MY PARTNER!” before he gets clubbed across the back of the head by the towering form of Derek Rage.]

SA: OH! Korugun's coming for their own damn bounty!

CP: No, no, no, Sal. This isn't Korugun's bounty - this is John Wesley Hardin's PERSONAL bounty. This is his blood money that he wants someone to cash in on.

[The seven footer is stomping the Blackheart down on the canvas as Tiger Claw battles with the Golden Grappler and Ultra Commando III on the outside - the two members that make up Masks For Money.]

SA: We've got fighting inside the ring... outside the ring... and look at this now!

[The shot cuts to inside the crowd where we see the Summit tangling with The Band IN the crowd!]

SA: We've got bounty hunters fighting with each other! This is sheer chaos!

[Derek Rage drags Casey James up off the mat, wrapping his massive hand around the skull of the Blackheart...

...who promptly kicks D-Rage in the D-Ick.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Rage crumples over, doubling up as the Blackheart looks around madly...]

"HEY BARTENDER, JOBU NEEDS A CHAIR!"

[...and on cue, a steel chair is slid into the ring by another man coming under the ropes.]

SA: That's Morgan Dane!

[James gets a two-step start, leaping up and STOMPING the chair down onto Dane's fingers, causing him to recoil back in pain. The one-time King of the Death Match retrieves the chair off the mat, taking aim...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and BLASTS Derek Rage across the back with it, knocking the seven footer down on the canvas as James holds the chair over his head, giving a roar.

On the outside, we find Tiger Claw absolutely pummeling Ultra Commando III near the ringside barricade as the Golden Grappler staggers away, coughing violently]

CP: Damn, I love the Syndicate.

[On the outside, Claw turns his focus to someone new incoming... by way of leaping off the barricade onto him...]

SA: KAZ KONOE WITH A DIVE ONTO TIGER CLAW ON THE FLOOR!

[Inside the ring, we see Atlas Armstrong slide in, clubbing Casey James with a double axehandle to the back of the neck, knocking James down to his knees. The big man from Big Sur strikes a double bicep pose, earning jeers from the Miami crowd before he pulls James up, looking to muscle the big man up onto his shoulders...]

SA: Armstrong - Atlas Armstrong looking for the torture rack on the Blackheart!

[But as Armstrong goes for that, he stops short as he spots incoming...]

SA: OHHH! ROBERT DONOVAN BOOTS ATLAS ARMSTRONG RIGHT IN THE MOUTH!

[Armstrong recoils backwards, falling back into the ropes as Donovan turns his attention onto his old rival...]

SA: Robert Donovan looking to pick up where he and James left off in Mexico and-

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SHOVEL TO THE BACK OF DONOVAN'S HEAD!

CP: Hunter and Colton! The new National Champion and his Maple Leaf Muscle! How much is a million bucks in that fake Canadian monopoly money?

SA: It's chaos out here, fans! We've got bodies all over the place - fighting with Claw, fighting with James, fighting with each other! All of these people looking to get a million dollars in their bank account here tonight courtesy of JW Hardin, the Outlaw!

[With Donovan down, Hunter and Colton turn their attention to Casey James, Hunter taking him down with a shovel shot to the kneecap!]

SA: James goes down hard!

CP: Be careful, Blackheart - Jackson Hunter is surgical with that shovel! Just ask Riley Hunter if you can figure where he's rehabbing that busted up knee of his!

SA: And if Jackson would do that to his own flash and blood, just imagine what he'd do to Casey James to cash a million dollar check!

[The camera cuts to the outside where we see Kaz Konoe and Atlas Armstrong tangled up, bumping into the ringside barricade just past where Morgan Dane is using a TV camera cable to strangle Callum Mahoney down on the floor.

A body comes flying into view - that of Jimi Jam Jester as Tiger Claw front kicks him in the sternum and sends him crashing into the ringside steps...

...and then rolls under the ropes into the ring to help his friend!]

SA: Claw's back in and-

[Jackson Hunter comes at Claw, swinging an overhead blow down...

...but Claw sidesteps away, ducking low and burying a kneestrike into the midsection, sending the shovel falling to the outside!]

SA: There goes the shovel!

[Claw uses a little instant karma of his own, a leaping knee strike to the jaw that flips the National Champion over the top rope, dumping him out to the floor!]

SA: Ohhh!

CP: Hunter's going to be fuming over that one for years.

[Blake Colton rushes Claw from the blind side, letting loose a bellow...

...and Claw simply twists around, pulling the top rope down and letting Colton's momentum take him over the top to the outside!]

SA: COLTON GOES OUT WITH HIM!

[Claw yanks Casey off the mat, checking his friend's condition as they turn to see who's next...

...and find the stoic face of the World Television Champion staring them dead in the eye.]

SA: ARE YOU KIDDING ME?! ODIN GUNN HAS COME FOR A MILLION DOLLARS!

CP: Well, I think Curly Bill has come for the money - Gunn's come for the pain.

[Odin Gunn stands alone in the ring, staring at both James and Claw who look a little taken aback by someone willing to challenge them both alone. James balls up his fists, stepping towards the big man...]

SA: The Blackheart wants a piece of the TV Champion!

[Gunn nods, waving him forward as James obliges, throwing a big right hand... and a left to the body... and a right hand... and a lunging headbutt to the mouth that sends Gunn back towards the ropes!]

SA: And the former World Champion... the Hall of Famer... the King of the Death Match has Odin Gunn reeling!

CP: Not many people can claim that!

SA: Not at all!

[James pushes Gunn against the ropes, rearing back with his right hand...]

SA: BLACKHEART PUNC-

[...but Gunn lifts his arm, shifting enough to catch the flung haymaker and trapping it under his own arm!]

SA: CAUGHT!

[Gunn catches a wildly-thrown left as well, holding both arms in place as he winds up...]

SA: OHH! HEADBUTT!

[Gunn doesn't slow, throwing a second... and a third...]

CP: Casey's got no way out of this!

[A fourth... a fifth... a sixth catches the nose firmly, causing James to recoil back, falling off his feet with a trickle of blood escaping.]

SA: SWEET SANTA MARIA! ODIN GUNN JUST PUT DOWN CASEY JAMES!

CP: You gotta finish him to get the cash!

[Gunn steps forward, intending to do exactly that...

...and finds himself staring into the eye of Tiger Claw who steps in front of his fallen friend to a HUGE ROAR!]

SA: Oh. My. God.

[The two stand at odds, letting the moment sink in as Tiger Claw and Odin Gunn stare one another down from short range. The Miami crowd is on their feet, flashes popping and videos rolling for the unimagined encounter turned reality.]

SA: This is the kind of showdown you'd see in a What If comic book! What If two of the most dangerous men in the history of our sport collided?! What if-

CP: We get the idea, Albano!

SA: Listen to this crowd! They're ready for it! They want to see it!

[At a shout from Curly Bill at ringside, the World Television Champion surges forward, swinging from way back deep with a haymaker that Claw blocks before snapping off a pair of leg kicks to either leg, a short forearm to the sternum, and a spinning back elbow that sends Gunn stumbling backwards.]

SA: What a combo out of Tiger Claw!

[With Gunn reeling, Claw races to the ropes for momentum, bouncing back...

...and as Claw comes back, Gunn surges forward with a headbutt to the chest...]

SA: OHH!

[He grabs Claw by the back of the neck, looking out at the jeering crowd...

...and LIFTS him into the air, throwing him facefirst down to the canvas!]

SA: Was that a...?!

CP: REVERSE CHOKESLAM! WITH ENOUGH THUNDER TO KILL AN ANTELOPE!

SA: ODIN GUNN HAS USED THAT BEFORE BUT NEVER WITH SUCH IMPACT!

[Gunn stands over Claw, arms crossed as the fans jeer madly the man who has just put down BOTH members of the Syndicate. He nods confidently...

...which means he's not paying any attention at all as Casey James gets back to his feet...]

SA: THE BLACKHEART RISES!

[...and picks up the steel chair he dropped earlier...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and swings for the fences with a blow that smashes across the back of Odin Gunn, sending him stumbling across the ring towards the ropes to huge cheers!]

SA: NEVER TURN YOUR BACK ON THE BLACKHEART!

[James tosses the chair down again, leaning over into a three point stance...

...and goes barreling across the ring, straightening up with his arm outstretched as he lets loose a bloodcurling cry!]

SA: BLACK MASS!

[The lariat connects up on the collarbone of Gunn, the two three hundred plus pounds meeting with enough impact to send Gunn toppling over the top rope, falling out to the outside...]

SA: It took a steel chair to the back and a Black Mass lariat but Odin Gunn gets sent to the the floor! The Syndicate holds the ring agi-

[And as Curly Bill goes to help Odin Gunn back to his feet, Tiger Claw comes charging across the ring...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and HURLS himself between the ropes, diving out onto Odin Gunn and Curly Bill, knocking them down on the outside!]

SA: CLAW TO THE FLOOR AGAIN! HE DIVES ONTO THE TELEVISION CHAMPION WHO ALREADY WENT THROUGH A MATCH TONIGHT AND _STILL_ TOOK DOWN BOTH SYNDICATE MEMBERS BEFORE THEY GOT RID OF HIM!

[Casey grins at his partner’s dive, pumping a fist, shouting “WHO ELSE WANTS SOME OF DEEBO?!” as he pounds his chest...

...and when the crowd ERUPTS in a roar at who just slid into the ring, James whips around the face them...]

SA: Oh. My. God.

CP: Now you’ve REALLY gotta be kidding me!

[The crowd is ROARING as Casey James looks stunned at the latest person to confront him...]

SA: IT’S THE TALLEST DRINK OF TEXAS WATER YOU’VE EVER DAMN SEEN! MARGARITA FLORES HAS COME FOR A MILLION DOLLARS!

[James does a doubletake, pointing to Flores as he looks to the crowd.]

“HER?!”

[Big cheer!]

[And then turns to point at Flores with both hands.]

“YOU?!”

[She nods confidently as James shakes his head.]

“2017 is crazy, man!”

[James shrugs, balling up his fists.]

“YOU WANT SOME?! I GOT PLENTY FOR YA!”

[James tugs his crotch suggestively because... well, he’s from the late 90s and why the hell wouldn’t you do that when confronted with a woman who just might beat your ass if that’s the era when you became famous. Flores groans, shaking her head with disgust...

...and then spits on her hands, rubbing them together as she gets ready to throw down with the Hall of Famer!]

SA: I can’t believe I’m saying this but... this might be the Dream Match I never knew I wanted!

CP: I can’t believe you’re saying that either, Albano.

[Flores nods her head, going to advance on a waiting James whose fists are balled and at the ready...

...and the crowd ERUPTS in jeers as Margarita Flores suddenly flops down on her face thanks to Harley Hamilton and Cinder yanking her feet out from under her and dragging her to the outside!]

SA: DAMN THEM!

CP: Take it easy, Alban- OHHH!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

[The crowd jeers as Hamilton and Cinder HURL Flores back into the railing, grinning widely at what they've done...

...as they turn towards James and flash L-shaped finger gestures on their forehead at him.]

SA: Well... Casey James has just been called a loser by two teenagers. I'm sure that'll sting the King of the Death Match.

[James shrugs, opening up the chair and taking a seat to watch as Hamilton and Cinder start putting the boots to Flores on the outside. He's all grins as he leans back, hands behind his head as he watches the action...

...until the sound of snarling and snapping dogs fill the air followed by "War Machine." James leaps up, folding up the chair and looking out in the crowd.]

"THESE GUYS AGAIN?!"

[James slaps the chair down on the mat a few times, waiting to see who comes for him...

...and it's Pedro Perez (of course) who comes out of the crowd, hopping the barricade, and diving under the ropes.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: STEEL CHAIR DOWN ACROSS THE BACK!

[The crowd roars for the chairshot down on Perez... but James is looking the wrong way when Isaiah Carpenter comes springing off the top rope, catching James with a flying knee to the side of the head that sends him spinning down to all fours, dropping the chair on the mat.]

SA: The Dogs of War have been hunting for this bounty since it was announced, Colt. They've come for it over and over again!

CP: Maybe tonight is the night, Sal!

[Wade Walker comes through the ropes as well, picking up the fallen chair...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and delivers a spine-rattling blow that knocks James flat on his belly inside the ring with Walker and Carpenter standing over him. Carpenter grins, shoving his own partner before gesturing at James.]

"LET'S FINISH THIS!"

[Walker nods, opening up the chair as Carpenter heads to his fallen ally, shaking Pedro Perez while dragging him to his feet. Walker walks over behind James, reaching down to grab the thighs as Perez hops up to the middle rope, grabbing at his back as he yells "GET THAT SON OF A BITCH UP!"]

SA: We've seen this before from the Dogs of War and it's a surefire trip to the hospital when they hit it!

CP: And a trip to the hospital might cost more than the arm and a leg that the American medical system charges - it might cost JW Hardin's pocketbook a million bucks!

SA: A million bucks that he'd gladly pay to see Casey James' career ended, Colt.

[And while the folks at FOX are fuming over Colt's public support for socialized medicine, Walker muscles James up in wheelbarrow position, allowing Carpenter to slide the chair underneath James' head as Perez gets into position, curling his fingers into pistols as he "aims" them at the Blackheart...]

"TIME TO DIE, BLACKHEART!"

[...but before Perez can strike, a chair goes flying across the ring, crashing into Perez and sending him toppling over the ropes to the outside!]

SA: EAT YOUR HEART OUT, JUSTIN VERLANDER! A PERFECT STRIKE THROWN BY TIGER CLAW AND-

[Walker tosses James' aside as Carpenter makes a charge at Claw, looking to strike...

...and catches a high kick under the chin that knocks him flat!]

SA: Claw takes down Carpenter as well and-

[But as Claw turns to face one more rabid Dog on the prowl for cash...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: AND WALKER CUTS HIM HALF! MY OH MY!

[Walker gets up, pumping a fist at having laid out arguably the most dangerous man in pro wrestling history with a spear tackle. He gives a shout of "OOOOOHHHHHAHHHH!" as he jabs a finger down at the laid out Claw, doing a quick survey to check for his partners.]

CP: Claw is down but he's not the one with the price on his head!

[Walker grabs the chair, folding it up, holding it high over his head as he walks towards Casey James who is down on all fours...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRILLS him across the back with the chair again, depositing the Blackheart down on the canvas in a prone position!]

SA: What a shot! And I don't know if Casey James is getting up from that!

CP: Claw's down! He's got no one to help him!

SA: Walker's still got the chair... look at him... moving James into position...

[Walker stands over James, holding the chair aloft as he stands near the head of the Blackheart, ready to cave in his skull with his chosen weapon...]

SA: James is all alone! The Blackheart is-

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sound of "Kaze Ni Nare" playing over the PA system.]

SA: WHAT THE...?!

CP: MIFUNE IS IN THE HOUSE! THE SURLY SAMURAI IS HERE!

[With a black towel hanging over his head, the Shadow Wolf strides into view in simple black trunks and boots...

...and points towards the ring as the crowd ROARS again!]

SA: And just when you thought this situation couldn't get any worse for the Blackheart, the Shadow Wolf is coming to stake his claim on ONE... MILLION... DOLLARS!

[Mifune strides down the aisle with purpose, foregoing his usual methodical approach. Walker is frozen in place, staring at the approaching Mifune who the crowd is still going wild for.]

SA: One half of the Gold Standard has decided the gold he wants on this night is cold, hard green cash from the checkbook of John Wesley Hardin! And he's coming to claim it!

[Mifune reaches the ring, pulling himself up on the apron...

...and steps through JUST as the crowd sings along...]

"KAZE NI NAREEEEEEEEEEE!"

[Mifune whips the towel off his face, throwing it right into the face of a still-shocked Wade Walker...

....and then rushes forward as Walker pulls the chair down...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

SA: MIFUNE BOOTS THE CHAIR INTO WALKER'S FACE!

[A sneering Mifune picks up the chair, holding it high for all to see...

...and then jams the edge of it down into Walker's throat, choking him with great ferocity as Walker's legs kick at the canvas!]

SA: MIFUNE'S GOING AFTER WALKER AND...

[Mifune breaks the choke, tossing the chair aside...

...and shoves his lone finger upwards with a shout of "MIFUNE-GUUUUUN!"

SA: Did you hear that?!

CP: He's not here for the Syndicate! He's here to get a little piece of payback on the Dogs of War for what they did to Cain Jackson and AJ Martinez!

SA: And this COMPLETELY changes the situation!

[Mifune whips around, grabbing a rising Isaiah Carpenter by the head, driving a knee up into the sternum. A stiff forearm to the jaw sends Carpenter falling back towards the corner where Mifune rushes in, smashing an elbow between the eyes!]

SA: Carpenter's being overwhelmed by Mifune in the corner!

[And with a perfect spin, Mifune DRIVES an elbow up under the chin of an approaching Pedro Perez as well, lifting him off his feet and putting him down on the canvas!]

SA: What a shot that was!

[Perez is down on the mat, Mifune towering over him...

...which is when Tiger Claw climbs to his feet, staring Mifune dead in the eyes.]

SA: ARE YOU BLEEPING KIDDING ME?!

CP: This is the craziest damn thing I've ever seen!

SA: TAKESHI MIFUNE. TIGER CLAW. 'NUFF DAMN SAID!

[Claw and Mifune are staring a hole through one another, a wicked grin on the face of Mifune as he looks forward to a conflict he's probably fantasized about for years. Claw nods his head, ready for the fight as well.]

SA: And these two have totally forgotten about the million dollar bounty!

CP: For a hot second, so did I, Albano! It's Mifune and Claw! The Internet is about to EXPLODE!

[Claw and Mifune are squared off, ready to collide...

...when Isaiah Carpenter charges at them both!]

SA: CARPENTER FROM-

[Claw and Mifune greet him with a double hip toss, taking him over into a seated position on the mat. Both circle around and break to the ropes...]

SA: ARE YOU WATCHING...?!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRIVE a pair of soccer kicks into the chest of Carpenter, sending him back to the canvas where he kicks and flails about as the crowd ROARS!]

SA: MIFUNE AND CLAW WORKING SIDE BY SIDE!

[Carpenter rolls to the outside, joining Perez and Walker on the floor...

...and then Tiger Claw and Takeshi Mifune turn to face each other once more.]

SA: HERE! WE! GO!

[It's a blur of motion as the two come together, the crowd ROARING once more!

Mifune strikes first, throwing a stiff-fingered uppercut aimed at the throat that Claw spins away from, ducking low to throw a left hook to the ribs. A right hook across the jaw follows, knocking Mifune to the side. A pair of kicks to the right leg has Mifune drifting to the side as Claw grabs him around the head...]

SA: MUAY THAI KNEES!

[...but the first attempt at a knee ends with Mifune grabbing the leg under his arm, reaching out with the other arm to hook Claw's head and neck...]

SA: EXPLODER SUPLEX!

[...and tosses Claw overhead and across the ring. Mifune twists around, at the ready as Claw climbs to his feet...]

...and Mifune lunges at him, wrapping his arms around the head and neck for the Japanese Sleeper...]

SA: SLEEP- NO!

[...but Claw grabs the grasping arm, stepping back and using some judo skills to toss Mifune over into a seated position in front of him...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: HARD KICK TO THE SPINE!

[Mifune cringes from the blow as Claw circles around him, squaring up for more...]

SA: HEAD KICK!

[...but Mifune leans back, avoiding the roundhouse aimed at his temple, scrambling to his knees where he dives at Claw's legs, tripping him up and taking him down onto the canvas. Mifune slides up the torso, taking a mount position...]

"SLAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAP!"

[Three open handed slaps land on the ear of Tiger Claw before Claw bucks his hips, tossing Mifune off of him. Claw scrambles up, swinging both right and left hands that Mifune easily avoids as he backs near the ropes...]

...and as Claw lunges at Mifune, the two men tangle up before falling through the ropes to the outside, bouncing down HARD on the ringside floor!]

SA: OHH! DOWN THEY GO! DOWN THEY GO ON THE OUTSIDE!

[Casey James is sitting up on the mat, jaw dropped at what he's seeing as Claw and Mifune continue to fight on the floor. The Blackheart takes a knee, shaking his head, looking around to see if anyone else is waiting for him.]

SA: And for now - at least - it appears as though Casey James has survived this fight for the million dollar-

[But as Albano is trying to wrap things up, someone comes leaping over the barricade at ringside, rolling under the ropes into the ring. As they get to their feet, we quickly see they're near seven feet tall. As they shrug out of their floor length duster, we see they're well over three hundred pounds...

...and as they whip off a black Stetson, tossing it aside, we see that it is the person Casey James least expected to see again.]

SA: IT'S HARDIN! IT'S HARDIN! HARDIN IS HERE ON FIGHT NIGHT!

[James hears the screams of the fans, alerting him to danger. He twists around, fists at the ready...

...and gets a cowboy boot buried into his midsection!]

SA: What the...?!

CP: Look at him, Albano! That ain't the Hardin we saw months ago! This guy's in shape! He's here for a fight! He's here for-

[Hardin snatches the front facelock, holding James in his grip as he looks out at the roaring crowd, nodding his head arrogantly at their reaction...

...and with a boost into the air by James' pants, Hardin DRIVES his skull and neck into the canvas in violent fashion - a violent fashion not seen from this man in nearly two decades!]

SA: CATTLE BUSTER! SWEET SANTA MARIA!

[The crowd goes from raucous and explosive to nearly stunned silence as John Wesley Hardin climbs off the mat, a wicked smirk on his face. The biggest cowboy on the block strides across the ring, extending a hand to Rebecca Ortiz who hands over the house mic.]

JWH: Well, Blackheart... looks like some things never change, hoss. If you want something done right...

[Hardin stands over James, looking down at him.]

JWH: ...you gotta do it yourself.

[Hardin chuckles into the mic - a dark, humorless laugh that draws jeers from the stunned Miami crowd.]

JWH: I'll see you at SuperClash.

[The crowd EXPLODES once more into a thunderous roar as Hardin throws the mic down on the chest of the motionless Blackheart, stepping over the ropes and making his exit back up the ramp.]

SA: Did... did I hear that right?!

CP: You sure as hell did! And so did I! John Wesley Hardin - arguably the biggest legend in the history of this whole damn business - says he'll see Casey James at SuperClash!

SA: I... I don't believe it! Hardin versus James?! Who the hell thought we'd EVER see that?! My... I'm in shock! These fans were in shock when Hardin showed up and I'm in shock at what he said! Casey James has spent the last four months

fighting off bounty hunters... and now he's gotta walk into SuperClash IX for maybe the biggest fight... of his life?!

[The shot holds on a motionless James, the crowd still buzzing as we fade to black...

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

"The future."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[To a space shot of Earth below.]

"To bringing our futures into the present."

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

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

[And we slowly fade to black...

...and just before we fade back up, we hear a cacophony of sounds.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

[Pause]

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

[Pause]

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

The shot fades up into the sight of Lauryn Rage pounding away at target gloves held by none other than the WBC women's middleweight champion, Augustine St. Noel. The Haitian champion has her braided hair pulled back into a tight ponytail. She slaps down hard on Lauryn's punches before she swipes back with some of her own, forcing Lauryn to slip, duck under and dodge side to side.]

ASN: Keep those hands high. SNAP! SNAP! SNAP! Oui, c'est ca! FAST! FAST! FAST! Perfect!

[Lauryn finishes the combination work with four hard hooks that smack meatily into the target glove. Lauryn breathes heavily.]

LR: I'm gonna tear her apart. I'm gonna turn her lights out in that cage, Champ.

[Augustine smiles.]

ASN: Killer.

[The boxing champion pauses for a moment, chucking her chin at someone out of camera sight. Lauryn follows her line of sight as does the camera to fall on Sweet Lou Blackwell. Blackwell adjusts his bow tie uncomfortably as he realizes he's walked right into the heart of the lion's den and the centre of some highly aggressive women. Lauryn drops her head and waves Blackwell in. Da Kid is dressed in cut off denim shorts and a FREE ERICA T-shirt. Her knee is braced.]

LR: This is the difference between my job and your job, Champ. These guys don't schedule a damn thing. They just walk in and stick a microphone in your face any time they feel like. Don't they, Blackwell?

[Blackwell swallows uncomfortably.]

SLB: It's all part of the job. Lauryn, if I may, it's incredible to see you here with the WBC Women's Middleweight champion, Augustine St. Noel. Champ, have you been training Da Kid for this important cage match.

ASN: Training... I've been helping her work on some things to help with her power, hand speed and footwork. I'm just helping keep her sharp. The work... she did that. It's L's moment to shine, you know.

SLB: I get that. Are we going to see you defend the title soon? Maybe against a top contender like Sofia Canelo or a heavy hitter like Tania Walters?

[Lauryn Rage scratches at her afro puffs. She glowers at Sweet Lou.]

LR: Sweet Lou, the Champ ain't here to be interviewed. The Champ ain't here to be bothered. The Champ ain't even involved in the match tonight. This is my match. This should be my interview. If you want to see the Champ in action, buy a ticket like everybody else. Champ, I'm sorry about this. I'll see you at ringside.

[The two women dap and hug before St. Noel starts to walk out of shot. She stops in front of Blackwell and fakes him out with a playful, but lightning fast jab that stops millimeters from Blackwell's nose. Blackwell ducks and covers up. St. Noel chuckles before she vanishes from the shot.]

LR: Pathetic, Sweet Lou. But I don't blame you. That's professional hand speed right there. I'm not as fast but I'm right behind. You think Wonder Woman is ready for that?

[Blackwell straightens up, fixing his clothes.]

SLB: My goodness, I just saw my life flash before my eyes. You aren't telling me that you're half as fast, are you?

LR: I'm telling you that Julie Somers ain't gonna see it coming when I turn her lights out.

[She throws her patented hybrid uppercut/hook.]

SLB: But Julie saved you from the Serpentes! Why are you being so aggressive towards her?

[Lauryn Rage rubs her head as she shakes her head in disappointment.]

LR: Sweet Lou Blackwell, I'm not being aggressive towards her. I'm just telling it like it is. See, Sweet Lou Blackwell, you've never been a champion ever in your life. And Julie Somers hasn't been a champion, either. She doesn't know what it's like. She doesn't know what it's like to be at the top of the mountain and just what a great feeling it is.

I have.

[Rage nods.]

LR: I was the first ever AWA Women's World Champion and I should still have that title. Every day I wake up, I feel like something is missing. There's a hole in my soul the shape of the title. Do you understand me? I was built to fight and I was built to be a champion and every day that I'm not makes me one ornery daughter of a bitch.

So yeah, I feel a little aggressive and I'm not sorry that I have no compunction about punching the lights out of a woman who chose to be my tag-team partner. There's only one shot at Kuruyami on the line and I want it and I know Julie Somers wants it. I ain't even gonna say she doesn't deserve it because she does, but she can get her title shot after I take it away from Kuruyami in my home country of Canada at SuperClash.

[Blackwell nods.]

SLB: You've been obsessed with regaining your title since coming back. Some say you have been pushing yourself too hard and too fast since your return from an ACL injury. Are you sure that you are 100 percent physically ready for what is certain to be a grueling steel cage matchup?

LR: Sweet Lou, I'm sick of everybody asking if my knee is ready. I know it's a bulls eye. I know I just came back from a partial ACL tear. But if you think I'm going to let a little injury hold me back... aw hell no! I don't care if I only got one leg, I'll use that leg to kick Julie Somers' ass and I'll use it to kick Kuruyami's ass from Toronto to Tokyo. Ya dig, Blackwell?

For seven months, I rehabbed at home watching the Women's Division move on without me and it made me sick. And Kuruyami, she's had it easy. Her biggest test has been with my retired sister, Medusa Rage. So the minute the doctors cleared me, I hit that ring with a vengeance and only one thing in my mind; taking back my Women's World championship and taking Kuruyami out once and for all. So you'll forgive me thinking that if Julie Somers wants to get in the way of that then Julie Somers needs to be KTFO.

SLB: KTFO?

[Rage encroaches on Blackwell's space.]

LR: Knocked the f-

SLB: WHOA! WHOA! WHOA! We don't want to get kicked off the air.

LR: Then don't get me pissed off, ya dig. Because if you, the fans or Julie Somers think that Da Kid won't pull out all the stops to punch her ticket to SuperClash then you haven't been paying attention to Lauryn Rage's whole career. And that's all I've got to say about that. Now if you'll excuse me, Sweet Lou Blackwell, it's time for you to get the Hell out of my dressing room and let me finish getting ready because I'm finna give ol' Julie the beatdown and that's all there is to it because that's there's going to be.

SLB: Thank you, Lauryn Rage. Well, this is going to be one helluva showdown in the cage tonight at Fight Night just moments away. Sal, Colt... back to you!

[Blackwell backs out of the frame quickly as the camera turns on Lauryn Rage shadowboxing with a murderous look in her eyes...

...and we fade back out to ringside where our announce team is seated.]

SA: Thanks, Lou. Colt, this has been one heck of a night here in Miami. We've seen some tremendous action. We've learned more about our SuperClash lineup. We've had some shocking surprises and... well, as we near the finish line here tonight, we've got one match left and the stakes could not be higher for this one.

CP: The cage is down and the action is about to begin. We're going to lock two women inside a steel cage for the first time in AWA history and whoever wins will move on to SuperClash IX in just about one month's time to challenge Kurayami for the Women's World Title... a challenge that may just be too much for ANYONE to challenge.

SA: That's a discussion for another time. Tonight, it's all about these two women fighting for that chance at gold. Colt, it's prediction time here on Fight Night. Who's walking out of here with a SuperClash date with destiny?

CP: When you see Lauryn Rage backstage, throwin' those hamhocks with Augustine St. Noel... when you think about her beating the odds in MSG the night she won the title... it's hard to pick against her. But that knee concerns me. Both physically and psychologically. She talks a big game. She may be ready. But there's only one way to find out - get in that cage and prove it.

SA: That didn't sound like a prediction. Do you have one?

CP: My prediction? Pain.

SA: Thanks, Clubber. The time to hesitate is through... let's go down to Rebecca Ortiz for the introductions!

[We fade from the ringside announce desk over to Ortiz.]

RO: The following contest is your MAIN EVENT for FIGHT NIGHT!

[The crowd ROARS with anticipation!]

RO: It is a STEEL CAGE MATCH with no countouts... no disqualifications... and no time limits! The only way to win is by pinfall or submission. And the winner of this match will advance to SuperClash IX to face the Women's World Champion for the title!

[Ortiz lowers the mic as the crowd cheers for the stipulations. A few moments pass before...]

"I GOT I GOT I GOT I GOT"

[The crowd cheers the start of the Main Event as Kendrick Lamar's "DNA" pumps through the speaker system in the arena.]

SA: And this is it, Colt! Here we go with the big one tonight for all the marbles! Sweet Santa Maria... is this going to be a fight!

CP: Sal, get all the clichés out of your system right now because this match has a big fight feel and we don't need you hurting yourself reaching for those lines of yours. Here comes Da Kid, Lauryn Rage. She's got her family here at ringside. She's got the World Middleweight champion here and frankly, she's just meaner than Julie Somers. Will that be enough to win tonight? We're about to find out.

SA: But Lauryn Rage is coming back from injury and Julie Somers has been operating at a different level right now! She's so high in the stratosphere I don't know if we could see her with a telescope.

[Lauryn Rage bursts through the curtains dressed as we saw her moments ago. She marches down to ringside running her mouth to the ringside crowd all the while as she comes down the ramp.]

SA: Lauryn Rage is never lacking in having something to say... and you can see here what Colt was talking about.

[The former champion draws up to a halt in front of a front row section where her family is seated - a celebrity row of wrestling and boxing: Medusa Rage, Marissa Monet with little Adrianna, Dalbello and Godiva Rage, the most famous incarnation of the Misfits and the WBC Middleweight champion, Augustine St. Noel. She slaps hands with them all before she steps into the cage, marching around the ring and throwing up her fists at the Miami wrestling crowd.]

SA: The former champ climbing into the ring now... heading inside this steel cage structure...

[Rage walks across the ring, stepping up on the midbuckle closest to where her family is seated, pointing to them and wrapping her arms around herself mimicking an embrace. She slowly steps down, making sure to not impact her knee too strongly as she settles back into the corner to await her opponent...

...and Kendrick Lamar fades out as the theme to DC's Wonder Woman movie kicks in to a big reaction.]

SA: And now all eyes in Miami are on the entrance as we await the arrival of the Spitfire, Julie Somers!

[Somers steps through the curtain to a huge cheer, raising her arms overhead to salute the roaring fans. She gives a nod before heading down the ramp towards the steel-enclosed ring.]

SA: Somers on her way out here... and she looks cool and calm, Colt.

CP: Probably a lot like a duck. Cool and calm on the surface but paddling for their lives underneath. Julie Somers knows what's at stake here tonight and she knows just how hard Lauryn Rage is gonna be to win this thing.

[Somers runs right up the ringsteps into the ring, waving an arm to the cheering fans as she takes her spot inside the cage. The music starts to fade as Rebecca Ortiz continues.]

RO: Introducing first... from Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada... weighing in at 160 pounds... she is a former AWA Women's World Champion...

DA KID... LAURRRRRYNNNNNN RAAAAAAAAGE!

[Rage steps from the corner, holding her fists up above her head to cheers from the sold out Miami crowd.]

RO: Annnnnnd her opponent... from Boston, Massachusetts... weighing in at 135 pounds... the Spitfire...

JUUUUUUULIEEEEEEE SOMMMERRRRRRRRRRRRRS!

[A huge roar goes up as Somers grins, slapping her hand down onto her heart and holding up the other hand in the "I love you" sign language gesture.]

SA: The introductions are complete as Rebecca Ortiz exits, leaving just three women remaining inside this ring.

[As referee Shari Miranda steps to the middle of the cage, preparing to call for the match to start, the two combatants pause to take in the moment. They both look up at the dangerous steel cage lowered down and secured in place around them... and then out at the roaring crowd who know they're witnessing history.]

SA: On September 7th, 2009, Juan Vasquez and Raphael Rhodes stepped inside a steel cage on a show called No Escape in Greensboro, North Carolina. That was the first one-on-one steel cage match in AWA history. Over eight years later, we again are witnessing history as Lauryn Rage and Julie Somers have climbed into this steel prison for the first women's steel cage match in AWA history.

CP: This is their moment to take that in, Sal. To realize what a huge moment this is. Because in just a second, all that goes out the window because this match becomes about who is going to SuperClash. Who is going to face Kurayami for the Women's World Title on the grandest stage in all of professional wrestling.

[Somers nods at the crowd's reaction, tapping her fist to her chest. Lauryn Rage locks eyes with her family down at ringside, smiling at them as she takes in the enormity of the moment...

...and then turns those eyes back to Julie Somers who is looking right at her.]

"You ready for this?"

[Rage nods her head as Miranda steps back from between them...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[And to a huge ovation, the two women stride from their respective corners out to mid-ring where they immediately go into a collar and elbow tieup.]

CP: And I like that, Sal. No wasted time... no wasted energy shaking hands and patting each other on the back for making history. It's go time and these two know it.

SA: The collar and elbow right out of the gate... steel cage matches happen for a variety of reasons in our sport at times. The desire to hurt someone as much as

possible. The need to keep the fight inside the ring. On this night, this cage has been assembled to keep someone OUT of the ring. Kurayami, the Women's World Champion, is in the building and potentially ready to strike at any moment. She's shown no hesitation in the past in getting involved in a match she's not in. Tonight, that won't happen. Tonight, it's down to these two women to see who will go for the night of their life at SuperClash.

[The tieup ends when Rage grabs the wrist, twisting out of the lockup and into an armwringer. Julie Somers winces, grabbing at her bicep as Rage wrenches the hold.]

SA: These two women teamed up just a week ago but there will be no tags here tonight. No partnership at all. They don't hate one another but they know they're both each other's obstacle in getting a shot at the greatest prize in all of women's wrestling - the AWA Women's World Title.

[Somers steps out to mid-ring, grabbing her arm again...

...and then does a front flip to escape the pressure, rolling back up to her feet, and using an armdrag to toss Rage down to the canvas!]

SA: Nice escape by Julie Somers - perhaps taking a page out of the some of the luchadoras she encountered in her time down in Mexico - the last time she competed for the Women's World Title.

CP: She won that match too... but not the title.

SA: No worries about a countout here tonight though. This fifteen-foot high steel cage will prevent that. No countouts, no disqualifications... there's not even a time limit in this one. There MUST be a winner.

[Rage comes quickly back to her feet, glaring a hole through Somers as she charges at her...

...and gets armdragged back down to the canvas by the Spitfire to cheers from the sold out Miami crowd!]

SA: Somers with that deep armdrag, taking Lauryn Rage down a second time. Rage, of course, was the first woman to wear the World Title - winning that Rumble in Madison Square Garden on July 16th of 2016. She held the title for an impressive 204 days before being knocked off by Kurayami who injured her knee in the process - an injury that Rage continues to recover from each and every day.

[Rage grimaces as she gets back to her feet again, staring at Somers who grins, waving her forward...]

SA: Julie Somers looking for more. One thing you can say about the Spitfire, Colt, is that she loves to compete.

CP: She absolutely does. Always looking for a challenge - well, she's got one here tonight for sure in the former champion.

SA: The former champion hoping to move on to SuperClash to face Kurayami again and become the first two-time Women's World Champion. We saw Jackson Hunter make history here tonight by becoming a two-time National Champion and Lauryn Rage would love to make that happen for herself as well.

[The two women come together in another tieup in the middle, jockeying hard for position as Shari Miranda looks on.]

SA: The official's only in there to count pinfall and check for submissions. No other reason for her to be in there as Rage pulls Somers into a side headlock.

[Rage nods her head, wrenching down on the head and neck of Somers.]

SA: Rage would have to be considered to have a power advantage. Five foot six, 160 pounds for the young lady from Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada...

CP: Somers has a couple of inches of height on her but checks in at 135 pounds so Rage will definitely be able to push her around a little bit in there.

[With Rage squeezing tight, Somers backs towards the ropes, getting a little bit of a spring off the ropes as she shoves her way out of the headlock, shooting Rage across the ring.]

SA: Julie shoots her off, Rage off the far side...

[Somers throws herself at the feet of Rage who hurdles her and keeps on going, bouncing off the other set of ropes...]

SA: Leapfrog by Somers, Rage goes under... and that knee is getting an early test with all this running and jumping Somers is putting her through...

[Rage hurdles a downed Somers a second time, coming off the ropes again...

...and gets both feet in the face with a perfectly-placed dropkick!]

SA: Larry Wallace, eat your heart out! That might be the best damn dropkick in the world!

[Rage rolls to her hip, slapping a hand down on the canvas in frustration as Somers gets right back to her feet, grinning at the crowd's cheers.]

SA: Lauryn Rage showing some early signs of frustration here. Julie Somers is using her speed and quickness to her advantage and the former champion is getting a little heated.

[The Canadian gets up quickly this time, hearing some words of encouragement being shouted from her family out in the ringside fans. She nods her head, taking a couple of deep breaths as she keeps her eyes on a waiting and eager Julie Somers.]

SA: And here we go again... another tieup and... look at this now, Rage pushing her right back into the corner.

CP: Miranda's asking for a break but asking is all she can do, Sal.

SA: No counts in this one. But Rage looks like she might oblige.

[Rage lets go of Somers...

...and then suddenly drops back, fists balled up...]

SA: PERFECT PUNCH!

[Somers quickly covers up, desperate to avoid the knockout punch that Rage has incorporated into her attack since returning from injury...

...but Rage pulls up, a smirk on her face as she reaches out and musses Julie's hair, patting her on the head before backing away.]

SA: Oho! A little fakeout job there on the part of Lauryn Rage.

[Somers straightens up, running a hand through her hair as she eyeballs Rage who dances around a little in a boxing stance, throwing jabs at the air as she balls up the right hand again, shouting "it takes only one, Spitfire!"]

CP: You could hear her right there, Sal - "it takes only one."

SA: We know that Lauryn Rage trained extensively during her time on the shelf with world boxing champion, Augustine St. Noel. The WBC Middleweight Champion. And those fists are filled with fury these days, Colt.

CP: They sure are. Just ask Kurayami.

[Somers edges out of the corner as Rage throws a few more jabs at the air, trying to stay out of range from the punching power of her opponent...

...and then rushes forward, snagging another tieup, and pulling Rage into a side headlock before she can react.]

SA: Somers now with the headlock... and it's Rage's turn to shoot her off to the ropes, sending her on the move...

[But as Somers approaches the waiting Rage, she leaps up, snatching Rage in a headscissors...

...and swings around... and around... and around...]

SA: Julie Somers going around the world, taking orbit with these satellite headscissors...

[...and then finally spins out, dragging Rage down to the canvas to a big cheer from the Miami crowd!]

SA: ...and down goes Rage to the mat! What a show of athleticism by the Spitfire tonight in this historic steel cage showdown!

[Down on the mat, Rage again slaps a hand angrily into the mat, quickly getting up, letting her temper guide her as she lunges towards Somers, shoving her hard in the chest!]

SA: Oh! And it looks like the tempers are starting to come out a bit...

[Julie returns the favor, shoving Rage a step or two back...

...which is all Rage needs to send her charging in, ducking low to grab Somers around the torso, driving her all the way back across the ring and into the corner!]

SA: Ohhh! And back into the corner they go. The feeling out process, I'd say, is over, Colt.

CP: Big shoulder driven into the ribs - and check this out, Sal.

[Squaring up, Rage throws quick rights and lefts to the ribs of Somers, driving those fists in with blinding speed and punishing impact.]

SA: The fists are flying in South Beach... and again, Shari Miranda can only ask her to open them up. She can't make her do it in this one - not tonight.

[Grabbing the arm, Rage whips Somers across the ring...]

SA: Shoots her across... Somers leaps up!

[From the second rope, Somers leaps off, twisting around into a crossbody on the incoming former champion!]

SA: CROSSBODY CONNECTS!

CP: BUT RAGE ROLLS THROUGH!

[The crowd gasps as Rage rolls herself on top of Somers, the referee diving to the mat and delivering a two count before Somers kicks out!]

SA: Close call there for the Spitfire who went to the high risk offense early and nearly paid a dear dear price for it.

[Both women scramble up off the mat, looking to strike first...]

SA: But both of them back up and-

[The crowd "oooooohs" as Rage winds up that right hand, throwing it hard aimed at the head of Somers who dives backwards to avoid it, sliding to a knee on the canvas as Rage freezes in her tracks, staring down on her.]

SA: And Julie Somers just BARELY avoided that Perfect Punch. The blow handed down to Lauryn Rage from her sister and perfected by a lot of hard work over the past several months.

[Somers slowly rises to her feet, nodding her head at Rage who returns the nods.]

SA: Perhaps a little sign of respect here between these two combatants. There's no reason this has to turn into a bloody brawl, Colt.

CP: That's the kind of thing that would get a "oh, sugar bear" from my mother, Albano. Of course it's going to turn into a bloody brawl! There's too much at stake at this one for these two to continue playing nice. They may have been partners a week ago but tonight, there can be only one.

[Somers and Rage circle one another for a few moments, the crowd buzzing at the action so far as the official watches and waits...]

...and they go right back to a tieup, fighting for position...]

SA: Into the tieup again... perhaps I was wrong. Maybe there's still some more feeling out process to be had... and Somers grabs that side headlock again, wrenching down- no, Rage shoves her off right away.

[Somers bounces off the ropes towards Rage who sidesteps...]

...and then snatches the back of the spandex shorts, yanking Somers back into a stiff forearm shank into the lower back! The crowd groans at the blow to the back just before Rage lifts her up, dumping her down with a back suplex!]

SA: Or maybe not! Lauryn Rage shifts gears in a hurry and just like that, Julie Somers is down off a hard back suplex in this historic steel cage matchup to see who will advance to SuperClash to face the Women's World Champion, Kurayami.

[With Somers down, Rage rolls to her knees, diving across her chest.]

SA: Rage covers for one... two... but that's all.

CP: I hate to say it but it's gonna take a lot more than that to keep the Spitfire down for a three count and put her on the sidelines at SuperClash.

SA: Of course, we learned earlier tonight that whoever fails to win this one will be inserted onto Team Davis at SuperClash as part of Steal The Spotlight... another match that will make history as it features the Women's Division for the first time.

CP: It's a heckuva concession prize, Albano... but you know these two want the shot at the gold now and not down the road.

[Rage rises up, dragging Somers up to join her as she lowers her shoulder into Somers' midsection, driving her back into the corner again...]

SA: Oof... that'll knock the wind right out of you.

[Grabbing the middle rope, Rage drives her shoulder into Somers' gut once... twice... three times...]

...and then straightens up, ignoring Shari Miranda as she balls up her fists, throwing hard right hands into the ribcage as Somers is rocked over and over by the impact!]

CP: Lauryn Rage has decided play time is over and she's moving in to punish Somers with those well-thrown blows.

SA: The boxing training paying off for Rage here...

[Snatching the wrist, Rage quickly whips Somers across the ring, sending her crashing into the opposite corner...]

SA: The back of Julie Somers slams into that corner... and Rage is coming after her!

[Charging across the ring, Rage leaps into the air, driving her hind quarters right into the chest of the Spitfire!]

SA: Ohhh! Flying hip attack connects - right into the torso. Rage is taking aim early on at the back of Somers.. the ribs of Somers... now the chest. Really trying to take away that core.

CP: Which is a smart move. A lot of people would target the legs on Somers, trying to slow her down and take away the aerial tactics but I like this strategy. If the ribs are hurt... if the chest is hurt... it's incredibly hard to breathe and that means that Somers' stamina is hurt. If the back is hurt, that greatly limits the amounts of lifts and throws and slams you can do. Rage is working a solid gameplan here at the outset and I wonder how much if that is thanks to her family out here at ringside who I'm sure has been helping her prepare for one of the biggest matches of her career... certainly the biggest match since her return from injury.

[Grabbing Somers by the hair, Rage drags her from the corner into a front facelock where she SNAPS her over in a suplex, rocking her back down into the canvas before floating over into another pin.]

SA: The snap suplex connects... and again, a two count.

CP: Making Somers work to kick out though, wearing the Spitfire down. She has to use those same areas - the ribs, the chest, the back - every time she kicks out. This is brilliant offense so far on the part of the former champion, Sal.

[Rage slowly gets to her feet, taking a breather as she watches Julie Somers roll over onto her chest, snaking her arms underneath herself as she struggles to get up off the mat.]

SA: The fans in this one are split to be sure... but if I had to pick, I'd say the majority of the support is certainly for the Spitfire as they try to root her back to her feet.

CP: Lauryn Rage is not your traditional baby-kissin' fan favorite. She's bold, she's brash, she's controversial. She talks trash and she backs it up... but that also rubs people the wrong way.

SA: It certainly can as she watches Somers struggle up to all fours now...

[With Somers on her hands and knees, Rage steps forward, leaping as high as she can and slams her ample rear end down on the lower back of Somers, causing her to cry out as she sinks back down onto the canvas!]

SA: Rage putting her assets to work here, dropping all that weight down on the lower back after Somers exerted all that effort to get up on her hands and knees.

CP: And now she's just standing there watching... I think she's gonna do it again, Sal.

SA: Remember, there is no time limit in this steel cage showdown but we ARE about ten minutes into this as these two women battle it out to see who will meet Kurayami for the big gold at SuperClash IX just over a month away.

CP: And we don't know where that match will take place yet but imagine the reaction for Lauryn Rage if she challenges for the title in Canada. You talk about fan support.

SA: It would certainly be an emotional night for Rage if that were to happen but she can't think about that right now. Right now, she's gotta get past one of the toughest challenges of her life if she wants to get there.

[Somers again is up on all fours as Rage stands over her... and as Colt predicted, she drops her butt down into the lower back a second time!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Right down on the back a second time!

[Rage stands over Somers, looking down on her as the Spitfire tries to crawl away from her attacker, looking to create some recovery time.]

SA: Lauryn Rage just watching as Julie Somers tries to get away from her.

CP: That won't last long. Rage may be hearing the cheers these days but you know she's got that Rage Family killer instinct deep down inside her.

SA: Maybe not that "deep down" at all - she's pulling her up by the hair, right back into a front facelock... and a second snap suplex, jolting the spine of Somers from her feet to her follicles!

[Rage rolls into another pin, not bothering to hook a leg as a two count comes down again. She nods her head, watching as Somers writhes in pain down on the canvas.]

SA: Rage continuing to target the back... continuing to force kickout after kickout, trying to wear the Spitfire down...

CP: Not just "trying", Sal... it's working. Look at Somers crawling here... again trying to get away from Rage. Lauryn Rage has completely cut off all the high flying... all the speed and quickness... this is a match being fought on her pace right now and that's NOT good news for Julie Somers.

[Leaning down towards her fleeing opponent, Rage grabs the back of the shorts, hauling Somers up to her feet again...

...but as soon as she gets there, Somers snaps off a back elbow to the side of Rage's head, earning cheers and a momentary reprieve!]

SA: Somers trying to get free though! That elbow found the mark and-

[Somers desperately leaps to the middle rope, trying to generate some offense...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...but Rage is ready for her, reaching up with both hands to grab the hair and YANK Somers backwards off the ropes and back down onto the canvas!]

SA: A hard fall off the middle rope for Julie Somers thanks to Lauryn Rage... and that puts Somers in serious trouble in my estimation in this one.

CP: Rage came into this one with a gameplan as she's working it to perfection and we may be on the verge of seeing the Spitfire extinguished, Albano.

SA: The embers are still burning for now but Rage is hoping to put them out for sure. She's staying right on top of her - showing that Rage Family killer instinct like you mentioned.

[Rage hauls Somers to her feet by the hair, tossing her towards the corner where Somers ends up leaning facefirst over the buckles, holding herself up on her feet.]

SA: Back in the corner now... and this hasn't worked out well for Somers so far.

[Lowering her shoulders, Rage methodically slams it into the lower back of Somers who cries out as the bulk of the Miami crowd groans in sympathy.]

SA: Shoulder DRIVEN into the lower back - we see this often to the ribs but not to the back like this. Innovative and effective offense by the former champion who does it again... and again...

[With Somers draped across the top buckle, Rage straightens up, grabbing her by the hair..

...and YANKS her backwards across her bent knee in a makeshift backbreaker!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Again, Somers gets driven down across the knee! Another backbreaker! Another hard blow to the back and Julie Somers is in serious trouble, fans.

[Rage again covers the downed Somers and again gets a two count. She smirks at the downed Somers, shaking her head...]

"Gotta keep on fightin', girl. Keep on fightin', huh?"

[The former champion chuckles to herself as she climbs to her feet, slowly reaching down to pull Somers up with her.]

SA: Lauryn Rage is in total control right now and she knows it... and to me, I start to wonder if someone with an ego the size of Rage will start to get TOO confident right now.

CP: Ain't no such thing, Albano. They told me for years I was overconfident... that I was arrogant even... and all I can say is you can have all the ego in the world if you can back it up in the ring.

SA: And you certainly did that as a three-time World Champion.

[With Somers on her feet, Rage whips her into the corner, again sending a jolt down the spine of the Spitfire. Setting her feet, Rage charges in after her, leaping up and twisting around...]

SA: HIP ATTA- NO!

[The crowd cheers as Somers pulls herself clear, causing Rage to slam into the corner turnbuckles. A look of pain crosses Rage's face this time as Somers grabs her by the hair, pulling her a few feet out of the corner into a front facelock...]

SA: Is Somers looking for a suplex of her own now?

[Julie sets her feet, getting into position...

...but as she attempts the lift, she immediately puts Rage back down, grabbing at her lower back in pain!]

SA: Oh! She couldn't get her up! The back is still bothering her and-

[Rage snatches a front facelock of her own, slinging Somers' arm over her neck...]

SA: Wait, wait! They're too close to the-

[...and hoists her into a suplex, THROWING her bodily into the turnbuckles with it!]\

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SUPLEX INTO THE TURNBUCKLES! SWEET SANTA MARIA!

[Rage drags Somers away from the corner, diving across in a lateral press.]

SA: It could be! IT MIGHT BE! IT-

[The crowd cheers as Somers kicks out, breaking the pin.]

SA: Two and change that time off that devastating landing in the corner, Colt.

CP: A little bit closer. Each time she goes for that cover, it seems like Lauryn Rage is getting a little bit closer.

SA: She certainly is... and if you're a fan of Julie Somers, let the Spitfire hear it because she really needs your support right now!

[Rage climbs to her feet, glaring down at Somers...

...and then turns to look at the nearest corner.]

SA: Uh oh... and now it looks like the former champion may be thinking of taking to the air herself!

CP: I don't know if I like that idea, Albano. This isn't really her game. She's got a few flying move to her but with the surgically-repaired knee being in her head, this might be a mistake.

SA: Lauryn backs into the corner, using the ropes... and now the cage to help her make that climb...

CP: Very slowly... look at her face now... those are nerves... this is anxiety for her.

SA: Perhaps she feels she needs to prove to herself she can do that.

CP: She's got nothing to prove to herself right now other than she can win this match and move on to SuperClash to try and regain her title, Albano.

SA: On the second rope... as you said, very slowly trying to get up to the top... trying to steady every step as she climbs...

[A near misstep on the top rope causes her to grab the cage on both sides to hold her balance. The crowd is buzzing with nervousness for this climb as they wait to see what Rage has in mind on her perch...]

SA: Rage to the top... hanging on for dear life to that cage though... hanging on to....

[And suddenly, the crowd roars to life as a recovering Julie Somers throws herself at the ropes, hitting them with enough force to disturb Rage's balance and send her down straddling the top turnbuckle!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

CP: She took too long! Lauryn Rage took too long to get up top and Julie Somers just made her pay the price for it!

[Somers leans against the cage, breathing heavily as Rage grimaces in pain, grabbing at her knee.]

SA: And you can see the former champion grabbing her knee. Did she re-injure it or is this more of what Colt was describing as the injury being in her head?

[With her family shouting encouragement from the outside, Rage rubs at her knee as Somers pushes off the cage and steps up to the middle rope, throwing a right hand at the head of Rage!]

SA: Big right hand by the Spitfire... trying to keep Rage in place... there's another one... and another...

[Rage is rocked by the short-range blows, falling backwards against the steel mesh as Somers steadies herself..

...and with the crowd buzzing nervously, Somers steps to the top rope, grabbing Rage into position...]

SA: Somers is up top as well! The Spitfire looking to get back into this one with one big move!

[...and she leaps into the air, snatching Rage's head between her legs, and SNAPS her off the top rope, throwing her halfway across the ring with a top rope rana!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: UNCLE ELMORE'S SOCKS - WHAT DID SHE DO?!

[The flying rana deposits both women down hard on the canvas, Rage bouncing off the mat on impact. On her elbows, Somers manages to crawl, roll, and squirm her way into a lunging pin attempt!]

SA: SOMERS COVERS! ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO!

[But Rage's shoulder pops off the mat, breaking up the pin effort!]

SA: TWO COUNT ONLY! TWO COUNT ONLY!

CP: That was a hard fall for Rage and get the shoulder up at two - you gotta be impressed by the physical condition she brought into this match. Incredible!

SA: But now, can Julie Somers keep it going? Can the Spitfire take advantage of that big move and get herself back on track? We've just passed the fifteen minute mark in this battle and she's taken a TREMENDOUS amount of punishment at the hands of the former champion so far in this one, Colt.

CP: She has but we know Julie Somers carries that Spitfire name for a reason. She's tough, she's a fighter, she's got fighting spirit for days. Will it be enough to get her over the top? We'll have to wait and see but you can never count Julie Somers out, Sal.

SA: Somers slowly trying to get up, grabbing at that lower back if you needed any more indication of the amount of pain shooting through her body right now.

CP: It hurts, I know it hurts but you just have to suck it up and keep fighting.

[Somers leans down, dragging Rage off the mat, leaning on her as she puts her back into the corner they just came flying out of.]

SA: Both women back on their feet... backed into the corner now...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Big chop! Right on target!

CP: Somers channeling her inner White Knight here... oh! There's another one! Those are some devastating knife edge blows by the Spitfire!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With a trifecta of chops landed, Somers grabs the arm on the reeling Rage, looking to whip her across...]

SA: Irish whi- no, reversed!

[The reversal sends Somers racing across the ring with Rage coming in behind her..

...but the athletic Somers runs right up the turnbuckles, leaping off, twisting around...]

SA: CROSSBODY OFF THE TOP THIS TIME!

[And this time, it lands flush, knocking the wind out of Rage as they topple down to the canvas!]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO!

[But again, Rage's shoulder pops up off the canvas, breaking the pin attempt!]

SA: And again, Rage slips out at two!

CP: Somers went back to the well on that press and this time, she got all of it. Lauryn Rage kicked out but she took another hard impact and I've gotta wonder how much that took out of her.

SA: The fans here in Miami are cheering on Somers, rallying behind her, giving her a second wind as she pulls Rage off the canvas...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...and another hard chop sends Rage falling back into the ropes.

[Backed into the ropes in the middle of a cage wall, Rage is reeling as Somers winds up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Julie Somers striking hard here in Miami, just lighting up the chest of Lauryn Rage!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A third chop has Rage practically falling to her knees but Somers grabs her under the armpits, hoisting her back against the ropes with a shake of her head.]

SA: Somers won't let her fall...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A fourth chop has Rage wrap her arms around the top, trying to stay on her feet as Somers pats her on the head a few times before turning to run to the far ropes...

...but a defiant Rage charges across after her, smashing her with a hard forearm JUST as Somers turns on the rebound!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: RAGE FIGHTING BACK! The chops had her reeling but-

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A hard open-handed slap across the face whips Somers' head around, leaving a red welt on her cheek as the crowd buzzes at the blow...]

SA: She slapped the taste right out of the Spitfire's mouth!

[Rage leans in, laying the badmouth on a rocked Julie Somers who grimaces...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and returns fire, going upside the former champion's face!]

SA: OH! And this time, it's Somers who fires one off! She's not backing down from this fight, Colt!

CP: And you love to see it, Sal. Two of the best in the world competing for one of the biggest prizes in the world - a shot at the Women's World Title with the entire world watching at SuperClash! These two are giving it all they've got and it makes me damn proud to see!

[Rocked by the slap, an angry Rage grabs Somers by the hair, smashing her forearm into the jaw...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With Somers reeling against the ropes, Rage breaks to the far side, rebounding back towards her, leaping into the air...]

SA: HIP ATTACK!

[...but Somers sidesteps...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And Rage's posterior goes through the ropes, slamming into the steel mesh!]

SA: Lauryn Rage means strictly business here tonight but she just backed that ass up into a solid steel cage!

[With Rage sitting on the middle rope, her body hanging into the cage, Somers rushes to the far side, charging back quickly...]

SA: And now it's Somers on the run... LEAPS!

[...and DRIVES both feet squarely into the chest of Rage with a shotgun dropkick!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: AND RAGE HITS THE STEEL A SECOND TIME!

[Grabbing two hands full of Rage's hair, Somers yanks her away from the ropes, throwing her down to the mat where she dives into a cover.]

SA: The Spitfire with the cover - she's got one! She's got two! She's got- noooooo! Rage powers that shoulder off the mat at two!

[The crowd is roaring for the most recent exchange, cheering both women who are down on the canvas as Shari Miranda gets up, showing two fingers to all the spectators.]

SA: What a battle we're witnessing here on Fight Night and if we've gotta go out, this is one heck of a way to go out, Colt!

CP: I think you just earned yourself a talking to backstage, Albano.

SA: Wouldn't be the first time. And listen to these fans here in Miami paying tribute to BOTH of these tremendous athletes! They recognize and appreciate the effort that they're both putting into this fantastic battle to see who will advance to the title match at SuperClash!

[A weary Julie Somers struggles and strains to get to her feet, fighting with every breath to get up and keep fighting. As she stands, the cheers get louder as Somers stands in the middle of the cage, trying to puzzle out what comes next in her quest to get to SuperClash.]

SA: Somers pulling Rage up, dragging her to her feet...

[The Spitfire leans down, ducking low as she attempts to scoop Rage off the mat.]

SA: Somers looking for a slam!

[But as she tries, again her back sends a halting jolt of pain through her body, causing her to abandon her attempt, doubling over in pain as the fans groan with disappointment...

...and Rage SMASHES a forearm down across the small of the back, clubbing away with both arms as quickly and as fiercely as she can!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[Somers falls to a knee as Rage slides to the side of her, grabbing her under her arm and lifting her up off the canvas...]

SA: Side slam perhaps and- NO! BACKBREAKER!

[The crowd groans again as Somers cries out, her lower back again punished by the former champion who holds her across the knee for a moment...

...and then leans back, sliding Somers onto her shoulders as Rage hooks both legs this time!]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO!

[A big cheer goes up as Somers' arm shoots up into the air, lifting her shoulder clear from the canvas!]

SA: Somers is out at two! Incredible!

[Lauryn Rage rolls onto her back, her hands reaching up to grab at her hair, letting loose an anguished scream.]

SA: Pure frustration being vocalized by the former champion who has given so much and gone so far in this one in her effort to put down Julie Somers and secure her long-awaited rematch with Kurayami!

[The former champion climbs to her feet, standing with her hands on her hips, glaring at the prone Somers who rolls over onto her stomach, attempting to push herself up off the canvas...

...and Rage viciously STOMPS the lower back, putting Somers back down!]

SA: OH! Right on the small of the back!

[Rage stomps her a second time... and a third...]

SA: And Lauryn Rage's cool demeanor has just splintered into pieces before our very eyes! Those stomps are vicious and violent, raining down on the lower back of the Spitfire!

[The stomps come quicker and seemingly harder, Rage letting loose a "HAAH!" with each one, leaving Somers flailing about on the canvas...

...and slowly but surely, you can hear a swell of boos from some of the fans jammed into the American Airlines Center in Miami, Florida.]

SA: The AWA faithful do NOT like what they're seeing out of Lauryn Rage right now, Colt!

CP: Who cares?! Finish her off, Kid!

[Ignoring the surging boos, Lauryn Rage takes aim on Julie Somers, leaping high into the air to drop her butt down on the lower back!]

SA: Ohhh! Right down on the lower back again!

[Rage gets quickly to her feet, jumping right back into the air...]

SA: And a second time! Lauryn Rage is channeling all her frustration... all her... forgive me... rage... and putting into this moment as she tries to put an end to Julie Somers' title dreams and book her ticket to SuperClash IX and a date with the Women's World Champion!

[Staying seated the second time, Rage reaches forward, yanking Somers' head back by the hair and locking her arms under the chin!]

SA: Camel clutch! The camel clutch locked in by Lauryn Rage and Julie Somers is in trouble, fans! Over twenty minutes into this hard-fought battle and Rage is trying to wrench a submission out of the Spitfire!

[Rage sits on the lower back, pulling back on the chin as Somers grimaces in pain and the crowd buzzes with concern for the Spitfire's chance of escape and victory.]

SA: A painful hold on the best of occasions - you certainly couldn't describe the pounding that Somers' back has gone through in this one as the best of occasions, Colt.

CP: Punishing hold. Just wrenches the neck, the back... Rage pulling back hard and we all know the heart of Julie Somers but this could do it for her, Sal.

SA: Somers hanging on so far... refusing to give up... the referee is right there in perfect position to check and see if she does though.

[Somers lets loose an anguished "NOOOOO!" as Rage gives some slack on the hold and then pulls back again, shouting "QUIT! GIVE IT UP!" at her.]

SA: Lauryn Rage shouting at Somers, demanding that she give her the submission she's looking for.

CP: Da Kid's got that hold in deep, Sal. It might not be long now.

SA: Somers is still in there... still fighting with all she's got.

[The first step to escape is Somers getting one of her arms free from Rage's knee, planting her hand on the canvas...]

SA: Signs of life here from the Spitfire... looking for a way out...

CP: She's gotta get the other arm free and then she might have a chance.

[Rage continues to wrench back on the neck, now holding a single-armed camel clutch as she tells the referee to check again.]

SA: Shari Miranda checking again... and again, the referee says Somers is still in this thing!

CP: You can only imagine the pain shooting through her body right now as she tries to hang on and get that other arm free...

SA: She's working on it... you can see the arm moving, wiggling... trying to get... okay! Both arms are out!

[With both hands on the canvas, Somers lets loose a roar as she pushes up to all fours, Rage still trying to hang on but in a much worse position to force the submission.]

SA: Somers is still in this hold but this is a better spot for her to be in, right?

CP: Absolutely. The pressure is greatly released in this position. Nowhere near as much leverage to the hold... and the leverage that's there mostly is on the neck now and not the injured back.

[Somers again refuses to submit when asked...

...which is Lauryn Rage's cue to leap high into the air, jamming her butt down into Somers' spine again, putting her right back down on her face on the canvas!]

SA: Ohh! All the weight down on the back again... and she goes right back to the camel clutch, Colt. Looking to send the Spitfire to Tapout Town.

CP: Speaking from experience, Sal... that's absolutely crushing to your spirit. You fight your way up, you think you might be getting out, and then... BOOM! Right back in the same hold.

SA: Disheartening for Julie Somers for sure as Rage cranks back on that hold, refusing to let it go...

[Rage again bellows for a submission check...]

SA: Is it enough? Is this the time that Julie Somers gives up on her quest of a shot at the title at SuperClash?

[...but Somers again refuses to quit, causing Rage to shout in frustration, yanking and twisting Somers' head and neck back and forth!]

SA: And now she's really pouring on the punishment, fans.

[But the brief loss of focus allows Somers to get her arms free again, pushing up off the mat right away.]

SA: And again, Julie Somers fights up to all fours! Where is she getting this from?! The tremendous heart! The fighting spirit! Julie Somers is the Spitfire in every way possible!

[Rage again breaks the hold, leaping up for another buttdrop on the back...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...but Somers rolls clear, causing Rage to SLAM down on her tailbone!]

SA: She missed! She missed! Somers rolls and Rage just jammed her own tailbone into the mat - like giving herself an atomic drop in a way, Colt.

CP: It'll buy Somers a little time but she needs to get off the mat and take advantage of it.

[Somers pushes up to all fours, breathing heavily as she reaches an arm around to grab at her back.]

SA: The back obviously still bothering Somers as it has for most of this match. Lauryn Rage has done an excellent job working the back... and to this point, she's managed to keep her knee well-protected.

CP: I've gotta wonder how much of that is Somers being too much of a Girl Scout to take advantage of an opponent's injury. The whole world knows that Rage's knee is banged up and somehow Somers hasn't gone after it once? Come on!

SA: Somers shoving herself back to her feet now...

[A weary Somers is up, grabbing at her back as she leans against the ropes, looking at the seated Rage...

...and charges in, throwing a low dropkick to the face that knocks Rage flat as Somers scrambles into a cover.]

SA: Somers with the cover now... and just a two count... Rage pops that shoulder free and this one continues here in South Beach on Fight Night On FOX!

CP: And again, that dropkick buys her some more recovery time. There wasn't much of a chance it would get the three count but it buys her some time to try and get the pain from her back out of her head. She can't make it go away but maybe she can ignore it just long enough to finish this one off.

[Somers slowly rises off the mat, again grabbing at her back. Her face is covered with the pain of every step she takes as she leans down, dragging Rage up to join her.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Whooooa my oh my! What a chop right there!

[Rage goes stumbling backwards, falling into the corner as Somers strides in after her, winding up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Absolutely devastating chops in the corner by Somers! Rage hanging onto the ropes, trying to stay on her feet...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Somers continues to chop away at her... trying to inflict some damage without putting further strain on that injured back.

[With Rage reeling on the ropes, Somers leans down and with a groan of exertion, she boosts the former champion up to sit on the top turnbuckle.]

SA: The Spitfire deposits Rage on the top rope... and she might be looking to finish this one off right here, Colt.

CP: I don't know what she's got in mind, Sal... but doing anything off the ropes late in the match is a tremendous risk to be taking. We may be closing in on the end of this one - one way or another.

[Somers takes a couple of steps back, breathing hard, grabbing at her back again before stepping back in and up onto the second rope alongside Rage.]

SA: Both women up on the ropes now and-

[Rage snaps off a right hand to the ribs of Somers, trying to block whatever the Spitfire has planned...]

SA: Rage goes downstairs with a right... and Somers with a right to the head in response!

[The exchange continues - Rage with piston-like punches into the ribs and Somers with flailing haymakers to the head in reply.]

SA: We've got a slugfest on our hands! Somers and Rage battling it out on the ropes, fighting to see who can get the advantage!

[Rage lands another shot to the ribs... and another... and another...

...and then after grabbing two hands full of Somers' head, she SMASHES her skull into Julie's, causing the crowd to groan!]

SA: HEADBUTT!

CP: That'll ring Somers' bell!

SA: It certainly looks like it! She might be out... and frankly, she might've fallen off the buckles right there if Rage wasn't hanging on.

[Still holding the hair, Rage straightens up, standing on the second rope alongside Somers...]

SA: This can't be good news for the Spitfire!

[Rage leans forward, lifting Somers up under her arm, holding her as they stand on the middle rope long enough for the crowd to get an idea of what's coming...

...and then she steps off, bringing up her knee!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: MIDDLE ROPE BACKBREAKER! MIDDLE ROPE BACKBREAKER! SWEET SAN ANGELO, DID YOU SEE THAT?!

[The crowd is roaring for the innovative offense that saw Rage step off the middle rope, delivering a high impact backbreaker onto the canvas...

...but quickly move to a concerned buzz as Rage drops back onto her back, screaming loudly, rolling back and forth as she clutches her knee in pain!]

SA: Oh no! Lauryn Rage with that incredible offensive attack right there, Colt... but look at what it cost her!

CP: That surgically repaired knee just took one hell of a jolt to it and she's in tremendous pain right now, Sal.

SA: Julie Somers is laid out. Julie Somers might be finished... but right now, Lauryn Rage is in NO condition to take advantage of it!

[The referee kneels next to Rage who is screaming in pain, grabbing at her knee as she claws at the canvas.]

SA: Rage took a tremendous risk there... it paid big dividends on the offensive side but what kind of damage did she do to her own leg? What kind of damage has she done to the one thing she was hoping to protect the most inside of this steel cage tonight here in Miami?

[Rage grabs at the shirt of the official, grimacing with every movement as Miranda confirms that the former champion thinks she can continue.]

SA: You can only hope - as we near the thirty minute mark of this battle - that Shari Miranda does NOT have to stop this one due to injury. The back of Julie Somers... now the knee of Lauryn Rage... these two warriors laying it all on the line for a SuperClash date with destiny!

[Lauryn rolls to her side, still holding the knee but quieting down as the referee waves for the match to continue. Somers is also on her hip, holding her lower back as the crowd cheers for both competitors again.]

SA: And again, these fans in Miami are showing their respect for both of these magnificent fighters as these women continue to battle and give it everything they've got in them and then some to try and get to the top of the hottest division in our sport, Colt.

CP: They're both going to SuperClash... but who's going to be there fighting for the biggest prize in women's wrestling - the AWA Women's World Title?

SA: Lauryn Rage is the first to stir... trying to get back up... rolling to a knee...

[A grimace on her face, Rage pushes back up off the mat, visibly wincing as she attempts to put weight on her surgically-repaired knee and grabbing referee Shari Miranda by the shoulder to steady herself. Miranda reflexively helps her... and then backs away, waving for the match to go on.]

SA: Rage is hobbling around on that bad leg now... trying to stay on her feet.

[She stumbles over towards the still-downed Somers, looking to finish her off before the Spitfire can recover.]

SA: Rage leans down, dragging Somers up off the mat...

CP: Somers can't even stand yet. Rage is doing all the heavy lifting right there, pulling dead weight up to her feet...

[Rage nods her head at the crowd as she ducks low, scooping Somers up into her arms...]

SA: Scoop and a...

[The crowd ERUPTS as Somers wraps her up, rolling her into an inside cradle.]

SA: ...CRADLE OUT OF NOWHERE! ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THREEEEE-
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: KICK OUT JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME! SWEET SANTA MARIA!

CP: That was TOO close if you're Lauryn Rage. You almost lost it all right there and Somers just about snatched victory from the jaws of defeat, Albano!

SA: It was incredible close!

[Lauryn sits up on the canvas, a look of shock mixed with incredible relief on her face.]

SA: And you can see it in her eyes, Colt - she knows how close she came to this all going away for her here tonight. That had to make a few hearts skip a beat in the Rage Family section down at ringside.

[The expression on Rage's face shifts to one of frustration, bitterly shaking her head as she climbs back to her feet, again nearly losing her balance as she gets up. As Somers tries to push up off the mat, Rage grabs her by the hair...]

SA: OH! Kneestrike to the side of the head - with the good knee mind you.

CP: At least she had the presence of mind to make sure she didn't damage her own knee further. Sometimes in the heat of battle, you lose that and cost yourself.

SA: Another knee! A third now!

[With Somers reeling again, Rage drags her up, scoops her up, and slams her down with authority!]

SA: And there's the slam she was looking for moments ago! She throws her down hard and...

[Rage backs into the ropes, charging back off with a wobble in her step...

...and LEAPS into the air, not elevating as high as she was earlier, before crashing down in a seated senton on the chest of Somers, reaching back to grab both legs in a tight cradle as she does!]

SA: This might do it! Miranda down to count!

[The referee delivers the one... the two...

...but before three can come down, Somers pushes hard on her legs, causing Rage to lose control and get rolled from her own cradle down into a Somers sunset flip position!]

SA: REVERSED!

[The referee lunges to the side, checking the shoulders of Rage.]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO! TH-

[Rage kicks hard, rolling back the other way, putting Somers back on her shoulders as the referee shifts direction again.]

SA: RAGE BACK ON TOP FOR ONE! TWOOOOOOO! TH-

[Somers manages to upend Rage again, rolling her onto her shoulders in another sunset flip type cover.]

SA: SOMERS REVERSES! ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOO! TH-

[Rage pushes off and out, rolling to her feet where she snatches Somers' legs, flipping over into a double leg cradle!]

SA: RAGE CRADLES! ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOO! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd roars as Somers bridges out, screaming as she does, forcing her way through the pain to her feet. She flips Rage over, reaching back for a backslide...]

SA: Somers trying to drag her down and-

[...but Rage spins out of it, burying a short forearm into the lower back of the Spitfire...]

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and then snatches a side waistlock, lifting Somers up into the air quickly...

...and DROPS her down across a bent knee in a backbreaker!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: BELLY TO BACK... BACKBREAKER?! INNOVATIVE OFFENSE BY LAURYN RAGE!

CP: But look at her, Sal! Look at her grabbing the knee! Yeah, she put Somers down. Yeah, she hurt her good again. But what did she do to her own knee again?!

SA: We said both of these women are pulling out all the stops and we just saw that again! Lauryn Rage putting her own health... her own well-being on the line so that she can get one inch closer to getting the win here in Miami... one inch closer to facing Kurayami at SuperClash IX for the Women's World Title!

[Rage lies on her back, clutching her knee tightly as she groans in pain. Somers is nearby on her chest, her arm snaked around to grab at her back as agony shoots through her from head to toe.]

CP: At this point, Albano, it may come down to who wants it more.

SA: You could be right, Colt... but both of these warriors want it so badly, I just can't imagine what more they can do to one another. Over a half hour into this battle and they just keep on coming.

[Rage is the first to stir, rolling to her hip, still vigorously rubbing at her injured knee as she sits up on the mat, a grimace glued to her face as the referee asks if she can continue. Da Kid gives a nod, forcing the pain away as she battles back up to her feet.]

SA: Rage on one leg... just barely able to put any weight on that surgically-repaired knee... and again, I have to mention that Julie Somers hasn't done a thing to target that knee in this match. All of the damage to it has been self-inflicted by the former champion going for the biggest win since her return from injury.

[Hobbling over to Somers, Rage reaches down, dragging the Spitfire to her feet by long, brown wavy hair. She steadies Somers in front of her...

...and then twists around, reaching back to grab a three-quarter nelson...]

SA: SNAKEBITE!

[There's a particularly loud reaction from the Rage Family sitting ringside for one of their family's signature moves...

...and just as loud of an expression of disappointment as Somers shoves her off, sending her rocketing forward off-balance...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: HEADFIRST INTO THE CAGE!

CP: Somers shoved her way out of the Snakebite but because of how close they were to the cage, Rage flew forwards, lost her balance, and hit the steel! I don't know if that was intentional by Somers but it paid off for sure!

[Rage staggers backwards off the cage, her eyes glassy from the impact as Somers steadies herself, gritting her teeth...]

SA: Somers waiting for her... what's she...?!

[Sal trails off as the Spitfire leaps into the air, snatching Rage's head between her legs...

...and SPIKES her on her head with a reverse rana that sees the Miami crowd ERUPT as they leap to their feet!]

SA: REVERSE RANA! SHE SPIKED HER GOOD THERE!

[Somers wearily rolls Rage to her back, collapsing on top of her in a North-South position.]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT...

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The crowd ROARS just as loud as they did for the move for the kickout by Rage, her arm shooting up into the air, holding there for all to see as a dejected Somers rolls to her back, burying her face in her arms!]

SA: So close! So close to ending it there! Julie Somers with perhaps the biggest move of the match but it's just not quite enough to get the three count!

CP: And that time, it was Lauryn Rage who benefitted from ring positioning. Somers hit the rana, went for the cover, but because of where she was on Rage, she couldn't get to a leg. It was only a body-to-body cover and that might have made the difference between the win and Rage squeaking that shoulder up into the air!

[The crowd is buzzing once more as both Somers and Rage lie on their backs in the middle of the ring, exhausted at the effort they've put forth so far but knowing they still aren't to the finish line.]

SA: And as they both try to recover on the mat, they've both gotta be thinking how close they are now, Colt. One big move. One big counter. One last effort to fight down the pain and find their way to the winner's circle!

CP: Victory lane has never been closer and will never taste sweeter for one of these two women tonight here in Miami... until a month from now if they're able to win the Women's World Title.

SA: And if they put forth this kind of fight to GET to SuperClash, what must Kurayami be in the back thinking about her potential title defense? What limits will these two shatter to win the title?!

CP: Whoever pulls it off is in for one hell of a fight at SuperClash but I think tonight shows that they're both ready for it.

[Very slowly, Somers pulls herself up off the mat to her feet, leaning over to grab Rage by the arms, dragging her into position...]

SA: Somers pulling Rage over... setting her up for something...

[And the crowd ROARS once again as Somers straightens up and points to the corner.]

SA: She's calling for the Moonsault, Colt!

CP: If she hits it, it's over!

SA: I know it, you know it, the whole crowd knows it... and you better believe Lauryn Rage, the former champion, knows it as well.

CP: If she's got enough left after that rana to know anything at all. She could be completely out of it!

SA: A fair point as Somers heads to the corner, slowly climbing the turnbuckles... a move which must be absolutely anguish for her right now with the amount of punishment her back has taken here tonight in Miami.

CP: They wanted a Fight Night and they're getting one, jack!

[Somers stands on the midbuckle for a moment, nodding to the cheering fans as she grabs the cage wall to steady herself and steps to the top, facing away from the ring...]

SA: Somers on the top rope! Somers getting set to try to end this war!

[The Spitfire grimaces, holding the cage with white-knuckled hands as she struggles to keep her balance...]

SA: Rage is still down! Rage hasn't moved at all!

CP: This is it, Albano!

[Somers leaps into the air, causing cameras throughout the arena to fire off as she flips backwards gracefully, soaring down toward Rage's prone form...]

SA: MOONSAULT!

[...which shifts slightly, the legs coming up off the mat...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: KNEES! KNEES! DA KID GOT THE KNEES UP AND SOMERS' RIBCAGE CRASHES DOWN ONTO THEM!

[Somers is stunned on impact, staying down on the raised knees that ended her moonsault effort...]

...and a wiped out Rage reaches up, grabbing the head and legs, rolling Somers off her knees and onto the Spitfire's shoulders!]

SA: CRADLE OFF THE COUNTER! ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Again, the crowd goes wild as Julie Somers' shoulder just shrugs up off the mat with almost no movement at all. Just the slightest of twitches to mean the difference between defeat and living to fight!]

SA: SHE KICKED OUT!

CP: How in the...?!

SA: I don't know how! I don't see possibly how she could do it but Julie Somers got the damn shoulder up JUST before three and this one continues! This - the first steel cage match between two women in AWA history - continues on and... wow! What a match this is, Colt. What a match!

CP: You can say that again. These two... well, we've said it before, Sal, but I think it merits saying again. They're giving everything they've got and then some.

They're shattering every expectation we had for this one. We knew it would be good... but I don't think we knew it would be THIS good.

SA: So much at stake. So much on the line. So much for these two to win... and so much to lose as Kurayami waits for the winner at SuperClash IX in just over a month's time. Will it be Julie Somers in that match? The Spitfire who pinned Kurayami in a tag team match at Eternally Extreme... the challenger who beat Kurayami by countout in Mexico... who just needs to pin those shoulders to the mat to accomplish the goal she set for herself when she first stepped foot in the Women's Division before it was even reality. Or will it be Lauryn Rage, the former champion... the first woman to wear the crown... the woman who believes she never should've lost the title to begin with... the woman who sat on the shelf for months at the hands of Kurayami?

[Rage is the first to move, sitting up on the canvas, burying her face in her hands. She balls up a fist, slamming it down into the canvas a few times.]

SA: So much frustration on the part of both of these warriors at not being able to put the other one away. Rage showing that frustration right now... but she can't, right, Colt?

CP: Absolutely not. This is not the time to lose control. Stay focused. Stay on your opponent. And find a way to get that three count. I don't care what you have to do - it's time to do it. It's time to go further than you ever have before. It's time to take things to the next level.

[The former champion creeps back to her feet again, grabbing the top rope while lifting her leg and shaking out the knee again.]

SA: Lauryn Rage back on her feet... and she's gotta be wondering what it'll take to put down Somers. Perhaps another Snakebite attempt. Perhaps going back to work on the back of the Spitfire. What's it gonna take to put Julie Somers down for three and to earn that SuperClash title match?

[Rage leans down, hauling a weary Somers to her feet again. She holds her up, staring her in the eyes...]

SA: Rage with a few words for Somers - the frustration boiling over on the part of the former champion...

[Still holding the hair, Rage peels to the side, running towards the ropes...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and HURLS Somers facefirst into the wall of the steel cage!]

SA: SOMERS MEETS STEEL!

[Somers bounces off the mesh, collapsing down on the canvas as Rage leans against the cage, again lifting her leg to shake out her knee.]

SA: Lauryn Rage - barely able to stand - is indeed taking this fight up another level! She DRIVES Julie Somers' face into the steel! They've gone over a half hour without using the cage as an offensive weapon - satisfied with it blocking Kurayami from getting involved - but no more! The proverbial gloves are off and the fight is on!

[Rage hobbles back towards Somers who is up on all fours, trying to get to her feet to defend herself...]

SA: Rage pulling her up again... again, laying the trash talk down on her...

[She twists to the side, rushing the cage wall again...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: FACEFIRST INTO THE CAGE A SECOND TIME!

[Somers bounces off again, falling to her knees and then down onto her chest, her arms pulled up over her head as Rage leans against the ropes, wiggling her leg back and forth, keeping the blood flowing as the fans buzz at what they're seeing.]

SA: Julie Somers can't even stand after hitting the cage again! Is the Spitfire moments away from being extinguished?!

CP: Rage ain't done yet either, Sal.

[Rage pushes off the cage, wobbling towards Somers who is trying to crawl away from her...

...and as she pulls Somers back by the hair, the audience gets their first glance of Somers' busted forehead!]

SA: Julie Somers has been lacerated! She's been busted open by Lauryn Rage with the aid of that solid steel cage!

[Rage nods her head as she turns Somers around, showing the bloodied face to the entire Miami crowd...

...and then rushes the cage again...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: AGAIN! AGAIN, JULIE SOMERS MEETS THE STEEL!

[Somers staggers backwards, falling onto her back, the blood now flowing steadily as Rage stands by the cage. She grabs the side of the cage, again shaking out her leg as the crowd continues to show their support for both competitors.]

SA: Lauryn Rage attempting to keep that knee going... trying to make sure she can continue this fight without issue...

[Rage stumbles to mid-ring, slowly reaching down, wrapping her fingers in the hair again, dragging her up to her feet...]

SA: Somers is up again... bloodied... busted open... barely able to stand...

[Rage points to the only side of the cage she hasn't driven Somers into yet, emphatically gesturing at it as a brief "ONE MORE TIME!" chant breaks out amongst a part of the Miami crowd...

...and with a nod, she rushes the final side of the cage...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ONE MORE TIME INDEED AND DOWN GOES JULIE SOMERS!

[Somers drops down onto her back, arms flung out to her side, barely moving on the mat as Rage stands over her...

...and collapses from exhaustion onto her knees, diving across Somers' prone form without being able to grab a leg again.]

SA: IT COULD BE!! IT MIGHT BE!! IT ISSSSSSSSSS...

[The crowd ERUPTS once more as Somers' shoulder just barely squeaks up off the mat yet again!]

SA: ARE! YOU! KIDDING! ME?!

[Rage has the same expression on her face as she stares at Shari Miranda who steps back, hands on her head, shaking it back and forth...]

CP: I think even the referee is surprised she kicked out!

SA: She's CERTAINLY not alone in that!

[Lauryn Rage asks Miranda who holds up two fingers... and then gestures how close the three count was.]

SA: So close! You can see it there how close it was. Inches... just inches away from going to SuperClash to fight for the title she believes belong to her!

[An angry Rage swings her leg over the downed Somers, smashing her fist down between the eyes... and again... and again... and again...]

SA: Rage is pounding that cut! Deepening that wound with every blow!

[Somers pulls her arms up, tiredly covering her head as Rage continues to pound away, punching right through the guard. Rage climbs to her feet, blood on her knuckles as she looks out on the crowd... some of which are strongly jeering for that. She holds up the hand, showing off the blood-covered fist...]

SA: Somers is bleeding profusely now! We've just passed the forty minute mark in this war! How much longer can they go?! How much longer can these two survive?!

[Rage peels off, fists raised, going into an awkward boxer stance as she tries to keep the weight off the bad knee...]

SA: Somers is... can you believe this, Colt?! Julie Somers is trying to get up! Julie Somers, blood pouring down her face, is trying to get up!

CP: This is something else, Albano. We're witnessing something special.

SA: Julie Somers, that competitive fire burning inside like her nickname, is getting up off the mat... and Lauryn Rage is waiting for her!

[Somers gets off the mat, her arms hanging at her sides as she stares at a waiting and poised Lauryn Rage...

...and then slaps herself in the cheek with a loud "COME ON!"

SA: She's asking for it! She's begging for it, Colt!

[Rage's jaw draws, looking stunned at the defiant Somers standing before her.]

SA: Julie Somers has dreamed of her shot at the title since the day this division was announced... before this division even existed! She refuses to stay down! REFUSES to stay down!

[Somers waves Rage forward again...

...and this time, Rage obliges, lowering her shoulder and driving Somers back into the buckles!]

SA: OH! The spine hits the corner again! Rage is fired up! Somers is fired up! These fans are fired up! Colt, even you look a little fired up!

CP: I AM fired up, Albano! These two make me want to come out of retirement!

[With Somers backed into the corner, Lauryn winds up...]

SA: Oh! Hard shot to the ribs... to the other side!

[The crowd is groaning as Rage tees off, rights and lefts... rights and lefts to the ribcage. The referee steps closer, shouting for Rage to back off...]

SA: Shari Miranda calling for a break... but again, there are no disqualifications so...

[Rage steps back, turning to shout at Miranda...

...but when she turns back, Somers winds and throws!]

SA: OH! RIGHT HAND BY SOMERS! SOMERS FIGHTING BACK!

[An agitated Rage grabs Somers by the arm, whipping her around to face the turnbuckles...]

“OHHH!”

SA: Right hand to the lower back!

[The fists are flying once again, pounding into the lower back of Somers, causing her to cry out with the devastating blows finding the mark!]

SA: Rage is teeing off on the back of the Spitfire!

[With Somers laid out over the ropes, Rage backs off, shouting “COME ON, BITCH!” with her fists raised and ready...]

SA: Rage is waiting! The Perfect Punch is cocked and loaded!

[Rage stands at the ready, shaking with anticipation as Somers slowly pushes off the buckles, grabbing at her lower back as she staggers in a circle...]

CP: Remember, she said it only takes one!

SA: I remember... but does Julie Somers know what’s waiting for her?!

[Somers slowly spins back towards Rage who gives one more wave of the hands, calling the Spitfire forward...]

SA: PERFECT PUNCH!

[The hooking blow is aimed at the jaw of the bloodied Julie Somers...

...who ducks low, causing the poorly-balanced Rage to whiff on the blow, stumbling forward...]

SA: SWING AND A MISS!

[Rage whips around, arm cocked back again...

...but Somers surges forward, leaping up as she grabs the arm, looping around and floating over...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: FLOATOVER DDT! SHE SPIKES RAGE!

[The former champion's skull is DRIVEN into the mat as Somers slumps on top of her in a lateral press, unable to grab a leg...]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: RAGE FIRES THE SHOULDER UP! THIS TIME, IT'S LAURYN RAGE WHO SHOWS HOW MUCH SHE REFUSES TO LOSE! LAURYN RAGE REFUSING TO STAY DOWN! REFUSING TO BE PINNED! REFUSING TO GIVE UP HER SUPERCLASH DREAM!

[The bloodied Somers pushes up to her knees, looking down with a slack jaw at the defiant Rage!]

SA: And now it's Julie Somers who has to wonder... what does it take? What does it take to put Lauryn Rage down and earn her SuperClash title match?

[Somers shoves herself to her feet, pumping her arms as the crowd roars, pulling all the fan support into her aching body... filling her fighting heart with the spirit of the Spitfire...

...and she leans down, dragging Rage back to her feet. She steels herself, nodding her head as she ducks low...]

SA: She's gonna...

[Somers lets loose a scream of anguish as she lifts Rage off the mat across her chest...

...and DROPS her down across a bent knee in a backbreaker, shoving her off onto the canvas...]

SA: BACKBREAKER!

[The Spitfire gets to her feet, pointing with both arms to the corner.]

SA: AND SHE'S CALLING FOR THE MOONSAULT AGAIN!

[Somers steps over the prone Rage to the corner, grabbing the ropes as she starts to climb...]

CP: The first time she tried this, Rage got the knees up and almost won this thing! If she misses again...

SA: COGLI L'ATTIMO!! SEIZE THE MOMENT, JULIE SOMERS!

[The moonsault SMASHES down onto the barely-moving Rage who made one final attempt to roll clear but ended up dropping back onto her back just before impact!]

SA: THEY'RE BOTH DOWN! THEY'RE BOTH HURT!

CP: BUT SOMERS IS ON TOP!

[Shari Miranda drops down to count.]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT... ISSSSSSSSSSSSSS!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Somers rolls off Rage onto her back, staring up at the lights for several moments as the crowd ROARS in salute to both women and the effort they put forth.]

SA: Julie Somers has done it! Julie Somers is heading to SuperClash where she will meet Kurayami for the Women's World Title!

CP: An incredible match, an incredible win, and it'll be an incredible challenge on Thanksgiving Night for Somers to best Kurayami and walk out with the gold.

SA: You're absolutely right about that. Somers being helped up now by Shari Miranda, back to her feet...

[Somers slumps against the ropes, leaning against the cage as she raises her arms in triumph, grimacing as she does.]

SA: What a victory for this young lady on the road to SuperClash!

[Miranda kneels next to Lauryn Rage who has managed to roll onto her side, staring blankly down at the canvas as the official checks on her physically.]

SA: Lauryn Rage falls short... just short... but she's got nothing to be ashamed of, Colt.

CP: Not at all. Rage put forth the greatest effort I believe I've seen in her career and like you said... just a little bit short.

SA: Rage looks upset... obviously wishing they would've gone another way.

[The former champion sits up, staring first at the referee... then out to her family at ringside who are applauding her... and then over to Julie Somers who returns the gaze, nodding her head in respect.]

SA: Julie Somers walked into this cage knowing it would take every single bit of her to walk out of here with a date for SuperClash and she gave all of that and then some. Heck, they both did, Colt.

CP: It almost seems unfair that someone had to lose but that's the name of the game and Lauryn Rage is left out of the title match at the big show.

[With a face filled with pain, Rage rolls to a knee, grimacing as she grabs at her surgically repaired knee, slowly pushing up to her feet where she almost loses her balance.]

SA: Both of these warriors are up now and... well, hopefully nobody's ready for Round 2, Colt, because I am spent, my friend.

[Rage hobbles across the ring, moving towards Somers who you can see ball up her fists, ready for the fight to continue...]

SA: What's going to happen here?

[Rage pauses, staring dead in the eyes of Julie Somers for several awkward moments...

...and then sticks out her hand.]

SA: I'll be damned.

[Somers grins as she accepts it, pumping the arm as Rage leans closer.]

"You go get that title, Wonder Woman. I'll be waiting for my shot. You ain't seen the last of Da Kid."

[Somers nods, patting Rage on the shoulder as the former champion breaks away, hobbling back across the ring and out the door where she heads over to her family, hugging everyone in sight as Somers uses the cage to climb to the second rope, pointing to the fans just before she makes the universal belt gesture.]

SA: Somers letting these people know how much she appreciates their support as well. It's an incredible moment for her and I'm glad we were here to be a part of it, Colt.

CP: It's a special moment for sure and it deserves to be called by a special announce team.

SA: That's us?

CP: That's us.

SA: Alright! Fans, we've got one final break to take here tonight and when we come back, it's decision time for Brian James. Don't go away!

[As Somers continue to celebrate her win, we fade to black.

We hold on a black screen for several moments before we hear the sound of footsteps. Loud footsteps breaking through a completely silent room.

They come to a halt.

A slight clearing of the throat.]

"WELCOME..."

[And with the blast of a spotlight, we see a circus ringmaster standing in the middle of it, a huge grin upon his face.]

"...TO THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH!"

[The boisterous "Whooooooooo!" of "The Greatest Show" from the soundtrack to the upcoming "The Greatest Showman" is heard a few times before...]

#Ladies and gents... this is the moment you've waited for...#

[The ringmaster winks at the camera, an actual sparkle showing off his polished white teeth...

...and we cut to a graphic that reads:

SUPERCLASH IX
THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH

33 DAYS AND COUNTING

And then cut back to black...

...and then back up to a panning shot of the Miami crowd that is interrupted by the wild jungle cat snarl that can only mean the arrival of the AWA President and Generalissimo of the Korugun Army, Javier Castillo. Castillo slithers out onto the entrance stage, a smirk on his face as he's flanked on either side by his personal security, John Law and MAWAGA.]

SA: Well, we knew we'd be seeing him one more time tonight, Colt.

CP: It's decision time for Brian James!

SA: That's right. The Engine of Destruction has been backstage all night... I'm told he's been pondering this decision, figuring out what comes next for him... and the deadline has arrived. Javier Castillo has arrived and... well, we'll just have to wait and see what happens next.

[Castillo and his entourage make it down the ramp pretty swiftly, Castillo moving to climb the ringsteps as Law and MAWAGA slide into the ring, taking up flanking positions on either side of the boss as he gestures for a house mic. The Miami crowd is letting him have it as his music fades and he taps the mic to make sure it's working.]

JC: You've seen all the action - how about that cage match, eh?

[The crowd cheers loudly as Castillo looks up at the cage once again hanging above the ring, nodding his head.]

JC: You've seen all the action... you've heard all the hype... it's been one hell of a Fight Night On FOX...

[The crowd cheers again!]

JC: But now it's time for one man to make a choice that will not only affect his career... but the path of his entire life.

Brian James. My friend. Please join me in my ring.

#Let's Get Ready to Rumble!

[Volbeat's "A Warrior's Call" signals the entrance of the Engine of Destruction, and down the ramp walks Son of the Blackheart, looking, in truth, all the worse for the wear after the night he's had. James stops at the ring as his music hits the part that puts the fans on their feet, singing along.]

FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!

SA: You know it wasn't that long ago Colt that these fans thought nothing good about Brian James. But they have seen his warrior's heart on display, and they have found their way to embracing him.

CP: Just goes to show that you never, ever listen to the crowd!

[Castillo is all slimy smiles as James steps through the ropes, the night's events weighing heavily on him.]

SA: Brian James climbing in there... and quite frankly, Colt... he looks like a condemned man heading for the chair.

CP: A man's gotta do what a man's gotta do... and in this case, a son's gotta do what a son's gotta do. There's nothing I wouldn't do for my mother and I gotta imagine Brian James feels the same.

[The music fades as Castillo spreads his arms wide, shouting "WELCOME!" to James who doesn't meet the General's gaze.]

JC: Brian James, my friend... in my... extreme generosity... I have given you the entire night to weigh your decision and now the time has come.

[Castillo waves a dismissive hand.]

JC: But surely, it is no decision at all.

On one hand, you commit yourself to my Army for one lone, solitary night... you stand by Korugun in WarGames... you put yourself on the winning side against those who saw all your potential... and stuck you alongside a junior heavyweight who was here one day and gone the next...

And in making that decision, you also earn yourself a future match against Johnny Detson... and the World Champion if Detson no longer holds the gold.

[Castillo spreads his arms again.]

JC: All you've ever wanted. Vengeance and glory at your fingertips.... if you make the right decision.

[Castillo's gaze goes cold.]

JC: But if you don't... well, your dear mother - who frankly, I've grown quite fond of - will spend the rest of her Mother's Days in a wheelchair sucking down soup through a straw.

[The crowd jeers loudly as James looks up, his hard eyes burning into Castillo for the first time since stepping into the ring. Castillo takes a noticeable step back towards Law and MAWAGA's protective bubble as he shrugs.]

JC: The choice... as they say... is yours, Mr. James.

[Castillo lowers his arm, extending the mic to Brian James who slowly reaches out his hand to take it. The crowd is buzzing, many shouting their support to an emotional James as he raises the mic, looking out on the fans.]

BJ: If there's one thing I'm known for, it's my focus. My ability to narrow in a goal, and let nothing get in the way.

Until now. Until you.

[James stares daggers into Castillo.]

BJ: Because of you... there's only one thing I could think about. And it wasn't about an opponent, or a title. It was about your little devil's bargain.

And it's been all I've thought about these last few weeks... and I know I have to make a choice. And...

[James shakes his head.]

BJ: It's really not much of a choice at all, right? I...

[James trails off...

...and before he can continue, another voice shouts from off-camera, cutting him off.]

"Hold it right there, Mr. James."

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sight of Jon Stegglet power-walking down the aisle dressed in a charcoal grey suit and carrying a mic in hand. Castillo whips around at the voice, shouting "WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?!" off-mic as Stegglet approaches.]

JS: What am I doing here? As much as it pains you to hear it, Javier... until Thanksgiving Night, I still own this place, so I'll pretty much show up any time I damn well please!

[Another big cheer rings out as Stegglet gets to the ring, climbing through the ropes as Brian James looks on in confusion.]

JS: Brian, before you make your choice... I've got something to say that I think will make this whole conversation absolutely useless.

[Castillo glares at Stegglet who makes sure to stay away from Law and MAWAGA.]

JS: By this point, everyone knows that this whole power struggle between Javier and I will come to a head at SuperClash... in WarGames... but since we've got about a month to go, I think we've got time for a few more rounds, Javier.

[Stegglet grins.]

JS: You see, I'm fresh off a plane from Los Angeles where I took some high-level meetings with the folks from FOX and... well, as it turns out, Javier... they've got some opinions of their own about SuperClash.

While you and I have been focused on WarGames, the suits at the network wanted to know what's going on with the World Title. They wanted to know who Johnny Detson would be defending against at SuperClash.

So, after some discussion, we came to an agreement.

[Stegglet pauses.]

JS: At SuperClash IX, Johnny Detson will be defending the AWA World Title against... SUPERNOVA!

[The crowd ERUPTS in cheers as Castillo grimaces, shaking his head...

...which grows even more animated as Stegglet turns to point.]

JS: AND BRIAN JAMES!

[James' eyes go wide in surprise... and then a huge smile crosses his face as he realizes EXACTLY what that means!]

JC: WHAT?! NO! YOU CAN'T-

[Stegglet interrupts.]

JS: Oh, I can. No matter how much I've let you get away with this year for the sake of appeasing our ownership and broadcast partners, I still retain the right to match make in this company... and that's exactly what I've done. It WILL be Detson vs Supernova vs James for the World Title at SuperClash.

[The crowd cheers loudly again as Castillo fumes.]

JS: Which also means that your little threat hanging over his head is done. Brian James will not be available to join your WarGames team... so you can tell Kurayami to send Veronica on her way safely...

[Stegglet grins.]

JS: ...and for your sake, you better pray to whatever god you hold dear that her husband forgives this little transgression of yours, Javier. That guy ain't someone to mess with... trust me.

[The crowd cheers as Stegglet chuckles. Castillo angrily turns towards James.]

JC: You will NEVER be champion! NEVER! I will personally see to that! If I have to show up at ringside and order them to-

[Stegglet interrupts.]

JS: Yeah, that's not happening either, Javier. Because at SuperClash IX, while WarGames is the Main Event in Atlanta... and I know you wouldn't want to miss being there for that... the World Title match will be our Main Event in Toronto! So, you'll be about a thousand miles away from having ANYTHING to do with who walks out of SuperClash as the World Champion.

[James grins again as Castillo fumes, twisting and angrily kicking the ropes.]

JS: But speaking of WarGames, Javier-

[Castillo twists back around, shouting down Stegglet.]

JC: LET'S TALK ABOUT WARGAMES! LET'S TALK ABOUT _MY_ TEAM WHICH WILL RUN YOURS INTO THE DIRT!

[The crowd jeers loudly as Castillo paces the ring madly.]

JC: DEREK RAGE! MORGAN DANE! JUAN VASQUEZ!

[He comes to a halt, standing between MAWAGA and John Law.]

JC: And a member of my own personal security force...

[He looks back and forth between the two. MAWAGA takes a half step forward when...]

JC: ...JOHN LAW!

[The crowd jeers even louder as Law and Castillo step towards Stegglet. MAWAGA comes to a sudden halt, tilting his sunglasses down to stare at both Castillo and Law.]

JC: And that means I've got FOUR members of my team set while you're still standing out here alone. Who do you have, Stegglet?! Who will stand for you?!

JS: You'll find out two weeks from toni-

[Castillo suddenly lunges forward, shoving Stegglet off his feet, knocking him down on the canvas. The crowd ERUPTS in boos as the General of the Korugun Army stands over him, glaring down at him.]

JC: WHO?! WHO?!

[The boos are rocking the American Airlines Center when...]

#This is a call to arms
Gather soldiers...

...time... to go... to warrrrrrrrr!#

[Ryan Martinez, the AWA's White Knight, emerges on the entrance ramp. Javier Castillo's eyes whip towards him, John Law still standing by his side...]

SA: The White Knight has arrived! Castillo wants to know who Stegglet has on his side - he's got this guy, that's who!

[...and Martinez wastes no time in rushing down the aisle.]

SA: MARTINEZ ON THE MOVE!

[The White Knight dives under the bottom rope, popping up to his feet where he charges John Law who takes a wild swing that Martinez ducks under, bouncing off the far ropes, leaping into the air...]

SA: CLOTHESLINE!

[The flying clothesline knocks Law flat, the Korugun head of security rolling to the outside...]

...which is when Brian James throws himself at MAWAGA who is about to hit Martinez from the blind side!]

SA: AND NOW IT'S BRIAN JAMES GETTING INVOLVED!

[James pistons a few quick right hands into the skull of MAWAGA before getting rolled onto his back where MAWAGA lands a few blows of his own. The duo roll back and forth, trading the advantage until spilling under the ropes to the outside!]

SA: LAW'S OUT! MAWAGA IS OUT! AND THAT LEAVES...

[Castillo suddenly realizes he's in trouble, twisting to make a run for it...]

...but finds Jon Stegglet blocking his path. Now, Jon Stegglet is no muscleman... he's no tough guy... but what he is is someone who has been around professional wrestling for over twenty years and who knows how to throw one heck of a right hand when the situation calls for it!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Castillo goes flying backwards, sailing through the air and landing down on the canvas...]

...right at the feet of Ryan Martinez.]

SA: UH OH!

[Stegglet is grinning madly now, shaking the hand he just clocked Castillo with, watching as Martinez stares down at the man who has made his life hell for the better part of a year..

...and as Castillo rolls to his knees, rubbing at his jaw with one hand as he reaches out with the other... and finds his hand on the boot of someone.]

SA: CASTILLO LOOKING DOWN AND HE MIGHT NOT LIKE WHAT HE SEES WHEN HE LOOKS UP!

[The Generalissimo slowly looks up...

...and locks eyes with Ryan Martinez who stares down at him, the crowd absolutely ROARING at this point!]

SA: CASTILLO'S AT MARTINEZ' FEET! THE WHITE KNIGHT STANDING OVER THE GENERAL!

[Castillo lightly pats Martinez' calf, a grin on his face as he tries to slip backwards...

...which is when Martinez reaches down, mussing Castillo's hair with a smile...

...and then YANKS him to his feet, throwing him back into the corner as the Miami crowd EXPLODES with earsplitting decibel levels!]

SA: MARTINEZ HAS GOT HIM! HE'S GOT CASTILLO!

[With a mighty jerk of his hands, Martinez rips the front of the dress shirt, revealing Castillo's bare chest. Castillo is struggling, trying to get loose but one hand from the former World Champion keeps him in place as Ryan looks out on the roaring crowd, nodding his head...]

CP: Look at Martinez in there, manhandling a civilian!

SA: Are you trying to tell me that Javier Castillo doesn't deserve every possible moment of this?!

CP: Well, I didn't say that...

[...and Martinez shifts his footing, winding up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The impact of the knife edge blow lifts Castillo off the canvas but Martinez keeps him from falling, holding him in place as he winds up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The second blow lands, red welts already starting to form on Castillo's tanned chest. He cries out, screaming in pain as Martinez again keeps him from slumping down to the canvas.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[This time, Martinez lets go and Castillo goes down like a rock, his chest an already rapidly-reddening red mess as John Law grabs his employer, dragging him through the ropes to safety as the crowd lets Martinez hear it.]

"MAR-TI-NEZ!"

"MAR-TI-NEZ!"

"MAR-TI-NEZ!"

[A grinning Martinez nods his head, turning back towards Jon Stegglet who marches over to him and raises his hand, pointing to the White Knight as the two men soak up the adoration of the Miami crowd.]

SA: Well, we may not know all of Team Stegglet heading into WarGames - that's for another night - but on this night, we know that-

[Albano gets cut off by a pain-filled voice crying out.]

"NO! NO! NO!"

[The crowd boos loudly as we cut to the aisle where Javier Castillo, barely on his feet and being heavily supported by John Law, has the mic in hand once more. His face is twisted into unimaginable anger - more than we've ever seen from him before as he grips the mic in a white-knuckled hand.]

JC: THIS IS NOT HOW THIS NIGHT ENDS! I AM NOT A WRESTLER! MARTINEZ, YOU BULLY... BUT IF YOU WANT A FIGHT...

[Castillo fumes as Law seems to be whispering something to him that Castillo waves off.]

JC: ...YOU GOT ONE!

[The crowd ROARS again as Martinez looks a little surprised.]

JC: YOU! ME! TWO WEEKS FROM TONIGHT IN CHARLOTTE...

[And then he slowly points up...

...to the steel cage hanging over their heads.]

JC:...IN THE BIGGEST, TALLEST, BADDEST STEEL CAGE EVER BUILT!

[A furious Castillo rears back, hurling the mic towards the ring but in his anger, the mic bounces off the apron before falling silent. The crowd is absolutely beside itself at this announcement as a smirking Martinez nods his head, pointing up at the cage as well as Jon Stegglet looks on in shock.]

SA: I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! CASTILLO... MARTINEZ... CHARLOTTE... IN A CAGE?!

CP: Holy...

SA: FANS, WE GOTTA GO! WE'LL SEE YOU REAL SOON!

[And with a fuming Castillo shooting daggers from his eyeballs at Stegglet and Martinez, we fade to black.]

