

FRIGHT NIGHT ON FOX

OCTOBER 28, 2017
ATLANTA, GA



[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 fades up on a very 1960s style animated shot of a neighborhood. A jazzy piano number plays in the background as the shot zooms in on a specific house with a group of kids surrounding a door. A knock on the door followed by a loud "TRICK OR TREAT!" sees the door swing open and a disembodied hand drops candy into raised bags. The kids scamper away from the door, cheering their bounty and we cut to a shot of them gathering in a semicircle, digging through their respective bags. All are dressed in simple homemade ghost costumes.

A voice rings out... a quite familiar voice belonging to AWA superstar Julie Somers.]

JS: I got a candy bar!

[Another voice rings out... this one belonging to Hannibal Carver who growls...]

HC: I got an apple.

[A third voice cries out their rewards in the voice of Margarita Flores.]

MF: I got licorice!

[And a final voice calls out sadly, that belonging to Jordan Ohara.]

JO: I got a rock.

[Carver's animated character turns towards Ohara's.]

HC: Trade ya?

[Ohara happily hands over his rock to Carver who promptly wraps his fist around it...]

HC: Sucker.

[...and CLOCKS Ohara's animated form with it, diving on top to pummel him as Flores drapes a long arm around Somers' shoulders with a loud sigh.]

MF: Boys.

[Somers nods and the piano gets louder as we fade to the night's sky with the animated lettering reading "AWA FRIGHT NIGHT ON FOX!" A spooky voice bellows out a deep laugh as we fade to black...

...and as we fade up on the friendly confines of Atlanta's Center Stage Studios, we see the usual Power Hour setup - same ring, same stage, same announcers - but with a little bit of Halloween flair.

Jack-o-lanterns with flickering lights coming from spooky grins and grimaces are on the stage and the stairway leading down from it. A large wooden casket is leaning against the wall of the stage. Witches' cauldrons, broomsticks, a faux (hopefully) electric chair - all decorate the stage behind the announce table where we also see the Hand of Destiny for tonight's Main Event - a spinning wheel.

A panning shot through the crowd shows fans in various costumes - some even dressed as their favorite AWA superstars from the present and past as a trio dressed as the Bishop Boys confirm. A wild-eyed man doing his best James Monosso impression hams it up for the camera until nudged aside by his buddy wearing a blonde wig and a soccer jersey reading "MARTINEZ" in a large red heart.

We cut to the ring where our usual Power Hour host is standing: Theresa Lynch dressed in a glittering silver jumpsuit with a black pompadour wig and a curled lip grins at the cheering crowd.]

TL: Hello everyone and...

[She smiles at the cheering crowd before doing what must be done.]

TL: ...thank you... thank you very much.

[The crowd ROARS at Theresa's horrible Elvis impression. She shrugs and carries on.]

TL: Welcome to Center Stage Studios right here in Atlanta where we are just three weeks and change away from the biggest night of the year - and perhaps the biggest night in AWA history - SuperClash IX!

[Another big cheer goes up as do some "SU-PER-CLASH!" chants.]

TL: We've got four stops remaining on the road to that huge event and tonight, here in Atlanta, we've got the spookiest stop to date as we bring you FRIGHT NIGHT ON FOX!

[The crowd ROARS for the specially-themed Power Hour as Theresa grins.]

TL: Now, you may be asking yourself...

[A guy in the crowd shouts "SELF?!" Some laughs go up from the crowd as we catch a glimpse of a young man in his best Quinn Brown getup complete with baseball spikes and a stuffed ferret on his shoulder.]

TL: ...oh, brother. You may be wondering why I'm not up on the stage like I usually am to kick off these shows and... well, that's by special decree from the man who AWA President Javier Castillo-

[Cue the boos.]

TL: -assigned to be the special host and curator of tonight's activities... AWA fans, please welcome to Fright Night On FOX... "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett!

[Theresa visibly cringes as the sounds of the theme to The Shining creeps out over the PA system to boos from the Atlanta crowd. A few moments pass before the AWA's resident "good doctor" himself, Harrison Fawcett, oozes into view. Fawcett is wearing a deep red suit from head to toe... and even has on a pair of cheap looking devil horns while carrying a golden pitchfork in his right hand. He pauses at the top of the stage, giving an evil grin as he looks out over the crowd before starting the walk down the steps towards the ring.

Fawcett reaches ringside, lightly tapping the steel steps with the pitchfork before climbing up on the apron, ducking through the ropes to join Theresa in the ring.]

TL: Mr. Fawcett...

[Fawcett arches an eyebrow, delivering a "tsk, tsk" off-mic.]

TL: My apologies... DOCTOR Fawcett... welcome to Fright Night.

[The crowd jeers Fawcett as he sidles uncomfortably close to Theresa in the ring, leaning over the mic.]

"D"HF: Why thank you, my dear. It was not too long ago that our dear General Castillo came to me to offer me this... gig.

[Fawcett grins.]

"D"HF: The host of Fright Night! An honor to do your job, Miss Lynch.

[Theresa grimaces.]

TL: But you're not just the host, right? We understand that you've been given total control over this show. You helped make the matches. You booked the talent to appear. You-

[Fawcett interrupts.]

"D"HF: Yes, yes... everything you see here was of my choosing. Everyone here tonight has answered my summons. This night... is MY night.

[The crowd jeers as Fawcett smiles at them.]

TL: Well, we know we've got some big matches in store tonight and-

[Fawcett interrupts again.]

"D"HF: Yes, we know we have matches... but we don't know what KIND of matches. That is a mystery, especially to those competing in them!

TL: Care to enlighten us?

[Fawcett sneers in her direction.]

"D"HF: All in good time, my dear. All in good time. You see, after all, what would any great horror movie be if someone gave away the ending in the opening minutes? Hmm?

TL: This isn't a horror movie, Dr. Fawcett.

"D"HF: Oh, but it is, my dear. Horror. Thriller. Suspense. A night of terror! A night of surprises! A night that could only go down...

[He lifts his hand, clutching the very familiar crystal known as the Eye of Tyr within it. Theresa makes a subtle step back at the sight of it, staring at the gem.]

"D"HF: ...by my hand.

[Fawcett chuckles darkly as Theresa continues to stare at the crystal.]

"D"HF: My hand wields the power, my dear. And my power is wielded in a way that this night will be one long remembered. But first... before we... get this party started as they say... I say there is one item missing.

[Theresa raises an eyebrow.]

TL: What's that?

[Fawcett grins, spreading his arms wide.]

"D"HF: Refreshments, of course! What kind of host would I be if I didn't provide refreshments? Gentlemen, if you please...

[Fawcett raises his pitchfork, pointing it towards the stage where the hulking forms of Derek Rage, Morgan Dane, and John Law emerge from the back, pushing a large cart between them - a cart upon which a giant tombstone shaped cake sits.]

TL: A cake? Really?

[Fawcett turns his eye onto Theresa again.]

"D"HF: Miss Lynch, I'm beginning to see why Miss Hayes is so inflamed with rage every time your name is mentioned.

[Lynch chuckles.]

TL: Pretty sure her cheek is inflamed too.

[The crowd ROARS as a smiling Theresa returns Fawcett's gaze.]

"D"HF: Amusing, no doubt. But last time I checked, "Roastmaster General" was nowhere to be seen in your job description.

[Fawcett fixes Theresa with an icy gaze.]

"D"HF: And rest assured, I HAVE checked.

Now, you go ahead and take your place on stage... I have one more piece of business to address.

[Lynch grimaces at being summarily dismissed by Fawcett but does indeed exit the ring to jeers as Fawcett waits until she's on the stairs before continuing.]

"D"HF: Now then... General Castillo has asked me to handle an... internal matter... here tonight in front of all of you. So... at this time, if I could have someone join me out here... the God Of War... POLEMOS...

[The Latin chanting of Jesper Kyd's "Apocalypse" fills Center Stage as the towering, masked Polemos stalks his way to the ring, clad in animal furs. From the floor, he grabs the top rope and pulls himself onto the ring apron. He swings his leg easily over the top ropes and obediently joins Fawcett in the ring.]

"D"HF: Now while Mist'ers Rage, Dane, Law have shown themselves to have exemplary skills in the field of human suffering... I sense that you, Polemos, have been struggling when the time comes to offer battle.

[Polemos turns his head away.]

"D"HF: I could name several instances over the past weeks where you could have proved to be a difference maker... and you didn't. You may be a hireling of Veronica Westerly, but rest assured President Castillo will allow me to make the right choices for the Korugun family.

But I choose to be open-minded, Polemos. I will not sacrifice you like Anton Layton did some years back; at least, not without giving you a chance to prove yourself.

God of War, it's time for a test of loyalty. I ask you, what is Omega to you?

[There are cheers for the mention of Omega as the masked man's eyes steady themselves on a grinning Fawcett.]

"D"HF: Does he have aspirations of befriending you?

[Polemos does not respond.]

"D"HF: And you of him perhaps? It can be lonely to be a man of power... a man of might... trust me, I would know. Do you hunger for companionship, Polemos? Hunger for someone to know the man... behind the mask?

[The crowd cheers the idea of that as Polemos looks around at them... longingly? Fawcett glares at the crowd's reaction and then shouts at Polemos, getting his attention back.]

"D"HF: He has been making you weak!

[Boos pour down as Polemos drops his gaze to the mat again as Fawcett nods with a wicked grin.]

"D"HF: Let's find out. In my authority as tonight's host, I am decreeing that you will face Omega in a match, right now, and we will see where your loyalty lies.

[Fawcett stabs an accusing finger into the masked man's chest.]

"D"HF: Do not disappoint the Korugun family, Polemos.

[As Fawcett steps through the ropes to join Law, Dane and Rage on the stage...]

"NO EVIL CAN ESCAPE..."

"...OMEGA!"

[With a flash of light, accompanied by John Barry's majestic "Overture" from "The Black Hole," a caped figure in black, royal blue, and gold emerges from the entrance. He crooks his elbows, places his wrists just above his hips, and turns his palms upward as we finally hear our announce team.]

DW: And what a way to kick-off this very special edition of Power Hour, Fright Night on Fox, Big Sal!

[CAPTION (which appears in a billow of fog): "On commentary: Salvatore Albano, Dylan Westerly".]

[Omega suddenly realizes who his opponent for tonight is, and doesn't feel so super.]

SA: They told us to be ready for anything tonight, Dee Dub, and that seems to have extended to the locker room. With "Doctor" Fawcett in charge of the action tonight, it promises to be chaos in Center Stage tonight.

DW: Korugun-sponsored chaos... which means you never know what's gonna happen... and who it's gonna happen to.

[Omega slides into the ring, leaving his cape on the floor. He climbs onto the middle robe and cuts another of his trademark "Omega poses," before nodding and giving a weak "thumbs up" to the fans before turning toward the ring.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: And this is our opening contest, I suppose. I'm Salvatore Albano alongside Dylan Westerly, and we are your Tom Servo and Crow T. Robot for tonight's action.

DW: I don't understand that reference.

SA: That sound you hear is about a million people racing for their favorite search engine... and another million shouting "I KNOW THEM!"

[Omega looks the taciturn Polemos up and down and tries to emit a friendly, "heeeeeyyyy!"]

SA: As we heard, Polemos is facing Omega tonight as a test of his loyalty.

DW: We've been seeing Omega trying to buddy up with Polemos recently, haven't we?

SA: Omega may be recruiting Polemos for a prospective Omega League, but there comes a time when you have to drop fantasy and accept reality, and I reckon Fright Night may be the night the Neptunian has to do it.

[Omega offers a fist-bump to Polemos, but the God of War swats Omega's arm away with such force that Omega recoils 180 degrees.]

DW: And I hate to say it, but it could be a very long night for Omega.

SA: Seems more likely to be a very short night if you ask me.

[Polemos thrust his gloved fist upwards into the neck of Omega, who reels back into the corner.]

SA: Omega, despite his appearance, is in my judgment one of the top cruiserweights active in the AWA – he took Atlas Armstrong to the limit earlier this year. But Polemos is another beast entirely.

DW: Literally.

[Polemos fires Omega to the ropes, and swings his arm for a clothesline, but Omega ducks and keeps running.]

DW: Omega looks like he's fighting for his life out there!

[Omega soars with a crossbody, but Polemos barely budes, catching the Neptunian in mid-air.]

SA: This could be Doomsday for Omega.

[Polemos holds Omega for a moment... or two... or three...

...and then kinda limply throws him down in a sloppy front slam, staying on his feet as Omega bounces off the canvas.]

SA: Not sure what that was. Some sort of a slam but with nowhere near the authority we're used to seeing out of the God of War over the years.

[The masked man walks away from the downed Omega as we cut to the entrance stage where Fawcett is fuming at what he's seeing. He leans over, whispering to the towering Derek Rage who nods his head, turning to do the same to John Law.]

SA: And the Korugun Army seems less than thrilled at what's happening in that ring, Dee Dub.

DW: I suppose I can't blame them, Sal. Polemos could have finished Omega off there - that could have been an easy three..

[Omega wobbles to his feet, with Polemos not even bothering to follow up.]

SA: While I would give Omega more credit than that, I do agree that it is uncharacteristic of Polemos to give any quarter; it's not like him to toy with an opponent.

[Polemos begins to advance on Omega again, but the quicker Neptunian strikes again.]

SA: Spinning Heel Kick from Omega, staggering the God of War, but can't get him off his feet!

[Omega keeps the pressure on, racing to the nearest corner and ascending the buckles rapidly.]

SA: Another Omega flight!

[The Neptunian leaps from the top rope with another crossbody, but again, Polemos catches Omega and holds him across his massive chest.]

DW: Omega has to take risks to have a hope of surviving in this one, but he just can't get out of the gate here!

[Polemos presses Omega high over his head...

...and notably hesitates for a few moments, turning to look up at his Korugun comrades on the stage before he drops Omega face-first to the canvas to groans from the Atlanta crowd!]

SA: From eight or nine feet in the air to a hard landing, and that has to be it for Omega!

[Polemos doesn't follow through again; he merely paces the ring impatiently...]

DW: I don't know what's going on here, Big Sal.

SA: I can't say I know for sure either... but I think I have a suspicion... and from the way "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett just ordered his troops down to ringside, he might have the same suspicion.

DW: What? Are you trying to say that Polemos actually is trying not to hurt Omega?

SA: I... well, he just dropped him on his face so I don't know if I'd go that far but you've gotta wonder, right?

DW: Sure. No cover. No attempt to press the advantage.

SA: Absolutely right, Dee Dub. I could swear Polemos is following a... largely defensive gameplan here, more reactive than anything.

[A crawling Omega gets to the corner, using the ropes to pull himself upright as Polemos stalks across towards him...]

SA: Or maybe Polemos is just hoping Omega will stay down and not make him- oh!

[Just as it looks like Omega is about to ascend again, Polemos changes his mind with a forceful back elbow, sending him reeling down the ropes, staggering to the next corner over.]

DW: Sal, I gotta say, Omega has been real lucky that Polemos has been holding back. I've heard what this big fella can really do.

SA: Polemos, perhaps with a warning to Omega to stay off those ropes.

[Polemos lays into Omega with another pair of back elbows, then tosses him to the mat.]

SA: Perhaps the presence of his fellow Korugun soldiers - Derek Rage, John Law, and Morgan Dane - inspiring Polemos to inflict a little more punishment now.

[Stalking towards the downed Omega, Polemos advances on him...

...but finds one of his legs scissored.]

SA: Omega, I suppose is trying a drop toe hold here.

["Trying" being the operative word, as Polemos' feet remain firmly planted on the mat. In a humanizing gesture, Polemos puts his hands on his hips, shaking his head at the struggling Omega...

...and then the God of War reaches down and grabs Omega by the neck.]

SA: And now this could be it!

[With one arm, Polemos hoists Omega to his feet and stares down at him, his gloved palm clasp the Neptunian's scrawny throat. Doctor Fawcett shouts instructions from the stage area.]

"Finish him! Finish him!"

[Polemos, rather than lifting Omega in the air, merely gives him a half-hearted shove into the ropes.]

DW: I think you're right, Sal. Polemos had him dead to rights there and didn't finish Omega off!

SA: Harrison Fawcett was calling for a Fatality just there and Polemos, I guess... either didn't hear or pretended not to hear.

[Fawcett shakes his head disgustedly... and points his pitchfork at the ring.]

SA: The "Good Doctor" does not like what he's seeing.

DW: Aw, come on!

[John Law, Morgan Dane and Derek Rage all storm the ring and begin to tee off on Omega.]

DW: This is four-on-one! Leave the little guy alone!

[The jeers are loud and boisterous as Morgan Dane falls to his knees, smashing his fist over and over and over into the head of Omega as Law and Rage look on approvingly...

...and Polemos stands across the ring, watching the action unfold.]

SA: Dee Dub, it looks more like a three-on-one... for now at least.

[Derek Rage waves a hand at Dane, ordering the Maniac to lift Omega off the mat. Dane obliges, shoving a stumbling Omega at Rage who wraps his hand around the skull of Omega...]

SA: Rage looking for the Hammer of God here and-

[Suddenly, Polemos surges forward, earning a roar in surprise and approval from the Atlanta crowd as he SMASHES a right hand into the jaw of Derek Rage!]

SA: POLEMOS DRILLS RAGE!

[The masked man pivots, throwing another one to the skull of John Law... then a thrusting strike to the throat sends Law stumbling through the ropes, coughing madly.]

SA: He sends Law down to the outside!

[The crowd roars as Morgan Dane throws himself at Polemos' exposed back, throwing wild right and lefts to the upper back and neck...]

SA: "Maniac" Morgan Dane from behind! Law's on the floor but it's still a two-on-one on Polemos!

DW: Take 'em all down, big man! Knock 'em to the dirt!

[Derek Rage moves back into the mix, slamming a double axehandle down across the back of Polemos' neck, putting him down on a knee where Rage and Dane are doubleteaming at will!]

SA: This is a mugging! Polemos is taking a beating at the hands of his former allies and look at Fawcett! He's loving every second of this!

DW: And wherever he is, you better believe that Javier Castillo is also. This is how this crew operates, Big Sal - you don't get out! And if you ain't with 'em, you're damn sure against them!

[With Polemos on his knees being hammered repeatedly, John Law makes his way back inside to join them, barking orders to his fellow Korugun soldiers.]

SA: And now Law's back in and this is REALLY breaking bad for the God of War!

[Dane and Rage hold out Polemos' arms, lining him up for John Law to take some cheap shots...]

SA: They're holding him up now - holding him at their mercy as John Law sets to-

[Sal is cut off by a burst of cheers from the AWA faithful as Morgan Dane suddenly finds himself yanked down to the canvas!]

SA: OMEGA! OMEGA'S BACK IN THIS! Omega with a huge leaping neck breaker to "Maniac" Morgan Dane, and...

[Polemos uses the opening to grab Rage by the back of the head and HURL him over the top rope to the floor!]

SA: Omega and Polemos are clearing the ring. This match is clearly a no contest, but the theatre of war has added another act!

[Omega rushes over to John Law, and clasps his hand over his throat, tugging at the back of his Law's belt.]

SA: For real, he thinks he can fight the Law? Has Omega not listened to The Clash?

O: "hhhhhNNNNNGGGH!"

[Law does not budge...

...not until Polemos also places his hand on Law's neck. Then he is easily hefted into the air by the masked competitors for a canvas-shaking double choke slam!]

DW: To quote Omega, that was sick!

SA: DOUBLE CHOKESLAM! AND JOHN LAW ROLLS TO THE FLOOR AS THIS UNUSUAL DUO CLEARS THE RING!

[The Atlanta crowd is roaring for the unlikely partnership as Omega and Polemos stand several feet apart, taking a long look at each other...]

SA: The moment of truth for Omega who has been trying to get through to Polemos for weeks now - trying to get him to see how Korugun has been treating - or mistreating in many cases - the big man. And tonight, it appears as though Omega has broken through to shocking results...

DW: Look at this right here...

[The fans cheer louder as Omega again extends his arm for a fist bump...]

SA: Will Polemos activate the Wonder Twin powers this time?

[Polemos stares down at Omega's fist...

...and backtracks to the ropes, hooking both arms on the top rope, and backflips over to the floor directly to his feet. There is a sense of disappointment in the building until...

...Polemos picks up a microphone?!]

SA: Polemos has a mic?!

DW: Polemos can speak?!

[He breathes heavily into the mic for several moments, the crowd quieting as they wait to see what - if anything - the big man has to say...

...until he snarls out a simple...]

P: JOHN C. REILLY.

[Even the normally unflappable Omega seems utterly dumbfounded by Polemos' choice of first words.]

P: YOU FORGOT WHO PLAYED AMOS IN THE FILM 'CHICAGO.' IT WAS JOHN C. REILLY.

[Omega's hands fly to his forehead like it's the best news he's ever heard.]

O: OH! OH! That's been bugging me for weeks!

[Polemos turns toward the exit and Omega chases after him, continuing their conversation.]

"Like I could see him, like he was Dewey Cox and Dr. Steve Brule, but I couldn't remember what his name was—"

"BOOGIE NIGHTS,' TOO."

"No way, he was in 'Boogie Nights' too, wasn't he?"

[And Omega and Polemos stalk past a frustrated "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett into the backstage area, we fade to black...

...and 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 as we fade back up, we find ourselves in a location we're rarely in on the Power Hour - the cramped Chimpanzee Position in Center Stage Studios. From the scene, we can see the prone forms of Polemos and Omega, sprawled out on the floor. Groans of pain are heard from the latter as AWA officials swarm the chaotic scene...

...and in the middle of it all stands a chair-wielding Pedro Perez, Isaiah Carpenter, and Wade Walker - collectively known as the Dogs of War. Security arrives in view a moment later, shouting at the trio and trying to get them away from the downed men at their feet. Pedro Perez shouts loud for all to hear.]

"General Castillo sends his regards!"

[Perez chuckles, tapping the chair against a nearby rolling equipment case as the trio saunters out of sight. Carpenter and Walker exchange a high five as they step over the downed Polemos before walking out of view.

And we fade back out to the announce table where Big Sal and Dee Dub are seated.]

SA: We talked about chaos being in the air here tonight in the A-T-L, Dee Dub... and I think we've already seen plenty of evidence of that. We've seen Polemos abandon the Korugun Army and align himself with Omega of all people...

DW: And what the holy heck are the Dogs of War doin' here, Sal?!

SA: So far, they're distributing their own brand of violence to the aforementioned Polemos and Omega. But if the Dogs have appeared once tonight here in Atlanta, you better believe we haven't seen the last of them. Chaos is in the air indeed but although "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett has the keys to the kingdom here tonight - we DO have some matches that were previously announced and one of those is just moments away now as we're about to see the long-awaited one-on-one clash between Kaz Konoe and Atlas Armstrong. Holy alliteration, Batman!

DW: But we also heard what Fawcett said earlier - even the matches we already knew about may have some Fawcett-sized twists.

SA: Earlier tonight, we heard from one of the competitors in this match - or rather from his manager, Mickey Cherry. Take a look!

[We fade from the announce team to a pre-recorded shot of Mickey Cherry in the foreground and the hulking brute Atlas Armstrong standing behind him. The biracial brute is wrapped in his silver cape, denying the world the opportunity to witness his nearly impossible physique. Cherry, on the other hand, is dressed loudly in a turquoise suit with a pink ruffle tuxedo shirt and silver cummerbund and matching bow tie. A sharp-eyed observer might notice that Cherry's suit might be a little too tight and a little too short, like someone rented him a cheap suit. It doesn't seem to bother him as he shakes his crystal-topped cane at the camera. The stitches at his shoulders struggle with the gesture.]

MC: Kaz Konoe, what in the world are you thinking? You want to throw your career away? You want to throw your health away? You want to throw it all away by stepping into the ring with the Almighty Atlas Armstrong?

[Cherry smirks as Armstrong glares into the camera silently.]

MC: I mean, if you wanted to commit suicide, I'm sure there are easier and less painful ways to do it. Kaz Konoe, I want you to take a good look at this man. No, a real good look, because I don't think you've been paying close attention.

[Cherry jerks a thumb over his shoulder at Armstrong.]

MC: This man is six feet eight inches and three hundred pounds of twisted steel and sex appeal. You? You're a puny mutanoid who can barely lift a spoon to your mouth. That's the only reason I can see for you being so scrawny. Right, Atlas?

[Atlas shrugs.]

MC: Look, Konoe, it's Hallowe'en and I know you love Hallowe'en. It's the day all the little Mutanoids like you get to dress up and pretend to be something way cooler than they really are. And I know you spent a lot of time in Mexico. I guess they like to dress up like skeletons or something down there, right Atlas?

[Atlas shrugs.]

MC: So maybe you think on Hallowe'en nobody will notice you're dressed up like a pretender to the AWA World Television title. But we can all see you. Right, Atlas?

[Atlas shrugs.]

MC: Right. We all know that you're way too small to defeat Odin Gunn if you somehow managed to pull off the greatest upset in wrestling history and beat Atlas Armstrong. But do you really think the people want to watch that? Or do you think they want to watch the strongest man in all the land take on the silent killer in a clash... a...

[He raises an eyebrow.]

MC: ...SUPER clash... for one of the most prestigious belts in all of wrestling. I mean, Konoe, I know you like to feign indifference...

[Atlas shrugs.]

MC: ...and I know you really do have some moves on you, but this isn't your fight. I mean, talk to Luciana, tell her that you decided to do the smart thing and forfeit the match.

Because Atlas Armstrong wants the AWA World Television title.

[Armstrong menacingly rubs his hands together.]

MC: Atlas Armstrong will break the back of anyone standing between it and him. So, I'm begging you, Konoe. Don't show up at ringside. Don't get hurt. And if you do the right thing and step aside, I promise you I might throw you a couple bucks for your decision. You can take Luciana out for sushito burritos or whatever the cool kids are eating these days. That way Luciana gets to understand her decision as well. She chose to stick with a mutanoid like you instead of a real man like Atlas Armstrong. She must be as dumb as you, Konoe... right, Atlas?

[Atlas shrugs.]

MC: (laughing) As you can see, the Almighty is in a real fine mood. I've never seen him in such a jovial mood. So Konoe, if you won't step aside, at least get your chiropractor on speed dial because the Almighty intends to break your back if you get in his way. Right, Atlas?

[And at long last, Atlas speaks...]

AA: Right.

[The shot fades out on Cherry cackling like a hyena as Armstrong's gaze burns into the camera...

...and we fade back out to the ring where Tyler Graham is standing.]

TG: The following contest is set for one fall with a-

[A loud clearing of the throat is heard over the PA system, interrupting the ring announcer...

...and the grinning face of "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett appears on the video screen, earning jeers from the sold out Center Stage crowd.]

"D"HF: Pardon the interruption, dear boy... but there has been a change to this match. Based on the authority vested in me by General Castillo, this match will now be...

...A CASKET MATCH!

[The crowd buzzes as a quartet of cloaked individuals come out onto the entryway, carrying a metal casket between them.]

DW: A casket match?! What are these guys then - pallbearers?

SA: I suppose so... and this match just shifted drastically, Dee Dub. Now, Kaz Konoe doesn't have to pin the unpinned Atlas Armstrong... they don't have to force a submission... they just need to toss him inside this metal coffin and slam the lid shut on him. I think this greatly increased Kaz Konoe's odds of victory here tonight on Fright Night.

[The pallbearers deposit the casket on a black tarped platform at ringside, bowing to it before backing away as Tyler Graham continues.]

TG: The following contest is now a CASKET MATCH! The only way to win is to put your opponent inside this casket and to shut the lid with them inside!

[The lights drop to black, as we hear the sound of water gently lapping on a shore. Then, the voice of a woman, weeping. A set of cold blue lights come up on the entrance stage to reveal a kneeling female form. She is dressed in a full-length cap-sleeved purple dress. She has long, wavy black hair and orange and purple flowers in her hair. Her head is bowed, her face buried in a black handkerchief.]

DW: What in the world is this all about, Sal?

[The weeping continues for a few uncomfortable moments, before it is pierced by the sound of a trumpet, as a mariachi band emerges, playing "La Llorona." They continue to play, taking their position to the left side of the stage, as a black-suited figure, holding a walking stick topped by a metal ball and wearing a black top hat emerges.

The figure approaches the woman, standing behind her and places a hand on her left shoulder. As the blue light turns to white, we see that the standing figure has on a white mask with black lines resembling a skull. The black suit has white lines printed on it to resemble a painted-on skeleton. We also see that the members of the mariachi band have on ghoulish skull facepaint. The woman looks up and, although part of her face is obscured by the calavera half-mask with flowers painted on the forehead, AWA faithful would recognize her as Kaz Konoe and Los Renegados associate, "la Chola Japonesa" herself, Luciana, which means ...]

TG: Hailing from Tokyo, Japan... weighing in at 225 pounds and being accompanied to the ring by Luciana... they are the Blackstar...

They are...

KAZ KO-NO-E!

[The mariachi band continues to play, as Luciana takes Konoe's extended hand, and they assist her to her feet. Taking Luciana's arm in theirs, the pair begin making their way down the aisle. They largely ignore the crowd, Luciana too occupied with whispering in Konoe's ear. Reaching the ring, Luciana climbs the ring steps and slowly steps through the ropes, followed by Konoe.]

SA: A flair for the dramatic here tonight on Fright Night on display by Kaz Konoe and they have quite the battle ahead of them here tonight, Dee Dub.

DW: They sure do. Konoe's battled and beaten some of the best in the world but this might be their toughest challenge to date.

[Konoe removes the top hat and hands it to Luciana, then pulls off the skull mask, to reveal their long, shaggy hair, dyed golden blond. Luciana grabs hold of the lapels of Konoe's suit and with a quick, firm tug, the suit tears away to reveal a sleeveless, midriff-baring black vinyl top, with a white ribcage airbrushed across the front, black vinyl trunks, black knee pads and white boots, with black piping and laces and a black star on the outside of each boot.

As the band stops playing, Konoe holds the ropes open for Luciana, helping her exit the ring, before turning their attention to the aisle.]

SA: We heard Mickey Cherry say this match has World Television Title implications and while Konoe has been chasing that particular title for months now, Atlas Armstrong's still looking to challenge for it.

DW: I'm not sure why either of them are eager to challenge the likes of Odin Gunn though, Big Sal.

SA: The Samoan Cowboy is a stone cold killer inside that ring.

DW: Just ask Whitiri.

SA: Whitiri, by the way, we're told is not here tonight after the injuries suffered to his neck and throat one week ago at Fight Night when Gunn, Curly Bill, and the mysterious masked man known as the Texas Ranger teamed up to try to hang the young man on live network television. We send our best wishes for a quick recovery to Whitiri and hope to see him back in action very soon.

[As Konoe awaits his opponent, the studio lights dim again...]

TG: And their opponent... he hails from Big Sur, California... weighing in at 294 pounds... accompanied to the ring by his manager, Mickey Cherry...

He is the Impossible... the Incredible... the Uncanny... the Astonishing... the Amazing...

THE ALMIGHTY...

...ATLASSSSSS ARRRRRRRMSTRONNNNNNNG!

[The opening notes to the theme to Jesus Christ Superstar ring out over the PA system as bright white spotlights hit the entrance stage where Atlas Armstrong is kneeling, a large silver cape over him...

...and with a burst of steam shot off on either side of him, he climbs to his feet, letting loose a roar as he strikes a double bicep pose.]

SA: The Almighty himself, Atlas Armstrong, has arrived here on Fright Night... and while this might not be the match he was expecting, he looks like he's not fazed at all by this last minute shift.

[The lights come up as Mickey Cherry slides out to join his man on the stage, tapping his massive shoulder with the crystal-topped cane before pointing to the ring where Kaz Konoe is waiting, waving their hands towards Armstrong and calling him to the ring.]

SA: Armstrong and Cherry heading down the stairs towards the ring...

[Reaching ringside, Armstrong walks over towards the casket, glaring down at it...

...and then slams his massive hands down on it with a roar before climbing up on the apron where Konoe rushes forward!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[A running dropkick on the chin causes Armstrong to fall backwards, hanging onto the top rope with one powerful hand while the free arm pinwheels around...]

SA: Armstrong's hanging on for dear life right above that casket.

DW: And even the Almighty Atlas will be hurtin' for certain if he falls off onto the casket...

[Armstrong recovers, grabbing the top rope with both hands as Konoe backs off, throwing themselves into a front flip, the heel catching Armstrong on the sternum, knocking one hand free again...]

SA: And again, Armstrong's trying to hang on!

[Konoe scrambles up, smashing their fists down onto Armstrong's wrist, trying to break his grip...]

SA: Konoe pounding the arm, trying to knock Armstrong down...

[Breaking away, Konoe charges to the adjacent ropes, leaping to the middle rope, springing back...]

SA: ANOTHER DROPKICK! AND DOWN GOES ATLAS ARMSTRONG!

[The springboard dropkick knocks Armstrong down onto the apron where he rolls over the casket, landing on his feet on the floor, holding onto the casket for balance as Konoe looks around wildly at the cheering crowd...]

SA: Konoe sends Armstrong to the floor...

[Konoe dashes to the far ropes this time, springing back off...

...and HURLS himself over the top rope, flipping in a somersault towards a surprised Armstrong!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SOMERSAULT PLANNNNNCHAAAA! KONOE TAKES OUT ARMSTRONG!

[Konoe comes up to their feet, throwing up their arms to a big cheer from the Center Stage crowd. Luciana cheers Konoe on as a panicked Mickey Cherry rushes to get to the downed Armstrong's side.]

SA: Atlas Armstrong's power game being rendered useless by Kaz Konoe in the opening moments of this one...

[The Blackstar shoves Cherry aside, knocking the obnoxious manager down onto the ringside mats. They point a threatening finger at Cherry before turning back to Armstrong, dragging the powerhouse off the floor...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and BOUNCES him facefirst off the metal casket!]

SA: FACE MEETS STEEL ON THE OUTSIDE!

[Armstrong flops over on the casket as Konoe pantomimes opening it up to big cheers...]

SA: And it looks like Konoe's going for the win right here and now!

[Konoe shoves Armstrong aside, knocking him down to a knee as the Blackstar swings open the lid of the casket, revealing the interior for the first time.]

SA: Konoe's got it open... but now they're faced with the unenviable task of getting the near-300 pound Armstrong up into that thing.

[Konoe turns back towards Armstrong, grabbing a hank of hair to yank Armstrong to a standing position, dragging the Big Sur native towards the casket. Mickey Cherry cries out in alarm as Konoe pushes Armstrong's back against the steel, leaning over to grab a leg...]

SA: Konoe trying to tip him back into the casket! Can he...ohhh! Big clubbing forearm down across the shoulders!

[A shrill "YOU GOT HIM, BABY, YOU GOT HIM!" rings out as Armstrong straightens up, throwing a glance at Konoe... and then slams the lid shut, shaking his head.]

SA: A defiant move there by Armstrong, telling the world he can beat Kaz Konoe whenever he wants and this is not that time.

[Armstrong sneers at the reeling Konoe as he yanks them up to their feet...

...and keeps on going, shoving them up into a short gorilla press before dropping them facefirst down on the casket!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: AND IT'S THE BLACKSTAR'S TURN TO EAT SOME STEEL!

[The crowd jeers as Konoe rolls off the casket to the floor, reaching up with both arms to cradle their face. Armstrong nods at the fans, striking a double bicep pose to even louder boos.]

SA: Kaz Konoe is down and Kaz Konoe is hurt after that drop onto the metal casket...

[Armstrong waves a pair of dismissive and muscular arms at the crowd, pulling a dazed Konoe off the floor and tossing them under the ropes and back inside the ring.]

SA: And for the first time in this one, both competitors are heading back inside the ring...

[Armstrong rolls in after Konoe, nodding as Cherry says "Time to punish him, Atlas! Make him wish he'd never heard your name, baby!"]

SA: Atlas Armstrong looking for more than victory tonight in this Casket Match, hoping to perhaps send a message to the rest of the locker room... and particularly Odin Gunn.

DW: I'm not a fan of either of those guys, Sal, but can you imagine that match?

SA: It would be a battle for the ages for sure.

[Armstrong is slow to his feet, taking his time as he stalks towards Konoe who has managed to regain their feet, leaning against the turnbuckles as the Big Sur native swoops in on him...]

SA: Heavy right hand on the part of Armstrong... make it a pair...

[Armstrong plants a kiss on his knuckles before delivering a third, lifting Konoe off their feet and dropping them on their rear end in the corner as Luciana shouts words of concerned encouragement to the Blackstar from the outside.]

SA: Konoe is down once more... and Armstrong's in total control of this one...

[Grabbing the top rope, Armstrong plants his boot on Konoe's throat, pushing the air out of the Blackstar's body as Luciana pounds the mat with her fists, begging the official to do something about it.]

SA: That's a choke but there are no disqualifications in a Casket Match so it's all legal, Dee Dub.

DW: You sure this Casket Match helps Konoe's chances, Sal?

SA: At the moment, I'm not sure at all but we're still early in this one and as we've seen in the past, one Desafío can mean all the difference between victory and defeat for La Estrella Negra.

[Relenting on the boot choke, Armstrong lifts Konoe off the mat like a parent lifting a small child...

...and then HURLS the Blackstar three-quarters of the way across the ring with a biel throw, sending them bouncing off the canvas before rolling to the outside again.]

SA: A mighty throw by a mighty man and Armstrong sends Kaz Konoe to the floor once again...

[A lurking Mickey Cherry stands over Konoe, shouting loudly down on them...]

"You think you can beat the Almighty Atlas?! Do ya?! DO YA?! YER NOTHIN' ON HIM! YA GOT NOTHIN' ON HIM!"

[Cherry slinks away as an angry Luciana approaches, shouting in Spanish at Cherry who bellows obnoxiously "NO HABLE SPANISH, BABY!" before cackling madly.]

SA: Luciana's got Mickey Cherry on the run... but that's little comfort to Kaz Konoe who is absolutely reeling on the outside after that powerful biel toss by Atlas Armstrong - no doubt one of the strongest men in the entire AWA.

DW: It's a heck of a competition alongside guys like Blake Colton and Max Magnum and some others but you're right, Armstrong's gotta be on that list... maybe even at the top of it.

[Armstrong kneels on the mat, rolling to the outside on the far side of the ring from where Konoe is down alongside the casket. The Almighty Atlas pumps his powerful right arm a few times before starting to jog around the ring...]

SA: Look out for the Express train coming your way, Kaz Konoe!

[...and building up speed as he circles the ringpost, running a little faster past a cheering Mickey Cherry as he rounds one more ringpost...]

SA: Atlas Armstrong making like REO Speedwagon as he takes it on the run, baby... annnnnnnnd...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd ROARS as a desperate Konoe wraps up the incoming Armstrong's legs of his own, tripping him up and sending the Almighty One slamming facefirst down on the casket again!]

SA: DROP TOEHOLD INTO THE CASKET!

[With the crowd cheering them on, Konoe slowly regains their feet as Luciana shouts encouragement to them in Spanish. Konoe nods as they boost Armstrong's torso off the casket long enough to open it up and then drops Armstrong back down so that his chest is pressed against the steel frame...]

SA: Armstrong's part of the way inside the casket but can Konoe get the rest of him in there?

[Konoe starts to wrap their arms around Armstrong's torso, trying to bump him up and over the edge of the casket...]

...but a grasping hand cuts them off, piefacing them backwards a bit...]

SA: Armstrong's not done yet - still fighting back against Kaz Konoe!

[...but not out of reach of the lid of the metal casket which Konoe grabs in both hands...]

SA: What are they...?

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts as Konoe SLAMS the lid of the casket down across the back of Armstrong!]

SA: OH! KONOE SMASHES THE LID HOME ON ARMSTRONG!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: AND AGAIN!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: KONOE USING THE CASKET AS A DEADLY, DEADLY WEAPON!

[Popping the lid back open, Konoe leans down again, this time hooking their arms around Armstrong's powerful thigh...]

SA: Konoe trying to get him up... nearly 300 pounds annnnnnd...

[But Armstrong again swings an arm down, catching Konoe on the back of the head, sending them spiraling away...]

SA: No! Armstrong fights his way free again!

DW: You gotta think Konoe's giving Armstrong more of a fight than he was expecting, Sal.

SA: I think Armstrong believes every match he's in will be the proverbial walk in the park... but it may be a walk in Central Park tonight with the mugging he's getting from Kaz Konoe so far in this one!

[Konoe pushes up off the floor, moving back towards Armstrong who shoves himself away from the open casket...]

SA: Konoe charging in!

[...and the Blackstar leaps up, snatching a front facelock as their legs flail out, feet pushing off the casket, knocking it a little crooked on the platform as Konoe twists through the air...]

SA: TORNAAAADOOOOOOOOO...

[...and maintaining the facelock, Konoe drags Armstrong into the casket!]

SA: ..DEEEEEDEEEETEEEEEEEEEE!

DW: Into the casket?! How the heck did they pull that one off?!

SA: You saw it with your own eyes, Dee Dub, as Kaz Konoe continues to defy belief at times here in the American Wrestling Alliance!

DW: Mickey Cherry, that little pipsqueak, can't believe it for sure! His man just got pulled into the casket!

[With Konoe on their back inside the casket and Armstrong on top of him, the Blackstar wriggles out from under him, pulling Armstrong's head and arm, getting him fully into the casket as Konoe jumps out, the crowd roaring!]

SA: This is it! This is it! Konoe's gonna do it! He's on the floor... he's got the lid! He's gonna-

[Konoe SLAMS the casket lid down...

...but comes up short as Armstrong raises his powerful arms to full extension, planting his palms on the inside of the casket lid, preventing it from coming down all the way!]

SA: Armstrong blocked it! Konoe looked like they had this one won and Armstrong blocked it!

[Cherry is squealing madly, shouting at Armstrong to not let that lid come down any more as Konoe shoves on the lid, trying to push it the remaining distance!]

SA: Armstrong's in trouble and he knows it - Mickey Cherry knows it too!

DW: Konoe's gotta know it! They've gotta close that lid, Sal!

[Konoe shoves it again, trying to push the lid closer but Armstrong's powerful arms are holding strong, refusing to allow the lid to move downwards towards the closed position...]

SA: Kaz Konoe is giving it all they've got, Captain, but they've gotta have more power!

[Konoe shoves away from the casket, scrambling up onto the ring apron as Luciana shouts something in Spanish in their direction...]

...and Konoe rushes forward, delivering a hard stomp onto the lid, a blow that shifts the lid but Armstrong is quick to push it back open to full arm extension!]

SA: The 225 pound Kaz Konoe is trying to get that lid closed with everything they can think of but Atlas Armstrong is defiant! He will NOT allow that lid to close on him!

[Konoe looks around, a look of confusion on their face as Luciana points frantically at the casket lid...]

...and as confusion turns into confidence, Konoe rushes down the apron, flipping themselves over in a somersault...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...CRASHING down onto the metal lid of the casket, sending it shooting downwards towards a closed position...]

SA: KONOE PUTS IT ON THE LINE ANNNNNNNND...

[...but as Konoe rolls off to the floor, cradling their lower back, Armstrong lets loose a crazed roar and SHOVES the lid upwards again to a huge shocked reaction from the AWA faithful!]

SA: ...ARMSTRONG WON'T LET IT CLOSE! I CAN'T BELIEVE MY EYES! THE POWER OF ATLAS ARMSTRONG SAVES THIS MATCH FOR THE ALMIGHTY ONE!

[Mickey Cherry is jubilant, jumping up and down as Armstrong shoves the lid all the way open, grabbing at his left arm in pain as he swings a leg out of the casket, throwing himself out to the floor where he falls to his knees.]

DW: But did it cost him, Sal? Look at him grabbing the left arm. He could've injured that arm - as strong as it is - by absorbing all that weight in that block.

SA: You could be right... but he lives to fight and that's what Mickey Cherry is going nuts over right now. That's as close as we've seen Atlas Armstrong come to clear defeat. Kaz Konoe was just inches away from a huge victory and perhaps a future date with the World Television Champion, Odin Gunn.

[The scrawny manager works his way over to Armstrong, shouting at his man to get up and keep fighting. Armstrong winces as he uses the casket to rise to his feet, shaking out the left arm as he moves towards Konoe who is still down on the floor clutching their lower back.]

SA: And now you have to wonder how badly Kaz Konoe hurt themselves with that dive onto the casket. They're out there on the floor clutching their lower back and... well, that was a hard shot onto solid steel and...

[Armstrong leans down, pulling Konoe off the floor by the hair, lifting them up with ease across his muscular torso...]

SA: Scoops him up... a slam on the floor perhaps?

[...but Armstrong has other ideas, starting to walk towards the casket...]

SA: No! A slam into the casket! Now it's Armstrong looking to end this thing!

[But as Armstrong draws near the casket, Konoe starts to flail their arms and legs, trying to wriggle free of the Almighty Atlas' grip...]

SA: Konoe trying to get loose! Fighting for their life!

[Armstrong stumbles back a pair of steps, grimacing as he's forced to adjust his grip with the left arm...]

...and then pivots to his right, rushing forward!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SPINE MEETS STEEL!

[Armstrong stumbles back again, getting his feet underneath him to catch his balance...]

...and then with a shout, he powers Konoe a little bit higher before throwing them down into the open casket with a slam!]

SA: SLAMS THEM DOWN INTO THE CASKET...

DW: That might do it! This might be the end for Kaz Konoe!

[Armstrong grabs the lid, nodding his head confidently as he looks down at the prone Konoe...]

...and SWINGS it down to close it up!]

SA: Armstrong closes the- NO! KONOE GETS THE KNEES UP!

[Armstrong pushes down harder, trying to force the lid shut as Konoe manages to keep it just BARELY open!]

SA: Konoe raised the knees - maybe even the legs in total - to block that lid coming down and JUST caught it in time!

[Armstrong grimaces...]

"WHAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAP!"

[...and unloads with frustrated clubbing blows to the lid of the casket...]

SA: Armstrong's trying to hammer it shut like he's driving nails out there...

[...and then angrily rips the lid open, grabbing Konoe by the hair to smash his fist down between the eyes...]

SA: ...and now the nail is Kaz Konoe!

[Konoe lifts their arms, trying to shield their face from the onslaught as Armstrong smashes his fist down over and over and over...]

...when Konoe lifts a desperate arm up, grabbing the fabric on the inside of the casket lid...]

SA: What's...?!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and YANKS the lid down onto the back of Armstrong's skull, causing him to flop backwards, staggering away from the casket as Konoe sits up, rubbing their forehead to check for blood.]

SA: Kaz didn't get all of it - there wasn't enough force on the pull downwards but it was enough to get Armstrong off them! And that's enough for the moment at least.

[Luciana screams at Konoe, trying to shake them out of their stupor. The Blackstar acknowledges it, climbing up to their feet, now standing inside the casket...]

SA: Konoe's on their feet INSIDE the casket!

[...and as Armstrong stumbles back towards him...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...the crowd ROARS as Konoe flings themselves out of the casket in a crossbody, knocking Armstrong down on the floor! The leap causes the casket to shift again, the lid flopping closed.]

SA: DIVES FROM THE DEPTHS OF HELL ONTO ARMSTRONG!

[Konoe rolls on top of Armstrong on the floor, taking their turn to smash a fist down between the eyes of Armstrong over and over as the referee watches on helplessly.]

SA: No disqualifications! No countouts! Kaz Konoe is all over Atlas Armstrong returning the favor from just a little while ago!

[The Blackstar unloads with about a dozen blows to the head before rising off the floor, looking out on the cheering crowd...]

...and SHRUGS to a HUGE ROAR!]

SA: THE SIGNATURE SHRUG! And now Kaz Konoe has gotta find a way to finish Atlas Armstrong off!

[Konoe grabs Armstrong by the left wrist, giving the arm a hard yank that causes Armstrong to cry out as he gets dragged up to his feet. The Blackstar twists the arm around, causing another groan of pain as Konoe pulls him closer...]

SA: Three-quarter nelson! They're looking for the Desafío!

[Konoe plants their feet on the floor, ready to push off into a backflip...]

SA: KONOE LEAPS!

[...but as they do, Atlas Armstrong's arms go up as well, holding Konoe aloft...]

SA: BLOCKED!

DW: LOOK AT THE POWER!

[...and HURLS Konoe forward out of the back suplex position...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and down HARD onto the steel staircase leading up to the stage!]

SA: SWEET SANTA MARIA! THE SPINE OF KAZ KONOE CAME IN ON A WRECKING BALL AND THERE WILL BE NO PARTY IN THE A-T-L AFTER THAT!

[Armstrong drops back against the casket, breathing heavily as he looks at the physically wrecked Kaz Konoe, the Blackstar laid out motionless on the stairs as Luciana cries out in horror, shrieking at what she just witnessed!]

SA: Atlas Armstrong just obliterated the spinal column of Kaz Konoe... and I don't know if ANYONE gets up from that!

[Armstrong marches away from the casket, grabbing the still-unmoving Konoe by the hair, dragging their limp form into a seated position...]

...and then boosts them right up into the torture rack!]

SA: And into that dreaded backbreaker! The referee waving it off - no submissions in this one - he's gotta put him in the casket!

[Armstrong strides confidently across the ringside area, pausing as he comes to the closed casket...]

...and slowly turns around, his back to the casket as he looks straight at the cameraman on the stairs...]

DW: The casket's closed, big man! You gotta op-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd groans in sympathy for the Blackstar as Armstrong drops down to his knees and Konoe is DRIVEN backfirst down onto the lid of the casket!]

DW: That's it. No gettin' up from that, Sal.

SA: You could be right, Dee Dub. An absolutely devastating shock to the spine of Kaz Konoe...

[Armstrong stands right back up, keeping Konoe in the torture rack as he rises to his feet...]

...and slips one arm out of the grip, showing off his strength by keeping Konoe racked with one arm...]

SA: He opens the casket and...

[With a shout, Armstrong lifts Konoe off his shoulders with ease...

...and THROWS him down inside the casket one more time.]

SA: ...and DOWN into the casket goes Konoe!

[Armstrong sneers at the jeering crowd as he grabs the casket lid...

...and SLAMS it shut to even more boos!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: Wow! What a battle!

[The crowd jeers as Armstrong stands by the closed lid, sneering as Tyler Graham makes it official...]

TG: Here is your winner of the CASKET MATCH...

ATLAAAAAAAAAAS ARRRRRRRRRRRMSTRONNNNNNNNNNG!

[Armstrong smirks as he raises his powerful arms, striking a double bicep pose as Mickey Cherry rushes to his side, pointing with both hands at his charge while shouting "WE DID IT! WE DID IT, BABY!"]

SA: Atlas Armstrong picks up the win in this grudge match - this Casket Match - and with SuperClash just weeks away, Atlas Armstrong just made a big move into the spotlight!

[Armstrong nods at the jeering crowd as Luciana stands nearby, waiting to open the casket to check on Konoe...]

SA: Kaz Konoe with one heck of an effort against a much larger opponent but falls just a little bit short in their efforts here tonight on Fright Night. Well, Dee Dub, if this is how we're STARTING our night, how the heck are we gonna finish it when we get to that big Spin The Wheel Main Event?

DW: I can't wait.

SA: It's shaping up to be one HELL of a night here in Atlanta and right now, let's take a look at something that happened just a short while ago. Take a look...

[We cut to the graphic that means we've got an ACCESS 365 clip on tap - revealing John Law standing outside a door cleared marked "DOCTOR FAWCETT." A creepy gray smoke is billowing out from under the door as three men approach - the three men that make up the Dogs of War.]

PP: What the...?

[Carpenter waves a hand in front of his nose.]

IC: That stinks. What the hell is he doing in there?

[Law shrugs.]

JL: I'm not about to go in and find out. You're welcome to if you'd like.

[Law steps aside, gesturing to the door. Carpenter and Perez toss an anxious look at one another...]

...which is when Wade Walker cuts between them, shoving the door open as smoke comes pouring out into the hallway.

We cut to a shot inside the room as Perez and Carpenter trail their partner into "Doctor" Fawcett's inner sanctum. We can see a large wooden desk set up with a red leather chair behind it. The room is littered with some of Fawcett's favored oddities and antiquities including a polished ebony gorilla skull, a cherrywood box with a medallion inside, a chalice with some kind of red liquid which seems to be the source of the smoke which is still present in the room, and a large leather book that appears to be very old by the crumbling pages. It's the latter that Fawcett is examining as he is interrupted by the Dogs of War. He looks up, peering through the haze at the trio. The Eye of Tyr is back on a chain, dangling around his neck.]

"D"HF: Gentlemen... to what do I owe the pleasure?

[Perez slips out from behind Walker to address Fawcett.]

PP: I assume you saw we took care of your little problem earlier?

[Fawcett meets Perez' gaze, the corner of his mouth tugging upwards in a smile.]

"D"HF: Indeed. Although I assure you that I had it well in hand with Mistery Dane, Rage, and Law.

[Perez shrugs.]

PP: Didn't look that way to us. Anyways... no charge for that one.

[The smile is fully there now on Fawcett's face as he inclines his head.]

"D"HF: The level of gratitude coming from yours truly is beyond measure. Now, if that's all...

[Carpenter speaks up this time.]

IC: But it's not. We've got business here tonight. See, we're still trying to convince the boss that we're the ones that should be in WarGames and not...

[Carpenter throws a glance over his shoulder to see if John Law is listening. Seeing no one, he continues.]

IC: ...others that he's got on deck. So, what we want from you is a match... tonight. You pick the opponent... we don't care... we just want another shot to show the boss that we deserve that spot in WarGames...

PP: ...and the money that comes with it.

[Fawcett nods.]

"D"HF: I see, I see... and under some circumstances, I might be obliged to acquiesce to that demand. But you see, I was the one who provided Morgan Dane onto the team. And I'm the one working on some... special projects... for General Castillo... and if I allowed you three to replace Mr. Dane or any of my others... well... it seems to me that I'd be losing a great deal of money... and power... and influence.

[Perez glares at Fawcett.]

PP: That's a no?

[Fawcett smiles.]

"D"HF: Sadly, I am afraid it has to be. But thank you so much for your help earlier with Polemos and Omega. You can have the rest of the night off.

[Perez shakes his head, stepping forward and placing his hands on the desk as he leans closer to Fawcett.]

PP: Nah, I don't think so. If you won't give us a fight tonight...

[Perez shrugs, grinning madly.]

PP: ...maybe we'll just go find our own. Come on, boys.

[Perez raps his knuckles on the desk as he turns away, joining Carpenter and Walker in their exit from the room. Fawcett's eyes flash for a moment... and then with a shake of his head, he turns back towards the hulking leather tome on his desk, running his finger down the page.]

"D"HF: Where was I? Ah, yes. "The life's blood of the true believer is the key to opening many gateways..." Hmmm.

[Fawcett taps the page in thought as we get another ACCESS graphic and then fade to black...

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

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

[There's a voiceover.]

VO: Now you can!

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

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

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

Kids sizes and adult sizes available.

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

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

[FLASH!

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

"I can be a champion too!"

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

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

[Fade to black...

...and then up on footage marked "EARLIER THIS WEEK." In this shot, we see AWA President Javier Castillo sitting behind his desk, speaking on the phone as MAWAGA and John Law lurk nearby.]

JC: Well, yes... no, I completely understand... of course. Yes, yes... whatever you want. You're our guest. Uh huh...

[Castillo glares at the camera that's now present.]

JC: Right. Okay, well, I need to announce this ASAP and clear up... right. Okay, see you then.

[Castillo hangs up the phone, looking at the camera.]

JC: My good friend, Rufus Harris, right there.

[He gestures to the phone.]

JC: I called to once again apologize for Travis Lynch's words and actions. It seems that no time away can turn a Lynch into a civilized... professional... employee. My phone call was to invite Rufus Harris to once again attend Saturday Night Wrestling as my invited guest. A luxury box... wait service... private jet to Charlotte... whatever the Rottweiler wants, he gets.

Because you see, Travis Lynch... Rufus Harris puts asses in seats. Rufus Harris moves the needle. Even when he's not competing, the world waits on pins and needles to see where Rufus Harris is going and what he's doing.

And what he's doing on Saturday, November 4th, is coming to Charlotte, North Carolina to watch another star-studded edition of Saturday Night Wrestling as my guest.

[Castillo smirks.]

JC: What he will NOT be doing on that night is answering your little grandstand challenge, Travis Lynch. You walked out to that ring to officially re-join the American Wrestling Alliance... and there was an arrangement made as to what would happen.

You broke that arrangement when you... went into business for yourself... that's how you say it, no? You made a challenge to someone you KNOW can't accept it. You know very well that Mr. Harris' GFC contract prohibits him from accepting it.

[Castillo waves a hand.]

JC: Yes, yes... it's happened in the past but that was a different situation... totally different!

So, if you thought Rufus Harris was your shortcut to getting onto the SuperClash lineup, Mr. Lynch... you were sadly mistaken.

[Castillo grins.]

JC: Of course, there's always next year.

[Castillo chuckles as we fade from the pre-recorded footage and...

...come back up on the interview podium where Theresa Lynch is standing, practicing her lip curl in her Elvis costume. She chuckles as she notices the camera.]

TL: Caught me! Welcome back to this special edition of the Power Hour - Fright Night On FOX and we're already off and runnin' in a big, big way... but we've got a whole lot still to come. But before we get back to the ring and back to the action, I've got special guest who has requested time here tonight to address the fans about what's happened with him over the past several weeks. My guest at this time... Landon Grant!

[The Center Stage Studio faithful sound out a cheer for the young Louisville native, though Grant certainly doesn't share the enthusiasm as the fans, looking pretty down as he walks out on the stage, giving a small wave to the crowd.]

DW: Landon Grant just looks defeated.

SA: Like the spirit's been beaten out of him, Dee Dub. One loss after another, no shoulders can bear the constant assault from Kingsley and Sawyer that this kid's gotten.

DW: And he's got no one left, all his support gone, it's finally hit him.

[Shoulders slumped, eyes weary, Landon basically has "done" written all over him. His clothes, dark jeans and a red "Fight On!" T-shirt, bely Grant's demeanor.]

TL: Landon, it's been a rough go around for you recently. What's on your mind that you requested this time?

[Grant nods at Lynch.]

LG: I...

[The young Louisville stand out pauses, looking around at the audience before sighing.]

LG: I don't know where to start, Ms. Lynch. I knew it would be hard, I did, but this... You know, I'm sorry, I'm sorry...

[Grant holds his hands up, pointing at the Fright Night decorations and everyone dressed up.]

LG: You all got in this spirit of this day, making everything fun and all and I'm here, bringing it all down. But Ms. Lynch? What I got to say I got to say, so just bear with me...

[Theresa Lynch nods back at Grant.]

LG: Since I got here, all I wanted was to really carry on, you know? Like, I didn't mind being in anyone's shadow, much less my pops and Rust cause I wanted to

show the world more of them THROUGH me. I wanted to carry on their legacies, what they all did... And accomplish all that they never got the chance.

I wanted to live up to being that apple of my dad's eyes, and... I couldn't.

[Grant shakes his head in shame.]

LG: They trained me, they took their time to make ME the man I am before you, and... I failed on that. I failed them. Failed... Just...

You know, a man like Rust, when he went down, it hurt to see. That was as low a point in my heart as I could think. And yet, those two jackals couldn't stop. They just couldn't stop... Couldn't-

[The fans at the Center Stage sounds out their jeers as the two men making Grant's life miserable come out from backstage...]

TL: Oh, come on. Gentlemen, is this really necessary?! Haven't you put this man through enough?!

[A sneering Alexander Kingsley III sidles up alongside Theresa Lynch, putting his hand on her shoulder. Theresa jerks away in disgust.]

TL: I'd suggest keeping your hands off me if you want to keep the use of them.

[The crowd cheers at the implied threat but Kingsley doesn't even acknowledge it.]

AK3: Theresa, have you ever heard anyone whine and moan as much as this kid is tonight?

[Kingsley shakes his head as Grant grimaces, trying to keep his eyes on both men.]

AK3: Wait, what am I thinking? Of course you have. You're a Lynch! So you're clearly immune to this sort of thing, but for the rest of us...

[Kingsley turns his attention to the young Landon Grant as Lynch's face gets even more irritated at Kingsley's presence.]

AK3: I think I can speak for myself, for my partner, and for all of these people here tonight when I say...

Will you please! Shut! Up!

[The crowd reacts predictably, booing Kingsley...who of course nods and reads the room incorrectly as Curt Sawyer nods his head, smirking at the scene.]

AK3: You know what it's time for you to do? It's time for you to stop crying and start being a man.

[Grant's eyes go cold, glaring at Kingsley who continues running him down.]

AK3: It's time for you to stop living off the name of your washed-up, intoxicated old man...

[Grant's fists ball up at his sides, ready to throw at any moment.]

AK3: ...and start being your OWN man.

[Kingsley steps forward, inches from Grant's face.]

AK3: So come on, kid...what are you going to do about it?

[An uncomfortable beat goes by, Grant's face processing the challenge...but it doesn't take him long to decide...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...as he hauls off and slaps Kingsley right across the mush. Lynch jumps back, Kingsley recoils from the strike, and Grant moves in forgetting one small detail...

...Curt Sawyer who lunges forward, nailing a distracted Grant from the blind side!]

SA: Sawyer from behind! They did it again, Dee Dub! They set the trap and sprung it on an outnumbered Landon Grant!

[Having knocked Grant down, Sawyer straddles him and rains down a series of right hands. Kingsley, now back on his feet, joins in with stomps to the exposed legs.]

DW: Someone's gotta stop this, Sal!

[Kingsley pauses, taps Sawyer on the shoulder, and points to the ring. Sawyer nods, jerking Grant up by his hair and dragging him down the stairs towards the ring.]

SA: They're taking Grant down the stairs... down the aisle towards the ring where it appears they want to do more damage where everyone gets the best view in the house.

[Sawyer chucks Grant under the ropes by the hair, pointing at him as Kingsley climbs the ringsteps, ducking through the ropes...]

SA: Kingsley's in there... and right away, he goes to work on him, putting the boots to this young rookie! And I don't know what it is about these two, Dee Dub... but they've been after this kid from the first day he stepped into an AWA ring. He's been haunted by them for months now.

DW: Ever since they took on Kentucky's Pride at the Battle of Saskatchewan in the Stampede Cup.

SA: Sawyer's in there now too... this is ridiculous... but like you said, Landon Grant's a man alone in this locker room these days. No friends yet. No allies. He's all alone in there and these two are looking to do serious damage.

[Pulling Grant off the mat, Sawyer whips him across the ring, lifting him on the rebound...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and PLANTS him into the mat with a spinning spinebuster!]

SA: The spine gets DRIVEN into the mat!

DW: Look at Kingsley taunting him, Sal! He lets his partner do all the work, and he does all the talk! I wish someone would shut him up!

[Kingsley leans over Grant, slapping him across the face once... twice... three times as the fans jeer loudly...]

SA: This double tough duo is laying a beating on this kid and-

[Suddenly, the crowd ERUPTS in cheers as the last man they expected to help Landon Grant comes charging down to the ring with a well-worn, well-stained Louisville Slugger in hand...]

SA: IT'S CITY JACK! IT'S CITY JACK!

[Sawyer's eyes go wide as he grabs his partner by the shoulder, pointing out the incoming AWA legend...]

SA: JACK'S HERE TO STOP THIS MAULING AND YOU MAY GET YOUR WISH AFTER ALL, DEE DUB!

[Jack, full of passion and eyes afire, forgets his physical limitations as he moves the quickest anyone's seen him move his large frame in a long while, throwing himself under the ropes into the ring...]

SA: Jack's in... and he's got a baseball bat!

[Jack pops to his feet, taking a swing that reminds some of these Atlanta fans of Braves slugger Freddie Freeman...]

...that JUST misses Alexander Kingsley's head, bringing a surprised "Oh!" from the crowd as he scampers out of the ring!]

SA: Kingsley bails out and-

[Jack whips around, pointing the barrel of the bat at Curt Sawyer who wisely dives through the ropes to the outside just as Jack slams the bat down on the top rope, screaming "COME ON, YOU SONS OF-" before the audio cuts off. He keeps the bat in hand, stomping around the ring, pointing the baseball bat at the two and yelling things that the microphone thankfully can't pick up.]

SA: CITY JACK CLEANS HOUSE HERE ON FRIGHT NIGHT!

[Seeing Kingsley and Sawyer at bay, Jack helps his son up, checking his condition. Grant nods to his father, sharing a quick embrace before Jack walks across the ring, extending a hand...]

SA: And it looks like City Jack's got something to say.

[Jack is handed a mic that he holds up as he points the bat at the retreating Sawyer and Kingsley.]

CJ: Enough! Enough with you two vile, scum-suckin' dogs!

[The crowd roars at passion behind Jack's words already.]

CJ: I sat back at home for months... MONTHS... watchin' this garbage you two have done to my boy...

[Jack shakes his head.]

CJ: I ain't watchin' this no more! NO MORE! You wanted me here? You wanted me in this ring, Sawyer? Well here I am! RIGHT HERE!

[The crowd ROARS as Jack motions Sawyer into the ring, waving the bat around as a guide. Kingsley keeps a hand on his partner's shoulder, shaking his head and encouraging him to NOT accept this particular challenge.]

CJ: Not so tough when the numbers are even, are ya?

[Jack backs away from the ropes, sliding over to where his son is regrouping from yet another attack.]

CJ: Now, one thing I made clear last time I was in this here ring was I said no more. No. More. And son...

[Jack turns to Landon Grant, who nods to his father.]

CJ: What I said then, to you, I meant. My wrestling days are DONE. My wrestling boots, gear, hung 'em up for good. You, my son, you're the only wrestler left in our family.

[The crowd lets a bit of a disappointed hush upon hearing Jack is not returning to the ring. Kingsley fires off his mouth at the ring, something not clearly picked up by the mic as Jack looks in his direction, pointing the bat at the brown work boots on his feet.]

CJ: BUT! That ain't meaning I can't lace up these dusty steel toes...

[The crowd noise changes, starting to increase in enthusiasm.]

CJ: ...get in this ring...

[And still louder.]

CJ: ...and show you two I can still crack some heads!

[The crowd ROARS at the idea of that as Kingsley clears shouts "NO WAY! NO! YOU'RE RETIRED!" Jack shakes his head, pointing with the bat again.]

CJ: And for you two vile scum, attackin' my family?! My blood?! Rustle up a fight? That'll do, pigs!

[Sawyer points a threatening finger at Jack who taps the bat against the mat.]

CJ: This ol' SOB's got one more fight left in him... one more! And they'll be no rock, no shelter, no refuge. Just THESE hands pummelin' the crimson outta ya skulls!

[The crowd roars as Jack turns back to his son with an outstretched hands.]

CJ: Last time I checked, the AWA likes to throw one heck of a party on Thanksgiving Night...

[Jack grins as the crowd gets louder.]

CJ: ...and I can't think of a better place to show the world how thankful I am for everything this business has ever given me...

...and how thankful I am that you're my son.

[Jack smiles as the crowd "awwwws."]

CJ: So, whaddya say, kid? Need a partner, son?

[Grant grows the biggest, proudest smile you can imagine as he eagerly takes his father's hand to a huge ROAR from the Center Stage fans. The handshake quickly

becomes a hug as Sawyer and Kingsley start ranting and raving on the entrance stage.]

SA: Wow! City Jack and Landon Grant issuing a challenge - they want Sawyer and Kingsley at SuperClash!

DW: I can barely hear you over these two crybabies up here by us!

[The camera cuts to Sawyer and a red-faced Kingsley who is carrying on.]

SA: I can't wait to hear if this challenge is accepted. Fans, we're going to take a quick break but when we come back, we'll have Women's Division action on display so don't you dare go away!

[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

26 DAYS AND COUNTING

And then cut back to black...

...and then fade back up to a shot of the (hopefully) faux electric chair up on stage where Theresa Lynch has planted her jumpsuit-covered rear end.]

TL: Wise men say only fools rush in... so it should come as absolutely no...

[She looks around at the electric chair.]

TL: ...shock...

[She grins.]

TL: ...that Alexander Kingsley and Curt Sawyer IMMEDIATELY accepted that challenge so that match is set for SuperClash and I'm happy to announce it'll go down right here in Atlanta!

[The crowd cheers for that news as Theresa smiles.]

TL: It's just about time for more action - isn't that right, Sal?

[We fade back over to Sal and Dylan at the table.]

SA: That's absolutely right, Theresa. Up next, do we ever have a great selection to compete here on Fright Night ever since she showed up on the scene at Homecoming.

DW: She hissed at me earlier today, Sal!

SA: I think that may mean she likes you, Dee Dub.

DW: That's a weird way to show it.

[Sal chuckles and points to the camera.]

SA: Tyler, up to you.

[We cut up to the ring where Tyler Graham is standing by.]

TG: Our next match is in the Women's Division set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... weighing in at 136 pounds, hailing from North Charleston, South Carolina... this is Mirabelle Cross!

[A Caucasian woman with voluminously curly red hair bounds out of the corner, waving enthusiastically to the crowd. She's dressed in a simple peach colored set of sport bra and shorts, along with white kneepads and boots. The crowd, seemingly catching on to her excitement, responds with applause.]

TG: And herrrrr opponent... weighing 149 pounds, from Southern Pines, North Carolina, she is the "Pretty Hate Machine"...

KYLIEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE KUJAAAAAAAAAAAAAAWAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Nobody hurts you like me!

["That Girl" by Tegan and Sara filters through the sound system as Kylie Kujawa gleefully strides from the entrance, her mermaid hair worn in loosely tied twin tails over her shoulders. She's wearing a pastel blue sleeveless crop top with the words "you disgust me" in black slime font across the chest, along with black fishnet sleeves. She also has on a black and pastel blue plaid skirt that stops mid-thigh, black kneepads, and her customary pink Chuck Taylor All-Stars that appear to have a quite legitimate blood splatter on the left shoe.]

SA: And here comes Kylie Kujawa, the younger sister of Shane Destiny, and someone who completely overturned the selection process for Steal the Spotlight just last week at Fight Night On FOX!

DW: I still can't believe the tantrum she threw when Michelle Bailey picked Kelly Kowalski before her, Big Sal.

SA: What I can't believe is that Michelle was willing to take that trade Laura Davis offered, giving up Ayako Fujiwara just to make Kylie happy.

DW: Michelle has mentioned that she doesn't break pinky promises, and apparently she made one with Ms. Kujawa in the past, because Kylie sure did invoke one.

[Kylie takes a brief moment to stop and grasp the lens of a camera, unleashing her Cheshire grin. She has a black stripe of makeup airbrushed temple to temple across her eyes, along with black lipstick on her lips. She has a litany of piercings along her face, including in her eyebrow, lower lip, and nostril, as well as along her ears. She lets go of the camera and bounds towards the ring.]

SA: We've seen a lot of our fans today in costume, but for this young lady, it seems like everyday is Halloween.

DW: And did you see her shoes? She busted open Kelly Kowalski two weeks ago, and it looks like she's still carrying the reminder on her shoes!

[The music fades as Scott Ezra asks Kujawa if she's sure she wants to wrestle with the piercings in, and Kujawa looks at Ezra with her eyes wide and says loud enough for the camera to pick up, "why wouldn't I be?" Ezra shrugs as Kujawa bops up and down on her feet, then he signals for the bell.]

SA: Here we go fans, more exciting action in the hottest division in pro wrestling!

DW: And did you notice the hometowns? North Charleston, South Carolina against Southern Pines, North Carolina!

SA: A geographic mixup, to say the least, as Kylie Kujawa goes up against Mirabelle Cross. Cross looks very enthusiastic here in her AWA debut, but will she still feel the same in a few minutes?

DW: I don't think anyone's felt too enthusiastic after spending a few minutes with Kylie Kujawa.

[Kujawa motions that she'd like to lock up, and as Cross goes for a collar-and-elbow, Kujawa responds by digging her thumb right into Cross' eye, then starts giggling wildly.]

SA: I see what you mean, Dee Dub, but unfortunately for Mirabelle Cross, she won't be for the next few moments! Scott Ezra warning Kylie Kujawa to stay off the eyes... and come on, Kujawa's saying her finger slipped.

DW: For someone with her experience, she doesn't need to do the things she does. It's shameful.

[Kujawa snatches a fistful of Cross' hair, grabbing her in a headlock, then wrenching her over with a headlock takeover.]

SA: You know, Dee Dub, we've heard about the association between this woman and Michelle Bailey. Harley Hamilton said that it was Michelle that encouraged Kylie to come to the AWA and attack Kelly Kowalski. But really, when you look at how these two behave, it's total opposites!

DW: I'm still trying to figure it out, Sal. It's like someone's fostered a feral cat and is trying to tame her.

[Cross tries to wriggle free, and Kujawa grinds her free forearm across the bridge of Cross' nose, a gleeful look coming across Kujawa's face.]

DW: Look at that, Sal! Look at her! She's enjoying punishing Mirabelle Cross!

SA: That grinding forearm right across the nose of this youngster! Kylie Kujawa is making her regret even getting in the ring!

[Kujawa shouts "awwww!" and mimes wiping Cross' eyes, then adjusts the headlock into a facelock, quickly switching her position.]

SA: Wait a moment, look at what Kujawa is doing here... she just went from a headlock to a facelock, now into an inverted facelock...

[Kujawa rolls Cross onto her stomach, switching the facelock into a dragon sleeper...]

SA: That's... well, we used to know it as the Destiny Strangle, but she calls it the Melankylie! And look at Cross frantically tapping the mat! She knows what that move means!

[Kujawa pulls back on Cross's neck, as Cross taps on Kujawa's forearm. Ezra signals for the bell and starts to work on getting Kujawa to release the hold. Kujawa looks at Ezra with pouting eyes and says "aw, but we were just starting to have fun!" before releasing the hold, patting Cross on top of the head as she does so.]

SA: What rapid movement there from Kylie Kujawa, to go from a headlock to a facelock, then right into that move for the submission! The Melankylie getting the submission win for Kylie Kujawa in dominant fashion!

DW: I'm really surprised at how efficient that was, Sal. You look at Kylie Kujawa and you don't expect someone who can move that quick or be that good on the mat.

SA: She's going to be a unique entrant into Steal The Spotlight here in just a few weeks at SuperClash. She's also going to probably give our colleague a bit of a headache, as she's on her way to go speak with Theresa Lynch. Theresa?

[We cut over to Theresa Lynch, who looks off-screen.]

TL: A swift victory for the "Pretty Hate Machine", who is on her way over...

[Kylie Kujawa enters the frame, blowing a kiss at Theresa Lynch.]

TL: Kylie Kujawa, you made quite a scene last week during the selection process for Steal the Spotlight. Is there anything you'd like to say about how you acted to get yourself on Michelle Bailey's team?

[Kylie tilts her head, a silly little smile forming on her face.]

KK: Aside from that it was great? Whatever do you mean, Reesa?

[Theresa's eyes narrow.]

KK: Oh, come on.

TL: You don't get to call me that.

[Kylie pouts.]

KK: Fiiiiiine. Look, I don't like calling down pinky promises, but it's just like...

[Kylie makes an exaggerated gasp.]

KK: Laura Davis? Really? I wasn't going to team with her. Ew. No. And yeah, like... I was a little hurt that Shelley picked the barcrawler over me, but we fixed it.

TL: And you feel no remorse over her having to trade away Ayako Fujiwara, her top pick, to get you?

[Kylie points to herself in denial.]

KK: Hey, that's not on me! I said trade St. Brawly Girl for me, not Ayako! I don't know what that was all about. Shelley could've negotiated, but her and Ayako did their little whispery chats and they seemed fine with it, so why shouldn't I be?

[Theresa shakes her head.]

TL: So now that you and Kelly Kowalski are on the same team for SuperClash, has Michelle talked to you about trying to get along?

KK: Oh sureeeee.

[Kylie flashes her Cheshire grin.]

KK: Her words say "you two need to get along for the good of the team, and her breaking my nose was an accident, so please stop attacking her", but her eyes?

[Kylie points to her eyes, her face switching to a stern glare.]

KK: Her eyes say "hit that drunken brat with a bat".

[Theresa rolls her eyes.]

TL: I doubt that.

KK: Oh, you would. But you have to know where to look.

[Kylie leans in close, and begins to whisper.]

KK: The trick is to always look at the blue eye, not the brown one. That's the eye that's tellin' you the truth.

[Theresa looks dismayed.]

TL: I'll just ask the hard question... when you said you came here to collect a debt for someone, were you looking at Michelle's eyes when you discussed it?

[Theresa leans in closely to Kylie.]

TL: The blue eye, specifically, not the brown one?

[Kylie points to the side of her head and winks.]

KK: Now you're catchin' on, Ree-...

[Kylie clears her throat.]

KK: Theresa.

[Theresa nods her head.]

TL: I see.

KK: And I'll still collect that debt someday. But... not for a while. Shelley wants me to try and get along? I'll do my best... for her. I swear.

[Kylie briefly holds up her pinky, then drops her hand down to her waist and looks at the camera.]

KK: You better get your head out of the dump bucket long enough to do the same, Kowalski, because I ain't afraid to break more than just a pinky on you.

[And with that, Kylie storms off.]

TL: Well, I sure do hope Michelle Bailey knows what she's doing with that one. If there was one competitor in that six on six Steal The Spotlight that I'd have to call a serious wild card - it's that one right there. That's coming up in just about three and a half weeks now - another match on SuperClash that will be taking place right here in Atlant...

[Theresa trails off as her eyes shift to the entrance stage as the crowd begins to jeer loudly. She visibly sighs, shaking her head just before the camera cuts to a shot of the entrance, revealing "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett storming down the stairs towards the ring. He does NOT seem to be in a good mood.]

SA: What is this about now?

DW: Fawcett's night hasn't exactly gone to plan. He had that big mess with Polemos earlier tonight. The Dogs of War got all up in his face just a little while ago. Javier Castillo put this night in his hands and if he doesn't meet the General's expectations, I don't know what happens.

SA: We've heard Castillo made ominous threats towards Fawcett before - Fawcett is rumored to be working on all sorts of mysterious projects for Castillo and Korugun... but... well, let's hear what he's got on his mind.

[Fawcett is flushed red as he grabs the mic, climbing the stairs into the ring.]

"D"HF: This night belongs to me!

[The jeers come pouring down.]

"D"HF: And as such, this night WILL go the way I intend for it to go.

[He gestures towards the stage.]

"D"HF: It will be a night worthy of celebration... a night worthy of sharing that magnificent cake with all of you here tonight...

[More boos as Fawcett wipes his sweaty brow with a handkerchief before gesturing up on the stage where the tombstone-shaped cake still awaits.]

"D"HF: I just received a phone call from General Castillo who is watching at home and...

[Fawcett dabs his brow again.]

"D"HF: ...well, he had a special request of his own. He wants the world to see the power of the force he's - ahem... WE - have put together for WarGames. And so he shall!

All of you shall!

[Fawcett nods.]

"D"HF: Gentlemen, if you would join me...

[And as we saw earlier tonight, Derek Rage, Morgan Dane, and John Law walk out onto the entrance stage, making their way down the stairs past the booing Atlanta fans to join Fawcett in the ring.]

"D"HF: The forces of Korugun are here... they are strong... and tonight, they're going to show Jon Steggle just what he's up against in a few weeks.

So, I'm putting out a call to anyone and everyone back in that locker room. Come. Join us in the ring. And meet your doom at the hands of the most dominant six man team I can possibly imagine!

[Fawcett lowers the mic, his eyes burning with intensity as he's surrounded by the three henchmen.]

SA: An open challenge for a six man tag? Who's gonna take it? We'll be right back and find out!

[Fawcett waves a beckoning hand towards the back and 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 on the ring where the Chieftains' "Brian Boru's March" is playing over the PA system.]

SA: Welcome back to a very special - and so far wild - edition of the Power Hour... it's Fright Night On FOX and your eyes do not deceive you, fans... that is The Summit headed to the ring presumably to challenge this trio of Korugun soldiers for a six man tag team match. It was just two weeks ago on this very show that we saw The Summit compete in trios action against the unlikely team of "Golden" Grant Carter and The Band - a match that Mahoney, Smythe, and Sweeney surprisingly lost. But they're hoping to get back on track here in this one against Morgan Dane, Derek Rage, and John Law - an imposing team for sure.

DW: Did you hear what Fawcett said before the break though? He called them the most dominant six man team he could imagine!

SA: No doubt, Doctor Fawcett was sending a little jab in the collective ribs of the Dogs of War who he had issues with earlier tonight... although you can not deny just how dangerous this team is here tonight - three of the men alongside Juan Vasquez who are set to enter the double cage hell known as WarGames in just a few weeks' time.

[The European trio is huddled up in their corner as Malcolm Sweeney stares across the ring, pacing in place like a bull ready to come out the chute.]

SA: This should be a tough challenge for the Korugun Army... and if Harrison Fawcett expects this to be a walk in the park - a tuneup if you will - he's sadly mistaken in my estimation, Dee Dub.

DW: Three rough and tough Europeans lookin' for a fight... yeah, they're gonna bring it.

[The referee signals for the bell which sees Sweeney shove his partners aside, splitting them apart as he rushes across at a waiting John Law!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Sweeney wastes no time in tearing into Law, throwing heavy right hands at the jaw of the Korugun Army's Head of Security.]

SA: Sweeney's teeing off at the bell on this one - and I don't think Law expected an onslaught like that.

[Law fires off a few shots of his own in response but Sweeney keeps on coming, forcing him back into a neutral corner on an onslaught of haymakers.]

SA: Sweeney puts him in the corner... whip on the way...

[But Sweeney's attempt at a whip is reversed, sending him into the far turnbuckles...

...where he bounces right out unfazed, running down Law with a clothesline that earns him a surprising burst of cheers from the Atlanta crowd!]

SA: SWEENEY BRINGS DOWN THE LAW! And listen to these fans, Dee Dub!

DW: They may not like The Summit but they dislike Korugun even more!

[Sweeney dives on top of the prone Law, preventing him from getting off the canvas as he starts pummeling him with wild rights and lefts as the cheers get louder!]

SA: Sweeney's beating the tar out of John Law on the mat! The Summit's been looking to make some waves in the AWA tag team division for months now... they've been trying to catch the eye of both Jon Stegglet AND Javier Castillo to earn a spot in WarGames, a crusade that came to a shocking and disappointing end two weeks ago... and they're letting all that frustration out right about now!

[With Law down and struggling under the barrage from Sweeney, "Maniac" Morgan Dane comes through the ropes at a shout from "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett, rushing towards Sweeney...

...who pops up to his feet in time to defend himself, catching Dane with a series of big right hands too!]

SA: And now Sweeney's fighting off Morgan Dane as well!

DW: Both of these guys enjoy a good ol' fist fight and they're getting it right now!

[The crowd is ROARING as Dane and Sweeney exchange blows, neither man backing down an inch as they take the fight to each other..

...which is when Sweeney swings a knee up into Dane's midsection before grabbing him by the hair and HURLING the illegal competitor over the ropes to the outside!]

SA: DOWN TO THE FLOOR GOES DANE! Hard fall over the top thanks to Malcolm Sweeney and-

[A burst of jeers go up from the crowd as John Law ambushes Sweeney from behind with a forearm to the back of the head, knocking Sweeney into the ropes. A few looping right hands to the ribs follow.]

SA: Law from the blind side takes advantage of the distraction by Dane... and now he's dragging Sweeney back into the Korugun corner where the seven foot monster awaits.

[Law slaps the offered hand, bringing Derek Rage stepping over the ropes into the ring. Law grabs a front facelock on Sweeney, holding him in place as Rage slowly raises his arms over his head, clasping his hands together..

...and SMASHES them down across Sweeney's back in a double axehandle, putting him down on all fours as Law exits the ring.]

SA: Derek Rage is the legal man now... and what a warpath this man has been on since arriving in the AWA earlier this year.

DW: Mostly against his own brother.

SA: Mostly, yes. We've seen him in that Death In Darkness match in Philly... in that battle in Mexico... doing damage in the Stampede Cup tournament this summer as well. Derek Rage being a part of Team Korugun puts a big plus in their column as we get ready for WarGames.

[Rage punctuates Sal's sentence with a hard kick to the ribs of Sweeney, flipping him over onto his back before Sweeney rolls under the ropes to the outside of the ring.]

SA: And Malcolm Sweeney may need to regroup if he's going to tussle with the likes of the seven footer.

[Rage looks to pursue but the courage of Pete "Blue Shoes" Miller causes him to jump in Rage's path, refusing to let him go after him. The seven foot Canadian argues with Miller..

...which gives Morgan Dane a window to strike on the outside.]

SA: Dane's back in it, grabbing Sweeney by the head and...

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Dane HURLS Sweeney into the ringsteps, shifting them off their foundation as he manically glares down at his victim. The referee whips around, reprimanding Dane for his outside-the-ring activities as Dane crawls up on the apron, a sadistic grin on his face as he presses his back against the ringpost...

...and then comes charging down the apron, hurling his 300 plus pound frame into the air...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: FLYING SENTON OFF THE APRON - RIGHT DOWN ON THE HEART OF MALCOLM SWEENEY!

[Seeing his cousin in danger, Callum Mahoney hops down off the apron, rushing over to confront Dane...

...but the referee slides out to the floor, cutting off the Fighting Irishman before he can tangle with the Maniac.]

SA: A near miss on a brawl on the outside between Mahoney and Dane.

DW: I kinda think I'd like to see that, Sal.

SA: I've gotta agree with you there. Mahoney helping his cousin up... and now the referee - good ol' Blue Shoes - is forcing Mahoney back to his corner...

[With Miller and Mahoney arguing, Sweeney rolls up onto the apron, trying to get back inside the ring...

...which is when Derek Rage draws him to his feet, scooping him up in his arms...]

SA: 267 pounds slammed down hard as Rage brings Sweeney in the hard way!

[A smirking Derek Rage looks down on Sweeney, ignoring the shouts from Callum Mahoney on the apron before he slaps the offered hand of John Law.]

SA: Another tag from the Korugun Army brings John Law back in... Rage pulling Sweeney to his feet...

[The crowd murmurs with concern as Law and Rage both reach out a mighty hand, wrapping them around the throat of Malcolm Sweeney!]

SA: ...and this can't be good news for Sweeney! He's caught and-

[But Sweeney ain't going down without a fight, sticking a thumb in Rage's eye before smashing his fist into Law's mouth. A pair of rights to both men break their grip, sending them both stumbling back as he rushes to the ropes, throwing himself into them...]

SA: Sweeney fights his way out... off the ropes...

[The crowd ROARS as Sweeney leaves his feet, shoving his arms out from his sides and BLASTS both Rage and Law off their own feet with a leaping double clothesline!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: SWEENEY FLATTENS THE ARMY!

[Sweeney pushes up to his knees, nodding his head as he crawls towards The Summit's corner and slaps the outstretched hand.]

SA: The tag is made and here comes Her Majesty's Might!

DW: We talked about the strongest men in that locker room earlier and Rory Smythe has gotta be on that list too, Big Sal.

[The British Bruiser comes tearing into view, sticking a jab in the mouth of Derek Rage a few times before uncorking a few knife edge chops on John Law.]

SA: Smythe's taking them both on!

[Reaching out with his muscular arms, Smythe grabs Law and Rage by their heads...

...and CLASHES their skulls together with enough force to send Rage spiraling out through the ropes to the outside as Law falls back into the corner where Morgan Dane slaps the shoulder!]

SA: Tag! Morgan Dane, the Maniac, coming in fast...

[A charging Dane gets flattened by a Smythe clothesline. He pumps his powerful arm and then rushes forward to drop Dane a second time with it!]

SA: Smythe's got Dane reeling - in fact, the Summit has Korugun reeling and again, if Javier Castillo is watching, he's gotta be questioning the decision-making of Harrison Fawcett so far here tonight!

[Smythe grabs the 300 plus pounder in a front facelock, slinging his arm over his neck...]

SA: Smythe looking for a suplex!

DW: This'll be impressive if he can get him up, Sal.

SA: Smythe trying to power him up!

[But the lift attempt fails as Dane blocks it, pulling out of the front facelock...

...and SMASHING his skull into Smythe's cheekbone!]

SA: OH! HEADBUTT!

[The Maniac switches to "mauling" mode as he wraps his hands around the throat of Smythe, shoving him back into the neutral corner where he unleashes a vicious series of punches and forearms to the head, the referee shouting at him to back off all the while...]

SA: The Maniac has been unleashed in Hotlanta!

[With Fawcett looking on with glee, Dane starts throwing vicious blows to the head, punctuating each blow with a "HAAKAA!" as Smythe starts to wilt under the attack...

...and suddenly breaks away, holding up his hands innocently as the referee reads him the riot act...]

SA: Smythe trying to stay on his feet and-

DW: HE'S BITING HIM!

[The crowd jeers as Smythe flails his arms wildly, sinking down to the canvas as Dane whips around and spits in the direction of the official who again loudly complains.]

DW: Disgusting! Absolutely disgusting!

[A grinning Dane lolls his tongue out of his mouth as he staggers back across the ring to the other neutral corner...]

SA: Mahoney down the apr- OH!

[The crowd reacts as well as Dane DRILLS the protesting Mahoney with a right hand, knocking him down to the floor...]

...and then whips around to charge across the ring, smashing his knee into the face of the seated Smythe!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Dane hangs over the ropes, a twisted sadistic grin on his face as he looks out at the jeering crowd...]

...and when Callum Mahoney tries to come into the ring, the referee cuts him off!]

SA: The official is doing an excellent job at keeping this from breaking completely loose... so far at least.

[With Mahoney tied up with the official, Dane drags Smythe to his feet...]

...and then sinks his teeth into the nose of the Brit!]

DW: HE'S BITING HIS NOSE NOW!

[The crowd roars their objections but Dane is free to do what he wants any old time as the official is tied up with Mahoney...]

...and then digs his fingers into the eyes of Smythe, raking hard as Smythe stumbles back to the corner, taking a pair of wild swings as Dane dances JUST out of reach.]

SA: Dane breaking every rule he can think of and then some...

[Grabbing the arm, Dane goes to whip Smythe across...]

SA: Whip on the way... reversed!

[The reversal sends Dane crashing hard into the corner thanks to Her Majesty's Might, stumbling back out towards him...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: HIGH BACKDROP BY SMYTHE! Shoulda given Dane a few lightbulbs and had him change them up there! He had plenty of time... and now Smythe to his corner where...

[The crowd ERUPTS as Callum Mahoney makes the tag, bringing the Fighting Irishman into the match officially.]

SA: In comes the two-time World Television Champion!

[Mahoney wastes no time in going to work on one of the most dangerous men in wrestling, catching him on the way up to his feet with a stunning knife edge chop... then a forearm to the jaw... then a European uppercut that sends him staggering back into the neutral corner.]

SA: Mahoney's like an Irish house of fire in there... in the corner now... and the hits keep on comin'!

[The crowd is roaring now as Mahoney tees off - forearm after forearm to the side of the head... a series of uppercuts that nearly lift the Maniac off his feet...

...then a whip, shooting him from corner to corner across the ring.]

SA: Mahoney sends him in, on the move after him... ohhh! Back elbow up under the chin!

[Grabbing the top rope, Mahoney manages to leverage himself up to snap a foot off the back of Dane's head as well!]

SA: Rope-assisted enzuigiri and Mahoney's got Morgan Dane seeing stars! This is the Summit we've all been waiting to see lately! This is The Summit that believes that they deserve a spot in WarGames!

[Mahoney wraps his arms around the torso, boosting Dane up to a seated position on the top turnbuckle...]

SA: Mahoney setting him up - perhaps looking for a superplex here...

[But instead, he grabs a fistful of hair before SNAPPING a leaping European uppercut up under the chin, sending Dane toppling off the buckles and taking the long, hard fall to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: DOWN TO THE OUTSIDE GOES DANE! AND LISTEN TO THESE FANS!

DW: They've been waiting to see Korugun get theirs for a while now and maybe this is it! Maybe it's finally gonna happen, Sal! We ain't gonna have to wait until WarGames!

[With Dane spilled out to the floor, Mahoney ignores the shouts of the official as he drops to the mat, rolling to the outside to join him.]

SA: Morgan Dane may be one of the most dangerous fighters on the planet but Callum Mahoney's no slouch in a street fight either - that's for sure.

[Mahoney grabs Dane off the floor, dragging him up to his feet by the arm...

...which he promptly SLAMS down on the ring apron!]

SA: OHH! Mahoney going after the arm!

[Dane staggers away from Mahoney, stumbling down the length of the apron towards the steel ringsteps...

...which is Mahoney's next target.]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

DW: He's gonna break his arm, Sal!

SA: He wouldn't be the Armbar Assassin if he didn't try!

[Mahoney grabs the wrist, wrapping the targeted arm around the steel ringpost...

...and then KICKS the arm, sandwiching it between his boot and the unforgiving metal pole!]

SA: To borrow a phrase from our good friend Gordon Myers, "good grief!" Mahoney' dissecting that arm on the outside... and look at this, Morgan Dane rolling back inside.

DW: When's the last time you saw Dane trying to AVOID a fight on the floor?!

SA: I don't know if that's ever happened, Dee Dub... and Mahoney's going in after him already...

[With both men on their feet, Mahoney grabs the arm that Dane is trying to protect, and gives it a big twist and a yank, sending Dane back down chestfirst to the canvas with his arm stretched out to his side...]

SA: What's Mahoney going to do now? He's got his eyes on that-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd groans as Mahoney drops a knee down into the shoulder...

...and then grabs the wrist, pulling the arm back against the grain as he kneels on the limb for leverage!]

SA: You're right, Dee Dub! He's gonna break that arm! Callum Mahoney's looking to break that arm and take Morgan Dane out of SuperClash!

DW: What a huge moment that would be! Somewhere out there, Javier Castillo is about to lose it that this is happening! His team is so close to being complete and if he loses a major part of it just a few weeks before WarGames, it could be a huge blow to Korugun's chances inside the double cage with so much at stake!

[Dane screams in pain, clawing at the canvas... but does not quit as the referee informs a grimacing Mahoney.]

SA: So tough. Morgan Dane is so tough. A normal man would have quit immediately on that armbar but not the Maniac who has put his body to hell and back over his years inside - and outside - the squared circle, Dee Dub.

DW: The kinds of matches we've seen Morgan Dane in is enough to give a grown man nightmares.

[Mahoney maintains his hold on the wrist, twisting so that Dane rolls onto his back. The Fighting Irishman looks out to the crowd, drawing a cheer as he nods his head to them...]

SA: He's not done with the arm! He's looking for the Cross Armbreaker! He's looking for-

[...and with a quick scissor of the arm, Mahoney drops back into his signature hold, looking to hyper-extend the elbow as Dane clutches his hands together, desperately trying to block the hold from being locked in!]

SA: HE'S GOING FOR IT! Dane's got it blocked in part but Mahoney's trying to break that grip and get the hold locked in!

[With a panicked Fawcett looking on from the outside, Dane is screaming with effort to keep his hands together as Mahoney attempts to rip them apart to sink in his submission hold...]

SA: Can he get it?! Can Mahoney get this locked in?! Can he-

[The crowd JEERS as John Law comes through the ropes, sprinting towards Mahoney...]

...but a quickly-incoming Rory Smythe gets there first, meeting Law with a series of big royal haymakers, using Her Majesty's Might to drive Law back towards the ropes where a big clothesline sends both Smythe and Law tumbling to the outside!]

SA: SMYTHE TAKES LAW TO THE OUTSIDE!

[Mahoney slaps the wrist, jamming his palm into it in another effort to break down the defense...]

...which is when Harrison Fawcett orders Derek Rage into the ring. The seven footer swings a leg over the top, coming in towards the struggling Dane and Mahoney...]

SA: Rage is in as well and-

[The crowd ROARS as Malcolm Sweeney charges across, leaping into the air with a flying shoulderblock that knocks Rage down to the mat, sending him rolling to the outside with Sweeney crawling through the ropes in pursuit!]

SA: RAGE GOES DOWN AS WELL!

[Fawcett angrily slaps his hands down on the apron as Mahoney grins at his allies having cleared the path...]

...and with one more twist and smash with the palm, he breaks down the defense and YANKS the arm back in a most uncomfortable way!]

SA: HE'S GOT IT ON! THE CROSS ARMBREAKER IS APPLIED! IT'S LOCKED IN!

DW: We're gonna hear a tap or a snap, Big Sal!

SA: Mahoney looking to send the Maniac on a one way ticket to Tapout City! Mahoney's cranking on that arm, trying to hyper-extend the elbow!

[Dane is screaming in pain as few have ever heard this man scream as Mahoney rocks back, bending the arm...]

SA: Can Callum Mahoney do the unthinkable?! Can he make Morgan Dane tap out?! Can he get-

[...and suddenly, someone comes leaping up onto the apron, springing to and off the top rope in one motion, flipping in a somersault...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and CRASHES down on the torso of Callum Mahoney with a springboard 450 splash!]

SA: CARPENTER! THAT'S ISAIAH CARPENTER FROM THE OUTSIDE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

"OOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: THE DOGS HAVE STRUCK BUT DANE HAS SNAPPED!

[Dane swings around, taking a big horizontal swing at Wade Walker who manages to exit the ring to avoid it..

...but ends up with Derek Rage's hand wrapped around his skull!]

SA: WHAT THE-?!

[The seven footer powers Walker up into the air before DRIVING him down on the barely-padded studio floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: HAMMER OF GOD ON THE OUTSIDE!

[Fawcett has seen enough now, snatching the mic up as he rolls his body under the ropes.]

"D"HF: STOP! STOP THIS NOW!

[Rage is seething as he lurks over the downed Wade Walker. Elsewhere on the outside, Carpenter is helping Perez to his feet, getting chairs of their own as they look in on the wildly-pacing Morgan Dane who occasionally slams the chair down into the mat for emphasis.]

"D"HF: That's enough of all of this!

[The two sides seem to calm... for the moment at least... as Fawcett wipes his sweaty brow.]

"D"HF: This... none of this... none of this was supposed to be like this. You're all on the same side, damn it!

[Carpenter gestures at Dane angrily as Fawcett waves a hand.]

"D"HF: I...

[Fawcett grabs at his head, shaking it back and forth.]

"D"HF: FINE! YOU WANT TO FIGHT?! LET'S FIGHT!

[The crowd ROARS as Carpenter nods his head and Perez slaps a hand down on the apron, waving Morgan Dane towards him...]

"D"HF: But not tonight!

[The crowd BOOS loudly at Fawcett's bait and switch.]

"D"HF: If the six of you want to beat each other up so badly, you can do it next week in Charlotte on Saturday Night Wrestling...

[Fawcett strokes his chin thoughtfully...]

"D"HF: ...and the winning team will take three of the spots in WarGames!

[The crowd ROARS in shock as jaws drop all around the ring and ringside area.]

SA: Did I hear that right?! Did Harrison Fawcett just DRASTICALLY impact WarGames?!

DW: A trios match for Charlotte - winners are in WarGames, losers are out! Are you kidding me?! What the heck is Castillo gonna think about this, Sal?!

SA: I don't know... and I'm not even sure if Fawcett knows!

[Fawcett grins at the reaction, obviously exactly what he was aiming for...

...when suddenly, the chaotic scene gets even crazier as "Demonizer" by Judas Priest kicks in to a huge shocked reaction!]

SA: What in the...? The Women's World Champion is here as well?!

[Kurayami comes storming into view, the title belt slung over her shoulder as she doesn't even hesitate as she stomps down the stairs towards the ring where a surprised Harrison Fawcett awaits.]

SA: One week ago, we learned that it'll be Julie Somers challenging Kurayami for the Women's World Title at SuperClash IX... but as of late, we've mostly seen Kurayami doing Javier Castillo's dirty work!

DW: Maybe not tonight though. She's here... she's dressed for a fight... and she doesn't look like she's in the mood for a chat.

[The champion reaches the ring, climbing the steps and ducking through the ropes as the others in the ring back off, giving the pissed-off Kurayami room to maneuver... and maneuver she does, making a beeline for an alarmed Harrison Fawcett, backing him into a corner.]

"D"HF: Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, WHOOOOOA!

[Fawcett lifts his hands, shielding himself as Kurayami stares a hole through him.]

"D"HF: I don't... look, I don't know what's going on here but-

[Kurayami snatches the mic out of his hand.]

K: Enough! ENOUGH!

[Fawcett instantly quiets as the crowd cheers the idea of violence coming to the "good" Doctor.]

K: For weeks, I've been running errands for Castillo and Korugun... for weeks, I've been ignoring what's coming my way...

[She slaps the title belt.]

K: Julie Somers.

[Big cheer!]

K: Julie Somers is coming for me... Julie Somers is coming for this...

[She holds the title up again.]

K: ...and it's time she sees what's coming for her. Fawcett, you sniveling little worm... I want a match...

[She leans closer.]

K: ...and I want it... NOOOOOOOW!

[The bellow earns a big cheer from the crowd as Fawcett cringes backwards. A few moments pass before he finds his voice again.]

"D"HF: Of course... of course, my dear... yes.

[Kurayami nods, backing off a few steps as Fawcett is finally able to step out of the corner.]

"D"HF: In fact, that gives me one... devil.... of an idea.

[Fawcett smirks wickedly.]

"D"HF: You see, our mutual friend General Castillo gave me the authority to affect tonight's show - Fright Night On FOX... but what I wouldn't do to have my decisions have a more... lasting impact.

[Fawcett taps his chin thoughtfully.]

DW: What the heck does that mean?

[Fawcett continues.]

"D"HF: One week ago, we saw Julie Somers win that cage match against Lauryn Rage - tremendous win... thrilling. And with that win, the Spitfire earned her place in the SuperClash Women's World Title match.

[Kurayami nods, holding up the title again.]

"D"HF: Which means she's locked in...

[Fawcett grins again.]

"D"HF: ...unlike you.

[Kurayami looks confused, slapping the title belt a few more times.]

"D"HF: Yes, yes... you will be in the title match as well...

[He raises a finger.]

"D"HF: ...IF you're still the Women's World Champion. You say you want a match tonight, champ... well, you've got one. A Women's World Title Open Challenge!

[The crowd ROARS as that as Kurayami looks surprised but slowly starts to nod.]

"D"HF: Let's see who is back there in the locker room who wants a shot at your title... let's see who is back there who wants the opportunity to take YOUR spot at SuperClash.

[That wicked grin returns as we wait...]

SA: A Women's World Title Open Challenge?! This night keeps getting better and better, fans! We're going to take a quick break and when we come back, we'll find out who will take that challenge!

[Kurayami turns towards the entrance, bellowing "WHO WANTS THIS?!" as she holds up the title and 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 other 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."

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[Fade to black...

...and back up to the ring, where Kurayami paces back and forth, like a caged animal, awaiting her potential opponent.]

SA: Welcome back to Fright Night On FOX at Center Stage, fans. The AWA Women's Championship will be on the line in mere moments and we're about to find out who in the locker room is about to rise up to face the challenge of the Bloody She-Wolf of Tokyo.

DW: This is HUGE, Sal! Someone's got a chance to shake up SuperClash IX right here and now!

SA: And part of that "someone" is "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett who seems to be going a little crazy with the power vested in him tonight by AWA President Castillo who has GOT to be more than a little agitated at what he's seeing here tonight! Castillo's best laid plans are coming down around his ears thanks to Fawcett and-

[The crowd comes alive as M83's "Oblivion" starts up.]

DW: It's T-Bone!

SA: It sure is! 166 pounds of dynamite out of Minneapolis, Minnesota in Trish Wallace is heading to the ring for a date perhaps with destiny!

[Trish Wallace pounds her chest with her fist and intensely makes her way from the entrance to the ring. Skylar Swift follows closely behind, clapping her palms together in encouragement. Skylar Swift is wearing a black long-sleeved crop top, baggy olive green khakis, and a red wig.]

DW: Skylar Swift is obviously not dressed to compete tonight, since that looks like a Halloween costume...

SA: The Dream Girl evoking Kim Possible, just a regular girl out to save the world... her frequent tag partner looks ready to go!

[Trish Wallace, though barely over five feet tall, moves with a predatory power that shows her strength. Her long hair is colored black, wearing it down. Thick arms and legs emerge from a black and lime green halter-neck leotard. She climbs onto the ring and wipes her short white wrestling boots on the apron, stepping onto the bottom rope to boost herself high enough to step over the middle rope.]

SA: Trish Wallace is also going to SuperClash IX as a member of Michelle Bailey's Steal the Spotlight team, although thanks to Doc Fawcett, she could punch a ticket straight to the Women's Championship tonight!

DW: Think about that, Big Sal. Trish Wallace versus "Spitfire" Somers. I think that would mean Kurayami would have to play nice with the rest of Michelle Bailey's team if she wanted to get a rematch for the gold.

SA: T-Bone, notably, was the last pick for Steal the Spotlight. The daughter of "Battlin'" Burt Wallace has, as we predicted, not taken that occurrence well.

[T-Bone Wallace balls up her fists, and bumps her knuckles together over her head. She pulls her arms down into a double-bicep pose, and begins impatient scapular stretches in the direction of Kurayami.]

DW: She's definitely got a chip on her shoulder the size of a jack-o-lantern tonight, doesn't she?

SA: She got picked last - standing by to watch competitors than she certainly considers inferior - selected before her.

DW: You're talking about Donna, aren't you?

SA: In the interest of not having a fired up prima donna in my DMs, I'll go with "no comment" and say that Kurayami has got quite the challenge ahead of her here tonight unexpectedly. Kurayami has faced competitors faster than her. More experienced than her. But she's never faced anyone stronger than her and Trish Wallace could be that here tonight in the A-T-L.

[Wallace lowers her arms as she glares across at Kurayami as referee Ricky Longfellow slides into position...

...and signals for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: We're off and running...

[Sal trails off as Wallace tears across the ring towards her opponent.]

SA: ...AND SPEAKING OF RUNNING!

[The challenger barrels across the ring, leaping up to smash a forearm into Kurayami's head, sending her stumbling backwards into the turnbuckles.]

SA: Kurayami didn't see it coming! Trish Wallace is on the attack at the bell!

[Trish winds and throws, blasting the champion with punch after punch after punch as the referee waves for the challenger to back off...

...but she keeps on going, pouring on forearms to the jaw!]

SA: TRISH WALLACE IS POUNDING THE CHAMPION INTO THE CORNER!

[Kurayami raises her arms, trying to cover up as Wallace keeps on throwing, forearms bouncing off the skull of the champion as the crowd and Skylar Swift continue to cheer!]

SA: Wallace is all over her.. and you know Kurayami wasn't expecting this!

DW: Kurayami is usually the one that's all offense... and right now, she's back on her heels because Trish is throwin' bombs in there!

[Wallace finally peels off as the referee threatens a disqualification.]

SA: So close to a DQ there. Trish needs to watch herself and-

[Sal is cut off as Trish rushes back in, the referee narrowly dodging out of the way as Wallace leaps into the air, clashing her arms together on Kurayami's head...

...and then grabs Kurayami by the hair, raining down blows again!]

SA: And here we go again! Those are closed fists and they're landing at will on the champion who has gotta be rethinking this plan of hers right about now! She came out here, she got in Fawcett's face, and now her spot at SuperClash is at stake - now her title is at stake!

[Wallace is still throwing haymakers when the referee wedges himself into position, forcing Wallace to backpedal away, trying to get past him to keep fighting.]

SA: Wallace being dragged out of the corner! She wants a piece of Kurayami so badly, she can taste it!

DW: That taste in her mouth might be the taste of solid gold, Big Sal!

[The referee sidesteps clear as Kurayami stumbles out of the corner towards a waiting Trish Wallace...]

SA: Kurayami coming out now, looking to confront-

[Sal is cut off again as Kurayami goes into a backspin, throwing a backfist aimed at the cheekbone of Wallace who ducks her 5'3" frame underneath it...]

SA: URAKEN DUCKED!

[As the off-balance Kurayami swings around, stumbling towards Wallace, T-Bone ducks low, slipping her powerful arms into position...]

SA: SHE'S GOING FOR THE SLAM!

[...but as Wallace lifts Kurayami slightly off the canvas, she topples backwards and Kurayami SLAMS down on top of Wallace!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SHE COULDN'T GET IT! SHE COULDN'T GET THE SLAM!

[The referee dives down to count.]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEE-

[The crowd ROARS as Wallace's shoulder SLIPS just barely up off the canvas to break the pin!]

SA: SO CLOSE! WALLACE GETS THE SHOULDER UP BUT IT WAS SO CLOSE, DEE DUB!

DW: Whew, boy! That'll get your pulse pumpin'!

[Kurayami pushes up to her knees, grabbing her jaw as she glares at the official, holding up three fingers.]

SA: Kurayami thinks it was over! She thinks she won this thing but the referee says no.

DW: That was a big mistake from Trish Wallace, Big Sal. Wallace went for the slam and it backfired!

SA: We've seen Trish Wallace unleash some of the most spine-shakin', ring-quakin' slams in the Women's Division and she went for it all right here but came up empty.

[Skylar Swift pounds her fists into the mat, a concerned look on her face as she shouts to her partner and friend.]

SA: Skylar Swift cheering her friend on... these fans in Atlanta as well... but Trish Wallace is certainly fighting from behind after the 250 pound frame of Kurayami came crashing down on top of her.

[Climbing to her feet, the Women's World Champion puts the boots to the downed Wallace, kicking her repeatedly in the ribcage and forcing her under the ropes to the outside.]

SA: Wallace rolls out, trying to regroup as she stands by the apron... Skylar Swift coming over, again shouting her support.

DW: That's the kind of cheerleader I can get behind, Big Sal.

[Sal chuckles as Kurayami ignores the referee, stepping out on the ring apron, looking down on a hurting Wallace...]

SA: The champion on the apron, measuring her challenger up...

[The champion rushes forward, throwing a kick at Wallace who spins away from it, causing Kurayami to stumble past her...]

...and as she turns, Trish grabs Kurayami's legs, giving a mighty yank!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: WALLACE TAKES OUT THE LEGS AND KURAYAMI HITS THE APRON HARD!

[With the Women's World Champion laid out on the apron, Wallace holds her down with one arm while raising the other...]

"WHAAAAAP!"

[...and CLUBS her across the sternum with a forearm smash!]

"WHAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAP!"

[A still-fired up Wallace pulls Kurayami off the apron onto her feet, wrapping her arms around the champion's large torso...]

...and SLAMS her back into the ring apron!]

SA: OHH! INTO THE APRON GOES KURAYAMI!

[Straightening up, Wallace grabs the champion by the wrist...]

SA: Hold on now!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and ROCKETS her across the ringside area, Kurayami spinning and SLAMMING backfirst down onto the metal entry steps from the stage!]

SA: The spine of Kurayami is being destroyed by T-Bone Trish!

[Wallace draws Kurayami back to her feet by the hair, shoving her under the ropes into the ring. She crawls in after her as Skylar yells "COVER! COVER!" and Wallace obliges, diving into a lateral press!]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT! IT-

[The shoulder comes flying up at two, shooting Wallace off of Kurayami!]

SA: No! Two count for the challenger...

[Still fuming mad, Wallace takes the mount of the champion, winding up...]

SA: BIG RIGHTS FROM THE TOP! WALLACE RAINING DOWN BLOWS ON THE CHAMPION!

[The referee starts another five count as Wallace hammers away on Kurayami...

...and as she gets up at four and a half, Wallace turns her attention towards Ricky Longfellow, stalking towards him as the official backs away, hands raised and shouting at her "TOUCH ME AND IT'S OVER, TRISH!"

SA: Trish Wallace showing a bit of a temper here tonight. Perhaps all that frustration over the recent loss to the Peach Pits... being picked last for Steal The Spotlight... all of that has Trish Wallace on edge and she may be letting that feeling get the better of her right now.

DW: Can't bully a referee, Sal... no matter how angry you are.

SA: You'll get no arguments from me, my friend... and Skylar Swift is shouting at her friend now, trying to get Trish back on task. Trish Wallace is fighting for the Women's World Title and she can't let what she thinks was a slow count get into her head.

[Wallace grabs at her head, letting loose a shout as she charges back towards Kurayami who is still down on the mat...]

SA: SENTON BACKSPLASH!

[Wallace flips back over, hooking a large leg as she does.]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO!

[But again, the champion kicks out!]

SA: The Bloody She-Wolf of Tokyo is out at two! The Lady of Pain is a survivor... she's a beast in human flesh... and she is someone that you have to be at the very top of your game to defeat - especially with that title on the line.

DW: It was all the way back on February 4th in Houston, Texas that Kurayami defeated Lauryn Rage to become the champion. We're almost nine months into this reign and with SuperClash just weeks away, it'll take a Herculean effort to rip that title off Kurayami's waist if you ask me, Big Sal.

SA: Wallace is on her feet again, looking for that Herculean effort that you mentioned...

[Wallace gets a running start again, hitting the ropes, coming back across and leaping as high as her powerful legs will allow...]

SA: ...BIG SPLASH!

[...as Kurayami rolls to the side just enough for Wallace to SLAM chestfirst down on the canvas!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: Kurayami rolls clear and Wallace eats canvas!

[Swift grabs her head, shouting “NO!” as Kurayami rolls to a knee, a defiant sneer on her face as the referee steps back to watch.]

SA: The champion slowly getting up... slowly rising to her feet...

[Kurayami glares at the downed Wallace... then out at Swift...]

SA: No love lost there between the champion and Skylar Swift as well. Swift, of course, gave one of Kurayami’s stiffest title challenges to date in Canada at the Battle of Saskatchewan.

[Kurayami drops back into the ropes, bouncing back...]

SA: Off the ropes...

[...and DROPS her 250 pound frame down on the chest of the prone Wallace!]

SA: ...BIG SPLASH OF HER OWN!

[The crushing splash leaves Kurayami in pinning position, pressing up and shouting “COUNT HER!” to the official.]

SA: We’ve got one! We’ve got two! We’ve-

[Wallace kicks out, earning a big cheer from the Atlanta crowd!]

SA: Wallace is out at two! A big kickout for a big challenger!

[Kurayami looks down at Wallace, shaking her head as she climbs back up to her feet...]

SA: Kurayami’s back up but Wallace is still down, holding those ribs...

[The champion drops back into the ropes for momentum again, stomping out towards the prone Wallace, and LEAPS...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: ANOTHER ONE! A SECOND BIG SPLASH BY KURAYAMI!

[Kurayami nods confidently as the referee goes down to count again.]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT’S... NO! NO! WALLACE KICKS OUT!

[The crowd ROARS for Wallace as Kurayami looks down in shock at Wallace... and then up in agitation at the official who holds up two fingers.]

SA: Two and a half if not more! Kurayami with that massive splash picks up a near fall here on Fright Night... and remember, fans... it was this very same move - the big splash - that put Miyuki Ozaki in the hospital in Japan several years ago.

[The champion methodically rises up again, staring down at Wallace...]

DW: I think she’s gonna do it again, Sal! Don’t do it! Don’t do it!

SA: She may be remembering Ozaki's trip to the hospital and thinking of sending Trish there as well!

[Swift pounds the apron, shouting first at her friend and then at Kurayami, earning a hard glare from the champion...]

SA: She's going for the third! To the ropes...

[The champion bounces off, stepping towards the still-downed Wallace...]

SA: GIANT SPLAAAAAASH!

[...and much as Kurayami did earlier, Wallace desperately rolls to the side to avoid it!]

SA: SHE MISSED! SHE MISSED! THERE WILL BE NO AMBULANCE RIDE FOR T-BONE TRISH!

DW: Not yet at least! She lives to keep on fightin'!

[Skylar Swift throws her arms over her head, shouting "GET HER, TRISH!"]

SA: Wallace starting to stir... Kurayami as well... it's a race to see who will get to their feet first...

[And that race ends roughly in a tie as the two women climb to their feet, eager to continue the fight...]

SA: They're on their feet and-

[Wallace lunges forward, smashing her forearm into Kurayami's jaw!]

SA: BIG ELBOW!

[Kurayami stumbles back but quickly steps back in, throwing a right hooking forearm that catches Wallace on the side of the head!]

SA: HOOK SHOT BY THE CHAMP!

[Wallace staggers on impact, her knee buckling before she steadies her feet and lunges forward again...]

SA: ELBOW!

[Kurayami absorbs the shot and keeps coming, throwing a left AND a right this time, sending Wallace spinning back and away...]

DW: I don't think you wanna trade shots with Kurayami, Big Sal!

[Wallace lets loose a shout as she rushes forward again, throwing a right forearm... then a left... then a right... and then BLASTS her with a headbutt between the eyes, sending the Women's World Champion spinning in a circle...]

...and Wallace promptly leaps on the champion's back, wrapping her arms around the head and neck!]

SA: SLEEPERHOLD BY THE CHALLENGER!

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sight of Wallace wrapping up the neck.]

SA: She's got a sleeper locked in! And we know it's been the chatter of the women's locker rooms for months that the neck of Kurayami just might be her weak point. We've seen the lariat of Margarita Flores do damage! We've seen the Snakebite from Medusa Rage and Skylar Swift do damage! This sleeperhold attacks the neck in full and Wallace has got those big powerful arms wrapped around the neck trying to send Kurayami to Dream Land!

[Swift is pounding her fists on the apron, excitedly cheering on her partner and friend as the fans do the same, chanting her nickname...]

"TEE BONE!"

"TEE BONE!"

"TEE BONE!"

[...as Kurayami pumps her arms wildly in the air, looking for a way out of Wallace's dangerous hold!]

SA: The champion is up on her feet but for how long?! For how long can she withstand the sleeperhold?!

[Wallace grits her teeth, cinching the hold tighter and tighter as Kurayami reaches back, wrapping her arms around the legs of Wallace, keeping her up as she tries to walk across the ring towards the ropes...]

SA: Kurayami's trying to get to the ropes - trying to force the break and-

[But as she nears the buckles, Kurayami twists her body around, attempting to drive Wallace backwards into the corner...]

SA: TO THE BUCKLES- NO!

[...but Wallace is too high on the back and ends up sitting on the top turnbuckle!]

SA: Trish is sitting up top... oh!

[Wallace lets go of the sleeper, raining down blows on top of Kurayami's head...

...and then stands up, stepping forward to sit on Kurayami's shoulder...]

SA: Trish is on the shoulders and... VICTORY ROLL!

[The crowd ROARS at Wallace rolling her opponent into a pinning predicament!]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT...

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...NOOOO! KURAYAMI KICKS OUT! KURAYAMI IS OUT AT TWO AND CHANGE!

[Wallace scrambles to the side, looking to get up before Kurayami does. The smaller challenger manages to do just that as she reaches her feet as Kurayami pushes up to a knee...]

SA: Kurayami on a knee and...

[Wallace rushes forward, delivering a running clothesline to the kneeling champion!]

SA: CLOTHESLINE CONNECTS!

[But Kurayami manages to stay on a knee, leaning forward with a hand on the mat to steady herself. Wallace looks surprised, shaking her head in disbelief as she backs off, pumping her arm for the Atlanta crowd who cheer loudly...]

SA: Wallace is up...

[...and Kurayami lets loose a mad bellow, climbing up to her feet as Wallace looks even more surprised!]

SA: ...AND SO IS KURAYAMI!

[Swift's cries of "AGAIN!" snap Trish Wallace out of her momentary state of shock, sprinting to the ropes, bouncing back off...]

SA: ANOTHER CLOTHESLINE!

[The second clothesline lands across the neck, sending Kurayami stumbling a few steps back...

...but again, she catches her balance and refuses to fall!]

DW: TRISH CAN'T PUT HER DOWN, SAL!

[Wallace again looks shocked, looking back and forth as Swift waves her arms wildly at the ropes. Trish gives her a nod, racing to the far ropes behind Kurayami, bouncing back off...]

SA: Off one set of ropes...

[...then hits the ropes facing Kurayami...]

SA: ...off another set of ropes, building up speed...

[...but the World Champion has other ideas...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...in the form of a MASSIVE lunging lariat that lifts Wallace off the mat, flipping her through the air before dumping her down in a heap on the canvas!]

SA: LAAAAARIAAAAATOOOOOOOOO!

[Kurayami crawls over towards the prone Wallace, flipping her onto her back and diving across her torso...]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: KICKOUT! KICKOUT! WALLACE KICKS OUT! TRISH WALLACE LIVES TO KEEP ON FIGHTING IN THIS OPEN CHALLENGE FOR THE WOMEN'S WORLD TITLE!

DW: Trish Wallace is looking to COMPLETELY upend SuperClash here tonight, Sal! She refuses to stay down... and look at the relief on the face of her friend!

[Skylar Swift breathes heavily, fanning herself as she realizes just how close her friend came to defeat right there. She again slaps the apron, shouting "GET UP, TRISH! COME ONNNNNN!" as the fans cheer again. Swift spins around, waving her

arms up, getting the crowd to get even louder as Kurayami climbs to her feet, looking around at the Center Stage Studios crowd causing a ruckus...]

“SHUT UP! SHUUUUUUUT UP!”

[Kurayami angrily kicks the ropes before turning back to the downed Wallace, grabbing the hair to lift her off the mat...

...and right into a standing headscissors...]

DW: Uh oh!

SA: Kurayami pulls her into position - the Hinotama on the way, the devastating release powerbomb...

DW: I hear it means “Falling Star” in Japanese, Sal... and if she hits it, there won’t be a star falling any faster than Trish Wallace!

[Swift again bellows to her friend, causing Kurayami to shift her gaze to Swift...

...and drags a thumb across her throat menacingly while shouting “SHIIII-NEEEE!” at her former challenger...]

SA: Kurayami shouting at Swift now - she might be willing to take BOTH of these women on right about now! The Women’s World Champion is looking to cement her spot at SuperClash... right... about...

[...and then lifts Wallace up into the air...]

SA: ...NOW!

[Kurayami holds Wallace up on her shoulders, ready to drive her down into the canvas...

...but the momentary distraction gives Wallace enough of an opening to start pounding her fist down between the eyes of the World Champion!]

SA: WALLACE POUNDING AWAY! TRYING TO FIGHT HER WAY OUT!

[Kurayami starts to falter under the sudden attack, losing her balance as she wobbles backwards...

...and Wallace slips free, landing on her feet in front of the off-balance Kurayami who sinks to a knee.]

SA: Wallace is loose... to the ropes again!

[The rampaging Wallace lets loose a big shout of effort as she BLASTS the rising Kurayami with another clothesline!]

SA: WALLACE BACK TO THE CLOTHESLINE AND SHE FOUND THE MARK!

[But again, the World Champion keeps her feet as Wallace lets loose a frustrated shout of “WHAT THE HELL?!”]

SA: Wallace can’t believe it! She can’t bring her down!

[Wallace lets loose another loud scream of effort as she winds up...]

“WHAAAAAAAACK!”

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: STANDING CLOTHESLINE!

[...and again...]

"WHAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ANOTHER!

[...and again!]

"WHAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: THIRD TIME IS NOT THE CHARM FOR TRISH WALLACE WHO CANNOT CHOP DOWN THE MIGHTY OAK!

[Wallace grimaces, looking at the staggered but not fallen Kurayami...

...and then races to the ropes, rebounding off as fast as she can...]

SA: LEAPING CLOTHESLINE!

[...and the crowd ERUPTS as Wallace finally brings down the World Champion with the flying clothesline!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: DOWN GOES KURAYAMI ON THE CLOTHESLINE! WALLACE LEFT HER FEET AND THAT WAS ENOUGH!

[Wallace climbs back to her feet, letting loose a roar as she pounds her fists aggressively into her own chest...]

SA: And look at Wallace! Look at Trish Wallace! SHE! IS! FIRED UP!

[Wallace leaps up, spinning around and landing with her hands on her powerful thighs... and then leaps up, stomping again... and again... and again...]

SA: Trish is ready! Trish is set!

[...and as the World Champion comes to her feet, Wallace surges forward as she did earlier in the match, wrapping her powerful arms around the body of the stunned and off-balance Kurayami...]

SA: ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

[...lifting her into the air just enough to bring her CRASHING DOWN!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: THE SLAM! THE SLAM! TRISH JUST SLAMMED THE WORLD CHAMPION! CAN YOU BELIEVE IT?!

[Wallace looks around at the crowd in disbelief that she actually pulled it off...

...and then suddenly dives on top of Kurayami, hooking the leg!]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!
THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

DW: NO! DANG IT, NO!

SA: KURAYAMI KICKS OUT IN TIME! KURAYAMI SAVES HERSELF AND SAVES HER
TITLE! INCREDIBLE!

[Trish rolls off to a seated position, eyes wide, staring up at Ricky Longfellow in utter shock. Longfellow holds up two fingers... then two hands to show just how close we came to seeing a new Women’s World Champion crowned.]

SA: That close! That close right there, Dee Dub!

DW: It doesn’t get any closer, Big Sal!

SA: Trish Wallace can’t believe it! Trish Wallace is shocked, surprised, horrified, you name it!

[Wallace rolls to her knees, burying her face in her hands as the crowd keeps shouting encouragement, urging Wallace to finish off Kurayami and win the Women’s World Title!]

SA: Trish getting to her feet and... what’s she doing?!

DW: I don’t think she knows what she’s doing! She got the slam - the unthinkable slam - and I don’t think she knows what comes next!

SA: So much of Trish Wallace’s offense is slams and suplexes and... well, we saw the slam and I don’t think she’s going to get her up for more than that, Dee Dub.

[Wallace looks around, a frantic expression on her face...

...and then spots her friend and partner pointing to the corner.]

SA: Wait. What?!

DW: Skylar Swift is telling her to go up top!

SA: I... well, okay! Maybe! Maybe that would work!

[Trish Wallace looks as reluctant as Sal sounds...

...but then throws a glance at the still-downed Kurayami before heading to the corner...]

SA: Trish is... I can’t believe I’m saying this... but she’s going up top, Dee Dub!

DW: Taking a page out of her bestie’s playbook!

SA: Skylar loves it! She’s cheering her on! Wallace... well, she’s climbing but...

[As she does, we can see a reluctant Wallace going VERY slowly in her climb up the turnbuckles...]

SA: Trish Wallace is climbing the turnbuckles!

DW: She needs to pick up the pace, Sal!

SA: She sure does! Kurayami's getting up! Kurayami's getting back to her feet!

[Swift is pointing that fact out to Trish who looks alarmed and then climbs a little faster, getting her foot up on the top rope...]

SA: She's up top but what's she gonna do now?! What's she-

DW: CAUGHT!

[The crowd jeers as Kurayami reaches up, grabbing a surprised Trish Wallace...

...and then HURLS her off the top rope!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SLAM OFF THE TOP! SWEET SANTA MARIA!

[Kurayami pushes out of the corner, stomping out to mid-ring where she snatches Wallace off the mat, yanking her into a standing headscissors...]

SA: She's got her now! Wasting no time this time!

[...and lifts Wallace into a powerbomb with ease, flipping her over...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: HINOTAAAAAMAAAAA!

[Kurayami drops to a knee, stacking up the legs of Wallace, putting all her weight on them...]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT...

[...and the three count lands without any sign of a knockout!]

SA: ...ISSSSSS!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The Women's World Champion shoves the legs aside, climbing to her feet as the dejected crowd starts to jeer.]

SA: And Kurayami retains the title... and has locked herself into that title match. There was a glimmer of doubt moments ago but not anymore. Kurayami will defend the Women's World Title against Julie Somers at SuperClash IX... and I can't wait to see it.

DW: That could steal the whole show right there, Sal.

SA: It sure could.

[Kurayami snatches title out of the referee's hands, letting loose a bellow as she thrusts it over her head...]

SA: Fans, what a night we're seeing here in Atlanta and we're not done yet. We'll be right back with more Fright Night On FOX!

[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 then back up to Theresa who is standing at the interview podium.]

TL: Welcome back to Fright Night On FOX where we've still got two big matches to come with Victoria June taking on Dr. Leah White and our huge Main Event - Spin The Wheel, Make The Deal with Margarita Flores finally... FINALLY... getting her hands on Harley Hamilton. But speaking of someone finally getting an opportunity... it was just a few weeks ago now on Saturday Night Wrestling when Raphael Rhodes was FINALLY get his chance to cash in a long-awaited shot at the AWA World Title against champion Johnny Detson.

[Theresa's face darkens.]

TL: But that long-awaited dream come true turned into an utter nightmare as Rhodes' partner, Sid Osborne, violently and viciously betrayed him, attacking him on his way to the ring. Rhodes, being the fighter that he is, continued on and took the match anyways but with the damage done by Osborne, it was only a matter of time before Detson successfully retained the title.

[Theresa shakes her head.]

TL: And now we've received official word that the "Sin City Savior" has petitioned Javier Castillo's office to sign a match for SuperClash that will pit Sid Osborne versus Raphael Rhodes. At this moment, coming to us remotely from their home in Minneapolis along with his trainer and advisor, Dana Kaiser, is Raphael Rhodes.

[The screen cuts to a split screen, with Theresa on the left side of the screen, and both Raphael Rhodes and Dana Kaiser on the right, shot waist up. Rhodes is clad in a plain black pullover hoodie, and looks as though he hasn't rested very well over the last few weeks. Kaiser is wearing a lime green track jacket over a black tank top.]

TL: Mr. Rhodes, Ms. Kaiser, thank you for joining us. Raphael, I would be remiss without first asking what your condition is after several weeks of having your forehead lacerated, in matches against the American Idols, the Soldiers of Fortune, and of course, the attack by Sid Osborne.

[Rhodes glances over at Kaiser, then looks down at the floor.]

DK: Ms. Lynch, thank you for having us. Raph's condition is improving with each day. After the... "incident", shall we say, with Sid, Dr. Ponavitch said that it would be for the best for Raph to miss a few weeks of action. He passed all concussion protocol, but three weeks' worth of cuts and hard blows to the head, as well as being attacked with a metal folding chair, well... Dr. Ponavitch had his long-term physical health in mind.

[Rhodes scoffs somewhat, as Kaiser looks at her husband with concern..]

DK: Of course, some don't exactly agree with that assessment.

[Kaiser runs her hand across Rhodes' shoulder.]

TL: I'm sorry for asking a question with an obvious answer, but how disappointed are you with how things unfolded in redeeming the shot earned in the 2010 Rumble? To wait seven years, and to have it turn out like that?

[Kaiser nods.]

DK: It's obviously very disappointing, Ms. Lynch, but...

[Rhodes holds up his hand. Kaiser looks at Rhodes, saying "are you sure?", and Rhodes nods.]

RR: This ain't exactly the answer you're expectin', Theresa, but I deserved what happened.

[Theresa's eyes go wide as she presses her finger to her earpiece.]

TL: I'm sorry, I don't think I heard that correctly.

RR: No, you did. Look... am I happy that I got hit in the head with a chair? Yeah, it ain't exactly the way I wanted things to go, but listen, I've been in the boots Sid Osborne's wearin' right now. Maybe they ain't exactly been down the same path

he's been down, but I've had the feelin' he had in his heart, in the pit of his stomach when he swung that chair at my head. I looked in his eyes after he threw me into the steps, and I've had that same look in my eyes.

[Rhodes takes in a deep breath, and exhales.]

RR: It's the same look I had in my eyes when I drove my forehead right between Juan Vasquez's eyes and gave him a concussion almost a decade ago. And that feelin' Sid had when he swung that chair at me? It's the same feelin' I had in my heart all those years ago when I looked out at the crowd booin' me that night for darin' to stand up for myself, for doin' what I thought was right for me.

[Kaiser puts her arm around Rhodes' shoulder.]

RR: I could've used my shot to get us a rematch against the Soldiers of Fortune. Castillo offered to tear up the contract for the match against Detson and draw up a new one. But I got blinded by somethin' I thought I'd wanted for years. I got blinded by a shot at a title I thought I'd never get. And in the process, I became the thing I never wanted to be. The moment Sid hit me with that chair, that was the moment it locked into my head.

[Rhodes shakes his head.]

RR: I became Juan Vasquez. And people can say that ain't true, because I ain't got nothin' to show for it like Mr. World's Best Wrestler. I ain't got a belt to show for it, but it don't matter if I got a belt. I got his reputation of being a bleedin' snake. I got his stain of bein' a selfish, good for ruddy nothin' coward, someone that backstabs people if it means gettin' fifteen pounds of gold. Except I didn't fool the public for eight years like he did, did I? Nah, I flushed my reputation in... what, three? Four months?

[Rhodes glares at the camera as Theresa takes a moment to collect her thoughts.]

TL: That's being harsh on yourself, don't you think?

[Rhodes continues his glare.]

RR: Give me a reason to think different about myself, love.

[Kaiser pats Rhodes on the back.]

DK: I've tried, Ms. Lynch. He's hard to convince.

[Theresa shakes her head.]

TL: Well, opinion of yourself notwithstanding, that does still leave Sid's challenge to you at SuperClash on the table. Will you accept it?

[Rhodes' glare does not break, aside from the occasional blink.]

RR: I may have become the thing I didn't want, but that don't mean I want it for Sid Osborne.

[Theresa looks confused.]

TL: I'm not sure I understand.

RR: I'm sayin', love, Sid was right to do what he did.

[Rhodes' glare finally breaks, as he sighs and looks down at the floor, speaking with an eerily calm voice.]

RR: There ain't nothin' good that's goin' to come out of fightin' me at SuperClash. All that's goin' to happen is his heart's goin' to fill with bitterness. All that's goin' to happen is that you'll get consumed with knowin' you're right, and there ain't nothin' you can do about it. You were right, Sid. Walk away.

[Rhodes shakes his head.]

RR: Because Sid... all throughout history, I was right about Juan Vasquez. It didn't mean a thing, it never mattered, because Juan Vasquez always beats Raphael Rhodes. And mate, now you've turned me into Juan Vasquez.

[Rhodes looks back up, his eyes filled with an almost serene look, as though he's accepted his fate.]

RR: You fight me at SuperClash and you become Raphael Rhodes. Doomed to spend the rest of your career knowin' you were right, and it ain't ever goin' to matter, because I'm goin' to beat you when it counts most. I'm goin' to send you down the same path I went down, and it's somethin' I don't wish on anyone, much less you, Sid. Don't make me do it.

[Rhodes grins.]

RR: Walk away while you're still Sid Osborne. Walk away... amigo.

[Kaiser, a worried look in her eyes, reaches towards the camera and suddenly their side of the screen cuts off, leaving Theresa by herself, staring in shock.]

TL: I...

[Theresa pauses, her mouth opening and closing as she tries to find words.]

TL: Fans, rarely do I find myself speechless but... wow. Raphael Rhodes refusing to accept the challenge of Sid Osborne but... well, some of the words he used to describe himself... to describe the path he's been on here in the AWA from the very beginning... are quite frankly shocking to hear and...

[Theresa trails off as the crowd starts to jeer loudly. She looks puzzled for a moment, then shifts her gaze to the side...

...and her jaw drops as she sees who is coming out onto the stage. Lynch fights hard to hold onto her composure, as her brother - the Demon Cowboy, James Lynch - and his spiritual advisor - Bobby O'Connor - walk into the frame.

Lynch wears a long black duster, highlighted by silver studs over his bare chest, along with a pair of black jeans. Over his face is a red bandana with a white half skull. O'Connor is wearing a dark brown jacket. As he steps into frame he unzips, revealing a black shirt with a clerical collar. He smiles kindly at Theresa, who shakes her head slightly before continuing.]

TL: What are you two doing out here? You're not on the schedule... you're not on the format.

[O'Connor spreads his arms wide.]

BOC: In their hearts, humans plan their course, but the Lord establishes their steps.

[Theresa glares at the turncoat who betrayed her brother... and then her eyes drift over to her brother James who meets them without a word. She closes her eyes, her free hand clenching and unclenching before another exhale centers her.]

TL: Since you're here... tell me why. Tell me why you did what you did a week ago to Jack. It obviously wasn't on the spur of the moment... it sure looked like something you two have planned for a very long time.]

[O'Connor nods.]

BOC: Oh, the wheels have been in motion for a long time. And everyone has only one person to thank. For only one man had his hands gripped on the wheel of fate.

[O'Connor nods at James.]

BOC: And that man is Jack Lynch. Between using his own brother's misfortune to further his own reputation for years. To maniacally pursuing a man to any length, even it meant the Tex-Mo Connection would never reach the heights we were destined to reach...

[O'Connor places a hand on his formerly injured elbow.]

BOC: ...or if his partner's career would be sacrificed on the altar of the Iron Cowboy's lust for vengeance. His sins are many, and have demanded to be paid back in full for a very long time.

[With the minister of iniquity having had his say, the camera turns to the second son of the Lynch family.]

JL: Theresa, sister. I see the pained expressions on your face. I hear the sorrow in your voice. And I understand why.

And you deserve an apology.

[The camera cuts to Theresa Lynch, looking shocked.]

TL: You're going to...?

[James holds his hand up.]

JL: You are owed an apology. But not from me. From the man who is truly at fault.

Our brother, Jack.

[Theresa's expression turns from pain to anger, and when she responds, it is through clenched teeth.]

TL: Should have known that was coming...

[O'Connor rests his hand gently on James' shoulder.]

BOC: Tell her the story you told me, James.

[James Lynch nods, pulling down the bandana so that he can speak clearly.]

TL: Every so often, the AWA travels to San Francisco, California. And people are shocked when they hear the beloved Jack Lynch booed by the Bay Area natives. They need to know why. And so now, I will tell you the story.

The story of Jack Lynch's original sin.

[Lynch runs a hand through the stringy locks of his dirty blond hair.]

JL: I have always been a simple man, with simple tastes, and simple desires. All I ever wanted to do was stay home, wrestle near home, and live a quiet life.

But then, Jack Lynch came calling.

He stood in my living room and told me there was a job for a tag team, and he told me he needed me. And that it had to be me, no one else. And for as long as I live, I'll never forget the words he said to me:

"Jimmy, its gotta be you. It can't be no one else. But Jimmy? You do this with me, you're gonna have to find that dark part of yourself. Them Samoans are no joke. You can't be smilin' Jimmy when we go there. You're gonna have to find the nasty in yourself."

[The flawless imitation of his older brother is chilling.]

JL: And because he's my family, and because I thought it was my duty to do as my brother asked, I went. And together, we fought the Samoans.

And I found the evil in my soul.

If I am an evil man, then Jack Lynch, it is your fault. You asked me to embrace the shadows in my heart for your own needs. You planted the seed Jack.

You made me this.

[O'Connor speaks.]

BOC: For you have sown the wind, Jack Lynch. And now you shall reap the whirlwind.

[James nods.]

JL: Truer words have seldom been spoken.

I am the man you made me, Jack. I am the man you said you needed me to be. The only reason you're upset now is because you want me to be something else. Someone else.

But now, I am my own man following my own way.

A way that the right reverend O'Connor has helped me to be. Speak the truth, Robert.

[A hint of a smile crosses O'Connor's face before he speaks.]

BOC: When we left Jack laying, it had been a long time coming. It was the start of the good and important work to be carried out... but please believe me when I say it's only the beginning. I've had plenty of time to think about things. My future, my past... and the role Jack Lynch played in it all. As I sat rehabbing my injured elbow after several surgeries...

[O'Connor shakes his head mournfully.]

BOC: As I watched the man Jack Lynch threw everything away to chase down... be WELCOMED by the Cowboy himself with open arms...

[Theresa scowls at O'Connor with contempt.]

BOC: I couldn't think of myself. Unlike Jack, I didn't allow myself to be swallowed by the twin demons of bitterness and revenge. No, I could only think of one person.

[O'Connor slaps James on the shoulder.]

BOC: The Lynch that was left behind. The one Lynch that never committed the sin of theft by short changing every wrestler he ever put on a show that wasn't one his his favored sons.

The Lynch that never committed the sin of greed by shoving everyone out of his way just so he could further his own career. All the while making sure to plunge a dagger in their backs.

The Lynch that never committed the sin of lust by using his fame to coerce innocent ladies to demean themselves by his touch.

The Lynch that had done everything he could do for the family, only to be left in the dirt time and time again.

[O'Connor and James nod.]

BOC: As time went on, again and again... I would find myself fielding calls from James. Looking for guidance. Knowing how close not only I was with his brothers, but how close our two families have always been. We discussed what had been done to the both of us. We discussed how we could purify ourselves from the filth of Jack's laundry list of sins. Finally, I knew there was only one way.

The only way to exorcize the demons of his past is to put his brother to rest at SuperClash.

[Theresa cringes, closing her eyes, shaking her head at the words she knew would come.]

BOC: The time has finally come... James Lynch has to prove what I've always known, that he is the only Lynch.

And the proof will be when the dust settles, and he stands with his fists raised to the heavens as his brother lies motionless in defeat.

[James looks at Bobby who mimics his words, his arms raised with his fists high above him.]

JL: There is only one phrase to describe those words:

The gospel truth.

If I am to be free, now and forever hence, then you must fall, Jack.

It must be you and I, and only one of us can be left standing at the end.

Jack Lynch... face me at SuperClash.

[James pauses, letting the challenge hang.]

JL: Or refuse, and I will burn down every part of your life... destroy everything else that matters to you.

You have said that you don't want to fight me. But Jack, I hope you understand by now...

We are no longer doing what you want.

[James slowly pulls his bandana back into place as Bobby O'Connor smiles slightly, his hand resting on James' shoulder as he leads him away from the interview area. Theresa watches him go with wide, wet eyes...

...and then angrily slams the mic down on her podium, waving a hand at the camera pointed at her as she turns away from it. The camera holds for an awkward moment before abruptly cutting to the ring where we see a slender man with short, blonde hair, dressed in a pair of red trunks, white wrestling boots and a black vest.]

SA: Uhhh... okay... we're hot?

[Sal clears his throat.]

SA: Well, fans, already in the ring is Rollie Westerman, and this young man from Dallas had an opportunity to showcase his talents at the Anniversary show, an opportunity that he was denied.

DW: That came at the hands of "The Professional" Dave Cooper, and I'm sure Rollie here was none too pleased. Glad to see he's getting another chance tonight.

[But that's when the very man who Westerly mentioned makes his way toward the ring.]

SA: Wait a minute... not this again!

DW: You have got to be kidding me! What in the world is Dave Cooper doing out here now, and why would he want to spoil this young man's moment again?

[Cooper goes by the ringside table and grabs the mic. "The Professional" is dressed in a white button-down shirt and blue jeans. He ascends the ring steps, ducks between the ropes, then gestures toward Westerman, who points a finger at him.]

DC: You just relax, son, and be grateful I gave you this opportunity tonight to prove yourself. And if you don't watch your mouth, I'll teach you a lesson myself, and that's the end of the discussion.

[Westerman places his hands on his hips and the fans boo Cooper.]

SA: Grateful for this opportunity? You mean to tell me Cooper got this match booked for Westerman?

DW: Wait, Sal... didn't Cooper say something a few weeks back about him finding a new prospect?

SA: You're right, Dylan, he did. But that would mean this opportunity Cooper is talking about... it's facing whoever Cooper's new charge might be.

[Cooper turns away from Westerman and to the aisle.]

DC: Let's not waste any more time here. I told everyone I was bringing my new prospect to Fright Night and now I'd like to introduce him. As you ought to know, he hails from Ann Arbor, Michigan...

[Cooper gets a slight smile on his face.]

DC: ...and he weighs in at 325 pounds...

[The crowd reacts at that news as Cooper nods his head.]

DC: He is, without a doubt, THE BIG MAN ON CAMPUS!

TREY! CARSON!

[And that's when "The Man" by The Killers starts up over the PA. On the video screen, we see a red Ford Mustang convertible driving down a street. As it comes closer, we get a glimpse of the driver's face, but then the shot freezes, the song kicks in full and the shot is replaced with these words in white lettering on a black background:

"BIG MAN ON CAMPUS"

Then, the man we got a glimpse of on the video wall steps through the entranceway. Trey Carson is a tall, muscular man with dark brown hair cut into a flat top and a goatee. He wears a black singlet with the words "BIG MAN ON CAMPUS" in white lettering, black tights and wrestling boots. He also wears black, fingerless gloves on both hands. Carson also wears sunglasses.]

SA: Wow, look at the size of this man! He has to be approaching seven feet tall!

DW: Well, he wasn't kidding when he called him a big man on campus... in fact, he's a big man, period!

[Carson takes a methodical pace toward the ring, and when he reaches it, he grabs the top rope and uses it to pull himself onto the apron. He then grabs the top rope and steps over it.]

SA: I'm wondering now if the only reason Cooper gave Westerman this opportunity is because he thinks he'll be easy pickings for Trey Carson.

DW: There may be a big size difference, Sal, but this is a big opportunity for Westerman. It's his chance to prove Cooper wrong, to show everyone he has what it takes to make it in the AWA!

[Carson walks to the center of the ring and raises his right hand, curls it into a fist, and extends his pointer, letting the crowd know who is number one. Cooper applauds Carson, who lowers his arm and turns to face his mentor, then the two men bump fists. Carson then removes his sunglasses.]

SA: I'd really like to know more about this Trey Carson and what his background is like.

DW: I don't suppose Cooper will enlighten us later on.

SA: Perhaps he will, but we're about to get enlightenment about how good Carson is... and maybe how good Westerman is, because we are getting underway!

[Cooper takes Carson's sunglasses and ducks between the ropes. The bell rings and Carson approaches Westerman, who takes a defensive posture.]

SA: Doesn't look like Westerman is entirely sure about what to do here.

[Carson makes his first move, reaching toward Westerman, who quickly ducks underneath a forearm and spins around...]

SA: Westerman moving quicker than the big man... DROPKICK!

[The surprise offense on the off-balance Carson seems to have little effect, not even budging him.]

DW: First strike by Westerman - the dropkick to the heart... now he's going to work!

[The crowd cheers as Westerman laces a pair of boots into the midsection of the Big Man On Campus, then grabs him by the arm...]

SA: Not sure this is the best idea, going for an early whip...

[But Carson simply holds his ground, refusing to be whipped.]

SA: ...but no dice there. Carson not budging an inch at all.

[Carson reaches out, grabbing Westerman under the armpits, lifting him off the mat and throwing him back into the corner...]

DW: Ohh! Carson showing some big power early!

SA: And the Big Man on Campus taking advantage... pair of elbows right to the face!

[Carson steps back, a menacing glare on his face, and he spreads his arms apart, as if challenging Westerman...]

...and then reaches a long arm out...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Slap right to the face! How humiliating!

DW: Westerman may have gotten the first move, but he's had nothing since! He can't even move this big guy!

[Carson grabs Westerman by the wrist, using the Irish whip that Westerman wanted earlier to shoot the smaller man across the ring, hitting the buckles hard off Carson's power.]

SA: Westerman hits the corner, shaking him from head to toe!

[The Big Man On Campus methodically walks across the ring, pushing Westerman's body against the buckles as he twists to shove his hip to pin him there...]

SA: Another big elbow... and one more! Simple offense but when you've got the size and strength of Trey Carson behind it, you don't need anything fancy to make it effective.

[Carson backs off, raising his right foot, pressing it into the face and throat of the cornered Westerman...]

SA: And a size 16 right in the face! Westerman getting a taste of Carson's boot!

[Outside the ring, Cooper gestures at Carson and smirks at ringside fans.]

"That's what happens when you mess with the Big Man on Campus!"

[The referee puts the count on Carson, who breaks at four, then glares at the official, before turning back to Westerman and jerking a finger at him.]

SA: Carson having his way with Westerman who hasn't managed to put on anything since that dropkick to the start the match.

[Carson grabs the arm, whipping Westerman across the ring again...]

SA: Shoots him across again... and this time, he's coming after him!

[A clothesline attempt results in a hard crash into the corner as Westerman drops out of the way to cheers from the Atlanta crowd!]

SA: Westerman ducks clear and Carson hits hard!

DW: This is his chance! Do it, kid!

SA: He knocked on the door and nobody was home! Carson kisses the corner and now Westerman may have found his opportunity knocking at the door!

[Carson is still reeling, his hands on the top rope as he faces the corner...

...which is when Westerman dropkicks him in the back knocking him chestfirst into the corner again...]

SA: Another dropkick on Carson... and Carson's stunned for the moment!

[The Michigan man stumbles back a few feet from the corner. Westerman pauses, but then decides to duck through the ropes.]

SA: Westerman looks a little surprised, but here he goes... he could be seeking the higher ground!

[Westerman ascends the corner and stands on the top rope...]

SA: Westerman taking a chance here! Carson's right in front of him!

DW: Westerman about to take flight!

[With Carson still likely shaken up, Westerman leaps at him for a flying bodypress...]

SA: OFF THE TOP!

[...but Carson simply catches him in midair.]

SA: CAUGHT! CARSON WITH THE POWER!

[Carson stands tall, holding the struggling Westerman in his mighty arms as outside the ring, Cooper gestures to his charge and shouts.]

"Show them what happens when you show up the Big Man on Campus!"

[With a nod, Carson curls his opponent, tossing him up to drape him over his shoulder.]

SA: He's carrying Westerman around like a ragdoll!

[Carson slowly walks around the ring for several seconds, before he takes Westerman and slams him hard to the canvas.]

SA: WHAM, BAM, WHAT A SLAM! Westerman may have had all the wind knocked out of him with that one!

DW: Westerman took a chance at it didn't work out! Carson has him at his mercy!

SA: And with Dave Cooper as his mentor, I'm guessing "mercy" isn't on the training regimen.

[With Westerman down on the mat, Carson throws himself back into the ropes, bouncing off and leaping up, extending his right leg...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: 325 POUND LEGDROP! ALL THAT WEIGHT CRASHING DOWN!

[The crowd buzzes at the show of athleticism from the big man as he slowly gets to his feet, a slight smirk on his face, and extends his right arm, then the pointer on his gloved hand.]

SA: He certainly holds a high opinion of himself.

DW: It's too early to tell, Sal, but if he keeps this up, he's sure living up to that opinion!

[Cooper applauds from his spot on the floor, gesturing back into the ring as he shouts again.]

"Stay on top of him, Big Man!"

SA: The Professional certainly seems to like what he's seeing so far. Dave Cooper is one of the finest wrestlers to ever lace 'em up for the AWA and he's spent the last few years trying to translate that in-ring skill into outside-the-ring managerial expertise. Of course, he was also one of the long-time AWA employees shown the door when Korugun came into power late in 2016.

DW: You gotta assume having someone like Trey Carson to bring to the table was what made Javier Castillo bring Cooper back into the fold, Sal.

SA: Seems like a solid guess to me.

[Carson reaches down, dragging Westerman off the mat and right into gutwrench position. He lifts the smaller competitor up, flinging him across the ring from a standing position.]

SA: Wow! I felt my teeth rattle on that one.

DW: We've seen the size, the strength, the athleticism, the killer instinct. Dave Cooper just might have the total package on his hands here, Sal.

[Cooper laughs and gestures at his charge.]

"Now show him the bottom line, Big Man!"

SA: The bottom line? What is Cooper talking about?

DW: Whatever it is, it can't be good for Westerman.

[Carson leans down again, pulling Westerman up to his feet where he promptly wraps both hands around his throat. The referee leaps in, warning against the chokehold...]

SA: Carson choking Westerman... that young man looks helpless!

[Carson then lifts Westerman up, before releasing him into a bearhug...

...and then falls forward, driving Westerman down into the canvas!]

SA: BOOM GOES THE CANNON! Carson slamming Westerman hard!

[Carson then kneels next to Westerman, placing one hand on his chest.]

DW: I wonder if that's the bottom line that Cooper talked about?

SA: Not sure on that front but the bottom line for me is that this match is over. One. Two. And three.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Carson slowly gets to his feet, triumphant in his debut as he stands over an unmoving Westerman. The referee steps over to raise his arm... but Carson jerks it away as Tyler Graham makes it official.]

SA: The Big Man on Campus, Trey Carson, is your winner here on Fright Night. And from what I saw, it looks like The Professional has somebody who can make a big impact.

DW: It was an impressive display, but I wonder what this man is all about.

SA: Maybe we'll find out, because I can see Theresa Lynch wants to get a word with Dave Cooper and his newest protege. Theresa?

[Carson steps over the ropes and climbs down from the apron, where he joins Cooper and the two bump fists. They walk up the aisle, where Theresa Lynch meets them, mic in her hand.]

TL: Dave Cooper, I have to say you certainly made a statement tonight, as did your new protege, Trey Carson. What can you tell me about him?

DC: Theresa, this is a night when people ask for a trick or a treat. Well, I gave them their treat by getting to see the Big Man on Campus for the first time, and I'm not going to trick you... I found him in Ann Arbor, Michigan, and I knew he had what it took to dominate the AWA. Tonight was just the start.

TL: What else can you tell me? What about his background, for example?

[Cooper smirks, looking over to his charge.]

DC: Well, that depends on what the Big Man wants to share.

[He gestures toward Carson, who clasps his gloved hands together.]

DC: Hey, Big Man, you have anything to say to the lady?

[Carson stares at Lynch for a moment...]

TL: Trey Carson, what can you...

[Theresa trails off as Carson slowly walks away, not saying a word. She grimaces, turning back to a grinning Cooper.]

DC: I guess he doesn't... at least for the time being. But don't worry, Theresa... when he's ready to talk, you'll be the first to know... certainly before the likes of Blackwell and Steggle.

[Cooper then follows his charge in heading through the exit.]

TL: I guess I should feel honored.

[Theresa rolls her eyes.]

TL: We'll be right back.

[With a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, we go backstage to the ominous scene that is the office of "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett for one night only. Fawcett is seated behind the dark wooden desk, still studying the ancient tome on the desk in front of him. He's jotting down notes on an adjacent pad when a soft knock is heard... barely. Fawcett looks up, tilting his head slightly at the barely audible sound as the door pushes open.]

"D"HF: I... well, this is quite the surprise.

[Fawcett rises from his seat, his head bowing slightly in respect as the slight figure strides into the room, looking across.]

TMT: Doctor Fawcett, thank you for seeing me.

[Fawcett nods.]

"D"HF: Of course, of course... please... take a seat.

[He gestures to the chair across from him and soon both are seated.]

"D"HF: I did not expect to find you here in Atlanta... although Fright Night does seem like an event that would appeal to your sensibilities.

[Truth Marie smiles slightly.]

TMT: I wish I was just here to enjoy the show...

[Her smile vanishes and she takes on a stern expression.]

TMT: ...but I'm here on business.

[It's Fawcett's turn to smile.]

"D"HF: Ah, yes... I see... that nasty bit of business with your mother?

[Truth Marie slowly nods.]

"D"HF: I'm afraid I had nothing to do with that, Miss Temple. That was all General Castillo. You should really talk to him.

[She nods.]

TMT: I tried... believe me. But he won't see me. He won't take my calls. All I want to know is where my mother is... all I want to know is if she's safe....

[Fawcett steeples his fingers, staring at the obviously emotional Truth Marie across the desk.]

"D"HF: For your sake... and hers... I hope so. Your mother is truly a fascinating individual and I would hate to see any harm befall-

[Truth Marie bursts from her seat, shouting.]

TMT: HARM!? WHAT DO YOU KNOW?!

[Fawcett raises his hands defensively.]

TMT: If she's hurt... if ANY of you hurt one hair on her head, I swear to God that I'll tear your damn-

[Fawcett shakes his head.]

"D"HF: Miss Temple, please... I did not mean to imply-

[Truth Marie places her palms on the desk, leaning over it with a not-so-friendly smile.]

TMT: But you did. And now it's my turn. Doctor Fawcett, do you know who my father is?

[Fawcett's no longer smiling... at all.]

"D"HF: Of course I do.

TMT: Of course you do. And for a man as learned as yourself, you know what my father is capable of.

[Fawcett silently nods, tugging at his collar slightly.]

TMT: Then believe me when I tell you... you would be wise to advise Mr. Castillo to make sure my mother is back on Saturday Night Wrestling safe and whole. Because if she's not...

[Truth Marie leaves the threat dangling.]

"D"HF: I understand.

[Truth Marie nods.]

TMT: Good. Because no one would like my father when he's angry..

[Truth Marie pauses.]

TMT: Trust me.

[She turns, starting to exit... when Fawcett suddenly clears his throat.]

"D"HF: Miss Temple?

[Truth Marie turns back, looking at Fawcett.]

"D"HF: There is no doubt that your father's exploits go far beyond legendary. Indeed, worthy of song.

[A smile slowly returns to Fawcett's face. Unlike most times, however, this one seems sincere.]

"D"HF: However, it was not so long ago that you sang a song of your own. One of destruction, befitting a KING.

[Truth Marie nods, the two exchanging a look that speaks to a shared history.]

"D"HF: So, I am all too aware that being remarkable in your family did not end with your father.

Would you be interested in... an internship?

[Truth Marie stares at Fawcett, eyebrows raised...

...and with a flash of the ACCESS logo, we fade 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 eyyyyyyes#

[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.

The camera opens up somewhere backstage. The room is dark with a harsh underlighting. In the center of the shot sits Victoria June. Her harsh blonde hair frames her pale freckled skin like a halo. Harsh shadows dance over her face, giving the horsey-faced wrestler a sinister look. Her eyes are hidden behind oversized oval sunglasses and she is dressed in wrestling gear that resembles a leather bondage bustier. She draws off her sunglasses to show bloodshot green eyes. She squints a little against the harsh light.]

VJ: First of all, ah want to thank everybody out there in the audience, all the AWA fans who took the time to write me a shout out and a get well on Instagram and Twitter. Ah wanna thank all the fans that even went old school and sent cards and letters to the Center Stage Studios here in Atlanta. They all said the same thing.

"Get well soon and come back and kick Leah White's ass for what she did to you."

[June nods.]

VJ: Damn right. And finally ah wanna thank the AWA for giving me this time and giving me this match with Leah White on Hallowe'en. It's the perfect way for me to pay her back for what she did to me.

[June squeezes some drops into her eyes, blinking rapidly as she tries to reorient herself.]

VJ: Ah have to keep mah eyes hydrated just a little while longer. Yeah, Dr. White, you left yah mark on me. But I know you thought you took me out when you spat your mist in mah eye. You didn't take me out. But you put me down. You put me down good when you nearly blinded me again. But ah got mah vision back. Ah got enough of mah vision back for the AWA to sanction this Fright Night match.

So, let me tell you, you didn't get the job done. Whatever message Charisma Knight wanted you to send me didn't get through. Mah eyes are still just a little bit red, Leah. Mah eyes are just a little bit bloody, Leah. My vision is just a little bit blurry, Leah.

[She points to her eyes.]

VJ: But mah focus? Mah focus is razor sharp. Ah need you to understand that. Because what's comin' atcha in this ring tonight on Fright Night is something more than just a ordinary ghoul... more than a ordinary goblin. Tonight, you're facin' a dragon, a big ol' fire-breathin' dragon and ah'm out to burn you down for what you did to me.

[June spreads her lips to reveal her gap-toothed smile. She giggles silently, her shoulders jumping up and down.]

VJ: And what better night for me to get my revenge on you, Leah, then on Hallowe'en night in Atlanta. Ah mean Hallowe'en in Atlanta ain't no normal night, is it? The people round here really let loose from Peachtree to Stone Mountain. Hallowe'en's a night when people really kinda transform. It's a night when people let themselves go and free up. Ah think tonight ah'm gonna let mahself go and let mahself free up in that ring. You better be afraid if ah do, Leah. Ah been warnin' you and Charisma that ah ain't like you. Ah ain't no bully. Ah ain't no cheap sideshow freak. Uh uh.

[June shakes her head no vigorously.]

VJ: Ah'm weird, but ah ain't nasty like the two of you. Because ah embrace bein' a freak. It took me a while, but ah did it. Ah embraced it. Hell, ah couldn't imagine mahself any other way right now. But tonight, maybe just maybe ah'm gonna let a little bit more loose. Let mahself be a little more free. Let mahself be a little more punk, right? Ah mean, bein' punk is all about freedom, all about bein' you, all about bein' a little wild.

So maybe tonight that ring becomes one big ol' mosh pit and all those wonderful Atlanta fans lettin' go and freein; up in their crazy costumes are mah punk pals and you, Leah, you're someone ah'm gonna go slam dancing with, stompin' with, and ah'm gonna crash into you and keep crashin into you until you break.

[Now June shakes her head positively, a wolfish grin creeping over her horsey face.]

VJ: Leah, we gonna dance like we never danced and your little mistress, Charisma, is gonna watch. She thinks there's something dark and terrible in here underneath all these freckles and big hair? She thinks there's a monster? Ah told you, ah'm a dragon. Ah'm let that fire out. And tonight, for what you did to mah best friend in this business, Kayla Cristol

[She turns to a new camera over her shoulder.]

VJ: Get well soon, Pistol. We got a tag team to reform and maybe some titles to win.

[June turns back to the main camera.]

VJ: Back to you, Leah. For what you did to Kayla ... well tonight there ain't gonna be no tricks. Ah'm a stomp you until you're done and then ah'm gonna stomp you until ah'm done and that will be a real treat. So Leah White get ready, cuz ah'm comin' to get cha.

[The shot ends with June holding up a menacing fist towards the camera...]

...and then we fade out to the ring where we can hear the fading tones of "Blitzkrieg Bop" playing. Victoria June is tugging on the ropes in her corner as Dr. Leah White is standing in hers, glaring emotionlessly across the ring as a smirking Charisma Knight stands on the apron, muttering quietly to White.]

SA: The competitors have hit the ring for this one and we're just about set to get underway. This is gonna be a fight if you ask me, Dee Dub.

DW: Oh, for sure, Sal. Leah White and Charisma Knight have crossed some lines with Victoria June and tonight, it's June's time to get a little bit of payback.

SA: Maybe a whole lot of payback as-

[And just before the bell is set to sound, we get a darkening of the lights and a loud clearing of the throat as "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett steps out on the stage to a burst of boos. Fawcett looks like he's having a pretty rough night. His clothes and hair are disheveled and all illusion of calmly-wielded power is shattered.]

"D"HF: Fright Night fans, I have a special treat for this one.

[Victoria June shouts a question towards Fawcett, eager to get her hands on the woman who tried to blind her.]

"D"HF: If you listen, Miss June, you'll find out exactly "what the heck I'm doin' out here." I listened. I listened to what you said one week ago on Fight Night about the fear for your vision... about the dangers of Leah White and Charisma Knight. I listened just now when you talked about being medically cleared but still needing to provide extra TLC for those eyes of yours. Hardly seems fair, does it?

[Fawcett smirks.]

"D"HF: And then there's Charisma Knight. The woman who once boldly broke into my Manor... stole my property... and yet lived to tell the tale because I was... let's say curious. Curious as to what would drive her to such madness... and also curious as to what she would do with the madness.

[Fawcett tsks loudly.]

"D"HF: I'm still waiting, Charisma. Your little doctor friend - doctor, eh? A sham if you ask me - she seems to operate at your every beck and call... which I assume has given you a taste of power... yet it's not enough, is it?

[Fawcett stares down at Knight who squirms a bit uncomfortably.]

"D"HF: Power... heh.

[He holds out his hand, the Eye of Tyr resting in his palm.]

"D"HF: If you only knew.

[He clasps the gem tighter.]

"D"HF: And it is with the power bestowed upon me tonight that I have decided we shall even the playing field... and we shall make Dr. Leah White feel the same darkness that she attempted to force onto you, Victoria June.

This match is now...

[Dramatic pause.]

"D"HF: ...A BLINDFOLD MATCH!

[The crowd reacts with surprise as June lets loose a loud "WHAT?!" at about the same time as Charisma Knight does. Two officials come jogging from the back, passing up a smiling Fawcett while carrying a pair of jet black hoods.]

DW: A Blindfold Match?!

SA: Harrison Fawcett certainly giving the AWA faithful a taste of his unique brand of power here tonight. We saw the Casket Match earlier and now a Blindfold Match? Two officials are heading to the ring and... well, this certainly changes things for these two women.

DW: They aren't prepared for this, Sal! They can't be!

SA: Absolutely not. We've heard June talking for the last week about payback... about getting revenge for herself and for her good friend, Kayla Cristol... and the levels of violence she was hoping to bring to the table just went out the window because it's hard to kick someone's butt if you can't find them.

[Now inside the ring, the officials go to work in securing the dark hoods in place. June is reluctantly letting it happen, shouting a few things at a smirking Fawcett as she does. Dr. Leah White is struggling more but Charisma Knight is on the apron, whispering to her as she tries to soothe her ally into allowing the masking to happen.]

SA: Dee Dub, being from the South, I'm sure you've seen your share of Blindfold Matches.

DW: Absolutely, Big Sal. And really, it's a battle to see who can get their hands on their opponent first. Offense is hard to come by but when you get 'em, you can beat 'em in a hurry because defense is practically impossible.

SA: I don't know that I've ever seen one of these in person but I've seen plenty on tape and they usually benefit the person more adored by the crowd who can - in a way - serve as the eyes for them. Victoria June is protesting this match stipulation but she should have an advantage in this one.

DW: I would imagine so but that wily Charisma Knight is out here too so you never know.

SA: Well, the masks are just about in place... completely jet black as you can see, obscuring their vision completely...

[June immediately grabs at the ropes, a tight grip wrapped around it as her head pivots back and forth. White is leaning back, actually being restrained with an arm around the neck by Charisma Knight who continues to whisper to her charge.]

SA: This isn't the match we expected to see but it's going to be fascinating to watch this one unfold.

[The officials exit the ring, leaving Pete "Blue Shoes" Miller in there with Victoria June and Dr. Leah White. Charisma drops off the apron to the floor, a wicked gleam in her eye as she waits to see what happens next.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: The bell has sounded for this Blindfold Match and...

[June holds onto the rope, walking alongside them with her other arm stretched out, fingers wiggling as she tries to find her opponent.]

SA: June on one side, White on the other... both trying to get a sense of where the other might be.

[Charisma Knight walks alongside the apron, muttering to Dr. Leah White who abruptly turns, facing right at June...]

SA: Charisma's over here trying to help Leah White find her.

DW: She's pointed in the right direction now.

[White slowly edges away from the ropes, hands reaching out, grasping at air as she walks towards where Victoria June is. The crowd gets louder, trying to urge June to get out of White's path as White gets closer... and closer...]

SA: If White ran at her, she'd run right into her about now, I think.

DW: It's gotta be scary to run or jump or anything like that with that hood on. That's an easy way to get hurt, Big Sal.

SA: She's almost there and-

[The crowd buzzes with anticipation...

...and then deflates as June strides a big step forward which causes White to miss her completely, ending up grabbing the ropes. White's head whips back and forth as Charisma Knight hustles over to that side of the ring, shouting "TURN! LEFT! TO YOUR LEFT!"

SA: Knight again trying to guide Dr. Leah White to the right spot...

[White whips to the left, moving a little quicker this time...

...but again comes up empty as June keeps walking in the same direction, moving to the next set of ropes!]

SA: Again, she comes close to getting her hands on June but again, she comes up empty.

[Knight whispers to White who turns her body, placing her back against the buckles as she resets. Victoria June nearly trips, falling off-balance into the adjacent turnbuckles. She slams a hand down on the top turnbuckle, also turning to put her back against it.]

SA: Some frustration on the part of Victoria June.

DW: You know, Sal... she came into this wanting to fight. Wanting to let all that anger out on White. And now she's gotta bottle all that up and fight a much different - a more mental - matchup. This has gotta be tough for her.

[The referee reprimands Charisma Knight who has grabbed White by the hand, trying to guide her physically towards June... but White keeps walking, heading alongside the ropes towards the corner where Victoria June is standing...

...and then June starts walking forward, sending her on a diagonal path across the ring which causes White to whiff on her approach again.]

SA: She missed her again!

[An angry Charisma Knight slams her hands down on the apron as Leah White turns again, facing the same direction that June just walked. June has paused, hearing Charisma Knight making a ruckus...

...and as if a light bulb just went off, June slowly turns around, now facing Leah White from half a ring away... and points to a HUGE ROAR from the Atlanta crowd!]

SA: Oho! Victoria June sees some light in the tunnel now!

DW: Yeah, but sometimes that's a train comin'.

[June nods her hooded head, walking forward now towards Dr. Leah White, the crowd getting louder as she does. Charisma Knight moves towards the corner, trying to talk to White but the loud crowd is cutting her off as White points to her ears, her head whipping back and forth...]

SA: I think White can't hear Charisma over the crowd! The crowd is helping Victoria June in more ways than one, fans!

[June steps forward, arms stretched out in front of her...]

SA: June's heading straight for her!

[Charisma can be heard on-camera shouting "MOVE! MOOOOOVE!" to White who is still looking puzzled...]

...but drops into a rolling front somersault, somehow avoiding the grasping hands of Victoria June and ending up on a knee mid-ring.]

SA: Ohhh! Dr. Leah White gets clear and Victoria June JUST misses!

[And again, June rifles her fist down on the turnbuckle with a loud "DAMN IT!" The crowd is buzzing as she slowly turns around... and points!]

DW: There we go!

[The crowd cheers loudly again as June points right at the back of the kneeling Dr. White. Charisma Knight again slaps the canvas, shouting "TO ME! TO ME!"]

SA: Charisma Knight desperately trying to find a way to get Dr. White's attention. This crowd continues to get louder, drowning out Knight... and here comes Victoria June again...

[June steps closer and closer as White gets to her feet, looking around, cupping a hand to her ear as Knight bellows "HERE! OVER HERE!"]

DW: She can't hear her at all!

SA: It sure seems that way!

[June suddenly throws herself forward, lunging at the legs of White...

...and manages to get one to a huge cheer!]

SA: She's got her! She's got her now!

[White scrambles wildly, shoving June down and away as June tries to wrap up the leg, working to get to her feet...

...but White wriggles free, diving out of June's grasp as she falls to all fours!]

SA: Ohhh... and again, Victoria June gets close but no cigar!

[June pistons a fist into the canvas in anger as White crawls a few more inches away. Charisma Knight looks very concerned on the outside, ducking her head under the ropes to shout "HEAR MY VOICE!"

But it seems to be Victoria June who hears the voice, whipping her head towards it.]

DW: Uh oh! I think Charisma just helped Vicky June!

[June turns her body towards Charisma's shout, crawling as Knight shouts "NO! NO!" at her... a move that keeps June in line with Knight's voice as Leah White crawls towards it as well.]

SA: Knight's trying to help her running buddy but she's got Victoria June honed in on her as well!

DW: Worst homing beacon ever, Sal.

[White reaches the corner, using the ropes to get back to her feet. June is coming right behind her, now getting back to her feet and reaching out again...]

SA: June's so close! Right there! She can practically reach out and-

[June's grasping hand gets closer... and closer as the crowd gets louder and louder...]

SA: Alllllmoooooooooost...

[...and her hand locks on the shoulder of Dr. Leah White who rightfully panics, swinging her left arm back to catch June on the cheekbone with a back elbow!]

SA: OH! She caught her good there! June got rocked!

[With her other hand on the top rope, White has enough grasp of her ring positioning to step up on the second turnbuckle.. then to the top...]

SA: WHITE'S UP TOP! WHITE'S UP TOP WITH A DAMN HOOD ON HER HEAD!

[The former doctor flings herself backwards in a moonsault aimed for Victoria June...]

...who just happened to stumble off target after the elbowstrike, causing White to crash down on the canvas to laughter from the AWA fans!]

SA: She missed! June didn't try to avoid it but the fates put her out of the way!

[June whips around at the sound of the crashing body, stepping forward towards it...]

SA: June's right there! The missed moonsault may be the key!

[Grasping her ribs, White staggers up off the canvas, spinning in a circle towards a waiting June...]

SA: They're in the middle - right there!

[...and June's hand lands on White, surging forward to blindly lift her up, holding her across the chest, and DROPS down in a front powerslam!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEE!

[June pushes up to her knees, raising her arms in victory as the bell sounds and the referee holds her hand aloft.]

SA: Victoria June gets the win in this Blindfold Match!

[Leah White promptly rolls across the ring towards a bellowing Charisma Knight who starts going to work on the hood...]

SA: The referee's trying to get that hood off of Victoria June so she can see all these Atlanta fans celebrating her win. Seems to having a little bit of trouble with it though.

[June gestures at the hood, miming taking it off as the referee tries to untie the strings securing it in place...

...but Charisma Knight seems to have no such problem, yanking the mask clear as she angrily points at the still-masked June!]

SA: What is... Knight got the mask off her! She got the hood off Leah White!

[White grabs at her lower back as she gets to her feet, gliding lightly across the ring to stand behind the official who is now tugging the mask frantically...]

SA: Get it off her! Get the damn hood off her, ref!

[White strikes a pose, her leg jutting out to her side as she drops into a crouch, gripping her throat...]

SA: No, no! She's going for the mist again! This is how she summons - somehow - that mist!

[The referee manages to yank the mask clear as June springs to her feet, alert and alarmed as she hears the crowd warning her.]

DW: Behind you! SHE'S BEHIND YOU!

[June quickly realizes exactly that, whipping around towards a waiting White...

...who she IMMEDIATELY lunges towards, driving her skull into the upper chest of White!]

DW: OH!

[White's eyes go wide as she stumbles backwards, now grabbing her throat with both hands...]

SA: What in the...?

[White clutches her throat...

...and green and white foam starts to pour out of her mouth as she starts violently coughing and gasping!]

SA: Oh my god.

[June looks alarmed at first as the referee races towards White. Charisma Knight jumps up on the apron, screaming "LEE LEE!" as June throws a nervous glance towards her...

...and then lunges at White, knocking her flat with a clothesline to the same throat she's holding!]

SA: OH! Victoria June just-

DW: Don't do it, June! That mist... she's choking on the mist, Sal!

SA: June's got fire in her belly though - fire that Fawcett denied in this Blindfold Match and-

[June wraps up the legs of White, gripping the arms as she lifts her off the canvas...]

SA: SCORPION CROSSLOCK!

[White screams in pain, more of the green and white foam liquid dripping out of her mouth as the referee bellows at June to break the hold!]

SA: White's in serious distress and June-

DW: She's gotta let her go! Let her go, kid!

SA: June cranking back on that hold - looking for her pound of flesh!

[Knight is screaming at June, screaming at the referee, screaming at anyone and everyone in earshot...

...but as she takes a step into the ring, June immediately breaks the hold, rushing towards Knight who bails out to the floor before June can get her hands on her!]

SA: Thankfully, that hold is broken... and can we get help out here NOW?! I don't know what's happening with that mist but...

[Sal trails off as two medics immediately hit the ring, checking on Leah White as Charisma Knight tries to find a way back into the ring that doesn't take her across the warpath of Victoria June...

...who suddenly turns back towards the coughing and retching White, a surprised, horrified... but not entirely upset look on her face...

...and 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...

We open back up to Theresa Lynch standing at the podium. There are loud boos from the studio audience as we see she is with the terrible trio of Curly Bill Webb, the mysterious Texas Ranger and the AWA World Television champion... the monstrous Odin Gunn.]

TL: We are back here on Fright Night On FOX and... my guests at this time are a trio of men who have made an immediate impact on the AWA. They are...

[Curly Bill holds up a hand.]

CBW: Now, now... There ain't no need to be so formal, Miss Lynch. After all, I'm an old family friend.

[Lynch shakes her head.]

TL: I wouldn't consider anything you've done to my family "friendly", Mr. Webb. Or anything my father's done to YOU, for that matter.

[The smile on Webb's face briefly falters at the mention of Blackjack Lynch, but he recovers quickly, removing the Stetson off his head and placing it over his chest.]

CBW: It's all water under the bridge. Cross my heart and hope to die.

[Theresa's eyes narrow.]

TL: Promise?

[Webb cackles, turning to his two accomplices.]

CBW: HAHAHA! I like her! She's got spunk. Ain't that right, fellas?

[Webb's partners in crime just stand there stoically.]

TL: Past history aside, Mr. Webb, I don't think you've ever introduced us to your friend.

[Theresa motions to the masked man.]

CBW: Don't you recognize him? He's another close friend of your family, after all. Well... I suppose he's a little bit before your time, but I'm sure you've heard the

stories about him. This, Miss Lynch, is the man that Blackjack Lynch fought and could never defeat...

...THE TEXAS RANGER!

[The Texas Ranger raises his arms into the air, as the studio audience boos.]

TL: My father fought The Texas Ranger well over thirty years ago, there's no possible way this is the same man.

CBW: Are ya' certain about that, Miss Lynch? We came from an era of men a whole lot meaner and a whole lot tougher than today's. A whole meaner and a whole lot tougher than your golden boy Whaitiri, anyway.

[The crowd boos, as Webb chuckles softly.]

CBW: A time when men were men and ya' didn't need to hide behind lawyers and corporate suits to settle it all inside the ring. All ya' needed was to put on a pair of boots, step between the ropes and paint that canvas a nice shade of red. I hear that they call yer big brother the "King of the Cowboys"?

[He shakes his head.]

CBW: Darlin', sorry to break it to you, but your brother ain't no cowboy. The era of the cowboy died a long time ago, little lady... and you're lookin' at the last of us. The last of a dyin' breed! But before the sun sets on us, you're gonna be damn sure that we're going out kickin' tail and raising hell! We are The Desperadoes of professional wrestling. And soon... very very soon...

...the whole gang will be here.

[Lynch suddenly looks alarmed.]

TL: Wait... What do you mean? There's more of you?

[Curly Bill gives Theresa a knowing look, before he and the rest of his Desperadoes walk off stage...

...and we cut to a close-up of a dangling hangman's noose, but is it _THE_ hangman's noose? Probably not, as the shot pulls back to reveal, first, the brown leather gloved hand that grips the noose tightly. Then, shot from a slightly lower angle to emphasize the height, the camera pulls back further to reveal a feminine figure underneath an open brown leather full-length trench coat. This is not The Hangman, but, rather, the tall drink of Texas water that is Margarita Flores.

Her head is bowed, so that her expression is obscured, both by her wavy black hair and her brown wide-brimmed Stetson. And when she speaks, Flores' tone of voice is cool and even-measured, its pitch slightly lower than what we are used to.]

MF: Harley Hamilton ... For too long, you and your wee buddy Cinder have been a thorn on my side. You've needled me ... Blindsided me ... Week after week, for months on end ... But have you seen what horrors await you on the Wheel tonight?

You and Cinder like to call yourselves Seductive and Destructive? Neither of you amount to anything near as destructive as what the Wheel has to offer. Tick, tock, Harley ... The Wheel is about to turn, and your soul? Your soul is about to burn.

Tonight, the Wheel decides our fates ... Tonight, the Wheel will be judge and jury ... But I? I, Harley, will be your executioner.

[Flores holds the noose out to the camera, as we fade to a shot of Theresa Lynch at the podium.]

TL: Welcome back! We-

[Just then, the audience jeers as we see Cinder walking to the podium, filled with purpose, dressed as Sailor Saturn from the Japanese animated series "Sailor Moon". She wears a dark blue-violet sailor suit with a pale maroon bow in the front of her chest, a silver crystalline brooch and in the back of her miniskirt. She has petal-shaped sleeves, a windrose brooch and choker with the same kind of windrose, bellflower-shaped white gloves and knee-high, lace up boots. Around her waist, she wears her half of the unsanctioned "AWA Women's World Tag Team Champions of the Universe" title belts.]

C: HALLO EVERYONE!

TL: Hello, Cinder. I recognize the costume, but not the colors. Just who are you supposed to be?

C: Say-lah Saturn! The harbinjah of death! She's the one who will bring annihilation and destruction upon the world, bytheway!

TL: What a very... appropriate Halloween costume for you, then. But where's your partner in crime, Harley Hamilton?

C: On her way...

[The audience begins to roar with boos.]

C: ...and here she is!

[The camera cuts to Harley Hamilton, who is making her way to the podium. Harley is similarly costumed as Cinder in a sailor fuku, but in cherry blossom pink, the colors of Sailor Chibi Moon. Suddenly, Cinder snatches the microphone out of Theresa's hand...]

TL: HEY!

[...and begins to serenade us with her rendition of the Sailor Moon theme song.]

#FAHYYYTING EVIL BAH MOONLAUGHT!#

[Harley strikes a dramatic pose.]

#WHEEEENING LOVE BAH DAYLAUGHT#

[Harley shoots a finger high into the air.]

#WOULD NEVER LOSE TO MAHGIE IN A REAL FIGHT#

[Harley blows on her knuckles and buffs them against her sailor fuku.]

#SHAY'S THE WOMAN NAMED HARLEYYYY... HAMILTON!#

[The fans roar with boos as Harley takes her place onto the podium. She and Cinder unfasten the fake tag team titles around their waists and thrust them into the air as they strike a pose.]

TL: Harley Hamilton, happy Halloween and welcome to...

#SHE WILL NAE TURN HER BACK ON A FRIEND#

[Theresa snatches the microphone back from Cinder.]

TL: That is quite enough, thank you.

[Cinder growls at Theresa.]

TL: Did you just bark at me?

HH: Uh... ruuude. Cindy was not done. But of course I should expect this sort of behavior out of Sailor MOO.

TL: Excuse me!?

HH: You're excused, Theresita.

[Theresa rolls her eyes.]

HH: Now as for my opponent, Margarita Flores will NOT be excused from the well-deserved beating that she has coming to her tonight!

TL: But you two are the ones who have...

HH:been administering painful punishments to her and anyone who has gotten in our way for months? Yes, we have! Trash Wallace had the audacity to badmouth my father and I beat her so badly, she's lost her mind and her team with Swifty is in tatters! Xenia Sonova tried to get in our way and we smashed her into obligotry!

[Theresa mouths "Obligotry?" to herself in confusion.]

HH: Betty Chang? Cindy made sure King Fu Hussy's career went from line jumping to flat-LINING!

[Cinder cackles wildly as Harley tosses her hair, which has gone from strawberry blonde to full-on pink to match her costume.]

HH: And that brings us back to the tall drink of Texas sewage water, herself. You want to spin the wheel and make a deal, Margie? Well, let the TRUE number one draft pick of the AWA make you an offer you can't refuse. It's a one-time only deal though, so if I'm about to break your leg in the Indian Deathlock, you're just going to have to tap or snap. So listen up and listen good, Margie...

....I'm willing to allow you to walk away from this match.

[The crowd boos at Harley's offer.]

TL: Are you kidding me? Why would Margarita Flores do that?

HH: You've got eyes, don't you Reese? Ever since Margie decided to stick her nose in my business, it's been a never-ending series of humiliations for her! And if she thinks whatever match that wheel lands on is going to even up the odds for her, then she is sorely mistaken.

[Harley turns to Cinder with a smirk as the two giggle with glee.]

HH: I'm doing this out of the goodness of my own heart! I know Margie only has two brain cells, but even she's not dumb enough to take beating after beating from me and still want more. She's been outmanned, out-planned, outfought, outthought, outmuscled AND out-hustled every step of the way! And if she

DOESN'T walk away, then tonight, she's just going to be plain out of luck! Come on, Cindy!

[And with that, Harley and Cinder walk off, leaving Theresa to shake her head at the duo.]

TL: The Decidedly Delirious Duo is on their way to the ring as we're just about ready for tonight's Main Event... and I believe I actually have a role to play in this one. I've been asked to spin the wheel... so Tyler Graham, the floor is yours!

[We cut to the ring where the ring announcer is standing.]

TG: The following contest is your FRIGHT NIGHT MAIN EVENT!

[Big cheer!]

TG: And it is the SPIN THE WHEEL, MAKE THE DEAL showdown!

[Another big cheer!]

TG: Up on the stage here in the studio is a wheel with a dozen different match stipulations on it. In mere moments, Theresa Lynch will spin the wheel to determine what match these two competitors will battle in.

And now... the participants...

[Graham pauses.]

TG: Introducing first... up on the stage accompanied by CINDERRRRRRR...

[Boos pour down for Cinder who shouts at the crowd angrily.]

TG: From Kansas City, Missouri... weighing in at 145 pounds...

She is HARRRRRRLEEEEEEEYYYYYY HAMMMMILLLLLLTONNNNNNNNNNN!

[The boos get louder as Hamilton raises her arms, pausing on the entrance stage for all to see. The voices of our announce team take over.]

SA: Alright... we've got Cinder and Harley Hamilton just about to head down the stairs here by us and...

[Sal trails off as Cinder seems to be arguing with Harley Hamilton.]

DW: What's going on?

[Harley puts comforting hands on her friend's shoulders.]

"I have to do this by myself, Cindy! I HAVE to!"

[Cinder shakes her head, refusing but Hamilton continues to talk to her off-mic.]

DW: Are you kidding me? Harley Hamilton says she's gonna do this by herself - when has she done ANYTHING by herself?!

SA: It certainly seems to be a shift in character for Hamilton to want to face Margarita Flores on her own but... well, it's Fright Night, Dee Dub... and the mysteries of the world are in full effect.

[Harley Hamilton seems to have convinced her partner who slinks off, a dejected look on her face as she heads through the curtain and we see Hamilton confidently heading down the stairs to jeers from the Atlanta crowd.]

SA: Harley Hamilton headed down the aisle... the daughter of the legendary former World Champion Hamilton Graham... and if you're thinking about Hamilton Graham and Atlanta, you've gotta think back to when he dropped the World Title to Tommy Fierro right here in Hotlanta in 1981.

DW: I'm sure Harley doesn't want to think about that tonight. She wants to change Atlanta in the history books for her and her family right here on Fright Night.

[Hamilton reaches the ring, ignoring the jeering fans as she walks around inside, preparing for the battle to come...

...and the lights drop to black.]

DW: Sal, what's going on? Are we still on?

[After a few chilling moments in the darkness, a set of bright orange and yellow lights come up... very, very slowly. The result is the look of a sunrise, casting a glow over the walkway. The camera is right by the lights so the vision is blinded for a moment...

...until darkness appears. Ennio Morricone's "Man With A Harmonica" begins to play as well, giving the whole scene quite the old Western feel.]

TG: Annnnnnnnnnd her opponent... hailing from La Feria, Texas and weighing in at 176 pounds...

MARGARRRITAAAAAAA FLORRRRRRRRESSSSSSS!

[We cut to a long shot of the aisle and see the tall drink of Texas water striding down it in an open brown leather full-length trench coat. Her brown leather gloves are a perfect match. Her face is barely visible with a brown Stetson pulled down over her eyes and gripped in her right hand tightly? Her usual bullrope and cowbell... but the rope is extra long on this night and has been secured in a noose at the end.]

SA: It's Fright Night, All Hallow's Eve is very nearly upon us, and Margarita Flores is invoking the Wild West spirit of justice in her attire tonight, Dee Dub!

DW: I know there are some brutal stipulations on the wheel, Sal, but none of them involve an actual hanging, right? Right?

[Upon reaching the ring, Flores climbs the steps. She steps over the top rope with ease and shrugs off the trenchcoat. Underneath, we see a black bustier top, matching shorts under a pair of brown leather chaps and black boots. Flores hangs the noose over the ringpost with care, then removes her hat and places it carefully upon the ringpost...

...and then whips around to stare across the ring at Harley Hamilton whose eyes have gone slightly wide at the surprising and intimidating entrance.]

SA: Harley Hamilton made an offer for Margarita Flores to bow out of this match... and I think that offer has just been declined, Dee Dub.

DW: No doubt about it.

SA: And now, the only thing left is to find out exactly what kind of match these two will be competing in. Theresa?

[We cut back to the entrance stage where Theresa Lynch is now standing in front of the wheel which is slowly spinning as we see options including "STAIRWAY TO HELL," "FIRST BLOOD," "FAWCETT'S CHOICE," "LUMBERJILL," and "TEXAS BULLROPE MATCH." Several others spin by as well as Theresa grins.]

TL: Alright... are we ready to SPIN THE WHEEL AND MAKE THE DEAL?!

[The crowd ROARS in response as the wheel behind Theresa slows to a stop and she turns to grab it...

...and gives it a big spin!]

TL: Here we go!

[The wheel spins around, passing other options like "FALLS COUNT ANYWHERE" and "I QUIT"...

...and then comes to a sudden and abrupt halt.]

TL: Huh?

[The camera zooms in on the wheel which is now pointed to...]

TL: Scientific Rules?!

[The crowd jeers as Harley screams in triumph, pumping her fists into the air as Flores glares at her... then back up at the ramp.]

SA: Scientific Rules? Well, I'm sure that will be a fine match but I don't think that's what anyone was hoping to see here tonight. This rivalry has been brewing for months now and I think these fans want to see Margarita Flores get her hands on Harley Hamilton in a match where she can do some damage.

[Theresa looks puzzled.]

TL: Scientific Rules is the match and...

[A voice rings out, clearing a throat before speaking.]

"No, I don't think so."

[The crowd murmurs as "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett walks out onto the entrance stage, flanked by John Law. Neither look to be in the best of moods.]

"D"HF: I don't think so at all. This night... nothing about this night has gone the way I wanted it to, Miss Lynch... but this? This we're going to get right.

[Fawcett gestures to John Law who steps past Theresa, moving behind the wheel...

...and with a wild shriek, a kicking and screaming Cinder is dragged into view.]

"D"HF: Mm hmm... I thought I smelled a rat.

[Cinder takes a wild swing at John Law who is trying his best to hold her at arm's length.]

SA: Cinder tried to rig it! Cinder tried to rig the spin!

[Harley Hamilton is shouting at the scene from the ring, demanding they unhand her friend.]

SA: Hamilton was in on it too! There's no way she was going at this alone - that was all a scam to get Cinder back behind the wheel!

[Fawcett smirks at Hamilton.]

"D"HF: Your dear father once called me a disgrace to the wrestling business. I do hope he's watching, my dear. Miss Lynch... spin it again.

[Theresa grins as she gives it another spin, this time going around and around until finally...]

TL: ATLANTA STREET FIGHT!

[The crowd ROARS for this result as Harley Hamilton shouts "WHAAAAT?!" from inside the ring. She's jumping up and down, screaming angrily, cursing the world as referee Shari Miranda walks over to discuss the new rules with the two competitors.]

SA: An Atlanta Street Fight! That's more like it, Dee Dub!

DW: No countout, no DQ, anything goes! Oh yeah!

SA: Harley Hamilton is beside herself over this... and Margarita Flores looks as happy as can be.

[Flores nods at the official, cracking her knuckles menacingly as she stares across at Hamilton who is still pleading with someone... anyone to go back to the Scientific Rules match. Cinder comes running down the stairs, shouting "AH'M SORRY! AH'M SO SORRY!"]

SA: Well, Flores might have to deal with Cinder out here but at least she gets to do it on her terms!

[Cinder scrambles up on the apron, throwing her arms around her frantic partner, embracing her as Margarita Flores shifts her weight back and forth, antsy to get going and start throwing.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[With a yelp, Cinder leaps down off the apron as Margarita Flores lowers her head and barrels across the ring towards the smaller Hamilton who shows off some agility and presence of mind as she sidesteps, sending Flores rocketing into the corner unassisted...]

SA: The bell has sounded, we're off and running quick in this one...

[Hamilton swings Flores around in the corner, winding up as she does...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and blasting a big knife edge chop across the chest...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OH H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H!"

[...and another...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Hamilton switches tactics, swinging her forearm up into the jaw of Flores.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[She mixes it up again, alternative from right forearm to left... back and forth...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and then snatches a handful of hair, throwing fists as fast as she can!]

SA: Hamilton's all over her in the corner! She's hitting Flores with everything she's got, Dee Dub!

DW: Yeah, but I'm not sure what effect it's having! Most nights, this would leave someone down in the dirt but here on Fright Night...

[Hamilton's swings slow as she looks at Flores who seems to be absorbing all these blows and still standing tall...]

SA: Hamilton can't believe it!

[Harley slowly lowers her arms, shaking her head as she steps back a few feet. Flores smirks at her..

...and SLAMS her own fist into her cheekbone.]

"THAT ALL YOU GOT, GIRL?!"

[The crowd cheers as Harley backpedals some more, raising her hands and begging for mercy as Flores steps out of the corner, slowly stalking towards her as Hamilton continues to back away...]

SA: Harley Hamilton can't believe what she's seeing, Dee Dub!

[Flores steps closer, Harley just out of reach now...

...and abruptly, she spins away, diving to the mat in a baseball slide under the ropes to the outside where Cinder rushes to her side, pulling her into an embrace on the floor.]

SA: Harley Hamilton gets out of town... but Margarita Flores says it's not that easy - not tonight! She's waited too long to get hands on Hamilton again and she's going out after her!

[Flores drops down on the outside around the ringpost from the hugging Hamilton and Cinder. She quickly circles around it to big cheers from the crowd, grabbing Cinder by the shoulder and swinging her out of the embrace...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and uncorks a huge right hand that sends Cinder down to the thin ringside mats to a big cheer!]

SA: And Cinder gets some as well!

[A nearby Harley Hamilton's jaw drops at the sight of her friend laid out on the floor...

...and she comes up swinging, throwing a right hand of her own as Flores!]

SA: Blocked!

[The tall drink of Texas water uncorks a haymaker, crashing her fist into Hamilton's jaw and sending her flying down to the floor as well to big cheers!]

SA: It's early on in this Atlanta Street Fight but right now, Margarita Flores is taking BOTH of these two on at will!

[Hamilton rolls to her hands and knees, trying to crawl away from the imposing Flores who stands over her, defiantly shaking her head as she points to Hamilton on the floor. The crowd cheers the idea of more punishment for the second-generation grappler as Flores stomps after her, grabbing her by the back of the tights and yanking her up to her feet...]

SA: Flores pulls her right up and-

[Aided by a handful of hair, Flores SMASHES Hamilton's face down into the ring apron to cheers!]

SA: -she BOUNCES Harley's face off the apron!

[Hamilton stumbles away from the point of impact, ending up near the timekeeper's table where Tyler Graham scampers out of the way of an incoming Flores.]

SA: Flores grabs her again - look out, Tyler!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Flores rockets Hamilton's face down into an unforgiving object a second time, bouncing her head off the ringside table as the Atlanta crowd continues to cheer the violence on display. Hamilton's hands and arms start running over the ringside table, looking for something... anything to help defend her from this early onslaught by the big Texan...]

SA: Flores is taking the fight to Harley Hamilton in a way that I'm not even sure Hamilton herself was ready for.

DW: And she's nowhere near done yet, Sal! Harley's in for one heck of a night at the office!

[...and comes up swinging the ring bell, smashing it into the upper arm and shoulder of Flores who recoils away in pain as the bell falls to the floor with a loud "CLANK!" The crowd jeers the sudden attack as Hamilton uses the moment of reprieve to try and put some distance between herself and her rival.]

SA: Hamilton using the ring bell as a weapon... and look at her making a run for it, Dee Dub.

DW: Can you blame her? Until that shot, this whole fight has been all Margarita Flores so far!

[Flores shakes off the pain in her arm, stalking after Hamilton who looks back over her shoulder and increases the pace of her fleeing.]

SA: Flores is chasing after her like she's Leatherface or Jason or something!

DW: Nice of her to keep with the night's theme.

[Sal chuckles as Flores keeps moving after Harley at the same deliberate pace, watching as Hamilton throws a quick look around...

...and then makes a beeline towards the emergency exit doors we've seen in Center Stage Studios before.]

SA: And Harley's decided she's had enough, Dee Dub! She's getting out of here!

DW: What?! No! Somebody stop her!

[And that "somebody" is Margarita Flores who catches up to Hamilton just as she tries to shove a door open...]

SA: Flores grabs her! No escape for Hamilton!

[Grabbing two hands full of Harley's hair, Flores draws her back...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SLAMS her facefirst into the door, causing it to open for the moment before Flores swings it back shut, wagging a finger at Hamilton who has fallen to the floor on her butt, raising her arms and begging off some more as she tries to scoot away from Flores.]

SA: Flores isn't about to let Harley Hamilton out of here after all she's done. This is Hamilton's night to pay the price and Margarita Flores plans to take that price out of her rear end!

[Flores continues to methodically stalk after her...

...and then pauses as she spots a quite full metal trash can off to her right. A grin crosses Flores' face as she points to the can, drawing a big cheer from the Atlanta crowd!]

SA: Uh oh!

DW: Looks like Flores thinks it's time to take out the trash!

[Flores easily lifts the can up, litter raining down on the floor as she holds it over her head. Harley screams "NO!" as she pushes up to her feet...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the metal can is SMASHED down over her head, a large dent forming in it as trash continue to fall down on the floor. Hamilton sinks back down to sit on the floor, grabbing at the top of her head as Flores lifts the can again...

...and to huge laughs from the crowd and screams from Harley Hamilton, Flores dumps the contents of the can on Hamilton while stuffing the can down over her head and torso!]

SA: OHHH!

[The crowd is still reacting as we see liquid pouring down to pool around Hamilton who shoves the can off in disgust, her hair now wet from some unknown liquid, nacho cheese smeared down her chest, a splotch of red sauce on her cheek.]

DW: Well, Harley won't be posing for any photos for the Gram lookin' like that, Big Sal!

SA: Highly unlikely, my friend.

[Hamilton runs a hand through the nacho cheese, screaming in horror as she does. Flores chuckles as she tosses the empty can over the ropes into the ring, grabbing the horrified Hamilton by the hair to bring her back to her feet...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and bounces her face off the ring apron for a second time!]

SA: The tall drink of Texas water adding a little injury to insult right there...

[Hamilton staggers down the apron, waving her arm frantically to get the cameraman out of her way...

...and then makes an abrupt turn towards the bleachers, pushing her way past the crowd and screaming "GET OUT OF MY WAY!"]

SA: Hamilton's heading into the crowd now!

[Wiping a hand across her face again, a disgusted look upon her face, Hamilton starts to climb over the seats, sending fans scattering as Margarita Flores watches for a moment...

...and then with a shrug, she moves to pursue!]

SA: And Flores is going after her, Dee Dub!

DW: Clear a path! The fight's comin' to the front row!

SA: And beyond! Harley Hamilton is a couple rows deep now and still going!

[But as Hamilton reaches the third row, she stumbles, falling to a knee... which allows time for Flores to catch up to her, reaching out and grabbing a handful of Hamilton's trash-dampened hair...

...and SLAMS her face down into the wooden bench!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Again, her face gets driven into the bench - and she might not be Instagram-ready for days after this one!

DW: Whatever will she do.

SA: Flores up in the crowd... and listen to these fans cheering on Margarita Flores!

[Flores grins at their reaction, nodding her head as she points to the downed Hamilton at her feet. A rather happy fan in a t-shirt with Flores' picture on the front that reads "TEXAS VIOLENCE" in a bullrope-style font pats her on the back...

...and then hands her the cup of beer gripped in his hand. Flores happily accepts it, lifting it high for all to see...]

SA: Looks like it might be time for a mid-match refreshment!

[Flores tips the cup back, taking a big swallow of beer...

...and then lifts Hamilton's head up, looking right down in her face...]

SA: Harley Hamilton's down on the floor of the bleachers and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and pours the rest of the cup right down into Hamilton's face as Harley kicks and flails and tries to scream but gets beer in her mouth. She comes up looking disgusted, spitting and coughing as she rubs at her eyes.]

"MY EYES! MY EYES! SHE BLINDED ME!"

[With a chuckle, Flores waves an arm to clear the fans a little more...

...and drags Harley up by her now-beer-soaked hair!]

SA: Flores pulling Hamilton off the floor and... look at this!

[The crowd ROARS as Flores steps up on the bench of the bleacher seats, lifting Harley up over her head in a gorilla press!]

SA: She's got her up!

DW: That's a long way down, Sal!

SA: It sure is and... hold on! Here comes Cinder!

[A screeching and squealing Cinder approaches again, waving her arms at Flores, ordering her to "PUT 'ER DAHWN!"]

SA: Cinder, I'm not sure that's the best-

[And with a grin, Flores HURLS Hamilton out of the bleachers into a crossbody on Cinder, taking both women down onto the barely-padded floors to another huge cheer from the Atlanta crowd!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: HARLEY HAMILTON JUST GOT THROWN FROM SOME TEN FEET IN THE AIR DOWN ON THE FLOOR OF THE CENTER STAGE STUDIOS AND SHE TAKES HER OWN PARTNER OUT ON THE WAY DOWN!

[Flores stands tall on the bleachers, soaking up the cheers of the crowd as she looks down on the laid out Seductive and Destructive, obviously pleased with her night so far.]

SA: Flores is dominating Harley Hamilton so far... and that's gotta feel good for Flores who has spent MONTHS being tormented by Hamilton and Cinder.

DW: Just like half the Women's Division.

SA: Hamilton and Cinder certainly have made no friends in this division. I was actually a little surprised to see Laura Davis pick them so highly for her Steal The Spotlight team at SuperClash considering how... well, unlikable they are.

DW: Unlikable or not, Sal... they're still two of the most talented competitors in this division and they can go a long way to helping Davis' team win that match.

SA: The first ever Steal The Spotlight match featuring the Women's Division coming up on Thanksgiving Night and I can't wait for that one. All three of these women actually will be a part of that match and a win tonight could add some much-needed momentum heading into that six on six elimination tag team match with a future contract for the match of your choice hanging in the balance.

[Flores has made her way back down the bleachers now, hopping down alongside Hamilton and Cinder who are still down on the ground but the latter is starting to get up...]

SA: Flores coming back down after Hamilton now... but she goes after Cinder instead!

[Flores sees Cinder getting up and decides to put her down first, dragging her up by the hair..

...which is when Cinder desperately reaches up, digging her fingernails into the eyes of Flores, raking hard!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: CINDER GOES TO THE EYES!

[A short boot to the midsection causes Flores to stumble backwards, falling into a seat on the bottom bench of the bleachers...

...which gives Cinder an opening to drag Harley up off the floor, holding her up on her feet...]

SA: Cinder's trying to get Harley out of here! She's dragging her away!

[Sitting down, Flores wipes her eyes a few times, obviously trying to kill the sting as she gets to her feet, blinking several times.]

SA: Flores can't see a thing - you can see her rubbing at those eyes, trying to ease the pain and stay on her opponent... who - quite frankly - looks like she's making a run for it.

DW: Again.

SA: Harley better be rockin' her track shoes with the amount of times she's tried to get away from Margarita Flores here tonight... and look at Flores. She got the eyes raked but she's still coming!

[Harley collapses against the apron, stumbling and grabbing the ringpost as Cinder pulls her by the arm, trying to get her towards the stairs leading to the stage...

...which is when Margarita Flores breaks into a sprint, rushing towards the duo before they can escape...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...but Cinder shoves her bestie clear, sending her sprawling on the floor out of reach as Flores runs Cinder right down with a big running shoulder tackle that sends Cinder down on the floor!]

SA: Flores is almost in a handicap match right now but so far, she's making it work.

DW: For how long though, Sal? Sooner or later, the numbers game has gotta take hold.

[Flores glares down at Cinder who is down on the floor..]

...and then turns to look for Harley Hamilton who gets a running start on the other side of the ringpost, leaping headfirst between the top and middle turnbuckles to snatch a front facelock, twisting through the air and DRIVES Flores' skull down into the barely-padded floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: WOW! WHAT AN ATHLETIC MOVE OUT OF HARLEY HAMILTON! A TORNADO DDT, LEAPING BETWEEN THOSE ROPES FROM ONE SIDE OF THE RING TO THE OTHER ON THE OUTSIDE!

[The DDT spikes Flores' skull into the floor, leaving her laid out as Harley leans against the ring apron, breathing heavily...]

SA: We've seen the tornado DDT on the floor before from Hamilton... the very same move she's used on women like Xenia Sonova and Trish Wallace... and hitting that here tonight right now on the floor, you've gotta wonder if she just put herself back into this match in a major way!

[Hamilton takes a few more moments to recover on the outside before getting back on her feet, dragging a dazed Flores up and shoving her back inside the ring...]

...and then turns back to her partner, moving quickly to Cinder's side, pulling her up to her knees where Cinder grabs at the back of her head but is beaming at her bestie for what she pulled off.]

SA: Hamilton's trying to get Cinder involved again now...

[Harley shakes her a few times, pointing at the ring which gets a nod from Cinder who struggles to her feet. The duo talk for a moment and then split apart...]

SA: What in the...?

[Hamilton pulls up the apron, dragging a few steel chairs out from under the ring. She shoves the first two under the bottom rope before flinging the last one over the top, sending Shari Miranda scampering away as the chair narrowly misses her. Cinder is digging under another part of the ring...]

SA: They're loading up the ring now... chairs are in... Cinder's got Singapore canes now as well...

DW: If you're gonna have a Street Fight, you better come prepared!

[Hamilton pulls a large metal street sign that reads "BUMP AHEAD" into view, shoving it through the ropes into the ring...]

SA: What... get away from that kid!

[Cinder has spotted a young fan sitting ringside with a metal crutch and has set out to claim it, yanking it out of his grasp with a sneer. The crowd jeers her as she gleefully tosses the crutch through the ropes into the ring.]

DW: She took it from a kid! Are there no depths too low for these two to sink?!

[Reaching the stairs from the stage, Harley Hamilton looks for a moment...

...and then grabs a large decorative carved pumpkin from the staircase, muscling it up and shoving it through the ropes as well!]

DW: A pumpkin?!

SA: This is Halloween, this is Halloween... pumpkins scream in the dead of night.

[And finally, a grinning Cinder retrieves Flores' own bullrope noose off the ringpost, chucking it over the ropes where the cowbell almost hits Flores. Cinder throws her arms in the air, pumping them a few times as Hamilton rolls back inside the ring to go to work.]

SA: The ring is full of plunder as they say and ARRRRRR! Harley Hamilton is on the path to pillage a victory from the jaws of defeat!

DW: Flores is trying to get up off the mat... still woozy from that DDT on the floor though...

SA: A move like that will take a lot out of you no matter how big you are.

[Back on her feet, Hamilton retrieves a Singapore cane off the canvas, causing the crowd to buzz at what's likely to come next...]

SA: Hamilton's got the cane - Flores trying to get up as well...

[But as soon as Flores gets to her feet...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...Hamilton BLASTS her in the back of the knee with the cane, knocking Flores right back down to a knee on the canvas!]

SA: What a shot! Right to the knee!

DW: She's not done either!

[Standing over the kneeling Flores, Hamilton draws back the cane again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SMASHES it down across the shoulderblades...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...across the lower back...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...across the ribcage...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and finally down between the eyes, knocking Flores flat on her back on the canvas! Hamilton angrily throws the now-broken cane over the ropes to the outside as Cinder gleefully cheers her on from the outside.]

SA: She broke that damn cane over Flores' skull... and she's STILL not done! Not even attempting a pin at all!

DW: Flores hurt her tonight... she embarrassed her... and now it's her turn to get some payback.

[Hamilton circles the downed Flores, laying some trash talk on her as she ponders her next attack...

...and picks up a steel chair.]

SA: This is bad news for Margarita Flores who had things going her way until that DDT on the floor... and now she's got issues in the form of a ticked-off Harley Hamilton holding a steel chair with some evil intentions.

[Hamilton winds up the chair overhead...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and BASHES it down across Flores' knee!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and again! As Flores cries out in pain, Hamilton steps on the ankle, pinning the leg down to the canvas...]

SA: Come on now, Harley! Enough is enough! Try to win the damn match!

[...and JAMS the edge of the seat back into the Flores' knee!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Hamilton tosses the chair aside as Flores writhes in pain on the mat, holding her own knee as Cinder claps wildly on the outside.]

SA: The damage being done in true Hamilton fashion, leaving Flores screaming in pain on the canvas... and... well, I hope her daddy is watching because it looks like Harley's going to pay him a little tribute here in Atlanta, the home of one of Hamilton Graham's most famous matches.

[Grabbing the leg, Hamilton quickly ties it up - not into figure four position as you might expect - and then drops backwards in a bridge.]

SA: It's the Indian Deathlock!

DW: You called it, Sal!

SA: Her legendary father used this very hold for decades! He won titles with it! He submitted legends with it! He ended careers with it! And as Harley Hamilton locks it on in the middle of Center Stage Studios, you realize that she might not be happy with just a win here tonight - she wants to humiliate Margarita Flores! She wants to make her quit! She wants Flores to have to admit that Hamilton is just too much for her!

DW: You can't always get what you want... but Harley Hamilton might be about to get EXACTLY what she wants! They're in the middle of the ring - Flores is in incredible pain after Hamilton used the Singapore cane AND the steel chair on the knee!

SA: There may be no way out for Margarita Flores! No way to escape this hold that - quite frankly - you don't see much of anymore! Flores very likely didn't prepare for a way out of this hold!

[Flores stretches out her arms over her head, crying out as Hamilton holds the bridge, stretching the knee in obscene angles...]

SA: Flores is trying to get to the ropes...

DW: Can't get there, Sal. She's too far away! Too far away!

SA: And it wouldn't matter if she could! This is a Street Fight - no disqualifications! Getting to the ropes will NOT break this hold here tonight. Flores has gotta do this on her own or this one is gonna be all over!

[Flores flails about on the mat, trying to wriggle free but a defiant Hamilton shakes her head, holding the submission move in place...]

"NOT A CHANCE, MARGIE! NOT A CHANCE!"

[Flores again stretches out her arms, reaching for ropes she can't get to.]

SA: Shari Miranda is right there, checking for the submission but so far, Flores is hanging on... keeping those shoulders off the mat to avoid a potential pin but it's the submission, Dee Dub... it's the submission she's gotta be worried about.

DW: That one way ticket to Tap Out City that you talk about.

SA: Flores' bags are packed and she just may be ready to go! She's trying to hang on... desperately trying to hang on but how long can she hang on for?!

[Cinder is beside herself on the floor, running back and forth, leaping up and down in jubilation...]

SA: Cinder thinks it's over! Harley does as well! Flores reaching out again... gotta find a way out... gotta find a way out of this!

[The tall drink of Texas water throws herself backwards, stretching every bit of her six foot one inches back, thrusting her arms over head, stretching... reaching... grasping...]

SA: She looks like she's trying to get to the ropes but-

[...until finally her hand wraps around the rope... not the ring ropes mind you but her trusty bullrope that Cinder had thrown into the ring earlier. She grips the noose, pulling it closer...]

SA: She's got the bullrope now but-

[...and SWINGS it through the air, whipping it downwards...]

"CLAAAAAAANK!"

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

[...bringing the bullrope down HARD on the skull of Harley Hamilton, instantly breaking down the bridge as Hamilton rolls to the side, covering her head with her arms as the crowd ROARS for the unusual escape!]

SA: SHE'S LOOSE! SHE'S LOOSE! HARLEY HAD SUBMISSION FEVER AND THE ONLY CURE WAS A PRESCRIPTION FOR MORE COWBELL!

[Flores pulls her legs up towards her chest, cradling her knee as she grimaces in pain on the mat almost in a fetal position. Hamilton is still down on the mat as Flores rolls to her other side, facing the ropes. She reaches out to grab for them as Cinder shouts at Harley, checking on her condition.]

SA: What a battle between two magnificent competitors in the hottest division in all of wrestling - the Women's Division! There is no time limit in this Atlanta Street Fight but after fifteen minutes of action, these two have put one another physically through the wringer already!

[Flores winces as she stretches to grab the bottom rope, dragging herself closer to the edge of the ring as Cinder pounds her fists into the mat, again shouting at her friend and partner...]

SA: Cinder's trying to cheer Harley back to her feet after that unusual clash of skull and steel... but right now, it's Margarita Flores who is on the move, dragging herself to the ropes... and now using the ropes to try and drag herself to her feet...

[The crowd is roaring as Flores gets back up, visibly trying to avoid putting weight on the tormented knee as she leans against the ropes.]

SA: Flores can barely stand on that leg though... you can see her shaking it, rubbing it, doing anything she can to get some life back into it.

[She pushes off the ropes, limping across the ring...]

SA: Flores trying to get to Hamilton before Hamilton can get to her feet...

[But as Harley pushes up to her knees, we see a trickle of blood now coming from a gash on her cheek...]

SA: Uh oh! Harley Hamilton has been lacerated! It's not a bad cut but the bell caught her in the cheek it looks like and she's been cut open.

[Flores grabs the hair, dragging Hamilton up to her feet and tosses her towards the corner. The larger competitor winces, hobbling towards the corner again... and steps up to the second rope, nearly losing her balance as she does...]

SA: Flores on the ropes... almost fell, we saw that...

[Flores rains down punches, getting the crowd to count along...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FO-"

[But Flores slips off the middle rope, shaking her head as she drops back down to the mat, again lifting her leg off the mat and giving it a couple of shakes.]

SA: She couldn't stand on the ropes... couldn't keep her balance...

[An angry Flores loops an arm under Hamilton's, reaching up to grab around her neck as well...]

SA: Flores hooks her and...

[She steps out, HURLING Hamilton high into the air with a biel throw, rocketing her halfway across the ring...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and RIGHT down on top of the pumpkin Harley had rolled into the ring, squashing the... well, squash... underneath her body!]

SA: MARGARITA FLORES CHANNELING HER INNER BILLY CORGAN HERE ON FRIGHT NIGHT!

[Hamilton rolls off the pumpkin, revealing a crushed gourd underneath and a messy orange smear across her back.]

DW: There are harder things out here to fall on... but that couldn't have felt too good either, Sal.

SA: Definitely not. Today is not the greatest day Harley Hamilton has ever known... but it could be if she somehow manages to pull this one out, Dee Dub.

[Flores steps closer, leaning over to pick up a chunk of the remaining pumpkin...]

DW: This is no time for a mid-match snack!

SA: I don't think it's for her!

[...and the crowd ROARS as Flores rubs a little humiliation into the face of Hamilton in the form of a faceful of pumpkin. Hamilton's legs kick up into the air as the crowd cheers and Cinder screams a barrage of unintelligible insults at Flores!]

SA: I'm sure Harley loves more than her fair share of pumpkin spice products but this is NOT what she had in mind.

[With Hamilton hacking and spitting pumpkin out of her mouth, Flores turns back away from her, looking around...

...and then leans down to pick up another weapon of choice.]

SA: She's got that street sign! That metal street sign!

DW: What I want to know is where the heck is that sign SUPPOSED to be?!

[Sal chuckles as Flores holds up the "BUMP AHEAD" sign, nodding as she throws it down on the canvas. She turns back towards Hamilton who is still spitting madly when Flores grabs her by the hair, hauling her off her knees...]

SA: Flores pulls her up... AND PUTS HER UP!

[Another big crowd roar goes up as Flores shoves her skyward, holding her overhead in a military press...]

SA: She's got her up... WAAAAAY UP!

[Hamilton's eyes are wide, begging for mercy as Flores steps forward gingerly...

...and then DROPS Hamilton facefirst down on the sign! Bump ahead, indeed.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Grimacing, Flores rolls Hamilton onto her back, lowering herself slowly to her knees and leaning into a lateral press...]

SA: And I think this is the first pin attempt of the match!

[A two count follows before Hamilton lifts her shoulder off the canvas...]

SA: Hamilton slips out at two! Flores was hoping that was it... if for no other reason than the pain that her knee is going through right now. She's having a very tough time moving around on that leg. VERY tough.

[Flores grimaces as she pushes up to a knee, sitting there for a moment, taking a breather before climbing the rest of the way up to her feet...

...where she slowly raises her right arm over her head to a HUGE ROAR!]

SA: She's calling for the lariat! The press slam didn't do it but the lariat - if she hits it, sure might!

[Flores steps back, giving herself some room to move as Hamilton rolls to her hip, trying to get up off the canvas as the crowd buzzes with anticipation...]

SA: Flores is ready! She's set! She's-

DW: CINDER!

[Rolling into the ring, Cinder gets quickly to her feet, swinging her half of the unrecognized tag titles backwards as she charges Flores with a wild scream...]

SA: SHE'S GOT THE BELT AND-

[But Flores awkwardly sidesteps, shoving Cinder into the ropes where she rebounds off...]

SA: BIG BOOT!

[...and Flores swings her bad leg up, catching Cinder under the chin with her foot!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The boot actually causes Cinder to sail back to the ropes, the belt dropping to the mat as she goes flipping over the top and crashing down hard on the outside!]

SA: SHE CLEARS OUT CINDER!

[Flores grimaces again, leaning over to rub her knee vigorously.]

DW: And that was pure instinct, Sal. No way she goes for that big boot if she thinks about what it's going to cost that knee in pain. No way.

SA: You're right about that... but with Cinder out of the picture... this might be Flores' chance! She might be able to finish Hamilton off and win this thing!

[Flores steps forward as Hamilton climbs to her feet, her arms thrown back for a double axehandle...]

SA: Hamilton coming in and- Margarita goes downstairs!

[The blow to the gut doubles up Hamilton as Flores tugs her into a standing headscissors...]

SA: Uh oh!

DW: Listen to these fans, Sal! They wanna see it as much as I do!

[Flores leans over, wrapping her long arms around Hamilton's torso.]

SA: She's got her hooked! Flores has her hooked in the middle of the ring!

[The mighty Texan lifts Hamilton into the air, holding her aloft as Harley looks alarmed...]

...and with a slight side shuffle due to the bad knee, Flores rotates and DRIVES Hamilton down onto the metal trash can she tossed into the ring earlier!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: POWERBOMB!! POWERBOMB ON THE TRASH CAN!!

[Flores collapses to a knee, folding Hamilton's legs up and leaning across them.]

SA: Stacks her up! IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT...

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: WHO THE-?!

[The crowd reacts as the sure-to-be-match-ending pin attempt is broken up by someone coming out of the crowd, diving into the ring, and throwing themselves on the pile!]

DW: Someone just saved Harley Hamilton's skin... but who the heck is it?!

[Someone similar in size to Harley Hamilton is lying on the canvas, dressed in a costume similar to Cinder and Hamilton's. She's wearing an oversized red eye mask and has long blonde hair that hangs down past her waist.]

SA: I don't have a clue. Of course, she's dressed as Sailor V but-

DW: Of course.

[The mysterious attacker rolls Harley Hamilton away from a shocked Flores, checking on her condition as Flores slowly climbs off the mat, grimacing as she plants weight on her knee...

...but has her eyes locked on the mystery woman who has joined the chaos inside the ring.]

SA: Flores is up and... man, if looks could kill!

DW: She really MIGHT be the Hangwoman!

[Flores hobbles towards the unaware costumed woman, the crowd buzzing over the surprising interference...

...and grabs the long blonde hair, giving a mighty yank...]

SA: WHAT THE-?!

[...and pulls the hair right off the woman's head, revealing a brown bun underneath!]

DW: It's a wig!

[Flores looks shocked at the hair..

...and even more shocked when the person comes up off the mat, throwing herself at Flores, flailing wildly with rights and lefts to the head!]

SA: She's all over Flores!

[But the battering has little effect as Flores absorbs it all, grabbing the real hair this time...

...and BLASTS her with a right hand that sends her flying, the eye mask falling off as she hits the mat!]

SA: Oh! There goes the mask! Can we get the camera on her? Can we...?

[The camera shot cuts to a closer look at the interfering person, the crowd buzzing with confusion...]

SA: Hey! I know her!

DW: You do?!

[She sits up on the mat, rubbing at her jaw as Flores stares down at her in shocked.]

SA: That's Casey Cash! Casey Cash... she wrestles mostly for P*WIN but she... she was...

DW: She was at Homecoming!

SA: That's right! When the AWA issued that open call for help when half our roster was stuck in Mexico, Casey Cash was one of the wrestlers who answered the call but... why? Why is she here? Why did she get involved with this match?!

[Flores seems to be asking the same question, pointing an accusing finger at her as Cash manages to regain her feet, looking around nervously. She locks her eyes on

Harley Hamilton who is sitting against the turnbuckles, trying to regroup as Cash looks at her for help.]

DW: There's no one to help you, kid! You made this bed and you gotta lie in it!

[Cash looks anxiously at a dazed Harley Hamilton who shouts weakly.]

"GET HER, CASEY!"

[And without the slightest hesitation, Cash barrels across the ring towards Flores...

...who simply sidesteps and watches as Cash flies through the ropes, crashing out HARD on the barely-padded floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: DOWN GOES CASH! DOWN GOES CASH!

[Flores steps towards the ropes, smirking at the fallen Cash...

...which allows Harley Hamilton to slide to her knees, scooping up Cinder's fallen title belt. She climbs to her feet, the crowd buzzing nervously as she slides in behind Flores, waiting for her to turn...]

SA: Look at this! Harley's got the belt! Flores doesn't know it and-

[Flores whips around to find Hamilton...

...who sprints out and DRILLS her between the eyes with the title belt, knocking Flores flat with the belt shot!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES!

[Harley tosses the belt aside, diving across Flores, wrapping up a leg...]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT...

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

DW: KICKOUT! SHE KICKS OUT AT TWO!

[Hamilton drops back to a seated position on the mat, her jaw dropped as she looks up in disbelief at Shari Miranda who holds up two fingers.]

SA: Shari says it was two! It was close... REAL close... but if Shari says it was two, it was two!

[Hamilton climbs to her feet, getting right up in Miranda's face, sticking a finger under her chin and shouting "IT WAS THREE! CAN'T YOU COUNT, MIRANDA?! YOU WORTHLESS PIECE OF SH-" The audio cuts out for a moment as Miranda looks shocked and Hamilton delivers a two-handed shove in the chest, knocking her back into the ropes...

...but she bounces off them and delivers a shove of her own, knocking Hamilton down on her butt as the audio kicks back in and the crowd EXPLODES at the official standing up for herself!]

DW: Oh yeah! Get her, Shari! Let her have it!

[Shari goes on the offense, causing Harley to cringe backwards as she shoves two fingers up in her face, pointing at the logo on her referee's shirt.]

SA: Harley Hamilton can't get disqualified for putting her hands on the ref...

DW: But she might get her tail kicked for it, Sal!

[Sal chuckles as Hamilton gets up, glaring at Miranda and brushing HARD past her as she goes to grab another steel chair off the mat. Miranda ducks back, fearing the worst but Hamilton opens it up, setting it down on the canvas.]

SA: Harley Hamilton putting that chair in the middle of the ring... and now she goes after Flores, dragging her back to her feet...

[She deposits the La Feria native down in the chair, Flores slumped a bit as Hamilton backs off, measuring her up...]

SA: Hamilton to the ropes... here we go!

[...and a charging Hamilton MOWS DOWN Flores with a running boot to the face that knocks the chair over and dumps Flores in a heap on the canvas as the crowd groans!]

SA: Harley once said she would kick Flores' teeth down her throat and she may have done JUST that! What a kick!

[She shoves Flores onto her back, pushing the chair aside as she dives across.]

SA: COVER! ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: FLORES IS OUT IN TIME! OHHHH MYYYYYY!

[The crowd roars in relief as Flores slips the shoulder off the mat just before the three count comes down.]

SA: So close! Harley Hamilton was just inches away from a huge victory and wow - can you imagine the wave of momentum she'd ride into SuperClash and Steal The Spotlight with a win in this Atlanta Street Fight?

DW: That might be enough to drive her to a win at Steal The Spotlight too!

SA: Steal The Spotlight will take place in the Atlanta part of SuperClash - about a month away now. Six on six for a future match of their choice LIVE in the Georgia Dome and you know these two women are hoping to come out on top in that historic battle. Just like they're hoping to come out on top here tonight as...

[Back on her feet, Hamilton angrily kicks the bottom rope in frustration. She scoops up a Singapore cane...

...and then swings it down into the mat over... and over... and over until it breaks apart in her hands and she flings it aside.]

SA: Hamilton's losing control! She's breaking down at the moment when it matters the most!

[She kicks the remnants of the pumpkin out of the ring before she leans low, hands on her thighs as she watches Flores struggle to get up off the mat...]

SA: She's got her in her sights now though... got her eyes on her and making sure Flores can't see her...

DW: It's a smart move, staying in her blind spot like this...

SA: Hamilton's got a lot of weapons in the arsenal, trying to size up Margarita Flores for something... the Indian Deathlock did damage but not enough to win it... what else ya got, Harley?

[Hamilton lurks behind Flores, waiting and watching as Flores grabs at her knee, giving a grunt of exertion as she forces herself up to her feet, catching her balance as she stumbles, slowly turning...]

SA: Hamilton's lying in wait...

[...and as she does, Harley buries a boot in the gut of Flores, twisting around to hook her as if going for a snap mare...]

SA: HOT GIRL STUN-

[...but the powerful Flores shoves Hamilton off, sending her into the ropes instead!]

SA: BLOCKED!

[Hamilton bounces off the ropes towards Flores who lifts her straight up off the mat...]

...and THROWS her down on the canvas in a back-cracking ring-shaking spinebuster slam!]

SA: SPIIIIIINEBUSSSSSTER! BOOM GOES THE CANNON!

[Flores staggers backwards after the standing spinebuster, falling back against the ropes, lifting her leg and shaking the knee again...]

...and with a roar, she stands up, lifting her right arm high for all to see!]

SA: And once again, Flores is looking for the lariat! The spinebuster twists momentum around on its axis and now Margarita Flores is looking for the killshot to end this Atlanta Street Fight and this long-standing rivalry with Harley Hamilton!

[Flores is standing tall by the ropes, arm raised high, ready to strike Harley Hamilton who is still laid out on the canvas...]

SA: CINDER ON THE APRON!

[And she didn't come unarmed.]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: THAT METAL CRUTCH SHE STOLE FROM THAT YOUNG FAN GOES ACROSS THE BACK!

[Flores crumples forward, falling to her knees as Cinder soaks up the jeers of the crowd, standing at the apron and holding a bent crutch in her hands with a maniacal look on her face...]

SA: Again! Again, Harley Hamilton seems on the verge of defeat when one of her cronies... her lackeys... gets involved and cost Flores the win! Again, Harley Hamilton is bailed out by her bestie!

[Cinder whips around, stepping through the ropes into the ring, raising the bent crutch over her head...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRIVES it down across the back a second time, denting the metal even more.]

SA: Cinder battering the back of Flores and... where's she going?!

[The camera cuts to the floor where Harley Hamilton has rolled out of the ring, looking up at Cinder who waves a hand towards the back...]

SA: Harley Hamilton's on the outside and... Cinder's telling her to leave!

DW: And you don't gotta tell her twice, Sal!

[Hamilton grins at Cinder and starts walking around the ring towards the ringside staircase leading up to the stage...]

SA: Harley Hamilton is leaving! She's out of here!

[Cinder grins, waving goodbye at her friend as she winds up again...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and on the final blow, the crutch breaks in half, pieces flying away as Cinder spikes the piece in her hands on the canvas. Harley Hamilton is standing at ringside watching as Cinder turns away from Flores who is still down on the mat.]

SA: Harley Hamilton's got a front row seat to Margarita Flores getting a beating at the hands of Cinder and that damn crutch...

DW: And Cinder's not done, Sal. This is no DQ and they're gonna make it count.

[Casey Cash has managed to get to her feet now also, shouting encouragement to Cinder who retrieves another steel chair off the mat, nodding madly at the rising Flores...]

SA: Margarita Flores trying to get up... but Cinder's waiting for her! Cinder's waiting for her with that steel chair!

[Hamilton throws another look towards the back... but then looks back at the ring, eagerly waiting to see her friend split Flores' head open with the steel chair.]

SA: Cinder bought Hamilton some time to escape but Harley wants to see this too badly! She wants to see Flores' skull caved in by Cinder and-

DW: And who knows?! Maybe then she'll hop back in there and go for a pin!

SA: You could be right, Dee Dub... Flores is still trying to get up... on a knee now...

[A grinning Cinder sets the chair against her shins, spitting into her hands as she picks it up again...]

SA: Cinder getting her grip... Flores coming off the mat...

[Cinder winds up with the chair, as far back as she can go, trying to get enough height to hit the taller woman in the head...]

SA: BIG SWING!

[...who brings her arms up quickly...]

SA: FLORES BLOCKS!

[...and grabs the swung chair, halting its path as the crowd ROARS!]

SA: FLORES BLOCKS THE CHAIR!

[Cinder tries to jerk the chair away, flailing about madly...

...but Flores buries a knee in her gut, doubling Cinder over as Flores jerks the chair into her own grasp...]

SA: And now it's Flores who has the chair! Flores has the chair and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: STEEL MEETS SPINE!

[Cinder collapses to the canvas in a heap as Flores stands tall with the chair...

...and then turns to lock eyes with a surprised Harley Hamilton who shakes her head frantically...]

DW: GET HER!

[Flores points a finger at Hamilton who turns around, running up the stairs to the entrance stage, leaving the battle behind her. The crowd is booing loudly as she runs up the stairs, turning back to wave goodbye to a smiling Flores...

Wait.

Smiling?]

DW: HAH! TURN AROUND, HARLEY! TURN AROUND!

[With the crowd roaring, Flores smiling, and Dee Dub screeching close enough for her to hear, Hamilton slowly turns...

...and finds a wall of resistance waiting for her.

Skylar Swift nodding her head, smashing her fist into an open hand.

Betty Chang grinning, striking a martial arts pose.

Trish Wallace, banged up from earlier but still ready for another fight if needed...

...and finally Xenia Sonova in street clothes, holding a steel chair in her hands!]

SA: THE CHICKENS HAVE COME HOME TO ROOST FOR HARLEY HAMILTON! All those months! All that bullying! All the torment Seductive and Destructive have laid at the feet of these women and so many others for months now... it's coming back to haunt them here in the A-T-L!

DW: As my mama would say, "karma is a YOUUUU KNOOOOW WHAAAAAT!" Big Sal!

[Hamilton hesitates a moment, silently appraising the wall of humanity in front of her...

...and then she makes a run for it, hoping to run right through the wall and get the heck out of Atlanta!]

SA: Harley Hamilton scrambling like Michael Vick once did right here in this city, trying to avoid some serious-looking linebackers gunning for her!

[Hamilton tries to run right over Betty Chang but Chang stops her by throwing a big roundhouse aimed at her head which causes Hamilton to pull up...

...and then lunge at Skylar Swift who happily ties her up, holding tightly as Trish Wallace and Xenia Sonova slide around and grab her by the legs, lifting her off the ground as Chang and Swift hold her struggling arms! The crowd ROARS as this makeshift defensive line starts to carry a screeching Hamilton back towards the ring!]

SA: It's not a Lumberjill Match here tonight - it's an Atlanta Street Fight... but these women aren't about to let Harley Hamilton escape either! They've got her up off her feet, carrying her back towards the ring...

[The fans are getting louder, jumping up and down in excitement as Hamilton is carried down the steps from the stage towards a waiting Margarita Flores who has her hands on her upper thighs, leaned over and waiting for Hamilton's return.]

SA: Harley Hamilton being carried back and Margarita Flores is there waiting for her!

[Reaching ringside, they dump Hamilton through the ropes like a sack of garbage as she rolls across the mat...

...and then Sonova and Chang rush Casey Cash while Wallace and Swift move to subdue Cinder to even more cheers!]

SA: And now Hamilton's pals are being taken out of this equation as well!

DW: Get 'em, girls!

[Hamilton quickly gets back to her feet, looking to the outside where she sees Cash being lit up with chops and short kicks by Chang and Sonova...

...then to a struggling Cinder who has her arms held behind her back by Wallace while Swift tees off with haymakers to her body...

...and then slowly turns around, locking eyes with Margarita Flores who is standing and grinning and waiting patiently...]

SA: You're all alone now, Harley! Let's see whatcha got!

[Hamilton grimaces....

...and then bolts towards Flores with as much speed and power as her body will still manage, letting loose a bellow as she tears in towards her...

...and gets lifted right up onto the shoulders of Flores in a fireman's carry, the crowd going nuts for every move in the ring right now!]

SA: FLORES HAS GOT HER UP! SHE'S GOT HER UP ON HER SHOULDERS!

[Flores grits her teeth, knowing what's about to come is gonna hurt... a lot...]

SA: What's she got in mind for her rival here on Fright Night?

[...and then shoves Hamilton up into the air, over her head, which brings her rocketing downwards as Flores swings her injured knee up!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: WHISKEY LULLABY!

[Flores immediately collapses to her knees, throwing herself over the prone Hamilton, not able to hook a leg as she grabs her own knee in pain.]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT...

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SWEET SANTA MARIA, SHE KICKS OUT! HAMILTON KICKS OUT!

[Flores rolls to a sitting position, cradling her knee in pain as she looks down in disbelief at the resilient Hamilton. She gives a shake of her head before looking up at the lights, taking a few deep breaths...]

DW: Flores has gotta be wondering what it's gonna take to finish her off, Sal!

SA: I'm kinda wondering that myself, Dee Dub! Harley Hamilton - love her or hate her - is showing the world that she truly is one of the best in the business right now. Wherever he is, Hamilton Graham's gotta be watching his daughter compete with a smile on that grumpy face of his.

DW: Not sure his face muscles remember how to smile, Big Sal.

[Sal chuckles as Flores slowly drags herself to her feet, wincing with every movement as she stands mid-ring, looking down at Hamilton who is barely moving on the canvas...

...and then looks down at the steel chair very close to her feet. The crowd ERUPTS as they realize what Flores is looking at... and get even louder as she leans down, picking it up with one hand to hold over her head!]

SA: Flores has got the chair! Harley Hamilton used that chair to devastate her leg earlier tonight... and now she may be looking to return the favor!

[She grabs the chair with both hands as Hamilton rolls over onto all fours, trying to push her way up off the canvas...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and Flores SMASHES the chair down across the back, knocking her back down flat on the mat...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and delivers a second blow to the spine, causing Hamilton to cry out in pain as the crowd urges Flores on...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and then a third blow which leaves Hamilton a barely-moving quivering pile of carnage inside the ring. Flores takes a few steps back, waving a hand for Hamilton to get up...]

SA: Flores calling her up... she wants Hamilton on her feet!

[Harley is determined to get there too, forcing her arms underneath her, letting loose a cry of pain and effort as she does a pushup off the mat to her knees. She looks up at Flores who waves another hand, demanding she get back up...]

"GET UP! GET THE HELL UP!"

[Hamilton clenches her jaw, pushing to one knee... then with another roar of exertion, she forces herself onto her feet...]

SA: Hamilton can barely stand! She's out on her feet and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES!

[Hamilton spins away after impact, dropping facefirst to the mat with her arms up over her head...]

SA: STEEL MEETS SKULL IN HOTLANTA!

[Flores angrily throws the chair aside, falling back against the ropes, nodding her head as the crowd roars for her. And slowly but surely, she raises her right arm over her head...]

SA: One more time, Margarita Flores calls for the lariat!

[The tall drink of Texas water strides to mid-ring, grabbing Hamilton by the hair, dragging her limp carcass off the mat...]

...and the crowd reacts to the sight of blood streaming down the forehead of Hamilton!]

SA: She's been busted wide open! The steel chair doing queen-sized damage here at Fright Night!

[Flores nods in satisfaction as she pulls Harley Hamilton to her feet, steadying her with both arms so that she stays standing...]

SA: Hamilton on her feet... one more time...

[Grimacing in pain, Flores drops back to the ropes, rebounding off...]

SA: HERE SHE COMES!

[...and TURNS Harley Hamilton inside out with the damndest lariat seen in quite some time!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: LAAAAARRRRRIAAAAATOoooooooooooo!

DW: Kurayami’s got nothin’ on Margarita Flores!

[Hamilton ends up down on the mat, motionless as Flores sinks to her knees beside her, flipping her over onto her back. Flores plants her palms in the chest, pressing the bloodied and battered Hamilton down into the canvas...]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEE!

“DING! DING! DING!”

[A relieved and exhausted Flores shoves off Hamilton, flopping facefirst down on the canvas as the crowd ROARS in celebration of her victory!]

SA: At long last, Margarita Flores has put down the challenge of Harley Hamilton and taught Seductive And Destructive a lesson here tonight at Fright Night! What a war, Dee Dub!

DW: You got that right. One heck of a fight and... Flores is exhausted, Big Sal.

SA: Margarita Flores being helped by the referee...

[Flores is pulled to a seated position, cradling her injured knee as the official raises her hand and Tyler Graham makes it official to even louder cheers.]

SA: In the words of Brody Thunder, Flores and Hamilton went from bell to bell and straight through hell... but in the end, it’s Margarita Flores who picks up the win... and that’s gotta do wonders for her confidence and momentum heading into Steal The Spotlight at SuperClash.

DW: Absolutely. And what does it do to Harley Hamilton, Sal?

SA: I’m not sure if ANYTHING would ever wreck Harley Hamilton’s confidence. Fans, it’s been one hell of a night here in Atlanta... we’re going to take one final break and then we’ve got a special treat... not a trick... as we say good night so come on back after this break!

[Flores gets to her feet, grinning at the fans as the official raises her hand again before 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 "Whoooooooooo!" 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

26 DAYS AND COUNTING

And then cut back to black...

...and then back up on the entrance stage where we've got a closeup on Theresa Lynch and "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett.]

TL: We are back here on Fright Night. Doctor Fawcett, we've got a few minutes left before we go off the air and turn off the porch light, we'll remind all of our great fans that we are only 26 days away from SuperClash IX, the biggest SuperClash in history. So let's run down the card one more time while we engage in a bit of...

[Pan out to reveal several children of various ages in AWA-inspired masks and costumes, who all yell...]

"TRICK'R TREAT!"

[Fawcett nods approvingly.]

"D"HF: This was my night and I'm pleased so many enjoyed it! And now... as was once said... LET THEM EAT CAKE!

[Fawcett walks over towards the tombstone-shaped cake and starts cutting it as Theresa walks alongside some of the young fans on stage.]

TL: From right here in Atlanta, you'll be seeing Joe Flint and Charlie Stephens, the Soldiers of Fortune, versus Howie Somers and Daniel Harper: Next Gen, in a Boot Camp match for the AWA Tag Team Championship.

[A couple kids in camouflage and aviator sunglasses snarl out a "thank you, maggotttt!" as Theresa drops fun-size candy in their duffel bags.]

TL: The first ever Women's Steal The Spotlight match will be contested in a 12-woman elimination tag bout!

[A girl dressed as Lauryn Rage lowers her sunglasses and winks at the camera as Lynch fills a bag emblazoned with a Louis Vuitton-inspired Lauryn Rage logo.]

TL: In one half of your main event, it is WAR GAMES! Team AWA vs Team Korugun, winner-take-all!

[The 12-year-old with his hair full of grease and gold chains looks into his trick-or-treat bag and seems disappointed by Theresa's seemingly deliberate choice of Necco Wafers.]

TL: And for our neighbors across the border, SuperClash in Toronto will feature the long-awaited showdown of the technical masters Jeff "Madfox" Matthews and Supreme Wright.

[The boy in black and gold slyly nods to Theresa; he gets a full-sized Mars bar. Fawcett approaches with a plate of cake.]

"D"HF: Oho... a young man with wisdom beyond his years to aspire to be the General himself, Javier Castillo. Young man, this cake belongs to you...

[The faux Castillo gleefully starts chowing down on cake as Theresa and Fawcett move along.]

TL: We saw it locked in earlier tonight: for the AWA Women's World Championship, it's Kurayami versus "The Spitfire" Julie Somers. Can Julie Somers put an end to the nearly eight-month reign of Kurayami, or will Kurayami finally have a definitive answer to the question that has been dogging her?

[A girl, no more than seven, in a ponytail and red satin jacket salutes the camera with a, "I LOVE YOU, SPITFIRE!" Fawcett extends another plate of cake.]

"D"HF: Take the cake, young aspiring Julie. Your counterpart may not be able to even enjoy cake with the amount of teeth that Kurayami leaves in her mouth.

[Fawcett chuckles darkly as the young lady looks disappointed...]

...and then shoves the plate upwards, smashing the cake into Fawcett's face before making a break for it. The camera zooms in on Fawcett, frosting dripping down his face as Theresa stifles a chuckle. Fawcett lets loose an angry roar before storming off the stage, leaving the fun behind.]

TL: What a way to end your night, Doctor. And lastly, in the second half of SuperClash IX's double main event, Johnny Detson puts his title on the line against not one, but two challengers, when he faces his former ally Brian James, and...

[Theresa pauses when she comes eye-to-eye with a trick-or-treater in a trenchcoat and Supernova mask standing at the same height as her.]

TL: ...Aren't you a little old to be trick-or-?

["Supernova" slaps a hand on Theresa's face, knocking her Elvis shades off. Viscous, yellowish goo splatters everywhere. Lynch is momentarily stunned, raising a hand to her face to feel the remains of shattered eggshell.]

TL: What the...?!

[She looks aghast at the trick-or-treater, unable to react when a sparkling hot pink baseball bat emerges from "Supernova"'s over-sized trick-or-treat bag and slams into Theresa's midsection to a shocked reaction from the crowd and screams from the kids onstage now trying to get away from the violence.]

SA: Wait a second! That bat! That hot pink baseball bat!

[Theresa stumbles out to the front of the stage, clutching her ribs, gasping for air...]

...as "Supernova" smugly pulls the plastic mask up to reveal Miss Sandra Hayes to a DEAFENING ROAR of jeers!]

DW: Of course it is, of course it is! That no good little pole cat!

[Hayes peels off her egg-encrusted glove...

...and then rushes forward to Lynch's exposed back!]

SA: NO!

[Hayes delivers a mighty running shove to the back with both hands, sending Lynch sailing off the stage, flying through the air, and CRASHING down hard on the exposed concrete floor! The crowd ERUPTS in shock... and then goes silent as Hayes stands on the edge of the elevated stage, looking down with a smirk on the fallen Theresa Lynch as security and medical personnel come rushing from the back!]

SA: She shoved her off the stage! Sandra Hayes just pushed her right off the stage in front of... in front of all these kids! What kind of a person...?

[Dr. Bob Ponavitch races down the staircase, shoving his way past the fans to get to the fallen Theresa.]

DW: She's not a trained wrestler, Sal! Theresa Lynch isn't a wrestler at all - she doesn't deserve this!

SA: Sandra Hayes' jealousy... her attitude towards Theresa Lynch... this is awful. Dr. Ponavitch is out here... don't move her, guys... please. If you can hear me in the back, get the EMTs out here... get the ambulance ready... she's going to need serious medical attention.

[Hayes continues to grin as the boos pick up again, pouring down on her as she looks arrogantly down on Lynch...]

SA: Fans, we're out of time. We've gotta go. We'll... we'll have an update online for Theresa as soon as we know... my god.

[And as we zoom in on Dr. Ponavitch treating what appears to be an unconscious Theresa Lynch, we fade to black.]