



[Fade up on the SuperClash IX logo. A voiceover begins.]

"Brought to you by White Claw... the SuperClash IX Post-Game Press Conference!"

[And we fade up on what can be described as a Press Conference scene. You know the drill. A table with a microphone and some strategically-placed cans of White Claw for promotional consideration. A backdrop with the AWA logo, the SuperClash logo, and yes, the White Claw logo. We can hear the hustle and bustle of the assembled press for a few moments before Sweet Lou Blackwell walks out from the back, mic in hand and a smile on his face.]

SLB: Hello and welcome to the Atlanta half of our SuperClash Post-Game Press Conference brought to you by our fine friends at White Claw. And while I'd love to try a few of these flavors right now, we've got business to attend to first! Thanks for joining us - both the press here in person and our fans watching online around the world. We'll be bringing you AWA superstars both here and up in Toronto for your questions as well as making a few announcements of our own... and to kick things off, we're going to bring on a man who is VERY happy at this moment in time - our own Jon Stegglet. Steggy, come on down!

[There's a brief instrumental music track playing, too quick and subtle to notice if it's anything more than a cheap piece of licensed music as Jon Stegglet comes out on stage, clutching a piece of paper. He's got a huge smile on his face and a serious pep in his step as he almost bounces out, giving a wave before sitting down in the chair behind the table.]

JS: Thanks, Lou... but don't call me Steggy.

[The crowd of reporters pops for the line as Jon grins.]

JS: Before I take any questions, I've got a little statement here to read for you all.

[Stegglet holds up the paper before starting to read.]

JS: The American Wrestling Alliance is thrilled to say that SuperClash IX will go down in the history books as one of the greatest events of all time. With a combined attendance of over 150,000 of the AWA's most loyal fans, PPV buyrates which appear to be on the way to doing AWA record numbers, and social media engagement that is almost literally off the charts, the AWA could not be happier with tonight's event.

[Stegglet pauses, putting the paper aside.]

JS: So, what do you want to talk about?

[A hand goes up, Stegglet acknowledges it, and listens for a bit.]

JS: Happy? Happy's not even the word for it, my friend. Look, you heard the official statement there. As an AWA Owner, I'm thrilled at the financial side - the business side of things - but on a personal level... hell, I'm just happy to still be employed. I did NOT want to go ask Blue for a job, I promise you.

[Some laughter from the press. Someone asks another question.]

JS: What's next... well, if I didn't think someone would complain, I might pop the top on one of these White Claws and get to work because as Bobby said "there's gonna be a whole lot of drinking tonight." But yeah... tomorrow, we'll get right back to work. We've got the Golden Grapples to get ready for - a whole new event for us - and before you know it, we'll be right back on the grind in February and into the rest of 2018. 2018 is gonna be big for us. You heard all the events we've got planned - a lot of stuff I'm excited for - and right now, I'm just glad I get to be here to see it all happen.

[More chatter from the press, Stegglet listening.]

JS: I... don't have a lot of details on what happened there in Toronto with Johnny. I got a phone call just before I came out here. I know he's... well, really all I know is that there appears to have been some sort of an attack... and he's on his way to the hospital. That's all I've got right now. We'll give you more details when we get them, I promise.

[Another question is shouted out.]

JS: Honestly, I can't think of anyone I'd rather have leading this company into 2018 than Supernova. He's been through a lot this year and... well, I don't love the "You Deserve It" chants that some of you seem to but if there was ever anyone who deserves this, it's him. I'm very happy for Supernova the person and I'm sure Supernova the wrestler will thrive as the new World Champion.

[Another one, Stegglet nods.]

JS: We absolutely want to give you more info on Girls To The Front AND the Women's Tag Titles but right now, I just want to get through the next few weeks and figure out what comes next for us, okay? But soon, I promise.

[Blackwell shouts out "one more question!" as Stegglet points to someone in the front who for some reason we can hear quite clearly.]

"Do you know who will be running the show on camera in 2018? Will we see the return of Emerson Gellar or there's been rumors about Landon O'Neill? I'm assuming Javier Castillo is a non-starter."

[Stegglet grins.]

JS: Yes, I think we've seen the last of Javier Castillo thanks to Veronica Westerly - remind me to send her a nice thank you gift. But... it's a really good question. I know that neither Todd, Bobby, or myself have any desire to be out there doing it so... well, we'll have to find someone. I don't have an answer for you on that one either. Let's take one more and end on a better note than that.

[Stegglet listens to the final question.]

JS: Ah... yes... well, Mr. Potter.. I see your sources are as good as ever. So, yes... we're a little unsettled by the length of tonight's show. We definitely ran longer than we thought we would and... yes, in the days leading up to this, we did have some internal discussions about possibly breaking SuperClash down into a multi-night event. Tonight's show will certainly be a factor in that decision but that's a decision we can't make in one night for sure. It'll be talked about in the days and weeks ahead and... when we know something, you'll know something. Thanks to everyone for being here. We've got a lot of people backstage and backstage in Toronto who can't wait to come out and talk to you and... like Lou said, we do have a couple of announcements to make as well so stick around for that, okay?

[Stegglet rises from his seat, giving a little wave as the music plays again and Lou comes back into view.]

SLB: Well, speaking of Toronto, why don't we head up there to Mark Stegglet who is hosting that side of thing. Heck of a night, Mark!

[We cut to backstage at the Rogers Centre where Mark Stegglet is standing also in a similar Press Conference setup.]

MS: Heck of a night indeed, Sweet Lou. And we're going to get things started here in Toronto with someone else who had a heck of a night... the surprising winner of this year's Pre-Game Show Battle Royal - Odysseus Allah!

[The flashbulbs pop as the generic music plays and Odysseus Allah strides in to take a seat at the press conference table. He is dressed in a white T-shirt with a heavy gold chain and a big shearling coat. He leans forward at the table, speaking directly into the mic, his hands obscured. He gestures to a reporter near the front whose voice we hear.]

"Tonight, you winning the Battle Royal wasn't the only surprise. You also revealed yourself to be the son of Dirt Dog Unique Allah. Talk to us a little about your father."

OA: Pops was a genius ... he really was ... but he never got to show it in the ring. He always came in on the clown part and that's all the people wanted. You know it would bum him out that he never got the opportunities to really really show people he could go. I took that chance, too, you know. But unlike Pops, I got to show you all exactly who I am. You heard that crowd out there. They were kinda mad.

[He gestures again.]

"Toronto was the site of one of your dad's greatest moments in his career in that Seven Tables of Fear match in Ring Wars 3. It must've been special for you to have a great moment of your own here."

OA: Yeah, it meant a lot to really show who I was in Toronto. These people were lucky enough to see my pops in his prime. But damn they didn't appreciate him. They were rocking with Petrow, right? But that was what... 25 years ago? It meant something for me to put that stamp on the Allah name in the city where it was kind of crapped on originally.

[He waves a hand again to another reporter.]

"The last person mentioned Seven Tables of Fear. What do you think about that match?"

OA: I've watched the Seven Tables of Fear match like a thousand times. I can probably do every move in my sleep. I could recreate every move my father did. See, people like to act like that was all Petrow. That ish would piss my family off. Like... what? Unique Allah wasn't smart? Wasn't creative? But that's how this business goes, ain't it? Well, not no more. The Allah name ain't gonna be overlooked no more. Bet on that.

[He looks off-camera to the right.]

"What about OD Brown? Was it hard to be someone else when the person you are is obviously quite different?"

OA: You could always see flashes of my talent in my matches. I didn't want to completely hide who I was. Yeah, I had to hold back a lot and bait people. But you saw how I could move. Hands behind my back. Duck and weave. I'm too fast for most of these guys. Too smart and they don't even know how I can go. So yeah, it was hard to be OD Brown because I had to swallow a lot of pride, but I feel like it sent the message and achieved my Pop's ultimate goal.

"And what about the money from tonight?"

OA: Winning 50gs my first pay-per-view is real cool, you know? I mean, I'm a ball out a little bit, you know? But I ain't the one to spend it all. I need to reinvest that into making more.

[Another voice rings out.]

"You won more than money tonight though. You also won a future shot at the World Television Title. When do you plan to cash that in?"

OA: That TV title is mine already as far as I'm concerned. It's just a matter of when I choose to take it. That's the stepping stone to greatness. I'm gonna try to win each one. World Television. National. World. Imagine that. That's dope, right? So, I'm not gonna sit out here and put the champ on notice. When I come for it, nobody will see it coming.

[Allah gestures to someone else.]

"You obviously have a lot of ambition here in the AWA. Anyone you're hoping to climb in the ring with? Any dream matches?"

OA : Dream matches? I mean, I can see me tapping out a world class wrestler like Supreme Allah ... Supreme Wright ... sorry, Supreme Allah just sounds right. He could be family. I think we got like minds and could do some stuff in the ring. Ryan Martinez, obviously. That's your White Knight. I gotta take him on. I mean

there are some young guys like that Jordan Ohara kid and Derrick Williams I would love to step in a ring with. Look, to be honest, as long as it's about checks and championships, I'm in.

[Another voice calls out.]

"What about your relationship to another AWA competitor who had a big night? I know that your father and Shadoc Rage worked together at a time. What about you?"

OA: Honestly, there's no relationship there. None at all. Yeah, he and my pops worked together. That don't got nuthin' to do with me. I don't know him like that and he damn sure don't know me. Probably should stay that way.

[We can hear Mark Stegglet asking for the last question.]

"Odysseus, you spent some time hiding who you are for whatever reason you might have had. But now that the world knows who you are, how do you plan on honoring the legacy of the Allah name?"

OA: There's a lot of legacy kids round here, right? Like this business is kinda built on nepotism. Ain't nuthin' new to that. It's how much you trade on that name recognition versus blazing your own trail. I'm gonna blaze my own trail. The Allah part of my name isn't the important part. It's the Odysseus part. Feel me? Odysseus is bringing all the smoke. Awright, I'm out!

[Allah gets up and exits to the generic music as Mark Stegglet steps back into view.]

MS: A very brash young newcomer here in the AWA and I know we can't wait to see what Odysseus Allah brings to the table in 2018. Right now, we're headed back to Atlanta to someone else who is hoping for a big 2018 in Raphael Rhodes!

[We fade over to Atlanta, where Raphael Rhodes and Dana Kaiser take their seats to receive questions from the assembled press. Before questions can begin, Kaiser speaks up.]

DK: I hope you don't mind if I give most of the answers. Raph has a sore jaw, especially after the forearm Sid gave. Nothing's broken, but it was very physical.

RR: Plus I'm gettin' old.

[The press chuckles as Rhodes gives a surprisingly relaxed smile.]

"Did Sid Osborne surprise you with his resilience, especially in kicking out of Nothing Fancy?"

DK: We knew that Sid was going to provide a tough challenge tonight to Raph. After having trained with him for several months, we knew tonight would be a very physical encounter for Raph. Kicking out of Nothing Fancy was a surprise, but fortunately, Raph has been working very hard on staying focused in moments like that. Just because something has always worked before is no guarantee it'll never fail, and that's one of the things he's learned how to adapt to.

[Rhodes nods his head, taking a sip from a bottle of water.]

DK: Going past thirty minutes was a surprise, though. We knew Sid had a great deal of endurance, but the hope was to break him down quicker than that. Ultimately, though... you know, you hope for a short stay in the ring but you plan for the full extent of the time limit.

RR: If I got to go up until one second before the time limit, it don't matter to me as long as I get the win.

[Rhodes points at Kaiser.]

RR: It's what she's trained me for. And it's what Sid lost when he walked away from us.

[Kaiser gestures to another reporter.]

"Will there be a rematch?"

DK: Never say never, but not at this time. We'd like to move onto other things.

[The same reporter speaks up.]

"What are your goals for 2018?"

DK: The goal when we came to the AWA was to get Raph into contention for a title, and I don't see why that should change. The matter with Logan Blackburn, then Sid derailed things a little. I think eventually Raph would like to achieve what he set out to do, and that's finally become a champion in the AWA.

[Rhodes nods as Kaiser points to another person.]

"How much did Shane Destiny's talk help prior to the match?"

[Kaiser looks at Rhodes.]

DK: Do you want to take that one?

RR: Right. Shane and me ain't really been the best of friends, but our time together in Japan gave us some perspective into how the other thinks. I guess a bond, I don't know. I was pretty open about not wantin' this match, so maybe my head needed a little tightenin' up. I appreciate that he was lookin' out for me. Did it help? Can't say for sure, mate.

[Rhodes gives a slight shrug.]

RR: If someone wants to say it did, I ain't goin' to tell them no. But I ain't ever goin' to know for sure so I can't worry about it.

[And another person gets the nod.]

"You had a brief staredown with Juan Vasquez after the conclusion of WarGames. What was that about?"

[Rhodes smirks as Kaiser shakes her head.]

DK: Those two might always be like oil and water.

RR: Not sure what you want me to say, mate. I ain't really ever liked the man, probably ain't ever going to like the man. I ain't much for fairy stories either, so this stuff about the Eye of Tyr?

[Rhodes sighs.]

RR: I don't know how much of it I believe, because you know I've always thought that man was a prat. Dana here told me to give him the benefit of the doubt...

DK: Because Michelle believes him, and that's good enough for me.

RR: Yeah, yeah, Michelle's got good sense. But he ain't ever had a clean sheet with me, and I keep receipts better than a banker. That's what that was about.

[Rhodes goes to stand up, but Kaiser grabs his wrist to prevent him from leaving.]

DK: I'll just say that if all that about the Eye of Tyr... if it's true? Then I'm glad he's free from it.

[Rhodes rolls his eyes as Kaiser gets up, and the two leave the press conference area as Blackwell retakes his spot on the platform.]

SLB: Our thanks to Dana and Raphael... now let's bring in someone else who came out on the winning end tonight - Ricki Toughill!

[Ricki comes up on stage, giving a wave before she plops down in her seat, slightly slouching over her microphone, but with a look of serenity and relief, as though she is experiencing those emotions for the first time herself. She wipes her brow on the sleeve of her flannel shirt, open to show a vintage EVG basketball jersey.]

RT: ...Ahhh... I know I was hoping to be out here with the rest of my team, but... uh... The big story here is that Terry is okay. I know Doc Bob—yeah, Doctor Ponavich, we're on a first name basis with him and I now that I see him so often; he's had a busy night. Mr. Stegglet confirmed it earlier. Terry's got some concussion symptoms, but he's got full mobility, he's lucid—he even told me that his old man said that I had the second-worst spinning toe hold he's ever seen.

[There's a few laughs from the press gallery.]

RT: He also said it was one of the most enjoyable to watch, so...

[Ricki gives a cheesy thumbs up.]

RT: ...And y'know... Theresa is with her family right now... They've got to decide what's next for them.

[One member of the press asks, "what's next for you?"]

RT: For me? I... uh... I never thought of that! Y'know, I was so fixated on wiping the slate clean with Kendrick and Hayes that I wasn't thinking of that! I guess... Holy Heck, I got a lot that could be goin' on next year! I got the Empress Cup that I gotta qualify for, Women's Tag Titles if I can get a partner... we got that women's only supershow that I got to get in line for. Heck, I could even get the Spitfire's attention again if I play my way in.

Or maybe I'll just follow Sandra Hayes' suggestion and go to Disney World for a while and hang out with Elsa if they want me "frozen" so badly.

[Blackwell shouts "it's ELSA" from off-camera as the crowd laughs and Ricki chuckles to herself, first in amusement, then pauses and chuckles in embarrassment.]

RT: Ah crap, Disney... I did that Rochester Jockstrap on Kendrick, didn't I? So much for that family-friendly content. I am so sorry!

[Something catches her attention off-camera.]

RT: Oh hey!

[The camera pans around to show MAWAGA crossing across the back of the press area, trying not to be seen, and stopping bashfully when he's noticed.]

RT: Thanks, big guy. I'm tempted to run over there and make you block a big ol' Fierro Press, but I know you might be in enough trouble already.

[MAWAGA shrugs and grunts.]

RT: Hey, uh... I still got your hoodie back at my place. I'll get it back to you before the Golden Grapples, 'kay?

[MAWAGA lowers his shades and winks. Ricki cuts a flirty grin right back before exiting the stage with another wave to the press as a chuckling Blackwell comes back up on stage.]

SLB: Alright, now... we just heard Ricki mention the Spitfire - our new Women's World Champion, Julie Somers... so let's go to Toronto where I'm told Julie is waiting to address the media.

[We cut to "The Spitfire" Julie Somers, who is seated at a table in front of a SuperClash IX backdrop. Somers is dressed in a red and white T-shirt that says "SPITFIRE" and a pair of faded jeans. She has her wavy brown hair pulled back behind her head. The AWA Women's World Title sits in front of the microphone.]

JS: Oh my gosh, I've got so much going through my mind right now...

[She takes a deep breath.]

JS: I can remember spending all my time in the UWF locker room as a teenager, going around and asking questions of all the women backstage... Stephanie Harper, Tara Smith, Sierra Browne, Nina Grimsson, Tara Marshall, Lisa Drake... way too many to mention. All of them were so willing to talk to this 14-year-old girl who wouldn't stop bugging them about what it took to be a women's wrestler. I never forgot any of that and that's why I always take the time to talk to any little girl who looks up to me and wants to know what it takes to make it in this sport. And now that I'm the champion, well... I just want to say thank you to all those women who put up with me.

[She glances out to the gathered reporters, which appears to be the signal to start the questions.]

"Julie, anything you wanted to say to Melissa Cannon?"

JS: Oh my gosh, I totally forgot about her.

[She covers her face for a moment.]

JS: Melissa was the one who actually got the push for the Women's Division in the first place. If it wasn't for her, I wouldn't be here right now. I just want to thank her for everything she's done, especially being there for me at Eternally Extreme 2. I can't wait to talk to her again, see how she's doing with her recovery.

[A second reporter speaks up.]

"Your brother Howie also walked out with the gold tonight... any thoughts about that?"

JS: [grinning] I saw that... and to tell you the truth, it made me a little nervous going into my title match. I'm just happy for him, happy for Daniel, and to know

that Howie and I are another pair of siblings who get to wear AWA gold at the same time, that's really special.

[The new champion gestures to another.]

"Julie, do you have any thoughts about Korugun being ousted from the AWA?"

JS: Oh, thank God that happened. I got so frustrated being told by Castillo that I was too small to face Kurayami, so you know I'm really taking satisfaction in proving to him that I could put her down for the count. And to think of all the things he did to people here... we could be here all day, but I'll just be honest and say, it all pissed me off. Now that he's gone, the one thing I want to say is I hope Jon Stegglet and company let Melissa come back to work here. The AWA isn't the same without her.

[And with that, Julie gets up from her seat, raising the title up for some photos before making her exit as Mark Stegglet takes the stage.]

MS: Sorry we couldn't have Julie stick around a little longer but she's got a busy night ahead of her with all the interviews and promotional stuff. Right now, we're heading back to Atlanta to hear from the new World Tag Team Champion as well - Next Gen!

[We cut back to the press conference table where Howie Somers and Daniel Harper, the members of Next Gen, are seated. Somers is dressed in a New England Patriots T-shirt and blue jeans, while Harper wears a Dallas Stars hoodie and blue jeans. The AWA World Tag Team belts sit, folded, in front of the microphones.]

DH: Where to start... obviously, it's exciting to be two-time World Tag Team Champions, to be in select company with teams like the Lights Out Express, Air Strike, Taylor and Donovan... it's funny how I'm already a two-time champion when I have only been in the business for about four years.

HS: Don't let it go to your head, Daniel.

[There's some laughter in the room.]

HS: Anyway, all I have to add is that I've already got more title reigns than my uncle, so there's bragging rights there.

DH: Well, don't let that go to your head.

[More laughter.]

HS: So we'll take your questions now.

"Howie, anything to say about your sister winning the AWA Women's World Title?"

HS: [big smile on his face] Oh yeah, I'm really happy for her. Really excited. In fact, I told her how we made history by being the first brother and sister to hold titles at the same time in the AWA. I think that's pretty cool.

[Somers waves to another reporter.]

"Do either one of you have anything to say about Korugun being ousted from the AWA?"

DH: Good riddance.

HS: Seconded.

DH: And don't get me wrong, we wanted these belts back, but we also wouldn't have minded being part of that WarGames and getting Korugun out of here.

HS: I'm just glad there were people who understood the importance of doing what was right for the AWA, even if they didn't necessarily like one another.

[Harper nods and then gestures to another.]

"You mentioned something to Bret Grayson after your match about keeping your end of the deal. What was that all about?"

[Somers and Harper glance at one another.]

HS: We want to get with Jon Stegglet first and let him know what's going on. I promise we'll have more to say once that's done.

DH: But we do want to thank Bret Grayson for having our backs out there. We owe him a lot for that.

[Sweet Lou Blackwell hops up on stage.]

DH: Seriously? Already, Lou?

[Blackwell sheepishly shrugs.]

SLB: I mean... have you seen what time it is? Just following orders!

[Everyone laughs as Harper and Somers retrieve their titles and make their exit, leaving Blackwell.]

SLB: Lots of new champions here tonight as every AWA title that was at stake changed hands... which also means we've got a lot of former champions as well.

[Blackwell chuckles.]

SLB: Take a look.

[Cut to the middle of the Toronto press conference. A half-dozen Mooselips cans are strewn across the table in various states of consumption: some empty, some frothily gurgling out their contents onto the table. Black Colton is slouched lazily in a chair, his forehead in his massive palm. Jackson Hunter is drenched with sweat and tears, fully involved in a blubbery, petulant rant.]

JH: -And how did he get to Atlanta so fast anyway, huh?! Every time *I* go to Pearson it takes me four hours just to get clear of security! Mag Maxn-Mag Mac-Max Magnum gets there in like three hours... how's that supposed to fair, guy?! And-and Juan Vasquez, everyone loves h-loves him now! Everyone loves him. Just cause he smashed some crystal. Someone get me one of those salt lamps and my shovel! I'LL MAKE EVERYONE LOVE ME! 'Oh, he was just hymotized!' I was never hypnotized! I'm-I'm the victim here! What's supposed to be fair about that?! How's that fair?! Everyone's so concerned about Johnny Detson... I got hit with... like everything Jordan O'hara had... I KICKED OUT AT TWO-AND-THREE-QUARTERS! That was a fast count and I'm still here, 'cause I'm a maaaaan! Come after me! I'm forty-five! I'm... (sniff)

[Hunter losing his composure mid-sob is all the opening the Death Star needs to get a word in edgewise.]

BC: ...Anyway, to get back to your question, bahd: yeah, this does finish up my current commitment to the AWA, and 2018 is going to be the year of the Death Star in Total Japan Pro—

JH: NO! You're not going anywhere. Zharkov is still here and you saw what he did—

BC: You're gonna tell GOLIATH Takehara "no," bahd?

JH: Ye—NO! What's he paying you?! I'll double it, bahd!

[Colton sets the microphone down onto the table like a disappointed parent and downs the contents of the Mooselips can in front of him.]

JH: Triple it! I'll triple it, buddy!

[Colton rises from the table like a disappointed parent and leans over his mentor coldly.]

BC: I'm not your "buddy," guy.

[Colton turns away from Hunter and leaves the press conference.]

JH: No! You come right back here, Benedict Colton! I'll make it so—No! This isn't the end! I can get a rematch! I can run it back, maybe... It was a fast count! You all saw it! I was gonna kick out! I just need Blake to—n-need Blake... Blake betrayed me, just like his father "The Sheriff!" He betrayed me! Everyone betrayed me! I don't have a friend in the world! I (sniff) I (sniff)

"Mr. Hunter...?"

[A soft female voice interrupts Hunter's sniveling pity party and he looks up with a thousand yard stare.]

JH: ...Yes...?

"Jackson C. Hunter?"

JH: ...Yes...?

[A Walmart-quality suit jacket with obvious blood stains is laid across the table. By Selena Gomez.]

SG: You dropped this last year.

[Hunter's jaw quivers for a moment, then his forehead crashes to the table with a soft "thunk." The top of his stubbled scalp oscillates with muted weeping, as Gomez walks off. Another Canadian she has reduced to tears...

...and we fade back to the chuckling Blackwell in Atlanta who seems barely able to contain a full on laugh attack.]

SLB: Ahhh, what a night. And...

[Blackwell looks at his watch.]

SLB: ...they're supposed to be...

[Blackwell trails off, shaking his head. The press areas has been quiet for a little bit. The reporters gathered are murmuring, wondering who's next, and if so, if they're late or not. The quiet is broken by an off screen conversation. The

conversation is fairly inaudible, but it does sound fairly loud. The muttering from this conversation sounds a little heated, and before long, gets closer to the press area. As the conversation becomes more audible, it sounds like things have calmed down a tad. Some words can finally be heard.]

?: Yeah, yeah, keep yer pants on. We're comin'.

[The familiar, gruff voice is from Joe Flint, one half of the former AWA World Tag Team Champions, the Soldiers of Fortune. The Soldiers, after a couple of moments, make their way to the press area, accompanied by their flag bearer, Marty Meekly, who is sans flag at the moment. The former champions have obviously seen better days. They've thankfully changed out of their ring gear into something a bit more casual, like they were getting ready to leave. Both Flint and Charlie Stephens are fairly bandaged up. The expressions on their faces make it seem like they'd rather be anywhere else. All three men slump exhausted in folded chairs at the press table.]

CS: Media, nothin' but vultures as far as the eye can see. We have no use for any of you, no matter who you are or where you come from. I swear, I see nothin' but pencil necked geeks, looking like something that crawled out of some run down high school where the budget's used for the football team.

Can we get this over with? We got Big Bertha gassed up and ready to get the hell on out of here. We ain't flying out of that stinking airport. Rather take our chances on the interstate.

"Can't let getting lost in the airport go, can you?"

[Stephens rolls his eyes.]

CS: Oh, go pound salt..

[Stephens is interrupted by Flint reaching out and grabbing his shoulder.]

JF: Heh. Bet you can't wait to ask us how it feels to lose the AWA World Tag Team championships, huh?

Well, look at us. We definitely ain't feelin' like sunshine, puppies, an' rainbows. We feel like we wanna puke. The Boot Camp match was our match. We had a foolproof strategy, one that's worked many times before when me an' the ol' maggots I used to carry singlehandedly on my back had to fight in one of these matches.

But...

[Flint pauses.]

JF: We got beat. We got out maneuvered. We knew those Next Gen kids were gonna come out swingin' and fight us until they couldn't fight no more.. but... we lost. Simple as that.

[A reporter speaks up.]

"I guess you do, under these circumstances, have to hand it to them."

[Another pause, then Stephens' face contorts into a look of annoyance.]

CS: Oh, look at this guy, plugged in to the internet. I bet you'll be getting virtual high fives from your 60 followers on the Twitter, huh?

[Stephens mock claps as Flint turns to calm him down again, but the reporters seem unfazed. There's chuckling amongst the reporters, who seem to be getting a little bit of payback from Stephens' comments insulting the media earlier.]

[A voice rings out.]

"If we can get back on track here, I'd like to ask, what's next for the Soldiers in 2018?"

JF: You're Potter, right?

[Stephens glares with disgust.]

CS: Worst of 'em all.

[Flint nods.]

JF: Well, dirt sheet man... lemme tell ya what 2018 is for us. We get our tag team titles back, an' we make as much money as we possibly can. Our paychecks are gonna be much thinner without the gold, but, we'll find a way to fatten up our bank accounts. No matter how much of a puke, a slime, or a maggot you are... your money is always good to us.

[Flint and Stephens stand up.]

JF: Alright, we've had enough, we've said all we're gonna say at this time.

At ease.

[Flint and Stephens nod at each other, and exit stage right. Meekly watches the Soldiers walk off, turn turns toward the microphone.]

MM [Half-heartedly blowing into his whistle.] Fweeet.

[Meekly then slowly stands up and follows the Soldiers off screen as Blackwell replaces them, a huge smile on his face.]

SLB: Couldn't have happened to a nicer bunch of guys. Alright, I said we have some announcements for you all so...

[Blackwell pulls a sheet of paper into view.]

SLB: "The American Wrestling Alliance is proud to once again be associated with the Empress Cup event at the Osaka EDION Arena in Japan on December 16th and 17th. This will be the tenth anniversary of the Empress Cup, one of the premier events in all of women's wrestling, and a special night in Osaka as all former winners of the tournament will be present. The AWA will also be sending talent to compete at the event including Kelly Kowalski, Michelle Bailey, Harley Hamilton, Kayla Cristol, and Casey Cash."

[Blackwell pauses.]

SLB: On a side note, I'm told AWA alumni Melissa Cannon is hoping to be recovered from her injuries and has been invited to compete as well. In addition, just before Ie walked out here, I was informed by Ricki Toughill that she has accepted an invitation to appear at the event but instead of wrestling in the tournament, she will face the winner...

[Blackwell makes a face.]

SLB: ...of tonight's Steal The Spotlight match, Cinder, in a one on one featured matchup between two former tournament winners. Plus Ayako Fujiwara will be in attendance in a non-wrestling role. It should be a tremendous night of action that will be available stateside on Pay Per View.

[Blackwell throws a look over his shoulder.]

SLB: And right now, we're going to have one of the members of the winning team in WarGames come out here to talk to you all... Hannibal Carver, come on down!

[The assorted press murmurs as Hannibal Carver walks up to the table, bloodstained white terrycloth towel over his head. He looks at the platter of White Claw cans on the table and shakes his head with disgust. He sits down, pointing at someone in the crowd.]

HC: Yeah, yeh.

[We hear a voice, but not the exact words.]

HC: Am I happy? I'm happy that some geek ain't around to push the boys around. I'm happy because I heard someone finally punched that dirtbag Detson's ticket.

[Carver scowls.]

HC: Not that happy that some big doofus threw me into a cage because some has been got into a pout over nobody giving a damn about him no damn more.

[Carver pauses, and then takes the can opener out of his pocket.]

HC: But I think I got an answer for that one.

[Carver points again. Another voice. Carver nods.]

HC: Juan? Yeh, I wasn't too happy about Ryan giving someone else that tried to screw with everyone their damn Disneyland moment. But that's Ryan.

As far as what I did, I still had blood in my eyes and war in my heart... and someone that was standing by that twerp Castillo was still standing. I would've been ready to slice up anyone that was still walking and talking at that point. But hell, he dropped me on my head. But I dropped him on his and then stabbed his face as many ways as I could think of. As long as he doesn't pull even more crap to screw everyone here that's just trying to collect a check... I got more pressing matters.

Ok, one more and I'm done with this. That's yeh.

[Another mumbled voice. Carver smirks.]

HC: Yeah, I saw it. That's just Derek Williams for yeh. It was all nice and sunshine that we all got together to kick those bums out... but at the end of the day this is a job. And that job is beating people up. And who better to beat up than the guy that used to hold the top strap?

Believe me, I know all about that.

[And without a thank you or a goodbye, Carver gets back to his feet and walks off, leaving Blackwell to shake his head.]

SLB: Hannibal Carver. Always making friends wherever he goes. We've got one more to come here in Atlanta but before we do that - let's go back up to Toronto to hear from the new World Champion!

[We go back up to Toronto where the new World Champion, Supernova, is seated at a table in front of a SuperClash IX backdrop. He is dressed in a black polo shirt and blue jeans. He also wears a pair of shades. The AWA World Title belt rests in front of the microphone.]

S: First of all, it's great to finally win the top belt in the AWA after nearly eight years. I do have a few people I want to thank... "Iron" Brett Bryant for noticing me, training me and believing in me enough to recommend me to Todd Michaelson, Sarah Sharpe for scouting me a couple years later, talking to Todd to give me another look and that's what got me signed to AWA, and Big Jim Watkins for recognizing the work I put in, keeping me focused and always willing to give me advice. I owe everything I've become to those people... and, yes, to Todd Michaelson, too, for believing that the second time around, it was the right time to call me up to the big leagues. I'll go ahead and take your questions now.

[He looks out on the crowd, nodding.]

"Supernova, do you have any thoughts about the AWA finally being freed from the Korugun Corporation?"

S: [slight smile] Well, it's about damn time. In fact, the next best thing behind winning this title right here, was watching Veronica Westerly throw that fireball in that snake's face.

[There's some laughter in the press as Supernova gestures to someone else.]

"Do you believe you'll ever be able to forgive some of the people who doubted you when they thought you had joined up with Korugun?"

[Supernova leans back in his chair for a minute.]

S: I will say that I appreciated everyone who came out from the back to congratulate me on the win. As far as the guys that were down in Atlanta... I was proud of guys like Ryan Martinez for doing what was right for the AWA, but as far as where things stand between me and them, that's still something that I'll have to address.

[The same voice peeps up.]

"What about with you and Juan Vasquez?"

[Supernova again pauses before answering.]

S: That's up to Juan. I will say that maybe he did give me the motivation I needed to get this belt right here, but again, it's up to Juan to figure out where things stand between us.

[He gestures to someone else.]

"Supernova, do you have any comments about Johnny Detson being found in the parking lot, unconscious?"

[Supernova has a puzzled look on his face.]

S: He was attacked in the parking lot?

"Yes, they found him just before the show went off the air. Any comment on that?"

[Supernova is quiet for a minute.]

S: Well, I'd never wish that upon him... that's about all I can say there.

"But do you think that possibly..."

S: [holding up his hand] I don't want to speculate about anything, OK?

[Supernova abruptly gets up from his seat, turning to walk away as the reporters shout questions at his back. Mark Stegglet gets up on stage, looking a little puzzled.]

MS: I... uhh... well, it looks like the World Champion had to cut things short here. So, uhh... that's it from Toronto at SuperClash IX. Thanks for being here... and... well, we'll go back to Atlanta for our final guest of the night.

[The press is buzzing as Stegglet tries to put on a smile as we abruptly cut to Lou rushing back on stage.]

SLB: Um, thanks Mark... our World Champion obviously a little upset by what he heard about Johnny Detson who we're still waiting for an update on. As we said, we do have one more person to speak here tonight but... well, we're a little off schedule now and... well, I'm the guy with the scoops. Who's got a question?

[A few hands shoot up as Blackwell gives a nod.]

"Castillo had made it pretty well known that anyone fighting against Korugun tonight was likely going to be shown the door if KG won. Any thoughts on what happens to guys like Derek Rage, Jay Alana, and John Law after this?"

[Blackwell shrugs.]

SLB: My guess is Alana's deal is locked in... I could be wrong but I'm guessing his legal team did a good job on that. As for the others, well... would you blame the boss for sending them on their way?

[Another voice peeps up.]

"What about Vasquez?"

[Blackwell sighs.]

SLB: I knew this was a bad idea. Potter, first you and your little rag put my Hotline down... then my app... and now you're out here asking me do I think the former hero and franchise player of this company who has... let's see... held the company hostage, threatened to run with the World Title, raised up an army to fight the AWA not once but twice, tried to cripple people with a piledriver, and just about any other evil thing you can think of... do I think he's going to be given a second chance? Is that what you're asking me?

"Yep."

SLB: I don't have a f...

[Blackwell pauses, shaking his head in exasperation.]

SLB: I don't know. I don't think anyone knows the answer to that except maybe Jon Stegglet and he ain't talkin' on that one. Not to me at least.

[Blackwell looks over his shoulder again.]

SLB: Alright... well... we're ready. Our final guest of the night.

[The reporters rise, their cameras at the ready in anticipation of someone like Juan Vasquez or Ryan Martinez...

...and then a buzz breaks out as a very tired-looking Gordon Myers steps out onto the stage, a piece of folded paper clasped to his chest. He smiles at the assembled press, slowly making his way towards the stage. In the background, we see Bucky Wilde creep into the room as well, standing off on the side alongside Lou who puts a hand on Bucky's shoulder.]

GM: Not who you were expecting, huh? Sorry about that. I remember the days of trying to get the big interview, trying to get the big scoop to break. So, I feel for you, I do... and honestly, I'm about to disappoint you again because I'm not here to answer any questions. Not tonight at least. There'll be another day for that. I'm here to...

[He holds up the piece of paper, slowly unfolding it.]

GM: ...to read a statement and that's it.

[He pauses, clearing his throat, looking down at the paper for a moment...

...and then crumples it up, tossing it aside.]

GM: Never been one for notes. So, let's shoot it straight, huh?

This year... this year has been hard for me. Sure, there's the Castillo stuff and threatening my job and... threatening me physically and...

[He waves a hand.]

GM: But that's all... whatever. It's noise. And then of course, everyone knows that our former network partner has been calling for my head for years now and it's only because of the loyalty of men like Jon Stegglet... like Todd Michaelson and Bobby Taylor... like Ryan Martinez and Supernova and Jack Lynch... and Julie Somers and... Next Gen... and so many others... it's only because of their loyalty that I even was able to be here tonight at all to call the show.

And then... there's...

[He runs a finger through his gray hair, chuckling.]

GM: This. Here's your breaking news, guys... I'm getting old. I turned 70 years old this year... was born right down the road in Augusta. And when you get old... some days you feel old. Sure, physically... travel is tough... late flights, hotel rooms, rental cars... none of that gets easier as you get older... but mentally. Some of the stuff I've seen this year is just... it's just hard to watch. The Lynch boys fighting each other... what they did to each other tonight...

[He shakes his head.]

GM: I don't know. Bucky came out here because no matter how many times we yell at each other on camera - that man right there is my best friend in the whole world and I wouldn't still be here if it wasn't for him. But he can tell you that the number of times that I said - on and off mic - this year that I couldn't do this anymore is more than all the years before put together.

And... honestly, I think I just can't do this anymore.

[The press starts to buzz but quickly quiets.]

GM: I talked to Jon and Bucky about this in the past week or so... Jon wanted some big announcement in the ring but... that's not me. I've always been the guy who helps make the men and women in the ring look better. SuperClash... SuperClash is their night, not mine... and I didn't want to do a damn thing when those cameras were rolling out there to take away from it.

But... but I knew I wanted to be here... and I knew that I wanted the people to know.

My life began in Georgia... my career began in Georgia... 1973, right here in Atlanta for Southern Championship Wrestling... and so I thought it was only fitting that I would announce the end of my broadcasting career right here in Georgia too.

[The press is buzzing loudly now. Gordon sits patiently, waving a hand.]

GM: No questions tonight. Like I said, there will be another time... and turns out there'll be quite a few other times. I talked to Bucky and Jon about this and... well, when I said I wouldn't announce it in the ring, they told me that I couldn't go out like this. I couldn't just walk away and hang up my mic. They told me that the fans deserved the chance to say goodbye in their own way and...

[Gordon shrugs.]

GM: ...I guess I'd like the chance to say goodbye in my own way too.

So, here's your scoop... on March 17th... in New Orleans, the AWA celebrates our tenth anniversary. It's gonna be a big night, I'm sure. And for me, it's going to be a really big night because it will be the last time I will be the everyday announcer for this company.

[He pauses, a twinkle in his eye.]

GM: I love this company. I... this company and all the people in it are my family. From the boys and girls in the locker room... to the people in production that make Bucky and I look so good... to the office to catering to... everyone. Especially my good friend... my brother in the booth... Buckthorn over there.

And the fans... my stars, the fans... how you people could love an old broken down man like me for so long... it... it truly brings tears to my eyes.

[He pulls a handkerchief into view, dabbing at his eye.]

GM: And so, like I told Jon... I will always be a part of this family. If you need me to show up somewhere and wave or sign autographs... or even climb behind the mic one more time for a match or two... I'll be there. Because family is always there for each other.

[He pauses.]

GM: You hear me, Jack? Jimmy? Family is always there for each other... no matter what.

[Gordon clears his throat.]

GM: And... well... I guess that's it. I had a nice little wrap-up on that paper but...

[He shrugs to some laughs.]

GM: I'll end it this way. It has been the pleasure of a lifetime to be a part of your world - see, corporate to the end...

[More laughs.]

GM: ...for the last forty four... coming up on forty five... years... and I can't wait to be there - with you - one more time on March 17th in New Orleans.

[He pauses, nodding... and then rises, the flashbulbs popping as he does...

...and the flashbulbs stop as applause starts instead. Gordon bows his head, mouthing "thank you" to the assembled press as we hold for a few moments...

...and then fade to black.]