

SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING

ON FOX SPORTS X FOR THE FINAL TIME!

*November 18th, 2017
New Orleans, Louisiana
Smoothie King Center*



PART TWO

[We start on a black screen as most shows do. We fade up into a royal blue screen with a glittering silver Fox Sports logo in the center of it. A fanfare plays in the background as a voiceover begins.]

"Home to the World Series. The NFL. The GFC. The Daytona 500.
The US Open Championship."

[A quick clip from each sport flashes by during the voiceover.]

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

[The logo and fanfare fade...

...as a giant robot appears, holding up a different version of the Fox Sports logo with the audio bug...]

"WE ARE... FOX SPORTS!"

[The shot fades from the graphic 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.]

PART THREE

"The recognized symbol of excellence in professional wrestling."

[The logo fades to black...

...and then comes back on a live shot of a cheering New Orleans crowd where over 17,000 fans have sold out the arena to witness history in the making. We get an establishing shot of the crowd - no music, no pyro, no voiceover - just the AWA faithful in all of their splendor, cheering their hearts out and screaming their throats hoarse for the three hours of action still to come.

We slowly fade to a closeup of Gordon Myers, his salt and pepper hair that leans much closer to salt these days immaculately styled... his black-rimmed eyeglasses in place. We get a glimpse of the white dress shirt, red tie, and black sportscoat on his torso. He has a solemn expression on his face as he speaks for the first time since the show came on the air.]

GM: AWA faithful around the world, my name is Gordon Myers... and it has been my esteemed privilege and pleasure to be the voice of this show - Saturday Night Wrestling - since the very day it came on the air nearly ten years ago. It has also been my privilege and pleasure to be the voice of this show since it first came on the-then brand new network known as Fox Sports X. It has been just about three years now that the American Wrestling Alliance has been proud to call Fox Broadcasting our network partner. Earlier this week, we learned that not only is tonight the final Saturday Night Wrestling of 2017... not only is it the season finale here for us... but it is also the very final Saturday Night Wrestling that will air on Fox Sports X and Fox Television.

[Myers pauses, taking a moment.]

GM: There are a lot of emotions here tonight. A lot of backstage chatter about where we go next and what happens after SuperClash but... for tonight, we're going to push that all aside for another day. Tonight, our focus is on what happens in just five days in Atlanta, Georgia and Toronto, Ontario, Canada at SuperClash IX. Tonight, our focus... is on you...

[He gestures to the camera.]

GM: ...the fans of the AWA who have supported us through thick and thin wherever you may find us on the dial. We thank you for all of your love and support over the years and as we find ourselves on the cusp of a new era of AWA television in the months ahead, we hope you will continue to be a part of our world and allow us to be a part of yours.

[Myers bows his head slightly.]

GM: And with that said, let's get on with-

[The solemn and grateful words of Gordon Myers are cut off by the sounds of "La Cama de Piedra" by Cuco Sanchez as it creeps across the PA system to deafening jeers from the New Orleans crowd.]

We cut from an exasperated Myers up to the top of the ramp where we see that Javier Castillo has slinked into view, dressed in a charcoal black suit from head to toe along with a black dress shirt unbuttoned a few notches and a gaudy gold chain hanging around his neck. The AWA President and Generalissimo of the Korugun Army does NOT look happy as he steps onto the stage...

...and then with a wave of his arm, he beckons forth the aforementioned Army.

First, we see the Number One Draft Pick himself, Juan Vasquez, come into view. The former AWA World Champion doesn't so much as walk as he struts, flashily dressed in a custom tailored lavender suit, a purple dress shirt, a navy blue necktie, designer sunglasses and a gaudy gold Rolex watch that could probably pay for CCW's yearly budget.

He's followed by the twin towers of Korugun and Castillo security, John Law and a more-sullen-than-usual MAWAGA. They take spots on either side of Castillo, keeping their eyes open for surprise attacks.

The original Korugun giant, Derek Rage, is the next one into view - his seven foot frame standing tall over all who've entered before him. He smugly looks around at the jeering crowd, nodding his head as he beckons for more boos from the sold out arena.

A haggard looking "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett comes slowly through the curtain next, dragging his feet as he appears on the verge of collapse. The King of all Monsters, Torin The Titan towers over him as he strides into position behind him taking the final position.

Castillo pauses once more, raising his arms over his head with the slightest twist up of a smile, nodding his head before he snaps his fingers and waves for his army to follow him to the ring as we hear the voices of our commentary team - Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde - over the on-screen shot.]

GM: It's a historic night here in New Orleans and it seems only fitting that on a night that should be all about the AWA - the wrestlers, the crew, the fans - Javier Castillo has decided to make it all about him and the forces of evil.

BW: The Korugun Army is in full effect here tonight, daddy! Just days before SuperClash and they're here to show Team AWA what's waiting for them inside that double cage hell on Thanksgiving Night.

GM: The stakes have never been higher than they are in WarGames this Thursday night in Atlanta when Team Korugun meets Team AWA with the ownership of this very company hanging in the balance. A victory for Team AWA on Thursday night means a very celebratory night as the AWA enters 2018 ready for a brand new day. But if they lose...

BW: Then it just might be the blackest Black Friday any of us will ever seen.

GM: Amen to that. If you joined us last weekend on the Power Hour, you saw a blow struck to the Korugun Army however as the combined forces of Ryan Martinez, Hannibal Carver, Derrick Williams, and "Hotshot" Stevie Scott put aside their differences and laid one major attack on "Maniac" Morgan Dane, taking him out of WarGames and leaving them one man down heading into SuperClash.

BW: I see MAWAGA out here though, Gordo. Maybe it's as easy as that.

GM: MAWAGA is a fearsome force to be sure. Adding him to WarGames would be a major asset for Team Korugun but... I don't know, Bucky... I've got a feeling that Javier Castillo just might have something else up his sleeve here tonight.

[As Gordon wraps up his words, Javier Castillo has led his assembled army into the ring, gesturing for a microphone as his music fades out and the crowd noise overwhelms him.]

JC: It is a...

[Castillo trails off as the boos get even louder. He grimaces, shaking his head in annoyance.]

JC: It is a night to rememb-

[Again, Castillo is cut off by a storm of boos raining down on him. He stomps a foot, turning away from the hard camera towards John Law who grabs the mic.]

JL: HEY! LET'S SHOW SOME RESPECT FOR-

[Law's words are drowned out as well as the boos somehow get even louder. Castillo jerks the microphone back from Law, twisting around angrily.]

JC: YOU SHUT YOUR MOUTHS RIGHT NOW OR I'LL SHUT THIS WHOLE THING DOWN! NO MORE SHOW! NOTHING!

[The AWA faithful know an empty threat when they hear it and pump up the volume even louder as Castillo's face twists into a fury.]

JC: Cut it! Kill the lights! Turn off the audio! Go to black right now!

[As Castillo rants, Juan Vasquez steps forward, putting a hand on Castillo's wrist to lower the mic.]

JV: Settle down, amigo. You need to handle the tired, the sick and the huddled masses with a little more care than that.

[Juan takes the microphone from Castillo and turns to the crowd.]

JV: WRETCHED REFUSE OF THE AWA... YOUR SAVIOR SPEAKS!

[The crowd predictably roars with boos. Castillo holds up his hands as if to say "What the hell was that?" Juan dismissively waves his hand.]

JV: When I say wretched refuse, I mean that in the most loving way possible. Because without you... yes, YOU!

[Juan randomly points to the crowd.]

JV: ...none of this would be possible. SuperClash! [Yay!] Sold-out arenas all over the world. [Yay!] Jon Steggle's beach house in Boca Raton. [Uh...] Unchecked nepotism. [Um...] Skylar Swift's mini-skirts! [Woohoo!] Shane Taylor's broken neck. [Boo!]

[Juan sneers.]

JV: ... Stevie Scott's delusional belief that the sun hasn't set on his in-ring career...

[The crowd doesn't like that one.]

JV: ...YOU! made it all possible.

[The crowd jeers. Juan shrugs.]

JV: You don't even begin to understand the sacrifices that I've made for you. The hardest choices require the strongest wills to make them and you know damn well your amigo Juan has the strongest will of them all.

[He nods.]

JV: I was wrong. I couldn't make the AWA great again because the sickness that had taken a hold of it was too strong... too deep. We need to shred the AWA down to its last molecule and atom and create a new one. A GRATEFUL one.

[Juan looks out at the crowd with a look of pure contempt.]

JV: I wouldn't describe the process of destroying the AWA piece by piece as "fun"... but I'm going to truly enjoy this.

Just look at the men you consider your heroes. Ryan Martinez?? Hannibal Carver!?

You think any of them are actually suitable replacements for ME???

[Juan shakes his head.]

JV: I offered you people a wrestling Shangri-La and you told me you preferred to wallow in mediocrity! Just like when Fox decide they didn't want the Juan Vasquez Show starring Juan Vasquez anymore, I was tossed aside for something a little cheaper. Something a little newer.

[Juan shrugs.]

JV: Ah well... at least I wasn't thrown aside for something BLUER.

[The crowd roars at that one. Juan looks to Castillo, who makes a slight throat cutting gesture at him, shaking his head disapprovingly.]

JV: Hey, if you wanna keep me on a leash, you know how to do it.

[Juan nudges his head towards Fawcett, who looks to be out on his feet.]

JV: But I gotta warn you, I've tried all 31 flavors.

[This brings a quizzical look from Castillo.]

JV: Anyway, I think I've got them warmed up enough for you, generalissimo.

[Vasquez chuckles and tosses the microphone back to Castillo.]

JC: As Juan Vasquez - your former and FUTURE hero - prepares to lead my Army into SuperClash and leave the so-called pillars of the AWA a burning, twisted piece of wreckage that only Korugun can rebuild from...

[More boos as Castillo fumes.]

JC: ...there are some matters to be taken care of here tonight just days before SuperClash.

First off, my Number One Draft Pick, Juan Vasquez, mentioned another one of the men this company was built upon... which says a lot about this place now that I think about it...

...and I'm talking about the so-called Hotshot, Stevie Scott.

[The crowd responds with a mix of cheers and boos for the AWA legend.]

JC: Stevie Scott, you just about leave me speechless... because for the life of me, I cannot figure out how a man with your brilliance... your experience... your selfishness is willing to risk the ability to walk inside that double cage... and for what? For the thanks of Jon Stegglet? For the gratitude of... this wretched refuse?

[The crowd really lets him have it for that as Juan Vasquez nods with a grin.]

JC: It makes no sense to me... and yet, you are... how they say... all in... as you struck hard against Korugun a week ago and you helped put Morgan Dane on the shelf.

Only blood can pay for blood, they say... but I have a better idea.

[Castillo smirks.]

JC: And that's why I informed the Bryants earlier this week that while Stevie Scott will be in Atlanta for WarGames... Max Magnum on the other hand will be all the way up in Toronto for his match with Brett Bryant. That's right! Magnum walks alone at SuperClash!

[Castillo cackles as Juan applauds quietly.]

JC: But that's not the only piece of business tonight... which brings me to the AWA World Title match.

[The crowd cheers the match as Castillo nods.]

JC: That's right. When WarGames is said and done and Korugun reigns supreme...

[He winks at the camera.]

JC: ...then the rebuilding begins. It'll be a whole new era for the AWA - an era of prosperity... of money beyond belief... of ultimate glory... and to stand atop the Korugun mountain, looking down on the new kingdom... we'll need a king... a standard-bearer... someone to show the world what this new AWA is all about.

[Castillo nods at the jeering crowd.]

JC: Yes, yes... it could've been your face-painted freak Supernova... the franchise player... the man who has knocked on the door of glory so many times only to be told it wasn't his time... but he is NOT Korugun worthy!

[The boos blast into Castillo again.]

JC: It could've been Brian James... born to be a champion. The blood of the Blackheart and the spirit of the Claw... yet still wasted. Pandering to the people. A pathetic shell of a man who couldn't stand on his own feet without his mother and his sister boosting him up. He too is not Korugun worthy.

[More boos pour down as Castillo arches an eyebrow.]

JC: But Johnny Detson...? What once was lost has been found again. Johnny Detson and Javier Castillo! Together again! Together, Johnny... we can climb the mountaintop once again and show the world why we are destined to stand side by side!

[Castillo grins as the Bayou boos grow.]

JC: But that's for later. Because...

[He gestures to the men in the ring with him.]

JC: ...as you can see, Morgan Dane remains in the hospital after that cheapshot... that vicious, savage, brutal...

[Castillo grins, shrugging.]

JC: ...surprisingly effective plan but together by the White Knight and his Merry Men. Kudos, Mr. Martinez... I didn't know you had it in you to be so dastardly.

But nevertheless, that does leave my Army one man down heading into WarGames... and that simply cannot happen...

[Castillo turns to look at MAWAGA, placing a hand on his bodyguard's shoulder.]

JC: I know how good you'd be inside that cage, my friend... and never once have I doubted your loyalty to me.

[MAWAGA nods, rubbing his hands together.]

JC: BUT...

[MAWAGA freezes in his tracks.]

JC: ...after seeing what Martinez plotted on the Power Hour, I'm more concerned than ever to see what he'd do to me - the Generalissimo of this Army - if I was alone at ringside in Atlanta without someone watching my back.

[MAWAGA lowers his dark sunglasses, staring at Castillo.]

JC: I'm sorry, my friend... you cannot be a part of WarGames.

[MAWAGA's gaze burns into Castillo who quickly turns away from him, not even acknowledging it]

JC: But someone will! Someone will join my Army tonight... and as Martinez said two weeks ago... all of you will NEVER see it coming.

[With a chuckle, Castillo starts to toss the mic away.]

GM: Javier Castillo with a promise there to make his team whole again here tonight in New Orleans, just days before SuperClash and-

[Castillo's voice rings out, cutting off Gordon.]

JC: Oh, and there's one more thing.

Two weeks ago, I climbed into the biggest, baddest steel cage of all time...

...and I BEAT your White Knight!

[The crowd jeers loudly again as John Law grabs Castillo's wrist, raising his arm in triumph as Castillo beams.]

JC: It was a joyous moment... a moment for true celebration... and it was ruined! Completely ruined by two people.

One of whom is laying in a hospital bed awaiting double knee surgery the way I hear it...

...and the other... is sitting... right...

[He spins, pointing a finger down to ringside.]

JC: ...there!

[The camera cuts to ringside where Gordon Myers looks on in surprise.]

BW: You? Is he talking about you, Gordo?

[Myers doesn't respond, keeping his eyes locked on the man in the ring who is edging closer to him.]

JC: I went back to the hotel after the show two weeks ago to watch the show back... to relish in my victory... to celebrate my moment...

[Castillo pauses.]

JC: And all I heard was you running your mouth in my direction... from the safety of your announce table where you think I'd never hear it...

[Castillo's glare is cold but Myers isn't turning away from him.]

JC: All night long, my name in your mouth. Telling the world you couldn't stand it anymore... calling me a scumbag... saying you were so sick of me you could spit...

[The crowd cheers loudly at that as Gordon smiles slightly, turning towards the fans.]

JC: Oh, you like that, huh? You like these people having your back for running your mouth in the direction of the man who keeps you employed, old man?

[Myers turns back to Castillo, his eyes burning into the AWA President.]

JC: What was it you said, hmm?

[He snaps his fingers ominously.]

JC: Ah, yes... "Javier Castillo's had almost a year to fire me. If he wants my microphone, he knows exactly where to find it."

[Castillo's sneer is telling as Myers doesn't turn away still.]

BW: It was a joke, Javier! He didn't mean-

[Castillo jabs a finger towards Bucky.]

JC: Shut your mouth, Wilde, or you're next!

[The crowd boos loudly at the threat towards Bucky who quiets but whose stare goes cold as well. Gordon looks over at his friend for a moment...

...and then slowly stands up, the crowd getting louder again.]

GM: Somebody turn the mic on. I want everyone to hear this.

[A moment passes before Gordon is signaled.]

GM: That's enough.

[Castillo arches an eyebrow at Gordon's statement broadcast for the entire arena to hear.]

GM: You came out here with something to say... now you've said it. And if you've got something to do, you can just go ahead and do that too. There's no need for all this...

[He gestures his hand at the ring.]

GM: ...crap.

[The crowd cheers Gordon's surprising pottymouth as Castillo chuckles.]

JC: You mistake me, old man. While the powers that be at FOX may have wanted you gone for a long time now, your job has been made safe by Jon Stegglet and all his little yes men. And with FOX no longer part of the situation, I'm not here to fire you...

[He raises a finger.]

JC: ...not yet at least. But Santa Javier may have a giant lump of coal for your stocking when we win in WarGames.

[Castillo chuckles.]

GM: Well, if you're not here to fire me, then what the hell are you here for?!

[Gordon's aggression gets the crowd cheering again. Castillo smiles in his direction.]

JC: To kick... your... ASS!

[Gordon's jaw drops in surprise as Bucky springs to his feet, putting a hand on his friend's shoulder.]

BW: Come on, Gordon... just sit down, old friend. This isn't gonna happen.

[Myers stares up at Castillo who is laughing now.]

BW: Don't do it, Gordon. Don't do it, buddy. This is a trap and you know it. You get in there and he's-

[Castillo interrupts.]

JC: Oh, no... you mistake me again. I'm not here to kick your ass right now, Gordon Myers. No, no... on this historic night... the final Saturday Night Wrestling on FOX... I wouldn't DARE deprive the AWA fans of hearing your voice on this show... one... last... time.

[Castillo points a threatening finger.]

JC: But when this show is over... tonight... in the last segment of the night...

..you WILL get in this ring even if my men have to drag you into it...

[Castillo nods menacingly.]

JC: ...and you WILL get the ass kicking you so richly deserve, old man.

[The boos are deafening as Gordon clenches his fists at his sides, ready to fight.]

JC: Consider it... an early retirement gift... eh?

[Castillo chuckles as he tosses the mic aside, his music starting back up as the Army exits the ring, leaving Myers and Wilde standing at ringside, staring up into the ring.]

BW: You don't have to do this, Gordon... you don't have to do this...

GM: The son of a bitch called me out, Bucky.

BW: I know but...

GM: Bucky, you heard him. He threatened my job... everything I love in this business is right here with you doing this...

[Bucky nods.]

GM: So, if he's gonna show me the door after SuperClash...

[Gordon grimaces, nodding his head with certainty.]

GM: ...then I'm gonna damn sure kick his ass on my way out!

[Gordon turns his head, watching as Castillo backs up the ramp, mockingly waving in the play-by-play man's direction as 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 then slowly fade back up on the backstage area where we find our intrepid scoopster Sweet Lou Blackwell standing.]

SLB: Welcome back, AWA fans, to the season finale of Saturday Night Wrestling where the wrestling world is already buzzing over what we just witnessed out there with the Korugun Army. We've already heard about the World Title match... we've heard about Bryant versus Magnum... and we've heard a little about WarGames - and here's a scoop for you right now, you'll be hearing a whole lot more about WarGames throughout the night thanks to the White Knight himself, Ryan Martinez. More on that to come but right now, I've got another scoop on my hands because earlier tonight, it was announced by Javier Castillo on Twitter that the SuperClash IX Pre-Game Show this Thursday will be broadcast for FREE on Pay Per View around the world, leading into the biggest event of the year... and we can now confirm that part of that Pre-Game Show will see an Open Invitational Battle Royal go down with some major stakes. The winner of that Battle Royal will pocket a nice holiday bonus of FIFTY thousand dollars plus a future shot at the World Television Title! Big news all around... especially for my guest right now, one of the men who will be competing in that Battle Royal - "Golden" Grant Carter! GGC, come on in here, my friend!

[The always-grinning Grant Carter slips into view, clad in black wrestling tights and a sparking golden vest over his very-tanned torso.]

GGC: Sweet Lou, Sweet Lou... all my love to you and yours from me and mine on the Jersey Shore in this holiday season.

[Lou grins.]

SLB: Right back at you, GGC... but as happy of a holidays are you're already having, I can only imagine you'd be even happier if you could work your way through the field of competitors in this Battle Royal and come out the winner in Toronto.

[Carter nods, rubbing his hands together.]

GGC: You got that right, daddy-o... fifty grand ain't never nothin' to sneeze at but getting another shot at that World Television Title would be one heckuva gift wrapped up under ol' GGC's Christmas tree.

SLB: Even if the biggest Grinch of them all, Odin Gunn, would be waiting for you?

[Carter chuckles.]

GGC: The bigger they are, the harder they fall, Sweet Lou... and that's a big, big man waitin' to be chopped down to size.

SLB: And I bet the Gold Strike would be just the axe to do the deal.

GGC: Hey, Lou... if you're going to use my lines for me, I'll just call it a night and-

[Carter's grin shifts as someone strides into view to interrupt the fun and games.]

MC: Well, well, well... whaddya we got here, Lou? Interview time for some inhumanoid who ain't fit to shine my shoes.

[Blackwell looks down.]

SLB: That's a shame - your shoes could use a good polish, Mickey Cherry.

[The pipsqueak rail-thin manager is dressed in white from head to toe, twisting around to reveal a horribly airbrushed "ALMIGHTY ATLAS" on the back that he jerks a thumb towards as he slithers into the camera frame.]

SLB: You know what else is a shame? You interrupting interview time for someone else. This is "Golden" Grant's interview time and-

MC: You wanna talk about shame, baby - let's talk about the utter shame of you giving interview time to this cornball! The only thing golden about him is those fake gold chains he hangs around his neck - lookin' a little green there, pally!

[Carter grimaces at Cherry's high-pitched voice.]

GGC: Hey Lou... remember when you mentioned that axe of mine? Looks like we got a cherry tree here that could use a little lumberjackin'.

[Cherry stumbles back, hands raised.]

MC: Nah, nah, nah... you can't touch me... you can't lay a finger on me, Golden Grant, 'cause if you do you're gonna find yourself racked up by the biggest arms on God's green!

[Carter chuckles.]

GGC: That's how this works, huh? You run your mouth and then when the heat gets turned up, you call for Atlas to come get your back? Well, fine. You tell Atlas Armstrong that GGC ain't a hard man to find.

MC: Oh, he's gonna find you... that's a lock. He's gonna find you in that Battle Royal when he puts your name along the rest of the suckers he's gonna toss like a shotput on his way to winning that cash and that title shot.

[Carter smirks.]

GGC: Is that right? Well, how 'bout he finds me tonight... in that ring out there... and we give the people a little sneak preview of what's gonna go down in Toronto?

[Cherry cackles madly.]

GGC: You got it, baby! You got it! Let's do the thing!

[Cherry swings away, slipping out of view as Blackwell and Carter look on.]

SLB: "Golden" Grant Carter with a special SuperClash preview challenge - he wants Atlas Armstrong in the ring... TONIGHT! Now, fans... let's go down to the ring for tonight's opening tag team matchup!

[Blackwell grins as he points to the camera and we fade from he and Carter backstage to Rebecca Ortiz center ring.]

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

Introducing first, currently in the ring... Mark Washington and Tim D'Amato!

[D'Amato and Washington are pretty much schlubbs in dull navy-colored singlets. Both have certified "dad bods."]

"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.]

RO: And their opponents, weighing in at 513 pounds... Introducing first... from Neptune... THIS. IS. OMEGAAAAAA!

[The weedy Omega charges down the aisle, his cape billowing behind him, occasionally outstretching his hands to slap palms with the adjacent fans.]

GM: Tag team action leading off the in-ring scene on the season finale of Saturday Night Wrestling, and... I'm looking at the card in front of me and I can hardly believe what is up next.

[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 cool "thumbs up" to the fans.]

BW: Gordo, I have a hard enough time believing this is a serious member of the AWA locker room.

[Then John Barry's triumphant "Overture" transitions to the foreboding "Main Theme" from "The Black Hole" as the arena lights dim.]

RO: And his partner... from The Darkness... he is the God of War...
POOOOLEEEEMOOOOS!

[The towering demigod sweeps his way down the aisle, his cloak made of animal skins draped across his broad shoulders. He tugs on the cuff of his gloved hand as he approaches ringside, before reaching up to grab the top rope the floor to pull his giant frame onto the ring apron.]

BW: Wait, what?

GM: Polemos, striking out on his own for the first time in the years we've seen him.

[Polemos unclasps his cloak, which he lets fall to the floor. And it looks like he has had... a glow-up? His ring attire looks to be stitched together from a variety of hides, dyed assorted shades of a dark, putrefied red, and his horned mask appears more stylized, resembling a dragon skull, open at the jaw to show a whiskered chin. He steps over the top rope easily, and glares at Omega, who nods and steps back onto the ring apron.]

GM: And there's the bell... and, Bucky, they are tag team partners in this contest—I still can't believe it!

BW: Yeah, since when does Polemos need a tag team partner? Especially this geek from Neptune.

GM: For better or worse, Bucky, geeks get things done, and on Power Hour we've seen Omega and Polemos develop one of the odder alliances I think I've ever seen.

[D'Amato is about to step onto the apron, when he sees his partner already occupying the spot. He decides to charge in and strike the monster Polemos, who just absorbs the onslaught without moving.]

GM: And that's what you've got to do when trying to chop down this big tree—hope you strike a weak spot early and keep it open.

BW: Is that your gameplan against Castillo?

GM: Let's not... let's not even go there, Bucky. Let's focus on the action in the ring and these talented competitors.

[Polemos responds with an open-handed uppercutting strike to the lower jaw of his opponent that sends him staggering backward to the neutral corner.]

GM: The striking power of the God of War on display there.

BW: And think about that, Gordo: he wasn't good enough to cut it in Korugun! Think how strong the Korugun Army must be if Polemos didn't make the cut!

GM: I think the Korugun problem with Polemos had more to do with his loyalty to Veronica Westerly - loyalty that none of the rest of them showed her for sure.

BW: I heard her office was cleared out before we even got off the air two weeks ago. Did you see the photo on Instagram that Castillo sent-

GM: Yes. As well as the caption "good riddance to bad rubbish." Whether you like her actions or not, I think Veronica Westerly worked very hard at her job and at doing the bidding of Castillo... and now he just tossed her aside like yesterday's garbage. The rest of his so-called Army would do well to remember that.

[Polemos follows into the corner to hook up with D'Amato. The God of War grabs him by the arm and shoulder and hip tosses his victim two-thirds of the way to the opposite corner!]

GM: Oh my! And Tim D'Amato does not look like a small man, looking to be around 260 to 270 pounds there! Bucky, back to your point about Polemos and Korugun: I don't believe Korugun cut him. Polemos was not fired, he quit! That young man at ringside, Omega, pointed out that he was in an unhealthy situation and Polemos got himself out!

BW: Bah! What does Polemos expect? The God of War is a snowflake, is he?

GM: Bucky...

[D'Amato rapidly crawls over to friendly territory and tags an understandably hesitant Mark Washington into the ring.]

BW: Polemos needs some time on a couch talking about how his mommy and daddy never loved him?

GM: Bucky! Tag made and now Mark Washington is going to try his luck with the big man.

[Washington charges in himself, but his face runs directly into the sole of Polemos' fur ringed boots.]

GM: Oof.

[Washington splats flat onto the mat, but is not afforded any rest. Polemos grasps his opponent by the throat and pulls him upright again.]

GM: One-handed!

[Polemos ignores the referee's admonition, but releases Washington before the five-count is applied, tossing his opponent into the friendly corner. Omega raises his palm, eagerly.]

BW: What, this geek wants a tag?

[Polemos looks Omega up and down...

...and slaps his gloved hand into Omega's palm.]

GM: ...And the tag is made!

BW: Why bother tagging this Neptunian nitwit? Polemos ain't exactly on the verge of having the towel thrown in on him.

[Before Omega can step through the ropes, Polemos grabs Omega and hoists him in the air in a military press!]

BW: Uh-oh!

GM: Wait, what is this!

[Polemos hurls Omega onto Mark Washington, where they collide in a high-impact crossbody press!]

GM: The Neptunian taking flight! Hooks the leg...!

[Washington kicks out at two-and-a-half.]

BW: Gordo, I still cannot believe you buy into that "Neptune" jazz.

[Omega pops up and runs the ropes, catching Washington as he sits up with a seated dropkick to the upper back.]

GM: Well, wherever he is from, one cannot deny this youngster can be an adept high flyer in that ring. We've seen him prove that he does have the skillset and grit to hang with almost any opponent. Last week on Power Hour, he gave the TV Champion a run for his money, and that is no mean feat with the Saint of Killers, Odin Gunn.

[Omega leaps up for a legdrop, but only catches canvas as Washington rolls away to make the tag.]

GM: And speaking of the Television Championship, the former champ is joining us at ringside - perhaps hoping to provide a little moral support for Omega after missing that legdrop.

[Dressed in black jeans, and a brand new "WHAITIRI CALLS THE THUNDER" t-shirt, available exclusively at AWAshop.com, the handsome half Maori watches and shouts words of encouragement to the downed Omega.]

GM: That young man there found himself in a fracas last week with Omega and Polemos against Odin Gunn, the Texas Ranger and Curly Bill Webb - collectively known as the Desperadoes.

[Washington and D'Amato overwhelm Omega, with Washington holding his arm out so D'Amato can take some shots to the ribs. They back Omega to the ropes.]

GM: Double team here—Omega is going to need to make a move here if he wants to stay in control of this contest.

[Omega is whipped to the ropes, but whatever his opponents had planned is waylaid when Omega leaps into the air and takes them both to the mat with a flying clothesline where the Neptunian does a front flip on impact, crashing back down on the canvas backfirst!]

GM: Double clothesline and the masked men are back in the fight!

[Washington rolls to the apron as D'Amato reels. He walks straight into a gloved hand clasped around his throat.]

GM: Oh no.

BW: Yeah, let's see that super Neptunian strength, Gordo.

[Omega grunts and wheezes as he tries to lift the larger Tim D'Amato up for a chokeslam. A massive arm reaches over the top rope and taps Omega on the shoulder.]

GM: Don't count him out yet, Bucky!

[Polemos steps through the ropes and also claps his hand onto D'Amato's neck before the duo lifts him high and throws him down hard!]

GM: Double chokeslam!

BW: That was all Polemos!

GM: In fairness, it was a 70-30 split.

[Polemos drops to his knees in front of D'Amato and presses both palms onto his chest.]

GM: There's the cover...

[Washington tries to break up the pin, but Omega cuts him off with a leaping flipping neckbreaker.]

GM: And that's three!

[The camera cuts to Whaitiri, who is nodding in approval, a smile on his face.]

GM: You can count that as a win in the books for this odd masked duo; Mark Stegglet is standing by to get a word with our winners. Go ahead, Mark!

[Mark Stegglet is indeed in the ring. Polemos lurks behind him ominously, while Omega smiles on.]

MS: Thank you, Bucky and Gordon. Omega, I have to say that this team comes as something of a surprise to me. You and Polemos... teaming together?

O: Ah, but Citizen Stegglet, I have yet to introduce the newest member of the High Council of Justice! As Neptune is a Solar relation of Mars... Polemos, the God of War automatically qualified to join the High Council which means he is entitled to all the rights and privileges that I am as a hero.

[Omega gives Polemos a friendly “thumbs up.”]

O: And that means on day one, he got dental and optical coverage, as well as comprehensive EAP. Does Korugun match 401k contributions like the High Council of Justice does? Yeah, I didn’t think so!

[There’s a sudden cheer and commotion in the crowd. The camera cuts away from the men in the ring just in time to catch Whitiri. The camera follows the former World Television Champion as he enters into the ring.]

W: Before I say anything more, let me just say... kia ora!

[There’s a cheer from the crowd at the New Zealander’s trademark greeting.]

W: Ya know, after Power Hour, I felt like I needed to do a little research. And I learned something. Something about Neptune. Something I’m sure you know, but for the people that don’t...

Turns out, Neptune has some of the largest storms in the entire solar system. And you know what comes with a storm, don’t you?

Thunder.

[The crowd cheers as a smiling Whitiri looks on.]

W: And that got me to thinking that maybe the stars are trying to tell us something.

See, the three of us have found ourselves with a common enemy. I’m talking about that Curly Bill. I’m talking about the Texas Ranger.

And you know I’m talking about Odin Gunn.

[The crowd jeers the mention of the World Television Champion.]

W: And so far, they’ve only had one thing going for them – numbers. But last week? The three of us?

We had their number.

[Another big cheer as Whitiri nods.]

W: We had those three jerks on the run. So what do you say that we prove that on Earth, just like on Neptune, lightning can strike twice?

At SuperClash, Omega, Polemos and Whitiri team up and bring those Desperadoes to justice!

[The crowd ROARS at the idea of that as Omega looks back and forth at the cheering New Orleans crowd. Mark Stegglet smiles, leaning back in with the mic.]

MS: Well, Omega? It sounds like a six-man tag team match is in the cards for SuperClash.

O: Well, citizen Whatiri. I think the three of us can bring the elements to bear on those no-goodniks! You can bring the thunder, I can bring the ice, and the big man here can bring the fire! Polemos! Omega! Whatiri! TEAM POW!

[Whaitiri grins.]

W: Let's keep working on the name...

O: But...

[Omega raises a palm, as if to object.]

O: ...I don't wanna speak for Polemos, okay? I think he's had enough of that already.

[Whatiri turns towards Polemos who looking off to one side.]

O: What do you think, big guy? A chance to give the Desperadoes a taste of the battlefield is really like – you in?

[Polemos raises his gloved hand ominously...

...and with a guttural, snarling growl, forms it into a "thumbs up" gesture.]

P: sssssssIIIIICK.

[Polemos just further confirms his involvement with a slow nod as the crowd cheers again!]

MS: Well, there you have it, fans! If SuperClash IX wasn't big enough, we just heard the challenge laid down! Omega, Whaitiri, and Polemos want to take on the Desperadoes at SuperClash - will Curly Bill accept? We'll try to find out later tonight and we'll be right back after this break!

[Omega lifts the hand of Whaitiri to more cheers and attempts to do the same to Polemos who jerks his hand away with a glare at the sheepish Omega as we 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 one quick fade later and we're staring at a... fairly unadorned gym. If one were less polite, one might describe it as "grimy", but this particular gym has a centerpiece that looks far too good for the rest of it -- a ring. A wrestling ring, to be specific, a well-built and well-kept replica of the AWA's ring. The ring is occupied by three men - two unfamiliar, but significantly larger than the third man, Brett Bryant. The two larger men seem to be doing their level best to level the son of Dave Bryant, and as the camera draws closer you see Dave Bryant standing outside the ring, arms folded.]

DB: [yelling] Come on! I'm not paying you to be nice, I'm paying you to try to give him the barest hint of what he's signed himself up for at SuperClash.

[The larger men look at each other briefly, then both charge at the younger Bryant, who manages to duck under a pair of clothesline attempts, looking proud of himself after.]

DB: Again! See if ONE of you can hit him this time.

[The two large anonymous bruisers each rush Brett, and each get ducked and dodged, in that order.]

DB: One more time!

[Two more attempts, two more dodges. The last one is real close, as the bruisers actually staggered their attempts.]

DB: Stop! Take five, fellas.

[The bruisers exit the ring, and Dave climbs in, throwing his son a towel.]

DB: Think you're doing pretty well in here, don't you?

[Brett grins.]

BB: Yeah, actually. Who are these guys, anyhow? They hit like trucks...when they can connect, anyhow.

[Brett looks down at his chest, where a fresh-looking, good-sized welt is forming. It's the only visible mark, however.]

DB: Those guys...well, someday they're going to terrorize somebody's tag team division, but they're still learning the ropes. They've been doing this longer than you, and I made sure they had plenty of motivation to go all out against you.

[Dave points to the welt.]

DB: THAT is worth a bonus. If I were paying you, it would also be a chunk out of your check, but as it turns out, I figured hiring people to hurt you and also fining you for getting hurt was a little counterproductive.

BB: What, you WANT me to get hurt?

[Brett chuckles.]

DB: You know exactly what we're doing here, Brett. You've trained hard, you've been working hard and keeping yourself in shape to start wrestling in earnest for years now. The one thing you haven't done much of is get hit, and figuring out how hard and how often you can get hit before your body tells you no more is a lesson we all have to pick up eventually.

[Dave pauses.]

DB: It's a lesson I recommend learning early, and you sure as hell have put yourself in a spot to do just that. Those two are good, Brett, but they're nowhere near Magnum's league. They're gonna beat you up, but the violence that Max Magnum can inflict upon a human being is...indescribable. Given time, it could be unmatched, but he's still young, he's still learning, and most importantly, at SuperClash, he's going to be missing one of his greatest assets.

BB: Stevie?

DB: Stevie. It causes me actual, physical and spiritual pain to say this, but he's one of the best that's ever done it in this ring.

[Dave stops, grimacing visibly.]

DB: He's also got a hell of a lot of experience and is smarter than a lot of people give him credit for. He's a big part of the reason Max Magnum is where he is now...but at SuperClash, that advantage is gone. Busy elsewhere, and while I don't know what the hell Stegglet was thinking, I have to hope he comes through for the AWA, and I cannot BEGIN to tell you how much I hate that.

[Brett starts to speak, but Dave holds up one hand, surprisingly causing Brett to not speak for a moment.]

DB: Stevie won't be there...but I'm gonna be.

BB: What?

DB: You heard me. I'll be at ringside for your very first match in an AWA ring. I get to witness one of the greatest moments of your life and mine, and then I immediately get to start praying that it isn't also one of the worst moments of your life and mine.

[Brett pauses, pondering this for a moment, then smiles.]

BB: Worst moment? No way in hell, dad! This is just the beginning of one of the greatest careers in AWA -- no, in WRESTLING history, and I am beyond thrilled that my father is gonna get to be at ringside to see me EMBARRASS Max Magnum.

[Brett is nodding confidently, smiling all the while, while Dave shakes his head.]

DB: I hope you're right. I don't want to have to see the beginning AND the end of the greatest career wrestling has ever known.

[With that, Dave smirks, then drops to his back and rolls from the ring.]

DB: [yelling] Back to work!

[The bruisers approach as we fade to black...

...and we fade back up to footage marked "DURING LAST WEEK'S POWER HOUR" where we see the backstage curtain moments before Donna Martinelli bursts into view, a joyous look on her face as she's trailed by her fellow Peach Pits, Shannon Walsh and Kelly Taylor, into the backstage area.]

DM: LOOK!

[She points to her arm.]

DM: I got chills... they're multiplying!

[She rubs her forearm a few times, shivering as she does.]

DM: But the only one losing control around here is BIG OL' TRISH!

[She yelps, jumping up and down.]

DM: I DID IT! I DID IT AGAIN!

[A glare from Walsh does not go unnoticed.]

DM: WE DID IT! GIRLS, WE DID IT!

[Donna pulls them into a reluctant group hug...

...and then pushes them aside as she notices the camera pointed in their direction. She sweeps a hand over her hair, checking it not-so-subtly at all.]

DM: Oh! The always-on-the-spot AWA cameraman come to see how I'm - we're - feeling about our big win out there! Well, let me tell you something, brother! We're feeling ON TOP OF THE WORRRRRRRRRRLD!

[She does a spin on that, gleefully giggling all the while.]

DM: Everyone's laughing at Donna! Everyone's making fun of Donna! "Oh. Donna doesn't deserve to be in Steal The Spotlight! Oh, Donna doesn't deserve to be on SuperClash! Oh, Donna Martinelli... who the heck has SHE ever beaten?"

[She holds up a finger.]

DM: Michelle Bailey.

[And another.]

DM: Skylar Swift.

[And another, a big grin with it.]

DM: AND TRISH WALLACE! Trish Wallace who got so out of control at the butt kicking we were laying on her that she lost it... she snapped... she went a little bit loco and now she lost! And now we're going into SuperClash and Steal The Spotlight where Donna Martinelli - that's me - has beaten THREE members of Team Bailey.

[She goes into another gigglefit.]

DM: And with the team my mentor, Laura Davis, has put together, there's no way in heck that Michelle's squad can beat us! And when I win Steal The Spotlight...

[Shannon Walsh throws a disbelieving look at her partner's back.]

DM: ...I'm gonna cash in that contract... and the Peach Pits are going to take those tag team titles off that spoiled little brat Harley Hamilton and her little freak of a friend!

[Kelly Taylor leans over, whispering into Donna's ear.]

DM: They're... not real titles?

[Donna's confusion is apparent...

...and switches swiftly to alarm when someone comes busting into the camera's view, former Women's World Champion Lauryn Rage. Rage seems to be agitated to the shock of no one as she approaches the threesome, causing Kelly Taylor to take a reflexive step backwards.]

LR: Those tag titles that (derisive snort) Seductive and Destructive carry around... are they the real deal? Oh, hell no! Not even close. You can get those made on the internet for five hundred bucks.

[Martinelli looks at the intruding Rage in surprise, stammering as she tries to speak up.]

LR: But do you know what is the real deal, Ms. Martinelli? Huh? Do you know?

[Rage steps closer, getting within reach of the alarmed Martinelli now.]

LR: The AWA Women's World Championship. You know how I know? Because I won the damn thing. I was the first AWA Women's World Champion and I plan to be the champion again after I win the Steal the Spotlight.

[She gets even closer, pushing herself up into Martinelli's face. Donna's eyes go wide as she looks to her allies for help. Shannon Walsh seems about to step in when Rage lifts a clenched fist, staring in her direction.]

LR: Try it, girl.

[Walsh pauses... and then backs off as Rage looks back at Martinelli.]

LR: That's what I thought. Now what was I... oh, yeah... Steal The Spotlight. It's coming up in just a week or so now, little miss Donna... and you know what I need to win that match and that contract?

I need teammates who are focused and on the damn ball.

[Martinelli nods, apparently agreeing with the belligerent Rage.]

LR: So, imagine how I feel when I'm walking through the back after whooping dat trick in the ring and I hear you talking that talk about beating three members of Michelle Bailey's squad... the same Michelle Bailey who helped me get back my competitive edge.

How do you think that makes me feel?

[Martinelli doesn't respond.]

LR: HUH!? HOW DO YOU THINK THAT MAKES ME FEEL?!

[Martinelli cringes back at Rage's aggression.]

DM: I don't know! I don't know!

[Rage's fired-up face switches to a grin.]

LR: It makes me feel damn good.

[A surprised Donna lets loose a sigh of relief as Rage slips a forearm on her shoulder, standing beside her now.]

LR: Wrestling makes for strange bedfellows. I didn't ask for you...

[She waves a dismissive hand at Taylor and Walsh.]

LR: ...or your Pits...

Or any of the rest of Laura Davis' crew to be on my side but I'll be damned if I let anything stand in my way of getting MY title back. So talk your talk and back it up in the ring.

[Lauryn claps her hand on Martinelli's shoulder.]

LR: See you at SuperClash, but after that...

[She balls up her fist again, placing it up against Donna's jaw.]

LR: ...all bets are off.

[Rage turns away, walking out of view as Donna looks on in horror.]

DM: WHAT. WAS. THAT?!

[Donna grabs at her hair, giving a yank.]

DM: She came back here and interrupted my time talking... MY TIME! And then she yelled at me and threatened me and... WHO DOES THAT?! SHE PUT HER FIST... ON MY FACE!

[She points to the spot where Rage placed her fist.]

DM: AND SHE'S SUPPOSED TO BE ON MY SIDE?! AHHHHHHH!

[A flustered Donna storms out of sight, Kelly Taylor rushing to keep up as Shannon Walsh rolls her eyes at the camera...]

...and with a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, we fade to the backstage area where we find ourselves in the office of Javier Castillo. Castillo is all smiles as we arrive in his office, his feet up on his desk as John Law and MAWAGA lurk on either side.]

JC: You know, boys... I think when we win this thing this week, I'm going to get some major upgrades for this office. New furniture... maybe call up a certain collector of antiquities and get some new items of interest... the world's gonna be our oyster, gentlemen.

[Law grins as MAWAGA remains stoic. A quick knock on the door is heard.]

JC: ENTER!

[Castillo swings his legs down off the desk as the door creeps open to reveal the form of "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett wobbling into view. A sheen of sweat is on his forehead as he grips the crystal known as the Eye of Tyr with white-knuckled hands.]

"D"HF: You asked... you...

[Fawcett takes a few heavy breaths.]

"D"HF: You requested my presence?

[Castillo's brow furrows at the sight of the beleaguered Fawcett.]

JC: Good lord, man. Sit down before you fall down.

[Fawcett edges towards the chair across the desk from Castillo, flopping himself down into it.]

JC: You look like death warmed over, Fawcett.

[Fawcett nods weakly.]

"D"HF: Even that would be a charitable description.

JC: What's the matter with you?

[Fawcett holds up the crystal.]

"D"HF: As someone who tried to use this particular...

[Fawcett takes another sharp, deep breath.]

"D"HF: ...artifact, you know the toll the bearer must pay.

[Castillo grimaces, remembering his one attempt to harness the power of the Eye.]

JC: Do not fail me in this, Fawcett.

[Fawcett weakly shakes his head.]

"D"HF: This is not my first time with this power in my grasp. All is going according to plan... and will continue to do so.

[Castillo nods.]

JC: Was... this...

[He gestures at Fawcett.]

JC: ...part of the plan?

[Fawcett holds his head up.]

"D"HF: It is unavoidable. He is strong of will. Stronger than I expected.

[Fawcett nods.]

"D"HF: It will take all of me to keep him with us.

[Castillo glares at Fawcett.]

JC: Then that's the price we will gladly pay. Understood?

[Fawcett's eyes narrow before nodding.]

JC: Good. Now, if only I could figure out what in the hell Martinez is up to.

[The good "Doctor" leans forward for a moment, a sparkle in his eye as he rests his weight on the desktop.]

"D"HF: There are ways other than what this offers...

[Fawcett lifts the Eye up to his left eye.]

"D"HF: ...to glimpse at what is hidden. Whatever it is, General. We'll be ready.

[Castillo grins, leaning back with his hands clasped behind his head, a confident expression on his face as we fade to black.]

We hold on a black screen for several moments before we hear the sound of footsteps. Loud footsteps breaking through a completely silent room.

They come to a halt.

A slight clearing of the throat.]

"WELCOME..."

[And with the blast of a spotlight, we see a circus ringmaster standing in the middle of it, a huge grin upon his face.]

"...TO THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH!"

[The boisterous "Whooooooooo!" of "The Greatest Show" from the soundtrack to the upcoming "The Greatest Showman" is heard a few times before...]

#Ladies and gents... this is the moment you've waited for...#

[The ringmaster winks at the camera, an actual sparkle showing off his polished white teeth...

...and we cut to a graphic that reads:

SUPERCLASH IX
THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH

5 DAYS AND COUNTING

And then cut back to black...

...before fading up on the backstage area where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing... a displeased look on his face.]

SLB: Well, fans, my guest at this time...

[Jeering is overheard from the arena as they see Blackwell's "guest at this time" is clutching the AWA National Championship to his chest and shadowed by the man nicknamed the "Death Star," Blake Colton.]

SLB: Jackson Hunter, after months of proclaiming your status as a free agent in the face of a hostile takeover in the AWA, two weeks ago you showed your true colors against Derrick Williams and Jordan Ohara and aligned yourself with the Korugun Corporation, and President Castillo. Not that you were a man of your word before, but you had us all fooled, nonetheless.

JH: Is that so, Louis? Did your vaunted "sources" fail you on that account? Is your status as "Official AWA Disruptor" in doubt now? You know, our beloved President is compiling year-end staff reviews ahead of SuperClash IX this year, and he was gracious enough to give me a sneak peak. Do you know what I saw, Lou?

SLB: I dare not ask.

JH: I'll just say that you are very fortunate to have a resume that includes more than your body of work in the AWA, Blackwell. But don't worry; with that beautiful lush baritone voice of yours and that face that was just made for audio recording, I'm sure you have a future as some kind of song-and-dance man. In fact, I think I'd like to take you on as a partner in my new band that I'm putting together.

[Sweet Lou raises an incredulous eyebrow.]

SLB: Putting a band together, are you?

JH: Yes, I would play the guitar and you, Lou, you could play the buffoon.

SLB: Oh, for pete's sake...

JH: I'm not putting together a band; I'm being facetious, of course...

SLB: [flatly] I hadn't guessed.

JH: I was considering bringing a virtuoso on board and composing beautiful music for him to play, but that pernicious and pubescent WORRRRM Jordan Ohara didn't understand the meaning of "limited time offer." Specifically, he didn't understand the verb, "limited."

[Colton folds his arms across his ursine chest and mutters to Blackwell something along the lines of 'I know it's an adjective.']

JH: I was prepared to go into SuperClash and defend this belt against you in your type of match, Jordan. I was prepared to take my chances and turn back the clock to the way I wrestled fifteen years ago. But you didn't have faith in me. You think that you can take the National Championship back your way.

Don't test me, Phoenix. I have all I need to mold the future of pro wrestling right here: a second generation barbarian of a beast! The ultimate deterrent! The Death Star!

"And we know what happened to the Death Star."

[From off-screen enters a lantern-jawed, incredibly stern, Henry Rollins-like face. Colton snickers his condescending snicker, while Jackson Hunter clutches the National Championship belt even closer.]

SLB: Curtis Kestrel, the "Bird of Prey,"... certainly you are familiar with both these competitors, having tagged regularly with them both.

CK: They do form rather significant bookends to my career, as my first team with Mr. Hunter brought me to prominence in the sport of pro wrestling. And my most recent team with Mr. Colton was brought-

[Blake Colton snickers even louder at Kestrel's flat, monotone delivery.]

BC: Hee hee, WHOA! Calm down! You're talkin' a mile a minute, bahd!

CK: I'm not your "bahd," friend.

[Colton gives Hunter a friendly pat on the shoulder, perhaps a bit too hard.]

BC: Heh. Got him to say it.

JH: Well, Curtis, old BAHHHHD... If i recall correctly back last summer, you and big Blake here were on the outside looking in when you had a golden opportunity to go to the Stampede Cup. Isn't that right? The Battle of Saskatchewan was practically being held in your backyard and the Colton Crew was on the outside looking in without an invite to the big dance.

BC: Yah bahd. Who got me in the tournament? Jackson did. Y'know, I got all sorts of promoters from all around the world knocking at my door now.

CK: My only mistake during our time together, Blake, was telling your father-Jeremiah "The Sheriff" Colton himself-that I would make sure that you stayed on the straight and narrow.

[Colton pats Hunter on the shoulder and inches closer to his ex-partner Kestrel. Blackwell eases back, extending the microphone to arm's length: he's felt the raw strength of the Death Star before.]

BC: Y'know, bahd... we never exactly settled things between us. But if you wanna give'r...

[Colton gives Kestrel a two-handed shove, but the veteran Kestrel manages to brace himself for it, diving onto Hunter and tackling him to the ground. "Sweet" Lou dives out of sight as the backstage interview area descends into chaos.]

SLB: I'm getting the hel-

[The audio from Lou's mic cuts out as Kestrel and Hunter tussle on the floor while we can hear AWA officials shouting in the direction of the brawl...

...and as we fade back out to the ring, we can see "Golden" Grant Carter on the midbuckle, saluting the crowd as Bon Jovi's "It's My Life" continues to play over the PA system.]

GM: It's a wild night down here on the Bayou already as Curtis Kestrel gets into backstage with Blake Colton and the National Champion, Jackson Hunter... but we're about to see a match that wasn't on the card when the night began but after some words were exchanged backstage a little earlier, it's officially on the books now as "Golden" Grant Carter will go one-on-one with Atlas Armstrong.

BW: And if you're not a regular viewing of the Power Hour, you may not have seen a lot of Atlas Armstrong yet... brother, you're missing out and in for a treat right about now.

GM: These two men are scheduled to compete in the Open Invitational Battle Royal that will kick off SuperClash IX as part of the Pre-Game Show that will air for FREE worldwide on your Pay Per View channel or live on YouTube as well. So, we're going to get a little preview of that one right about now.

[The music fades as Rebecca Ortiz continues the introductions we missed while backstage.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

[The unmistakable sounds from Andrew Lloyd Webber's "Jesus Christ Superstar" musical starts up over the PA center - its big, bold tones setting the stage as a burst of pyro goes off on either side of the entranceway.]

RO: From Big Sur, California... weighing in at 304 pounds and accompanied to the ring by Mickey Cherry...

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

THE ALMIGHTY... AAAAAATLASSSSSSS ARRRRRRRRRRMSTRONNNNNNNNG!

[Mickey Cherry swaggers out into view first, dressed as we saw him moments ago and carrying a silver-topped walking stick in his right hand, waving it at the crowd as he runs them down verbally. Cherry swings around, pointing both the cane and his arms at the entrance and moments later, the hulking beast known as Atlas Armstrong emerges to join him, wrapped in a floor-length silver cape.]

BW: Look at the size of that man, daddy! Six foot eight... 304 pounds of chiseled marble turned into man!

GM: Quite the presentation here for the big man as he makes his way down the aisle.

[Cherry leads the path, still trash talking the crowd as the dark-haired, bronze-skinned behemoth follows behind him. Reaching the ring, both men take the ringsteps up onto the apron, ducking through the ropes where Armstrong takes a knee mid-ring...

...and with a flourish, Cherry whips it off, whirling it around through the air, and slinging it over his shoulder as Armstrong comes to his feet with a roar, going immediately into a double bicep pose to show off his incredible physique.]

BW: Now THAT'S quite the presentation, Gordo. Look at the biceps... the lats... the abdominals... the-

GM: We get it, Arnold.

[Armstrong sneers across the ring at the waiting Carter as Cherry departs the ring, giving the silver cape another twirl before moving to the floor as the bell sounds.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Armstrong strides to mid-ring, waving a welcoming arm at Carter to join him there. "Golden" Grant balls up his fists, bouncing from foot to foot a couple of times before he moves from the corner.]

GM: "Golden" Grant Carter appears ready for a fight as the bell sounds here in New Orleans just five days away from SuperClash IX!

[Armstrong lunges forward, looking for a tieup but Carter ducks under, swooping around to light up the big man with a right hand on the jaw... and another... and another...]

GM: Carter's swinging for the fences early on in this one and he's got the big man rocked!

BW: Carter's giving up a few inches and about thirty pounds... and he ain't a small man either, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely not. Carter backing Armstrong up against the ropes now...

[Another haymaker. comes flying in but Armstrong blocks it before grabbing Carter, swinging his back up against the ropes...]

GM: Armstrong turns him around and-

[Leaning way back, Armstrong throws a right hand of his own...

...but Carter ducks low, pulling the top rope down with him, and Armstrong goes tumbling over the ropes to the outside of the ring to huge cheers!]

GM: And if this was Thanksgiving Night, Atlas Armstrong would be eliminated!

BW: WHAT?! No! That's not fair... and it's not a Battle Royal tonight!

[Armstrong gets to his feet on the outside, slapping his powerful arms down on the apron in anger...

...and gets caught in the mouth with both feet as Carter throws a wrecking ball dropkick through the ropes at him!]

GM: Carter catches him again... and "Golden" Grant's out on the floor with him now!

[Grabbing Armstrong by the hair, Carter winds him up and...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Facefirst off the apron!

[A wild-eyed and frantic Mickey Cherry is protesting wildly to the official who calls for the match to get back inside the ring.]

GM: Atlas Armstrong is unpinned... unsubmitted... but Grant Carter's looking to change all that here on the season finale of Saturday Night Wrestling...

[Grabbing the hair again, Carter winds him up a second time...]

GM: He's gonna do it again!

[...but this time, Armstrong jams an elbow back into the midsection, cutting off the attack. He turns, grabbing Carter under the armpits...]

GM: What's this now?

[...and powerfully tosses him up into the air, throwing him into the ropes on the outside of the ring where Carter bounces off...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...into a thunderous forearm smash into the sternum of Carter, leaving him leaning over the apron, gasping for air...]

GM: Good grief! What a shot by Armstrong! Former football player... former bodybuilder... former Hollywood- ohhhh!

[The crowd groans as Armstrong slams Carter facefirst down on the apron before shoving him back under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Armstrong pushes him back in...

[Grabbing the ropes, Armstrong pulls himself up onto the apron, turning to face the crowd with a massive double bicep pose. The crowd jeers as Cherry points at him with the silver-topped cane.]

"THAT RIGHT THERE IS THE REAL DEAL, BABY! YOU CAN'T HANDLE THIS - NO, YOU CAN'T!"

GM: Mickey Cherry continues to make friends wherever he goes.

BW: We've known Mickey a long time now, Gordo - since our days down in Atlanta for Southern Championship Wrestling.

GM: Cherry's worked just about everywhere someone can work in this business but he may have found his golden ticket here in the form of Atlas Armstrong.

[As Armstrong turns around, a reeling Grant Carter is on his feet, smashing a right hand between the eyes... and another...]

GM: Carter won't stay down though, throwing those fists again...

[Carter gives a shout to the crowd, winding up again...

...but as he throws the haymaker, Armstrong avoids it, causing Carter to swing around off-balance, his back against the ropes.]

GM: What's this now?

[Armstrong grabs the arms, tucking them behind the top rope, keeping a struggling Carter within reach...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[With ten brutal clubbing forearms to the chest, Armstrong releases the arms, sending Carter staggering away from the ropes, falling down to his knees on the canvas as a pissed-off Armstrong gets in behind him.]

GM: Both men back in now...

[Reaching down, Armstrong hooks a rear waistlock on Carter who is on all fours on the mat...]

GM: Armstrong hooks him... oh, look at the power!

[Armstrong effortlessly jerks the 262 pounder back up to his feet...

...where Carter desperately snaps an elbow back into the jaw!]

GM: Oh! Carter trying to fight back!

[A second elbow lands...

...which is when Armstrong lets go, shoving Carter a few feet away, giving him enough space to BLAST GGC in the back of the head with a massive clothesline!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: He nearly took his head right off his shoulders! Incredible impact on that clothesline to the back of the head and neck and Carter is in serious trouble after that!

[Armstrong slowly walks around the downed Carter, an arrogant smirk on his face as Cherry shouts "THAT'S THE WAY WE DO IT, BABY! PUT IT ON HIM, ATLAS!" Armstrong gives a nod as he leans down, hooking the back of Carter's tights and pulling him back to his feet...]

GM: Armstrong pulls him up, twists him around, and...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A hard knife edge chop finds the mark, sending Carter falling back into the corner. Armstrong nods, moving in after him...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Another one on target... Carter reeling in the corner now...

[Armstrong grabs Carter by the arm, whipping him effortlessly across the ring where Carter SLAMS spinefirst into the buckles before staggering out towards the Almighty One...

...who picks Carter up without a problem, tosses him up into the air a bit, and SLAMS him violently down into the canvas!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: SURF'S UP SPINEBUSTER! And that's what you call a wipeout, daddy!

[Armstrong lets loose a roar as he stands over Carter, swinging his arms down in front of him in a most muscular pose. He nods his head before sinking to a knee, planting his palm on Carter's chest.]

GM: Arrogant cover on the part of Armstrong... and GGC's not done yet, out at two on the spinebuster!

[Armstrong glares at the official who holds up two fingers while Cherry shouts from the floor - "DON'T WORRY ABOUT HIM, BABY! HE CAN'T COUNT! HE CAN'T COUNT A LICK!"]

GM: Mickey Cherry trying to get under the skin of the referee now... he's sure succeeded in getting under the skin of all these great AWA fans here in New Orleans here tonight.

BW: It's a historic night here in New Orleans and only fitting to be back here, Gordo. So much great wrestling history in this city and so much great AWA history as well.

GM: September 3rd, 2012... just a couple months over five years ago... that was the night when James Monosso beat "Hotshot" Stevie Scott in the Finals of the biggest World Title Tournament of all time. 64 men fought it out for that title but the big man Monosso took home the title that night.

BW: And just last year at SuperClash VIII, Ryan Martinez defeated Juan Vasquez to win the World Title.

GM: Like you said, a whole lot of history in this city and no finer place to be for this year's season finale of Saturday Night Wrestling.

[Armstrong walks around the ring, taunting the ringside fans as Grant Carter struggles back up to his feet. The big man locks his hands over his head, slowly approaching Carter for a double axehandle blow...

...but Carter buries a right hand into the midsection to cut him off!]

GM: Carter goes downstairs!

[Carter rears back, throwing a right hand to the jaw, sending Armstrong stumbling back...]

GM: Armstrong didn't stay on the man and now Carter's making him pay for it, trying to get a rally going here tonight just days before SuperClash.

[Carter grabs Armstrong by the wrist, looking for a whip but Armstrong reverses it with ease, shooting "Golden" Grant into the ropes...]

GM: Reversal... Carter bounces back and...

[...who rebounds back, getting lifted up under Atlas' massive arm. Armstrong does a quick spin around and then DRIVES Carter down in a side slam!]

GM: Ohhhh! Big slam! That might do it!

[Holding the side slam, Armstrong leans back, hooking a leg...]

GM: We've got one! We've got two! We've got-

[The crowd cheers as Carter's shoulder pops up off the mat, breaking the pin.]

GM: Carter slips out at two!

[Armstrong angrily glares at the referee...

...and then wraps his powerful hands around Carter's throat, strangling the air out of him as the referee counts!]

GM: That's a blatant choke! Armstrong choking Carter right in front of the referee!

[At the count of four, Armstrong lets go, lifting his hands up for the official to see...

...and then dives back in, choking Carter again!]

GM: He's choking him again! Come on, referee!

[Another four count follows before Armstrong lets go, a sneer on his face as he ignores the protesting official while getting back to his feet.]

GM: Atlas Armstrong breaking the rules without any regard for the official seeing him or catching him. Two extended chokeholds really have Carter in some bad shape in this one.

[Armstrong has a smirk on his face as he leans down, pulling Carter to his feet...

...but the ever-resilient Carter slaps the hand away, grabbing Armstrong around the head while tucking his head under Atlas' chin...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: JAWBREAKER! WHAT A COUNTER!

[Grabbing at his mouth, Armstrong goes flying backwards into the ropes, his arms wrapping around the top to stay on his feet as the crowd cheers and Mickey Cherry shouts at Armstrong to get back into it.]

GM: "Golden" Grant Carter with a chance here to make a little history of his own in this fine wrestling city by becoming the first man to pin Atlas Armstrong one-two-three in the center of the ring!

[Fighting to his feet with the crowd chanting "G-G-C!" at him, Carter comes up swinging...]

GM: Right hand! Make it a pair! Three of a kind now!

[Carter snatches Armstrong by the back of the head, walking him towards the corner...]

GM: BOOM! FACEFIRST TO THE TOP TURNBUCKLE!

[Keeping the grip on the head, Carter points to the next adjacent corner, walking Armstrong over to it...]

GM: AGAIN TO THE CORNER!

[...and keeps on walking to the third...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and to the final turnbuckle, Carter points to the corner with a whoop.]

GM: ARMSTRONG MEETS ALL FOUR CORNERS!

[Carter swings Atlas around, shoving him back into the turnbuckles. The Jersey native steps up to the second rope, holding his fist aloft to a big cheer from the New Orleans crowd!]

GM: Carter's gonna let him have it!

["Golden" Grant starts raining down fists to the skull as the crowd counts along with each blow.]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Carter hops down off the buckles, grabbing Armstrong by the head and dragging him out to the middle of the ring...

...and with the crowd roaring, Carter swings around, snatching him in a three-quarter nelson...]

GM: He's looking for the Gold Strike!

[But as Carter prepares to deliver his signature snapmare driver, Armstrong gives a mighty shove, sending Carter into the ropes...]

GM: Armstrong pushes him off! Carter off the ropes!

[...and with a lift, Armstrong twists around, and DRIVES him into the canvas with a spinning powerslam!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: POWERSLAM! WRAPS HIM UP!

[The referee dives down to the mat to count.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOO! THR-

[The crowd ROARS as Carter's shoulder shoots up off the mat just in time to prevent the pinfall!]

GM: Out JUST in time!

BW: Man oh man, that was a close one, Gordo!

GM: It certainly was... and look at Cherry! Cherry's telling him to finish Carter off!

[Armstrong angrily gets to his feet, pulling Carter up by the hair, tugging him alongside him...]

GM: Armstrong leans down and... here we go!

BW: He's got him racked!

[The crowd groans with concern as Armstrong muscles Carter up across his shoulders in a rack backbreaker...]

GM: Armstrong's trying to break him in half! Carter looking for a way out but I don't think there is one!

BW: He's gonna send him to the hospital!

GM: Armstrong's got him up and we've seen this before!

[Carter cries out in pain... and then suddenly starts slapping the shoulder of Armstrong as the referee whips around to signal for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Armstrong keeps the hold on a few more seconds before unceremoniously dumping Carter out of the hold and down to the mat.]

GM: Oh, a hard fall there... and Atlas Armstrong has picked up the win just days before he steps into that Battle Royal at SuperClash!

[Armstrong smirks at the crowd's reaction as Rebecca makes it official and Mickey Cherry comes in to join him in the ring, lifting his arm in triumph.]

GM: Well, these two are certainly proud of themselves... and honestly, it's hard to blame them, Bucky. This guy is impressive.

BW: He sure is. The best kept secret in professional wrestling, daddy!

GM: Atlas Armstrong picks up the win and...

[Cherry gestures to the downed Carter with a "GIVE 'EM A PREVIEW, BABY!"]

GM: What's this all about?

[A grinning Armstrong pulls a limp Carter up by the hair...

...and then ROCKETS him over the top rope, sending him crashing down hard on the arena floor!]

GM: Ohhh, come on!

BW: Carter's eliminated! Armstrong wins the Battle Royal!

GM: Well, he may very well be the winner on Thursday night, Bucky... but tonight isn't a Battle Royal. Tonight was a single match...

BW: That Armstrong won too!

[Armstrong strikes a pose, showing off his muscular back as the crowd jeers.]

GM: Speaking of Thursday, let's go backstage where Sweet Lou's got some very special guests who'll be in yet another historic matchup on Thursday night. Lou?

[We fade to the backstage area where we see "Sweet" Lou Blackwell standing by with the representatives for Team Davis in tonight's trios match: Seductive & Destructive and Ayako Fujiwara. Joining them are Casey Cash and Molly Bell, so it's an awfully crowded scene.]

SLB: Thanks, Gordon! I'm the man with all the inside scoops, "Sweet" Lou Blackwell and I'm joined now by three ladies who will compete tonight in a big six-woman tag match...

Harley Hamilton...

[Harley steps forward, posing and preening for the camera. She is wearing a metallic purple ring jacket with one yellow sleeve, one black sleeve and a rainbow patched across the front over her wrestling attire: a clear see-through top with butterflies printed on it strategically covering the parts that shouldn't be seen, a similarly designed see-through barely there mini-skirt that doesn't even attempt to cover anything also with butterflies on it, metallic blue wrestling trunks underneath and sparkling glittery wrestling boots. Her pinkish strawberry blonde hair is pinned back with a plethora of butterfly clips. She blows a kiss to the camera as Sweet Lou continues with his introductions.]

SLB: ...Cinder...

[The other half of Seductive and Destructive grins her slasher-style grin under her fiery mop of crimson fringed hair. Cinder looks like a miniature, melanin-challenged Harley Hamilton with her matching ring jacket. Although her ring attire has less of a blue, sparkling, "butterfly" motif, and more of a red leather, black velvet, "bats and spiderweb" theme]

SLB: ...and... Ayako Fujiwara!

[Unlike her flashier teammates, Ayako is in a simple tracksuit with a white jacket and red pants. She has no time for ceremony, merely uncrossing her arms and giving a short wave to the camera. Molly remains extremely close to Ayako's side, dressed identical to her "mom", though she is sporting her catface makeup and her white jacket has a couple of black smudges on her wrist, undoubtedly from pawing at her face. Molly looks a bit leaner since we last saw her a month ago, a testament to her hard training with Ayako while rehabilitating her injuries.]

HH: Hey! Don't be rude! You forgot Casey!

CC [pouting]: Yeah! You forgot Casey!

SLB: Right. And... Casey Cash.

[Casey Cash beams, wearing a jacket that matches Harley's. She is also wearing an oversized lavender T-shirt cropped to reveal her midsection, and on the shirt there is a woman trapped inside of a laptop with the words "help!" printed throughout, as well as a cat sitting on the keyboard. She is wearing baggy jeans with holes torn throughout the legs, held up by a belt with a heart for a buckle, black boots, and has earrings with vinyl pink flamingos dangling from her earlobes. She also has her hair in its customary bun on the top of her head, and oversized sunglasses with purple frames perched upon the crown of her head. She is wearing both of

Seductive & Destructive's fake AWA "World Tag Team Champions of the Universe" title belts around her waist.]

SLB: Ladies, tonight you hope to repeat what your teammates accomplished on the last edition of Saturday Night Wrestling and defeat your counterparts on Team Bailey! Your thoug-

[Harley Hamilton immediately grabs Sweet Lou by the wrist and commandeers the microphone.]

HH: Well, lemme tell you something, Sweet Lou! If you think the team of Trash Wallace, that Barbie doll bimbo Skylar Swift and... and... Maaa... Maaaahhh...

Maaahhhggg...

[Harley can't even say the name.]

C: Aye, just spit that name out like it deserves, Harls. Cahs-a has a cuppa Listerine ready fer ye if ye need it!

CC: We believe in you!

[Harley practically spits the name out.]

HH: ...MARGIE FLORES! can defeat us, then think again!

[Saying Flores' name seems to leave a bitter taste in Harley's mouth.]

HH: Casey, my hydro flask! I need to wash out the awful taste of her name!

[Casey hands Harley her hydro flask. As she drinks through the metal straw, Cinder steps in.]

C: Aye, Louis. We are nae buttoned up th' back, us. Harley and me, we've already proven oursels' against the likes o' Trish Wallets and Skyla Switz, on our own, by the way. An' we gave Margarine Floorwax the old one-two ta boot, bytheway. So in every one of the billions o' combinations that Michell-ey Belly, they do nae stand a pretzel's chance in a pub 'gainst the World TAAAG team CHAM-pions ofth'UNIVERRRRRRSE, cuz Seductive an' Destructive are PURE... DEAD... BRILLIANT!

HH: Beautifully said, Cindy!

[Harley and Casey applaud Cinder, as the wolf child curtsies in appreciation.]

HH: And when you add an Olympic Gold Medalist like Ayako to the mix, there's no way they can possibly beat us!

SLB: While it is true that you three have some of the most impressive win-loss records in all of the AWA, you have to remember it was Margarita Flores who...

[A horrified look appears on Harley's face as she realizes what Lou is about to say.]

HH: Don't you dare say it!

SLB: ... ended your undefeated streak at Fright Night when you found yourself on the wrong end of a lariat.

[Harley hugs herself and groans like she's in pain.]

HH: I can't believe you said it!

CC [gasping]: He didn't even give a content warning!

C: Hav' you no shame, Sweet Lou!? You have th' audacity to bring up th' greatest miscarriage o' justice in th' history of professional wrestlin' to my sweet Harley's ears? What's wrong with you!?

HH: You are the worst!

CC: Just the worst!

C: Thee ahbsahloot worst!

[Lou rolls his eyes and shakes his head, turning to Ayako for some reprieve from Seductive & Destructive's dramatics.]

SLB: Ayako, you've been awfully silent. I know that you had some mixed feelings about facing Team Bailey.

Ayako: You're right, Blackwell-san, I was filled with uncertainty about facing Michelle's team, but now? I'm filled with excitement.

SLB: Excitement?

Ayako: Because finally, FINALLY... Trish Wallace is within my reach. And that thought excites me, Blackwell-san. It truly does.

HH: That's right! She is so excited!

C: So excited!

HH: And Trishy-kins, you should be SO SCARED!

[Ayako shoots Harley and Cinder a dirty look, causing the second generation grapplers to quickly shrink back. Molly makes a soft chirrup noise, which causes Ayako to pat the top of her head while not looking away from Harley or Cinder.]

Ayako: But yes, Trish Wallace and her vertebrae will remember this night for a long time.

[An ominous grin forms on Ayako's face as she pets Molly, who purrs in delight. Blackwell is momentarily taken aback by Ayako's uncharacteristic ruthlessness, before continuing on.]

SLB: While your focus may be on Trish Wallace, there are two other women who you need to keep close attention to.

Ayako: You are correct, Blackwell-san. Margarita Flores and Skylar Swift are not two women who are not easily dismissed. And while my teammates and I do not have the best relationship, I am confident that...

HH: Wait! That's not true! We were both students of Miyuki Ozaki. If anything, we should be the best of friends! Why do you keep ignoring me? Why do you keep pushing me away?

Notice me, senpai!

[Ayako begins rubbing her temples.]

Ayako: Please don't call me that.

HH: And honestly, what do you have against Cindy!?

C: Aye, what do you have against Cindy!? I'm an Empress Cup winna too, bytheway! Miyuki shook this very hand an' said, "oh, my wee Cindah, you'll soon be ruling the roost in the AWA, an' who knows... Maybe you and my favorite student Harley Hamilton will form the best tag team in wrestlin' history and bring the unicorn frappuccino to mainstream attention in North America while you're at it!" So get it right up ye, Ayako.

[Casey grabs Cinder's wrists excitedly, squealing.]

CC: Oh my gosh! You guys invented the unicorn frappuccino?!

C: Aye.

CC: That's sooo cool!

[A beat.]

HH and C: NOTICE US, SENPAI!

Ayako: Enough! While I admit you may not be as detestable as Donna Martinelli...

HH: Ew.

C: Ugh!

CC: She's sooooo lame!

Ayako: ...or Lauryn Rage.

Harley: Boooooo!

C: Hiss!

CC: Barf!

[Harley and Cinder both give a thumbs down at the mention of the former women's champion, as Casey feigns gagging.]

Ayako: Or Laura-

"I'm going to stop you right there."

[Molly looks off-screen, then hisses. Davis, who is dressed in a white blouse, light blue suit coat and matching pants, waves off Molly, then turns her attention to Fujiwara.]

LD: I heard everything you had to say on Power Hour. You had nothing nice to say about me, of course. About how I manipulate events, how I was cruel to split up you and Michelle Bailey, how I've made you so mad that I took advantage of circumstances.

But what else did you expect, Ayako?

[Davis stares Fujiwara right in the eyes.]

LD: A winner always takes advantage of circumstances. A winner such as myself. That's why I am the best in the world today and why I ultimately defeated you.

[Ayako remains silent, but there's a palpable tension in the air, underscored by a low, throaty growl coming from Molly as she glares at Laura from behind Ayako's back. Even Seductive & Destructive have quieted down, as they watch their team captain and teammate butt heads.]

LD: You don't have to like me, Ayako, You can say what you want, believe what you want, dislike the fact that when I look at you, I see someone with so much wasted potential. But none of that matters. What matters is winning -- that's the one thing I care most about.

[Ayako rolls her eyes.]

Ayako: That much is obvious.

LD: But know this -- we don't have to like one another to work as a team. We don't have to get along in every way. We don't have to be one another's biggest fans on Instagram. All we have to do is work together to win at SuperClash -- just like all you and Seductive and Destructive have to do is work together tonight so you win.

And even for all my criticisms of you, Ayako, I don't deny your talent and I will never deny the fact that Miyuki Ozaki called you her best student. And that's why, when I made the deal with Bailey, I wanted you. Because I wanted the best chance at winning.

[She then gestures toward Seductive and Destructive.]

LD: And it's also why I chose the two of you. I wanted the team that gave me the best chance of winning. All you have to do tonight is show everyone you and Ayako can work together as one. If you do that, then there will be no doubt in anyone's mind who is the better team going into SuperClash.

[She glances at Fujiwara again.]

LD: Therefore, I would suggest you stop arguing and complaining and get yourself focused for tonight's match. Are we clear?

Ayako(through gritted teeth): Understood.

[And with that, Laura Davis walks off, leaving behind a smoldering Ayako Fujiwara. Harley Hamilton cautiously approaches her.]

HH: Hey, Ayak-

"SMACK!!!"

[Ayako slams her fist against the wall, causing Hamilton to leap back. She glances at Lou, to Seductive & Destructive and then stalks off without a word as Molly Bell scampers off behind her. A startled Harley Hamilton waits until Ayako is out of hearing distance, before turning to Lou.]

HH: Can you believe her? Pffft. She is sooo rude!

CC: A total delinquent!

C: I'm tattlin'! She cannae get away with that. I'm tellin' Auntie Laura!

[And with that, Seductive & Destructive also walk off, leaving Sweet Lou standing there alone.]

SLB: As you can see, tensions are running high going into tonight's big six-woman tag match! Will it be another big win for Team Davis or will it be a sign of impending disaster for them heading into SuperClash? Stay tuned for that, fans, and we'll be right back after this break!

[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 as we come back, we fade up on a car traveling down a backcountry dirt road. Clouds of dust are being kicked up all around the vehicle as our cameraman sits in the back seat, the lens aimed at the back of two heads. With a dark chuckle, the man behind the wheel speaks.]

"The last time I drove down this road was for that barbecue - you remember?"

[The passenger nods his head.]

"The one where our fathers decided what we all really needed for dessert was to watch them trade holds in the barn."

[The driver chuckles.]

"That's the one. Then they made the kids get in there. Me and Jack... then me and Travis..."

[The passenger responds, ice in his voice.]

"Not me though. I was too delicate according to the old man."

[The driver shrugs.]

"Nobody thinks that now, right?"

[The passenger nods as the car speeds up and we fade through black on the car pulling to a halt. The camera is positioned outside the car now as the driver side door swings open as Bobby O'Connor steps out first, clad in a black suit with the button-up shirt underneath unbuttoned enough to reveal a gold cross dangling on a chain around his neck.]

BOC: Time to face your past, brother.

[The passenger side door opens up as James Lynch emerges, a sneer on his face as he looks up at his childhood home in front of him. He's clad in black jeans, a white tank top, cowboy boots, and a bandana wrapped around his head. He shakes his head.]

JL: I don't know about this. You sure this is a good idea?

[O'Connor smirks.]

BOC: Relax. I paid good money to make sure the whole family is in town. We've got the place to ourselves.

[James nods.]

BOC: Let's do this.

[He claps James on the shoulder, leading him up the steps to the front door as James drags his feet, almost as if a weight is holding him back. We fade again, this time into the interior of the house - what appears to be the formal dining room although formality is lacking in this room made of a simple wooden table with a basic light fixture hanging overhead. It's the very epitome of how you'd expect a blue collar working man's dining room to look. James looks around, deep in thought as O'Connor smirks at a family photo hanging prominently on the wall. He gestures towards it.]

BOC: Different times, huh?

[James looks at the photo, silently nodding.]

BOC: Have a seat, my brother.

[James looks around the table at the empty chairs and very deliberately seats himself in one on the side of the table. O'Connor raises an eyebrow, staying on his feet as he steps behind his friend. The camera is positioned across the table from James, allowing him to speak directly into it.]

BOC: You've got a lot on your mind. Tell 'em something.

[James closes his eyes for a moment... two... three... and then with a deep sigh, he opens them - his expression growing harsh and cold in an instant.]

JL: My brother.

[He spits it out, almost as an expletive.]

JL: At long last, "Saint Jack" Lynch has accepted my challenge. After months and months of first asking, and then demanding, I've got what I always wanted.

A match at SuperClash.

A battle between brothers. Blood versus blood.

[O'Connor grins, nodding as James speaks.]

JL: For most people. For the "fans," and I use that term loosely, and for all the so-called experts, this is something simple.

It's sibling rivalry, its little brother versus big brother.

But it's so much more than that.

You see, Cain killed Abel. And for me, the stakes are just as...

[Lynch turns to look at O'Connor and gives a nod of acknowledgement.]

JL: ...just as biblical.

My brother is picking the stipulation because that's the power he thinks he has. Jack Lynch, always in the match that steals the show, always in the match that everyone remembers.

But Jack, it doesn't matter what stipulation you pick.

Because "Mr. SuperClash," I'm the one setting the stakes.

[James' use of Jack's nickname is dripping with sarcasm.]

JL: But let's set the stage a little.

See, unlike my brother who didn't give a damn what happened to me after I was no longer useful to him... I know everything about you, Jack. You talk about the Texas Death Match like I wasn't there to help you train every step of the way. You talk about the Towel Match like I wasn't the one begging to be in your corner for it. You talk about the Syndicate Street Fight like I didn't suffer myself along the way for that one watching what those two put our family through.

I was there for it all, Jack. You may not have noticed me... you may not have cared... but I was there... and I'll be there next week in Atlanta too. I'll be there for your greatest SuperClash battle of it all.

[O'Connor murmurs, "yes... yes... preach on, my brother..." as James gets going.]

JL: This match at SuperClash is about all of that. All of the pain and suffering this family... MY family... has gone through simply because they had the misfortune to be related to... you.

[He points at the camera.]

JL: For years now... for too long... the world has seen Jack as the heir apparent to the Lynch family. He was the one Dad groomed from birth to be the guy... to be the one to carry the family forward when the old man is gone. He was the one being positioned to run PCW before Dad ran it into the ground and sold out to the AWA. The one Dad made sure was center stage when we all came to the AWA... the one Dad wanted on top of the wrestling world to show everyone who the Lynches are. But what has Jack Lynch truly brought to this family?

[He waves a dismissive hand.]

JL: Sure, he was a World Champion for a little while. Yeah, he's been a tag champion with me... with Travis. But what has he truly brought to this family? He's brought pain. Like Theresa getting thrown down by the Syndicate and ending up in a hospital.

He's brought suffering. Like Travis having his entire career turned into a joke because he couldn't handle living in Jack's shadow.

He's brought misery to our mother who hasn't seen Matt in ages because he'd rather work in Mexico or Japan or anywhere else than somewhere where he has to deal with the great Jack Lynch.

[James shakes his head.]

JL: Every step of the way... every move he makes... every enemy he has... they all come for the family and he's powerless to stop it. And because he's anointed himself as "the guy"... that narcissistic jackass does NOTHING for the rest of his family...

[O'Connor leans in.]

BOC: Or his friends.

[James slaps a hand down on the table.]

JL: Exactly! Bobby was his best friend... a brother without the bloodline... and Jack let him down over and over again, leaving him to get injured and sidelined time and again.

Ryan Martinez is supposed to be Jack's good friend.... and he's letting him walk into WarGames without him because he was too blinded by his own personal issues to make a sacrifice for his friend.

Jack Lynch gives a DAMN about NO ONE... but himself.

This family is in shambles because of him. Brother versus brother. Sister tangled up with some cold-eyed freak who's not good enough for her. Family members estranged and lost to us. Our parents fighting with one another over what comes next.

And Jack stands above it all... the anointed king of a kingdom of CRAP!

[James pauses, taking a deep breath.]

JL: But it doesn't have to be that way...

[O'Connor chuckles, "no, it doesn't... not at all..."]

JL: Because the one thing I've learned with the help of Brother Bobby here is that kings can be brought down by their people. Kings cannot withstand the storm of revolution. And that's what you see right now, Jack... a one man revolution.

[He holds up one finger.]

JL: One man.

[O'Connor holds up two fingers behind James' head for the camera.]

JL: It starts with one man. One man willing to stand up. One man able to see through your cloud of crap and to the other side where the sun shines bright, the birds are singing, and this family...

[He gestures around at the room.]

JL: ...is whole.

It takes one man to stand across the ring from you at SuperClash and speak his truth.

And the revolution is starting to take hold, Jack. Already... already Bobby is by my side, standing here with me. He's as close as family - you said it plenty of times -

and he knows what needs to happen. The revolution is upon you, Jack, and even "Mr. SuperClash" can hold it back for much longer.

So, pick your match... pick whatever wild, twisted affair you can think of... it doesn't matter. See, I'm willing to do whatever it takes to spark the revolution in Atlanta... to burn the house of Jack Lynch to the ground. And you...

[He smirks.]

JL: I'm not so sure you are. For all your talk, Jack... you still have to climb inside that ring with your own brother... with your own flesh and blood... and you've gotta force yourself to do all the things you say you're gonna do to the guy who you grew up with... who you used to walk to school... who you taught to drive a car... who stood by your side on your wedding day...

The guy who your daughter is named after.

I don't know if you can do it, Jack...

I don't know if you can live with yourself... with the idea of having your own brother's blood on your hands...

[Lynch grins.]

JL: But I know I can.

Because for me, it's not a choice. I MUST do this. For me...

[He gestures at the room again.]

JL: ...and for MY family.

And when I talk about the stakes... that's what I'm talking about.

[James takes a moment, looking down at the end of the table... the Head of the Table, if you will... and slowly rises from his seat, walking across the room. He runs a hand across the back of the chair...

...and then deposits himself into it with a heavy sigh.]

JL: You're no longer the heir apparent, Jack. You never were. It was me, Jack. All along, I was meant to lead this family forward. And at SuperClash, I'm gonna prove it. At SuperClash, I'm going to be the last Lynch standing.

And I'm going to save this family from all that you've done to it.

I'll bring Matt home where he belongs. I'll get Travis straightened out and back to the top where he belongs.

I'll even get Theresa away from that piece of garbage who the rest of you have welcomed into our home.

[O'Connor grimaces, rubbing his arm as James pauses.]

JL: I'll be the son that our parents can be proud of. The brother that our siblings can rely on.

And when it's all over... when you're bloodied... and beaten... and laying in a heap in the middle of the ring, I'll look down on you, my brother...

...and as Bobby says the Good Lord would want, I'll extend my hand...

[He reaches out an open hand.]

JL: ...and I'll forgive you for all that you've done... and welcome you back into the family with open arms...

[He sits back in the chair, arms resting on the armrests with a smirk.]

JL: ...into MY family.

[O'Connor can be heard softly chuckling in the background as Lynch nods confidently 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...

...and as we come back up, we get a black screen with the words "SEVERAL DAYS AGO" imposed over the otherwise black field. Slowly, the words and the darkness

dissolve onto an airstrip. Not a commercial airstrip. It looks run down, the tarmac hardly smooth. The airstrip appears to have been built in the middle of the desert... somewhere. There's a single plane on the runway, and like the runway, it looks like it has seen better days... a very long time ago. Along the side of the plane is a logo advertising the plane as belonging to "Lao Che Air Freight". Standing in front of the plane is "Sweet" Lou Blackwell, as well as a man in a pilot's uniform.]

SLB: Hello, AWA fans...

[Blackwell looks around at the airfield.]

SLB: The AWA has sent to me to... well, I am not even sure where we are.

[He turns to the pilot.]

SLB: Can you tell us where we are?

PILOT: That's information I am not at liberty to give.

SLB: Well, no one even told me WHY I was here. Can you tell me or is that a secret too?

PILOT: I don't actually-

"I'm the reason..."

[The camera cuts to the third entrant onto the scene, none other than Ryan Martinez. The AWA's White Knight is dressed in attire we've never seen him in before, a short sleeved khaki shirt with similarly colored pants, and a wool felt hat with a belt around the top and rugged boots with thick soles. He also has a belt with a knife hanging from it, as well as a canteen,]

SLB: Ryan Martinez! You look like you're about ready to go on safari!

[Martinez chuckles.]

RM: That's pretty close to the truth, Lou. Last time everyone saw me on Saturday Night Wrestling, I said that I knew exactly who we needed at WarGames. But he... he's not coming to me. He made it clear I have to come to him.

[Blackwell looks puzzled.]

RM: And that's where the plane, and where you come in...

[The puzzled expression turns to alarm in a flash.]

SLB: Whoah... Hold on!

[Martinez grins and shakes his head.]

RM: Not you, Lou. I know you'll only get on a plane if the only thing smaller than the liquor bottles are the flight attendant's skirts. I mean you...

[Martinez looks directly at the camera, and by extension, the cameraman.]

RM: They say you're the bravest. You're the only one who'll get in the thick of it when "Riot Martinez" looks like he's going to live up to his name.

So are you ready for the adventure of a lifetime?

[There's a moment of hesitation before the camera moves up and down, indicating the camera man's agreement.]

RM: Excellent!

[Martinez turns to the pilot.]

RM: You got the coordinates?

PILOT: Yeah. But I've got to ask. How did you get this? This place is like an old wives tale. Pilots talk about it all the time, but no one has ever actually seen it.

[Martinez nods.]

RM: I got it from my sister. Who... well, let's just say she acquired it from a "doctor" of less than stellar repute.

[The pilot looks unconvinced.]

PILOT: And we get there, you're sure everything will be okay? I mean, I've heard things. And based on what I've heard, I got a bad feeling about this.

[Martinez puts a comforting hand on his shoulder.]

RM: Don't worry... I know the guy in charge.

He's a friend from work.

[The pilot lets out a sigh and then nods.]

PILOT: Hey... as long as the check clears, right? Alright then. We're good to go when you are.

[Martinez nods and starts to head to the plane.]

SLB: Wait a minute, what about me? How am I getting back?

RM: Don't worry, Lou. I made arrangements for you to be picked up and taken back home in style. They'll be here sooner or later.

SLB: They better be! I don't want to be stranded.

RM: Lou, when you see the transport I arranged, I'll be your favorite person.

[Martinez winks.]

RM: Count on it!

[The pilot enters the plane with the White Knight following behind him. The camera travels into the interior of the plane, which isn't in any better shape than the exterior. Everyone settles in, and then, on the screen we see the following:

AN UNDISCLOSED AMOUNT OF TIME LATER

And we are back inside the plane where Martinez is leaning against a bulkhead. He seems remarkably calm, his eyes half closed. Our camera shot is a little shaky... like our cameraman just powered on and is getting the appropriate view as the pilot is standing in front of the White Knight and nudges Martinez' shoulder urgently.]

RM: What's happening?

PILOT: We've got a big problem. We're here...

RM: Good.

PILOT: ..and there is nowhere safe to land!

[Martinez nods.]

RM: I know. Truth Marie told me as much.

[The pilot shakes his head.]

PILOT: You knew?! Then why... forget it! We have to turn back!

[Martinez is shockingly calm in this conversation with a panicked pilot.]

RM: We're not turning back.

PILOT: Didn't you hear what I said?

RM: I did. But I also know that neither our guide nor our host are going to wait.

[Martinez stands up, stretching for a moment...

...before he reaches for an overhead compartment.]

RM: Fortunately, my sister likes to plan ahead. When she commissioned this plane, she made some... special arrangements.

[Martinez produces two parachutes, handing one to the cameraman as he begins to gear up.]

PILOT: You've gotta be out of your damn mind, kid.

[Martinez shrugs, tugging the parachute backpack into position.]

RM: They say desperate times call for desperate measures, right? Well, knowing what we're going against in WarGames - I can't think of a time I've been more desperate than this.

[Martinez gives a look to the cameraman who has set the camera down and seems to be also putting on his parachute... a little more reluctantly than Martinez. The pilot looks at the cameraman... then at Martinez... shaking his head, he continues.]

PILOT: Fine. It's your skin. But hey...

[He slaps the backpack.]

PILOT: That will get you out of the plane, but how are you getting back?

[Martinez, finished putting on his parachute, steps over towards the door marked "EXIT" in bold print above it.]

RM: Well, either the person we're going to find agrees to come with us and gets us out of here or...

[He reaches out, yanking the handle that pops the door open, causing a roaring wind to whip through it. Martinez grabs a loop on the wall, keeping himself in the

plane as he turns back to the pilot with a twinkle in the eyes of the former World Champion.]

RM: ...we don't come back at all.

[With those words, Martinez jumps out of the plane and quickly out of sight...

...and from back behind the camera, we hear the cameraman.]

C: Did he say we might not come back at all?

[And with that, the screen goes black again and the words on the screen promise us this is...

"TO BE CONTINUED!"

Fade to black...

...and then slowly fade back up on our announce team at ringside, both with their jaws hanging open.]

BW: What. The. Hell.

GM: Ryan Martinez told us two weeks ago he knew exactly who he needed to finish up his WarGames team and... well, like he said, "desperate times call for desperate measures."

BW: He's on an airplane that looks like it's being used to haul chickens! He's on an airstrip in the middle of the damn desert! He's jumping out of airplanes!

GM: The true soldier fights not because he hates what is in front of him, but because he loves what is behind him... and you can never say that anyone loves the AWA more than Ryan Martinez... and he's willing to do whatever it takes to protect it from the likes of Javier Castillo and his Army.

[Wilde shakes his head in disbelief again.]

GM: Fans, let's go to the ring.

[We fade up to Rebecca who is center ring, mic in hand.]

RO: The following contest in the AWA Women's Division is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit.

Introducing first... already in the ring... weighing 125 pounds... from Seattle, Washington... Rashida Saadiq.

[In the ring, a Brown woman in a headscarf bows to the crowd. She wears a full long-sleeved bodysuit in white spandex, matching boots and kneepads. The crowd gives her an appreciative murmur.]

GM: And Rashida Saadiq is set to face her opponent... the Afro Punk Victoria June who has been through a lot in the past few months at the hands of Charisma Knight and Dr. Leah White. Charisma Knight has viciously attacked June's best friend in the AWA, Kayla Cristol, not once but twice, putting her back on the injured list two weeks ago. Let's take a look back at what happened two weeks ago on SNW!

[We fade to a caption marked "TWO WEEKS AGO" where we see Sweet Lou Blackwell standing in the ring.]

SLB: It is my great pleasure to introduce my special guest at this time... a woman who has been out of action for several months now... the Smokin' Pistol herself... KAYLA "THE PISTOL" CRISTOL!

[A surprised cheer goes up as "Gettin' Down on the Mountain" by Corb Lund plays over the sound system. Kayla Cristol comes into view, a huge smile on her face as she "fires" her finger pistols in the air..

...and we cut to Cristol inside the ring with Blackwell.]

SLB: Kayla Cristol, welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling!

[Cristol grins, bowing her head and mouthing "thank you... I love you" to the cheering fans.]

SLB: And boy, these fans here in Charlotte are certainly happy to see you back... and I gotta say I am too. It's gotta feel great to be back.

[Cristol nods, again getting a big cheer which actually causes her to dab at her eyes.]

KC: Thank you... thank y'all so much.

[She clenches her fist, tapping it on her chest a few times as she smiles and bows her head again at the reaction.]

KC: I love y'all so much... and heck, Lou... I've been dreamin' of this night for a while now.

[We cut again.]

KC: Lou, my back feels good... my neck feels good... and after talkin' to Doc Ponavitch tonight, I gotta say that I'm cleared and ready for action!

[Another big cheer rings out as Kayla laughs at the reaction...

...and we cut again as Victoria June has joined her best friend inside the ring.]

VJ: Sweet Lou ... ah ain't ever been so happy!

[Cristol grins as June slides an arm around her waist, pulling the Pistol towards her.]

VJ: Ah got mah girl back at mah side!

[June presses her cheek against Cristol's.]

VJ: And all that means that nasty Charisma's plans failed!

[Blackwell grins at the duo.]

SLB: Strange as this pairing may seem. You two seem like naturals together.

VJ: She's mah best friend... ah wouldn't choose no other to-

[And suddenly - to the shock of everyone in the arena - the lights go out, dropping the crowd into pure darkness, even with some of the dim lights from all the smartphones going on in the crowd.]

SLB: What the...?! Can someone get the lights back on in here, for crying out loud?! We're trying to conduct an interview!

[Blackwell is cut off with sounds coming over the PA system...

...the sounds of weeping.]

"You... you... are you happy now, Victoria...?"

[The crowd reacts as the voice becomes clear and is very, very familiar to one and all - it's Charisma Knight. The video wall lights up slightly, showing a darkened room where Charisma is curled up in the fetal position on the floor, rocking herself back and forth as she hugs her own body tightly.]

CK: You speak of joy... friendship... you speak as if you thought this was over.

After what you did to my Lee Lee last week... THIS IS NOT OVER!

[We cut again to a closeup of Knight on the video wall.]

CK: Everywhere you look, there are choices to made, Victoria.

But not for you.

[A giggle.]

CK: From the second we chose you, the end result was never in doubt.

You think you have a choice in this, Victoria - you don't... you never did.

[The camera shot shifts abruptly, going black... then red... then back to normal lighting and coloring as Knight's laughter rings out and we find Kayla Cristol laid out center ring, facefirst down on the canvas motionless. Victoria June has her fists balled up, ready for a fight as she looks around frantically...

...and then with a concerned shriek, she dives to her knees, rolling Cristol onto her back and cradling her head in her hands as Knight's booming laugh continues to be heard...

...and we cut back to live action where we find Sweet Lou backstage with a very different looking Victoria June. The Afro Punk's coarse blonde afro is parted in two and tugged down over her black smudged eyes. Smeared black lipstick stands out sharply against her pale cream skin and reddish tattoos. June clutches the lapels of her Rocker leather jacket as she stares down at the ground, rocking back and forth on her heels as she tries to compose herself.]

SLB: Victoria June, we just saw the footage of that brutal attack by Charisma Knight on your partner, Kayla "The Pistol" Cristol. How are you feeling in the wake of that attack?

VJ: (refusing to look anywhere but down) How am ah feeling, Blackwell? How am ah feeling?

[Her head jerks up to show bloodshot eyes.]

VJ: Ah'll tell you how ah'm feeling. Ah'm feeling pretty damn pissed off!

[Sweet Lou pulls a face at June's choice of language.]

SLB: Now, wait a minute... this is a family show! Watch your language, please!

VJ: (visibly distressed) Watch mah language? Watch mah language? Mah best friend got her laid out by Charisma Knight. She laid up in hospital and then dedicated months of rehab to make her way back to the ring, to the people... to me. And she did it out of love.

[June grimaces, shaking her head.]

VJ: She did all that and on her first night back Charisma Knight attacks her again and tried to put her out for good this time. And now her family is in pain. Her fans are deprived of seeing her in the ring and me? Ah lost my best friend once again and you have a nerve to talk to me about mah language, Blackwell?

[June's unique face hardens into a mask of vitriol.]

VJ: No, we're not gonna talk about language, Blackwell. We're gonna talk about Charisma Knight and the way the AWA refuses to do anything about her. We're gonna talk about that.

[Blackwell backs off, cowed.]

VJ: Charisma Knight stole the chance to make a living from mah friend, Kayla Cristol. Took the food right out of her mouth. Why? To prove a point to me. You'd think the AWA would step in and protect their talent, wouldn't you? But no. No one has had the decency to fine her. No one has had the good sense to suspend her. No one has had the guts to fire her. And no one has had the balls to make her pay. Well, Charisma Knight, ah got the balls. And ah'm gonna make you pay.

[Before Sweet Lou can open his mouth, June cuts him off.]

VJ: And Blackwell, if you talk to me about language again ah'll cut yours off, too.

[Blackwell blanches and stays quiet.]

VJ: Charisma Knight, do you hear me, you stupid bitch.

[Blackwell jumps, holding his tongue.]

VJ: At SuperClash, you step in the ring with me and ah'll show you what my pain feels like. You wanted to bring out the worst in me. Well, we're getting close to it. Trust me. You don't want none of it. You think you're the baddest, Knight? You ain't seen a damn thing. You better watch this match and see what ah am gonna do to you.

[Blackwell has been understandably quiet since June threatened his manhood but now he has heard too much.]

SLB: Now see here just a minute. Your opponent tonight, Rashida Saadiq. She has nothing to do with this. She's just a kid getting her feet wet. Don't take this out on her.

[June glowers at him, eye-to-eye.]

VJ: How dare you, Blackwell. You come here to ask me about mah pain. You poke your fingers in mah wound. You get me all wound up about Charisma Knight in advance of this match and then you want to bring me back down and go easy on this Saadiq kid? Where were you when Charisma was hospitalizing my friend, huh? Where was this righteous indignation then?

Ah'm sorry, Blackwell, but Charisma needs to know what she started and if ah have to use Saadiq as a messenger that you don't touch mine... well, that messenger gotta get shot sometimes.

[June storms off the set leaving an aghast Blackwell staring after the Afro Punk as she pushes through to the entranceway.]

SLB: Well, ladies and gentlemen, I apologize for the Afro Punk's language here on set. I don't care how mad you are that's no way to talk on a family show like ours. That is certainly not the Victoria June I know. Gordon, Bucky, back to you!

[The cameras throw back to ringside.]

GM: Well, Victoria June is certainly in a foul mood. This is not the Victoria June we're used to seeing.

BW: Charisma Knight will do that to you. June has always been free spirited weirdo willing to laugh her way through every tough situation. Well, today the laughter stopped.

GM: Back to Rebecca...

[We go back to the ring where Rebecca is ready to continue.]

RO: And her opponent... from Toronto, Ontario, Canada by way of Jackson, Tennessee... weighing 163 pounds... she is the Afro Punk...

VICTORRRRIAAAAA JUUUUUUUUNE!

[The Ramones' "Blitzkrieg Bop" blares over the PA system as Victoria June emerges from the back and stomps down the ramp to ringside. The infectious energy of the song does not match June's devastated and distracted demeanor nor her somber ring gear. June is dressed in black leather jacket, black denim shorts, black spandex halter, torn fishnets and a pair of Doc Marten boots. She storms into the ring, shrugging off her jacket and kicking it to the floor.]

BW: Normally, June comes shooting up through the ramp and headbangs her way to the ring. No partying from the Afro Punk this time.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Oh my goodness! The bell just rung and June is on Saadiq immediately! Hard rights and lefts from Victoria June.

BW: June is looking for something to hit. And she is hitting hard!

[The crowd is cheering at first as June batters Saadiq into the corner with a series of punches. Trapping Saadiq in the corner, June smashes her head into Saadiq's with a headbutt...]

GM: Oh, big headbutt in the corner! And another!

[...and she just keeps on smashing her skull violently into her opponent's, the crowd groaning with each one as the cheers start to quiet. With Saadiq barely able to stand, June snatches her under the arm, tossing her through the air and down to the mat in the center of the ring with a bellow.]

GM: Victoria June screaming in frustration here, Bucky! What do you think is going through her mind right now?

BW: I don't think there is much going through her mind at all. I think she's in a red haze and there's only one vague image in that red haze and that's Charisma Knight. That's all she's seeing is Charisma Knight's bloody red face.

GM: And this crowd - usually so solidly behind Victoria - are in stunned silence right now. Those brutal headbutts... look at that... June busted herself open with one of those. She's bleeding from her own offense!

[June wipes a hand across her forehead, glaring at her own blood for an instant before it seems to drive her forward again, dropping a knee down into the sternum of Saadiq. The referee goes to count but June gets up, shaking her head.]

GM: No cover. Not even considered for a second. Victoria June is looking to hurt this young lady like Charisma Knight hurt Kayla Cristol two weeks ago.

[June snatches Saadiq off the canvas, boosting her up into her arms, and throwing her down in a brutal body slam, sending a jolt through the spine of her opponent.]

GM: A hard slam... a VERY hard slam... absolutely brutal...

[Saadiq screams out in pain as she arches involuntarily on the mat, her heels kicking feebly at the canvas. Desperate for some separation, Saadiq spills out onto the thin pads of the arena floor.]

GM: Wise move for Saadiq to escape to the floor and get some respite from this onslaught by June.

BW: If there is any respite to be found.

[June leans against the ropes, staring down at her opponent who is struggling to pull herself to her feet. She is breathing heavily, rage pouring out of her.]

GM: Well, at least she didn't follow Saadiq out to the floor. You have to wonder if perhaps she'll take a countout and get out of this dangerous situation.

[The referee steps over towards June, trying to calm her down but June angrily shoves Shari Miranda out of the way to a shocked reaction from the crowd!]

GM: Whoa.

BW: That's too far, Gordo. Putting your hands on a referee is going too far.

GM: Look out here!

[June races to the far ropes, gathering momentum as she charges forward and throws herself sideways over the top rope to crash down on top of the rising Saadiq. The crowd is amazed by June's athletic display.]

GM: OH MY GOODNESS! WHAT A MANEUVER!

BW: Victoria June just dropped out of the sky to land on Rashida Saadiq!

[June is still down on the mat as the crowd buzzes at the daredevil dive.]

BW: Understand something, Gordo - while she might not be as big as Kuruyami, Victoria June is one of the biggest and one of the most muscular competitors in the Women's Division! She's a tank! If she throws herself over that rope and collides with you with such reckless abandon, Gordo, you're in for a long night. Especially if you're just an itty bitty thing like this Saadiq kid here.

[A fuming June climbs to her feet, looking out on the crowd treating her like a total stranger. There are still some cheers... there are some boos as well... and still a lot of shocked silence as June turns back towards Saadiq.]

GM: June pulls her up to her feet and...

[Grabbing the wrist, June stares into Saadiq's face with cold green eye before setting her feet...

...and with a shout June yanks Saddiq forward, whipping Saadiq hard into the ring post.]

"CLAAAAAAAAAANK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE STEEL!

[Saadiq bounces off the steel with a loud clang, stumbling and crumpling over the ringside railing as June hears more boos from the New Orleans crowd.]

GM: June hearing some boos here and that has to get through to her. She is not like this. That has to snap her out of this funk she is in. These tactics are uncalled for against this young girl, Rashida Saadiq.

BW: I don't, Gordo. A message is being sent to Charisma Knight. I'm registering it loud and clear. This is a side of Victoria June we've never really seen before. Maybe Charisma can't break her. Maybe she is biting off more than she can chew.

[The crowd boos barely seem to register on June as she rolls Saadiq into the center of the ring. She climbs in after her, turning to the camera. You can see from her expression that the June we know isn't fully there.]

"COME ON, CHARISMA! ACCEPT MY CHALLENGE! FACE ME AT SUPERCLASH AND LET ME TEAR YOUR BLOODY HEAD OFF!"

GM: June reiterating her challenge to Knight!

"COME ON! COME GET SOME!"

[June mounts Saadiq and starts pounding the hapless Saadiq with forearms to the face. She lunges forward, putting all her weight behind every shot as Saadiq tries to cover up...]

GM: Come on, referee!

[...but as the forearms continue to fall, Saadiq's arms fall to her sides limply...]

GM: You gotta stop this thing, Shari!

[The referee leans in closer, trying to get a close look as June continue to drive forearms into the face, shrieking as she throws the heavy blows...]

"SMAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"COME ON, CHARISMA!"

"SMAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"SMAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"FOR KAYLA! FOR MAH FRIEND!"

"SMAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: Somebody stop her! Somebody stop this! I don't think Saadiq is even conscious right now! She's not defending herself! She's not-

[Shari Miranda whips around, a frantic look on her face as she signals the timekeeper.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: There's the bell but-

"SMAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"SMAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"SMAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

BW: But she's not stopping! June's not stopping!

[Miranda lunges at her, trying to wrap her up and stop the attack.]

"SMAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"SMAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"SMAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: Shari can't stop her either!

"FIGHT ME, CHARISMA! FIGHT ME!"

"SMAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"SMAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"SMAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The bell rings again but June can't be stopped right now! Shari Miranda called for the bell again but-

"SMAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"SMAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[June leans back for a second, showing her fury-filled face to the camera.]

BW: Wait a second! Is she crying?! Is June crying?!

"SMAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"SMAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"COME ON, CHARISMA!"

[The cameras catch June's face and indeed her cheeks are streaked with tears. Her black eye makeup is running as she sobs audibly between blows.]

GM: Victoria June has completely melted down here. Shari Miranda trying to get her off!

BW: Charisma has taken up residence in her head. I don't think she's paying June a dime for the space either.

[June winds up again...

...but a lunging tackle from John Shock knocks June aside. She's quickly rushed by other AWA officials and security, shoved back down to the mat and held there despite her struggles to get up and keep fighting.]

GM: We've got officials in here... we've got security in here... John Shock and... my stars... I don't even know what to think about this. This is... it's sad... that's what it is... it's just sad, Bucky.

BW: I've gotta agree with you. Saadiq just took a pounding at the hands of someone who... well, that's just not her. Charisma Knight drove her to the edge... and beyond it. Far, far beyond it apparently, Gordo.

GM: Victoria June... still with tears in her eyes... being held down by security as we try to get medical help in here for Rashida Saadiq and...

[June is screaming loudly, "LET ME GO! GET OFF ME!" as they try to maintain control of her.]

GM: This is hard to watch, fans. Let's... okay, yes... let's go to commercial. We'll be right back.

[With June struggling to get free, we quickly 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 up on a panning shot of the New Orleans crowd, the AWA faithful jammed into a sold out Smoothie King Center to witness the final AWA event before SuperClash IX. The fans are still buzzing over what they saw moments ago... and for what they know is yet to come.

"Black Skinhead" by Kanye West begins to play as the New Orleans crowd rises to their feet to pay tribute to the man many consider the finest technical wrestler in all of professional wrestling and one of Louisiana's favorite sons. The cheers are not the sort of rabid, wild roars you would expect from a fan favorite, but they are the applause of a crowd that deeply respects the abilities of the man they see walking out from behind the curtain... Supreme Wright.

The two-time AWA World Heavyweight Champion is dressed in his usual dapper fashion, wearing a slim three-piece navy blue tweed Herringbone suit and waistcoat with a white formal shirt and a canary yellow neck tie for a pop of color. We see that his arm is in a sling, the result of Jeff Matthews' locking the Fujiwara armbar on him on the last edition of Saturday Night Wrestling. He ignores the hands reaching out for him, his eyes focused completely on HIS ring.]

GM: Supreme Wright on his way out here... and as you can see, he's sporting battle wounds from two weeks ago when he encountered Jeff Matthews and his patented Fujiwara Armbar.

BW: There's a reason the Madfox once made a living being known as the Career Killer, Gordo. That armbar can snap a limb and can shorten or end a career in an instant. Supreme Wright better remember that, Gordo.

GM: Judging by that sling, I'd imagine he knows it all too well.

[Wright enters through the ropes, getting a mic handed to him as he does. He does a little circle around the ring before ending up in the middle, mic in hand.]

SW: Before I say anything else, I'd like for Mr. Matthews to join me in MY ring. Because the words that I'm about to speak very much need to be heard by your ears. So, Mr. Matthews... please honor us with your presence.

[Wright lowers the mic, looking down the aisle as the crowd rises, waiting to see if the Madfox will answer the summons.]

GM: Supreme Wright's calling Jeff Matthews out here, the man he'll face inside this very ring in five nights.

BW: Matthews works for Korugun - not Supreme Wright. He doesn't have to come out here if he doesn't want to.

GM: He doesn't have to but-

[The opening notes of Metallica's "One" begin to play to a big reaction from the AWA faithful. All eyes are on the entrance when Jeff Matthews walks into view.]

GM: And there he is - the former World Champion, the Hall of Famer..

[Matthews is dressed in a black suit, a white dress shirt unbuttoned a few notches down, and with a curious expression on his face as he steps out onto the ramp. He looks down at Wright, pointing at him. Off-mic, we can hear a "you want me down there?"]

GM: Jeff Matthews seems a little unsure about this... perhaps wondering if he's being lured into a trap.

BW: We'll see.

[Matthews points at Wright again, then shakes out his arm, wincing as he mocks the former AWA World Champion and starts his walk down the ramp towards the ring.]

GM: Well, Matthews is heading down here... perhaps his curiosity getting the better of him...

[The former World Champion pauses to glare at a fan who is holding up a sign with a blown-up photo of Matthews trapped in the Cobra Clutch Crossface years ago with the words "THE REAL FOXTRAP" written underneath. The Hall of Famer shakes his head in disgust before moving on towards the ring where Supreme Wright awaits him.]

GM: Matthews taking his sweet time getting there... Supreme Wright lying in wait...

[Reaching the ring, Matthews goes up the ringsteps, ducking through the ropes after getting a mic of his own.]

JMM: Mr. Matthews, huh?

[Matthews nods.]

JMM: I like it! Respect for those who paved the way for you to do what you do in here.

[Wright doesn't respond.]

JMM: It's almost as if... almost have your arm SNAPPED in two humbled the "great" Supreme Wright.

[Matthews sneers at Wright who raises the mic to respond.]

SW: Quite the contrary, Mr. Matthews. After they replayed our first match on Power Hour, I just remembered who you are and the fact is, you ARE a man worthy of my respect and admiration.

[Wright pauses.]

SW: The fact you DIDN'T break my arm actually made me respect you even less.

But I respect you, nonetheless.

[Matthews laughs at Wright's boldness.]

JMM: Well, we all know how much I treasure your respect, Wright.

So...

[Matthews pauses, shrugging out of his suit jacket to cheers from the crowd looking for a fight. He drapes it over the top rope.]

JMM: It seems to me I could fix that mistake right now.

[Matthews takes a step towards Wright whose feet shift slightly into a defensive posture...

...but a grinning Matthews pulls back, his hands raised.]

JMM: But I think I actually want to hear what you have to say... first.

[The implied threat hangs over Wright as Matthews backs towards the ropes, watching carefully as Wright raises the mic again.]

SW: What I wanted to do was issue you a formal apology, Mr. Matthews.

I'm sorry.

[Matthews looks confused, shaking his head with an off-mic "Sorry? For what?"]

SW: I'm sorry for so thoroughly humiliating you five years ago, that you've become the pitiful sight that we see in the here and now.

[A huge roar comes from the crowd at that one as the smug smirk on Matthews' face is wiped away.]

JMM: That's cute, Wright. It is. But in a way, you're right. Losing to you five years ago was humiliating... and it put me into a bad place. It put me in the state of mind that maybe I was done... maybe I couldn't do this anymore... maybe I wasn't the man who held the World Title before... maybe I wasn't the Madfox... the Hall of Famer...

...the Career Killer.

[Matthews glares at Wright.]

JMM: But money talks and BS walks... and all that crap went out the window when Javier Castillo wrote one of the biggest checks I've ever seen in my life for me to get in that ring with you at SuperClash... keeping you OUT of WarGames...

[The crowd jeers as they're reminded of that particular piece of gamesmanship.]

JMM: But see, that's where what Castillo wants ends. He got exactly what he wanted. So, he doesn't really care what happens next.

[He jerks a thumb at himself.]

JMM: I do. I want to even the score from five years ago. I want to put you down... and then I want to go one step further and put you out.

And I'd really like to do that at SuperClash, Wright.

[Matthews pauses.]

JMM: But if you keep talking the way you're talking, I just might decide to do it tonight instead.

[He points a threatening finger at Wright who ignores the threat, staring Matthews straight in the eye as he continues talking.]

SW: Five years ago, I was a young up and comer looking to make a name for myself at any cost, Mr. Matthews. I didn't care what I said or what I did to do it. You were a man who I held in the highest regard and I was determined to bring out and face the wrath of the Career Killer... the former World Champion... the Hall of Famer... the man who once took a chair and smashed it down on Caleb Temple's head seventeen times inside the Killing Box...

...and I was going to choke his ass out.

[Matthews shakes his head.]

SW: I came out week after week on national television and I did everything in my power to verbally abuse you. To humiliate you. To motivate you into becoming the beast you once were and to unleash that wrath on a twenty-five year old man you had never met in your life. And I succeeded, Mr. Matthews. I did bring out the Career Killer...

...and then he became my very first victim of The Cobra Clutch Crossface.

[Big roar from the crowd! Matthews shakes his head furiously.]

JMM: Your first victim. I'm glad you pointed that out, Wright... because it saves me from having to do it. You see... that was your secret weapon, wasn't it? It was the move that Michaelson only taught his prized students... the ones he loved the most. But you... you weren't that guy, were you?

Five years ago, you weren't the so-called best wrestler in the world... you were the punk BITCH that Michaelson kicked out of the Combat Corner because he wasn't good enough to make it!

[The crowd jeers that as Wright grimaces.]

JMM: Five years ago, you had a surprise for me... a secret weapon... but it's not a secret anymore. I know it's there... I know it's coming...

[He grins.]

JMM: ...and I've spent five years figuring out how to stop it.

You think - the whole world thinks it's unbreakable?

[Matthews sneers.]

JMM: We'll see about that.

[Wright again seems to ignore Matthews as he continues.]

SW: Five years, Mr. Matthews. It's been five long years since we've faced each other and I sent you back home to your wife and two daughters with your tail tucked between your legs after you failed to defend their honor. How often did you think about how that punk kid dragged your name through the mud and then accomplished everything he said he would by making you a stepping stone. It must've hurt, didn't it? Did it hurt when your girls asked-

[Matthews steps closer, eyes going cold as he interrupts.]

JMM: You mention my family again and I'll kill you right now.

[The crowd "ooooooooohs" as Supreme smirks.]

SW: That's the thing, though, Mr. Matthews.

[And that smirk becomes a big, disturbing unnatural smile.]

SW: That's EXACTLY what I want. That's what I wanted five years ago and that's what I want NOW. I want you to HATE me. To LOATHE me. To CURSE my very existence. I want you to want nothing more, than to put me in the Fujiwara armbar and to take my damn arm!

[Wright points at his arm in a sling, but Matthews doesn't make a move, unsure of what game Wright is trying to play.]

SW: You seem hesitant, Mr. Matthews.

I'm standing here with a busted wing and you still haven't taken me down and put me in Ayako Fujiwara's birthright and broken my damn arm!

[Matthews looks around anxiously, his fingers wiggling as he considers doing exactly what Wright proposes.]

SW: Is it because now you know that even in my compromised condition that I could very well still choke you out, tap you out or knock you out?

[Matthews shakes his head defiantly, taking another step closer but not making the move Wright is trying to entice him into.]

SW: Or are you just lacking the proper...

...motivation?

[The Hall of Famer stops cold, motionless as he looks at Wright. His eyes narrow to a squint, slowly shaking his head.]

JMM: Don't do it, Wright. Don't you even open your [BLEEP] damned mouth again! DON'T DO IT! DON'T YOU EVEN THINK ABOUT IT!

[Wright doesn't take his eyes off Jeff Matthews, slowly and deliberately drawing out his anger as he repeats the infamous and inflammatory words he said so long ago.]

SW: Debbie Matthews is a whore.

[The crowd gasps in shock at the statement. If looks could kill, Supreme Wright would be a corpse.]

SW: There it is. THAT'S the look I wanted to see, Mr. Matthews. And as for your daughters, they-OH!

[Having once again crossed a line few have ever dared to, Supreme Wright suddenly finds himself in the path of an enraged Jeff Matthews.]

GM: JEFF MATTHEWS HAS HEARD ENOUGH!

[Matthews lunges at Wright, reaching for the slinged-up arm...

...but before he can take it, Wright swiftly side-steps Matthews, tripping him up with a drop-toehold that sends him falling throat-first across the second rope!]

GM: OHH!

[Matthews rebounds off and falls to the canvas, gasping for air as Wright pulls his "injured arm" free from the sling, reaching for Matthews' legs, lacing them around his own...]

GM: Wright counters! What is he...

[...Wright then twists around, dropping to the canvas as we see that he's locked Matthews into...]

GM: THE SUPREMACY??? Supreme Wright has applied the Supremacy with his legs on Jeff Matthews!

BW: Are you kidding me!?

[Using his free foot to shove his other leg forward to apply pressure, Wright shouts at Matthews, before raising his free leg into the air...

...and stamping it down repeatedly on The Madfox's back!]

GM: Oh my! Supreme Wright is torturing Jeff Matthews!

[With a surge of power, Jeff Matthews manages to crawl to the edge of the ring apron and grab onto it, pulling himself out of the ring and onto the floor as the hold is broken.]

GM: Matthews escapes! The Madfox escapes to the safety of the floor and-

[A furious Matthews gets to his feet, holding the small of his back and shouts threats at Supreme Wright, who simply glares at him from inside the ring.]

GM: Supreme Wright has crossed a line! Supreme Wright wants the Career Killer at SuperClash... well, he may have just gotten him!

[Matthews is shouting at Wright, a hand on the ropes as he threatens to get back inside the ring where Wright is poised and ready for more, taking his own suit jacket off and tossing it aside.]

GM: We've got a standoff! But it won't be a standoff in five nights in Toronto! Two of the best in the world... two of the greatest of all time doing battle on the canvas in the middle of the Rogers Centre!

BW: I can't wait for this one, Gordo!

GM: Neither can I! And as AWA officials and security hit ringside, it seems like...

[The crowd jeers as a wall is formed between the two men.]

GM: ...these two are going to HAVE to wait for SuperClash! Fans, we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling after this!

[A red-faced Matthews shouts up into the ring again as Wright beckons him forward and we fade to black...

We hold on a black screen for several moments before we hear the sound of footsteps. Loud footsteps breaking through a completely silent room.

They come to a halt.

A slight clearing of the throat.]

"WELCOME..."

[And with the blast of a spotlight, we see a circus ringmaster standing in the middle of it, a huge grin upon his face.]

"...TO THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH!"

[The boisterous "Whooooooooo!" of "The Greatest Show" from the soundtrack to the upcoming "The Greatest Showman" is heard a few times before...]

#Ladies and gents... this is the moment you've waited for...#

[The ringmaster winks at the camera, an actual sparkle showing off his polished white teeth...

...and we cut to a graphic that reads:

SUPERCLASH IX
THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH

5 DAYS AND COUNTING

And then cut back to black...

...and we fade back on the ring where we can hear the sounds of KISS' "War Machine" playing over the PA system as midnight blue spotlights circle around the arena, illuminating the AWA faithful. Inside the ring stands the most dangerous and successful trio in AWA - and perhaps professional wrestling - history, the Dogs of War. All three are dressed in street clothes and appear to be ready for a fight. Pedro Perez is gripping a mic as he aggressively strides around the ring.]

PP: Cut it... cut it...

[The music cuts out as Perez glares at the camera.]

PP: A whole lot happened two weeks ago on this same show... and some of it pissed us off.

[The crowd reacts to that - a mix of cheers and boos for the always-polarizing trio.]

PP: We were THIS...

[He holds his thumb and forefinger an inch apart.]

PP: ...close to putting down Castillo's goon squad and taking our rightful spot in the SuperClash Main Event...

[Isaiah Carpenter sidles up alongside his partner, leaning over the mic.]

IC: And cashing one of those sweet SuperClash Main Eventer bonus checks.

PP: Yo, I heard Martinez bought a Lambo with last year's.

[Carpenter throws a look at Perez.]

PP: Hey, that's just what I heard... and if you think the Dogs of War wouldn't like a piece of that payday, you're sadly mistaken. And we woulda got it too if it wasn't for that miserable little ex-con, Cain Jackson.

[The crowd also has a mixed respond for the former Team Supreme member.]

PP: He got involved with our match... some kind of payback for what went down with him and Baby Martinez a while ago.

And hey... if he wanted another piece of the Dogs, all he had to do was ask. Stand up and ask... like a man. But instead, he snuck around and got all up in our business and cost us our money.

[Perez shakes his head.]

PP: And nobody gets between us and our money and stays standing long enough to brag about it, you hear me? Nobody.

Then? Then that weaselly little piece of crap Castillo kicked us to the curb.

[The crowd again reacts as Perez glares out at them.]

PP: Me? I don't quite know how I feel about that yet. See, I wasn't feelin' ol' Javier as a boss and I sure didn't like him giving us orders. Far as I'm concerned, I'd be happy for Martinez and his gang to send that piece of trash packin' at SuperClash.

[The crowd cheers that.]

PP: But if we ain't workin' for Korugun... then we don't have a SuperClash match and that just won't do. So, we gave up a nice chunk of change Castillo owed us in exchange for one thing... a match with you and whoever you've dug up to face us that night.

And you sure made your noise two weeks ago... left everyone in suspense... the whole world wants to know who Cain Jackson's got with him tonight... who Cain Jackson has brought to New Orleans.

[Carpenter slides up again.]

IC: I'm kinda curious myself.

[Perez chuckles.]

PP: Whaddya think, big man?

[Wade Walker steps between his partner, leaning over the mic.]

WW: LET'S FIGHT!

[Perez smirks.]

PP: You heard him. Where you at, Jackson?

[There's a brief silence as all eyes turn towards the entrance in anticipation and then a big roar comes from the crowd as we hear the PA system come to life as dialogue from "Conan the Barbarian" is heard...]

"WHAT IS BEST IN LIFE?"

“TO CRUSH YOUR ENEMIES, TO SEE THEM DRIVEN BEFORE YOU, AND TO HEAR THE LAMENTATIONS OF THEIR WOMEN.”

[A metal cover of “Anvil of Crom” then begins to play as we see the massive Cain Jackson step through the curtains. Jackson is dressed in a black linen Mandarin collared shirt with the top buttons undone and the sleeves rolled up to his forearms, grey slacks and a microphone in his right hand. He stops short of the ring, as he brings up the microphone to his lips and points a finger at The Dogs of War, who are chomping at the bit to get at Jackson.]

CJ: Settle down, little doggies... no matter how loud you puppies bark, this alpha wolf isn't stepping into that ring against you three without-

[Inside the ring, an amped up Wade Walker has grabbed hold of the microphone.]

WW: I'll tear your face off, Jackson! LET'S GO!!!

[He spikes the microphone down and gestures for Jackson to get into the ring.]

CJ: You've already waited this long to get your teeth kicked in, so you can wait just a little longer, pup. Because while I did come out here for a fight...

...I didn't come alone.

["Hot Stuff" by Donna Summer cues through the sound system as the crowd roars upon seeing a strutting AJ Martinez make his way from the entrance.]

GM: It's AJ Martinez! AJ Martinez is back!

BW: After what the Dogs did to him, is he even sure he wants to be back?

GM: Last we heard, AJ went back to Japan to recuperate, but he's here tonight in New Orleans, here to be by the side of his teammate Cain Jackson!

[Martinez, carrying a microphone of his own, makes his way over to Jackson, where he grins up at the Dogs in the ring. The Dogs, meanwhile, just stare at the two, Pedro Perez making a motion with his hands indicating that it's still three on two. AJ makes a face and holds the microphone up to his mouth.]

AJM: Relax Perez, don't let this pretty face fool ya. I know how to count. And yeah, I can see that just like last time, it's three on two...

[Martinez shrugs.]

AJM: ...but maybe that's not so bad. I mean... hey... me and the big man takin' on the three of you? It'll give me the chance to live fast, die young, and leave a sexy corpse.

But I can see why Castillo has no more use for your services because you three couldn't even get THAT right! Because while might be dead sexy, I'm damn sure not dead! If anything, you've just made me sexier.

[Martinez nudges Jackson with his elbow.]

AJM: Chicks dig my new scars.

[Jackson shakes his head as Martinez flashes that million dollar smile.]

AJM: But you see, we learned from last time. No matter how much bigger, stronger, and sexier we are?

[AJ flexes, prompting a high-pitched scream from certain members of the audience.]

AJM: You three are always going to have the numbers advantage...

... until now.

Because we'll have a partner at SuperClash to even up the odds, and we'll beat two million dollars' worth of pain out of you to make up for what you owe us!

[Cain does a double take.]

CJ: We'll have a partner? Boy, what the hell are you talking about!?

[AJ laughs and points to the crowd.]

AJM: Look around you, Cain! There's almost eighteen thousand perfect candidates right here in New Orleans!

[Jackson chuckles and shakes his head.]

CJ: Actually kid, for once, you're right.

[Martinez turns his attention to the crowd.]

AJM: HEY EVERYBODY... WHO WANTS TO GO TO SUPERCLASH???

[The crowd roars loudly, as thousands of hands shoot up into the air.]

BW: Are these two SERIOUSLY saying they're going to pick someone from the crowd to team with them at SuperClash?

GM: It certainly sounds like it!

BW: They're out of their minds! Don't they remember what happened the last time they were in there with the Dogs of War? They need an actual partner, not some random fan!

[Jackson and Martinez scan the crowd, full of eager (read: intoxicated) volunteers who want to join their side, when Martinez locks eyes with one person in specific, beckoning him with a finger. Martinez slaps Jackson's shoulder and points.]

AJM: I think we've found our partner!

[Jackson rolls his eyes.]

CJ: Really?

AJM: Really!

BW: ... really?

[Really. Martinez walks over to the person beckoning him, a near six-foot tall beauty with long blonde hair tied up in twin tails, denim cutoff shorts frayed at the hemlines showing off thick legs, along with knee-high boots, glossy red lipstick, blue eyes lined with black makeup, but perhaps the most important fashion detail... a Mifune-gun shirt, cropped to expose a trim waist.]

GM: Fans, I'm not sure what to make of this. AJ Martinez seems to have found a young lady, a Mifune-gun fan no less, but KAMS can't possibly be serious about having her compete against the Dogs of War!

[Martinez gently helps the beauty over the guardrails, and the two rejoin Jackson in the aisleway. The Dogs of War each get smirks on their faces inside of the ring, seeing the choice that KAMS has made.]

BW: These two have lost it. Maybe they think they have some kind of edge on the Dogs since the Dogs have been cut loose from Korugun, but that's not exactly the kind of partner I was expecting them to show up with tonight!

GM: There has to be something to this, Bucky, they can't have chosen this young lady from the crowd randomly. This has to be a diversion of some kind.

[The fan gives a quick glance to both Jackson and Martinez, a smile coming across her face. Jackson and Martinez discard their microphones, as the Dogs of War start to chuckle, with Isaiah Carpenter pointing at the threesome.]

GM: The Dogs seem amused by this situation.

BW: Can you blame them? KAMS have brought a freaking supermodel to a fistfight!

[Suddenly, Jackson, Martinez, and the fan take a few rapid steps towards the ring, with Jackson and Martinez each placing a hand under each of the fan's arms...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY STARS! WHAT HAVE THEY DONE?!

[... and send the fan flying into the ring, from the floor and into the air, where she clears the top rope, somersaulting and colliding with the shocked Dogs of War!]

GM: KAMS have just thrown this woman into the ring! From the floor and... oh my goodness, over the top rope!

BW: Wait a second, Gordo! Hold on!

GM: Cain Jackson and AJ Martinez are in the ring now! They're clearing the ring!

[Jackson and Martinez are a house a-fire, throwing wild blows at all three members of the Dogs of War, the Dogs seemingly stunned by the sudden sacrificial assault by KAMS throwing a fan into the ring at them.]

GM: Jackson with a clothesline to Carpenter! Martinez with a roundhouse to Perez!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: And a big boot right to the jaw of Walker by Jackson!

[As the Dogs scramble from the ring, Martinez helps the young woman up, bringing her to the center of the ring and placing his arm around her. Jackson stands by the ropes, shouting at the retreating Dogs.]

GM: I don't believe this! KAMS have run off the Dogs, but they sacrificed that young woman to do it! I can't believe they'd stoop to that level!

BW: Gordo, I don't think that's a fan!

GM: What?! What are you talking about?

[Jackson motions to the Mifune-gun flag at ringside, as an attendant hands it to him. Jackson walks over to the fan, holding the flag out to her, which she takes and places over her shoulder, beaming with pride.]

BW: That's not a fan! I think that's Flag-chan!

GM: What? Flag who?

BW: Gordo, KAMS had a flagbearer in Japan that always changed their appearance, and never had an official name, but Japanese fans always called Flag-chan! KAMS used to use Flag-chan as a human weapon during their matches!

GM: What are you talking about?

BW: ... it's really confusing, Gordo, we're going to have to get someone to talk to KAMS to explain it all. I'm just saying, that's gotta be Flag-chan!

[Regardless of the confusion in the broadcast booth, Jackson and Martinez taunt the Dogs from inside of the ring, as Flag-chan proudly waves the Mifune-gun flag behind them.]

GM: That's a good idea, Bucky. Fans, we'll try to get with KAMS later to discuss this situation later on, but for now, let's take a look at some previously-recorded footage!

[We cut from the wild scene in the ring...

...to a scene that looks very much like the old barn where Rocky Balboa trained in the middle of nowhere, Russia, in Rocky IV, minus the snow. It's old. It's dilapidated. And it's the perfect place for a man who hails from a place called Mountain Iron.

The shot switches to a close up of a mirror and a photo stuck in the side. The photo of the moment, perfectly-captured, when Dave and Brett Bryant landed a double superkick on Max Magnum's chin. A hand appears in the frame and rips the photo from the mirror before the camera pans back and focuses in on the reflection in the mirror of a VERY angry Magnum.

Cue "God of Thunder (AWA Version)."

Outside. The birch, aspen, and pine trees rise above the serene landscape - serene, except for the sound of an axe violently striking wood. Another camera cut gives us Magnum, said axe in hand, striking surprisingly fast blows to the base of a large birch tree. Chop, chop, chop, each blow seemingly more powerful than the last until we cut to a wider shot following the last blow. The tree tumbles downward to the hard Minnesota ground.]

#I WAS BORN ON OLYMPUS
TO MY FATHER A SON
I WAS RAISED BY THE DEMONS
TRAINED TO REIGN AS THE ONE#

[Cut again to Magnum, now bending in a squat and grabbing the ends of a sizable piece of lumber, one we can assume was fashioned from the tree he cut down. With one fluid motion and his hands gripping ridges specifically cut for this purpose, he clean-and-jerks the wood above his head with little problem before transitioning into military presses.]

#GOD OF THUNDER
AND ROCK AND ROLL
THE SPELL YOU'RE UNDER
WILL SLOWLY ROB YOU OF YOUR VIRGIN SOUL#

[Cut back inside the barn. Magnum holds a rope in his hand that extends from overhead. He pulls down, revealing a mesh bag holding several rocks within it. Magnum spins in a 180-degree turn, now with the rope behind him, and continues pulling downward. Another rep. And another, with increasing speed. The camera cuts to a close-up of the rope draped over a beam in the barn, the friction of Magnum's rapid reps trimming threads off the rope until it snaps in two pieces. The rocks crash to the ground as Magnum holds a piece of the rope in his hand, admiring his handiwork...and almost seems pleased.]

#I'M THE LORD OF THE WASTELANDS
A MODERN DAY MAN OF STEEL
I GATHER DARKNESS TO PLEASE ME
AND I COMMAND YOU TO KNEEL#

[Cut to a new shot of Magnum hanging upside down from the beam by his legs, firing off a series of sit-ups.

Another shot. A large wheelbarrow loaded with more boulders, Magnum forcing the handlebars upward once...twice...three times. And probably more, but this is a montage, you know.

Back outside. The log from early is now yoked across his broad shoulders as he runs through the trees. Cut again to Magnum flipping an enormous tractor tire from one side to the other.]

#GOD OF THUNDER
AND ROCK AND ROLL
THE SPELL YOU'RE UNDER
WILL SLOWLY ROB YOU OF YOUR VIRGIN SOUL#

[Inside again. Two smaller mesh bags containing 4-5 rocks in each. Magnum's black MMA gloves grip through the mesh in each and he rips off a series of curls.

Outside again. A sled full of wood and rocks behind him, a rope tied to his waist, Magnum is on his hands and knees dragging the overloaded sled behind as he crawls forward.]

#I'M THE LORD OF THE WASTELANDS
A MODERN DAY MAN OF STEEL
I GATHER DARKNESS TO PLEASE ME
AND I COMMAND YOU TO KNEEL
BEFORE THE#

[Still outside. A sledgehammer now in hand, Magnum pounds the tractor tire in rapid succession. Another cut to Magnum lying on a bench, the aforementioned log on his chest as he now runs off a series of bench press reps.

Finally, in one more cut, Magnum holds the log from earlier over his head and, with a running start, throws the piece of lumber a distance much farther than should be humanly possible.]

#GOD OF THUNDER
AND ROCK AND ROLL
THE SPELL YOU'RE UNDER
WILL SLOWLY ROB YOU OF YOUR VIRGIN SOUL#

Out onto the top of the entranceway stands the flag bearer for the Soldiers of Fortune, Marty Meekly, to a very loud chorus of boos.¹

GM: Good grief, I don't think I'm ever going to get used to that annoying whistle.

BW: You say something?

GM: I guess I didn't need those eardrums anyways.

[Meekly stands at attention, holding the American flag at his side. "Don't Tread on Me" by the Damn Yankees starts to play as the boos grow louder and louder. The AWA World Tag Team Champions, the Soldiers of Fortune appear alongside Meekly. All three men soak in the boos, with Joe Flint seemingly egging on the hostile crowd. After a few moments, Flint shouts out, "FORWARD MARCH", and the three men march towards the ring, with Meekly out in front.]

GM: My ears have stopped ringing, I think, and now I'm hearing a ton of boos. This crowd in New Orleans are definitely no fans of our Tag Team Champions.

[When the Soldiers reach the ringside area, Flint stops and salutes his recruits. Stephens marches on ahead and inspects the instruments of destruction at ringside with a huge smirk on his face. While he thinks of things he could potentially do in this match, the crowd suddenly breaks out in a "WE WANT NEXT GEN!" chant.

Stephens, upset at his train of thought being interrupted, turns around and yells at the crowd. However, this only serves to make the chants even louder. Flint comes over and puts a hand on his partner's shoulder to direct him towards the ring. As Stephens enters the ring, Flint turns to sneer at the jeering crowd. Flint then enters the ring.]

GM: Well, this is supposed to be the Soldiers of Fortune enlightening us on the rules for this Boot Camp match they've got coming up in five nights at SuperClash as they defend their titles against the former champions, Next Gen.

BW: Look at all this stuff out here, Gordo! They've obviously put a lot of thought into this!

[Both Soldiers are wearing light colored camouflage, and white Soldiers of Fortune T-Shirts. They also are both wearing Timberland boots. Stephens wears dark fingerless gloves, and Flint has his hands heavily taped. They look like they're ready for war right now as Flint gestures for the microphone. Flint is handed the microphone as he looks out over the ringside area.]

JF: Beautiful, ain't it?

[Flint has a very wide smile across his face as the crowd boos. The crowd then once again breaks into another "WE WANT NEXT GEN" chant.]

JF: So, y'all want to know the rules to the Boot Camp match, eh? It's been a while.. too, too long since we've seen one of these. I'll explain everything, once you damn mutants shut yer pie holes for a couple of minutes!

[Of course, this does the exact opposite. Stephens looks like he wants to fight, while Flint stays as calm as he can. Still, it looks like he's trying hard to not go off and go into a rage himself.]

JF: You want 'em, eh? You'll get 'em, alright, in only a few short days... but yer not gonna like what we do to 'em! It's Boot Camp, it ain't gonna be pretty. When ya go to Boot Camp, ya can't get out by runnin' away or hidin', no sir. Ya gotta fight until ya can't fight no more. Break, or be broken, that's the way things are in Boot Camp.

So, for those of you that might not know what a Boot Camp match is... this match hasn't been done in years. It's come as you are, no colorful outfits, don't wear yer Sunday best, put on stuff ya know you can afford to lose. It's no countout, no disqualification.

[Flint points to the ringside area.]

JF: All these lovely things at ringside? All waitin' to be used once the match eventually spills to the floor, and it will. Oh yes, it will. We ain't gonna call it a fancy name like the floor or ringside. For the purpose of this match, we're gonna call it the Pit. Anything goes down there..

[The crowd cheers at the thought of Next Gen doing whatever they can down in the so-called 'Pit'.]

JF: However, you can't win the match in the Pit. in order to win the match, ya gotta do it in this ring. Unlike out in the Pit, inside this ring will be a fight between four men usin' nothin' but their fists and feet, and maybe a wrestlin' hold or two. Pinfall, knockout, or submission in the ring, that's how we're gonna finish it. None of the weapons in the Pit will be allowed in the ring. Now then, I know a bunch of you pukes have questions about somethin' that may have caught yer eye.

[Flint spins around and points to the shark cage at ringside.]

JF: Half of the purpose of "Boot Camp" is how to know how to fight with everythin' you can get yer hands on.

The other half?

[Flint grins.]

JF: The other half is knowin' the rules in order to win. Let me introduce somethin' new to long time fans of this match.. the Brig. Somethin' I came up with myself. Why, you ask?

Because of you, Bret Grayson.

[The crowd cheers.]

JF: Our second, Marty Meekly, knows all the rules and will do everything in his power to respect the rulebook! Grayson? Can't trust him as far as one can throw him.

[The crowd boos this obvious lie, but Flint's grin grows wide.]

GM: I find that hard to believe!

BW: It's true, though, you gotta think Grayson's looking for some payback, and look at Meekly, the man can't even hurt a fly!

GM: Bucky, I... come on, Meekly's the reason why the Soldiers are the champs in the first place! Harmless? Not anymore!

JF: See, the Brig is meant for people like Grayson, men who spit on the rulebook! He interferes, and he's going into the Brig! Not only that, but I know those sneaky little pukes in Next Gen are going to try to smuggle one of those weapons layin' at ringside into the ring! Outside of the ring, in the Pit? Feel free to use 'em all ya want, but inside this ring?

[Flint shakes his head.]

JF: Bring 'em in, an' it's off to the Brig. There will be two impartial officials at ringside, as well as the referee inside the ring who will lay judgment on sticking someone in the Brig.

Now, that little puke Stegglet decided to add something to this match too. If BOTH members of a team get themselves tossed into the Brig at the same time...

[Flint doesn't seem too happy to announce that aspect of the match.]

JF: ...then the match ends right there and the other team is declared the winner.

[The crowd cheers!]

JF: Whatever, we're gonna do everythin' by the book like we always do.

[Once again, the crowd boos as there's no way Flint will keep his word. Meanwhile, Stephens paces in anticipation behind him. Flint then turns towards Stephens.]

JF: Feelin' froggy, soldier?

CS: Damn right, I feel like you've wasted your breath way too long on these people. These people probably get confused at Hop On Pop. C'mon, let's show 'em what a Boot Camp match is supposed to look like!

[Flint nods his head.]

JF: Heh, alrighty then.

If there's any duo with any sorta stones whatsoever, then bring yer maggot infested posteriors out here so we can kick 'em up and down' the French Quarter.

[Flint and Stephens turn towards the entranceway.]

GM: It looks like we're about to see these rules in action here, Bucky. Did you get all that? No countout, no disqualification... come as you are, where what you want... and use whatever you want out on the floor...

BW: The Pit, Gordo... The Pit!

GM: Right. The Pit. But beware the Brig because if you break the rules inside the ring, the referees have the power to lock you up in that shark cage at ringside.

BW: And if both members of the team get sent to the Brig at the same time, it's game over!

GM: The tag team champions are waiting eagerly for the arrival of their opponents for this one. No sign of anyone yet.

BW: Can you blame them?

[A few more seconds pass before two figures make their way to the entrance. Both men are masked, with the mesh on their masks covering their eyes. Both men are wearing full blue bodysuits, with blue capes. They jog down towards the ring as Flint and Stephens beckon them on. The crowd doesn't seem to know what to make of these two.]

GM: Looks like the open challenge has been answered by these two gentlemen, but I've never seen them before. You know anything about them, Bucky?

BW: Beats me. I know as much as you do.

[The masked duo reach the ringside area, and pump their fists to get the crowd going to a tepid response. They enter the ring, and remove their capes so everyone can get a good look at them. The Soldiers, once eager for a fight, suddenly don't seem to be as eager as they were a couple minutes ago.]

BW: Now wait just a minute here, Gordo! Take a look at those builds!

[The two men have very familiar builds, and once the crowd gets a full look at them they get a lot more excited about this team.]

JF: Hold it! HOLD IT! Is this some sort of joke? You can't fool us! Next Gen! Take off those masks right this minute!

GM: I'm not seeing the resemblance, Bucky.

BW: Gordo, have you gone blind??

[The larger of the two men turns towards the crowd, pointing at Flint in a 'Get a load of this guy!' gesture. The smaller man shakes his head, refusing to remove the masks. Stephens, furious, takes a step forward.]

CS: Oh hell no! You've got to be kidding! We'll fight you, Next Gen, but not tonight! Not in front of these humanoids in New Orleans...

[The crowd explodes in boos, and starts chanting for 'Next Gen' to kick some tail.]

CS: And certainly not for the pay we're gettin' for being here in Arkansas' toilet tonight! That's right, New Orleans, learn how to look at a map!

[Stephens turns to leave, muttering something about 'uneducated Bayou hicks', when Flint stops him.]

JF: Calm down, soldier. It's true that we ain't gettin' paid enough, but that's okay. We can beat 'em no matter what kinda dirty tricks they use. We take 'em out, an' take SuperClash off an' still get that sweet payday.

Ring that bell.

[A referee quickly slides in the ring and calls for the bell. As the masked men discuss who will start the match, the Soldiers of Fortune are on the attack!]

GM: We're underway and already the Soldiers are working over these two masked men. I have no clue what to call these two men.

BW: It's simple, Daniel Harper and Howie Somers! Next Gen!

GM: I'm telling you, I'm not seeing any sort of resemblance. Stephens is working over one of the masked men in one corner..

BW: That's Harper, and Flint's in control of Somers in the other corner.

[The referee tries to get in to separate Stephens and the smaller of the two masked men.]

GM: The referee is looking to get two legal men in the ring, and it looks like he's going to settle for Flint and the larger masked man as the legal men to start off the match.

[Flint grabs the larger masked men, and lifts him up, dropping him stomach first across his right knee.]

GM: Stomach breaker on the larger man, and Flint is going for the early cover!

[The referee drops down, but the larger man kicks out right before two.]

GM: Just way too early as the larger masked man kicks out, and Flint.. come on! He's going for the mask!

[Flint starts his attempt to remove the mask.]

BW: You can't hide under that mask forever, Somers!

[Flint isn't successful, as the man pulls the hands off of his face, but is startled as Flint stomps away at the man's back. Flint then picks up the man, and slams him to the mat.]

GM: Bodyslam on the larger man, and Flint quickly picks him up and slams him down again! A third time! Flint's well known for his rapid fire bodyslams, and it's impressive he's able to do this on a man that's just as big as he is!

BW: Somers. It's Howie Somers!

GM: No it's not!

[Flint, realizing that a quick pinfall isn't likely, pulls the masked man up by the mask, and whips him into a neutral corner. He cocks his arm, and charges in.]

GM: Howtizer...

[The larger man quickly ducks out of the way just in time for Flint to crash into the corner!]

GM: Missed! The masked man moves out of his way just in time and tags his partner!

[The smaller masked man slingshots his way into the ring and starts punching away at Flint, while Stephens is frustrated in the corner. The larger man stands up, and instead of exiting the ring, helps his smaller partner out with a double dropkick!]

GM: Impressive dropkick by this duo!

[The dropkick doesn't knock Flint off his feet, meanwhile, Stephens is asking Meekly what to do. Flint stumbles over to the ropes on the far side of the ring. Both masked men nod at each other and charge towards Flint, taking him over the ropes with a double clothesline!]

GM: Flint goes up and over the ropes, landing hard to the outside, and whoever these masked men are, the crowd has really taken to them!

BW: That's because they're Next Gen!

[The two masked men celebrate getting Flint up and over, and decide to turn their attention towards Stephens, when suddenly Stephens rushes in and jabs Meekly's flagpole into the solar plexus of the smaller man.]

GM: Come on! That's a trip to the Brig for Stephens!

BW: I don't think Stephens cares right now, Gordo!

[As the smaller man drops to his knees, Stephens turns and swings, catching the larger masked man in the shoulder with the flagpole! Stephens has gone berserk with the flagpole as the crowd starts booing loudly.]

GM: Someone stop that man!

[Meanwhile, Flint rolls into the ring with one of the riot shields that was laying outside, and slams it into the back of the kneeling smaller masked man.]

GM: Both Soldiers should be in the Brig, but instead they are doing a number on these two masked men! The referee looks like he's throwing this match out!

[Stephens is slamming the flagpole into the back of the larger masked man, while Flint winds up and cracks the smaller man in the back of the head with the riot shield. He then starts to tear at the mask of the smaller man.]

BW: We're about to be proven right! Next Gen made a huge mistake coming out here in disguise, they won't even make it to SuperClash!

[Flint pulls at the mask, and we see an unfamiliar beard style on the smaller man.]

GM: I don't think that's Daniel Harper, Bucky!

BW: Well, I, uh.. hey, maybe Harper grew a Van Dyke??

GM: I doubt it, because...

[The crowd roars!]

GM: HERE COMES DANIEL HARPER AND HOWIE SOMERS!

[Next Gen make a beeline for the ring to come to the aid of the masked men. Daniel Harper is first in the ring, and he goes right for Stephens, spinning him around.]

GM: European uppercut to Stephens!

[Somers is right behind Harper, rolling into the ring and dragging Flint off the smaller masked wrestler.]

GM: Elbow smash to Flint! Next Gen taking the fight to the Soldiers!

BW: What about these masked men, Gordo? I smell a set-up here!

GM: I don't buy it, Bucky! But we've got SuperClash happening in the ring right now!

[Harper and Somers have the upper hand on Stephens and Flint...

That is, until the Soldiers gouge the eyes of Next Gen, then back them into opposite corners. Flint gestures to Stephens.]

GM: The Soldiers have Next Gen at their mercy now! Irish whips out of the corner...

[But Somers and Harper turn the tide, reversing the attempts.]

GM: REVERSED! Flint and Stephens collide!

[Then Harper leaps up behind Stephens, dropkicking him right into his own partner.]

GM: And the Soldiers are down!

BW: Marty Meekly! He's got the flagpole!

[Indeed, Meekly has slipped into the ring and grabbed the flagpole, then sneaks up behind Next Gen.]

GM: Meekly from behind! Come on!

[But just as Meekly raises the flagpole, Somers and Harper suddenly turn around, each putting a hand on the flagpole.]

GM: Next Gen caught Meekly!

[The fans are going wild as Meekly is stunned, but Harper and Somers simply yank the flagpole out of his hands, then turn back to the Soldiers.]

GM: And they have the flagpole!

BW: That's Old Glory! How dare they disrespect her!

[The Soliders, upon seeing Next Gen with the flag in their possession, are quick to roll underneath the ropes to the outside.]

GM: It's just Next Gen and Meekly now!

[Meekly takes the whistle and start blowing it, as if commanding Next Gen to stand down.]

GM: I don't think that's going to work, Meekly!

[Harper takes the flag and charges Meekly, who is quick to dive through the ropes on the opposite side. He hurries around ringside to join the Soldiers, Flint now pointing at the ring.]

JF: THOSE ARE OUR COLORS, YOU MAGGOTS!

[Somers, meanwhile, has motioned to the ringside table. He gets the mic, then speaks.]

HS: Last I checked, these colors my friend has belong to everyone of these good people out here tonight, and dare I say, they do a better job of representing them than you three ever have!

[Harper stands near Somers, holding the flag aloft, an angry look on his face.]

HS: Now let's get to the matter at hand, the Boot Camp match. You want to lay down the rules for what goes and what doesn't, when you can and can't do something, then that's just fine by us. But if you think all of this is going to stop my partner -- my friend -- and I from taking back the World Tag Team Titles, I can sum it up in two words.

Like hell.

[He then turns to Harper and hands the mic to him, then takes the flag.]

DH: All I've watched for the past few months is the three of you humiliating every tag team that just wanted to make a name for themselves! When I had to lie in bed, recovering, and watching that happen, it only aggravated me more. And now, that I'm back, I can take it all out on you at SuperClash!

We can tell you right now that we accept your terms, and we have no doubt Bret Grayson will do the same! The only question we have is whether you can actually hold to those terms, because it took you all of 30 seconds before you just stopped abiding by them, all because you thought it was Howie and I underneath those masks!

[Outside the ring, the Soldiers continue to point at Next Gen, until the referee enters the ring and motions to Harper to hand over the flag.]

DH: Oh, you want this back? Okay, but I'll promise you this: At SuperClash, when all is said and done, it's Howie and I who will be raising this flag in our hands, while the only flag you'll be raising is a white one!

[He gives the flagpole back to the referee, then he and Somers drop down to check on the masked men.]

GM: The stage is set for the Boot Camp, and I guess you can say neither side will accept anything less than unconditional surrender! We'll be right back!

[We hold on a fuming Soldiers of Fortune for a few more moments before we fade to black.]

Cut to a college library where two students have a physics textbook open.]

STUDENT #1: So what's question 10?

STUDENT #2: "Matter that produces and/or emits ionizing energy can be described by what adjective?"

[Student #1 looks up from the book and slams it shut. Cutaway as he stands up, now suddenly wearing Derrick Williams' gold "Future" coat from SuperClash VIII through the miracle of editing. He takes out his phone and presses a "play" button.]

[A wide shot of the entire library as the student spreads his arms to the chorus of Imagine Dragons.]

"RADIOACTIVE... RADIOACTIVE..."

[Cut to a sushi chef with a white towel over his head and a kimono with a Claw Academy logo. To Volbeat's "A Warrior's Call," he bursts through curtains to serve a platter of sashimi to a table.]

In a gym, a woman does sit-ups in and out of frame to "You've Got Another Thing Coming" by Judas Priest. After her third sit-up, her face is spontaneously painted with a black and yellow 'S'. She cups her hands to her mouth and howls.

A man and two school-aged children step through the automatic glass door of a big box retailer to "Black Skinhead" by Kanye West. They are all in hooded fighter's robes, and they stoically nod at the camera in unison as they pause by the shopping carts.

A woman prances through a maze of cubicles to "I'm The Best" by Nicki Minaj, twirling a red braid and balancing a cup of coffee.

A civic worker in a visibility vest tries to move a dead tree branch into a truck to "Brian Boru's March" by The Chieftains. With part of the branch under his arm and his another hand, you'd swear he was giving the branch an armbar.

On a playground, a little girl with a distinct scowl stomps up to home plate to "Another One" by Night Club. She swings her bat wildly at the ball resting on a tee.]

STUDENT #2: [voice] Yeah, I think that's right.

[Cut back to library. Student #1 still has his arms open, but now to the sounds of library ambience. Someone in the background coughs. He sits back down.]

STUDENT #1: Okay... uh... Question 11?

"AWA: Be Your Entrance."

"The Official AWA Playlist, available now on Apple Music and Spotify."

Click The Link!

[Fade to black...

With a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, we cut backstage where Margarita Flores and Skylar Swift are reviewing footage on an iPad, with Trish Wallace standing off to their side. All three are dressed out in their ring gear. Skylar nudges Trish, who glances over at the iPad, then her eyes drift back to staring at the wall. From off in the distance...]

"Ah! There you three are!"

[... we hear the voice of "Platinum Princess" Michelle Bailey, who walks into frame. Michelle is wearing ring gear herself, with a Bananarama shirt overtop, and has her protective face mask resting on the top of her head.]

MB: I'm sure you're ready tonight. Trish... good to see you. We missed you at the meeting Wednesday. Everything okay?

[Trish gives an agitated nod of the head, as Michelle looks over at Skylar, who has a look of concern that has come across her face.]

MB: So um... Margarita, Skylar? Could you give me a moment with Trish here? There's something I need to discuss with her.

[Margarita starts to leave as Trish grabs Skylar by the wrist.]

TW: We're not taking this offline. We're a team, and we need to all be on the same page.

[Michelle nods her head.]

MB: If you'd prefer to talk with everyone present, that's okay.

[The tall drink of Texas water steps a little out of frame, as Trish releases her grip on Skylar's wrist. Skylar takes a few steps to the side, giving Michelle and Trish some space.]

TW: I know what you're going to say. I've already been in the ring against Harley, Cinder, and Ayako, you know. You too. We're five days out from the big match so it's a bit late for a pep talk.

[Michelle gives a weak smile, rubbing the back of her head.]

MB: Well, Trish... this isn't going to be an easy conversation.

[Michelle sighs.]

MB: Look. I know the last few months haven't exactly been great for you...

TW: Yeah, more like the last few years. Seems like I'm always making it an uphill battle for myself.

[Michelle nods once more.]

MB: I know what it's like to feel like your own worst enemy. But... listen. The way you've been reacting lately isn't really the way to go about things. When you injured Molly, you really woke something up in Ayako that Laura Davis has started to exploit. And yeah, your new aggressive style had you come super close to beating Kurayami...

[That cheers Trish up some.]

TW: That was great, right? I was so close! Just made that one mistake going up top...

[Trish punches her palm.]

TW: I would've had her for sure. Then it would've been me and Julie Somers at SuperClash.

MB: We all have moments we wish we could take back. And... well... that leads me to last week. You remember? When you were in there with my cousin...

TW: Dang, I forgot that airhead was related to you. That's gotta be awkward.

[Michelle smirks.]

MB: It's not easy. And I know Donna can be frustrating, but when you kept attacking her in the corner, and you shoved down the referee and got disqualified? You knew there would be consequences for doing that, right?

[Trish looks at her feet, no longer able to look at Michelle in her two-toned eyes.]

MB: Yeah. I heard about the warning they gave you, Trish. They gave you the same warning they gave me when I accidentally hit Theresa. First time's a warning, next time's a suspension.

[Michelle softens her tone.]

MB: Now you know I can't ethically diagnose you, this isn't therapist me talking, but it doesn't take a therapist to see that you're wrestling with a lot of aggression and anger in your heart lately. Aggression and anger that you seem to be having a lot of trouble controlling, because you've never really wrestled with anger of that magnitude before.

[Michelle reaches out and puts her hand on Trish's shoulder, which Trish swipes away. Michelle folds her arms, stepping in a half-step closer to Trish.]

MB: You know, Trish... if I know about the warning that they gave you... Harley and Cinder know. Those two seem to know everything around here. And if Harley and Cinder know, that means Laura Davis knows too. That means you're in danger

tonight. The way Laura Davis plays this game, she's going to try and get you out of SuperClash before we even get to the Georgia Dome. She's going to have Harley and Cinder, probably Casey Cash too, press all your buttons and get you to fly off the handle again.

[Michelle unfolds her arms, taking another half-step towards Trish and leaning in a little closer. Trish still can't look up at Michelle.]

MB: The difference between Laura Davis and myself is that all she cares about is winning Steal the Spotlight, and she doesn't care how she does it. When I became captain of this team, I realized I needed to make sure I was doing right by all of you. Maybe Steal the Spotlight means the only way I get a chance to get my hands on Laura, but I know how much it's going to mean to you to be at SuperClash.

[Michelle gives Trish a moment to look at her, but Trish looks down the hallway instead, at Margarita and Skylar, who are still present and eavesdropping.]

MB: To be there in front of seventy thousand people? It's a rush of a lifetime, and I know because I've been in front of crowds like that, at shows like SuperClash. I don't want you to be there just for me, Trish. I want you to be there for you. Because you've earned your spot, you deserve that moment.

[Michelle straightens up her posture.]

MB: And this anger, aggression, whatever's going through your head? I'm not going to let you throw that moment away because Laura Davis got a couple of brats like Harley Hamilton and Cinder to get in your head.

[Michelle sighs.]

MB: So tonight? I'm sorry, Trish, but you're not wrestling tonight.

[Trish's head snaps towards Michelle, eyes locking with hers.]

TW: What? But I've been watching all those tapes and making all this time to fit in extra cardio—

MB: You heard me. It's a Steal the Spotlight preview match, and as captain I can make changes to the team.

[Trish looks flustered, unable to find the words.]

MB: Look, take tonight and go enjoy New Orleans. If anyone knows how great this city is, it's me... after all, I'm from here. Relax and have fun. Then whatever you need to talk about, you call me whenever you're ready and we'll talk. Or really... you can talk, and I'll listen. But you can't keep going on like this.

[Trish's lower lip quivers.]

TW: Well, who else are you gonna put in there that's stronger than me?

[Michelle sighs.]

MB: Well... Kelly and Kylie are out bonding at a bar somewhere, last I heard. They went out before I could get your substitution confirmed. The only member of the team left is me.

TW: For real?! YOU are taking MY spot?

MB: It wasn't my first choice, but sometimes a leader has to know when to put their own butt on the line to protect a member of their team.

[Michelle frowns slightly.]

MB: I meant what I said. Go take tonight off and relax, and call me when you're ready to have someone listen. No judgment.

[Michelle starts to walk away, when Trish grabs her by the arm and spins her around.]

TW: Michelle, I can't–

[T-Bone releases her grip and pounds her fist into her palm a couple of times, takes a deep breath and steps back.]

TW: I-it's fine. I got you. I got you.

[Michelle steps closer, leaning in with as much reassurance she can muster.]

MB: If I can help Lauryn Rage without knowing her, surely I can help someone on my own team.

[Michelle gives Trish a nudge with her fist.]

MB: I believe in you, Trish. We'll figure it out together, when you're ready. As for tonight, the French Quarter is calling to you.

[Trish stands in hesitation as Michelle walks off, putting her hands on the shoulders of Margarita and Skylar to lead them away...

...and with a second flash of the ACCESS logo, we find ourselves now back out in the ring as the distinctive guitar riff of "Little Bones" by The Tragically Hip makes the atmosphere of the arena a lot more Canadian. Through the curtain steps the lantern-jawed Curtis Kestrel, raising both fists straight up in the air.]

GM: Some dissension in the ranks of Team Bailey just five days before SuperClash. Well, fans, we've been told that after that confrontation in the backstage area earlier tonight, the National Champion has decided to throw his weight around and demand a warm-up match for SuperClash.

BW: A warm-up NON-TITLE match I should add...

GM: Of course.

BW: ...and apparently he chose his old running buddy Mr. Spock here.

GM: (sighs) Let's go up to Rebecca.

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

RO: The following non-title contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit...

Introducing first, from The Battlefords... weighing in at 218 pounds...

CURRRRRRTISSSSSS KESTRELLLLLLL!

[Kestrel is crew-cut, stern-looking and square-jawed, looking very business-like. Despite nearing middle age, he looks to be in fantastic shape with only a touch of

grey in his tightly-cropped hair. He wears tights in cadmium green with an abstract white triangular pattern on either side, and similar shinguarded green and white boots and kneepads. He leaps onto the ring apron with cat-like grace.]

GM: Curtis Kestrel, almost 20 years in the sport. You know, when we were up in Canada this past summer, I asked our Chinook Wrestling counterpart Al Pickard why an incredibly gifted and undeniably skilled athlete like Curtis Kestrel – a man who was been successful with so many different tag team partners over the years–why he has flown under the radar for so many years. And he told me, “Gordon, the only thing holding Curtis back is that he is too nice and polite to stick up for himself.”

BW: Heck, Gordo, it’s a small wonder the AWA hasn’t eaten him whole and spit him right back out at this point.

GM: But now, with SuperClash looming on the horizon, he could have a chance to make a name for himself. Can the Bird of Prey become a 20-year overnight sensation? You’d have to imagine he’s got his eyes on that open invitational Battle Royal that will kick off the night in Toronto - right in his home country of Canada.

BW: He might be in that match, Gordo, but he better not lose focus on this one because the National Champ’s got the ability to turn out his lights real quick. Just ask Riley Hunter... if you can find him.

[The entryway is bathed in eerie turquoise and magenta lighting as “Vale of Shadows” by Gunship plays through the arena. A lean looking figure in a floor-length high-collared suede coat the color of charcoal appears. The AWA National Championship belt is clutched to his chest.]

GM: And from a reserved and unambitious competitor to someone with almost toxic levels of ambition and spite...

BW: Gordo, you can’t blame a fella for being driven.

GM: Is that how he described himself when he picked up your bill when you last dined with him at Ruth’s Chris?

BW: Gordo, you know darn well that’s a fabrication!

[Rebecca continues.]

RO: And his opponent... Fighting out of the Broken Arrow Ranch, Saskatchewan... Weighing in at 220 pounds... He is the AWA National Champion...

JAAAACKSON... HUNNTERRR...

BW: ...He took me to this place called “The Keg.” Pretty nifty, if you ask me.

[The look of Hunter's face betrays his antipathy for the fans, for the crew, and for pretty much everyone in general. He skulks down the aisle, not in a particular hurry to fulfill anyone's schedule. But he makes sure to look over his shoulder to ensure the mountain of denim and facial hair that is Blake Colton is close behind.]

GM: A decade-and-a-half ago, you could call these two competitors, the team that was once known as The Predators, “genre-defining.” There was no better high-flying tag team in the world than “Velociraptor” Jackson Hunter and “The Bird of Prey” Curtis Kestrel. In the fertile melting pot that was Calgary’s Chinook Wrestling, these two burned bright. And that third man, Blake Colton, has been mentored by both.

[After a comforting, “got your back, bahd,” out of the Death Star, Hunter uses the ropes to pull himself up to the apron, turning out to face the crowd. He extends his

arms upward, flashing a Nixon-ian peace sign with each hand, then steps into the ring, discarding the coat. He wears a sleeveless black and grey rash guard and baggy black and silver snakeskin pants.]

BW: Gordo, these two know each other almost like brothers. You gotta think they know not to make a mistake.

GM: They've had many battles that have taken many forms inside and outside the ring, beside and against each other. This is going to be one to watch for tactics.

[Kestrel gives his own chest a pair of slaps, nodding his head as he looks across the ring at his former partner as Hunter hands off the National Title to Blake Colton who slaps it over his shoulder with a "I'll hang onto this one." Referee Scott Ezra does a quick patdown of both competitors before striding out to center ring...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The bell has sounded and we're off and running in this added showdown matchup which - you'd have to think - is far more important for the National Champion as he gets set to face former champion Jordan Ohara in just five days' time.

BW: Absolutely, Gordo. Jackson Hunter needs to have momentum on his side... he needs to make sure Jordan Ohara knows what he's getting into this Thursday at SuperClash. Ohara's a former champion, Hunter's now a two-time champion... and it's going to be one heck of a clash... you might even say a super clash... when those two meet for the gold.

GM: I can't wait to see it and I'm also looking forward to this one as the former friends and partners lock it up in the middle... Kestrel quickly moving into a side headlock... all business in there.

[Kestrel's stoic face is on display as he cranks the head of his former ally. Blake Colton gives a shout of "watch the hair, bahd!" to HIS former partner.]

GM: Blake Colton letting his voice be heard... of course, both of these men have experience teaming with Blake Colton...

BW: But no doubt, Hunter and Colton have enjoyed much more success than that pathetic Colton Crew did.

GM: I don't know about that... Kestrel now quickly into a hammerlock, wrenching that arm... Hunter grimacing in pain and he's gotta be careful here. In his search for momentum, he has to be wary of injuries this close to his title defense.

[Hunter grabs at his shoulder, wincing in pain as Kestrel cranks the arm again. The champion tries to reach back for him but fails as Hunter ducks his head low to avoid it.]

GM: Kestrel avoiding the counter attempt there... like we said, these two know each other so well...

[Letting go of the arm, Kestrel swings Hunter around by the shoulder, ducking low to upend him with a fireman's carry down to the canvas where he quickly grabs the wrist, extending the arm, and drops his leg across it to cheers from the AWA faithful.]

GM: Oho! Nice early offense there out of Kestrel - a little bit of chain wrestling to start this one off and Jackson Hunter is reeling early on.

[Colton angrily slaps the canvas a few times as the referee checks on Hunter who rolls away from the standing Kestrel, grabbing at his bicep as he nears the ropes.]

GM: The champion looking for the safety of the ropes... right over there next to Blake Colton who is always present and always looking to get involved which makes me wonder if Jordan Ohara has gameplanned a way to overcome the numbers disadvantage.

BW: Colton's a bear of a man on the outside... always a threat. If Ohara gets too close Thursday night, Colton will give him a swat and turn things Hunter's way in a heartbeat.

[Hunter comes up off the mat near the ropes, sneering at Kestrel who waves him forward.]

GM: Curtis Kestrel wants to get right back in this - all business as usual. If you expected to see Kestrel show emotion towards his former partner, you'd be mistaken.

[The champion circles around to the corner, putting his back against the buckles as he eyeballs Kestrel...

...and then rushes forward, tying up a second time.]

GM: Right back into the lockup they go... and this time, it's Hunter who grabs the side headlock...

[Hunter shouts "I got him, Blake! I got him!" as he cranks the headlock to applause from Colton and jeers from the fans...

...which turn into cheers as Kestrel easily backs into the ropes, shoving Hunter across the ring...]

GM: Kestrel shoots him off... drops down...

[Hunter goes up and over, hurdling Kestrel as he bounces back...]

GM: Leapfrog as well, Hunter on the move...

[...and Kestrel uses a high hiptoss to flip Hunter through the air, dumping him down on the canvas!]

GM: And the Korugun associate hits the canvas hard off that hiptoss!

[The crowd continues cheering as Hunter angrily gets back to his feet...

...and a standing dropkick flattens him, knocking him right back down to the mat where he again goes rolling towards the ropes, forcing the referee to step in and prevent Kestrel from attacking.]

GM: Kestrel's got his former partner on the run early on in this one and this is NOT going the way Jackson Hunter had hoped, Bucky.

BW: It's not, it's not... but the good thing about a veteran like Hunter is that he's always only a move away from turning this thing completely around. You don't become a two-time National Champion by rolling over and dying for the likes of Curtis Kestrel, daddy.

GM: Come on, Bucky... Curtis Kestrel is a top flight competitor who perhaps just needs a lucky break which he could very well get in the week ahead. Imagine if

Kestrel scores the upset here tonight and then goes on to SuperClash to win that Battle Royal, the fifty thousand dollars, and a future shot at the World Television Title!

BW: Which puts him in line to face Odin Gunn! Hey, I'm starting to come around on this idea... all except the part where he beats Jackson that is.

[Hunter's face is one of anger as he gets to his feet this time, staying near the ropes as he glares at his former partner whose expression is unchanged.]

GM: Jackson Hunter looks less than thrilled at how his special challenge match is proceeding and he's gotta find a way to turn this around in a hurry.

[Colton gives a shout of "DON'T LET HIM TREAT YOU LIKE THAT, BAHD!" to which Hunter nods, stomping angrily away from the ropes to the middle of the ring where he glares into Kestrel's face for a moment before...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The slap spins Kestrel's head slightly, giving the crowd a moment to respond before...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[..Kestrel responds with a slap of his own, snapping a shocked Hunter's face, spinning him away from his former partner who grabs him, dragging him down into a schoolboy rollup!]

BW: As our colleague Big Sal might say, "slap me and I'll slap ya back!"

GM: Kestrel's got him down! This could be a MAJOR upset!

[But Hunter's shoulder pops up at two and change, sending a ripple of disappointment through the crowd.]

GM: Two count only... both men on their feet in a hurry this time...

[Hunter blindly charges in on Kestrel, trying to get the advantage but runs right into a back elbow up under the chin!]

GM: Elbow by Kestrel puts Hunter down again!

[The champion is right back up though, charging in again...]

GM: Make it a pair by Curtis Kestrel!

[But again Hunter is up and on the move, charging right in on Kestrel who lifts him up, spins a quarter turn around, and SLAMS him down on the canvas!]

GM: Scoop and a slam by Kestrel!

[The crowd is rocking now as Kestrel walks around the downed Hunter, reaching down to grab his legs...]

GM: Boston Crab - or perhaps a Canadian Crab here - on the way by Kestrel!

[...but before he can get the hold secured, Kestrel sees a wriggling Hunter scoot and slide away from him, wrapping his arms around the bottom rope to block any further attempt at locking in the submission hold!]

GM: And to the ropes goes Hunter for the escape!

BW: Veteran move there by Hunter... but he's in trouble early...

GM: Hunter all the way to the outside now, looking to regroup alongside his quite-large second out there at ringside...

[Kestrel eyeballs Hunter on the floor, now in a huddle with Blake Colton, sizing up the situation...]

GM: Kestrel on the move - what's he got in mind?!

[The Canadian charges back in, leaping into the air to slide along the canvas...]

GM: BASEBALL SLIDE!

[...but Colton spies Kestrel coming, giving his ally a mighty shove to get Hunter clear of the kick which Colton takes flush to the side of the head, sending him falling back towards the barricade!]

GM: Ohhh! And Colton sacrifices himself - taking the hit for Jackson Hunter!

BW: That's the perfect example of the kind of impact Blake Colton can have on a match, Gordo.

GM: I hope Jordan Ohara is watching closely.

[Kestrel is on his feet on the outside now, looking a little surprised at what just happened. His focus is on the reeling Colton...

...and not on the attacking Jackson Hunter who charges in and smashes a running forearm into the ear of Kestrel, knocking him sideways and down onto the barely-padded ringside floor!]

GM: Oh! Cheapshot by Hunter! He blindsided his former partner!

[Hunter moves quickly to take advantage of the situation, pulling Kestrel to his feet by the back of the tights...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and uses that grip on the tights to yank Kestrel backwards into the edge of the ring apron, his spine slamming into it!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: That'll send you to the chiropractor in a hurry - and Hunter's not done!

[He shoves his former partner away from the apron, keeping the grip on the back of the tights...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: He does it again! Two hard jolts to the spine of Curtis Kestrel and like you said, Bucky - one big move turns this thing around in a hurry. Of course, it's Blake Colton who did that move and not Hunter but...

BW: They're as one out there! One unit working in unison!

[Hunter pushes Kestrel up on the apron, rolling him back inside the ring as the referee warns Hunter to get the action back in the squared circle.]

GM: Kestrel's pushed in... and here comes the National Champion as well... and it's going to be a big night for Hunter at SuperClash coming just one year after many of us thought Hunter's in-ring days were over. Going into SuperClash VIII last year - you may recall - Hunter was the manager of The Axis and we all believed the matches that Derrick Williams, Maxim Zharkov, Riley Hunter, and Juan Vasquez had at SuperClash were going to be the big moments of the night for Hunter. Of course, the veteran proved us all wrong when he somehow found himself involved in that Steal The Spotlight ladder match - a match he shockingly won that night right here in New Orleans.

BW: And that contract he won that night was the very reason he was able to win the title off Jordan Ohara this past summer in Philadelphia, Gordo.

GM: A lot has happened in a year for Jackson Hunter. He started 2017 getting kicked out of his own stable - The Axis - but Philadelphia was truly a midsummer nightmare for that group as Hunter returned from that embarrassing moment to assault his former teammates, injuring both his own cousin, Riley... AND the man who he came to the AWA with to begin with, Maxim Zharkov. The Axis came tumbling around and when the smoke cleared, Jackson Hunter was the National Champion and one of the most talked about men in our sport.

[While the announcers were recapping, Hunter was violently attacking the lower back of his former partner with kicks, stomps, and finally elbowdrops!]

GM: Hunter's all over him now... ohhh! Diving elbow, the point of the elbow DRIVEN into the spine of Kestrel... and now Hunter with a pin attempt of his own...

[A two count follows before Kestrel kicks out.]

GM: Two count off the elbow... and now Jackson Hunter has this one going according to plan and he looks pretty happy about it.

[On his feet, Hunter pounds away at Kestrel who has battled up to all fours, smashing double axehandles down across the lower back as Colton mirrors the action on the apron as if he's also pounding Kestrel.]

GM: Blake Colton looking on... we've all heard the rumors that Colton is one of the hottest young commodities in this business and he could very well have a tour with one of the major Japanese wrestling companies in his future after SuperClash.

BW: They like their Americans big, strong, and with the ability to beat people up over in Japan. He'd do well there.

GM: Other than the fact he's not American but hey, we'll let that one go.

BW: You know, I'm starting to see Castillo's point. Maybe you do need a good beating.

GM: Please don't remind me about that. I'm trying to enjoy this night here with you, my friend... it could be our last Saturday Night Wrestling together behind these microphones.

BW: Okay, okay... just... who do you think they'd get to replace you?

GM: BUCKY!

BW: I'm sorry! Just want to know what to expect!

[Hunter drags Kestrel off the mat, shoving him back into the corner where Colton shouts "LAY ONE ON HIM, BAHD!"]

GM: Hunter winds up... and lets a knife edge chop fly, bouncing across the chest of Curtis Kestrel...

[The reaction to the chop from the crowd is short-lived when Kestrel suddenly lashes out...]

GM: OH! Forearm! Right on the jaw!

[Hunter shakes off the forearm, lashing out again...]

GM: Another chop!

[...but Kestrel again responds in kind!]

GM: And another forearm for good measure!

BW: Usually, it's Kestrel throwing those chops, Gordo. He's said to have some of the hardest chops to ever come out of Canada.

[Hunter falls back off the forearm this time as Kestrel steps out, winding up...]

GM: Another forearm! And another! Curtis Kestrel fighting his way out of the corner and-

"OHHHHHHH!"

[The champion cuts him off by viciously raking his fingers across the eyes!]

GM: Hunter goes to the eyes! The referee warning him but the damage has been done...

[Grabbing the arm, Hunter swiftly rockets his former partner towards the corner where Kestrel's spine SLAMS into the turnbuckles at high velocity!]

GM: Kestrel hits the corner hard!

[As Kestrel staggers back out towards Hunter, grabbing at his lower back, the champion grabs the arm again...]

GM: And again to the turnbuckles! Devastating impact on those shots into the corner by Hunter!

[Kestrel staggers out again but this time, Hunter lifts him up under his arm, bringing him down across a bent knee!]

GM: Ohhh! Backbreaker by the National Champion!

[Hunter leans back, sliding Kestrel off his knee and down onto his shoulders as Hunter hangs on to both legs!]

GM: Right into a pinning predicament!

[A two count follows before Kestrel kicks out again, breaking loose from the champion's grip.]

GM: Curtis Kestrel's lower back has taken quite the pounding as we creep up on the ten minute mark - the halfway point of the time limit - in this one but he continues to fight... he continues to battle... he continues to stay in this contest against his former friend-turned-enemy.

[Hunter is back on his feet, eyeballing the official for a moment as he leans down to pull Kestrel off the mat by the hair...]

GM: Kestrel being brought up by the hair... pulled right into a front facelock...

[The champion looks out on the crowd, sneering in their jeering direction as he slings Kestrel's arm over his neck and shoulders...

...and promptly gets plucked into a small package!]

GM: Kestrel was ready for that one! He's got him! He's got him!

[But Hunter again breaks free JUST before the three count, sending another disappointed buzz through the sold out crowd!]

GM: So close there. He just missed out on the upset and this crowd was really to EXPLODE if that one happened. Kestrel's gotta take advantage of-

"OHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts as Hunter scrambles up in time to BURY a short forearm in the kidneys of the also-rising Kestrel, cutting off any attempt to go back on the attack. The forearm causes Kestrel to pitch forward, falling into the turnbuckles where he grabs the top rope with both hands to stay on his feet.]

GM: Hunter moving into the corner now behind Kestrel... ohh! Another forearm to the lower back... and another!

[The crowd's jeers get louder as Hunter tees off with forearm shanks to the lower back, the referee counting all the while...]

GM: Hunter's gotta be careful here. He broke off that attack JUST before five and the referee delivering a warning now.

[Swinging Kestrel around with his back against the buckles, Hunter buries a trio of knees in the gut...

...and then wraps his hands around the throat of his former partner, blatantly choking him in front of the official to shouted warnings and boisterous booing from the crowd!]

GM: Come on, referee!

[Again, Ezra's count reaches four before Hunter backs off with his hands raised.]

BW: Always pushing the limits of what he can get away with. Kestrel's in serious trouble now and Hunter's looking to finish him off.

[Hunter sneers at the referee, waving a dismissive hand at him as he grabs his former friend by the arm...]

GM: Another big whip coming up...

[The champion is still talking to the official as he whips Kestrel across, charging in after...

...but the super-athletic Kestrel deadleaps to the top rope, balancing delicately there as Hunter barrels across...]

GM: Look at that!

[...and to the roar of the New Orleans crowd, Kestrel hurls himself blindly backwards, his elbow being DRIVEN into the charging Hunter's collarbone, sending both men falling hard to the canvas!]

GM: A death-defying move from Curtis Kestrel, lashing out at his former partner who was running his mouth at the official all the while. Bucky, I gotta wonder - as well as he knows Kestrel - if Hunter would've known that was coming if he wasn't distracted by badmouthing the referee!

BW: As much as I hate to, Gordo - I gotta agree with you! Hunter let his emotions get the better of him there and it cost him!

GM: And if he does that against Jordan Ohara on Thursday night, it may cost him the AWA National Title as well! The Phoenix will be looking to rise at SuperClash but right now, it's Curtis Kestrel who is looking to rise to his feet before Jackson Hunter gets there!

[The crowd is cheering loudly for Kestrel now, rooting him on as Hunter writhes in pain on the mat, Colton screaming for his mentor to get back to his feet and get back into this non-title battle.]

"TEN MINUTES HAVE GONE BY! TEN MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: Ten minutes left in the time limit for this match - long-awaited by many - between two former friends and partners... and right now, it's a battle to see who can get back to their feet first!

[With the crowd support fully behind him, Curtis Kestrel is driven to his feet first, grimacing as he grabs at his lower back. Jackson Hunter is a little bit slower but does get up as well, moving in on his former friend...]

GM: Hunter looking to stay on Kestrel and...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Oh my stars! What a chop by Kestrel! You could hear that one down on the Bayou!

[The impact of the chop sends Hunter staggering backwards, falling back into the corner as Kestrel continues towards him...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The brutal chops are lighting up the chest of Hunter despite the protection of his rashguard. Hunter twists his torso away from his former friend as the referee tries to intervene.]

GM: Scott Ezra trying to get Kestrel to let him out of the corner... Hunter trying to get away...

[Blake Colton quickly gets up on the apron as well, shouting first at Kestrel and then at the referee...]

GM: Colton on the apron, looking to get involved once again...

[The referee spins away from Kestrel, moving to get Colton down off the apron.]

GM: Colton and the referee arguing now... Kestrel moving back in on Hunter and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts as Hunter blindly swings his leg backwards in a mule kick, catching the approaching Kestrel with a shot right to the Timbits!]

GM: Hunter goes low on his former partner!

[Kestrel staggers back, clutching at his groin as Hunter twists back around...

...and shows surprising upper body strength as he leans low, pushing Kestrel up a decent height into the air...]

GM: Hunter pops him up and...

[...where he crashes gutfirst down on the top rope to groans from the crowd...]

GM: ...OHHH!

[...and then tumbles off the ropes, flipping over to smack backfirst on the ring apron before spilling to the floor!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[Hunter falls against the ropes, a sadistic smile on his face as he looks out on the jeering crowd!]

GM: What a reversal of fortune engineered by the National Champion, fans! Curtis Kestrel had things going his way and Hunter got a low blow and that... whatever happened there with that hard fall to the outside!

BW: And again - just like that - Jackson Hunter turns this thing around... and now Kestrel is in big, big trouble!

[Hunter starts to step through the ropes to the outside but the referee again steps in his way, forcing him back. An argument ensues inside the ring...

...which again has the referee distracted as Blake Colton pulls his former partner up off the floor, lifting him effortlessly into a bearhug...]

GM: Wait a second! Colton on the outside!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd groans as Kestrel's spine is SLAMMED brutally into the steel ringpost while trapped in the bearhug, the move causing Kestrel to slump down to the ringside mats in a heap as Colton backs off, dusting off his shoulders.]

GM: Blake Colton is obviously VERY pleased with himself after that... and again, I am very concerned not only with Curtis Kestrel's ability to keep going in this match but just what in the world Jordan Ohara must be thinking watching this unfold in the locker room area, Bucky. It's like watching a handicap match!

BW: Colton is the ultimate asset at ringside and he truly is Jackson Hunter's secret weapon out there.

GM: The secret is out and the Death Star plans are NOT in the main computer, Bucky.

BW: You're not preparing me to sit out here with Albano, are you? You don't even listen to Drake!

[The referee looks to the outside, obviously suspicious but a quick line of questioning towards Blake Colton goes nowhere as the Canadian pleads his innocence.]

GM: The referee starting a ten count here... and at this point, Jackson Hunter might take this win any way he can get it, Bucky.

BW: I'd say so. Take the countout, take the win, cash the winner's check, and get yourself a nice steak dinner before getting ready for SuperClash... and hey, if you need a dinner companion...

GM: Would you stop?!

BW: Awww. It might be the last time you ever say that to me on this show, Gordo.

GM: I highly doubt that... but right now, I'm doubting if Curtis Kestrel is going to be able to answer this ten count and continue this match.

[The referee is inside the ring, counting three for all to see and hear as Hunter leans against the ropes, nodding his head.]

GM: The count is up to three now... and look at Hunter now, counting along with Scott Ezra...

[The crowd boos as Hunter implores the referee to count faster, shouting "FOUR! FIVE! SIX!" as the referee counts four...]

GM: A very deliberate count by referee Scott Ezra and Jackson Hunter's not too happy with that. He's trying to get a quicker count... which is now up to five. Halfway home for the National Champion.

[Kestrel starts to stir a little on the outside, drawing a cheer from the New Orleans crowd and an urging to count quicker by Blake Colton and Jackson Hunter.]

GM: There's exactly two people in this building not happy with the referee's count and that's these two Canadians - Colton and Hunter.

[The count is up to six... and then seven as Hunter watches Kestrel push up to a knee, grabbing at his lower back as he does...]

GM: We're at seven! Kestrel kneeling - on one knee out on the floor! Can he get up in time? Keep Colton away from him!

[The count goes to eight as the referee pauses to shout a warning at Blake Colton who is creeping within range...]

GM: Kestrel's on his feet!

BW: Nine! It's at nine!

[And with a desperate lunge, Kestrel dives under the bottom rope...

...where Hunter IMMEDIATELY buries a stomp between the eyes, forcing him right back under the ropes onto the apron!]

GM: Oh my! Hunter forces him right back out! Kestrel JUST beat the count and...

BW: Look at this now. Hunter's going to bring him in the hard way, daddy.

GM: It certainly looks like it.

[Reaching over the ropes, Hunter draws Kestrel to his feet, hooking a front facelock...]

GM: Hunter looking for that suplex again... that'll really jolt the spine of Kestrel if he hits it...

[Hunter slings the arm over his neck, pointing out at the jeering crowd with a taunt.]

GM: ...and here we go!

[The big lift gets Kestrel up into the air...

...for just a moment before the wriggling and kicking Kestrel forces Hunter to set him back down on the apron!]

GM: Blocked by Kestrel!

[Kestrel yanks free of Hunter's grip, grabbing the champion by the hair, and rushing alongside the ropes!]

GM: Ohh! Headfirst to the turnbuckles goes Hunter!

[The champion goes stumbling backwards as Kestrel stays near the ropes, wincing as he grabs at his back again...]

GM: And you can tell just how much every little movement is shooting pain through the body of the resilient Curtis Kestrel, fans!

[Kestrel grabs the top rope with both hands, nodding a few times as the fans rise to their feet...]

GM: Curtis Kestrel may be having a flashback to his Birds of Prey days! He's gonna fly like an eagle here in New Orleans!

[...and slingshots himself to the top rope, springing off it, twisting through the air...]

GM: SPINNING LEG LARIAT!

[...and OBLITERATES the stunned Hunter with a springboard spinning leg lariat off the top rope!]

GM: Cover him, Curtis!

[A stunned Kestrel is down on the mat, grabbing at his back as Hunter lies motionless a few feet away!]

BW: That back is too banged up, Gordo! He can't take advantage of it!

[Wincing with every movement, Kestrel rolls over onto his knees, throwing himself into a loose cover on Hunter!]

GM: COVER! ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOULDER UP! HUNTER GETS THE SHOULDER UP!

[The New Orleans crowd is roaring now, disappointed at the near fall but still hopeful Kestrel can pull it out!]

"FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY!"

GM: Five minutes remain in this one! Can one of these two tremendous competitors pull this one out with just days until the biggest night of the year for this industry?

[A weary Kestrel pushes up to his knees, a surprising look of frustration on his face.]

GM: Kestrel showing some rare emotion here - that's how much this win means to him if he can get it tonight on the season finale of Saturday Night Wrestling.

[Kestrel grimaces as he forces himself his feet, leaning down to drag his former friend up alongside him...]

GM: Whip to the corner!

[With Hunter standing limp in the corner, Kestrel winces before grabbing the top rope, leaping up to snap his foot off the back of his head!]

GM: OHH! HEAD KICK IN THE CORNER!

BW: It's an enzuigiri, Gordo! After all these years, I'm still calling moves for you!

GM: What a maneuver by Kestrel!

[Kestrel steps back, his face etched in pain as Hunter staggers towards him.]

GM: Kestrel hooks him - Hunter's out on his feet!

[With his head tucked under the arm and his arms wrapped around the torso, Kestrel elevates Hunter, dumping him onto his back and shoulders with a bridging suplex!]

GM: NORTHERN LIGHTS! CAN THIS ONE KEEP HUNTER DOWN?!

[The referee dives to the mat, slapping it once... twice...]

GM: OHHH!

[...but the bridge collapses on the strain to Kestrel's back JUST before Hunter lifts the shoulder in time!]

GM: He couldn't stay bridged and I think it cost him! Hunter was in serious trouble but the back injury may have just saved him here tonight.

BW: Colton's sweating profusely out here - he thought it was over right there, I think!

GM: Jackson Hunter was looking for momentum tonight in New Orleans but Curtis Kestrel is showing that on any given night, anyone has a chance to beat the best in the world!

[Kestrel groans in pain as he rolls to his knees, breathing heavily as he looks at the downed Hunter who is still on his hip from when he rolls off his back.]

GM: We're down under four minutes to go here... Kestrel trying to get up... trying to find something... anything that'll finish off Jackson Hunter and spoil the National Champion's plans to go into SuperClash on a wave of triumph. Jordan Ohara - you know is backstage scouting this one very closely and Ohara's gotta be the biggest fan in the building for Curtis Kestrel right about now.

[Hunter weakly waves an arm at Colton who takes that as his cue to clamber back up onto the apron again, shouting at both the official and Kestrel as his former partner gets to his feet...]

GM: Colton's up there yet again and-

[The crowd ROARS as Kestrel throws himself into a dropkick, catching Colton on the chin and sending him flying off the apron to the floor!]

GM: Kestrel drops the Death Star!

BW: It didn't go in - it just impacted on the surface!

[Kestrel gets back up with great effort, leaning over the ropes to check on his downed former protege...

...which allows Hunter to slip to his feet, rushing up behind the unsuspecting Kestrel...]

GM: Hunter from behind... CRADLE!

[A rolling reverse cradle gets Kestrel down on the mat, Hunter sitting on his legs as the referee dives to the mat...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEE-

[...but a desperate Kestrel kicks out... and kicks out with some force, sending Hunter flying out of the pinning predicament, sailing through the ropes and crashing into a recovering Blake Colton on the outside!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd is cheering the big crash on the floor as Kestrel gets up, pointing to the fans with a nod of his head...]

BW: That's about as much emotion as we're gonna get out of Kestrel, daddy.

GM: Kestrel over towards the ropes now... grabs 'em and...

[The crowd ROARS as Kestrel slingshots himself over the top, crashing down onto both Hunter and Colton with a crossbody that sends all three down in a heap on the ringside mats!]

GM: BIG DIVE CLEANS 'EM OUT! ALL THREE ARE DOWN!

BW: We're under three minutes to go, Gordo!

GM: Kestrel knows it too! He's on his feet as quickly as he can... and he's pulling Hunter up with him...

[But a desperate Hunter slips a knee up into the midsection of the attacking Kestrel...]

GM: Oh! The champion goes downstairs!

[A hard shove sends Kestrel rolling back inside the ring as Hunter grabs the top rope, pulling himself up on the apron...]

GM: Kestrel's in - Hunter's still on the outside...

[But before Hunter can act, Kestrel's up and swinging...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Knife edge chop! Right on target!

[Hunter is reeling off the blow, barely hanging onto the top rope to save himself from a fall to the floor.]

GM: Hunter is in a daze! Kestrel grabs him!

[The crowd is cheering as Kestrel pulls Hunter into a front facelock.]

"TWO MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: Two minutes left! Hunter tried this earlier and couldn't do it but can Curtis Kestrel find the strength... find the sheer will to bring him in over the top with this suplex?!

[Kestrel pauses a moment, clenching his jaw even harder than usual...]

BW: Trying to suck it up here... trying to force down that pain just long enough for one more big move...

GM: Kestrel fighting through the pain... HE LIFTS!

[But as Kestrel lifts Hunter through the air, letting loose a shout of pain and effort as he does so...

....Blake Colton lunges forward while the referee's eyes are up at the suplex, pulling Kestrel's legs out from under him with all the power his mighty torso provides him!]

GM: OH!

BW: What happened there?!

[The trip causes Kestrel to fall back to the mat, Hunter falling across his torso as Colton drops down out of view...

...and pulls down on Kestrel's ankle as the referee stares at Kestrel's shoulders.]

GM: No! Not like this! Colton's got the ankle!

BW: He what?!

[The crowd is also urging the referee to see it...

...but as the mat is slapped for the third time, a collective groan fills the New Orleans air.]

GM: Ohhh... come on!

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: The champ wins it!

GM: Jackson Hunter has won this match but... look at how he did it! Blatant interference by Blake Colton, tripping up his old partner Curtis Kestrel and then holding down his leg so he couldn't kick out! Is this the kind of behavior we should expect out of the National Champion at SuperClash?!

BW: Hey, Jackson Hunter never claimed to be a Boy Scout! Neither did Blake Colton! They're going to do whatever it takes to...

[Bucky trails off as the crowd EXPLODES in cheers!]

BW: What the... what's HE doing out here now?!

[The cheers have come alongside the arrival of Jordan Ohara who has sprinted through the entranceway, running down the aisle as Hunter is on his feet, arms raised in the air while Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

GM: Hunter's your winner but perhaps Jordan Ohara has seen enough shenanigans on the part of Hunter and Colton. He's sliding into the ring now and...

[The crowd starts to buzz as Ohara walks over to the referee and emphatically starts talking to him, gesturing angrily at Blake Colton.]

GM: I think Ohara's letting Scott Ezra know what went down out here.

BW: What?! Why?! It's none of his damn business!

[Ohara points at Colton again, pantomiming a trip and then the hold of the ankles as Ezra looks suspiciously at Colton... then at Hunter whose eyes have gone wide as he shakes his head, begging off.]

GM: Ohara's letting Ezra know EXACTLY what happened! And look at Hunter - he's got no poker face for sure... he looks as guilty as sin!

BW: None of that matters! The referee can't call what he didn't see so it don't matter if Ohara has notarized testimony from The Pope!

[Ohara again gestures to Colton and Hunter as Curtis Kestrel gets to his feet, echoing the same story to the official who looks even more concerned now...

...and Ohara stomps over across the ring towards the announce desk, speaking quickly to Gordon Myers.]

GM: Well, I don't... okay... Jordan Ohara has asked me to let the producers know that he'd like the replay of the end of this match to be shown on the big screen here in the arena. If anyone in the truck is-

BW: If they're listening, ignore him! This isn't Major League Baseball or the NFL! Ohara doesn't have a challenge flag to throw! There's no instant replay in the AWA, damn it!

GM: I know that and you know that but... okay, it's coming on now, Jordan. I'm being told it's been cued up on...

[Gordon trails off as we get a shot of the ring over the shoulder of Ohara and the referee, showing the illegal activities that led to the end of the match.]

GM: There it is. Scott Ezra seeing it as clear as day now... the trip by Colton on the suplex... and there's the hold...

[Ezra shakes his head at the screen, wheeling around on Hunter who again denies what Ezra saw with his own eyes... and then slaps his hands together three times, jabbing a finger into the AWA logo on Ezra's referee jersey.]

BW: That's right! Hunter says it doesn't matter because the referee's decision is final and the count was made! The count was-

[An angry Colton gets up on the apron, adding his voice to the protest...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...when a knife edge chop from Ohara blisters him across the chest, knocking him to the floor to HUGE cheers!]

GM: OH! DOWN GOES COLTON!

[Ohara grins at the downed Colton, turning his attention back to the scene inside the ring. Kestrel and Ohara are now both pleading their case to the official who is nodding his head in agreement...

...when Colton reaches under the ropes, grabbing Ohara by the ankles and dragging him outside to the floor!]

GM: Colton pulls out Ohara and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Ohara drills Colton with another chop on the outside.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A series of chops sends Colton staggering away as an irate Hunter ducks through the ropes, grabbing Ohara by the hair with both hands...]

BW: He's got him now! Make him pay for sticking his nose in your business, champ!

[Hunter is angrily badmouthing Ohara as the Phoenix struggles to get free, twisting his body around and...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...he DRILLS Hunter with an overhead chop between the eyes, sending him stumbling back through the ropes inside the ring...]

GM: SCHOOLBOY!

BW: WHAT?!

[...where Kestrel drags him down in a tight cradle, running in place for extra leverage as the referee shockingly drops down to count...]

BW: WHAT'S HE COUNTING?!

GM: ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Kestrel breaks out into a rare smile as he straightens up, grinning as Hunter rolls to the floor, angrily slamming his hands down on the ring apron as Rebecca Ortiz calls out.]

RO: The referee has RESTARTED this matchup... and here is your winner...

CURRRRRRRRTISSSS KESSSSSSTRELLLLLLL!

[Hunter angrily slaps the mat again, shouting up at the official with enough volume and explicit content to cause the audio to be muted for a moment as Ohara joins Kestrel back in the ring, holding his arm up in the air and pointing to him.]

GM: A big win... perhaps the biggest win in years for Curtis Kestrel as he heads into SuperClash with a pinfall over the AWA National Champion!

[Hunter furiously paces ringside, muttering madly to himself as Blake Colton looks up in shock at the ring. Hunter locks eyes with his charge from across the ring, giving a quick nod before Hunter scrambles up on the apron again...]

GM: Hunter wants another piece of-

[Ohara comes at his SuperClash opponent, throwing another chop but Hunter drops down off the apron before he can connect...]

...all serving to keep eyes on him as Blake Colton rolls in, gets up, and barrels over a distracted Curtis Kestrel with a clothesline to the back of the head!]

GM: OHHHH! COLTON FROM BEHIND!

[Ohara whips around, spotting Kestrel laid out on the mat, and rushes Colton who meets him with a fist...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and Ohara responds with a chop that staggers Colton!]

GM: Colton and Ohara going at it again but the chops of Ohara are outpacing the slugging power of Blake Colton!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Three more quick chops has Colton's arms pinwheeling backwards as he tries to stay on his feet...

...which is when Jackson Hunter comes charging in, leaping up, and BURIES an Instant Karma knee right between the shoulderblades, violently whiplashing Ohara's head and neck back!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[Colton recovers from the chops quickly, joining Hunter in putting the boots to Ohara as the crowd roars their disapproval for this scene!]

GM: And Colton and Hunter are all over Ohara now - Hunter orchestrating a little pre-SuperClash assault on his opponent Thanksgiving Night!

[Hunter directs traffic a bit as Colton backs off, measuring the downed Ohara who is facefirst on the mat...

...and drops all his weight down in a leaping big splash on the back!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Colton pushes back to his feet, letting loose a roar as he raises his powerful arms over his head as Hunter sneers at the laid out Ohara at their feet.]

GM: Well, we worried all match long about the presence of Blake Colton at ringside both tonight and at SuperClash... we wondered if Jordan Ohara had a plan in place to keep Colton in check... and those worries are only going to intensify after this, Bucky.

BW: You worried and you wondered - I think Blake Colton and Jackson Hunter are going to give Canada their best day since Joe friggin' Carter!

GM: Jordan Ohara's got no one to watch his back like he did for Curtis Kestrel here tonight and with the combined strength of Jackson Hunter and Blake Colton, I'd say Ohara's got his work cut out for him Thursday night in his quest to regain the title that many believe he never should've lost to begin with, fans.

[We cut to the aisle where Hunter and Colton raise their hands, standing tall as they back up the ramp...

...and then cut to Ohara who is down on his chest, a hand supporting him on the ropes as he looks out after them with anger in his eyes as we fade to black...

...and then fade up on a rising sun coming up over a crystal blue lake. A voiceover begins.]

"The future."

[The sun continues to climb via time lapse footage.]

"It is said that the future belongs to those who believe in the beauty of their dreams."

[The sun reaches its peak, dazzling as it lights up the water below.]

"At the Korugun Corporation, our dreams are the same as yours."

[Cut to a shot of children playing in a very green meadow.]

"To live... to love..."

[To a shot of two elderly people smiling as they hold hands.]

"To make the most out of every moment we are blessed with."

[To the crack of a baseball bat and a cheering crowd.]

"To the joys of community... of family... of kinship..."

[To a young toddler walking out into the surf on a beach only to be scooped up by a nervous father who lifts him high in the air.]

"To all of life's promise... and potential."

[To a spaceship rocketing off its launchpad towards the sky.]

"To pushing the boundaries of what is expected..."

[To a space shot of Earth below.]

"To bringing our futures into the present."

[The Korugun Corporation logo slowly crawls over the curvature of the Earth.]

"Korugun. To life and all that it offers."

[And we slowly fade to black...

...and then back up on what looks to be a sideways shot of a lush green tree. A groan is heard before a flesh-colored blue goes across our shot. The shot quickly and abruptly shifts, presumably from someone picking the camera up off the ground.]

"If this thing is broken, Stegglet's gonna kill me."

[A voice calls out from off-camera.]

"You good?"

[The camera ends up back on the cameraman's shoulder, framing up the form of Ryan Martinez as he stands in front of a rocky hill with a trickle of water coming

down it to land in a standing pool. It's quite the pictureseque shot as Martinez wipes at his brow. The cameraman responds.]

C: Am I good? I just jumped out of a damn airplane against my will... thanks to you. I'm on some kind of jungle island that didn't ever have a place to land the plane... thanks to you. I have no idea what I'm doing here or what we're going to find here...

[Ryan interrupts with a grin as he shrugs out of his parachute backpack.]

RM: Thanks to me. Look, I get it... this hasn't been your typical night at the office where the worse thing that might happen to you is Carver chucking a beer can at the camera or Castillo making you listen to his plotting for hours. This isn't what you signed up for, I know... and if you want to stay here and wait for me, that's fine. You can do that.

[The cameraman sighs after a few moments.]

C: I guess I've come this far but...

[The cameraman pans slowly, showing a lot of lush-looking tropical trees like we saw moments ago. A waterfall echoes off in the distance. The whole scene is quite beautiful actually.]

C: ...what is this place?

[Martinez chuckles.]

RM: Paradise lost, my friend.

[The cameraman puts the shot back on Martinez.]

C: Alright. We're here. Now what?

[Martinez' eyes drift across the scene... and then come to an abrupt halt, surprise obvious on his expression.]

RM: Now... we go with him.

[He inclines his head slightly, gesturing behind the cameraman. The camera twists around to reveal a familiar face - the scarred and serious visage of Porter Crowley who is dressed in a plain brown robe - something like you might imagine a monk of some sort wearing. A rope is tied around his waist to secure it as he nods his head back at the visitors.]

PC: Welcome... to New Atlantis.

[Crowley's lips twist into a fragment of a smile.]

PC: We walk from here. Come. He is waiting.

[Crowley turns his back on the cameraman and Martinez, starting to walk towards a thick patch of jungle as they follow...

...and we fade, noting a passage of time as we find ourselves deep in that forest, the cameraman wiping a cloth across a mist-covered lens.]

C: What is this place? Atlantis?

[Crowley chuckles.]

PC: Not the true Atlantis. The true Atlantis was swallowed long ago by earthquakes. This place was...

[He gestures with an arm]

PC: ...regurgitated from one.

RM: It came out of an earthquake?

PC: So it's said. Although some believe that it once was swallowed by one as well, dragged into the depths of hell...

RM: And?

PC: ...and hell decided it didn't like the taste of it.

[Martinez shakes his head in disbelief as Crowley continues to take them deeper into the mist, walking towards a solid wall of greenery.]

RM: Whoa, whoa... this way looks blocked. Are you sure this is...?

[Ryan's words trail off as Crowley produces a nasty-looking machete from his robe...

...and takes a massive hack at the vegetation, starting to clear a path.]

PC: You walk an unexplored path, White Knight. This... will not be easy.

[Martinez nods.]

RM: Truth Marie told me a little of what to expect. Some kind of files she found in Fawcett's office.

[Crowley sneers.]

PC: Ah, the "good" Doctor. We have unfinished business.

[A deep exhale.]

PC: Someday. When destiny intends for our paths to meet once more.

[There's some silence as Crowley cuts down more branches, clearing the path deeper into the jungle.]

RM: Since you mentioned it... how the heck did you get here?

[Crowley turns slightly, smiling at Martinez.]

PC: That's a long story for another time. But I could ask you the same question.

RM: I told you.... Truth Marie-

[Crowley interrupts.]

PC: Your sister has sent you on a quest... a hunt of sorts. You know who you seek?

RM: I do.

PC: Then you know he'll be most displeased to see you here.

RM: I'm... maybe.

PC: With certainty. You should prepare yourself for what's to come.

[Martinez pauses, looking around at the wild jungle around them.]

RM: I'm not even sure what that is.

[Crowley comes to a halt, startling the cameraman as he slashes deep into a tree trunk, leaving the blade to shake before turning back to Martinez.]

PC: This place that you've come to... it is a place for men like you in some ways. Fighters. Warriors.

[Crowley puts a hand on the tree trunk, running his fingers across it.]

PC: It is a violent place because of that. Because while fighters may leave the battle, the battle never leaves them. It's in their blood. Like you, I think.

[Martinez doesn't respond, staring at the thoughtful Crowley.]

PC: It's a place where surviving the day is never promised and conflict is your daily bread. Do you understand?

[Martinez pauses.]

RM: You're saying I'm going to need to fight - that's what to come?

PC: In more ways than one, White Knight. Come. The day grows short.

[Crowley goes to pull the blade free when an odd sound is heard and we spot something sticking out of the tree just inches from his hand...

...a blowdart.]

PC: Your presence here has been noted. GO! MOVE!

[The camera shot changes again, another passage of time showing the trio moving quickly through the jungle now. Crowley throws a glance over his shoulder every few steps.]

PC: They are close. We have no time to spare.

[Crowley is cutting and hacking madly at the brush in front of them. The cameraman's breathing is heavy and labored as he spins to look behind them.]

C: There's something back there!

RM: Keep going! Come on!

[Their guide cuts hard and deep again, knocking a large branch aside as a beam of sunlight breaks through to hit them.]

RM: The sunlight! We've gotta be close!

[Crowley hacks again... and again... the sun getting brighter and broader with each blow...]

RM: I can hear someone behind us!

[Crowley swings again with a bellow and the jungle gives way to a field with sunlight beaming down on it. At the far side of the field stands a cliffside.]

PC: There! Go there!

[Crowley turns again, blade in hand as Martinez and the cameraman spill into the field, running across it as Crowley watches...]

...and as we fade again to note another passing of time, we see our trio moving slower now in the shadow of the cliff.]

PC: Hold. We must stop here for a moment. We will be safe for now.

[Martinez drops down hard, sitting right in the middle of the brush, breathing heavily. He's covered in sweat, black and brown stains on his flesh from the jungle they just came through. The cameraman sets the camera down on a boulder, walking away from the duo towards a nearby stream.]

PC: Do not go far. This part of this island's inhabitants do not like visitors.

[The cameraman man can be heard grumbling something like "this part of the island?!" as he walks out of view. Martinez leans back, running his own shirt across his sweat-stung eyes as Crowley stands nearby, looking at him.]

PC: It is not too late to turn away. To give up this quest.

[Martinez looks up with a smile.]

RM: I don't give up.

[Crowley nods.]

PC: So I recall. A knight in every sense of the world, taking on a noble heroic quest to save his people.

[Martinez nods slowly... and then bites at his lower lip.]

RM: This wasn't my...

[He pauses, shaking his head.]

RM: I never expected my life to be like this.

[Crowley nods, gesturing around them.]

PC: Like this?

[Martinez laughs loudly.]

RM: Well, definitely not like THIS. Running through the jungle and dodging native tribes to get a final member for my team at SuperClash wasn't in the gameplan a week ago, that's for sure.

But no... all of this. The hero. The... White Knight.

[Crowley looks at Martinez thoughtfully.]

PC: The son of the Black Knight didn't expect to be the White Knight?

[Martinez chuckles.]

RM: I guess I should've but... I just wanted to wrestle. That's why I didn't ask him for help when I broke in. That's why I wasn't on the ring crew for the E, working dark matches to get my feet wet. I went to Japan. I went to the indies. I didn't even know if I wanted to be in the big time.

And then Mark Langseth and Joe Petrow walked into my life and everything changed.

[Crowley stares in silence.]

RM: The White Knight. I don't even know who came up with that. Probably some marketing gimmick in the office.

I just wanted to wrestle. To be the best at it.

The Wise Men. Vasquez and the Axis. Korugun.

It just keeps coming, you know? One after another.

[Martinez grimaces with a shake of the head.]

RM: And with it comes the hero stuff. Everyone looking to me. Everyone expecting me to lead the way.

It's a lot of pressure. It's just... a lot.

[Crowley nods.]

PC: The burden a true hero must carry always is.

[Martinez sits in silence for several moments on that note...

...and then his eyes drift off to the side towards a large building that he seems to not have noticed before.]

RM: A temple?

[Crowley turns, his eyes meeting the same path.]

PC: Yes.

[Martinez' gaze narrows as he climbs to his feet, looking across the stream at it.]

RM: It's... beautiful.

PC: Yes.

[The White Knight takes a step towards it when a hand suddenly grasps his wrist.]

PC: That is not a place for you. Ancient evils live there.

[Martinez eyeballs Crowley a moment until the guide releases his grip. The White Knight looks across at the temple again, a very clear symbol now clear on the door - a skull with only one eye and a massive crack running through it.]

PC: And some that are... not so ancient perhaps.

[Martinez seems set to defy him and go anyways but relents with a nod.]

RM: Fine. We... we should probably get going, huh?

[Crowley nods.]

PC: The path before you is clear... but it will not be easy, White Knight.

[Martinez nods again.]

PC: Come.

[Crowley gestures with a sweep of his arm, leading Martinez towards the cliffside as we fade away from the ongoing adventures of Ryan Martinez and his intrepid cameraman on the mysterious islands as he continues his search for the final member of his SuperClash team...

...and then up on a television monitor where said footage was apparently airing. Standing near the screen is Hannibal Carver who shakes his head at what he saw, a slightly bemused look on his face.]

"Well, I'm glad someone thinks it's funny."

[Carver turns to see his old protege, "The Future" Derrick Williams walking into view... an annoyed expression on his face.]

DW: It's absolutely WONDERFUL that five days out from the battle for the company, the "team leader" and "heart of the AWA" is out playing Nathan Drake, fooling around with "searching" for our fifth while Castillo has all hands on deck.

[Carver shrugs.]

HC: He told me he had a real ace in the hole, and was taking off to take care of it.

[Carver squeezes the bridge of his nose.]

HC: Granted, at no point did he mention he had to go to Fantasy Island to get it done.

[Carver shakes his head, trying to dislodge that concept.]

HC: I just know he told me to trust him... and after everything he and I have been through, that's exactly what I plan on doing.

[Williams points an accusing finger.]

DW: It's nice you trust him, but I don't. Him and I still haven't had a face to face discussing that little YouTube vid I dropped last SuperClash, where the time limit on that threat ends in... oh, about five days. Given everything that's going on, I'm in solely on your word alone.

[Carver nods.]

HC: I appreciate that, kid. But just like I've done things that earned your trust, the boy scout has done the same to earn mine. Even beyond me, or you... I trust him to always do whatever it takes to keep this place running. No matter what he's doing right now, though... we're in for a hell of a damn fight.

DW: Yeah, it's a fight, and right now, you and me are in the line of fire for some pre-show antics, because "Oh Captain my captain" ain't here and our only backup is a dude that'll break his neck if the building's AC makes too strong of a wind.

Damn, this team is a mess. The hell was Stegglet doing bringing him into a friggin' WarGames match with the company on the line...

[Williams is cut off by the arrival of yet another member of Team AWA at SuperClash, "Hotshot" Stevie Scott.]

HSS: Oh man, if I had a dollar for every time someone doubted me, I'd be able to buy another house in the Caribbean.

[The two-time National Champion rolls his eyes.]

HSS: Let's dispense with the pleasantries, shall we, gentlemen? Stegglet asked me to help because he knows how I feel about the AWA. This is the place that made me a household name in this business, and I'll be damned if I'm going to let some egotistical outsider like Javier Castillo take it away from the people who built this thing from a local TV studio in Texas into the all-time global leader in pro wrestling.

[Stevie smirks.]

HSS: And besides...there are always two sides in every good deal.

[Carver throws up his hands.]

HC: Hard to argue that. Just like the Boy Scout will do anything for this company, Stevie is always gonna do whatever he can for the future of Stevie Scott.

[Carver nods at Stevie.]

HC: We ain't exactly drinking buddies, but I know he ain't gonna do anything to put his own ass in a sling.

[An agitated Williams steps between the two.]

DW: 'Cept that history says the exact opposite. Hell, I've HELPED put his ass in said sling because he went off half-cocked into a situation where he was hopelessly outnumbered. Now we're in go mode and Martinez is out exploring the jungles of God knows where... we have no clue who's supposed to be coming with us into WarGames. We're flying blind on who El General is bringing into WarGames after we put down Dane. Don't like that the closest we've had to a plan was a group text saying "be in Atlanta on Saturday."

We ain't got no plan, and if we've learned anything about Castillo during the last year when we keep flinging ourselves at him thinking we got it all figured out, is that he's STILL two steps ahead...

[Williams points to Carver.]

DW: ...and even if we see it coming - and at some point every single one of us that's gone against him SAW it coming - we still get got.

[Stevie chuckles loudly, shaking his head.]

HSS: Good grief, you got a poster of Castillo on your bedroom wall or something? Yeah, he's had his victories but he's arrogant, and eventually that arrogance is going to catch up to him. He sure didn't seem to have a plan to stop what we did to Dane, did he?

[Stevie turns to Carver.]

HSS: Hey, speaking of that, how'd you get the Boy Scout to go along with that plan?

HC: He knows the deal by now. He's been through this dance before. Whether it was the Wise Men or your old buddy Juan. This time's different though. This ain't someone that tried to steal power. They were damn near handed it thanks to a bunch of backstabbing business moves. He knows he has to get darker than he used to.

[Carver grins.]

HC: Good thing he's got me that's been down in the dirt for my whole life.

[Williams sighs.]

DW: Hope you're right, Hannibal... or else we're all finna be looking for jobs in a week.

[Stevie smirks.]

HSS: No worries, fellas. There's got to be someone else hiring these days, right?

[The crowd inside the arena cheers at the "inside" comment as Carver chuckles.]

HC: Like Derrick said, if Castillo's goons get their hands raised, we'll be tossed out with the trash. Not just that, but the most powerful man in the wrestling world will have daggers in his eyes for us for all eternity. If you think he ain't gonna bury us to every promoter in the world so we're blackballed everywhere...

[Carver shakes his head, clapping one hand on each man's shoulder.]

HC: World always needs ditch diggers, boys. Won't be my first time doing that kind of work. Honest day's work for an honest day's pay. But all the same, if I was yeh?

[Carver removes his hands, clasping them together.]

HC: I wouldn't let it get to that point. I'd gather up every ounce of fight yeh've got inside and put those bums down.

[Carver nods.]

HC: Because I'll be damned if that isn't what I'm gonna do.

[The camera holds on the determined trio for a moment...

...and then we cut to a shot of a television monitor showing the same shot. The camera pulls back a little to reveal Javier Castillo standing in his office, staring at the monitor thoughtfully when a voice calls out.]

"Sounds like they're ready for war."

[Castillo's face twists into a smirk at the voice.]

JC: Ah, Miss Westerly...

[He turns to face his former associate who has dropped her fairly conservative business attire for a set of red pants and a black top that is cut a little lower than we've seen in the past.]

JC: I have to say, I didn't expect to see you here tonight.

[Westerly shrugs, stepping deeper into the room and dropping down into the chair across from Castillo's.]

VW: Last I checked, I still work for the AWA.

[Castillo raises a finger.]

JC: An oversight, I'm sure. Your employment with the AWA was based on your usefulness to me and after what happened two weeks ago, that usefulness is most assuredly over.

[Westerly smiles.]

VW: Believe me, the feeling is mutual, Javier. I spent way too long under your thumb like a highly-paid secretary, running your little errands and being at your beck and call. The truth is that I know ten times more about this business than you EVER will... and after SuperClash when you're out on your ASS, I want Korugun to realize that they should've put me in charge and had you as MY flunkie.

[Castillo grins.]

JC: Charming til the last. Your delusions are stunning, Miss Westerly... but speaking of truth, what the hell has your twisted little daughter done to-

[Westerly surges to her feet, leaning across the desk with fire in her eyes.]

VW: Don't you DARE talk about my daughter like that!

[Castillo looks up at her emotion-filled face with a cool grin.]

JC: Or... what?

[Westerly straightens up, suddenly cool herself now.]

VW: Never mind. I just wanted to let you know that not only am I here tonight... but I'm going to be at SuperClash too. Because I can't wait to see my son get past all your little hurdles to win the World Title.

[Castillo climbs to his feet.]

JC: My hurdles have a way of tripping people up, Miss Westerly... now, if you'll excuse me...

[Westerly nods, turning to make her exit. She stops by the door, looking back with a grin...]

VW: Javier, this thing between us is business... always has been...

[Castillo nods.]

VW: But if you involve my children... either of my children... it WILL become personal in a hurry. Do you understand me?

[Castillo smirks.]

JC: Your threats don't...

[Castillo's words trail off as a familiar song is heard. Westerly pauses, reaching into her cleavage to pull her cell phone into view...]

...a phone that is playing the sounds of "O Fortuna."]

VW: You were saying?

[And with a wicked grin, Westerly strides out of the room, leaving Castillo behind with the slightest of nervous expressions on his face before fading 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 we cut back to... well, some dark corner of the arena would be the best description. Even with the camera light, the room is barely visible.

A voice speaks..]

"Oh, Victoria..."

[The camera lowers to come on the form of Charisma Knight, sitting on the floor, back leaning against the wall, legs pulled up, almost in a ball, her faded blue and black hair hangs down in a loose mess in front of her face]

CK: You're starting to realize what we wanted. You're almost there. So close, you are. Tonight, you gave into that hatred, that anger, that fear.

And it was wonderful.

[Knight giggles darkly, a creepy laugh that is absent any glimpse of humor.]

CK: But you still have a little more to go. You still think we're playing a game, we're not. We're molding you. Making you better, unlocking the best you. By the time our lessons are over, you'll be thanking us for everything. But that's not before your final test...

[Her head picks up, the camera lights reflect the pale blue of her eyes and a hint of a smile under the mess of hair]

CK: You wish an audience with us on Thursday? Just the two of us in the ring, you seething with your new emotions? Your chance to finish us?

Well, Victoria, we accept those terms. We'll be there on Thursday, in whichever city you choose. But the result... the result is not in doubt.

You... are ours.

[Another evil laugh echoes through the darkened room.]

CK: Either you reach down... deeper, darker, more violent than you've ever reached before, and do what you've never been able to bring yourself to do... what you COULDN'T bring yourself to do before.

Or we'll drag you to hell ourselves.

[She's laughing wildly as she delivers the line, barely making it clear as she devolves into a giggling fit.]

CK: Either way, it'll be a lot of fun. So bring everything you can... your fear, your anger, your hatred of me, your deepseeded loathing of us and everything we are... because crossing over, is the only way you'll defeat us.

[She laughs]

CK: And when you do, it'll be finished.

You... will be ours... one of us... and you'll never ever walk alone.

Welcome to the family.

[The camera pulls back as Charisma cackles gleefully, going into full throated laughter as the cameraman seems to want to get out there as fast as possible...

...and we fade up to another part of backstage to a shot marked "MOMENTS AGO" where we find the AWA Women's World Champion, Kurayami, standing with an unsettling expression...

...she's smiling.]

K: Five days. Five. More. Days.

[Kurayami runs a hand through her spiked hair, closing her eyes and taking a deep breath.]

K: For months I've waited for this... and now it's almost here.

[She slaps the title belt.]

K: I am the standard bearer for this division... the hottest division in wrestling. I'm the most dominant champion ANYWHERE in this sport and have been for the better part of a year. I am Kurayami. The breaker of bones and the crusher of careers.

And still all I hear is... Julie Somers.

[She closes her eyes again, breathing sharply.]

K: Julie Somers!

I beat Lauryn Rage, the first woman to wear this title... and I didn't just beat her... I DESTROYED her! I put her on an operating table and she hasn't been the same since! She's a collapsed shell of what she was - broken... hopeless.

And I heard "Julie Somers."

[She takes a couple of deep breaths.]

K: I beat Skylar Swift. In her home country. With every fan in the stadium supporting her. With the entire world saying "this is her time." I beat her. And sent her running into the night where she's hiding behind big bad Trish Wallace.

And I heard "Julie Somers."

[Her eyes fly open.]

K: I beat Medusa Rage! I beat Trish Wallace! I beat ANYONE and EVERYONE this company put in front of me.

And I heard "Julie Somers."

Julie Somers who pinned me at Eternally Extreme.

Julie Somers who beat me by countout in Mexico.

Julie Somers who so many call the Spitfire.

You know what I call her?

[Kurayami shouts angrily.]

K: BUZZING LITTLE GNAT GIRL!

She's like a flying insect, buzzing around my head, irritating me... annoying me...

[She swipes her hand back and forth like trying to shoo a bug.]

K: And at first, you try to chase her away... try to get off your head... away from your eyes... you swat and swipe and you...

[She shakes her head.]

K: But eventually...

[The champion lashes out, slamming her open palm into the cement wall behind her.]

K: ...you squash that bug and move on with your life.

And at SuperClash, I'm going to squash that bug as only I can...

...and I'm going to leave her in a hospital bed next to her friend.

[That scary smile returns again.]

K: And then... and only then... will I get to move on to what's next for the greatest women's champion in the history of our sport!

[The champion storms off, leaving the camera looking at the SuperClash backdrop as we fade out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing. A female competitor is standing in the ring as well - one that might be somewhat familiar to sharp-eyed viewers with good memories.]

RO: The following non-title contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... from Regina, Saskatchewan... weighing in at 138 pounds... JESSICA BAXTER!

[Jessica Baxter bounds out of the corner, clearly excited to be back on AWA television. Her hair is cut into a mullet, shaved on the sides and dyed royal blue. She's also wearing a dayglo leopard print singlet over a matching sports bra, pink kneepads, and green wrestling shoes. She rapidly pumps her fist, screaming "let's go!", before heading back to her corner.]

GM: Jessica Baxter competed on the pre-game Power Hour back before the Battle of Saskatchewan this past summer... and while she faced a tough six man tag team challenge that night, her battle tonight might be even tougher.

[Baxter settles back into the corner, taking a few deep breaths as she awaits the arrival of her opponent.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd her opponent...

[The lights dim slightly as the sounds of Judas Priest's rip to life over the PA system.]

BW: And here comes trouble, daddy!

[As the electric guitars intensify and the fast-paced drumming kicks in, the vocals signal for a bright white light to flash repeatedly.]

RO: From Japan... weighing in at 250 pounds... she is the AWA WORRRRRRLD WOMEN'S CHAMMMMMPIONNNNNNN...

KUUUUUUURAAAAAAAAAYAAAAAMIIIIIIIIIII!

[The champion appears as we saw her moments ago, tearing through the entryway and stomping right down the ramp towards the ring.]

GM: The champion has arrived and she does NOT look to be in a good mood just five days away from the biggest title defense of her career, Bucky.

BW: Kurayami is the most dominant female competitor on the plane and you might not even need to make that distinction by gender. She's a monster. A beast. A brute. And Julie Somers can be as fired up as she wants but at SuperClash, I predict this title reign continues!

GM: We'll see about that.

[Upon reaching ringside, Kurayami pulls herself up on the apron, taking the title belt off her shoulder and tossing it over the ropes at Shari Miranda who catches it awkwardly, shaking her head at Kurayami's disdain. The camera catches Jessica Baxter in the corner with a grip on her own wrist.]

BW: Is she... is she checking her pulse, Gordo?

GM: Miss Baxter has a tendency to do that at times.

BW: Kurayami might be about to solve that problem for her.. permanently.

[The champion comes through the ropes, glaring coldly across at her much-smaller opponent.]

GM: Baxter giving up a lot of size in this one. She's five foot five... 138 pounds... so she's giving up about half a foot and over a hundred pounds, Bucky.

BW: Nobody ever said being an AWA superstar was gonna be all photo shoots and autograph signings. If Jessica Baxter wants to hang with the best in the world, she's gotta show what she's got inside this ring.

[Baxter nervously fidgets in the corner under Kurayami's wilting gaze as Ortiz beats a retreat, leaving an anxious Shari Miranda to step between predator and prey.]

GM: Just five days before SuperClash, you know Kurayami is looking for momentum tonight... and despite your insistence otherwise, I think she's going to need it, Bucky. I think Julie Somers stands a tremendous chance to be the one to finally topple this monster and to become the third woman to wear the Women's World Title.

[As the bell sounds, Baxter edges out of the corner, placing her fingers against her neck...]

GM: Checking that pulse again... and I'm sure the mere sight of the Lady of Pain is enough to get that pulse sped up.

[...and as Kurayami comes towards her, Baxter ducks low under an attempted lockup, sliding around to attempt a rear waistlock.]

BW: Are you kidding me? She can't even get her arms all the way around-

[The crowd reacts as Kurayami snaps an elbow back into the side of the head, sending Baxter stumbling away, clutching her face.]

GM: What a shot that was early on in this one.

BW: You see striking like that... power like that... and you honestly think Julie Somers stands a chance at SuperClash, Gordo?

GM: I absolutely do.

[Kurayami clasps her hands together, smashing a double axehandle down on the back of Baxter's neck, putting her down on all fours on the canvas.]

GM: Bucky, how can you look at the summer that the Spitfire has had against Kurayami and not think she stands a chance?

BW: Somers has already had a shot at the title and she came up empty!

GM: She won that match!

BW: But not the title! She won by countout when she ran away from Kurayami and beat her back inside the ring. She didn't pin her, Gordo!

GM: But she DID pin her at Eternally Extreme back in July!

BW: In a tag team match - doesn't count!

[Kurayami makes like she's driving a nail, repeatedly hammering Baxter down with axehandles across the back until she's flat on her chest on the mat.]

GM: She may not have won the title in either of those matches... but she's got the pinfall in the tag match... she's got the win by countout in the singles match.. and I, for one, think she's got the champion's number.

[With Baxter down on the mat, Kurayami hits the ropes behind her, bouncing back off...]

GM: BIG SPLASH!

[...and drops her 250 pounds down on the back of Baxter to a groan from the crowd!]

BW: It's over! If she wants it to be, it's over right now. And you're trying to tell me Julie Somers is getting up if she gets hit with one of those?! Give ME a break, Gordo!

GM: If Kurayami had kept this solely about the title, I think she would've been the odds-on favorite for just about everyone... but after what she did two weeks ago to Melissa Cannon in Japan - Julie Somers' best friend - this one is personal now. Very personal.

[Kurayami climbs slowly to her feet, looking down on Jessica Baxter.]

GM: The Women's World Champion is without mercy... look at this now...

[Grabbing Baxter by the blue-dyed hair, Kurayami hauls her roughly to her feet, twisting around to shove her face towards the nearest cameraman.]

"ARE YOU WATCHING, SPITFIRE?! THIS IS ON YOU TOO!"

[Kurayami shoves Baxter bodily towards the corner, backing halfway across the ring...]

GM: Puts her in the buckles... HERE SHE COMES!

[But as Kurayami barrels into the corner, Baxter leans back, kicking both legs up into the air...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: FEET TO THE FACE OF THE CHAMP!

[A shocked Kurayami staggers backwards, grabbing at her jaw as Baxter nods her head to the crowd, pumping a fist as she hops up on the middle rope...]

GM: Baxter taking a chance here - seeing her opportunity to make the biggest impression possible!

[Baxter gives a shout as she leaps into the air, arms clasped over her head...]

GM: AXEHAND- NO! CAUGHT!

[The crowd reacts as Kurayami catches the leaping Baxter in her powerful arms, holding her in the air for a moment...]

...and then VIOLENTLY throwing her down in a standing spinebuster!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Kurayami sneers out at the jeering crowd, doing a full circle with her arms spread wide...]

"WHERE IS SOMERS?! WHERE'S YOUR HERO?!"

[The champion turns back towards the downed Baxter, grabbing two hands full of hair again. The crowd starts to buzz as the champion brings her opponent back to her feet...]

GM: Kurayami's got her up... oh no.

[She tugs Baxter into a standing headscissors, standing tall, looking out on the crowd...]

...but looking the wrong way as Julie Somers slides in on the other side of the ring...]

BW: SOMERS! SOMERS!

[...with a steel chair gripped in her hands that she winds up with...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SMASHES it down across the back of the unsuspecting World Champion, the bell sounding immediately after!]

GM: Oh my! This one's over!

[The referee waves her hands at Somers as Kurayami staggers away from the blow to the back and Somers winds up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AGAIN ACROSS THE BACK OF THE CHAMPION!

[Kurayami stumbles forward again, falling through the ropes to the outside as the referee shouts at Somers who angrily throws the chair down to the mat.]

"THAT'S FOR MELISSA, YOU PIECE OF SH-"

[The audio thankfully cuts out as the enraged Spitfire stalks the ring, looking outside where Kurayami is struggling to get back to her feet...]

...which is when Somers hits the ropes, bouncing off to hit the far ropes...]

GM: SOMERS BUILDING SPEED!

[...and with two rebounds behind her, Somers throws herself between the ropes like a guided missile!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SOMERS DIVES ONTO THE WORLD CHAMPION! OHHHHH MYYYYYYY!

[Having toppled Kurayami over on the barely-padded floor, Somers stays on top of her, raining down wild punches on the champion!]

GM: And she's not done! Julie Somers is getting her a piece of Kurayami five days before they fight for the Women's World Title! And listen to these fans!

[The New Orleans crowd is roaring as Somers' fists are flying down at the face of the champion who is raising her arms up, trying to defend herself as Somers tries to pummel her into the floor.]

BW: I can't believe this!

GM: Somers is letting her have it right here on the Bayou!

[Dragging Kurayami off the floor by the short mohawk, Somers twists around to face the ring...]

...and SMASHES the champion's face down on the timekeeper's table, sending water bottles and paperwork flying!]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands... and we may need the Louisiana National Guard to come in and break this thing up, Bucky!

BW: If not, they might just keep fighting all the way to SuperClash!

[The crowd's wild cheering turns to boos as we catch a glimpse of Tommy Fierro, Kevin Slater, John Shock, and several others come jogging into view, looking to stop the fight.]

GM: We've got some AWA officials making their way out here now.

BW: Oh, it's gonna take more than that.

GM: You may be right.

[Fierro is the first one there, shouting at both women as Somers grabs a fallen water bottle and chucks it into Kurayami's back.]

GM: Look out!

[Somers smashes Kurayami's face down on the wooden table a second time, knocking the ring bell to the floor and tipping over a chair.]

GM: We've got a chaotic scene out here at ringside and-

[The crowd is jeering loudly now as Kevin Slater steps between Kurayami and Somers, forcing the Spitfire away from the World Champion.]

GM: Somers backing off... not by choice...

BW: She's out of control! Get her out of here, Slater!

GM: He's certainly trying but-

[The crowd gasps in shock as Kurayami picks the fallen chair off the ground - still open for seating - and HURLS it into Slater's back from behind!]

GM: OH MY GOD!

[Slater falls to his knees as a second shocked official gets a ferocious headbutt that sends him falling to the floor as well.]

GM: Kurayami just went after two of our backstage staff and... she may be looking at one heck of a fine just days before SuperClash!

BW: Let's hope that's all she's looking at, Gordo. That might be worth a suspension!

[Kurayami lumbers forward as Somers tries to get around a pair of officials blocking her path. The champion swings over them, smashing a fist into Somers' jaw!]

GM: The fight continues out here...

[John Shock steps in, shouting at the champion who backs off and then grabs the end of the timekeeper's table...]

GM: Whoa, whoa, whooooooa!

[...and lifts it up, throwing it in a makeshift suplex in the direction of the officials in her path!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: Keep them away from us!

GM: We can agree on that one, Buck-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd EXPLODES as Somers runs down the length of the apron, leaping off to throw herself into a somersault onto Kurayami, taking the champion down again!]

GM: Julie Somers using her body as a human projectile here tonight! She's throwing herself onto the champion over and over again - and is this a sneak preview of what we're going to see Thursday night at SuperClash?!

[Somers is again on top of the champion, slamming her fist down into her head and face as the officials circle the pair, trying to restore some sense of order.]

GM: Somers is firing away! Pounding away! Kurayami is being overwhelmed by the Spitfire here in New Orleans!

[Again, the officials get a hold on Somers, pulling her up and back by the arms as she struggles to get away and get back on top of her opponent in five days.]

GM: The Women's Division is the hottest division in wrestling - that's not just a marketing slogan - we've said it over and over this year and the biggest match of the year for that division promises to be a-

[Somers rips free from Shock and an unnamed official to throw herself at a rising Kurayami, smashing a fist into the champion's ear, knocking her back against the ringpost where she keeps pounding away.]

GM: They're still going at it!

BW: I don't know if ANYONE can stop 'em, daddy!

[Kurayami leans back against the post, Somers firing away at her as we get more officials and more security moves into view to try and intervene.]

GM: The fight is still on and-

[A pair of officials forces Somers to step back a few paces as Kurayami reels in place against the steel...]

GM: Somers is STILL trying to get at her! I don't know that we've ever seen this side of Julie Somers before! I'm not sure if-

[Somers again wriggles free, forcing her way back towards Kurayami...

...who reaches out, snatching Somers by the collar of her t-shirt...]

GM: She's got-

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and YANKS Somers headfirst into the steel ringpost, sending a loud "CLANK!" through the air as Somers collapses to her knees, hugging the steel as Kurayami stands over her!]

GM: SOMERS' HEAD HITS THE STEEL!

[Kurayami is immediately forced backwards by a trio of officials as she bellows at the downed Somers.]

GM: Julie Somers let her emotions get the better of her and Kurayami took advantage of it!

[Tommy Fierro grabs Somers by the shoulder and she flops over onto her back, a bright splash of crimson on her forehead.]

BW: Oh! Kurayami drew first blood!

[The champion sneers as she looks down at the bloodied Somers, raising her arms over her head in a roar as Fierro waves for medical assistance.]

GM: Julie Somers' head was split wide open by that steel ringpost and... what does this mean for SuperClash?! What does this mean for her shot at Kurayami and the Women's World Title?! Fans, we've got help on the way for the Spitfire but... wow. We'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling live from New Orleans!

[The camera holds on the gloating Kurayami as 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 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 we fade back up from our extended commercial break on the ring, which has been decked out in a carpeted surface. An official-looking oak table rests in the center, and four leather office chairs surround that table. On the table itself is a clipboard with a thick sheaf of a contract on it. "Sweet" Lou Blackwell stands nearby.]

SLB: New Orleans, lemme hear ya!

[The crowd responds with a predictable roar as Blackwell grins.]

SLB: This very special edition of Saturday Night Wrestling rolls on - the season finale if you will as we stand here just five days away from SuperClash and...

[He shakes his head as he picks up the clipboard, flipping through the pages to show just how hefty this agreement is.]

SLB: ...and right now, we're set to witness the signing of one of the damndest contracts I've ever seen for that very event on Thanksgiving night.

[He chuckles, setting the clipboard back down.]

SLB: So, let's get the participants for that match out here right now... ladies and gentlemen... one half of our humongous mixed tag team affair... RICKI TOUGHILL AND TERRY SHANE!

[Static.

And as the classical tunes that welcome the former World Television Champion accompany both he and Ricki Toughill out onto the ramp, the New Orleans crowd are showering them with praise - which would have been unthinkable too long ago. Toughill grins at the reaction, nudging Shane and loudly proclaiming "look at us now!" Shane smiles at his partner, giving her a high five before heading down the ramp together.]

GM: Terry Shane and Erica - Ricki if you will - Toughill heading down this ramp... and I don't know if Ricki will ever not be surprised by the outpouring of love these fans have shown her over the past few months, Bucky.

BW: Can you blame her? It was a year ago at this time that she was getting ready for that brutal Falls Count Anywhere match she had with Julie Somers... and a year later, these people think she's the best thing since toasted bread.

GM: Sliced bread?

BW: You eat your bread however you want, Gordo, and I'll do the same.

[Shane and Toughill enter the ring, each trading a handshake with a beaming Sweet Lou Blackwell.]

SLB: Welcome to New Orleans, folks.

[Toughill looks out on the cheering crowd, smiling with her hands on her hips before leaning over Lou's mic...]

ET: WHO DAT?! WHO DAT?! WHO DAT THINK THEY GONNA BEAT US?!"

[The crowd roars for the takeoff on their beloved Saints' signature chant and soon...]

"WHO DAT?!"

"WHO DAT?!"

"WHO DAT THINK THEY GONNA BEAT US?!"

[...is echoing throughout the building. Ricki steps back, grinning madly as the chant continues to roar and Sweet Lou looks on in awe.]

SLB: Well... I think...

"WHO DAT?!"

"WHO DAT?!"

"WHO DAT THINK THEY GONNA BEAT US?!"

[Blackwell chuckles.]

SLB: Alright, alright... settle down now. As I was saying, I think it comes as no shock to anyone who the fans here in New Orleans are behind tonight... just as it will come as no shock who the fans will be supporting five days from tonight in that mixed tag team battle.

[The crowd cheers again as Toughill pumps her fists and Shane claps along.]

SLB: We've got a contract signing to do... but I've been told that Miss Hayes and Mister Kendrick are not ready to come out here just yet.

[The fans boo that news loudly.]

SLB: So, in the interest of... well, stalling...

[Blackwell shrugs.]

SLB: It's our last show on this network. What're they gonna do - cancel us?

[Shane grins, clapping Blackwell on the shoulder as the crowd cheers again.]

SLB: Ahem... as I was saying... Terry Shane, Ricki Toughill... these last twelve months have been undeniably tumultuous for the both of you; who could have predicted that your paths would meet in five days? Terry Shane, your thoughts on this journey you've embarked upon.

[Shane shakes his head as the crowd cheers him before he even speaks.]

TS: It's been a hell of a year, Lou. A year ago, I was right here in New Orleans winning the World Television Title from Callum Mahoney...

[The crowd cheers the memory of that as Shane nods.]

TS: ...on the Pre-Game Show. And while just being a part of the show meant the world to me after a long road back... I have to admit that it stung a little bit to not make the main show. On New Year's Eve when 2017 was rolling in, I toasted a glass with my family at home and I made myself a little resolution that I WOULD be on the main show for SuperClash this year... and that's exactly what's going to happen five days from now... and I can't wait to climb into this ring Thursday night with this amazing, tough, incredible fighter by my side...

[Ricki fans herself with a teasing "aww, shucks" to her SuperClash partner as Blackwell turns the mic towards her.]

SLB: Ricki Toughill, your partner here just mentioned SuperClash VIII in this very city last year, and I know you'll never forget it.

[Toughill chuckles.]

RT: Lou, if being flung into the air tush-over-teakettle and landing twenty feet below you can be construed as a wake-up call... I guess I got a massive wake-up call this time last year. And I got it...

...Right here in N'awlins!

[Toughill gives a cheesy thumbs up and crooked grin to the fans, who cheer right back.]

RT: So I got to thinking... Where do I go from there? I got to thinking... What do I do for an encore?

[The fans cheer in anticipation. Shane just shakes his head with an incredulous "no. Don't you dare."]

RT: Ah, come on Terry. You know you wanna see what I'm going to-

[Toughill is interrupted by what sounds like household electronics being tortured, as the lights in the arena rapidly shift hues through red, green, and blue. "The Business of Emotion" by Big Data blares to life over the PA system as a young man emerges in a pool of light, lit from beneath. He has a toned, muscular physique with stringy dirty blonde hair to just past his shoulders and a stubble beard. He wears track pants and a t-shirt with a silver, mirrored "double K" logo in gothic font on the front. The man who calls himself "The Foundation" sips from a plastic water bottle. Beside him, Miss Sandra Hayes looks smugly at her man, hand on her hip. She is an oversized pink angora sweater dress and high heels; a look shamelessly stolen from Ariana Grande.]

GM: Two weeks ago, a mixed tag match was proposed, and the challenge was accepted. And now the Self Made Man and his princess are going to have to put up or shut up at SuperClash-

BW: Gordo, who is THAT?!

GM: Oh my... oh my goodness!

[Kendrick and Hayes are followed by a large woman wearing what looks like leather armor straight out of Skyrim. Her head is shaved on the sides but styled up on top into a several inches high mohawk. She snarls and scowls her way down the aisle, revealing white makeup circles around her eyes, dragged down into "teary" streaks on her cheekbones. Ricki Toughill points her finger down the aisle at her, confirming her identity to Terry Shane.]

GM: Wait, I remember her from Eternally Extreme, Bucky! That's Violence Jacobs!

BW: That is! Holy cannoli, and I thought Kurayami was scary-looking!

[Kerry Kendrick reaches the end of the aisle and looks on into the ring, a serious look on his face. He turns to Hayes, and they softly plant a kiss on each other's lips. Kendrick ascends the steps, dumping the contents of the water bottle over his head. The Self Made Man turns to face the fans from the ring apron. He faces out to the audience, and spreads his arms overhead, glistening in the high-angled stage lighting before stepping through the ropes. In the background, Terry Shane rolls his

eyes and taps his watch to try and hurry their SuperClash opponents along. Ricki Toughill eyes Violence Jacobs warily, already sizing her up.]

GM: And I am led to wonder if this is an effort by Sandra Hayes and the Foundation to further stack the deck. He's already been approved to wear that loaded knee appliance.

BW: Loaded?! It's protective!

GM: Protective my eye. That kneebrace's sole purpose is to try and hurt someone.

BW: Not the sole purpose but it don't hurt, daddy!

[Hayes and Kendrick line up on the side of the in-ring table opposite Shane and Toughill. Violence Jacobs hovers dangerously nearby.]

SLB: Miss Hayes, obviously you and Kerry Kendrick, the Self Made Man, are NOT out here alone... and obviously many here tonight know who this woman is but for those who don't... who IS this beast with you?

[Jacobs growls at being called a "beast" by Blackwell causing him to visibly shrink back a step as a smirking Hayes steers the mic towards herself.]

MSH: Five foot seven! Two hundred and seventeen pounds! The Iron Maiden herself... VIOLENCE JACOBS!

[The crowd jeers loudly as Jacobs crosses her arms, staring across at Ricki Toughill who looks unsettled by this development.]

MSH: You see, Blackwell... after being repeatedly ASSAULTED – by your co-worker I might add – I needed someone to take the position of bodyguard.

[Hayes turns towards Terry Shane.]

MSH: So, Terry, I called our old mutual friend Brad Jacobs, and he said his sister would be the perfect candidate to watch my back.

[Shane grimaces as the crowd jeers again.]

MSH: That's right, Ricki! This could have been you watching my back and earning a healthy payday to do it... but you just had to do things the hard way. After all the smack you talked about about her tag team partner, Kurayami... Violence Jacobs is just dying to meet you, Ricki.

[Jacobs licks her top lip with her tongue, showing off the hideously green coloring of it. Toughill stares daggers right back. Kendrick interrupts the staredown by leaning over the mic.]

KK: Enough. Let's get down to business.

[Kendrick approaches the table, looking down on the clipboard resting on it...

...and then picks it up, tossing it over his shoulder to jeers from the crowd.]

SLB: What in the...?

[Kendrick holds up a finger at Blackwell... then aims a smirk at Shane and Toughill before he reaches under the table, pulling out a second clipboard that seems to almost be buckling under the weight of the paper attached. He drops it down with a loud "THUNK!" as Blackwell's jaw drops.]

SLB: Wait one second... this contract looked complex enough. You mean to tell me you want to add even MORE stipulations?! I've seen smaller telephone books!

[Kendrick leans over the mic.]

KK: Miss Hayes and I will be fighting at a disadvantage, seeing as how it's her first time in the ring, and I'm still rehabbing this knee. Miss Hayes and myself, we're risking a lot stepping into the ring with the likes of you two.

Ricki... Shane... you want to talk about turning the page? I want to talk about closing the book.

[Kendrick turns his gaze on the former World Television Champion.]

KK: Like Lou said, this is the last SNW to ever air on Fox Sports X... and the whole world is talking about everything going on behind the scenes in this business this week. So, Shane... let's let the world know your dirty little secrets too.

[Shane shakes his head.]

KK: Oh, come on now... see, I know and you know that this isn't just the last SNW on Fox...

...it's also could be the last SNW...

[He points a finger at Shane.]

KK: ...for you.

[The crowd reacts with shock... even Ricki Toughill looks surprised as Shane closes his eyes, sighing heavily as he drops his head.]

KK: That's right, AWA "faithful"... you're showing your love and devotion to a guy who might be on his way out the door! Your contract, Terry Shane... your contract is up at the end of the week - the day after SuperClash! And with the future of the company so unclear, there won't be a new deal on your table for Thanksgiving dinner.

[Kendrick smirks as Shane turns towards Ricki, speaking off-mic to her as Kendrick and Hayes gloat over their news.]

KK: So, our good friend Javier Castillo...

[Hayes jerks her thumbs at herself, mouthing "MY good friend."]

KK: ...he added another stipulation aimed right at you, Shane.

If you step into the ring with us at SuperClash and you don't win, that contract DOESN'T get renewed!

[Shane glares at Kendrick who steps closer, taunting him.]

KK: Everything you've worked for all these years... gone!

And the sad fact of life is, you can't beat me, Shane. You can't beat me on your best day, you can't beat me on my worst day.

After SuperClash... when I beat you... AGAIN... you'll have to start over from square one... somewhere else...

[Kendrick smirks.]

KK: ...and if I know one damn thing about Chris Blue, it's that he can't STAND losers like you.

[Kendrick laughs loudly as he straightens up, backing away as Shane's eyes drift onto the massive contract on the table. Ricki Toughill reaches out a hand, placing it on his shoulder.]

SLB: Well... uhh... Terry, you heard what he had to say there. Your contract status aside, it sounds like if you sign that contract for this match and fail to defeat Kerry Kendrick and Sandra Hayes, there will BE no contract extension. You'll be gone from the AWA! You really need to think about-

[Shane shakes his head at Blackwell... then at Ricki who seems to be telling him it's not worth it. He angrily grabs the pen off the table...

...but before the pen can hit the page...]

MSH: Of course, we do have an alternate offer.

[Shane pauses, looking up at his former ally and... more?]

MSH: I don't know what you're getting out of palling around with Ricki, beyond a front row seat to the smell of stale beer and chicken wings...

[Toughill sticks a petulant tongue out to Sandra Hayes.]

MSH: ...but I can guarantee you, it'll never be as good as what I can offer you.

[There's a bit of hooting and hollering from the fans as Hayes bats her lashes at Shane and playfully twirls her ponytail. Kendrick glares at Hayes, gesturing to the contract again as Hayes waves a dismissive hand at him.]

MSH: So I'll make you a counter offer. We were good together once, Terry... really good. Both professionally where I had you a win away from being World Champion... and personally.

[Hayes lets that one sit a moment as Shane looks at her curiously.]

MSH: It can be that way again. If you and I and a bunch of nobodies could rule the wrestling world, just imagine what you... me...

[Kendrick stands with his hands on his hips. Hayes laces her arm under his.]

MSH: ...and the Self Made Man can do. Imagine a new group for a new era of AWA... imagine...

The Hayes Gang. Version two-point-oh.

[The crowd jeers that idea as Hayes thrusts two fingers up into the air. Kendrick joins her in the gesture as Shane looks on.]

KK: You and I... we've got personal issues, Shane... that's clear. But we can put those aside. You and Sandra? You can put those aside too.

All you have to do is think about what's best for business. Think about it, Ring Leader. Think about the power trip you and I could go on.

[Shane stares thoughtfully at Kendrick.]

KK: Your last image in the AWA doesn't have to be you lowering yourself to team with Ricki Toughill, Shane; the likes of her belong with your moron of a brother, Jimmy Jack!

[Shane's eyes flash for a moment as Kendrick continues.]

KK: You could make yourself a legacy and finally live up to that name you were born with.

[Terry Shane looks back and forth between Ricki Toughill, Hayes and Kendrick, and the pen pinched between his thumb and forefinger.]

MSH: All you have to do is put down that pen and walk away... and leave her to us.

[Toughill shakes her head gravely. She hadn't counted on this. Shane gestures to Blackwell who extends the mic in front of him as he locks his eyes on Sandra.]

TS: Sandra... when you kicked me to the curb all those years ago, I hit rock bottom. Professionally for sure... and personally too. And it took everything I had in my life to pull me out of it. My friends who love me. My family who I betrayed in part because of you. They were all there for me...

...and you weren't.

[Hayes glowers at Shane's accusation.]

TS: And yet... even after all I went through... deep down I still dreamed there might be a day like this... a day when you'd come back and be by my side again...

[Hayes smirks at Shane as the crowd jeers where this is going.]

TS: I told myself I could change you... just like you thought you could change me back in the Shane Gang days...

[Shane raises a finger.]

TS: ...and don't forget it was the SHANE Gang...

[Hayes shoots daggers at Shane.]

TS: ...but neither of us could change the other. My friends and family brought me back. They made me realize that being at the top of the mountain doesn't mean anything without the climb to get there... and I'm done trying to take the easy way to the top.

I'm a Shane.

[Shane grins.]

TS: Yep.. like my father... my grandfather... and yeah, my brother who is TWICE the man you could ever be on your best day, Kendrick!

[The crowd cheers!]

TS: I'm a man of honor... a man whose got this business running through his veins...

[He taps his wrist.]

TS: And you, Sandra...

[Sandra glares, hand on her hip.]

TS: ...you're still the same selfish, conniving parasite you've always been!

[The crowd ROARS as Hayes' eyes flash and Kendrick starts to come for Shane but Hayes throws an arm out, watching as Shane firmly signs his name to the contract, drawing the last stroke with a flourish. A grinning Ricki walks over to her partner, draping an arm over his shoulders.]

RT: Well, hot damn, Terry! When you put it like that, you can stand me up at the gates of hell right with you!

[Toughill takes the pen from Shane and is about to sign too, when...]

MSH: And you are so predictable, Ricki. You honestly think that I didn't expect that when you came back, you'd try to get me in the ring. It's the... how do they say it... the obvious booking, right?

So, I spoke to a lawyer... a very good lawyer, thank you Mr. Castillo...

[The crowd jeers the mention of the AWA President.]

KK: We know all about that brand new contract he gave you last month. We know that our new broadcast colleagues have their eye on you, though for god-knows-what.

MSH: Maybe one of their theme parks needs a new cast member to be Ursula.

[Toughill gives a patronizing, sarcastic laugh in reply.]

KK: But we've taken a look through that contract and there is no denying that it's airtight. Nothing gets in...

...and nothing gets out. It wasn't enough just to terminate you. It wasn't enough just to send you to prison. This time, you're agreeing to this.

If you lose against us, Ricki, that new contract of yours... is frozen.

[Ricki looks confused, mumbling a quick "let it go?" before Kendrick continues.]

KK: You don't EVER step into a ring again. Not in the AWA, not Mexico or Canada or Japan. If you step into the ring in a high school gymnasium in front of three people we'll find out about it!

You'll never step into the ring again unless myself or Miss Hayes say so.

MSH: And we WON'T say so. Ever. Here's your receipt: you are now frozen goods!

[Hayes chuckles to herself as Toughill looks concerned at this development.]

KK: That means you're retired. Your career is over. And you agree to it. I know you, Ricki; you don't break your word for anyone. You sign that, and that's the choice you've made for yourself at SuperClash.

MSH: Well, let's never say never, Kerry. Maybe when I'm AWA CEO and you're being inducted in the Hall of Fame at SuperClash 27, we can bring Ricki back so that Jamie Christina can throw her fifty-something rear end off the stage; that ought to be good for a laugh or two.

[Now Shane is the one advising caution to Toughill. Toughill just scowls back at Hayes.]

RT: If I have anything to say about it, Hayes... On that day, my gray-haired, 52-year-old fat rear end will still be lacing my boots up to raise hell, Kerry will still be complaining about how he's a World Champion in waiting, and you'll be where you belong, trying to sell some essential oil or Herbalife on social media! You poor, unfortunate souls!

[Toughill scribbles her name on the contract as Shane cackles and claps his hands together in delight.]

SLB: And there it is! We have a mixed tag team match on paper for SuperClash IX, with Ricki Toughill and Terry Shane both putting their livelihoods on the line-

RT: Lou... we're missing something.

[Blackwell pauses.]

SLB: Well, I know but... I thought we'd agreed to...

[Blackwell's words trail off as Shane puts a hand on his shoulder.]

TS: We're forgetting someone, Lou. I've signed this contract, putting my AWA career on the line. Ricki's signed this contract, putting her entire career at stake. But we're not alone in this...

[Shane smiles as the crowd starts to buzz and Hayes shouts "NO!"]

TS: There's someone else, Lou...

[Ricki leans in.]

RT: ...and she wants in, Sweet Lou!

[It doesn't get much to get the fans chanting...]

"SHE WANTS IN!"

"SHE WANTS IN!"

"SHE WANTS IN!"

[Hayes puts her hand to her chin in feigned forgetfulness.]

MSH: Oh, how could I have forgotten! The very reason that I'm here right now! Of course. We can't forget her, being that she's such an integral part of the AWA.

[Hayes' voice is dripping with sarcasm now.]

SLB: Of course you mean The-

[Kendrick interrupts.]

KK: We are referring to the special guest referee appointed to this contest, Blackwell. And no one else.

[Shane and Toughill both look on warily, sensing something is up.]

SLB: Special guest ref... what are you two trying to pull now?!

[A grinning Hayes speaks up again.]

MSH: That's right! We need an impartial official to oversee the match and ensure that with the stakes this high, we get the outcome that everyone deserves.

The referee for our match at SuperClash...

[Hayes waits, enjoying this moment with her the center of attention.]

MSH: ...is Lori Dane!

[Groans erupt from the crowd. Shane looks agog, and what little color Toughill had in her face seems to drain out; they both sag.]

SLB: Now hold on a second, Lori Dane is your m-

[Kendrick interrupts again.]

KK: Lori Dane is an influential and central figure to the AWA hierarchy... and a [BLEEP!] damned legend, Lou!

[Blackwell yanks the mic back.]

SLB: You watch your mouth, Kendrick, or I'll end this right now!

[Kendrick raises a hand, an attempt to soothe Blackwell.]

KK: With this much at stake, we need an official with that level of authority to make the right call, Blackwell. No other reason! And with that announcement, you can end this all you want, Blackwell, because we're done... and we are-

[The Self Made Man comes to an abrupt halt as the crowd erupts at the sight of Theresa Lynch making her way to ringside. No hosting dress, no TV make-up. Just a young woman from Texas in a t-shirt and jeans who has heard enough... and the fans greet her in enthusiastic fashion.]

"SHE WANTS IN!"

"SHE WANTS IN!"

"SHE WANTS IN!"

[A fuming mad Hayes snatches the mic away from Blackwell, shoving him back into Toughill as she stomps over towards the ropes.]

MSH: This has nothing to do with you, you little conniver! If you come within ten feet of me, Violence will tear you up like the Bratz doll you are!

[Violence Jacobs moves out of the corner, watching every movement Theresa Lynch makes. The Texan takes the long way around the ring, and Ricki Toughill and Terry Shane keep a close watch on her as they hold the ropes for the young announcer, grabbing a mic of her own as she steps in.]

TL: I've heard enough of this! I was back there listening... waiting for my moment and...

[Hayes interrupts.]

MSH: YOUR moment?! This has nothing to do with YOUR moment - this is about OUR moment at SuperClash when we-

[Theresa angrily interrupts in turn.]

TL: When you do what?! When you try to end the careers of two of the best people I've ever met in this business?! Someone who I've known my whole life... whose family I've known forever... you try to take him out of the AWA because he was smart enough to see right through your lies!

MSH: Why you-

TL: And Ricki?! You're trying to end Ricki's career?! No! She's fought too hard! Too long and too hard to get here to be put out to pasture by the likes of you two. Kendrick says it's the last show so he wants to stand out here and tell the truth... well, I'm a gun-slingin' redneck from deep in the heart of Texas, so let's shoot, girlie!

[Hayes' jaw drops.]

TL: You're out here with a bodyguard because your mouth is writing checks that you skinny little body can't cover! And because you STILL don't think you can win when you look across this ring... because you've got no faith in the guy who has to keep telling everyone he was on the first AWA show ever because he made such a huge impression that night no one can remember him...

[Kendrick's jaw drops this time as Ricki fistpumps and Shane laughs, leaning back against the ropes to watch this show.]

TL: ...and since you know you can't get it done on your own... or with Kendrick by your side... or even with her watching your back...

[She gestures to Violence Jacobs.]

TL: ...you went crying to Mommy... AGAIN!

[The crowd roars as Hayes looks back and forth wildly.]

TL: She's the only reason anyone has a DAMN clue who you are, Sandra. She's the reason you got a job in the AWA to begin with. She's the reason you got a job in World of Combat when you wore out your welcome here. She's the reason you were able to slink back in the door here after Rob Driscoll saw the light and kicked your tramp stamped ass to the curb too!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Theresa is all sorts of fired up now, ranting as she jabs a finger into the air.]

TL: And I've got all the respect in the world for your mother, Sandra...

...after all, it's not her fault she got saddled with a piece of TRASH like you!

[The crowd roars as again as Kendrick physically restrains Hayes from going after Theresa this time.]

TL: I want in this match. I know it, you know it, they know it...

[She gestures to the crowd who starts chanting again.]

"SHE WANTS IN!"

"SHE WANTS IN!"

"SHE WANTS IN!"

[She nods her head in agreement.]

TL: Castillo said I could be in the match if everyone agreed to it. Ricki and Terry said yes on the Power Hour... and that leaves the two of you.

[Hayes grins, nodding as she grabs her mic.]

MSH: That's right! That's right! It's up to us... and unlike these two...

[She gestures to Ricki and Terry.]

MSH: ...you've got NOTHING I want, Lynch! I don't give a damn about your career! I don't care if you call third rate matches on a second rate show for the rest of your damn life or if you go home and pop out lil' sociopath grandchildren for your fossilized parents!

You've got nothing... NOTHING... to get me to let you in the ring Thursday night.

[Lynch grins.]

TL: Oh, that's where you're wrong, sweetie.

You mentioned my family right there in your very special way. So, let's talk about my family.

[Hayes looks puzzled.]

TL: Ever since I crossed paths with you, I've been spending a lot of time talking to my family. My brothers who want me to stand out of the way so they can kick HIS ass...

[She points to Kendrick.]

TL: ...my mother who wants to kick YOUR ass...

[The crowd ROARS as she points at Sandra who smirks.]

TL: ...and my father... who ALSO wants to kick his ass.

[Kendrick angrily kicks at the ropes as the crowd cheers that idea.]

TL: And they've all got their advice for me. None of them want me in this fight... but I'm ignoring all of them. Because this business is in my blood. I've grown up in this business. In rings playing with my brothers. In locker rooms being babysat by the likes of Hamilton Graham and Jim Watkins.

This business... this sport... it lives in the Lynches.

So, I've seen a lot of stuff in this business in my years...

[Theresa smiles, raising a finger.]

TL: ...but that's nowhere NEAR all the stuff my daddy's seen.

[Hayes shouts "What are you talking about?!" at Lynch who nods.]

TL: Oh, I'm getting there, Sandra.

You see, my father knows EVERYTHING there is to know about this business. He's been a wrestler - so he knows everything about getting inside this ring. He's been

a trainer - so he knows everything about getting someone else inside this ring. He's been a promoter...

[Hayes interrupts.]

MSH: Do you have a point?!

TL: I do. My point is that my father knows EVERYTHING about this business and its history... even the stuff that happens outside of the ring... backstage... on the road... isn't that right, Lou?

[Blackwell nods sagely. Kendrick tries to talk back to Theresa Lynch, but she has Miss Hayes' full attention.]

TL: When you showed up here, Sandra... no one knew who the hell you were... except for one person. Your mother, Lori Dane.

And the way I hear it, you two have had a bit of an off and on relationship since you learned that little secret. Mostly because there's one other little secret she won't tell you...

[Sandra arches an eyebrow.]

TL: So, Sandra Hayes... if you let me in this match... if you BEAT me in this match... not only do you kick Terry Shane to the curb... not only do you get to rip away the career of Erica Toughill...

But you find out the answer to the question you've wondered your whole life.

[Sandra shakes her head.]

TL: Who's your daddy?

[The crowd ROARS as Theresa Lynch grabs the pen from the table and scribbles her name down on the contract as well.]

GM: WHAT?! WHAT?!

[Sandra Hayes' eyes go wide... as do Ricki Toughill's... and Kerry Kendrick's... and Terry Shane's... everybody. The crowd is going nuts...

...and suddenly, Sandra Hayes snaps, diving for a pen herself as Kendrick tries to grab hold of her.]

KK: No, bubblegum! We can't sign! Violence isn't licensed to wrestle stateside for another two weeks! Babe, if we sign it, it'll be three-on-two!

[Hayes is having none of this as she is in the midst of another meltdown of a tantrum. She grabs the pen from the table.]

MSH: It's not a handicap match for us! It's a handicap match for THEM! She's nothing! She's no one! She's worthless!

Castillo will take out Myers tonight then I'll tear Theresa Lynch's eyeballs out at SuperClash!

[Theresa nods her head, beckoning Hayes forward.]

KK: Babe, no!

[Hayes ignores Kendrick's pleas, glaring wildly at Lynch.]

MSH: You better not be lying, girly... or I'll rip your face up so bad that Supreme will come looking for ME after SuperClash...

[Before Kendrick and Jacobs can intervene, Hayes has signed the contract, making a three-on-two handicap match official.]

MSH: ...BITCH!

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Hayes swats Theresa Lynch across the face...]

GM: RIGHT ACROSS THE-

[...and Lynch comes over the table at her, knocking the furniture over!]

SLB: Oh, not aga-

[Sweet Lou bails as Terry Shane and Kerry Kendrick tee off on each other. Ricki Toughill sees Violence Jacobs about to pounce on Lynch and leaps onto her back to try to slow her down.]

GM: And it's broken down out here!

BW: Did you see that?! Theresa Lynch just assaulted Miss Hayes again! That's the woman I'm going to be working for before too long!

[The three-on-three conflagration in the ring attracts a swarm of referees and backstage personnel. Jimmy Jack Shane, Mark Stegglet and "Golden" Grant Carter (his ribs taped up after suffering his loss earlier in the evening) join the fray to try to break up the brawl in the ring.]

GM: It sounds like we have... one of the damndest matches I've ever heard of on a card full of them. We need to call the National Guard in to break this up!

BW: Or the RCMP if they end up in Toronto!

[Shane and Kendrick brawl to the floor. Hayes escapes to floor as well, shouting vile insults up to Theresa Lynch that earns a couple of seconds of silence in the audio feed.]

GM: It's a three-on-two handicap match where if they lose... Terry Shane and Ricki Toughill are gone from the AWA and Theresa Lynch has to... wellll... spill the beans!

[Theresa Lynch, holding the back of her head from where Hayes was trying to pull out her hair, glares down at Miss Hayes, then her wrestling pedigree takes hold of her as she steps through the ropes to the apron...

...and the crowd explodes as she leaps off onto Hayes and half-a-dozen other people trying to keep her restrained at ringside!]

GM: OH MY STARS! I NEVER THOUGHT... NEVER THOUGHT SHE HAD IT IN HER!

BW: She's a Stench like the rest, that was a sneak attack!

GM: And they're right out her in front of-

[Myers and Wilde scatter as a punch from Terry Shane sends Kendrick onto the announce table. Shane clambers on top and begins raining closed fists down onto his bete noire, pretty much confirming that the Hayes Gang 2.0 is a no-go.]

BW: I think we lost Gordo! His mic got cut off! You can't do that to the Self Made Man and Miss Hayes!

[On top of the announce table, Shane tears away the snaps on Kendrick's track pants, and holds his foot aloft, spinning his finger in the air, signaling a spinning toe hold to the crowd.]

BW: No, you've injured that leg already, Shane!

[Shane grapevines the leg, but senses something off. He puts the pressure on the spinning toehold, but releases it with a rake to eyes from the Foundation, who rolls away, suffering no ill-effects thanks to his heavy knee brace.]

BW: Oh, thank goodness the Self Made Man is okay. He's been rehabbing that knee, folks, and he almost has enough strength to withstand that spinning toe hold! Go check on Miss Hayes, Kerry!

[In the ring, Violence Jacobs has Ricki Toughill doubled over and is mercilessly slamming forearms across her back. Jacobs kicks the leather office chairs aside. Toughill is crumpling under the onslaught.]

GM: I'm back on?

[A brief pause as Kerry Kendrick collects Sandra Hayes and starts retreating up the aisle. Theresa Lynch and Terry Shane are restrained from following them by a dozen officials and backstage personnel.]

GM: "Go check on Miss Hayes, Kerry" indeed, Bucky...

[In the ring, Golden Grant Carter tries to separate Violence Jacobs from Ricki Toughill, but a shoulderblock sends him to the mat. She then picks up the heavy oak contract-signing table like it was an object half its weight!]

GM: Oh my gosh!

[As Ricki Toughill manages to push herself up to all fours, Violence Jacobs drops the table across her back!]

GM: Across the surgically-repaired back of Erica Toughill!

[Theresa Lynch breaks free from the crowd and rolls into the ring when she sees what has happened to Toughill. Lynch glances back and forth nervously as she realizes what she's gotten herself into. Jacobs just licks her lips ominously before exiting the ring to rejoin her charges Kendrick and Hayes on the outside.]

GM: Fans, Ricki Toughill looks to be in a bad way here just days from this career-threatening match at SuperClash. That Violence Jacobs is a difference maker.

BW: Gordo, you saw the look in Theresa Stench's eyes when she came face-to-face with her on her own. She's bit off more than she can chew, daddy. And if Miss Hayes can't make mincemeat outta her, Violence Jacobs will and there ain't nothing Terry Shane, Ricki Toughill, Supreme Wright, the entire Stench family, or even God himself can do to protect her.

GM: I don't think it's that drastic, but with Kendrick and Hayes stacking the deck to almost impossible odds, and throw in Lori Dane making the final call... they'll either

turn the page or end the chapter in five days at SuperClash IX. Wow! What a night this has been and we're nowhere near done yet, fans!

[We stay in the ring where Theresa is kneeling alongside the downed Toughill, checking on her friend as we fade to black...

Cut to a college library where two students have a physics textbook open.]

STUDENT #1: So what's question 10?

STUDENT #2: "Matter that produces and/or emits ionizing energy can be described by what adjective?"

[Student #1 looks up from the book and slams it shut. Cutaway as he stands up, now suddenly wearing Derrick Williams' gold "Future" coat from SuperClash VIII through the miracle of editing. He takes out his phone and presses a "play" button.]

[A wide shot of the entire library as the student spreads his arms to the chorus of Imagine Dragons.]

"RADIOACTIVE... RADIOACTIVE..."

[Cut to a sushi chef with a white towel over his head and a kimono with a Claw Academy logo. To Volbeat's "A Warrior's Call," he bursts through curtains to serve a platter of sashimi to a table.

In a gym, a woman does sit-ups in and out of frame to "You've Got Another Thing Coming" by Judas Priest. After her third sit-up, her face is spontaneously painted with a black and yellow 'S'. She cups her hands to her mouth and howls.

A man and two school-aged children step through the automatic glass door of a big box retailer to "Black Skinhead" by Kanye West. They are all in hooded fighter's robes, and they stoically nod at the camera in unison as they pause by the shopping carts.

A woman prances through a maze of cubicles to "I'm The Best" by Nicki Minaj, twirling a red braid and balancing a cup of coffee.

A civic worker in a visibility vest tries to move a dead tree branch into a truck to "Brian Boru's March" by The Chieftains. With part of the branch under his arm and his 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."

Click The Link!

[Fade to black...

...and back up on a black graphic that reads "WORLD TITLE SHOWDOWN" with the names of both challengers and the champion at SuperClash underneath: Supernova, Brian James, and Johnny Detson.

The graphic fades to a new one that reads "THE BEGINNINGS" just before the title graphic fades away completely to leave us on footage marked "September 8th, 2010 - Saturday Night Wrestling." Our shot is of a young man in black tights with yellow flames running up the sides wearing a white vest with a big, fiery sun on the back. His face is painted black and yellow in the shape of a flame.]

GM: And here he is... the man called Supernova, making his first appearance in the AWA!

[He stops on the apron to cup his hands to his mouth and howl to the crowd, before ducking between the ropes and then removing his vest.]

GM: This young man has been quite successful in the Southern California Wrestling promotion... he's only been there for three years, as I understand it, but has made quite an impact in that short time.

BW: Well, this is the AWA, where only the best in the business succeed, so he's going to have to do more than just dominate some rinky-dink beach promotion.

[We fade ahead in the match where Supernova's opponent is laying in punches and chops... to no reaction as Supernova simply stares back at him. Another chop to the chest follows, but Supernova then widens his eyes and flexes his muscles.]

GM: And look at this... those shots had no effect!

[We cut to a sequence a little later with Supernova using a clothesline, a hiptoss, and a dropkick to send his opponent spilling through the ropes to the outside...

...just before Supernova grabs the top rope with both hands, catapulting himself over the top and out to the floor with a crossbody that lays out the opposition.

We fade again as Supernova looks to the crowd and yells a few words to them]

"Time to feel the heat!"

BW: What in the world is he talking about?

GM: I don't know... Desperado trying to get up but Supernova gets to him first... shoves him into a corner and lets loose a chop.

BW: Irish whip to the other corner... now what's he doing?

[The face-painted Californian backs up into the corner, then comes charging out and leaps forward, flying right into Desperado with a corner splash!]

GM: Oh my! I believe he calls that The Heat Wave!

BW: Whatever he calls it, I gotta give him credit... that was effective!

[Desperado staggers out of the corner, only to be shoved to the canvas by Supernova.]

GM: Desperado is down... Supernova has him by the legs and turns him over... now tying him up.

[Supernova then turns Desperado back over, having snared him in a Texas cloverleaf.]

GM: He's got the legs tied up, leaning on the back in that submission hold... I understand he calls it the Solar Flare.

BW: I'd just call this match over, Gordon!

[And indeed, after several seconds in the hold, Desperado can take no more and taps out.]

GM: Desperado gave up! And an impressive debut for Supernova!

[As Supernova raises his arms in triumph, we fade to the outside where Jason Dane is standing with Supernova who again howls to the crowd.]

JD: Well, I certainly have to say you look happy to be here.

S: Happy to be here... Jason, I am absolutely ecstatic! This place is certainly rocking tonight for Homecoming and I am truly psyched to be here!

[We strategically cut to...]

S: Just like everybody else, my ultimate goal is to be the AWA Champion. And as you ought to have figured out for yourself... I'm here to make sure the greatest fans in the world... the fans of the AWA... get their money's worth every time I step into that ring!

[An intense look forms on his face.]

S: Can you take the heat?!

[The final word echoes as we fade to black again...

...and then back up on a piece of footage marked with the graphic "Rising Sun Showdown - March 29th, 2014" where we see a forbidden face in 2017 on AWA television, Michael Aarons, down on the mat crawling towards an abandoned corner. The long-missed voice of Jason Dane rings out.]

JD: Michael Aarons needs a tag but there's no tag to be found! He's got no partner! Cody Mertz is injured and he's not-

[Dane cuts off as the crowd begins to buzz in confusion at the sight of someone at the top of the ramp leading into the Tokyo Dome.]

BW: There's someone at the top of the ramp, Dane.

JD: I can see that... but who is...?

[We cut to the shot of the ramp where we see a young, tall, lean, and lanky young man. His dirty blond hair is pulled back in a loose ponytail as he stands in Muay Thai style boxing shorts and wearing a black "Claw Academy" t-shirt. The physical changes from then to now are apparent but it IS him.]

JD: It's Brian James! The son of the Blackheart has arrived!

[The "arrived" echoes on as we watch James striding down the aisle, nodding to the surprised crowd.]

JD: We've been hearing for weeks now that Brian James was coming soon to the AWA and it appears that "soon" is now! Brian James is the son of Casey James... the student of Tiger Claw... he has one of the strongest pedigrees you can ever imagine a pro wrestler having.

[We cut a little deeper into the match where James starts to show off that pedigree, lighting up former tag team champion Kenny Stanton with a series of stinging jabs, a right cross, and a left hook that leaves Stanton wobbly...

...and then another cut to big Brad Jacobs barreling across the ring towards James who spins to deliver a hooking kick to the back of the knee...

...and then a spinning shin kick to the back of the keeling Jacobs' head, laying him out!]

JD: You've gotta be kidding me!

[We see Stanton thrown across the ring first with a head and arm suplex... then with an Exploder that sends Stanton bouncing off the canvas. We get loud sounds of the crowd "ooooos" and "ahhhhhhs" as James locks in a Muay Thai clinch and delivers punishing knee strikes to the skull...

...and with Jacobs down on a knee, James catapults himself over the top rope, floating through the air to drag Jacobs down in a sunset flip!]

JD: SUNSET FLIP! SUNSET FLIP!

[The shocking three count follows as James leaps to his feet, rushing to embrace Michael Aarons as the crowd celebrates the stunning win.]

JD: WHAT AN UPSET! WHAT A MAJOR UPSET!

[The shot freezes on the celebration, slowly fading to a backstage shot of Colt Patterson interviewing the jubilant James and Aarons. James is pacing back and forth, burning up youthful energy as he gets right up alongside Patterson, shaking his hand enthusiastically.]

BJ: First, let me just say... !YEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!

[That word comes out as another howl from Brian, and ends with a giant, goofy grin.]

BJ: It feels soooo good to be here tonight!

[The shot of James cuts to a slightly different angle.]

BJ: I know what everyone is thinking. How are two young kids, who've never teamed up before, going to defeat a decorated, legendary tag team? They got the size, the experience, they have everything. But what I got, and what Michael's got?

It's heart, and you can't measure that.

No one saw us coming, and now, everyone can see us do it! And that's just what's going to happen, isn't it? You see this?

[Brian thrusts his arm out.]

BJ: Look at my arm, Mr. Patterson! Do you see that?

[The camera zooms in on Brian's arm. Goosebumps cover it.]

BJ: We are one win away! One. Win. Away. Michael and I? We could win the Stampede Cup!

[An overjoyed James shares a fistbump with Aarons as our shot again fades out to black...

...and then back up on a new piece of footage marked with "Saturday Night Wrestling - April 13th, 2013" where we've got chaos unfolding in and around the ringside area. The chaos grows as a masked man dressed in the attire of the old Pharaohs tag team hits the ring and makes a beeline right for a downed-but-attempting-to-rise Juan Vasquez.]

GM: Wait, is this the same masked man we've seen at the Stampede Cup, and the last Saturday Night Wrestling?

[The masked man knees Vasquez in the head before tossing him across the ring and using a picture perfect belly-to-belly suplex to plant the longtime AWA hero down into the canvas. In the background, we can see other AWA competitors of the time like Tully Brawn stomping Stevie Scott and The Aces tangling with Brian Von Braun...

...and we cut a little further ahead into the chaos as Vasquez has managed to get back to his feet, throwing a big clothesline that knocks the masked man down. Vasquez digs his fingers underneath the mask, giving a pull...

...to reveal a grinning face that is intimately familiar to wrestling fans worldwide.]

GM: MY LORD, THAT'S JOHNNY DETSON! THAT'S...

BW: That's the last World Champion out of Phoenix! And everyone knows he's hated Vasquez for years!

[Juan angrily winds up the right cross, but Detson is far fresher, ducking the punch and using a drop toehold - right into a kick from the mysterious Nenshou - to put Vasquez back down on the mat...

...and again we cut, showing Vasquez struggling to get back into the ring to face overwhelming odds as Detson waves him on, almost begging him to do so as he stands alongside a grinning Percy Childes who orchestrated the whole situation.]

GM: That... THAT is the Unholy Alliance?

[We hold on the shot of Childes and Detson, strategically cut to just them as we fade to footage from not long after this moment...

...to a grainy handheld video camera shot of the old AWA Wall of Fame in the Crockett Coliseum. A loud voice echoes off the empty hallway.]

"You know, I didn't even want to be here, I was perfectly happy where I was."

[The camera scans over to a man leaning against the wall wearing a hooded sweatshirt and a pair of jeans, the hood hiding his face as he looks down. The man pulls back his hood to reveal Johnny Detson. Detson has short blonde hair and a goatee and his blue eyes stare right at the camera as he shakes his head.)

JD: I had it all. World Champion, best of the best, the man who beat the unbeatable. That was me, I was that guy.

But then I get a call, and because some jack-o and his silver spoon kid can't balance a checkbook, Johnny Detson is not only no longer the World Champion, not

only am I no longer the best in the world, not only that but Johnny Detson is no longer employed!

I spent two years getting to where I needed to be and all of that now doesn't mean a damn thing!

[Frustrated, he pounds the cement wall behind him.]

JD: So a man is left with a choice. On one hand, I could ride off into the sunset. And maybe I can rely on the fact that I did just enough to be remembered.

On the other hand, I could come down to Dallas, Texas, home of the AWA! Because the AWA has the top of the top, living legacies, names, people who will be... remembered. The AWA has relevance. Relevance.

This... this is where Johnny Detson belongs.

This is what I do, this is who I am. It's what I do better than anyone out there today. And no one... no one will ever prove me wrong.

[We fade back to black for an extended moment... until a new graphic appears...

"THE TRIUMPHS."

"MAY 30th, 2011"

[And as the new footage fades up, we can hear the Tulsa, Oklahoma crowd counting down...]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZ!"

[The crowd EXPLODES at the sight of the Venice Beach native sprinting through the curtain and down the aisle.]

GM: SUPERNOVA!!

[Nova's sprint ends with him on the apron, grabbing the infamous Ebola Zaire by the head, smashing his right hand into his skull before suddenly SLAMMING him facefirst into an exposed steel turnbuckle!]

GM: OHHH! ZAIRE GOES FACEFIRST TO THE STEEL!!!

[Zaire topples backwards, arms swinging until he collapses to the canvas...

...as Supernova dashes to the adjacent buckles, scaling the ropes, and leaping off with a huge splash! The crowd roars as Supernova climbs to his feet, slamming his fists into his chest.]

GM: Supernova brings down Ebola Zaire and-

[Supernova gets drilled with a forearm to the back of the head by "Hotshot" Stevie Scott...

...but Supernova simply turns around, shaking his head. He throws his head back, howling to the crowd before lashing out with a boot to the gut of the former National Champion.]

GM: Supernova didn't feel it! This kid's running on pure adrenaline right now!

[We fade deeper into the match as we see Supernova and Eric Preston work together to toss a charging Zaire over the ropes to the outside...

...using a makeshift headscissors to drag Anton Layton to the floor while still managing to hang on to the ropes and keep himself on the apron...

...throwing a dropkick at "Hotshot" Stevie Scott who is standing on the apron, sending him spilling out to the floor eliminated...

...reversing an attempted throw over the top by Hamilton Graham, sending the legend over the top instead...

...using a slingshot to yank Sultan Azam Sharif over the ropes and down hard to the outside...

...and finally dropping down, pulling the top rope with him to turn an attempted Kolya Sudakov Sickle into Sudakov flying to the outside for the match-ending elimination!]

GM: SUPERNOVA WINS IT! SUPERNOVA WINS IT!

[An exhausted Supernova falls through the ropes into the ring. Senior Official Michael Meekly slides in, raising a stunned Supernova's hand.]

PW: Here is your winner of the 2011 Memorial Day Rumble...

SUUUUUUUUPERRRRRNNOOOOOOOVAAAAAAA!

[The crowd EXPLODES in cheers again as Michael Meekly helps Supernova to his feet, the face-painted warrior throwing both arms up in the air, celebrating his victory.]

GM: Supernova has done it! Supernova has outlasted twenty-nine other men to win the Memorial Day Rumble - and the future shot at the AWA National Championship!

[Supernova scales the ropes, pointing out to the roaring crowd... as we fade through black to another significant moment in 'Nova's career and as the graphic says, this one took place November 26th, 2015 at SuperClash VII...

...and as the footage comes up, we see Shadoe Rage smashing a lunging double axehandle down across the back of a kneeling Supernova's head.]

GM: Ohh! Rage cuts him off and... Shadoe Rage is filled with fury at this moment! He's screaming at Supernova! He's screaming at Melissa Cannon! He's screaming at the fans!

BW: He may not even feel his banged-up knee at this point, Gordo.

[Turning to face the downed Supernova, Rage leans over, yanking his kneepad off his leg, hurling it across the ring to bounce off Supernova's head. He crouches over, waving for Supernova to get up from his all-fours position.]

GM: Oh my stars, he's looking for the Eclipse! He's looking for that running knee that STARTED his record-setting title reign! The same running knee that hit Tony Sunn one year ago and nobody's seen him since! The same running knee that put Supernova on ice for over a month!

[Rage SCREAMS at Supernova, shouting at him to get up again. The announcers lay out, letting the crowd's sounds - imploring Supernova to get up... begging him to defend himself - be the soundtrack of the moment...]

The face-painted challenger pushes himself up to his knees, the face paint disintegrating from nearly a half hour of action...

...and Shadoe Rage chokes down any pain that his knee is causing him, charging across the ring, his knee completely bare and exposed as he looks to drive his kneecap THROUGH his rival's head...

Supernova suddenly shifts his weight, surging upwards to lift the incoming Rage up onto his shoulders before DRIVING him down in a split-legged slam!]

GM: What a counter! Supernova with a modified spinebuster... maybe a powerbomb... whatever you want to call it, he avoided the Eclipse and-

[Both men are laying flat on their backs on the canvas...

...when suddenly, Supernova starts positioning his legs from his back.]

GM: What's he-?!

[Supernova grabs Rage's legs, folding one over the other into a "4" shape, grabbing the extended leg under his armpit...]

GM: HE'S GOING FOR THE SOLAR FLARE FROM HIS BACK!

[...and rolls over, flipping both Rage and himself onto his stomach. The crowd is roaring with anticipation as Supernova slides a leg underneath himself, pushing up to a knee...]

GM: HE'S ALMOST GOT IT!

[With one more scream of effort, Supernova is on his feet, sitting back in the Solar Flare! Rage cries out, grabbing the mat, screaming in pain as he claws at the canvas!]

GM: SUPERNOVA'S GOT IT LOCKED IN!

BW: And this time, they're in the middle of the ring, Gordo! I'm not sure Shadoe Rage has got enough left to get to the ropes from this spot! Supernova's got the Solar Flare on right where he wants it!

[Rage makes a grab for special referee Melissa Cannon, trying to save himself.]

GM: Rage is hanging on but for how long?! His knee has been through a tremendous amount of punishment in this match! It's being bent at a horrific angle right now, so much pressure being put on the knee as we're just short of the thirty minute mark in this out-and-out war over the World Television Championship!

[The camera zooms in on Rage, pain all over his face as he pulls at his own hair, screaming in agony. Supernova leans back a little further, wrenching the knee even more as Rage slams a fist into the mat over and over and over...

...and as we fade a little deeper into the match, Rage's resistance has stilled as Cannon kneels closer.]

"RAGE! CAN YOU CONTINUE?!"

[Cannon asks the question again and again to an unresponsive Rage before she lifts his arm, watching it fall limply to the mat before she pivots and signals the timekeeper.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Supernova immediately releases the hold, sinking to his knees as the crowd ERUPTS!]

PW: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN... HERE IS YOUR WINNER... AND _NEEEEEEEEEEEEW_ WORLD TELEVISION CHAMPIONNNNNNN...

SUUUUUUUUUPERRRRRRRRNOOOOOOOVAAAAA

[The music kicks in again as Supernova kneels on the canvas, his forehead lowered to the mat as the fans continue to roar their support for the face-painted fan favorite winning his first piece of AWA gold!]

GM: He has done it! Exhausted, beaten, and hurting from head to toe, Supernova now stands on top of the mountain! He has defeated Shadoe Rage-

[The referee grabs Supernova by the arm, raising it over his head before handing him the World Television Title belt that Supernova immediately embraces before holding it up in the air, earning even louder and more boisterous cheers from the AWA faithful!]

GM: There he is, fans! The new champion in all his glory!

BW: Ahhh, this whole thing makes me sick.

GM: Supernova enjoying this moment as he should. It's been far too long for this young man before finally tasting his first piece of AWA championship gold! Soak it in, young man! You deserve it!

[Nova collapses to his knees again, staring at the title belt in his hands as the crowd continues to roar. He looks up at them with a grin before dropping to his back, rolling underneath the ropes to the floor.]

GM: And now Supernova's going to celebrate with his people - with the fans here in Houston and all over the world!

[Approaching the barricade, Supernova is getting pats on the arms and back from the fans as he slowly climbs over it. The fans surge to surround him, congratulating the new champion, taking selfies with him, giving him a high five or a hug...]

GM: What a moment for Supernova! What a moment for these fans! At long last, the title reign of Shadoe Rage is at an end and Supernova reigns supreme!

[...and we fade from the scene in Houston to...

"THE BATTLE OF BOSTON"

"4th OF JULY WEEKEND 2016"

We have a panning shot of the Boston crowd as the gravel-throated Hamilton Graham is heard.]

"A smart guy once said, "To be the best, you gotta beat the best." This... this is their chance to do it.

To be - beyond any doubt - the best in the world."

[We get another shot - this one of Brian James just moments before his first match in the epic Battle of Boston tournament - a mountain of a man, six foot six and all muscle with a white towel with the words "KINGS OF WRESTLING" embroidered in gold over his head...

...and then to the ring, a series of shots of his matchup with the National Champion, Travis Lynch.

A judo throw that sends an unsuspecting Lynch flying overhead and crashing down hard on the canvas...

...a devastating short-arm clothesline on the outside, jerking Lynch's injured arm into the brutal strike...

...James rolling through a sunset flip attempt to absolutely CREAM the National Champion with a soccer kick between the eyes...

...unleashing the Tsunami Death Strike - a shocking move for someone the size of James as he sprints across the ring, leaping to the middle rope with one foot and drives his shin into Lynch's head with the other leg...

...and as we see a staggered James struggling to get up off the mat as a battered and hurting Travis Lynch sizes him up from several feet away, the announce commentary returns...]

GM: DISCUS...

[James turns, spotting Lynch spinning towards him, his injured left hand drawn back...]

GM: PUNCH!

[...but as Travis throws the potential match-ending blow with his injured hand, James reaches out, snatching the punch out of the sky. He catches the punch in his hand, twisting it violently and yanks Lynch down to the mat!]

GM: Wait a...

[With Lynch's hand down on the mat - now almost totally absent of the protective tape, James raises his leg...

...and STOMPS the fingers violently, brutally, and with just a hint of familiarity.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Lynch curls up on all fours, clutching his injured hand underneath him as James suddenly hits the ropes, rebounding back, leaping into the air to plant his foot on the back of Lynch's raised head...

...and DRIVES him facefirst into the canvas!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: CURBSTOMP! GOOD GOD!

[James stands over Lynch, flipping him over with his foot. He drops down, pressing his shin into the sternum of Lynch, staring into the hard camera as the official drops down to count one... two...]

BW: It’s over.

[...and three.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: Oh... oh my stars.

[And with one man down in the Battle of Boston, we fade deeper into the tournament, this time to find the Engine of Destruction across the ring from international superstar and a man who once held half of the World Tag Team Titles, Riley Hunter..

...and again, we get a montage of James’ devastating offense.

A sprinting American Ninja gets turned inside out with a massive standing front kick to the chin...

...Hunter on the top rope, ready to strike, when James leaps to the second rope, steps to the top, wraps up Hunter in his massive arms, and HURLS him three-quarters of the way across the ring with an overhead belly-to-belly superplex...

...the power of James on display as he snatches the Seven Star Athlete from all fours into a deadlift German onto the back of the head and neck...

...and the match-ending counter to a reverse rana attempt as James uses his grip on Hunter’s legs to swing him down chestfirst into the mat before spinning him around into a Blackheart Punch for the victory to move on to the Finals.

And our Finals are made official with a shot of Rebecca Ortiz standing center ring.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen... after three hard-fought days of extraordinary action...

IT... IS... TIIIIIIIME!

[The crowd cheers as we get rapidfire shots of the three Finalists - Supernova, Supreme Wright, and Brian James...

...which moves into a highlight reel of James’ offensive action on that unforgettable night in Beantown.

A spine-rattling suplex delivered on unforgiving concrete onto Supernova...

...a second rope backbreaker delivered on the same victim, bending the World Television Champion’s spine across the top turnbuckle...

...the Son of the Blackheart hurling himself into a brutal Superman punch delivered to Supreme Wright who has ‘Nova across his own shoulders in a Fat Tuesday position...

...again outside the ring, James lifts Supernova for a second suplex before twisting and dumping him ribsfirst across the steel railing...

...a dragon screw legwhip off the apron, ripping and tearing at Wright's injured limb...

...Supernova flying across the ring in a Heat Wave attempt that James counters by raising the leg, catching 'Nova under the chin... and a quick three point stance running clothesline knock as the Black Mass that turns the TV Champion inside out before dumping him on the mat...

...'Nova knocking Brian Lau off the apron to the floor before turning around into a lift into a fireman's carry that turns into a brutal knee strike to the skull - the kind of blow which might make someone go right to sleep...

...a DEVASTATING Blackheart Punch that puts Supernova down for the count as James eliminates one of the men who he will face at SuperClash IX in just five days... and in the process, eliminates the World Television Champion from this Battle of Boston Finals just as he eliminated the National Champion from the same tournament earlier...

...James using a standing roundhouse on the floor to sweep the back of Wright's injured knee, knocking him backwards...

...a Wright rolling elbow attempt is turned into a serious highlight reel moment as James lashes out with a legsweep that lifts Wright off the mat and a high kick that knocks him right back down...

...an exchange of strikes, elbows for Wright and knees for James...

...an attempted punch by the Engine of Destruction gets caught, his fingers twisted... until he snaps off a left-handed Blackheart Punch instead...

...a ducked spinning backfirst turned into Tiger Claw's dreaded Kata Ha Jime judo choke... which is turned into a spine-wrecking choke sleeper suplex that dumps Wright on top of his head...

...and with blood streaming down the faces of both men, James has that choke sleeper applied again, this time trying to choke all that's left out of the former two-time World Champion...

...and with a final lift of the arm, Supreme Wright's night and tournament ends as Brian James... reigns supreme.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: OH MY GOD! HE DID IT! HE CHOKED OUT SUPREME WRIGHT!

[At the sound of the bell, Brian James lets go of the hold, shoving Wright away from him and over onto his chest as James takes a knee, a mix of his own blood and Wright's on his arms and chest as Brian Lau dives under the bottom rope. Coming to his feet, Lau leaps into the air repeatedly, celebrating the victory as Brian James slowly comes to his feet, falling back against the turnbuckles.]

GM: My stars! What a battle! What a war!

[Lau rushes to the corner, embracing Brian James as the sound of Rebecca Ortiz' voice makes it official.]

RO: Your winner of the match...

...and BATTLE OF BOSTON CHAMPIONNNNNNNNN...

BRIIIIIIIIIIAAAAAAAAAAAAAAN JAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAMES!

[Lau pumps a fist, throwing an arm around the broad shoulders of his charge who smiles, leaning against the buckles, breathing heavily as blood streams down his face.]

GM: Brian James went through one hell of a battle here this weekend, fans. He defeated Travis Lynch, the National Champion. He defeated Riley Hunter, the hottest free agent in our sport. And in the Finals, he pinned the World Television Champion, Supernova, AND the two-time former World Champion, Supreme Wright.

BW: And this final match was brutal, Gordo. It went way longer than any match in James' career. He was bloodied and hurt but yet he kept going and in the end, he had the will to win to keep him in it.

[Lau walks James away from the corner, raising his hand and pointing to him as Davis Warren does the same thing on the other side. After a few moments, Emerson Gellar has arrived in the ring with a pair of officials carrying a large silver trophy that stands taller than James does when on the mat.]

GM: And here comes the trophy. That's what these men fought all weekend for, Bucky.

BW: The trophy is a pretty piece of wood and metal, Gordo, but make no mistake... that ain't what they fought for. They fought for money. They fought for glory. And they fought for the respect of the wrestling world - the recognition that they are the best thing going today.

[James grasps the trophy, eyeing it up and down as the Boston fans react with a mixture of jeers for Brian James being who he is and cheers of respect for the weekend he had. James nods at the crowd, standing next to the trophy as ringside photographers capture the moment as we fade to black...

...and then get a graphic reading "Saturday Night Wrestling - August 2nd, 2014." We see the old familiar face of ring announcer Phil Watson in mid-announcement.]

PW: ...Ryan Martinez has been DISQUALIFIED for outside interference. Your winner of the match is Tony Sunn... however, seeing as though the title can only change hands by pinfall or submission... still the-

[Watson has the mic ripped from his hands by former AWA manager, acting AWA President at the time, and all-around evil entity, Percy Childes.]

PC: Seeing as though the title can only change hands by pinfall or submission... and since we saw neither... I think perhaps we need to see... one... more... match.

[We cut ahead slightly as...]

GM: Oh, you've gotta be kidding me!

BW: YES!

["Kashmir" by Led Zeppelin begins to play over the PA system to absolutely deafening jeers as Johnny Detson, dressed in gold tights with black boots comes hustling down the aisle.]

GM: Detson's charging down the aisle! He doesn't want to give the Television Champion a chance to recover!

[Detson dives under the bottom rope as Percy orders the timekeeper to ring the bell! Detson immediately starts stomping and kicking Martinez...

...and we fade deeper as Detson lands a DDT on Martinez...

...then deeper again as he whips him into the barricade...

...and yet again as Detson delivers a low blow on Martinez before using the Wilde Driver to SPIKE him facefirst into the canvas...]

BW: HE DID IT! HE DID IT! WE'VE GOT A NEW TELEVISION CHAMPION!

[Detson snatches the title belt from referee Johnny Jagger, jumping up and down in celebration with the championship belt held aloft as we fade to black to another graphic that reads "Saturday Night Wrestling - February 13th, 2016."

This time, we see World Champion Ryan Martinez trapped in the clutches of a vengeful Juan Vasquez who lifts Martinez into piledriver position and quickly sits out, jolting the spine of the White Knight! The crowd ROARS with an "OHHHHHH!" and then suddenly falls silent as they realize what they just saw.]

GM: What in the...?

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

GM: Martinez is down! Martinez is out!

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

[We cut a little ahead into the action as Dr. Bob Ponavitch has entered the ring.]

GM: Martinez is down. He's not moving at all. We've got Emerson Gellar out here... Dr. Bob Ponavitch is in the ring checking on Martinez. They're bringing a stretcher from the back and-

["Kashmir" suddenly kicks in over the PA system.]

GM: What the-?!

[The curtain parts and here comes Johnny Detson into view, dragging a surprised official Andy Dawson with him.]

GM: Detson's coming out here... and he's got a referee with him!

[Detson shoves the official under the bottom rope before rolling himself into the ring as well. He comes to his feet, gripping a piece of paper in his other hand. He leans over Gellar's mic.]

JD: Read it!

[Gellar looks annoyed at Detson, taking the paper.]

JD: OUT LOUD!

[Gellar looks MORE annoyed... but obliges.]

EG: "By the power of the office of the AWA President, I, Landon O'Neill, hereby declare that the contract won by Johnny Detson at SuperClash for a future title shot..."

[Gellar's gaze drifts up to Detson who is smirking like the cat that ate the canary. Gellar continues, his voice notably different... dripping with disgust.]

EG: "...will be an "anywhere, anytime" title shot..."

[The crowd ROARS with dismay. You can actually hear a few shouts of "NO!" from off-camera as Gellar finishes.]

EG: "...meaning Johnny Detson alone has the authority on when he will receive his title opportunity."

[Detson jerks the mic out of Gellar's hand.]

JD: That's right! Landon O'Neill signed, sealed, and delivered his part of the deal... and now it's time for mine. I'm here. The ref is here.

[He jerks a thumb towards the unmoving World Champion.]

JD: And oh yeah... he's here too. Ring. The. Bell.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: No, no, no... this can't be happening.

BW: It is, Gordo!

[A smirking Detson walks around the prone Martinez...

...and SHOVES Dr. Ponavitch down to the mat, jerking a thumb at himself.]

"HE'S MINE! He'll be with YOU in a minute!"

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

GM: Somebody needs to stop this!

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

GM: Come on. Somebody. Anybody.

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

GM: Please. Somebody do somethi-

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

BW: WILDE DRIVER!

GM: Aggggh!

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

GM: Not like this.

[Dawson slaps the mat once...]

GM: Please not like this.

[...twice...]

BW: NEW WORLD CHAMP!

GM: No, no...

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

GM: ...no.

[Detson leaps off the canvas, arms thrown into the air.]

PW: Your winner of the match...

...and NEW AWA WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION...

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

PW: JOHNNNNNNYYYYYYYY DEEEEEETSONNNNNNNNNNN!

[The boos get louder as Detson jumps up to the second rope, thrusting the title belt up into the air! The grin on his face tells the story as he pulls the belt down, looking down in shock at it.]

GM: Johnny Detson has... I can't even say it.

BW: I can! He's done it! He's the new World Champion! Detson wins! Detson wins!

[And as Detson continues to celebrate, we fade to black... and up on a graphic that reads "March 18th, 2017."

...and fade up on the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with TV Time Remaining and is your MAIN EVENT of the evening for the WORRRRRRRRRRLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP!

[We cut a little deeper in as the bell sounds...

...and Martinez comes racing across the ring, leaping into the air, extending one leg, and DRIVING his foot into the chin of Detson, flipping the challenger inside out and dumping him on the mat!]

GM: EXCALIBUR! EXCALIBUR!! EXCALIBUR!!!

[Martinez quickly scrambles, flipping Detson onto his back, diving across, hooking both legs, shouting to the official who looks confused as he dives to the mat.]

GM: DAVIS WARREN DOWN TO COUNT!

BW: WHAT?!

[The referee raises his hand as Castillo shouts from the floor!]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: WHAT?! WHAT THE HELL?!

GM: HE DID IT! MARTINEZ WINS! MARTINEZ RETAINS THE TITLE!

[Castillo angrily slams his hands down on the canvas as "Vox Populi" kicks in over the PA system again.]

GM: MARTINEZ WITH A SHOCKINGLY QUICK VICTORY HERE IN HIS HOMETOWN!

[Martinez grins as he climbs off the mat, the timekeeper sliding the title belt into him. The champion grabs the title belt, thrusting it over his head...

...and then deeper into the match where Javier Castillo is standing with the referee and the ring announcer who makes it official.]

RO: After conferring with the AWA President Javier Castillo, referee Davis Warren has determined that despite making a three count...

...he never called for the bell to start the match.

Therefore, the pinfall was made BEFORE the match started.

[Martinez hops down off the ropes now, throwing up his hands in disbelief.]

RO: And by rule of the AWA President Javier Castillo...

[Ortiz pauses, shaking her head at the smirking Castillo.]

RO: ...this match will be RESTARTED!

[We fade deeper into the match again where Ryan Martinez has Detson perched upon the top rope and seems to be setting up for a superplex of some sort... orrrrrr...?]

GM: Is Ryan Martinez setting up for a second rope Brainbuster?!

BW: No, no, no, no!

[Martinez gets into position, the sold-out crowd on their feet to bear witness to what may be a potential highlight reel moment. He pauses, taking several deep breaths to steady himself...]

GM: HE LIFT- NO!

[The crowd gasps as Martinez' lift is aborted by a shout of pain. He instantly grabs at his ribs, grimacing at his inability to get Detson into position for the match-ending maneuver!

With the crowd buzzing in a heightened tension, Detson ducks down, muscling the hurting Martinez up onto his shoulders...]

GM: WHAT THE?!

BW: HE'S GOT MARTINEZ UP! HE'S GOT-

[...and Detson LEAPS from his perch, swinging Martinez up over his head...]

GM: GUTBUSTER!

[...and DOWN ACROSS HIS BENT KNEE!]

GM: GUTBUSTER OFF THE TOP! GUTBUSTER OFF THE TOP!

[Detson's super gutbuster causes Martinez to BOUNCE into the air from the impact, clutching his stomach as he flips over onto his back. Detson grabs at his knee, giving a shout before he rolls to all fours, crawling across the ring...]

GM: Detson's crawling! Detson's pulling himself across the ring!

[Detson makes a lunge, diving across Martinez, wrapping up his legs.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOULDER UP! SHOULDER UP! MY GOD, HE GOT THE SHOULDER UP!

[Detson rolls to his knees, leaning forward to put his face on the mat, his hands on the back of his head as he groans with disappointment.]

GM: Detson thought he had him and-

"SIXTY SECONDS! SIXTY SECONDS REMAIN!"

GM: One minute to go! Detson heard it as well as we did! Sixty seconds left to capture the World Title! Can he do it or can Ryan Martinez survive this hard-fought battle for the World Championship?!

[We cut again... moving a little deeper into the match as Detson pulls Martinez into Wilde Driver position...]

"THIRTY SECONDS!"

[Detson leaps into the air, pulling the World Champion with him... ...and DRIVES him facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: WILDE DRIVER! WILDE DRIVER CONNECTS!

BW: WE'VE GOT A NEW WORLD CHAMPION!

[Detson flips Martinez over, collapsing on top of him in a North-South position!]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE GOT THE SHOULDER UP! MARTINEZ KICKS OUT! MARTINEZ KICKS OUT!
[Detson's eyes go wide in shock...]

...and then he flips out, pounding his fists down into the canvas repeatedly as a wide-eyed Castillo shouts "NO! NO! AGAIN!"

GM: Castillo's telling him to do it again but Detson's lost it! He thought he had the match won right there and he's lost it!

BW: Come on, Johnny! Not now! Keep your head in the game!

GM: What's the time? What do we have?

[...and again we cut deeper as Detson pulls him into position again...

GM: Martinez falls down! Detson dropped him and...

[Detson quickly tries to get him back up as the crowd starts to count.]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

[Detson manages to corral the right arm, dragging Martinez back off his knees.]

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

[He snags the other arm, pulling them together to clutch behind the World Champion...]

"FOUR!"

[...and leaps into the air...]

"THREE!"

[...and DRIVES Martinez' face into the mat a second time!]

"TWO!"

[He flips Martinez over, diving across him again.]

"ONE!"

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: We're out of time! We've gotta-

[Suddenly, a loud "THUNK!" is heard.]

BW: What the hell?!

[A voice replaces Gordon Myers... an angry voice.]

"NO! NO! NO!"

[The camera cuts down to ringside where a furious Javier Castillo is wearing Gordon's headset, stalking past Wilde.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen, the time limit has expired-

[Castillo rips off the headset, snatching the mic from Rebecca Ortiz' hand.]

JC: NO! I DECIDE! I DECIDE WHEN THE TIME LIMIT HAS EXPIRED! THIS IS _MY_ SHOW!

[The crowd is all over Castillo, jeering loudly. He turns towards the camera, pointing a finger at it.]

JC: I DECIDE WHEN THIS SHOW ENDS! YOU! IN THE TRUCK! AT FOX! YOU LEAVE _MY_ SHOW ON UNTIL I TELL YOU IT'S OVER! COMPRENDE?!

[The cameraman backs off from the enraged AWA President who turns towards the timekeeper.]

JC: You! Ring the bell! Restart the match!

[The timekeeper gets up, pointing to his watch, then to the camera as he talks off-mic to Castillo...

...who SHOVES HIM DOWN to a tremendous burst of jeers!]

BW: Hey... hey now... maybe we don't need to-

[Bucky goes silent as Castillo throws a death glare at him. Castillo turns back to the ring, pointing at Davis Warren...]

JC: YOU! RESTART THE MATCH!

[Warren is glaring down at Castillo, a defiant expression on his face.]

JC: RE! START! THE! MATCH!

[Warren again refuses to budge. Castillo angrily crawls under the bottom rope, getting right up into Warren's face. The referee - to his credit - does not back down...

...but when Johnny Detson gets to his feet, sandwiching Warren between he and Castillo, the mood starts to change.]

GM: I... can you all hear me? Bucky?

BW: I got you, Gordon. What the heck is going on out here?

GM: Castillo's throwing his damn weight around is what's happening! He's trying to restart this match and- I can't even believe we're still on the air! What kind of power does this guy have?!

[Suddenly, the arena lights go to black.]

GM: What the hell...?

[And a spotlight lances through the darkness, lighting up the Staples Center rafters...]

GM: OH MY GOD!

[...where we find a familiar painted face standing, pointing a black baseball bat down at the ring.]

GM: IT'S SUPERNOVA! IT'S SUPERNOVA!

[The lights come back on as Javier Castillo and Johnny Detson are staring up at the rafters...

....where Supernova rapidly comes down, hanging from a cable as he's quickly lowered to the ring, getting put down right between Detson, Castillo, and the downed Ryan Martinez!]

GM: SUPERNOVA IS HERE! SUPERNOVA HAS ARRIVED!

[Supernova unhooks himself from the cable, letting it go back to the ceiling as he stands, staring at Detson and Castillo...

...and slowly raises the baseball bat, pointing right at them!]

GM: OH YEAH! SUPERNOVA'S COME TO HIS HOME OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA AND HE'S COME TO GET HIM SOME OF JAVIER CASTILLO AND JOHNNY DETSON!

[Supernova stands protectively over Martinez, daring Detson to come for him again...]

GM: We've got ourselves a standoff! We've got-

[And with Ryan Martinez up on his knees, all hell breaks loose.

The crowd GASPS as Supernova pivots and DRIVES the end of the baseball bat into the skull of Ryan Martinez, knocking the World Champion flat!]

GM: WHAT THE?! WHAT THE HELL?!

[The crowd falls silent as Supernova stands over Martinez, staring down at him...

...and then steps back, pointing at him with the bat, giving Johnny Detson the only cue he needs. Detson rushes forward, diving on top of Martinez...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Who rang the bell?! Who-

[We cut to the floor where a smirking Veronica Westerly is standing by the ring bell, hammer in hand.]

GM: WESTERLY?!

[Supernova turns his attention to a reluctant Davis Warren, shoving the end of the bat up under his chin. Castillo shouts "COUNT! COUNT!" at Warren who pauses... hesitating as the crowd pleads with him to hold his ground...

...and then reluctantly drops to his knees, looking almost apologetic as he slaps the mat once...]

GM: No. Not again. Not like this.

[...twice...]

GM: This can't be happening. Not...

[...and with a long pause, one final slap of the mat comes down.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[We cut to a smirking Westerly who looks pleased as punch to have rang the bell.]

GM: I... this can't be real. This can't be happening.

[A grinning Javier Castillo raises the mic to his mouth as Johnny Detson leaps to his feet, thrusting his arms to the air.]

JC: PEOPLE! MY PEOPLE! YOUR WINNER! AND NEW CAAAAAAMPEOOOOOON!
JOHNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNYYYYYYYYYYY DEEEEEETSONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN!

[The jeers are deafening as Detson is awarded the World Title, proudly holding it overhead as Castillo pats him on the back... and we fade to black.]

The graphic returns - one line at a time.

"THE BEGINNINGS ARE OVER."

"THE TRIUMPHS LIVE FOREVER."

"SUPERCLASH IX."

"THE ULTIMATE TRIUMPH."

Fade to black...

...and back up on the backstage area where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is standing by.]

SLB: It has been a wild night here in New Orleans as you can expect in our final stop before SuperClash! Earlier in the evening though, what a wild moment we saw between the Dogs of War and the Kabukicho Assassination Maniac Squad! Not only are Cain Jackson and AJ Martinez at full strength, but they left us with more questions than answers after the selection of their partner. Now you know, if there are questions that need to be answered around the AWA, I'm the man on the job.

[Blackwell looks off screen, with a look of confusion coming across his face.]

SLB: But it appears we may have even more questions. Cain Jackson, AJ Martinez, please, join me.

[Jackson and Martinez walk into the frame, followed by what appears to be a completely different young woman than before. This one is of similar size to the one they threw into the ring earlier, but she has voluminously curly brown hair that just grazes past her shoulders. Clad in a green and black striped boatneck sweater dress, hanging from her left shoulder, along with black tights and black knee-high boots. Her hazel eyes, with eyelashes so long she could slap someone with them if she wanted, are lined with white liner, surrounded with black eyeliner wings. She has a matte crimson lipstick on her smiling lips as she rests a flagpole carrying the Mifune-gun flag on her shoulder, standing just behind Jackson and Martinez.]

SLB: Gentlemen... and lady, welcome.

[Jackson, Martinez, and their accompaniment all share a glance of confusion.]

SLB: Earlier this evening, KAMS provided quite a shock to the Dogs of War by taking someone from the audience and throwing her from the floor and over the top rope onto them.

AJM: [flexing] We're pretty strong, aren't we?

SLB: Strong though you may be, you could have seriously injured that young woman, who my colleague Bucky Wilde believes is called "Flag-chan". Obviously you had a backup here...

[Again, the three trade a look, this time seemingly of amusement.]

SLB: But I have to ask, who is your partner for SuperClash?

CJ: What do you mean "who is" our partner? Open your eyes, Blackwell!

AJM: You need glasses? Can't you see what's in front of you?

[Blackwell tilts his head.]

SLB: Now wait just a moment...

CJ: You wait a moment, Blackwell! The Dogs have been causing us problems for months now!

AJM: They still owe us two million dollars!

CJ: They think the only way we know how to move is straight ahead, but those little puppies clearly didn't do their homework. If they did... they'd know KAMS has always been three, not two!

[The woman carrying the flag beams and firmly nods.]

AJM: Now you, Blackwell, who said this fine, gorgeous specimen with us is someone different, huh? Maybe the reason you don't get it is because you're not used to having so much sexy in front of you!

CJ: Now you be respectful around the lady, Blackwell.

[Blackwell holds up a hand in forgiveness.]

SLB: You know, Bucky did say that Flag-chan did change appearances frequently. So you're... Flag-chan, I presume?

[Who we presume to be Flag-chan nods with a shy smile. Jackson rolls his eyes.]

CJ: Boy, you aren't in Japan anymore. They expect you to talk here. Speak up!

[Jackson reaches behind Flag-chan and, with a shove, pushes her... "her?" to the forefront, a lilting "sheesh, pushy" escaping from Flag-chan's mouth.]

SLB: Wait. Did you just call her "boy?"

[Jackson grunts.]

CJ: You better tell 'em your story. And don't you sass me in any of it, either.

[Flag-chan takes a moment to delicately move some stray hair from their sightline.]

SLB: Your story? Is there more than meets the eye with you?

[Flag-chan sways their hips a little.]

Flag-chan: Oh, I am more than most can handle, Sweet Thing.

[A wicked little grin forms on Flag-chan's face.]

Flag-chan: But boring definitions have never suited me. I am whatever one wants me to be... for a price. If one wants a boy, I can be a boy. If one wants a girl, I can be that too. But what I am, Sweet Thing, cannot be defined by mere gender. I am a fantasy. Living, breathing, here in front of you instead of in the wildest facets of your imagination. But if you must call me a name, Flag-chan is just what my adoring populace calls me. A pet name, if you will.

[Flag-chan flips Blackwell's tie from his suit jacket, then a look of disappointment comes across their face.]

Flag-chan: Not silk. Hmph. Beneath your station in life.

[Jackson slaps Flag-chan's shoulder, though not with the same ferocity as he usually would.]

CJ: Get to the point.

[Flag-chan rubs their shoulder, pouting somewhat.]

Flag-chan: If you must call me by a name, you should call me Paris Crawford. It is what I prefer.

[Blackwell nods his head.]

SLB: Then Paris Crawford it shall be, but I am still confused about what you bring to the table.

[Paris' grin grows.]

PC: Many are. Many cannot handle what I offer. Whether it is in person or on the...

[Suddenly, a look of worry comes across Paris' face.]

SLB: Is something the matter?

PC: I nearly brought up something I was told not to.

SLB: Well, we certainly don't want you to get in trouble...

CJ: She's got an OnlyFans.

[Paris blushes slightly as Blackwell fumbles the microphone.]

AJM: Ten bucks a month! It's a steal!

PC [voice in a hushed whisper]: That is the entry level tier. I have premium tiers as well. And I take custom requests... of course, for a price.

[Blackwell looks at Paris like he can't believe what he has heard. Paris reaches out a hand, lightly touching Blackwell's forearm, to reassure him.]

PC: If that is too much, I also have a Patreon for my cosplay modeling.

[Paris nods.]

PC: It is less racy. Far more suitable for those with... weak constitutions.

AJM: Still worth every penny, though! Subscribe today!

[Paris smiles at AJ, nodding and thanking him. Blackwell, hand on a hip, looks at the three in front of him, befuddled.]

SLB: I have to ask, because I must admit that I am concerned... the three of you are going against the Dogs of War in a few days. Cain Jackson, AJ Martinez, the two of you are capable fighters. But Paris Crawford, we know practically nothing of you, aside from your looks and that you are a model.

[Paris delicately holds up a finger in protest.]

PC: I will not be sullied by being described as a mere model. I am far more.

SLB: Very well, but how are you possibly prepared to fight the Dogs of War?

AJM: Hey, Blackwell, Paris isn't just here to look pretty. I mean, I've shown that you can look pretty and fight!

CJ: Besides, the girl's a member of Mifune-gun. You know any members of Mifune-gun that can't hold their own?

[Paris smugly gestures as a lightbulb seems to go off above Blackwell's head.]

SLB: I think I see what you're getting at.

[Paris leans in closely, playfully running their free hand down the lapels of Blackwell's jacket.]

PC: A fantasy can quickly become a nightmare, Sweet Thing. At SuperClash, the Dogs of War... ils vont vivre un cauchemar sans précédent.

[Paris kisses the air near Blackwell's ear and backs away slowly, glaring a hole through Blackwell with a devious, toothy grin on their face. Martinez puts their arm around Paris and leads them off-screen, as Jackson remains behind.]

CJ: Those little puppies Carpenter, Walker and Perez are gonna have a lot more to worry about at SuperClash than being off Korugun's payroll. Those yappin little dogs owe these wolves a debt in blood... and you better believe at SuperClash that debt will be paid in full!

[And with that, Jackson walks off, leaving behind a bewildered Blackwell.]

SLB: I.... brother, some days I think this business... heck, this world has passed me by.

[Blackwell's gaze drifts off camera, shaking his head again as we fade to another part of backstage where we find Mark Stegklet presiding over a small conference room where we see two men sitting on either side of a large table - large enough they can't touch the other without coming across it. At the head of the table is sitting two men in dark black suits, each looking very stoic... and concerned.]

MS: Alright, AWA fans... I can only hope that this contract signing goes a little smoother than the one we saw earlier with Sweet Lou.

[Stegglet chuckles... sorta.]

MS: Joining me here in this signing are these two gentlemen representing AWA Legal as well as the legal team for the Global Fighting Championship...

[Stegglet gestures to the two suited individuals who nod.]

MS: ...who I'm told have spent countless hours negotiating the document you see right here on the table in front of all of us - a contract to officially seal the deal and put the longest reigning AWA National Champion of all time - Travis Lynch - in the ring with the former GFC Heavyweight Champion, Rufus Harris.

[The camera pulls back to reveal those two men as well. Lynch is surprisingly dressed in his own suit, a far cry from the typical attire of his signature smedium t-shirt. Harris is across the way in a suit jacket with no shirt underneath, revealing his bare torso with gold chains dangling off his chest. He's wearing dark sunglasses, staring coldly across at the Texan as Stegglet continues.]

MS: Now... I'm told this contract had to go through several versions to meet the needs of both sanctioning organizations as well as both Mr. Lynch and Mr. Harris but we have reached an accord that we're here today to make official. Mr. Herrera, can you speak first on behalf of AWA Legal?

[Hugo Horatio Herrera gives another nod, the middle-aged personal attorney for Javier Castillo and in-house lawyer for AWA Legal.]

HHH: Of course, Mr. Stegglet. Gentlemen, as you know, Mr. Castillo made it clear to me that after recent events, it was of utmost important to get this contract signed and get this match on the upcoming SuperClash event. In doing so, we were forced to make several... concessions... to get this match signed.

[Herrera grimaces slightly.]

HHH: My colleague representing the GFC - Mr. Ungos - will be going over the rules for this particular match but it is my duty to let you know that both of these men have agreed to a "hold harmless" clause where both have waived the right for legal action against both the AWA and the GFC if they were to suffer any injuries during this match.

[Harris speaks up for the first time.]

RH: Oh, he gonna get hurt, lawdog. He gonna get hurt bad.

[Harris points a threatening finger at Lynch who waves a dismissive hand at him.]

HHH: In addition, the AWA has agreed to match Mr. Harris' contracted GFC fight pay for a win.

[Harris beams at that.]

HHH: A victory by Mr. Harris stands to pay him twice his usual fight purse - a most profitable night at the office. Now, Mr. Ungos... the rules if you please.

[Mr. Ungos clears his throat as he leans forward.]

AU: Mr. Harris expressed concern about re-entering the AWA ring due to the... unfortunate way he has been treated in the past. He was particularly soured by an encounter with a Mr. Kraken... as well as one with a Mr. Wright.

Therefore, we believed the best way for Mr. Harris to ensure that he was treated fairly by AWA officials and personnel... was to make his AWA appearance as similar to a GFC appearance as possible.

[Mark Stegglet interrupts.]

MS: I'm sorry. Can you clarify that statement? Are you saying these two are going to meet in a GFC fight?!

[Ungos dips his head back and forth.]

AU: Not exactly. The GFC Hexagon is a trademarked, copyrighted, and patented property of the Global Fighting Championship and therefore cannot be used on any other event without licensing fees that the AWA was unwilling to pay.

As a result, Mr. Harris was given the opportunity to create his own rules and ring.

[Harris is REALLY smiling now, nodding his head.]

AU: Mr. Harris has requested this time to give us more details.

[Ungos leans back as Harris leans in, pulling off his sunglasses to look cockily at Lynch.]

RH: That's right, daddy's boy! You steppin' into MY world now. You steppin' into the Rottweiler's world! And that means you gotta step into the Rottweiler's Cage!

[He gestures towards a video screen that was black until this moment. The screen lights up with a sketch of a steel cage - a very small circular cage.]

RH: Ain't nowhere to run in the Rottweiler's Cage - nowhere to hide! It's just me and you inside this thing, fightin' til we can't fight no more. I'm gonna hurt you in there, Lynch. I'm gonna make you suffer worse than yo' daddy's leather strap ever did. I'm gonna make you bleed, son!

You gonna wish we had GFC rules, punk... but there ain't gonna be no rounds in here... we gonna go til we can't go anymore.

[Harris raises a clenched fist.]

RH: You wanna win? You gotta knock me out... you gotta make me quit...

[Ungos clears his throat.]

RH: Oh... yeah, your boy over there in the suit... he got us to allow pinfalls too but it ain't gonna matter. I ain't goin' for a pin. I'm goin' for blood! I'm goin' for the KO! I wanna lay your ass out in that cage!

[Stegglet pauses, waiting as Harris sits back in his seat.]

MS: The Rottweiler's Cage straight from the mind of Rufus Harris... and I gotta say, Travis Lynch, that seems to put the odds in his favor.

[Travis rubs his chin with his right hand for a moment.]

TL: You want to lock yourself in a cage with me?

[Travis smirks and begins to chuckle for a moment, and Rufus does not appear amused at all by the chuckling.]

TL: Have you forgotten who my family is? Who my father is? Rufus, you need to do your research, I'M A LYNCH! Fighting and scrapping is what we do. We didn't have "timeouts" growing up. If our hootin' and hollarin' pissed off the old man or ma, we tasted the leather strap.

[Travis pauses and runs his hand through his wavy, dirty blonde hair.]

TL: If you think the cage is going to scare me, you need to know that the old man and ma didn't settle the issue between the boys... the old man just smiled and tossed us out to the woodshed and let us settle it ourselves. So a cage doesn't scare me. Bleedin' doesn't scare me... fightin' doesn't scare me! I've been fightin' everyone who's been put in front of me since I entered this business and I've been knocking them senseless with the Discus Punch for as long as I can remember. And they've been bigger than you, check out Demetrius Lake. They've been crazier than you, check out the Lost Boy. Heck, it's even been you!

[Rufus glares at Travis.]

TL: So you want me to step into your world, Rufus? With pleasure!

[Travis glares back at Rufus.]

TL: But let me ask you this, do you want to be knocked out again or do you want to scream I quit?

[As Travis asks his question he grabs his left wrist with his right hand and makes a claw with his left hand.

For a moment, he just holds the claw there before grabbing the pen, spinning the contract around towards him and scrawls his John Hancock onto the contract. Upon finishing his signature, he slides the contract back towards Rufus Harris.]

RH: You sit here yappin' like a little bitch... runnin' yer mouth about your mama... 'bout your old man... what you done and who you beat.

You been locked in a box with your brothers, okay.

But you ain't been locked up with me.

[Harris raises a clenched fist in front of his face.]

RH: You ain't gone to war with me, son.

But you about to.

[Harris snatches up a pen of his own, scrawling his name across the contract before slamming the pen back down.]

MS: Well, it's official! It'll be Rufus Harris versus Travis Lynch in the Rottweiler's Cage at SuperCla-

[Harris gets up, interrupting.]

RH: Hold up, hype man. I ain't done with this little yappy bitch yet.

[Lynch rises as well, glaring across the table at Harris.]

RH: I just want you to know, son... I put a special little clause in there on the last page of this contract. Two special VIP tickets with your name on 'em. Lynch.

'Cause I want your old man there to see it. I want him to see what he brought down on his head the moment he forced his own kids to get in that ring for the first time. This is real, son... as real as it gets. I'm gonna hurt you and he's gonna see it.

[Harris smirks.]

RH: And that other ticket is for your mama. A gift from me to her so she can remember what a REAL man looks like the next time she's gotta crawl in bed with that piece of sh-

[Lynch has heard enough, lunging across the table with a dive at Harris. Stegglet jumps backwards as the off-camera security comes rushing in.]

RH: I'M GONNA KILL YOU, BOY! YOU A DEAD MAN! DEAD MAN WALKIN'!

[The bodyguards of Rufus Harris and AWA security drag the two apart as the audio repeatedly cuts out with the words that are being traded as we 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 as we come back up, we find ourselves in quite the chaotic scene. Several loud voices are shouting over the footage as our cameraman struggles to get past a huddle of bodies, catching several concerned faces in the process as they try to get a clear view of...]

GM: Fans, we're back here live on Saturday Night Wrestling where we're told that... oh no.

[The cameraman shoves his lens between two frames to reveal a laid out body on the concrete, a trickle of blood coming from his ear as a metal bar of some sort lies a few feet away.]

GM: That... oh my goodness, fans... that's City Jack. City Jack, who was scheduled to be here tonight in New Orleans to address the Saturday Night Wrestling crowd for the final time in his legendary career. In five nights, he will - well, I suppose I should say he's scheduled to compete alongside his son, Landon Grant, in a tag team match against Curt Sawyer and Alexander Kingsley. And I've got absolutely no evidence at all but I'd wager good money that these so-called Shot Callers are responsible for this.

[We see a pair of medics break into view, taking a knee alongside Jack who groans in pain as they roll him onto his back.]

GM: Jack is bleeding from the side of the head... maybe even the ear. And it just seems all too fitting for Kingsley and Sawyer to steal City Jack's final Saturday Night Wrestling appearance away from him. They've spent months trying to sully his reputation... tarnish his legacy... and this just adds to the mix. You can see Dr. Ponavitch working his way in there... trying to check his condition... and we can only hope that City Jack can still compete at SuperClash alongside his son.

[We fade back out to a shot of the New Orleans crowd, buzzing over what they just saw.]

GM: It's been a wild night of action here in New Orleans as the entire locker room is on edge just five days before the biggest night of the year - SuperClash IX. So much great action is coming to Atlanta and Toronto this Thursday night, Bucky.

BW: The lineup is jammed to the gills and it's gonna be a hot one for sure.

GM: And with all the...

[Gordon's words trail off at the sound of Bon Jovi's "Wanted Dead Or Alive" begins to play over the PA system to a HUGE reaction from the AWA faithful.]

GM: Well, speaking of SuperClash, it looks like we're about to get a visit from one of the men who will be competing Thursday night... and in a match that I don't think any of us were hoping to see him in.

BW: Speak for yourself, Gordo... I've been waiting YEARS to see the Lynches beat the hell out of each other. So much to be thankful for this year.

GM: You're too much, my friend. You really are.

[As the lyrics kick in, the crowd grows louder..

...and then ERUPTS into jeers as the person walking into view, wearing cowboy boots and a torn-up white Stetson comes striding into view in what appears to be a makeshift version of a Texas two-step.]

GM: Oh, you've gotta be... what's HE doing out here?!

[With a wicked grin, he tips his hat to the crowd, showing the world the face of the traitorous Bobby O'Connor.]

GM: That Benedict Arnold. Bobby O'Connor who viciously betrayed his good friend, Jack Lynch, several weeks ago, aligning himself with Jack's brother, James... is headed to the ring and I don't have a clue why.

BW: O'Connor's probably as eager as the rest of us are to find out what kind of match Jack Lynch has picked for SuperClash.

[O'Connor stands in blue jeans with a white dress shirt, buttoned down just enough to show a dangling gold cross hanging around his neck on a chain.]

GM: O'Connor with that cross on his neck... but he doesn't represent any Christian values that I recognize, Bucky.

BW: Are you calling this man of faith a fraud?!

GM: He'd hardly be the first!

[O'Connor makes his way to ringside, tossing the destroyed Stetson onto the announce table with a "little gift for you, Buckthorn" before climbing up on the apron, ducking through the ropes.]

BW: Hey, how much do you think I'd get for this on eBay?

GM: The Stetson hat... Jack Lynch's hat which was a gift from his mother, Henrietta, that James Lynch decided to destroy recently... now in the hands of Bucky Wilde and... well, I suppose if O'Connor wanted to dig a little deeper under the skin of the Iron Cowboy, this oughta do it.

[O'Connor takes a handed-off mic from ringside as he approaches the ropes, pointing to the crowd with a big mocking thumbs up. The music fades as O'Connor raises the mic.]

BOC: Were you expecting someone else?

[The crowd jeers loudly again as O'Connor chuckles to himself.]

BOC: I've been sitting in the back now for the better part of three hours waiting... waiting for that big mouth Jack Lynch to come out here. Now, patience is a virtue but even I have my limits. Oh, I'm sure there will be some big grand story for him to tell but I just want the straight shot - what kind of match are you going to put your own brother... your own flesh and blood, James Lynch... into at SuperClash?

[O'Connor pauses.]

BOC: You wanted to pick the match... James agreed... and now here we are! Well, here I am at least. James isn't here tonight.

[The crowd cheers that! O'Connor looks around with annoyance.]

BOC: I forgive you.

[The crowd turns to boos as O'Connor flashes a look of false piousness.]

BOC: Regardless of your sad ignorance... you all will be singing a different tune come Thursday night when James walks into whatever gimmickry Jack's got in store for him and comes out the other side as the last Lynch standing! You will all fall to your knees and recognize him - and him alone - as the Lynch who you should be supporting... as the head of the Lynch family!

[The boos are even louder now.]

BOC: Lord have mercy on all of you.

In fact...

[O'Connor takes a deep breath.]

BOC: Let us pray.

[He bows his head.]

BOC: Father... please forgive these people of New Orleans who live their days and nights in the deepest, darkest sins. They are weak as all your creatures are... but they're weaker than most. They drink... they gamble... they...

[O'Connor shudders.]

BOC: ...fornicate.

[The crowd cheers as O'Connor shakes his head in disgust.]

BOC: You see?! A mere mortal would say these people cannot be saved but the Lord I know does work miracles. So, if you have the time... toss these people a little of morality to get them through the day. Amen.

[O'Connor raises his head as the crowd is letting him have it.]

BOC: You're welcome, heathens.

But let's get back to Jack Lynch... that narcissistic... egomaniacal... self-centered... selfish...

[And this time, when the Bon Jovi song kicks in, the crowd goes wild once more as O'Connor smirks.]

GM: Well, let's hope this one is...

[Gordon trails off as the curtain parts again...]

GM: ...it is! Here comes the King of the Cowboys and he doesn't look happy at all!

[Lynch strides into view in blue jeans, cowboy boots, and a white collared "Western" style shirt. He's also wearing heavy work gloves for some reason as he points a finger at O'Connor.]

BOC: Thank you, Jack. Thanks for taking some time out of your busy schedule of stabbing people in the back.

[The Iron Cowboy shakes his head before stomping down the ramp towards the ring where O'Connor awaits him.]

GM: Bobby O'Connor wanted to hear from Jack Lynch... and I think he's about to because the Iron Cowboy is heading to the ring and he looks like a man on a mission here tonight in New Orleans.

[Lynch reaches ringside, glaring up from the floor at O'Connor who moves to sit on the middle rope, waving Jack into the ring.]

GM: Uh oh. I smell a trap.

BW: That's these fans! Did you see all the Gumbo at the concession stands?!

[Lynch shakes his head at O'Connor as he walks over towards the timekeeper's table, snatching up a second mic as the music fades out.]

JL: Ya wanted me, O'Connor? Well, I'm here.

Normally, I wouldn't give a miserable, lowdown, back bitin' snake like you the time of day. But let's hear what that forked tongue's got to say.

[The crowd ROARS at that verbal jab as O'Connor stays seated on the middle rope, again waving Jack in to join him.]

JL: O'Connor, I was born at night, but it wasn't last night.

So you don't wanna talk now? All right.. then listen.

Ya know, someday, a long time from now, I'll get to the bottom of exactly why you stabbed me in the back... and when on that day, when I know -exactly- why you got in line for an ass kickin', you and I are going to have OUR turn inside that ring and what I do to Jimmy at SuperClash is gonna look like a walk in the damn park compared to what I do to you!

[Jack points a threatening finger as Bobby smirks in response.]

JL: Because I know its you that poured poison in to my brother's ear. I know that Jimmy - thanks to you - has put the family through hell for the better part of this year and... and I just can't let that go any longer. And you tell me he ain't here tonight... that's fine. You seem to enjoy being his messenger - his little errand boy - so you can give him a message for me.

You tell him that he brought all of this on himself. You tell him I tried to let it go... let him go... but he just kept pushing.

You tell him that I heard what he said earlier tonight.

He thinks I can't do it. Hurt my flesh and blood... pummel the brother I grew up with these hands...

[He holds up a gloved fist.]

JL: ...that I can't punish the boy I walked to school... that I taught to drive a car...

[He shakes his head.]

JL: ...that I can't fight the guy who stood up for me on my wedding day and who my daughter - my baby girl - is named after...

[He grimaces.]

JL: He says I can't live with the idea of having his blood on my hands.

And maybe he's right, Bobby.

[O'Connor grins, nodding his head.]

JL: But I'm gonna have to find a way to live with it.

[The crowd cheers as O'Connor's grin vanishes in an instant.]

JL: Because he's gonna bleed, Bobby... you tell him he's gonna bleed... and I'm gonna be the one who does it.

You tell him that at SuperClash, it's gonna be me and him...

[Lynch pauses.]

JL: ...and this.

[He sets the mic down, ducking down to pull up the ring apron. O'Connor looks down with confusion as his former friend digs under the ring...

...and then yanks a spool of barbed wire into view to a HUGE ROAR from the New Orleans crowd!]

BW: WHAT?!

[O'Connor's eyes go wide as Lynch yanks the barbed wire into view for all to see, holding it over his head for a few moments...

...and then HURLS it over the top rope at O'Connor who just barely avoids it!]

GM: What the...?!

[The Iron Cowboy uses O'Connor momentary distraction at nearly getting hit with the barbed wire to dive under the ropes into the ring, coming to his feet as O'Connor whips around...]

GM: Right hand! Right hand!

[The crowd is ROCKING as Lynch rears back, lighting up his former friend and partner with big gloved haymakers...

...and then a big uppercut sends O'Connor through the air, knocking him down on the mat as Lynch rips the glove off, tossing it aside as he holds his hand up in the air, formed into the legendary Lynch Iron Claw...]

GM: Jack Lynch is calling for the Claw! O'Connor doesn't have a clue! He doesn't have a-

[Lynch makes a lunge towards the rising O'Connor, wrapping his fingers around the skull of his traitorous former partner!]

GM: HE LOCKS IT ON! HE'S GOT THE IRON CLAW LOCKED IN!

[Lynch's aggressive move pushes O'Connor back where the Missouri native stumbles backwards through the ropes to the floor, falling out of the painful grip to the outside as Lynch lets loose a shout in his direction.]

"TELL HIM I'M COMIN' FOR HIM, BOBBY! TELL HIM!"

[O'Connor is already on the move, staggering and stumbling towards the ramp, making his way up the aisle as Lynch moves back to the spool of barbed wire, lifting it up off the mat with his still gloved left hand...]

"TELL HIM THAT AT SUPERCLASH, IT'LL BE ME AND HIM... IN A BARBED WIRE MATCH!"

[But O'Connor is not slowing down to get more of the message, still running up the ramp as the crowd ROARS for Lynch's declaration.]

GM: Are you kidding me?! A Barbed Wire match?!

BW: This is great, Gordo! We're gonna be bathing in the blood of Lynches at SuperClash! It's a Thanksgiving miracle!

[Lynch's eyes are cold as he watches his former friend fleeing from him, still holding the barbed wire spool in his off-hand as he nods at the cheering crowd...

...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 back up on the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, to my left... weighing in at 215 pounds... COLIN "BOMBER" HARRIS!

[Harris nods to the crowd, greeting them with a polite half wave. He smooths the collar of his cranberry red flight jacket as he turns to face the corner for a last minute stretch.]

RO: And his opponent... from Las Vegas, Nevada... weighing in at 260 pounds...

He is the SIN CITY SAVIORRRRRRR...

SIIIIIIIIIIIID OSBORRRRRRRRRNNNNNNE!

["Revolution" by Pennywise plays as Sid Osborne stomps out. He tears his black hooded sweatshirt off, flinging it to the floor of the entranceway with disgust. He looks up, and immediately sprints towards the ring.]

BW: Well, somebody's in a hurry!

GM: Osborne staring daggers at the squared circle, barreling down the aisle!

[Osborne slides in the ring, pouncing up to his feet while his opponent waves once more to the crowd and begins taking off his jacket.]

GM: Harris hasn't even taken off his ring jacket, but that isn't stopping Osborne!

BW: Turn around, you dummy!

[Osborne charges at the corner as Harris has his jacket halfway unzipped, unaware that danger is coming straight for him.]

GM: Cannonball Splash! Harris is crushed in the corner!

BW: Osborne must've got up on the wrong side of the bed, Gordo! Then again, he does that everyday.

[Osborne backs up as his opponent crumples to the mat in a seated position. The referee finally is successful in sending Osborne to the opposing corner.]

GM: Harris mercifully getting a break after that hellacious attack out of nowhere. He's being asked if he's able to continue, but what set Osborne off is the first place?

BW: With this kid, who knows. If that chip on his shoulder gets any bigger he's going to start walking sideways!

[Harris finally nods in the affirmative as he takes his jacket off and meekly slides it under the bottom rope.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: There's the bell, and this match can finally officially get underway.

BW: And that's all Osborne had to hear!

[Just as Harris grabs on the second rope to get to his feet, Osborne charges the corner once again.]

GM: Double knees to the chest of Harris! Osborne hasn't even let his man make his way out of the corner!

BW: This does not look good for him at all, Gordon.

[Osborne angrily points a finger at the official. From what the cameras can pick up, we can hear him yelling something about "This is the best they've got for me?!" and "This is a big star, huh?!".]

GM: I don't believe any referee has a say in who gets put on the cards, Bucky.

BW: He definitely seems like he's snapped, that's for sure. Not that he had far to go in the first place.

[A prone Harris is checked on as the crowd loudly boos Osborne as he goes to the corner. He looks around incredulously at this response.]

GM: Osborne doesn't like what he's hearing from this capacity crowd, but it can't be a surprise.

BW: And it looks like he's going to give them even less things to be happy about!

[Osborne ascends to the top rope, pointing an accusing finger at the crowd.]

BW: He's airborne!

[Osborne takes to the air, pumping his arms and legs before...]

GM: STAGE DIVE! Osborne with the frog splash to his downed opponent! He makes the cover, and this is academic at this point.

[One three count later, and it sure is.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

RO: Your winner...

SIIIIIIIIIIID OSBORRRRRRRRRNNNNNNE!

GM: That was less a match and more of a mugging, Bucky.

BW: Not much things could be uglier than that beating, but the state of his opponent right now is sure one of them.

[Osborne looks down at the fallen Harris with contempt. He shakes his head, scowling before rolling him out of the ring with a series of well placed kicks to the side.]

GM: He's done enough damage as it is, there's no need for this!

[Osborne looks out at the crowd before motioning to Rebecca Ortiz for the microphone.]

SO: Let me make something perfectly clear.

[Osborne points at his fallen opponent at ringside as Harris is just now showing some movement.]

SO: Don't you dare feel pity for what just happened. And don't you dare look at him like he's a victim. Because there is a victim out here.

[Osborne nods.]

SO: And it's ME.

[The crowd turns up the volume of their dislike as Osborne hooks a thumb at himself.]

SO: I was ready to walk after all the months and months of being jerked around. But they were going to make it all worth my while. They were invested in me. In my future. I was only going to face the top tier talent. I was only going to test myself at the very best the world could offer.

[Osborne points at Harris, who now is being helped up by AWA staff.]

SO: So, that was a lie. Not that I was surprised. But was I going to send a message? A reminder that I was here only to go face to face with the best in the world?

[Osborne nods.]

SO: I've had to send a lot of messages lately, and I'm sure this isn't the last time. Because for as much of a lying dirtbag that Castillo is, he's also inept.

[Osborne smirks.]

SO: But that isn't news either... seeing as he can't stomp out a revolt mostly consisting of some movie star's kid and an over the hill alcoholic.

[The crowd really lets Osborne have it after this, but the boos quickly turn into excited murmurs as, with no fanfare or music, Raphael Rhodes can be seen walking down the entrance aisle, with Dana Kaiser following him. Rhodes is wearing a black hooded sweatshirt zipped up, along with jeans that have holes torn at the knees, and a well-worn pair of boots. Kaiser is similarly dressed, in a blue Minnesota Lynx hoodie and jeans, along with blue sneakers. Rhodes has a rather determined look on his face, as walks straight down the aisle and up the ring steps, climbing into the ring as Osborne scoffs.]

SO: Well, look at that. Speaking of over the hill-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A reverberating thunk can be heard as Osborne's microphone drops from his hand to the ground, the result of a concussive slap delivered from Rhodes' right hand to Osborne's ear.]

GM: Oh my stars! What a slap by Raphael Rhodes!

BW: I haven't seen a look like that in Rhodes' eyes in a long time! Not since almost a decade ago!

GM: And look, he's grabbed Osborne by that mohawk!

[Rhodes, trying to cling to Osborne's mohawk, attempts to yank Osborne's face and torso down. He's close enough to his goal that he wildly swings his foot towards Osborne's nose, but Osborne is able to break away, smacking Rhodes' hand away and bailing out under the bottom rope and up the ring aisle.]

BW: Gordo, you see those boots Rhodes is wearing?

GM: I do. I believe he came to do some definite damage to Sid Osborne tonight!

[Kaiser picks up the microphone, handing it to Rhodes, as Osborne shouts something about how Rhodes had to go to that level. Rhodes smirks a little, but his eyes tell his true demeanor, one of frustration, anger... maybe even a little bit of sadness.]

RR: Smart move, mate. These boots don't get past the metal detectors without an extra pass from that handheld wand, so you was smart runnin' away. First smart thing you've done in weeks.

[The crowd roars as Osborne rolls his eyes at Rhodes from the aisle.]

RR: Yeah, roll your eyes. I told you I was wrong, yeah? I told you that takin' that shot at Detson was wrong, and I was willin' to leave it there, but no. The things I was tellin' you from the start, you ain't learned anything from it, have you? You came out here, you talk about how you're a victim. Everyone's out to get you. You got your messages you want to send, but mate, you ain't figured it out yet, have you?

[Rhodes shakes his head.]

RR: I didn't want this for you, Sid. And really, I didn't want to be doin' this when I came back here.

[Rhodes motions between himself and Osborne.]

RR: See, mate, I try to be better. It ain't easy to stare at yourself and the mirror and realize you're the problem, but I've been doin' that for the last seven years, and I'll keep doin' that until the day I get it right. And your problem is you ain't figured out that you're your biggest problem.

[Rhodes points to Kaiser.]

RR: She said you're just like me, and you ain't wanted to hear that, but you know it's the truth. You're just like me, and it eats you up inside because you know that all the times you come out here, you thump your chest, you say "shut me up", you beat on people that ain't in your league?

[Rhodes shrugs.]

RR: It don't mean nothin' because you keep trippin' over your own feet. And you ain't ever goin' to figure it out until you realize you're the one causin' you to stumble. See, I spent nine months of my life tryin' to do what you're doin', fightin' Juan Vasquez around the country, tryin' to prove that I was the one that was right about a subject that didn't mean nothin' to nobody but me and him. And do you know what mattered at the end?

[Rhodes counts off with his fingers.]

RR: He got World Titles, he got fancy houses, he got to be the best wrestler in the world for a decade, and what I got was to be proven right that he was a scumbag about eight years too late. And now you're out here, tryin' to tell the world that your way's right, and you're bein' held back, and I'm the one that's the scumbag, and what's it gettin' you?

[Rhodes glares.]

RR: It's gettin' you into it with a fight you can't win, mate. And I ain't talkin' about you fightin' me, I'm talkin' about you fightin' acceptin' who you are. And who you are, Sid? Who you are is a punk nobody who's wastin' his talent beatin' his chest and sayin' what he's goin' to do. You're me, Sid. You're exactly who I was. And you think by beatin' me, it's goin' to stop you from becomin' me.

[Rhodes points at Kaiser again.]

RR: She was the one who saw what you have, and she was the one tryin' to protect you from goin' through what I went through. And you know what you did, Sid? You turned your back on her, just like I would have back when I was thinkin' the way you are right now. You think you can do this by yourself, and I'm here to tell you, mate, you can't. And I was willin' to let it go, you costin' me my shot at the World Title...

[Rhodes sighs.]

RR: But there's some things in life worth more than titles, or bein' right. You threw that away when you gave up Dana's advice.

[Kaiser blushes in the background, surprised at how Rhodes is explaining this.]

RR: You say you want me at SuperClash? Then I say I've got one last thing to teach you, whether you want to learn it or not. It's hell bein' Raphael Rhodes.

[Rhodes grins at Osborne.]

RR: At SuperClash, welcome to hell.

[Rhodes tosses the mic aside to a big cheer from the crowd.]

GM: How about that?! Another big matchup added to Thursday night as Raphael Rhodes and Sid Osborne will go to battle!

BW: These two are gonna beat the heck out of each other and I can't wait to see it.

GM: Osborne's shouting up the aisle at his former partner but in five days' time, he's gonna get his chance to do his talking inside the ring!

[We fade from a furious Sid Osborne to backstage where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing in front of an AWA backdrop.]

SLB: We are just five days away from SuperClash, fans, and we've been talking a lot about WarGames, in which control of the AWA is on the line, but let's not forget about the other main event, a three way match for the AWA World Title! And joining me at this time is one of those men who will be part of that match... Supernova, come on in here!

[That's the cue for Supernova to walk onto the set. He is dressed in a black trenchcoat over a black T-shirt and blue jeans. His dark brown hair hangs just past his ears and he wears a pair of shades.]

SLB: Supernova, it was just two weeks ago that Javier Castillo approached you, asking you to pledge your loyalty to Korugun. We never did get a response from you, but then, at the end of the night, you interjected when Brian James was outnumbered by Korugun. But in the aftermath, it seems there's still no love lost between you and James. I've got to know, Supernova -- where do things stand going into SuperClash?

[Supernova is quiet for a moment.]

S: Sweet Lou, it seems after earlier tonight, when Castillo proclaimed I'm not Korugun worthy, that any response from me would be pointless.

But let's talk about Brian James for a minute. First of all, Lou, he is one of my opponents at SuperClash. He's in my way of my quest to win the World Title -- and I did warn him not to get in my way. And yeah, I don't forget what happened at Battle of Boston some time ago, the last time he and I were in a three-way match.

So then people want to know -- why go save him from Korugun?

It's simple, Lou. I am committed to the AWA and, because of that, I'm going to do what is in the best interests of the AWA.

The fans were promised a three-way match between myself, James and Johnny Detson for the World Title. Therefore, if one member of the match is taken out, there's no way to make good on what the fans were promised. So my objective was to ensure that James will be there, 100 percent, for SuperClash.

Besides, if anybody is going to beat James' rear -- or Detson's, for that matter -- it's going to be me doing the beating.

[He pauses for effect, then gestures at Blackwell.]

S: Does that answer where things stand with Brian James?

SLB: I would say so... of course, there is that matter of what Castillo has had to say. Or perhaps, after what Castillo said earlier tonight, you already know the answer?

S: Let me address that, Lou... you had Castillo going on about it's going to be a new era in AWA. How Juan Vasquez was going on about how he tried to make the AWA great again and now he believes it can't be saved.

[He holds up a finger.]

S: Hold on... that reminds me.

[He pulls his shades off, revealing his eyes, with small red flames painted around them.]

S: Hola, amigo! Remember where you and I were at about a year ago? How you got on my case for teaming with a baseball player when I should have been aiming for the World Title?

[He spreads his arms to the side.]

S: What do you think, Juan? I've grown out my hair, I've got a little more fire in my eyes, I've got a more aggressive attitude and, now, I'm two weeks away from a shot at the top prize in the AWA.

Meanwhile, look how far you have fallen. You're sniveling and pouting, while humbling yourself for a corporate narcissist whose sole purpose in life is to surround himself with nothing but yes-men.

[He shakes his head.]

S: How disappointing, amigo.

[He then puts the shades back on and turns to Blackwell.]

S: Now, getting back to Castillo... if he's already made up his mind, then I guess I've made up my mind, too, right? I've made it no secret that I can't stand the man and I certainly don't forgive him for allowing James Lynch to drag my name through the mud.

But even so... he may have a point.

[Blackwell gives a double take.]

SLB: Are you serious? Supernova, are you truly thinking you might accept Castillo's offer?

S: [raises his hand] I never said anything like that... only that he had a point.

I've done a lot of things for this company because I believed it was best for the company. And after all of that, all that's gone down this past year, I still haven't seen one person who demanded answers for why I sold out, acknowledge publicly that they got it wrong.

Thus, while I have no doubt in my mind where the fans stand, and what they think about men, I have to ask this question: Where do the people I once called a friend stand now?

I don't like Castillo but I know where he stands. I may not be happy with Juan Vasquez, but I have an idea where he stands. But the likes of Ryan Martinez, Jack Lynch, Jordan Ohara, and others who I thought of as friends?

[He shrugs.]

S: Your guess is as good as mine.

But as far as what that has to do with where I stand, I'll repeat what I said earlier.

I am committed to the AWA and I will do what is in the best interest of the AWA.

As for what that means at SuperClash, well...

[Another pause for effect.]

S: I guess you'll find out in two weeks, won't you?

[He then departs the set. Blackwell is quiet for a moment.]

SLB: Well, fans, I'm not sure what to make of that statement. Supernova's loyalties to the AWA are well known, but what that means at SuperClash is anybody's guess. We'll be right back with more action here on the Season Finale of Saturday Night Wrestling!

[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

5 DAYS AND COUNTING

And then cut back to black...

...before fading back up on the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing to welcome the viewers back to Saturday Night Wrestling.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall in the Women's Division, and it is a Steal the Spotlight Preview Trios Match!

[The crowd cheers with anticipation, settling to a low rumbling murmur.]

RO: First, hailing from La Feria, Texas and weighing in at 176 pounds...
MARGARRRITAAA FLORES!

From Montreal, Quebec, Canada, weighing in at 125 pounds, she is the "Canadian Dream Girl"... SKYLARRRRRRRRRRRR SWIFTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT!

And their partner, substituting for Trish Wallace, she's from New Orlea-

[Forget it. Rebecca Ortiz and what you'd assume would be "Stronger" by Britney Spears if we could actually hear it immediately becomes drowned out by the roar of the crowd to greet the hometown girl. Even the hard camera shakes a little as we cut to the entranceway, where we see Margarita Flores, Skylar Swift, and a blushing, clearly moved Michelle Bailey walk out.]

GM: Fans, I... this may be one of the loudest ovations I've ever heard!

BW: What?! Gordo, you're going to have to speak up!

GM: Earlier, I spoke with Michelle Bailey, and she mentioned that this is the first time she's been in her hometown since 2003!

BW: She said she's here for free?! That's not a smart business decision, daddy!

GM: No, I... never mind! Michelle was originally supposed to be on an untelevised portion of tonight's event as a treat for the fans, but I think they are clearly excited to see the hometown girl in action live on Saturday Night Wrestling!

[Flores has a folded over length of bullrope draped across the back of her neck. She is also dressed in a beige cowboy hat, a black bustier top, matching shorts under a pair of blue denim chaps and black boots. Swift is in her customary bedazzled gold suspenders over a white top and matching gold sequined tights.]

Bailey, in a festive mood to be back in her hometown, is dressed in a shimmering cropped tank/miniskirt combo in a checkerboard of Mardi Gras colors of purple, green, and gold. Her kneepad/kickpad combo is right leg green, left leg purple, with her usual "XOXO" down the front in gold, and the Os replaced with the fleur-de-lis. She slides her protective face shield into position as she is first to get to the ring, feeling a little pep in her step as she jumps over the top rope - albeit with a little help via a bottom rope springboard.]

BW: I think I may have had an eardrum pop, Gordo! Do you hear something ringing? It can't be a phone, they don't make those noises anymore!

GM: This hometown crowd is absolutely loving seeing the "Platinum Princess" Michelle Bailey back in New Orleans! There may be a little bit of dissension on Team Bailey...

BW: What kind of move was that anyway? Since when did the Captain position mean she's Team Mom!

GM: You heard that just fine, I take it?

BW: I feel better. Look, Trish Wallace had a great chance to build some momentum going into SuperClash, and Michelle Bailey took it from her! Bailey's become a spotlight hog!

GM: I don't quite think it's that way, Bucky. We all heard that if Trish strikes an official again, she'll get suspended. And I don't think this was something that Michelle wanted to mention, but you heard how Ayako Fujiwara spoke earlier today. There has to be some concern about if Ayako gets to Trish here tonight, will Trish even make it to SuperClash when Ayako's done.

BW: What, like she doesn't trust Trish to handle Ayako? Come on. Trish is a big girl. You know how much she squats?!

[We hear a sigh from Gordon.]

GM: Now that we have our first team in the ring, Rebecca, go ahead and introduce us to their opponents. I have a feeling the reaction won't be as welcoming.

RO: And their opponents... they weigh in at a combined weight of 430 pounds...
AYAKO FUJIWARA, HARLEY HAMILTON AND CIIIIIIINNNDER!!!

["I Believe in a Thing Called Love" by The Darkness begins to play over the PA system as the crowd roars with boos at the appearance of Harley Hamilton, Cinder and Casey Cash.]

GM: And here comes Seductive & Destructive, the team of Harley Hamilton and Cinder, who have somehow become even more despised with the addition of Casey Cash.

BW: It's nothing but jealousy, Gordo! When you're young, beautiful, and talented, there's always gonna be haters wishing for your failure.

GM: You don't think that has anything to do with how they bully, intimidate, and insult everyone they come into contact with?

BW: Spare me your small details... it's all just jealousy!

[The duo known as "Seductive and Destructive" are dressed in matching metallic purple ring jackets with one yellow sleeve and one black sleeve and a metallic rainbow patched across the front over their regular wrestling gear.

Standing at the entrance way, Harley Hamilton holds up her both her hands, pinky fingers outstretched. Casey Cash and Cinder then proceed to link her pinkies with Harley's and the trio raise their locked pinkies into the air in a show of their "unbreakable" bond as the crowd boos them. They react rather poorly to the audience's jeering, yelling at everyone in the crowd booing them...even children.

Bringing up the rear, not wanting any part of Seductive & Destructive's antics is the Olympic Gold Medalist, Ayako Fujiwara. She is accompanied by Molly Bell, who scampers behind Ayako in a matching white and red tracksuit. As Seductive & Destructive are busy jawing with the crowd, Fujiwara brushes past them and slides into the ring. She removes her tracksuit, revealing a sleek, black and red asymmetrical strap crop top with a corset-like front tied together with crisscrossing red and black string. Her abdomen is fully exposed and she wears middle waist black motorcycle pants with rivets running up and down the legs with short wrestling boots.]

GM: Ayako Fujiwara, looking focused on the task at hand as always.

BW: After that tongue-lashing Laura Davis gave her, she better be focused!

GM: Ayako has made it clear she is NOT happy being on Laura Davis' team. I doubt Laura Davis' words mean much, if anything to her.

BW: And that's why Ayako is a loser and Laura Davis is a winner!

GM: I would never call anyone who won an Olympic Gold medal a "loser".

BW: That was so five years ago, Gordo... what has Ayako done for us lately?

[Theres an audible sigh from Gordon Myers, as we cut to the ring, where we see all six competitors standing by ready for action. Harley Hamilton points out the "unfairness" of Michelle Bailey wearing a facemask, but is assured by referee Shari Miranda that it is legal, to which the second generation star stamps her feet, declaring it to be "Unfair!"]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: There's the opening bell, and we are underway!

[Four of the wrestlers step through to the apron, leaving Harley Hamilton and Skylar Swift to start for their respective teams.]

GM: Looks like Harley Hamilton and Skylar Swift are starting out this big six-woman tag team match and there is no love-lost between these two.

BW: You got that right, Gordo. You have Harley Hamilton, the innovator of the feel good hit of the summer in the Hot Girl Stunner and Skylar Swift, the practitioner of its inferior Canadian ripoff, The Snakebite, all in one ring!

GM: I'm sure there are many people who would dispute your version of the Hot Girl Stunner/Snakebite debate.

BW: Yeah, but I'm the one with the microphone, so it's only my version that counts!

[Hamilton and Swift approach the center of the ring and the two lock up. They struggle in a collar-and-elbow for a few seconds, before Hamilton wrenches on a side headlock. Harley looks way too proud of herself, putting the squeeze on Swift and giving a long drawn out "Yeaaaaahhhh!" as she does so.]

GM: From the tieup to the side headlock... you can get distracted by Harley Hamilton's attitude but you can't forget that she's as sound on the canvas as they come.

BW: Just like her old man.

[However, Swift quickly plants two elbows into Harley's midsection and shoves her off into the ropes, quickly dropping down into the canvas as she does so. As Hamilton bounces off the ropes, she executes a nimble cartwheel over Swift's body and immediately drops down, once again locking in a side headlock on the Canadian Dream Girl and giving out yet another drawn out "Yeaaaaahhhh!"

Cinder: "Put dae clamps on'er, Harley!"

GM: Harley Hamilton keeping Skylar Swift grounded with that side headlock.

BW: It's a simple, but effective strategy. Swift is the speediest wrestler in this match by far and keeping her grounded takes away a lot of her advantages.

Casey Cash: "Squeeze her head off, Harley!"

GM: It also seems to fire up her cheerleading section.

BW: What do you have against friends supporting each other, Gordo? I'll be cheering louder than anyone for you when Javier Castillo is whoopin' that tail later tonight.

GM: That's simultaneously the most touching and one of the most insulting things you've ever said to me.

[Getting back to a vertical base, Swift once again slams two elbows into Hamilton's midsection and once again shoves her off into the ropes. This time, she ducks down for a backdrop, but Hamilton sees it coming, rolling off Swift's back and landing on her feet behind her, before once again procuring a side headlock...]

"YEAAAAAHHH- ACK!"

[...only to be lifted into the air and dumped onto the canvas with a back suplex!]

GM: OH! Harley Hamilton went to the well once too often and pays for it!

[As Swift and Hamilton both get back to their feet, Swift whips Hamilton into the far corner, causing her to hit hard. As Hamilton stumbles forward, Swift ducks down and tosses her over with a back body drop!]

GM: BIIIIIIIG BACK BODY DROP BY THE DREAM GIRL...

[Hamilton quickly gets to her feet, but is quickly sent down once again with a standing dropkick!]

GM: ...and a dropkick to boot! Skylar Swift is off to a hot start here on the Bayou!

[Swift then grabs Hamilton's right arm by the wrist and twists it over her head into an armwringer and pulls Hamilton over to her corner, where she tags in...]

Harley: "NO, NOT HER!"

GM: And there's the tag to Margarita Flores!

[The Tall Drink of Texas Water steps through the ropes, as Swift holds Hamilton's arm out for her. Flores hits a well-placed boot to Hamilton's bicep, as the Missouri-native grabs her arm in pain.]

GM: Flores with a kick to the arm...

[Flores then grabs Hamilton by the wrist and begins to kick at her midsection repeatedly!]

GM: OH! There's no love lost between these two! Margarita Flores and Harley Hamilton spent all summer and most of the fall battling with each other and they're picking up right where they left off!

[Driving Hamilton to her knees, Flores grins, before whipping Hamilton across the ring and into the far corner. She runs in and slams into Hamilton with an avalanche, before scooping her up...]

"THUUUUUUUD!"

[...and slamming her hard down onto the canvas!]

GM: BIG scoop and a slam by Margarita Flores and there's the cover... and Hamilton kicks out with plenty of time to spare.

[Flores rotates her shoulder and holds her right arm into the air to the cheers of the New Orleans crowd.]

GM: I think she's calling for the lariat!

BW: Already!?

[Flores waits for a dazed Hamilton to get to her feet, before charging in...]

GM: OHHH! NOBODY HOME! Hamilton side-steps out of the way and Flores hits the corner hard!

BW: That was waaaaay too soon to be going for a lariat. Flores' inexperience showing itself there.

[Big time boos!]

GM: And Harley Hamilton takes this opportunity to tag out to Cinder!

"MON THEN!"

[Cinder comes in a blazing ball of fire, arms and legs flailing wildly as she strikes at Flores with reckless abandon with forearms, elbows, knee strikes and kicks!]

GM: And look at Cinder go!

BW: She's all over her!

[However, it's unclear what effect the assault had on Flores, if any, as the fun-sized Scottish lass runs into the ropes and rebounds back... right into a massive shoulder tackle that sends her flying!]

GM: BIG SHOULDERBLOCK!

BW: Cinder almost got sent into the third row with that one!

[A fired up Flores does a double biceps pose at a bewildered Cinder, who quickly scrambles backwards into her corner.]

GM: Margarita Flores is having her way with Seductive & Destructive in there. She's just too much size, too much toughness, too much power-

BW: Too much power? I wouldn't speak so soon, Gordo.

[There's an awed hush in the crowd as Cinder rolls over to her corner and tags in Ayako Fujiwara. The Olympic Gold Medalist steps through the ropes slowly, her eyes laser-focused on Margarita Flores.]

GM: Business just picked up in a hurry, because Ayako Fujiwara is in!

BW: Flores might've been having her way with Harley and Cinder, but I guarantee you she ain't having her way with Ayako Fujiwara.

GM: They don't come much stronger than Ayako. Or much more skilled, either. This may be Margarita Flores' toughest challenge in an AWA ring, yet.

[Standing about a head shorter than Flores, Ayako Fujiwara is hardly intimidated. She walks right up to Flores, as the big Texan mouths some unheard words at the Japanese grappler. Suddenly, she shoves Fujiwara hard in the chest, before she raises her boot and kicks Fujiwara in the jaw!]

GM: Margarita Flores showing she's not backing down from Ayako Fujiwara or anybody else!

[The force of the kick backs up Fujiwara into the ropes...]

GM and BW: OHHH!

[...but she responds by rebounding off and shooting in, muscling a surprised Flores into the air with frightening ease and SLAMMING her down into the canvas with a double-leg takedown!]

GM: AYAKO FUJIWARA JUST SLAMMED DOWN MARGARITA FLORES! My stars, what power!

[Fujiwara quickly pops up to her feet and points an accusing finger at Michelle Bailey.]

Ayako: "WHERE'S TRISH!?!"

[Bailey shrugs an apology at Ayako, saying, "I had to do it... Please understand!" at her friend. Fujiwara shakes her head and points at Flores.]

Ayako: "Then tonight, SHE is Trish Wallace!"

[In the background, we can see and hear the squeals of delight coming from Seductive & Destructive, as Fujiwara turns her attention back towards Flores.]

GM: Did I hear that right? Did Ayako Fujiwara say that tonight, Margarita Flores is Trish Wallace?

[Michelle Bailey shouts after Ayako, yelling out something in Japanese that seems to give her pause. However, Fujiwara then shakes her head and angrily shouts a reply also in Japanese.]

GM: I'm not sure what they just said to each other, but Michelle Bailey looks like someone just punched her in the gut.

BW: Oh, it's pretty easy to figure out what they said to each other.

GM: I didn't think you spoke Japanese, Bucky.

BW: I don't... but Ayako's been waiting for her chance to get her hands on Trish Wallace for injuring Molly Bell for weeks and Michelle Bailey took that opportunity away from her. Friendship or not, that's gotta be a tough pill to swallow for Ayako. And if I was Margarita Flores, I bet she's gonna wish she wasn't in a few seconds!

[Straddling a kneeling Flores' back, Fujiwara uncharacteristically grabs a fistful of hair and pulls the Texan's head back...]

"SMAAAACCK!"

[...before slamming a forearm across the bridge of her nose!]

GM: OH! A stiff crossface forearm right to the face!

BW: Margie might have a broken nose or a busted cheek bone! That was brutal!

[Keeping her grip on Flores' hair, Fujiwara pulls her head back once again...]

"SMAAAACCK!"

[...and slams another forearm right across her face! This one causes even the members of own team to turn away in horror, as we can hear a stunned Casey Cash's cry of "Oh snap!"]

BW: Another crossface forearm!

"SMAAAACCK!"

"OHHHHHHHHH!!!"

BW: And another! The hardest one yet! If I'm Trish Wallace, I'm just thanking my lucky stars Michelle Bailey pulled me outta tonight's match and Margie's taking my beating for me!

GM: Referee Shari Miranda trying to restore some semblance of order here, telling Ayako Fujiwara to back away.

BW: Back away for what? Those forearms are perfectly legal, Gordo.

GM: I don't believe it's so much for the forearms as it is for the wrestler's safety. Margarita Flores may be seriously hurt!

[Heeding the referee's warning, Ayako backs away, as an annoyed Harley Hamilton, Cinder and Casey Cash implore her to keep beating on Margarita Flores. One glare from Fujiwara quickly shuts the trio up.]

GM: Shari Miranda making sure Margarita Flores is able to continue and Flores assures Miranda that she is.

BW: I bet Flores would say she's okay even if she wasn't. Those dumb Texans are always too tough for their own good!

GM: Would you stop?

[Getting back to her feet, a weary Flores motions for Fujiwara to bring it on, which the two-time Empress Cup winner is more than willing to oblige as she once again dives in for a double leg-takedown. However, this time Flores is ready and slams a meaty forearm across Fujiwara's back as she is lifted into the air, stunning the Japanese grappler. She slams another couple of clubbing forearms down across Fujiwara's back.]

GM: Margarita Flores fighting back!

[Flores sets Fujiwara up for a vertical suplex and lifts her up high into the air...]

GM: She's got Fujiwara up...

"THHHUUUD!"

GM: ...HIGH VERTICAL SUPLEX!

[However, almost as soon as Fujiwara's back hits the canvas...]

"OOHHH!"

BW: She's back up... AYAKO'S BACK UP!

GM: MARGARITA FLORES DOESN'T SEE HER!

[Too busy exchanging words with Harley Hamilton, Margarita Flores doesn't hear the words of warning from her teammates or from the crowd as a frighteningly determined Ayako Fujiwara comes up from behind and wraps her arms around the La Feria, Texas native's waist. A wide-eyed look of shock crosses Flores' face, before she is lifted high into the air...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!!!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

[...and dropped on the back of her head and neck by a release German suplex!]

GM: OH MY STARS! Ayako Fujiwara just suplexed Margarita Flores out of her boots!

BW: They don't call her Miss Germany for nothing, Gordo! She did it to Flores and she did it with ease!

GM: I don't know if it's because Laura Davis lit a fire inside of her, but I don't think I've EVER seen Ayako Fujiwara this dominating.

BW: Think of everything she's gone through recently: Ayako was traded to her arch-rival's team in Steal the Spotlight, she had to witness Trish Wallace severely injure her close companion, Molly Bell, and then to top it all off, Michelle Bailey, her supposed good friend was not only the one who traded her, she was also the one that denied her the opportunity at vengeance against Wallace! I think she just finally had enough. We all have our breaking points, Gordo... you of all people should know that!

GM: You got me there, Bucky.

[Fujiwara then turns to the crowd and raises her hands into the air, clasping her hands together. She then brings her arms down to about shoulder-level and slowly motions like she's torquing back on someone's neck as we can hear Michelle Bailey yell, "Ayako, no!"]

GM: I think Ayako just signaled for The Twister!

BW: If she gets that locked in, it's all over but the shouting! Every time I've seen that hold locked in, it's always been dang near an instant tapout!

[Fujiwara drops down to the canvas and prepares to lock Flores into her version of the spinal crank submission. However, before she can clasp her hands together and wrench at Flores' neck, she finds herself being stomped by Michelle Bailey!]

GM: No! Michelle Bailey breaks it up!

BW: She knows how dangerous that hold is, Gordo. Every second Margarita Flores would've been locked into The Twister would've brought her that much closer to being laid up in a hospital bed and put in traction. She wasn't only thinking about saving this match, she was thinking about keeping Margarita Flores healthy for SuperClash!

GM: I don't think Ayako sees it that way; she's reading Michelle Bailey the riot act!

BW: It's been nothing but a series of betrayals by Michelle Bailey towards Ayako... I wouldn't be surprised if she's the next one to find herself on the wrong end of a suplex or three from an Olympic Gold Medalist!

[A visibly conflicted Michelle Bailey throws up her hands in the air and says "I had to do it!" to her friend, who shakes her head angrily and turns her back on her. Meanwhile, in her corner, an opportunistic Harley Hamilton is bouncing up and down, suddenly very eager to enter the match.]

Harley: "TAG ME IN, SENPAI!"

[Big time boos!]

GM: And there's the tag to Harley Hamilton, who undoubtedly loves what she sees inside the ring.

[Like a shark smelling blood, Hamilton excitedly enters the ring and leaps into the air, winding up her arm as she does so... and drops an elbow right across Margarita Flores' back!]

GM: OH! A leaping elbowdrop finds its mark!

[Hamilton then grabs one of Flores' legs and kicks at it repeatedly, before twisting around it with a spinning toehold and sitting down hard on it!]

GM: OH! Harley Hamilton is working over Margarita Flores' right leg now, undoubtedly looking to soften her up for that Indian Deathlock she loves to use.

BW: Michelle Bailey saved Flores once, but she's gotta realize every single person standing across the ring from her is capable of locking in a submission hold nasty enough to force a tapout from someone as big n' tough as Flores!

[Hamilton then gets back to her feet with a hold still on Flores' leg, before spinning to the side and wrenching her knee with a grounded Dragon screw leg whip!]

GM: Harley Hamilton is relentless on that knee, doing everything possible to damage it!

[Hamilton gets to her feet, wrapping Flores' legs around her own. A sadistic smile forms on her face as she stands there for a moment with Flores' legs still entangled with her own... before she bridges back, applying tremendous torque on the Texan's knees!]

GM: AND THERE IT IS! THE INDIAN DEATHLOCK! Margarita Flores must be in unimaginable pain!

BW: That's the same hold that her daddy's used to win titles and end careers all over the world, Gordo!

[Hamilton breaks the bridge and drops into a seated position, where she begins to berate Flores, with Cinder and Casey Cash joining in.]

Harley: "You're nothing, Margie! Your win was a total fluke! I've always been better than you!"

Cinder: "Break 'er leg, Harley! Give'er a gammie leg!"

Casey Cash: "Goooooooooooo Harley!"

[An infuriated Flores swipes at Hamilton, who avoids the blow and laughs at Flores as she clamps down on the hold even harder.]

GM: Margarita Flores is going to have find a way of this hold and fast, or this is going to be a very quick night for her and her team.

BW: Can you imagine? Michelle Bailey makes her big hometown return and she never even makes it into the ring!

[Fighting the pain, Flores grits her teeth and crawls towards the ropes...]

GM: Margarita Flores is trying to make it to the ropes; she's refusing to submit!

[...and with one last gasp, she grabs onto the bottom rope!]

GM: She made it to the ropes!

[Boos!]

GM: But Harley Hamilton isn't releasing the hold!

[The crowd jeers as the second generation wrestler keeps the Indian Deathlock on, milking every last second of the Shari Miranda's five count, before she breaks the hold.]

GM: Harley Hamilton was flirting with a disqualification there, ignoring the referee's five count.

BW: If they're gonna give you five seconds, you might as well take all five. That's just smart.

[Hamilton goes to continue her attack, but is suddenly stopped by Cinder, who has her hand stretched out for the tag.]

Cinder: "Lemme have a go at'er!"

[Smirking, Hamilton walks over to her bestie and tags her in to a chorus of boos.]

GM: And in comes Cinder, obviously up to no good.

[Harley and Cinder pull Margarita Flores to her feet and each grab an arm, whipping her hard into their corner. Cinder lets loose with a piercing, high-pitched shriek before she charges in and splashes into Flores' midsection with a crossbody block...]

GM: We've seen this before!

[...that allows her to cleanly roll off and back down onto the canvas on all fours, as Hamilton then rushes in, using her as a stepladder to launch herself high into the air and smash a Superwomen forearm strike into Margarita Flores' jaw! The impact sends Flores slumping down to the canvas.]

BW: That was the destruction, Gordo...

[Seductive & Destructive then celebrate, with Hamilton holding out her arms and striking a pose in the middle of the ring as Cinder "seductively" crawls underneath her legs to a mountain of boos from the crowd and the excited squeals of Casey Cash.]

BW: ...and here comes the seduction! Woooo!

[As Hamilton exits the ring, Cinder pulls Flores from out of the corner and drops down for the pin.]

GM: There's the pin... no! Margarita Flores kicks out! She's not out of this on yet, folks.

BW: Considering the beating she's taken so far, maybe it's smarter to live to fight another day. I'm not sure if she's even gonna make it to SuperClash at this rate!

[Looking annoyed, Cinder stomps away at Flores, before turning to her corner..]

Cinder: "HEY HARLEY, WATCH THIS!!!"

[Dropping down to the canvas, Cinder seats herself behind a prone Flores and uses her legs to scissor around the big Texan's arms and pin them back into what is essentially a double armbar. She then reaches back and grabs Flores' right ankle, slamming down a couple of well-placed elbows to Flores' exposed ribs so she is free to then PULL the leg over her head, bending Flores into an ungodly angle!]

"OHHHHHH!!!"

GM: OH MY STARS! I don't even know how to describe what I'm seeing... I've never seen this hold done before!

BW: Cinder's twisted her into a dang pretzel, Gordon!

[Sensing that there's probably no escape to this hold, Michelle Bailey and Skylar Swift then both enter the ring, breaking up the hold with kicks to Cinder's exposed back.]

GM: Margarita Flores' teammates save her once again, but I don't know how much more punishment she can take.

BW: They had no choice but to save her that time. Not only have we never seen a submission hold like that, but I doubt anyone even knows an escape for it!

[An annoyed Cinder holds the small of her back as she yells at Bailey and Swift.]

Cinder: "SHUT IT, YA REPROBATES!"

[She turns her attention back towards Margarita Flores, who stops her momentarily with a fist to the midsection from her knees. Cinder fires back, nailing Flores with a flurry of forearm strikes, before running into the ropes...]

"SMAAAACCCK!"

[...and blasting Flores across the mat with a big boot. The blow causes Flores to sway back, but not fall. Looking annoyed, Cinder once again backs into the ropes and moves in forward looking for another big boot...]

GM: OH!!! Margarita Flores has Cinder high into the air!

"THHHUUUUUD!"

GM: And she just slammed her down with a spinebuster!

[Shari Miranda begins to administer a ten count, as Flores begins to crawl over to her corner, where Michelle Bailey and Skylar Swift are eagerly waiting for the tag. Cinder also begins to stir, rolling over onto her stomach and crawling towards her own corner, where Ayako Fujiwara and Harley Hamilton await her.]

GM: It's a race to the corners! Can Margarita Flores make a much needed tag?

BW: Flores is so tall, she's just gotta stretch her arm out to make a tag!

[Flores pulls herself toward her corner and lifts her arm to make the tag to Michelle Bailey...]

"OHHHHHH!"

[...only to be grabbed around the ankles and pulled away from her corner by Ayako Fujiwara at the last possible moment, drawing a roar of boos!]

GM: Inches away! Michelle Bailey was inches away from finally getting into this match, but Ayako Fujiwara tags in and stops it!

BW: The fans here thought they were gonna finally get to see their hometown girl and they're are about to lose their minds!

[However, as Fujiwara drags Flores away, the tall Texan shoots out a boot that catches Ayako under the jaw, stunning her. And then with a remarkable show of leg strength, she shoves Fujiwara right off her! Flores then makes a desperate lunge...]

GM: SKYLAR SWIFT IS IN!

[...tagging in Skylar Swift to a somewhat disappointed reaction from the crowd. Swift ascends the top turnbuckle, as Fujiwara rises to her feet...]

GM: MISSILE DROPKICK FINDS ITS MARK! ONE! TWO! -NO!

[Swift slams her hands down in frustration on the canvas, but goes back to the top turnbuckle. She motions for Fujiwara to get to her feet before leaping off once more, with a flying crossbody block!]

GM: HIGH CROSSBODY! There's the one, the two... and another kickout!

[Looking to keep Fujiwara off balance with her speed, Swift once again climbs the turnbuckles...]

GM: The Canadian Dream Girl is going up top again!

BW: But Fujiwara is right back up too. Swift better hurry up!

[...but Swift is a step too slow as Fujiwara lunges forward, shoving her off the top and down onto a knee on the apron!]

GM: OH! Skylar Swift went to the well one too many times and pays for it there!

[The Olympic Gold Medalist then climbs up onto the second rope, reaching over and pulling Swift to her feet. She grasps her hands around The Canadian Dream Girl's waist, looking for what looks to be a Mt. Fuji superplex back into the ring as the crowd gasps in shock.]

GM: Is Ayako Fujiwara looking to German SUPERPLEX Skylar Swift back into the ring!? You have to be kidding me!

BW: No way! Nooooo way! This might put Swift out of commission permanently!

[Ayako manages to lift Swift into the air, but Swift hits one, two, three back elbows that cause Fujiwara to release her hold on her and set her back onto the ring apron.]

GM: Swift fights her way out of it! Saving herself from serious-

[Swift then grabs a hold of the top rope and leaps into the air...]

"SMAAAAACK!"

[...and catches Fujiwara right under the chin with a leaping enzuigiri that sends her falling back into the ring!]

GM: OH! Ayako takes a hard fall!

[Swift takes a moment on the outside to recover, shaking out her knee from the fall to the apron.]

GM: Skylar Swift has made it quite clear she's looking for a big night at Steal The Spotlight, looking to get herself back into the picture for the Women's World Title. Tonight, she might be hoping for some much-needed momentum...

[With a wave to the crowd, Swift grabs hold of the top rope, looking to springboard back in...]

GM: Swift coming in big!

[...but Fujiwara gets back to her feet and rushes back towards Skylar, rocking her with an elbow strike!]

GM: OHH! Fujiwara cuts that off! Swift is stunned with that and... what's this now?

[Ayako yanks Swift over the top rope and onto her shoulders into a fireman's carry.]

GM: Fujiwara is relentless!

[With Swift held across her shoulders, Fujiwara makes a guttural roar and shoves the Canadian Dream Girl's legs into the air, catching and holding her perfectly still into a vertical suplex position!]

GM: MY STARS! What power!

[However, Swift begins to kick her legs, disturbing Fujiwara's equilibrium until she manages to break free of the Japanese grappler's grasp and lands behind her. As Fujiwara spins around...]

"SMAAAAACK!"

[...Swift catches her with a superkick that staggers her!]

GM: OH! A superkick from Skylar Swift!

"SMAAAAACK!"

GM: Make it two!

BW: But Ayako's still on her feet!

[Seeing her opening, Swift then switches the positioning of her feet, before leaping into the air and going into a full spin roundhouse kick...]

GM: BEAUTIFUL DREAMER- NO! Ducked!

[But Swift manages to land on her feet. So just as Fujiwara spins around...]

"SMAAAACK!"

GM: A THIRD superkick finds its mark!

[The force of the superkick sends Fujiwara staggering backwards into the ropes, but she rebounds off and suddenly explodes forward, nearly turning Swift inside-out with a crooked-arm lariat, before collapsing onto the canvas herself!]

GM: OH! But Fujiwara comes firing back with one heck of a clothesline! Both women are down!

BW: And listen to this crowd, Gordo! They want Michelle Bailey in there!

GM: They certainly do! Bailey has spent the entire match on the ring apron... she hasn't logged a single second of in-ring time!

[Molly Bell slams her hands(paws) on the ring apron, imploring Ayako to get up, while Skylar Swift begins to stir, turning towards her corner, where Michelle Bailey is eagerly holding out her hand for the tag! Realizing Ayako Fujiwara isn't going to get up in time to make a tag or prevent Swift from making the tag to Bailey, Seductive & Destructive both enter the ring to stop Swift...

BIG ROAR FROM THE CROWD!

...but they're too late!]

GM: SHE'S IN! MICHELLE BAILEY IS IN THE MATCH!

BW: And she's cleaning house!

[Indeed, Bailey leaps right into action, striking everything that moves. She staggers Cinder with a leaping knee strike, before ducking under a roaring elbow from Harley Hamilton and cracking her in the side of the head with a high roundhouse!]

"WHAAACK!"

"OHHHHHH!"

[She then turns her attention back to Cinder, blasting her with a bicycle kick! As Cinder staggers backwards towards the ropes, we suddenly see Margarita Flores sneaking up behind her, grabbing her by the ankles and pulling her out of the ring!]

GM: OUT GOES CINDER!

[Flores then begins to batter Cinder around the ringside area, as we see Bailey then wind up and proceed to light Harley Hamilton up with a flurry of chops, her arm slowly becoming a literal blur as she tenderizes the Natural Born Legend's chest into a bright red mess!]

"SMAAAACK!"

"SMAAAACK!"

"SMAAAACK!"

"SMAAAACK!"

"SMAAAACK!"

"SMAAAACK!"

"SMAAAACK!"

"SMAAAACK!"

[And with a furious finish, Bailey then goes into a full spin...]

"SMAAACK!" "SMAAACK!"

[... and chops down Harley Hamilton with a discus double chop to the chest!]

GM: MICHELLE BAILEY IS GOING WILD HERE IN NEW ORLEANS AND THE CROWD IS LOVING IT!

[Basking in the cheers of the crowd, Michelle then retreats to her corner and crouches down, waiting for Harley Hamilton to rise to her feet.]

GM: Michelle Bailey is setting up for the Britney Spear and if she hits it, I think the the roof may blow off the Superdome!

BW: Literally?

GM: No, not literally!

BW: I was gonna say - she should save it for Thursday then and save them some money when they blow up the Georgia Dome!

[As Hamilton rises to her feet, she slowly turns around, her eyes opening wide with shock as she sees Michelle Bailey barreling towards her at full speed...]

GM: OH!

[...only to be shoved out of the way at the last second by Ayako Fujiwara! Michelle Bailey pulls up as best as she can, but still collides into her friend, who shoves her off her!]

GM: Ayako Fujiwara just saved Harley Hamilton from a Britney Spear and Michelle Bailey looks like she's just seen a ghost!

BW: I told you earlier, Gordo... Ayako wanted revenge on Trish Wallace and Michelle Bailey took that away from her! And if Ayako can't take out her frustrations on Trish, Michelle is the next best thing!

GM: Will you listen to yourself, these are two close friends! No one wants to see them fight!

BW: Speak for yourself!

[Michelle gets right back into Ayako's face, audibly asking "Anata no mondai wa nandesuka!?" in Japanese. Ayako gives Michelle a smirk...]

"OHHHHHHHHH!!!"

[...before slamming a foot into Michelle's chest and sending her flying backwards into the corner with a push kick!]

BW: They don't look so friendly now!

GM: Wait, Skylar Swift just tagged herself in!

[With Michelle dazed in the corner, Skylar Swift slaps her on the shoulder, tagging herself back into the match. She steps through the ropes and charges at Ayako Fujiwara, throwing herself into a spin wheel kick...

...only to be caught! Fujiwara cradles Swift in her arms and takes a step forward, before dropping her spine-first across her knee!]

GM: OH! A brutal backbreaker from Fujiwara!

[Meanwhile on the outside of the ring, Margarita Flores has lined Cinder up for a lariat...]

"CLAAANK!"

"OHHHHH!"

[...but Cinder moves out of the way, causing Flores' arm to meet nothing but the cold steel of the ringpost!]

BW: MARGARITA FLORES IS DOWN!

[Back inside the ring, Fujiwara pulls a hurting Swift off the canvas by the hair. However, Swift shoves Ayako off her and then leaps into the air, catching Fujiwara in the ear with an enzuigiri!]

GM: Big shot on Fujiwara! Swift creating some space and...

[Fujiwara staggers backward, as Swift rises back to her feet...]

GM: HARLEY HAMILTON!

[...only to be struck in the throat by Hamilton! She immediately grabs her windpipe, gasping for air, as we see Hamilton clearly toss something out of the ring. Swift is then doubled over by a kick to the gut...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

BW: HOT GIRL STUNNER! HOT GIRL STUNNER!

[The rebound from the move sends Swift falling back, right into the arms of Ayako Fujiwara! Fujiwara reaches down, lifting Swift's right leg into the shape of a "4", before lifting Swift into the air...]

"THHHUUUUUUUUUUUDDDD!!!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

[...and tossing her over the head with a leg-captured German suplex that drops the Canadian Dream Girl right onto her neck as Fujiwara bridges for the pin!]

GM: OH MY STARS AND GARTERS! Was that a figure-four German suplex!?

BW: Whatever it is, that's gotta be the end of the match!

[Shari Miranda drops down to make the count, as Michelle Bailey tries to make the save... only to be tripped and pulled out of the ring by Cinder on the outside!]

GM: There's the one, the two... three!

"DING! DING! DING!"

RO: Your winners of the match... the team of AYAKO FUJIWARA, HARLEY HAMILTON, AND CIIIIIIINDER!

[The crowd boos loudly at the result as Seductive & Destructive swarm Ayako, celebrating the greatness of their "senpai". Ayako rolls her eyes at the festivities, petting Molly Bell on the head as the rest of her teammates go crazy.]

GM: A big win going into SuperClash and you have to wonder just what Team Bailey's chances are in Steal the Spotlight after they've lost to Team Davis yet again.

BW: Just look at the team right now... there's medics all around the ringside area tending to Flores and Swift! I think their chances were slim and none and slim just left the building!

GM: Team Bailey has an uphill battle for sure, but for now, the momentum without a doubt belongs to Team Davis.

[As the ring is being cleared, we see Michelle Bailey grabs Fujiwara by the wrist, asking her to stay present for a moment.]

GM: Michelle Bailey asking Ayako Fujiwara to stay behind...

BW: What for? Is she going to try and talk things out?

[We see Bailey motioning that Swift was hit in the throat, then Bailey points to Hamilton on the outside. Hamilton and Cinder raise their hands in denial, along with Casey Cash on the outside. As Bailey motions to Cash, Molly Bell bonks her head against Bailey's other hand, and Bailey nonchalantly gives her an ear scratch.]

GM: Bailey is telling Fujiwara that Harley Hamilton hit Skylar Swift in the throat with some kind of object!

BW: How do we know that? Maybe she's just trying to mend fences by getting on Fujiwara's good side, petting that dumb cat that always follows her around.

GM: You and I can both see what Michelle was doing and exactly who she was pointing at. Wait... hang on, I'm being told one of our camera operators managed to catch something.

[A replay starts to air showing Casey Cash reaching into her top and pulling a metal straw out from her bra strap, handing it to Hamilton moments before Hamilton struck Swift's throat.]

GM: Look at that, Bucky! When Hamilton hit Swift, she hit her in the throat with that metal straw!

BW: What? My monitor went out for a moment, I missed it!

[We cut back to the ring, where Bailey points to the big screen frantically. Fujiwara glares down at her teammates and their accomplice, who do the only thing they really can do upon realizing they've been caught redhanded...

...they run away.]

GM: Harley Hamilton and Cinder showing that there is no level they won't stoop to to achieve victory... and I hope Team Bailey keeps that in mind going into Thursday night and Steal The Spotlight. Fans, we'll be right back.

[Fujiwara stomps up the ramp after her partners as 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 on the ring, we can hear the sounds of Pat Benatar's "Outlaw Blues" playing over the PA system as the original Outlaw of Professional Wrestling, John Wesley Hardin stands center ring. Hardin is in much better shape than we saw him at Eternally Extreme 2 - that much is obvious. He's slimmed down, just the slightest hint of a whiskey and beer belly underneath his white button dress shirt which is paired with blue jeans, cowboy boots, and a black Stetson hat pulled down low to give him that high plains drifter kinda look. A mic is gripped in his hand as the music starts to fade.]

JWH: Casey James... my son.

[Hardin chuckles softly.]

JWH: You've been waitin' half your damn life to hear me say that, haven't you? My son. For twenty damn years you've been dyin' to hear that come out of my mouth. Hell, you're even out here these days with your own damn kid tryin' to follow in your footsteps and you're still lookin' for the dear ol' daddy you always wanted.

Newsflash, kid... I ain't your daddy.

[Hardin grins as the crowd jeers.]

JWH: Hell, I ain't Sandra Hayes' daddy for the record but that's besides the point. The point is... Casey, you've been chasin' a ghost for twenty years.

See, back then... back in our days in Portland and South Laredo and Los Angeles and anywhere else they'd pay us to bust skulls and make people bleed... you did everything you ever could think of to impress me. You betrayed your friends. You won championship gold. You took on the "most evil man in wrestling."

Hell, you even kidnapped a man's dog.

[A few shouts of "KAUFFMAN!" ring out as Hardin nods.]

JWH: You were good, kid. You were almost the best.

[He holds up two fingers an inch apart.]

JWH: But you weren't better than the best.

[He jerks a thumb at himself.]

JWH: You weren't a notch above the rest.

You weren't the Outlaw.

[Hardin grins.]

JWH: Boy, you sure wanted to be though... and even after I had hung 'em up... even after I was long gone from this business... when I'd gone home and was makin' a million without breakin' my body, you were still thinkin' about me. Thinkin' about a way to beat me... thinkin' about a way to BE me.

But you just couldn't get there.

The World Champion, yeah. The King of the Death Match, sure.

But not the Outlaw... never the Outlaw.

[Hardin leans over the ropes, looking at the camera.]

JWH: It just burned your ass I left that name to Taylor and not you, didn't it? You thought you deserved it... that it was almost your birthright.

You thought you earned it and it killed you that I thought someone else earned it more.

[Hardin shrugs.]

JWH: You two have kissed and made up now... brothers in blood... that's cute. But I was watching when you tried to kill him for that name... lit his damn head on fire... and then he dropped a lighting rig on you for it.

All for a name.

[He pauses.]

JWH: The most important name in wrestling history, I 'spose. Keep your Epitome of Evils. Your Butchers. Your White Knights.

People would kill to be the Outlaw... and you both tried.

But no matter how much you tried... how much ass you kicked... how much blood you spilled... how many damn fingers you lost...

...you just couldn't do it.

[Hardin smirks.]

JWH: You failed me as the son you wanted to be. You failed me as the Outlaw you wanted to be.

And so when I showed my face at Eternally Extreme after telling promoters for twenty years where they could stick their money... you just couldn't resist.

One more chance to prove me wrong. One more chance to show me who and what you were all along.

One more chance to be the Outlaw... to be the son you thought I wanted.

[The Outlaw points at the camera.]

JWH: But I never wanted you, Casey. While you spent twenty years thinkin' of me every day, livin' in my shadow... I left you as nothing but a distant memory the moment I walked away.

You were nothing to me, Blackheart. Nothing.

Not my son. Not my namesake. Not even an ol' pal I reminisced about the good ol' days with.

Not a [BLEEP] damned thing.

But the moment you clenched that fist and stuck it...

[He taps his heart.]

JWH: ...right here in Philly, you became something to me.

My last victim.

One more time. One more time to saddle up that horse, slap on these boots and this Stetson and walk that aisle. One more time to beat a man bloody. One more time to beat a man within an inch of his life.

One more time to drop a son of a bitch on his head... bend his neck to the verge of breakin'...

One more time.

One more time.

[Hardin glares into the camera.]

JWH: One more time to show each and every person watchin' that they can forget about Casey James... they can forget about Bobby Taylor... they can forget about all the damned pretenders this sport's seen since I've been gone...

One more time to show everyone who the [BLEEP] damned Outlaw really is.

And in Toronto, Casey...

[Hardin's words trail off as a lone figure appears at the top of the aisle, dressed in black from head to toe - with the very familiar duster and Outlaw mask.]

GM: We've got company, fans.

[The masked man keeps on walking, stopping about halfway down the ramp to cross their arms and stand there menacingly. Hardin smirks at the sight, shaking his head.]

JWH: And there's our boy now, wearin' my skin. Kid, that's a skin I shed a lifetime ago, maybe you'd be best to...

[Hardin trails off again as another figure, roughly the same size and build (which we should note is a very Casey James looking shape) and also wearing a black duster and Outlaw mask appears at the head of the aisle. Hardin smirks, though not quite as confidently as before.]

JWH: Well, I'm glad to see you finally decided to bring some-a your head games. I was startin' to think you'd gone...

[Hardin's words pause again as he looks away from the aisle and starts staring into the crowd...]

BW: What the...?!

[The shot cuts from hard camera to ringside, and there standing amongst the fans are about a half dozen people wearing black dusters and Outlaw masks. Hardin looks a little uneasy now, shaking his head, wiping his hand across his mouth.]

JWH: Where... where'd you find all these losers, huh?! Kid?! I didn't think you had this many friends...

[And as the shot cuts back to the hard camera, we can now see dozens of people in the crowd on all sides of the ring - all in black dusters and Outlaw masks...

...and as the camera pulls back wider, we see they're far from alone.]

BW: Look at this, Gordo!

GM: I see it.

BW: There's... there's gotta be a hundred of them! Maybe more! They're everywhere!

GM: Casey James has been known at times to be a master of the mindgames and from the look on John Wesley Hardin's face, the Blackheart has struck once again here tonight in New Orleans!

BW: But which one of these is Casey?!

GM: I haven't got a clue... and neither does Hardin! Look at him!

[Hardin tugs nervously at his collar, pulling hard enough to send buttons flying as his shirt rips halfway open.]

JWH: You want to play games now, kid?! Huh?!

[Hardin looks around anxiously as we see more Masked Outlaws arrive in the aisle, joining the first two on the ramp.]

JWH: You think this is funny?! This don't mean a damn thing! NOTHING!

[He jerks around wildly, throwing a glance over his shoulder where we see more Outlaws in the front row near the barricade.]

JWH: You think you're gettin' in my head, kid?! Well, you ain't! Not by a long shot! You want to play games?! You want to play hide and seek?! HUH?!

[Hardin angrily steps through the ropes to the outside, tossing the mic down as he does. He stomps towards the railing, facing off with a line of a half dozen Masked Outlaws, all identical in shape and size. The camera pulls closer to catch a wild-eyed Hardin off-mic.]

"Which one is it?! Which one of you is James?!"

[Hardin fakes a lunge at one...

...and then grabs the one next to him, grabbing them by the collar of the duster with one hand, he pulls the mask off with the other, revealing...]

BW: Who the heck is that?

GM: I have no idea... but it's not Casey James.

[Some poor looking schlub who is James-sized raises his hands, begging off as Hardin shoves him down into an empty front row seat.]

"I GOT ALL THE TIME IN THE WORLD, JAMES!"

[Hardin eyeballs the next one... then the next... then the one after that...]

"You think I can't smoke you out, kid?! I know you're here somewhere!

[He grabs another Outlaw, ragdolling him a few times before yanking the mask off by the eyeholes...

...to reveal another "not Casey James." Hardin swears loud enough to get a momentary muting as he kicks the railing in front of him with a cowboy-boot.]

"DAMN IT! Come on, James! Show yourself, you yellow-bellied lil' sh-"

[He grabs another one, yanking and pulling at the mask...]

GM: It's still not the Blackheart!

BW: Is Hardin going to go through all of them?!

[Hardin grimaces, stomping away from the railing, throwing his arms wide.]

"I CAN DO THIS ALL NIGHT, JAMES! WHERE ARE YA, BOY?! YA BETTER HURRY UP AND JUMP ME FROM BEHIND BEFORE I FIND YOU!"

[He grabs another Outlaw from a different section of seating, this guy actually begging off before Hardin even gets the mask off.]

"Pathetic!"

[He shoves the pasty-skinned lump of humanity down onto his back on the floor.]

"Shoulda dropped the cash for some fighters, Blackheart!"

[Hardin whips around again, grabbing another one by the head...

...and violently YANKS him over the railing, throwing him down on the floor where he starts stomping them!]

"I KNEW IT! I GOTCHA, YOU LITTLE-"

[But while Hardin is stomping a masked man, yet another one comes over the railing on the other side of the ring, diving under the bottom rope and taking his feet.]

BW: There he is, Gordo! There's Casey!

GM: Are you sure? How can you tell?!

[Hardin jerks clumsily around again, throwing a look at the guy he was just stomping and then up at the ring where the crowd is ROARING as the Masked Outlaw inside the ring points at Hardin, motioning for him to "bring it."]

"I knew it, boy! I knew you couldn't help yourself!"

[Not backing down, the near seven foot Hardin dives under the bottom rope, coming up to his feet, fists balled up and at the ready...

...with his discarded mic in one hand as he strides closer to the unmoving masked man.]

GM: Are you sure that's Casey James, Bucky?

BW: Of course I am! So is the Outlaw!

GM: Isn't he a little short for-

[Hardin raises the mic.]

JWH: If we're gonna do this... do me the courtesy of takin' that stupid thing off so I can see the look on your face when I slap the taste outta your mouth!

[The crowd "ooooohs" as the masked man nods slightly, lifting their hand to the back of the mask, and slowly starts to lift it...]

GM: The mask is coming off... slowly but surely...

[One might expect Casey's long blond hair and beard to come falling out of the mask, but that doesn't happen...]

[...and pulls it clear to reveal a familiar face to Hardin... but not the familiar face he was looking for...]

GM: IT'S TIGER CLAW!

[The crowd ROARS at the sight of perhaps the most dangerous man in wrestling.]

BW: WHAT?!

GM: Tiger Claw is here to help his friend and tag partner Casey James!

[Hardin backs off, hands raised in the internationally recognized gesture for "Woah now, hold on, I don't want any part of this fight."]

GM: And Hardin perhaps wisely backing down... he wants no part of a fight with Tiger Claw!

BW: Can you blame him?

[At this point, an attentive viewer might note that Hardin is positioned so that his back is to the aisle and a contemplative viewer might wonder if that was done on purpose. The attentive viewer would probably then point out that there's a figure sprinting down the aisle while Hardin's back is turned, so yes, the positioning was probably planned.]

GM: Bucky! Bucky!

[Hardin continues to try and dissuade Claw from attacking him as the man slides in, the crowd going nuts as we see the smirking face of Casey James standing behind an unaware JW Hardin.]

GM: James is in! Casey James is in and Hardin doesn't seem to...

[Gordon's words trail off as James' smirk spreads to Claw's face as well, causing Hardin to stop his negotiating. His shoulders slump a little bit at the moment where he realizes he's been caught, but he doesn't have much time to think about it before...]

GM: WAISTLOCK!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The mighty powerhouse LAUNCHES Hardin overhead, dumping him down high upon his shoulders!]

GM: GERMAN SUPLEX! NEARLY ON TOP OF HIS HEAD!

[Hardin rolls through it, grabbing at his neck as he struggles to get up off the canvas. James walks away, pumping his right arm a few times as he drops down into a three-point stance as a grinning Tiger Claw looks on...]

BW: Stay down, Outlaw!

GM: Hardin's dazed! He doesn't have a clue where-

[But as Hardin reaches his feet with the aid of the ropes, James comes barreling across just as Hardin pushes off them...]

GM: BLACK MASS CLOTHESLINE FROM THE BLACKHEART!

BW: It's a lariat, Gordo! You can't take down a building with a clothesline!

[While the Black Mass' ability to take down a building may be in question, it can definitely take down an Outlaw. Hardin lays on the mat, hurting but still conscious. He slowly drags himself to the corner while James grabs the dropped mic. The Blackheart advances on The Outlaw...]

CJ: I don't need your old gear any more, old man...

[James gives a sweeping look to the crowd, then back at Hardin...]

CJ: Because I'm the BLACKHEART...

[Casey gets right in Hardin's face]

CJ: ...BITCH!

[Dirty word pop!]

CJ: And as much as I'd like to finish the job tonight, cowboy, I'm gonna wait until we're in Toronto.

Nobody else... Me and you... Outlaw Rules.

[Another HUGE cheer goes up from the New Orleans crowd!]

CJ: You always said you got a place reserved in hell for you. I'm gonna be the one to send you to fill it.

See you at SuperClash, chump!

[Casey throws the mic down to the mat and the crowd roars. The Blackheart looks over to his tag partner, and both he and Claw share a nod before casually leaving the ring and heading up the aisle. Hardin makes a picture perfect "you won this time, but I'll get you" villain face as he watches them leave...]

GM: Wow! Casey James getting one over on JW Hardin just five days before they collide in Toronto... and my stars, it's gonna be Outlaw Rules!

BW: Which essentially means - there ARE no rules!

GM: We saw last year in this very city what in the world Casey James can do when there are no rules holding him down - in five days, John Wesley Hardin's comeback may come to a devastating crashing halt!

[Hardin is up on his hip, leaning through the ropes as James and Claw depart, vengeance in his eyes as...

...we fade from the chaotic scene to the very familiar studio shot filled with television monitors that can only mean the return of the SuperClash Control Center. And in case there's any doubt...]

"We now bring you the SuperClash IX Control Center... and here's your host... Mark Stegklet!"

[We cut to a different shot of the Control Center, a bank of monitors behind a grinning Mark Stegklet with the SuperClash IX graphic hanging over his shoulder.]

MS: Hello everyone and with just five days to go, it's my honor to be here for the final SuperClash IX Control Center of the year. Five days and counting... Thanksgiving night... and for the first time in many years, the American Wrestling Alliance will be landing in TWO hubs of professional wrestling action - the Rogers Centre in Toronto, Ontario, Canada and the soon-to-be-imploded Georgia Dome in Atlanta, G-A!

And my job is to run down all of the incredible action on the books for this mega-event coming up this Thursday night.

[Stegglet turns slightly as the graphic stays with him on this new camera shot.]

MS: This spectacular lineup has been coming together for weeks upon weeks now but we can now tell you - with the exception of learning who the two remaining

competitors in WarGames will be - this show is locked in! The lineup is complete and let's take a look at everything we've got in store for all of our amazing fans all over the world both live in the stadiums and right on your living room couch only on Pay Per View!

[Stegglet holds up a finger.]

MS: But before we go onto Pay Per View, let's talk about Thursday afternoon when the AWA goes on the air one whole hour before SuperClash rings the opening bell for a very special edition of the Pre-Show Power Hour! We'll have previews, interviews, and two big matches...

[The graphic changes.]

MS: First off, we heard the challenge both issued and accepted earlier tonight and now it's official - Victoria June will take on Charisma Knight in a long-awaited grudge match!

[And then again.]

MS: And we've got this big Open Invitational Battle Royal with a grand prize of fifty thousand dollars and a future shot at the AWA World Television Title! We know "Golden" Grant Carter is in... we know Curtis Kestrel is in... we know Atlas Armstrong is in... and that's just the beginning, fans. I can now confirm that we'll see all three members of The Summit are in... Takeshi Mifune is in... both members of Ringkrieger are in... Incendio... and so many more. This should be a hot start to a big night of AWA action.

[Stegglet turns back to the original shot, the graphic switching.]

MS: And then onto the big show itself... the Greatest Show on Earth, SuperClash IX. Let's run it down... how about this huge six man tag team showdown with perhaps the most successful trio in pro wrestling history, the Dogs of War, taking on the international sensation, the Kabukicho Assassination Maniac Squad! We'll see just what Paris Crawford brings to the mix Thursday night.

[The graphic changes to show the next match.]

MS: Is it a mismatch? One former World Champion says absolutely not as the son of Dave Bryant - Brett Bryant - makes his in-ring debut for the AWA when he takes on the dominant and undefeated Max Magnum in one-on-one action... and for the first time since his debut, Magnum will be all alone in Toronto. His manager, Stevie Scott, will be in Atlanta to compete in WarGames which means Magnum will not have his trusted associate to rely on when he meets the young Bryant. Will that be enough to open a window for Brett Bryant to end the streak of Magnum? We'll find out in five days.

[Another switch of the graphic.]

MS: AWA Original City Jack climbs into a SuperClash ring for the final team when he teams with his son, Landon Grant, to take on the newly-christened Shot Callers - the duo of Alexander Kingsley and Curt Sawyer.

[And another.]

MS: Another one we found out about earlier tonight - the Desperadoes squad of the World Television Champion Odin Gunn, the masked Texas Ranger, and wrestling legend "Curly" Bill Webb team up to take on the unlikely trio of Whaitiri, Plemos, and Omega!

[And again.]

MS: It'll be hotly contested singles action between these two former allies when Raphael Rhodes collides with the Sin City Savior himself, Sid Osborne, in a battle that has gotten very, very personal in recent weeks.

[And again.]

MS: In the first of four big title matches, we'll see the National Title defended when Jackson Hunter does battle with the man he was hoping to get on his side - Jordan Ohara. Can the Phoenix overcome the numbers game that Blake Colton brings to the aid of the Canadian champion?

[Stegglet grins as the graphic changes.]

MS: Boy oh boy, am I looking forward to this one - it'll be history... or is it HERstory... made in Atlanta with the first ever women's Steal The Spotlight matchup. Laura Davis leads a squad of Harley Hamilton, Cinder, Ayako Fujiwara, former champion Lauryn Rage, and Donna Martinelli to take on Michelle Bailey's team of Kelly Kowalski, Kylie Kujawa, Trish Wallace, Skylar Swift, and Margarita Flores. That one - an annual SuperClash tradition - will be fought under eliminations rules and the last woman standing will win a contract for a future matchup of her choice.

[And again.]

MS: It promises to be a night of wild action and perhaps no action will be wilder than that that goes down inside the Rottweiler's Cage. We've been waiting for weeks now to see if the GFC and the AWA could come to an agreement and now they have. A special cage constructed specifically for this match - No Holds Barred! And now we're also being told that this match will have a special guest referee! Neither the GFC nor the AWA were willing to let the others referee be the man in the middle of this caged conflict so now we're told the man in stripes will be none other than former GFC cagefighter and current CCW competitor, Jesus Valiente! No one knows the cage better than Valiente and I can't wait to see him try to keep those two under control in there.

[And again.]

MS: In what might be the biggest clash of in-ring technicians in years, it'll be former two-time AWA World Champion Supreme Wright taking on a former World Champion and Hall of Famer in Jeff "Madfox" Matthews. This one started with a betrayal back at Eternally Extreme II in July and has led to what should be a hard-hitting battle Thursday night.

[And again, this time showing six people on screen.]

MS: How about this one? The World Tag Team Titles on the line in this unusual Boot Camp match with the Soldiers of Fortune alongside their flagbearer Marty Meekly taking on former champions, Next Gen, who will have Bret Grayson in their corner waving a flag of their own. This is gonna be another wild one with the biggest gold in tag team wrestling hanging in the balance.

[It shifts to show two others.]

MS: Crank up the time machines and bust out the Flux Capacitors because we've got living history going down before our eyes when two Hall of Famers clash in the match we never thought we'd see. Casey James, the Blackheart, will do battle with the Outlaw himself, John Wesley Hardin... and this one will be conducted under Outlaw Rules. And in a Control Center exclusive, our cameras JUST caught up with

Hardin after what happened here moments ago... and boy oh boy, did he have a scoop for us! Take a look...

[We get a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo as we cut to what appears to be the Chimpanzee Position as wrestling legend John Wesley Hardin comes stumbling into view...]

JWH: That no good son of a...

[Hardin leans heavy against a nearby pillar, breathing hard and showing every bit of his years as he prepares for one more match.]

JWH: I shoulda known... shoulda known that no good polecat Claw would get himself involved in this before it was over. Well, Claw... NOW you're involved!

[Hardin coughs hard once, looking around wildly.]

JWH: Where's Castillo?! SOMEBODY FIND ME CASTILLO!

[A production stagehand goes SPRINTING out of sight at the bellow as Hardin groans in pain, shaking his head.]

JWH: You wanna get involved, Claw? Well, now I want you RIGHT where I can see ya.

So, Thursday night... I'm using your fancy lil' contract to make sure you're right where I can see you.

In Toronto.

In the ring.

As Special Guest Referee.

[Hardin sneers.]

JWH: I wanna keep my eyes on you so I know you can't pull nothin' like tonight again.

[Hardin nods his head, pushing himself up straight with a dark laugh.]

JWH: Ain't life grand?

[And with his signature line delivered, Hardin strides out of view in search of the AWA President to make his demands official...

...and we fade back out to a grinning Mark Stegglet.]

MS: JW Hardin found Javier Castillo and we're being told that's now official as well - Tiger Claw will be the Special Guest Referee for Outlaw Rules! And that means he may have to count his own best friend down in the most-anticipated match of Casey James' life!

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

MS: All eyes of the wrestling world will be on Toronto for that one... just like all eyes will be on the great state of Georgia for this one.

[The graphic changes.]

MS: You know... I've heard of "blood brothers" but this is ridiculous. We heard it earlier tonight, fans... on Thursday night, it'll be Jack versus James Lynch... brothers colliding... in perhaps the most dangerous match of them all - a BARBED WIRE MATCH!

I've got a bad feeling about that one. A real bad feeling that someone's gonna get hurt real bad.

[The graphic switches.]

MS: This one is something else. It's going to be a mixed tag team grudge match... and there are more stipulations in this one than you can shake a stick at thanks to Kerry Kendrick and Miss Sandra Hayes' shenanigans. Let's see if we can get all this straight.

[Stegglet takes an exaggerated deep breath.]

MS: It'll be Terry Shane, Ricki Toughill, and to the shock of all, Theresa Lynch, taking on Kerry Kendrick and Sandra Hayes in a Handicap Mixed Tag Team match. If the Shane/Toughill/Lynch team loses, Shane's AWA contract will NOT be renewed... Ricki's contract will be frozen which could essentially end her career... and Lynch will have to fess up on one of the biggest secrets in wrestling - who is Sandra Hayes' father? Oh, and just to kick things up one more notch, Hayes' mother - Lori Dane - will be the Special Guest Referee! And don't forget about Violence Jacobs out there at ringside acting as Hayes' bodyguard!

[Stegglet breathes deep again.]

MS: Speaking of Violence Jacobs, her former partner in Japan - the monstrous Kurayami - will put the AWA Women's World Title on the line when she defends the title against the Number One Contender for the gold, "The Spitfire" Julie Somers! Somers has pinned Kurayami in a tag team match... she's beaten the champion by countout in a singles match... and at SuperClash, she gets one more shot to wrest the title from around the waist of the most dominant champion in wrestling!

[We pull back to the original shot of Stegglet.]

MS: And that leaves us with our double Main Event. First, let's talk about WarGames. Team Korugun - the Korugun Army if you will - led by Javier Castillo who will be at ringside will go five on five into battle against Team AWA. On Castillo's side, we know we'll have Juan Vasquez - the Number One draft pick. We know we'll have John Law and Derek Rage. And we know we'll have the king of all monsters, Torin The Titan. And Castillo has promised to reveal the final member of his team here tonight before we go off the air. On the other side of the battlefield, we'll see Ryan Martinez and Hannibal Carver leading a squad of former National Champion, "Hotshot" Stevie Scott and "The Future" Derrick Williams... plus one more yet to be revealed as Martinez scours the literal ends of the Earth to find them. The stakes for that one could NOT be higher as the future of this very company hangs in the balance. A win by Korugun would see them become the majority owner of the AWA and essentially give Javier Castillo UNLIMITED power to do as he sees fit. A win by Team AWA sees Korugun and Castillo kicked out on their ears.

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

MS: The highest of stakes means Black Friday will either be a day for celebration or perhaps the darkest day in AWA history, fans.

[Stegglet turns slightly as the graphic changes again.]

MS: And the other half of our double Main Event with the AWA World Heavyweight Title on the line, it'll be Johnny Detson defending the gold against two of the top contenders for the title - the former World Television Champion and rightful winner of the 2017 Rumble, Supernova, and the winner of the Battle of Boston tournament last year, Brian James. What a match this one's gonna be, fans. There is no greater prize in our sport than the AWA World Title and earlier this week, we sat down with several of the AWA's top competitors - both current and past - to discuss both the title and the three men looking to walk out of Toronto with it Thanksgiving Night. Let's take a look...

[Stegglet is all smiles as we fade through black...

...and into a very slow fade up on a slow motion shot of the glittering World Title belt on a platform that is turning very deliberately. Mark Stegglet's voiceover is heard.]

"The AWA World Heavyweight Title."

[A different shot of the title, a close-up on the lettering reading "AWA WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT TITLE."]

"The crown jewel in all of professional wrestling."

[Another close-up - this time on the golden badges - each with a name etched in black of a man who has held the title.]

"The greatest prize to ever be won. A prize only held by a select few. The best of the best."

[We get a montage of black and white shots of former World Champions holding the title aloft - James Monosso, Calisto Dufresne, Dave Bryant, Supreme Wright, Ryan Martinez, Johnny Detson, Jack Lynch, and Juan Vasquez...

...and then to a half shot of Hamilton Graham sitting in a chair, identified by a graphic in the corner of the screen.]

HG: Being the World Champion is... it's the greatest feeling a professional wrestler can have. It means you're the best in the world... the best at what you do... and no matter if you hold that title a day or ten years, no one can ever take that feeling away from you.

[We get a short black and white clip in slow motion of Graham and Tommy Fierro - both sporting the proverbial crimson mask - trading fisticuffs center ring...

...and then up on another half shot, this one of Fierro.]

TF: Days. Just... days. That's all I held the World Title for.

[Fierro grins.]

TF: And I wouldn't trade 'em for anything, baby.

[Fade to another short black and white clip, this time showing John Wesley Hardin battling Brody Thunder..

...and then fades to a talking head shot of the Outlaw.]

JWH: I was the IIWF World Champion at a time when that meant you were the best professional wrestler on the planet. The World Champion of the top promotion. I carried that title with pride because I knew what it represented both at that

moment and to my legacy. That's what these boys are lookin' at Thursday night. Fightin' to be the best wrestler in the top promotion. And they gotta be willing to do whatever it takes to walk out with the gold. Whatever it takes.

[Hardin's shot fades away to show another talking head shot, this time of the AWA National Champion Jackson Hunter.]

JH: While the National Championship is, I believe, the very essence of the AWA and the symbol of the workhorses and those with something to prove... I can't deny that the AWA World Championship is the brightest star in the AWA, and indeed wrestling. If you win that, you punch your ticket to an exclusive clubhouse. It's effectively a lifetime exemption to a circle of main event players. If you win the World Title, you are not only the king of your own patch of land, you are a prince in everyone else's.

[We fade to a different talking head shot, this one of former World Champion Todd Michaelson.]

TM: Hunter said that? Well, for once, I agree with the man. Tommy Fierro talks about only holding the title for a handful of days but I didn't even get that. I lost the World Title the same night I won it but... I won it... and that means everything.

[And then to "Wild Thing" Kevin Slater.]

KS: I held the EMWC World Title twice.

[Slater grins.]

KS: My career might've had a lot of other ups and downs but I held that title - the biggest prize in the business at the time - twice... and that means for the rest of my life - everywhere I go - they'll call me a former World Champion. They'll recognize that for a period of my career, I was the best in the world. Detson, James, Supernova... that's what they're trying to accomplish in Toronto.

[We fade from Slater to a three shot of the champion and his two challengers in a still photo...

...and then up back up on Jackson Hunter.]

JH: There is a very good reason why I executed the plan I did with my Steal the Spotlight contract, and that has to do with the man who is holding the belt now. Johnny Detson and I traded wins back-and-forth for months, and each time I thought I was breaking him down, he was figuring me out. He's the puzzle that solves you. If I had used my Steal the Spotlight contract to challenge for the World Championship, he would have smelled me coming. He's that savvy in the ring; he knows what you're going to do before you do it. And if I know Johnny, there's one thing that would please someone who is already a two-time champion, and that's another year on the same ride, thank you very much.

[We fade away from Hunter to Jordan Ohara.]

JO: Who do I think will win the AWA World Title? There are three tough competitors but I think it is Supernova's time. He has the heart, the will, the experience and the fortitude to be champion. The AWA needs to rid itself of these dark clouds holding our championships and Supernova is going to be the first bright light to chase those black clouds away.

[From Ohara to Landon Grant.]

LG: First off, it's just an honor that you'd even ask a rookie like me for my pick. I tell ya, all three of 'em are as tough as they come but when you look at the facts, I gotta think that there's one man who has already proved he's the best in the world and beat everyone in sight to do it. Brian James won the Battle of Boston tournament last year... heck, he even beat Supernova in the Finals... and I think that's enough to make me think the son of the Blackheart is walkin' out of Toronto the champ of the world!

[From Grant to Veronica Westerly.]

VW: Do you fools really think I'm picking against my son?

[Westerly smirks as we fade from her to "Hotshot" Stevie Scott.]

HSS: Does it even matter? Whoever wins has got a date with Max Magnum... so that makes even the winner of the title the biggest loser of them all.

[Scott chuckles as we fade to Bret Grayson and Takeshi Mifune - the Gold Standard.]

BG: If you ask me, only one guy in this match represents the skill, the strength, the will... and yeah, the honor... like me to win this thing and that's Supernova.

[Mifune eyeballs his partner for a moment.]

TM: BRIAN JAAAAAAAAAMES!

[Mifune rubs his hands together menacingly as we fade to Kerry Kendrick sitting alongside Miss Sandra Hayes.]

KK: We all know that it should be ME getting that title shot at SuperClash.

MSH: That's right, baby.

KK: But once again, the AWA's politics put me on the outside looking. My time will come though... and when it does, who do I think I'll be facing? It'll probably be the beneficiary of the AWA's favorite policy - nepotism - that overpumped bastard Brian James!

MSH: Or maybe it'll be that musclehead who wears more makeup than me - Supernova!

KK: Or maybe it'll be the guy who I already beat but the AWA ripped it away from me as usual, Johnny Detson. But whoever it's gonna be, you better believe that I've got my eyes set on them already!

[Fade from Kendrick and Hayes to Supreme Wright.]

SW: Two times I have been the AWA World Champion and you want me to pick who might be holding MY title after SuperClash? Johnny Detson doesn't have the spine to stand up against either James or Supernova. My pick? We're going to have a new World Champion... and his name is Brian James.

[From Wright to Julie Somers.]

JS: When SuperClash is all said and done, I'm going to be standing on top of the Women's Division with the World Title around MY waist... and who is gonna be standing there with me to represent the AWA? You better believe he can feel the heat! Supernova - all the way!

[From Somers to Tony Donovan.]

TD: I ran side-by-side with Johnny Detson and Brian James for a long time... I know what they're both capable of. And if it was anyone else, I'd say Brian runs them right over. But Johnny Detson's never found a situation he can't take advantage of. If he puts himself with Castillo again, that just might put him over the top.

[From Donovan to Mickey Cherry.]

MC: Who's gonna win? That's easy, baby. Johnny Detson all the way! Movie stars gotta stick together like my main man, Atlas! But Johnny, when you do... it'll be time for you to meet the Almighty, baby! Hahahaha!

[And lastly from Cherry to Ryan Martinez.]

RM: The first time I haven't been in the World Title match at SuperClash in four years... that's not an easy pill to swallow and whoever wins the match should know that I'm waiting to get my title back. But if you ask me, I think we're getting a new champion on Thanksgiving night. Johnny Detson's never done a single thing in his life on his own. With Percy Childes... with the Kings of Wrestling... with Korugun... he's always had someone there to help. If he's truly on his own in Toronto, we're going to have a new champion... and my money's on Supernova taking home the gold at long last - count on it!

[We fade back to the three shot of the champion and challengers, holding for a few moments...

...and we fade back out to a shot of the jam-packed Smoothie King Center crowd, panning across the fans in attendance for the historic final episode of Saturday Night Wrestling on Fox Sports X.]

GM: SuperClash IX just five days away and you just heard the lineup, fans... perhaps the greatest SuperClash lineup of all time. Toronto and Atlanta, you better get ready because the greatest show on Earth is coming to town and-

[Gordon's words are abruptly halted by the sound of by the roar of a large jungle cat and the sounds of "La Cama de Piedra" by Cuco Sanchez creeping across the PA system to deafening jeers from the New Orleans crowd.]

BW: Uh oh! Is it time, Gordo?! Is it time?!

GM: What are you asking me for? You think this piece of garbage operates on anyone's schedule except his own?

[A few moments pass before AWA President and the Generalissimo of the Korugun Army, Javier Castillo, slithers into view dressed in unique attire for him - a pair of black athletic pants and a matching black Korugun Army t-shirt with his "military" jacket over the top of it. He smirks at the camera, holding up his arm to show a tacky gold watch that he taps a few times.]

"Almost there, Myers... almost there."

[Castillo waves an arm behind him, summoning his personal bodyguard MAWAGA to come stand by his side. MAWAGA is dressed in a full black suit from head to toe along with a pair of dark black sunglasses giving no glimpse of his eyes. Satisfied that he's well protected, Castillo starts walking down the ramp with MAWAGA in pursuit.]

BW: "Almost there"... I guess you've got a stay of execution, Gordo.

GM: You're enjoying this a little too much, "friend."

BW: Someone's gotta be here when you get sent packing, daddy! I like my job!

GM: I like my job too... but I'm not about to bow and scrape for this miserable little tyrant one more day. If he wants my job, he can take it... and he can SHOVE IT for that matter!

BW: Gordo!

[Castillo eases on down the ramp, soaking up the jeers from the New Orleans crowd as MAWAGA trails close behind, his head on a swivel as he keeps his eyes peeled for any potential attack from any of Castillo's many... many... MANY... enemies.]

BW: Well, if Castillo's not out here to take you on, Gordo... why is he here?

GM: It's a damn good question. Maybe we're finally going to learn the final member of the Korugun Army team for WarGames?

[Reaching ringside, Castillo climbs up the steps. MAWAGA starts to follow him but Castillo holds up a hand, stopping him cold before pointing to a spot at ringside.]

GM: Castillo looking to go it alone here... sending MAWAGA to stand in the corner like the good little lapdog he is. You know, for such a fearsome, tough guy, he really does just roll over and beg for scraps from Castillo, doesn't he?

BW: What has gotten into you?! You want MAWAGA to beat you up too?!

GM: If this is my last night on this show, Bucky... I'm goin' down swinging. In there and out here on the mic.

[Castillo produces a microphone in hand, waving the other hand for the music to fade which it does.]

JC: PEOPLE OF NEW ORLEANS!

[He throws his arms in the air, looking for big cheers but quite the opposite occurs as the fans really let him have it for all of his actions over the past near-ten months.]

JC: We are so close now. So close to so many great things here in the AWA. We're so close to SuperClash - just five days away from the Korugun Army stomping Team Stegglet into nothing and cementing my spot at the head of this new era - a new future for the American Wrestling Alliance.

[The fans boo loudly at the idea of that.]

JC: So close... just minutes now away from the unveiling of the final member of that WarGames team for Korugun... and believe me - no one will see this one coming.

[He smirks at that statement.]

JC: So close... so close to me getting my hands on...

[Castillo makes a slow turn to point at Gordon Myers.]

JC: ...you.

[Castillo glares at Myers for a few moments before the grin returns.]

JC: So close to so much... and while the final pieces of the SuperClash puzzle are falling in place for me all night long... I do have one more piece of unsettled business to take care of before we talk about WarGames...

...and that's the AWA World Heavyweight Title.

[The AWA faithful cheer the mention of the big gold.]

JC: That's right. We all saw the video earlier with so many tremendous names of the past telling how much the World Title in general - and the AWA World Title in particular - means to them. Only one man can walk out of Toronto with that prize... and that man needs to be willing to do whatever it takes to do so.

And that's why I've found my man. My champion.

The man who will lead the AWA into the new era standing right by my side...

[He pauses for drama... and then shoots out an arm towards the entrance.]

JC: ...JOHNNY DETSON! Come on down here, my friend!

[The crowd waits for a moment, waiting to see if it's true... or maybe... just maybe...]

GM: Where is he?

[...but as "Kashmir" from Led Zeppelin begins to play over the PA system, the crowd reacts in disappointment and anger!]

BW: There he is, daddy! The World Champion has arrived in New Orleans!

[Indeed he has as Johnny Detson strides through the entrance curtain in his black hooded sweatshirt with gold trim. A large red X has been drawn over the logo reading "Fox's Favorite Son" as the World Champion walks the aisle, not pausing at the top of the ramp as his eyes are locked on the ring where a beaming Castillo waits, clapping loudly.]

GM: Johnny Detson heading down the aisle... and I know there were a lot of people - myself included - that hoped that some of Detson's recent words and actions meant that he'd be able to resist the lure of getting back in bed with Castillo but by his appearance here, I'm guessing that's not the case.

[Detson reaches ringside, jogging up the ringsteps to climb onto the apron where he yanks off his hoodie, tossing it aside before stepping through the ropes dressed for action with the title belt secured around his waist. He unclips the belt, holding it high overhead to a jeers as Castillo grins and continues to clap.]

BW: Boy, Javier looks happy.

GM: He's been looking for a patsy for that title match for weeks now and he's got one now. I just can't believe Detson would get himself back tangled up with this guy after all he went through this summer with him.

BW: The devil you know is sometimes better than the one you don't, Gordo.

GM: I suppose.

[The classic rock music fades out as Detson gets handed a microphone as well. He nods at the jeering crowd, a wicked grin on his face as he moves to stand alongside Castillo who is still clapping.]

JC: Johnny, Johnny, my friend! Welcome to New Orleans!

[The boos rain down on Detson who chuckles, shaking his head.]

JC: Listen to them, Johnny. Just listen to them. One week they love you and the next, they boo you into the dirt because you're doing what YOU want to do and not what THEY want you to do. You're doing what's best for you... for your career... for your title reign.

[Detson nods at Castillo, patting the title belt.]

JC: And you people... you people make me sick.

[The crowd turns their ire onto Castillo again.]

JC: Let's talk about this man you boo, eh? Two-time AWA World Champion. Over four hundred days total as the World Heavyweight Champion of this company. One of the greatest to ever lace up boots and step into this ring.

And you boo him?

[Castillo looks out on them with disgust.]

JC: You BOO the great Johnny Detson?!

[Detson sneers.]

JC: In the history of this great World Title, only one man has walked into SuperClash as the World Champion and walked out of SuperClash as STILL the World Champion...

[The crowd cheers, a brief "MAR-TI-NEZ!" chant starting up to the dismay of Detson who glares at them.]

JC: ...but in five days' time - with MY help - that number will grow to TWO men.

[Castillo grins at Detson who returns the smile, nodding his head.]

JC: Johnny Detson... welcome home, my friend.

[Castillo extends his hand to the World Champion who turns to face him, raising his arm...

...and then stops as the crowd's jeers grow louder.]

GM: These fans in New Orleans, begging him not to do it... pleading with him not to do it...

BW: Don't listen to 'em, Johnny! They don't care about you!

[Detson pauses, staring down at Castillo's offered hand as Castillo's smile fades just a bit...]

GM: Johnny Detson perhaps having second thoughts here... Johnny Detson staring at the offered hand...

BW: Take it! Shake his hand, Johnny!

[Detson looks around at the crowd imploring him not to again...

...when suddenly, someone walking out onto the entrance ramp causes the crowd to react in surprise.]

GM: Wait a second! Is that...?!

[The reaction gets louder as the camera cuts to the aisle and shows Wes Taylor striding down the ramp towards the ring in blue jeans and a black "KINGS OF WRESTLING" t-shirt. Taylor shakes his head, a serious look on his face as he approaches. Johnny Detson has seen Taylor now, raising an eyebrow as he turns away from Castillo to watch his approach.]

GM: We haven't seen Wes Taylor in months, fans. He was injured way back in May in the Tower of Doom at the hands of the Korugun Army and...

BW: Johnny Detson is shocked, Gordo. Wes Taylor is... well, in a business where Johnny Detson doesn't have a lot of friends, Wes Taylor is one of that select few for sure.

[Taylor reaches ringside, climbing up on the apron and ducking through the ropes to get into the ring, joining a shocked Castillo and a puzzled Detson. The crowd cheers - a little - the surprise arrival of the former tag team champion as he gets a mic of his own.]

JD: Wes, I had no ide-

[Taylor cuts him off.]

WT: Shut up. Just.. shut up.

[The crowd cheers that as Detson looks even more confused at his friend's presence. Taylor turns to look at Castillo.]

WT: You look surprised to see me, boss man. I guess you don't know EVERYTHING that's going on in your company.

[Castillo's surprise turns to annoyance on his face.]

WT: I'm here tonight because I had an appointment with Doc Ponavitch... because I wanted to get cleared to compete before SuperClash... just in case.

[The crowd cheers as Taylor nods.]

WT: And so I'm back there touching my nose and wiggling my toes and all that and Tony shows up to tell me that you...

[He looks at Detson.]

WT: ...are thinking of joining up with him...

[He points at Castillo.]

WT: ...and I started wondering if maybe it was YOU who needed an evaluation by the Doc, Johnny. A mental evaluation.

[The crowd cheers as Detson shakes his head.]

WT: You mean to tell me that you're actually considering teaming up with this guy? Huh?

[Detson looks anxious at his friend, turning his head away.]

WT: Look at me, damn it!

[Detson turns back, locking eyes with his friend.]

WT: The guy who gave the order to put Tony out. The guy who gave the order to put ME out!

[Castillo steps back, watching this situation with great interest as Taylor confronts his friend.]

WT: You and I have always been close, Johnny... and everything... every single thing that's happened in the past to you has led to now... to this moment.

Johnny, I know more about you than anyone else in that locker room.

You...

[Taylor shakes his head.]

WT: You don't know how many matches you've got left in that body, Johnny.

[The crowd rumbles as Detson closes his eyes.]

WT: You don't know how many moments inside this ring you've got left.

Johnny, for your friends... for your fans...

[Taylor pauses.]

WT: For your son.

[Detson's eyes slide open, looking at his friend.]

WT: For yourself.

Be your own man... and do the right thing.

[Taylor lowers the mic as Detson looks away again, his hand reflexively dropping down to land on the face of the title belt, shaking his head.]

GM: Johnny Detson may be having second thoughts here, Bucky.

[A nervous Javier Castillo steps back into the mix.]

JC: Listen to this... this parasite, Johnny! He's no better than these people!

[He gestures to the jeering fans.]

JC: He rode your coattails to the only piece of glory he's had in this business and now that he's crawling back to the ring, he needs you to help him get back into the spotlight, eh?

[Taylor says something off-mic to Castillo that earns a brief muting on audio. Castillo is laughing when the audio returns.]

JC: But Mr. Taylor and I do agree on one thing, Johnny. You SHOULD make the decision that's best for you... and that's shaking my hand and making sure you walk out of SuperClash with the World Title still around your waist.

[Castillo pauses.]

JC: You SHOULD do the right thing...

[He slowly turns, pointing at Taylor.]

JC: ..and that's putting this little bug under your boot and squashing him once and for all!

[Taylor's eyes flash as he looks at Castillo and then anxiously over to Detson who is also looking at Castillo in shock.]

BW: A loyalty test! Castillo wants Detson to prove where he stands by taking out Taylor for good!

GM: We don't know if Taylor's been cleared! He suddenly finds himself in serious danger and...

[Gordon's words trail off at the sound of pounding drums, shredding guitars, and a howling voice...]

#LET'S GET READY TO RUMBLE!#

[With "A Warrior's Call" by Volbeat in full swing, the New Orleans crowd ROARS as Brian James comes barreling down the aisle, running right down the ramp, sliding headfirst under the bottom rope...]

GM: Brian James down the aisle like a man possessed and-

[...and pops up to his feet where he plants himself firmly between Wes Taylor and Johnny Detson!]

GM: Oho! Not so fast, Detson! Brian James coming to the aid of his friend - his former ally in the James Gang and the Kings of Wrestling - Wes Taylor!

[But Wes grabs James by the shoulder, shaking his head...]

BW: I'm not sure Wes Taylor was looking for protection, Gordo.

[James turns his head slightly, arguing with Wes Taylor as Detson steps back, the title belt slipping into his grip as he watches James and Taylor argue in the ring.]

GM: I think Taylor's saying he needs to let Detson make his choice and-

[Detson surges forward, grabbing James by the shoulder, swinging him around...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the son of the Blackheart lashes out with a clenched right fist square to the heart of the World Champion, sending him falling backwards and down through the ropes to the outside!]

GM: BLACKHEART PUNCH ON THE CHAMPION OF THE WORLD!

[Taylor jerks James back around, shoving him with both hands in the chest, shouting at his friend for attacking his other friend...]

GM: It's breaking down out here! James and Taylor are arguing once again and-

[A furious (and impulsive) Javier Castillo steps forward, jabbing a finger into the face of the Engine of Destruction who snaps back in his direction, ignoring Taylor's shouts for the moment...

...and James' hand snaps out, grasping Castillo's outstretched finger to a HUUUUUGE ROAR!]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM! HE'S GOT HIM! BREAK THAT DAMN HAND!

[The ensuing scream from Castillo brings MAWAGA under the ropes into the ring, grabbing James by the arm, twisting him away from Castillo who staggers back into the ropes, cradling his hand as MAWAGA and James break down into a throwdown!]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands!

[MAWAGA and James are rocking one another with heavy haymakers as the AWA faithful in New Orleans are going nuts for the fight!]

GM: We've got MAWAGA and Brian James going to battle just five days away from SuperCla-

[A weary and hurting World Champion is back in the ring, grabbing at his chest with one hand...

...and gripping a steel chair with the other. Taylor gives a shout of "NO!" to the champion but it doesn't dissuade him from winding up...]

BW: Detson's got a-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The steel chair across the back of James causes the big man to cry out, crumpling down to the canvas as Detson shouts angrily at him, tossing the chair over the ropes and down onto the floor. Taylor grabs at his head with both hands, falling backwards as he watches MAWAGA start stomping James into the mat.]

GM: And now it's MAWAGA taking advantage of Johnny Detson attacking Brian James from behind with that steel chair!

BW: Wes Taylor can't believe it! He can't believe what he's seeing, Gordo!

[Detson joins in with MAWAGA, each stomping the downed James with alternating blows as the crowd roars their disapproval for what they're seeing. Biting down the pain shooting through his hand, Castillo is screaming for the dastardly duo to rain down thunder on Brian James and they're doing so with vicious efficiency!]

GM: Detson and MAWAGA are all over Brian James... they're all over the Engine of Destruction!

BW: Detson's got a shot to take James out of SuperClash, Gordo!

GM: He might have a-

[Unable to resist helping his friend, Wes Taylor throws himself into the mix, grabbing MAWAGA by the arm...

...but MAWAGA whips around, throwing a stiff-fingered thrust to the windpipe that sends Taylor staggering back, coughing and gagging as he falls to his knees on the mat!]

GM: Good grief! What a shot on Wes Taylor by MAWAGA and-

[MAWAGA turns back to attack James again but gets greeted with a surprising right hand to the skull that sends the crowd back in a shocked roar!]

GM: Detson with a right on MAWAGA now!

BW: WHAT?! JOHNNY, NO!

[Detson uncorks right hand after right hand on the surprised MAWAGA, battering him back across the ring as a stunned Castillo looks on in disbelief...

...and then starts waving his good arm towards the back...]

GM: What is going on now? Castillo calling for reinforcements and-

[The crowd ROARS in anger at the sight of Muteesa lumbering down the aisle, slapping his war-painted belly as he comes quickly (for someone his size) down the ramp towards the ring where an unaware Detson is trying to clear MAWAGA out of the ring...]

GM: Muteesa on his way down the ramp! Muteesa looking to strike!

[Muteesa rolls his large frame under the ropes, coming to his feet, raising both arms over his head...]

GM: OHHH! MONGOLIAN CHOP DOWN ON THE NECK OF DETSON!

[The big double-armed chop from behind knocks the World Champion down to his knees where MAWAGA starts raining down chops and kicks on him as Muteesa holds his arms back!]

GM: And now the World Champion's fallen victim to a two on one!

[The camera pulls back, showing Wes Taylor has rolled out to the floor where he's being tended to by a ringside medical team member. Muteesa continues to hold the arms as MAWAGA buries a thrust kick into the sternum of the World Champion. Javier Castillo nods his head, waving an arm as he shouts "AGAIN!"

GM: And it looks like Castillo's given up on ANY of these guys being on his side! He's sic'd MAWAGA and Muteesa on Detson now - the guy he hoped to support in the World Title match at SuperClash!

[MAWAGA buries another thrust kick in, this time right up under the chin of Detson, snapping his head back as Muteesa lets go and the World Champion slumps back down on the canvas.]

GM: They're doing a number on Detson here and Detson's only ally - Wes Taylor - is out on the floor, struggling to breathe after that MAWAGA shot to the throat!

BW: What happens if Detson gets taken out of SuperClash?!

GM: I don't... oh no.

[With Castillo directing traffic, it becomes clear that Muteesa intends to put Detson THROUGH the ring with a mighty splash as he backs into the ropes, measuring the downed World Champion...]

GM: Detson's in trouble, fans! Detson's in some serious-

[The crowd ROARS at the sight of someone else sprinting through the curtain, tearing down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: IT'S SUPERNOVA! IT'S SUPERNOVA!

[He dives under the ropes into the ring, coming up to catch an incoming MAWAGA with a right hand... then a backhand on an approaching Muteesa. He grabs the two monsters by the heads...]

GM: OHHH! DOUBLE NOGGIN KNOCKER!

[...and clashes their skulls together, sending Muteesa falling out to the floor from the impact of MAWAGA's hard head!]

GM: Muteesa's gone to the outside... Supernova on the move!

[The face-painted fan favorite runs right over a staggered MAWAGA with a clothesline, flipping him over the ropes and taking him down hard on the floor!]

GM: Oh my stars! MAWAGA's out too!

[Supernova twists around...

...and points a finger at a cowering Castillo who is near the ropes, his eyes wide at this turn of events!]

GM: Oh yeah!

BW: Supernova may be about to save your skin, Gordo!

[Supernova looks out at the crowd for approval as he points at Castillo again. The AWA President drops to his knees, cowering as he begs for mercy from Supernova.]

GM: He wants mercy - don't give it to him, Nova! Make him pay for every despicable thing he's done from the moment he took power in this place!

[Supernova points at him again, rearing back his right hand this time as Castillo is pleading with Supernova...]

GM: He's got Castillo right where he wants him and- HEY!

[The crowd reacts with shocked as Supernova finds himself spun around by the shoulder, a boot buried into his midsection...]

GM: Wait a second!

[...his arms quickly hooked...]

GM: NO!

[...but before Johnny Detson can DRIVE Supernova facefirst into the canvas with the Wilde Driver, he finds some arms wrapped around his throat, yanking him back and away from Supernova!]

GM: BRIAN JAMES WITH THE CHOKE! THE KATA HA JIME TAUGHT TO HIM BY TIGER CLAW!

[Detson's arms are pumping madly, desperately trying to get free as James leans back, pulling the air out of him...]

GM: The World Champion's gonna get choked out five days before SuperClash!
He's gonna-

[Planting his feet, Detson drives backwards, forcing James to back across the ring where they CRASH into the buckles!]

GM: Oh! Detson saves himself! He saved himself from getting choked- OHHHH!

[The crowd ROARS as Supernova comes sprinting across the ring, leaping into the air to crush both Detson and James in the corner with a flying splash!]

GM: HEAT WAVE! HEAT WAVE!

[Grabbing Detson by the hair, Supernova tosses the World Champion out of the corner and down to the mat...

...and with the New Orleans crowd going crazy, Nova wraps up the legs of Detson, stepping through...]

GM: SOLAR FLARE LOCKED IN!

[Detson cries out, clawing at the canvas as Supernova leans back in his signature Texas Cloverleaf hold!]

GM: Supernova's got him trapped! You can hear Detson screaming in pain all over the Bayou, Bucky!

BW: Somebody help him! This isn't right!

GM: Supernova's got him in the middle of the ring and if this happens at SuperClash, we're gonna have a new champion! We're gonna have a-

[With Supernova distracted, James runs to the far ropes, rebounding back with his arm extended...

...and 'Nova lets go of Detson in time to grab the incoming James by the head and ROCKET him over the ropes to the outside!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Supernova seems like his old self at this point, pumping his arms up and down with excitement, adrenaline coursing through him as he bounces around the ring. Johnny Detson scrapes and crawls across the canvas, dragging himself out to the floor right where James went out moments ago...]

GM: James is out! Detson's out! And Supernova is standing tall here in New Orleans!

[Castillo starts waving his arm towards the back from his safe retreat on the outside. First, we see a wave of uniformed security coming... shortly after followed by Derek Rage and John Law.]

GM: Castillo's calling for the Army! Supernova's a sitting duck in there, fans... he's a-

[And with an ocean of bodies at ringside, Supernova dashes to the far ropes suddenly, building up steam as he barrels across...]

BW: What is he...?!

[...and HURLS himself over the top rope, diving onto the pile and sending bodies crashing down on the floor on the outside to a EARSPLITTING ROAR from the crowd!]

GM: OH MY STARRRRRRRRRRRS!

[The camera cuts to a stunned Javier Castillo who is looking on with wide eyes, shaking his head in disbelief...]

GM: SUPERNOVA WIPES OUT EVERYONE! AND IS THIS A PREVIEW OF WHAT WE'RE GONNA SEE AT SUPERCLASH?! COULD WE BE LOOKING AT THE NEXT CHAMPION OF THE WORLD?! OH MY!

[Castillo sees the red light of the camera on him and rushes it, palming the lens with a loud "CUT IT, DAMN IT! GO TO BREAK!"

And we do...

...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 on the ACCESS 365 logo where we see Sweet Lou Blackwell backstage in the Chimpanzee Position.]

SLB: We are backstage here in New Orleans - the night is almost over, the hype is almost done but what we just saw out there with the three men who will be battling it out for the World Heavyweight Title this Thursday night in Toronto was-

[Blackwell is cut off by a loud frustrated shout from off-camera...

...and the ensuing garbage can that is flung at the wall next to Blackwell, causing him to jump backwards with a loud "HEY!" The camera swings around to catch Brian James, fresh off being dived onto by Supernova, coming into view with anger and frustration capping the emotions on his face.]

BJ: Supernova, Johnny Detson... at SuperClash, you're...

[James' words trail off as his gaze drifts. The camera follows that same gaze...

...and finds James' sensei, Tiger Claw, staring down at him.]

BJ: Master Claw... I-

[Claw slowly raises a hand, giving the slightest shake of his head.]

TC: Embarrassing.

[And with that, Claw strides out of view, leaving his student behind, still fuming over what just happened in and around the ring...

...and with a flash of the same logo, we cut back out to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated...]

GM: A wild scene out here... they're still trying to sort out what's going on. The rest of the Korugun Army - Torin The Titan, Juan Vasquez, Fawcett - they all made their way out here during the break and...

[A voice cries out, cutting off Gordon.]

"MYERS!"

[Gordon's eyes close, shaking his head as we cut into the ring where a snarling Castillo, cradling his hand in pain, is looking down on him.]

JC: GET IN HERE... NOW!

[The crowd jeers Castillo browbeating Gordon Myers who sighs heavily into his headset.]

GM: Here goes nothing, ol' friend.

BW: Good luck, Gordo.

[Myers slowly gets up from his seat, tugging off his headset and dropping it down on the announce desk. With a second heavy sigh, he steps over towards the ringsteps.]

BW: Well, I think some of us were hoping that Javier Castillo - after possibly having his hand injured by Brian James - might forget about this but it doesn't look like it. At the start of the night, he said he wanted Gordon in this ring for a fight and it looks like he's gonna get his wishes.

[Myers slowly climbs the ringsteps, shedding his sportscoat as he does, hanging it over the top rope as a gleeful Castillo looks on.]

JC: Good lord, Myers. Ever seen the inside of a gym?!

[Castillo laughs loudly... and of course, his Army laughs with him.]

JC: Please. Leave the shirt on. My eyes can't take it.

[The crowd is jeering as Myers steps through the ropes, looking across the ring at Castillo who is backed by his entire Army.]

BW: Well, the odds are definitely not in Gordon's favor here. The whole gang is here and... not that Javier would need them. Gordon's not a trained wrestler... and... well, he's a lover not a fighter... boy, would he hate me saying that.

[Myers undoes the buttons on the wrists of his dress shirt, still looking across at Castillo who starts to hop from foot to foot, ready for action.]

BW: This isn't going to be pretty... and if Castillo gets an edge, it might not be for the weak at heart either.

[Myers stands in the corner, staring across.]

JC: Come on, old man. Let's do this. Let's give these people a moment they'll never forget!

[Castillo clenches his hands into fists, ready to throw down...

...and cries out, grabbing at the hand that James assaulted.]

BW: Oh!

[Myers looks across the ring with interest as Castillo falls back into the corner, waving his injured hand.]

BW: Javier Castillo might be in trouble here. He wants a fistfight but he's only got one good hand!

[Castillo looks down at the hand, grimacing in pain as he bites at his bottom lip. He straightens up in the corner, taking a step out as he raises the mic.]

JC: You know... Myers...

[Castillo winces again as he shakes out the other hand.]

JC: I... uhh... on second thought, I think I'm going to be the bigger man here.

[The crowd jeers loudly now, smelling the rat that Castillo is.]

JC: No, no... you... you don't have a lot of time left in this business so I... uhh... maybe this isn't...

[Castillo is stammering over his words now, wincing as he flexes the fingers in that hand.]

JC: No... just... some other time.

[Castillo drops the mic, turning away from Gordon Myers as the crowd jeers loudly...]

BW: How about that? A stay of execution for my ol' pal, Gordon, as Javier Castillo is-

[...and suddenly Gordon Myers powerwalks across the ring, a determined look on his face as he snatches two handfuls of Castillo's greasy hair to a DEAFENING ROAR!]

BW: WHAAAAAAT?!

[Myers drags the struggling Castillo away from the corner, muttering to him all the while as he pulls him to center ring...]

BW: Is he gonna...?!

[...and with his right hand balled up, Myers takes a quick look around the roaring arena, taking it all in...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SMASHES Castillo in the mouth with an ugly right hand that sends Castillo down to the mat in a heap, grabbing at his face as the crowd continues to ROAR their support for one of the original AWA employees!]

GM: GORDO POPPED HIM! HE POPPED HIM GOOD! HOT DAMN, WHAT A NIGHT DOWN ON THE BAYOU, DADDY!

[Gordon looks down on Castillo, both fists clenched like he's ready for more...

...which is when a screeching Castillo calls for help!]

BW: Uh oh!

[The crowd's cheers turn into a very concerned buzz as Juan Vasquez slides under the bottom rope, staring across the ring at Gordon Myers.]

BW: Oh, you've gotta be kidding me! Not Vasquez!

[Vasquez glares at Myers, an arrogant smirk on his face as he slides across the ring towards him, putting himself between the announcer and the downed Castillo...

...and then slowly raises his right hand to the air, pulling his fingers together to clench his fist...]

BW: Get out of there, Gordon! Get the hell out of there!

[The crowd is ROARING the same advice to the Dean of Pro Wrestling announcing as Myers stands his ground, sticking out his chin and preparing to take whatever Juan Vasquez has coming for him as he rears back for the infamous Right Cross...

...when suddenly, the lights in the arena flicker...]

BW: What the...?

[...and then go black. The crowd “ooooooooohs” in excitement in the pitch black arena as we stay that way for several moments.]

BW: What the heck is going on here? Can anyone in the truck hear me? Can we get the damn lights back on out here before Gordo gets HIS lights turned out?

[The video screen erupts in a burst of static.

And then a very clear shot of... feet.]

Cameraman: How the hell did I get into this?

[As the shot steadies, we can see that we’re near the top of a very steep dirt pathway, surrounded by brush and rocks on one side and nothing but empty air on the other. We can see our intrepid adventurer, Ryan Martinez, a few feet in front of the cameraman with our guide, Porter Crowley, leading the way.]

RM: You never wanted a crazy adventure to tell your kids about?

C: Adventure, excitement, a Jedi craves-

RM: Plus, I guess you have to SURVIVE the adventure to tell the story, huh?

[The cameraman is silent for a moment.]

C: Do you really think we won’t-

[Crowley’s voice calls out.]

PC: Hold.

[Martinez and the cameraman come to a halt as Crowley reaches what appears to be a sudden and abrupt dead end - more accurately, a sheer drop several hundred feet down onto jagged rocks and a very rough set of rapids on a roaring river.]

RM: I thought you knew where you were going!

[Crowley turns, eyeballing Martinez with a hint of the sadism that this man carried during his AWA days.]

RM: I’m sorry, I’m sorry... it’s just... it’s getting later by the second and we’re running out of time to get this done. I... so... what? Back down the mountain? A different path.

[Crowley pauses, looking at the White Knight.]

PC: There is a path forward, White Knight... but you must walk it alone.

[Martinez looks around Crowley at the sheer drop.]

RM: You’re joking, right?

PC: The path you seek doesn’t go forward...

[Crowley gestures above his head.]

PC: ...but up.

[Martinez looks at the wall behind Crowley, an almost vertical climb straight up. You can see the end of the climb in the shot. It’s not a substantial climb but a

dangerous - and potentially deadly - one for an inexperienced climber. Martinez bites at his lip, shaking his head.]

RM: And from there?

[Crowley nods.]

PC: The one that you seek awaits you there.

RM: Right there?

[Crowley nods again. Martinez nods, then looks over his shoulder, jerking a thumb at the cameraman.]

RM: And him?

[Crowley turns towards the camera.]

PC: The one who rules this island is not fond of... those who cannot fight for themselves. He will be safer with me.

C: Oh yeah?

[Crowley's mouth twists - a smile perhaps?]

PC: I give my word to the White Knight.

[Martinez nods.]

RM: When we get back, remind me to have a word with Truth Marie about her definition of "a walk in the park." Shoulda had my head examined for listening to her after she stole the location of this place from Fawcett's office. Hell, SHE should have her head examined for wanting to go "undercover" as an intern for that lunatic too.

C: If we get back.

[Martinez shakes his head again.]

RM: We will. Alright. Up it is.

[The White Knight approaches the side of the mountain, reaching up slowly to lock his fingers around a rock.]

RM: Serves me right for never taking Jack up on those grip strength workouts.

[He sighs.]

RM: Let's do this.

[Martinez starts to climb up... and up... and up...

...and we fade to deeper in the timeline where Martinez is near the top, the White Knight reaching his arm up over the cliff face.]

RM: Al...most... there... al... most... there...

[And suddenly a giant arm reaches down, grabbing Martinez around the forearm...]

RM: AGH!

[...and YANKS him up over the cliff face, tossing him aside and out of the camera's view.]

C: MARTINEZ!

[A loud bellow is heard from off-camera, small rocks falling down the cliff face towards the cameraman and Crowley.]

C: RYAN!

[A second loud bellowing roar rings out as Martinez cries out in... pain? Surprise?

The mini-avalanche gets worse, larger rocks falling now...

...and in a shower of dust and pebbles, the camera cuts out.]

BW: What... the... hell?

[The lights in the arena stay out save for four spotlights that lance across the darkness to the stage one by one...

In the first spotlight stands "Hotshot" Stevie Scott, a smirk on his face as he shakes his head. The crowd cheers!

The second spotlight lights up "The Future" Derrick Williams who stares down the ramp where the Korugun team is assembled.

The third spotlight illuminates Hannibal Carver, a huge cheer rocking the arena as Carver pops the top on an adult beverage, tossing it back to an even louder cheer from the New Orleans crowd. He tosses the can to the side where it clatters at the feet of the person in the fourth spotlight...

...the White Knight, Ryan Martinez!

The crowd ERUPTS in cheers!]

BW: They're here! Team AWA is here! And they're not alone - Gordon, get on in here before-

GM: Team AWA is here but who's the fifth man?! Who the hell did Martinez go find on that island?! Who did...?!

[And the video wall lights up with the answer to that question.

One word.

Three letters.]

"ONI"

[And the crowd EXPLODES in a DEAFENING ROAR!

Cut to the ring where Javier Castillo, fronting his team facing the ramp, looks like he's seen a ghost. His jaw is dropped. His eyes are wide.

And the spotlights all swing towards the entrance to the arena as the sweet yet eerie melody of "Kagome Kagome" by Hatsune Miku and Megurine Luka begins to play over the P.A. The melody is undercut by an accompanying synthesizer that sounds like it's straight from a 1950's horror movie...

...and suddenly, the stage itself starts to split in half...]

GM: Oh my god... oh my god!

[...and the gargantuan KING Oni is slowly raised into view. He's clothed in an all black robe and a kabuki-style mask/headdress in the style of the oni from folklore. Wild eyes, long teeth poking out of a wide maniacal grin and wild red hair.]

GM: THE KING HAS ARRIVED!

[With KING Oni completing Team AWA, Javier Castillo rushes across the ring, angrily shoving "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett back into the corner with a loud "THIS IS YOUR FAULT! ALL YOUR FAULT!"...

...and at a signal from Hannibal Carver, the fivesome start marching towards the ring where Castillo awaits with his own team. The Generalissimo of the Korugun Army looks to be in a sheer panic, running around the ring, waving his arms at the approaching soldiers, screaming at his troops...]

GM: My god in heaven...

BW: I don't think so, daddy! This ain't no heaven - this is south of that for sure!

[Carver reaches the ring first, climbing up on the apron and ducking through the ropes as Williams dives under the bottom. Stevie Scott and Ryan Martinez are the next ones in...

...and Scott rushes right into the mix, leaping into the air to smash a fist into the jaw of Derek Rage!]

GM: OH!

[And that... is how you unleash hell.]

GM: HERE WE GO! HERE WE GO!

[The crowd ERUPTS in an earsplitting ROAR as they get a sneak preview of just what war looks like...

Carver battering Juan Vasquez with wildly-thrown fists.

Williams pounding John Law with stiff elbow strikes in the corner.

Scott and Rage trading blows by the ropes.

Ryan Martinez throwing three chops at the massive chest of Torin The Titan...

...and then stepping aside as KING Oni barrels across the ring, letting loose a horrifying roar as he slams all of his weight into the giant, sending him flipping backwards over the top rope for an awkward landing on the floor!]

GM: OH MY STARS! THEY TOOK DOWN THE GIANT! THEY DROPPED THE GIANT!

[Castillo is on the floor now, screaming "RETREAT! REEEEEETREEEEEEAT!" at his soldiers as Derek Rage goes flying over the top thanks to Ryan Martinez and Stevie Scott using a double clothesline!]

GM: Rage is out as well!

[John Law goes flying to the outside thanks to a Stevie Scott Heatseeker on the chin following by a Derrick Williams Superman punch!]

GM: Law too! This is crazy! Team AWA is taking the fight to Korugun! They're beating the hell out of Korugun!

[Castillo is tearing at his own hair, screaming wildly as he watches his team dissected and disposed of one by one...

...until Juan Vasquez takes a sandwiching pair of elbows from Carver and Williams...]

GM: OHHHH!

[...and a flying Excalibur kick sends Vasquez flipping over the top rope, crashing down hard to the floor!]

GM: DOWN GOES VASQUEZ! OHHHH MY!

[Castillo rallies the troops on the outside, forcing them back up the ramp despite Vasquez and Rage trying to break free to get back into the fight.]

GM: Castillo's got 'em backing off! They're on the run, fans! Korugun is on the run here tonight in New Orleans just five days before SuperClash!

BW: KING Oni?! Where the hell... we haven't seen him in like... two years!

GM: Almost exactly two years, Bucky. KING Oni disappeared from the AWA after his match at SuperClash VII in Houston and.. wow! What a coup!

BW: You... can you imagine that MONSTER trapped inside the double cage for WarGames?!

GM: It's gonna be the ultimate battlefield! And all year long, we've talked about Korugun's limitless supply of monsters... but in the end, it's Ryan Martinez who may have the greatest monster of them all on their side!

[Oni lets loose a massive roar as Martinez grins at the retreating Korugun army who have regrouped at the top of the ramp where an enraged Castillo has managed to get hold of a mic.]

JC: You... you son of a... damn you, Martinez. Damn you to hell!

[The crowd roars as Martinez waves a hand, calling Castillo back to the ring.]

JC: You... you've done well, White Knight. You found yourself a monster of your own for our final battle.

[Castillo nods approvingly.]

JC: But you may soon learn what I learned some time ago.

Sometimes monsters are not enough, White Knight. Sometimes... you need a God.

[Castillo lowers the mic, a huge grin on his face once more.]

GM: A God? What's that mean?

[There's a moment of drama as we sit waiting eagerly...

Then the sounds of drumsticks hitting together. can be heard over the PA system, giving way to the familiar sounds of surf rock...]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: No... no way. It can't be, Gordo.

GM: I'm with you on that but...

[Castillo is all grins as the surf rock kicks in and...]

GM: OH MY GOD! IT IS!

[The curtain parts and the wrestling world quakes. It's as if millions of Internet pro wrestling fans raced to their phones and computers in an instant, shaking the foundation of all that they thought they knew.

It is a powerfully built Hawaiian male - handsome, muscular, tanned and in a royal blue-and-gold Versace silk shirt, unbuttoned just enough to reveal a hint of the Polynesian tribal tattoos on his right chest. His shoulder-length black hair hangs loose and his demeanor is relaxed, his confidence bursting from every pore.]

GM: That's... my god... THAT'S JAY ALANA!

[It is indeed. The former World of Combat Champion. The man who would be considered their undisputed ace.

No more.

Inside the ring, Hannibal Carver's jaw has dropped as he moves alongside Ryan Martinez who looks equally shocked, pointing up the aisle at the invader who - to Javier Castillo's word - no one saw coming.

Alana keeps his eyes focused towards Team AWA inside the ring, giving them a wink, before he turns to a beaming Javier Castillo who...

...lunges into a huge embrace with a surprised Alana who allows the hug but doesn't really return it, lightly patting the AWA President on the back. Castillo pulls away, excitedly pumping a fist as he points down the aisle at Team AWA.]

JC: THIS! IS! WARRRRRRRRRRRR!

[Castillo spikes the mic, lifting a grinning Alana's arm in the air, pointing at him with an equally-big smile on his face...]

GM: Jay Alana... on the Korugun Army team?

BW: How the hell did this happen, Gordo?

GM: I don't know, Bucky... but Javier Castillo's ace in the hole may have just given him the hand he needs to win WarGames... and the AWA... at SuperClash.

[...and we fade to black.]