



Saturday Night Wrestling

November 4th, 2017
Spectrum Center
Charlotte, North Carolina

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."

PART THREE

[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.]

"The recognized symbol of excellence in professional wrestling."

[The logo fades to black...

...and a few moments pass before a burst of pyro racing towards the sky as we cut into the arena hosting the night's action. The crowd is roaring for the pyro and for the return of AWA action.

The shot pans a little, showing off the usual setup - a massive steel structure serving as the entrance stage standing almost ten feet off the concrete floor with a video wall hanging above it that is just about as wide as the stage and looks to be about twenty feet tall to boot.

From there, we see a royal blue roped ring with matching ring apron and steel ringposts. Protective blue mats encircle the ring, leading to the barricades beyond which the AWA faithful are seated. A pair of wooden tables are at ringside - one with our timekeeper and ring announcer's seats, the other near where our announcers are standing as we cut to...

...whoops, never mind.

We've cut to the backstage area - more specifically to a backstage office where the AWA President and Generalissimo of the Korugun Corporation's Army - Javier Castillo - is standing. Castillo is dressed in an all black suit, broken up by a blood red tie and matching handkerchief. The fans inside the arena become angry - it's hate at first sight on this night as they let the General have it. For his part, Castillo seems oblivious to the boos, grinning into the camera.]

JC: The time is almost upon us. We're now just weeks away from SuperClash IX when the Korugun Army - led by me of course - will march into battle in Atlanta, Georgia... step onto the steel hell battlefield known as WarGames... and do away with the relics of the past like Jon Stegklet and Todd Michaelson and the rest of their cronies.

A new day will be upon us... the dawning of a new era... a new AWA! An AWA owned and operated by Korugun... and by me. And if you think this year's been something else with me at the helm, wait 'til you see me with the handcuffs taken off in 2018.

[Castillo grins.]

JC: But I can't do it alone.

[He spreads his arms wide as the camera pulls back to reveal that he's surrounded himself with some of his SuperClash team. We can see Morgan Dane and Derek Rage standing in the background. But right by his side is his so-called Number One

Draft Pick - the former AWA World Champion Juan Vasquez who is grinning at the scene unfolding.]

JC: But that's in three weeks. Tonight... tonight is another special night. And tonight is yet another step in the path to SuperClash because tonight I - personally - get the chance to cut the head off the AWA snake.

Ryan Martinez.

[The crowd jeers as Vasquez and Castillo glower.]

JC: Martinez, when this night is over and you find yourself inside the BIGGEST, MOST MAGNIFICENT STEEL CAGE IN HISTORY... staring at the lights wondering where it all went wrong, I want you to remember it didn't have to be this way. You could be standing here alongside Mr. Vasquez. You could be standing here with me. You could be Korugun through and through.

[Castillo shakes his head with disgust.]

JC: But instead, you chose... poorly... and now must suffer the consequences for that decision.

[A shrug.]

JC: But you're not the only business to take care of tonight. We've got one spot left, gentlemen. One spot left in our Army that will walk into SuperClash and make professional wrestling history. Who will it be? Who?

[Castillo sighs.]

JC: And then there's the AWA World Title. Jon Stegglet told the world two weeks ago that he's meddled in Korugun business... he got Brian James put into that title match to keep him out of WarGames. A little... taste of my own medicine, I suppose.

But you also think that gets James off the hook with me and that's where you're wrong, Stegglet.

Because I have a vested interest in who walks out of SuperClash as the World Champion... in who will be carrying MY World Title...

[Vasquez throws a pointed look at Castillo for a moment.]

JC: ...when all is said and done. So, tonight... I will be talking to all three men in that match... and I will find out which of them has what it takes to be the standard-bearer for Korugun in 2018 and beyond.

Jon Stegglet thought he put me in checkmate on Fight Night.

[Castillo smirks.]

JC: My friend, we are just getting started.

[Castillo looks menacingly towards the camera when a hard knock on the door is heard. The General arches an eyebrow before bellowing "ENTER!" And enter they do, it's the Korugun Head of Security John Law and Castillo's personal protector MAWAGA...

...and they're dragging a disheveled "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett between them. Fawcett's got the quite-familiar crystal known as the Eye of Tyr hanging from a

chain around his neck and is full-blown flopsweat mode as he's literally pulled into view of Castillo.]

JC: Oho... Mr. Fawcett...

[Fawcett starts to correct him but seems to think better of it in this situation, clearing his throat instead.]

JC: Fright Night was... eventful... to be sure.

[Fawcett still is speechless, looking anxiously at Castillo as his arms are still being held by the much-larger men.]

JC: You went above and beyond what I expected of you.

[Fawcett finally speaks.]

"D"HF: Thank you, General.

[Castillo sneers.]

JC: It wasn't a compliment, you sniveling little toad! How DARE you?! How dare you meddle in affairs you have NOTHING to do with?!

[Castillo jabs a finger into the air in front of Fawcett, causing him to flinch reflexively.]

JC: You put Kurayami in a match, trying to knock her out of SuperClash... and why? Because she bruised your ego?!

And then you... I can't believe this one... you make a match that could completely upend the Army I've worked for WEEKS to build for WarGames! You made this six man tag with the winner getting the spot in WarGames?!

[Fawcett nervously tries to defend himself.]

"D"HF: No, no... it was... it was just an idea! We can always pull the ol' bait and switch! They've tuned in! They're watching now! So, cancel the match and-

[Castillo bellows.]

JC: NO!

[Castillo pauses, turning to look at Rage and Dane.]

JC: No... I don't think so. It may not have been my idea... but I kind of like it.

[Fawcett brightens but is still being held.]

JC: Survival of the fittest. Dane, Rage, and John Law having to PROVE they belong in WarGames. I like it!

"D"HF: I'm so pleased. I knew you would. Now if you could just...

[He trails off as he looks anxiously at MAWAGA... who seems to have a noticeably looser hold on Fawcett than Law does.]

JC: But that doesn't excuse your blatant ABUSE OF POWER... and the way you acted without consulting me. No one in my employ goes around me... over my head... none of it!

[Fawcett nods quickly.]

"D"HF: Totally understood. Won't happen again.

[Castillo grins sickly.]

JC: That's right. It won't. It seems to me that a lesson is in order.

[Castillo gives MAWAGA and Law a gesture and they start to drag a protesting Fawcett away.]

"D"HF: Wait, wait, wait, please! Listen to me! Listen to me! I've done it!

[Castillo raises a hand bringing Law and MAWAGA to a halt.]

JC: Wait. What do you mean?

[Fawcett nods quickly, stumbling over his words.]

"D"HF: I... uhh... I... the plan... what you asked for... I did it!

[Castillo arches an eyebrow.]

JC: You...?

[Fawcett nods again.]

"D"HF: The asset is secured... and awaiting my... your... our orders.

[Castillo's skeptical gaze turns into a huge smile.]

JC: I knew you could do it. Boys?

[With a dismissive wave from Castillo, Law and MAWAGA let go of Fawcett's arms, allowing him to straighten up. He wipes at his sweaty brow, tugging his suit jacket into place as he composes himself. Fawcett is obviously embarrassed, his cheeks reddened by what just unfolded...

...and his gaze drifts ever so slightly from the grinning Javier Castillo to the man standing by his side, Juan Vasquez, who seems to only have eyes for the crystal hanging awkwardly around Fawcett's neck. The "Doctor" makes an adjustment, tapping a finger on it and moving it back into its proper position as he eyeballs Vasquez with interest.]

"D"HF: Someone has their... eye on the Eye.

[Fawcett chuckles darkly but Vasquez doesn't respond.]

"D"HF: I would wager that you, Mr. Vasquez, may be one of a handful who might have an idea what this is capable of.

[He taps the crystal again as Juan's eyes narrow.]

JV: You aren't the only one cursed with knowledge, "doctor". I know EXACTLY what it's capable of.

[Fawcett smirks at Vasquez' reply and holds the Eye up proudly into the light.]

"D"HF: Then you must know that with my expertise and the Eye's limitless power... we could provide you with any ally to stand by your side in WarGames.

Any at all.

[Fawcett looks around at Derek Rage, John Law, and Morgan Dane.]

"D"HF: Maybe these three don't suit your needs? Maybe the idea of teaming with the Dogs of War give you... fleas?

[Fawcett laughs at his own joke again as Vasquez continues to glare at him.]

JV: I'll pass. That damn thing has already done enough.

[Fawcett looks shocked.]

"D"HF: Pass? How can you be expected to lead this Army into war when you're unwilling... or incapable... of using all available weaponry, hm?

[The "doctor" shifts his eyes towards Castillo who is now giving Juan Vasquez the sideeye.]

"D"HF: Just think, dear Vasquez. Just imagine! You can have ANYONE by your side. Friend or foe alike.

[Fawcett taps his chin thoughtfully.]

"D"HF: Johnny Detson has always been a thorn in your side. With my help, he can stand BY your side.

[Vasquez doesn't react.]

"D"HF: Your old rival Raphael Rhodes perhaps? A little bit of AWA nostalgia to show the people that Korugun respects the pillars this place was built upon.

[Still no reaction.]

"D"HF: Even the Hollywood star himself, Alex Martinez, can break the box office for SuperClash fighting by your side... battering his own child's blood all over solid steel.

[Castillo arches an eyebrow but Vasquez rolls his eyes.]

JV: Are you going to name anyone who doesn't make me sick to my stomach?

[Fawcett smiles.]

"D"HF: Perhaps. Perhaps... Michelle Bailey?

[Juan seems to be getting annoyed.]

JV: Leave her out of it, doc...

...and I suggest you stop talking before you say something you'll regret.

[Fawcett seems lost in his own thought though, oblivious to the heavily implied threat.]

"D"HF: Ah! I've got it. The perfect candidate...

[Fawcett sneers, baring his teeth.]

"D"HF: Your old friend... Eric Prest-ACK!

[Before Fawcett can even finish his sentence, Vasquez has grabbed him and slammed him into a wall, holding a forearm against his throat.]

JC: VASQUEZ!

[Fawcett tries to pry Vasquez' arm away but when he is unable to, he reaches for the Eye with his free hand. However, Vasquez quickly grabs him by the wrist and pins his arm against the wall.]

JV: Don't even try it. I'm a whole different beast from the monsters you've tamed.

[Castillo glares angrily at the scene.]

JC: That's enough of this. We're on the same side.

[Vasquez doesn't respond.]

JC: ENOUGH!

[A quick hand signal from Castillo sees MAWAGA step across the room, grabbing Vasquez by the shoulder, and YANKING him bodily away from Fawcett. Vasquez pivots, right hand clenched as he stares at his former ally.]

JC: I said it was enough, Mr. Vasquez. Go take a walk and cool off. Now.

[Vasquez holds his heated gaze on MAWAGA for a few more moments...

...and then turns back to look at Fawcett who has dropped down on one knee, gasping for air as the former World Champion looks down at him.]

JV: He talks too much, Castillo. Make sure he knows his place. There's a line that can be crossed...

...and he just came REAL close to crossing it.

[And with that, Vasquez walks out of the room. Fawcett looks up as the door swings closed, the slightest of smirks on his face as he coughs...]

"D"HF: Was it something... I said?

[Castillo sighs, flopping down in the seat behind his desk as we fade from the backstage area out to ringside where Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde are standing. The Dean of Pro Wrestling announcing, Gordon Myers, is in a salt and pepper style jacket with black slacks. His grey hair is on full display as is a thick set of glasses resting on the bridge of his nose.]

GM: All sorts of shenanigans afoot already here tonight in one of the greatest wrestling cities in the world - Charlotte, North Carolina - as the flagship show for the American Wrestling Alliance - Saturday Night Wrestling - is on the air. We are now just three weeks and change away from the biggest night of the year for the AWA - SuperClash IX - coming your way from Atlanta and Toronto on Thanksgiving Night.

[Cut to a panning shot of the crowd.]

GM: We are LIVE in the Spectrum Center here in Charlotte for what promises to be yet another wild night as we ride the road to SuperClash.

[The shot pans up a little to reveal the massive steel cage hanging over the ring.]

GM: At SuperClash, we're going to see the double cage steel prison known as WarGames but right here tonight, we're going to see a match... well, a match that I NEVER thought we'd see as former World Champion Ryan Martinez takes on... can you believe this... the AWA President Javier Castillo in a steel cage match!

[Bucky pipes up, standing in a bright lime green sportscoat with matching slacks and a sunburst yellow dress shirt.]

BW: Not just any steel cage though, Gordo - the biggest, most magnificent steel cage in history!

GM: So I heard. But that's coming much, much later tonight. In addition, we've also got the National Title on the line with Jackson Hunter defending the gold against his former ally, Derrick Williams!

BW: The Future looks bright... but Jackson Hunter's always got a plan!

GM: We've got Odin Gunn here defending the TV Title. We've got Travis Lynch in action for the first time in almost a year. A Steal The Spotlight preview match. Sid Osborne's in action! And so, so much more... and kicking things off, we've got a trios match with SuperClash implications so let's go to the ring!

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

RO: Tonight's opening contest is a TRIOS MATCH! It is set for one fall with a one hour time limit and the winning team will lock in their spot on Team Korugun for WarGames at SuperClash IX!

[The crowd reacts - it's a pretty split reaction though. There are cheers since... well, SuperClash! But a whole lot of boos for the six men set to compete in said match.]

RO: Introducing first...

[The sounds of the main theme to Terminator 2 start playing over the PA system, heralding the arrival of the first Korugun team in this match.]

RO: Representing the Korugun Corporation... they are the team of the Maniac, Morgan Dane... Derek Rage... and Johnnnn Laaaaaaaaw!

[The curtain parts as the ominous trio stalks into view to even more jeers. Law looks over the crowd, sneering at them as he tugs his black leather fingerless gloves into place. Morgan Dane is wandering madly around the ramp, constantly being yanked back into position by Derek Rage as they walk down the aisle.]

GM: An intimidating trio if there ever was one. Remember, these three men are essentially DEFENDING their spot in WarGames after "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett made this match on Fright Night.

BW: A decision that nearly cost him everything, Gordo.

GM: It sure did... and it's notable that he's not out here for this one keeping Morgan Dane under control.

BW: After what went down backstage just a few moments ago with he, Castillo, and Vasquez, we may not see Fawcett for the rest of the night.

GM: From your lips...

[Upon reaching the ring, Law steps through the ropes while Derek Rage again has to yank Dane by the arm, pointing into the ring. Dane rolls under the ropes as a disgruntled Derek Rage steps over the top to join his allies.]

GM: What a menacing group of individuals this is.

BW: And you said it all right there, Gordo - a group of individuals. They've done some damage as a group for sure but I don't think anyone would think of them as anything but singles wrestlers... but the Dogs of War on the other hand are perhaps the greatest unit in all of wrestling.

GM: This is going to be a tough test for both of these squads as they stand a few weeks away from war.

[The music starts to fade as the three men settle in for the fight to come.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd their opponents...

[The sounds of snarling and barking dogs fill the air as the arena lights take on a midnight blue color. The boos pick up for this trio as well as Rebecca introduces them.]

RO: The team of Pedro Perez... Isaiah Carpenter... and Wade Walker...

THE DOGS OF WARRRRRRRR!

[Making their appearance at the top of three separate aisles in the Spectrum Center, the SouthWest Lucha Libre Trios Champions arrive on Saturday Night Wrestling in their usual style and fashion. All three men are in some sort of "riot police" style gear that matches the color scheme of the lighting in the building as they head down through the crowd towards the ring.]

GM: Current SWLL trios champions and arguably the greatest six man team in this sport's great history, the Dogs of War are heading down here for combat. They believe they belong in that double cage at SuperClash... and tonight, they get their chance to prove it. If they win, they're in. If they lose, they're out... and you have to wonder if a loss might hurt their standing with Korugun as well.

BW: Javier Castillo pays for performance, Gordo... and if these three can't get the job done tonight, he very well could send them on their way.

[Arriving at the ringside barricade, the three men hurdle their way over it into the ringside area, each taking a different side of the ring as the three men inside spread out to confront their opponents...]

GM: The Dogs of War have the ring surrounded and... here we go!

[At an unspoken signal, the three men strike. Carpenter scrambles up on the apron as Morgan Dane comes lumbering towards him. He grabs the top rope, swinging a leg up into the forehead of the incoming Dane, sending him stumbling backwards as Wade Walker grabs Derek Rage by the legs, yanking him off his feet and dragging him to the floor and right into a slugfest.]

GM: The fight is on here in Charlotte!

[Pedro Perez comes under the bottom rope, throwing himself into a double leg takedown attempt on John Law but Law is quick to the draw, smashing double axehandles down on the back of Perez, trying to cut him off.]

GM: All six men going at it here in this one with such high stakes!

BW: Gordo, imagine this... you and I, we're no strangers to WarGames.

GM: Not at all.

BW: And we've seen the backstage area after one of those matches. It looks like an emergency room after a ten car pileup on the Interstate. Heck, we've seen one of those matches end with half the guys in the match having serious injuries.

GM: Career-ending injuries in some cases.

BW: Exactly. Now what the heck does it say about these six guys that they're fighting each other to GET INTO that match?

GM: A very good point, Bucky, as Carpenter is in one corner with Morgan Dane now while Pedro Perez duking it out with John Law in another.

[Perez is throwing as hard and fast as he can but the six foot eight inch Law is absorbing the blows with all of his 300 pounds...

...and responds with a haymaker of his own that sends Perez sailing backwards halfway across the ring!]

GM: Big shot by Law sends Perez for a loop... and now Law's moving over to help his ally in Morgan Dane...

[Dane is covering up, taking a flurry of blows from Carpenter - fists, forearms, elbows, knees, and kicks...

...but Law grabs him by the hair, dragging him back from the corner towards mid-ring.]

GM: Law pulls him back... oh! Back elbow right on the ear by Carpenter!

[Carpenter quickly grabs his ally off the mat, nudging Perez to his feet where they each grab an arm on John Law, whipping him into the corner that Law and Perez vacated moments ago...]

GM: Law hits the corner... in comes Perez!

[A running clothesline catches Law across the collarbone...

...and a running leaping Carpenter buries an elbow into the side of Law's head, leaving him stunned against the buckles!]

BW: And there's that signature teamwork of the Dogs of War - be it two or three of them, they know how to get the job done as a unit.

[Carpenter and Perez grab Law by the hair, dragging him from the corner, ducking low and hooking a leg each...]

GM: And look at that, Bucky! A double Northern Lights Suplex, throwing Law out of the corner!

[Perez and Carpenter get to their feet, sharing a fistbump of triumph...

...and turn right into a running, leaping headfirst clothesline from Morgan Dane that takes both men off their feet and down to the mat!]

GM: OHHHH! AND THE MANIAC PICKS UP THE SPARE!

[As Carpenter and Perez hit the canvas, we cut to the floor where Wade Walker and Derek Rage are engaged in one heck of a brawl, exchanging heavy right hands all over the ringside area, bumping into the barricade... then the apron.. then the ringpost...]

BW: Now THIS is a fight, Gordo!

GM: Neither of these men are any strangers to a good brawl and they're taking it to one another out on the floor! Neither of them have gotten back inside the ring since this match started and-

[With the camera on Rage and Walker, the flying body of Pedro Perez coming over the top rope, crashing down on the apron, and then spilling out onto the floor is a bit of a surprise to all viewing as the crowd groans at the impact on the outside!]

BW: Somebody get the Maniac a broom 'cause he's cleaning house in there!

[We cut back to the ring where Dane - having disposed of Pedro Perez for the moment - turns his attention back to Isaiah Carpenter who is struggling to get up off the mat as John Law rolls to the outside.]

GM: It appears as though the referee is going with these two as the legal men now - Morgan Dane and Isaiah Carpenter officially getting us started in this six man battle to see who goes to war!

[Dane pulls the rising Carpenter to his feet by the hair, smashing his face into the top turnbuckle before spinning his back into the buckles.]

GM: Carpenter not where he wants to be with the likes of Morgan Dane, the Maniac.

[Dane grunts as he smashes a fist down between the eyes, exclaiming a loud "HAH!" with each blow landed. The battery continues, driving Carpenter down to a knee in the corner.]

GM: The referee forcing Dane back now... there will be no one to stop him inside of WarGames if his team wins this match. No pinfalls in that match. No countouts or disqualification. The only way out of that double cage hell is to make one of your opponents submit or surrender, Bucky.

BW: We're still waiting to see who all Jon Stegglet sends to war but when you look at the Korugun side of the coin - these three... Juan Vasquez... it's kinda hard to imagine any of those guys submitting or surrendering.

GM: Absolutely. But every time that double cage goes up, Bucky, we all sit and wonder if someone will give in... and every time, it happens. Someone WILL submit or surrender at SuperClash... and it very well could be one of the four men you just mentioned.

[Dane walks to the far corner, hanging over the ropes, his tongue grotesquely lolling from his mouth...]

...and then whips around, barreling across the ring to SMASH his knee into Carpenter's head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Dane grabs Carpenter by the ankle, hauling him out of the corner before dropping into a pin attempt.]

GM: Early cover by the Maniac... and he gets two off that kneesmash.

[An agitated Dane grabs Carpenter's hair, pulling him into a loose side headlock before smashing his fist down over and over and over into the forehead as the referee starts a five count.]

GM: Not enough to get a pin count... and now he breaks the punching before the count of five would disqualify him.

BW: Another thing that won't happen in WarGames. No warning for punches. No disqualifications at all like you said. It's truly a war-like atmosphere where anything goes inside that cage.

GM: And you can imagine the kind of dirty tricks someone like Javier Castillo will have up his sleeve at WarGames?

BW: The General's always got a plan... and if you're cheering for Team AWA... Team Stegglet... Team Martinez... whatever you want to call them... you better hope they've got a plan of their own on Thanksgiving Night in Atlanta or 2018 will see a whole new AWA under solely Korugun rule.

[Dane stalks around the downed Carpenter, his head twisting back and forth wildly as John Law and Derek Rage take their place on the ring apron in the Korugun corner. Across the ring, we can see Wade Walker on his feet on the outside, helping Pedro Perez up as they head towards their corner as well. Dane grabs at his hair, yanking and tearing at it as he grimaces.]

GM: And I simply do NOT like this man out here without Harrison Fawcett here to maintain some kind of control over him. Morgan Dane is a different man since returning to the AWA this summer, Gordo.

BW: No more of the calculatingly brutal man that he once was - the master of the death match, the king of ultraviolence... now he's unhinged... unleashed... and uncontrolled.

GM: And you can bet Korugun had something to do with that. All sorts of twisted rumors we've heard about that company and their activities. Scientific experiments, experimental drugs and medical procedures...

BW: Easy there, Gordo. We're so close to the holidays and I'm sure your family would be very thankful if you stay employed.

GM: Javier Castillo's had almost a year to fire me. If he wants my microphone, he knows exactly where to find it. I'm not out here to spin... I'm here to speak the truth and that's what I'm doing, Bucky. If you don't like it, I'll call this one solo, old friend.

[Bucky goes silent for a bit as we see Derek Rage bellowing at Morgan Dane, trying to snap him out of his little mental breakdown. Dane is still holding the side of his head as he approaches the corner, slapping the giant's offered hand.]

GM: Dane getting himself out of there, making the tag to Derek Rage...

[The seven footer steps over the ropes into the ring, heading straight towards the rising Carpenter, grabbing him by the throat down on the mat...

...and deadlifts him straight up to his feet, staring right into the eyes of Carpenter who swats at the grasping arm, trying to get himself free.]

GM: Rage with a two hand grip... and lifts him right up! He's choking him!

[Carpenter's eyes bulge as Rage presses his thumbs in on the windpipe of the struggling Dog of War. The referee starts a five count, reaching four before Rage hurls Carpenter down to the mat where he lies coughing and gasping.]

GM: No rules are off limits in this one as these six men get ready for war, Bucky.

BW: Speaking of getting ready for war, Gordo... what in the world do you think is going through Javier Castillo's mind backstage as he gets ready to step inside that steel cage hanging over our heads in the Main Event tonight against Ryan Martinez?

GM: I have no idea, Bucky. Castillo's always been on the egomaniacal side but I believe he's gone too far this time. He's not a pro wrestler. He's not a trained fighter of any sorts. To get inside a steel cage with a former World Champion? That's suicidal if you ask me.

BW: And his mind can't be one hundred percent on that match even. He's got a lot of business to attend to here tonight - not the least of which is filling the final spot on Team Korugun. What in the world was Fawcett talking about? The asset is secured? Is that the final member of the the Army?

GM: With those two involved, I wouldn't dare to make a prediction.

[As Carpenter attempts to crawl away from Rage, the seven footer winds up his arm, taking a two-step running jump...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Big elbowdrop - right down into the lower back of Carpenter!

[Rage rolls Carpenter onto his back, picking up a two count from the official before Carpenter escapes.]

GM: Out at two. Carpenter rolling to his hip as Rage gets right back to his feet, towering over him...

[The "Intelligent Thug" gives a shout down at Carpenter, beckoning him to his feet. He waits for him, watching with a smirk as Carpenter struggles to get up off the canvas.]

GM: Grabs the arm, shoots him in...

[Rage charges in after him, smashing home a clothesline across the chest that lifts Carpenter's feet off the mat before he settles back down.]

GM: A giant-sized clothesline from a giant-sized man... and when you see this seven footer in the ring, Bucky, you can't help but wonder what kind of damage he can do inside the double cage hell known as WarGames.

BW: We've seen him do all sorts of damage since arriving in the AWA and declaring himself a member of the Korugun Army. He was brought here for this moment, Gordo, and I'll be shocked if he lets the General down.

[Rage whips Carpenter back across to the other neutral corner, stampeding in after him...]

GM: Another body-shaking clothesline by the big man! Carpenter being dominated at this point and he needs to look for a way out of there. Both Pedro Perez and Wade Walker are on the apron, looking for the tag...

[Rage shoots Carpenter across the ring again, the smaller man's back SLAMMING violently into the turnbuckles as the giant methodically measures him... and then comes barreling across the ring...]

GM: CLOTHESLIIIIIII-

[...but this time, Carpenter front rolls out of the corner, avoiding the heavy blow as Rage SMASHES chestfirst into the turnbuckles...

...and with a diving lunge!]

GM: TAG!

[There's a flurry of a crowd response as Pedro Perez ducks through the ropes, rushing towards the stunned Derek Rage.]

GM: Look at Perez!

[The crowd noise gets louder as Perez just throws... just flat out throws... fists, forearms, smashing any part of his body into Derek Rage's torso that he can. It's a swirling tornado of physicality hammering into any part of Derek Rage that's visible!]

BW: He looks like the Tasmaniac in there!

[Rage brings his long arms up, trying to protect himself from the furious onslaught of blows...

...which just allows Perez to slide in behind Rage, landing blows on the ribs, the back, the neck...]

GM: Pedro Perez is all over the giant, trying to bring the big man down to size!

[With Rage staggered and trying to defend, Perez breaks away, running the short distance to the ropes where he leaps up, springing back...

...and lands on the upper back of Rage, wrapping up his head and neck in a sleeperhold!]

GM: And that's one way to try to bring a giant down - the sleeperhold locked in!

BW: Perez used the ropes for a boost, getting him up the seven foot frame of Derek Rage to get that sleeper applied! A smart move by Perez but can he bring down the big man?!

[Rage struggles within the cinched in hold, staggering about the ring with a wild-eyed Perez on his back...]

GM: Pedro Perez has vision of WarGames in his head! And like a little kid on Christmas Eve, he may not be able to rest until he-

[...and then suddenly, the giant lunges backwards, smashing Perez against the turnbuckles in the Korugun corner!]

GM: Ohhh! Into the corner they go - a good counter by Derek Rage to get out of this, relying on his wiles rather than brute force.

BW: Living up to that Intelligent Thug moniker... and there's a tag of his own.

[Derek Rage didn't offer up the tag but Morgan Dane took one nonetheless, bulldozing through the ropes, shoving Rage out of the way as he rears back his right hand...

...and lets it fly, hard and fast, into the skull of Perez!]

GM: The Maniac is there now, battering Perez down in the corner... one of Dane's favorite attacks...

[The guttural grunts from Dane fill the air, pounding Perez into a state of desperate defense...

...which is when Dane grabs a front facelock, yanking Perez into the air, and then twisting to throw him out of it!]

GM: Unusual offense out of Morgan Dane - turning that suplex into a slam in the middle of it...

BW: There's not much "usual" about Morgan Dane at all, Gordo.

GM: Perez down on his back in the middle of the ring - that short flurry of offense cut off in a hurry.

BW: And again, when the Dogs of War try to work on an individual basis, they find themselves outmatched. They need to get some of those doubleteams in the mix... some of those triple teams too.

[As Dane wanders the ring, slapping a hand against the side of his own head as Derek Rage looks on with a grimace, Pedro Perez manages to fight his way up to his knees...]

GM: Perez trying to get up off the mat and-

[Dane swoops in behind Perez, hooking his fingers inside the nostrils of the Puerto Rican, and gives a big yank!]

GM: Ahh! The Maniac ripping and tearing at the face of Perez!

[The referee warns Dane, forcing a break...

...which is when Dane sinks his teeth into the forehead instead!]

BW: And now he's biting him! Dane's getting ready for war, Gordo!

GM: I'm not sure this is any different than a normal Saturday night for this savage, Bucky.

[A well-placed downward elbowstrike between the eyes puts Perez back down on his back just before Dane follows it up with a fistdrop, dropping to his knees as he buries his knuckles into Perez' skull!]

GM: Perez is down and Dane's right on top of him!

[The referee starts another count as Dane mercilessly pummels Perez into the canvas as a good amount of fans jeer the brutality.]

GM: Morgan Dane getting an earful from these Charlotte fans as he hammers Perez into the canvas.

[Dane finally gets off of Perez, arms spread wide as he approaches the referee who beats a quick retreat to try and stay away from the Maniac.]

GM: Dane's out of control... and again, I have to wonder if that's because "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett is not out here to KEEP him under control to some degree.

BW: Fawcett's apparently got more important business to deal with tonight - Generalissimo business.

GM: And if I'm Ryan Martinez, that might concern me a bit. Who knows what Castillo and Fawcett have planned for that cage match later tonight?

[Dane circles back to Perez, grabbing the kneeling Dog of War and pulling him to his feet, right into a standing headscissors...]

GM: Dane's getting set! A piledriver perhaps?

BW: It wouldn't be the first time! Shadoc Rage is STILL on the shelf from that piledriver Dane put on him!

[But with his partner in danger, Isaiah Carpenter hops up on the middle rope, bellowing at Dane whose eyes jerk over towards him...]

...and he quickly abandons one prey for another, wandering away from Perez towards the boisterous Carpenter...]

GM: Carpenter using Dane's lack of focus to save his partner. Pedro Perez was in serious jeopardy and Carpenter was able to distract the Maniac with relative ease.

[With Carpenter still shouting at Dane, holding his attention as he draws closer to the ropes, Perez regains his footing. He throws an appraising look at the situation...]

...and then breaks into a charge to the ropes, rebounding off quickly as Rage and Law try to get Dane's attention back on the ring...]

GM: PEREZ ON THE MOVE!

[The fast-moving Perez HURLS himself into the air as Dane slowly turns to face him...]

...and catches him with a crossbody that hits Dane high in the chest, causing him to topple backwards up against the ropes. The duo become entangled as Dane tries to catch him, sending both men flying over the ropes, Dane flipping backwards...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT A MOVE OUT OF PEREZ!

BW: Pedro Perez putting his body on the line to try and get the Dogs of War back into this high stakes matchup! A crossbody taking both he AND Dane out of this match for the moment!

GM: The Dogs of War have been on a roll as of late, taking out opponents left and right including the Kabuckicho Assassination Maniac Squad recently.

BW: Ran those two right back to Japan.

GM: But right now, their focus is on the team of Law, Rage, and Dane who are the only roadblocks standing between them and their spots in WarGames.

BW: Juan Vasquez, the Dogs of War, and some other monster Castillo's got in reserve? That's a dangerous unit, Gordo.

GM: It certainly is... and you can bet Jon Stegglet is looking on nervously from backstage, wondering what the result of this one will be.

BW: It might have a huge effect on who he looks to recruit for Team Stegglet going into WarGames. Martinez and Carver are a good start but he needs to get a move on, Gordo.

GM: We know Jon Stegglet is here tonight and he's got plans to lock his team into place but you're right, Bucky. A team containing Derek Rage, John Law, and Morgan Dane is very different than a team with Isaiah Carpenter, Pedro Perez, and Wade Walker.

[With Perez and Dane on the outside, Derek Rage drops off the apron, lumbering around the ringpost to head in their direction...

...but the bold official slides to the floor, holding up his hands and waving Rage back, impeding his path...]

GM: The referee's not letting Rage go by... trying to make sure he stays away from where Dane and Perez are on the outside...

[And with Rage and the referee in disagreement, Isaiah Carpenter slides into the ring, getting a running start across...]

GM: CARPENTER, THE DAREDEVIL!

[...and HURLS himself over the top rope, flipping through the air to land onto a surprised Derek Rage, knocking the giant down on the outside!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CARPENTER WIPES HIM OUT!

[Carpenter comes to his feet with a wicked grin, nodding his head at the roaring crowd and then quickly moves towards his ally, shaking Perez as he pulls him to his feet.]

GM: Carpenter getting Perez back up now... trying to get his squad back into this...

[Carpenter and Perez pull Dane off the ringside mats, tossing him back under the ropes into the ring. Perez rolls under the ropes after him, reaching up to slap Carpenter's hand as soon as he's on the apron.]

GM: There's a tag... Perez not done yet though...

[Getting a running start, Perez leaps into the air, dropping his weight across the chest of Morgan Dane...]

GM: Senton backslash by Perez... CARPENTER OFF THE TOP!

[The springboarding Carpenter goes into a full flip, dropping a swandive senton across the prone Dane as well!]

GM: OHHHH MYYYYYY!

[Carpenter flips over, making a cover on Dane, and earning a two count before Dane's shoulder comes up off the mat.]

BW: Morgan Dane's been to hell and back in some of matches we've all seen him in in Japan... it's gonna take more than a couple of sentons to put him down. Anyone got a bulldozer? Maybe a wrecking ball?

[Carpenter is immediately to his feet, throwing a surveying glance around to make sure no one is coming for him as he gets Dane up off the mat, pushing him back into the Dogs' corner...]

GM: Carpenter backs him in...

[The highflyer of the Dogs goes to the ground, landing a pair of forearm shots with both arms before a spinning back elbow catches Dane on the temple. He spins back the other way, burying a boot in the gut of the Maniac...]

GM: Rolling sole butt to the midsection and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: -and an enzugiri for good measure!

[With Dane still trapped in the corner seeing stars, Carpenter flips him out of the corner into a seated position with a snapmare, hopping up to the middle rope...]

GM: Dane's down and... OHHH! WHAT A DROPKICK!

[...and leaps off with a high impact dropkick to the back of the skull, snapping Dane forward before sending him back down on his back!]

GM: Carpenter covers again... and another two count!

[Getting up off the mat, Carpenter slaps the offered hand of Pedro Perez, bringing his ally back into the mix...]

GM: Another tag for the Dogs - still no tag to Wade Walker but Perez and Carpenter working in tandem here... double whip across...

[As the 300 pound Dane comes lumbering back, Perez and Carpenter lift him together...

...and DUMP him facefirst on the canvas!]

GM: FLAPJACK CONNECTS! Perez with the cover this time!

[As Carpenter exits, Perez scores a two count of his own before Dane escapes.]

GM: Morgan Dane continuing to absorb a world's full of offense from the Dogs of War and continues to kick out over and over.

[Back on his feet, Perez grabs an arm on Dane, dragging him up off the canvas to whip him right back into the Dogs' corner...]

GM: Perez shoots him in, coming in after him! OHH!

[But Perez runs right into a raised boot from Dane, sending him staggering backwards...

...as Dane wheels around and SMASHES Wade Walker with a right hand that knocks him off the apron. A well-placed headbutt does the same to Carpenter as Dane spins back towards Perez who is charging back in...]

GM: PEREZ ON THE MOV-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and HURLS himself into a back elbow that absolutely destroys Perez for the moment!]

GM: Good grief! What a shot by Morgan Dane!

[Grabbing Perez by the arms, Dane hauls him back across the ring before slapping the offered hand of John Law...]

GM: Tag to Law...

[The Head of Security for the Korugun Army comes in, takes aim, and drops a big elbow down into Perez' chest.]

GM: Heavy elbowdrop by Law... make it two!

[Law gets up again, looking down at Perez...]

GM: Three times that elbow finds the mark! And now Law with a cover!

[Perez slips out at two, leaving a disgruntled look on the face of John Law.]

GM: Perez kicks out... and now these two squads are trading pin attempts quickly as they can sense their date with destiny within reach.

BW: Still can't believe they're fighting to get INTO WarGames. Someone ask Luke Kinsey how that turned out for him.

[Law wraps his hands around the throat of Perez, choking him into the mat as the fans jeer.]

GM: So much for this guy being a man of justice, huh?

BW: Everyone's got their own sense of justice.

[Dragging Perez off the mat, Law whips him across the ring into the ropes...]

GM: Into the ropes... clothesline ducked by Perez...

[Hitting the ropes, Perez bounces off and under a second wild clothesline attempt...]

GM: Make it a pair... Perez really moving now and-

[...and as he bounces back again, Law catches Perez under his arm, letting the momentum swing him backwards into a thunderous sidewalk slam!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OHHHH MY, WHAT A SLAM BY JOHN LAW! THAT MIGHT DO IT!

[Law agrees, nodding his head and shoving his palms into the chest of Perez as he pushes up for all to see...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: PEREZ IS OUT! PEREZ KICKS OUT AT TWO!

[Law grimaces at the official as he pushes up to his knees, shaking his head.]

GM: John Law seems less than pleased with the count there, Bucky.

BW: Maybe practicing giving the official some dirty looks when Ryan Martinez gets Javier Castillo trapped inside that massive steel cage over our heads later tonight, Gordo.

GM: I still can't fathom his logic in getting in there. I know he's delusional, Bucky, but does he really think he can pin Ryan Martinez?! Does he think he can make the former World Champion submit?

BW: I'm not sure, Gordo... but can we take it easy on the boss man? You know he's watching and you know whatever we say might-

GM: Okay, okay... I'll ease off a little... for now.

BW: That's all I can ask for... but I don't think John Law's about to ease off at all.

[Climbing to his feet, Law raises his right hand high to a mixed reaction, waiting as he watches Pedro Perez struggle up off the mat nearby...]

...and then wraps his powerful hand around the throat of the Puerto Rican!]

GM: He hooks him! Lawmaker Chokeslam on the-

[The crowd reacts as Isaiah Carpenter comes soaring off the top rope, looking to intervene...]

GM: CARPENTER LEAPS AND... CAUGHT!

[...and ends up with a hand wrapped around his throat as well!]

GM: LAW'S GOT 'EM BOTH!

[Law gives a nod before lifting both Dogs of War high into the air...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DOUBLE CHOOOOOKESLAAAAAAM!

[Upon impact, Isaiah Carpenter rolls over onto his hip and keeps on going right out to the floor as Law sinks to his knees, diving across Perez.]

GM: Law with the cover! This could do it!

[The referee dives down to count.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ...AND WADE WALKER MAKES THE SAVE! OH MY!

[The crowd is buzzing for the action now as Wade Walker narrowly saves his squad's chances of moving into the SuperClash Main Event.]

GM: Wade Walker with a diving, lunging save out of nowhere saves this one for the Dogs of War... and the referee's not about to let him get any more involved. The referee is right there, forcing Walker back across the ring...

BW: Nice job of keeping control by the ref. Having six guys out there ain't ever an easy night at the office... especially when it's these six guys.

GM: Walker being put back out and... tag! Law makes the tag to the Korugun giant and in comes Derek Rage!

[Rage steps over the ropes, walking with purpose towards the downed Pedro Perez. He swings a long arm down, his hand enveloping the scarred forehead of Perez before lifting him straight up off the mat and onto his feet...]

GM: Wow! Look at the power of Derek Rage! He's got that clawhold locked in, right out in the middle of the ring now...

BW: You can search Home Depot's aisles all day long, Gordo - and you ain't never gonna find the Hammer of God!

GM: Derek Rage has got him hooked though and-

[He lifts Perez into the air but as he nears the peak of the lift, Perez manages to slip out, landing on his feet and moving quickly to the ropes behind Rage, leaping up onto them...]

GM: Pedro Perez out the back door... to the ropes...

[...and springs back, twisting to snare a front facelock...]

GM: ...HOOKS HIM AND...

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ...DOWWWWWWN IN A TORNADO DDT!

BW: HE SPIKED HIM GOOD, DADDY!

[Perez slumps back to the mat, laying on his back with his feet touching Rage's for a few moments as the crowd cheers the action in the night's opener.]

GM: We're nearly twenty minutes into this tremendous six man tag team battle and that's nowhere near the time limit. Javier Castillo very strategically giving this match a one hour time limit to make sure we'd see a winner as he readies his team for the ultimate battlefield known as WarGames.

[A battered Perez rolls from his back to his hip, holding his arm in the air before flopping over onto his chest...]

GM: And if Pedro Perez has a chance to get out of here right now, he needs to take it... and if you ask me, he needs to get Wade Walker in there.

BW: The heavy hitter of the Dogs of War hasn't been legally in the match yet and this is as good a time as any to get him in, I agree.

[Perez pushes up off the mat, dragging himself across the canvas towards his corner where Wade Walker is the only one standing, arm stretched out to his partner...]

GM: Perez trying to take our advice - trying to get to that corner...

[Walker is shaking with intensity now, nodding his head vigorously as he stretches out his arm.]

GM: Perez stretching out, dragging himself closer as Derek Rage tries to recover from that tornado DDT!

[Rage sits up on the mat, shaking his head, rubbing the back of his neck as he tries to clear the cobwebs.]

GM: Rage is starting to stir now... can Perez get there before he does? Can he make it?

[Walker gives a shout of "COME ON!" to his brother in arms who gets closer.. and closer...]

GM: Almost... alllllmoooooooooost...

[...and with a lunge...]

GM: TAG!

[The crowd cheers as Wade Walker comes through the ropes, rushing in towards the rising Derek Rage who is on a knee as Walker gets near.]

GM: Right hand by Walker! Another! Make it three!

[With Rage dazed on a knee, Walker does a quick circle, pumping his right arm as Rage pushes up to his feet...

...and gets knocked right back down with a lunging lariat by Walker!]

GM: OHHH! All impact on that clothesline! Walker drops him like a bad habit!

[With Rage down, John Law comes rushing back in to meet Walker, earning a reprimand from the official...]

GM: Law's not legal but- oh! Big right from Law... and Walker returns fire!

[The crowd is roaring for the slugfest between the two heavy hitters near the ropes as Law's big shots back Walker a few feet away...]

GM: Law hammering away, got Walker backpedaling...

[Law twists away, running to the ropes...

...but as he hits them, he gets a leaping Superman Punch up on the jaw that sends Law through the ropes and out to the floor to another big reaction!]

GM: WALKER SENDS LAW BACK TO THE OUTSIDE!

[The Maniac is the next one in, rushing towards Walker...

...but Walker holds his footing, squaring up and throwing a huuuuge lariat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The impact of the standing clothesline flips Dane inside out, dumping the three hundred pounder down in a heap on the canvas!]

GM: AND WADE WALKER IS CLEANING HOUSE ON TEAM KORUGUN!

BW: And this is the Dogs of War I'd be VERY afraid of seeing in WarGames if I was Jon Stegglet, Ryan Martinez, or Hannibal Carver!

[Walker is all sorts of fired up as he marches around the ring, turning his back into the corner as he throws back his arms with a roar, taking aim at a rising Derek Rage...]

GM: Rage is getting up but he's gonna find Walker waiting for him!

[...and as the giant struggles to his feet, Walker lowers his shoulder and charges in on him...]

GM: WALKER GOING FOR A SPEA-

[...but as he nears Rage, the giant somehow manages to catch him coming in, hoisting the 270 pounder up into the air...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRIVES him down with a ring-shaking powerbomb!]

GM: MY STARS IN HEAVEN! WHAT A COUNTER BY THE KORUGUN GIANT!

[With Walker PLANTED on the canvas, Rage throws his arms apart, shouting that it's all over as he drops to a knee, diving across Walker's prone torso.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CARPENTER AND PEREZ WITH A DIVING SAVE IN TANDEM! OH MY!

BW: They're not legal - but they ain't goin' anywhere! The referee's losing control of this one fast, Gordo!

GM: Carpenter and Perez, hammering away on Rage who is trying to get up off the mat...

[The crowd buzzes as the duo takes turn pummeling the kneeling Rage who is struggling to get to his feet...]

GM: This is a two on one on the seven foot Derek Rage!

[With a nudge, Carpenter gestures to the ropes and together he and Perez break away from Rage, racing back to the ropes, rebounding off...

...and with a surge to his feet, Rage extends both lengthy arms and wraps his hands around the skulls of the incoming Dogs!]

GM: DOUBLE CLAWHOLD!

BW: HE'S GOT 'EM BOTH!

GM: HAMMER OF GOD ON THE WAY AND-

[But as Rage sets to drive Carpenter and Perez into the canvas, Wade Walker struggles to get his feet, barreling across towards them...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SPEEEEEEEAAAAAAR!

[The impactful running tackle cuts Rage down to size, breaking his grip instantly on Perez and Carpenter...]

....who break into a sprint...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and snap off a pair of stereo dives through the ropes onto Law and Dane on the outside!]

GM: OH MY STARS!

[The referee grabs his own head in shock, racing to the ropes to see what just happened as Walker climbs to his feet...]

GM: WAIT A-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and nearly gets his head kicked right off his torso by a quickly incoming Cain Jackson!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

BW: I thought he was in Japan!

GM: Apparently not!

[Jackson pauses in the ring with a grin, staying just long enough to be seen by the fans and the cameras...]

...and then drags Derek Rage by the arm, tossing him on top of the downed and motionless Wade Walker before diving from the ring just before the official swings around. Seeing the pin, the referee drops to the mat.]

GM: Cain Jackson from out of nowhere with that big boot and-

[The referee slaps the mat once... twice...]

BW: THEY GOT 'EM!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd buzzes at the sound of the bell as the camera cuts to the ramp where a grinning Cain Jackson is backpedaling up it, waving goodbye to the downed Dogs of War.]

GM: Cain Jackson... you said it, Bucky... by all accounts, we were told that Cain Jackson and AJ Martinez had returned to Japan after their recent match with the Dogs of War nearly ended in serious injury for Martinez. But that was apparently not true at all because not only is Cain Jackson here but Cain Jackson just had a DIRECT impact on WarGames!

BW: I don't know if the Dogs of War had it won after that spear or not but Cain Jackson just SNATCHED that Main Event payday right out from under Walker, Perez, and Carpenter... and you want to talk about leveling up a rivalry, Jackson just did that for sure!

GM: Wade Walker is still down. He got his bell rung good by that devastating big boot that we've seen so many times out of Cain Jackson over the years... and wow! That means that it's locked in, Bucky. Derek Rage, John Law, and Morgan Dane are going to SuperClash... they're going to WarGames... and... well, what does this mean for the Dogs of War?!

[Cain Jackson is rapidly moving towards the stage door now, not wanting to be around when the Dogs of War get back into it...]

...and we abruptly cut to a camera in the office of Javier Castillo who is glowering at the monitor in front of him. In the background, we can see Jeff Matthews and MAWAGA lurking.]

JM: Want me to stop him?

[Castillo stares at the monitor for a few more moments.]

JC: No. Let him go. If the Dogs were the better team for WarGames, they would've seen that coming and stopped it. I can't afford to have any blind spots in my team. We have to be ready for war.

[Matthews nods as Castillo turns towards him.]

JC: You wanted to see me.

[Matthews nods again.]

JM: I know you've got a lot going on tonight... and I know we haven't been exactly on the same page lately... but I've got an idea that could solve a lot of issues for both of us.

[Castillo arches an eyebrow.]

JC: Go on.

[Matthews smirks.]

JM: I'm a former World Champion. I'm a Hall of Famer. And I know how to do business the right way.

[Castillo is listening.]

JM: And since it looks like Supreme Wright's going to be sitting on the injured list on Thanksgiving Night and I suddenly don't have an opponent...

[Matthews baits the hook.]

JM: ...and you've got three guys fighting for the AWA World Title that aren't exactly Korugun material...

[Castillo smiles, now seeing where this is going.]

JM: ...how about you add me to that World Title match and I bring the gold home to Korugun?

[Castillo sits back in his chair, looking up at the ceiling as he thinks for a few moments.]

JC: An interesting proposal, Mr. Matthews. One certainly worthy of consideration.

[Matthews beams.... but as Castillo raises a finger, Matthews' expression shifts.]

JC: But remember... my number one goal... and yours... is making sure Supreme Wright does NOT get himself into WarGames. If I was to agree to your proposal, we'd have to be sure that Wright will NOT compete at SuperClash.

[Matthews nods his head.]

JM: Consider it done.

[And with that, the former World Champion makes his exit, leaving Castillo behind to consider his options...

...and we fade back out to ringside where Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde are seated. Myers shakes his head with disgust.]

GM: Always plotting and planning. Jeff Matthews trying to get himself added to the three way match at SuperClash - trying to make it a four way. We'll see what happens with that throughout the night but right now, I'm getting word that we're going to Sweet Lou Blackwell backstage. Hopefully he can get some answers from Cain Jackson about what just happened!

[We cut to the loading dock area backstage, where we see Sweet Lou Blackwell standing by, as we suddenly see Cain Jackson appear. He walks straight past Lou, looking to make a quick exit. Blackwell follows Jackson, trying to catch up with him as the cameraman attempts to keep up with the both of them.]

SLB: CAIN! CAIN JACKSON! WHAT IS THE MEANING OF ALL THIS? WHAT WERE YOU THINKING?

[Jackson continues walking, ignoring Blackwell as he makes his way to a running car... the black 1974 Ford Falcon XB GT we've seen him driving before.]

SLB: You just cost The Dogs of War their match! You cost them a spot in WarGames!

CJ: Yeah, I know. Guess it wasn't their night.

[He opens the driver side door and gets in.]

SLB: But why? They've already injured AJ Martinez and now this is just going to-

[Jackson cuts him off.]

CJ: Shut up... shut up for a second! AJ might be down, but he's not out. And as far as the Dogs go... our business with them is FAR from over. Tonight was just a reminder that we're not going anywhere.

[Blackwell looks puzzled for a moment.]

SLB: But even if AJ will be back, is this a fight you really want? You're still outnumbered!

[Jackson grins.]

CJ: Are you sure about that?

[Jackson starts to drive away when Blackwell shouts after him.]

SLB: What do you mean by that?

[Just then, a huge roar is heard from inside the arena as we see Supreme Wright walking into the shot. He stops as he and Jackson exchange a quick look, before Jackson turns to Lou with a smirk...]

CJ: See you in two weeks, Lou.

"VRRRRROOOOOOOOOOMMMM"

[...and then puts the pedal to the metal and he speeds off into the night.]

SLB: I...

[Lou turns to Supreme, who glares at him coldly.]

SLB: ...I don't even know what to say. Supreme Wright, serendipity strikes because I've got some questions for you and-

SW[Interrupting]: Theresa will be fine.

[Lou looks at Wright with surprise.]

SW: That's what you were going to ask me about, wasn't it?

SLB: Well... yes.

SW: She's a lot tougher and a lot fiercer than anyone gives her credit for. Theresa will be back. She may not be here tonight... but I am.

And I intend to make the people responsible for what happened to her regret that they ever laid their hands on her.

[A cheer can be heard from within the arena at Wright's words. Lou seems shocked.]

SLB: But didn't you promise her you'd stay out of this?

[Wright stares at him and proceeds to ignore Blackwell's question.]

SW: It's just a few weeks before SuperClash and you would think my sole focus would be on Jeff Matthews, but thanks to Sandra Hayes, it's not. Tonight...

...I want Kerry Kendrick.

SLB: You're challenging Kerry Kendrick to a match? Are you even medically cleared?

[Wright shakes his head.]

SW: This isn't a request and this isn't a challenge. In those situations, people actually have a choice. Kerry Kendrick will step into my ring tonight and face me. Because if he doesn't...

[Lou holds his hand up.]

SLB: I think we get the picture. We don't need to hear all the gory details.

[Wright smirks.]

SLB: Boy, I'm sure glad I'm not in Kerry Kendrick's shoes right now. Fans, we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling!

[Blackwell watches Wright exit the shot into the building 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 fade back up to a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo which turns into a shot at the Chimpanzee Position of a quite pissed-off Pedro Perez storming into view, letting loose what we can assume is a flood of profanity since the audio is cut out but we can see his mouth moving while Isaiah Carpenter helps Wade Walker through the curtain.

After a bit, the audio comes back in and we see Mark Stegglet standing with a mic in hand.]

MS: Gentlemen, a word?

[Perez stomps towards Stegglet, causing the interviewer to jump when Perez slams his balled-up fists into the wall with another presumably loud expletive that is muted.]

MS: Mr. Perez, please... control yourself.

[Perez snarls at Stegglet.]

PP: CONTROL MYSELF?! CONTROL MYSELF?! The damned suits around this place can't do a DAMN thing to control ANYTHING and you want me to control myself, Stegglet?! I don't think so! CAIN JACKSON!

[Perez points a finger at the camera.]

PP: Once shoulda been enough. One beating at the hands of the Dogs of War shoulda been enough. But you came back. And you jumped the big man. AND... AND...

[Perez lets loose a roar of frustration, twisting away as Carpenter and a still-dazed Walker move into view.]

IC: And you cost us money. WarGames? The SuperClash Main Event? That's the kind of money that makes a career... puts you on Easy Street for life. James Monosso got his skull caved in winnin' the World Title but one SuperClash Main Event and his crazy ass is sitting on a beach in the Bahamas for the rest of his days.

You cost us that, Jackson... and for what? For your boy?

[Carpenter nods.]

IC: I almost respect that. There's nothing I wouldn't do for these two. Nothing I won't do.

[Carpenter points a finger.]

IC: You should remember that.

[Perez comes back into view, still pissed off and out of control.]

PP: REMEMBER IT WHILE YOU CAN, JACKSON! 'CAUSE WHEN WE'RE DONE WITH YOU, YOU'LL BE LUCKY IF YOU REMEMBER YOUR MAMA'S FACE, JAILBIRD!

[Perez nudges Carpenter.]

PP: Let's go find Castillo. We got business to take care of.

[Perez leads Carpenter and Walker - who pauses a moment to glare coldly into the camera - out of view, leaving Stegklet behind.]

MS: A very fired up and volatile Dogs of War, fans. I sure hope Cain Jackson knows what he did here tonight. Sweet Lou... over to you.

[We fade away from the Chimpanzee Position over to another part of the backstage area where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell stands with Kerry Kendrick, who is wearing the new blue, red, and gold SuperClash 9 baseball jersey, unbuttoned to the waist. He rests his arm on the shoulder of Miss Sandra Hayes, who is wearing an asymmetrical crop-top dress that may look like the height of fashion to some and garishly overdesigned to others. She rests her sparkling pink baseball bat over her shoulder with one hand, and idly twists a length of tar black ponytailed hair with the other.]

SLB: Thanks, Mark... and please understand that I am in this position facing a combination of duress and distress... but last week on the special Fright Night edition of Power Hour, Miss Sandra Hayes, you perpetrated a premeditated attack on my broadcast colleague Theresa Lynch. We already heard from Supreme Wright, Mr. Kendrick and let me tell you, I would not want to be in your black boots tonight.

KK: You know, Sweet Lou, the sad fact of life is that I wasn't even involved; this is just another case of Supreme projecting his insecurities onto someone else. That's been the story of his career. I don't have Miss Hayes hypnotized like he does Theresa Lynch, and I don't control her.

But if he wants to confront me tonight, we still have a score to settle, him and I, and I don't like seeing red in my ledger. The thing is, though, I smell a trap, Blackwell. I smell stale beer and hot sauce and I just know another ambush from Ricki Toughill is coming. This time, I'm going to be ready.

[Kendrick pauses.]

KK: And I'm gonna see John Law about it.

[Kendrick exits off-screen, but Blackwell blocks Hayes' path.]

SLB: Well, Miss Hayes... on the topic of ambushes, if I can ask you: what would possess you to attack Theresa Lynch and throw her several feet off a raised platform to a concrete floor? My colleague is very lucky to not be seriously injured, you know!

MSH: Oh, I don't know, Lou. I guess Theresa Lynch's assault on me on Fight Night just... just made me lose control of myself. And she did assault me first, you know. I didn't have a very happy childhood, Sweet Lou, and Theresa just... triggered some awful memories in me and I was not in control of my actions. Really, she was overdue to have some...

[She rubs her palm over her cheek mockingly.]

MSH: ...egg on her face. It's just like the incident with Michelle Bailey, but I've found within me a willingness to forgive the AWA from putting me in that position, and I am forgiving myself for losing control like that.

And just like Michelle Bailey, I am also voluntarily paying the penalty for my infraction.

SLB: And that fine, from what my sources in the AWA legal department tell me, has been litigated down from over twenty-five grand to 285 dollars... thanks to your pal, Javier Castillo.

[Hayes bats her eyelashes with a shrug.]

MSH: It is my first offense, Blackwell! I am not like Ricki Toughill! I am too classy to be prone to fits of violent rage—

[A voice calls out from off-camera.]

“Two... hundred... eighty-five dollars?!”

[From offstage, Terry Shane the Third enters the frame indignantly glaring at his former valet.]

TS3: Did I hear that right?

[Hayes smirks at the angry Shane.]

TS3: We spent more money in that buying dinner in some of those five-star restaurants you used to drag me to back in the day. You remember those days, right? You wouldn't even eat most of those meals... you just wanted to post on social media you were there.

[Hayes runs a hand down her shapely figure with a grin.]

MSH: A girl's gotta watch her figure, Terry.

[Shane sighs, shaking his head.]

TS3: Some things never change, I guess. You're still out here... still self-entitled... still irresponsible... still not owning up to your own actions.

[Hayes turns to one side, folds her arms, clicks her tongue, and rolls her eyes in her best “I'm not listening” face.]

TS3: But you're right about one thing, Sandra. You're not Ricki Toughill.

[Hayes nods her head with certainty, fanning a hand in front of her nose as she twists her face into one of disgust.]

TS3: But neither is Theresa Lynch. Erica Toughill is a professional wrestler. One of the best in the world in fact.

You're no wrestler... and neither is Theresa... and that stupid little stunt you pulled last week...

[Sandra mouths “stupid little stunt” with her hand on her hip.]

TS3: When you sign up to be a pro wrestler, you accept the reality that you're gonna be hurt. At some point in that ring, you're going to be hurt. It's just how it is. I've been hurt. Kerry Kendrick's been hurt. Ricki's been hurt. We signed on for that.

Theresa didn't. Hell, Sandra... she's still feeling the effects of what happened to her with Michelle! She's probably still feeling the effects of what happened with the Syndicate last year!

[Hayes mockingly wipes her eyes as Shane continues.]

TS3: Make fun of me all you want, Sandra... but what you did to Theresa is unacceptable. She could've been seriously hurt!

[Hayes glares at Shane.]

MSH: Well, I don't pay attention to opinions from people who let me down, "Salience."

[Shane shakes his head.]

TS3: You never did. All that mattered was your agenda. I found that out the hard way when I was just another stooge for the Wise Men.

[Sandra Hayes shoulders her bat and casts her gaze downward, almost thoughtfully.]

MSH: It wasn't always that way, Terry.

TS3: What do you mean, "wasn't always?"

[Hayes bats her eyelashes at Terry Shane a couple of times enigmatically, and exits off-screen without another word.]

SLB: Well, Terry Shane, what do you suppose that means? You appear to be trying to clear a path to reconcile with Miss Sandra Hayes; do you think it's even worth it?

[Shane pauses.]

TS3: I don't know, Lou. But what I do know is that over the past couple of months, I've spent a lot of time back home with my family doing a lot of thinking. See, the family home is kind of in the middle of nowhere... which means there's not much to see for miles around but Mother Nature... the fields... the creek.... the horizon.

It's a good place to see where you came from and where you're going.

[Shane nods.]

TS3: And I think by now everyone knows where I came from. Arrogant. Entitled.

[Shane looks off-camera to where Hayes exited.]

TS3: Remind you of anyone, Lou?

[Blackwell stifles a chuckle, grinning.]

SLB: Perhaps.

[Shane nods.]

TS3: But I learned the hard way that I was on the wrong path. It wasn't that long ago that no one thought I could be redeemed either, Lou.

[Blackwell nods.]

TS3: But with the love and support of my family... my friends... and my fans... I got there.

[Shane looks again off-camera, a thoughtful expression on his face.]

TS3: Maybe she can too.

[We hold on Shane's wistful look for a moment...

...and then fade out to the ring where the fans are jeering as Javier Castillo, the AWA President and General of the Korugun Army is standing center ring, a sneer on his face.]

JC: SuperClash IX is quickly approaching...

[He raises an arm, pointing to the sky.]

JC: ...and all the stars are out to witness history being made because on Thanksgiving Night, I will lead my Army into battle... into WAR.

It will not be pretty. It will not be pleasant to lay your eyes on.

It will be brutal. It will be violent.

[Castillo smirks.]

JC: There WILL be blood. Broken bodies. Injuries. Carnage.

When these two cages go up, careers are shortened and in some cases, ended.

But when that cage is lifted from the ring and the bodies are cleared, there will be one man standing supreme... one man standing victorious... one man who will take the reins of power and lead this company into a whole new era!

[Castillo jerks a thumb at himself.]

JC: And you're looking at him.

[Castillo stands, soaking up the jeers from the AWA faithful, nodding his head.]

JC: It may not be popular with the likes of you in Charlotte... but nonetheless, it is reality.

Just like it's reality that two weeks ago on Fight Night, I made the equally unpopular decision to return Travis Lynch to the active AWA roster.

[The fans cheer loudly for Travis, proving that decision was anything BUT unpopular.]

JC: And when I did, Travis Lynch - as his family is so apt in doing - betrayed my trust. He... how you say... went into business for himself.

He made a grandstand challenge that no one in the AWA knew was coming... much less authorized. He wanted his face to go viral... he wanted ESPN and Fox Sports and all the rest to run clips of it.

He got his wish. But he will NOT get his match.

[The crowd jeers that one as Castillo grimaces.]

JC: The challenge was a show of disrespect - not just for me... not just for all of you - but for the man whose feet he threw it down at.

One of the most dangerous men on the planet... and MY special guest here tonight...

GM: Well, Rufus Harris is apparently going to have one of the best seats in the house for tonight's action... including that match for Travis Lynch later tonight, his first match on Saturday Night Wrestling in about a year.

BW: Can we mic Rufus up for that? I'd love to hear his commentary on that one.

GM: For the sake of our censors, let's pass on that one. Fans, coming up in just a little while now, we're going to see Derrick Williams challenging Jackson Hunter with the AWA National Title on the line and I can't wait for that one, Bucky.

BW: Bad blood mixed with the gold is always a winning formula.

GM: That's still to come but right now, let's go backstage and hear from the challenger in that big title matchup - "The Future" Derrick Williams!

[We fade backstage where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing in front of a hanging Saturday Night Wrestling logo.]

SLB: Fans, we've had a tremendous night of action and excitement already tonight here in Charlotte and we're just getting started as we're just a short while away from our big National Title clash between the champion, Jackson Hunter, and the challenger... my guest at this time... Derrick Williams!

[Entering the frame from the right is indeed, "The Future" Derrick Williams, looking a little more himself, while his hair is still shaved down tight and the chin strap beard exists, gone is the plain black hoodie from recent months, and he's wearing a pretty ostentatious large, heavily decorated ring coat, duster length, colored a sequined silver with gold designs and "DW"'s in random places, and "Future" in Gold down the back, with gold and silver epaulettes with gold cords sit on the shoulders. Williams is smiling as he approaches "Sweet" Lou.]

DW: "SWEET" LOU BLACKWOOD! My friend, it has been too long!

[Blackwell shakes his head at the obviously-intentional mistake.]

SLB: Indeed it has... frankly, I'm a little surprised you asked for this time with me tonight. I've gotten used to seeing you do your own interviews as of late.

DW: I know, I know. It's been a long few months, hasn't it Lou?

Since July 4th. July 4th when everything changed.

When Jackson Hunter re-entered my life. It's been four months.

[He grimaces.]

DW: Four months, I've been trying to get my hands on Hunter. To get just a LITTLE bit of payback for what went down on the 4th. And I've gotten my shots in here and there, and I got to laugh at his misfortune when Carver took the title away from him.

[Williams jerks a thumb at himself.]

DW: But now, now it's my turn. No more mind games, no more quick strikes, just finally me getting his scrawny little neck and snapping it down and sending him back to his ranch in the wilds of Canada, and leaving his Death Star all alone to get his.

And it's just a few moments away. And as a bonus, Lou... I get my first singles championship here.

[Blackwell nods.]

SLB: If you win.

[Williams grins.]

DW: If I win... that's right.

The history, it's been laid out, it's been documented, we don't need to rehash it again. What I'm looking forward to... is the Future.

[Blackwell smiles.]

SLB: Appropriate, I'd say.

[Williams nods.]

DW: It is.

The Future with me as the National Champion, a future without Jackson Hunter. A Future--

[Williams is cut off by a familiar voice off camera.]

"A future where the National Champion is in the Main Event of SuperClash to usher a new era... a whole new future... to the AWA."

[Lou goes tense and every bit of joy Williams was showing leaves his face as the AWA President and Generalissimo of the Korugun Army, Javier Castillo, enters the frame, a big smile on his face.]

JC: Mr. Williams, I just made sure that Rufus Harris was seated in his special VIP ringside seat so he can watch you strike gold tonight. The next step on your road to cementing yourself as the future of this industry.

[Williams doesn't acknowledge the flattery as Castillo arches an eyebrow.]

JC: Mr. Williams... you have not forgotten our deal, have you?

[Williams rolls his eyes.]

DW: No, Fearless Leader, I haven't. I assume you haven't forgotten your end?

[Castillo grins like a used car salesman might.]

JC: Why, Mr. Williams... you wound me. Have I not always been a man of my word?

[Williams seems hesitant to respond as Blackwell interjects.]

SLB: Hold on one second here... I know you want to get your hands on Jackson Hunter but what kind of deal are you talking about?! You can't really mean to join the Korugun Army inside WarGames!

[Castillo sneers at Blackwell as Williams responds.]

DW: Lou... there comes a time when every man has to make a choice... a choice that can alter the path of your life.

Last year, I made one of those and it put me where I'm standing now.

[Williams pauses, looking over at Castillo.]

DW: This year, another one of those choices is right in front of me. The die's been cast, Lou. It's up to the General here now to make his choice...

...and we'll see where everything ends up.

[Castillo smiles, nodding.]

JC: Mr. Williams, I assure you... you have made the right choice.

[He slowly extends his hand towards Williams who looks at it.]

DW: Time will tell, Mr. Castillo... if we all have.

[Williams turns, walking away from Castillo and Blackwell as Castillo slowly retracts his hand, his face twisting from the smile just briefly.]

SLB: What kind of business are you pulling here? How many people can join this team?

[Castillo doesn't respond to Blackwell, turning to walk away as the exasperated interviewer glares after him.]

SLB: I don't know what's going on back here... but I don't like it one bit. Fans, we'll be right back.

[Blackwell shakes his head 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 we fade back up backstage to a shot labeled "MOMENTS AGO" by a helpful graphic. We see Jon Stegglet pacing nervously outside a closed door, muttering to himself. As the shot pans in tighter around the shoulders of Steggy, the name on the door is now visible.

"MAX MAGNUM"

Stegglet takes in a deep breath, holds it for two beats, and lets it out before opening the door and walking inside. The camera follows and, as Stegglet turns the corner, he encounters an Alpha Beast already risen to his feet and ready to strike.]

HSS: Max...it's cool.

[Fortunately for Stegglet, "Hotshot" Stevie Scott is there to bring the big man down. Keeping his eyes locked on Stegglet, Magnum slowly recoils and takes a seat while Stevie stands to face Stegglet.]

HSS: Word to the wise, Jon. Knock next time. Your innards could've easily ended up decorating that wall behind you.

[As Stevie points to said wall, Steggy looks over his shoulder, visibly gulping, before turning back to Stevie.]

JS: Yeah, thanks for that. But this...this is important, and it was worth that risk.

[Stevie raises his eyebrows.]

HSS: Important enough for you to risk becoming a human lawn dart? OK, Steggs, let's talk.

[Stegglet takes another deep breath, looking at the seated Magnum...then at Stevie...then at Magnum again.]

JS: I feel like I've got to address you directly here, Max.

[The Hotshot starts to interject, but Stegglet raises his hand and cuts him off.]

JS: I know, Stevie, that you're the mouthpiece for Max. You're his advisor. But I believe he needs to hear these words directly from me...

[And a return of his look to Magnum.]

JS: ...to him.

Max, quite simply...the AWA is asking for your help. You've seen what Castillo is doing here. You know he's completely out of control and, as your advisor here has stated before...

...he's holding you back.

[Magnum sneers and bristles at the mention of that.]

JS: The deck is, quite frankly, stacked against the AWA in WarGames at SuperClash and the stakes... well, if you don't know what the stakes are, I'm sure your advisor here is well aware.

[Stevie half-shrugs with a "he's right" expression.]

JS: Now I know you're a man of very few words, Max, so I'll get right to the point.

We NEED you. The AWA NEEDS you.

We CANNOT let Castillo take total control of this place. The outcome of that would be...

[Stegglet actually shivers at the thought.]

JS: Well, it would be worse than any of us could imagine...and if you think he's holding you back now, it would only get worse.

[He pauses, watching Magnum for a reaction that he's clearly not getting.]

JS: So what do you say, Max? Will you be part of the team that puts an end to the reign of terror of Javier Castillo?

[Magnum, who has been looking rather disinterested thus far, finally stands up slowly and stares down at Stegglet, his massive frame engulfing the former EMWC and AWA executive. He then shifts his eyes to Stevie, who has been quietly watching the whole time.

And Magnum laughs.]

HSS: Yeah, I had no idea, big man. Your call.

[Magnum laughs some more, looking at Stegglet and shaking his head before exiting the room, thereby giving a very dejected Steggy his answer. Stevie gives him a tight smile and pats him on the shoulder.]

HSS: Hey, you know what they say. Shoot your shot or something like that.

[Stegglet has yet to lift his head back up, so why not offer some more encouragement, Stevie?]

HSS: Cheer up, Steggs. Max didn't make Stegglet Souffle out of you. He must like you and let me tell you, this may come as a surprise, but...he doesn't like too many people.

[Stevie goes to leave Stegglet alone in the locker room, but only manages a step before Stegglet grabs his arm.]

JS: You can help, Stevie.

HSS: No can do, Steggs. When Max's mind is made up, his mind is made up.

[Stegglet turns Stevie to face him, his eyes boring in on him now.]

JS: I don't mean Max.

I mean YOU.

[Stevie jerks his head back in wide-eyed surprise as we can hear a similar reaction from the crowd inside the arena watching the action on the big screen. Stevie

pauses for a moment, seeing how serious his boss is, and reaches up to rub the back of his neck with a shake of the head.]

HSS: Jon... seriously... you know I'd do anything for the AWA... usually. But my days in the ring are over. It took me a long time to accept that but I did and now I'm here with Max and-

[Stegglet's eyes are pleading with Stevie who smiles.]

HSS: Don't look at me like that. My neck is held together with screws and... hell, with duct tape, Stegs. I can't help you. I wish I could.

[Stevie starts to leave again but Stegglet speaks up.]

JS: I know that... I know all of that. And you know how important your health is to me. And that's how you know how desperate I am, Stevie. Ryan's gonna lead this team... Carver's gonna bring the violence... but it's not enough... not yet.

You've seen what Castillo's done... you know what he's capable of doing. You've been here for the Wise Men... for the Axis... heck, your own Southern Syndicate...

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

JS: This is as bad as it's been, Stevie. You know it, I know it...

If this guy gets total control... with no one to stop him...

[Stegglet sighs, sitting down on the bench that Magnum vacated.]

JS: The AWA we built... the AWA YOU helped build... it'll be gone. And it'll never come back.

[Stevie looks down on Stegglet, his gaze softening.]

JS: Plus, come on... you really want to turn down a shot at getting your hands on Vasquez one more time...

[Stevie chuckles, raising his eyebrows.]

HSS: Every night in my dreams, Jon. I haven't forgotten that he's a big reason why I was on the shelf while he was winning the World Title.

[Stegglet nods but Stevie rubs his neck again.]

HSS: I hear everything you're saying... and I'm not going to deny that I'd rather you be in charge than Castillo... but even if I wanted to do it... even if I thought I COULD do it...

I can't get cleared. Ponavitch made that crystal clear the last time he checked my neck out.

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

JS: I... damn it, I can get you cleared. Sign a waiver.

[Stevie raises his eyebrows again.]

JS: I'll personally cover you financially if something goes sideways. I promise.

[Stevie chuckles at Stegglet's rapid response.]

HSS: Seems like you came in here with a backup plan, Stegglet. A man after my own heart.

[Stegglet nods.]

JS: Stevie, I'm running out of time... and options. Castillo's outplayed me and he knows it. He managed to get Jack tied up... Supreme tied up... he's leveraged and muscled and bribed and plotted and... I need you, Hotshot.

[Stevie pauses, biting at his bottom lip a moment.]

HSS: WarGames? That's like going into hell and back. I've done it before when I was at my peak and even then, it took me weeks to recover. If I get in there now, I may never recover.

[Stegglet nods slowly.]

JS: That may be true, Stevie. But...if Castillo wins...

...the AWA will never recover.

And that impacts not just you...but also your cash cow. You think Castillo will EVER let Magnum near the top with you by his side?

[Stevie pauses, pursing his lips together, before shaking his head.]

HSS: Dammit, Stegglet, you really should've gone into sales.

[There's a long pause as Stevie considers everything...

...and then slowly extends a hand to Stegglet.]

HSS: Count me in.

[That elicits a HUGE cheer from the Charlotte crowd! Stegglet smiles.]

JS: I knew I could count on you, Stevie. You won't regret this.

[Stevie, still shaking Stegglet's hand, grabs his neck with the other one.]

HSS: I hope you're right, Jon. I hope you're right.

[And with that, we fade out to the ringside area to Gordon and a shocked Bucky Wilde.]

GM: Wow! What a coup! Stevie Scott, one of the greatest AWA legends of all time, is joining Team AWA for WarGames!

BW: I never saw that coming! Stegglet gave him the hard sell and... Martinez, Carver, and now "Hotshot" Stevie Scott are getting ready for war!

GM: Incredible! We'll have more on that development throughout the night I'm sure but right now, let's go up to the ring to Sweet Lou! Lou?

[We fade to the ring where Lou is standing in the center.]

SLB: Thanks, Gordon. Big news backstage here in Charlotte as SuperClash continues to come together... but right now, I've got a bit of news of my own to break as 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. Through the entrance steps a bronze-skinned woman with unruly dark brown hair. She extends both hands in front of her, pointing her index fingers forward. She "fires" them in quick succession, and mimes holstering them in her rhinestone and sequin-covered gun belt. The crowd cheers her return as she grins at the reaction.]

GM: My goodness... listen to this ovation for the returning Kayla Cristol!

BW: Never forget she was trained by the Lynches so she knows how to milk a comeback like the best of them. I'm glad to see her back from injury but I'd be okay if she found another line of work.

GM: BUCKY!

[Kayla Cristol jogs down the aisle, slapping palms along the way, her white teeth glistening in contrast to her well-tanned skin. Cristol is dressed in pink leather chaps with many tassels, turquoise cowboy boots, and pink studded crop top that cuts off at the base of her ribcage, a pair of crossed pistols silkscreened on the front. She moves around the ringside area, slapping even more hands...

...and then comes to a halt as she sees a grinning Rufus Harris sticking his hands out towards here.]

"Come on, baby! Give the Rottweiler a high five!"

[Cristol grimaces, backing away from Harris who sticks his hands out insistently. She climbs up on the ring apron, stepping through the ropes into the ring. Blackwell grins in her direction as she holds up a finger to ask for "one moment" and climbs to the second rope, crossing her forearms in front of her, pointing her index fingers outward to another big cheer. With a grin, she hops down and makes her way over towards Sweet Lou, slapping a hand on his shoulder.]

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.

SLB: I take it that you're feeling better?

[Kayla nods.]

KC: I'm feelin' great, Lou... thanks for askin'. It feels great to be back in this ring... in front of these people...

[She nods again as the crowd cheers.]

KC: Charlotte, North Carolina... I may not have been born here or raised here but after tonight, you people will always have a special place in my heart. Thank you so much.

[Blackwell smiles, nodding his head.]

SLB: Kayla, I've gotta ask... how are you feeling physically after the actions of Charisma Knight and Dr. Leah White?

[The crowd jeers that duo as Cristol nods.]

KC: Believe me, I feel the same way 'bout those two. But 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.]

KC: Y'all are makin' me blush now.

SLB: It must be a heck of a feeling to be cleared to compete and I'm guessing you're... gunning so to speak... for the aforementioned Knight and White?

[Kayla nods.]

KC: I'd love to get either of them in here one-on-one, Lou... but you know what I'd like more? I'd like to get 'em both in here at the same time for some tag team action! And you know what? After my partner and I beat 'em down, I think we might just be lookin' to keep on teamin' because rumor has it, there may be a gold strike in the Women's Division!

[Blackwell smiles.]

SLB: Of course, you're referring to the persistent rumors that Women's World Tag Team Titles may be on the horizon here in the AWA.

[Another nod from the Pistol.]

KC: You got it, Lou... and there's no one I'd rather climb in here alongside than my best friend... my partner... the woman who took up for me while I was gone and called me every day to keep me from losin' my mind... VICTORIA JUNE!

[Cristol points to the entrance stage as "Blitzkrieg Bop" blares over the PA system. Victoria June shoots up through the stage and lands on the ramp. The Afro Punk moshes her way down to the ring in her ragged punk street clothes. She spooks Blackwell as she jumps around him, banging her head, flicking her tongue and throwing up her fist. The music starts to fade as June grabs Lou's wrist, steering it towards her.]

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 intervi-

[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!

[Knight's voice is harsh... filled with anger.]

CK: We are far from through with you. We told you that you are going to see the light we want to show you. We told you that we would reveal who you really are.

You showed just a glimpse of what you COULD be.

[Knight rolls onto her back on the video wall, her voice shouting upwards.]

CK: A month ago, you were blinded for a second time. This... this is the last time you'll be blind.

You are still blind to what you could be... to what we're trying to show you. But not for long. Soon, we will open your eyes to everything you can be... everything you really are, deep down in the depths of your soul.

[Knight laughs wickedly as she slowly sits up, her arms coming out to hold her hands open in front of her.]

CK: Decisions, decisions...

The illusion of choice.

[Knight lifts one hand higher than the other as if weighing options in her hands.]

CK: Join or someone you care for will suffer, join or you will suffer, fight or everyone will suffer...

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.

I'm here to tell you, Victoria... there's not always a choice.

[And as the laughter continues from the big screen getting louder and wilder in sound, we start hearing other sounds coming from the ring.]

SLB: What the...?!

[A loud thump. The sound of conflict. Of a fight.

And then...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

[After a few moments, the lights flicker and come back on as the laughter continues to ring out from the PA system...

...and as they do, 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 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

19 DAYS AND COUNTING

And then cut back to black...

..and we fade back up on a panning shot of the crowd jammed into the Spectrum Center in Charlotte. We catch glimpses of fans in their favorite AWA gear - a pair of young boys in matching "SPITFIRE STYLE" shirts with Julie Somers' grinning face across the front, a middle-aged woman in a soccer style jersey with "KNIGHTS" across the back and a sword logo on the front, and a young couple - she in a Michelle Bailey "PRINCESS POWER" tank top and he in an old school SuperClash II t-shirt with Juan Vasquez and Stevie Scott on the front.

The lights go out in the arena, the video wall lights up with the image of what looks like a sun and we hear a collection of horns playing -- horns that open the Van Halen song "Runnin' With the Devil."

Then you hear the strums of the guitar, with a red light at the entranceway blinking in time with them.

The image of the sun then grows larger, as you hear the tapping on the cymbal, the sound of fingers running over a keyboard, and when the guitar riff kicks in, the image burst into a sea of red and one word appears on the video wall in black lettering.

"SUPERNOVA"

The crowd goes wild as flaming pyro shoots up alongside the ramp leading from the entranceway.]

GM: We are back here on Saturday Night Wrestling, fans, and here is one of the men who will be in the World Title match at SuperClash! Supernova is here, tonight, in Charlotte!

[Supernova then walks out from the entranceway. He wears a black trenchcoat, with the image of a yellow and orange, exploding star on the back, over a black singlet with the same image on the front, plus black tights and black wrestling boots. His brown hair hangs just past his ears and he wears a pair of shades.]

GM: Supernova has had a new look, perhaps a new attitude, since his return to the AWA, but one thing remains the same -- the man is loved by fans everywhere!

BW: Certainly not loved by Johnny Detson or Brian James, though. You remember what went down when the three teamed to face the Dogs of War two weeks ago, right?

GM: That was, indeed, a match marred by controversy, and it's no secret that Nova, Detson and BJ don't see eye to eye on many things.

[Supernova walks across the stage towards the edge of it, the lights slowly coming back on with each step he takes, the pyro dying down after he walks by.]

GM: I can only imagine what's on Nova's mind tonight as he heads into SuperClash.

BW: You realize this man has been in AWA for nearly seven years and this is only the second time he's been in the SuperClash Main Event?

GM: That's a good point, Bucky... Supernova hasn't been part of the Main Event, or even been in a match for the top AWA title, since 2011 at SuperClash III.

[Standing at the edge of the stage, Supernova produces a mic from his jacket, taking a moment to observe the cheering crowd before his music fades.]

S: When I returned to the AWA, back when James Lynch pulled the wool over everyone's eyes, I mentioned there were a lot of people who doubted me.

[He gestures to the fans.]

S: I can tell who hasn't doubted me, though, and I appreciate that.

[That draws cheers.]

S: But as I said then and I'll say it again, there are still those who doubted me then, and who still haven't bothered to acknowledge the mistake they made in falling for the games other people played.

That's why I keep saying that I still don't know who I can trust.

Of course, when it came to people like Johnny Detson, I never had a doubt that I couldn't trust him -- and even then, I still gave him the opportunity to finish off the Dogs of War.

But then Brian James decides to interject himself, for who knows what reason, when we could have put the Dogs down for good. And it looks like I got my answer about whether or not I can trust him.

[He shakes his head.]

S: But even as I've become more convinced that I can't trust anybody in the AWA any longer, I still remain committed to this company, and I am still proud to be part of the World Title match at SuperClash.

And to be part of the Main Event -- something that hasn't happened for a long time - at the biggest event this company holds.

[There are fans who cheer for that milestone.]

S: Rest assured, I'm not going to let this opportunity slip through my fingers like I did the last time. You aren't going to get any gimmicks or any mottos this time around -- the only thing you're going to see is me kicking a couple of asses that need kicking and taking the World Title in the process.

Detson and James, there's only one thing I have to say to both of you when it comes to the SuperClash main event.

[He pulls off his shades, revealing a hard stare in his eyes with the red flames painted around them.]

S: Burn.

[Supernova's hard stare remains... but shifts from the camera towards a voice that rings out.]

"Excellent! Excellent!"

[The crowd jeers at the sight of Javier Castillo standing on the entrance stage, clapping his hands in Supernova's direction.]

JC: You are one hundred percent correct, Supernova... you can't trust ANYONE in the AWA! You can't trust men like Martinez and Carver... you can't trust the

Lynches... you certainly can't trust the office, men like Stegglet and Michaelson and the rest...

[Castillo strides closer as Supernova keeps his eyes peeled for a trick.]

JC: ...and right now, you're probably thinking to yourself that if you cannot trust any of those men, you most certainly cannot trust... me.

[Castillo smirks as Supernova nods in agreement.]

JC: I understand why you'd feel that way, Supernova... I truly do. After all, we've had our share of disagreements this year... but you should be able to sit back and think about it and realize... we have far more in common than you might think.

[The crowd jeers as Supernova stoically glares at Castillo who continues.]

JC: We're both powerful people... very powerful people that the AWA "insiders" are trying to keep on the outside looking in.

You said it yourself... you... a longtime franchise player here in the AWA... and you haven't been in the Main Event of SuperClash in six years. SIX! YEARS!

[Supernova glowers.]

JC: And why? Because you weren't skilled enough? You weren't talented enough? You didn't win enough matches?

No, no... because THEY didn't want you there.

You were passed over... time and again... first by Vasquez and Scott... then by Wright and Martinez... and now by Detson and James?

[Castillo shakes his head "sadly."]

JC: You have allowed yourself to be overlooked, Supernova.

But in MY AWA... that will not happen.

[He steps closer.]

JC: They may want to keep you down... but in MY AWA - if you shake my hand and pledge yourself to Korugun here and now...

[Castillo extends his hand towards a wary Supernova.]

JC: ...I can get you straight to the top.

[Supernova stares at Castillo... then down at the offered hand, the crowd roaring their disapproval for such an alliance...]

GM: Is... is Supernova thinking about this?!

BW: Why not? Castillo makes a good point. Even back at SuperClash III when Supernova fought in the Main Event, many feel he got overshadowed by the likes of Scott and Vasquez that night! Supernova's been held down long enough and maybe Korugun is the key to getting him to the next level!

GM: Give me a break! This is just Castillo trying to find someone else to use to get his way! He wants the World Champion under his influence and if Nova shakes this man's hand, he'll never-

[The staredown continues...

...and is abruptly interrupted by the sounds of Metallica's "One" ringing out over the PA system to jeers from the crowd. Supernova looks suspicious at Castillo, balling up his fists to get ready for an attack as the former World Champion and Hall of Famer, Jeff "Madfox" Matthews comes through the curtain to a roaring boos from what is essentially a hometown crowd. He looks agitated by this fact, glaring out at the crowd as he strides out onto the stage...

...and then looks over at Supernova, pointing at him as he does the "belt gesture" at his waist.]

GM: Jeff Matthews made it clear to Javier Castillo earlier tonight that he wants to be added to the three way World Title match at SuperClash... and this might be his way of reminding him right now.

[Matthews sneers at Supernova as he passes, Castillo showing no reaction at all to his encounter being interrupted by the Madfox as Matthews passes them both and heads towards the ring.]

GM: Two weeks ago, at Fight Night, we saw Jeff Matthews defeat Tony Donovan in an impromptu affair that was aimed at getting under the skin of Supreme Wright. Now, Matthews versus Wright is on the books for SuperClash but Matthews says Wright is injured. Matthews says Wright can't compete.

BW: From the looks of Supreme Wright earlier tonight, I'd say he might have a problem with that assessment.

[Gordon chuckles as Matthews makes his way down the aisle, trashtalking his own home state's fans as he heads towards the ring.]

GM: This has gotta sting a little for Jeff Matthews, once a worldwide hero inside the ring, to be getting this kind of treatment in Charlotte - just a couple hours down the road from his hometown of Durham.

[Reaching the ring, Matthews grabs a house mic as he scrambles up on the apron, ducking through the ropes into the ring.]

JMM: Settle down, heathens. Don't get so worked up. I can smell you all from here.

[As the boos intensify, Matthews points to a random fan in the crowd in a "SUPREME'S GONNA KILL YOU!" t-shirt.]

JMM: Yeah, especially you! Take a seat!

[He shakes his head.]

JMM: My home state.

[He spits on the canvas to jeers.]

JMM: What an embarrassment.

[The crowd boos even louder.]

JMM: You want to know why I bought a mansion in Los Angeles all those years ago and moved my family to land of surf and sunshine?

[Matthews spreads his arms wide.]

JMM: WELCOME TO NORTH CAROLINA!

[The boos get louder and louder as Matthews smirks, waiting for it to die down a little before continuing.]

JMM: At Fight Night, I came out and stood in the middle of this ring- the very same ring that your quote unquote...

[Air quotes.]

JMM: ...“Number One Contender” claims ownership of -and I called him out! But since he was too scared to answer the call...

[The crowd roars with boos as Matthews smirks.]

JMM: I had to take care of whoever came down the aisle to challenge me. And let me tell you, I was fantastic!

[Boos are intensifying]

JMM: Mr. Donovan came down to this ring, he was full of moxie, he was full of adrenaline. He was ready to come down to the ring and defend his friend, to protect his name and I guess, to defend the AWA. And how the hell did that go for you, Mr. Donovan?

Not too well, did it?

In fact, I’m pretty sure now that I’ve physically taken apart and emasculated Mr. Donovan in the middle of the ring and since his buddy Supreme Wright...

[Big cheer for the name drop... which gets under Matthews’ skin obviously.]

JMM: SHUT UP!

[They do not “shut up.” Matthews is again forced to wait.]

JMM: Supreme Wright... he’s out of commission. He’s not doing a damn thing. They’re not going to let him wrestle because they’re afraid that I will hurt him permanently. Oh and get this...

[Jeff points to his head.]

JMM: ...since Mr. Wright can’t possibly be ready for our match at SuperClash...

[He starts shaking his finger at the crowd.]

JMM: I think it would be in his best interest and the best interest of the company and the future of wrestling in general... that Jeff Matthews be immediately be placed in the World Title Match at SuperClash!

[The boos get louder as Matthews points up to Supernova and Castillo who are still watching this unfold.]

JMM: I know you like the sound of that, boss man! I know Supernova’s got the guts to put me in there with him! These people may not like it but... well, who cares about them?

[He starts shaking his head, with an emphatically angry look on his face.]

JMM: Well, I-

[Matthews doesn't finish that thought, as "Black Skinhead" by Kanye West begins to play, causing the fans to drown him out with a tremendous roar of cheers!]

GM: OH MY STARS! Business is about to pick up! Supreme Wright is here!

[Wright emerges onto the entrance ramp, pausing to throw a hard glare at Javier Castillo...

...and then locking eyes with Supernova. He nods his head, pointing a finger at Nova, and then doing his own version of the belt gesture.]

GM: Whoa! Was that Supreme Wright's way of telling Supernova to go and win that title?!

BW: I think it was! Supreme Wright has always been about facing the best in the world and Matthews called it right - Supreme's the Number One Contender to the World Title so you know whoever walks out of Toronto as the champion, they're going to have this guy waiting in the wings for them!

GM: An unsettling reality for sure.

[Wright makes his way down the aisle, sliding into the ring and getting right up in Jeff Matthews' face. He produces a microphone of his own, bringing it up to his lips as his eyes remain locked with The Madfox's.]

SW: So you think you should be in the World Title match at SuperClash, Jeff?

[A beat as Matthews nods.]

SW: I respectfully disagree.

[A loud cheer erupts from the crowd.]

SW: Because the fact is, I am still the Number One Contender to the AWA World Heavyweight title.

And as of this morning, I've been cleared by the AWA doctors to return to in-ring action...

[The crowd roars excitedly at that bit of news, as Matthews' expression hardens at it.]

SW: ...and you WILL be facing me at SuperClash!

[As the fans explode with cheers, Wright and Matthews continue to lock eyes, almost oblivious to the world around them.]

JMM: Fine... FINE! I was going to give these people the thrill of a lifetime to see the best in the world win that title at SuperClash... but fine... if getting my shot at that gold means I have to go through you with the whole world watching, then I'm all for it!

[Matthews takes a step back, raising a finger...]

JMM: BUT... I don't want there to be a bit of controversy when I beat you, Wright... not one single bit...

[The crowd jeers as Matthews grins at their annoyance before turning his attention back to Wright.]

JMM: ...and make no mistake about it, I WILL beat you.

[He points up the ramp to Javier Castillo.]

JMM: So, I'm going to say this with the boss himself listening...

I promise you right here and now, Wright. There won't be ANYONE from Korugun interfering on my behalf.

[Big cheer!]

JMM: No interference... no dirty. tricks... I want to prove to you and the entire world that one-on-one... I am indeed your superior inside this ring.

[Matthews nods his head at Wright who inclines his head slightly at the offer..

...and then shockingly, surprisingly... Matthews offers his hand to Wright. The former AWA World Champion looks down at Matthews' hand, before locking eyes with the Hall of Famer.]

SW: My "superior in the ring"? I appreciate the fact you'll leave Korugun out of this, but I'll tell you right now, Matthews, there hasn't been a single man in this world that has proven he's my superior as a wrestler. That's a nice dream to have, but at SuperClash, I promise you, I WILL turn that dream into a full-blown nightmare.

[Keeping his eyes locked with Matthews', Supreme Wright then takes Matthews' hand and they shake!]

GM: Wow! A handshake?! Did this vicious rivalry just turn into something more? Something different? Something-

[After a moment, Wright turns to leave, but finds that his hand is still locked in the grip of Matthews', as he's suddenly dragged down to the canvas for the Fujiwara armbar!]

GM: Wait a minute, that snake Jeff Matthews suckered Supreme Wright in! He's trying to put him in the Fujiwara armbar!

[However, Wright was seemingly prepared for the betrayal, because he smoothly rolls through on the canvas and quickly takes Matthews' back, placing him a half-nelson and attempting to lock in a Cobra Clutch!]

GM: NO! Wright counters! Now he's trying to put Matthews in the Cobra Clutch Crossface!

[However, Matthews proves that he too is a master of technical wrestling, as he expertly slips through Wright's grip and drops to the canvas, quickly rolling to the outside as the crowd groans with disappointment!]

BW: He's out! He's out!

GM: And he's lucky that he is because once that Cobra Clutch Crossface gets applied, NO ONE is getting out of it, fans!

[Matthews slowly backs his way up the aisle, yelling threats at Wright, while Wright motions for him to come back to the ring to continue the fight.]

GM: Two of the best technical wrestlers to ever lace up boots are heading to SuperClash for a one-on-one collision and I can't wait to see it! Two former World Champions! Two submission specialists! Two icons of the ring! What a showdown it's gonna be in Toronto, fans!

[We cut to Wright in the ring who suddenly has shifted his gaze over to Rufus Harris who is on his feet screaming at him...]

"GIVE ME ANOTHER SHOT, SON! LET'S DO IT AGAIN! LET'S THROW!"

[Wright shakes his head at Harris, waving him into the ring as well as we fade to black...

...and then back up on a shot of two boys sitting in front of a TV playing video games. The shot is over the TV so we can see the living room behind them. The boys are very into the action on the screen which we cannot see but we can hear the explosions and gunfire of the latest hot first person shooter type game. The girls sitting behind them look bored to tears as the boys trade jabs like "GOT YOU!" "YOU'RE TOAST!" and "GRENADES FOR DAYS, FRIENDO!" A voiceover begins.]

"Feeling left out of the action?"

[The girls look up, nodding.]

"Looking for your next video game to trade bullets for bodyslams?"

[The girls nod more emphatically.]

"Tired of just another boring shoot 'em up?"

[The girls get up from their seats on the couch now, looking eagerly at the screen.]

"Wish there was someone who looked like YOU that you could control?!"

[A white light shines down from the living room ceiling on the two girls...

...and with a burst of shattering glass, the room fills with light.

As the light dies down, we find the grinning form of "Spitfire" Julie Somers in wrestling gear standing in front of the now-smoking television set.]

JS: Step aside, boys... it's Ladies Night.

[And we cut to a series of shots of video game pro wrestling action: Michelle Bailey delivering a Britney Spear to Kelly Kowalski. Charisma Knight and Skylar Swift trading blows. Harley Hamilton and Cinder making their entrance. The voiceover continues.]

"It's AWA 2K17 coming your way just in time for the holiday season. Play as your favorite wrestlers..."

[Victoria June drops Xenia Sonova with a front powerslam.]

"...create your own shows in our new El Presidente mode..."

[A digital Castillo is on stage making a match.]

"...take your created superstar from rookie to SuperClash Main Event!"

[A face we don't know is trading blows center ring with Trish Wallace before hoisting her into a Jackhammer suplex.]

"All in one tremendous game!"

[Cut scene of the digital Julie Somers standing on the turnbuckles, flipping off onto a prone Kurayami...

...and then to a shot of the real Julie Somers.]

JS: Now that's what I like to see.

[Somers looks over at the boys now huddled in the corner of the room.]

JS: Aww, we didn't forget about you two.

[Somers snaps her fingers as we get a barrage of shots from other characters - Supreme Wright using Fat Tuesday on Jeff Matthews. Jack Lynch applying an Iron Claw on Muteesa. Hannibal Carver using a Blackout on Derrick Williams. And finally, Ryan Martinez causing Johnny Detson to pinwheel through the air with an Excalibur. The voiceover continues.]

"AWA 2K17 drops October 26th at game shops, retail stores, and online! Available for your favorite gaming system and on PC!"

[Back to a shot of all four kids playing excitedly now, a tag team match on screen pitting Julie Somers and Victoria June against Ayako Fujiwara and Molly Bell. The on-screen Somers takes a German Suplex from Fujiwara as real life Somers grimaces, grabbing at her neck.]

JS: That had to hurt.

[And with that, we cut to a graphic promoting the release of AWA 2K17 as we fade to black...

...and then we fade back up on a backstage hallway where Jackson Hunter paces irascibly; loud jeers can be heard in the arena as his picture appears on the screens there. Behind him looms the imposing double-denim clad heir to the Colton dynasty, the "Death Star" Blake Colton. Hunter looks almost ready to compete tonight, save for his sleeveless rash guard, which he has pulled down around his abdomen. He looks downright skinny next to Colton, with greying chest hair and leathery, wrinkled skin; his age is catching up to him. Mark Stegglet catches up to him.]

MS: Jackson Hunter, if I could have a moment of your time... Once again you are the AWA National Champion, albeit in a controversial fashion, which puts you in some pretty elite company. Moments from now, you are facing one of your most daunting challengers: a man who, a year ago, was one of your most trusted teammates, Derrick Williams. It seemed that this showdown was inevitable.

JH: A year ago, Derrick Williams... that preening, narcissistic, little piggy boy... He was so proud of how pragmatic he was. He was so proud to be anointed by Juan Vasquez to carry the banner of being the top guy. All his little Future stans said it would not be long before Saint Derrick would collect his laurels and start collecting gold.

Mark, in all of Saint Derrick's fantasies, and all the legions of losers who fell over themselves to praise him and his self-indulgent style...

[Hunter picks up the AWA National Championship belt and clutches it over his shoulder.]

JH: ...Do you think any of them predicted this? And while I know how a Blackout feels from the many, many, many, many, many, many Blackouts I've withstood over the past several months, and I know that Derrick Williams has youth, strength, and a bad haircut on his side... All I need to walk with confidence is that I have the National Championship and he doesn't. I make waves, and he doesn't. I carve my initials in the minds of the fans, and he doesn't.

Basically, if he wants gold so bad, he can go out to AWAShop.com, and go get himself one of those replica National belts, because that's as close as he's getting to wear one. And I'll make sure he gets one with MY nameplate welded on, just so he knows who was the real mastermind behind the Axis.

[A voice speaks quietly, but firmly, from off-screen.]

"Jackson, may I have--"

JH: [interrupting flatly] No.

"--a word with you."

[Javier Castillo enters from behind, clearly peeved at being preemptively brushed off. MAWAGA and Blake Colton eye each other up cautiously, but respectfully, each backing up their respective meal ticket.]

JC: I will speak to you anyway.

JH: Oh, of course, I forgot we all have to listen when Generalissimo Wank-sisco Wank-o speaks. And speaks, and speaks, and speaks, and speaks, and--

[Castillo's gaze is growing colder and his patience is running... thinner?]

JC: I have had my fill of your attitude... Old... FRIEND.

[Hunter sneers at that description.]

JC: You've got business of your own to attend to momentarily and I promised a certain young rising star that I'd stay out of it... but I need to speak to you about something more important than even your title defense.

WarGames.

[Hunter rolls his eyes.]

JH: Oh, is this a new strategy? Instead of fifteen megalomaniacal minutes on the mic gushing about your precious Korugun monsters every week now you're doing it one-on-one? It's always been about the personal touch with you. Well, I have also had my fill of that. Leave me out of your office politics.

[Castillo angrily points at Hunter.]

JC: Dammit, Jackson! If you think this is about office politics, then I will point out to you that you are already involved.

[Castillo raps his fingertip on the National belt over Hunter's shoulder.]

JC: You involved yourself in a very significant way. The time is coming for you to pick sides, not simply emerge later to pick up the pieces. How am I to determine

which side you and your protege are sitting on? How can I be sure I won't end up with a knife in my back like everyone else who has ever crossed paths with you? Hmm? Your good word? Your reputation?

[Castillo becomes frighteningly icy.]

JC: You see my dilemma. You've been a Korugun agent, but now you choose to operate independently of Korugun.

Consider when Korugun wins WarGames.

I'm sure you could take care of yourself, since that seems to be what your evil, corrupt soul seems to do best. You are determined, ruthless, cunning, experienced...

[Castillo leans closer.]

JC: ...and disposable.

[Hunter doesn't reply.]

JH: You betrayed the Axis, Jackson; you made your choices. I am sorry if the bitter taste of that is unpalatable, but I will not risk Korugun's strategy collapsing because you think you can dance in the gap between the two rings of WarGames. If you don't select a side, one will be selected for you.

You make yourself comfortable with that.

[Castillo turns, making his exit, leaving Jackson Hunter - for perhaps the only time in his life - speechless...

...and we fade out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a sixty minute time limit and is for the AWA NATIONAL TITLE!

[Big cheer!]

RO: Introducing first, he is the challenger...

[The lights dim as the arena goes dark and silent for a moment before the opening chords of Imagine Dragons' "Radioactive" begins to play over the building's sound system with spinning lights of gold and silver shining down from atop the video wall.]

GM: Here he comes, fans. The night's challenger. A man many have anointed as a further champion since his days training with the likes of former World Champion, Kevin Slater. A man hand-selected by Hall of Famer Juan Vasquez to be the future of this business. Tonight, he gets his chance to win his first piece of singles gold in the AWA and to do it by beating a former ally turned bitterest of foes.

[Rebecca continues.]

RO: ...now residing in Miami, Florida... weighing in at 265 pounds...

"THE FUUUUUUTURRRRRRRRE!"

DERRRRRRRRRRRIIIIIIIIIICK WILLLLLLLLLLLLLLLIAMSSSSSSSS!

[The cheers intensify and as the lyrics start, "The Future" Derrick Williams makes his way onto the entrance stage. His head is shaven, with a chinstrap beard framing his face. He's wearing a large, heavily decorated ring coat, duster length, colored a sequined silver with gold designs and "DW"'s in random places, and "Future" in Gold down the back, with gold and silver epaulettes with gold cords sit on the shoulders. He makes his way down the ramp, Williams continues toward the ring, looking left and right at the crowd with a grin on his face.]

GM: Williams seems ready and eager for this opportunity to get his hands on Jackson Hunter - something he's waited for since July 4th of this year when Hunter made his return to the AWA in shocking and devastating fashion, leaving Williams as the last man standing from Hunter's former faction - The Axis.

[Williams makes his way to the ring, ducking through the ropes before climbing atop the second turnbuckle and outstretching his arms again in time with the second round of the chorus.]

GM: The fans here in Charlotte have made their decision as they sound solidly behind the man from Miami as he looks to wrest that National Title off the waist of two-time champion, Jackson Hunter, here tonight.

[The Future descends from the ropes, removing his jacket to reveal the night's ring gear of shiny long silver tights trimmed in gold. "The Future" is in script all over the tights in the same pattern as the coat. His kneepads are matching silver with "DW" in black above silver boots with gold trim to match the rest of his gear. With the coat removed, we see silver wrist tape and his usual black compression sleeve over his right arm covering mid-bicep to mid-forearm. He leans back in the corner to be checked by the referee as the music fades.]

RO: Annnnnnnnnnd his opponent...

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

RO: He hails from the Broken Arrow Ranch in Last Mountain, Saskatchewan, Canada... weighing in at 220 pounds... and being accompanied down the aisle by Blake Colton...

He is the AWA... NATIONAL... CHAMMMMMPIONNNNNNN...

JAAAAAAACKSONNNNN... HUNNNNTERRRR!

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

GM: Jackson Hunter got a little last second distraction in the form of a threat from Javier Castillo who seems to be trying to involve himself in everything here tonight just weeks away from SuperClash. Now he's talking to Hunter about SuperClash? We already saw him talk to Williams as well.

BW: Stevie Scott being added to the mix had to throw Castillo off his game, Gordo. He couldn't have been expecting that... so now he's scrambling a bit.

GM: Perhaps. But I get the feeling there's something else...

[Behind Hunter is the hulking presence of the six-four, 350 pound Blake Colton. Colton looks very much like the Sasquatch he has been compared to, with his mop

of unkempt dirty blonde hair emerging from the top of his "Rising Sun" bandana and his bushy, untrimmed beard. His massive, powerlifter arms and barrel chest are barely contained by the denim jacket he wears, the sleeves already torn away. Colton waves his arms in the air at the fans in Charlotte, demanding, "on your feet!" as he slowly makes his way down the ramp behind his sinister mentor.]

GM: Hunter regained the title two weeks ago on Fight Night against Hannibal Carver and... well, love him or hate him and most people fall in the latter category, you've gotta admire his willingness to defend the title here tonight against Derrick Williams just weeks out from SuperClash.

BW: I'm not sure how much choice he was given but he showed up for the match so that's something at least.

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

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

GM: For someone who has a date tonight with an opponent who just might be out for blood, Hunter seems quite confident as he makes his way to the ring.

BW: I'd assume there's never a situation where Jackson Hunter doesn't have a plan, Gordo.

GM: A safe bet to be sure as he climbs inside the ring.

["Vale of Shadows" fades out. Colton stands on the ring apron, listening to his mentor as he describes last minute instructions. Hunter wears shiny, black and silver snakeskin-patterned loose-fitting pants, and a sleeveless black and dark gray rashguard top. Colton gives Hunter a pat on the shoulder before dropping off the apron, smacking his arms on it as he does and Hunter slowly turns to lock eyes with his opponent.]

GM: You can feel the electricity in the air for this one, fans.

[As the two rivals stand across the ring from one another, waiting to clash at long last, Williams is hanging onto the ropes, stretching out as if he's chained to the corner. Across the ring, a smirking Hunter struts back and forth, nodding his head at the referee's final instructions.]

GM: One fall, sixty minute time limit for the National Title is set to begin...

[The champion turns slightly to look across the ring.]

"You ready, Derrick? You ready to avenge all your fallen friends?!"

[Williams doesn't respond, tugging the ropes harder as he clenches his jaw.]

"That useless lump Zharkov. My own pathetic excuse for family. Both down by my hands..."

[He holds up his hands.]

"They're coming for you next, Williams. Right now."

[Williams tugs the ropes harder, trying to resist jumping Hunter before the bell as the official steps to mid-ring...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HERE WE GO!

[At the sound of the bell, Williams is the proverbial bull chasing a red cloth as he barrels out of the corner across the ring...

...and finds nothing as the National Champion bails out to the floor before contact. Williams pulls up short, glaring down at a smirking Hunter as the fans jeer loudly and Blake Colton claps like he's seen the greatest thing ever.]

GM: That no good coward, Jackson Hunter.

BW: Is it cowardly or is it strategy, Gordo? Williams is known for having a hot temper and Hunter's just taking advantage of it. A little bit of mindgames to get Williams to make a mistake early on.

GM: You could be right or Hunter could be showing a little bit of his true colors - pure yellow!

[Hunter walks alongside the apron, chuckling to himself as he tosses a glance up at a steaming Williams who the referee is trying to keep inside the squared circle.]

"The Future, huh? The only future you've got, kid, is down the road working for Alana!"

[Williams tries to go around the official but Pete "Blue Shoes" Miller sidesteps to block him, shaking his head...]

GM: Williams wants to get his hands on Jackson Hunter so, so badly. It's been months since The Axis kicked Jackson Hunter to the curb... and also since Jackson Hunter made that shocking return in Philadelphia, taking out Maxim Zharkov and Riley Hunter in the same night.

BW: And the Axis came tumbling down.

GM: Part of the reason for the tension between these two if you ask me - the faction that really brought both men to the limelight here in the AWA and each blames the other for it's dissolution.

[Hunter draws near the ring where Williams is, waving him out to join him. The challenger attempts to oblige but the referee's playing a good man-to-man coverage and keeping him in the ring, backing him away from the ropes.]

GM: Williams gets backed off... Hunter up on the apron now...

[But Williams breaks out a Kobe-esque spin move around Blue Shoes, sprinting towards a grinning Hunter..

...who just hops right back down off the apron to even more jeers!]

GM: And there he goes again. For someone who had no problem sneak attacking Derrick Williams with a shovel back in July, Jackson Hunter sure does want no part of him here tonight in this one.

[With Hunter and Williams trading angry words again, Blake Colton climbs up on the apron...

...and Williams pivots away from Hunter, smashing a right hand into the jaw of the Death Star!]

GM: Ohh! Colton goes down from that!

[With the Future distracted, Hunter rolls into the ring, swiftly charging Williams from the blind side, leaping up to bury a knee into the kidneys!]

GM: And now Hunter wants some of Williams, hitting him from behind!

[Swinging Williams back towards the ropes, Hunter swarms him, unleashing a barrage of hooking blows to the kidneys followed by a trio of kneelifts to the lower back that send the challenger falling into the ropes.]

GM: The champion's all over him now, rights and lefts to the body...

[Grabbing the arm, Hunter goes to fire Williams across...]

GM: Whip reversed!

[...and as Williams swings his right arm back, ready to throw his first elbowstrike of the match, Hunter hangs onto the ropes to halt his rebound, dropping down and out of the ring to more jeers!]

GM: And the National Champion bails out of the ring again...

[The crowd cheers as Derrick Williams quickly exits the ring before the referee can stop him, sprinting around it to try and get his hands on Jackson Hunter who sees the challenger coming and starts fleeing...]

GM: Williams wants to get his hands on Hunter so badly! Hunter trying to get away from him and-

[Hunter comes to an abrupt halt as Williams does the same, pulling up short as the champion ducks behind the Canadian Strongman who smirks at Williams who doesn't want to turn this into a handicap match.]

GM: Hunter hiding behind Colton on the outside! You gotta be kidding me!

[Williams tries to duck around Colton but the big man shifts his footing, keeping himself solidly planted between champion and challenger.]

GM: Colton won't let Williams by and...

[Using the screen, Hunter rolls back under the ropes into the ring, waving Williams back inside to join him...]

GM: I hope Hunter's wearing his track shoes because he's getting in a lot of running here tonight already.

[Williams throws a glare at Colton before climbing up on the apron, ducking partway through the ropes...

...which is when Colton subtly grabs hold of the leg with one hand, giving Williams just the slightest of slowdowns...]

GM: Colton grabbed the ankle, I think!

[The referee moves towards Colton, accusing him of the exact same thing...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the pause is just enough time for Jackson Hunter to land a running kneelift on Williams as he comes through the ropes, snapping his head back before throwing him down on the mat and diving into a cover.]

GM: The champion looking for the early win but Williams kicks out at two.

[With Williams down on the mat, Hunter balls up his fist, slamming it down repeatedly into the head as the referee reprimands him for the closed fist blows.]

GM: Hunter pounding away down on the mat... up until the count of four and change.

BW: Jackson Hunter will use every page of the rulebook to his advantage. You're going to give him until five to break an illegal hold, he's going to use four and three-quarters to do as much damage as possible.

[Hunter climbs back to his feet, having a quick argument with the official as Williams comes up off the mat...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A trio of hard chops sends Williams staggering back into the corner as Hunter gleams with delight.]

GM: Jackson Hunter, one of the hardest choppers around...

[Grabbing the arm, Hunter looks to whip again...]

GM: Irish- no, reversed a second time!

[...and gets rocketed across the ring where the former cruiserweight star leaps to the second rope, twisting as he leaps off towards the incoming Williams...]

GM: Crossbody!

[...who just nonchalantly walks away, causing Hunter to crash and burn upon hitting the canvas! The crowd laughs at Hunter's fall as Williams looks out on the crowd, nodding his head.]

GM: The challenger saw that one coming and simply avoided it, causing Hunter to eat canvas!

[Williams slowly circles the downed but recovering Hunter who is clutching his chest as he climbs to his feet...]

...and a big elbowstrike on the jaw sends Hunter flailing backwards, falling back into the buckles with his arms around the top rope...]

GM: Oh my! Williams with arguably the hardest elbowstrikes in the entire AWA - right up there with the likes of his mentor Hannibal Carver and Supreme Wright.

[With the champion's chest exposed, Williams winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: And Williams returns the favor with some chops of his own, leaving Hunter reeling in the buckles.

[The referee forces Williams to back off, trying to give Hunter a chance to get out of the corner...]

GM: Williams backs off, trading words with our official...

[Brushing past Miller, Williams moves back in on Hunter...

...who swipes his hand across Williams' face, causing the challenger to recoil in shock and pain, rubbing at his eyes.]

GM: Ohh! And Hunter goes to the eyes!

[The referee warns Hunter for the illegal attack to the eye as the champion grabs his challenger by the back of the head before driving him facefirst into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Facefirst off the buckles!

[Williams stumbles backwards off the faceslam, giving Hunter room to mount the second rope, holding his arms high over his head with a smirk on his face...]

GM: Hunter on the ropes - and off!

[...and brings his clasped hands together over the skull of Williams, knocking him down to the canvas!]

GM: Borrowing a page out of the Shadoe Rage playbook, Hunter puts Williams down on the mat... and there's another cover by the champion.

[A two count follows again as Williams escapes...

...and then has his throat grasped by Hunter who digs in his thumbs, strangling the air out of the challenger!]

GM: Hunter choking away down on the mat, again showing some frustration after not securing a three count. It's early in the match but you can tell that Jackson Hunter does NOT want to waste time with Derrick Williams here tonight.

BW: Hey Gordo... from what Castillo had to say to both of these guys here tonight, do you think the winner gets the final spot on Team Korugun?

GM: That spot's been offered to half the locker room, Bucky - there's no telling what kinda games Castillo's playing here tonight. We know Castillo's been talking to Derrick Williams about joining Team Korugun for weeks now... even Juan Vasquez tried to get his ol' running buddy on his side again. And with the shocking

development that has seen “Hotshot” Stevie Scott, former National Champion and AWA legend, being added to Team Stegglet... Castillo may be going for a killshot with his final pick.

[With Williams gasping for air, he uses the ropes to drag himself up to his knees...

...which is when Hunter plants his shin on the back of the neck, choking Williams over the middle rope!]

GM: Oh, come on! Get him off the challenger, ref!

[Another four count and change follow before Hunter backs off, hands raised as Williams coughs violently over the ropes. The champion rushes to the far side, bouncing off...]

GM: Hunter on the move!

[...and leaps into the air, jamming his weight down on the back of Williams’ neck, driving his throat into the ropes again!]

GM: Ohhhh! Dangerous move there on the part of Jackson Hunter - a move that can do serious damage to someone’s neck... to their throat. A move like that shows this isn’t just about winning a match to Jackson Hunter. This is about hurting his old ally here tonight in Charlotte.

BW: And don’t look now but he’s gonna do it again, Gordo.

[Pulling Williams off the mat and dropping him over the middle rope, Hunter breaks away to the far side, bouncing off again...]

GM: Here he comes!

[...but this time, Williams rolls clear and the flying Hunter’s legs smash on the middle rope, bouncing backwards and flopping down on the back of his head on the mat!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: HE MISSED! Derrick Williams rolls out of the way and Jackson Hunter hits the canvas hard on the miss!

[The overwhelming majority of the crowd cheers for the miss as Williams sits on the mat, rubbing at his reddening throat as Hunter flails about on the canvas.]

GM: The fans here in Charlotte are behind Derrick Williams for sure... something he’s not used to... but their disdain for Jackson Hunter outweighs any lingering doubts they have over Derrick Williams’ attitude. They want to see that title change hands here tonight in Charlotte, Bucky.

BW: If it does, it’ll be the fifth time that title has changed hands in 2017. We saw Maxim Zharkov drop the title to Jordan Ohara back in July... and then Ohara lose it to Jackson Hunter moments later. Hannibal Carver won the title in late September but Hunter won it back.

GM: A lot of volatility in this division this year after Travis Lynch held the the title for 468 days until losing the gold at SuperClash VIII in New Orleans.

[Both men work their way back to their feet, showing early signs of fatigue as Williams winds up...]

GM: ELBOW!

[...and lands a stiff elbowstrike that sends Hunter stumbling back, sinking to a knee before getting back on his feet, wobbling as he does.]

GM: Williams cleaned his clock but good with that one and-

[Williams reaches out, grabbing Hunter by the side of the head, holding him in place as he lands a second elbow... and a third...]

GM: Hunter getting rocked by the challenger!

[Williams lets go of Hunter who steps back, cocks his right arm, and throws it wildly...]

GM: Swing and a miss!

[...and ends up being hoisted into the air by Williams who holds him high for a moment before DROPPING him down on a bent knee!]

GM: Ohhh! Atomic drop connects!

[Hunter's eyes bulge as he grabs at his rear end with both hands, arching his back as he stumbles away from Williams who rushes past Hunter into the ropes, rebounding back towards the champion...]

GM: And a clothesline puts him down!

[Hunter hits the canvas and promptly starts rolling, trying to get away from Derrick Williams who is looking to inflict more punishment...]

GM: Hunter rolls out on the apron to the flo- oh ho! Maybe not!

[Before the champion can fully escape, Derrick Williams steps up on the ropes, reaching over to grab him by the hair...]

GM: Williams caught him and... and he's going to bring him back in!

[Snatching a front facelock, Williams slings Hunter's arm over his neck...]

GM: The challenger lifts him up...

[...and drops him down with a vertical suplex!]

GM: ...and brings him down HARD on the canvas!

[Hunter again rolls to his side, clutching at his lower back as Williams gets up, wagging a finger at him.]

GM: Williams says Hunter's not getting away from him this time, fans!

[Hunter scoots back away from Williams, begging for mercy as the champion hits the corner, shaking his head as he works his way up to his feet in the turnbuckles...]

...and Williams propels himself into the air, throwing a forearm smash to the jaw that leaves Hunter clinging to the ropes again to stay on his feet!]

GM: Hunter got rocked... and Williams may be looking to finish him off here!

[The crowd cheers as Williams ducks down, lifting Hunter up and setting him down on the top turnbuckle...]

GM: Whatever Derrick Williams has in mind here, it's bad news for the AWA National Champion, Jackson Hunter.

[Blake Colton rushes alongside the apron, shouting encouragement up at Hunter as Williams steps up on the middle rope, throwing a cautious glance towards the Canadian Strongman...]

GM: Williams on the ropes - keep Colton away from him, ref!

[The referee steps over towards the ropes, looking to do just that as Williams goes to grab a front facelock...]

...and Hunter responds by burying a right hand into Williams' exposed ribs!]

GM: Hard shot by Hunter... make it two... trying to fight his way out from this!

[Hunter continues to pound away at the ribs, trying to battle his way free as Williams continues to look for the superplex...]

...but another hard shot connects, causing Williams to abandon the suplex, dropping down to the canvas, clutching his ribs in pain...]

GM: Hunter fights his way free!

[Hunter straightens up on the second rope, lifting his arms over his head again...]

GM: DOUBLE AXEHAND-

[But Williams brings up both arms, effectively blocking the leaping blow...]

...and then quickly snatches a three-quarter facelock to a ROAR from the crowd!]

GM: FUTURE SH-

[The attempt to end the match comes up short as Hunter shoves him off into the ropes, sending him in with enough force to cause a rebound...]

...which Hunter sidesteps, grabbing Williams by the back of the head, and HURLS him over the top rope, crashing down in a heap on the floor to major boos from the AWA faithful!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Wow!

BW: How quickly your fortunes can change inside the squared circle, Gordo! Derrick Williams was a half second away from landing the Future Shock which could've meant the crowning of a new National Champion... but instead, he ends up out on the floor in a world of hurt as Jackson Hunter shows that veteran ring generalship that all his years in this business have given him.

GM: From possible champion to possible injury in the blink of an eye and with that move, Jackson Hunter has put himself in total control as we draw near the ten minute mark of this...

[Gordon trails off as the crowd starts booing loudly. Jackson Hunter's gloating face shifts abruptly as he points to the entrance aisle.]

"WHAT ARE THEY DOING HERE?!"

[Hunter's expression is one of concern as the camera cuts to the aisle, showing Muteesa and MAWAGA making their way towards the ring.]

GM: The Korugun Army is here... but why?! We'll be right back with more of this National Title match!

[Cut back to a nervous-looking Hunter making sure the referee sees the approaching monsters as we fade to black...

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

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

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

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

[We fade to black...

...and as we fade back up, we find Derrick Williams down in the corner being stomped by the National Champion.]

GM: Welcome back, fans... and as you can see, Jackson Hunter remains in control of this one, working over Derrick Williams throughout our commercial break.

BW: And as you can also see, MAWAGA and Muteesa have taken up spots near the ring... and like we said earlier, there's no telling what Javier Castillo has in mind here tonight.

GM: Desperate men do desperate things... as you can see from Castillo's insane challenge to Ryan Martinez for that steel cage match here tonight. But what is this about? Castillo spoke with both Hunter and Williams here tonight, discussing decisions that need to be made... and now he's got two of his thugs out here for... what? For what purpose? To what end other than to try to spoil one of the few things here tonight that DON'T involve him and his overinflated ego!

BW: Easy, Gordo.

GM: I'm so sick of Javier Castillo, I could spit.

[Pulling Williams to his feet, Hunter takes aim...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[Williams is reeling in the corner as the crowd groans in sympathy for the challenger. Grabbing the arm, Hunter shoots Williams across the ring...]

GM: Irish whi- OHHH! Williams' spine SLAMS into the buckles! Oh my!

[The hard impact causes the challenger to stumble out of the corner, collapsing down onto all fours as Hunter sneers at him from across the ring.]

GM: Williams goes down hard off that whip to the corner... and with the attack to the back, you've gotta wonder if Jackson Hunter has started thinking about the Mindflyer, that painful submission hold we've seen him use in the past.

[Hunter slowly approaches, watching as Williams crawls on all fours out towards the middle of the ring...]

BW: Jackson Hunter taking his time in there, no wasted movement.

[...and abruptly breaks to the ropes, bouncing off, and leaps into the air, tucking his legs...]

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!"

GM: Leaping backplash - right down across the lower back of Williams!

BW: We saw Hunter take a page out of the Shadoc Rage playbook earlier... maybe this is a page out of the Juan Vasquez playbook?

GM: Shades of Tommy Stephens perhaps - maybe sending a message to another former ally.

[A smirking Hunter rolls Williams over, diving across...]

GM: We've got one! We've got two! But that's all as Williams kicks out at two.

[Hunter's smirk turns to agitation in an instant as he flips Williams back onto his stomach, pushing into a handstand...]

GM: OHHH! KNEEDROP TO THE LOWER BACK!

[Hunter pushes up again...]

GM: AND AGAIN!

[...and once more...]

GM: Three kneedrops down across the back of Derrick Williams by Jackson Hunter!

[Hunter angrily gets to his feet, using the toe of his boot to flip Williams back over onto his back...]

...and then steps towards Williams' feet, looking out on the booing Charlotte crowd...]

GM: Hunter's looking to finish it here... grabbing the legs... looking for the Mindflay-

[But as Hunter grasps the legs, Williams pulls them closer and then shoves off, sending Hunter flying backwards, crashing into the turnbuckles violently.]

GM: Ohhh! And Williams kicks his way free!

[The challenger scrambles up off the mat, grabbing at his lower back as he gets up, facing away from Hunter...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...who throws himself forward!]

GM: HE CLIPPED HIM FROM BEHIND! Driving that shoulder into the back of the knee and down goes Derrick Williams, the challenger, again!

BW: Illegal in the NFL, legal as can be here in the AWA, daddy!

[A wild-eyed Hunter gets to his feet, grabbing Williams by the ankle as he yanks the leg... twisting the knee... bending it across his own knee, causing the challenger to cry out as the champion punishes the leg, wrapping it around his own...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and drops all his weight down on the trapped leg in a kneedrop!]

GM: KNEEDROP ON THE LEG!

[Hunter grinds his own knee into the side of Williams' as he yanks and pulls and twists the leg again.]

GM: Hunter back up now, still holding that ankle though...

[Flipping Williams' onto his chest, Hunter raises the leg high up off the mat...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SLAMS the kneecap down into the canvas!]

GM: Good grief! Jackson Hunter now adding the knee of Derrick Williams to his targets and there can be no doubt now that he's looking to set up that Mindflayer. Attacks to the back and the knee would greatly enhance that already-effective submission hold, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely. The knees and the back are the primary target of that hold and if he can soften up those areas, Williams will find himself in trouble if Hunter is able to slap it on.

[Hunter smirks as he slowly circles the downed Williams, his arms spread out as if inviting more of the already enthusiastic boos pouring down on him. He nods to the crowd, gesturing to the downed Williams.]

GM: Jackson Hunter certainly is full of himself, isn't he?

[Big Blake Colton claps for his mentor, shouting "YOU GOT HIM, BAHD!" at random intervals.]

BW: It's not being cocky if you can back it up.

GM: Oh, I beg to differ... but Hunter's looking to pour on some more punishment here, pulling Williams up to his feet...

[The champion drags Williams right into a front facelock, slinging the challenger's arm over his neck...]

GM: Suplex on the way here...

[But Hunter's attempt at the lift goes nowhere as he's unable to get his larger opponent off the mat.]

GM: No dice on the first attempt. Williams might be too big for him.

[A frustrated Hunter goes for it again, getting the Future a few inches off the mat before setting him back down...]

GM: The second one is a swing and miss as well. Jackson Hunter trying to get Williams over in that suplex... to do more damage to the back but...

[Hunter's third attempt ends in a block by Williams...]

...and then a lift by Williams who hoists Hunter up into suplex position, his own back seemingly giving way at the peak of the lift...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...so he lunges forward, tossing Hunter gutfirst down over the top rope to a huge cheer from the Charlotte crowd!]

GM: AND WILLIAMS HANGS THE NATIONAL CHAMPION OUT TO DRY! OH MY!

[Hunter bounces down hard off the ropes, going right back up into the air where he flails his arms and legs as he flops down HARD on the barely-padded concrete floor!]

BW: A hard fall to the outside for Hunter, Gordo, and that could turn things back in Williams' direction now.

GM: Back and forth they go, battling it out for one of the greatest prizes in our sport, the AWA National Title.

[Williams leans against the ropes, grabbing at his lower back as Blake Colton races to his ally's side on the outside.]

GM: The champion's down... the challenger's hurting... this one has taken its toll on both of these outstanding competitors as we're just over fifteen minutes into this sixty minute time limit battle for the gold and for a whole lot more considering the history between these two men.

BW: Williams is going to the outside... he's not going to give Hunter time to recover...

[Colton scatters back a few steps at the referee's orders as Williams rolls to the outside, gingerly stepping on the leg that Hunter attacked a little earlier. He slowly moves around the ring, keeping both Colton and Hunter in his sights. As he draws closer, Muteesa steps towards him but an extended arm from MAWAGA keeps him back...]

GM: Did you see that? It looks like Muteesa was going after Derrick Williams but MAWAGA stopped him!

BW: There's no lack of history between MAWAGA and Williams either, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely not... or Hunter and MAWAGA for that matter. All three were once a part of the Axis and... look at Williams!

[Clenching his jaw to bite down the pain, Williams gets a running start towards Hunter who has managed to get to his feet, leaning with his head down on the apron as he tries to recover...]

GM: WILLIAMS LEAPS!

[The crowd cheers as Williams lands the Drive By dropkick on the floor, lying back on the apron as Hunter goes wobbling away, falling to his knees.]

GM: The dropkick connects - Derrick Williams choking down the pain going through his knee after the attack by Hunter to land that big move on the outside...

[Colton moves back in, standing alongside the downed Hunter as the referee starts a ten count from inside the ring...]

GM: Pete Miller, good ol' Blue Shoes, starting a count now. If either man is counted out, the title does NOT change hands, fans.

[Williams rolls under the ropes for a moment... then rolls right back out, breaking the count as he lands on his feet on the outside. He points to the downed Hunter, getting a big cheer from the Charlotte crowd.]

GM: The referee's gotta start that count all over again as Williams rolls out and he's going after Hunter!

[The challenger takes two big steps towards the National Champion...

...and then finds himself blocked from going any further as Blake Colton steps between Williams and Hunter, shielding the latter from any further attack for the moment.]

GM: Oh, come on! Give me a break, referee!

BW: Blake Colton's got his partner's back in a big way out there on the floor, not letting the challenger get any closer to him.

GM: That's not right at all! Derrick Williams has got Jackson Hunter on the run and Colton is directly impacting-

[Having backed away, arms raised, Derrick Williams walks alongside the railing as the fans jeer Colton's actions...

...and then Williams whips around, sprinting across ringside, stepping up onto the ringsteps to launch himself into the air...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRILLS Colton with a flying elbowstrike to the jaw that knocks the Canadian Strongman down to the floor to a HUGE reaction!]

GM: THE FUTURE STRIKES!

[The crowd is ROARING for a fired-up Derrick Williams as the challenger pulls Colton up by his beefy arm...]

GM: Look out!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and WHIPS him into the steel barricade with enough force to shift the railing on its footing!]

GM: COLTON'S SPINE SLAMS INTO THE STEEL! And that could clear a path to the National Title for Derrick Williams!

[Williams turns his focus back to Jackson Hunter who is struggling to get up off the ringside mats as the challenger approaches...]

GM: Williams grabs Hunter now...

[Using another whip, Williams propels the champion towards the steel ringside steps that Williams just leapt off of...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...where Hunter's knees SLAM into the steel, flipping him over the steps in a somersault that sees the champion crash down on the barely-padded ringside floor!]

GM: Williams is taking the fight to them BOTH on the outside now...

[Williams is filled with adrenaline as he gives a shout, circling the ringpost...

...and coming face to face with a waiting Muteesa who is hopping from foot to foot, slapping his painted ample belly hungrily.]

GM: Uh oh... Williams just ran into a BIG problem out there...

[But again, MAWAGA steps forward, grabbing Muteesa by the shoulders and forcibly steering him away from Williams.]

GM: ...and I think it was crystal clear that time, Bucky. MAWAGA IS trying to help his former ally, Derrick Williams out here.

BW: Maybe, maybe not... but Muteesa seems like he wants a piece of the challenger.

GM: MAWAGA keeping Muteesa away from Williams - an obvious look of concern on the challenger's face though. As we've said many times tonight already, you just never know what kind of plan Korugun's got on any given night.

[Williams turns his back on MAWAGA and Muteesa, moving back towards a rising Hunter, grabbing him by the hair...]

GM: Ohh! Facefirst off the timekeeper's table - Rebecca Ortiz getting the heck out of there in a hurry and who can blame her.

[Williams shoves Hunter under the bottom rope into the ring before grabbing the ropes, dragging himself up onto the ring apron...]

GM: Hunter's back in and Williams on the way after him...

[But as Hunter goes through the ropes, he grabs the official by the legs, pulling up to his knees, turning the official as he does...]

GM: What's he... Colton! Colton's got Williams again!

[The crowd jeers as Blake Colton, now standing on the floor again, grabs Williams by the leg, keeping the challenger from getting back inside the ring as Hunter climbs to his feet...

...and shoves the official aside, charging towards Williams with a running dropkick that sends Williams flying off the apron, landing in a heap on the barely-padded floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: DOWN GOES WILLIAMS ON THE OUTSIDE!

[The official starts shouting at Hunter, reprimanding him for the push-away but Hunter waves ol' Blue Shoes off, pointing to Williams on the outside and gesturing for the referee to start a ten count.]

GM: And ever the sportsman, Jackson Hunter would like a countout!

BW: Can't blame him for that, Gordo. Hunter wants to get to SuperClash as the National Champion and a countout here would just about cement his spot on the big show in that role.

GM: The ends do not justify the means if you ask me, Bucky. Maybe I'm just old fashioned... maybe this business has passed me by.

[The referee orders both Hunter and Colton away from the downed Williams, turning back to start his ten count...

...when the crowd ERUPTS in cheers!]

GM: Oho! Look here, Bucky!

BW: What's HE doing out here?! He's got no business out here!

GM: And Colton does? MAWAGA? Muteesa?

[The crowd reaction and Bucky's rage is fueled by the arrival of the Phoenix, Jordan Ohara, on the entrance ramp. His face is covered with concern as the former National Champion starts his way down the ramp towards the ring.]

GM: Jordan Ohara coming out here...

BW: But whose side is he on?!

GM: What?

BW: Come on, Gordo... it wasn't that long ago that Jackson Hunter made it clear that he wants to do for Ohara what he did last year for the likes of Zharkov and Williams and even Juan Vasquez! He wants to take Ohara straight to the top...

GM: Jordan Ohara wouldn't associate with a scumbag like Jackson Hunter - you know it, I know it, everyone knows it!

BW: Jackson Hunter doesn't know it! Look at him!

[A grinning Hunter stops the referee from counting, waving an arm towards Ohara, welcoming him to the chaotic scene.]

GM: Well, he certainly seems happy to see Ohara, I suppose.

BW: You suppose?! Hunter didn't look this happy that night in Philly when he won the gold! This is his crowning glory!

GM: Not yet it isn't! I refuse... REFUSE... to believe that Jordan Ohara would turn his back on his fans and join up with this... with this...

[Reaching ringside, Ohara takes a knee next to Derrick Williams, checking his condition...]

GM: See?! He's not here for Hunter... he's here for Williams! His old friend and partner!

[Blake Colton takes a step towards Ohara, getting a glare and a threatening point in response as Hunter waves Colton back.]

GM: I have no idea what's going on out here. It looks like a lumberjack match out here - we've got four guys around the ring... two guys in... who's gonna walk out of this with the National Title? We'll find out after this break!

[With Hunter speaking to Ohara from inside the ring, 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 come back up to live action where we find Jackson Hunter chopping away at Derrick Williams in the corner inside the ring. On the outside, we can see Ohara and Colton on opposite sides, cheering on their allies while Muteesa and MAWAGA are lurking nearby with no obvious intent... yet.]

GM: Welcome back, fans, to this National Title showdown between Jackson Hunter and Derrick Williams... a long-awaited encounter, I might add, as these two have been on a collision course since early this year. Now, you add the motivation that whoever wins this one tonight likely walks into SuperClash IX in a few weeks with that title around their waist and the stakes are quite high in this battle.

[Hunter lands another hard chop to groans from the AWA faithful as Hunter sneers at the Charlotte crowd...]

GM: Hunter's got Williams trapped in the corner... and he's looking to get him up on the buckles now...

[With Colton cheering him on from the floor, Hunter boosts Williams up to a seated position on the top turnbuckle.]

GM: Over twenty minutes into this sixty minute time limit and Jackson Hunter may be looking to finish Williams off right here, fans.

[Grabbing Williams by the hair, Hunter lays in a pair of big haymakers on the jaw before stepping up on the middle rope facing him...]

GM: Hunter looking for a superplex here and-

[The crowd ROARS as Williams pops him with an elbow strike to the jaw!]

GM: OH! HARD SHOT BY WILLIAMS!

[Hunter throws a right hand...

...and gets another hard elbow in reply!]

GM: They're trading shots up on the buckles!

BW: A dangerous place to do it, Gordo.

GM: Hunter with another right... and Williams with another elbow!

[Hunter staggers on the elbowstrike, reaching out to grab the ropes for support...

GM: Hunter's trying to hang on!

[Grabbing the hair of Hunter, Williams winds up...]

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ELBOW!

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ANOTHER!

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: A THIRD!

[Hunter's eyes are glassy as Williams takes a deep breath, spinning his arm around a few times...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

[...and lands one final elbowstrike that sends Hunter flying backwards off the buckles, crashing down on his back on the canvas!]

GM: WILLIAMS SENDS HIM DOWN! OH MY!

[Williams stays seated for several moments, soaking up the support of the AWA faithful as Colton pounds his fists down on the apron, screaming at Hunter to get up off the canvas.]

GM: Colton's shouting at Hunter, telling him to get on his feet! He smells his meal ticket losing that gold and he's getting REAL nervous!

BW: Meal ticket?! They're bahds!

GM: Would you stop?!

[As Hunter manages to get to his feet, stumbling and staggering as he does, barely able to keep his balance, Derrick Williams climbs to his feet, slowing raising his arm over his head...]

GM: Williams is on the middle rope... Hunter in his sights!

[...and LEAPS OFF, swinging his elbow into the jaw of the stunned Hunter!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: ELBOW OFF THE SECOND ROPE!

[Williams pushes up off the mat, throwing his arm across Hunter’s chest as he collapses back down on his own chest...]

GM: COVER! ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The crowd JEERS as Hunter’s shoulder pops up off the mat, his arm being shoved towards the sky as he just BARELY saves his title!]

GM: Hunter slips out JUST in time... and he keeps the National Title for now but Derrick Williams - in my estimation - is getting closer and closer with every shot he lands in front of this crowd in Charlotte!

[Williams rolls over onto his back, his chest heaving with exertion as he tries to pull fresh air into his lungs to give him enough to keep going.]

GM: Both men down after that big flying elbowstrike... and this one may come down to who wants it more, Bucky.

BW: Who DOES want it more, Gordo? Does Derrick Williams want it more? Does he want to avenge his friends? Does he want to capture his first singles title in his career here in the AWA? Does he want to cement himself walking into the biggest night of the year as the National Champion?

GM: Like Stevie Scott has done. Like Travis Lynch has done. Or is it Jackson Hunter - the man who many considered blacklisted from every major promotion in this sport until he found himself here alongside Maxim Zharkov and later became a major player with The Axis? Jackson Hunter who many thought had given up his in-ring career and yet has shocked us all here in 2017. Is it that man who wants it more and is willing to do anything to get it?

[Williams slowly climbs to his feet off the canvas, also barely keeping his balance as he looks out at the cheering crowd...]

...and then shifts his gaze as the cheers turn to boos.]

GM: What in the...?

[The boos are overwhelmingly loud as we see John Law, Morgan Dane, and Derek Rage - all still in their ring gear from earlier - headed down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: Like it wasn’t crazy enough out here with four guys on the outside... now we’re adding more?!

BW: Just what in the heck does Javier Castillo got in store for this one?! There’s about to be FIVE members of the Korugun Army standing out here around the ring and... and we don’t know why!

GM: Castillo spoke to both of these men tonight... to what end, we do not know. But I get the suspicion that we may find out.

[A puzzled Williams points to the approaching Korugun soldiers, showing them to the referee who turns his attention towards them, shouting in their direction...]

GM: Derrick Williams doesn't know why they're here either...

BW: Or he's doing a heck of a job convincing us he doesn't.

GM: I suppose there's that. Derrick Williams might not be above pulling a fast one with his history. Ohara's looking down that aisle too... Blake Colton as well. What the heck they're doing here, we don't know... and I'm not sure if anyone does!

[Referee Pete Miller leans over the ropes, shouting at the approaching trio as Williams stands mid-ring, hands on hips...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...until a kneeling Jackson Hunter SLAMS his arm up into the groin of the Future!]

GM: LOW BLOW! LOW BLOW ON THE CHALLENGER!

BW: And the referee didn't see it at all, Gordo!

[Hunter spins Williams around, grabbing the hair to drag him into a small package as the referee whips around, diving to the mat...]

GM: NO! NOT LIKE THIS!

[...slapping the mat once... twice...]

GM: NOT LIKE THIS!

[...and Williams' shoulder POPS up off the mat JUST before three!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KICKOUT! WILLIAMS KICKS OUT _JUST_ IN TIME!

[Hunter rolls off Williams, kicking his legs and flailing his arms angrily on the canvas!]

BW: Hunter can't believe it! He thought he won this thing! He thought the low blow was enough but the referee-

[Hunter scrambles up off the mat, shoving Blue Shoes in the chest with both hands, shouting at him...]

"YOU PIECE OF SH-"

[The audio cuts out as Jackson Hunter lets the official have it for several moments. When the audio comes back, Blake Colton is up on the apron as well, complaining loudly about the count...]

GM: We apologize for that, fans.

BW: The Patron Saint for the Seven Second Delay strikes again, Gordo.

GM: He sure does... and now we've got Colton in the mix as well... Hunter's yelling at the ref, Colton's yelling at the ref and-

[The crowd ROARS as Jordan Ohara runs around the ring, grabbing Colton by the leg and YANKING him down to the floor...]

GM: OHARA PULLS COLTON DOWN!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and lights him up with a chop across the chest!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The series of chops has Colton reeling when Hunter shoves past the referee, ducking through the ropes to take a swing at Ohara who manages to avoid it...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRILLS Hunter with a chop as well, sending Hunter falling back through the ropes, arms pinwheeling wildly...]

GM: OHARA NAILS HUNTER!

BW: RING THE BELL! DISQUALIFY HIM!

[...and he gets dragged right down into a Williams school boy!]

GM: ROLLUP! HE'S GOT ONE! HE'S GOT TWO! HE'S GOT THREEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: NO, NO, NO, NO! SHOULDER UP! MY STARS, I THOUGHT WE HAD A NEW CHAMPION!

BW: Too close for Jax!

[Scrambling up off the mat, Hunter tries to get there first to strike before Williams can...]

...but Williams is up and spinning as Hunter rises...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ROLLING ELBOW! RIGHT ON TARGET!

[Hunter staggers backwards, barely on his feet...]

...and then flops forward in slow motion, faceplanting on the canvas as the crowd ROARS!]

GM: Williams flips him over - we've got a new champion! Cover him, kid!

[Williams dives on top of Hunter, not bothering to hook a leg...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEE-

[...but before the referee can finish his count, Blake Colton's powerful arms yank Pete "Blue Shoes" Miller right under the ropes to the outside!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

BW: He pulled out the ref! Colton yanks Blue Shoes to the outside!

[And Blue Shows is livid about it, right up in Colton's face immediately as the Canadian Strongman backpedals, raising his arms to plead his case...]

GM: You talk about something worthy of disqualification, Bucky - it's that!

BW: Sure, of course! Ring the bell! Disqualify him!

GM: That's what Jackson Hunter wants! He wants a countout! He wants a DQ! He doesn't care if he wins or loses at this point, he just wants to leave Charlotte as the National Champion!

[Williams tiredly pushes off the mat, exasperation on his face as he walks towards the ropes where the official and Colton are bickering on the outside...]

...which is when Muteesa suddenly climbs up on the apron!]

GM: Muteesa! Muteesa! GET HIM DOWN, REF!

[But with the official preoccupied, it falls on someone else to "get him down..."]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd ROARS as the challenger charges the ropes, leaping up to smash a right forearm into Muteesa's jaw, sending him tumbling off the apron to a HUGE CHEER!]

GM: WILLIAMS HITS MUTEESA!

BW: WHAT?! WHY?! He doesn't even know if Muteesa was coming after him!

GM: It's all the anger! The frustration! The-

[The roaring crowd drops to a frenzied buzz as MAWAGA climbs up on the apron, staring through dark sunglasses at Derrick Williams who freezes in his tracks.]

GM: Uh oh! Now what happens?!

[The tension is in the air as Williams shakes his head at his former ally, gesturing for him to get down off the apron...]

GM: Williams doesn't want to fight MAWAGA!

BW: Can you blame him?!

GM: And I'm not sure MAWAGA wants to fight Williams either!

[The staredown continues...

...until Jordan Ohara pulls MAWAGA down off the apron to join him where he lights him up with a chop!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And MAWAGA responds in kind.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And so it goes.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Back and forth.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Dangerous chops tearing into the flesh of one another.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And with Williams watching his former partners going to war...

...he doesn't see his other former partner coming back to his feet with something in hand...]

GM: HUNTER'S GOT THE SHOVEL! THE REF IS STILL TIED UP WITH COLTON!
COLTON PHYSICALLY HOLDING THE REFEREE AWAY FROM-

[But as the maniacal Hunter swings the shovel towards the turning Williams, the Future's arms come up...]

GM: BLOCKED!

[...and the crowd ERUPTS again as Williams prevents the shovel from hitting him between the eyes! Hunter's eyes go wide as he struggles with Williams, trying to regain control of the weapon...]

"THIRTY MINUTES GONE BY! THIRTY MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: Thirty minutes to go - they're fighting over the shovel!

[Hunter's frantic gaze goes away from Williams, looking out to the floor...

...where John Law sees the glance, rushing around the ringpost...]

"OHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LAW HITS OHARA FROM BEHIND!

[The Korugun Army Head of Security is quickly joined by Derek Rage and Morgan Dane, assaulting Jordan Ohara down on the floor...]

GM: Ohara's in trouble! Jordan Ohara just got jumped by the entire Korugun Army on the outside out here!

[With a five on one on the floor, Blake Colton keeps the referee tied up...

...until Derrick Williams snatches the shove away!]

GM: WILLIAMS HAS THE SHOVEL!

[Jackson Hunter immediately goes into panic mode, dropping away from Williams, falling to his knees, begging for mercy as Williams stands over him with the shovel...]

GM: Williams has got the shovel and Hunter's at his mercy!

[Williams looks around at the roaring crowd, imploring him to let Hunter have it with it...

...and then he spots the mugging on the floor!]

GM: Williams just saw what's happening to Ohara! He just saw the-

[Williams grimaces, winding the shovel back over his head...]

BW: You gotta do it, kid! Hit him and you're the champ!

[...and with another grimace, Williams spins away from the helpless Hunter, rushing the ropes with the shovel in hand, throwing himself to the outside where he starts swinging...]

"CLAAAAAAAAANK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE HITS MUTEESA!

"CLAAAAAAAAANK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ONE FOR DANE!

[Rage, Law, and MAWAGA clear out, not wanting any part of the shovel-swinging Williams as Colton shoves the referee back inside the ring...]

GM: Williams just saved Ohara from permanent injury on the floor! He saved his former friend and...

BW: I can't believe it, Gordo! He had it won! One shot with that shovel and Williams is the new champion!

[Williams helps Ohara up off the floor, getting an arm draped over his shoulder with a squeeze of gratitude...

...which is when Colton comes barreling in towards them!]

GM: COLTON!

[But Ohara and Williams duck in tandem, launching Colton into the air...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DOUBLE BACKDROP ON THE FLOOOOOOOOR!

[The crowd is absolutely roaring as Ohara and Williams stand side by side, looking out on the Korugun Army members who are in retreat...]

...and Ohara suddenly realizes the match isn't over yet, nudging Williams and pointing him into the ring...]

GM: Ohara's telling him to finish it! Telling Williams to go win that title!

[The crowd cheers as Williams nods, rolling under the ropes, shovel still in hand...]

GM: Williams is up and-

[Williams winds up with the shovel, stomping across towards a wide-eyed Hunter who raises his arms to defend himself...]

GM: WILLIAMS WITH THE SHO-

[...but the referee grabs the shovel with both hands, shouting "NO! NO!"]

GM: BLOCKED! OL' BLUE SHOES GRABS THE SHOVEL!

[Williams whips around, arguing with the referee as Hunter comes sprinting out of the corner, sliding to his knees as the referee jerks the shovel free, twisting around to dump it out...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ANOTHER LOW BLOW!

[Popping up off the mat, Hunter dashes past the stunned Williams and the shocked referee, hitting the ropes...]

GM: THE REF DIDN'T SEE THE LOW BLOW AND-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and leaps up, driving a bicycle kneestrike up under the chin!]

GM: OHHH! INSTANT KARMA!

[The kneestrike spins Williams around as Hunter keeps on running, hitting the far ropes, rebounding back into a spin...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DISCUS LARRRRIAAAAAATOOOOO!

BW: THAT'S THE PEACEMAKER! ZHARKOV'S PEACEMAKER!

[Williams goes down hard, Hunter grabbing his legs, stacking him up as he dives over...

...and yanks the tights for good measure as the referee dives down to count!]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEE!

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: Oh, come on!

[Hunter rolls off of Williams, flat on his back as his arms are thrust up into the air in triumph!]

GM: By hook or by croo- oh, forget it... by a whole lot of crook, Jackson Hunter retains the title here tonight in Charlotte over Derrick Williams!

BW: He hit him with Instant Karma! He hit him with the Peacemaker! That was adding insult to injury in serious fashion, Gordo!

GM: It certainly was... plus the second low blow of the match. We said Jackson Hunter would do anything to keep the title and he proved us right for certain.

[Blake Colton rolls into the ring, scooping up his ally and getting him up to his feet as Hunter throws his arms in the air a second time. Colton retrieves the title belt, slapping it down on Hunter's shoulder as the fans jeer wildly...

...and then jeer even louder as they see the Korugun Army on the floor assault Jordan Ohara again, knocking the Phoenix down on the outside!]

GM: Now what the heck is going on?! Ohara's under assault again - from Dane, from Rage, from Law! This is ridiculous!

[The boos get even louder as a grinning Javier Castillo strides out into view, walking swiftly down the ramp towards the ring where John Law has pulled Ohara off the mat, tossing him under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Castillo's out here now as well - is this when we find out what all that before the match was with Williams and with Hunter?

[Inside the ring, John Law and Muteesa take turns stomping Ohara into the canvas as MAWAGA stands over Derrick Williams, making sure the Future isn't able to get off the mat and help him.]

GM: We've got a mugging in there on Ohara... and here comes Castillo in the ring. Who gave him a mic? Haven't we heard enough of him tonight already?

[A chuckling Castillo shouts “GET HIM UP!” towards Law as he stands across the ring to watch. Muteesa and Morgan Dane oblige, dragging the limp Ohara off the mat and shoving him towards the ropes where John Law and Derek Rage manage to twist the Phoenix's arms, trapping him within the ropes.]

GM: Ohara's been tied up in the ropes - he's at the mercy of the Korugun Army now...

[Castillo taps the mic a few times to make sure it's live before speaking.]

JC: Keep him there. I've got something to say to... the Future.

[He air quotes the nickname this time, a sarcastic tone to his voice.]

JC: Oh, the mighty Axis... how you have fallen...

[Castillo sneers.]

JC: When I arrived to the AWA with such bold plans and vision, there were obstacles in my way for sure... and one of those obstacles was The Axis.

[Castillo shrugs.]

JC: And that's where I made my first mistake. I've known Jackson Hunter for many years... and I thought that the Axis might be more... pliable... without Mr. Hunter's leadership. With Juan Vasquez gone and Mr. Hunter out of the picture, I believe I could bring Williams and Zharkov into the Korugun Army...

[Castillo sighs.]

JC: I was wrong. And so-

[Castillo finds the microphone plucked out of his hands, politely but decisively by Blake Colton, who hands it off to the snarling and panting National Champion; the AWA President is in no position to throw rocks at the man armed with the Death Star.]

JH: Javier, honey... I love you... but don't steal my moment, bahd!

[Castillo shakes his head and offers a begrudged smirk in response. Hunter begins pacing back and forth irascibly in the ring between the restrained Ohara and the still-downed Williams, the belt clutched close to him.]

JH: Does anyone think... that this belt... the belt that embodies the very spirit of the AWA... the belt of Sudakov, and Houston, and Dufresne, and Broussard, and "Diamond" Rob Driscoll... and a few others whose names I can't remember off the top of my head...

Do you think that this belt should be TAINTED by the likes of a couple of... dumb, entitled, preening, narcissistic, soft, lazy, dumb, avocado toast-eating MILLENNIALS?!

[Hunter wheels around and wags his finger at the downed Derrick Williams, spittle flying from his maw.]

JH: YOU. You aspired to be with MY Axis! You snuck in through the back door that someone left propped open for you, and had the gall... the NERVE... to kick me out of the club I founded!

You belong with Hannibal Carver, you con artist!

[Hunter leans down and SLAPS Williams across the face to jeers.]

JH: You think you're somehow an elite wrestler? You were told that to make you obedient! Your bottle may say "Johnnie Walker Blue Label," but the contents inside you are strictly Jagerbombs.

[Hunter turns predatorily to the other side of the ring to the restrained Jordan Ohara.]

JH: And YOU, Phoenix... Indecision is a stone you throw. This is a dog-eat-dog sport, Jordan, and since you decided not to take me up on my limited time offer, it's time you learned that we're all just part of the food chain.

I want rid of Derrick Williams and my darling Javier wants rid of you, so you can see the appeal of scratching each other's backs.

[Hunter smirks, slapping the title belt on his shoulder.]

JH: And I've grown quite attached to the National Title... I can see why you would want it back so bad.

So we're going to make a date for you to finally have your shot at it at SuperClash.

[The crowd cheers at that announcement as Ohara tries to get loose and gets a stiff kick to the ribs from Muteesa instead to keep him in place.]

JH: Only this time... I'm no longer interested in securing my legacy as a legendary antagonist. Now I'm interested in securing my legacy as an antagonistic legend!

You don't want to dance with the devil? That's your call: just be prepared to fight him.

[Hunter gets a running start and HURLS the mic into the trapped Ohara's face, creating a loud "CLUNK!" followed by a buzzing static that only ends when someone kills the mic in production...

...and Hunter allows Javier Castillo to raise his hand in triumph, standing over the trapped Ohara and the downed Williams.]

GM: What in the world? This was all part of a plan?! A scheme?!

BW: A scheme put together by Jackson Hunter and Javier Castillo?!

GM: And we just learned that Jackson Hunter won't be a part of WarGames at all - just more of the scheme, I guess. Instead, he'll be defending the National Title against the man he took it from back in July - Jordan Ohara!

BW: Yeah, but... that also takes Ohara out of WarGames! You know Stegglet had to have his eyes on adding the kid to the mix!

GM: The plot of Castillo strikes again! Fans, we've got to take a break but we'll be right back with Sid Osborne in action and you don't want to miss that!

[The celebration continues in the ring as we fade to black...

...and then back up on a shot of two boys sitting in front of a TV playing video games. The shot is over the TV so we can see the living room behind them. The boys are very into the action on the screen which we cannot see but we can hear the explosions and gunfire of the latest hot first person shooter type game. The girls sitting behind them look bored to tears as the boys trade jabs like "GOT YOU!" "YOU'RE TOAST!" and "GRENADES FOR DAYS, FRIENDO!" A voiceover begins.]

"Feeling left out of the action?"

[The girls look up, nodding.]

"Looking for your next video game to trade bullets for bodyslams?"

[The girls nod more emphatically.]

"Tired of just another boring shoot 'em up?"

[The girls get up from their seats on the couch now, looking eagerly at the screen.]

“Wish there was someone who looked like YOU that you could control?!”

[A white light shines down from the living room ceiling on the two girls...

...and with a burst of shattering glass, the room fills with light.

As the light dies down, we find the grinning form of “Spitfire” Julie Somers in wrestling gear standing in front of the now-smoking television set.]

JS: Step aside, boys... it’s Ladies Night.

[And we cut to a series of shots of video game pro wrestling action: Michelle Bailey delivering a Britney Spear to Kelly Kowalski. Charisma Knight and Skylar Swift trading blows. Harley Hamilton and Cinder making their entrance. The voiceover continues.]

“It’s AWA 2K17 coming your way just in time for the holiday season. Play as your favorite wrestlers...”

[Victoria June drops Xenia Sonova with a front powerslam.]

“...create your own shows in our new El Presidente mode...”

[A digital Castillo is on stage making a match.]

“...take your created superstar from rookie to SuperClash Main Event!”

[A face we don’t know is trading blows center ring with Trish Wallace before hoisting her into a Jackhammer suplex.]

“All in one tremendous game!”

[Cut scene of the digital Julie Somers standing on the turnbuckles, flipping off onto a prone Kurayami...

...and then to a shot of the real Julie Somers.]

JS: Now that’s what I like to see.

[Somers looks over at the boys now huddled in the corner of the room.]

JS: Aww, we didn’t forget about you two.

[Somers snaps her fingers as we get a barrage of shots from other characters - Supreme Wright using Fat Tuesday on Jeff Matthews. Jack Lynch applying an Iron Claw on Muteesa. Hannibal Carver using a Blackout on Derrick Williams. And finally, Ryan Martinez causing Johnny Detson to pinwheel through the air with an Excalibur. The voiceover continues.]

“AWA 2K17 drops October 26th at game shops, retail stores, and online! Available for your favorite gaming system and on PC!”

[Back to a shot of all four kids playing excitedly now, a tag team match on screen pitting Julie Somers and Victoria June against Ayako Fujiwara and Molly Bell. The on-screen Somers takes a German Suplex from Fujiwara as real life Somers grimaces, grabbing at her neck.]

JS: That had to hurt.

[And with that, we cut to a graphic promoting the release of AWA 2K17 as we fade to black...

...and then we fade up on the ACCESS 365 logo that disappears to reveal footage captured mere moments ago as the jubilant Javier Castillo and Jackson Hunter appear in the hallway outside of the former's office, laughing loudly all the while.]

JH: And the look on that worm Ohara's face! Did you see it?! Did you see it?!

[Castillo nods, grinning as they approach his office door.]

JC: It all went down just like you had planned.

[Hunter's laughter disappears as he raises his eyebrow.]

JH: Well... almost.

[Castillo's laughter stops as well as he eyeballs his new/old ally.]

JH: That business with Ohara on the floor. Giving Williams a free shot at me with my own shovel. What would you have done if he'd taken it?

[Castillo grins.]

JC: Then I would've known that he just might be Korugun material after all.

[Castillo leans closer.]

JC: Let that be a reminder to you, Mr. Hunter. No one is indispensable to MY Army... and MY plans... except me.

[A voice calls out from off-camera.]

"You can say that again."

[The camera swings around, where we see Juan Vasquez standing before the two. Castillo notices the tension between Vasquez and Hunter, quickly opens his office door, calling inside cheerily.]

JC: Ah, MAWAGA. And... Mr. Colton. Good of you for accepting my invitation. I have a very enticing offer from my good friend GOLIATH Takehara for you, Blake.

[Castillo turns over his shoulder and says to Vasquez and Hunter with a smirk...]

JC: Don't wait up gentlemen! By all means, get reacquainted.

[Castillo's door slams shut. The corridor now only contains Juan Vasquez, Jackson Hunter, and a colossally awkward silence.]

JH: Amigo!

JV: Bahd.

[Hunter's obsequious friendliness is met with a cool glare from Juan Vasquez.]

JH: I haven't seen you since—

JV: ...you almost got the both of us killed in the Woodshed.

JH: Not one of my better tactical moves, I'll grant you.

JV: You think? "No, go up to the top of the cage; guaranteed it'll make you a legend forever if you pull this senton off!"

JH: Well, I was fine after breaking your fall with my ribcage—thanks for asking.

JV: All you had to do was hold down a half-dead Martinez for three seconds and...

[Vasquez stops himself.]

JV: You know what? Let's not dwell on the past.

[A frustrated sigh.]

JV: What does Castillo want with your pet goon, anyway?

JH: Why do you ask? Do you have something to urgently discuss with Castillo as well?

JV: Not at all. I'm just enjoying watching you squirm. How would you like to pass the time? I know: tell me about your mother.

[Hunter rolls his head back in exasperation with a chuckle.]

JH: Oh ho ho... I've been through this before. EVERYONE wants to psychoanalyse me. Why bother? It. Doesn't. Work on me. How can you fathom... the unfathomable.

JV: Nah, amigo. You're pretty easy to figure out. You're still in high school. Only problem is you see rivals everywhere and you won't stop until they're all neutralized. And come to think of it... what exactly did you Mastermind in the Axis anyway?

JH: The goal of the Axis... it was to change the AWA, wasn't it? To make it a better place as we saw it. It's just you and I had a different level of ambition. You wanted to build an AWA that would celebrate and revere Juan Vasquez, while I...

JV: ...just wanted to carve your initials into it like a little delinquent.

JH: So what are you saying? My involvement in the Axis was just Master Bait?

[Vasquez emits a groaning, rueful chuckle.]

JV: Ohhhh, in the two years I've known you, how have I managed to resist Right Cross-ing your face into the back of your skull?

JH: You tell me. The simple answer is you don't want to. You need me around to justify yourself. To take the blame for all the dark days of 2016. As long as I'm around, you can still be redeemed, because I'm the irredeemable Mastermind.

[Hunter jerks a thumb at himself.]

JH: Being the bad guy, it's an addiction. And you hate to drink alone. You need me to tell you that it's okay to be as ruthless and hateful as your ambition compels you to be. I'm your enabler. That's why you're always looking to the future: you can't stand looking back and thinking about what all the Juan Vasquezes you used to be would think of the pain and torment you put others through.

[Vasquez scoffs.]

JV: Don't flatter yourself. I was a righteous man fighting for a righteous cause; I don't need justification or salvation for anything we did. You talk about what we set to accomplish like it was the greatest evil ever perpetrated on the AWA, when in fact it was the noblest thing a scumbag like you ever involved yourself in. It probably still keeps you up at night thinking about how for one moment, you almost accomplished something POSITIVE in your life.

[Hunter sneers.]

JH: Then why exactly are you partnering up with Korugun? I have a history with them, but it's not like you to play the obedient footsoldier.

JV: Let's just say, they promised to give me back something precious that they took away.

JH: "Something precious"? Intriguing. So even the mighty Juan Vasquez has his weaknesses.

JV: And yours, "amigo"... are far too obvious.

[Understanding Juan's meaning, Hunter rubs his neck, suddenly looking a bit uneasy.]

JH: Well, it's occurring to me that we could secure our legacy if we just stuck by the winning side here. Who needs the Eye of Tyr when you have a friend like me, eh?

[Hunter spreads his arms wide, as though anticipating a hug.]

JH: Bahds?

[Vasquez looks Hunter up and down uneasily.]

JV: How about... someone I'm willing to tolerate, even if we want to tear each other's heads off. A "co-belligerent", if you will.

JH: Good enough! Closest thing I've even had to a friend anyway. But you still haven't answered my question: what did Korugun promise you?

[Vasquez slyly smirks.]

JV: Ah. That's a good question. Wouldn't you like to know?

[And with that, Vasquez turns away from Hunter, pushing open the office door to join the discussion already in progress inside as we get another flash of the ACCESS logo...

...and then fade out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first, to my left... weighing in at 225 pounds... O.D BROWN!

[Brown raises a fist to the air, nodding to the crowd. He runs a hand through his short dreads as Pennywise's "Revolution" rips to life over the PA system.]

RO: And his opponent... from Las Vegas, Nevada... weighing in at 260 pounds...

He is the SIN CITY SAVIORRRRRRR...

SIIIIIIIIIIID OSBORRRRRRRRRNNNNNNE!

[Sid Osborne appears at the top of the entranceway in a black hoodie with "SHUT ME UP" written on the back in what appears to be duct tape. He unzips the hoodie, but keeps the hood up over his head as he walks forward. Underneath it, we can see the thick torso of the Sin City Savior in a flat black double singlet with red trim that goes down to mid-thigh.]

GM: Out comes Osborne, and he won't even look up to face any of these fans.

BW: I wouldn't want to look at any of these ugly mugs either, Gordo!

GM: Good grief.

[Osborne makes his way to the ring steps, putting his hand to his hood to reveal his face at last, but pauses.]

BW: He just heard the Rottweiler barking!

GM: Indeed, Rufus Harris has certainly... let his presence be known here tonight.

[Osborne walks over to the ringside barricade, where as the viewpoint changes we can see Harris is already shouting a mile a minute and wildly gesturing at the Sin City Savior with a cup of beer in his hand.]

BW: He might now like what the former champ has to say... but this kid should be focused on the man in the ring, not the man in the crowd!

GM: I have to agree with you there-- oh my!

[Osborne pulls his hood off, glaring at Harris before slapping the cup out of his hand.]

BW: He better be glad Harris decided to go shirtless tonight, Osborne can't afford the dry cleaning bill on any of the Rottweiler's shirts!

[Harris' bodyguards dive in front of the former GFC Champion, preventing Osborne from making a follow-up attack while at the same time preventing Harris from doing anything beyond slapping his own chest and yelling at Osborne to try that again.]

GM: The crowd certainly loved that... although I don't know if that'll be enough to endear Osborne to them after his vicious attack on Raphael Rhodes.

BW: I'm sure he couldn't care less. He made it loud and clear that the only person he cares about is Sid Osborne.

[As the scene begins to settle down, Osborne slides under the bottom rope, discarding the hoodie to reveal a thick torso covered in tattoos. He does some last minute wrist stretches as the opening bell is rung.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: We've got the battle of the tattoos and funny haircuts, Gordo!

GM: Brown is nearly as covered in ink as Osborne in, we'll have to see how he matches up with him in the ring though!

[The two lock up with Osborne quickly shoving Brown off in a display of disrespect.]

GM: Osborne displaying his power in the early going here. The two lock up again... and Brown returns the shove with one of his own!

BW: Maybe he can shove him hard enough to knock that chip off his shoulder!

GM: That doesn't seem likely. That chip might be a permanent part of Sid Osborne's physique the way he carries it.

[Osborne sneers, and the two lock up again... this time Osborne powering Brown into the corner.]

GM: Osborne gets warned to back off of Brown in the corner... and Osborne replies with that straight right hand right across Brown's jaw!

BW: Maybe next time he's in the chair he can have the guy tattoo him some new teeth!

GM: I don't think that's how it works, Bucky.

[Osborne yanks the groggy Brown out of the corner, whipping him to the ropes.]

GM: And Brown goes down to a scintillating chop to the chest on the rebound!

BW: He liked that one so much he's going for it again!

[Osborne grabs a handful of dreadlocks, bringing Brown to his feet and firing him off into the ropes.]

GM: But Brown has it well scouted!

[He ducks... and peppers Osborne with a series of lightning quick palm strikes.]

BW: He's got him rocking and reeling, Gordo!

[Brown looks to the crowd, swinging his arms and shouting.]

GM: Osborne is staggered... and brought down to the mat with a forearm strike to the side of the head!

BW: He's got the crowd going, but more importantly he's got Osborne on the ropes!

[Osborne drags himself to his feet, with the aid of the ropes, as Brown continues playing to the wildly cheering crowd. The Sin City Savior shakes his head, charging at his opponent.]

GM: Swing... and a miss! Brown blocks that wild swing at the wrist!

[Brown leaps, grapevining Osborne's trapped arm.]

BW: Not so fast, Jack!

GM: Osborne displaying his strength, fighting Brown's own momentum and... slams him to the mat!

BW: Credit where it's due though, Brown almost had him dead to rights.

GM: He absolutely did, very impressive showing for the young man so far.

[Osborne backs into the corner, angrily calling for Brown to get back up. Brown obliges, charging with all the speed he can muster.]

BW: Oof!

GM: And there's a swing that did NOT miss! Osborne with a standing lariat on the charging Brown... nearly taking his head off!

[Brown lays facedown on the mat, the impact of the lariat having caused his body to flip in the air. Osborne shouts alternately "GET UP!" and "SHUT ME UP!" to his downed opponent, eliciting boos from the crowd.]

BW: Slapping away that cup from Harris didn't buy him any goodwill from the crowd for long, did it?

GM: No, it certainly didn't... as Osborne begins stomping away at him, the crowd is really letting him know how they feel! And who can blame them? It was just a few weeks ago that we saw that absolutely brutal betrayal of Raphael Rhodes - his own partner, Bucky!

BW: Hey, even Rhodes says he had it coming!

GM: That's not exactly what he said but...

[Osborne halts stomping Brown in the head momentarily to glare at the crowd... only to return to it with renewed gusto for even more boos.]

GM: Osborne finally letting up, bringing Brown back to his feet... but the youngster is on rubber legs at this point.

BW: No kidding. I've seen trapeze artists at the circus flip in the air less than that kid did after Osborne whalloped him!

[Sid dumps Brown into the corner, administering a series of shoulder strikes to the abdomen to make sure he stays put.]

GM: Osborne to the opposite side, measuring Brown up.

BW: Brown is just barely hanging on for dear life in that corner.

[Osborne charges...]

GM: And now he isn't at all!

[... and lays Brown OUT with a running palm strike.]

BW: Osborne can do whatever he pleases at this point, Gordo!

[Osborne crouches down, grabbing Brown around the waist and hoists him up with a wheelbarrow lift. He spins, kicking out his legs.]

GM: Into The Pit! This has to be all!

[One three count later, and it is.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

RO: Here is your winner... SIIIIII--

[The final announcement is cut off, as Osborns rudely grabs the microphone away.]

SO: Yeah, Sid Osborne. I cleaned his clock. Big surprise.

[Osborne waves off the crowd's increasingly loud boos with a dismissive wave of his hand.]

SO: You can all save it. None of you were there for me before I teamed with someone that has a famous last name so I definitely don't need you now. Good, bad, or indifferent.

[Osborne shakes his head as the crowd continues to let him have it.]

SO: What I do need, apparently, is to explain myself. You see, when I knocked Raphael Rhodes into next week... I thought it was pretty obvious why. I also thought anyone with more than two brain cells rattling around in their skulls would not just understand why... but would've done the same thing themselves.

[Osborne looks out at the crowd, hooking a thumb at Rufus Harris at ringside.]

SO: But I guess they don't water down the beer enough here, the beer that's all over this goof, so everyone's confused.

[Some cheers trickle though as Harris loses his mind again, but not many as Osborne just called everyone in attendance a dumb drunk.]

SO: By now, most people know my story. I'm not real big on teamwork. Or depending on anyone else. I've had to scratch and claw just to get a handhold on every rung of the ladder they set in my way here. And I did it with absolutely no help. In fact, all I've ever gotten here is someone with again... a famous last name, telling me no. You aren't the right look. It's not the right time.

[Osborne points towards the top of the entranceway.]

SO: So when the cards fell and I found myself side by side with Raphael Rhodes, I took it as a one time deal. But then one time turned into two. Next thing I knew, something special was happening. We worked well together, we were getting the job done and more.

[Osborne puts a hand to his chin.]

SO: So I thought, maybe I've been wrong. Maybe the world outside, the one where I slept in my car and fought fit every scrap... maybe that isn't this world. Maybe I can depend on someone. Maybe I can even depend on two people.

[Osborne drops his hand, shaking his head.]

SO: But that... that's where I was wrong. I had it right the first time. From cradle to grave, you're on your own. Anyone that tells you differently, is just someone with a knife behind their back.

Like the very INSTANT they get a chance to grab glory for themselves, they toss you in the dumpster they found you in. Only this time, I didn't crawl back to my car.

This time I fought back.

[Osborne points an index finger out towards the crowd.]

SO: And if every single one of you wouldn't do the same exact thing? Then you're nothing but a victim of this world. You'll always let them get one over on you. The ones with the famous names and the famous friends.

[Osborne smirks.]

SO: In fact, it's the one thing in the world that all of you have in common with Rhodes. Being a victim. Only in his case?

He's a victim of his own memories.

[Suddenly, the crowd murmurs with a mixture of confusion and concern, as walking to the ring - by herself, mind you - is Dana Kaiser. There's no music accompanying her, and there's no Raphael Rhodes with her either. She's wearing a blue Minnesota Lynx hoodie and a pair of jeans, along with sneakers, and she's carrying a microphone with her.]

GM: Dana Kaiser is here in Charlotte... but here by herself, it appears?

BW: I didn't see either her or Raphael Rhodes in the building earlier today, Gordo, and after what he said last week, I wasn't expecting to see him around for another few weeks as it stood.

GM: Why's that?

BW: Either he's afraid to face Sid Osborne face to face, or those head injuries are worse than it seems, because the way he's talking about how he's Juan Vasquez now?

[Bucky lets out a low whistle.]

BW: He might've gone off the deep end.

GM: Stop it.

[Kaiser gets to the ring, where she stares at Osborne for a moment before raising the microphone to her lips.]

DK: He's not here, Sid, so you don't even need to ask.

[Kaiser steps through the ropes, as Osborne scoffs.]

SO: Of course he's not, because he would never deal with his problems himself. He talks a big game about how he'd beat me at SuperClash, but he can't even show up to tell me to his face? So what, he sent you to tell me instead?

[Kaiser shakes her head.]

DK: That's not why I'm here, Sid.

[Kaiser sighs.]

DK: I'm here because...

[Kaiser hesitates for a moment, trying to find the right words.]

DK: Look, we both know it doesn't have to be like this, right? Raph said what he needed to say last week, and you can just as easily leave it at that.

[Osborne smirks.]

SO: What, and leave it at him threatening me? So he can be some big shot veteran, giving me a chance to walk away before he hurts me? Oh boy... what a great and generous guy. Just like it was so generous of him to pick me for the Stampede Cup, or when I got stranded in Mexico with him...

[Kaiser holds up her hand to cut Osborne off.]

DK: You know he didn't pick you, right? I did.

[The crowd roars.]

DK: So let's get that straight. I picked you for the Stampede Cup. Hasn't it been made clear that Raph has been a loner pretty much all his life? He's been trying to be better about that since I met him. That's the thing, Sid... he wants to be a better man. And he was perfectly willing to go fight Logan Blackburn and his goons by himself, because that's just who he's always been.

[Kaiser sighs.]

DK: But after Liberty or Death, after he wrestled you, we were talking about how you had a lot of potential, and he said "you know, that Osborne lad's going to be something someday if he doesn't make the same mistakes I made". And I said to Raph, "maybe someday you can show him". When the chance to get into the Stampede Cup opened up, Raph didn't want to drag you into his fight with Guerreros del Mundo. He thought it wasn't fair to you, to expect you to get into that whole tournament just for that one fight.

[Kaiser points to herself.]

DK: I was the one who said we should ask you, not because we wanted to drag you into anything, but because I thought we could help you. So if you're going to blame someone for the Stampede Cup, or the whole mess with Logan Blackburn, or the Mexico trip where we sat on that tarmac, you blame me, okay? But do you know the reason I said we should ask you?

[Kaiser juts a finger at Osborne.]

DK: Because you're just like him, whether you want to admit it or not. You've got a chip on your shoulder the size of a weight plate, and you're stubborn, but you're a special athlete. I've seen plenty of special athletes with big chips on their shoulders and their heads up their butts walk through my doors. That doesn't mean I give up on them, just like how I don't give up on Raph.

[Kaiser looks down for a moment.]

DK: Just like how I don't want to have to give up on you.

[Kaiser looks back up, her eyes gleaming with frustration we're not used to seeing from her.]

DK: But the thing is, you're self-destructive, just like Raph is. The one way you and Raph are different is that Raph's made enough stupid mistakes throughout his life to learn how to listen to someone telling him he's making a stupid mistake. You don't see it yet, and that's why you're out here, on national television, pushing his buttons when he told you to stop. So I'm out here, by myself, trying to tell you...

[Kaiser takes a deep breath..]

DK: Because maybe you'll listen to me. The Raphael Rhodes you're asking to fight at SuperClash isn't going to be the Raphael Rhodes you fought at Liberty or Death. It's not the Raphael Rhodes you teamed with in Saskatchewan, or in Mexico. It's not the one who gave you advice. It's hard enough getting him to admit he made a mistake, but he knows he made one with you, Sid. If you keep pressing this, I don't know if I can...

[Kaiser looks away from Osborne for a second, then looks back, her expression changing to significant concern.]

DK: The Raphael Rhodes you're demanding to fight at SuperClash is one I don't know if I'll be able to control, Sid.

[Kaiser lowers the microphone to her side, throwing up her other hand in frustration, as though she has nothing left to say to plea her case.]

SO: Dana, I respect you. As a person, as a manager, as a businesswoman. I'm not one of those slob in the back making jokes behind your back just because you're a woman in this sport. I think you know that too, right?

[Kaiser nods slowly.]

SO: So I say this with all sincerity, because I'd hate to think I put something else on your plate. I want you to know, from the bottom of my heart... that you have nothing to worry about.

[Osborne nods.]

SO: Because it'll be real easy control the Raphael Rhodes that I leave broken and in a hospital bed for the rest of his life.

[Kaiser's face contorts into a mask of rage.]

DK: ... I... I tried to help you, Sid, and this... ?

[illegible]

GM: Oh my stars!

BW: She just slapped Sid Osborne!

[Kaiser glares, breathing heavily.]

DK: You're on your own now, Sid.

[Kaiser drops the microphone and storms off. Osborne puts a hand to his cheek nodding.]

And after a beat, he grins.]

GM: My stars! Sid Osborne is NOT deterred, Bucky! He wants Raphael Rhodes at SuperClash and... well, after what we just saw, he may have just taken one giant step towards making that happen.

BW: Say that again? My ears are still ringing from that slap!

[Gordon chuckles as the camera shows Kaiser stomping back up the ramp angrily as Osborne looks on with a grin...

...and the cameras go backstage where an infuriated Jordan Ohara stands breathing heavily next to Mark Stegglet. Stegglet has his microphone ready.]

MS: Jordan Ohara, that was quite the scene out there tonight. Jackson Hunter has officially challenged you to a match at SuperClash for the National Title. That challenge would effectively take you out of the possibility of representing Team AWA at SuperClash. What are you going to do?

JO: Jackson Hunter and Javier Castillo think they've made a smart move. They think they've made a master stroke move. If I take the title match then I can't represent Team AWA and if Korugun's Army wins then they take control of the AWA.

But if I refuse Hunter's challenge, his disgraceful reign continues. Jackson Hunter thinks he can beat me and that I won't take his title. Castillo thinks that Team AWA will be weaker without me.

They're both wrong.

[Ohara stares hard into the camera.]

JO: Javier Castillo, the AWA is led by the White Knight, Ryan Martinez. You continue to underestimate him. You keep thinking you can outsmart him, outflank him and outlast him. There is a reason he stands tall in the AWA. He will not stay down. He will endure. And he will inspire every wrestler who stands next to him. He is an Army of One. A super soldier. And he and Hannibal Carver, no matter what I feel about him, and Stevie Scott... they are more than enough. Whoever else they add to their army they don't need me to beat you. I may call myself the Once in a Millennium talent but I'm not so arrogant as to believe that no one else can topple Korugun.

MS: So you're accepting the challenge from Jackson Hunter?

JO: If Derrick Williams doesn't get to him first then I will gladly take Jackson Hunter down at SuperClash and save the AWA National Title from Hunter's grasp.

[The crowd inside the arena cheers loudly!]

MS: That's big news!

JO: Castillo just decided to wage war on two fronts. He didn't learn from history. But the son of Sgt. Maxine Ohara has always been a student of the art of war. You divide and conquer. You don't divide to conquer.

Jackson Hunter... Korugun, can't help you now. Korugun won't help you now. You're all by yourself and me and Derrick... well, you're fair game. If you make it to SuperClas, your ass is mine and the National Title will be restored.

The AWA will be free, Mr. Stegglet. I promise you that.

[With that, Ohara storms off set.]

MS: A strong warning from the Phoenix to Jackson Hunter and Javier Castillo. The battle for the soul of the AWA is well and truly engaged. What happens next ... stay tuned and find out.

[We fade from the backstage area out to a panning shot of the sold out Charlotte crowd as Gordon and Bucky speak.]

GM: Mark Stegglet getting another piece of huge breaking news as Jordan Ohara has accepted the challenge from Jackson Hunter and now it'll be Ohara challenging Hunter for the National Title at SuperClash, Bucky!

BW: A 4th of July rematch and without Steal The Spotlight in his pocket this time, Jax may be in for a much tougher night at the office. But does Ohara have enough to regain the title he lost that night in Philly? That remains to be seen.

GM: But as Mark Stegglet pointed out, that also removes yet another high profile piece off the board for Jon Stegglet and Team AWA. We're looking at Ryan Martinez, Hannibal Carver, and Stevie Scott on one side with Juan Vasquez, John Law, Derek Rage, and Morgan Dane on the other.

BW: That's already a hell of a matchup for WarGames, Gordo... and neither Stegglet nor Castillo are done yet, daddy.

GM: Absolutely not and... what's this now?

[For some reason, the crowd starts to buzz...then the cameras reveal young Brett Bryant positively STRUTTING down the aisle, a clipboard in hand and a smirk on his lips.]

GM: Brett Bryant, the son of the former AWA World Champion Dave Bryant, is making his way down the aisle... and we heard rumors that he'd be here tonight, Bucky - rumors that are apparently quite true.

BW: Well, if Brett Bryant is smart, he's planned an exit route out of here because we KNOW Max Magnum is here and after what Bryant did to Stevie Scott recently, Magnum may be looking for a chance to remove his head from his shoulders.

[Brett Bryant quickly makes his way to the ring, snagging a microphone before climbing the ring steps and stepping between the ropes. The smirk on his face is still quite visible as he raises the clipboard and its attached papers into the air briefly.]

BB: I'd like to take a moment to welcome this fine wrestling audience to what history will surely view as a momentous occasion...

[Brett gestures around, using the clipboard.]

BB: ...my signing of an extremely lucrative, long-term contract with the American Wrestling Alliance.

[The crowd murmurs briefly, with a few more enthusiastic members yelling.]

BB: I know, I know. I couldn't just let such an occasion happen without all of your eyes on it -- the office just wanted me to sign it and fax it back...whatever the hell that means. I also get the distinct feeling that the boss didn't want me to have a lawyer read it over, but one of the many lessons I've learned from being the son of a Hall of Fame caliber wrestler is that you NEVER sign anything unless your lawyer approves, and oddly enough, this contract I'm holding is a straight deal. A lot of money, a number of years of my life dedicated to being the absolute best you ever saw, exclusively for the AWA.

[The smirk returns.]

BB: I have to keep things vague, as there is a little blurb in here about not telling the world how many years or how much money, but...I digress. It's time to make this official, and I'd like to thank each and every one of you for making this special occasion just that much more special.

[Brett reaches inside his jacket, producing a pen, which he is about to put to paper... but then a voice rings out from off-camera.]

"Brett, don't!"

[Brett stops, paused by what might be the only force that could've stopped him at this moment -- his father's voice. Dave Bryant is hurrying down the aisle, mic in hand.]

DB: This is a trap, son, and that contract is meant to keep you from seeing that.

[Dave quickly makes his way into the ring.]

DB: Castillo is no friend of ours, but he's sure as hell happy to throw you a hell of a deal in the name of screwing with me -- and in the name of ruining you before you can really get started.

[Dave pauses for a moment, staring hard at his son.]

DB: There is absolutely zero doubt in my mind that greatness is ahead of you, Brett. You've got the tools, you've got the talent, you soak up wrestling like a sponge and you've sat under the learning tree of some of the greatest wrestlers I've ever known. You've got everything you need to be great in this ring and you know how to step over a lot of the pitfalls that tend to catch the scions of famous wrestling families.

[Dave reaches out, putting his hand on Brett's shoulder.]

DB: None of that means a damn thing to a soulless monster like Max Magnum, Brett. None of it. He gleefully used me as a stepping stone. I beat two great wrestlers to reach the top of the AWA's mountain, and he laughed as he did his damndest to pulverize every bone in my body. Mine was one of the greatest comeback stories you'll ever hear, but to him all it meant was a bigger notch in his growing collection.

[Dave shakes his head.]

DB: I know you think that you can fare better. I know that in your heart of hearts you think you can stop this monster in his tracks, derail the speeding train, snap the blade of the buzzsaw, but this is a man who can take you out in an instant, and as your father, I can't let you-

[Another voice rings out.]

"Yes, Brett... please... don't."

[The crowd reacts with a bit of confusion as the man who strides into view next is equal parts the man who has stepped up to join the forces putting their bodies on the line inside WarGames to defend the AWA's future...

...and the scruple-less scumbag who represents the hulking mass of humanity by his side, Max Magnum.

It is "Hotshot" Stevie Scott who is all smiles as Magnum flanks him on their way down the ramp towards the ring. Magnum is glaring into the ring as Scott leads his charge down the aisle where the two Bryants have moved side-by-side to watch their approach.]

BW: Run Bryants Run!

GM: Dave Bryant may not want to see his son in this fight... but we all know the former World Champion does NOT back down from a fight. Not from Supreme Wright. Not from the Wise Men. Not from Stevie Scott and Max Magnum.

BW: He might want to re think that, Gordo. Dave Bryant was a FORMER World Champion. Key word is FORMER. He hasn't competed on a regular basis in the AWA in years now, the latter years of his great career plagued by injuries, and unless he wants his AND his son's career ended in a blink of an eye right now, I'd get the hell away from Max Magnum - especially when he's in this mood.

[Scott continues to speak as they draw near the ring.]

HSS: Brett...please allow me to join in with your father and encourage you to rethink this very important career decision you have on the paper in front of you.

[Scott climbs the steps, moving over onto the apron as Magnum lurks on the floor.]

HSS: You see, your father and I....we're really not that different. We are average-sized men who competed in a world of giants and, admittedly through hook, crook, and very above-average brains...we found a way to excel...to reach the pinnacle of the mountain and be the very best this sport had to offer.

[Stevie pauses, half-bowing toward Dave in a sign of...respect?]

HSS: I am no fool, Brett, and neither is your father. This isn't like it was in Mexico when his ego got in the way, when he thought he could reach into the tank one more time and pull that last rabbit out of a hat.

[The Hotshot shakes his head.]

HSS: No, this time, he's thinking much more clearly. And he knows, Brett. He knows the absolute annihilation that awaits you IF...if you sign that contract and agree to step into the ring with the Alpha Beast, the Modern Day Man of Steel.

[Wait for iiiiiiit.]

HSS: MAX! MAGNUUUUUM!

[On cue, Magnum deadleaps from the floor to stand beside a grinning Stevie Scott. Brett Bryant goes to step towards Magnum but a hand on the shoulder from Dave Bryant stops him short. Scott smirks at the scene.]

HSS: Smart move.

Brett... I implore you... listen to your old man.

Take that contract that is in your hand, rip it up, and be the first person to heed my advice.

[Scott extends an arm towards the entrance.]

HSS: Walk. Away.

[Brett looks at Scott... then at Magnum... then at his father who is pleading with him off-mic.]

GM: Looks like this young man has a big decision to make.

BW: What good is a bunch of money and fame if you're not around to enjoy it?

GM: Gotta jot down the moment Bucky Wilde said "what good is a bunch of money and fame."

BW: I'm serious, Gordo! By all reports, this kid's got the talent to go places in this business... and facing Max Magnum is a surefire way to make sure the only place you end up going is the hospital.

[Brett Bryant raises the mic.]

BB: Stev- I'm sorry... Mr. Scott...

[Stevie nods approvingly.]

BB: You make a lot of good points... and of course, my dad does too. I'm new to this business. I've got my whole future ahead of me... and facing Max Magnum isn't exactly the easiest way to ensure a long career.

[Magnum's cold gaze is still locked on Brett Bryant who looks down on the contract.]

BB: But BEATING Max Magnum is the BEST way to make sure that career kicks off like no other!

[The crowd cheers as Magnum actually smiles at this development.]

BB: And to make sure the whole damn world sees that happen, I made Javier Castillo put one more page in this contract...

[He holds it up, showing a large SuperClash logo.]

BB: ...and that's making sure that at SuperClash, it'll be me...

[He jerks a thumb at himself...]

BB: ...and YOU!

[...and points at Magnum who laughs at the younger Bryant's hubris. Dave facepalms at the news as his son quickly and hastily signs his name on the document!]

GM: He signed it! He signed the contract! He signed the-

[At a gesture from Stevie Scott, Max Magnum starts to move into the ring...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...which is when Dave Bryant lashes out with his signature superkick to the jaw of the off-balance Magnum, sending him flopping off the apron down onto his rear end on the floor! Stevie Scott looks down at Magnum in shock as the crowd goes NUTS at the big move!]

GM: MAX MAGNUM, TAKE TWO OF THESE AND CALL ME IN THE MORNING!

[A grinning Brett Bryant shoves past his father, heading towards the far ropes as the crowd noise gets louder...]

BW: Now where the heck is Brett Bryant going?!

[With a sweep of his arm, Brett orders his father out of the way...]

GM: Brett Bryant is getting set to fly!

[...and then as Max Magnum starts to get back to his feet, Bryant races across the ring, leaping into the air to land on the top rope...]

GM: TO THE TOP!

[...springing off the top, sailing through the air with his arm cocked...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and DRILLS Magnum upside the jaw with a forearm, sending both Magnum and Bryant crashing down on the floor! Inside the ring, Dave Bryant grabs at his head in shock as Stevie Scott looks down at the pile of bodies in disbelief.]

GM: BRETT BRYANT OFF THE TOP LEVELS MAX MAGNUM! MY STARS! OH MY STARS!

BW: I can't believe my eyes!

[Dave Bryant quickly rolls from the ring, yanking his son up by the arm and practically dragging him towards the entryway.]

GM: And the Bryants are getting the heck out of here, fans! They're making a run for it and that seems like a wise idea to me!

BW: Best idea Dave Bryant's ever had.

[Stevie Scott hops off the apron, a concerned look on his face as he drops to his knees alongside Max Magnum who is trying to push up to a seated position as the Bryants continue to make their way up the aisle.]

GM: Brett Bryant signs the contract for the AWA! He signs the contract for SuperClash!

BW: And he may have just signed his own death warrant, Gordo!

GM: Fans, we'll be right back after this break!

[We hold on Magnum sitting on the floor, fuming mad as he stares up the ramp after the Bryants and we fade to black...]

Cut to a college library where two students have a physics textbook open.]

STUDENT #1: So what's question 10?

STUDENT #2: “Matter that produces and/or emits ionizing energy can be described by what adjective?”

[Student #1 looks up from the book and slams it shut. Cutaway as he stands up, now suddenly wearing Derrick Williams' gold “Future” coat from SuperClash VIII through the miracle of editing. He takes out his phone and presses a “play” button.]

[A wide shot of the entire library as the student spreads his arms to the chorus of Imagine Dragons.]

“RADIOACTIVE... RADIOACTIVE...”

[Cut to a sushi chef with a white towel over his head and a kimono with a Claw Academy logo. To Volbeat's “A Warrior's Call,” he bursts through curtains to serve a platter of sashimi to a table.]

In a gym, a woman does sit-ups in and out of frame to "You've Got Another Thing Coming" by Judas Priest. After her third sit-up, her face is spontaneously painted with a black and yellow 'S'. She cups her hands to her mouth and howls.

A man and two school-aged children step through the automatic glass door of a big box retailer to "Black Skinhead" by Kanye West. They are all in hooded fighter's robes, and they stoically nod at the camera in unison as they pause by the shopping carts.

A woman prances through a maze of cubicles to "I'm The Best" by Nicki Minaj, twirling a red braid and balancing a cup of coffee.

A civic worker in a visibility vest tries to move a dead tree branch into a truck to "Brian Boru's March" by The Chieftains. With part of the branch under his arm and his other hand, you'd swear he was giving the branch an armbar.

On a playground, a little girl with a distinct scowl stomps up to home plate to "Another One" by Night Club. She swings her bat wildly at the ball resting on a tee.]

STUDENT #2: [voice] Yeah, I think that's right.

[Cut back to library. Student #1 still has his arms open, but now to the sounds of library ambience. Someone in the background coughs. He sits back down.]

STUDENT #1: Okay... uh... Question 11?

"AWA: Be Your Entrance."

"The Official AWA Playlist, available now on Apple Music and Spotify."

Click The Link!

[Fade to black...

...and we fade back to a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo which gives way to Javier Castillo sitting in his office alone. No sign of John Law nor MAWAGA as Castillo feverishly jots something down on a legal pad in front of him.]

JC: I love it when a plan comes together.

[Castillo jerks his attention up from the legal pad in front of him as the door to his office swings open without prelude. The AWA President's face twists into a snarl...

...and then melts into the rough equivalent of a forced smile as he sees the person walking into view.]

JC: Ah, Mr. Detson. Champ. Johnny, old friend. Please... have a seat.

[Castillo gestures to the chair in front of him as the AWA World Champion, Johnny Detson, saunters into view dressed in a stylish black suit, the title belt slung over his shoulder.]

JD: Obviously you're not surprised to see me since you sent your goons to grab me.

[Castillo looks around nervously.]

JC: And where are Misters Law and MAWAGA?

[Detson grins.]

JD: Sent 'em on a coffee break. Seemed like this was a conversation best had between you and me...

[Detson's eyes drift to the ACCESS camera on the wall.]

JD: ...and the millions watching around the world.

[Castillo smirks.]

JC: Yes, yes, of course... now, the reason I asked to see you is-

[Detson interrupts.]

JD: Don't bother, Javy.

[Castillo eyes flash at the dismissive nickname.]

JD: I heard what you had to say to Supernova earlier... and I suppose I'm just next on the list. The grand pitch from Javier Castillo as to why each of the three people in the World Title match at SuperClash should throw in with Korugun and guarantee their future.

See, Supernova might listen to you... but he won't buy in. James? With what you've got going on with his mother, that's anyone's guess.

But you and I have already been down that road... and we know how it turned out... with you getting your pearly whites driven into the mat courtesy of a Wilde Driver.

[Detson grins.]

JD: So why don't we save everyone some valuable air time and I'll just get-

[Castillo raises a hand as Detson starts to rise.]

JC: Johnny, please. Sit.

[Detson sighs, flopping back down in the seat.]

JC: I know things went sour between us and... well, I guess we know there's blame to share on that... but it doesn't have to stay that way. You and I... we had a successful partnership for months, Johnny. You the Korugun chosen champion... me behind you every step of the way.

[Detson raises an eyebrow at that.]

JC: Okay, fine... most of the way.

[Castillo chuckles... and surprisingly, Detson does too.]

JC: I know everything there is to know about Johnny Detson. I know what it takes for you to drag your aging body out of bed in the morning to get into the gym. I know how it eats at your very soul that when they talk about great AWA World Champions, they talk about Wright and Martinez... but never Detson.

[Detson grimaces.]

JC: I've seen the medical reports, Johnny.

[Detson's eyes dart away from Castillo.]

JC: I know that if you're going to get cleared for SuperClash, it's going to be on a wing and a prayer. Your body is breaking down... it's giving up on you, Johnny. But I'm not. I know that together, we can make sure you walk out of Toronto with the World Title. I know that together, we can make sure that the name "Johnny Detson" is cemented in AWA lore as one of the greatest of all time.

Everyone in this business always wants "one more run" when their time is running out. Wouldn't you want your "one more run" to be at the top?

[Detson looks back at Castillo, considering him thoughtfully...

...and then slowly gets up.]

JD: I thought I was a slick talker. You almost got me, Javier. After all the crap we've been through, you still almost got me. You know everyone's hopes and dreams. You know everyone's strengths and weaknesses. You know how to get inside their head and rattle around there like a ghost, always whispering.

But at the end, it's all just talk, Javier.

Could you make sure I walk out of Toronto as the champ? Maybe.

[He shrugs.]

JD: But you're right. The doctors are worried about me getting in there in Toronto. They don't know if I'll make it... or if I do, they don't know if I'll walk out in one piece or even walk out period. My body has given me all its got to get me to this point in this business. It's made my dreams come true.

[Detson smirks.]

JD: This business has given me everything. My family... my fortune... my legacy.

And for one night at least, I'm going to give something back.

I'm going to climb into that ring at Skydome... I'm going to put this title on the line... and I'm going to fight Brian James and Supernova in a fight that they'll talk about for years to come. I'm going to defend this title the way it should be defended - not the way you'd want it defended or hell, even the way I've defended it over the years.

[The champion chuckles.]

JD: Down in Atlanta, my ol' pals Ryan Martinez, Hannibal Carver, and Juan Vasquez are going to fight it out for the future of this company...

...and in Toronto, I'm going to make sure there's something worth fighting for when that's done.

See you around, Javy.

[The World Champion gets up, giving the title belt a slap before heading for the door. Castillo gets up, stepping out from behind the desk and calling after him.]

JC: Speaking of your family, Johnny...

[Detson freezes in his tracks, whipping around to point at Castillo who also stops cold.]

JD: Don't. Not one more word.

[Castillo smirks as Detson slips out of the door, slamming it behind him. The AWA President slips back behind his desk, reaching for his pen to continue writing. His grasp comes up empty, his brow furrowing...]

JC: Where in the...?

[...and suddenly, the tip of the pen is jabbed into the side of his neck as a pale thin arm snakes around his throat.]

“Speaking of your family...”

[The shot changes to show the pen is being held in the delicate hand of Truth Marie Temple, Castillo’s face twisted as the tip jabs into the side of his neck.]

TMT: I hear you’ve been looking for me, Javier. Well, here I am.

[Castillo grimaces as the pen shifts slightly.]

JC: I... was hoping... to have a more... civilized...

[He grimaces again as the pen jabs.]

JC: ...conversation!

[Truth Marie sneers.]

TMT: Civilized? CIVILIZED?! Like it was “civilized” when you used that monster of yours to threaten my MOTHER?!

[Her angry words are joined with erratic actions, Castillo cringing as the pen shifts up, down, and all around the side of his neck.]

JC: Truth Marie... please...

TMT: WHERE IS SHE?!

JC: Put then pen down and we can-

TMT: WHERE! IS! SHE?!

[Castillo’s eyes flash as the pen digs deeper.]

JC: SHE’S HERE!

[Truth Marie pauses, her grip growing loose.]

TMT: What?

JC: She’s here... she’s here tonight.

[Truth Marie slowly lets go of the pen, letting it clatter onto the desk as Castillo reaches up to grab his neck. The offspring of Veronica Westerly and Caleb Temple slips out from behind the desk.]

JC: I... hmmpf...

[He rubs his neck again, looking for blood.]

JC: I have to say that I'm impressed, young lady. On Fright Night, when you confronted that sweaty, weak little toad Fawcett, I was intrigued... but not impressed. He is soft. He is easily frightened.

But to stand here and... do this...

[He gestures to his reddening neck.]

JC: ...to me? Impressive. Most impressive.

[Truth Marie does not appear to be impressed by Javier's impressed state.]

TMT: You said she's here.

JC: And she is... and safe.

TMT: Where? I want to see her?

[Castillo smirks.]

JC: Patience, my dear.

[Truth Marie's eyes flash as she makes a lunge for the pen again but Castillo yanks it away.]

JC: Ah, ah, ah... no more of that. I will take this...

[He gestures to his neck again.]

JC: ...as the impulsiveness of youth. But if it happens again...

[Truth Marie raises an eyebrow.]

TMT: My father won't take well to you threatening his daughter. You've already gotten his attention for what you did to my mother.

[Castillo waves a dismissive hand.]

JC: Fawcett may be cowered by the legend of Caleb Temple... sadly, I am not. If your father was a shell of what he once was and not the king of the jungle turned into a whimpering kitty by Ryan Martinez, he would've been my first call when I took over.

[Truth Marie glares.]

TMT: My father would NEVER work for you.

[Castillo chuckles.]

JC: I would've thought the daughter of Caleb Temple and Veronica Westerly would prove to be more than just an impetuous, naive little girl. Maybe I was wrong about you too.

[Castillo clicks his tongue, waving a dismissive hand.]

JC: Go. Out of my office before you find yourself in even more trouble than your mother.

TMT: You said she was safe!

[Castillo glares at Truth Marie.]

JC: She is unharmed... for now. And she'll remain that way if your brother does the right thing.

[Truth Marie's expression shifts.]

JC: If you have any influence at all over Brian James, now would be the time to use it... before he makes a decision that will cost you all... greatly.

[Truth Marie bites her bottom lip nervously as she turns to exit, pushing the door open, leaving Castillo to rub at the side of his neck.]

JC: Assaulting me in my own office? There's more than one person dabbling in madness in that family.

[And with that, we fade out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit and is for the AWA World Television Title.

[Cheers go up for a title match!]

RO: Introducing first... he is the challenger... weighing in at 205 pounds... from Charlotte, North Carolina... Kevin Ross!

[Some cheers go up for the hometown kid who grins and waves enthusiastically... blissfully avoiding the knowledge of what's likely about to happen to him.]

RO: And his opponent...

[The haunting opening to "Man with a Harmonica" by Ennio Marricone begins to play, as the mustachioed Curly Bill appears, causing the audience to serenade him with boos. However, a hulking mass of humanity then makes its way through the curtains, drawing an audible gasp from the crowd that quickly becomes silent awe.]

RO: ...he is accompanied to the ring by "Curly" Bill Webb... he weighs in tonight at three hundred and thirty-three pounds ...hailing from Paradise, Montana ...he is the reigning AWA Television Champion...

ODIN GUUUUUUNNNNN!!!

[The Television Champion is dressed in a brown poncho with Southwestern design, a beige cowboy hat, and a black bandana that covers the lower part of his face, giving him the appearance of an Old West bank robber. He holds the AWA television title by the end of one of its straps, dragging it along the ground as he makes his way to the ring. Making his way to ringside, Gunn tosses the title belt over the ropes, where it lands in the middle of the ring, as he removes his personal effects. He rips off the bandana, revealing a stoic, weather-beaten, sun dried face completely devoid of any emotion.]

GM: Look at the size of this man, Bucky.

BW: Six foot two, 335 pounds... and I'm told that Curly Bill demanded his man, Odin Gunn, get to defend the title on Saturday Night Wrestling tonight because he's got a special challenge to make when this one's over.

GM: I suppose that's something to look forward to... but young Kevin Ross has a whole lot of nothing to look forward to in this one if you ask me.

[Ross waits for the bell... and as it sounds, he sprints across the ring, throwing himself into a flying kneestrike that catches Gunn flush on the chin, actually knocking him back into the ropes.]

GM: OH! OH! ROSS STUNS HIM! ROSS STUNS THE CHAMPION!

[A shocked Kevin Ross backs off, looking around frantically.]

BW: Even HE is surprised that worked, Gordo - he doesn't know what to do next!

[Ross rushes back in, throwing three big haymakers that don't even seem to faze the Samoan Cowboy.]

GM: And this is NOT the best plan of attack against the big man from Montana.

[Ross backs off at the referee's orders... then rushes in again...]

GM: Ohh! He runs right into the big boot of Odin Gunn!

[Gunn stands in the corner as Ross stumbles backwards, clutching at his jaw...

...and the champion comes charging out of the corner, leaping into the air to show off his shocking athleticism...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CROSSBODY ABSOLUTELY WRECKS THE CHALLENGER!

BW: Jeez, Gordo... when most guys throw a crossbody block, they're trying to get a quick pin in. When Odin Gunn does it, he's trying to separate your torso from the rest of your body.

[Gunn takes a knee next to Ross, looking down coldly on him as Curly Bill nods his head, grinning broadly as he literally twists his mustache like a movie villain.]

GM: Curly Bill certainly likes what he sees. That old time grappler whose in-ring career may be close to the finish line but whose managerial career is off to a hot start with this guy.

BW: And don't forget about the Texas Ranger, Gordo.

GM: How could I? It was the Texas Ranger who got involved at Fight Night and cost Whaitiri that Handicap Match that would've earned him a rematch for the title. I'm surprised he's not out here tonight just in case.

BW: You think Odin Gunn is going to need help with this Charlotte chumpster?

[Gunn grabs the limp Ross by the hair, dragging him to his feet and right into an inverted facelock. The Samoan Cowboy holds his position, looking out at the crowd...

...and then quickly spins into a downward striking lariat, driving Ross down between his arm and his bent knee!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: He calls that the Sword of God and... well, I ain't gonna argue.

[Gunn shoves Ross off his knee, planting a clenched fist down on the heart as he continues to kneel alongside him.]

GM: One. Two. That's it.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Odin Gunn with an absolutely dominating victory here tonight in Charlotte, making short and devastating work out of young Kevin Ross.

[Gunn rises to his feet, waiting for Curly Bill to join him and raise his hand, holding the title belt aloft in the other hand as Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

RO: Your winner and still champion... ODIN GUNN!

[The boos pour down on the impressive champion as Curly Bill nods, grinning madly.]

GM: And our good friend, Sweet Lou, has drawn the unenviable task of interviewing this awesome twosome. Lou?

[Sweet Lou Blackwell is coming through the ropes as Curly Bill starts berating the official to get that "stanky piece of horse manure out of our ring" while gesturing at the unmoving Kevin Ross.]

SLB: Gentlemen.... gentlemen, please... control yourselves.

[Gunn glares at Blackwell who takes a notable step back as a cackling Curly Bill bumps Blackwell from behind.]

CBW: Easy there, partner... the champ ain't gonna hurt one hair on your hide... you know why?

[Webb sneers.]

CBW: 'Cause there ain't no money in it.

[Webb gives another cackle as Lou straightens up.]

SLB: I see. Well, one may not like your tactics, Curly Bill... but they cannot deny the results as that was another impressive victory by the reigning World Television Champion, Odin Gunn.

CBW: I like the sound of that, Lou. Might be a word too many in that descriptor but I like it. Odin Gunn is YOUR World Television Champion, you manure-stinkin' farmhands!

[He points to the crowd who rightfully boos.]

CBW: And you better get used to it because there ain't no one gonna stop him.

[Blackwell nods.]

SLB: I see. Well, one has to wonder, Curly Bill... if your man Odin Gunn has concerns about one or two of his potential challengers. Take for instance, Atlas Armstrong, who has been making some noise about facing Gunn for the title.

[Webb smirks.]

CBW: Big ol' musclehead Atlas wants a shot at this ice cold killer? Might be fun. Whatcha think, champ?

[Gunn doesn't respond, glaring into the camera.]

SLB: Or what about the former champion, Whaitiri?

[The crowd cheers loud for the popular Maori grappler as Webb glares at them.]

CBW: What about him?

SLB: Some might wonder if your decision to involve the mysterious Texas Ranger at Fight Night to block Whaitiri from getting a rematch had another motive.

CBW: Such as?

SLB: Such as perhaps your man, Gunn, here... is afraid of Whaitiri!

[The crowd cheers louder as Gunn's head whips towards Blackwell.]

CBW: You make a lot of money with that mouth of yours, Blackwell. Be a shame if it had to be wired shut permanently.

[Blackwell gulps at the implied threat.]

CBW: Ain't no one afraid of Whaitiri. In fact, I demanded that ol' Javier book this match tonight because I got a challenge for Whaitiri.

SLB: Oh? Odin Gunn's going to face Whaitiri in a rematch?

CBW: Nah, nah... we're gonna see if Whaitiri's got what it takes to get one over on another Desperado. Over there on the Power Hour, we're puttin' a challenge to Whaitiri to take on the Texas Ranger!

[The crowd cheers the idea of that.]

SLB: I'm sure Whaitiri will have no problem accepting that challenge... but what about your man here? Who's his next title defense going to be against?

[Webb chuckles.]

CBW: You know, I asked that same question to ol' boss man Javier a little while ago and he said he had the perfect person for Odin Gunn to defend the title against on Fight Night. Someone who I gather got under ol' Javier's skin a little bit recently.

Down in Atlanta next Saturday night, it'll be Odin Gunn defending the title against... that goofy little runt, Omega!

[The crowd cheers loudly at the idea of Omega getting a title shot.]

CBW: Thought y'all might like that. Trouble is... I don't think Omega's gonna like it...

[He eyeballs Gunn who grips his hands together, rubbing them harshly.]

CBW: ...not one... little... bit.

[Webb claps Blackwell hard on the back as he gestures for the Television Champion to exit the ring with him.]

SLB: How about that, fans? Two matches announced for the Power Hour with Whaitiri meeting the Texas Ranger and Odin Gunn defending the gold against Omega! I can't wait for that. And speaking of things I can't wait for, I can hardly

wait for SuperClash when Next Gen gets a chance to regain their titles against the Soldiers of Fortune in a Boot Camp match. Now, Joe Flint and Charlie Stephens asked for our cameras to be sent out to an undisclosed location earlier this week to give us a glimpse of how they're getting ready for this big, big title defense! Let's take a look!

[We fade from the ring to black.

Generic Army drums play in the background as the camera fades into an overhead shot of a ramshackle ring. The camera zooms around to show various barrack style buildings in the far background, with fencing wrapped in barbed wire at the top.

Text appears on the bottom left part of the screen, the letters seemingly typed onto the screen.

Location: UNDISCLOSED

Date: UNDISCLOSED

Time: UNDISCLOSED

There are two men in this ring, the men happen to be the AWA World Tag Team Champions, the Soldiers of Fortune. Standing in front the ring, at attention, are ten men in army fatigues. Pacing back and forth in front of the men is the Soldiers of Fortune's flagbearer, Marty Meekly.

In the ring, the Soldiers are looking out at the ten men outside of the ring. Charlie Stephens, dressed in camo pants and a black Soldiers of Fortune T-Shirt stands stonefaced, arms clasped behind his back. Joe Flint paces back and forth. Flint is dressed in similar camo pants, and a white Soldiers of Fortune t-shirt. Flint stops, spins on his heel to face the men again, and begins speak.]

JF: Listen up, turds. The ten of you have been summoned here today to do your duty. We picked you because we felt like you were the finest specimens possible to help us prepare for our Boot Camp match at SuperClash.

[Flint nods his head, and gestures to a small table standing outside of the ring. The table has the AWA World Tag Team Championship belts on it.]

JF: Our opponents that night, Next Gen, will certainly do whatever it takes to win those titles again. The rules for the Boot Camp match, which will be revealed at a later date, will allow them to do so. We will also do whatever it takes to keep these belts, and the rules of the match...

[Flint grins a wide grin.]

JF: ...will allow US to do so.

Now, then. Your purpose is to put us through the ringer. Give us hell this hot, humid afternoon. We want to work up a sweat, we want to feel pain. We want you to do your absolute worst.

Who knows, maybe the best performing recruit may be a future member of the Soldiers of Fortune... may be.

[Flint's grin disappears, as he looks serious.]

JF: And, rest assured, we will do the same to you. No quarter asked. None given.

[While Flint gives his speech to the recruits, two of the recruits at the end of the line have started whispering to each other.]

Recruit #1: Man, for a couple of rich dudes, they couldn't spring for a nice ring.

Recruit #2: Heh, yeah, that thing's gonna fall apart. Someone's gonna get hurt, and..

[The conversation is suddenly interrupted.]

?: FFFFWWWWWWWWEEEEEEEEEEEEETTTTTTTT!!!!!!!!!!!!
FFFFWWWWWWWWWWEEEEEEEEEEEEETTTTTTTT!!!!!!!!!!!!
FFFFWWWWWWWWWWEEEEEEEEEEEEETTTTTTTT!!!!!!!!!!!!
FFFFWWWWWWWWWWEEEEEEEEEEEEETTTTTTTT!!!!!!!!!!!!

[The loud whistling comes from Marty Meekly, who is glaring at the two recruits. The two recruits stop, seemingly frozen in place as they realize they got caught. Flint stops his speech, and makes his way to the ropes. He rests against the ropes, looking out over the recruits. Stephens, who hasn't moved one step, steps forward.]

CS: Is there a problem, Marty?

[Meekly nods his head and points at the two recruits.]

MM: These two seem to think so. They seem to be afraid of getting hurt.

CS: Ah, a couple of whiny little brats, eh?

[Stephens turns to Flint.]

CS: Hey Joe, what say you? Wanna get this thing on the road already? I've been feelin' froggy all day and I'm ready to make these worms squirm.

JF: Heh.. Hey.

[Flint points to the two recruits, as Meekly makes his way behind the two men.]

JF: Get yer asses in this ring.

[Meekly prods the two men, guiding them to the ring. The two men seem worried and hesitate when they reach the ring. Flint reaches over the ropes, grabs one of the recruits by his head, and yanks him up to the apron. He then laughs, and launches the recruit over the ropes. The Soldiers start beating on the recruit, and the other recruit rolls into the ring to help his friend. However, his help is ineffective, as the Soldiers turn on him as well.

The opening to "Don't Tread on Me" by the Damn Yankees begins to play, and there's a montage of the Soldiers doing their work.

Charlie Stephens takes one of the two men and performs his rolling cradle into the ropes. He rolls through the reverse cradle and takes the men up and over with a Germa...American Suplex. Meekly hops around and exclaims "Charlie Foxtrot!" - which appears to be the new name of Charlie Stephen's finishing move.

Flint then motions to Stephens, as he looks pleased at a job well done. Stephens nods, as Flint lifts the other man in a bear hug position. Stephens bounces off one side of the ring, makes his way to the other, and bounces off those ropes. He kicks out his legs, catching the recruit under the chin with a necktie clothesline.]

MM: TACTICAL STRIKE, BABY!

[This also appears to be a new name for the Soldiers of Fortune tag team finisher. Meekly looks at the other eight men and starts blowing his whistle.]

MM: FFFFWWWWWWWWEEEEEEEEEEEEETTTTTTTT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
FFFFWWWWWWWWEEEEEEEEEEEEETTTTTTTT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
FFFFWWWWWWWWEEEEEEEEEEEEETTTTTTTT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

[Meekly motions to the eight men to enter the ring, and they do so.]

MM: MOVE IT! GO! GO! GO! GO!

[The eight men enter the ring at various locations. However, despite the numbers advantage, they don't have a tactical advantage. The advantage they have in the ring is rather brief, as the Soldiers turn things into their favor. Flint blasts various recruits with his Howitzer lariat, and Stephens gets down and dirty with the others.

As the song continues playing, the Soldiers toy with the recruits, before dumping them from the ring one by one. The song starts to fade out, and the Soldiers dump the last of the recruits from the ring.

Flint dusts off his hands, and barks out loudly.]

JF: PATHETIC! None of you are worthy of being Soldiers of Fortune! Y'all are a bunch of pukes and worthless slime!

[Stephens nods in agreement.]

CS: I think even Meekly would have been able to take care of some of these losers.

[Meekly lets out a loud "THAT'S RIGHT!", as Stephens cracks a rare smile.]

JF: Next Gen!

[The camera focuses in on Flint.]

JF: Hope y'all took notes on what NOT to do against us, else you'll look no better than these worthless pieces of dung! I know yer plannin' on doin' your worst.. but when the rules of the Boot Camp match will be revealed, yer gonna have to start plannin' somethin' even worse in order to take the titles from us at SuperClash.

[Flint looks out at the men, still groaning in pain outside the ring.]

JF: AT EASE!

[We fade through black away from the pre-taped footage and end up backstage where we find Mark Stegglet standing alongside "The Spitfire" Julie Somers, who is dressed in a red jacket over a "SPITFIRE" T-shirt and blue jeans. Somers' long, brown hair is pulled into a ponytail. The Saturday Night Wrestling logo appears on a video screen hanging behind them.]

MS: Fans, I'm pleased to have the chance to visit with "The Spitfire" Julie Somers!

[Somers pumps a fist, a big grin on her face, and waves to the camera as the fans inside the arena cheer.]

MS: First of all, Julie, congratulations on defeating Lauryn Rage in the steel cage at Fight Night two weeks ago - a win that earned you a SuperClash title shot at Kurayami and the Women's World Title!

[Somers smiles again.]

JS: Thanks, Mark. Let me give credit to Lauryn Rage, who took me to the limit. I know how much she wanted to face Kurayami for the Women's World Title, and I have no doubts that Lauryn will be right in the thick of the title hunt after SuperClash.

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: So, you mentioned it right there. SuperClash IX is just weeks away now when you'll get another chance to face the current champion, Kurayami, in what should be a tremendous matchup. Of course, you faced her before at Estrellas En El Cielo, and though you won, it was by countout which meant the title did NOT change hands. What are your expectations this time around?

[Somers shakes her head.]

JS: Mark, if I'm being honest, I was disappointed in the outcome at Estrellas. Sure, it goes down in the books as a win, but the one thing I wanted more than anything, was to finally realize my dream of winning the Women's World Title.

But in a way, you could say it's a good thing that what happened at Estrellas, has led to this opportunity at SuperClash.

MS: How so, Julie?

JS: Think about it... nearly two years ago at SuperClash, I faced Charisma Knight in a match that many would say led to the official launch of the Women's Division, after a couple of failed attempts. I've always liked to think I had a major role in convincing the AWA to bring women's wrestling to the forefront -- and just as importantly, to live out the dream of wrestling at SuperClash.

Then came last year, when I went through hell and back in facing Erica Toughill in a falls count anywhere match. And on the grandest stage of them all, I took everything Ricki threw at me and came away with the win. That night, I believe I made a lot of people realize that I could overcome the odds and get the job done.

Now, at this year's SuperClash, I get a chance to realize the dream that I've always had -- that's to become the Women's World Champion! And you better believe I am more focused than I ever have been -- and you better believe there is no way I'm going to be happy with any outcome, other than the one in which I am holding that belt and announced as the new champ...

[Julie's words trail off as a burst of static comes from the video screen behind her. She and Stegglet both step away to get a look at it as the static vanishes to reveal an extreme closeup of Kurayami.]

K: SOMERS! SOMERS!

[The camera pulls back just slightly to reveal a black curtain behind the Women's World Champion.]

K: Little girl, you've always got someone protecting you, don't you? I wanted to be there tonight to give you a preview of SuperClash. I wanted to get you in that ring, drive you into the corner, bruise my knuckles on your face, drive you into the mat, leave you broken and bloodied... and thinking "oh my god, what have I done? What is she going to do to me at SuperClash?"

[Kurayami spits off to the side.]

K: But no... NO! A guardian angel was on your shoulder, Somers... because they sent me to Japan to keep you safe. They sent me to Japan to defend this...

[She holds up the title.]

K: ...to keep you safe.

So, don't worry, little girl. You're safe tonight...

[Her evil sneer turns into a wicked grin.]

K: ...physically.

[With a laugh, the camera shot abruptly cuts...

...and after a moment, we get footage of a match in the ring with Japanese commentary. Somers looks puzzled at the screen for a moment...]

JS: What is she...?

[And then as she continues to stare, she recognizes one of the competitors in the ring.]

JS: Oh god.

[The on-screen shot cuts to show clearly former AWA competitor and Somers' good friend Melissa Cannon applying a Boston Crab on her young Japanese opponent. Cannon grins as she locks it in, leaning back for pressure...

...and not even noticing as Kurayami slides under the ropes, coming to her feet behind Cannon...]

JS: NO!

[...and BLASTS Melissa Cannon with a thunderous lariat to the back of the head! Somers leans forward, a hand against the wall, staring helplessly at the screen as the on-screen referee calls for the bell...

...and then gets HURLED over the top rope, crashing down to the floor as Somers grimaces...]

MS: Julie, I...

[Stegglet's words trail off as Kurayami measures the downed Cannon, hitting the ropes, leaping into the air on the rebound...

...and DROPS all her weight down in a big splash as the on-screen crowd groans on impact...]

MS: Hey guys... cut the feed to this-

JS: No. Leave it.

[Somers looks up, forcing herself to watch as Kurayami hits the ropes again, dropping the big splash a second time. Stegglet reaches out a hand towards her shoulder... then thinks better of it, pulling back and watching as Kurayami gets to her feet...]

"ARE YOU SAFE, SPITFIRE?! NO! NO ONE IS SAFE FROM ME!"

[A third crushing splash lands before other Japanese wrestlers and officials fill the ring, causing Kurayami to stand and watch as a stretcher is slid into the ring. The shot cuts one more time, showing Melissa Cannon strapped onto the stretcher, a trickle of blood coming from her mouth...

...and the shot freezes for Somers to see.

Somers' right hand covers her mouth and her eyes are wide open. She is, needless to say, in shock.]

MS: Julie... my god... cut it. It's over.

[The shot does quickly disappear as Somers leans her head against the screen where her friend was moments ago.]

MS: Julie, I'm so sorry you had to see that.

[Somers lowers her head and turns away.]

MS: Julie, are you all right?

[Somers lifts her head, placing both hands behind it and appears to be trying not to break down in tears. She turns back to Stegglet and takes a deep breath.]

JS: Mark, I'm sorry... I...

[She lowers her head again and is quiet for a moment.

Then she snaps her head up, her shock now replaced with anger.]

JS: You want to make this personal, Kurayami?! You want to injure my best friend and send her out a stretcher?!

If you wanted to really get my attention, you've accomplished that! But you better believe, now, that this is more than about me winning the title, but putting you down for good! I promise you, Kurayami, I'm going to make you hurt as bad as I am hurting right now!

[She wipes away a tear that falls down her cheek and bites her lip... and then tears out of view, leaving Mark Stegglet behind.]

MS: I can't say I blame Julie for what she's feeling right now. This Women's World Title showdown at SuperClash just got a lot more personal. We'll be right back, fans.

[We fade to black...

...and then 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 up to the ACCESS 365 logo, we get a backstage shot of a hallway where Hannibal Carver is sitting atop a rolling equipment case, his feet up on it as he absentmindedly slaps a metal rod of some sort against it. AWA co-owner Jon Stegglet walks into view.]

JS: Hey Hannibal... rough night, huh? I know you wanted to see Williams take that title off Hunter.

[Carver nods.]

HC: Yeh know how the damn song goes, Steggs. Yeh can't always get what you want. Would I have liked to see the kid beat Hunter's brains all over the ring and take the title so I could focus on WarGames? Sure. But life ain't like that so now... I guess...

[Carver mockingly gags.]

HC: ...I'll root for Ohara at SuperClash. Hell, maybe I'll win the lottery and they'll both take each other out for good.

[Stegglet grins.]

JS: Well, look, Hannibal... I just wanted to talk to you about WarGames a little. It's no secret that Ryan was... is... my first choice to lead this team... but don't think I don't recognize how important you are to this team. You're just as important as he is.

[Stegglet leans on the same equipment case.]

JS: I don't doubt for a single second that Ryan Martinez would die for the AWA.

[Carver chuckles.]

HC: He might. Hell, just about every scumbag in a suit with eyes on stealing this company has tried to make me die for it.

[Carver grins, slapping his forehead.]

HC: But it didn't take. It ain't my bag.

[Stegglet nods.]

JS: Nope. But you're willing to kill for the AWA... and in a match like WarGames, that's just as important. Ryan's the White Knight and I love him for it. But I also need someone willing and able to get his hands dirty in there.

[Carver breaks out into a huge grin, swinging his legs off the case.]

HC: Does that make me a co-captain? Like we're in the finals of the company softball game?

[Stegglet grimaces then shrugs.]

JS: All three of you can call yourselves the captain for all I care. I just need to make sure we're ready for war.

[Carver smacks the metal rod against the case again.]

HC: I'm always ready for war, Steggs. I don't really give a damn what title you want to give me as long as I can bust the right heads. But if I'm a co-captain, I think I should get to pick one of the soldiers I'm heading into battle with. There's two spots left, right?

[Stegglet nods, looking anxious at this development.]

JS: Yeah. Two spots left.

[Carver grins again.]

HC: He picks one, I pick one?

[Stegglet grimaces again.]

JS: I... okay, yes.

[Carver hops off the case, a spring in his step as he tosses the metal rod aside to a loud clatter that causes Stegglet to cringe.]

JS: Hope that didn't break anything I have to pay for.

[Carver shrugs.]

HC: Yeh can afford it.

JS: So, who are you picking?

HC: After what happened tonight, there's no one who wants to end Korugun more than my pick. My ol' pal, Derrick Williams.

[Stegglet visibly winces.]

JS: Seriously? Really?

HC: Think about it. He's gotta be pissed at Castillo. He wants to ruin Castillo's night at SuperClash just like Castillo and Hunter ruined his tonight. Plus... Vasquez is on the other side of the cage. Who knows all his dirty tricks better than the guy who ran with him last year?

[Stegglet nods thoughtfully.]

JS: You've got a point there.

HC: Damn right I do.

[Stegglet pauses.]

JS: Do you trust him?

[Carver nods.]

HC: With my life. Have a few times actually. He was the wheelman this one night outside of New York. Snowing like hell and he didn't even stop to take a--

[Stegglet interrupts.]

JS: Okay. We're running out of time and there's no doubting his talent... or how much he wants to hurt Korugun after tonight.

[Stegglet nods confidently.]

JS: It's your call. If you think we can trust him, I'm good with Derrick Williams being the fourth member of our team. I'll go talk to-

[Carver grins.]

HC: Nah, I got this one, boss man.

[Carver cuffs Stegglet on the shoulder as he strides out of view and we cut back to the center of the ring where the camera focuses on Rebecca Ortiz.]

RO: Our next contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... he hails from Davenport, Iowa... and weighs in at 234 pounds, this is Brad Borne!

[In the ring, Brad Borne, attired in standard knee-length wrestling trunks, knee pads, and elbow pads, pulls on the ropes to make sure they don't break. Or maybe he's showing off how strong he is. Even so, it's fairly impressive, those rope-pulling skills.]

RO: And his opponent...

GM: This moment is one I've been waiting for for a long while, Bucky!

BW: You're the only one, Gordo!

[Throughout the Spectrum Center, a very familiar opening riff begins to play over the sound system. As it does so, thrilled screams begin to fill the arena. Suddenly,

the voice of Rush's Geddy Lee kicks the PA and the Charlotte fans go absolutely wild!]

GM: You were saying, Bucky?

[The fans have leapt to their feet, their screams nearly drowning out the voices of Gordon and Bucky at the commentary table.]

BW: It's a dark day here in the AWA as ol' Scumbag Stench is making his official in-ring return!

GM: It is not a dark day, Bucky! This young man has been through a personal hell few of us can ever understand and I, for one, am glad to see Travis Lynch return to where he belongs - right here in the American Wrestling Alliance!

#A modern-day warrior

#Mean, mean stride

#Today's Tom Sawyer

#Mean, mean pride

[As "Tom Sawyer" by Rush continues to blast over the arena's sound system, the six foot three inch tall, Travis Lynch emerges from the entrance way as the ovation from the fans nears the top of the decibel chart. Travis pauses at the top of the entrance ramp and smiles broadly as the fans continue to scream their approval. As he nods in acknowledgement of the fans appreciation, he runs his hands through his shoulder length, wavy, dirty blond hair before tapping his chest with his right hand.]

BW: I can't believe these fans... AND you, Gordo! Stench here showed his true colors almost a year ago when he disgraced the National Title AND savagely beat our fellow commentator and friend, Marcus Broussard! And now ALL of you are welcoming back with open arms like some kind of conquering hero! Well, not me! I've known exactly who this piece of garbage is all along and I'm not falling for this "oh, I'm so sorry" act!

GM: You certainly have that right but considering the personal issues this young man was facing at the time, I think we all know that wasn't the real Travis Lynch.

BW: Oh, I beg to differ, Gordo... I beg to... oh... here we go... here's the REAL Travis Lynch. That grandstanding gloryhog!

[Travis Lynch's entrance, walking around the ringside area and slapping the outstretched hands, is about to take him near a sneering Rufus Harris...

...but Lynch thinks better of it, turning to the ring as Rebecca Ortiz continues...]

RO: ...about to enter the ring... weighing in at 252 pounds... from Dallas, Texas... the Texas Heartthrob...

TRAAAAAAAAAAVSSSSSSSS LYNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNCH!

[A grinning Travis stands on the apron a moment, absorbing a huge welcoming cheer from the Charlotte crowd... except for Rufus Harris giving some big thumbs down and some other assorted fingers to boot. Lynch ignores Harris though, stepping through the ropes and immediately climbing to the middle turnbuckle where he thrusts both his arms into the air, soaking in the cheers from the North Carolina natives. Across the ring, Brad Borne looks a tad annoyed at the time Travis is taking.]

GM: Gloryhog?!

BW: Yes! Look at him in there! Sucking up to these idiot fans like the showboat he is, was, and always will be!

GM: Oh, come on, Bucky.. just let him enjoy this moment.

[Perhaps Gordon should have been talking to Brad Borne who charges forward and slams a double sledge into the back of Travis, who is still standing on the second turnbuckle.]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The blow knocks Travis off-balance as he grabs the ropes to keep from falling. Borne rears back delivering a second axehandle blow as the referee warns him to back off!]

GM: A sneak attack before the bell... and Borne yanks him down off the ropes to the canvas!

BW: WEL-COME BACK! WEL-COME BACK!

GM: Would you stop?!

[Pulling Travis up by the hair, Borne spins him around, shoving him back into the buckles before delivering a big overhand chop to the super smedium shirt covered chest of the Texas Heartthrob!]

GM: Is any of this even legal?! I never heard a bell!

[Borne pulls his hand back, spitting into it before he slams it down into the chest a second time to jeers from the Charlotte crowd.]

BW: I'm liking this Brad Borne kid! He's got a lot of moxie taking right to the self-proclaimed Texas Heartthrob!

[Borne starts bellowing at the referee to ring the bell and after a few more moments, the official obliges.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: Well, there's the bell but I've gotta question that call, fans. Travis Lynch suffering a sneak attack before the bell and he's still being assaulted in the corner! European uppercut, rocking the jaw of the former National Champion!

[The camera pans to the front row where Rufus Harris smirks before taking a pull from his drink.]

BW: Looks like I'm not the only one liking this, Gordo.

GM: Rufus Harris looking on with a smile on his face. The tension between Harris and Lynch is well-established at this point... and the fans here in Charlotte growing concerned as Travis Lynch tries to shake off nearly a year's worth of ring rust.

BW: Another uppercut... if some of that ring rust is on his teeth, Borne may be giving him an assist.

[The referee forces Borne out of the corner as Lynch clings to the ropes, trying to stay on his feet...]

GM: Ohh! Running back elbow - right on the jaw as well!

[Borne sneers as he grabs a side headlock, dragging Travis out of the corner towards the middle of the ring where he wrenches on the neck.]

BW: Not sure I agree with this strategy, Gordo. He's got the Scumbag on the run and he stops with the high impact offense to try and wear him down with this side headlock.

[Travis shouts out a refusal to quit to the querying official.]

GM: No quit in Travis Lynch, refusing to give up here...

[Out in the middle of the ring, Lynch leans back and buries an elbow into the gut of Borne, lifting him off the mat.]

GM: Lynch trying to fight his way out of this... a second elbow finds the mark, loosening the grip perhaps...

[And when a third elbow lands, the grip is broken enough for the former champion to use his size advantage to push Borne into the ropes.]

GM: Travis shoots him off...

[And as Borne rebounds, Travis drops his head and launches him into the air.]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Borne is propelled towards the rafters with a high back body drop!

[Borne immediately rolls to his hip, grabbing at his lower back as he winces in pain. A fired-up Travis Lynch slaps his own chest a couple of times, giving off a loud scream as he puts his focus on the rising Borne...]

GM: Borne was on the way up but-

BW: Stench using the typical underhanded Stench tactics as he pulls Borne up by his hair. Come on ref, disqualify him!

GM: After all these years, you still find ways to amaze me, Bucky.

[Sliding in alongside Borne, Travis lifts him into the air, holding him aloft for all to see for a few moments...

...and then brings him down across a bent knee in an atomic drop that sends Borne bouncing into the air, clutching his tailbone as he bounces up and down a few times, twisting to face Travis who hits the ropes...]

GM: And a clothesline takes the man from Iowa off his feet in a hurry!

[Travis starts to move towards Borne again...

...when the sound of some barking from ringside gets his attention. He shifts his gaze over to Rufus Harris who is on his feet, clinging to the barricade as he's pulled his shirt off completely to stand bare-chested, howling madly at Lynch who shakes his head...

...and then leaps up to drop a leg across the throat of Borne!]

GM: Legdrop... sitting cover for one... for two...

[Borne slips out from under Lynch's legs to break the pin.]

GM: Unusual pin attempt for Travis... and I immediately have to wonder if the presence of Rufus Harris at ringside might've led to that pin attempt that was very unlikely to succeed.

BW: Hey, don't blame Rufus for Stench's lack of strategy. Blame ol' man Blackjack who taught the whole little of his kids that the only move worth doing in the ring is one you can sell pictures of to the rubes after the show.

[Rufus has a few more words for Travis as the former National Champion climbs off the mat, shaking his head in Harris' direction.]

"YOU CAN'T EVEN BEAT THIS CAN, BOY! YOU THINK YOU CAN HANDLE ME?!"

[Lynch forcibly pulls Borne to his feet again, shooting him off into the ropes with an Irish whip that Travis rushes right in after...

...and as soon as Borne rebounds off of the ropes, Travis is right there connecting with a clothesline that sends Borne tumbling over the top rope to the floor!]

BW: No call for that! Stench hasn't learned a thing, Gordo. He should be trying to beat him and instead he's trying to hurt him!

GM: Hurt him?! Travis Lynch's priority is to ALWAYS try to win a match. SuperClash is featuring WarGames and you feel a man tumbling over the top rope is Travis trying to deliberately injure someone? The spike piledriver that the Beale Street Bullies hit on James Lynch... that was risking a man's career... maybe even his life. We've seen people have fire thrown in their face... mist spit in their eyes... forks driven into their flesh... and you're concerned that Travis Lynch is trying to cripple this young man with a clothesline over the top rope?!

BW: Easy there, cowpoke. I was just trying to-

GM: Trying to disparage the good name of the Lynch family like you always do.

BW: Good name? I'm going to be sick.

[Lynch exits the ring, dropping down to the floor alongside Borne...

...and again, his eyes drift towards the outspoken Rufus Harris who is letting the expletives fly judging by our audio cutting in and out for several seconds.]

GM: Fans, we apologize for the language of Rufus Harris directed towards Travis Lynch out here.

BW: Speak for yourself. The Rottweiler is keepin' it real all over that Texas-sized twerp!

[Travis shakes his head at Harris, leaning down to pull Borne off the floor but Borne takes advantage of Travis' concentration now being focused on Harris and rakes his eyes!]

GM: Oh! Borne goes to the eyes on the outside - and that distraction caused by Rufus Harris played a big part in that one, fans.

[Pushing Travis back against the unforgiving ring apron, Borne lowers his shoulder and jams it into the gut, smashing him back!]

GM: Aaron Borne trying to take advantage of Travis' focus issues on the outside... again with the shoulder downstairs, driving Travis' back into the edge of the apron...

BW: I don't know who loves this more, Gordo - me or the Rottweiler.

[Harris is nodding his head with a lot of loud "YEAAAAAAHs" and "THAT'S IT, BABY! BREAK THIS FOOL!"]

GM: Borne grabs the arm, whip on the way...

[Borne's attempt to whip Travis into the barricade backfires as Travis slams on the brakes, coming up short of the ringside railing.]

GM: Hoooooollld your horses!

[An exasperated Borne charges Travis from the blind side but the former champion whips around in time to catch him coming in...

...and uses a hiptoss to HURL Borne into the air, over the railing...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and right down on top of Rufus Harris, sending the former GFC Heavyweight Champion falling back into his empty seat to a ROAR from the Charlotte crowd!]

BW: THAT WAS INTENTIONAL!

GM: I'm not so sure about that.

[Harris is laid out on the seats around him, his drink spilled across his chest. His bodyguards are immediately fired up, shouting and pointing at Travis who raises his hands, backing off as the referee and a few ringside officials get themselves in between Lynch and a furious Harris!]

GM: Whoa! Whoa! Hang on now!

[A large smile crosses Travis' face as he sees the chaos he created. The officials are trying to get Harris calmed down as the referee tries to get Lynch back inside the ring.]

GM: We need to keep control out here. We may need some security as well. We're-

[Borne flops back over the railing towards a waiting Lynch who points him out to the official. The referee nods, ordering Travis to put Borne back into the ring as the officials are forming a wall between an irate Harris, his equally angry bodyguards, and Travis Lynch who mockingly waves at Harris before pulling Borne off the floor, tossing him back under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Travis puts him back in... hoping to get this match back into the ring where it can-

[Harris smacks his bodyguards on the shoulders, a move that causes them to surge forward, their collective size displacing the barricade, shoving it back into the AWA officials who scatter..

...which gives Rufus Harris a clear path to hurdle over the barricade, rushing Travis from behind!]

GM: TRAVIS! BEHIND-

[Harris leaps up, smashing a sloppily-thrown fist into the back of Travis' head, knocking him into the ring apron!]

GM: HOLD ON! HANG ON, DAMN IT!

[The AWA crowd goes NUTS as Travis whips around, getting quickly tangled up with Harris who throws a pair of knees to the ribs of the former National Champion who tries to grab the striking knee to no avail!]

GM: SECURITY! GET SECURITY OUT HERE!

[Travis throws his weight forward, pushing into an off-balance Harris, knocking him down on the floor with Lynch on top of him!]

GM: LYNCH ON TOP!

[Lynch postures up, throwing a big right hand... but a second one goes nowhere as Harris uses his superior MMA skills to flip Lynch over onto his back, dropping a heavy hammerfist down on the bridge of Travis' nose, causing an instant gush of blood before he flattens out to throw fists at the ribs while Lynch hugs Harris' head and torso tightly!]

BW: HE BROKE HIS NOSE!

[The ringside officials are quickly joined by a sea of security, wading their way into the mix as Harris' bodyguards come over the railing too, getting tangled up as they try to help their employer!]

GM: WE'VE GOT CHAOS IN CHARLOTTE!

BW: HELL YES WE DO!

[Two rather bulky security guards grab Harris by the legs, dragging him off of Lynch who tries to get off the floor but is quickly wrapped up by two more guards.]

GM: This is crazy, Bucky. We've got officials, security, bodyguards...

BW: The damn GFC Heavyweight Champion!

GM: Lynch's nose... good grief, look at it...

[Blood is streaming heavily out of Lynch's nose now as Harris shouts at him, trying to get free from the people holding him back...]

GM: We've got-

[Harris' personal security gets close enough to smash into one of the guards holding Harris who breaks free, charging, leaping into a flying tackle on Lynch and his guards, sending the pile down on the floor to another huge roar from the Charlotte crowd!]

BW: ESPN, make room! We're comin' for ya, daddy!

[Harris lands a few more blows... on AWA security actually... who are trying to keep Lynch on the floor and away from Harris.]

GM: Harris is hitting anything that moves!

[Another wave of security guards come rushing into view, immediately grabbing Harris and dragging him away from the struggling Lynch again...

...but he buries a kick into another guard's ribs, smashing it home on someone down on the ground!]

GM: Oh, come on! Get him out of here!

BW: Look at these rent-a-cops trying to protect Travis! The last time Harris hit Stench, he was counting the lights for ages!

GM: You mean when Harris hit him from behind... the first time, I might add!

[The guards help Travis up off the floor... but as they do, he breaks away from them, rushing towards the trapped Harris...

...and throws himself into a full body spear tackle, cutting into Harris' midsection, knocking he and the security back towards the railing. Lynch keeps low, throwing rights and lefts to the body of Harris whose arms are held out from his sides by security!]

GM: TRAVIS POUNDING AWAY!

[One of Harris' personal security grabs Travis by the hair with both hands, yanking him away from the Rottweiler...

...but Travis breaks away, driving his skull into the middle of the bodyguard's face!]

GM: OHH!

[The bodyguard goes down in a heap, grabbing at his face as a fired-up Travis turns around, throwing himself fists-first at Harris again, throwing a right hand to the side of the head as Harris tries to yank free!]

GM: Oh! One of Harris' bodyguards just shoved Travis back and-

[There's several feet of distance between Harris and Travis now as Harris tries to get loose...

..and does, breaking into a sprint towards the Texan!]

GM: HARRIS ON THE LOOSE AND-

[Seeing Harris rapidly approaching, Travis goes into a quick spin...]

GM: DISCUS...

[...and absolutely DRILLS the incoming and leaping Harris on the jaw, sending him flying backwards and down on his rear end to a HUUUUUUUGE ROAR!]

GM: ...HOLY!

BW: HE LAID OUT HARRIS! HE LAID OUT HARRIS!

[Harris drops back onto his back, grabbing at his jaw as the AWA fans go absolutely nuts for Travis' big blow finding the mark! Travis looks at his own hand, a little bit of shock on his face as he's swarmed by security again.]

GM: TRAVIS LANDS THE DISCUS PUNCH AND-

BW: He better be suspended for hitting a fan!

GM: HARRIS JUMPED THE RAILING! HE GOT WHAT HE DESERVED!

[Harris pushes up on an elbow, rubbing his jaw, an obvious look of embarrassment on his face as he tries to get up off the floor but is swarmed by security again!]

GM: We've gotta get control of this!

BW: How the hell do you get control of THIS?!

GM: I don't know but we'd better figure it out! Fans, we'll be right- holy... we'll be right back!

[Harris and Lynch are screaming at one another, trying to get loose to fight again 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

19 DAYS AND COUNTING

And then cut back to black...

...and as we fade back up, we find Mark Stegglet standing in a backstage hallway.]

MS: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling here in Charlotte, fans, where we are just nineteen days away from the biggest night on the pro wrestling calendar each year, SuperClash IX. This year's event is topped off by a double Main Event with WarGames for control of the company going down in Atlanta and up in Toronto, we'll see the AWA World Title on the line when Johnny Detson defends his gold in a three way affair between he, Supernova, and the 2016 Battle of Boston winner and my guest at this time, Brian James!

[The camera pulls back to reveal Brian James, a concerned look on his face stepping into view. James is dressed in a pair of athletic pants but his torso is bare]

save for a black towel hanging around his neck. He gives Stegglet a nod as he steps into the frame.]

MS: Brian, so far here in Charlotte tonight, I'd say the story has been the manipulations and plotting of Javier Castillo as we get ready for SuperClash. Not only have we seen him continue his efforts to strengthen the Korugun Army going into WarGames and weaken Team AWA... but now we've also seen him make direct contact with your opponents in Toronto, trying to convince one of you to carry the Korugun banner going into that World Title match. Yet we haven't seen him address you directly - has he done so off camera?

[James gives a shake of his head.]

BJ: You think Castillo would say anything to make me angry without twenty people between us? No, he hasn't said anything. He doesn't have to. He's made it very clear already what will happen if I don't step in line and follow his orders.

[Stegglet looks solemn.]

MS: The implied threats towards your mother, Veronica Westerly. It must put your mind at ease a little that he says she is here tonight - safe and sound, I might add.

[James glares at Stegglet.]

BJ: You missed the important part. "For now." You don't have to be a rocket scientist to know what that means. It's the same threat he's been making at me for weeks now. Either dance to Castillo's tune or he's going to hurt my mother.

[James visibly winces.]

BJ: And look, my mother and I haven't always had the best of relationships... but she's still my mother.. and I don't want to see her hurt. But at the same time, Stegglet... doing the bidding of that snake Castillo? It turns my damn stomach. So you understand my dilemma. And you know why I don't know what to do.

[The look on James' face is of extreme conflict, almost helpless as he throws his hands up in confusion.]

"Maybe I can help."

[James looks up... and without the slightest hint of surprise at all, he smiles at the approaching figure. Seeing such an expression on the Engine of Destruction's face is more than a little jarring. \]

BJ: Hey, sis.

[The camera pulls back a little more as Truth Marie Temple steps into frame.]

TMT: Brian.

[Truth Marie's voice is cold towards her big brother.]

TMT: I'm sorry to interrupt your interview here but... well, you heard what Castillo said earlier to me.

[James nods.]

BJ: You're here to plead Mom's case. Look, you don't have to-

[She interrupts.]

TMT: But obviously I do. Otherwise this would've been settled weeks ago. Brian, I know about your code... I get it... even admire it, respect it, whatever. But this isn't about your code. This is about our mother. And no matter what she's done to you, she doesn't deserve this.

[James nods in agreement.]

TMT: So, if you have to suck it up for a few weeks and do Castillo's bidding...

[This time, it's James who interrupts.]

BJ: That's the problem, sis. If you don't know how these people work, let me explain it. Once he gets his claws in me, it won't be for a few weeks. When I win the title in Toronto, he'll never let me go. There will always be a threat hanging over me... to Mom... to my Dad... to you. Whatever weak spot he thinks he can take advantage of. If I make this deal, it's for the long haul and I don't know if I can live with that.

[Truth Marie's gaze softens, empathizing with her brother's situation.]

TMT: Can you live with it if he puts Mom in the hospital?

[James looks down at the floor, shaking his head.]

TMT: Then you need to do whatever it takes. Besides...

[She smiles for the first time since interrupting.]

TMT: ...it's not like a little bit of treachery doesn't run in our family. On all sides.

[James looks back up, also smiling at his little sister.]

BJ: You've got a point there.

[James sighs, the smile disappearing.]

BJ: Thanks for the advice, sis.

[Truth Marie nods, then leans forward to share a quick embrace.]

TMT: Love you, big brother. You'll do the right thing. I know it.

[Truth Marie turns, making her exit as a conflicted Brian James watches her go.]

BJ: I hope you're right, sis. I hope you're right.

[And with that, we fade to a shot at ringside of Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Welcome back, fans. The ongoing saga of what in the world Brian James is going to do here tonight continues...with his own sister trying to get him to join Korugun.

BW: Or betray them. Never can tell with that family.

[Gordon smiles.]

GM: And as you can see, we have managed - with a whole lot of help - to restore order out here at ringside. The official ruling is Travis Lynch winning that one by disqualification thanks to the interference of Rufus Harris but... wow. We've some

crazy, out of control scenes here on Saturday Night Wrestling in all of our years here but... well, that might take the cake right there, Bucky.

BW: Intense, chaotic, uncontrollable. Choose your adjective but damn, I'm pumped. My heart is pounding right now, Gordo, and with SuperClash just weeks away, it feels like you just don't know what in the world is going to happen next right now, daddy.

GM: Absolut-

[To the buzzing of what sounds like household electronics being tortured, the lights in the arena dim, then cycle through blue, green, and red hues AS "The Business of Emotion" by Big Data blares to life. Gordon visibly sighs, shaking his head.]

GM: Fans, this is not on the format for tonight's show, but earlier this evening we heard Supreme Wright say that he was going to confront Kerry Kendrick and Sandra Hayes over their reprehensible attack on our colleague Theresa Lynch last week on Fright Night. And it seems as though Kerry Kendrick is ready for that to happen and... oh, come on now... what is this? Again with this private security!

[Slowly, six of the riot-gearred private security recruited by John Law appear on stage just before Miss Sandra Hayes and Kerry Kendrick arrive behind them to vociferous jeers.]

BW: Hey, Kerry said he was going to go talk to John Law about getting some security.

GM: Oh, "Kerry" said that did he? Well, maybe Kerry should suck it up and face the consequences for what his girlfriend did to Theresa last weekend!

BW: Kerry had nothing to do with it! Sandra acted alone!

GM: A likely story.

[The duo, flanked by their security team, start making their way down the ramp towards the ring.]

BW: Besides, we don't know what allies Supreme Wright has waiting in the wings! And Ricki Toughill has been waging a one-woman campaign of terror on Miss Hayes and the Self Made Man; he's gotta do what he can do to protect himself!

GM: Listen to this - the AWA Galaxy is letting these two have it.

[The man who calls himself "the heart and soul of the AWA" sips from a plastic water bottle, eyes fixated on the ring. Beside him, Miss Sandra Hayes shoots a dirty look in the general direction of the soda cup that whizzes inches past her face, hand on her hip as she struts proudly beside him. Kendrick has a toned, muscular physique with stringy dirty blonde hair to just past his shoulders and a stubble beard. He wears black and midnight green trunks with a silver, mirrored "double K" logo in gothic font on the front and back, and black boots.]

GM: Kendrick is here for a fight, and we've since learned that Kendrick and Wright are highly combustible together and... if you're listening in the truck, let's get a look at that knee pad.

[The picture zooms in on Kendrick's braced kneepad as he arrives at ringside, glaring up into the ring. His leg looks heavily reinforced from the top of his boots to his lower quadricap with kevlar, carbon fiber materials and other exotic space age materials that could conceal anything.]

GM: We'd been hearing some rumors this week about this and... well, that's apparently the kneepad... kneebrace, call it what you will that he's been fitting with. Just look at that thing, Bucky! Half of it's metal and the other half you can't even see inside of! Who knows what the heck he's loaded that thing up with!

BW: Loaded? He has to wear that appliance to compete tonight! The Self Made Man's knee has endured a non-stop assault over the past couple of months from Terry Shane the Third, Terry Shane Junior... Even Ricki Toughill tried to take him out with that Spinning Toe Hold. The man has to protect himself, daddy!

[Kendrick ascends the steps, dumps the contents of the water bottle over his head, and tosses the empty plastic container into the crowd. 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.]

BW: Kerry Kendrick is gutting it out here at less than one hundred percent and these North Carolina hillbillies aren't showing him or a lady like Miss Hayes any respect!

GM: That "lady" was involved in a heinous, premeditated assault on Theresa Lynch, an unsuspecting young woman who is not even a wrestler, I might add... and she got away with it with less than a slap on the wrist!

BW: Well, I still believe her when she says she was provoked, Gordo. Those Lynches are always up to something... even the ones who don't wrestle.

[Kendrick watches the half-dozen masked security guards take up positions around ringside. Miss Sandra Hayes shoulders her baseball bat as Kendrick produces a microphone impatiently.]

KK: Supreme Wright.

[There is a cheer of anticipation for the former AWA World Champion to appear and tear Kendrick to shreds.]

KK: Again, I will point out my innocence on this matter, and point out that in the eyes of John Law, this matter is closed.

[Hayes leans in, grinning.]

MSH: Hear that, Gordo? Just let it drop.

[We cut to ringside where Gordon is shaking his head before we cut back to the ring where Kendrick puts his arm around Hayes' shoulder almost possessively as she smirks at the entrance.]

KK: But if you still think there's something to settle between you and myself and Miss Hayes... If you're still upset that she put a little dent in one of your precious trophies... Like you once said, "If you want something, TAKE it. If you believe you deserve something, FIGHT for it and PROVE you deserve it."

MSH: And Supreme, When you come at the King of Spades, you best not miss.

[Hayes' smirk vanishes almost immediately as a huge roar of cheers is heard when "Black Skinhead" by Kanye West begins to play, announcing the arrival of the former two-time AWA World Heavyweight Champion, Supreme Wright. Kerry Kendrick makes a final adjustment to both his regular and heavily braced kneepad; Sandra Hayes readies her glittering pink baseball bat...]

GM: Well, here we go, fans. We have seen how deeply dangerous Supreme Wright can be when things are made personal, and Kendrick and Hayes have made things very–

[Gordon cuts himself off as the South Philly Phighter emerges with a fake beard, an over-the-top stern expression on his face, and black tights with three cheap-looking iron-on stars on the front. In regulation ring gear, he looks desperately out of shape.]

GM: Oh, not again.

BW: Wow, Supreme has really let himself go. Are we sure he's medically cleared?

[Kendrick eagerly beckons the "Supreme Philly Wrighter" to bring it on as he rolls into the ring.]

GM: How many cheesesteaks is Kendrick paying the Phighter to be his flunky anyway?

BW: The Phighter? That's Supreme Wright there, Gordo. You gotta get your vision checked.

["Black Skinhead" cuts out as the Phighter lays in a couple of the weakest-strength elbow strikes to the muscular torso of the Foundation of the AWA.]

BW: Here we go, time for Supreme to put up or shut up!

[The Phighter lunges for Kendrick's heavily braced leg in what might charitably be described as a single-leg takedown, but the Self Made Man doesn't budge, responding with a swat to the back of the head.]

GM: Well, fans, we do know that Supreme Wright is here tonight, and I'm sure he's just as amused by this juvenile act as we are.

["Supreme Wrong" then starts pleading with Kendrick, groveling for forgiveness. Hayes cackles maliciously as she watches in front of the turnbuckles.]

BW: Look at this, you know the Self Made Man has taken things to the next level when he has Supreme Wright at his mercy.

[Kendrick smirks in reply to the Phighter's pleas, then angrily throws an overhand punch that FLATTENS the Phake Supreme.]

GM: This is proving nothing, Bucky. I know these two are proud of themselves, but they are overdue for someone to finally stand up them.

[The Phighter, heavily dazed, pulls himself to his feet, but stumbles around. Kendrick backs off, and charges in...]

BW: LIBERTY BELLRINGER, DADDY!

GM: With that braced knee!

BW: And Supreme Wright is down!

GM: The South Philly Phighter is down! The Phighter... is out! We've heard rumors that brace could contain anything from a pound of buckshot to a titanium plate, with that trademark kneelift of Kendrick's... that is a deadly maneuver.

BW: Oh that's just rumormongering. That's just how powerful that kneelift of his is, daddy!

[The Phighter looks to be out cold on the canvas, but Kendrick picks him up in a belly-to-belly hold anyway.]

GM: Obviously, this isn't a match, but someone should stop this.

BW: You gonna tell any of those fellas on the floor with us with the clubs and shields otherwise?

[Kendrick hoists the limp Phighter in the air and twists, thrusting him downward.]

BW: Belly-to-belly on Supreme Wright!

[Kendrick hooks a leg, gesturing for Hayes to count. She delicately gets down on her knees, slapping the mat lightly...]

BW: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOO!

GM: Would you stop?!

BW: THREEEEEEEEE! RING THE BELL!

[Hayes signals for the bell, jumping up and down and clapping for her man as Kendrick rises to his feet, a smirk on his face at having "beaten" his opponent.]

BW: Never thought we'd see Kerry Kendrick pin Supreme Wright in the center of the ring here tonight, Gordo. Truly a-

[Suddenly, the fans start cheering. Not for anything in the ring, but because...]

GM: UH OH!

[Supreme Wright stands on the top of the ramp, looking down at Kendrick and Hayes who are standing side-by-side. The former World Champion looks most unimpressed by Kendrick's antics.]

BW: Wait... If that's Supreme Wright... Who is that in the ring?

GM: I... I'm not even going to humor you OR them with this.

[Kendrick points at the real Supreme Wright, shouting a few threats that can't be picked up by the ring microphone.]

GM: Kendrick keeps talking and I've gotta wonder if he's realized yet he's going to have to back up those words with his body in just a few moments.]

[A sneering Self Made Man then hauls up the Phighter in a snug front facelock. He hooks the Phake Supreme's waistband, lifts him in front of him, turns to the ropes, and lowers the Phighter's ankles onto the ropes.]

GM: Some sort of Slingshot Supl-ACK!

[Kendrick drops back, with the Phighter's feet still hooked on the top rope, into a DDT!]

GM: Oh my stars! Some sort of Slingshot DDT to the South Philly Phighter!

[Supreme Wright folds his arms, his glare stony as ever. Kendrick and Hayes give The Phighter a nudge with their boots to roll him out of the ring...

...and Hayes beckons Wright to the ring with a smirk, pointing her sparkling bat at him. The crowd "ooooooooohs" at the brazen gesture that results in Supreme Wright lowering his arms with a nod and starting to walk down the ramp towards the squared circle!]

GM: Here he comes! The man himself is coming to town and Kerry Kendrick, it's time to reap what you have sown!

[At a shout from Kendrick, the riot-gear-clad security ripples into motion, sliding into the ring and forming a wall between the approaching Wright and himself and Hayes to jeers from the AWA faithful.]

GM: It figures! It just figures! That coward! Both of them actually - Hayes AND Kendrick!

[Wright pauses as he reaches ringside, staring up at the ring where he now has a mini-security force blocking his path...

...and with a nod, Wright pulls himself up on the apron to cheers. He stops right there, staring at the line of riot-gear-clad private security, forming a barrier between him and his ring.]

MSH: Let him in!

[Kendrick seems totally caught off-guard by this, gesturing with his palm the opposite.]

KK: No, don't let him in!

[Hayes ignores the tone of Kendrick's voice, insistently shouting.]

MSH: I said, 'let him in!'

[Kendrick shoots Hayes a look of surprise, glazing back and forth between her and Supreme Wright on the apron. Wright does not wait for permission, ducking through the ropes into the ring. He stands near the ropes, looking at the guards...

...and then brushes his way through them, looking to get at Kendrick!]

GM: Whoa! They didn't do anything, Bucky!

BW: Damn it! Well, I can't blame them. I wouldn't want to try to stop Wright either!

[Wright pauses just beyond security who have lowered their arms, standing with their backs to the ropes as Wright eyeballs Kendrick who is begging off, backing across the ring as Hayes looks anxiously at Wright...

...but her eyes flash as one of the security guards rips off their crowd control helmet, still behind Wright as the crowd starts to buzz in warning...]

GM: MATTHEWS! MATTHEW-

[...but the warning is not quick enough as Matthews throws himself into the air, snaring an unsuspecting Wright in a three-quarter nelson...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: FOXDEN FROM BEHIND! OH MY!

[The crowd reacts, jeering loudly as a shocked Kendrick looks on... and a very unshocked Hayes grins broadly, watching as Matthews rolls Wright over onto his back, taking the mount as he starts pummeling the skull of the former World Champion!]

GM: MATTHEWS HAS STRUCK! HE CAUGHT WRIGHT FROM BEHIND AND HE HAS STRUCK!

BW: He couldn't get the Fujiwara locked in earlier but he got the Foxden right there, Gordo... or as our boss used to say, "FOXDEN! FOXDEN! HE DRILLED IT!"

[The Madfox is raining down blows on Wright as the crowd gets louder and louder, Hayes and Kendrick watching with glee now.]

GM: Matthews is beating the heck out of Supreme Wright, the man he will face in three weeks' time at SuperClash!

[Sliding out of the mount, Matthews grabs Wright by the arm, flipping him over onto his stomach...]

GM: AND THERE'S THE FUJIWARA!

[The crowd groans as Matthews plants his feet on the canvas, wrenching back on the arm, arching his back as he torques Wright's limb in gruesome fashion!]

GM: If Jeff Matthews locks this on at SuperClash, it'll be all over for Supreme Wright, fans!

BW: And if someone doesn't get Wright out of this right now - he won't even MAKE IT to SuperClash!

[But Matthews just keeps the hold on long enough to torment Wright a little bit... to give him a hint of what's to come... and then lets go, scrambling up to his feet and staring down on Wright.]

GM: Wha... he let him go! He let go of the Fujiwara!

[Matthews grins at the downed Wright who is holding his elbow in pain as the Madfox stands over him.]

GM: Kerry Kendrick and Miss Sandra Hayes set a trap for Supreme Wright... and Jeff Matthews lowered the boom on the former World Champion! And if you thought Supreme Wright was angry before, wait until he gets up after this one!

[A smirking Matthews slips from the ring, following Kendrick and Hayes as they walk up the aisle. The crowd is jeering loudly as a referee slides in to check on Supreme Wright 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 up on a panning shot of the Charlotte crowd, still buzzing over all the chaos they've seen so far on this night and knowing there's more still to come.

We cross dissolve to Rebecca Ortiz standing mid-ring, an annoyed look on her face as she raises the mic.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen... he is the AWA President...

[The boos kick in immediately.]

RO: ...and the Generalissimo of the Korugun Army... JAVIER CASTILLO!

[The sounds of a large jungle cat ring out over the PA system before "La Cama de Piedra" by Cuco Sanchez creeps across the PA system to even louder jeers.]

GM: Well, it wouldn't be a minute of precious AWA airtime if this guy wasn't trying to use it, right?

BW: Gordo, you seem especially fired up about Javier Castillo tonight. Anything going on you'd like to share?

GM: Not particularly, no. But as a double tough sailor used to say, "that's all I can stands and I can't stands no more."

[Castillo slithers into view, surprisingly alone as he steps out on the ramp, raising his arms over his head and soaking up the jeers of the AWA faithful shouting "I LOVE YOU TOO!"]

GM: I can't tell if he's being deliberately obtuse or he's just delusional.

BW: Obbbb-tuse... that's a fun word.

[Castillo makes his way down the ramp towards the ring, a smile plastered on his face as he approaches.]

GM: Shouldn't this guy be in the back somewhere getting ready for his cage match tonight with Ryan Martinez?

BW: We talked about it earlier. He's got a lot going on tonight for someone who is going to climb into a cage with a former World Champion. A serious lack of focus for someone putting his life on the line in the Main Event.

[Castillo climbs the ringsteps, taking the mic away from Rebecca Ortiz before summarily dismissing her back to the outside. The boos are still loud and proud as he turns to look out on the Charlotte crowd.]

JC: HELLO, MY PEOPLE!

[The boos somehow get even louder.]

JC: Ah, yes... I love you all so much as well... and I'm going to do you all proud tonight in the biggest, baddest steel cage ever constructed - I promise you that - just like the Korugun Army is going to do you all proud in a few weeks in Atlanta when they storm into WarGames and change the wrestling world forever.

[Castillo grins as the jeers rain down.]

JC: But that's another night. Right now, I want to talk about the AWA World Title. The standard bearer for our industry... the peak... the top of the mountain... held by names like Vasquez and... well, a bunch of other guys who I'd rather not talk about. But when SuperClash comes and goes, a new era for the AWA will begin... and that era must be led by a champion worthy of that gold... of that responsibility...

But who? Who will it be?

Will it be the current champion, Johnny Detson?

[There's a mixed reaction for the controversial champion.]

JC: Two-time champion. One of the greatest to ever lace boots in our sport. A former favorite of yours truly and the folks at Korugun.

[Castillo taps his chin thoughtfully.]

JC: Or maybe it'll be Supernova?

[The cheers are louder this time.]

JC: Longtime AWA pillar. Overlooked and underrated. Getting his first chance at the ultimate glory in several years.

[Castillo taps his chin again.]

JC: Or will it be Brian James?

[More cheers ring out as Castillo grins.]

JC: The Son of the Blackheart. The man destined to be a champion since he crawled out of his mother's womb. The 2016 Battle of Boston winner.

Decisions, decisions...

[Castillo sighs.]

JC: Before I can make my decision, I need one of those three men to make THEIR decision.

[With a smirk, he extends an arm towards the back.]

JC: Brian James, come on down!

[The crowd rises, looking towards the entrance with anticipation.]

GM: At long last, it appears to be decision time for Brian James, Bucky.

BW: What's he gonna do, Gordo?

GM: We heard what his little sister, Truth Marie, thinks he should do. But Brian James seemed conflicted still when that conversation was over. I'm not even sure Brian James knows what he's going to do thanks to the scumbag Castillo.

[Suddenly, the drums are pounding, the guitars shredding, and then a voice howls...]

#LET'S GET READY TO RUMBLE!#

[With "A Warrior's Call" by Volbeat in full swing, the Charlotte crowd ROARS at the arrival of Brian James onto the entrance stage.]

GM: My god, Brian James looks positively sick with conflict, Bucky.

BW: He might throw up at any moment.

[James looks confused and conflicted as he slowly strides down the aisle in the same clothes we saw a little earlier. He shakes his head from time to time as he approaches, failing to acknowledge anything going on around him.]

GM: I'd hate to be in his shoes tonight. This is an impossible decision for him to make and yet here he is, having to decide in front of the whole world if he'll sell out to Korugun or risk his mother's welfare.

[Upon reaching the ring, James climbs up on the apron, ducking through the ropes to more cheers as Castillo grins, applauding with the mic in hand to create a weird rhythmic "THUNK!" over and over.]

JC: Brian James... welcome to Charlotte, my friend!

[Another cheer rings out as James glares at Castillo.]

JC: That look... you hurt me, Mr. James. That look should be reserved for your enemies... for those who have wronged you or caused you harm. I have done

nothing but promise you the world and shown that I am a man who can deliver on my promises.

I spoke to Supernova and Johnny Detson backstage tonight but I wanted the whole world to bear witness to our conversation because no matter your decision, this is a turning point in your career, Mr. James.

[Castillo nods, grinning.]

JC: There is no doubt in my mind that you COULD very well walk into Toronto and win the World Title without my assistance... just as there is no doubt in my mind that you WOULD walk into Toronto and win the World Title WITH my assistance.

[The crowd jeers again as James looks away from Castillo.]

JC: I can show you the world, Mr. James. Shining, shimmering, splendid.

[Castillo slowly extends his hand towards James who stares at it, not budging an inch towards taking it. After a few awkward moments, Castillo withdraws it with a shrug...]

JC: Or...?

[...and gestures to the aisle where the crowd reacts as MAWAGA and John Law bring Veronica Westerly into view. Westerly looks disheveled slightly but in otherwise good condition, being nudged along by Law and MAWAGA as though she wants no part of being out there for this. James' eyes light up upon seeing his mother in one piece as she's led towards the ring.]

GM: Well, Castillo said that Veronica Westerly was safe and sound... for now... and apparently he at least meant that.

BW: I suppose but she sure looks like she's had better days... or weeks for that matter.

GM: Nothing a hot bath to wash the stench of Castillo away wouldn't cure, I'm sure.

[Upon reaching the ring, Westerly is forced to join the duo inside the squared circle. MAWAGA and Law join them inside as well, flanking Westerly as Castillo grins at her.]

JC: You see, Mr. James... I would never truly hurt Miss Westerly. She's been in the finest of accommodations - my personal guest - as you weighed your options. Not wanting for a single thing... except perhaps her freedom.

[Castillo waves a dismissive hand.]

JC: But now she's here... your sister's somewhere in this building as well lurking no doubt... you are moments away from a family reunion, Mr. James. All that is required of you is to make the right decision.

[Castillo again extends his hand towards James who looks down at the mat... then up at his mother who is also trying hard to look away from him.]

BW: Decision time. What's it gonna be?

GM: What kind of human garbage does this? Using a son's love for his mother?!

BW: I get the feeling Castillo will use anything at his disposal, Gordo.

[Castillo tires of waiting, his voice getting angrier as he speaks.]

JC: Mr. James, I am unaccustomed to having to beg. So, let's settle this once and for all. You know the stakes. I've made them clear. And now you must choose. You will join Korugun - with all the perks and privileges that comes with but also all of the responsibilities - and when you walk out of Toronto as the new AWA World Champion, you will embrace your mother and sister and then prepare to lead the Korugun Era of AWA...

[Dramatic pause.]

JC: ...or I will make your mother regret the day that you were ever born.

[The crowd "ooooohs" as Westerly lifts her eyes to look at Castillo, not betraying a hint of how she's feeling about this situation as James' eyes burn a whole in the General of the Korugun Army.]

JC: What's it going to be, Mr. James?

[Castillo extends his hand again as James looks down at the mat... then over at his mother... then out at the crowd begging him not to do it...]

GM: What a decision for this young man to make.

BW: He'd better make it fast, Gordo. I think Castillo's losing his patience.

[Castillo does seem to be getting upset, his face turning red as he jabs his hand towards James again with an off-mic shout of "SHAKE MY HAND, JAMES!" Brian James looks up at Castillo... then to his mother again... and slowly starts to lift his hand to meet Castillo's, the crowd jeering loudly...]

BW: He's gonna do it, Gordo! I think he's going to-

[...but before James' hand can get there, Veronica Westerly steps forward and snatches the mic out of Castillo's hand to the AWA President's surprise.]

VW: Brian, I understand what you're going through. And I just want you to know that I'm sorry.

[James looks at his mother, mouthing "you're sorry?!" at her. Veronica nods.]

VW: Yes. This is a horrible decision for you to have to make... and I wish I'd never been in a spot to put you in this position.

[She shakes her head.]

VW: It's a horrible decision for you, son...

[Westerly pauses.]

VW: ...so I've made it for you.

[Westerly drops the mic, spinning around...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SLAPS Castillo across the face, the shock and impact of the blow knocking him off his feet and down on his rear on the mat as the crowd ROARS for the slap. James' eyes flash with surprise, the hint of a smile crossing his face...]

...until John Law reaches out and wraps his hand around her delicate throat!]

GM: OH! COME ON!

BW: HEY YOU, GET YOUR DAMN HANDS OFF HER!

GM: DAMN IT, LAW! LET GO OF-

[Suddenly, Brian James lunges forward, smashing into John Law from behind in a move that breaks off Law's attack on his mother, sending James and Law tumbling towards the corner as Westerly quickly gets out of the ring.]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands now!

[In the corner, James gets Law turned around and starts unloading, laying in heavy blows to the head and body as Castillo also rolls out of the ring...

...and MAWAGA attacks James from behind, knocking him to his knees with a heavy thrust kick to the kidneys!]

GM: Ohh! James goes down and-

[MAWAGA grabs the arms of James, holding them back as Law starts raining down haymakers between the eyes of the Engine of Destruction.]

GM: We've got a two on one on our hands! Law's pounding away and MAWAGA's making sure it stays that way!

[MAWAGA drags James to his feet, shoving him to Law who holds the arms as MAWAGA buries a pair of thrust kicks into the ribs to jeers from the AWA faithful in Charlotte!]

GM: MAWAGA taking his turn to do some damage now. We're just weeks away from the biggest night in Brian James' young career and these two are going to try to ruin it all right here and now.

[Law throws James back into the corner, leaving him there as he and MAWAGA take turns laying in kicks to the body as the fans get louder and louder with their rabid booing.]

GM: This is a-

[The crowd suddenly ROARS once more as Supernova comes charging down the ramp towards the ring...]

GM: SUPERNOVA! SUPERNOVA IS HERE!

[...and with a headfirst dive, Supernova goes under the ropes into the ring. He pops to his feet, catching an incoming John Law with a right hand... then a backhand... then a right hand... then a backhand... and with a quick whirl, he drops the Head of Korugun Army Security with a discus punch!]

GM: Ohhh! Down goes Law off that big twisting right hand!

[With the odds evened, James starts fighting back against MAWAGA, trading hard shots with Castillo's personal bodyguard.]

GM: Now we've got a fair fight! Supernova fighting with Law... Brian James with MAWAGA!

[The crowd continues to roar as this fist fight rages on. The two separate battles have spilled out to mid-ring, Supernova and James practically back to back as they throw bombs at Law and MAWAGA...

...and then a rally of several straight blows by both men get them the edge long enough to grab their respective brawling partners and toss them out to the floor!]

GM: Take that, Korugun! Nova and James clear the ring and-

[Still ready for a fight, the two men back towards mid-ring...]

BW: Look out!

[...and bump into one another, swinging around to face each other...]

GM: You're on the same si-

[...and start throwing bombs at one another as the crowd goes wild again!]

BW: I don't think so, Gordo! There's no such thing as the same side with the World Title hanging in the balance!

[James and Nova are rocking each other with big haymakers on the jaw.]

GM: A little bit of a throwback to the Battle of Boston Finals when these two - along with Supreme Wright - battled it out! Brian James came out on top that night but at SuperClash, all bets are off!

[James surges forward, smashing a headbutt into the jaw of Supernova, sending him staggering back. The Engine of Destruction comes for him, grabbing the arm...]

GM: Irish whip across...

[James drops his head, looking for a backdrop...

...but Supernova pulls up short, grabbing James by the back of the head, leaping into the air...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LEAPING FACESLAM BY SUPERNOVA!

[A fired-up Supernova climbs to his feet, pounding his chest with his fists as the crowd goes nuts...]

GM: Supernova grabs James by the arm, pulling him to his feet...

[A whip to the corner puts James in the buckles as Supernova backs off to the opposite site, leaning back...]

GM: HERE COMES SUPERNOOOOVA!

[...and the charging Supernova leaps into the air, hurling his weight into a flying body splash in the corner!]

GM: HEAT WAVE CONNECTS!

[Nova pops back, pumping his arms in triumph as the Charlotte crowd goes crazy...

...just when the World Champion, Johnny Detson, slides headfirst under the bottom rope, coming to his feet behind Supernova with the title belt in hand!]

GM: DETSON! FROM BEHIND!

[Detson rushes forward as Supernova turns around, SMASHING 'Nova between the eyes with the title belt, laying him out on the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT A SHOT BY DETSON!

[We cut to the floor where a wide-eyed Javier Castillo grabs the ropes, looking almost lustful into the ring at this development...]

GM: Castillo certainly likes what he's seeing and-

[Detson swings around, spotting Brian James stumbling out of the corner towards him, and buries a boot into the midsection...]

GM: Wait a second!

[With James doubled over, Detson shoves him into a standing headscissors, hooking one arm... then the other...]

GM: Detson's got him hooked and-

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: WILDE DRIVER! HE PLANTS HIM FACEFIRST INTO THE MAT!

[Detson climbs to his feet, giving a shout as he scoops up his fallen World Title belt, thrusting it into the air, jerking a thumb at himself and talking all the while off-mic.]

GM: Johnny Detson just laid out BOTH men who he'll be facing for the World Title at SuperClash! Oh my stars!

[Detson stands over Supernova, reading him the riot act as he shows the title belt to the face-painted fan favorite.]

GM: Detson letting Supernova hear it... and now over to James, letting his old partner turned rival hear a mouthful as well...

[Outside the ring, Javier Castillo is gleefully applauding what he's seeing as Detson turns away from James and Nova...

...and locks eyes with Javier Castillo.]

GM: What's this now?

[Detson shrugs the title belt up on his shoulder, giving it a slap as he stares into the eyes of the AWA President.]

BW: Well, Gordo... after what we just saw, I'd say Brian James and Supernova are OUT when it comes to being the Korugun champion. But Johnny Detson?

[Detson smirks down at Castillo.]

BW: He may be all the way IN, daddy!

[A hopeful Castillo looks up into the ring at Detson who stands tall amongst his SuperClash opponents 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

19 DAYS AND COUNTING

And then cut back to black...

...as we fade back up, the words "Previously Recorded" flash across the screen as we open up backstage at Center Stage Studios, where we see Big Sal Albano standing by with a bloodied and battered Harley Hamilton. The second generation starlet has her arm around her "bestie" Cinder, using her for support. Standing behind them, with a worried look is Casey Cash.]

SA: This is Salvatore Albano standing in for Theresa Lynch, who we are wishing a quick and speedy recovery. I'm here with Harley Hamilton, after her tough loss against Margarita Flores in a match that was wild beyond all expectations. Harley, what the heck happened out there?

[Fire fills Harley's eyes, as she suddenly springs to life.]

HH: WHAT ARE YOU, BLIND? THERE WAS FIVE OF THEM! IT TOOK FIVE OF THEM!

[She holds up five fingers to the camera.]

HH: TRISH WALLACE... AUUUGH—!

[She holds her head in pain, before shaking it off.]

HH: SKYLAR SWIFT! BETTY CHANG!

XENIA SONOVA?!

[A confused look crosses Harley's face.]

HH: I thought Xenia Sonova was dead!

[Harley stares right into the camera, pointing an accusing finger.]

HH: MARGIE FLORES, ALL OF YOU... WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?! NOBODY DOES THIS TO HARLEY HAMILTON!

[She points to Cinder.]

HH: NOBODY DOES THIS TO CINDER! SEDUCTIVE AND DESTRUCTIVE ARE THE MOST UNSTOPPABLE FORCE ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH! OHHH MA-AUUUUH...

[Filled with rage, Harley seems lost for words for a moment. Sal seems completely terrified by Harley's mental breakdown.]

HH: Y'ALL ARE GONNA PAY FOR THIS! YOU ARE ALL GOING TO PAY!

[Harley then turns her attention to Casey Cash. She walks right up into the P*WIN rookie's face.]

HH: And YOU...

[She seethes.]

HH: You...

[Suddenly, Harley's eyes well up with tears.]

HH: ...ARE SUCH A GOOD FRIEND!

[She embraces a shocked Casey, as Cinder's eyes also begin welling up with tears.]

C[Fanning her eyeballs with her hands]: Oh my gosh, aye dint wanna ruin mae makeup!

[She too joins in, making it a group hug. The camera then pans over to a shocked Sal, who stares at the camera almost as if to say "Are you seeing what I'm seeing?"
Fade to black...

...and with a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, we cut to Hannibal Carver standing in a hallway. Visible in the periphery is the concession stand, and in Carver's hand is a plastic cup filled with... well, it could be ginger ale. It's that color! A voice from off camera is the first thing we hear.]

"You have a minute?"

[Carver smirks.]

HC: All the time in the world for the assistant to the regional manager.

[The camera changes angles and sure enough, it's the AWA's White Knight, Ryan Martinez standing in front of Carver.]

RM: We need to talk.

[Carver raises a hand to cut him off.]

HC: I can save us both a lot of time, I know where you're going and what you're going to say already.

[Martinez seems agitated as he responds.]

RM: Well, I'm going to say it anyway. Because like you say... we're co-captains. That means we need to talk about these things.

[Carver shrugs.]

HC: Well, hell... I can't argue with that. Out with it, then.

RM: Derrick Williams? Really!? That's your choice?

HC: Made sense at the time, and it still does now. Yeh had someone else on yer list?

[Martinez' eyes flash as he responds.]

RM: Literally anyone else, Carver! Last time I checked, Derrick Williams wanted to cripple me and end my career!

[Carver chuckles.]

HC: Well, if that's enough to get someone banned from the team, yeh'd have to cross my damn name off the list too. Hell, more than half the company wouldn't make the cut if that's the case.

[Martinez shakes his head, not seeing the humor in the moment.]

RM: I guess since you were gone, you never saw it. But Derrick Williams literally bent the knee to Juan Vasquez. And you're telling me he's the person we're supposed to trust at SuperClash?

[Carver grimaces.]

HC: Like yeh said, I was gone. I wasn't around to have a come to Jesus moment with the kid. But I'm here now, I'll make sure his head's screwed on straight.

[Martinez sighs.]

RM: Derrick Williams has a long history of stabbing people in the back. What he did to Ohara...

[Carver interrupts.]

HC: Damn kid, that used car salesman doesn't count. More people want to punch his ticket than have ever wanted to punch yours. And he didn't even have the big strap as a reason to kick his head in.

[Martinez narrows his eyes.]

RM: I don't trust him. I don't know how I'm supposed to get into a cage with him supposedly watching my back.

HC: I've known the kid for years now. I can trust him to do the right thing when the cards are down.

[The White Knight points at the Boston Brawler.]

RM: You might trust him, but what about the rest of us?

Listen, Carver... I'm going to give YOU - not him - the benefit of the doubt.

[Carver nods... maybe in appreciation?]

RM: But I don't like this. Not one bit.

[Carver pushes his drink up against Martinez' chest, and the latter reflexively grabs it.]

HC: Finish this, it sounds like yeh need it even more than me.

And get ready for yer damn match.

[Martinez lets out an irritated sound and watches as Carver steps off. He looks down at the cup, and then with another disgusted sound, tosses it into the trash before he too walks away...

...and we fade from backstage out to the ringside area where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: It's been a hot night here in Charlotte as we continue to tick down the days off the calendar with all roads leading to Toronto and Atlanta on Thanksgiving Night for the biggest night of the year, SuperClash IX! So many big matches already announced and so many just waiting for ink on paper, Bucky.

BW: Steal The Spotlight. Wright and Matthews. Kurayami and Somers... and that's just the tip of the iceberg, daddy!

GM: We've talked so much about WarGames... about the World Title match... about the World Tag Team Title match... and now we know Jackson Hunter will defend the National Title against former champion Jordan Ohara. Plus, so much more still to come and...

[Gordon is suddenly interrupted by the sounds of Bon Jovi's "Wanted Dead Or Alive" which brings the AWA faithful to life in a big way.]

GM: ...and speaking of SuperClash, here comes the man that many have named Mr. SuperClash thanks to all the high profile, top notch matches he'd had there over the years!

BW: If that guy is Mr. SuperClash, we should just fold it up and let Korugun have the joint.

GM: Give me a break.

[Jack Lynch emerges from the entrance tunnel onto the ramp, a thoughtful, pensive expression on his face. He's in street clothes of blue jeans, a white button-up shirt, and a pair of cowboy boots. His ever-present white Stetson is gone thanks to his brother as the Iron Cowboy makes his way down the ramp, eyes focused on the ring despite the reaching arms trying to get to him.]

GM: Jack Lynch has has a rough time of things as of late. Of course, the situation with his brother, James, hangs heavy over his head... and the recent betrayal of one of his best friends, Bobby O'Connor, has him wounded emotionally as well.

BW: Ever wonder why everyone wants to betray the Lynches? It's because of who they are! Narcissistic egomaniacs!

GM: Takes one to know one, I suppose.

BW: HEY!

[Jack reaches the ring quickly, going right up the ringsteps and taking an offered mic before climbing through the ropes to cheer. The King of the Cowboys gives a little wave to the cheering crowd as he steps to the middle of the ring, gesturing for the music to be cut.]

GM: Jack Lynch appears to be a man with something on his mind.

BW: Looks can be deceiving.

[Jack takes a deep breath, mic in hand, as he looks down at the canvas for several beats...

...and then slowly looks up at the camera aimed in his direction.]

JL: My brother, Jimmy... he wants a match at SuperClash. He's been sayin' it for months now. He wants to take me on at SuperClash.

Brother against brother – until only one is left standin'.

[The crowd cheers the idea of it. Jack grimaces a bit, shaking his head.]

JL: And I've tried... God knows I've tried. I've tried reasonin' with him. I tried goin' home. I've tried movin' on. And every time I turn around, all I get is another reason to give Jimmy what he wants.

But Jimmy, I need ya to think about what it is ya say ya want.

You want Jack Lynch at SuperClash? You need to understand who and what Jack Lynch at SuperClash is.

[Lynch jerks a thumb at himself.]

JL: It's takin' the titles from Violence Unlimited.

It's a street fight against the Bullies. And then another one against the Syndicate.

It's a Texas Death Match.

It's the Towel Match.

Ya see, there's a lotta SuperClash icons out there. But Stevie Scott, Juan Vasquez, Supreme Wright and Ryan Martinez, they ain't the ones they call "Mr. SuperClash."

That's me, Jimmy.

I'm Mr. SuperClash.

[The crowd ROARS for that as Lynch nods at the reaction.]

JL: I'm the one that sacrifices... not just my blood... but my damned SOUL every Thanksgivin'. I'm the guy that people say "yeah, that Main Event was somethin'... but did ya see the Jack Lynch match?"

That's me... and that's the guy ya say ya want.

And I've tried. God knows I've tried, Jimmy. I've tried so damn hard to spare ya that. To keep ya from havin' to face the holy hell that is Jack Lynch at SuperClash. But ya just keep pushin'...

So I've made a decision...

[Jack is about to respond when the crowd reacts in surprise, a ripple of shock washing over the arena's crowd.]

GM: Oh my!

[And what caused that? The camera cuts to the aisle to show someone making their way down the aisle quickly towards the ring. Short, middle aged, not an athlete. The person moves up the steps, coming through the ropes to join Jack inside the ring. Jack's eyes come across them, a look of deference on his face.]

JL: Mama...

[That's right - the Lynch family matriarch, Henrietta Ortiz Lynch, is here.]

HOL: Jackie... mijo. No.

[She shakes her head, putting her hand on her son's arm.]

HOL: Don't say it.

[Tears fill Henrietta's eyes.]

HOL: I'm begging you. He's your brother. Tu sangre. Don't...

[Jack has a hard time meeting his mother's tear-filled gaze but eventually does, drawing a deep breath and exhaling slowly as he mirrors the gesture, putting his hand on his mother's shoulder.]

JL: Mama, I know you don't understand. I know ya think there's good left in him.

But I've seen it, mama.

[Jack shakes his head.]

JL: He's gone.

[An off-mic sob from Henrietta is heard as she shakes her head, refusing to believe her son's words.]

JL: He ain't Jimmy no more. He's somethin' else.

[Again, we can hear Henrietta off-mic pleading with her son - "No... no, don't say that...". Jack is pleading with his mother now.]

JL: I tried. I told him, mama. You heard me. I told him that if he kept up what he was doin', he'd be walkin' down a path that sooner or later, he couldn't walk away from. And he didn't listen to me.

Hell mama, it wasn't that long ago he wasn't listenin' to you!

[Henrietta turns away from Jack, tears running down her face.]

JL: And here we are.

And I gotta do this. I gotta prove 'em wrong. I tried every other way to get Jimmy to see sense, and this is all he's left me.

[Jack steps away from his mother, turning to face the camera... staring into it so his brother can see him clearly.]

JL: So Jimmy... ya want a match at SuperClash?

You got it!

[The crowd ROARS at the challenge being accepted as Henrietta buries her face in her hands for a moment and then snaps her head up, staring into her son's eyes as he turns back to face her.]

HOL: Mijo... take it back.

[Jack shakes his head, an apologetic look on his face.]

JL: I can't, mama.

[It happens so fast most people will have to rewind it to be sure of what they saw. Henrietta Ortiz Lynch, acting out of grief as much as anger...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

[...slaps her oldest son across the face!]

GM: OH!

BW: Holy...

[And then, as Jack reels back - more out of shock than anything else - Henrietta leaves, tears streaming down her face as she runs off back up the ramp. Several moments pass as Jack Lynch holds his cheek in surprise, staring after his fleeing mother...]

...and as he lowers his hand to reveal his face - reddened both from anger and the slap - turning back to the camera again.]

JL: I deserved that.

And Jimmy? For what happens at SuperClash? I'm gonna deserve a lot worse.

[Jack nods his head, holding up one finger.]

JL: But there's one thing, Jimmy. Ya want me at SuperClash? Well, ya ain't gettin' a match. You're gettin' the full Jack Lynch SuperClash experience. And I'm sure you're wonderin' what that means.

Well, two weeks from now... I'm gonna tell ya.

Until then, I want ya to just sit with it. Sit with the hole ya dug yourself. And spend the next two weeks wonderin' what kinda match I'm gonna choose.

See ya in two weeks... and then I'll see ya at SuperClash!

[Jack drops the mic on the canvas, his eyes burning into the camera lens and his brother somewhere beyond as the crowd cheers.]

GM: Wow! Blood versus blood, brother versus brother - it'll be Jack Lynch versus James Lynch at SuperClash on Thanksgiving Night!

BW: Two Lynches beating the hell out of each other? Now THAT is something to be thankful for, daddy!

GM: It's horrible that it's come to this... but despite the pleas of his own mother, Jack Lynch has accepted the challenge and... wow... he'll face his own flesh and blood at SuperClash. Unbelievable. Fans, we'll be right back with action in the Women's Division so don't you dare go away!

[Jack Lynch strides up the aisle towards the back 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 as we fade up, we find ourselves in the backstage area. We're in a corridor that looks scarcely used without a production team member or AWA employee in sight...

...except for the hulking form of the Suited Savage, MAWAGA, standing in front of a lone door as Mark Stegglet approaches.]

MS: MAWAGA, I'd like to see President Castillo.

[MAWAGA turns slightly to face Stegglet, staring down at him through pitch black sunglasses. With a slight nod, he turns and pushes open the door. Stegglet breathes a sigh of relief as he swiftly moves in... and finds Javier Castillo in workout clothes punching at a large heavy bag that's been hung from a metal frame. John Law stands behind it - although holding it doesn't seem to be very necessary considering the force put behind Castillo's blows.]

MS: Mr. Castillo?

[Castillo sighs, sweat pouring down his brow as he stops punching.]

JC: What is it, Stegglet? I'm sure you know I have an important match tonight.

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: I do... but I just wanted to get your comments on what happened a little earlier between Johnny Detson, Supernova, and Brian James - the three men competing for the World Title at SuperClash and the three men you've tried to ensnare in your web here tonight.

[Castillo sneers at Stegglet's choice of words.]

JC: My comments are that Johnny Detson is on the verge of doing the right thing... and that Supernova and Brian James are running out of time to get in my good graces before Toronto. Now, if you'll excuse-

[Castillo's words are cut off by loud voices coming from outside the door. He frowns, looking concerned as John Law steps in front of him, facing the door which flies open a moment later to reveal a pissed-off Pedro Perez standing in the threshold.]

PP: No wonder you don't trust MAWAGA out there inside WarGames... Wade and Isaiah got him shoved up against the wall out there so he'd let us through.

[Castillo cranes his neck to see if that's true as Law steps towards Perez.]

PP: Easy, big man. Just want a word here with the ol' General.

[Law turns towards Castillo who nods, taking a few deep breaths.]

JC: What is it, Mr. Perez? As you can see, I'm quite busy.

[Perez eyeballs the "workout" scene with a smirk.]

PP: Sure, sure... I'm positive Johnny here's got you all ready for Martinez. No doubt about it. And this won't take long at all.

[Perez steps into the room, shutting the door behind him.]

PP: You saw what happened tonight with Jackson.

[It's not a question but Castillo nods anyways.]

JC: I did.

PP: Then you know that the Dogs were screwed out of that Main Event spot... and more importantly, that Main Event money... at SuperClash by him.

[Castillo smirks with a shrug.]

JC: I suppose that's a matter of perspective, Mr. Perez. Some might argue that Cain Jackson did me a favor out there tonight.

[Perez steps closer, causing Law to shift towards him again.]

PP: Say that again.

[Castillo raises a hand.]

JC: While I'm sure you three would've been... fine... members of my WarGames team, I believe I need a team that.. expects the unexpected and adapts accordingly. Perhaps what Cain Jackson really showed me is that the Dogs of War... have become cute little puppy dogs.

[Perez' eyes flash and this time he moves quickly towards Castillo but Law intervenes, blocking his path and holding him back as Castillo grins.]

JC: Temper, temper, Mr. Perez... I wouldn't want to order Mr. Law to make an example out of you.

[Perez struggles to get loose from Law and then backs off, grimacing.]

PP: Fine. You don't want us with you in WarGames?

[Castillo nods.]

JC: I do not. In fact, Mr. Perez... I find your group's deeds as of late do not live up to your reputation. I believe you and your little paw patrol are no longer worth the very generous amount of Korugun money that you've been paid.

PP: What are you trying to say?

JC: What I'm saying is that your services are no longer needed, Mr. Perez. The Dogs of War are no longer affiliated with the Korugun Corporation.

[The crowd inside the arena reacts with shock to this news. Perez looks a little surprised himself.]

PP: Kicking us to the curb. Keeping MAWAGA on the bench. Seems like someone's a little desperate to find the right answer going into SuperClash.

[Castillo doesn't respond.]

PP: The answer is that Martinez, Carver, Scott, Williams, and whoever else they find...

[Perez chuckles.]

PP: ...they're going to own your ass in that double cage.

[A HUGE CHEER goes up from the crowd in the building as Castillo fumes.]

JC: You're dismissed, Perez.

[Perez raises a lone finger.]

PP: One more thing. You still owe the Dogs a nice chunk of change.

[Castillo's brow furrows.]

JC: Well, I don't have it with me to be sure. You'll get a check as usual.

[Perez smirks, waving a dismissive hand.]

PP: Keep it. On one condition. We want K-A-M-S at SuperClash.

[Another big reaction from inside the arena!]

JC: Another handicap match?

[Perez shrugs.]

PP: Handicap, tags, or if they can find someone dumb enough to team with them, we're ready to remind the world why we're the best trio walking.

[Castillo pauses for a moment... and then nods.]

JC: Agreed. And that concludes all business between Korugun and the Dogs of War, yes?

[Perez nods.]

PP: For now. See you around, boss man.

[With a chuckle, Perez turns and exits, joining his allies in the hallway as Castillo gestures to the heavy bag that Law holds once more before Javier throws a punch and we fade to another part of backstage where Mark Stegglet is standing by with the team of Michelle Bailey, Kelly Kowalski, and Kylie Kujawa. More specifically, he's standing between them, with Kelly to his right, Michelle to his left, and Kylie to Michelle's left, with Michelle a half-step in front of Kylie. Kylie has a nervous look on her face and her eyes fixed on Kelly. Kelly's eyes are similarly fixed on Kylie, and she has a scowl for the "Pretty Hate Machine".]

MS: I'm back here with one side of our Steal The Spotlight preview match, and Michelle Bailey... you have to admit, the tension here with your teammates tonight is a little thick.

[Michelle nods her head.]

MB: Just a little. But Mark, that's okay. That's expected, considering everything that's happened over the last few weeks. But...

[Michelle nods her head towards Kelly.]

MB: I think we're going to be okay. You know, the schedule's very fortunate for me. Being here in Charlotte tonight, and in my hometown of New Orleans in two weeks, it just puts me in the right mindset to try and get everyone on the same page before we get to SuperClash. I'm sure Laura Davis has a lot cooked up to try and get my team fighting with each other, but I believe in my team.

[Michelle puts her arm around Kylie, jostling her a bit, which might cause her to visibly blush if she didn't have her face pancaked with white foundation.]

MB: You know, this one and I had a good talk about her actions over the last several weeks. As I'm sure a lot of you know, she's from Southern Pines, and I spent a lot of my life in Pinehurst, so we have North Carolina roots. She and I both had our first professional matches in Gastonia, which is about 25 minutes from here. It means a lot for us to be here in Charlotte tonight, and I'm hoping we can use that home cooking to motivate us to make things right with Kelly tonight.

[Michelle smiles and holds Kylie out at arm's length.]

MB: Right, kiddo?

[Kylie fakes a smile.]

Kylie: Yay North Carolina?

[Kylie sighs, the fake smile vanishing.]

Kylie: Look... I'll try, Shelley, but being here... ugh. I wanted to get away from Southern Pines pretty much all my life. Charlotte's nice because we can get Bojangles, but...

[Kylie flails an accusatory finger at Kelly.]

Kylie: I still don't get why you want me to team with her.

[Kelly snarls.]

Kelly: Lissen, this ain't no day at the beach for me, either, Ghost World.

[Michelle sighs, putting her hand on her forehead, as Kylie looks confused for a second.]

Kylie: Wait, are you callin' me the movie itself, or one of the characters?

[Kowalski glares a hole into Kujawa.]

Kelly: Keep it up. Keep pokin' at me. Keep messin' with me. And watch what happens. Heck, I'll tell ya.

I'm gonna be callin' you to the actual world of ghosts!

[Michelle holds her fingers to her lips and whistles, getting everyone's attention.]

MB: See, this is what we talked about during our team meeting on Wednesday. We can't keep threatening each other or referring to sending each other to spiritual afterlives.

[Michelle nudges Kylie.]

MB: I'm actually kind of surprised that didn't come from you.

[Kylie shakes her head furiously.]

MB: Now tonight's a great night to learn how to get along with each other, because it's a practice run for SuperClash. We've got Laura Davis, plus a former World Champion on the other side of the ring from us tonight, so...

[Michelle clears her throat.]

MB: We need to get our stuff together.

[Kelly stares at Michelle.]

Kelly: Me? Why am I gettin' blamed? Why is it always me you're tellin' to get my stuff together? She's the one who started all this!

[Kelly steps in close to Michelle, causing Kylie to growl and Michelle to actually physically push Kylie back slightly to keep her away.]

Kelly: Ya already know how it is. I'm gonna finish anything she feels like startin' with me. I don't care if we're teammates tonight or in 19 days. As far as this team goes, I don't need her...

[Kelly nods at Kylie, then at Michelle.]

Kelly: And neither do you.

[Kelly turns around and storms off. Kylie paws at Michelle's shoulder.]

Kylie: Shelley, that's not true.

[Kylie straightens up her posture, trying to get Michelle to look in her eyes, pleading for forgiveness.]

Kylie: ... I'm sorry.

[Michelle holds up her hand.]

MB: Kylie... relax. It'll all work out. Just try your best, okay?

[Michelle follows after Kelly, as Kylie fidgets for a moment.]

Kylie: Try my best. Try my best... got it.

[Kylie nudges Stegglet, her Cheshire grin finally appearing.]

Kylie: You just watch, Mark. My best is pretty good.

[Kylie looks off-screen.]

Kylie: HEY! SHELLEY! WAIT FOR ME!

[Kylie darts off, leaving Stegglet shaking his head.]

MS: Some dissension in the ranks between Team Bailey as we head towards Steal The Spotlight at SuperClash. Now, let's go over to Sweet Lou who is with the other team. Lou?

[We fade to another part of the backstage area where we find Sweet Lou Blackwell standing.]

SLB: Thanks, Mark... and joining me right now is... well, only one of the three women who are about to head out to the ring to face the three you just spoke to...

[The camera pulls back a bit to reveal a grinning Donna Martinelli in a pair of peach trunks and a matching sports bra style top with glittering silver trim. A pair of actual peach logos are on the left hip of Martinelli with "PP" in swoopy font on the right hip.]

SLB: ...and that's Donna Martinelli. Donna...

[He looks around a bit.]

SLB: ...where in the world is the rest of your team?

[Donna puts her hand above her eyes like looking a great distance back and forth.]

DM: Sheesh, I don't know, Lou. I told them where to meet me and what time and everything. They're probably just running late.

[Lou looks suspicious as Donna puts an angelic look on her face. You can almost see the gossamer wings.]

SLB: Uh huh. Well, I guess I'll start with you. Donna, I don't mean to be rude when I ask this but... were you as surprised as everyone else when you were selected to compete in this year's Steal The Spotlight match?

[Donna's angelic look fades to pure confusion.]

DM: Surprised? Why would I be surprised?

[Lou looks surprised now.]

SLB: Well, uhh... I mean...

DM: Lou.

SLB: You really don't... Donna, it's pretty...

DM: LOU!

[She stomps her feet, hands on her hips.]

SLB: Donna, let's get serious here. You don't have a ton of experience yet and what you do have is mostly in tags with the other Peach Pits. So, you being selected as a singles competitor for this match... it doesn't... well, it doesn't make a lot of sense!

[Donna's jaw drops. Like... a lot.]

SLB: Donna?

DM: Lou Ferrigno Blackwell, how dare you, sir?!

SLB: That's not my middle name, Donna. And I-

DM: I SAID HOW DARE YOU!

[She clears her throat loudly and obnoxiously.]

DM: Do I have a lot of titles on my resume like my cousin? No. Am I the All Around Athlete like my mentor? No. Am I a former Women's World Champion? No.

[Donna's starting to look a little anxious.]

DM: Am I a former Olympic Gold Medalist? Am I as big as Flores? As tough as Kowalski? As strong as Wallace? No. Am I...

[She trails off, breathing deeply.]

SLB: Donna, are you okay?

[The deep breaths have turned into gasps now as she holds up a hand to Lou.]

SLB: Donna... are you having a panic attack?!

[Donna frantically waves her hands, looking to be on the verge of tears now...]

"Blackwell, that's enough."

[...and only seems to calm down slightly as Laura Davis walks into the shot. Davis is dressed in her red, white and blue track suit.]

LD: Look, Donna, I appreciate you making the arrangements for our pre-match interview, but next time, you need to remember one thing.

[She places a hand on Martinelli's shoulder.]

LD: Make sure you inform everybody.

[That's when Lauryn Rage storms onto the set in her AWA Da Kid T-shirt and some cheekily ripped and destroyed denim shorts. Lauryn's pissed off meter is at Fredro Starr on the Breakfast Club levels. (That's really really high.) She seethes as she glares at everybody on set. Da Kid scratches at her two afro puffs as she tries to bring her levels down to Birdman on the Breakfast Club levels of pissed off.]

LD: Now, Donna, just relax and allow me and Lauryn to finish things here.

[She guides Donna over to the side, pats her on the back, then turns to Blackwell.]

LD: As for you, Blackwell, do explain yourself.

SLB: Excuse me, Laura, but I think you are the one who needs to explain yourself. After all, you took it upon yourself to tell Michelle Bailey that, if she was going to have Kylie Kujawa on her team, she'd have to send Ayako Fujiwara to your team. You sure seem to be wanting to stir up some controversy, Laura.

LD: Oh, is that what you think, Blackwell? [Shakes her head] No wonder you gave poor Donna a nervous breakdown.

SLB: Now, hold on a minute...

LD: [holds up her hand] No, Blackwell, you hold on. You want to know who is stirring up controversy, you look at Michelle Bailey and ask yourself this: Why didn't she pick Kylie sooner?

Look, I get why she'd pick Ayako, and I understand why she'd want to take Skylar Swift. Her best friend and a talented young wrestler who admires her -- I can see that.

All I did with my first three choices was go with two young, talented wrestlers in whom I see a lot of potential, then one who I didn't know who it was going to be, but I knew that I'd have a woman who is one of the best in the AWA.

And all Michelle Bailey had to do was pick Kylie at that point and none of this would have happened. Instead, she does what she always does -- hurts those who are close to her because she doesn't think first.

SLB: Then why didn't you just pick Donna first?

[Martinelli glances up for a moment, then Davis turns to her.]

LD: Because she understood my position... isn't that right, Donna?

DM: [slowly nodding] Uh... yeah, that's right.

LD: [turning back to Blackwell] I was always going to give her the chance she's wanted. I just wanted to make sure I picked those who have had more experience.

[She places her hands on her hips.]

LD: Now, if you're done analyzing my selection method, just like you wondered why they always picked you last in kickball when you were in the third grade, there is one other person who is waiting for her say.

[Lauryn stares down incredulously at Donna Martinelli's fragility. She rubs one hand over her face, sighing in exasperation as she turns her icy stare on Laura Davis.]

LR: Is she crying? Is she crying... because of him?

[She jabs a finger towards Sweet Lou.]

LR: You want to cry, Donna, lie to me again about my TV time again. Lie to me again and see if I don't give you something to cry about.

[A loud "I'M NOT CRYING!" comes from off-mic from someone who definitely sounds like she might be.]

SLB: Lauryn Rage, pardon me saying so, but you don't really seem to be on the same page with your teammates tonight.

LR: Listen here, Blackwell... are you finished or are you done?

[Blackwell seems nonplussed by that.]

LR: I respect Davis over here. And yeah, I might not like the fragile little Peach Pit sobbing on the floor, but there is one thing that I really like and that's winning, ya dig.

SLB: I dig.

LR: So yeah, this might not be the team I'd pick left to my own devices, but I ain't a damn fan of too many people round here. I only got one thing in mind and that's stealing that damn Spotlight and giving myself another shot at the AWA Women's World championship. That's what makes me tick. That's what makes me go.

[She fixes her withering glare on Davis and Martinelli.]

LR: So the only way it's going to go down tonight is the three of us are going to beat the three of them and will there be any extraneous shenanigans? Aw Hell naw or there's gonna be a lot of me breaking my foot off in people's behinds. And that's how it's going down, ya dig?

[Rage turns on a dime and storms out, leaving Donna to sidle up alongside Laura Davis who is watching the former champion depart.]

DM: She's going to be a problem.

[Davis nods at Martinelli's surprisingly astute analysis as we fade out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following TRIOS contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit!

[Big cheer! Over the loudspeakers, comes the unmistakable voice of Dorothy Martin, breaking into a very recognizable chant backed up by a thunderous drumbeat.]

#A aaa aaa, a aaa aaa, a a aa aaa a aa a aaa#

[The crowd begins to buzz as Dorothy's "Wicked Ones" kicks into full gear.]

RO: Introducing first... at a total combined weight of 455 pounds... from Asbury Park, New Jersey, Southern Pines, North Carolina, and New Orleans, Louisiana, respectively, the team of...

KEEELLLLLLLLLYYYYY KOOOWWWAALLLSSSSKKKKKKIIIIII!!
"THE PRETTY HATE MACHINE" KYYYYYYYYLIEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
KUJAAAAAAAAAAWAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!
AND... "THE PLATINUM PRINCESS" MICHELLLLLLLLLLLLE BAAAAAAILEYYYYYYYYYY!!

[The audience are on their feet as the Jersey Devil herself emerges from the entranceway. The red haired, green eyed hellion races down the entranceway, wearing a black hoodie with the Boss' words – "Chrome wheeled, fuel injected and steppin' out over the line" emblazoned on the back, the hood pulled up but strands of hair visible. Kylie Kujawa is quite a distance away, wearing a lavender cropped tank top with a broken heart on the front, along with a black skirt and striped pastel pink and white tights, along with her usual pink Chucks. Michelle Bailey walks between the two, wearing a pink sleeveless crop top bearing the SuperClash logo, along with a loose-fitting black miniskirt, and kneepads and leather shinpads (left leg pink, right leg black) with "XOXO" in white down the legs, worn over black amateur shoes.]

GM: Our first trio of this Steal the Spotlight preview match making their entrance...

BW: And what a motley crew it is, Gordo! Kowalski and Kujawa can barely get along!

GM: I hate to admit it, but you might be right. We heard what Kelly Kowalski said earlier, that she doesn't understand why Michelle Bailey seemingly went out of her way to placate Kylie Kujawa, and I have to admit, it is a bizarre friendship these two have.

BW: And look at that big target on Bailey's face, Gordo. A mark of why this all started in the first place.

[The camera gets a good shot of the clear plastic face shield on Bailey's face.]

BW: If Kowalski doesn't break Bailey's nose back in August, are we even talking about Kylie Kujawa being here in the AWA?

GM: Another good point, Bucky. The rumor - started by Harley Hamilton, so take it with a grain of salt - is that Michelle asked Kylie to come here and go after Kelly. I personally don't believe it.

BW: I do. Why wouldn't I? Her and Cinder have their fingers on the pulse of everything in the Women's Division, it seems.

[Kowalski enters the ring and pulls her hood back to reveal a slightly crooked nose and intense look in her green eyes. Drawing her fists up, Kowalski's eyes are fixed on the entrance, as Kujawa stares wearily at her partner, Bailey stepping in between the two. Kujawa's rainbow mermaid hair is worn in unbraided pigtails and she has a black stripe of makeup airbrushed temple to temple across her eyes, along with black lipstick. Bailey's platinum blonde hair is worn loose and down to her shoulders for a change, and she is wearing surprisingly light makeup, aside from black eyeliner wings and a little shimmer of eyeshadow. The music cuts and Bailey tries to talk strategy with her mismatched associates as Rebecca Ortiz begins to introduce their opponents.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd their opponents...

[The lights dim and the opening chords of Jorge Quintero's "300 Violin Orchestra" play over the PA system. Up on the giant videoscreen, a scrambled image comes up and, as the violins reach the crescendo, the image forms words that simply read:

"DAVIS #1"

Then, as the orchestral music starts up again, spotlights hit the entranceway and, standing there, is none other than the people about to be introduced.]

RO: ...at a total combined weight of 430 pounds... from Beverly Hills, California.. Halifax, Nova Scotia... and Indianapolis, Indiana respectively... the team of...

DONNA MARTINELLLLLLLLLIIIIIIIII!
LAURYYYYYNNNNNNNN RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGE!
AND... "THE ALL AROUND ATHLETE"... LAURRRRRRAAAAAA
DAAAAAAAAAAAAVISSSSSS!

[Davis, Rage, and Martinelli emerge on the ramp, each playing to the crowd in their own specific way - not showing any sign of team unity in their entrance... well, except for Martinelli trailing behind Davis, gleefully applauding her mentor.]

GM: Quite the team coming out here now with a former Women's World Champion and one of the most decorated competitors in the world.

BW: And?

GM: ...and... well, Donna Martinelli.

BW: Give her the hype, Gordo!

GM: The hype? I don't... what do you want me to say?

[Martinelli holds up one finger in the air, pointing at Laura Davis as they approach the ring. They get a bit of a side-eye from Lauryn Rage as the former champion shadowboxes a bit at ringside before slapping her hands down on the mat and climbing up on the apron.]

GM: Oh, come on! Lauryn Rage may not be the most popular competitor in the AWA but she sure has the fans more on her side than Kylie Kujawa does.

[Laura Davis looks on from the corner, watching with studious intent as Rage pushes up off the mat, her emotions taking control as she rushes at Kujawa...

...who simply backpedals and ducks through the ropes, shouting "GET HER BACK! GET HER BACK!" at the referee who steps between the fired-up Rage and the fleeing Kujawa!]

GM: And look at Kujawa - she wants no part of the former champion when she's riled up like she is right now.

BW: Lauryn's a bit of a hot head - I think even she'd admit that.

GM: Referee Shari Miranda keeping Rage back as Kujawa slips back in...

[Rage pushes past Miranda, wrapping up Kujawa in a collar and elbow and forcing her back into the neutral corner.]

GM: Back in the corner now... referee calling for a break...

[And break Rage does, rearing back with a right hand...]

GM: Big right- no, blocked by Kujawa!

[Kujawa stabs outwards in a Three Stooges-esque eyepoke, jabbing both eyes with one hand and giggling madly as Rage stumbles backwards, wiping at her eyes with her arm as the referee reprimands Kujawa who says "whooooo? Meeeeeee?" while shaking her head.]

BW: Kylie says she didn't do it, Gordo.

GM: She did it! We all saw her do it!

BW: That's not what she says.

GM: Give me a break.

[Moving past the official, Kujawa grabs Rage by the shoulder, swinging her around to face Kujawa again...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and Rage slaps her HARD across the face as she spins!]

GM: Oh my! What a slap by the former champion!

[Kujawa recoils in shock at the slap... and promptly dives through the ropes out to the floor, holding onto her cheek as Rage shouts at her.]

"YOU WANT MORE OF YOUR GIRL?! COME ON!"

GM: Lauryn Rage is certainly in a mood here tonight.

BW: Losing a chance at the World Title at SuperClash will do that to you, Gordo.

GM: I suppose that's true. Rage came up just short in that brutal steel cage affair two weeks ago at Fight Night in Miami, sending Julie Somers on to SuperClash to

meet the Women's World Champion Kurayami.... but if Rage can get her focus back and win Steal The Spotlight, she'll earn herself the match of her choice down the line - including a possible showdown with either Kurayami or Somers for the gold.

[Rage is struggling to get past the referee to the outside where Kujawa is taking a little walk, pacing back and forth, rubbing her cheek as she taunts the ringside fans in Charlotte.]

GM: Rage wants to get her hands on Kujawa again but the referee's not letting it happen...

[Kujawa allows the count to reach eight before she climbs back up on the apron...

...and Rage brushes past the referee, running at Kujawa, arms outstretched...]

GM: She jumps down again! Come on, referee!

BW: She's counting - what more do you want?

GM: Kylie Kujawa out on the floor, taking her time walking around out there, milking the count and giving herself some time to recover...

[But as the referee counts, Lauryn Rage ducks through the ropes, charging out after Kujawa...]

GM: ...but Rage says no more time outs! Here she comes!

[The crowd cheers as Rage rushes around the ring, chasing after a fleeing Kylie Kujawa who is desperately trying to stay out of the former champion's reach...]

GM: Kylie trying to get away... back under the ropes... Rage coming in after her...

[Kujawa races to the far ropes, rebounding back towards Rage...

...who buries a right hand in the midsection, doubling up Kujawa!]

GM: Ohhh! Rage goes downstairs and that stuns Kujawa!

[Grabbing her by the arm, Rage goes to whip Kujawa towards the corner...

...but as Kujawa draws near, she pulls up, leaping over the top rope to land on the apron!]

GM: Kujawa up and over... here comes Rage!

[But as the champion draws near, Kujawa pulls on the rope, snapping herself forward into a hard forearm shot on the jaw of Rage who falls back a step.]

GM: Oof! Rage gets caught on the way in!

[Grabbing Rage by the hair, Kujawa smashes her headfirst down into the top turnbuckle, sending her staggering alongside the ropes as Kujawa pursues from the outside.]

GM: Kujawa hooks her... wait a second...

[The crowd begins to grumble with concern as Kujawa pulls Rage into a front facelock, looking for a suplex over the top to the outside...]

GM: Kujawa looking to perhaps level a major blow against Team Davis going into SuperClash! She might be trying to take the former Women's World Champion out of that huge match right now!

[A struggling Rage manages to slip free of the suplex lift...

...which is when Kujawa grabs her in a snapmare grip, dropping down to her tailbone on the apron and SNAPPING Rage's throat down on the top rope!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: Oho! A little Snakebite action from Kujawa over the ropes!

GM: Seems like there's no one who isn't trying to steal that move from the Rage family these days.

BW: Harley resents that remark.

GM: She should. It's aimed at her.

BW: The Hot Girl Stunner is totally different from the Snakebite, Gordo... but I don't expect someone who has never been in the ring to know that.

GM: Oh? Tell me the differences.

BW: Well, we need to focus on this match.

[A smirking Kujawa lies down on the apron, head on her clenched fist as she lounges...]

GM: Kujawa certainly seems to be enjoying herself right now.

BW: Kelly Kowalski - before this match - seemed to get under Kylie's skin a little by saying the team doesn't need her so Kujawa has every right to enjoy proving what she can bring to the table.

[A coughing and gasping Lauryn Rage comes to her feet, grabbing at her throat as she spies Kujawa still on the apron...

...and then gets a quick three-step run before dropping down in a baseball slide...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The feet driven into the back sends Kujawa off the apron to the floor, wincing and grabbing at her lower back as Rage rolls to the outside to join her.]

GM: Lauryn Rage took advantage of Kylie Kujawa squandering the advantage there... look out!

[The crowd roars as Rage smashes Kujawa's face off the apron near the announce table before shoving her under the bottom rope.]

GM: The former champion - the first to wear the AWA Women's World Title for that matter - puts Kujawa back in and...

[The crowd jeers as Kujawa crawls across the ring before Rage can get back in... but just as Rage does roll back inside, getting to a knee, she sees Kujawa slap the offered hand of Michelle Bailey. The AWA faithful cheer loudly as Bailey nods her head at Rage, stepping through the ropes to join the match...

...and gives a few words towards Kylie Kujawa as she exits to the apron, Kujawa nodding.]

GM: The team captain for SuperClash, Michelle Bailey, is in... and maybe some words of encouragement there for Kylie Kujawa as she gets in there...

[Bailey looks across the ring at Laura Davis... and then points a finger at her.]

GM: Oh yeah! The crowd wants to see it as much as Bailey does! We all want to see Bailey and Davis square off inside this ring once more!

[Lauryn Rage eyeballs Bailey... then Davis...

...and with a twirl, she plants a kiss on her hand before slapping her ample rear section in Bailey's direction.]

BW: Apparently not everyone wants to see it, Gordo.

GM: Lauryn Rage taking offense to Bailey trying to get her to tag out - the former champion a pretty independent spirit who does what she wants when she wants.

[Bailey frowns at Rage's gesture and then shrugs before waving for a tieup with the former champion.]

GM: And maybe this wasn't what we wanted to see the most but I've been waiting to see these two clash since Bailey's arrival here in the AWA and here we go!

[Rage dives into a tieup, fighting hard against Bailey's strength but as Bailey starts to push her back, the former champion pulls her into a side headlock.]

GM: Into the headlock goes Rage, cranking on the head and neck of Bailey - whose face, we should add, is still protected by that shield. However, I spoke to Michelle earlier tonight and she tells me she's on schedule to get medically cleared to compete without the face shield by SuperClash.

BW: Unless someone busts her up again tonight... might be less likely since the person who busted her up originally is her partner tonight.

[The camera cuts to Kelly Kowalski on the apron who claps her hands, shouting "COME ON, MICHELLE!" to her partner as Kylie Kujawa sneers in Kowalski's direction.]

GM: Bailey trying to work her way out of this headlock...

[Backing into the ropes, Bailey uses the boost to shove her way out, sending Rage across the ring...]

GM: ...and she does, shooting Rage off to the far side...

[Bailey dives down to the mat, forcing Rage to hurdle up and over her...]

GM: Dropdown... over the top goes Rage to the ropes...

[...and then pops back up, using a hiptoss to take Rage high into the air and down onto her back!]

GM: Nice hiptoss by Bailey, tossing Rage down hard!

[Rage scrambles up off the mat, moving quickly towards a waiting Bailey...]

GM: Rage on the move... and gets sent right back down thanks to an armdrag from Michelle Bailey!

[Bailey keeps her grip on the arm as Rage is on her back on the mat.]

GM: Bailey perhaps going after that arm...

BW: With Rage's new punching power, that's a smart move, Gordo.

GM: I can't disagree with you there... and look at this now!

[Bailey grabs the hand and wrist, twisting it around in what closely resembles a spinning toehold applied to the arm, kneeling down with the arm twisted under it...

...and then applies a double underhook as Rage sits up to try and free herself, cranking back on the hold...]

GM: And a butterfly lock to boot! Bailey stretching out the former champion - perhaps looking for a submission right here and now to really put momentum on her side heading into SuperClash!

BW: Trained by Jeremy Rhodes... trained by Billy Classon... there is no shortage of submission and striking skills in Michelle Bailey even if we don't see a lot of the submission holds from her at times.

[The hold is on tight, causing Rage to give off a loud shout before lifting a leg and depositing it over the bottom rope.]

GM: Foot on the ropes and the referee immediately calls for the break by Bailey... and Shari Miranda immediately gets it as well.

BW: Sucker. Should've held it for a four count.

GM: That's not the game of Michelle Bailey, Bucky.

BW: Which is why she's going to lose to Laura Davis at SuperClash. The goal is winning Steal The Spotlight for them both, Gordo, but you'd better believe they'll both be looking for a chance to get in there together again.

[Bailey backs off as Rage gets up, fists balled up and fire in her eyes.]

GM: Lauryn Rage looking to throw with Michelle Bailey... and the referee is right there to tell her to open up those hands. This isn't boxing, Lauryn, no matter how much training you got in that area while injured.

[Rage opens up her hands, glaring across at Bailey whose eyes drift down to Rage's surgically-repaired knee. The former champion sees her looking and drops back another step.]

GM: Rage backing off... trying to keep that leg away from Bailey...

[But when they tie up again, Bailey doesn't make a move for the leg yet Rage's anger fuels her to drive Bailey back into the neutral corner..

...where she ducks low, driving her shoulder into the midsection once... twice...]

GM: Rage working over Bailey in the corner...

[...and then squaring up where she throws a right hand to the ribs... then a left... then a right... then a left...]

GM: Rage putting those powerful punches to work!

[The referee steps in again, forcing Rage to back off. She does angrily, stomping across the ring to slap Laura Davis' hand, pointing to Bailey in the corner.]

GM: Uh oh... and in comes the self-professed Number One Athlete!

[Davis comes in quickly, a wicked grin on her face as she takes advantage of Bailey's physical condition to drive a knee up into the ribcage!]

GM: Team Davis working over the ribs of Bailey at this point... pulling her out of the corner...

[Davis promptly pulls Bailey into a front facelock, slinging the arm across her neck...]

GM: Suplex on the way!

[...and lifts Bailey up a few feet off the mat before Bailey's size forces her back down and right into a Bailey small package!]

GM: SMALL PACKAGE GETS ONE! GETS TWO! GETS-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: The crowd on edge in this one, solidly behind Michelle Bailey as she pulls off a great counter and almost wraps this one up for her and her team!

[Davis scrambles up, throwing a quick knife edge chop...

...but Bailey ducks it, lifting Davis up onto her shoulders in a fireman's carry!]

GM: Bailey counters again!

[But Davis counters the counter, slipping out behind Bailey to land on her feet, hooking a waistlock as Davis rushes the ropes...]

GM: Did Kujawa just tag herself in?

[As Davis rolls Bailey back in a rolling reverse cradle, Kujawa slips in, rushing past the duo as she hits the far ropes...]

GM: Davis with the rollup - she doesn't see Kylie and...

[Kujawa yanks Davis right out of the rolling reverse cradle, lifting her into the air and dropping her down on the back of her head and neck with a back suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Wow! Total impact on that suplex and Davis got rocked!

[Kujawa is all smiles as she gets up, moving to Bailey's side to pull her off the mat. She points at the downed Davis with a "See?! See what I did for you?!" Bailey nods and starts to exit before Kujawa grabs her by the arm, gesturing again to Davis...]

GM: Kujawa pulling up Davis, waving for Bailey's help...

[Bailey listens to the referee's count but doesn't exit as Kujawa whips Davis into the ropes - instead dropping down to the mat to take Davis down with a drop toehold!]

GM: Drop toehold by Bail- ohh! Kujawa with a running legdrop to the back of the head and neck of Davis!

[Bailey is moving quickly now, slapping on a loose camel clutch as Kujawa hits the ropes again...]

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRIVES her feet into the face of the trapped Davis!]

GM: A dropkick to boot - and now Kujawa makes the cover...

[Bailey quickly exits, apologizing to Shari Miranda for the delay in leaving the ring as Kujawa attempts a pin and earns a delayed two count as Miranda rushes to get into position to count.]

GM: Two count only...

[Kujawa glares at the official as Bailey steps to the apron and Kelly Kowalaski looks at Bailey in surprise... perhaps even shock.]

GM: Some great teamwork on display there by Bailey and Kujawa... I suppose that's no surprise considering they've known one another since childhood, Bucky.

BW: Kowalski seems pretty surprised... although she's also pretty surprised when someone tells her Bon Jovi's career peaked with Livin' On A Prayer.

[Kylie Kujawa drags Davis off the mat, backing her into her team's corner where she extends a hand towards a surprised Michelle Bailey. Bailey slaps the hand though, joining her longtime friend inside the ring...]

GM: Back in comes Bailey... double whip across...

[A double back elbow up under the chin takes Davis off her feet, putting her down on the mat as this time, Bailey drops to her knees to attempt a pin.]

GM: Another two count there on Laura Davis... and what a blow it would be to the confidence of the so-called Number One Athlete if Bailey were to pin her fellow captain heading into SuperClash.

[Bailey climbs off the mat... and immediately gets distracted by Donna Martinelli screaming and shouting in her direction...]

GM: Martinelli letting Bailey hear it from the outside... a little family bickering, I suppose.

BW: Hard to imagine those two are cousins, huh?

GM: They're certainly very different from one another.

[Bailey fires off a few words at her cousin before turning back towards Laura Davis who is struggling up to her feet...]

GM: Ohh! Big chop by Bailey!

[The knife edge blow sends Davis falling back into the ropes with Bailey coming after her...]

GM: Bailey's got her on the ropes and-

[Kylie Kujawa suddenly leans over the ropes, slapping her friend on the shoulder.]

GM: Kujawa just tried to tag herself in but...

BW: She was nowhere near the corner, Gordo.

GM: She definitely wasn't holding the tag rope.

[The referee steps in, forcing Kujawa back out of the ring as Bailey looks a little puzzled at the scene, grabbing Davis by the arm...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

[...and with the official's back turned, forcing Kujawa out of the ring, Donna Martinelli swings a knee up into the back of her cousin as Bailey hits the ropes!]

GM: OHH! Cheapshot by Martinelli!

[Rage bellows at Martinelli, pointing an accusing finger as Davis wraps up the stunned Bailey, snapping her back down to the mat with a side Russian legsweep!]

GM: OHHHH! And Davis takes her down hard!

[Kowalski turns to shout at a concerned-looking Kujawa, pointing at the downed Bailey.]

GM: Some more dissension in the ranks of Team Bailey there in the corner and... Davis pulls Bailey off the mat now...

[A hard whip to the corner jolts the spine of into the turnbuckles as Davis calmly walks in with a "you ready for this?"]

GM: Are you kidding me? In control of the match and...

[Martinelli nods enthusiastically, slapping the offered hand...]

GM: ...and in comes Donna Martinelli!

[Martinelli comes through the ropes, intensity on her face as she turns towards her cornered cousin, throwing big kicks to the body as the referee shouts at her to back off.]

GM: Martinelli seemed on the verge of a nervous breakdown before this match started, Bucky.

BW: Of course the poor girl did with Blackwell bullying her!

GM: I don't know if that's how I'd put it.

[The referee forces Martinelli out of the corner and back across the ring where she gets close to Kowalaki and Kujawa... but not too close... before wheeling around, shrieking as she barrels across the ring, leaping into the air...]

GM: OHHH! SHOTGUN DROPKICK!

BW: Shot through the heart and Kelly Kowalski's to blame!

GM: Would you stop?!

[Bailey stumbles a few steps out as her cousin mounts the second rope, clapping her hands over her head, shouting "DON-NA!" "DON-NA!" "DON-NA!" No one obliges her by repeating her chant...

...so she puts on her pout before leaping off the ropes, snatching a side headlock...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: FLYING BULLDOG OFF THE MIDDLE ROPE! OH MY!

BW: Still feel like making fun of Donna Martinelli?!

GM: Martinelli with a cover - she's got one! She's got two! She's got-

[The crowd cheers as Bailey kicks out, breaking the pin attempt.]

GM: Two count only there off the flying bulldog!

[In the corner, we see Kowalski clapping her hands together with a "COME ON, MICHELLE! LET'S GET GOING!"

And a sneering Kylie Kujawa glares at Kowalski before she mockingly claps and busts out a "Come on, Michelle!" in a taunting tone...]

GM: Kujawa taking issue with how Kowalski cheers now?! What is with her, Bucky?!

BW: I'm not sure I'm qualified to answer that.

GM: Kowalski and Kujawa bickering in the corner and that is NOT what Team Bailey needs right now, Bucky.

BW: That I'll agree with. They need to get on the same page before SuperClash and right now, it's not looking good.

[Martinelli pulls Bailey off the mat by the hair, turning to show her her partners fighting in the corner...]

"YOU SEE 'EM, CUZ?! YOU SEE WHAT YOU PUT TOGETHER?!"

[A gloating Martinelli whips her cousin across the ring.]

GM: Irish whip... backdr-

[But as Donna leans over for the backdrop, Bailey leaps into the air, dragging her down into a sunset flip!]

GM: BAILEY TAKES HER OVER! ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOO!

[A fresh Martinelli clashes her legs together on Bailey's ears, breaking the pin count. The referee cheers the kickout as the two women race back to their feet off the mat...]

GM: Martinelli's up and-

[...but Bailey stays down, ducking low and crawling between the legs of her cousin...]

GM: BAILEY ON THE MOVE ANNNNNNNND...

[The crowd EXPLODES as Bailey makes a lunge towards her corner!]

GM: TAG! HERE COMES KELLY KOWALSKI!

[The New Jersey native comes through the ropes as the crowd goes wild, fists balled up and at the ready as she rushes towards a shocked Martinelli...]

GM: Kowalski comin' in hot and... BOOM! Big right hand! BOOM! Another!

[The barrage of blows to the head has Martinelli shrieking and covering her head with both arms, allowing Kowalski to grab her around the waist, lifting her up and dropping her on a bent knee!]

GM: Ohh! Inverted atomic drop by Kowalski and-

[A wind-up uppercut sends the Peach Pit flying through the air before crashing down on the canvas. The fans are roaring for the wild brawler as she turns around, pointing a threatening finger at Davis and Rage to keep them in check before dashing to the ropes...]

GM: Kowalski off the ropes and... DOWN across the throat with an elbow!

[The lunging driving elbowsmash causes Martinelli to flail about on the mat, coughing and gasping for air as Kowalski shoves her down into a lateral press.]

GM: Kowalski with the cover!

[A two count follows before Martinelli escapes... and Kowalski immediately takes the mount, raining down fists on the Peach Pit as she continues to scream with every blow landed.]

GM: I'm gonna need earplugs out here if this keeps up! Martinelli being completely overwhelmed by Kowalski so far...

[With the fists still flying, Laura Davis attempts to come in to aid her protegee...]

GM: In comes Davis!

[...which brings Michelle Bailey in on the other side, pointing a finger at Davis as she advances...]

GM: And not so fast, Laura Davis! Davis wants NO part of Michelle Bailey!

[Davis slinks back through the ropes as the referee gets up in Bailey's face to remove her. Kylie Kujawa intervenes, arguing with Shari Miranda...]

...which allows Laura Davis to come back in and BURY a leaping knee between the shoulderblades of Kowalski, causing her to pitch forward down on the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! Come on, referee!

BW: That was totally on Bailey and Kujawa! They got the referee distracted and Davis took advantage of it!

[A battered Martinelli pulls herself off the mat, grabbing at her hair with a "UGGGGH!" aimed at the downed Kowalski who she grabs by the arms, steering her back up to her feet...]

GM: Martinelli looks like she's looking for a submission hold - a modified surfboard perhaps here...

[But with the arms held back and Kowalski standing, Martinelli slips a knee up between the shoulderblades and leaps up, dropping to her own and yanking Kowalski down onto the raised knee!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH! Impressive offense out of Martinelli - showing signs of something I just didn't know she had, Bucky!

[Martinelli flops over onto Kowalski, screeching "COUNNNNT!" to the official who dives to the mat.]

GM: Kowalski slips out at two!

[Donna grimaces, pounding her hand down into the mat a few times... and then straightens up, wincing as she blows on her own hand. She grabs two hands of Kowalski's hair, leading her up to her feet again and tossing her back into the corner of Team Davis.]

GM: Martinelli sends Kowalski to the wrong part of town.

BW: She should be used to that.

[Martinelli advances, burying a boot into the gut of Kowalski... and another... and a third... which is when Lauryn Rage reaches over the top rope to slap Martinelli's shoulder to a loud "HEY!" from the Peach Pit.]

GM: Donna's not happy about it but the former champion just tagged herself back in...

[Rage is quickly in, shoving Martinelli aside to another yelp as Rage squares up and starts throwing rights and lefts to the body of Kowalski!]

GM: Again, Rage is putting those boxing skills to use, working the body in the corner and-

[Kowalski suddenly fires up, throwing a right hand that lands between the eyes of Rage... and another that backs her up a couple of steps.]

GM: She's fighting back!

[Kowalski advances from the corner, throwing a third blow... and a fourth... and a fifth...

...which is when Rage starts landing some big shots of her own, the match breaking down into a slugfest for a few moments that gets the crowd going!]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands!

[Rage winds up, going long...]

GM: Swing...

[...and Kowalski ducks under, avoiding the big blow.]

GM: ...and a miss!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: THAT ONE DIDN'T!

GM: HEADBUTT BY KOWALSKI! SHE ROCKS THE FORMER CHAMP!

[We catch a glimpse of Michelle Bailey touching her face shield, perhaps remembering another headbutt from not long ago.]

GM: Rage is stunned and... headfirst to the turnbuckles!

[A grinning Kowalski marches to the corner, slapping the hand of Bailey and gesturing to Rage in the neutral corner.]

GM: Another doubleteam on the way... out to the middle of the ropes... double whip...

[But as Rage rebounds, the communication between teammates breaks down as Kowalski goes for a right hand to the midsection while Bailey throws a back elbow to the chest. The combined blows sends Rage stumbling backwards, falling chestfirst into the ropes as Kowalski throws up her arms at Bailey who shakes her head, miming the back elbow again.]

BW: Malfunction at the junction for Kowalski and Bailey.

[Kowalski starts towards the corner, shaking her head as Kujawa is howling with laughter at her unlikely partner.]

GM: Kylie Kujawa seemed to enjoy that mistake in there.

[Kowalski has a few words for Kujawa as she exits the ring, standing alongside her on the apron.]

GM: Uh oh. This could be a problem.

[Kowalski angrily shoves Kujawa back up against the ringpost, jamming a threatening finger into her chest as Michelle Bailey turns to the corner, pleading with her teammates to get on the same page...

...which allows Lauryn Rage to drag her down into a schoolgirl rollup!]

GM: ROLLUP ON BAILEY WHO WAS DISTRACTED BY... ONNNNNE! TWOOOO! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Oh! Close call there! The former champion almost snatched this one away from Team Bailey as their captain was distracted by Kujawa and Kowalski fighting on the outside!

[Bailey tries to scramble back to her feet, looking to take advantage before...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: RIGHT HAND! RAGE CAUGHT HER FLUSH!

[Bailey's eyelids flutter but as she starts to slump forward, Rage lifts her over her shoulder, rushing into the neutral corner...]

GM: OHHH! BAILEY GETS DRIVEN INTO THE CORNER!

[...and then turning around, charging out of the corner, leaping up as she swings Bailey forward...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LEAPING SPINEBUSTER!

BW: THAT'S IT!

[Rage holds the legs, staying in position as the official jumps down to count.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BAILEY POPS THE SHOULDER UP! SHE TOOK THE RIGHT HAND, SHE TOOK THE SPINEBUSTER, BUT BAILEY SLIPS OUT IN TIME! OH MY! WHAT A BATTLE!

BW: And what a preview of what we're gonna see at SuperClash, daddy! I can't wait for that one!

GM: Steal The Spotlight just might steal the show with the twelve women climbing into that ring in Atlanta!

[Rage complains to the official about the count, slapping her hand together quickly. Miranda holds up two fingers in response.]

BW: And now's not the time to complain about the referee, Gordo. Rage has got Bailey in trouble and she needs to find a way to finish this off right here and now before Kowalski and Kujawa get back to their senses.

[Rage climbs up off the mat, shaking her head as she leans down to pull Bailey up with her by the wrist...]

GM: It wasn't long ago that Michelle Bailey was giving Lauryn Rage some professional advice on recovering - both physically and psychologically - from her knee injury but they're not on the same side tonight... big whip to the corner... here comes Rage!

[The former champion storms into the Team Davis corner, leaping into the air...]

GM: OHHH! RAGE BACKS IT UP AND DRIVES IT INTO THE FACE OF BAILEY IN THE CORNER!

[The leaping hip attack in the corner has Bailey staggered as Laura Davis reaches over the ropes, slapping the shoulder of Lauryn Rage.]

GM: Oh, and NOW Laura Davis wants some of Bailey - when she's weakened in the corner...

[Rage has some words for Davis as she reluctantly steps out, allowing Davis to guide Bailey by the hair to the middle of the ring, lifting her up into a fireman's carry...]

GM: Davis lifts her up... what's she...?!

[But whatever Davis had in mind goes adrift as Bailey manages to shift her weight, knocking Davis off-balance as she drags her down into a crucifix!]

GM: CRADLE PULLS HER DOWN! ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: MY STARS! SHE JUST _BARELY_ KICKED OUT IN TIME OF THAT! BAILEY ALMOST GOT HER THERE!

[A frustrated Bailey claps her hands together as she gets to her knees, looking up in disbelief at the referee who holds up two fingers.]

GM: And now it's Bailey questioning the count of referee Shari Miranda! A rare move from her but the stakes are high as momentum is so important heading into Steal The Spotlight and SuperClash!

[Davis comes up off the mat, burying a knee into the chest of the protesting Bailey before pulling her up...

...and spotting Martinelli leaping up and down, shouting “TAG ME! TAG MEEEEEE!” to her mentor. Davis nods, walking over and slapping the offered hand.]

GM: Laura Davis showing a lot of confidence in her protege here... pulling Bailey's arms back behind her...

[With Bailey trapped, Martinelli leaps off the middle rope...]

GM: BOOM! Axehandle down across the top of the head!

[A smirking Donna turns towards Lauryn Rage, twirling her finger in the air before she makes a lunge to grab Bailey before she's able to stagger to her corner...]

GM: Bailey almost got away there but... SCOOP... and a big slam in the middle!

[Martinelli stands over her cousin, a wicked grin on her face...

...and then swings around, rushing the other corner with her arm drawn back...]

GM: RIGHT HAN-

[...but her attempt to cheap shot Kelly Kowalski goes horribly wrong as Kowalski blocks the blow and SMASHES a right hand between Martinelli's eyes, sending her flying backwards through the air and down on the mat!]

BW: OR NOT!

[And with Martinelli down, Bailey crawls across the canvas towards her corner...]

GM: Bailey's on the move... Martinelli trying to stop her!

[Donna pushes up to her knees, making a lunge...]

GM: TAG!

[...and the crowd ERUPTS as Martinelli is too late, allowing Bailey to make a lunging tag to Kowalski!]

GM: IN COMES KOWALSKI!

[Kowalski comes rushing in, catching the rising Martinelli with a right hand to the gut and big hooking blow to the jaw that sends her spinning like a top away from the New Jersey native, falling into the ropes...]

GM: Kowalski's got her on the run, whips her across...

[The incoming Martinelli runs right into a leaping Kowalski who wipes her out with a Fierro Press!]

GM: FIERRO PRESS! FIERRO PRESS!

[Kowalski is hammering away at the downed Martinelli as the Charlotte crowd goes wild!]

GM: The referee orders her to break and break she does!

[On her feet, Kowalski lets loose a big war whoop, backing away from Martinelli...

...which is when Kylie Kujawa leans over the ropes, slapping Kowalski's shoulder!]

BW: TAG!

GM: Oh, I don't know if that was a good idea!

[Bailey looks flustered at Kujawa as she steps through the ropes, waving for Kowalski to exit. Kowalski balls up her fist, ready to punch Kujawa in the eye but Bailey is begging her to not to.]

GM: Bailey trying to keep her team together... and for the moment, it looks like it works as Kowalski gets out...

[A smirking Kujawa slides out to mid-ring, dragging Martinelli off the mat...]

GM: Big scoop!

[But there's a little too much oomph in the scoop as Martinelli rides the effort to land on her feet behind Kujawa...

...and with a mighty two-handed shove, she sends her flying across the ring towards the Team Davis corner...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and into a haymaker from Lauryn Rage!]

GM: OHHH! WHAT A SHOT!

[Kujawa goes stumbling backwards fast and far, throwing herself towards her corner where she makes a diving tag...

...to Michelle Bailey.]

GM: The tag is made and... look at this now! Michelle Bailey and Donna Martinelli have been in the ring together in this match before but-

BW: But not by Bailey's choice!

GM: Exactly... and she doesn't look too keen at all at the idea of fighting her own cousin.

[Martinelli squares up, balling up her fists, shouting "COME ON! COME ON, CUZZO!" as she swings wildly at the air.]

GM: Donna Martinelli seems to have no problem with it...

[Bailey reluctantly steps through the ropes, looking anxiously across at Martinelli who is ready to throw...

...and then turns around at the sound of Kylie Kujawa shouting at Kelly Kowalski and the New Jersey native returning fire...]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: Can these two calm down for a minute?!

GM: It doesn't look like it!

[The loud voices soon turn physical as Kowalski shoves Kujawa who returns the favor...]

GM: It's getting worse this time and-

[Kujawa sneers at Kowalski, pointing at the ring...

...and as Kowalski turns back to the action, Kujawa DRILLS her with a right hand to the ear, knocking Kowalski off the apron and down to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A gleeful Kujawa drops off the mat, booting the boots to the downed Kowalski as a shocked Michelle Bailey looks on...

...until she gets even more shocked when she finds herself dragged down to the mat, her shoulders pressed to the canvas!]

GM: SCHOOLGIRL! SCHOOLGIRL!

[The referee dives to the mat...

...which allows Martinelli to hook the tights for a little extra leverage!]

GM: SHE'S GOT THE TIGHTS! REF, SHE'S GOT THE TIGHTS!

[But the official doesn't see them as she slaps the mat once... twice... three times!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: MARTINELLI WINS! MARTINELLI WINS!

GM: You've gotta be...

BW: This is great, Gordo! Donna Martinelli just pinned Michelle Bailey!

GM: With a handful of tights!

BW: Pfft. The record books record the "W" - that's all that matters.

GM: Michelle Bailey looks stunned.

[Bailey certainly does as she sits on the mat, shaking her head at the official lifting a jubilant Donna Martinelli's hand. Laura Davis smirks at the sitting Bailey, stepping to the other side of Martinelli to raise the other hand.]

GM: And just what does something like this do to Michelle Bailey's momentum as we head into SuperClash?! Fans, it's a shocking scene here in Charlotte and we'll be right back after this break!

[A disappointed Bailey rolls from the ring, head hanging down as she walks up the ramp after the fighting Kowalski and Kujawa 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 we come back to the backstage area where we see Sweet Lou Blackwell standing in front of a SuperClash IX logo.]

SLB: We are back LIVE here in Charlotte for Saturday Night Wrestling where we've seen a lot of tremendous action as we continue to walk the road to SuperClash IX just 19 days away. And one of the featured matchups on Thanksgiving Night will see the AWA World Tag Team Titles on the line when the champions and 2017 Stampede Cup winners, the Soldiers of Fortune, defend the gold against the former champions, Next Gen in a Boot Camp match. Now, we've been told by the champions that they'll announce the stipulations for this Boot Camp match in two weeks' time but right now, let's hear from the challengers who have a surprise of their own for Joe Flint, Charlie Stephens, and Marty Meekly.

[Blackwell grins as we fade through black to footage of a small gym with a wrestling ring taking up the center, plus weights and benches over to one side and a simple wrestling mat to the other side. We pan around to one side of the wrestling ring, where we find the members of Next Gen standing there. Howie Somers is dressed in a white New England Patriots T-shirt and black shorts, while Daniel Harper is dressed in a black San Antonio Spurs T-shirt and white shorts.]

DH: The Soldiers of Fortune want a Boot Camp match, do they? Fine! Whatever it takes for me and my partner to get our hands on those two and get our belts back, you can bet we're going to do it!

The past few months, we've seen Joe Flint and Charlie Stephens do everything they can to tip the scales in their favor. They've used anything not nailed down as a weapon. They recruited Marty Meekly. They've stuck their noses in not only our

matches, but others as well. So Howie and I came to only one conclusion -- we needed to find something to even the scales! And that's why we are here today!

[He gestures to his partner.]

DH: Tell 'em, Howie.

[Somers grins for a moment.]

HS: I imagine some of you are asking yourselves this question: What is so special about this place? And what does it have to do with a Boot Camp, anyway?

You see, it's not just Daniel and I who the Soldiers of Fortune have pissed off. They've been getting under the skin of a lot of people... people who know that, contrary to what Flint and Stephens say, America is not getting soft.

[Somers gestures to the room around them.]

HS: Today, we are here not only to train for the Boot Camp match and make sure we get that extra edge -- and get it by going through a tough training regimen -- but we are here to announce that, if the Soldiers are gonna have Marty Meekly at ringside, then we need somebody to keep an eye on him.

Not only will he be in our corner for SuperClash, but he's going to put us through one of his workouts. He's a man who needs no introduction... Bret Grayson!

[The camera then swings over where we see the Olympic gold medalist, Bret Grayson, walking into the room. Grayson is wearing an American flag-themed tracksuit. He rubs his hands together, chuckling to himself.]

BG: Gentlemen, I hope you're prepared to train harder, faster, and stronger than you ever have in your entire lives. If you can survive what I've prepared for you two, then a Boot Camp match with The Soldiers of Fortune will seem like a walk on the beach!

[And now we go to a montage, which starts with Harper doing a series of pull-ups, followed by Somers doing the same. That's followed by Harper and Somers, side by side, doing a series of push-ups, while Grayson kneels down and says something to them.]

Next in the montage, we find Harper and Somers doing squats -- first with two legs, then doing them with one leg. Grayson stands there, again saying something the camera doesn't quite pick up.

From there, we cut to Harper pulling Somers up onto his shoulders. Harper grunts as he pulls Somers up into a fireman's carry, while Grayson stands nearby, and now we hear him talking.]

BG: Looking good!

[Grayson begins to put on amateur wrestling headgear.]

BG: I think it's time we kick this up a notch.

[From there, we cut to the ring, where we find Grayson applying a punishing armbar to Harper, really grinding his elbow into Harper's shoulder as the fourth-generation wrestler works his way to his feet, only to be taken back down by a leg trip and immediately placed into a tight headlock.]

We then cut to Grayson working with Somers, Grayson straddling Somers' back and keeping him in a waistlock, with Somers fighting to get to his feet. He manages to stand for a split second, before Grayson forcefully lifts him into the air and slams him back down onto his stomach.

Cut then to Grayson with Harper down on the canvas, working over the knee, then to Grayson with Somers again, doing the same hold on the knee as with Harper, and with Somers managing to push him off with his foot.

We then cut to Somers and Harper running outside, though Harper is quite a bit in front of Somers, the larger of the two huffing a bit as Grayson runs behind them, barking words of encouragement.

Then we cut back inside the gym, where Harper and Somers each have a towel in hand. Harper wipes sweat from his brow.]

DH: I know I may have only been cleared to wrestle a couple of weeks ago, but now is not the time to take it easy! If Howie and I are going to get the World Tag Team belts back, we need to be at our best, so we need to be pushed to the limit!

HS: And we're still not finished, Daniel. I know Bret has more in store for us, and given how hard he's pushed us thus far, I can only imagine what he has planned for to finish this workout.

[Somers then gestures toward the camera.]

HS: But I can tell you this, Flint and Stephens -- whatever it is that Bret has planned next, it's going to get us ready for the Boot Camp match at SuperClash. You better believe you're going to get the best that Next Gen has to offer and then some.

DH: As a matter of fact, everything Bret Grayson has done with us thus far, it's only gotten me more fired up! And I can look at my partner's eyes and know the same is true for him! And the more fired up we are, the harder we're gonna come after you at SuperClash and make it clear, in the Boot Camp match, you will get no retreat and no surrender from us!

"LOOK ALIVE, FELLAS!"

[Harper and Somers quickly get to their feet as Bret Grayson steps into the shot.]

BG: That was a nice warm-up, but I hope you're ready...

[The camera then dramatically cuts to the doors of the gym, as we see Takeshi Mifune walking in. The Japanese shooter takes his place beside Grayson, staring grimly at Harper and Somers, who turn to each other with uncertain looks on their faces.]

BG: ...because now the REAL training begins.

[We then cut to a close-up of Mifune's scarred, weathered face. The warrior monk then grins, revealing a smile only a hockey player can love as we see he's missing several teeth. He begins to cackle madly as we fade to black...

...and then back up on the backstage area in the arena where we find Sweet Lou standing in front of the same SuperClash IX backdrop we saw moments ago.]

SLB: You want to train for war, then I can think of no one better to train you than the Olympic gold medalist and the Shadow Wolf. Next Gen is putting themselves through the wringer as they get ready to try to get their tag titles back at

SuperClash, fans. But while that one is about championship gold, some matches at SuperClash may even have even higher stakes.

[The camera pulls back to reveal the SuperClash backdrop is actually in the locker room area where Sweet Lou has positioned himself outside of a door that says "RYAN MARTINEZ."]

SLB: At SuperClash IX in Atlanta, the man behind this door will be leading the AWA into war against the forces of Korugun with control of this very company hanging in the balance. However, tonight is a different story. Tonight, Ryan Martinez will be climbing into a steel cage just as he will Thanksgiving Night in Atlanta but tonight, he'll be...

[Blackwell's brow furrows as something off-camera catches his attention, his words trailing off.]

SLB: I don't believe it.

[The camera pans a bit to reveal a surprising form walking towards the aforementioned door - former EMWC owner and current AWA co-owner, Chris Blue. Blue, who has not been seen since Eternally Extreme 2, walks with a bit of a limp as he approaches.]

CB: Hey Lou... good to see you.

[Blackwell's still shocked but manages a "you too" as Blue pushes the door open, walking through. While the interviewer may be surprised stiff, the cameraman takes advantage of the open door, shoving himself past Blackwell to peek in just as an equally-surprised Ryan Martinez looks up from the wooden bench he's sitting on, his mouth hanging open with shock. Blue grins at the sight of the White Knight... then frowns a little at the camera. He jerks a thumb at it.]

CB: This okay with you?

[Martinez, still surprised by Blue's appearance, gives a slight shrug and Blue nods, giving the okay for the camera to stay before he turns back to Martinez.]

CB: What's wrong with all you guys - you look like you've seen a ghost or something.

[Blue grins as Martinez shakes his head.]

RM: Haven't we?

[Martinez shakes his head.]

RM: I just didn't think... well, after what happened in South Philly, you haven't exactly been the easiest person to get ahold of.

[Blue nods, sighing heavily.]

CB: Yeah... and I AM sorry about that. I hope you know that. You and I... we started this thing together with Castillo and Korugun and... well, I wanted to be with you the whole time, kid. Every step of the way. Be your wartime consigliere and all that. But after getting injured in Philly... getting humiliated on my own show...

[Blue shakes his head, leaning heavily back against a wall of lockers.]

CB: ...I honestly just wanted to bury myself in the sand and not have to look anyone in the eye for a long damn time.

[Martinez nods.]

RM: I understand that. I've been there. But you're back. And just in time.

[Blue pauses.]

CB: Yeah... sure. Look...

[Blue chews on his bottom lip, shaking his head again.]

CB: There's a lot going on around here these days... out there in the ring... back here in the locker room... in the office. Thanksgiving's coming up... SuperClash is coming up, I mean... and... well, I don't have to tell you how much is at stake for the AWA and for... for everyone.

[Martinez suddenly looks concerned, getting up from his bench.]

RM: Of course not.

[Martinez pauses a moment, narrowing his eyes.]

RM: Hey... is everything okay with you? You seem...

[Blue waves a hand.]

CB: It's nothing. I've just got a lot on my mind and... the calendar is going by really fast, you know... and I just wanted to make sure I got a chance to come here and talk to you and...

[Blue pauses, looking at Martinez.]

CB: Heh. Seems like yesterday, I was in an EMWC locker room talking to your dad about some big match or...

[He smiles, shaking his head.]

CB: It all goes by so quick. One day you're here... on top of the world... the next...

[Another pause.]

CB: But you... this is you. The White Knight. The pillar of this company these days. Everyone and everything in this place revolves around you... just like the E used to revolve around your dad.

He's so proud of you... you know that, right?

[Martinez nods.]

CB: Of course you do. And I'm proud of you too. You've come a long way from that little kid running around backstage at E shows trying to trip Brian Lau and tripping me instead.

[Martinez grins at the memory, nodding his head.]

RM: That seems like yesterday, doesn't it?

[Blue looks long and hard at the White Knight.]

CB: Yeah. Just like yesterday.

[Blue pushes up off the lockers, throwing his arms up.]

CB: I told myself I was coming in here to give you some big pep talk. Some big rallying cry like I used to give backstage when the E was comin' up. But you don't need that. You've never needed someone else to tell you to fight hard... to give it all you've got... to do the right thing.

That's just you, Ryan. That's who you are.

[Ryan stares quietly, still looking concerned at his friend.]

CB: This thing with Castillo tonight... just be careful, huh? There's no telling what he's got planned.

[A nod from the White Knight as Blue starts towards the door.]

RM: I'll see you at SuperClash.

[Blue pauses, a hand on the door frame. He takes a few seconds before he turns, a slight look of pain on his face.]

CB: I... sure, yeah... I'll be there.

[Blue nods, Ryan doing the same as the former E owner pushes the door open. He pauses in the door frame, taking a deep breath as he rubs his hand along it for a moment and then turns back one more time.]

CB: Hey Ryan... no matter what happens... always know that I'm on your side.

[Ryan looks across the room at one of his mentors, giving a nod. Blue smiles at him, giving the locker nearest the door a little pat before stepping through and allowing the door to swing shut behind him as we fade to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing as Bon Jovi's "It's My Life" is in the middle of playing over the PA system.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... in the corner to my right... from Wheeling, West Virginia and weighing in at 282 pounds... BUCK BOGGS!

[A lumpy piece of flesh throws his flabby arms up, his greasy long black hair flipping back as he does. He's got a wild beard and mustache combo framing his mouth as he yells "BUUUUUUCK!" to jeers.]

RO: Annnnnd his opponent... from Asbury Park, New Jersey... weighing in at 262 pounds... "GOLDEN" GRANNNNNNNNNT CARRRRRTERRRR!

[The crowd cheers as Carter throws his arms up in a "V" with his left fist clenched and pressed into his fully-extended right palm.]

GM: "Golden" Grant Carter here in action tonight on Saturday Night Wrestling, facing down the grizzled veteran in Buck Boggs. You know Carter's got his ideas on the World Television Title - currently held by Odin Gunn - and he's like to pick up the win here tonight to put him back on track for an eventual title shot.

BW: At Odin Gunn? How much do you hate ol' GGC to put him in there with Odin Gunn?!

GM: Odin Gunn would be a stiff test for any competitor but no one's unbeatable, Bucky.

BW: No one's come close to beating him yet though and I'm not sure Carter's gonna be the guy to change that.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The bulky Boggs walks out to mid-ring, pointing a finger at GGC and mimes breaking him in half.]

GM: Boggs thinks pretty highly of himself in there and-

[Before the action can begin though, all eyes turn towards the entrance and the very pissed-off individual stomping out onto the stage.]

GM: Wait a second!

[Said individual is stomping down the ramp now, ignoring the protesting AWA officials all around him.]

GM: Rufus Harris?! What the heck is he doing out here?!

[Harris makes a beeline straight for the ring, diving under the bottom rope. As he comes to his feet, we see he's now bare-torso'd in athletic pants, staring out at the crowd. A swollen cheek and eye area are present, souvenirs from his encounter with Travis Lynch earlier in the night.]

GM: Rufus Harris is in the ring now... I don't know what he's doing out here interrupting this match but-

[An agitated "Golden" Grant Carter steps out of his corner, shouting something similar in Harris' direction. Harris has his back to Carter as the fan favorite lays in some verbal lashes across the back...]

GM: Carter's letting him have it for interrupting his match and-

[Without warning, Harris wheels around, throwing a haymaker from about as far back as you can throw a punch...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and CRACKS Carter on the jaw, laying him out with a single blow!]

BW: ONE PUNCH! He knocks out Grant Carter with ONE PUNCH, Gordo!

[Harris is fuming as he turns back towards the jeering crowd, shaking his head and shouting "AIN'T NO ONE GOIN' OVER ON ME!"]

GM: Rufus Harris just laid out Grant Carter and... look at Buck Boggs!

[Boggs waves his arms at Harris, turning to exit the ring...]

GM: A guy his size and he wants NO part of Rufus Harris!

BW: Can you blame him?! The guy is a former GFC Heavyweight Champion and he just KNOCKED Grant Carter out cold!

[But Boggs isn't getting away that easy as Harris rushes him, leaping up onto Boggs' back, wrapping his arms around Boggs' throat...]

GM: HARRIS WITH THE REAR NAKED CHOKE!

[Boggs falls back towards the middle of the ring, swinging his arms back and forth wildly...]

BW: One guy knocked out and in just a few moments, the other guy is gonna be CHOKED out, daddy!

[Boggs still struggles, trying to get free...

...but Harris leaps up, wrapping his legs around Boggs' bulks torso, dragging him down to the mat!]

GM: Harris takes him down and... he's got that hold sunk in!

[Boggs weakly taps the arm of Harris, trying to get out of the hold that way as the referee shouts at the Rottweiler to let go...]

GM: Come on! Let him go!

[Boggs' arms slow in their movements... and then eventually stop altogether as he slumps over with Harris shouting "YEAAAAH! SLEEP, BIG MAN! GO TO SLEEP!" in his ear...

...and finally lets go, climbing to his feet to a shower of boos from the AWA faithful.]

GM: Finally, Rufus Harris gets up...

BW: He's got bodies all around him, Gordo!

GM: We're going to likely need some help out here and-

[Harris snatches a mic up from ringside, cutting off Gordon as he slaps his hand down on the mic.]

RH: AY! AY!

[Harris paces back and forth, first looking out on the jeering crowd and then turns his eyes right onto the hard camera.]

RH: Travis Lynch, you piece of sh-

[The audio cuts out for a moment as Rufus finishes.]

RH: Get close... get reeeeeeeal close 'cause I want you to hear all of this.

[Harris points a threatening finger at the camera, a menacing look on his face.]

RH: Travis Lynch, you've been living in a fairy tale, little man...

You've been living in a land of make believe where you've been told since the day you was born that you're some kind of a tough guy... some kind of a hero...

[Harris nods.]

RH: But at SuperClash... all that changes, little man.

[Harris grins.]

RH: Because at SuperClash... let's get real.

[The Rottweiler spikes the mic, pointing at the camera with both arms now and shouting... "LET'S GET REAL! LET'S GET REAL!"]

GM: Is that... is that a challenge?!

BW: Or Harris accepting the challenger from Stench?! He can't do that!

GM: We're going to need to get something official on this because... yeah, you're right, Bucky. We've heard that Rufus Harris can't do this... he can't accept this challenge and...

[Gordon trails off as Rufus Harris slams a fist into his chest, again shouting "LET'S GET REAL!" off-mic.]

GM: Yeah, we'll need confirmation on this one, fans... but as of right now, it sure sounds like Rufus Harris has had enough and he wants Travis Lynch in the ring at SuperClash!

[With Harris continuing to taunt the crowd, we fade from the interior of the arena...

...to the interior of what looks like a living room shot from a mounted cell phone camera. An assortment of wrestling masks, title belt replicas, advertisements for old events, and posters of past stars line the walls. The focus of the shot is a desk with a full computer set up with multiple monitors. An obnoxiously large cigar passively spews smoke in the air from its position in an ashtray, making the air a pale grey. Sitting there is Casey "Blackheart" James, turned to the side, his feet up on the desk. He addresses the camera...]

CJ: Hey, folks... I'm coming to you not-so-live from my living room. This is probably the only place in the world I can guarantee nobody's gonna run in and try and collect a bounty on me. Yeah, that's still going on even though the challenge has been made. Me'n Hardin at SuperClash.

[Casey takes a deep breath.]

CJ: It's kind of a big deal. Frankly, it's been a long time coming. If you watched wrestling at all in the 90s, you know the stuff we used to get up to. You know the connection between us. You know that this is gonna be brutal...

[Casey lifts the cigar from his ashtray and takes a few big puffs...]

CJ: And if you don't... Well, I just so happen to have some stuff here to give you some context. See, back in the day, we used to have a whole promo style for when we wanted to do something like this, and we'd do it from an A/V control room with all those monitors and tapes everywhere... But we're digital now, baby, which means we're gonna watch some clips, and we're gonna do it from the comfort of my home. Crazy, right?

[Casey reaches over to the keyboard of the computer and exaggeratedly hits the space bar. The shot cuts abruptly to what appears to be older handheld camera footage of a wrestling event. Along the bottom of the screen, in handwritten script, is scrawled "Portland. The beginning." There's a 6 man tag match going on with two men entering the ring... Casey speaks in a voice over.]

CJ: This is where it started. The start of my career. That jacked guy with the stupid haircut and clueless smile? That's me. Hey, man, if you don't cringe at your past, you ain't growing, okay? And that guy I'm about to lock up with? Don't let the mask fool you, that's JW Hardin. Used to be called the Masked Outlaw back then.

[Just as the young Casey "Whitebread" James is about to lock up with the Outlaw, members of the Horsemen swarm the ring to attack Casey and his partners.]

CJ: Some of you might recognize this as the first Triple Cross we did in Portland. Hardin was having issues with these Horsemen tools, so everyone thought they were coming down to get him... But they attacked me and my buddies instead. Then Hardin attacked them with his NEW buddies. It was a big deal at the time. It cemented Hardin as a top level player...

[The shot cuts back to Casey, who inspects his cigar as it burns...]

CJ: Not exactly a shock from my point of view. I was one of the good guys and the bad guys attacked me. That was my job as a good guy, right? You could say that... Or you could say it was the little push I needed to stop being a chump. That was the moment that I realized that I wasn't gonna get anywhere playing by some set of stupid good guy rules. I realized that I had to shake off those chains and just be free...

[Cut to another shaky clip of a live event, this one with Casey and a guy dressed a lot like Superman.]

CJ: This was a couple of weeks later, teaming with Man of Steel. You could see from the start I wasn't into it...

[Young Casey on the apron reaches out for a tag and just as Man of Steel is in range to make contact, Casey hops down from the apron and walks up the aisle, leaving Man of Steel to be assaulted by their opponents.]

CJ: And later that night, I did it. I dropped the act and became the man I always wanted to be...

[Footage cuts to Casey's entrance later in the night where he's dressed in black tights, boots, and armbands. He roars to the crowd as he flexes his inhumanly large arms...]

CJ: That's when I became the Blackheart. Tired of years of getting the short end of the stick, I took the plunge... And Hardin helped me do it. He continued to help, too...

[Cut to a montage of shots. Some of the shots are from live events... Casey attacking opponents from behind along with Tiger Claw, Casey sitting and playing poker with JW Hardin and Otto Verhoeven, Claw riding a horse inside an enclosure...]

CJ: Hardin took all us bad guys from the... well, the promotion we were working, and he had us all go to his ranch. He taught us what he knew. He taught us how to rule with fear. He taught us how to manipulate the rules to get what we wanted. He taught me the Cattlebuster!

Most importantly, though, he taught us to work together. Even if we wanted to bash in the skulls of the other guys at the ranch, it was important to work together. The good guys never learned that. They all cared more about their own egos while we were making plans to take over... And we DID.

[The shot cuts abruptly to Casey, Hardin, and Brody Thunder standing in the ring. A handwritten graphic at the bottom tells us that this is "Portland, The Night the Bullsh*t Happened." The footage pauses with the sound of a record scratch...]

CJ: Right up until we got played. You all know what I'm talking about. The big Triple Cross that sent shockwaves through the industry. Pissed a lot of people off. Hardin

left the promotion, and me'n Claw weren't far behind. We nearly quit the business over that. We probably would have if it weren't for Hardin convincing us to take part in this...

[The shot cuts to Hardin, Claw, Verhoeven, Dan Kauffman, Subway Psycho, and a horde of other superstars beating the crap out of Bobby Taylor. The graphic tells us this footage is from, "EMWC: Poppin' Buyrates"]

CJ: Hardin got us into the E, and we kind of made our careers there. A lot of good times were had there, and we probably wouldn't have even given the promotion the time of day if Hardin didn't get us to come in for that appearance. That wasn't the only thing he did for us, though...

[Cut to a number of shots of Masked Outlaws. Some are clearly Hardin under the mask. Some are obviously not. In some shots of Outlaws, Long blonde hair sticks out from under the mask...]

CJ: Yeah, the whole Masked Outlaw thing. So yeah, we'd go in and sell a program with the Outlaw, and when the big money match happened, it was actually me under the mask. Classic heelin'. It was a bait and switch, sure, but you were switching out one huge draw for another so it worked, right? Well, yeah... Until Hardin ran away.

[Shot cuts back to Casey sitting at his desk. Over his shoulder is an old Outlaw Mask mounted on the wall]

CJ: The gimmick got a bit stale, and nobody believed the Masked Outlaw was him any more. So instead of coming up with ways to make things fresh again, Hardin shackled up with some Voodoo priestess and disappeared without a word. No "Hey, pardner, I'm gonna go lay low for a while and mosey" or "Y'all give me a call when you need a hand" or anything. We didn't even have a phone number. He just vanished, leaving the rest of us directionless.

[Casey takes a haul off the cigar and watches the cloud of smoke in contemplation as he exhales...]

CJ: Just... left. Gone. It wasn't just the case of a coworker finding a new job. He had a huge effect on all of us... And he just left. Now don't get me wrong, some of us did just fine without him around. Some say that the void he left shoulda been filled by others... Others like me. But that legend of JW Hardin and what he did in this business never went away. Nobody ever got the chance to fill his shoes because he still had merch he wanted to sell, so he was still promoted as the man even though he hadn't been around for years.

Some quit. Others got angry. Some of us... [Casey points a thumb at himself] Well, some of us had a bit of trouble coping with that abandonment and put on that mask a few too many times. You gotta understand, a lot of us looked up to Hardin. Some of us almost looked at him like a father figure...

[Casey hits another key on the keyboard, bringing up a disturbing image of himself, face painted like a skull, holding a chair, standing over the bloodied form of his father. The caption reads, "EMWC: The Night I Totally Beat Caleb Temple"]

CJ: The problem is, you've seen what I'm capable of doing to my real father. That man raised me. Bought me my first weight set. Lied about my age so I could get into wrestling training young. Hardin? You just taught me how to be a bastard. Beating on you is going to be so much easier than hitting my dad with a chair. That heart punch I gave you had a lot of bad blood between me and you fueling it, and the tank still ain't empty. All those years of your absence, with me trying

desperately to catch your attention wherever you were... It just made the Blackheart darken more and more.

[Casey leans forward and stares coldly into the camera.]

CJ: That was your last lesson to me, John, even though you probably don't even know you taught it. No matter what it is you do, the results are even better if you got personal motivation. It's taken me years to figure that out. I got better at beating people because the whole time, I wanted to be beating on you. All those death matches... All that violence I've perpetrated, I did it because of you. Every chair shot, every time I put someone through a table, every time I cut into someone with barbed wire, I was pretending it was you I was doing it to... I've wanted to see you bleeding at my hands for so long now, I don't even remember being driven by anything else.

[Casey leans back.]

CJ: And so here we are. SuperClash. Me and you, finally fighting one on one. I finally get my hands on you after years of dreaming about it. After decades of wanting to crush your freakin' bones into dust, I'm gonna get my chance. I got a lot I wanna go over with you, old timer. I've got all kinds of stuff you never showed me, John, so I'm gonna return the favor and share it with you. I'm gonna teach you how to take the beating of your life.

But this isn't gonna be contained in some every day match with DQs and countouts. No way, cowboy. That's not going to end this story for us. This fight does not end until one of us is unable to continue. Both of us wants to end the other, and there's just one match that's going to give us the ending we need... If you got the stones, old man, I got the match...

[Casey leans forward, staring into the camera again...]

CJ: Outlaw. Rules.

You think you can handle that, old timer? Let's me and you dance the dance we were destined to at SuperClash. Let's bring the world down around us and when all is said and done, one of us stands victorious, and the other is a broken mess.

It's the only way for men like us. Just know that I don't plan on riding into the sunset.

Outlaw Rules, Hardin. Show me that you still got the guts.

[Casey reaches over and jams a finger into a key on the keyboard. The shot abruptly cuts 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...

The "ACCESS 365" logo flashes across the screen as we see Michelle Bailey dragging Kelly Kowalski and Kylie Kujawa by their wrists into a room, then slamming the door shut behind her. There is a fury in the veteran's eyes that we're not accustomed to seeing from her, and as Kelly begins to protest...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[... she is met with a hard slap to the face by Michelle. Kelly jerks her head back towards Michelle, but Michelle puts up a hand, and shouts for possibly the first time since her AWA comeback began.]

MB: Enough! Stop! I just need us to talk!

[Kelly's face turns bright red with rage as Kylie starts to snicker. Michelle turns towards her, her voice returning to the calm tone we're accustomed to.]

MB: Oh, you think that was funny?

Kylie: Oh, yeah!

[Michelle tilts her head.]

MB: Tell me how funny it was.

Kylie: It was great! She was goin' to try and tell you off, like she's smart enough to even think of words that got more than four letters, and...

[Michelle waits no longer, unleashing a similarly hard slap to Kylie's face, causing Kelly's eyes to widen in shock. Kylie's eyes start to water as she looks at Michelle, her lower lip quivering.]

MB: Still think it's funny? Because I don't.

[Kylie rubs her cheek as Michelle turns to Kelly.]

MB: I don't think a thing about what just happened out there is funny. Laura Davis' team at SuperClash has five killers on it. Because the two of you can't get it together, I just got pinned by the only one that doesn't meet that definition.

[Michelle sighs, reaching up and peeling her face shield off as Kelly glares.]

MB: Look. I get it. You didn't ask for any of this, you didn't ask for Kylie to come after you. You especially didn't ask Kylie to do what she did out there. But all I've heard about you, all I've heard from you is that you want to main event SuperClash someday. If you let yourself get sidetracked like this, well...

[Michelle throws her hands up in frustration.]

MB: You see what happens? I'm never going to hear the end of it from Donna, either. She's going to be bragging about this for ages. Kelly, you've got too much potential to let it get flushed down the toilet like this, because there's dozens of hungry women who would love your spot. They would love to send you back to fighting in bars in New Jersey, or wrestling in warehouses on YouTube. Maybe back down in CCW or P*WIN at best, if you're lucky.

[Michelle turns her attention to Kylie.]

MB: And you. You used to call me, crying, asking me why promotions wouldn't take you.

[Michelle flicks Kylie's forehead.]

MB: It's because you don't listen! You just don't listen to anything anyone tells you! You've been telling anyone who will listen about how you and I have a bond.

[Michelle holds up her pinky.]

MB: You invoked one of these and got me to trade away Ayako for you. But have you listened to a single thing I've asked of you for the last two months?

[Michelle pauses, waiting for an answer. Kylie looks at the floor, unable to look her "big sister" in the eyes.]

MB: Did I ask you to show up here, to attack Kelly at every turn, to jump her tonight? Huh?

[Michelle pokes Kylie's shoulder.]

MB: Answer me!

[Kylie shifts uncomfortably.]

Kylie: No.

MB: No, I didn't. And when I asked you to stop, you kept doing it. Why?

[Kylie chokes back tears.]

Kylie: ... I thought I was helping.

[Michelle shakes her head and sighs.]

MB: Kylie. I'm an adult. I can fight my own battles. And...

[Michelle motions between herself and Kelly.]

MB: This wasn't a battle. I told you at least a dozen times, it was an accident! And you just wouldn't listen, would you? You think I need someone to defend me, and I don't. I appreciate that you care about me, but I didn't need you to come in here trying to hurt Kelly. All you've done is take what should have been a situation where we shrugged our shoulders and said it's part of the sport, and blown it way out of proportion.

[Kelly seems unsure of how to take this scene as it unfolds in front of her, as Kylie tries to hide her face. Michelle, face shield now dangling from her wrist, puts her hands on her hips.]

MB: Well, now what. Now what do we do, huh? Because Kelly here wants to beat the brakes off of you. You put her through two months of torture, and it's hard to say she doesn't deserve a fair crack at you.

[Michelle looks at Kelly and sighs.]

MB: We can't let this go into SuperClash. I'm not going to have a repeat of this when we get to Dallas.

[Michelle taps her foot.]

MB: I know what we should do. Let's just get it all out of our system, shall we? I bet I can get you two matched up on Power Hour next week. If I can make it happen, and if you two want to beat the daylights out of each other, go for it. Be my guest. But that's the end of it. I need that to be the end of it, understand?

[Michelle sighs.]

MB: I need both of you on the same page at SuperClash. Please. I need you both, for what Laura did to my daughter.

[Kylie, body convulsing, bursts into tears as she runs from the room. Michelle sighs, waiting for a beat, before sticking her hand out to Kelly.]

MB: Do we have a deal?

[Kelly stares at Michelle's hand.]

Kelly: Ain't you goin' to go after her?

[Michelle frowns.]

MB: She always does that after getting tough love. She'll be fine once she has time to think about it and calm down. Sometimes it's the only way I can get through to her. And look... I'm sorry it got to this point. She kept saying she understood, and clearly she didn't.

[Michelle puts her hand down.]

MB: And I'm sorry for slapping you too, a moment ago. What I said about you having potential, it wasn't just me saying it to calm you down. You've got talent. It's just... you're one of the most stubborn people I've ever seen. I'm not trying to say I know better, I just wish there was a way that I could help you understand that

there's more than one way to do things other than charging straight ahead. I tell you to get your stuff together because I don't want to see you become another "what if" story.

[The two stare at each other for a moment, before Kelly slightly nods.]

Kelly: Tell Kylie she's in for a long night next week.

MB: And that's it, right?

Kelly: If she learns her lesson.

[Michelle nods.]

MB: That's all I can ask for.

[Michelle thinks about offering the handshake again, hesitantly raising her hand, but instead leaves the room. Kelly waits until the door shuts, then grabs a chair and throws it against the wall...

...and with another flash of the ACCESS logo, we get another backstage shot - this one of Derrick Williams in the locker room. He's seated in front of an open locker actively texting on his phone when the sound of footsteps interrupts. He raises his hand, at first seeming to wave hello.]

"Think fast."

[But instead, he catches a beer can thrown to him by the man walking into frame, Hannibal Carver.]

DW: What's the occasion?

[Carver smirks as he pulls a beer can from the six pack he's holding in the crook of his arm.]

HC: Today's one of those days of the week that ends in "day".

[Williams nods as Carver cracks his beer open.]

HC: So, I got the word from up top. They're giving me power to choose someone for the team to beat the hell out of Korugun once and for all.

I told them I choose you.

[Williams blinks, visibly surprised.]

DW: You chose me? Stegglet went for that? Hell, MARTINEZ went for that?!

[Carver nods.]

HC: Wasn't happy about it... neither of 'em. The thing is, I said I can trust you in there to fight on our side and put this whole damn thing to rest. What I need from you right now, is to hear that I wasn't telling them some fairy tale.

[Williams pauses, staring up at his mentor with a determined look.]

DW: Castillo has been screwing me over since Day One. Despite knowing I was getting messed with, I gave him every chance to not... well, be him. Like Vasquez said, he wants loyal monsters, not questioning generals. Korugun hasn't been my

favorite, and it's pretty clear that the company's direction under Castillo is... untenable.

Getting to send them packing and putting them out of our misery...

[Williams slowly nods.]

DW: Yeah, I'm in.

[There's a big reaction from inside the arena at this bit of "breaking news."]

DW: You "legends" got your fourth. Just so we're clear though, and I'm sure Ryan and I will have to have some face time before then... I'm not doing any barbecues, no coordinated team uniforms or intros... just showing up, going in when my number is called, and fighting for the team. Once we vanquish the baddies, I go back to my less than savory self.

[Carver lifts his beer can.]

HC: I'll drink to that.

[Williams chuckles.]

DW: Come on, you'll drink to anything.

[Carver nods as he takes another sip. Williams pops the top of his beer as Carver points his index finger at him.]

HC: I trust yeh, kid. And I trust yeh know that if yeh prove me wrong and burn me...

[Williams nods at the implied threat.]

DW: I'm not patient enough to play THAT long of a game yet. I want Korugun gone. And I don't want you coming after me... not in that mood. You have my word, Hannibal. From bell to bell, I'm on your side... their side...

[He shrugs.]

DW: ...our side.

[Carver nods as Williams raises his can.]

DW: To possibly ending our careers in a blaze of glory.

[Carver scoffs.]

HC: Cheers.

[Carver and Williams hit the two beer cans together 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 we fade up to a flash of the ACCESS logo where we find "Hotshot" Stevie Scott and Max Magnum coming through the curtain into the Chimpanzee Position - obviously right after their encounter with the Bryants earlier on. Magnum is red-faced and rubbing the back of his head as Stevie Scott tries without much success to keep him calm.]

HSS: MAX! MAX! Save it for SuperCl-

[Magnum picks up a nearby trash can, hurling it with a grunt into the wall, showering anyone nearby with garbage. Scott winces at the action, putting a hand on Magnum's shoulder.]

HSS: Take it easy, big man! You want Bryant, right?! You don't want to do anything stupid and get suspended, right?!

[Magnum snaps his head up to glare at Scott's implication that he's being "stupid." Stevie grimaces, taking a step back. There's a brief staredown before it's broken up by a voice calling out.]

"After all these years, never doubt a Bryant's ability to piss someone off."

[Scott turns towards the voice, his eyes rolling as he does. Magnum turns as well, his eyes flashing with anger.]

HSS: Really? You? You've got perfect timing.

[The camera reveals a smirking Juan Vasquez leaning against the wall.]

JV: Always have.

[Magnum steps towards Vasquez but Scott quickly whips around him, getting between Magnum and Vasquez.]

HSS: Uh uh... no way. No chance! We're NOT throwing away a match worth THIS much money on some stupid locker room scuffle! You hear me, Max?!

[Magnum is fuming mad, smoke practically pouring from his ears as Vasquez smirks at him.]

JV: That's right, big man. I don't fight for free anymore. Besides, I'm here to see the Hotshot... not you.

[Magnum again tries to get at Vasquez but Scott is able to keep him back.]

HSS: Max... MAX! Go back to the locker room... please!

[The hulking mass of humanity finally turns away, knocking over a nearby table as he storms past.]

JV: Whew. I wouldn't want to be the Bryants at SuperClash.

[Vasquez pauses, thinking for a moment.]

JV: Actually, I wouldn't ever want to be the Bryants.

[He shrugs as Scott turns to face him.]

HSS: Is that why we're here? To trade witticisms?

[Vasquez chuckles.]

JV: Seems to me you've already lost all your wits since you've agreed to stand with Stegglet at WarGames.

[Scott sneers.]

HSS: Still trying to make the AWA great again, huh?

[Vasquez shrugs.]

JV: Somebody's gotta do it.

HSS: You? Castillo?

[Scott scoffs.]

HSS: Now, if you'll excuse me-

[Scott turns to exit but Juan reaches out, grabbing him by the arm.]

JV: We're not done talking.

[Scott angrily shakes his arm free.]

HSS: We've got nothing left to say... amigo.

[Scott exits, leaving his former rival/ally behind...]

...and with a flash of the ACCESS logo, we're back to a live shot of the Charlotte crowd, cheering loudly as the camera pans across them.]

GM: Tensions running high backstage here at the Spectrum Center with SuperClash just 19 days away and...

[To the buzzing of what sounds like household electronics being tortured, the lights in the arena dim, then cycle through blue, green, and red hues AS "The Business of Emotion" by Big Data blares to life.]

GM: Oh no, not again...

[Once again, Sandra Hayes and Kerry Kendrick make their way down to the ring. Hayes' "resting smug face" seems to have only gotten more conceited as the night has carried on.]

GM: Fans, earlier tonight we saw Sandra Hayes and her "Self Made Man," Kerry Kendrick set a trap with an assist, one has to assume, from John Law and Jeff Matthews.

BW: Well, I'm sure John Law and the Madfox saw that Kerry Kendrick was about to be victimized by Supreme Wright... especially after he sent that decoy Supreme Wright out there to try and soften up the Foundation.

GM: ...Decoy Supreme Wright?! That was the South Philly Phighter, who has been a known Kendrick flunkie for weeks now-

BW: Quiet, Gordo. Miss Sandra Hayes has something she wants to say here.

[In the ring, Sandra Hayes has her sparkling pink bat over her shoulder in one hand, and a microphone in the other, although her stance conveys all the petulance of having both hands firmly planted on her toned hips.]

MSH: Well, Supreme, I hope you realize now, that you can say that this is your ring all you want... but I always win.

And you can try to defend the honor of the spoiled little brat Theresa Lynch, but I'm sure you'll find out the hard way that's there's not a lot there worth defending.

[The crowd jeers the slight of Theresa as Hayes grins at their response.]

MSH: And as for the topic of hosting the all-new Power Hour, as well as the production of Saturday Night Wrestling going forward, I have a few changes that I want to see made-

[Kendrick interrupts Hayes with a palm on her shoulder.]

KK: Babe... If I may... I have a few things I have to address myself.

[There is an uncomfortable tension in the ring. The fans are not in the mood for it, chanting something that could rhyme with "grass mow" if you wanted to explain it to your kids.]

KK: As cathartic as what you did on Fright Night was... as good as it's been to see the Lynch princess get what she's had coming for years...

[Hayes eagerly bites her bottom lip in a sick grin.]

KK: ...as much as I enjoyed watching Supreme Wright step on a rake out here earlier... well, the sad fact of life is that I have to ask:

How does this get me closer to the AWA World Championship, Sandra?

[Hayes' grin fades into an adolescent pout as she plants her hand on her hip.]

KK: After that trainwreck in Regina, you promised - you said it was a lock - that you would have me as challenger for the World Title at SuperClash! And who is challenging? Brian James! And Supernova! Supernova again! I won the Rumble, not him!

[Hayes tries soothing Kendrick with some nauseating babytalk.]

MSH: Kerry... Bubblegum...

KK: Don't you, "Bubblegum," me, babe!

[Kendrick scowls and points an index finger in her pouting face.]

MSH: Baby! I've got a plan in place for the Tenth Anniversary! Think of it: From the opening match of the first show to the Main Event ten years later!

[Kendrick spins away, throwing his arms up in frustration.]

KK: The Tenth Anniversary?! That's next year! I'm sick of waiting, Sandra! Sick of it!

[He wheels around, pointing an accusing finger at his "main squeeze."]

KK: YOU'RE supposed to be focused on getting me what I deserve - the AWA World Title around this glorious waist...

[Kendrick gestures to his own body to jeers from the crowd.]

KK: ...and instead, you're screwing around with Theresa Lynch!

[Kendrick seems fairly agitated now.]

KK: Who gives a DAMN about Theresa Lynch?!

[The crowd jeers loudly again as Hayes looks concerned over this shift in Kendrick's demeanor.]

MSH: Babe, I-

[Kendrick interrupts, shaking his head.]

KK: No, no... everything's been going to HELL since Regina and you're preoccupied with a damn announcer! I'm not even booked for SuperClash! The biggest night of the year and I'm sitting on the damn sidelines and...

[Kendrick pauses again, taking a few deep breaths.]

KK: You know, Sandra... maybe...

[Kendrick nods thoughtfully.]

KK: Maybe I was wrong about you.

[The crowd cheers at this new-found tension. Sandra screeches "SHUT UP!" at them, turning back to Kerry, closing the distance and putting her hand on his chest.]

KK: Maybe you AREN'T the secret to my success at all... maybe you aren't-

[The fans cheer as another presence appears on stage in a t-shirt and leggings, her inch-long hair styled into a boyish brush cut. She has a microphone of her own and is enjoying the meltdown in the ring.]

"RIC-KI! RIC-KI! RIC-KI!"

[Toughill waves at the cheering crowd, a grin on her face as Kendrick and Hayes turn towards her. She waves playfully at them too.]

RT: Oh, don't mind me. You two never did.

[Kendrick angrily points and shouts at Toughill, spittle flying from his mouth.]

KK: YOU! You're the cause of all this, Ricki!

[Ricki looks on with fake shock, mouthing "WHO, ME?"]

GM: Oh, who's preoccupied now?

BW: Call John Law! We need that security back out here! Kendrick is working hurt and she may be closing in for the kill!

[Toughill raises the mic again, looking down at the duo as she walks towards the ring.]

RT: Miss Hayes, Kendrick turning on you may have caught you off guard, but it's very familiar to me.

Sandra, he needs you to handle the threats posed by your old associates like Supreme and Johnny Detson – without you he wouldn't have stood a chance against either of them.

[Hayes turns slightly, eyeballing Kerry Kendrick whose ire has turned towards the ramp now.]

RT: Y'see, once "Duh Self Made Moron" is done with you... he'll throw you to the curb like that... *snort* Bubblegum. Not that I wouldn't enjoy seeing that-

[Kendrick angrily interrupts, spotting Hayes' pensive look in his direction.]

KK: Don't listen to her, Sandra! She's trying to gaslight you because she wants to get back into my corner. She's washed! She knows that now she's back in the AWA without me on her side, she's nowhere near the competitor she used to be, and now she wants to come crawling back to my side!

[The crowd cheers as Toughill laughs on the mic.]

RT: Kerry... for real? The only circumstance I'd want to be back by your side would be to thwack you over the noggin with that Barbie bat, give you a Power Wedgie, and doodle crude drawings on your face with a magic marker!

[A loud cheer from the fans who are clearly into that idea.]

RT: And I'm not giving you this warning because I'm on your side, Miss Hayes; no, far from it. What were you thinking, Sandra? Throwing Theresa Lynch off the stage?

[Hayes swings back around, glaring at Toughill now.]

MSH: Oh, it didn't do you any harm when you went off the stage at SuperClash. You were able to-

[Ricki angrily interrupts.]

RT: Any harm?! DIDN'T DO ME ANY HARM?! I woke up the next morning with a bruise the size of a dinner plate on my back! It took me three hours to get out of bed and get dressed on Black Friday! Every morning since, when I wake up, my left arm goes pins and needles for an hour!

I'm not complaining: I've made that bed of nails for myself. I am 34-year-old woman who genetics determined should be carrying well water on a yoke for 5 miles every day, and I've been paying the price for a dozen years of leaving parts of my anatomy on concrete floors!

But Theresa Lynch? She is an announcer! She's just a kid... well, to me she's a kid anyways... and she's nicer than all three of us put together, you miserable bilge rats!

[Sandra's jaw drops at the insult. Kendrick puts an arm over her shoulders for comfort.]

RT: And why? For what? Kerry's already let us know he didn't call for the hit... so it's all on you... and because you thought it was funny, right?

[Hayes' petulant eye roll and tongue click would indicate the affirmative.]

RT: You've been getting away with it for years, because you could. No one has been able to put you in your place. Even if the fine you paid was a hundred thousand dollars, you'd just borrow it against the ownership group... which is where those funds would end up, right back where they started!

Sandra, no one has ever been able to put you in your place, so I'm suggesting you show a little...

...ovarian fortitude, and-

[The crowd is buzzing. They know what is coming.]

MSH: No! No! Absolutely not!

[Ricki puts up a pleading hand as she draws near ringside.]

RT: You're not letting me finish!

What I'm suggesting is: I have a clause in my new contract that says that if I waive certain rights and privileges, I can have any kind of match I want at SuperClash.

And Kerry, if you're so bent out of shape about not having a date for SuperClash...

[The buzzing is even louder as Hayes and Kendrick begin huddling up and conspiring.]

RT: I will take on the both of you! I want to get my hands on BOTH of you!

[The crowd reacts - mostly cheers but some concerned buzzing as well at what Toughill is proposing.]

GM: Ricki Toughill against Kerry Kendrick AND Sandra Hayes? Sandra Hayes is going to step into the ring?

BW: That's news alone, Gordo - but Toughill is willing to fight Kerry Kendrick?! She's crazy!

[After a few more moments of huddled discussion, the power couple seem to have come to an agreement.]

KK: Alright, Rick.

[He pauses.]

KK: Conditionally... you're on!

[The crowd ROARS as Toughill grins, pumping a fist in celebration.]

GM: That's it! Incredible, I cannot believe it.

BW: I can't believe Toughill wants to do this!

[A smirking Kendrick steps towards the ropes, looking down on Toughill.]

KK: You saw that new DDT I've worked on, and I cannot wait to introduce you to it. I'm tired of you claiming credit for where I am today.

[Hayes nods, stepping forward to rest her arm on her man's shoulder.]

MSH: That's right, if you want a handicap match so bad, you'd better-

[Toughill interrupts.]

RT: Uhhhhh... Actually...

[Ricki interrupts with a wry grin.]

BW: Oh, is she backing out already? I knew it! Kendrick called her bluff!

[Ricki shrugs.]

RT: Since we're already breaking ground with me climbing in the ring with you at SuperClash, your ol' pal Javier said he wasn't really into the idea of a two-on-one handicap match too.

When I told him I wanted to do this - and surprisingly, ever since you shoved him down on Fight Night, he's been VERY cool with the idea of me doing this...

[The crowd cheers as Kendrick steams.]

RT: ...he told me that I had to have a partner.

[Kendrick already seems to know who it is and his expression changes suddenly.]

BW: A partner? Who in the world would-

[Static.]

GM: OH MY!

[The fans erupt as Terry Shane III bursts through the curtain, walking with purpose down the aisle towards a grinning Toughill as Kendrick angrily kicks the ropes. Hayes' jaw drops, shaking her head as her former charge quickly makes his way down the aisle.]

GM: Are you kidding me?! Terry Shane and Ricki Toughill versus Kerry Kendrick and Sandra Hayes at SuperClash?!

BW: That's not fair at all! Sandra's not a wrestler! This isn't fair!

GM: You had no problem with it when it was a handicap match!

BW: But... but... that was a wrestler and a non-wrestler against a wrestler... this is two wrestlers against a wrestler and a non-wrestler! This isn't right, Gordo!

GM: Sandra Hayes' big mouth may have just written a check that her body can't cover, fans!

[Reaching ringside, a grinning Shane shares a quick fist bump with Toughill just before he blows a quick pink bubble in solidarity as Toughill pats him on the shoulder.]

GM: The Self Made Man and Sandra Hayes are going to SuperClash to face the unlikely duo of Ricki Toughill and Terry Shane! This is unprecedented!

BW: This should not be allowed! Sandra Hayes isn't a wrestler, and Kerry Kendrick's knee might as well have a bullseye on it!

[Miss Hayes and Kendrick react with consternation in the ring as the fans cheer in anticipation.]

MSH: THIS ISN'T RIGHT! THIS ISN'T FAIR AT ALL!

[Hayes' tantrum is in full effect as Kendrick buries his face on the top turnbuckle, obviously upset with the events of the last few moments...

...so he's completely out of the picture as the cheering grows even louder!]

GM: WAIT A SECOND! WAIT A SECOND!

[Hayes lets another volley go as Shane and Toughill's eyes get wider.]

MSH: TERRY, HOW CAN YOU DO THIS TO ME?! HOW COULD YOU DO THIS AFTER ALL WE'VE-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: THERESA LYNCH IS HERE WITH AN EQUALIZER OF HER OWN!

[Theresa Lynch loses her grip on the chair in her hands as she doubles over clutching her collarbone, still smarting from her fall last week.]

BW: She wasn't supposed to be here!

[At the sound of the chair, Kendrick whips around, eyes go wide as he spots Theresa Lynch standing over Sandra Hayes...

...and then bails to the side as Lynch takes another wild swing with her good arm at Kendrick, who is bundling the wailing Sandra Hayes out of the ring!]

GM: Kendrick bails out - taking Hayes with him and...

BW: WHAT THE HELL, MYERS?! WERE YOU IN ON THIS?!

GM: Oh, be quiet, Bucky! I had nothing to do with this!

[Shane and Toughill try to restrain the raging Theresa Lynch, who is also sporting an impressive shiner around one eye.]

GM: Our colleague Theresa Lynch... she has not been cleared to even do INTERVIEWS for tonight. You can see she is in a lot of pain.

[Theresa holds her arm to her side. Obviously swinging the chair caused more pain to her neck and shoulder. Ricki Toughill tries to calm her down, while Terry Shane watches Kendrick and Hayes return up the aisle.]

GM: Theresa Lynch out of nowhere with that steel chair across the back of Sandra Hayes and after what went down on Fright Night, I can't be-

[With her good arm, and some effort, Theresa picks up a discarded microphone.]

TL: I! WANT! IN!

[Lynch grimaces as she spikes the mic down on the canvas. Shane looks over his shoulder in disbelief. Toughill's eyebrows go up in surprise at the proclamation as the Charlotte crowd ROARS in shock!]

GM: WHAT?! SHE WANTS IN?!

BW: In?! In what?! What the heck are we talking about?!

GM: Theresa Lynch has just DEMANDED that she be added to this mixed tag team match at SuperClash, Bucky!

BW: Oh, these Lynches... these damned Lynches...

[Shane and Toughill are both speaking off-mic to a defiant and fuming Theresa Lynch now 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 fade back up backstage where Mark Stegglet is standing with Ryan Martinez. The AWA's White Knight is in his ring gear and there is a look of intensity and determination on his face.]

MS: We are back here LIVE on Saturday Night Wrestling where we're all still reeling over what we just heard out there in the ring... but in just a few minutes, the man standing by my side... you, Ryan Martinez... are going to be stepping into a steel cage with a man who has made it his mission to make your life miserable for the better part of a year. I'm talking about El Presidente himself, Javier Castillo.

[Martinez nods.]

RM: You know, Mark... ever since Castillo made his little announcement, I've heard this buzzing all around me.

How can Ryan Martinez get into a steel cage with a man who isn't a wrestler?

How can a former World Champion take on a man who weights ninety pounds soaking wet?

How is it honorable for a wrestler to fight a civilian?

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: Those do seem like fair questions.

[Martinez shakes his head.]

RM: Under other circumstances, maybe. But Mark... Castillo has earned the beating that's coming to him.

[The crowd inside the arena cheers loudly at this proclamation.]

RM: And I don't care if he's nothing but a suit. I don't care if he's not a fighter. I don't care if he's less of a challenge than Allen Allen with two legs and his arms tied behind his back.

Like you said... for months, Castillo has gone out of his way to make my life a living hell. And it doesn't just end with me. Look what he's done to Supernova. Look what he did to Jack Lynch. Look what he's done to every man and woman on this roster who dared to stand up to him. You ask me if its honorable?

Kicking Castillo's ass is going to be a real honor.

[Stegglet is taken aback by the uncharacteristic profanity.]

RM: Tonight, I've got one goal. I want to remind Javier Castillo that I am my father's son. But not just Castillo.

Everyone on Team Korugun.

Because at WarGames... I'm coming to put this whole sad saga to an end. An end to Korugun, an end to the nonsense. And an end to a man I thought I ended last year.

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: Team Korugun is one thing. But I have to imagine you're concerned about your own team.

[Martinez lets out a long breath and nods his head.]

RM: It's no secret that I don't trust Derrick Williams. And if I distrust Derrick Williams, then there isn't even a word for how I feel about Stevie Scott.

But I know one thing, Mark... and that's this...

[Before Martinez can finish his thought, a PA in a black "AWA" t-shirt wanders into the frame, a cell phone in his hand. Stegglet looks annoyed as he addresses him.]

MS: We're live here, pal... what are you doing?!

[The PA ignores Stegglet, looking at the White Knight.]

PA: I'm very sorry. But Mr. Martinez... this call is for you.

[Martinez frowns.]

RM: I'm a little busy right now, maybe you noticed. And after this, I need to go to the ring.

[The PA seems reluctant to say more but goes on.]

PA: It's... it's from your sister.

[Martinez looks from the PA to Stegglet and back again before nodding his head.]

RM: Mark... I'm sorry. I have to take this.

[Without hesitation, Martinez takes the phone, and wanders out of the frame. The last thing we hear is a faint "hello?" before we cut back to a confused Mark Stegglet.]

MS: His sister?

[Stegglet's words are the last as we fade out to the ring where the massive steel cage has been lowered into position. It's at least twenty feet tall - maybe even more. A solid black color, the skin-tearing mesh gleaming in the arena spotlights as the crowd buzzes over what they're looking at.]

GM: There it is, fans. The tallest steel cage I've ever seen for sure.

BW: Javier Castillo doesn't do anything small, daddy.

GM: In mere moments, the AWA President - El Presidente, Generalissimo Castillo, call him what you will - will step inside that massive steel structured with the AWA's White Knight and former World Champion, Ryan Martinez, in what should be... well, a one-sided slaughter.

BW: Way to hype it up, Gordo.

GM: I'm sorry. Many times I'm called upon to sit out here and truly witness the greatest action our sport has to offer. Many times I've truthfully described something as a Main Event anywhere in the world. I've seen hard-fought battles where tremendous physical specimens do battle with great determination and resilience. Tonight... this is a sham. Tonight... this is going to a beating of colossal proportions and...

[Gordon chuckles.]

GM: ...and I can't wait to see it. Rebecca Ortiz, let's not make me wait any longer, my dear. Take it away.

[We fade to inside the cage-enclosed ring where the lovely ring announcer is standing.]

RO: The following contest is your MAIN EVENT of the evening!

[The crowd ROARS!]

RO: It is a STEEEEEEEEEEL CAAAAAAAAGE MATCH!

[Another ROAR!]

RO: There are no countouts... no disqualifications! The only way to win is by pinfall or submission!

[Ortiz pauses for a moment.

As the audience quiets, there comes over the loudspeakers the light tinkling of synth music which makes the crowd unquiet in a hurry.]

GM: Listen to the ovation!

[The synth music gives way to the pounding of drums, and after the first drumbeat, fans begin stomping their feet in time to the music.]

#This is a call to arms, gather soldiers
Time to go to war#

RO: From Los Angeles, California... weighing in at 255 pounds... he is the White Knight...

RRRRRRYYYYYYANNNNNNNNN MARRRRRRRTIIIIINEZZZZZZZZ!

#This is a battle song, brothers and sisters
Time to go to war#

[Ryan Martinez emerges at the top of the entrance ramp, wearing a black hoodie, the hood pulled up over his face. He steps down to the center of the entrance ramp and pauses, throwing his head back, to reveal his face. He pauses, looking out over the crowd.]

GM: Two-time World Champion and the man who will help lead the AWA's army into WarGames in 19 days against the Korugun Army with the future of this very company at stake!

[As the crowd cheers him wildly, Ryan gives them a single nod, and then races down to the ring, coming to a halt as he nears the massive steel cage standing before him. Martinez slowly looks up, taking a long look up to the top of the towering structure. He reaches a hand out tentatively, wrapping his fingers in the mesh and giving it a couple of pulls.]

GM: This is not the same cage he'll enter for WarGames but it is dangerous nonetheless.

BW: Absolutely, Gordo. You said it yourself - I've never seen a cage this big. Occasionally, you see cage matches where the people involve climb the cage and jump off... not this one.

GM: I should think not unless someone wants to risk permanent injury. However, the good news with a cage this big is that we shouldn't see any outside interference coming over the top of it. No one - not even Castillo's soldiers - would risk that, Bucky.

[Martinez unzips his hoodie, tossing it back into the crowd where a feeding frenzy erupts over the unexpected souvenir. The White Knight wears a pair of short black trunks, black boots with white laces, black knee pads with a white "X" in the center of the knee, and a long, black pad on his right arm that extends from the middle of his forearm to just under his armpit, the elbow portion of it heavily padded. Both wrists are tapped with glossy black tape. He climbs the steps, moving inside the cage for the first time to louder cheers from the Charlotte fans. Moving to mid-ring, he bounces up and down, waiting for his opponent to arrive as the chorus of "Vox Populi" the last of his music reverberates through the arena.]

#This is a call to arms, we own the night
This is a battle song, we own the night#

GM: Ryan Martinez is ready for battle here tonight... and from the look in his eyes, you gotta believe he's also ready for war at SuperClash.

[As the White Knight waits inside the unfriendly confines of the "biggest, baddest steel cage ever constructed," we fade backstage where Mark Stegglet is standing alongside the AWA President, Javier Castillo, who is certainly dressed for battle in a pair of black athletic pants, a gray sweatshirt with the Korugun logo splashed across it, his fists expertly taped (likely by someone other than himself), and a backwards black hat. He's worked up a pre-match sweat and is throwing decent looking shadowboxing punches as the camera comes up on him.]

MS: Moments away from our Main Event and I've gotta ask the question on everyone's mind, Mr. Castillo - are you ready for this?

[Castillo throws one more decent looking right cross before coming to a halt, sneering at Stegglet.]

JC: Stegglet, you insignificant little troll... you're no better than your uncle, you know that? In fact, when I put your uncle out of a job at SuperClash, I have a good mind to leave you out on the street alongside him.

Of course I'm ready! You know the phrase "I was born ready," right? Well, that's me. I was literally born ready. Born on the streets in a poor little nothing town in Mexico with not a dollar to my family's name but with this...

[He points to his head, tapping his temple.]

JC: ...and with these.

[He holds up the aforementioned taped fists.]

JC: And with those, Mark Stegglet, the Castillo family went from rags to riches... from nothing to somebody... from...

[He smirks.]

JC: ...the Stegglets to the Castillos.

[Castillo chuckles, throwing a few more punches as Stegglet retakes the mic.]

MS: Be that as it may, Mr. Castillo, but I'm not alone in thinking that this steel cage challenge to Ryan Martinez is more than a little bit reckless. After all, you're not a trained professional wrestler. Do you really think you can pin a former World Champion? Make him submit?

[Castillo glares at Stegglet.]

JC: No.

[Stegglet's brow furrows as he shakes his head.]

MS: I don't understand.

JC: Obviously. You've inherited your uncle's lack of strategy.

You see, Mark... you and your peers on the Internet think I've gone mad. You think I'm suffering from delusions of grandeur and that I'm planning to go toe to toe with Ryan Martinez... hold for hold... that I'm going to outgrapple him, put him down, and pin his shoulders. Or perhaps wrap him up in an inescapable submission hold and make him scream "I QUIT! I QUIT!"

[Castillo chuckles.]

JC: No, I'll save that for my Army on Thanksgiving Night.

[Stegglet shakes his head again.]

MS: But if you know you can't pin him and you know you can't make him submit...

[Castillo sighs.]

JC: I can see I'll have to spell this out for you, Mr. Stegglet. So I will. Inside the biggest, baddest steel cage ever constructed, there will be no disqualifications... there will be no countouts... in fact, I will go so far as to guarantee to you, Mr.

Martinez, and the whole world watching that not a single member of the Korugun Army will get involved...

I will not pin Ryan Martinez.

I will not make him submit.

[Castillo raises a finger.]

JC: But I will beat him nonetheless, Mr. Stegglet... because this steel cage match will be conducted under Escape The Cage rules!

[Castillo grins as he turns to walk away, leaving Stegglet behind.]

MS: Escape The Cage?! That means the first man to have his feet touch the floor is the winner! Maybe... just maybe... under those rules, Javier Castillo stands a chance against the World Champion. Gordon, Bucky... back to you...

[Inside the cage, Ryan Martinez shakes his head in disgust at the last second rules change.]

GM: A last second change of plans here by Javier Castillo. This match will now be Escape The Cage... and that makes things very different in there in terms of strategy, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely. No pinfalls. No submissions. You just gotta get out. Get through that door - or God forbid, go over the top - and have both feet touch the floor. Castillo's still got the odds against him but that makes things much more interesting, Gordo.

[Martinez is conversing with referee Ricky Longfellow as the lights fade down...

...and with the sound of a large jungle cat ringing out over the PA system, "La Cama de Piedra" by Cuco Sanchez creeps across the PA system to an explosion of jeers!]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent... from Mexico City, Mexico... he is the AWA President... he is the General of the Korugun Army...

He is...

JAAAAAAVIERRRRRRRRR CASSSSSTILLLLLLOOOOOOO!

[El Presidente slithers through the curtain out onto the stage, dressed as we saw him moments ago. A huge grin is plastered on his face as he lifts his arms to even louder jeers, John Law and MAWAGA stepping from backstage to join him.]

GM: The AWA President has arrived for his steel cage match against a two-time former World Champion... and no, I cannot believe that statement just came out of my mouth. It's a disgrace if you ask me... but as you can see, Castillo isn't coming out here alone. Always got his thugs by his side.

[Castillo takes a few steps down the ramp... and then comes to a halt. He turns to face Law and MAWAGA, speaking to both men.]

BW: What's this about now?

[And after a few moments, both Law and MAWAGA turn their backs to Castillo, walking back up the ramp and disappearing through the entrance tunnel to a confused murmur from the fans.]

GM: They're leaving?

BW: Maybe an apology is in order, Gordo. The boss sent them on their way - he wants to do this all on his own!

GM: Well, I'm as surprised as anyone else by that decision.

[Castillo continues his walk down the ramp, a sleazy smile on his face as he heads towards the massive cage. As the General of the Korugun Army draws closer, he raises his arms to gesture to the cage.]

"LOOK AT IT! IT'S BEAUTIFUL!"

[Castillo reaches ringside, walking over to the mesh and pressing his hands up against it, looking in at Martinez who is eagerly waiting for him to arrive.]

GM: Ryan Martinez lying in wait for the Generalissimo... but Castillo doesn't exactly seem to be in a big hurry to get in there, Bucky.

BW: He's taking his time... plotting his strategy...

GM: Making sure his insurance is paid up... looking for a referral for a chiropractor...

BW: Gordo, your enthusiasm at seeing the AWA President beaten up by Ryan Martinez-

GM: Should come as absolutely no shock to you, Bucky. You and I... we've been here since Day One... we've seen the likes of the Southern Syndicate... Percy Chiles and the Wise Men... the Axis... all try to take this place over... all try to reform this company in their image... but no one... and I mean no one... has done more damage to this historic titan of a promotion than that man right there. And if he wins at WarGames, he will burn this place - this place that you and I love with all of our hearts - to ashes. Do I want to see him get his tail kicked? You bet your ass I do!

BW: GORDON!

[Castillo starts to walk around the cage, keeping his eyes on the waiting Martinez as he does...]

GM: Javier Castillo taking his time getting in there like we said... maybe trying to get inside the head of the former two-time World Champion...

[Castillo grabs a handful of mesh, giving it a yank as he keeps on walking. He smirks in Martinez' direction, slapping his hand against the cage a few times with a loud "MAR-TI-NEZ!" that gets the crowd jeering again.]

BW: I'm not sure if this is the best idea, Gordo. Martinez is already hot under the collar and ready to do damage against the AWA President and now Castillo's out here taunting him.

[The AWA President strolls closer to the entrance of the cage, Martinez waving a hand to beckon him in...]

GM: Martinez wants him in there in the worst way...

[Castillo comes to a halt by the open cage door, slowly nodding as he eyeballs Martinez from the floor...

...and then steps one foot up on the steel steps leading to the open door.]

GM: Here we go!

[Castillo goes up another step, grinning broadly at Martinez.]

"You want me in there, White Knight?"

[Martinez waves him in again as Castillo reaches up, grabbing the cage door with his hand...]

GM: Get in there!

[Castillo pauses, looking in at the former world Champion...

...and then throws a dismissive gesture at him, hopping off the steps and down on the floor to even louder jeers.]

"I'll get in when I'M ready!"

[The general of the Korugun Army grabs the cage with both hands, shaking it back and forth a few times, nodding his head.]

BW: The boss seems to be pretty happy with this cage he custom ordered for tonight - the biggest, baddest steel cage of all time.

GM: Far more happy than he does at the idea of getting INSIDE it.

[Castillo turns his back on the cage, shouting at some ringside fans holding up a sign that reads "EL POLLO LOCO!" with his photo underneath it.]

GM: Now he's fighting with the fans. This is ridiculous, Bucky. He made this challenge and now... what is this?

BW: Hey, he's entitled to get in there whenever he wants.

GM: Is he?

BW: You gonna tell him to-

GM: HEY! GET IN THE CAGE, CASTILLO!

[The AWA President glares at Myers, pointing a threatening finger at him as he leans down, pulling up the ring apron...]

GM: Castillo's looking for something now... oh jeez.

[The crowd jeers as Castillo pulls a steel chair out from under the ring, holding it high...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

[...and SLAMS it into the side of the cage...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"CLAAAAAAAAAANG!"

[Martinez continues to glare at Castillo as he lowers the chair, looking in at the former World Champion.]

GM: What? Is that supposed to intimidate the White Knight?

[Castillo takes a step back, looking up...]

GM: What's he...?

BW: Look out!

[...and attempts to hurl the steel chair over the wall of the cage, falling far short as the chair hits the wall of the super-sized cage and comes flying right back down towards Castillo who frantically bails out of the way, causing the chair to clatter to a halt on the ringside mats!]

GM: Give me a break.

[Castillo looks around nervously... and then gets agitated as he hears the howling laughter of the AWA faithful for the failed throw.]

GM: He tried to toss that chair in but the cage is too tall for that and...

[Martinez smirks at the fuming Castillo who is now threatening the ringside fans for laughing at him...]

GM: Castillo's lost it! We thought his sanity was fraying heading into this but now he's really snapped!

[He gets up into the face of a ringside fan who is more than happy to trade words with the AWA executive.]

GM: He's fighting with the fans now - fighting with anyone except the man he challenged to fight him here tonight! He wants NO part of Ryan Martinez!

[Castillo twists angrily away from the fans, marching over to the side of the cage where he reaches up, wrapping his fingers into the mesh...]

BW: Are you kidding me?! He's gonna climb this thing!

[He goes to pull himself up...

...and then drops down, waving his hands at the cage, heading back towards the door again...]

GM: First smart move of Castillo all night.

[Castillo steps up on the steel steps again, eyeballing Martinez as he angrily steps on the second step. He points a threatening finger at Martinez before putting his foot on the mat...]

BW: Can't start the match until both men are in and... almost there now, Gordo.

[The AWA President stands with one foot on the mat for a few moments...

...and then again turns away, hopping off the steps, waving his hands at the waiting Martinez...]

GM: Oh, come on!

[...who finally decides he's waited long enough!]

GM: HERE COMES THE WHITE KNIGHT!

[Castillo is out on the floor, still taunting the ringside fans when the loud ovation warns him something is up. He whips around to look and his eyes go wide upon seeing Martinez heading in his direction, ducking through the ropes...]

GM: MARTINEZ IS COMING FOR CASTILLO!

[Ducking out of the cage, Martinez comes out onto the floor, breaking into a run as Castillo starts running away from him!]

GM: Look at him run! Castillo's running for his life out here!

[Castillo is flying around the cage as Martinez chases after him.]

GM: Castillo's running and Martinez is running right after him!

[The AWA President goes a full lap around the cage, slowly just slightly to scoop up the steel chair he almost dropped on his own head moments ago.]

BW: He's got the chair... and right up the steps he goes!

[Castillo, chair in hand, ducks into the cage, going through the ropes, wheeling around as Martinez tries to come in after him...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

[...and smashes the chair into the opening of the cage, nearly catching Martinez flush in the face!]

GM: SWING AND A MISS!

[Martinez, having narrowly avoided the chair, steps back onto the steel stairs, fuming mad as he tries to get in again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

[...and has to drop back again as a smirking Castillo smashes the chair into the steel once again!]

GM: Martinez is trying to get in but Castillo's trying to keep him out!

[Martinez drops off the stairs onto the floor, pacing angrily alongside the cage as a gloating Castillo beckons him inside...]

...and with a turn, the White Knight wraps his fingers inside the steel mesh halfway down the wall!]

GM: HE'S GONNA CLIMB THE CAGE! MARTINEZ IS GONNA CLIMB THE CAGE!

[Martinez does indeed start to climb the cage, getting a few feet up the side...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

[...and is forced to drop back down as his fingers just BARELY avoid being smashed with a steel chair!]

GM: He went for the hands! Castillo trying to break the fingers of the former World Champion!

[Martinez angrily smashes his hands into the side of the cage as Castillo grins madly.]

GM: What a son of a...

BW: Watch it, Gordo.

[The White Knight reaches up towards the cage again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

[...and withdraws, shaking his head at Castillo.]

GM: Castillo refusing to let Martinez into the ring... into this massive steel cage towering over us...

[Martinez turns back to the steps, starting to climb up them as Castillo sizes him up...]

GM: LOOK OUT!

[...and HURLS the chair towards Martinez' head!]

GM: OH!

[But Martinez manages to avoid it, the chair flying past him, hitting the cage door opening as it clatters down to the floor...]

BW: UH OH!

[Martinez turns back towards Castillo who is shocked he missed the throw, his jaw dropped as he sees Martinez looking at him...]

...and the referee stops Martinez to say something to him, a move that distracts the White Knight just enough for Castillo to come rushing in, grabbing the cage door with his hand...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the crowd reacts as Castillo YANKS the cage door inward, smashing it into the back of Martinez' head, sending him down on his knees, just outside of the cage opening!]

GM: Castillo... that dirty snake... he took advantage of the distraction and-

BW: Look! Look! He's dragging him in, Gordo!

[Castillo grabs Martinez' wrist with both hands, pulling him through the ropes to bring him inside the cage.]

GM: They're both inside the cage now and-

[Castillo waves a hand at Longfellow who pauses a moment before...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: What?! Martinez is down on the mat!

BW: Yeah, but they're both in the ring and the boss says let's go!

[Castillo pulls Martinez a couple more feet into the cage, looking around wildly as the crowd reacts at the match starting in this fashion. The AWA President grins as he grabs Martinez by the hair, dragging him up off the mat to his feet...]

GM: Castillo pulls him up and...

[Castillo breaks into a run, rushing towards the wall of the cage...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SLAMS Martinez' head into the side of the steel cage!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[Martinez staggers backwards from the headfirst clash with the steel mesh, falling down to the canvas again as the crowd jeers...]

...and with both hands, Castillo points to the cage door!]

"OPEN IT UP!"

[The jeers get even louder as Castillo starts sauntering over towards the cage door as the referee opens it up, giving the AWA President a path to victory.]

GM: Remember, this is now Escape The Cage rules. Castillo doesn't have to pin Martinez! He doesn't have to make him submit! He just needs to get out of the cage first!

BW: He's gonna do it, Gordo!

[Castillo is almost to the corner when suddenly he can't move. The crowd cheers as Castillo twists around, spotting a crawling, lunging Martinez wrapping his arms around the legs of the AWA President to prevent his escape from the cage.]

GM: Martinez caught him! The White Knight won't let him go!

[A frantic Castillo twists his body around, slamming his fists down on the head of Martinez, trying to fight his way free from the former World Champion as the crowd roars for Martinez!]

GM: Martinez has got him and Castillo can't do a damn thing about it!

[Martinez works his way to his feet, standing near the cage door with Castillo who is now flailing with both arms, trying to get free as Martinez grabs him by the hair, pulling him away from the corner to mid-ring...]

GM: Out to the center of the ring and...

[...where Castillo lashes out, stabbing a thumb into the eye of Martinez!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: CASTILLO GOES TO THE EYES!

[Castillo frantically twists around from the temporarily-blinded Martinez and shouts at the official...]

“OPEN IT NOW! OPEN THE DAMN DOOR NOW!”

[Castillo rushes towards the corner as the referee slowly opens the cage door again.]

GM: Castillo’s trying to get out! Martinez can’t see him!

[The Los Angeles native is desperately wiping at his eyes, trying to clear his vision...

...and as he does, he spots Castillo near the open door again, starting to duck through the ropes as the crowd screams their collective warning to the White Knight!]

GM: Castillo’s almost there! He’s almost-

[But again, Martinez rushes forward, grabbing Castillo by the waist of the pants with both hands. Castillo’s eyes bulge again, trying to drag himself through the cage door, his fingers tangling up in the mesh as he fights to get out of the cage and win the match...

...but a yank from Martinez pulls Castillo free, dragging the struggling executive away from the cage door and out to the middle of the ring...]

GM: Castillo couldn’t get out! He couldn’t make it to the outside and-

[Twisting him around, Martinez lifts Castillo up into the air...]

GM: SCOOP SLAM!

[The crowd ROARS for the simple but effective move as Castillo grabs at his back in pain, howling in agony as Martinez stands over him, eyes boring down into the man who has strived to ruin his career and life for months now.]

GM: Martinez with the big slam... Castillo’s down and hurting...

[Castillo’s pleas of “no, no, no” are heard as Martinez leans down, grabbing a fistful of black hair as he hauls him back up to his feet...]

GM: He’s gonna do it again!

[...and lifts him right back up in his powerful arms...]

GM: Scoops him up...

“THUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!”

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ...and SLAMS him down a second time!

[Castillo cries out again, grabbing at his back as he rolls over onto his stomach, the crowd roaring for the big slam. Martinez nods his head at the crowd, pointing to them.]

"This is for all of you too!"

GM: Ryan Martinez exerting payback for his friends... for the fans... and for himself right here tonight as he makes Javier Castillo pay for his arrogance - the incredible arrogance to challenge a former World Champion to a steel cage match!

[Martinez slowly leans down, grabbing that dark hair again, using a fistful of it to drag a hurting Castillo off the mat, looking him dead in the eyes...]

GM: Martinez has him up again... another slam?

[But the crowd ERUPTS as Martinez lifts his free arm, pointing at the wall of the cage...]

BW: Oh no.

GM: Oh hell yes! Do it, kid!

[...and then rushes across the distance to the wall...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...before LAUNCHING Javier Castillo facefirst into the steel mesh, his face smashing into the skin-tearing metal before flying backwards and crashing down on the mat in a heap!]

GM: CASTILLO GOES FACEFIRST INTO THE STEEL AND I'M GONNA SAY IT AGAIN BECAUSE DAMN IT FEELS GOOD... JAVIER CASTILLO GOES FACEFIRST INTO THE STEEL!

[Castillo is face down on the mat, arms up over his head as Martinez slowly walks around him, stalking him like a wounded animal as the crowd is still roaring for the big crash into the steel!]

GM: Martinez has got him down... but not for long.

[The White Knight leans down, grabbing a handful of hair, pulling Castillo's head up...

...and revealing a stream of crimson pouring down the face of the AWA President!]

GM: Oh my! Javier Castillo has been BUSTED open, fans!

[Martinez nods at his handiwork, turning the barely-standing Castillo around for all of the AWA faithful to see...

...and then walks him across the ring, pushing Castillo's face against the steel mesh...]

GM: Wait one second here... AHHHH!

[The crowd reacts with horror as Martinez rakes Castillo's face back and forth on the mesh, the steel digging into the AWA President's flesh as Castillo screams in pain!]

GM: MARTINEZ IS TAKING HIS POUND OF FLESH AND LEAVING IT ON THE STEEL HERE IN CHARLOTTE, FANS!

[With the blood now streaming even more, Martinez shoves the staggered Castillo away, sending him staggering towards the corner where he collapses into it, wrapping his arms around the top rope to stay on his feet...]

GM: Castillo's battered, he's bloodied... and we may be moments away from adding "beaten" to that list!

[Martinez backs off to the opposite corner, keeping his eyes on the barely-standing Castillo who is across the ring from him...]

GM: Castillo in one corner... Martinez in the other!

[The White Knight gives a hard slap to his leg... and then breaks into a charge across the ring towards the wounded Castillo...]

GM: YAAAAAAKUUUUUUUUZAAAAAAA!

[...swinging his leg up towards an unmoving Castillo...]

...who pushes himself out of the corner, collapsing down on all fours as Martinez rockets past him!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: He missed! He missed the big kick!

BW: Castillo MADE him miss, Gordo! What a counter by the boss!

GM: Give me a-

[Martinez grabs at his leg, wincing at having missed the big running kick in the corner.]

BW: Martinez is hurt! If Castillo sees it, he'll-

GM: He'll what?! Slap a figure four on him?! GIVE ME A BREAK!

[The bloodied Castillo stays on all fours, crawling across the ring, tiredly waving a hand at the official...]

GM: Castillo's heading for the door again! He's waving for the door to be opened...

[Grimacing, Martinez gives his leg a couple stiff slaps before he steps out of the corner, walking across the ring after Castillo...]

GM: Castillo's trying to get out but Martinez trying to beat him there!

[Martinez steps right behind Castillo, looking down on him...]

...and then leans down, wrapping his arms around the waist of Castillo.]

BW: Uh oh.

[Castillo's eyes go wide again as he claws at the mat, trying to throw himself towards the open cage door which is still several feet away.]

GM: Castillo's desperately trying to get out of there! He wants out of this cage in the worst possible way, fans!

[With a grunt, Martinez lifts Castillo to his feet, putting him on his feet...]

GM: WAISTLOCK!

[...and then takes him up and over, dumping Castillo on the back of his head and neck with a German Suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GERMAN SUPLEX BY MARTINEZ!

[Martinez keeps his hands locked around the torso of Castillo, rolling back up to his feet, having to give a jerk to keep Castillo from falling back down to the mat...]

GM: He's not done, Bucky!

BW: This is getting hard to watch, Gordo.

GM: Speak for yourself, old friend.

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The limp form of Castillo goes crashing down hard into the mat a second time with a second German Suplex, the AWA President's head and neck colliding violently with the canvas!]

GM: Make it two! A pair of rolling Germans and Javier Castillos is wishing he'd never heard of the American Wrestling Alliance right about now, Bucky!

BW: Enough is enough, Martinez! Let him go!

[But the AWA faithful have other ideas as a chant breaks out.]

"ONE MORE TIME!"

"ONE MORE TIME!"

"ONE MORE TIME!"

[And as Martinez rolls up to his feet, still holding the waistlock on the general of the Korugun Army...]

GM: Martinez hanging on as they get back up... and you know what these fans want!

[Martinez looks to the chanting crowd, nodding his head as Castillo exhaustedly reaches out his arms...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and then the White Knight takes the AWA President over "one more time," dumping him down on the back of the head while letting go of the waistlock on the final throw!]

GM: THREE GERMAN SUPLEXES BY MARTINEZ!

BW: That's gotta be it, Gordo.

GM: Castillo hasn't budged an inch since he hit the mat.

[Martinez gets up off the mat, looking down at the motionless and bloodied Castillo with a nod...

...and then gestures for the cage door to open to a big cheer!]

GM: Martinez calls for the door to open... here we go... first one out wins this and Ryan Martinez is on his way...

[The former World Champion reaches the corner, ducking through the ropes. He nods to the fans as he puts one foot out on the steps to exit...

...and then pauses as the crowd starts shouting at him.]

GM: What in the...?

BW: These bloodthirsty savages want more, Gordo!

[The chanting Charlotte crowd makes it crystal clear.]

"WE WANT MORE!"

"WE WANT MORE!"

"WE WANT MORE!"

[Martinez pauses, hands on his hips as he looks at the chanting crowd...]

GM: These fans want more! They're not done with Castillo!

BW: It's not their call!

[The former World Champion slowly turns back towards the ring, looking at the downed Castillo...

...who slowly and weakly raises an arm, his hand sticking up into the air...]

GM: Castillo lives!

[...and then raises the middle finger on that hand!]

GM: Oh dear god.

[Martinez clenches his jaw, shaking his head...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAANG!"

[...and steps back inside the cage, slamming the door behind him as he looks across at the prone Castillo, the crowd roaring at the decision to inflict more punishment!]

GM: Martinez is back in... the fans have demanded it and the White Knight plans to deliver!

[Stepping to mid-ring, Martinez reaches down to grab Castillo by the hair, dragging the bloodied AWA President to his feet, shoving him back into the corner.]

GM: Martinez puts him in the corner..

[Grabbing Castillo's sweatshirt with both hands, Martinez gives a mighty yank, ripping the front of the sweatshirt away to reveal Castillo's bare torso.]

GM: And I think we know what comes next, fans!

[Martinez looks up and around at the roaring Charlotte crowd, giving a nod of the head...]

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

GM: MACHINE GUN CHOPS!

[Martinez pauses, taking a breath, as the fans chant for more. Ever a man of the people, young Ryan obliges. This time, the barrage of chops is slower, as is the fans' chant.]

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

[Martinez steps back, watching as Castillo - now with a bloody chest to match his face - goes stumbling out of the corner..

...but Martinez hooks him by the hair, shaking his head as he drags Castillo out to the middle of the ring...]

GM: What's he...?

[...and right into a front facelock!]

GM: Uh oh! And if we knew what was coming with the chops in the corner, we DEFINITELY know what's coming now!

[And the crowd, previously distracted by the action in the ring, starts to react loudly to the sight of someone down at ringside...]

GM: FAWCETT?! Where the heck did he come from?!

BW: I didn't even see him! Was he down here the whole time?

[“Doctor” Harrison Fawcett is now prominently displayed near the ramp, looking up into the ring at Ryan Martinez...

...and he slowly raises his right arm, showing the very familiar crystal known as the Eye of Tyr clutched in his hand. Martinez shakes his head at Fawcett.]

“It won’t work on me, Fawcett!”

[Fawcett can be seen muttering under his breath, a sheen of sweat on his forehead, an obvious look of exertion on his face...]

GM: Fawcett’s got that crystal in his hand... Martinez says it won’t work on him and-

[Martinez slings Castillo’s limp arm over his neck...]

GM: He’s going for the Brainbuster! He’s gonna drop Castillo on his-

[Suddenly, the crowd reacts - first in confusion... then in shock...]

BW: GORDO! GORDO!

[...as the ring’s mat actually starts to rip apart before their very eyes, a large hole developing as an even larger man comes up through it into view!]

GM: OH MY GOD! TORIN! IT’S TORIN THE TITAN!

BW: We haven’t seen him for-

GM: TORIN IS IN THE RING AND-

[The seven foot giant is through the hole, standing on the canvas...

...and the crowd’s reaction warns Martinez who whips around, shoving Castillo aside, and into the ropes...]

GM: MARTINEZ SEES HIM!

[An alarmed Martinez moves towards the towering Titan...]

GM: Torin The Titan is in the cage and-

[...who reaches out with both hands, wrapping his massive paws around the throat of the former World Champion...]

GM: DOUBLE CHOKE! TORIN’S GOT HIM BY THE THROAT! HE’S GOT MARTINEZ BY THE THROAT!

BW: WHY?!

[A quick cut to Fawcett may show exactly why as he clutches the gem, his eyes locked on Torin The Titan who steps to mid-ring, Martinez in his grasp...

...and lifts him skyward, holding him high for all in Charlotte to see...]

“THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!”
“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: CHOKESLAM!

BW: No, no... that's no chokeslam, daddy! That's the Firebomb! That's Ryan's father's own move!

GM: TORIN PLANTS MARTINEZ!

[We cut to the bloodied Javier Castillo leaning against the massive cage, a gleeful expression on his face as he shouts "AGAIN! DO IT AGAIN!" towards his apparent new ally...]

GM: Torin The Titan just drove Martinez down into the mat and...

BW: And you can hear Javier shouting "again... again..."

GM: The Titan's pulling him up, Bucky... I can't believe what we're seeing...

BW: Well, believe it, daddy! And while you're at it, you better believe that this has gotta be the fifth man! Torin The Titan has gotta be the fifth man on Team Korugun for WarGames!

GM: Oh no... I didn't even... oh, please no...

[Dragging a limp Martinez to his feet, Torin wraps his hands around his throat a second time, coldly looking out on the jeering crowd...]

GM: He's got him again! He's got him trapped in those powerful hands and-

[The seven foot giant lifts Martinez up into the air a second time...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Make it two! A second Firebomb PLANTS Martinez into the canvas! Good god almighty!

[Still on his knees, the bloodied Castillo cackles madly at the sight of Martinez motionless on the mat...

...and then gives a wave of his hand towards the stunned referee at ringside.]

GM: Oh, you've gotta be... Castillo's telling Longfellow to open the cage!

[The shocked referee obliges, swinging the door open as Torin The Titan steps towards the kneeling Castillo, towering over him...

...and then leans down, lifting the General of the Korugun Army into his massive arms, cradling him like a baby as he strides across the ring towards the open cage door...]

GM: No, no... not like this for goodness' sake.

[Torin lifts Castillo over the ropes, setting him down so that his feet land on the top of the ringsteps. Castillo grabs the cage, holding himself up as he steps down onto the middle step...

...and then - as he lets go of the support of the cage - the bloodied AWA President falls forward off the steps, his feet slapping the ringside mats as he collapses to the outside!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Son of a bitch.

BW: GORDON!

GM: I can't help it, Bucky. I just can't do it anymore.

[The crowd reacts in shock, almost a hush falling over the crowd as Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

RO: Here is your winner...

JAVIERRRRRRR CASTILLLLLLLLOOOOOOOOO!

[The boos pour down from those who've regained their voices but many stand and stare in shock as Castillo forces himself to a seated position, thrusting his arms over his head in triumph.]

BW: Your winner! Javier wins! He beats Martinez!

[The boos get louder as Castillo's grinning bloody face fills the video screen.]

GM: Look at him. Like he did something himself. Like he didn't use yet another one of his thugs to-

BW: A giant-sized thug!

GM: Whatever. This no good piece of trash with his league of monsters has struck again and why the hell should ANY of us be surprised. This... right here, fans... this is what you have to look forward to if Korugun wins at WarGames. There will be no one to stop them. They'll roll over this company until every title is held by them... until every piece of glory belongs to them... they'll get rid of anyone who stands against them. And I'm not gonna stand for it. Not at all. If they're here... I'm damn sure not, I'll tell you that.

BW: Gordon, don't get-

GM: Bucky, all night long I've let you try to settle me down... to keep me under control so I don't piss off the wrong people. Well, THEY'VE pissed off the wrong person now, Bucky. I'm sick of this crap. And I'm not alone. Ryan Martinez, Hannibal Carver, Stevie Scott, Derrick Williams, and whoever else they've got... they've got the fight of their lives in front of them at WarGames with Juan Vasquez, Morgan Dane, John Law, Derek Rage, and Torin the damn Titan. So much at stake. The heart and soul of this company. The future of this company. You think this company survives with Korugun unchecked? The hell it does, Bucky. The hell it does.

BW: Gordon...

GM: And look at this garbage now... look at it!

[Castillo has managed to crawl over to the ring, wrapping his fingers around the mesh to drag himself to his feet...]

"FINISH HIM!"

[Torin gives a lone nod as he reaches out, grabbing the door with his massive hand and SLAMMING the cage door shut behind him.]

GM: Oh my god. "Finish him." Castillo says jump and these monsters say "how damn high do you need me to go, boss?"

[The towering Titan turns back towards Martinez who is struggling, trying to get up off the canvas to defend himself as Fawcett and Castillo continue to control the returning giant...]

GM: Torin The Titan standing over Ryan Martinez... Martinez can barely move right now and-

[Torin reaches down with a mighty hand, yanking Martinez off the mat with ease. He scoops him up, pressing him up over his head...]

GM: Dear god... what's he gonna do now? What in the world is he gonna do now?!

[The seven footer holds him overhead in a massive gorilla press...

...and then with a couple of steps towards the side of the cage, he HURLS Martinez through the air, sending him crashing into the wall!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The impact of Martinez' entire body slamming into the cage wall causes the cage to shift violently before sending Martinez falling back the other direction, crashing down HARD on the canvas!]

GM: He threw him! He threw him into the side of the cage like he was tossing a ball into the wall! Good god almighty!

[Torin The Titan stands over Martinez again, raising his arms over his head to the roaring jeers of the Charlotte crowd...

...and to a screeching bellow of "CRUSSSSSH HIM!" from Castillo on the outside!]

BW: And they're STILL not done! Castillo says to crush him! Castillo wants Martinez CRUSHED... and this isn't about beating him anymore, Gordo! This is about taking the White Knight out of SuperClash!

GM: It's about-

[The strained voice of Castillo interrupts, mic in hand.]

JC: NO HEROES! NONE! ANYONE WHO WALKS THROUGH THAT CURTAIN IS FIRED! FIRED! FIIIIIIRED!

[Castillo whips around, flinging the microphone through the air right at Gordon Myers' head.]

GM: OH!

[There's a few moments of silence from the announce team as Castillo shouts off-mic at Myers.]

"YOU WANT TO TALK SH-"

[The audio cuts out completely now as the bloodied Castillo screams at Gordon Myers, then turns back to the ring where Torin has pulled the dazed Martinez off the mat again just before the audio comes back.]

BW: -okay, Gordon?

GM: I'm fine, Bucky. I'm fine.

BW: You're... I think you're bleeding, buddy. Hang on.

[Inside the cage, Torin The Titan holds the dazed White Knight on his feet, staring down into his eyes...

...and then suddenly reaches out with both arms, enveloping Martinez' torso in a crushing grip!]

BW: That's a... Torin with a bearhug... Gordon, are you...?

GM: It's a bearhug alright. Ryan Martinez trapped in a damn bearhug by this... the king of all monsters, Torin The Titan!

[The massive giant is squeezing the life out of Martinez who cries out, his face etched in agony as he flails at the head, neck, and shoulders of the Titan who doesn't seem to feel any of it.]

GM: Torin The Titan... at the bidding of... what? Javier Castillo? Harrison Fawcett? Who the hell knows at this point? He's trying to take out Martinez! He's trying to take Martinez - the heart and soul of Team AWA - out of WarGames!

[Torin has Martinez' feet dangling off the mat as he continues to squeeze... and squeeze... and squeeze...]

GM: Torin's trying to break the ribs... injure the back, the sternum, who knows...

[The mighty Titan ragdolls Martinez back and forth, swinging him to and fro as Martinez is helpless to resist...

...and the crowd starts buzzing.]

GM: You can hear the fans here in Charlotte... obviously concerned... very concerned for the physical well-being of Ryan Martinez...

[Torin stops swinging Martinez as he wraps his arms tightly around the White Knight's torso again, causing a scream of pain to emerge from Martinez as the crowd's buzzing gets louder...]

GM: You heard Castillo - if anyone comes out here to help Martinez, they're fired! Ryan's got no one to help him! No one to save him from this!

[...and louder...]

BW: GORDO! GORDO!

[...and still louder...]

BW: LOOK UP THERE!

[The camera cuts to the top of the cage where we see a familiar face climbing as quickly as they possibly can...]

GM: Is that... it is! It is! IT'S SHADOE RAGE! SHADOE RAGE IS CLIMBING THIS DAMN GIANT CAGE!

[While many in the crowd have seen him... and the announcers have now seen him... it does not appear that anyone in the cage nor at ringside have seen him...]

GM: SHADOE RAGE IS... MY GOD, HE'S STANDING ON TOP OF THIS DAMN TWENTY FOOT CAGE, BUCKY!

BW: No one in their right mind would climb this damn thing... so there's no wonder it's Shadoe Rage who is doing it!

[Rage raises his arms over his head, turning the buzzing into a deafening roar as Javier Castillo finally looks up, shock in his eyes...]

GM: ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

[...and Rage leaps from his way too high perch, clasping his hands together as he comes plummeting downwards...]

GM: DEATH FROMMMMMMM AAAAAAAA...

[...and SMASHES his hands down in a double axehandle on the skull of Torin The Titan!]

GM: ...BOOOOOOOOOVVVVVVVEEEEEEE!

[The crowd ERUPTS in a shocked reaction as Shadoe Rage hits the canvas, his legs immediately collapsing under him as he screams out in pain...]

...and Torin The Titan immediately falls backwards, flat on his back, unmoving from the blow delivered from an unthinkable height!]

GM: TORIN'S OUT! TORIN'S OUT!

[Martinez falls to his knees, clutching his ribs as his jaw drops at what just happened. His eyes drift from the motionless Titan to the wailing Shadoe Rage who is grabbing his knee in pain!]

GM: We've got bodies everywhere! Martinez' ribs are hurt... Shadoe Rage... my god, what kind of damage could he have done to his knee jumping off this twenty foot cage?!

BW: HE KNOCKED OUT THE GIANT! HE KNOCKED OUT THE DAMN GIANT, GORDO!

[Javier Castillo is staring into the ring, his eyes wide with disbelief at the scene before him...]

GM: Castillo can't believe it.

BW: I can't believe it, Gordo! Shadoe Rage just... what the hell did he do to his knee? He may have just risked his damn career for... for Ryan Martinez?!

[A shocked Martinez grimaces as he pulls himself to his feet, waving an arm towards the back frantically...]

GM: Martinez is calling for a stretcher out here for Shadoe Rage.

BW: Better get a forklift for the Titan while you're at it... he ain't goin' anywhere for a while!

[The steel cage starts to ascend once more, being lifted into the air as Martinez kneels down next to a screaming Shadoe Rage who is clutching his knee in torment.]

GM: Martinez checking on Shadoe Rage... he realizes what Rage risked to help him there...

BW: Gordo, Shadoe Rage didn't come through the entrance! He came through the crowd!

GM: And?

BW: Javier said he'd fire anyone who came through the entrance! Shadoe Rage just outsmarted Javier Castillo!

GM: I... well, I think you're right, Bucky.

[The cage continues to go up as the AWA medical team comes jogging into view, pushing a rolling stretcher between them.]

GM: Here comes the stretcher now... the AWA medical staff coming to help Shadoe Rage...

[Martinez puts a hand on Rage's shoulder, shaking his head in disbelief as Rage cries out again, biting his own lip so hard that he causes a trickle of blood to drip down his chin.]

GM: Look at Martinez now... rolling Rage out to the stretcher, trying to get him out of here...

[The former World Champion quickly gets Rage under the ropes onto the stretcher where the EMTs secure the former Television Champion in place and start moving up the ramp with him. Martinez jogs alongside the stretcher in obvious discomfort as he cradles his ribs with the other hand.]

GM: And look at this... Ryan Martinez is helping take Shadoe Rage back to the locker room where we're told an ambulance is waiting for him. Fans, I don't know what kind of damage might've been done there but...

BW: It's gotta be bad, Gordo. I've NEVER heard Shadoe Rage scream in pain like that.

GM: You've gotta wonder if we may have just seen the final Death From Above from Shadoe Rage. The man has seemed bulletproof - indestructible at times in recent years... but Mother Nature and Father Time never lose. Could we be seeing the end of Shadoe Rage right here?

[The stretcher disappears through the entrance...

...and then we cut to a shot backstage where the EMTs and Martinez are jogging down a hallway...]

GM: Backstage now... trying to get Rage to that waiting ambulance...

[They round a corner, the cameraman jogging after them until the ambulance comes into view.]

GM: Out at the loading dock now... that ambulance is ready to take Shadoe Rage to the nearest hospital for examination...

[A few moments of silence from the announcers as Ryan Martinez helps the EMTs get the stretcher carrying Shadoe Rage loaded into the back of the ambulance. The doors slam shut as Martinez looks on, shaking his head. As Martinez watches the ambulance driving off, he's approached by Mark Stegglet.]

MS: Ryan, I can't believe what we just saw out there. Yes, of course, we're all concerned for Shadoe Rage right now. That death defying leap... that career risking leap...

[Martinez nods, cradling his injured ribs.]

MS: I'm sure you're incredibly grateful for that considering...

[Stegglet gestures to the ribs.]

MS: But even with all that on your mind, you've gotta be concerned. Torin The Titan joins Team Korugun. Juan Vasquez, John Law, Morgan Dane, Derek Rage, and Torin The Titan against yourself, Hannibal Carver, Derrick Williams, and Stevie Scott! You're still a man down, Ryan!

[Martinez grimaces, nodding his head as he grabs at his ribs.]

MS: What are you going to do?!

[Martinez draws a deep breath and looks up the sky, before he looks back at Stegglet.]

RM: Something I didn't want to do. Someone I didn't want to ask. But I've got no choice now.

Mark... I've got it covered.

[Martinez smirks.]

RM: And they'll never see this coming.

Count on it!

[And with a grin on his face, Martinez hobbles out of view, leaving a curious Mark Stegglet behind as we fade to black.]