



# IX SUPERCLASH

NOVEMBER 23, 2017

ROGERS CENTRE  
TORONTO, CANADA

GEORGIA DOME  
ATLANTA, GEORGIA

## **PART TWO**

## **PART THREE**

## **PART FOUR**

## **PART FIVE**

[A black screen.]

White text appears on behalf of the AWA legal team to inform you of the penalties involved if you happen to do things with the Pay Per View that you're about to watch that you shouldn't.

From that, we fade 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."

[Back to black for a moment.]

We slowly fade up to a black and white shot of a grand piano sitting in the middle of an empty room. After a few moments, two men walk into the room, both wearing black tuxedos. Their footsteps are all that we hear at first as they're shot from behind, walking towards the piano. One of them speaks.]

"After all these years, how did I never know you play the piano?"

[The questioning voice is that of the Dean of Professional Wrestling announcing, Gordon Myers, a soft chuckle punctuating the question.]

"You never asked."

[The answer comes from his longtime friend and colleague Bucky Wilde who seats himself on the piano bench, making a show out of cracking his knuckles.]

BW: You ready, ol' pal?

[Myers pauses at a standing mic at the end of the piano, biting at his lip, taking a deep breath, and giving a nod. Bucky returns the nod and then places his hands on the piano's keys, tickling the ivory to the opening notes to Guns N' Roses' "November Rain" - a tradition for this show for as long as it has been running. The camera zooms in on Gordon's face - tired, weathered, but still with a smile as he begins to speak.]

GM: For decades, the biggest day of the calendar year for the professional wrestling business was Thanksgiving night.

[The music continues as do Gordon's words.]

GM: It was the night when all the biggest stars came out.

The night when all the biggest matches were held.

[Myers' smile is infectious, bringing joy to the viewer at home as they prepare for the biggest night of the year for the AWA. We cut to Bucky for a moment who is also grinning at his friend.]

GM: The night where careers were built and legends were made.

And the night where the memories that last a lifetime were formed.

[Gordon takes a long exhale at the end of that line, blinking his eyes a few times and nodding his head quietly as Bucky continue to play softly.]

GM: On this night, the AWA returns to those days for the biggest event of the year. It is SuperClash...

...and it has arrived.

[Gordon pauses, looking over to his friend as the music ends.]

GM: Not bad, huh?

[Bucky chuckles.]

BW: You'll always be the best.

[Bucky rises from his seat, reaching out an arm to shake his old friend's hand as they walk out of the room, softly laughing and talking with one another as we fade to black...

...and then slowly back up. It is what appears to be an aircraft hanger of some kind. There is an elevated stage with a podium on it backed by a giant hanging banner with the Korugun logo on it. What appears to be dozens of soldiers stand before it, facing the stage so that their faces are not visible.

Cut to a closeup of the podium, also with the Korugun Corporation logo on it. From the darkened shadows behind it steps a man dressed in a military uniform and as he walks into the light, we can clearly see it is the Generalissimo of the Korugun Army and the AWA President, Javier Castillo. He places his hands on the podium, standing over the mic before speaking.]

"We came to this company almost a year ago with one goal.

Total domination."

[Castillo nods his head as there are mutterings of agreement from the assembled army before him]

"And we're close... so close.

Tonight, we are ready. Tonight, we are prepared. Tonight, we will accept no other result than...

Mission... accomplished."

[The soldiers cheer rabidly as Castillo smirks, nodding his head... and then gestures for quiet.]

"War. What is it good for?"

[Castillo's grin gets wider... dripping with evil...]

"Absolutely... everything."

[We cut to an aerial shot of the Rogers Centre...]

"On this night, the wars within SuperClash are too big for one city..."

[...and the Georgia Dome.]

"...so we've taken over two with the most intense... most violent... most brutal fighting you have ever seen."

[Cut to a shot of the Shot Callers stomping Landon Grant into the canvas until City Jack comes rushing into view with a baseball bat in hand.]

"Fighting over family pride..."

[Then to a shot of Rufus Harris and Travis Lynch tangled up outside the ring.]

"...fighting over who is better..."

[And then Jeff Matthews locking a Fujiwara Armbar on Supreme Wright.]

"...or who is best."

[Cut to Whaitiri and Odin Gunn doing battle.]

"Fighting over gold that was lost..."

[And then to Next Gen chasing the Soldiers of Fortune out of the ring.]

"...and lost..."

[And then Jordan Ohara lighting up Jackson Hunter with chops.]

"...and lost."

[To the Dogs of War trying to permanently injure AJ Martinez.]

"Fighting over money..."

[To Jack Lynch and James Lynch staring each other down.]

"...and blood."

[Cut to Sid Osborne assaulting Raphael Rhodes in the aisle before Rhodes' World Title match.]

"To new rivalries..."

[To Casey James burying his fist in JW Hardin's chest in South Philly.]

"...to the oldest rivalry of them all."

[Cut to Brett Bryant attacking Max Magnum.]

"To starting your climb up the mountain..."

[To Julie Somers moonsaulting onto Kurayami.]

"...to trying to get that one last step onto the peak."

[Cut to quick shots of the various Steal The Spotlight competitors in action.]

"The fight for the spotlight..."

[To more quick shots, this one of the action that has led to the Mixed Handicap Match.]

"The fight for... well, everything..."

[To the three men in the World Title match battling it out.]

"The fight for the biggest of prizes... the grandest of goals... to ultimate glory!"

[And finally, to the double cage being lowered into place.]

"The war for survival."

[Vasquez drops Carver with a piledriver on a ringside table.]

"For conquest."

[Torin The Titan wraps his massive hands around the throat of Ryan Martinez.]

"For carnage."

[Carver dives off a ladder onto a prone victim at Eternally Extreme.]

"For history."

["Hotshot" Stevie Scott shouts into the camera.]

"For the future."

[Derrick Williams hits a Future Shock on someone.]

"For a kingdom to rule."

[The surprise return of KING Oni from the last Saturday Night Wrestling.]

"For the biggest of first impressions."

[Jay Alana struts through the entrance on the same show.]

"For violence."

[Derek Rage delivers the Hammer of God on an opponent.]

"FOR VIOLENCE!"

[John Law drives someone down with a chokeslam...

...and then back up on the grinning Castillo behind the podium.]

"For ultimate... victory.

On this night...

We... declare... war."

[The assembled army lets loose a raucous cheer as Castillo steps back from the podium, crossing his arms with a satisfied expression on his face as we fade to black...

...and then back up on our first Pay Per View shot of the Georgia Dome. The initial shot is from high in the rafters of the famed domed stadium. From this bird's eye view, we can see a very large metal stage has been constructed with a massive video screen backdropping it and a giant "SUPERCLASH" in neon letters hanging above it.

A large archway made of the same steel mesh that will make up the WarGames double cage later in the evening frames the entryway and two smaller cages sit on either side of the entrance. The stage narrows to a smaller entry aisle but still fairly large with a ramp leading down towards the ring.

As pyro rockets towards the domed roof, we see the ramp terminates a few feet before the two rings which are decked out in all red ring ropes with a white canvas and red ring aprons with the SuperClash IX logo airbrushed on the side facing the hard camera. Black protective mats surround the ring with black metal barricades just beyond the ringside area to keep the screaming fans at bay. The timekeeper's table is pressed right up against the ring as usual.

We cut inside the ring where we see Rebecca Ortiz standing in a form-fitting red dress with the appropriate Mouse House amounts of cleavage and legs on display. She is all smiles as she raises the mic.]

RO: AWA faithful... to honor America... here to sing America The Beautiful... music industry legend... GLADYS KNIIIIIGHT!

[The Atlanta crowd ROARS BIG for a hometown favorite as she stands on the entrance ramp, smiling with a wave to the sold-out Georgia Dome crowd as the music begins to play.]

#O beautiful for spacious skies  
For amber waves of grain  
For purple mountain majesties  
Above the fruited plain!  
America! America! God shed His grace on thee,  
And crown thy good with brotherhood  
From sea to shining sea!#

[Knight holds the final note as the crowd roars their patriotic support once more before a smiling Knight ends her performance, waving both arms to the crowd as we hear the comforting sound of Gordon Myers' voice live for the first time tonight.]

GM: Gladys Knight starting things off right here tonight - honoring America in the best way possible as we welcome you - once again - to the biggest night of the year for this industry! AWA fans, we are LIVE in Atlanta, Georgia! We are LIVE in a sold out Georgia Dome with over SEVENTY THOUSAND FANS ON HAND! We are LIVE around the world on PAY PER VIEW! And we are LIVE for the Super Bowl of Professional Wrestling that we know simply as SuperClash IX!

[Gordon's words are punctuated by more explosions of pyro rocking the jam-packed dome. Bursts of red, gold, green, and blue fill the sky as the crowd somehow manages to crank the decibel level up a little higher.

The shot of the pyro cuts to a different angle from high above the ring, showing a large lighting rig structure constructed over the squared circle...

...where you can see the WarGames double cage ominously hanging for all to see.]

GM: The Georgia Dome has been the home to two Super Bowls, twenty-five Peach Bowls, and is the only stadium in the United States to host the Super Bowl, the Final Four, and the Olympics... and while it may be set to be imploded a few days from now, the AWA has come to BLOW THE ROOF OFF tonight! This crowd is on fire for what promises to be one of the greatest nights in the history of our sport. We've got titles on the line! We've got rivalries set to explode! And the level of competition has never been higher as all eyes in this business are on these rings here tonight.

[We finally cut down to ringside where we find the Dean of Professional Wrestling announcing, Gordon Myers, in a black tuxedo with white dress shirt and red bowtie. Gordon is obviously happy to be here, a grin across his face. His eyeglasses are in place. His salt and pepper hair has been styled under his headset.]

GM: Hello, fans... I'm Gordon Myers and it is my esteemed honor to be here tonight... in Atlanta... where my professional broadcasting career really took off all those years ago for Southern Championship Wrestling... and tonight I am back here once again for what just might be the biggest night yet. Of course, by my side, as he often was back in those SCW days as well is the one and only Bucky Wilde! Happy Thanksgiving, Bucky!

[The Most Colorful Color Man in the business earns his nickname on this night in very fall-themed attire with an orange dress shirt, sunburst yellow sportscoat, and dark brown slacks. Oh, and he's wearing a pair of comically-oversized sunglasses with what appear to be turkey feathers coming out of the sides.]

BW: Gordon "By God" Myers, you can feel the electricity in the air here tonight! The fans are ready! The locker room is ready! And my oh my, you better bet that ol' Big Bucks himself is ready! Are you ready, Gordo?!

GM: You know I am, old friend... but it's not just us that has to be ready because we're only half the story tonight.

BW: We better not be gettin' half the paycheck, daddy, because unlike a certain new co-worker of ours, I don't got gadgets and gizmos aplenty!

[Gordon chuckles.]

GM: The other half of tonight's huge event is taking place not just out of town... not just out of state... but out of the whole country as we've got action going down in Toronto, Ontario, Canada in the Rogers Centre as well. Right now, let's head over to our good friends in the Great White North who will be calling all the action from there - Salvatore Albano and Colt Patterson!

[We get a brief split screen showing the outside of the Georgia Dome on one side and the exterior of the Rogers Centre on the other..

...and then zoom in on the Rogers Centre shot, the crowd noise from inside the stadium being heard before we cut to the interior where red and white pyro immediately goes off as we catch a glimpse of their stage setup. They've got an ultra wide stage with a video board that runs the entire length of it. A giant LED logo with a massive "IX" in the background behind slightly less massive "SuperClash" letters hangs above the video wall.

The stage narrows dramatically to a much smaller aisle than in Atlanta with a steep ramp leading to the flattened out aisle. Just before the ramp, a large video board in the shape of a maple leaf sits embedded in the floor of the stage. Small wrestling ring carts sit at the bottom, waiting to drive our superstars down the very long aisle to the ring.



The Toronto ringside area is set up as normal with the one ring and accompanying mats, barricades, and ringside tables. We cut to a shot inside the ring where Tyler Graham is standing in a red tuxedo with a white dress shirt and tie.]

TG: Here to honor Canada... AVRIL LAVIIIIIIGNE!

[There's a wild cheer for the pop star as she steps out on stage, waving and smiling to the crowd.]

#O Canada!  
Our home and native land!  
True patriot love in all of us command.  
Car ton bras sait porter l'épée,  
Il sait porter la croix!  
Ton histoire est une épopée  
Des plus brillants exploits.  
God keep our land glorious and free!  
O Canada, we stand on guard for thee.  
O Canada, we stand on guard for thee.#

[The Toronto crowd lets loose their own patriotic pop as Avril smiles and waves once more...

...and the voice of "Big" Salvatore Albano is heard.]

SA: Yeah, it's a crazy life but you and the 6ix raised me right! The fans of Toronto are ready for a kerfuffle of world class proportions and the AWA is in the house to bring it to them tonight! We are here in the world-famous Rogers Centre - home to the Toronto Blue Jays - a stadium that has seen the World Series, the MLB All-Star Game, the Grey Cup, and in the world of professional wrestling has seen the EMWC's No Imitations Accepted, the UWF World Title change hands, and one of the most celebrated events of all time, honoring it's 20th anniversary this year - the IIWF's Ring Wars 3!

[We cut down to ringside where the appropriately nicknamed "Big" Salvatore Albano is standing by the announce table in a black tux, white dress shirt, and red tie.]

SA: Hello everyone, I'm Salvatore Albano here to call the action way up here in the 6ix for my very first SuperClash and... wow! What an incredible honor it is... what a feeling running down my spine... and when you talk about major events of wrestling days gone by... my partner here tonight knows a thing or two about all of those shows - Colt Patterson, welcome to SuperClash!

[Colt Patterson saunters into view dressed in a lime green pair of leather pants and a shimmering golden shirt with the sleeves cut out to reveal Patterson's legendary physique. He rounds out the ensemble with a black beret with a golden Eagle on the front of it.]

CP: I know something about all of those and I know something about this show as well, Albano. This is SuperClash! And you don't get a spot on this show by being some nine-to-fiver off the street... you gotta be the best in the world - the best of the best!

SA: Tonight, we'll see titles on the line, legacies on the line, and bodies on the line as the best of the best as Colt puts it collide in a clash... a SuperClash. And I can't wait to see it but right now, we're taking you right back down to Atlanta to one of the teams in our opening contest!

[We fade from Toronto back to the backstage area in Atlanta.]



W: You're looking at me?

I don't know where he is. He's your partner!

[The masked demi-god Polemos grunts his annoyance, although whether it is at his current partner Whitiri or his High Council of Justice partner Omega, who is conspicuously absent.]

W: I'm not worried about you, mate. I know you're always ready to go, and tonight isn't any exception.

But where's Omega? Doesn't he know that we're in the opening match? And that we're set to go on in a couple of minutes?

[A voice calls out from off-camera.]

"wwwwwwWhat's up, guys!"

[The weedy cub reporter for the AWA, Sebastian McIntyre glides into view in a rather too-extravagant white dinner tuxedo, a big cheesy grin on his bespectacled face.]

W: Kia o...

[And then the handsome half Maori sees who it is]

W: Oh no.

[Polemos buries his masked forehead into his massive glove.]

SMc: And welcome to SuperClash IX! Sorry, Lou. Sorry, Mariah. I just wanted to do the honors tonight as we prepare to kick off SuperClash with this dramatic Super Six-man Clash of Titanic Super Proportions when the Desperados finally face justice in the form of Whitiri, Polemos, and Omega...

[Whitiri narrows his eyes and then loudly clears his throat.]

SMc: [trying to be reassuring] ...Who will be joining us shortly. But first! Whitiri, you've been dogged in particular by the Desperados, not to mention Odin Gunn, whom you are still pursuing for the AWA World Television Championship. What do you hope to accomplish on this night here in Atlantis...-sa?

W: The name of the city is Atlanta. But since you asked...

[Whitiri looks into the camera and exhales.]

W: I've lost count. How many days, how many weeks, how many months has it been?

It was over a year ago, the first time I ever saw Odin Gunn. The FIRST time he blindsided me. I knew he was a bad man then.

But I didn't know how just how vile you were.

You waited nearly a year to get your revenge, didn't you, Gunn? You found yourself that no good piece of...

[Whitiri catches himself.]

W: ...filth, Curly Bill, to help you... to steal my title from me.

Are you proud? I kind of hope you are. Because it'll give you a good memory.

You asked me what I hoped to accomplish? It's simple.

I want to make Odin Gunn, Curly Bill and that Texas Ranger regret everything they've ever done to the three of us.

[Sebastian nods thoughtfully.]

SMc: You know it's interesting that you have taken the mantle of the Earth representative on your team... because it will be Omega bringing the thousand-mile-an-hour winds of Neptune and-

[Whaitiri sighs, the intensity of his previous words giving way to a deep annoyance.]

W: No... just... stop.

SMc: ...Polemos bringing the flames of war-

W: Look, we discussed this...

SMc: I don't remember discussing that all-...Your team could call itself "Earth Wind and Fire!"

[Polemos draws his hand back as though he wants to smash Sebastian McIntyre into the ground like a loose nail. Whaitiri pleads with his eyes to wait, and the giant responds with a sullen gesture as if to say, "you owe me one."]

SMc: And you Polemos...

[Polemos sighs, never one for talk.]

SMc: I know what you'd like to do to the Desperados. Curly Bill Webb, the Texas Ranger, Odin Gunn... You'd like to show them the real meaning of hate. Speak to them in the only language they understand: speak to them in blood. And pain. And DEATH. You'd like to twist their faces off of their skulls, peeling them away like rotten leaves on a decaying head of lettuce. You'd like to strip away everything that ever made their reputation what they think it is and leave them weeping for their mothers to protect them while you rip out their very beating hearts, crushing them in your massive mandibles so that frail mortals know the product of confronting the mighty God of War when unprepared for the dire, soul-destroying consequences to their very manhood!

[Whaitiri's jaw hangs open at Seb Mac's sudden intensity. Polemos softly clears his throat.]

P: HONESTLY, \*ahem\*... I WAS... THINKING MORE... LIKE... "CHOKESLAMs."

[McIntyre blushes with embarrassment.]

SMc: ...Yeah. Those are... yeah, those are good too. Cool.

P: ...LOTS OF CHOKESLAMs.

SMc: Okay, well I can see the defenders of justice have things well in hand-

W: Except for our missing partner.

SMc: Oh, don't worry. If I know the Neptunian. And I think I do...

[Seb Mac gives an obvious wink to both Polemos and Whaitiri.]

SMc: ...He'll be along shortly! Seb Mac, from SuperClash IX... OUT!

[McIntyre steps out of frame. Polemos emits another exasperated sigh.]

W: He'll be along shortly? It better be very shortly...

[Omega suddenly appears from the other side of the frame. Even Polemos seems startled by his rapid reappearance.]

O: wwwwwWhat's up, teammates? What are standing around here gawking for? We've got us some Desperadoes to bring to justice.

[The Neptunian turns to Polemos scoldingly.]

O: Big guy, for a God of War, you are just yak-yak-yak-yak-yak. Come on, Citizens... TO THE RING!

W: Just in the nick of time.

And speaking of time...

[Whaitiri turns back to the camera.]

W: Desperadoes? Your time is up. SuperClash is about to start.

And you're about to end.

[He claps his hands together and exits off-camera alongside Omega and Polemos, presumably heading towards the entrance as we fade from backstage out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The opening contest of SuperClash IX is a SIX MAN TAG TEAM MATCH scheduled for one fall with a twenty minute time limit!

[Big cheer!]

RO: Introducing first...

[The haunting opening to "Man with a Harmonica" by Ennio Marricone begins to play, as the mustachioed Curly Bill appears along with the masked Texas Ranger, bullrope in hand as the cowbell repeatedly clanks, 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: ...they are the team of "Curly" Bill Webb, the Texas Ranger, and the AWA WORRRRRRLD TELEVISION CHAMPION, Odin Gunn...

THE DESSSSSPERAAAAAADOOOOOOES!

[The Television Champion is dressed in a brown pancho 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 trailing behind "Curly" Bill who is laying the badmouth on all the

fans along the barricade and the Texas Ranger who causes a few young fans to jump in surprise as he slams the cowbell against the side of the barricade.]

BW: Now this is a terrifying trio, Gordo.

GM: Well, some of them are at least. I'm not sure how terrified I am of "Curly" Bill Webb whose glory days inside that ring are long gone. He may still have his with about him but I don't know if he's still the "Monster of the Midland" anymore. In fact, I wonder if he's bitten off more than he can chew by being part of this six man tag tonight because he doesn't deserve - nor will he receive - any quarter from the likes of Whaitiri and Polemos.

BW: And their dope of a partner?

GM: Omega is certainly not everyone's cup of tea, Bucky... but I don't think anyone can deny his skill inside that ring. He took the fight to Odin Gunn recently, giving him his stiffest test since winning that World Television Title back on September 30th.

[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. The Texas Ranger rolls under the ropes, getting to his feet where he repeatedly slams his cowbell down into the canvas madly as "Curly" Bill looks on with a satisfied grin at this team he's put together.]

GM: The Texas Ranger causing quite the ruckus in the ring - just who is this guy, Bucky? You must have an idea!

BW: I got all sorts of ideas that you can't handle, Gordo. The man beneath that mask? Well, let's just say he's got some scores to settle and if he wasn't wearing the mask, he might not get that chance.

GM: So you DO know who he is?!

BW: I didn't say that.

GM: Stop trying to play games! Who is he?!

BW: My lips are sealed, daddy.

[Gunn joins his partners in the ring, turning his menacing gaze towards the aisle as the music fades.]

RO: Annnnnnd their opponents...

[The lights of the Georgia Dome fade, all except the large "SUPERCLASH" written in neon. After a second, the word "CLASH" fades as well, and the screen below displays a vintage black-and-white curtain, which parts halfway like a classic movie theatre screen. A young child begins to narrate...]

YOUNG GIRL (v/o): In the decades of the 2010s, even the great promotion of the AWA was not spared the ravages of the world-wide darkness.

[On the screen is what appears to be the program for the very first SuperClash; a hand turns the page, opening it to reveal the illustration of a wrestling ring...]

YOUNG GIRL (v/o): And at times of fear and confusion, the job of protecting the public was the responsibility of the High Council of Justice. A great wrestling tag

team, whose reputation for clarity and truth had become a symbol of hope for the promotion of the AWA...

[The big screens zooms in to the illustrated ring until it blurs out of view, gradually resolving into the vivid blues of the planet Neptune, as the music swells into John Barry's majestic "Overture" from "The Black Hole."]

"NO EVIL CAN ESCAPE..."

"...OMEGA!"

[With a flash of light, a caped figure in black, royal blue, and gold emerges from the entrance. He crooks his elbows, places his wrists just above his hips, and turns his palms upward.]

RO: Introducing first... from Neptune... THIS. IS. OMEGAAAAAA!

[Omega's cape billows in the wind (which may be assisted by a little canny stagecraft from beneath the metal grated entrance stage.) The Neptunian gives a cheesy "thumbs up" to one side of the arena, before jogging to the other side of the entrance stage to give a similar thumbs up to the other side of the arena.]

[Omega about to head down the aisle, when the lights cut out again, transitioning to a sickly red hue. John Barry's "Overture" fades to the foreboding "Main Theme" of "The Black Hole." Through a thick, crimson hued fog from the entrance stands a towering demigod, a cloak made of animal skins draped across his broad shoulders, clutching two netted sacks full of skulls.]

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

POOOOLEEEEMOOOOS!

[Polemos tosses the sacks of his enemies' remains aside and glances over to his ersatz partner and sponsor, Omega. He tugs on the cuff of his gloved hand as he heads to the opposite side of the stage as Omega. The God of War's horned mask appears more stylized, resembling a dragon skull, open at the jaw to show a whiskered chin. He glares over to Omega, who nods and returns a cheesy "thumbs up." And then the lights cut out again.]

There is darkness for a moment, before white lasers begin to streak from the sky. The laser beams are jagged, and resemble lightning. As the lighting explodes all around, a familiar guitar riff begins to play over the loudspeakers.

And after the lightning comes the...]

#THUNDER!

[As AC/DC's "Thunderstruck" kicks into high gear, the lights come up and standing in the entranceway is the handsome half-Maori.]

RO: And their partner... from Tauranga, New Zealand... the Thunder Warrior..

WHAAIIITIIIRRIIII!

[The former World Television Champion's face has been painted in swirling lines, a traditional Maori design. His chest is oiled and bare, the tattoos that cover his right arm, shoulder and pectoral illuminated by the dancing lights above him. Around his waist is a traditional looking Maori skirt. He walks to the ring with purpose.]

GM: And what a response for this trio, Bucky!

BW: What?! I can barely hear you, Gordo!

GM: Exactly! The fan response for the team of Omega, Poulos, and of course, the former World Television Champion, Whitiri, is off the charts tonight here as we get set to kick off SuperClash IX with six man tag team action!

[Reaching the ring, Omega pulls himself up on the apron, ducking through the ropes and going into a spin with his cape flourishing out behind him while Poulos steps over the top rope, looking with an implied threat across the ring at anyone thinks to get an early attack in on his Neptunian partner. Whitiri whips off his skirt just before entering. He wears long black ring tights, with lightning bolts running up and down the legs.]

GM: Now THIS is my kind of team, Bucky, and the people of Atlanta agree.

[There's a little bit of jawing back and forth between "Curly" Bill and Whitiri as the referee steps into the middle of the ring, trying to get some pre-match authority on display.]

GM: Our old friend, Pete "Blue Shoes" Miller has the unenviable task of keeping these six men under control here in the opening match of SuperClash IX.

BW: Better him than me.

GM: I'm sure he feels-

[A verbal harpoon fired by "Curly" Bill seems to find the mark as Whitiri makes a lunge at him, shoving him down to the mat where Webb promptly rolls under the ropes to the outside...

...which allows Odin Gunn to SLAM a heavy forearm into the back of Whitiri's head, sending him down to a knee as the other competitors exit and Miller makes SuperClash official!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The bell has sounded and SuperClash has officially begun!

[Gunn pulls the stunned Whitiri to his feet, backing him up against the ropes where he lays in a heavy forearm blow across the sternum, leaving Whitiri hanging onto the ropes to stay on his feet.]

GM: The World Television Champion starting this one off quickly, battering the former champion up against the ropes...

[Grabbing Whitiri by the arm, Odin Gunn whips him across the ring...]

GM: ...shoots him across... Whitiri on the rebound... ducks a clothesline...

[Whitiri hits the far ropes, bouncing back off...]

GM: ...ducks a backhand blow this time...

[He hits the ropes a third time, really flying across the ring now...]

GM: ...off the ropes again and... OHHHH!

[The crowd ROARS as Whitiri leaps into the air, catching Gunn high across the chest with a crossbody that sends him toppling down to the canvas!]

GM: WHAITIRI WITH THE EARLY KNOCKDOWN HERE IN THE A-T-L!

[The shocking knockdown brings the masked Texas Ranger rushing into the ring, looking to strike...

...but Whitiri scoops him up on the way in, slamming him down to the canvas with a loud "HOOO-AHHHH!"]

GM: Scoop and a slam on the Ranger... ohhh! And a dropkick on the Ranger sends him through the ropes to the floor!

[Whaitiri throws a look of warning towards "Curly" Bill, scaring him off before he even gets into the ring again.]

GM: Whitiri checks in at six foot three, 255 pounds... the 23 year old from Tauranga, New Zealand has had some major ups and downs since making his AWA debut. Big successes but also some injuries that derailed him and he's hoping 2018 will see him stay healthy for the whole year as he starts to show the world exactly what he can bring to the table.

[Spinning back towards the rising Odin Gunn, Whitiri throws an uppercut palm strike that catches Gunn right under the chin, knocking him back into the corner where the former champion is quick to follow.]

GM: Whitiri's got him in the corner here...

[Squaring up, Whitiri throws a hooking blow to Gunn's head with a "HAH!" And then another and another, each punctuated with a loud "HAH!" as Gunn covers up from the barrage of hooking blows to the head... then down to the ribs, Whitiri throwing harder and faster as the referee warns him to get out of the corner.]

GM: And Bucky, this might be the most on the defense we've seen Odin Gunn since arriving to the AWA.

BW: Yeah, well... the kid oughta not get too cocky because just when Odin Gunn is on the ropes is when he's at his most dangerous.

[Whaitiri backs off, hands raised as the referee warns him against attacking in the corner. The former champion grabs Gunn by the wrist, pulling him into an Irish whip...

...that Gunn reverses, sending Whitiri crashing into the neutral corner, staggering back out towards the bigger competitor...]

GM: Reversal and...

[...who lifts Whitiri into the air, spinning the 255 pounder around, and DRIVING him straight into the canvas with a thunderous spinning spinebuster!]

BW: HAH! And now it's Whitiri who has been thunderstruck, daddy!

GM: Very funny. A powerful spinebuster by the World Television Champion... and look at this now...

[An exuberant "Curly" Bill extends his arm, calling for a tag to bring him into the match. Gunn throws a look at him for a moment and then obliges. The veteran is all smiles as he ducks through the ropes, doing a little mocking Texas two-step around the prone Whitiri who is grabbing at his back in pain.]



GM: "Curly" Bill in there legally now... and when you see him in there - and you've been around as long as Bucky and I have - it really takes you back, doesn't it?

BW: Absolutely, Gordo. If I close my eyes, I can still see him in there with the likes of Hamilton Graham and Karl O'Connor, throwing punches, raising hell. He may be a little bit older now but he's still got the size and he's still as tough as they come. Six foot four... he's down in weight now but still close to 275-300 pounds, I'm sure.

[Webb takes his time walking around the downed Whitiri, obviously in not too big of a hurry...

...and then leaps up into the air, driving his boot down between the eyes in a stomp!]

GM: Big stomp right on the head... and Webb certainly looks pleased with himself, Bucky.

BW: He's in the ring at SuperClash! This has gotta be a dream come true for the Last of the Cowboys.

["Curly" Bill takes another long walk around the downed Whitiri before stopping at his head, balling up his fist...

...and dropping down to his knees, burying said fist between the eyes of the former champion, causing his legs to kick up in the air!]

GM: Fistdrop on the money... and look at this, Webb with a cover!

[A two count follows before Whitiri kicks out. Webb looks annoyed at the official, holding up three fingers.]

GM: That was nowhere close to a three... this is just Curly Bill being cantankerous.

[Webb climbs up off the mat, pulling Whitiri up with him.]

GM: Whip to the neutral corner, Whitiri SLAMS into the buckles yet again...

[Curly Bill makes a big production of walking to the opposite corner, raising his arms over his head, taunting the jeering Atlanta crowd.]

GM: The man from Point Blank, Texas is heading towards the...

[But Webb suddenly shakes his head, waving a pair of dismissive arms at the fans as he walks to the corner to slap the offered hand of the masked Texas Ranger.]

GM: ...or not.

BW: Why should Curly Bill put himself at risk when he's got these two studs in there to do it for him? The Texas Ranger and Odin Gunn could be two of the roughest, toughest competitors in the entire company... and I hear there's more where they come from, Gordo.

GM: What do you mean by that?

BW: I mean that the Desperadoes run deep and if you think these three are all there are, you'd be dead wrong. That brotherhood is all over this business whether you know it or not.

GM: A terrifying thought for sure... and look at this Texas Ranger, all over Whitiri in the corner!

[The masked man is kicking and stomping Whitiri down into the canvas as Omega shouts words of encouragement from the other side of the ring. "Blue Shoes" steps in to force the Ranger back...

...but the masked man shoves his way right back in, stomping the downed Whitiri again to jeers from the sold out Georgia Dome crowd!]

GM: Over seventy thousand fans here in Atlanta to witness this one... and this has gotta be the biggest crowd that all six of these men have ever competed in front of, Bucky.

BW: You don't know that. That could be Dan Kauffman under that mask... or Creed.

GM: Perish the thought.

[The Ranger pulls Whitiri up off the mat, wrapping his hands around the throat to even louder jeers as the referee lays a count on him...]

GM: Miller calling for the break... and the Ranger lets him go at four.

[Grabbing the arm, the Ranger pulls Whatiri from the corner into a front facelock, looking for a suplex...]

GM: The Ranger looking for a suplex here...

[...but Whitiri slips a leg through, blocking the lift...]

GM: Blocked by Whitiri... the powerful young man from New Zealand holding firm and...

[...and then lifting the Ranger up himself, leaning forward and DROPPING him gutfirst over the top rope to a huge cheer!]

GM: ...and hangs him out to dry! Oh my!

[Whaitiri stumbles backwards, falling to his knees as the crowd cheers louder...

...and dives into a tag to Omega!]

GM: The tag is made! In comes Omega!

[Omega slingshots over the top rope, rushing across the ring to throw a dropkick that sends the masked Ranger falling off the apron to the floor below!]

GM: The Ranger gets sent to the outside... and look at Omega! He's fired up!

[The Neptunian goes into a little war dance, pumping his arms and legs in excitement as he watches the Ranger rise to his feet on the outside...]

GM: Omega on the move - to the ropes... racing across!

[He leaps into the air, extending his legs and DRIVING them into the masked face with a blow that sends the Texas Ranger flying backwards across the ringside area, crashing backfirst into the security railing!]

GM: OHHHH MY! Flying dropkick through the ropes sends the masked man flying... and now Omega's up on the apron, looking out on these fans...

[And the OTHER masked man strikes a pose, crooking his elbows, placing his wrists just above his hips with his palms upward as the crowd ROARS!]

GM: Listen to the crowd get behind Omega, Bucky!

BW: I don't... I can't... I won't... errrgggh.

[Gordon chuckles at Bucky's frustrations as Omega measures the staggered Texas Ranger...

...and with a running start, he throws himself off the apron in a somersault, catching the masked man by the head in mid-flip...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: TRITON'S TENACITY OFF THE APRON! That flipping neckbreaker off the apron to the floor!

[Omega rolls to his hip, grabbing at his lower back in pain as the crowd roars and "Curly" Bill loses it on the apron, shouting at the referee... the announcers... the fans... anyone who may or may not listen...]

GM: What're you yelling at us for?! That's your man out on the floor laid out!

[We can hear an agitated "Curly" Bill shouting at Gordon again.]

GM: If you're so hot about it, get down there and fight him yourself, Bill!

[Webb is fuming mad as he stalks down the apron away from the announce desk as we watch Omega gather himself, climbing to his feet while still holding his lower back.]

GM: And it looks like Omega might've tweaked his back going to the floor like that.

BW: That's why they call it high risk, Gordo.

GM: It absolutely is... but Omega is able to get the Ranger up, tossing him back inside the ring...

[Omega crawls back in, diving into a lateral press... but the masked man's shoulder pops up at two.]

GM: The Texas Ranger gets that shoulder up, breaking the count at two and change.

[Omega pushes up to his knees, still grabbing at his back as he looks across the ring to where the mighty Polemos extends a hand...]

GM: And Polemos wants the tag!

BW: That won't be good news for the Desperadoes if he gets in there.

GM: Seven feet, over three hundred pounds of well-meaning monster these days.

BW: The guy came out on stage with BAGS OF SKULLS, Gordo!

GM: Fake skulls. I think at least.

[Omega struggles to his feet, looking around at the sold out crowd...

...and then points to Polemos in the corner to a shockingly big reaction!]

GM: And these fans agree with me! They want to see Polemos in there to get his hands on the Desperadoes!

[Omega nods, stepping towards the corner...

...which is when the Texas Ranger grabs him by the back of his bodysuit, jerking him backwards towards his waiting arms...]

GM: The masked man...

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DUMPS him on the back of his head with a back suplex!]

GM: Omega got distracted and it cost him right there!

[The Ranger gets back up to his knees, looking across the ring where Polemos' offered hand turns into a clenched fist, shaking it menacingly at the Texas Ranger who gets to his feet, turns, and slaps the offered hand of "Curly" Bill.]

GM: Webb makes the tag and-

BW: Hah! You wanted him in there, Gordo! You told him to get in there!

GM: I suppose I did... and Webb again looking to pick the bones of a downed and hurting opponent. You notice he's not getting in there when someone's on their feet and ready for a fight.

BW: Again, why should he? He's got the Ranger! He's got the World Television Champion! Curly Bill is doing exactly what he should be doing right now.

[Webb pulls the downed Omega to his feet, scooping him up...

...and then showing the power that once made him one of the most feared competitors in wrestling, he lets go with one arm, holding Omega aloft with only one arm before throwing him down in an impactful slam!]

GM: One-armed slam by Webb!

[He drops down to his knees, immediately seeking a pin attempt.]

GM: Webb with the cover: one... two... but Omega's out at two!

[Webb pushes up to his knees, again berating "Blue Shoes" about a perceived slow count.]

GM: Webb continuing to give the referee a hard time just because he can't keep Omega down for three. Give me a break!

[The Last of the Cowboys slowly gets to his feet, nodding his head at the jeering crowd...

...and then slowly walks to the corner, slapping an offered hand.]

GM: Uh oh. And this could be serious trouble for Omega, fans.

[Odin Gunn climbs through the ropes, standing over the downed Omega who is trying to crawl across the ring to his corner.]

GM: In comes the World Television Champion. Six foot two, 335 pounds... fighting out of Paradise, Montana...

[Gunn leans down, grabbing Omega by the singlet, jerking him up to his feet and snapping the singlet strap in the process.]

GM: Good grief... Gunn just tosses Omega back into the neutral corner...

[Squaring up in the corner, Gunn launches into an attack, throwing a pair of stiff forearms to the jaw... then knees to the body... then European uppercuts... then hooking blows to the ears...]

GM: Come on! Get him out of the corner, ref!

[Gunn finally relents, backing off with his arms raised as Omega slumps back, his head resting against the top turnbuckle...]

...and the Samoan Cowboy comes charging right back in, squashing Omega under 335 pounds in the buckles!]

GM: OHHH! AVALANCHE IN THE CORNER!

[Gunn backs off but extends his arms, keeping Omega hanging onto the ropes to stay on his feet...]

...and again, "Curly" Bill insistently wants the tag.]

GM: Webb asking to get in there again. Ridiculous! Odin Gunn's got Omega right where his team wants him and now Webb wants to steal that glory by getting into the ring again!

[Gunn turns to the corner, walking over to slap the insistently offered hand.]

GM: In comes Webb again... kicks to the body now, hammering the ribs of Omega...

[Webb grabs the arm of the wrecked Omega, whipping him across the ring so that he SLAMS into the turnbuckles of the neutral corner, staggering back out towards him...]

...and Webb throws himself forward, smashing Omega across the collarbone with a devastating lariat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Webb grins to himself, swiping his arms in a "it's over!" gesture as he settles into yet another pin attempt.]

BW: How many people have we seen Curly Bill beat with that lariat over the years, Gordo?! How many?!

GM: Countless... and Webb's got him down for the count! He's got one! He's got two! He's got thr-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOULDER UP! OMEGA GOT THE SHOULDER UP!

[“Curly” Bill Webb pushes up to his knees again, jabbing a finger at the official.]

“YOU KNOW HOW TO COUNT, DON’TCHA BOY?!”

[Pete “Blue Shoes” Miller gets to his feet, holding up two fingers towards an agitated Webb who also climbs up off the mat, walking towards Miller, forcing him back towards the corner.]

GM: Webb’s all over him, screaming at the referee... and that frustration at not being able to finish off Omega is spilling over right here.

[Webb jabs his finger angrily into Miller’s chest... and only backs off when getting threatened with a disqualification.]

GM: Well, that shut him up for now.

BW: Being threatened with losing the winner’s purse at a show like SuperClash will do it, Gordo.

GM: Miller scampers out of there... but Webb’s still in the corner...

[Turning his back to the turnbuckles, Webb grabs the top rope with both hands as he steps up on the bottom rope...]

GM: You’ve gotta be kidding me! Curly Bill is climbing the ropes?!

BW: He feels like it’s the 90s all over again, Gordo!

GM: He’s closer to being in HIS 90s than that!

[Webb nods to the jeering crowd as he boosts himself up, putting one foot on the second rope...]

GM: Curly Bill climbing up to the second rope from the inside... Omega’s still down on the mat, reeling from that lariat out of Webb...

[...and then the other foot lands on the second rope, Webb slowly raising his arms over his head...]

GM: Webb on the second rope, looking to bring it all crashing down on Omega!

[...and with a shout, Webb jumps off the middle rope, looking to drive nearly three hundred pounds down on the prone Omega!]

GM: BIG SPLASH!

[But as Webb comes crashing down, Omega raises his knees, catching Webb in his ample midsection!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: KNEES UP! KNEES UP BY OMEGA!

[Webb rolls off of Omega, clutching his ribcage in pain as the crowd ROARS for the near miss!]

GM: Webb misses his mark and that opens a window for Omega!

“TEN MINUTES GONE BY! TEN MINUTES REMAIN! TEN MINUTES!”

[The Neptunian grappler rolls onto his knees, leaning forward on his hands as he looks across the ring where both Polemos and Whitiri are standing with their arms stretched out...]

GM: And now this young man needs to make a tag, Bucky!

BW: No doubt he does. Webb is VERY close to his corner and if Omega doesn't pick up the pace, the Ranger or Gunn will be in their to stomp his lights out before he even knows what's happened.

[Omega starts crawling on his hands and knees, one "step" at a time towards the corner where his two partners await.]

GM: Omega's trying to get there... and like you said, Bucky, Webb is banged up from the knees to the gut but he's moving as well... dragging himself along the ropes, trying to get to his own corner where Odin Gunn and the Texas Ranger are waiting for him.

BW: It's a race now, daddy!

[Omega inches closer, Whitiri jumping up and down on the apron, shaking his arm at Omega as he gets closer... and closer... and closer...]

GM: Who's going to get there first?!

[Webb drags himself closer to his own corner, shoving his arm out looking for a tag...

...but is JUST out of reach.]

GM: Not quite close enough for Curly Bill! But Omega is...

[The crowd ROARS as Omega throws himself at the corner, slapping the offered hand of Polemos!]

GM: There's the tag! And here comes the God of War!

[Polemos steps over the top rope, climbing into the ring with the crowd cheering loudly...

...just before Webb makes a lunge of his own, slapping the hand of the Texas Ranger!]

GM: And we've got a tag on the other side as well - in comes the Texas Ranger!

[The fully masked and bodysuited Ranger rushes into the ring, sprinting across at Polemos...

...who DRIVES a gloved hand up into the chin of the Ranger with an uppercut!]

GM: Uppercut on the Ranger!

[The blow knocks the Ranger down to the mat as Polemos spins around...]

GM: UPPERCUT ON GUNN!

[The World Television Champion gets knocked off the apron to the floor as Polemos swings back around...

...and spots Curly Bill leaning on the ropes, breathing heavily...]



"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and CRACKS the veteran with a right uppercut that sends Webb toppling over the ropes, crashing down to the floor in a heap to a huge cheer!]

GM: Polemos has cleared out Webb! He's knocked Gunn to the floor!

[Polemos slowly turns, spotting a dazed Texas Ranger getting back to his feet...]

GM: And that leaves him alone with the Ranger!

[...and as the Ranger stumbles towards the masked giant, Polemos reaches out a long arm, gripping the throat of the Ranger with a loud "WHACK!" The crowd ROARS as Polemos drags the strangled Ranger out to the middle of the ring, looking around at the standing crowd!]

GM: Polemos has him in the center - setting him up for that...

[Polemos suddenly lifts the Ranger skyward...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRIVES him down with a thunderous chokeslam!]

GM: OHHHHH, THE CHOKESLAM!

[Polemos drops to his knees, diving across the downed Ranger as the referee joins him on the mat...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! TH-

[The crowd groans as a diving Odin Gunn throws over three hundred pounds down on the back of Polemos, breaking up the pin attempt.]

GM: Gunn makes the save for the Ranger!

BW: The Desperadoes continue to ride, Gordo!

GM: For now at least!

[Odin Gunn climbs to his feet, earning the ire of the referee who tries to eject him from the ring...]

...which is when a fired-up Whitiri comes charging into the ring, rocking Gunn with a right hand... and another... and another...

...but Gunn returns fire with a series of his own haymakers!]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands here and-

[With Whitiri and Gunn tangled up, Curly Bill Webb slides back in, trying to take advantage of the chaos...]

GM: Webb's in, trying to get to Polemos before he gets back to his feet... oh!  
Omega's in as well!

[The crowd roars once more as Omega and Webb are trading heavy blows at one another while Gunn and Whaitiri continue to do the same.]

GM: It's breaking down in Hotlanta!

BW: And this is just the opening match, Gordo!

[Gunn swings a knee up into the gut of Whaitiri, cutting off his offense...

...and uses a handful of hair to chuck Whaitiri over the top rope and all the way down to the barely-padded floor!]

GM: WHAITIRI OVER THE TOP TO THE OUTSIDE!

[But as Gunn turns back around...]

GM: OHHH! POLEMOS WITH A CLOTHESLINE SENDS GUNN TO THE FLOOR AS WELL!

[Webb digs his fingers into Omega's eyes, stunning him long enough to attempt a throw over the top of his own...

...but Omega hangs onto the top rope, landing on his feet!]

GM: Omega hangs on - here comes Webb!

[The Neptunian goes low, pulling the top rope with him as Curly Bill goes tumbling to the outside again, Omega quickly dropping down to the floor to join him.]

GM: We've got fighting out on the floor now... and look at Polemos trying to use that fighting to finish this!

[Grabbing the Texas Ranger once more, Polemos wraps his hand around the throat again...]

GM: Another chokeslam?!

[...but on the outside, Curly Bill manages to get the edge on Omega, tossing him into the timekeeper's table where Omega spills over the top of it!]

GM: Look out over there! Omega tossed onto the table... and the referee's heading over there, trying to stop Webb from going after him there...

[Polemos keeps his grip on the throat of the Texas Ranger as Pete "Blue Shoes" Miller peels off to check on Omega...

...which allows the Texas Ranger room to dig his fingers through the mask and into the eyes of the big man!]

GM: OH! The Ranger goes to the eyes on Polemos!

BW: Even the God of War gets hurt when you poke him in the peepers, daddy.

[The Texas Ranger steps back, raising his right hand to jeers from the crowd...]

GM: That no good... he's calling for the Iron Claw!

BW: I don't think it comes as a surprise that the Texas Ranger has some kind of grudge with the Lynch clan, Gordo. Of course he's got the Claw in his arsenal!

[The Ranger lunges forward, locking his version of the Lynch's family legacy around the masked skull of the seven footer!]

GM: The Claw is on and the Atlanta fans are enraged! They expected to see the Claw tonight but not until later on... and not by this masked menace!

[Miller turns back to the action, slipping into position to see if the masked giant wants to submit.]

GM: The referee's right there, checking to see if Polemos wants to submit but he's hanging on so far!

[The Ranger nods his head, digging his fingers into the temples of Polemos who raises his arms, grasping the wrist of his fellow masked man.]

GM: Look at this, Bucky!

BW: I can't believe it! He's powering out! The giant is powering out!

[The sorta-evil God of War has grabbed the wrist and is pushing the grasping hand away from his masked skull...]

GM: HE BROKE THE HOLD!

[...and holds the Texas Ranger's arm in the air for a few moments before burying a boot into his midsection, pulling him into a standing headscissors...]

GM: Polemos has him hooked!

[...and lifts the masked man into the air, flipping him over...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: POWERBOMB!

[Polemos folds up the legs of the Texas Ranger, stacking him up and leaning on the legs for leverage...]

GM: This might do it!

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

...but Webb reaches under the ropes...

...and YANKS Pete Miller's "blue shoe" right off his foot, causing the official to break the count!]

GM: What the..?!

BW: He pulled his shoe off! You gotta love it!

[Webb flings the shoe over the ropes at the official...

...which makes him completely unaware as Omega mounts the top turnbuckle on the outside, hurling himself off the top...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CROSSBODY OFF THE TOP TO THE FLOOOOOOR!

[The crowd is ROARING for the death-defying dive as Omega wipes out Curly Bill with a crossbody!]

GM: We've got bodies down all over ringside... and look at Odin Gunn! Gunn's back in!

[Back in and on his feet, Gunn is waiting as Polemos gets to his feet, bullrushing him back into the corner where he immediately starts pummeling the seven footer with rights and lefts...]

GM: HE'S ALL OVER POLEMOS IN THE CORNER!

[Gunn yanks him out, lifting Polemos right up into a fireman's carry, walking out of the corner...]

GM: He's got him up - looking for that Samoan Cattlebuster, the Death Valley Driver!

[...but as Gunn turns around with the 300 pounder on his shoulders...]

GM: WHAITIRI!

[...the blue chip prospect barrels across the ring, slamming his body into the ribcage of Odin Gunn!]

GM: CHARGE OF TŪMATAUENGA!

[The running spear folds Gunn in on himself, causing him to let go of Polemos who slips harmlessly down on the mat as Gunn rolls out on the apron, grabbing his ribs in pain as Whitiri gets off the mat, holding his shoulder...]

BW: It's like running into a brick wall, daddy!

GM: Then Whitiri is a human wrecking ball because that wall went down!

[Clutching his ribs, Odin Gunn uses the ropes to struggle back to his feet, standing on the apron as Whitiri looks around at the roaring crowd...]

...and with a nod, he runs to the ropes behind him, building up speed...]

GM: WHAITIRI OFF THE FAR SIDE!

[...and HURLS himself through the ropes with a second spear, a blow so impactful it sends both he and Gunn toppling off the apron and down to the floor!]

GM: OHHHHHHH MYYYYYYY STARRRRRRRRRS!

[The crowd is ROARING now as Whitiri and Gunn are laid out on the floor...]

BW: I can't believe what I just saw! What a move by Whitiri... and that might be the ONLY thing that would take Odin Gunn out of action!

[...and somehow, a dazed Omega finds himself on the apron, sticking out his hand towards Polemos who nods, slapping it.]

GM: Omega makes the tag!

[Omega comes through the ropes as Polemos pulls the Texas Ranger up off the mat, shoving him towards Omega who has his right arm held high over his head...]

GM: Omega's in and...

[The crowd ERUPTS as Omega wraps his hand around the masked man's throat!]

GM: We've got a chokeslam comin'!

BW: No way. No damn way, Gordo.

GM: Omega's calling for it and...

[The Neptunian looks over at Polemos who returns the gaze...

...and then raises his arm, lifting his thumb skyward!]

GM: THUMBS UP! POLEMOS IS GIVING HIS APPROVAL!

[Omega nods his head happily...

...and somehow muscles the Texas Ranger up into the air, sitting out in a chokeslam alongside him!]

GM: CHOKESLAM! CHOKESLAAAAAM!

[Omega flips over, hooking the leg...]

GM: ONNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THREEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts to Curly Bill diving on top of Omega, breaking up the pin attempt to their disappointment!]

GM: WEBB MAKES THE SAVE! WEBB MAKES THE SAVE!

[Webb gets to his feet quickly, stomping the back of Omega's head over and over and over as the fans jeer loudly and the referee protests the assault.]

GM: Get him out of there, ref!

[Webb backs off, a surly sneer on his face as he raises his arms, soaking up the jeers from the Atlanta crowd...

...and then as the crowd goes from jeers to ROARING CHEERS, Webb quickly swings around to look behind him...]

GM: OH!

[...and gets Polemos' massive hand wrapped around his throat!]

GM: POLEMOS HAS GOT HIM! HE'S GOT CURLY BILL!

[Webb struggles to get free, his eyes wide with alarm...]

BW: This isn't right! That's a legend in there! A damn legend!

[...and the mighty Polemos lifts Webb into the air high for all to see...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CHOOOOOOKESLAAAAAAAAAAAM!

[Webb BOUNCES off the canvas at the feet of Polemos... and the crowd gets louder as Omega climbs to the top turnbuckle, Polemos walking across the ring towards the corner where he's climbing...]

...and reaches up to grab his partner...]

GM: Omega's up top and...

[...and Polemos HURLS Omega off the top into a flying splash!]

GM: ...ROCKET LAUNCHER CONNECTS ON THE RANGER!

[Omega reaches back, hooking the leg of the Texas Ranger as the referee drops down to count, the crowd counting along with him!]

"ONNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOO!"

"THREEEEEEEEEEEE!"

GM: HE GOT HIM!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Omega is yanked to his feet by Polemos who lifts his arm, pointing at the Neptunian as the crowd ROARS for the big win!]

RO: Here are your winners... the team of POLEMOS, WHAITIRI, AND...  
OOOOOOOMEETEEEGAAAAAAA!

[Omega is all smiles at the sound of his name being shouted out over the PA system as the winner of a SuperClash matchup. The Atlanta fans are roaring as well.]

GM: What a win and what an opening match here at SuperClash!

BW: That's the opening match?! What the heck else is gonna happen here tonight, daddy?!

GM: That remains to be seen but right now, let's enjoy this moment for Polemos who gets a long-awaited win after being a mindless Korugun monster... for Whitiri who is looking to get back on track after losing the World Television Title... and of course, for Omega who just scored the biggest win of his career!

[Whaitiri joins his allies in the ring, holding onto his shoulder as he grins, walking over to slap Omega on the back as the referee points to the victorious trio and the Desperadoes get the heck away from ringside.]

GM: The Desperadoes are hitting the road, jack, and what a win for Whitiri, Polemos, and Omega, fans! And before we head up to Toronto, let's go backstage to a very special moment captured by our ACCESS 365 cameras moments ago. Let's take a look...

[With a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, we're taken into the locker room of Raphael Rhodes and Dana Kaiser, where Rhodes is taping up his ankles prior to putting on his wrestling boots with Kaiser's help. As the taping quietly happens, a knock can be heard on the door. Rhodes continues to work on the taping job as Kaiser goes to answer the door.]

DK: Raph, we have visitors. Is that okay?

[Rhodes responds with a slight nod of the head, and as Kaiser opens the door, a familiar voice can be heard from outside.]

"He actually wanted to see someone before a match? Wow, he has changed."

[A slight chuckle can be heard from both the guests and Kaiser, as the guests walk onto the screen, the camera revealing their identities to a roar from the Atlanta crowd. Rhodes glances up and smirks.]

RR: Fancy you bein' here, Shane.

[Rhodes stares up at former enemy turned colleague Shane Destiny, along with Destiny's wife Roxie. Destiny is wearing a grey suit and white shirt, and Roxie is in a royal blue dress. Destiny smiles at Rhodes continuing to tape his ankle.]

SD: I'd offer to shake your hand, but you were never that type anyway. Besides, you seem busy.

[Rhodes nods.]

SD: I was hoping we could talk yesterday after the P\*WIN show, but I was told you went to the hospital with Maggie. How is she doing?

[Rhodes frowns.]

RR: Kneecap's dislocated. They put it back in. She's tougher than I thought she was.

SD: I'm sorry that happened.

[Rhodes looks up at Destiny.]

RR: You just here for an injury report, mate? Could've just called Mags for that.

[Destiny whispers something into Roxie's ear, and she nods.]

SD: Dana, could you give me a couple of moments alone with him? It's what we talked about the other day, and you said I should tell him directly.

[Kaiser nods.]

DK: Sure. Roxie, you said you wanted to talk routines, let's... um...

[Kaiser looks at Rhodes, who has finished taping his ankles and has started to put on his boots. He seems annoyed.]

DK: Let's talk outside.

R: Probably for the best.

[Kaiser and Roxie leave the room, leaving Destiny and Rhodes by themselves. Destiny points at the bench Rhodes is sitting on.]

SD: Mind if I sit?

RR: It's a free country. Allegedly. Don't seem like much of one.



[Destiny smirks as he sits down next to Rhodes.]

RR: So what's this about you talkin' with Dana about me? Can't talk to me direct anymore?

[Destiny puts his hands behind his head, relaxing.]

SD: Oh, it's not that, Raph. I was just reminiscing about those bus rides we spent together back when we were in Japan the other day, and I figured I'd talk to Dana about them since we were already talking about nutrition for some of my students. Then I realized I should talk to you about something you said that bothered me.

[Rhodes continues to lace his boots.]

RR: What's that? You goin' to tell me off about takin' the piss out your buddy Vasquez again?

[Destiny grins.]

SD: Nah. He's a big boy, he doesn't need me backing him up. I just remembered those trips, after we both left here, how we were the only ones who spoke English so we kind of had to rely on each other. And I remembered how you used to hate me so much at first, and I never really understood why. I thought maybe it was because I had accomplished things you had wanted to do, but then I just realized you were angry at everything and didn't have a way to channel it.

[Rhodes tugs on his boot laces, tightening them up with a little more force than before.]

SD: Back in the days when I was just trying to stay sober and you were just trying not to melt down. You remember them, right?

RR: Surprised you do. You ain't got much memory left.

[Destiny laughs.]

SD: Thanks. Your headbutts didn't help.

[Destiny sits up, looking at Rhodes.]

SD: I remember you used to tell me that you wanted to be better than what you were, but you couldn't be what your family expected you to be. You remember that, right? How you used to tell me that your family expected you to be the best one out of all of them? And how disappointed your dad used to say he was that you hadn't won this title, or that title, or whatever?

[Rhodes quietly nods.]

SD: How Jeremy was the only one that never put any pressure on you? Just let you grow at your own pace, let you find things on your own instead of plunging you into deep water before you could really swim?

[Rhodes nods again, pulling his other leg up towards his chest.]

SD: Yeah, I remember us talking for hours about how we just wanted to have our own lives, without the expectations other people put on us. Do you remember how I told you that I cracked under the pressure I was under? Drove me to drugs, alcohol, and a whole bunch of bad choices...

[Destiny sighs.]

SD: We both spent years in Japan finding ourselves, and realizing that the pressures we were under were only there because of influences that really shouldn't have control over us. Then I hear you talk in recent weeks about how you feel like you have become Juan, and how this Sid Osborne kid has pushed you to become something you've hated.

[Destiny pats Rhodes on the back.]

SD: Raph, you're better than that. And you know you're better than that, too. You may think that you've become some selfish veteran because of what happened with you and Sid, because you think that's what Juan is, but you got caught in a moment where you saw the opportunity to go for something you've wanted your whole career. Something you've had pressure put on you your entire life, ever since you were born, to try and capture. Yeah, maybe you probably should have tried to make the team with Sid work, but I don't think it's wrong for you to have at least tried for the World Title.

[Destiny shakes his head.]

SD: It sure doesn't make you a selfish veteran just because you took a shot at something. And the only reason Sid Osborne's going to say you're selfish is because anything that doesn't benefit him, he's going to see as some kind of slight.

[Destiny nudges Rhodes.]

SD: Just like you used to. Especially when you and Juan used to ram heads against each other so much.

[Rhodes smirks.]

SD: So that's what I came here to tell you, Raph. You're better than letting someone like Sid Osborne get in your head. You're back here in the AWA after years of being away because you earned it.

[Destiny scoffs a little.]

SD: Remember... of all the things I did in my career, I never earned a second chance here. You did.

[Rhodes looks at Destiny, a slight bit of hope in his eyes as he realizes Destiny is right.]

SD: Now go out there tonight and kick this kid's ass, not because I'm telling you to, but because you're good enough to kick anyone's ass on any given night.

[Destiny turns to walk away.]

RR: Hey, Shane?

[Destiny stops and turns around.]

SD: Yeah?

[Rhodes hesitates for a moment before offering his hand.]

RR: Thanks, mate.

[Destiny looks at Rhodes' hand, surprised to see him offer a handshake. He reaches out and grasps it, a firm handshake, then releases.]

SD: Any time, Raph.

[Destiny leaves the room, as Rhodes resumes lacing his boots. And as we fade, we get that split screen again showing both venues before we zoom in on the cheering Rogers Centre crowd, paying tribute to what they just watched on the big screen.]

SA: Atlanta getting us off to a great start here tonight. Raphael Rhodes seems very focused heading into his match a little later when he takes on Sid Osborne, Colt.

CP: He's gonna have to be, Sal, because Osborne is not someone who can be taken lightly. He's fought a long time to be on this stage and you'd better bet that Rhodes is in for the toughest fight of his comeback so far in this one.

SA: Without a doubt. Atlanta also had one heck of a opening match and... well, we've got a big match of our own coming up first here but I gotta think it'll be very, very different than what we just saw down in the A-T-L, Colt.

CP: Max Magnum isn't diving through the ropes. Max Magnum isn't coming off the top. But he's coming to fight... he's coming to hurt people... and he's coming to end the career of Brett Bryant before it even gets started.

SA: But don't forget the wild card in all this - no Stevie Scott! As punishment for Scott joining Team AWA, Javier Castillo stuck this match up here in Toronto where Magnum would be all alone in there for the first time. What kind of impact could that have, Colt?

CP: It could have a major impact, Sal. Magnum has NEVER been all alone in the ring since joining the world of pro wrestling. Whether it was Ben Waterson down in CCW or Stevie Scott up here in the AWA, he's always had the voice in his corner to help him, to guide him, and tonight, it's Brett Bryant who has the voice in his corner doing all of that. It could be a difference maker in this one.

SA: We're about to find out so let's head up to Tyler Graham for the introductions!

[We fade to the ring where the ring announcer is standing.]

TG: The following contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... being accompanied to the ring by his father... former AWA World Champion Dave Bryant...

[A big cheer goes up for the Doctor of Love!]

TG: ...standing six foot three and weighing 235 pounds... from Las Vegas, Nevada... making his professional wrestling debut...

BRETT BRYYYYYYYYANNNNNNT!

[The familiar opening guitar line from AC/DC's "Big Gun" wail out over the PA system to a big cheer!]

SA: Oho! Brett Bryant borrowing his father's long-time entrance music for his debut here tonight at SuperClash IX!

[As the vocals kick in, the Bryant emerge from the entrance tunnel to a large reaction from the Toronto crowd. Dave is in a black "TAKE TWO OF THESE..." t-shirt with the rest of the catchphrase on the back along with a pair of black athletic pants. He's got a white towel draped over his shoulder as he claps enthusiastically for his son who jogs out alongside him. The younger Bryant is in a pair of golden trunks with "IRON" stitched across the back. He's gone without an entrance robe of

any kind, showing off his extremely well-cut physique. Brett tosses his shoulder-length brown hair, grinning at the high-pitched squeals of the appreciative young ladies in attendance...

...and with a clap on the back to his father, the duo start making their way down the ramp to the ring cart that awaits them.]

SA: And here comes the Bryants, looking to climb perhaps the biggest mountain in the American Wrestling Alliance!

CP: You know what happens to mountain climbers with no experience, Sal? They go tumbling right down the mountain to their doom. That's what Brett Bryant's got to look forward to here tonight.

SA: We shall see, Colt... and of course, Brett Bryant has definitely been looking forward to this night for a long, long time. He's trained hard for this moment... dreamed of this moment... and tonight, he gets to live it out here with his father by his side. And you might've seen the word "iron" on the back of his trunks... I'm told that those are a pair of trunks once worn to the ring by his uncle "Iron" Brett Bryant, his namesake who enjoyed so much success in the 70s and 80s.

CP: Well, my dad's told me stories about "Iron" Brett and if this kid turns out to be half the man he was, he's in for a heck of a career... if Max Magnum doesn't end it tonight before it even gets started.

[The Bryant reach the ring, departing their cart to climb up the ringsteps. Brett steps through the ropes, going into a spin to the cheers of the crowd as a beaming Dave stays on the apron, clapping and nodding appreciatively.]

SA: The Bryants have arrived here in Toronto and... well, that was the fun part. What comes next could be fun but is likely to be a rough night at the office for this young man in his pro wrestling debut.

CP: See, even you admit it, Albano! This kid is in over his head!

SA: I don't think anyone could deny that. It's a bold challenge... a big step for a rookie to take... but until we see him in action, we just don't know quite what to expect.

[The AC/DC tune fades as Brett trades a knuckle bump with his legendary father, pausing for a brief pre-match discussion as Tyler Graham speaks.]

TG: Annnnnnnnnnd his opponent...

[The heavy opening guitar and drumbeat of KISS's "God of Thunder" reverberates off the walls of the arena. You know what that means.]

SA: And here! He! Is! The Alpha Beast himself, the Modern Day Man of Steel...Max Magnum is ready to do some damage to young Brett Bryant!

CP: But the interesting thing will be, Sal, as many have already pointed out...how will Magnum fare tonight without his advisor Stevie Scott in his corner? It was a brilliant strategic move by Javier Castillo to put Magnum here in Toronto and Stevie thousands of miles away in Atlanta.

[Indeed, there is no trusty advisor at Magnum's side tonight as he emerges into view. His chiseled face shows no signs of concern, naturally, but rather a steely focus on the ring and his opponent who awaits.

Clad simply in black trunks and a black t-shirt with "SPLX BCHS" in a white block font on the front, the massive physical specimen hops side-to-side before jumping in place and landing with brute force on the ramp and white pyro shoots around him, triggered by his feet contacting the floor. The edited KISS classic skips the first few lines and cuts directly into Gene Simmons' strikingly accurate description of Magnum 40 years prior.]

# I WAS BORN ON OLYMPUS  
# TO MY FATHER, A SON  
# I WAS RAISED BY THE DEMONS  
# TRAINED TO REIGN AS THE ONE

TG: Hailing from Mountain Iron, Minnesota...standing six feet and four inches tall...and weighing in at 295 pounds here is...

MAXXXX MAGNUUUUUUUUUUM!

[Magnum reluctantly climbs into the ring cart, his eyes never breaking their lock on Brett Bryant as he moves to the ring way too slowly for his liking...]

CP: Magnum looks like a caged animal in that cart. He wants to just rip down there and tear-

[Colt's words prove prophetic as Magnum suddenly hops out of the cart while it's still in motion and makes a beeline for the ring.]

CP: Here he comes! Magnum's not gonna wait for some damn leisurely ride to the ring, Sal, he's come to fight!

[Magnum does his usual pyro-jump from the floor to the apron as a burst of pyro goes off from the ringposts...

...but Brett Bryant is ready, knowing this very move is coming, and sensing an early opportunity, springs into action...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and BURIES his foot on the underside of Magnum's chin with a superkick!]

SA: CALL ME IN THE MORNING! RIGHT OFF THE BAT!

[The blow stuns Magnum who grabs the top rope, preventing himself from falling to the outside...

...but Bryant isn't done as he rushes the ropes, rebounding back at top speed...]

SA: Brett Bryant on the move... off the far side!

[...and throws himself into a dropkick to the chest that breaks Magnum's grip on the ropes, sending him falling backwards off the apron...]

SA: DOWN GOES MAGNUM!

[However, the Alpha Beast lands on his feet on the floor, grabbing at his chin as a surprised Brett Bryant looks around in wonder.]

SA: Wow!

CP: Brett Bryant hit hard - we haven't even gotten a bell yet - but Max Magnum absorbed what he's got and he's still standing, Sal!

SA: In his best Elton John impression!

[Bryant shakes his head, approaching the ropes as Magnum scrambles back up on the apron, ready to fight...

...but Bryant catches him with a stiff forearm on the jaw!]

SA: Bryant catches Magnum...

[The younger Bryant reaches out, snatching a front facelock...]

SA: Oh, you've gotta be kidding me!

[...the crowd buzzing as Bryant sets his feet, looking to bring the much-larger Magnum over the ropes the hard way...]

CP: He's giving up sixty pounds to Magnum, Albano! There's no way he-

[An attempted lift goes nowhere as Magnum holds his ground...

...and then lifts Brett Bryant into the air with ease...]

SA: WAIT! DANGER! DAAAAAANGER!

[...and twists slightly, throwing Brett Bryant out of the suplex attempt towards the barely-padded floor...

...but onto a sprinting Dave Bryant who throws himself into position to break his son's fall to the outside!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

CP: Dave Bryant just BARELY got there in time to save his punk kid from permanent damage! Magnum was looking to END Brett Bryant right there in the first piece of offense he ever threw at the rookie, Albano!

SA: The former World Champion getting himself involved early... and luckily for the Bryants, the match hadn't started yet or that might've earned them a disqualification from Shari Miranda!

[Miranda is reading Magnum the riot act as the big man looks out on the shocked crowd. He extends his arms to his sides, beckoning for a louder reaction and gets appropriately booed for his efforts to cripple the younger Bryant...

...and then hops off the apron to stand over the father and son duo.]

SA: It looks like Magnum's not done yet too...

[Pulling Brett Bryant off his downed father - and putting a boot to Dave for good measure - Magnum tosses Bryant under the ropes into the ring. He nods his head as he climbs back up on the apron...]

SA: Magnum coming back in...

[Brett Bryant is still down as Shari Miranda checks with him to see if he can continue to go on. Up on a knee, he gives a nod and Miranda signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: There's the bell and this one is officially underway finally.

[Magnum hears the bell and surges forward, wrapping the kneeling Bryant in a rear waistlock as the crowd buzzes with concern...]

SA: Uh oh.

CP: Welcome to the big leagues, Baby Bryant!

[...and jerks him straight up off the canvas into a released German Suplex, dumping Brett on the back of his head and neck!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: A devastating released German! All impact, no bridge!

[Magnum comes back to his feet, a little bit of strut in his walk as he circles the downed Brett Bryant who is laid out on the mat, having rolled over onto his chest, grabbing at the back of his neck...]

SA: Brett Bryant tried to get off to a fast start in this one before the bell but Max Magnum has turned it around in a hurry with that German Suplex and... well, it just might be a matter of time now.

CP: It was just a matter of time since they signed the contract, Sal. The Bryants may have had some delusions of grandeur about what was going to happen here tonight but that's an Alpha Beast sized reality check in there with them now.

[Magnum works his way over at his own pace to the head of Bryant, reaching down to haul him to his feet by the hair...]

...and then spots Dave Bryant back on his feet on the outside, shouting threats at Magnum.]

SA: Dave Bryant perhaps trying to buy his son some time... trying to get under the skin of Max Magnum...

CP: Talk about your bad ideas.

[Magnum again proves Colt correct as he absolutely CREAMS Brett with a standing lariat that dumps Brett down on the back of his head and neck a second time. Dave cringes at the impact, slapping the apron and shouting encouragement to his son.]

SA: This has gotta be something of a bad dream for Dave Bryant, Colt. You've got kids... can you imagine being ringside watching them get pummeled like this?

CP: Unfortunately I can. Take a note, Piper.

[Sal chuckles as Magnum points a threatening finger at Dave Bryant who decides to get up on the apron, shouting back at Magnum to the cheers of the Toronto crowd!]

SA: Dave Bryant's on the apron again... and Shari Miranda is right there trying to get him down...

[But the elder Bryant is persistent, shouting and screaming at Magnum who steps closer... and closer, an almost amused look on his face...]



SA: And this is where Max Magnum might miss Stevie Scott at ringside. Scott would take care of this and keep Magnum focused on his opponent but right now, Magnum is allowing himself to be distracted by Dave Bryant.

CP: It's a good point, Sal... but really, does it help Brett Bryant that much? He's laid out!

SA: It's buying him time to recover though.

[Magnum gets even closer to Dave Bryant who is still ranting and raving in his direction as Magnum glares at him, hands on his hips. Shari Miranda is shouting at Magnum to back off as she tries to get Bryant off the apron.]

SA: The referee trying to keep control of this.

[With a shrug, Magnum turns away from the former World Champion, walking back towards Brett who is fighting up to a knee on the mat...]

SA: Magnum moving back in on-

[...and in a move that his father might've pulled twenty years ago, Brett comes up swinging... up!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: LOW BLOW! BRETT GOES LOW ON MAGNUM!

CP: And even an Alpha Beast will feel that one, Sal!

[Snatching a handful of hair, Brett drags Magnum down to the mat, rolling him into a small package to a ROAR from the crowd!]

SA: SMALL PACKAGE! SMALL PACKAGE!

[Dave Bryant is pointing wildly, gesturing inside the ring as Miranda whips around, diving to the mat...]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT...

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: MAGNUM KICKS OUT!

[Brett Bryant rolls to his knees, burying his face in his hands in disbelief.]

SA: He was a half count away - maybe less - from the biggest upset I can imagine! Brett Bryant almost held him down with a little bit of chicanery from the Doctor of Love's old playbook!

CP: You gotta be impressed by that, Sal. He walked into this match with a monster and broke out a crucifix and a silver bullet!

[Sliding to his feet at his father's shouting urging, Brett Bryant eyeballs Magnum as he rolls to all fours...

...and Brett ducks through the ropes, heading out on the apron as the crowd stirs anew.]

SA: Brett Bryant on the outside... and he's heading to the corner! Brett Bryant, we've heard, is a bit of a master of the aerial tactics and he's looking to take advantage of that right here and now!

[Bryant approaches the corner, quickly climbing to the second rope... then to the top...]

SA: Bryant to the top rope! Magnum trying to get back to his feet, still holding his... uhh... well, his little magnums...

[Bryant waits as Magnum stirs all the way to his feet, staggering in a circle...

...and then leaps from his perch, catching Magnum on the chin with a missile dropkick!]

SA: DROPKICK OFF THE TOP! RIGHT ON THE CHIN!

CP: Anyone's got a puncher's chance at any time, Sal, and he could've knocked Magnum cold right there!

[Bryant scrambles across the canvas, diving across the torso of Magnum to a big cheer!]

SA: Bryant with the cover! Could he get him here?!

[Another two count follows but when Magnum kicks out this time, he shoves Bryant into the air off him, tossing him a few feet away to an impressed reaction from the Toronto crowd!]

CP: Now THAT'S a kickout, jack!

SA: A kickout with authority and Max Magnum just sent Brett Bryant a message that this one is far from over, Colt... far from over.

[Brett Bryant gets the message loud and clear, scrambling up to his feet, backing up a few steps...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and BURIES a superkick into the chin of the rising Magnum!]

SA: Whammo! Right in the mouth!

[The superkick stuns Magnum, forcing him to drop back down on all fours as Bryant backs up, waving a hand for him to get up again...]

SA: He's gonna do it again!

CP: Not as much of a lead-in to his superkick as the old man's... more of a shuffle step so they're gonna stun but they may not knock someone out like the Call Me In The Morning would.

SA: Magnum again to a knee...

[...and again, Bryant surges in with another superkick...

...but this time, Magnum is ready for it, catching the incoming leg on his shoulder...]

SA: CAUGHT!

[...and goes right up to his feet, holding Bryant aloft in powerbomb position!]

SA: Bryant trapped in a king-sized box as Magnum's got him up and-

[A desperate Brett Bryant starts raining down punches on the head of Magnum, trying to break free of his Mountain Iron grip...]

SA: Bryant's fighting it! Trying to fight his way out!

[...but Magnum hangs on as he walks across the ring with him...]

SA: What's Magnum doing?

CP: He shoulda just powerbombed him right there! This is a mistake!

[...and as Magnum stumbles slightly, Bryant manages to throw his weight backwards, using his legs around Magnum's head to whip him over in a rana, throwing him into the ropes where Magnum lands with his head over the middle rope!]

SA: Bryant slips out! What a counter by the rookie!

[Grabbing the middle rope as he rises, Bryant slingshots himself over the top rope, dropping a leg across the back of Magnum's neck on the way down!]

SA: OHHH! WHAT A MOVE!

[Bryant dives through the ropes, throwing himself onto Magnum's prone form again!]

SA: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO!

[Another powerful kickout follows, flinging Bryant off of his muscular frame!]

SA: Magnum's out at two! And right about now, Max Magnum has gotta be wondering what's going on, Colt. This CAN'T be the match that Magnum gameplanned!

CP: It's not... but he doesn't even have Stevie here to regroup him... to get him back on plan... this is trouble for Magnum!

[Brett Bryant scrambles up to his feet again, looking back and forth in a bit of rookie panic.]

SA: Brett Bryant looks like he doesn't know what comes next.

CP: Kid's as green as a garden hose in a huge match on the biggest show in front of almost seventy thousand people against a damn monster - you're damn right he doesn't know what comes next!

[Dave Bryant can be heard shouting to his son from the outside as Brett nods in his father's direction, grabbing the rising Magnum by the hair, pulling him to his feet...

...where Magnum lets loose a roar as he lifts Bryant up on his shoulder, barreling him back into the corner where he SLAMS him back against the turnbuckles!]

SA: Ohhh! Hard into the corner he goes...

[Grabbing the arm, Magnum whips Bryant from corner to corner, barreling in after him...]

SA: RUNNING CLOTHESLINE CONNECTS!

CP: Whoa! He almost knocked him over the top! He had to pull him back in and-  
[With a little shove, he pushes Bryant out of the corner a few feet...

...and then BLASTS him in the back of the head with a second clothesline!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: SWEET SAN ANGELO! WHAT A SHOT!

[Magnum muscled him over onto his back, planting his palms in the chest for a confident cover...]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT... OHH! BRYANT SLIPS A SHOULDER FREE!

CP: Impressive, Sal... impressive. The kid can take a beating and keep on coming for more too.

SA: Well, we knew he'd have to show that skill here tonight. Max Magnum slowly getting to his feet... and it's almost a different expression on his face now, Colt. Is this determination? Focus?

CP: He wants to end this. He's given Brett Bryant enough of a chance and now this party's over.

SA: Magnum dragging Bryant up, shoving him back into the corner...

[Grabbing the rookie around the head, Magnum flips him out of the corner with a snapmare into a seated position...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: Big kick to the spine!

[Bryant cringes in pain, arching his back as Magnum takes aim...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and then ROCKS Bryant across the cheekbone with a crossface!]

SA: Canada loves them some hockey but I don't think the seventy thousand Canadians in here are hoping for a face-off in this one but Max Magnum tried to give them one!

[Bryant flops backwards to the mat, grabbing at his face as Magnum drops back into the ropes, bouncing off...]

SA: OHH! Kneedrop right down on the cheekbone!

[Magnum climbs to his feet, looking out on a concerned Dave Bryant who is on the floor. He points to the downed Brett, nodding confidently as Dave Bryant grimaces.]

CP: And now Magnum's making sure that Dave knows this is all his fault. This kid is getting beaten like a rug because Dave Bryant got into a fight he couldn't handle back in Mexico.

[Looking down at the rookie, Magnum arrogantly uses the toe of his boot to shove Bryant to the side, laughing at his opponent's helplessness as the Canadian crowd lets him have it.]

SA: Max Magnum is in the driver's seat here and he knows it.

[Reaching down, Magnum drags Brett Bryant to his feet again by the hair, gesturing towards the far side of the ring...]

SA: He's gonna toss him over the-

[...only to pivot and HURL Brett Bryant over the top rope behind him, throwing him on top of Dave Bryant, sending both Bryants sprawled out on the floor again to an "OHHHH!" from the sold out crowd!]

SA: OH, FOR THE LOVE OF-

[Magnum smirks again as he looks out on the pile of Bryants on the floor, spreading his arms wide again...]

SA: These fans are letting him have it... and we're seeing a little more of a sadistic side of Magnum here without Stevie Scott keeping him on target.

CP: I like it! This kid did the unthinkable, Sal, and he's paying for it.

SA: The unthinkable?

CP: He stepped to the Alpha Beast! Look, we both know how much Stevie Scott and Max Magnum think of Magnum's value to this company. They believe he's a future Main Event star, a future World Champion, and you better believe they think he's already above facing a snot-nosed rookie on the biggest show of the year.

SA: That "snot-nosed rookie" is giving all he's got in there and putting Max Magnum to the test, Colt!

CP: It's just a matter of time, Albano.

[Magnum steps out on the apron, leaning down to pull Brett Bryant back to his feet again.]

SA: Magnum on the outside... not where the Bryants want to be with him...

[The Alpha Beast powers him overhead, lifting him in a gorilla press...]

SA: Uh oh! He's got Bryant up! In a bad way in a bad place!

[...but as Magnum attempts to step towards the ring to toss Brett back inside, a keen-eyed viewer might notice Dave grabbing hold of Magnum's leg on the floor!]

CP: What the... disqualify him!

SA: The referee - Bryant's hiding that pretty well - I'm not sure Shari Miranda can see...

[Magnum attempts the throw anyways, tossing Brett towards the ring where he lands on the apron, catching the ropes as he gets to his feet...]

SA: Magnum can't get loose! Dave's hanging on!

[...and with Magnum temporarily immobilized, Brett leaps into the air, springing off the middle rope...]

SA: MOONSAULT!

[...and both Bryants and Magnum go down in a heap on the floor as the crowd ROARS for the death-defying move!]

SA: Everyone's down on the outside! Brett Bryant with that breathtaking moonsault has wiped them all out on the floor!

CP: That was a cheap shot, Albano. Magnum was being held by that old rulebreaking cheat, Dave Bryant, and-

SA: Rulebreaking cheat?! Dave Bryant is a former World Champion and to sum up his career as being a "rulebreaking cheat" is skipping a lot of tremendous wrestling history, Colt! It'd be like calling you that musclebound jerk with the loaded forearm!

CP: Watch yourself, Albano - just because the Mouse House likes ya, doesn't mean I won't make you back up those words.

[Crawling out of the pile first is Brett Bryant who throws up an arm to a big cheer from the sold out Toronto crowd. He leans down, dragging Magnum up with some effort by the arm, tossing him under the ropes into the ring.]

SA: Dave Bryant was out here to provide moral support to his son but it's his physical support that may have completely turned this match around! We're a couple of minutes shy of the ten minute mark in this one - remember, a fifteen minute time limit in this matchup as Brett Bryant puts Magnum back in and is now looking for a way to finish him off.

[With Magnum on the inside, Bryant goes up on the apron on the outside, tugging his elbowpad in place as he nods to the cheering crowd...]

SA: Brett Bryant on the apron, looking for something here...

[...and as Magnum struggles to his feet, Bryant uses the ropes to slingshot up, springing off the top...]

SA: SPRINGBOARD!

[...cocking his right arm back, looking to deliver a huge forearm smash!]

SA: FLYING FOREAR-

[But as Bryant sails towards him, the ever-quick Alpha Beast sidesteps, catching him in a waistlock as he goes by...]

SA: -CAUGHT... AND... DROPPED!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: GERMAN SUPLEX! THE SECOND OF THE MATCH!

[Holding on to the waistlock, Magnum rolls himself to his feet, dragging a dazed Bryant up with him...

...and then switches to a double arm chickenwing...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: TIGER SUPLEX! RIGHT ON THE BACK OF THE HEAD!

CP: He's lookin' for the Chimaera!

[...and hangs on, rolling right back up where he slaps a full nelson on the nearly-limp rookie...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: RELEASED! DRAGON! SUPLEX! OHHHHH, SWEET SANTA MARIA!

[Magnum rolls to his knees, looking down at Brett Bryant's motionless body...

...and throws a glare out towards an emotional Dave Bryant who is looking on in horror...]

SA: Magnum to his feet - no cover!

[A sneering Magnum grabs Brett by the hair, dragging him back to his feet...

...and then ducks down, lifting him up into a fireman's carry.]

SA: Uh oh! Magnum's got him up!

[Moving to mid-ring, Magnum starts spinning... and spinning... and spinning...

...and finally propels Bryant into the air where he continues to rotate freely before CRASHING down on the canvas!]

SA: BOMBSHELL!

CP: GAME! OVER!

[Magnum flips Brett Bryant onto his back, shoving his fists down into the chest, pushing up with his tongue extending in a menacing pose as the referee drops down to count...]

SA: One. Two. Three.

"DING! DING! DING!

[Magnum shoves Bryant away in disgust as he climbs to his feet, raising his arms over his head.]

TG: Here is your winner.. MAAAAAAAAX MAAAAAAGNUMMMMM!

[Magnum nods as the crowd jeers, staring down at the mat where Dave Bryant has rolled in to check on his son...

...and with a dismissive wave, Magnum exits the ring, leaving the Bryants behind.]

SA: The Bombshell scores the victory as Max Magnum remains unbeaten here in the AWA.

CP: And now finally... FINALLY... will the AWA front office treat Max Magnum with the respect that he deserves?! This man should already be a champion in my book, Albano!

SA: Max Magnum ending 2017 in impressive fashion and you would have to believe that 2018 may see him in a title match sooner rather than later. And down in Atlanta somewhere, you know Stevie Scott's gotta be happy about what he just saw, Colt.

CP: Without a doubt. His man just put the entire AWA on notice - 2018 is the Year of the Alpha Beast, jack!

[As Magnum strides up the aisle towards the locker room with purpose, we cut to a shot of our announcers at ringside.]

SA: Max Magnum picks up the win here in Toronto... and now we're heading back down to Atlanta for our next match but before we do, I understand Sweet Lou Blackwell is backstage hoping to get a word with two of the participants in that match. Lou?

[We get the split screen shot again - this time with Sal and Colt on one side and a grinning Sweet Lou Blackwell on the other.]

SLB: Thanks, Sal - and Happy SuperClash to you both, my friends! The electricity in the air can be felt all over this building - heck, all over this town this week as the AWA has taken over Atlanta and Toronto for a full week's worth of activities, all culminating here tonight for SuperClash IX - the final event that will go down in this historic venue. We've got so much still to come here in Atlanta - Steal The Spotlight, the World Tag Team Title match, the Barbed Wire match, the...

[Blackwell's words trail off as he spots someone off-camera.]

SLB: Hey! Just who I was looking for!

[The camera pans to reveal Alexander Kingsley and Curt Sawyer walking into view as Blackwell gestures to get their attention...

...and then furrows his brow as Sawyer and Kingsley keep on walking with a brusk "we have nothing to say to you, Blackwell" from Sawyer.]

SLB: Wait a second, you two! I want to talk to you!

[Blackwell gives his cameraman a wave to follow him as he trails behind Kingsley and Sawyer. The Shot Callers round a corner, walking halfway down the next hallway before Kingsley throws a glance over his shoulder and then pushes open a door, walking in. Sawyer stays in front of the door as the cameraman and Blackwell approach, extending a hand.]

CS: You're not welcome here, Blackwell. Don't make me say it twice.

[Sawyer pauses, making sure his message is heard before he pushes open the door as well, disappearing inside before Blackwell can get a look in the room. Blackwell pauses, a frustrated look on his face as we can hear loud voices from inside.]

SLB: Who is... that voice sounds familiar.

[Blackwell slowly lowers his hand to the door knob, trying to turn it...



...and then grimaces.]

SLB: They locked it. But that... that's gotta be that mysterious... advisor... of theirs... right?

[The camera moves up and down to indicate a nod.]

SLB: Well, I guess it'll remain a mystery for a little longer. Gordon, Bucky... back to you.

[We fade back out to our announce team seated at ringside where Gordon is looking right at Bucky who does a doubletake at Gordon's silence.]

BW: What?

GM: Hmm?

BW: Blackwell just threw it back to us... why ya starin' at me?

GM: I'm just thinking how it is that you seem to know every bit of shenanigans going around this place and you've strangely silent about who this mysterious advisor is for these two.

[Bucky looks around shiftily.]

BW: I don't know what you're talking about, Gordo.

GM: I'm sure. I'm sure you have no clue who these two have been working with seemingly for months now.

[Bucky grimaces as he looks at Gordon who is still staring at him.]

BW: Would you stop lookin' at me?!

[Gordon chuckles as he turns back to the camera.]

GM: This tag team match has been building up since the Battle of Saskatchewan earlier this summer with Alexander Kingsley and Curt Sawyer's horrible comments aimed at both Landon Grant and his legendary father, City Jack. It was those comments and the brutality targeting Grant as well that has led Jack to this one night return. One more night, he says... one more night to stand out here and help his son put down these two bullies. Fans, let's go to the ring for tag team action!

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

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

["Keep Your Eye On The Money" by Motley Crue cranks up over the Georgia Dome public address system, immediately drawing a hearty round of jeers. Moments later, emerging into view through the archway are two men who have quickly become among the most hated in the AWA.

On the left, it's Alexander Kingsley III, already looking quite proud of himself. He sports a thin beard but no moustache, leaving a very clear view of the wide smirk covering his face. On the right, it's Curt Sawyer, with his full beard doing little to hide his anger. Both wear matching shiny red jackets with their initials embroidered on the left pec. Kingsley turns his back to the ring to reveal "SHOT CALLERS" in

large silver print on the back of the jacket. Kingsley turns again to face the ring, as he and Sawyer exchange a side fist bump before proceeding down the aisle.]

RO: Making their way to the ring, at a total combined weight of 513 pounds...

Curt Sawyer... Alexander Kingsley the Third... they are...

THE SHOT! CALLLLLLLERRRRRRRSSSS!

GM: Here comes one of the AWA's hottest teams, Bucky, in Kingsley and Sawyer, who have surprised many by how well they work together. But tonight is more than a match. Tonight is personal for City Jack.

BW: Hey, it's personal for Sawyer, too. Haven't you listened to him recount all the free beer and wings he gave Jack and Rust back in the day? There's no telling how much money they owe him.

GM: If you believe that, I've got some oceanfront property in Kansas that might interest you.

[Kingsley climbs the steps and enters the ring first, followed by Sawyer. Still soaking in the jeers, AK3 shouts "TIME TO WATCH YOUR HERO GO OUT LIKE THE LOSER HE IS!" to a section of the crowd, while Sawyer has yet to remove his focus from the entranceway.]

RO: Annnnnnd their opponents...

[There's a momentary pause as the respectful AWA faithful rise to their feet, waiting for one of the men their favorite wrestling company was built upon to make his final entrance...

...and as the opening classical guitar notes of Chet Atkins' "Classical Gas" begin to play over the PA system, the Georgia crowd ERUPTS in cheers!]

RO: At a total combined weight of 554 pounds... the team of LANDON GRANT and an AWA Original...

...CITY JAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!

[As the music picks up a little, Landon Grant comes through the curtain first to some cheers from the crowd. He grins, nodding his head and raising an arm in thanks as he stands off to the side. He wears his blond hair short and neat. Landon wears a black based pleathor bodysuit with Cardinal red splashes around the shoulders, knees, and elbows. He also wears Cardinal red gloves and boots. Grant's back is almost to the camera now as he waits...

...and the crowd ERUPTS once again as City Jack strides through the curtain, grinning at the reaction given to him by seventy thousand fans!]

GM: And there he is, Bucky! The AWA Original... former AWA tag team champion... former LWC champion... one of the pillars that this company was built on - who could ever forget the legendary battles he and Tin Can Rust had with Calisto Dufresne and Adrian Freeman back in the day... and for one more time... one more night, City Jack is here to stand alongside his rookie son to face the two men inside the ring.

[Jack is wearing a dark brown wrestling singlet that has a blue stripe down the sides of both legs. A dark red t-shirt fits just over his torso with white block lettering that reads "AWA ORIGINAL" that he points to, getting the crowd even

louder. A pair of grey sweatbands are wrapped around his large forearms and black boots are on his feet as he points to the massive cheering crowd.]

BW: Well, I'm glad to see Jack's gotten in shape for this big match.

GM: Sarcasm will get you nowhere, my friend. As Jack would say, he's got a little bit of belly showing but it's the fists and forearms that'll tell the story in this one. He's never been a bodybuilder.

BW: Oh, I disagree - you gotta eat a lot of donuts to build a body like that.

GM: Would you stop?!

[Jack grins as he approaches his clapping and beaming son, reaching out his arms for a big embrace as the fans cheer again...

...and then the two turn back towards the entrance, pointing.]

GM: Oh! A little surprise for the Shot Callers tonight!

[The crowd cheers again as a third person emerges from the entrance tunnel, his weight supported on a pair of metal crutches and his leg heavily wrapped in a steel brace. He hobbles out to stand between Grant and Jack, a family reunited.]

GM: Tin Can Rust has come to SuperClash as well, fans!

[An angry-looking Rust lifts a crutch in one hand, pointing it towards the ring where Sawyer and Kingsley are shouting "WHAT'S HE DOING HERE?!" and "HE CAN'T BE OUT HERE!" to the official who shrugs in response.]

GM: And the Shot Callers are completely thrown off by this sudden shift in the odds!

BW: Shift in the odds? He can barely stand - let alone fight! This is nothing but that punk kid and his old man trying to play mind games... well, they should leave that to someone who is armed for the task.

[The entrance takes a bit of time as Rust tries to keep pace with his family as they walk the aisle towards the ring but Jack simply uses that time to shake the hands of whomever he can reach to as they pass, nodding and smiling to them all. Landon Grant on the other hand is focused on the ring, a gaze burning into Alexander Kingsley and Curt Sawyer, the latter of which is waving the young man into the ring, presumably trying to lure him into a trap.]

GM: And you have to wonder if Sawyer and Kingsley are regretting biting off more than they can chew right now.

BW: Boy, you really put a world of confidence into Tin Can Rust limping out here being some significant blow to the Shot Callers. Let me tell you now - these two KNOW they're on the path to the World Tag Team Titles and in the biggest match of their lives, they're not worried about anything stopping that.

GM: We shall see, Bucky.

[Reaching the ring, Grant pulls himself up on the apron, pointing a threatening finger at their opponents as Jack comes up the ringsteps and Rust takes a spot in the corner on the floor.]

GM: Landon Grant with the impulsiveness of youth wants to get right in there and go to war with these two but his father's trying to calm him down... trying to get

him to keep a clear head. He knows how dangerous these two are and they've gotta have the right gameplan if they're going to beat the Shot Callers here tonight in Atlanta with seventy thousand people on hand.

[Grant climbs through the ropes anyways, shouting again at their opponents as referee Andy Dawson steps between the two teams, trying to keep control before the bell sounds.]

GM: Some bad blood in the air between these two teams for sure... and Andy Dawson may have his work cut out for him in this one to keep this from turning into an out and out donnybrook at any moment.

[The official (and some words from City Jack) do seem to get Landon Grant under control... for the moment at least... as he backs off to his corner, standing alongside his father.]

GM: This one's just about set to begin here at SuperClash IX - this tag team grudge match that's been building for months now and-

[Referee Andy Dawson gives both corners a quick check and then signals the timekeeper.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: There's the bell and this one is-

[Landon Grant bursts out of the corner at the bell, ignoring his father's protests and sprinting across the ring where he SMASHES a hand into the head of Alexander Kingsley who is in the ring and then one for Curt Sawyer who is on the apron!]

GM: Grant starting off in a hurry - right hands for both Shot Callers!

[The haymakers are flying fast and furious as Grant rocks both men...

...then grabs them by the heads, clashing their skulls together to big cheers!]

GM: DOUBLE NOGGIN KNOCKER IN THE CORNER!

[The big crash of heads sends Curt Sawyer falling to the floor as Alexander Kingsley staggers alongside the ropes as Grant rears back again...]

GM: Oh! Big right hand on Kingsley... and another... and another... AK3 backing down to the corner, looking for a reprieve from this early offense out of young Landon Grant who is fired up in his first SuperClash matchup!

[Kingsley puts his back to the buckles as Grant advancing, winding up again...

...and slips a knee up into the gut of the rookie, cutting off the flurry of fists aimed at his head.]

GM: Kingsley with the veteran move there, going downstairs to slow down this young fireplug!

[Grabbing Grant by the hair, Kingsley SMASHES his face down into the top turnbuckle, causing Grant to fall back but Kingsley grabs his head again...]

GM: To the corner again- no! Blocked by Grant!

[A raised boot on the middle rope blocks Kingsley's second faceslam attempt...

...and a hard back elbow to the gut doubles up Kingsley as Grant grabs him by the hair and returns the favor!]

GM: And now it's Kingsley who goes facefirst into the top turnbuckle!

[Kingsley staggers out of the corner, swinging at the air as Grant advances on him again, reaching out to grab an arm...

...but Kingsley swiftly rakes his fingers across the eyes with the other hand!]

GM: To the eyes he goes! Illegal move there and hearing from the referee about it as Kingsley tries to take advantage of it!

[The Malibu, California native dashes to the ropes, building up speed as he rebounds off towards the temporarily-blinded Grant...

...who catches him coming in with an armdrag!]

GM: Grant armdrags him down to the mat!

[Kingsley scrambles up, charging right back in...]

GM: And another one sends him back the other way! Grant's building some momentum here, Bucky.

BW: The kid's got skills - no doubt about it - but he's as green as summer grass and that's what'll be his downfall.

[Grant holds the arm on the second one, quickly barring it as Kingsley cries out on the canvas.]

GM: Grant shifting gears here, going from his all-out offense and slowing it down a little with that armbar - perhaps the training under his father and Tin Can Rust on display there.

BW: They slowed it down thanks to the laws of physics though, Gordo - not by choice.

GM: Would you stop?!

[Kingsley works his way up to his feet, still trapped in the armbar that Grant shifts into an armwringer, grabbing the wrist and giving the trapped limb a twist.]

GM: Grant twisting that arm around, putting pressure on it...

[He holds the wrist as a wincing Kingsley slaps at his bicep, looking for a way out...

...and then Grant slowly twists it around a second time, giving it a yank at the end of the twist, putting Kingsley down on a knee.]

GM: Look at the pressure on that arm! Grant doing a number on it early...

[Holding the wrist, Grant slams a forearm down on the trapped limb once... twice... three times... and then grabs the wrist with both hands again, forcing Kingsley back to his feet...]

GM: Landon Grant is going after the arm in the opening moments of this one... and it looks like he's about to give it another twist here...

[Grant nods to the cheering crowd as he moves to do exactly that...

...but Kingsley swings a knee up into the gut again, breaking the grip on his wrist. He grimaces as he shakes out his arm, snatching Grant by the hair and dragging him back across the ring.]

BW: Kingsley's not about to let this punk kid derail the Shot Callers as they continue to work their way up the ladder of contention - you know they'll be watching that match between Next Gen and the Soldiers of Fortune later tonight.

GM: They had gotten themselves into the Number Five slot the last time the rankings came out - a win tonight could certainly get them right up in the mix for a future shot at the World Tag Team Titles... and there's the tag to Curt Sawyer to bring him in for the first time in this one.

[The crowd jeers the former blue collar fan favorite as he steps in, joining his partner in burying a pair of kicks each into the midsection of the trapped-in-the-corner Grant. Kingsley steps back out at the cries of Andy Dawson as Sawyer pulls Grant away from the turnbuckles, scooping him up in his powerful arms...]

GM: Big scoop... and a big slam down into the center of the ring!

[Sawyer sneers at the jeering crowd before stomping Landon Grant near the shoulder. He looks over at City Jack, saying something off-mic in his direction.]

GM: Curt Sawyer, the former barkeep, with some words for his former friend and customer.

BW: Frequent customer. There were weeks where the only weight lifting Jack did were 40oz curls.

[Jack has a few words in response for Sawyer who turns back to Grant, stomping him a second time before leaning down to drag him back to his feet.]

GM: Sawyer pulls him up... maybe another slam here...

[But as he lifts Grant up, the rookie slips out behind him, quickly lifting him up onto his shoulder...]

GM: Grant slips loose, gets him up... and DOWWWWWN with an atomic drop!

[The impact of the move propels Sawyer towards the wrong part of town where a fired-up City Jack PASTES him with a right hand between the eyes, sending Sawyer staggering right back the other way towards Landon Grant who winds up deep...]

GM: Whammo! Uppercut right on the chin!

[The big blow sends Sawyer falling back into the corner again...

...and this time, it's Landon Grant who makes the tag, bringing his legendary father into the match for the first time to HUUUUUGE CHEERS!]

GM: City Jack is in off the tag and listen to this ovation in Hotlanta!

[Grant pulls Sawyer from the corner alongside the ropes as Jack moves in to grab the other arm...]

GM: Double whip shoots him across... annnnnd... OH! A father and son shouldertackle takes Sawyer right down!

[Sawyer writhes on the canvas as Grant smiles at having delivered a doubleteam with his father, giving Jack a clap on the shoulder before exiting.]

GM: This has gotta be a dream come true for Landon Grant here tonight, Bucky.

BW: And a horrible nightmare for those of us who thought we were done with this old relic last summer.

[The rotund fan favorite gives a big grin to the cheering crowd as Curt Sawyer struggles up to his feet only to be lifted right off them...]

GM: And Jack returns the favor for his kid, a big bodyslam on Sawyer!

[With the former bartender down on the mat, City Jack throws himself into the ropes, loping back out to mid-ring where he throws himself slightly up into the air before dropping a big elbow down in the chest!]

GM: Ohhh! Elbowdrop on the money!

BW: In his prime, that was about a 320 pound elbow... now, he's gotta be pushing four bills easy.

GM: Bucky! He is NOT!

BW: You say that now but I heard they had to take him down to the Atlanta Zoo to weigh him in tonight.

[Jack rolls over, looking to cover...]

GM: Jack with the first pin attempt of the- maybe not!

[The crowd ROARS as Jack forsakes the pin attempt to batter Sawyer with closed fists to the skull. Sawyer tries to cover up as the fans cheer and the referee shouts bloody murder at the AWA Original!]

GM: Jack's all over Curt Sawyer, getting a little bit of payback for everything they've done to him and his family over the past few months!

[The big man climbs to his feet, a grin on his face as he looks across at a fuming Kingsley, pointing to him with a "YOU'RE NEXT, PAL!" that gets even more cheers from the crowd as Kingsley kicks the ropes in anger.]

GM: Alexander Kingsley has worked hard to turn this team with Curt Sawyer into a well-oiled machine and right now, that machine is getting outdone by a good ol' fashioned blue collar working man and his son.

BW: Oh, I'm gonna vomit.

[With Jack's attention on Kingsley, Curt Sawyer regains his feet, clasping his hands over his head...]

GM: From behind!

[...but Jack wheels around, burying a right hand into the midsection of Sawyer!]

GM: No! Jack caught him coming in! Veteran instinct there perhaps...

[Winding up, Jack drives home a haymaker to the jaw... and another one sends Sawyer stumbling back across the ring into the neutral corner as the referee reprimands Jack for the closed fists...]

GM: Andy Dawson letting Jack have it for the clenched fists and... well, he might be about to REALLY lose it now!

[With the crowd cheering him on, Jack steps up to the second turnbuckle, raising a meaty right hand above his head...

...and lets it fly, the Atlanta fans counting along with every blow!]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[The fans have been whipped into a wild state as Jack steps down gingerly off the middle rope, grabbing Sawyer by the head, leading him across the ring...]

GM: Curt Sawyer's getting a pounding for all that he's said and done since joining up with that snake Kingsley and... headfirst into the corner he goes!

[Reaching out, Jack slaps the offered hand of his son, bringing Landon back into the ring.]

GM: The tag is made... Landon Grant back in... Tin Can Rust cheering this duo on from ringside... a little bit of Kentucky's Pride here in the Peach State.

[With Grant back in, they whip Sawyer across the ring again, twisting around to bury a double back elbow up under the chin that topples him once more as Kingsley shouts angrily from the corner.]

GM: Grant and Jack working so well together - and I suppose that comes as no surprise!

[Jack vacates the ring as Grant gets a running start, leaping high to drop a knee down into the sternum...

...and then quickly grabs Sawyer by the head, peppering fists into the face of the former Rusty Spur owner!]

GM: And now it's Grant getting himself a pound of flesh and these people love it!

[A fired up Grant disregards the official as he drags Sawyer to a knee...

...where Sawyer grabs a handful of Grant's bodysuit, giving it a yank which pulls Grant towards him and into the corner where Kingsley is waiting with a fierce right hand to the jaw!]

GM: OH!

[A sneering Sawyer gets up, burying a stiff forearm into the kidneys of the stunned Grant before slapping his partner's hand...]

GM: Sawyer taking the shortcut, the tag is made there...



[Kingsley stays on the apron, pulling Grant's throat down over the top rope with a front facelock as Sawyer lifts the legs in a wheelbarrow, allowing maximum pressure on the choke. The referee is shouting at both men as the fans jeer loudly as City Jack protests from the opposite corner...]

GM: Illegal doubleteam tactics and...

BW: ...and now you're seeing the kind of teamwork that has really brought these two to the dance in such a short time.

GM: Illegal pulls of the tights?! Choking?!

BW: Being willing to do whatever it takes to win. These two - especially Sawyer - are through playing by the rules. They're going to do it all and win it all, daddy.

[Kingsley slips into the ring after breaking the choke at four, twisting Grant's arm around before driving a forearm uppercut up into the trapped limb... then slamming an elbow down on top of it...]

GM: Kingsley going after that arm now... wrenching it around, right into the hammerlock...

[Grant is looking for a way out when Kingsley gets his feet under him and gives a shove, sending Grant shoulderfirst into the turnbuckles.]

GM: Ohh! The shoulder hits the corner and... Kingsley SNAPS him back with a side Russian legsweep! Floats over... he's got one... he's got two- just barely two before Grant kicks out. Nowhere near enough to keep this fiery young kid down here on the biggest stage of his young career.

[With Grant down on the mat, Kingsley grabs the left arm, pinning it down by the wrist as he drives his knee down once... twice... three times... four times... five times before getting up, leaving Grant writhing in pain on the mat clutching his bicep.]

BW: And Landon Grant's in trouble now, Gordo. The Shot Callers smell blood in the water and if these two know how to do anything at all, it's completely and totally physically break down an opponent. That arm's got a bullseye on it and the Shot Callers are taking aim now.

GM: Landon Grant feeling the effects of those knees... and Kingsley grabs the wrist, guiding him right back to his feet...

[Wrenching the arm around, Kingsley steers Grant towards the corner where he slaps Curt Sawyer's hand.]

GM: Sawyer in on the tag... second rope... and DOWN across the arm with a double axehandle!

[Grant stumbles away, grabbing at his arm...

...and catches a glimpse of his father waiting in the corner for him, picking up his pace a bit to try and get there...]

GM: Grant's going for a tag... trying to get-

[But Sawyer sees it coming, grabbing a wrist and yanking Grant back towards him into a back suplex...]

GM: Ohh! Right down on the back of the head!

[Sawyer gets up to his feet, looking down at the laid out Grant with satisfaction...

...and then turns his focus onto Tin Can Rust who is at ringside, barking insults up at Sawyer who glares at him.]

GM: Curt Sawyer and Tin Can Rust trading words now.

BW: Not now, Curt. Don't lose focus on the match.

[Kingsley is saying the same thing from the apron, trying to keep his partner on task...]

GM: Curt Sawyer's got a bit of a short temper and he's directing that at Rust right now, barking at him...

[Sawyer steps closer towards the ropes where Rust is standing, leaning over to berate him...]

GM: Sawyer's right up by the ropes now and-

[...where Rust tries to take a swipe at him with his crutch, causing Sawyer to back off and the referee to warn Rust.]

GM: Andy Dawson letting Rust know that if he uses that crutch to attack Sawyer, Grant and Jack will be disqualified and nobody wants to see that happen.

[Sawyer throws a dismissive wave at Rust, turning back around to go after a kneeling Landon Grant...]

GM: Sawyer going back after Grant and- oh! Grant goes downstairs with the right hand!

[With Sawyer reeling from the surprise shot, Grant lands a second shot to the gut... then one to the temple of the doubled-up Sawyer, sending him staggering back as Grant comes back to his feet, fire in his eyes...]

GM: Landon Grant's up - he's gotta make the tag!

[...but instead of going to his corner, Grant lets loose his temper, throwing rights as quickly as he can, backing Sawyer across the ring again...]

GM: Sawyer's getting rocked by the kid and-

[Kingsley climbs up on the middle rope, shouting at Grant who pivots...]

GM: HE DRILLS KINGSLEY!

[...and smashes Kingsley with a right hand that sends him falling to the floor...

...but the momentary distraction also allows Curt Sawyer to rush forward, smashing a forearm into the back of Grant's head, knocking him through the ropes to the outside near Kingsley!]

GM: Ohh! And Sawyer sends Grant out to the floor as well! A cheap shot from the blind side and-

BW: Cheap shot?! Did you see Grant hit Kingsley?!

GM: I also saw Kingsley threatening to get involved and-

BW: Oh... YOU should give ME a break this time, Myers.

[The referee is backing Sawyer off, reprimanding him for the blow to the back of the head as Kingsley regains his feet on the outside, pulling Grant up alongside him...

...and SMASHES his face into the ring apron to jeers from the Atlanta crowd!]

GM: Kingsley - you talk about cheap shots?!

BW: He's just returning the favor on this punk kid, daddy!

[City Jack comes down off the apron, shouting at Kingsley as he approaches around the corner. Kingsley scampers away as the referee comes over to warn Jack to get back in the corner.]

GM: The referee didn't see any of that and he's shouting at City Jack now! Come on, ref!

BW: You can't see what you can't call, Gordo. Even you know that.

GM: Sawyer's heading out to the floor now... this can't be good news for Landon Grant...

[Grabbing the wrist on Grant, Sawyer lifts his arm over his head...

...and SLAMS the forearm down onto the ring apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief! Sawyer trying to break that arm - clear as day that's what he's trying to do, Bucky!

[Grant cries out in pain, stumbling away alongside the apron as he cradles his left arm against his body.]

GM: Landon Grant's in a tremendous amount of pain as Kingsley and Sawyer continue to go after that left arm... the wrist, the forearm, the shoulder - it's a total dissection!

[The referee turns his attention to Sawyer now, ordering him to get the match back inside the ring...

...but Sawyer's got other ideas, pulling Grant back towards him...]

GM: What's he... NO!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd groans... and then boos loudly as Sawyer stands over Landon Grant, having bodyslammed him on the thin protective ringside mats!]

GM: A brutal slam, right down on the floor! That ungiving floor!

[Sawyer rolls under the ropes into the ring, abandoning Landon Grant to the mercy of the referee's count...

...but the referee instead has words for Sawyer, shouting him back...]

GM: Here comes Kingsley again!

[With the referee distracted, AK3 comes rushing around the ringpost again, dragging Sawyer off the mat...

...and with two handsfull of bodysuit...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...he DRIVES Grant's shoulder into the steel ringpost!]

GM: COME ON! THAT SHOULD BE A DISQUALIFICATION - RIGHT THERE!

[As the referee wheels around at the noise, Kingsley is already on the run, getting away as Tin Can Rust approaches, the metal crutch gripped in his hands.]

GM: Kingsley running away like a thief in the damn night!

BW: What brilliant work by the Shot Callers!

GM: Brilliant work?! Brilliant cheating, if you ask me!

BW: At least we agree it's brilliant!

"TEN MINUTES HAVE GONE BY! TEN MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: Ten minutes left in the time limit - we've reached the halfway point in this emotional and physical tag team battle between the Shot Callers and the father/son duo of Landon Grant and City Jack... and right now, this match is well in hand for the Shot Callers by all appearances.

[Out on the floor, Landon Grant lies on his back, grabbing at his shoulder in pain as the referee starts a ten count on him.]

GM: Curt Sawyer's in there, telling the referee to count faster... what a piece of work this guy. When I think of all the times that we spent - you and I, Bucky - in the Rusty Spur with this guy and THIS is what he's become?

BW: A winner? Yeah, I never would've guessed it back then either.

GM: That's not what I meant at all and you know it.

[Sawyer waves a hand, shouting "FOUR! FIVE! SIX! COME ON!" as the official's count reaches four...]

GM: Landon Grant... Tin Can Rust is right out there cheering the young man on, trying to inspire him to get back in there and keep fighting.

BW: Keep fighting? He shoulda made the tag when he had the chance. But noooo... his big hot temper kept him in there and he's paying for it right now.

GM: That count is up to six... and he's still not moving. Sawyer walking around, his arms raised, he thinks he's won this thing...

BW: And I agree with him! Grant's still not moving, he's still down.... the count up to seven...

[Slowly though, Landon Grant rolls over onto his chest, his injured arm pinned underneath him...]

GM: Grant's moving now... but is it too late? Can he somehow find a way to-

[Sliding his good arm under him, Grant lets loose a hellacious roar as he pushes up with one arm to his knees. His face is etched in agony though as he looks up where the referee counts eight...]

GM: The count is up to eight - Andy Dawson right there to see if he can go on...

[Curt Sawyer is shouting at Dawson now, ordering him to count faster which actually seems to distract Dawson from counting and slows him down as Grant reaches his good arm out, grabbing the ring apron to drag himself up to his feet...]

GM: He's on his feet! The kid is standing!

BW: The count's at nine though! One more and he's-

[The crowd ROARS as Grant pulls himself under the ropes, rolling his injured body into the ring...

...where an irate Sawyer pounces on him, stomping the arm... stomping the shoulder... ignoring the shouting referee for several seconds as the fans boo loudly.]

GM: Curt Sawyer is all over him... and now he's pulling him up by the wrist...

[He gives the arm a yank, causing Grant to cry out before Sawyer slowly twists the arm around again, walking him across the ring...

...where Grant throws a desperation right hand, bouncing one off the jaw of Sawyer!]

GM: Yeah! Come on, kid!

[Grant winds up, landing a second one as Sawyer just barely hangs on to the injured limb...]

GM: He's fighting it! Trying to battle his way out!

[...and winds up a third time before Sawyer gives the hooked arm a hard pull, ripping Grant right into a short arm shouldertackle to the injured shoulder!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: So much for that!

[Sawyer reaches back, slapping Kingsley's offered hand as he wrenches the arm around again while Kingsley scales the turnbuckles and leaps off, driving the point of his elbow down on the shoulder of Grant, again causing him to cry out as he sinks down to his knees on the canvas.]

GM: Another doubleteam by the Shot Callers.

BW: So brutal, so effective. Grant's arm is hanging on with duct tape and bubble gum, daddy.

[Kingsley stands over Grant, taunting the fans first with his arms spread wide and an arrogant smirk on his face.]

GM: Alexander Kingsley letting these fans know how great he believes he is.

[With Kingsley's attention on the crowd, Grant starts to crawl across the ring, his eyes locked on his father's outstretched hand in the corner...]

GM: And here we go... Landon Grant on all fours, crawling on his hands and knees to get to his father, City Jack, who is waiting to get back in there in the worst possible way...

[Shaking his head, Kingsley looks across the ring where Jack is pacing a bit, still keeping an eye on his son, shouting encouragement to him with a "COME ON, KID! I'M RIGHT HERE!"]

GM: City Jack trying to get his son to follow his voice!

[A mocking Kingsley shouts "I'M RIGHT HERE!" before he STOMPS down on the shoulder again, putting Grant back down on his face on the mat...

...and then smirks at City Jack who starts to come through the ropes before the referee intervenes.]

GM: City Jack's getting ready to lose HIS cool now as well. He wants to get his hands on these two jackals who are absolutely physically breaking his son down right here and now.

[With a chuckle, Kingsley turns back to the downed Grant, grabbing the wrist and hauling him to his feet...

...where Grant SMASHES him with a forearm on the jaw that sends both men falling backwards and down to the mat!]

GM: OH! AND A LITTLE METROPILL OF HIS OWN FOR LANDON GRANT!

[City Jack nods his head emphatically, slapping the top turnbuckle in rhythm as the crowd starts to chant along...]

"LAN-DON!"

"LAN-DON!"

"LAN-DON!"

[Grant again twists around on all fours, pointing at the corner where Jack extends the arm as far as he can and the crowd roars at the idea of Jack getting in there!]

GM: The kid's got a clear path this time! He's got-

BW: Not so fast, Gordo!

[The cheers turn to jeers as Grant's efforts are completely stymied by Kingsley who has managed to scissor Grant's ankle between his legs, preventing him from advancing towards the corner...

...and then leans all the way back, stretching out his arms...]

GM: The tag is made to Sawyer again...

[A charging Sawyer gets across and STOMPS the back of Grant's head, cutting off his tag efforts as City Jack buries his head in his arms on the top turnbuckle.]

GM: Curt Sawyer may have just cut off Landon Grant's best chance of getting out of the ring and getting the AWA Original, City Jack, back in.

[As Kingsley rolls out, Sawyer takes careful aim and DROPS his knee down onto the injured shoulder of Grant, grabbing the wrist with both hands and yanking the arm straight back against the grain!]

GM: Oh my stars! Listen to this kid screaming!

BW: The referee better get in there, he may need to stop this thing, Gordo.

[Official Andy Dawson slides down to a knee, asking Grant if he wants to submit but the young rookie chokes out an anguished "NOOOOO!" as Sawyer torments his injured limb!]

GM: Grant's refusing to give in! Refusing to give up! This kid's got tons of heart just like his father!

[Sawyer grimaces at the refusal to submit... and then cranks even harder somehow, Grant howling in pain now...]

GM: Look at the torque on that arm! Look at-

[Fearing the worst, City Jack comes barreling through the ropes, forcing Sawyer to break the hold...]

...and the referee to dive in front of the AWA Original, shouting "NO! NO! NO!" and forcing him back!]

GM: The referee's trying to keep this under contro- oh, come on!

[With Jack tying up the official, Kingsley slides back into the ring, each grabbing an ankle as they pull Grant back towards the Shot Callers' corner.]

GM: More illegal tactics on the part of the Shot Callers and Landon Grant is right back where he started, trapped in the corner of Sawyer and Kingsley...

[Sawyer traps Grant's arm behind his back, hammerlocking the injured limb before he slams him down on top of it and then promptly tags his partner.]

GM: The big slam right on his own arm... and in comes Kingsley perhaps looking to finish the job now...

[Kingsley steps up to the middle rope as Grant lies on his back, his arm still trapped underneath him...]

...and then leaps off, STOMPING down on the shoulder viciously! Grant cries out again, his arm slipping free as Kingsley attempts a cover.]

GM: AK3 with the cover for one... for two... for th- no! Grant kicks out!

BW: What?!

GM: This kid refuses to stay down, Bucky.

"FIVE MINUTES REMAIN! FIVE MINUTES!"

GM: Five minutes left in this twenty minute time limit and... while the Shot Callers have this one well in hand, they've also been unable to put their opponents away and with five minutes left on the clock, they're running out of time.

[Kingsley angrily gets to his feet, slapping his hands together three times at Andy Dawson... and then pulls Grant up by the arm, winging him into the neutral corner.]

GM: Whip to the buckles... Kingsley measuring his man...

[AK3 goes storming on towards the dazed Grant, looking to finish the job...

...and runs full steam right into a raised boot up under the chin!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Grant got the foot up! The foot goes up and Kingsley's rocked!

[Kingsley staggers backwards as an exhausted Grant boosts himself up onto the second rope, sitting on the top turnbuckle, breathing heavily.]

GM: This young rookie has been through the wringer tonight and this has gotta be the deepest of waters he's been in in his young career! Fifteen minutes and counting against two of the most physical competitors on the roster!

[A weary Grant straightens up, looking out on the dazed Kingsley....

...and LEAPS off, driving a flying clothesline across the collarbone of Kingsley - thankfully with the good arm!]

GM: CLOTHESLINE OFF THE SECOND ROPE! KINGSLEY GOES DOWN!

[The crowd ROARS for the burst of offense as both men are laid out on the canvas, their respective partners calling them to their corners to make the tag.]

GM: And this is it! This is the moment for Landon Grant! He's gotta find a way to dig down deep, fight down the pain, crawl across the ring, and MAKE! THAT! TAG!

[Grant extends his good arm, stretching it out so that his elbow digs into the mat... and drags himself away from Kingsley - inch by inch...]

GM: He's pulling himself, dragging himself, doing whatever he can!

[A weary Kingsley grabs at his collarbone, rolling to the side...]

GM: Both men on the move now! Inching, crawling, scratching, digging!

[...and slapping the hand of Curt Sawyer.]

GM: Kingsley makes the tag!

[Sawyer comes through the ropes quickly, moving fast as he sees Grant push up to his knees, stars in his eyes...]

GM: GET THERE!

[...and throws himself towards the welcoming arms of his father!]

GM: TAG!

[The crowd EXPLODES as Grant slumps to the canvas and City Jack comes storming into the ring while Curt Sawyer frantically slams on the brakes!]

GM: CITY JACK MAKES THE TAG AND HERE! WE! GO!

[Jack snaps his arm out, a jab stinging the jaw of Sawyer.. and another.. and another.. and another..



...and a big sweeping haymaker sends Sawyer bouncing across the ring to a HUGE ROAR from the Atlanta crowd!]

GM: We're under four minutes to go- here comes Kingsley now!

[Jack greets Kingsley the same way, snapping those jabs...]

GM: Kingsley's not legal but Jack doesn't care!

[A final jab sends Kingsley falling back towards the ropes where a rushing City Jack sends him tumbling to the outside with a clothesline!]

GM: Jack clears out Kingsley... and he's going back after Sawyer now... Sawyer in the corner...

[A rampaging Jack BARRELS into the cornered Sawyer with a clothesline, shifting his position to apply a side headlock...]

...and lumbers right out of the corner, leaping up to SMASH Sawyer's face into the mat with a bulldog!]

GM: BULLDOG PLANTS HIM! JACK WITH THE COVER!

[The referee dives to count, slapping the mat once... twice...]

GM: Sawyer slips out at two!

[Again, City Jack takes his frustrations out on Sawyer, smashing his fist down between the eyes faster and harder with each blow thrown as the Atlanta crowd goes wild!]

GM: The fans are on their feet! They can sense it now! City Jack's rocking and rolling and he's gonna roll right over these Shot Callers!

[Jack gives a swoop of his arm to another cheer as he grabs the staggered Sawyer on the way to his feet by the arm, whipping him into the ropes...]

GM: Sawyer off the far side...

[...and the rebounding Shot Caller gets hooked in a big bearhug, the crowd instantly going nuts!]

GM: HE HOOKS IT! HE'S READY FOR THE METROBOOM!

BW: No, no!

[But before he can pivot to deliver an almost certain match-ending belly-to-belly suplex, Jack's grip is broken up when Kingsley comes rushing back in, burying a knee in the back of the AWA Original to HUGE JEERS!]

GM: Jack had it hooked but that piece of garbage Kingsley interfered!

[Grabbing the arms of City Jack, Kingsley pulls him back, holding him open for Sawyer who shouts a threat at Jack before throwing himself into the ropes, bouncing back towards Jack...]

...who slips free just before Sawyer unleashes a right hand!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SAWYER HITS HIS OWN PARTNER!

[The impact of the shot sends Kingsley flying backwards, falling through the ropes to the outside as Jack stands behind a shocked Sawyer who quickly turns...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: METROPILL! METROPILL!

[The big heavy forearm smash connects, knocking Sawyer into the air, sending him flying a few feet away before he crashes down on the canvas!]

"TWO MINUTES REMAIN! TWO MINUTES!"

[City Jack starts towards the downed Sawyer..

...when he spies Alexander Kingsley on the outside snatching the crutch away from Tin Can Rust!]

GM: Cover him, Jack!

[Jack points out Kingsley on the floor who is now menacing Rust with the crutch...]

GM: Jack's going to his brother's aid! His friend, his long-time partner!

[Jack ducks through the ropes, grabbing one end of the crutch as he and Kingsley tug at it...

...and Kingsley shoves it backwards, jamming one end into Jack's throat!]

GM: OH! HE HIT HIM WITH THE CRUTCH!

BW: INCIDENTAL! NO INTENT!

[Choking and gasping, Jack staggers back into the ring where a waiting Sawyer powers him up in an impressive show of strength, pivots...

...and DRIVES him down to the mat in a spinebuster!]

GM: SPINEBUSTER! THE SPINE HITS THE PINE!

[Sawyer waves his arms apart in a "it's over" gesture before he dives onto the prone City Jack!]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: A DIVING, FLYING, DESPERATION SAVE BY LANDON GRANT! OH MY!

[The exhausted Grant rolls to the side, hearing it from the official as Alexander Kingsley reaches in, pulling Grant by the ankle to the outside where he ends up sitting on the apron with Kingsley on the floor...]

GM: Kingsley's got Grant on the outside and-

[Sawyer is back on his feet, glaring at Grant for a moment before he goes to pull up Jack...]

GM: SMALL PACKAGE!

[...and gets rolled into an inside cradle by the veteran!]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: NO! NO! SHOULDER UP!

“ONE MINUTE! ONE MINUTE REMAINS!”

[With a powerful boot to the jaw, Grant kicks Kingsley away from him, climbing back to his feet and marching back to the corner as Sawyer scrambles up, burying a knee into Jack’s jaw on the rise up...]

GM: OH! Kneelift to the chin!

[...which sends Jack falling back to the corner where a sharp-eyed viewer MIGHT notice Landon Grant slap his father’s shoulder as the referee raises a hand to signal the tag...]

BW: Was that a tag?

[...but Curt Sawyer on the other hand, doesn’t seem to notice it at all as he’s focused on dragging City Jack right out of the corner by the head, pulling him into a standing headscissors...]

GM: Wait a second! Wait a second!

BW: Is he gonna piledriver City Jack?! He’s REALLY gonna finish him off!

[But as Sawyer prepares for a potential life-altering blow, Landon Grant is desperately and quickly climbing the turnbuckles...]

GM: GRANT! GRANT’S CLIMBING!

BW: Get him down from there!

[...and before Sawyer can respond, Grant HURLS himself off the top rope, catching Sawyer across the chest with a crossbody!]

GM: CROSSBODY! CROSSBODY!

[The referee dives down to count!]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

[But the referee leaps up as Sawyer kicks, holding up two fingers!]

GM: NO! NO! TWO COUNT ONLY! TWO COUNT ONLY!

BW: That was TOO close!

[Landon Grant rolls his knees, shaking his head at the official...]

“THIRTY SECONDS!”

GM: Thirty seconds to go!

[Grant, hearing the time call, gets to his feet...

...and spots Kingsley up on the apron!]

GM: Kingsley's got the crutch!

[Grant pivots and DRILLS Kingsley with a right hand... but Kingsley stays on his feet, tangling up Grant...]

BW: There's no time for this! They've gotta-

[...grabbing Grant's left wrist...]

GM: Sawyer's back on his feet and-

[...and DROPS off the apron, snapping Grant's injured arm down across the top rope. Grant howls in pain, violently twisting away from the ropes, staggering out towards a waiting Sawyer who boots him in the gut...]

GM: Kick downstairs...

[...and hooks him by the arm, stretching it out to full extension...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRIVES him down in a single arm DDT, causing Grant to SCREAM for an instant before darkness takes him. City Jack moves to get back in but a rushing Alexander Kingsley hooks his ankle, forcing him to fall to his knees, his son just out of reach as Sawyer covers and the referee counts one...]

GM: Kingsley's got Jack by the ankle! He can't get there!

[...two...]

GM: Are you kidding...

[...and three!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: ...unbelievable.

[The crowd jeers as Sawyer rolls off the passed out Grant who finally succumbed from the pain to his arm and shoulder, the Shot Caller raising his arms over his head in triumph as Kingsley lets go of City Jack, jumping up in the air with his arms thrust up!]

BW: They did it, Gordo! They did it!

[The referee points to the winners as the ring announcer makes it official.]

RO: Your winners of the match... THE SHOT CALLERRRRRRS!

[Kingsley rolls into the ring, dragging his partner to his feet and falling into an embrace with him as the Atlanta crowd jeers loudly.]

GM: Well, the fans here in Atlanta aren't too happy about this but with just seconds left on the clock, the Shot Callers come out on top of Landon Grant and City Jack when... Bucky, it looked to me that after Curt Sawyer hit that single arm DDT - that

move that many have called Divorce Court over the years because of the amount of shoulders it has separated - Landon Grant passed out from the pain.

BW: I think that's right, Gordo. The kid took a tremendous amount of punishment to that arm - refused to quit, refused to stay down - but in the end, all that damage was too much for him and he blacked out for a three count.

GM: Kingsley and Sawyer pick up the win... and you have to believe after this impressive performance, that puts them right in line for a future World Tag Team Title opportunity.

BW: I believe it does... and I believe that both Next Gen and the Soldiers of Fortune better get ready because when the Shot Callers come for ya, they just might take home the gold, daddy.

GM: The Shot Callers making their exit now... you can see one of our medical team members in there with Landon Grant. City Jack's in... he looks quite emotional seeing his son like this. Tin Can Rust in there as well, checking on someone who is essentially like a nephew to him.

[A quick smelling salts application gets Grant up to a seated position, cradling his left arm with a tremendous expression of pain on his face as he looks up at his legendary father.]

"I'm sorry, Dad."

[Jack immediately swoops to his son's side, shaking his head as he helps him get to his feet with some effort. The Atlanta crowd is cheering loudly for the father/son duo now as Jack points to them.]

"Ya listen to them, kid. Ya got nothin' to be sorry about. Ya gave it all ya got... ya gave THEM all ya got... and I know ya gave me all ya got too. I couldn't be prouder, Landon... ya hear me?"

[Grant nods, his face filled with emotion as he embraces his father and Tin Can Rust smiles at the scene, patting his family on the back.]

GM: An emotional moment in this ring tonight at SuperClash between father and son... and also between these fans and the legendary City Jack. He said one more time, one more night and... wow, what a night it was.

[Jack grins at the cheering crowd, waving a hand as he keeps the other supporting his son.]

GM: The career of City Jack - the legendary career - comes to an end here in this tag team match but... well, the spirit will certainly live on in his young son, Landon Grant, who had one heck of a night for his first SuperClash.

[Jack, Rust, and the medic help Grant over towards the ropes, holding them apart for him to exit. Jack goes to follow but his son puts a hand on his chest...]

"Uh uh... you get your moment, dad."

[Grant drops down off the apron as Jack grins at him, shaking his head...

...and then again looks out on the cheering crowd with a smile, waving a hand... and then extending his arm for Tin Can Rust to join him center ring.]

GM: These fans taking it all in... one final time for Kentucky's Pride in this ring. One final time for City Jack and Tin Can Rust, two of the men who helped build this

company... who helped pave the way for so many of today's superstars... taking one last bow in front of this sold out Atlanta crowd.

[Rust grabs his friend by the wrist, lifting his arm and pointing to him as Landon Grant stands on the outside, slapping his good hand against the apron to applaud his family.]

GM: It's an incredible scene here in Atlanta and... well, I'd like to join in, Bucky. How about you?

BW: Hard pass.

[Gordon chuckles as his headset makes a "CLUNK!" sound before we cut to ringside to show him rising to his feet, clapping for the two men in the ring. We pan around the 70,000+ fans in attendance, showing more people standing and clapping...

...down to ringside to Landon Grant...

...into the crowd where an older man stands alongside a young child, both clapping...

...back into the ring where Jack is mouthing "thank you" repeatedly, bowing his head to the cheering crowd as even the usually grumpy Tin Can Rust has a big smile on his face, waving a hand as he balances awkwardly on his crutches...

...and we fade to black.

After a moment, the ESPN 30 For 30 logo comes up on the screen with the words "COMING IN EARLY 2018."

We come up on a shot of Lori Dane - a talking head shot.]

LD: They told me repeatedly - "there's no room for women's wrestling in the AWA." It wasn't even up for debate really. I mean... I wasn't surprised. Look at what happened in the E.

[We get a brief still photo publicity photo shot of "Luscious" Lori Dane holding the EMWC Women's Title.]

LD: Yeah, I held the title but for the life of you, could anyone remember who I beat for it? Or if I even defended it on TV? I was a house show gimmick. Someone they could trot out there to get whistled at and make the guys drop money for bikini 8X10s at intermission.

[Cut to a talking head of former AWA competitor Melissa Cannon.]

MC: Most of the talented women's wrestlers in the 80s and 90s were in Japan. There were a handful here but for every Jessica Starbird, you had an "Erotic" Erin. For every Lori Dane, a Satin Sheets. The women in the States were being treated as a sideshow and everyone knew it. The Throbbing Mattress Kittens? Give me a [BLEEPING] break!

[Cut to Laura Davis with a smirk on her face.]

LD: The UWF took it pretty seriously but very few other places did. Even the so-called biggest promotions on the planet didn't give us the time of day. Hell, some of the best women were better in the ring than the top men at times... but you'd never know it by the way they promoted us.

[Back to Dane.]

LD: I was a friggin' co-owner of the company and I still couldn't get it done for a long damn time. But when it changed...

[Dane raises her eyebrows as we fade to a graphic that says "THE BIRTH OF THE AWA WOMEN'S DIVISION."

The "Coming Soon" graphic returns for a moment...

...and then back to black.

We get a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo before we open to a mirror above a metallic gray sink. Both have seen better days. It's slightly open, revealing regular bathroom items such as toothpaste, cotton swabs.

A straight razor.

A heavily tattooed arm reaches into view. The back of the hand has a tattoo of an "X" in collegiate block style that we can plainly see as it turns on the knob with an "H" engraved on the handle. Suddenly, a familiar voice speaks up. The voice of Sid Osborne.]

SO: I've had it all. Seen it all. Seen it all done to me. Every indignity. Kicked in the gut. Stabbed in the back.

[Osborne pauses as we can detect a humorless laugh.]

SO: Literally.

[Both hands of Sid Osborne now come into view, opening the mirror fully. The left grabs a can of shaving cream. It shoots a handful into the open palm of the right hand.]

SO: I've been shoved face first into the dirt so many times, that I've learned the taste of it. Learned to know how it tastes. But never love it. Never accept it.

[The mirror door is closed, and we finally see the face of Sid Osborne. He fixes the camera with a sideways glance. Scowling, he places the hand not filled with shaving cream and turns it slightly. With the view now a faded and yellowed paper flyer that exclaims "ALL AGES MATINEE" across the top, he continues.]

SO: I told myself, though, that this wasn't the street. This wasn't my car that had to double as my bedroom... sleeping with one eye open and one hand on a baseball bat. This was business. This was my shot at a normal life. And I was the one that had to fix my head. That I couldn't go on like I always have.

[We hear the sound of Osborne lathering up with the shaving cream.]

SO: So when someone I was just in a fight with got jumped, I didn't look out for number one. I jumped right in. And when the chance to team up with someone who had years on me as far as experience in this business came up...

[Osborne pauses as we can hear him going into the storage behind the mirror again. The glint of the steel from the straight razor just barely comes across the right edge of our screen. The sound of a blade going across skin can be heard.]

SO: ... I told myself again that this was all different. That I could go into something with a partner. That for the first time I could work with someone towards a common goal... that I could have someone's back and they would have mine.

[The sound of water rushing out of the sinks faucet can be heard. The camera shakes slightly, causing it to turn to the right and downwards. We see the cause of this as Osborne is bent over the sink.]

SO: But it turned out the one I could trust is the same one I've always been able to trust. Me. It turned out that as soon as you got a better deal, Raph... you dropped me like trash. So what the hell, I dropped you too.

[The sound of the water is turned off, as Osborne walks to the right and out of view. We now can see the interior of the sink, as water escapes through the drain...]

SO: I wanted to prove I was the best. Hell, some might say I already did when a rookie took you to your limit that very first time.

[... along with the remnants of Osborne's black and red dyed hair.]

SO: And as far as winning and losing... I've already won. I'm inside your head. I knew it the second you grabbed me by the hair and tried to end my career by smashing my teeth in with those boots.

[Osborne grabs the camera, swinging directly in his face. He wipes the last bit of eater off his now cleanly shaven head.]

SO: This isn't about winning. Not anymore. This isn't about a count of three or a tapout.

I only care about hurting you.

[Osborne nods, scowling.]

SO: I came to wreck everything... and ruin your life.

[Osborne finally releases his grip on the camera. It slowly tilts downwards again, leaving us with nothing but hair and water circling the drain...

...and with a flash of the ACCESS logo, we end up for the first time tonight in familiar territory - the office of AWA President and Korugun Army general, Javier Castillo. The crowd instantly starts booing the sight of Castillo who smirks at the reaction, gesturing towards a TV on the wall where presumably he just watched the same promo we did.]

JC: Impressive stuff, no? This Osborne kid just might have what it takes to thrive in the future AWA... in MY AWA.

[He chuckles softly as the camera pulls back a bit to show John Law towering behind him in riot guard attire.]

JC: Mr. Law, I trust our team is beyond the reach of anyone who might try to do them harm.

[Law nods.]

JL: Under lock and key and overwhelmingly protected by my hand-picked security squad.

[Castillo smiles.]

JC: Does... that by any chance... include MAWAGA?



[Law furrows his brow.]

JL: No sir.

[Castillo grimaces.]

JC: Mm.

[Law sits in silence for a moment before...]

JL: Is he... missing?

[Castillo shrugs.]

JC: My personal bodyguard isn't here on the night that I am most at risk, Mr. Law. I am concerned at what kind of shenanigans Martinez and his merry men might pull after what they did here a few weeks ago. Find him, will you?

[Law pauses.]

JL: You mean... leave you here... alone?

[Castillo smirks at Law.]

JC: Oh, I'm not alone. ENTER!

[The camera pulls back further, showing the doorway where a sweat-covered and exhausted-looking Dr. Harrison Fawcett strides into view, trailed by the alleged King of Monsters, Torin The Titan.]

JC: Doctor Fawcett, I have need of the Titan to stand guard over me while Mr. Law runs an errand. Is that a problem?

[Fawcett seems to struggle to even get words out.]

"D"HF: No... sir.

[Fawcett breathes heavily after speaking, flopping into a seat with his fingers gripped tightly around the Eye of Tyr as Castillo eyeballs Torin warily. The giant steps around the desk, taking Law's former place behind Castillo who breathes easy now, smiling as he rests his hands on the desk.]

JC: Gentlemen, enjoy this night... please. It will be one that none of us will ever forget.

[Fawcett manages to nod in agreement as we fade from backstage...

...and out to the ringside area where we find Gordon and Bucky seated.]

GM: Javier Castillo making his first appearance of the evening, enlisting Torin The Titan to be his personal security... but where in the world is MAWAGA, Bucky?

BW: MAWAGA will be here! There's no one more trustworthy for the General.

GM: Well, speaking of trustworthy, we just heard from Sid Osborne who may Raphael Rhodes may have believed was quite trustworthy of his friendship... his mentorship... they were partners for crying out loud... but all that changed when Raphael Rhodes was given an opportunity that he couldn't refuse.

BW: He COULD have refused but he was too much of a gloryhog to do so. He could've had another shot at the tag titles with the Sin City Savior... heck, they might've even been fighting for those titles here tonight... but instead, he took the chance to be the center of attention himself. He took the shot at the World Title... and Sin City Sid made him pay for it.

GM: It was a brutal attack - a ruthless attack designed to not only hurt Rhodes physically but to make sure there was no chance he'd achieve his dream that night and walk out with the World Title. And it worked.

BW: You're damn right it worked. Sid Osborne isn't a man to take lightly and when he says he's gonna do something, he's gonna do it. Tonight, he says he's coming to ruin Rhodes' life so if I were Rhodes, I'd get ready for exactly that.

GM: It promises to be a hard-hitting, very personal showdown that I can't wait to see unfold - let's go over to Rebecca!

[We fade from our announcers to... our announcer. Rebecca Ortiz smiles at the camera as she raises the mic.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a forty-five minute time limit.

[The final 45 seconds of "E5150" by Black Sabbath echo through the Georgia Dome, setting a rather unsettling tone amongst the murmuring fans, until we get a guitar riff and the voice of Ronnie James Dio roaring through the Atlanta night.]

# OHHHHHHHHHHHHH COME ON! #

[As the song switches over to "The Mob Rules", out powerwalks Raphael Rhodes, followed closely by Dana Kaiser, glaring from underneath the towel over his head.]

RO: Introducing first... accompanied to the ring by his trainer and advisor, Dana Kaiser... he currently resides in Minneapolis, Minnesota, and tonight he weighs 218 and one-quarter pounds... this is...

RAPHAELLLLLLLLLL RHOOOOOOOOODESSSSSSSSS!

[Rhodes continues down the staging, his straightforward march to the ring seeming out of place considering the pageantry of the SuperClash stage. Kaiser sneaks a peek or two in awe at how everything is set up while trying to keep her attention on Rhodes.]

GM: Raphael Rhodes making his fourth appearance at SuperClash, but just his first singles appearance! He interfered in the Main Event of the very first SuperClash, and he was in Steal the Spotlight at the next two.

BW: Things sure have changed since his last appearance at SuperClash, too, haven't they, Gordo? Look at Dana Kaiser, she's seen everything in the bodybuilding world, and she sure hasn't seen anything like SuperClash.

GM: Six years have passed since the last time Raphael Rhodes has stepped into a ring at SuperClash, and a lot has changed for this man, both personally and professionally. One thing that hasn't changed, that determined walk to the ring.

BW: He's never been much of a showman, not out of the ring, that's for sure.

[Rhodes and Kaiser finally make their way to the ring, where Rhodes whips the towel from his head and hands it to Kaiser. His brown hair, which continues to have grown, is tied back in a small ponytail, and his beard is well-trimmed. He is wearing new ring gear, a pair of sky blue trunks with matching knee and shinpads. The Latin

phrase "Lux ex tenebris" is printed across the waistband in white print and a black outline on the front, along with an encircled white logo on the seat featuring three lions' paws clutching arrows on the back. The same logo appears on the kneepads, and he is wearing white wrestling boots underneath the shinpads. Kaiser is wearing sky blue leggings, along with a white hoodie and black sneakers. Her long blonde hair is worn loose down to her shoulders.]

GM: New attire here for Mr. Rhodes, as is common at SuperClash, and a return to his old MMA entrance music.

BW: He made that switch at the Stampede Cup at the Battle of Saskatchewan, and I don't think it fared too well for him! He and Sid Osborne lost that match, and he was the one that was pinned!

GM: You've got to wonder if maybe he wants to get that memory out of his mind, maybe shake off what happened back then.

BW: I used to think it wasn't like him to be haunted by memories, Gordo, but I used to think a lot of things about him that I don't anymore.

[Rhodes climbs into the ring, remaining fairly stoic, as Kaiser remains on the floor. Rhodes leans to Kaiser, who shouts some last-minute encouragement, while nodding his head.]

GM: And now, Raphael Rhodes awaits his opponent in a match - quite frankly - he wanted no part of until it became clear he had no choice in the matter. Will that affect his approach here tonight? We're about to find out.

[The music fades as Rebecca Ortiz continues.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

[The driving bassline to "Chip On My Shoulder" by Slapshot begins to play as two red slashes appear on the video screen, forming an X.]

BW: That's ominous.

[The guitar kicks in as on either side of the X, in collegiate block letters "SID OSBORNE" flashes on the screen to loud boos from the crowd.]

GM: Sid Osborne is a young man in this sport... but the ire he's created from the fans usually takes years, Bucky.

BW: Some people just have a knack for being unlikable, Gordo. Not me of course, I'm the cat's pajamas!

GM: Oh brother.

[Rebecca continues.]

RO: From Sin City, Las Vegas, Nevada... weighing in at 260 pounds... he is the SINNNNN CITY SAAAAAVIORRRRRR...

SIIIIIIIIIID OSSSSSSSBORRRRRRRNE!

[The song kicks into high gear as Sid Osborne makes his way out to the top of the metal entrance ramp. His head is bowed, the hood of his sweatshirt further obscuring his head and face as he walks out with his hands outstretched. He pauses, putting a hand to the hood. After a moment, he pulls it down, revealing a

black ski mask. There's a large X between the eyes of the mask, going from slightly above the forehead to the jawline.]

BW: Well, that's different.

GM: If Osborne was looking to change the mood here tonight, I'd say he's already taken a step in the right direction before even stepping into the squared circle!

[Osborne stomps down the ramp towards the ring, stopping at the end of the ramp. He looks around at the assembled crowd before cutting his thumb across his throat...

...which is when Raphael Rhodes comes barreling across the ring, hurling himself between the middle and top ropes and JAMMING his elbow into the jaw of Osborne as both men spill out on the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OHHHHHH MY! WHAT A WAY TO START THIS ONE, FANS!

[The speed of Rhodes' dive propels him a few extra feet past his opponent, spilling out on into the aisle just beyond the entrance ramp. The Atlanta crowd is ROARING for Rhodes as he gets to his feet, grimacing a little as he grabs at his ribs.]

GM: Raphael Rhodes hit Sid Osborne with all that he had on that dive... and then some, Bucky!

BW: He actually ended up overshooting Osborne even though he laid him out... and that's why he's holding onto those ribs. Rhodes went for the big dive before the bell and he may have made a mistake if you ask me.

[Rhodes looks out at the roaring crowd, nodding his head before walking towards Osborne who is trying to get up off the ringside mats...]

GM: Osborne's trying to get to his feet before Rhodes gets to him...

[But as soon as Sid is standing, Rhodes is on him, yanking his hoodie back to expose his double-strapped singlet...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ...and Rhodes wastes NO time at all in getting physical on the outside!

[Osborne staggers back from the impact of the chop, shrugging out of his hoodie and tossing it aside as he falls again the ring apron, angrily beckoning Rhodes towards him again as he tears off his ski mask to reveal a shaved head and intense sneer.]

GM: The Sin City Savior wants some more!

[Rhodes nods, obliging as he rears back...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and BLASTS the waiting Osborne across the chest with another skin-blistering knife edge chop that sends the Las Vegas native falling back against the apron again. The referee shouts from inside, demanding the match get inside the ring so the bell can sound.]

GM: Referee Ricky Longfellow trying to get this one officially started now... and you can see Dana Kaiser over there encouraging Rhodes to put Osborne back in as well.

[Nodding his head, Rhodes boosts Osborne up onto the apron, shoving him under the ropes into the ring. The referee steps back, waving Rhodes back in as well and the Wigan native is quick to oblige, crawling through the ropes as the referee waves for the match to continue and then signals to the timekeeper.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: This one officially underway now. Forty-five minute time limit, one fall, and these two have been looking for this chance to get at one another for weeks now. Of course, this is a rematch from Liberty or Death back in July where Rhodes came out on top... a match that actually directly led to the mutual respect that allowed these two to form a fairly successful tag team for a while, Bucky.

BW: Until Rhodes threw it all away out of a hunger to have the spotlight all to himself.

GM: That’s not how I’d characterize that decision but I’m not surprised that’s how you do.

[Inside the ring, Rhodes pursues Sid Osborne who has managed to get to his feet, backpedaling into the nearest set of turnbuckles, looking to regroup from the early flurry of offense from the Wigan native.]

GM: Rhodes has him in the corner... look out here...

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The heavy knife edge blow to the chest snaps Osborne’s head back as Rhodes readies for another...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Raphael Rhodes laying in those chops, one of the hardest hitters in the AWA locker room for sure, Bucky.

BW: I’d wager he might be THE hardest hitter anywhere in the world, Gordo.

GM: And that’s just one reason why many believe Sid Osborne’s in for a rough night at the office here at SuperClash...

[Rhodes turns his head as the referee asks him to back off..

...but as he turns back to Osborne, the Vegas native BLASTS him with a stiff forearm shot on the jaw, knocking Rhodes a few steps back!]

GM: A hard shot there by the Sin City Savior - returning the favor a bit.

BW: Osborne’s no slack when it comes to striking, Gordo. We saw that back in July at Liberty Or Death when these two... well, beat the hell out of each other to be blunt.

GM: I couldn’t describe it better myself.

[Osborne winds up, landing a second forearm that sends Rhodes staggering back another pair of steps towards the middle of the ring.]

GM: It's the chops of Raphael Rhodes versus the forearms of Sid Osborne early on in this one in this highly-anticipated grudge match gets going.

[A third forearm backs Rhodes up even more as he grabs at the side of his head. A fired-up Osborne advances on him, looking to do even more damage...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

[...but Rhodes fires back with another chop, stopping Osborne dead in his tracks before he can land another blow.]

GM: Goodness! What a chop there!

BW: These people paid to see a wrestling match and right now, they're seeing a fight! No fists in this one though unlike our last match with that hillbilly City Jack and his runt son.

GM: The man's retired now! What more do you want from him?

BW: Much like he did for his entire AWA career, I just wanted one more for the road, daddy.

[Gordon sighs as Rhodes winds up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

GM: Osborne fought his way out of the corner with those forearms and now Rhodes is forcing him right back the other way, lighting up the Sin City Savior with these-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

GM: - OH! - with these scintillating knife edge chops to the chest of Osborne!

[Osborne's back hits the turnbuckles as Rhodes winds up again...]

...but this time, it's Sid who cuts him off with a brutal forearm strike to the jaw!]

GM: My... word! Is this what you expected out of this one, Bucky?!

BW: Two of the toughest in the game beatin' the heck out of each other? Yeah, pretty much. What were you looking for? Wristlocks and collar and elbows?

GM: I'm not sure but- goodness! Another hard forearm out of Osborne, backing Rhodes out to the middle of the ring again. These two are giving as good as they're getting and this Atlanta crowd is on their feet in the opening minutes of this-another one! My oh my!

[Rhodes sinks back a few more steps, his knee almost dropping to the mat but he forces himself to stay on his feet as they reach mid-ring again...]

...and the Sin City Savior changes his tactics.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

GM: And now it's Osborne switching it up, moving to some chops of his own now!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[But Rhodes isn't backing down from an exchange of chops, returning fire...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Back and forth! Back and forth! These two are- look at the flesh on the chest of Osborne, already turning red from these-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY STARS!

[With the crowd roaring from the brutal exchange, Osborne again shifts tactics, swinging his leg up to drive a knee into Rhodes' midsection, cutting off the next chop to fly to jeers from the AWA faithful. Osborne sneers in their direction as he grabs Rhodes by the wrist...]

GM: Osborne with the knee to the breadbasket, whips him in now...

[...and charges into the corner after him where Rhodes pulls himself clear and the Sin City Savior SLAMS chestfirst into the turnbuckles, staggering backwards off the impact...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...before Rhodes ROCKS him with another knife edge chop, this one taking Osborne off his feet and dropping him down on the canvas on his back to big cheers!]

GM: OHHHH!

[Grabbing at his reddened chest flesh, Osborne rolls right under the ropes to the outside, grimacing in pain...]

GM: Sid Osborne bailing out of the ring... perhaps looking for a moment to regroup after Raphael Rhodes gets the better of that big exchange of blows in the middle of the ring and-

[Rhodes takes a step towards the ropes, looking to go out after Osborne...]

GM: Rhodes heading out after him...

BW: And he may get the cheers these days but believe me, Raphael Rhodes ain't someone you want to tussle with outside of the ring, Gordo.

GM: I'd have to agree with that but... look at this now. Raphael Rhodes has changed his mind.

BW: Huh?

GM: He changed his mind... Raphael Rhodes not heading to the outside after all.

[Rhodes waves a hand at the referee, shaking his head as the official starts his ten count on the Sin City Savior outside of the ring.]

GM: Ricky Longfellow starting up a ten count here... trying to get Sid Osborne back inside the ring...

[Osborne, who was walking alongside the apron on the floor, looks up at Rhodes with an arched eyebrow.]

BW: Look at Osborne, I think he's surprised that Rhodes didn't come after him too, Gordo.

[The Sin City Savior puts his hands on his hips, glaring at his former partner.]

GM: He looks less than pleased about it too, Bucky. I think Osborne was trying to lure Rhodes to the outside... to see if he could get a cheap shot in on him and-

BW: Cheap shot?! It was Rhodes who attacked Osborne before the bell, Gordo!

GM: Well, I can't argue there... but for whatever reason... maybe some sentimentality towards their old friendship... Raphael Rhodes doesn't want to go to the outside where the stakes would certainly get raised.

[Dana Kaiser nods approvingly, clapping as she looks up with a smile at Raphael Rhodes who continues to watch Osborne on the floor. The Vegas native waves an impatient arm, calling Rhodes to the outside.]

GM: Osborne's inviting him out there... the referee's count is up to five now...

[Rhodes again shakes his head, waving Osborne back inside.]

GM: I think the Sin City Savior is getting a little frustrated here. He wants Rhodes out there with him but Rhodes is refusing and-

[As the count continues, Osborne angrily gets up on the apron, shouting "YOU COWARD! YOU PATHETIC LITTLE COWARD!"...]

...which causes Rhodes to barrel across the ring towards him, looking to strike...

...but it's Osborne who pops Rhodes with a forearm to the side of the head, sending him stumbling back from the ropes!]



GM: The Sin City Savior catches him coming in!

[Grabbing the dazed Rhodes by the hair, Osborne runs along the apron, smashing Rhodes' head into the top turnbuckle, sending him staggering backwards out of the corner!]

GM: Ohh! Rhodes gets a faceful of turnbuckle... and look at this! Osborne's climbing the turnbuckles early, looking perhaps to wrap this one up early...

[Osborne steps to the second rope, getting one foot up top as Rhodes storms back in...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRILLS a surprised Osborne with a chop across the mid-section, stopping him short!]

GM: Big shot by Rhodes! Cutting off Osborne before he can come off the top as he seems to have planned there... uh oh! Osborne's in trouble!

[The crowd cheers as Rhodes reaches up with both hands, grabbing a surprised Osborne who gets tossed off the ropes in a big slam, throwing him down on the canvas where he immediately pops up on his hip, grabbing the small of his back!]

GM: BIG SLAM OFF THE TOP!

[With Osborne down on the mat writhing in pain, Rhodes grimaces as he leans back against the buckles, grabbing at his midsection.]

BW: Did you see that though, Gordo? Rhodes looks like he hurt those ribs again - the same ribs it looked like he might've injured when he dove out onto the floor on Osborne at the beginning of this one... before this one even got started for crying out loud!

GM: He does look to be favoring those ribs... that's true. Raphael Rhodes holding onto the ribs as Sid Osborne holds onto the back early on in this grudge match here in Atlanta.

[Rhodes grimaces, giving his ribcage a quick rub as he moves back in towards Osborne who is crawling across the ring, trying to create some distance between he and his former partner.]

GM: As Rhodes walks across the ring here towards Osborne, we can clearly see that phrase on the tights of Rhodes - on the waistband - which reads... pardon my Latin... "Lux ex tenebris."

BW: I spoke with Rhodes earlier and he told me it's one of the mottos of Wigan... translating to "light from the darkness."

GM: Perhaps a little introspection on Rhodes' part as he thinks about his early AWA days leading to this return here at SuperClash IX.

[Pulling the kneeling Osborne to his feet, Rhodes pushes him back into the turnbuckles again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Another big chop by Rhodes...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ...and another!

BW: And did you notice the target shifted a little there, Gordo? Usually those chops are up across the pectorals... right on the chest... that one was a little lower, down into the midsection... maybe more to the ribs.

GM: You think that's intentional?

BW: Maybe... but it could be Rhodes having trouble lifting his arm high enough to deliver the chest-high chop with the banged up ribs.

[Osborne grabs at his own midsection as Rhodes slaps the hands away...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Osborne trying to defend himself but Rhodes is having no part of that.

[Leaning over, Rhodes grabs the middle rope, jamming his shoulder into the ribcage of Osborne...]

GM: Putting that shoulder in, really driving it in there...

[...and again...]

GM: ...trying to take some of the wind out of the sails of the Sin City Savior...

[...and again.]

GM: Osborne gasping for air in the corner now, trying to grab at those ribs... and Rhodes does the same. Both of these men are feeling the pain in their core right now.

[The referee steps in, forcing Rhodes to back off, his hands raised as he does so.]

GM: Ricky Longfellow trying to keep control of this one...

BW: Good luck. They're playing it pretty clean right now but sooner or later, the tempers are gonna flare and it's gonna get dirty. Both of these guys know how to get dirty for sure.

GM: Longfellow and Rhodes trading some words here as we-

[Rhodes takes a step back in...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and has his head snapped back when Osborne surges forward with a straight right hand, stunning his former friend!]

GM: What a shot by Osborne! He rocked him with that!

[And with Rhodes stunned in front of him, Osborne leans down, grunting as he lifts Rhodes up over his shoulder...]

GM: Osborne gets him up and...

[...and DROPS him stomachfirst over the top rope, a move that causes the rope to dip hard and then spring back, flipping Rhodes upside down and DUMPING him violently outside the ring on the barely-padded ringside floor!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: ...MY STARS - DID YOU SEE THAT?!

BW: I saw it! What a move out of Osborne! You forget that this kid is... he’s just a kid! This is his first SuperClash! This is his rookie year still! And he just dumped one of the biggest stars in AWA history right over the top rope to the floor!

GM: And it was yet ANOTHER hard fall on his stomach and ribs before Rhodes goes falling to the outside...

[Osborne falls back in the corner, taking a moment to catch a breather as the referee reprimands him for the stungun-type maneuver.]

GM: Rhodes with the rough tumble to the outside... nearly ten minutes into this one already and these two are really putting one another through the wringer.

[Osborne ducks through the ropes to the apron, standing out there and taking a mouthful from the official as the Sin City Savior backs down the ropes, waving a hand to summon Rhodes back to his feet...]

GM: And now it’s Osborne on the apron, measuring his man as he waits for Rhodes to get back on his-

“YOU’RE NOTHING, OLD MAN!”

[Osborne’s shout earns boos from the Georgia crowd as he waves his arm again, watching as Rhodes slowly gets back up off the floor, holding the apron with one hand as he holds his ribs with the other, shakily making a turn...

...which is when the Sin City Savior comes racing down the apron, throwing himself into a somersault off the apron, wiping out Rhodes with a cannonball dive to the floor!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The crowd groans as Osborne sits up on the floor, a confident smirk on his face as Rhodes writhes in pain on the floor, holding onto his ribs.]

GM: A daredevil dive off the apron to the floor by Osborne, wiping out his former partner with that big flip!

[Rolling to a knee, Osborne pulls Rhodes a little ways off the floor by the chin...]

“NOTHING! JUST LIKE I SAID! THIS IS \_MY\_ AWA NOW, RHODES! MINE!”

[...and then piefaces Rhodes back down, bouncing the back of his head off the floor! The fans are jeering loudly as Osborne gets back to his feet, standing over Rhodes as he looks out on the fans who were cheering him just a few months ago.]

GM: This kid is just so angry... so bitter... you can see it in his face, Bucky. In every single thing he does.

BW: Can you blame him? He gets betrayed by his partner - then his fans in a matter of weeks! These people turned their backs on the Sin City Savior to hitch their star-chasing wagons to Raphael Rhodes - a guy who wouldn't have spat on them if they were on fire a few years ago.

GM: Times change and people do too, Bucky.

[The boos seem to agitate Osborne even further as he grabs the ropes in front of him, using them for support as he viciously stomps the ribs of the downed Rhodes over and over and over as the jeers get louder!]

GM: Osborne's all over Rhodes on the outside - get this back in the ring, Mr. Longfellow!

[The official is trying, again starting up a count to implore the two fighters to get back inside the squared circle as Osborne backs off, looking down on Rhodes...

...and then rushes forward, leaping into the air...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BACKSPLASH SENTON! 260 POUNDS RIGHT DOWN ON THOSE INJURED RIBS!

[The crowd groans as Osborne grins at the jeering fans, staying seated alongside Rhodes whose expression is etched in pain as he hangs onto his injured ribs while laying on the floor.]

GM: And boy, Osborne certainly looks proud of himself, doesn't he?

BW: Why shouldn't he? He's beating up his rival with the whole world watching. The biggest stage of his life and he's thriving right here and now, daddy!

[Osborne slowly gets to his feet, looking up at the ring where Ricky Longfellow continues his count. A mocking Sin City Savior raises his arm, counting along with Longfellow for a pair of counts before retrieving the hurting Rhodes from the ringside mats, rolling him back inside...]

GM: Osborne puts him back in - and you can just feel this young man's confidence growing with each moment here tonight.

[The Las Vegas native rolls himself back under the ropes as well, climbing to his feet with that same satisfied smirk on his face as he stands and watches the wounded Rhodes push up on all fours, trying to get back to his feet as Dana Kaiser cheers him on from the outside.]

GM: Dana Kaiser, trying to encourage her husband to get back up and fight this young man who betrayed them both back in St. Louis last month and-

[Osborne suddenly rushes forward, burying a soccer kick into the ribs of Rhodes - the impact flipping Rhodes over onto his back with a miserable groan from both the Wigan native and the crowd.]

GM: Big kick to the ribs... and Osborne with the cover now.

[A two count follows before Rhodes escapes and Osborne glares at the official... then the fans... then the cheering Dana Kaiser...]

GM: This young man has quite the chip on his shoulder, Bucky.

BW: He's got rage for the entire world and then some to spare, Gordo. Just look at him right now. He hates these fans for choosing Rhodes over him. He hates the referee for not counting as quickly as he wants. He hates Kaiser for... well, being Dana Kaiser.

GM: And we certainly know he hates Raphael Rhodes for- ohh! Knee DRIVEN into the ribcage!

[Down on all fours, Osborne keeps Rhodes' body under control, not allowing him to escape as he swings his knee up into the injured ribcage again... and again... and again...]

GM: Just DRIVING that knee in over and over, looking to inflict maximum damage here in Atlanta at SuperClash IX...

[Osborne pushes up to his feet, promptly hopping into the air, and dropping all his weight on the ribs with a kneedrop that causes Rhodes to howl in pain as Kaiser clutches her hands to her chest, looking very concerned for her husband's physical condition.]

GM: Kneedrop finds the mark as well... and Raphael Rhodes is obviously in a lot of pain at this point of the contest.

BW: And typically, I'd say you have to wonder how much more he can endure here tonight, Gordo, but we both know Raphael Rhodes pretty well and we know he's one of the most resilient guys in the locker room.

GM: Absolutely. That two count a moment ago really wasn't that close despite his glaring at Ricky Longfellow. Rhodes is going to absorb a ton of punishment and keep on coming back for more - that's for sure.

BW: Unfortunately for him, I think Sid Osborne is built that way as well.

[Osborne climbs back to his feet, bringing Rhodes up to join him as he shoves him back into the corner...]

"Is this who you are, Rhodes?! Is this the real you, huh?!"

[He piefaces Rhodes back into the buckles angrily.]

"WHERE IS HE?!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Another knife edge chop aimed at the ribs connects, causing Rhodes to curl up in the corner, arms drifting downwards to try and protect his torso.]

"WHERE'S THE REAL RAPHAEL RHODES, HUH?!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Yet another chop connects despite Rhodes' best efforts to defend himself, leaving him gasping for air, hanging onto the ropes to stay standing.]

GM: And when you see Rhodes reacting like that to the blows to the body, I can't help but go back to the opening moments of this one - that reckless dive through the ropes that saw Rhodes slam facefirst down on the exposed concrete!

BW: He could've busted up those ribs right then and there... and it just goes to show how much of a ring general Sid Osborne is despite his age, Gordo. He got dove on but still had the presence of mind to pick up that Rhodes was hurting and he drew a target on that injured part of the body.

GM: I can't argue with you there, Bucky... and look at this now...

[An enraged Osborne is still shouting at Rhodes, battering him with rights and lefts to the body, hooking his blows for maximum impact on the injured ribs. The referee is right there, starting another count...]

GM: The referee trying to get Osborne out of the corner but he looks like a man possessed in there right now!

[Osborne barely looks conscious of the count as the referee reaches three and Sid keeps swinging... and four and Sid keeps swinging...]

GM: Finally! At four and... a half? Three quarters maybe? Finally, Osborne backs off out of the corner... and has the AUDACITY to glare at the official for making him break off the attack!

BW: He's gotta be careful, Gordo - I know he wants to hurt Raphael Rhodes... I know he wants to win this match... but a disqualification on a stage this big will hurt your career for sure.

GM: The referee is warning him right now, letting him know how close he came to exactly that result...

[Osborne brushes off the official... and then comes barreling into the corner, DRIVING his knee up into the injured ribs of Rhodes!]

GM: OHHH! Osborne's hitting Raphael Rhodes with everything he's got PLUS the kitchen sink!

[Rhodes slumps down in the corner, sitting on the mat with his head against the buckles...

...which is when Osborne puts a boot on the throat, grabbing the ropes and leaning back for maximum leverage as he strangles the air out of his former mentor!]

GM: A blatant choke now - total disrespect being shown to Ricky Longfellow as - again - he starts a five count, trying to get the Sin City Savior to break this illegal hold!

[But again, Osborne holds the choke until four and change before letting go, again turning to menace the referee who threatens potential disqualification a second time.]

GM: Longfellow's letting Osborne know that he's risking disqualification but I'm not sure Osborne gives a damn, Bucky!

BW: Oh, he does... don't let him fool you. He wants to hurt Rhodes and he'll use every bit of the rules to do it and then some... but he wants to beat him too with the whole world watching.

GM: Well, we certainly know the whole world is watching tonight here at SuperClash. Over seventy thousand fans here in Atlanta... another seventy up in Toronto... and millions watching around the world have their eyes on this one as Sid Osborne and Raphael Rhodes go to war in this intense affair.

[Rhodes is gasping for air down on the mat as Osborne drops to his knees, this time throttling the Wigan with his bare hands.]

GM: Oh, come on! This is going too far!

[A third five count starts as Rhodes digs his fingers into the windpipe of a coughing Rhodes, pulling the air from his wounded body as Dana Kaiser implores the official from the outside to get control over him.]

GM: That count is going but Rhodes is having the air ripped from his body with each second that passes!

[Osborne again breaks the choke at four and a half, coming dangerously closer to a match-ending five count as he gets back to his feet...]

"I'VE GOT 'TIL FIVE!"

[The referee warns him again as Osborne takes a little stroll around the ring, smirking at the jeering crowd as Rhodes tries to regroup and recover down on the canvas in the corner...]

GM: Rhodes is trying to get up... trying to get back to his feet off the mat and...

[Osborne suddenly breaks into a sprint, racing across the ring, leaping into the air...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DOUBLE KNEES! DRIVEN INTO THE RIBS OF RHODES!

[The Meteora finds the mark as Osborne propels his knees into the injured ribs, arrogantly stepping out of the corner as the referee urges him to allow Rhodes to get back up and keep fighting.]

GM: The referee might need to get in there and take a look to see if Rhodes can continue, Bucky. I know we talked about his resilience but even the most resilient of competitors have a breaking point and we may be nearing his as we cross the fifteen minute mark in this brutal, intense, physical battle. And remember, fans, this match has a forty-five minute time limit - specifically requested by both of these competitors after they nearly battled to a time limit draw in their first match. That one was twenty minutes so they've got all the time in the world to settle this issue here tonight.

BW: Knowing Raphael Rhodes for as long as we have, can you imagine his reaction if Longfellow stops this match though, Gordo?

GM: Sometimes you have to do what's best for the competitor even if they don't recognize that as being the case.

[With the official leaning in to check on Rhodes' condition, Osborne charges back in, driving his knees in a second time!]

GM: Another leaping Meteora in the corner - those double knees to the ribs!

[Osborne shouts at the official - "YOU'RE NOT LETTING HIM OFF THE HOOK, LONGFELLOW! NOT THIS TIME!" before he starts stomping the ribs again, again not letting up until four and change...]

GM: Osborne with an out-and-out brutal assault on the body of his former friend... former partner... former mentor...

BW: All that's dead and gone, Gordo. This is what remains.

[Osborne backs off again, this time extending his arms and taunting the jeering crowd, begging for more as he backs to the opposite corner...]

GM: Again?! Another one?!

[...and comes barreling across the ring, taking aim...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CANNONBALL IN THE CORNER! 260 POUNDS RIGHT ACROSS THE RIBS AGAIN!

[A smirking Osborne straightens himself up, dragging Rhodes from the corner by the foot before diving across his chest.]

GM: Osborne covers! He's got one! He's got two! He's got-

[But Rhodes' shoulder pops up off the mat, bringing cheers from the Atlanta crowd and from Dana Kaiser who claps her hands and shouting "LET'S GO, RAPH!" to her injured husband, drawing a glare from Sid Osborne.]

"SHUT YOUR DAMN MOUTH, KAISER!"

[The crowd "ooooohs" at the words directed at Dana Kaiser who does anything BUT shut her mouth, barking a string of insults aimed at her husband's former partner, bringing a sadistic grin to the face of Sid Osborne.]

GM: Dana letting Sid have it... and I think he likes it!

BW: We know he likes getting under people's skin... and from the fire in Dana Kaiser right there, I'd say mission accomplished in this one.

[The still-smirking Osborne stands over Rhodes, again taunting the capacity crowd as he nudges the Wigan with the toe of his boot...]

GM: Just insulting. Such disrespect on the part of a man who used to be friends with Raphael Rhodes! Partners!

BW: Partners, sure... I'm not sure Sid Osborne truly has any friends, Gordo.

GM: I wonder why.

[Osborne slowly leans in, grabbing Rhodes by his ponytail, dragging him off the mat where he'd gotten to his knees...

...which is when an irate Rhodes suddenly lunges forward, snatching Osborne's legs out from under him, taking him down with ease to a BIG CHEER!]

GM: TAKEDOWN! RHODES IS HOT!

BW: He must've heard Osborne talking to Kaiser out there and-

[The crowd is ROARING as Rhodes rains down rights and lefts on Osborne, foregoing his usual slaps and forearms to deliver stone cold fisticuffs to his former ally!]



GM: Rhodes is all over him and Osborne's covering up, trying to shield himself from these heavy blows to the head!

[Rhodes gets to his feet, wincing with every major movement as he pulls Osborne off the mat by the wrist, whipping him towards the ropes...

...and with an anguished cry, he throws himself forward, driving his knee up into Sid's midsection, causing Osborne to do a rough front flip down onto the canvas!]

GM: And now it's Rhodes who is throwing the kitchen sink at his former friend!

[Shaking his head angrily at the downed and hurting Osborne, Rhodes pulls him right back up, throwing him to the ropes a second time...

...and SLAMS the knee into the gut a second time, again causing Osborne to flop over onto the mat, clutching his own ribcage in pain!]

GM: Raphael Rhodes returning the favor here, putting a hurt on the ribs of Osborne!

[With his ribs in pain, Osborne attempts to roll away from Rhodes...]

BW: Uh oh!

[...and finds himself with his side jammed up against the steel ringpost. The crowd roars at the predicament as Rhodes sneers, getting a few feet of run in before dropping into a baseball slide...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: You talk about finding a way to crack some ribs, that'll do it right there!

[Osborne cries out, wailing in pain as he crawls out from under the ropes, trying to get to the outside...

...but a defiant Rhodes has other ideas, grabbing Osborne by the ankle to prevent his escape, shaking his head as he drags him back away from the ropes.]

GM: Rhodes won't let him go! Osborne was trying to get out of here but Raphael Rhodes won't allow it!

[With Osborne awkwardly on his hip, Rhodes drops down, burying a knee into the ribs and then sliding it onto the back. He reaches down with his left arm to secure Osborne around the leg... then grabs the left arm with his right, snaking his hand around the back of Sid's neck...]

GM: What's he... oh!

[The crowd roars as Rhodes cranks back on the armbar turned kneeling abdominal stretch that has Osborne bent backwards at a perilous position!]

GM: He's bending him in half!

[Osborne cries out in pain as Rhodes rocks backwards, cranking on the hold...]

BW: Absolutely punishing hold applied right here, Gordo. This could rip an abdominal... a pectoral... Rhodes is looking to do some damage here.

GM: And if you got the sense earlier on that perhaps Raphael Rhodes was trying to avoid a situation where he had to inflict serious injury on his opponent... that may

be out the window now as we near the twenty minute mark of this brutal battle between former partners!

BW: The referee right there - can you imagine Osborne's embarrassment if Rhodes makes him quit?

GM: It's no embarrassment to have to submit, Bucky.

BW: I know that, you know that, but someone with the ego of Osborne? He'd rather suffer serious injury than submit, I think.

[Snaking his other arm towards the ropes, Osborne grabs the bottom rope tightly, causing the official to demand a break from Rhodes who waits... and waits...]

BW: Come on, Raph... gotta break here...

GM: Tell that to Osborne!

[Rhodes holds until a count of four and a half before he lets go, allowing Osborne to slip from his grip where he promptly rolls to the outside. The Wigan slowly gets to his feet, smirking at Longfellow and saying "I've got until five!" to laughter from the Atlanta crowd.]

GM: Rhodes giving Osborne a little taste of his own medicine there and... what's this now?

[Eyeballing Osborne on the outside, Rhodes backs off, measuring him...

...and then suddenly breaks into a dash, hitting the far ropes...]

GM: Here comes Rhodes! Off the far side annnnnnd...

[...but as Rhodes throws himself between the top and middle ropes for another bullet tope, Osborne ERUPTS upwards...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRILLS the flying Rhodes with a palm strike uppercut that stops the dive cold, leaving Rhodes hanging over the middle rope!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF! WHAT A SHOT BY OSBORNE!

[The Sin City Savior slumps forward, leaning against the apron as he grabs at his ribs, nodding his head at the crowd's buzzing reaction to the timely counterstrike.]

GM: Rhodes went to the well perhaps once too often and this time, Osborne made him pay for it... and that puts Rhodes in a vulnerable position here as the Sin City Savior looks to take advantage...

[Pulling himself up onto the apron with great effort, Osborne pulls Rhodes back through the ropes, snatching a front facelock...]

GM: Oh, you've gotta be kidding me!

BW: Osborne looking to put an exclamation mark on this match! Looking to finish the job he started nearly twenty minutes ago... or maybe several weeks ago back in St. Louis!

GM: Or a few months ago back in Philadelphia. Maybe this was Osborne's plan all along, Bucky... to turn on Rhodes, to force this battle...

BW: Don't try to pull that now. It's damn clear who caused this match to happen and he's about to pay for it!

[Slinging the dazed Rhodes' arm over his neck, Osborne sets his feet on the apron as we can see fans rising to their feet, buzzing with concern for Raphael Rhodes. Dana Kaiser has moved nearby, her own concerned expression on her face as Osborne grabs a handful of tights...]

GM: Osborne's looking to take him up and over... to a devastating fall on the floor... but can he do it?

[With a grunt, Osborne goes to lift Rhodes up...

...but only gets a foot or two off the mat before Rhodes goes back down, landing on his feet as Osborne grimaces, grabbing at his ribs.]

GM: Osborne couldn't get him up - the ribs are too banged up...

[This time, it's Rhodes who attempts a reversal, looking to bring Sid in the hard way...]

GM: Rhodes with the suplex instead- no! He couldn't get him all the way up either!

[Rhodes stumbles away from the ropes, turning his back on Osborne as he grabs his ribcage in pain...]

GM: Neither one of them can get the other one up for that suplex!

[...but wheels around, rushing towards Osborne who is still on the apron, popping him with a forearm strike to the ear!]

GM: OH! Rhodes caught him right there!

[Rhodes stumbles back, sinking to a knee as he grabs at his ribs again.]

GM: Even that small little running charge there caused pain to shoot through his body, Bucky.

BW: Everything hurts when your ribs hurt... moving, talking, even breathing... the pain going through both of these men right now has to be almost immeasurable.

GM: Rhodes fighting back to his feet thought, trying to get in and keep fighting... trying to take advantage of-

[Rhodes reaches the ropes, stretching a hand out towards Osborne but the Sin City Savior slaps it away...

...and then HEADBUTTS Rhodes to a big reaction from the crowd!]

GM: HEADBUTT! OSBORNE TAKING A PAGE OUT OF RHODES' PLAYBOOK!

[But instantly, we see what a mistake it is as Osborne grabs his own forehead, staggering down the ropes towards the ringpost as Rhodes smirks in response.]

BW: Rookie mistake right there - maybe ego on the part of Osborne - we've often seen Rhodes use that headbutt to great effect but rarely have we seen anyone use it on him and live to not immediately regret it.

GM: Osborne's in a daze after his own offensive move and-

[Rhodes moves down to the corner after him, grabbing him by his newly-shaved head...]

GM: TO THE CORNER!

[...but as Rhodes attempts the faceslam, Osborne lifts a boot up to place on the ropes to block it...]

GM: Blocked by Osborne... oh! Hard back elbow right on the chin!

[Rhodes stumbles from the impact of the elbow... and then having his head slammed into the top turnbuckle sends him falling backwards, dropping down to a knee on the canvas...]

GM: Osborne sends him down to a knee... and Sid's climbing, fans! Sid's climbing those turnbuckles!

BW: It didn't work out too well for him the last time he did this.

GM: It certainly didn't... but at some point, you know he's thinking about that big Stage Dive splash that - considering the damage done to the ribs of Rhodes here tonight - could certainly be a match-ending maneuver in this one.

[Osborne steps up on the middle rope, one foot on the top now...]

GM: Rhodes is up!

[...and gets greeted by Rhodes the best way he knows how...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ANOTHER CHOP! RIGHT TO THE RIBS OF OSBORNE!

[Sid nearly topples from his perch, only being boosted back up by Rhodes who steps to the second rope...]

GM: What in the world?

BW: He couldn't get the suplex over the ropes but now he thinks he's going to get one off the top?!

GM: The superplex of Raphael Rhodes also known as Nothing Fancy has claimed countless victims over the years... a move that has been arguably the greatest weapon in Rhodes' arsenal since his early days here in the AWA... who can forget that superplex off the top of the cage he hit at No Escape against Juan Vasquez?

BW: Rhodes sure can't. If he hadn't pulled up Vasquez after that, he might've beaten his old rival and saved himself years of regrets.

[Rhodes slings Osborne's arm over his neck, trying to get into position for the almost certainly match-ending superplex as he steps to the top rope...]

GM: No one has ever kicked out of this! If he hits it, it's over!

BW: A dangerous place to be though!

[Rhodes grimaces as he tries to get into position...

...and the slightest delay allows Osborne to bury a short right hand into the exposed and injured ribcage!]

GM: Oh! Hard shot to the ribs! Rhodes certainly had to feel that one.

[A second blow lands... then a third as Rhodes' arm slips off of Osborne, standing on the top rope...]

GM: Osborne fights his way out of it... look at this now!

[The crowd noise gets louder as Osborne slips an arm between the legs of the standing Rhodes, muscling him up into a fireman's carry as the crowd roars at what they're witnessing!]

GM: And now it's Osborne who has him up! He's got Rhodes up on his shoulders!

[The Atlanta crowd is buzzing madly as Osborne rises, standing on the top rope, shakily trying to maintain his balance...]

GM: What's he gonna do with him, Bucky?! What's he gonna do?!

BW: Whatever it is, it's not gonna be-

[Osborne suddenly jumps from the top, pushing Rhodes up and over his head...

...and brings him down on a bent knee in a super gutbuster that sees Rhodes bounce high up off his knee and down onto the canvas on all fours as the crowd EXPLODES!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GUTBUSTER! GUTBUSTER OFF THE TOP!

[Grabbing his ribs in excruciating pain, Rhodes starts rolling to the side as Osborne pushes up to all fours, crawling towards him...]

GM: OSBORNE TRYING TO COVER! CRAWLING, SCRATCHING, BEGGING...

[...and makes a lunging lateral press attempt...]

GM: COVER!!!! NO!

[...and comes up empty as Rhodes rolls right under the ropes, falling off the apron to the floor as he grabs at his midsection. The crowd ROARS for the near escape as Osborne pistons a fist angrily into the canvas. Dana Kaiser racing around the ring, taking a knee alongside her husband who is screaming in pain from the devastating fall from the top!]

GM: Osborne couldn't get the cover - he JUST missed it...

BW: If he had, I think this one's over, Gordo.

GM: I gotta agree with you there. Sid Osborne was a foot - maybe less - away from winning this match by my estimation and... wow! What a battle!

[Osborne is down on all fours, breathing heavily as Rhodes is in the fetal position on the outside, cradling his own torso as Kaiser checks to see if he can go on.]

GM: Even Dana Kaiser looks like she doesn't know if Rhodes should continue this match, Bucky. He's gotta be risking serious, permanent injury at this stage of the contest.

[A weary Osborne drops to his chest, rolling under the ropes and joining his old partner on the outside. He leans heavily against the ringpost, waving a hand at Rhodes, shouting at him.]

"GET UP, RHODES! STOP SCREWING AROUND! GIVE IT TO ME!"

[He waves his hand again as Dana Kaiser backs away anxiously, looking over at Osborne who nods his head as he sees an exhausted Rhodes reach up to grab the apron.]

GM: My god, he's getting up, fans. Raphael Rhodes REFUSING to stay down and he's gonna get up and keep on fighting in this brutal grudge match.

"GET UP, YOU COWARD!"

[Rhodes is dragging himself up off the floor by the apron as Osborne sits in wait...]

"WHO ARE YOU, HUH?! WHERE'S THE REAL RHODES?!"

[...and as soon as Rhodes steadies himself on his feet, Osborne comes sprinting in from behind him...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE STEEL STEPS! HE SHOVES HIM \_RIGHT\_ INTO THE STEEL STEPS!

[Osborne sneers, leaning against the apron heavily, breathing hard as he looks down at Rhodes doubled over the steel staircase.]

GM: And we've seen this before too, Bucky - this is exactly what Osborne did to Rhodes when he betrayed him back in St. Louis! This is exactly what he did to rip the World Title right out of Rhodes' grasp!

"WHERE'S THE REAL RHODES?! GIVE HIM TO ME!"

GM: And Sid Osborne repeatedly asking where the "real" Raphael Rhodes is... does he not think that's what he's getting?!

BW: Apparently not. Rhodes has put him through the physical wringer here tonight - that's true... but there is a little bit of something missing if you ask me... and Sid too it sounds like. He's missing a little bit of that killer instinct... a little bit of the ruthless aggression that makes Raphael Rhodes Raphael Rhodes. Maybe it's some lingering feelings towards his former partner... maybe it's a hint of respect for this kid and what he's gone through and what he's showing the world here tonight. Whatever it is, Osborne feels like Rhodes is holding back on him and he's trying to draw that last little bit out of him before this one is over.

GM: Well, be careful what you wish for, Sid Osborne.

[Pulling Rhodes up by the hair, Osborne looks him dead in the eye...]

"Who are you, huh?! Who are you and what have you done with Raphael Rhodes?!"

[...and then SLAMS Rhodes' shoulderfirst into the steel ringpost!]

GM: OHHH! Into the steel!

BW: At least he didn't drive his head into the post like he did in St. Louis. If he did that, this one might be over!

[Flipping Rhodes over on the steps again with his back against the metal, Osborne pounds a fist down between the eyes...]

"WAKE UP!"

[...and again...]

"COME ON, RHODES!"

[...and again...]

"FIGHT ME, RHODES!"

[...and again...]

"WHERE'S THAT SON OF A BITCH AT?!"

[...and again!]

GM: Osborne just pounding away on the forehead, perhaps trying to open up that wound we saw on Rhodes a month or so ago when he was split open repeatedly for weeks straight! Dana Kaiser looking on, obviously concerned for her husband as Sid Osborne berates and batters him on the outside.

[Osborne angrily stomps away from the laid out Rhodes, marching over towards the timekeeper's table.]

GM: What's this about now?

[He shouts an order to the timekeeper, forcing him to vacate his chair as the Sin City Savior snatches it up in eager hands, the crowd buzzing as he does.]

GM: Wait a second now - unlike later tonight when the rules will be out the window for some of the matches we see, that is NOT the case in this one! If Sid Osborne uses that steel chair, he WILL be disqualified!

[The referee is shouting down at Osborne from the ring, telling him the exact same thing as an unflinching Osborne marches across the ringside area.]

BW: This is what he did in St. Louis - exactly what he did! He bashed Rhodes over the head with that chair and put his World Title dreams in the friggin' toilet! Look at him! Look in his eyes!

[The camera zooms in on the hate-filled gaze of Osborne as he stalks towards a barely-moving Rhodes, steel chair gripped in hand...]

BW: He might not even CARE if he's disqualified right now! Osborne's operating on a different level of anger right now, Gordo.

GM: Nobody wants to see this end this way... but you're right, I'm not sure Osborne gives a damn what anyone wants to see either!

[He draws near on Rhodes, throwing a glare at Dana Kaiser who is begging him to not use the chair...]

...and with a wicked grin, Osborne gives a shake of his head, unfolding the chair and setting it down on the floor.]

"I'm not letting you off that easy, Rhodes... not this time."

[Pulling Rhodes off the steps, he sits him down in the chair, ignoring the referee's cries to get the match back inside the ring as he climbs up on the ring apron.]

GM: Osborne perhaps playing some mind games with his former partner now, putting him in that chair...

BW: Longfellow's done threatening the DQ for the moment and now he's moved on to threatening the countout... but I think Osborne knows as much as we do that not even the referee wants to see this end like that.

[The Sin City Savior walks down the apron, putting his back against the ringpost as he turns to look at the seated Rhodes...]

GM: He's measuring him! Measuring Rhodes who is sitting in that chair out on the floor!

[...and with a horrific shout, Osborne charges down the apron, throwing himself off into a crossbody!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The flying press off the apron hits Rhodes right in the torso, flipping him backwards out of the chair as the metal seat gets twisted and mangled under the weight of the two competitors!]

GM: TWISTED STEEL BENEATH THE TWO MEN... AND JUST IMAGINE THE RIBCAGES OF RAPHAEL RHODES AND SID OSBORNE IF THAT DID THAT TO SOLID STEEL!

[Both men are laid out on the floor, grabbing their ribs as Dana Kaiser looks on in shocked horror and the crowd is ROARING for the death-defying dive to the outside!]

GM: Both men are down! Both men are physically mangled after this utter war they've put one another through!

[The referee shakes his head in disbelief at the sight on the outside... and reluctantly starts to lay a count on them both.]

GM: We've got a count going on BOTH competitors now, Bucky.

BW: Oh, please don't let this end in a double countout. Come on now!

GM: Sheer exhaustion on the faces of both men... absolute physical carnage they've put one another through and as we creep close to this having gone for a half hour now, I've gotta wonder what's left in the tank of these two. What could possibly be left in them?

BW: I just hope we get the chance to find out!

[The weary Sid Osborne sits up first, grabbing at his ribs, an anguished expression on his face as he does, looking over at the still motionless Rhodes who hasn't budged despite Dana Kaiser (and the sold out crowd's) best efforts to cheer him on.]



GM: Osborne is moving... he's moving and he's trying to get up and keep this going...

BW: That count is up to four already. Slow down, Longfellow!

[Osborne grimaces as he rolls to a hip... then to a knee as the count hits five.]

GM: The count is at five... and do you think Sid Osborne would be satisfied winning this by countout?

BW: No way. No chance. He wants the world to know that he's exactly what he's said he is all along - the best in the world. He's been telling people that for years... even before he was ever signed to the AWA... and he believes it too. Now he wants everyone else to believe it.

[Osborne pushes up to his feet, grunting as he does, again grabbing his ribs as the referee counts "SIX!"]

GM: The count is up to six... Osborne barely able to stand right now it looks like. Putting in all the effort he can to stay on his feet.

[As the count hits seven, Osborne steps towards the ring...

...and snatches Rhodes by the hair, pulling him off the floor.]

GM: Osborne pulling up Rhodes, tossing him back in at the eight count.

BW: Like he said, he's not letting Rhodes off that easy.

GM: Sid crawling in... cover!

[The referee dives down as Kaiser shouts "KICK OUT, RAPH!"]

GM: ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THREEEEE-

[The crowd ROARS as Rhodes' shoulder just BARELY squeaks off the canvas in time!]

GM: -no! Shoulder up! Rhodes - somehow, someway - gets that shoulder up to break the count in time!

[Kaiser and the fans are cheering as Osborne rolls to a hip, looking disgruntled at the likes of every person in the building that's not him. He shakes his head as he climbs off the mat to his feet...

...and reaches back out, sinking his fingers into the corner of Rhodes' mouth and using that painful grip to drag him to his knees!]

GM: FISH HOOK! That's something we're used to seeing out of Rhodes from time to time but this time, it's Osborne using it, pulling him to his knees...

[...where he BLASTS Rhodes across the cheekbone with a hooking forearm!]

GM: CROSSFACE BY SID!

BW: Hah! And again, Osborne turns the tables - Rhodes did this to him when they met back in July!

[Osborne lands another bone-crushing blow... and another, grabbing Rhodes by the hair to keep him from falling back down...

...and then slowly walks around the kneeling Rhodes, getting up in his face...]

"COME ON, RHODES!"

[A light slap across the face follows...]

"COME ON!"

[...and another...]

GM: Just paintbrushing him back and forth!

[...and another...]

"GET UP! SHOW ME THE REAL RHODES!"

[...and BLASTS him with a stiff forearm to the jaw... and another. With a handful of hair, he pulls Rhodes off his knees...]

GM: FOREARM! ANOTHER! ANOTHER!

[...and repeatedly rocks the Wigan with brutal forearm shots to the side of the head, some landing near the ear of Rhodes...]

GM: He's trying to beat Rhodes into a pulp!

[...and another... and another... and another...]

GM: Osborne's pounding him like there's no - finally, he backs off...

[Breathing heavily, Osborne pauses to catch his wind...]

...which is when a barely-standing Rhodes defiantly waves his hands...]

"THAT THE BEST YOU GOT, LAD?!"

[The crowd ROARS for the trademark attitude of Raphael Rhodes shining through as a suddenly-enraged Osborne winds up again...]

GM: MORE FOREARMS!

[The crowd groans with each blow landed on the jaw of Rhodes.]

"OHHH!"

"OHHH!"

"OHHH!"

"OHHH!"

"OHHH!"

"OHHH!"

"OHHH!"

"THIRTY MINUTES GONE BY! FIFTEEN MINUTES REMAIN! FIFTEEN MINUTES!"

[But as Rhodes doesn't go down, Osborne changes tactics...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CHOP BY OSBORNE! RIGHT ACROSS THE RIBS!

[Rhodes staggers back... but again waves his hands to a BIG ROAR!]

GM: He wants more! Rhodes wants more out of this kid!

[Osborne suddenly looks flustered, looking around at the roaring crowd and then over at Rhodes who again defiantly calls for more from him...]

GM: This is crazy!

[...and Osborne obliges...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...with a series of chops lighting up the torso of Rhodes, some landing on the chest, some on the ribs... all contributing to a nasty mass of red welted flesh on the torso of Rhodes!]

GM: Trying to chop him down but Rhodes won't go down! Rhodes won't wilt under the blows of the Sin City Savior!

[Grabbing a handful of hair, Osborne switches back to forearms, the crowd groaning again with each blow...]

"OHHH!"

"OHHH!"

"OHHH!"

"OHHH!"

"OHHH!"

[Osborne drops back, again taking a breather..

...but as he steps back in...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...he gets CRACKED upside the ear with an open-handed slap that sends Osborne falling backwards, collapsing against the buckles as he grabs at the side of his head, shouting something that earns him a moment of silence in the audio track!]

GM: We apologize for the language there-

BW: He might've busted his damn ear drum and you're sorry about the language!

[With Osborne reeling, Rhodes staggers in after him, setting his feet...]

GM: And now it's Rhodes' turn!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CHOP TO THE RIBS!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ANOTHER ONE!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: A THIRD!

[And with the crowd (and Osborne) reeling, Rhodes lets loose a shout and starts throwing the same chops as quickly as he can...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With Osborne's pale white skin littered with nasty red welts as well, a fired-up Rhodes ducks low, lifting him up and depositing him on the top turnbuckle once more...]

GM: Rhodes has chopped him into oblivion - and he's looking for that superplex again!

[Rhodes steps to the second rope, throwing a pair of forearms to the ear of Osborne, causing him to reel backwards only to be reined in by Rhodes who refuses to let him fall away...]

GM: Rhodes hanging onto him, keeping him perched up there...

BW: The last time he went for this, Osborne turned it into that super gutbuster - what's gonna happen this time?

[With Rhodes still standing on the second rope, Osborne starts battling back, throwing a pair of forearms at the jaw of Rhodes...]

GM: Osborne firing back!

[...and then Rhodes responds with forearms of his own!]

GM: They're trading blows high above the ring! A dangerous position to do battle in for sure...

[Rhodes maintains a loose grip on Osborne as Sid continues to struggle to get free...

...and then with his hands on Rhodes' shoulders, he SMASHES his head down into Rhodes' skull!]

GM: HEADBUTT!

BW: He's as stubborn as a damn mule, Gordo!

GM: Osborne again with a headbutt on Rhodes and-

[The headbutt causes Osborne to slip backwards, nearly falling from his perch again but again Rhodes grabs him to prevent it, steadying him as Osborne slips a leg around the post so that both feet are on the same side of the ringpost...]

GM: The headbutt didn't help Osborne but he managed to stay up there on the ropes, trying to get into position for-

[The crowd ERUPTS as Osborne uncorks a MASSIVE standing lariat from his spot on the ropes, causing Rhodes to go flying backwards off the middle rope, crashing down in a broken heap on the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CLOTHESLINE! CLOTHESLINE SAVES OSBORNE!

BW: It doesn't just save him though! He's climbing, Gordo! He's on the top rope!

[With a slight trickle of blood coming down his forehead from his own headbutt attempt, Osborne steadies himself up top...

...and then LEAPS from his perch, flying high through the air, pumping his arms and legs...]

GM: STAGE DIVE!

[...and CRASHES down on the torso of Raphael Rhodes, landing with enough impact to bounce himself into the air, landing a few feet away from his former partner!]

GM: HE HIT IT! HE HIT THE FROG SPLASH!

BW: Cover him, kid!

GM: Osborne trying to do exactly that... trying to cover...

[But as he rolls to his side, he cries out, grabbing at his injured ribs.]

BW: The ribs! The ribs are too banged up to cover!

GM: Oh, a HUGE miscalculation there for Osborne - he hit the move, he hit the Stage Dive but because of the injured ribs, he can't make the pin attempt!

BW: This match should be over right now, Gordo!

GM: You could be right about that. That might've ended the match right there but Osborne can NOT take advantage of his own move and both of these men are down on the mat now, trying to recover from the beating they've inflicted on one another.

[The crowd is roaring now, on their feet cheering on the action they've witnessed so far as both Rhodes and Osborne lay on their backs, clutching their ribs while the referee starts a double count on both men.]

GM: The referee starting another count. Both men are down, both men are in tremendous amounts of pain... after nearly thirty-five minutes of action, I've gotta wonder what these two have left... if anything at all!

BW: And while we've spent all match talking about their history and this very personal issue between them, from the business side, this match has GOTTA put both of these men into the discussion for a future title shot at whatever title they want to go after!

GM: Osborne trying to get up first, trying to be the first man on his feet and see if he can end this thing...

[Osborne rolls over onto his side, still breathing hard, still clutching at his injured ribs as the referee's count reaches three...]

GM: Osborne's got signs of life here. Can he get up to his feet though and beat this count?

[...and at four, he rolls onto his chest, sliding his arms under him...]

GM: Osborne fighting so hard to get up - like him or not, you gotta respect the toughness of this young man...

[At five, Osborne pushes up on his hands and knees as we see Rhodes sit up on the mat, grimacing at that mere movement...]

GM: And now both men trying to get up! Listen to this crowd!

[And at this moment, the Atlanta crowd - while still mostly on the side of Raphael Rhodes - does have a smaller element of support for Sid Osborne and let him hear it.]

"LET'S GO, RAAAAA-PH!"

"SIN CI-TY SID!"

"LET'S GO, RAAAAA-PH!"

"SIN CI-TY SID!"

"LET'S GO, RAAAAA-PH!"

"SIN CI-TY SID!"

[The dueling chants seem to provide a little extra "oomph" to both competitors as Osborne forces himself to crawl to the ropes, using them to drag himself off the mat as the count reaches seven.

Across the ring, Rhodes is crawling towards the turnbuckles, trying to get some leverage to get up as well.]

"LET'S GO, RAAAAA-PH!"

"SIN CI-TY SID!"

"LET'S GO, RAAAAA-PH!"

"SIN CI-TY SID!"

"LET'S GO, RAAAAA-PH!"

"SIN CI-TY SID!"

[At eight, Osborne is on his feet, getting the referee to stop the count on him as he leans heavily against the ropes, a near-permanent expression of pain on his face now.]

Rhodes wraps his hands around the ropes, pulling hard as the count goes up to...]

GM: Nine! The count is at nine! Rhodes is still down! Rhodes is still fighting to get-

[The crowd ROARS as Rhodes pulls himself onto his feet JUST before the ten count, immediately collapsing against them, clinging to them to stay on his feet.]

GM: UP! Both men up and this one continues!

BW: Hell yeah, let's do this thing!

[Osborne pushes off the ropes, wobbling across the ring towards a dazed Rhodes. He grabs him by the shoulder, swinging him around...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and throws another chop, this one definitely with a little less impact due to injury and exhaustion...]

GM: Chop by Osborne!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AND RHODES RETURNS IN KIND!

[Osborne winds up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Osborne lands another!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AND SO DOES RHODES!

[The red welts on Osborne's torso are weeping crimson now as Rhodes pushes off the ropes, grabbing Osborne by the ear, a move so aggressive, it causes the plastic gauge in Osborne's ear to pop out...]

...and DRIVES his skull into Osborne's!]

GM: HEADBUTT!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Rhodes holds him by the ear, shaking his head as Osborne tries to slip away...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ANOTHER!

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And with an anguished scream...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...he unleashes a series of skull-splitting headbutts that leaves Osborne stumbling backwards, falling to a knee center-ring!]

GM: OSBORNE'S ON RUBBER LEGS!

[Rhodes pushes off the ropes, going into a spin...]

GM: SPINNING KNIFE EDGE CH-

[...but as he spins back, Osborne leaps up, tucking his knees up into the ribs of Rhodes as he pulls him towards him!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

GM: LUNGBLOWER! LUNGBLOWER OUT OF NOWHERE!

[An exhausted Osborne pushes up on his legs, forcing Rhodes over onto his back where the weary Sin City Savior throws an arm across his chest...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

GM: KICKOUT! KICKOUT! MY GOD, HE KICKED OUT!

[The crowd is ROARING for the near fall as Osborne and Rhodes lie practically motionless side by side...]

"TEN MINUTES REMAIN! TEN MINUTES!"

GM: Ten minutes left in this forty-five minute time limit and what an unbelievable battle we've witnessed here in Atlanta and...

BW: And SuperClash is JUST getting started! What the hell else are we gonna see tonight, daddy?!

[Osborne screams as he pushes up to his knees, hammering his fists repeatedly down into the canvas.]

GM: The frustration is evident on the part of Sid Osborne... what else? What else can he possibly do to finish off Raphael Rhodes and win this match?! This is an incredible performance by BOTH of these men but Sid Osborne has gotta be overwhelmed with the frustration!

[Frustrated. Exhausted. A body screaming with pain. Sid Osborne slowly drags himself to his feet, looking down at the motionless Rhodes on the mat...]



...and then slowly points to the corner again, sparking an immediate rumble from the 70,000+ in Atlanta.]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

BW: You wanted to know what else can he do to win it?! He can go right back up, hit that Stage Dive again, and cover Rhodes for the one-two-three, daddy! Go for it, kid! Make yourself a household name!

[Osborne staggers across the ring, practically collapsing against the turnbuckles as he nears the corner. The crowd is still buzzing as Osborne ducks through the ropes, clinging to them as he steps out to the apron...]

GM: Osborne hanging onto the ropes... hanging onto those ribs... he's been to hell and back in this one and it's not done yet.

[The Sin City Savior slaps a hand down on the top turnbuckle, nodding to the crowd as he slowly lifts one leg, planting a foot on the second rope.]

GM: And Osborne's starting to climb... very slowly, very unsteady as he makes his way up the ropes, looking for one more shot to finish this...

[But as Osborne gets a foot on the top rope, ready to complete his climb to the highest place in the ring...]

GM: RHODES IS UP!

[The battered and weary Rhodes staggers towards the corner where Osborne is perched, rearing back as he does...]

GM: Big right hand to the skull of Osborne! And another!

[With Osborne rattled and stunned, Rhodes steps up to the second rope, snatching a front facelock again...]

GM: Rhodes is up there again - again trying for that superplex!

[...but Osborne jams a fist into the exposed ribs!]

GM: And again, Osborne's back on the ribs! Another hard shot! And another!

[Osborne slips out of Rhodes' grip again as Rhodes grabs the top rope to stay on his feet, barely managing to stay balanced on the ropes...

...when he reaches out to grab Osborne's head with both hands!]

GM: What's he-?!

"OHHHHHHH!"

GM: HEADBUTT!

"OHHHHHHH!"

GM: AGAIN!

"OHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHH!"

[The barrage of headbutts has Osborne wobbly on his perch as Rhodes switches his grip, balling up his fist...

...and DRIVING his knuckles down into the cut on Sid's forehead!]

GM: KNUCKLEPUNCHING THE CUT!

[With a shout, Rhodes buries his knuckles into the wound over and over and over and over, causing the blood flow to intensify...]

GM: He's busted him wide open!

[...and then yanks the bloodied and beaten Osborne into a front facelock...]

GM: He's got him hooked! Can he...?!

BW: No way!

[...and with a shout of intense determination, Rhodes muscles Osborne up into the air...]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM!

[...and goes plummeting off the turnbuckle, driving him down backfirst onto the canvas with a thunderous superplex!]

GM: NOTHING FANCY! HE HITS IT!

[A weary Rhodes flips over, throwing an arm across the chest!]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE-

[The crowd reacts sharply as Osborne's arm goes SHOOTING up into the air just before the three count slaps the mat...

...and then goes into a hushed silence as they realize what that means!]

GM: HE KICKED OUT! HE KICKED OUT!

BW: No one has EVER kicked out of the superplex from Raphael Rhodes, Gordo!

GM: My stars in heaven, what have we seen here tonight in this one?!

[Rhodes rolls off the downed Osborne, flat on his back, staring up at the lights as Osborne freezes in position, the right arm up in the air - the match-saving move that got his shoulder off the mat JUST in time!]

GM: What a battle! What a war! We thought we were gonna see a war later tonight when they lower that big double cage down on us but we're seeing one right now between two of the best the AWA has to offer! My goodness - what a fight!

[Dana Kaiser has balled up her fists, pounding them into the mat as she tries to cheer her husband to his feet one more time. Predictably, the crowd joins in, clapping and chanting in rhythm...]

"LET'S GO, RAAAAA-PH!"

"SIN CI-TY SID!"

"LET'S GO, RAAAAA-PH!"

"SIN CI-TY SID!"

"LET'S GO, RAAAAA-PH!"

"SIN CI-TY SID!"

[On the canvas, it is Raphael Rhodes who is the first to respond, lifting his arms up off the mat to cheers. Kaiser slams her fists excitedly into the mat, shouting "COME ON! GET UP!" to her husband.]

GM: And now it's Rhodes who has to wonder what he can do to finish off this kid from Las Vegas! We saw the superplex... he kicked out of a move that has NEVER been kicked out of... and what more can Rhodes do to this young man to get this win?!

[Rhodes sits up on the mat, his face racked with pain as he grabs at his ribs, looking out at Dana who shouts again - "ONE MORE, RAPH! SOMETHING! ANYTHING!" Rhodes gives a tired nod, rolling to his knees and looking down at Osborne who has rolled onto his chest...]

"STAY! DOWN!"

[The frustration is evident in Rhodes' voice as well as he drags himself up off the mat, clutching his ribs as he gets there. He shakes his head, grimacing as he steps towards the downed Osborne, grabbing him by the hair, lifting him to a knee...]

GM: Rhodes looking to finish him off, looking to-

[The announcers are cut off by a surge upwards from Osborne, screaming out as he lifts Rhodes over his shoulder...]

GM: What the...?!

[...and then reaches back with the other arm, trying to get him into position...]

BW: That's the City of Angels! He's trying to get Rhodes into position for one of Juan Vasquez' signature moves!

[But instinct takes over on Raphael Rhodes, a long-dormant instinct of being picked up for this very move some eight years ago while trapped inside a steel cage with the master of it...]

...and Rhodes does what he did that night, forcing his momentum over an off-balance Osborne...]

GM: NO! SUNSET FLIP BY RHODES! SUNSET FLIP!

[Rhodes is trying to drag the bloodied and battered Osborne down to the canvas but the Sin City Savior is fighting it, desperately trying to stay on his feet as the crowd surges to life once more, waiting to see if Rhodes can pull him down...]

GM: SUNSET FL-

[...but instead of being pulled down, Osborne simply kneels down, hooking Rhodes' legs as he does...]

GM: CRADLE!

BW: THIS IS HOW RHODES WON IN JULY!

[The referee dives down to the mat.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEE-

[But at the last possible moment, Rhodes manages to kick, breaking out of the pin!]

GM: KICKOUT! KICKOUT!

BW: Gordo, I'm exhausted! We may need to do the rest of this match tomorrow!

GM: No chance of that!

[Osborne rolls to all fours, trying to push up as Rhodes does the same, facing away from him...]

GM: Both men fighting to get to their feet again...

"LET'S GO, RAAAAA-PH!"

"SIN CI-TY SID!"

"LET'S GO, RAAAAA-PH!"

"SIN CI-TY SID!"

"LET'S GO, RAAAAA-PH!"

"SIN CI-TY SID!"

[Osborne gets there first, grabbing Rhodes by the hair, whipping him around to face him...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and lights him up with hard slaps across the face, snapping Rhodes' head this way and that...]

GM: OSBORNE'S GOT HIM REELING!

[...and throws one more with a little extra mustard on it, leaning back for enough power...]

GM: DUCKED BY RHODES!

[...and as Osborne spins past him, Rhodes reaches out...]

GM: AHHHHHHH!

[...hooking his fingers in the open ear hole of Osborne, the spot vacated by the plastic gauge he lost earlier...]

...and YANKS him back towards Rhodes, spinning him in the process...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[The ear-splitting strike finds the mark, snapping Osborne back the other direction, his back now to Rhodes...]

...who lunges forward, wrapping his arms around Osborne's head and neck!]

GM: SLEEPER! SLEEPER LOCKED IN!

[Osborne's arms are immediately pumping in the air, searching for a way out as Rhodes cinches in the grip...]

...and then leaps up, wrapping his legs around the torso of the Sin City Savior, yanking him off his feet and down to the canvas!]

GM: RHODES PULLS HIM DOWN! THERE'S NO ESCAPE!

[Rhodes grimaces as he tightens up the hold, screaming in pain as he tries to rob Osborne of his consciousness. The referee is right there, checking on Osborne to see if he wants to quit...]

GM: He's gonna have to tap, Bucky! There's no way out!

BW: He's gotta find a way out!

[...but the official waves for the match to continue as Rhodes hangs on, letting loose another roar of anguished effort as he tries to tighten up the hold even more...]

GM: Rhodes is hanging on! Osborne's trying to find a way out, reaching... stretching... desperately trying to...

[...and suddenly, Osborne's arms go limp in mid-reach. The referee grabs a wrist, lifting it...]

...and then spins to signal for the bell as it drops!]

GM: THAT'S IT!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Rhodes immediately lets go of the sleeper upon hearing the bell, slumping backwards while shoving Osborne away. The crowd ROARS at the bell as the referee rises, pointing to the downed Rhodes as the winner. Dana Kaiser throws her arms in the air for a moment in celebration but then quickly rolls under the ropes, crawling to her husband's side to check on his condition.]

GM: Wow.

BW: You said it, Gordo.

GM: What an honor and privilege it was to be here to call this match here in Atlanta. A tremendous battle... a war in many ways... just sheer physicality, intensity, and unbridled will to win on display by BOTH of these tremendous competitors... but after just shy of forty minutes of action, Raphael Rhodes comes out the winner when the referee is forced to stop the match when Sid Osborne was rendered unconscious by that sleeperhold.

[Rhodes - with the aid of the official and Kaiser - sits up on the mat, a satisfied expression on his face as Kaiser positions herself to keep him propped up. Nodding to the official, Rhodes leans his head back, sighing deeply as the referee moves over to Osborne, checking the Sin City Savior's condition.]

GM: Ricky Longfellow now checking on Sid Osborne...

BW: I wouldn't be the least bit surprised if BOTH of these guys needed medical attention after this one, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely. It's a good thing they'll have some time off after tonight as the AWA won't run another show until early 2018.

[The official rolls Osborne onto his back, struggling to get him up into a seated position as well. He gives him a few shakes, getting a groan of agony in response as Osborne starts to stir.]

GM: Osborne awakening from the sleeper... he never gave up. It's important to note that he never gave up.

BW: I told you, Gordo - the kid's got too much of an ego to quit.

GM: That very well may be as Rhodes had him trapped, Osborne had to know there was no way out, and yet he still kept trying until the moment the lack of blood flowing to his brain was enough to render him unconscious and no longer able to defend himself. At that point, Ricky Longfellow made the appropriate decision to stop the match and declare Raphael Rhodes the winner.

[With the help of his wife, Rhodes manages to get up to his feet, tiredly raising an arm to cheers from the Atlanta crowd. He lowers his arm, staring down at Sid Osborne who has managed to hold himself in a sitting position, glaring up at the triumphant Rhodes as the referee extends an arm, shaking his head at Osborne.]

GM: Bucky, Sid Osborne looks like he wants another round right now! Look at his face!

[Osborne is staring daggers up at Rhodes who returns the gaze before nodding and saying "it's done."]

GM: Rhodes letting Osborne know that this thing between them is over after this grueling battle and...

[Gordon trails off as Osborne tries to get up, presumably to keep fighting...

...but then slumps back down, falling back to the canvas. He lifts his arms, covering his face as he stares up at the lights and the crowd cheers the victorious Rhodes as he exits the ring with Dana Kaiser.]

GM: Rhodes walking out of here triumphant, having put down the kid who refuses to stay down.

[The crowd cheers as Rhodes drapes an arm around his wife, exiting up the ramp as Osborne stays on his back, still staring up at the lights, soaking in his own misery.]

GM: Sid Osborne will be back, Bucky... you can rest assured of that.

BW: Absolutely. The kid will live to fight another day but tonight, this night belongs to Raphael Rhodes and what comes next for him in 2018.

[One more shot of Rhodes and Kaiser as the former raises a weary arm one more time, grimacing as he does...

...and we fade to the backstage area where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing with a smile.]

SLB: Absolutely phenomenal action going down here in Atlanta for SuperClash IX - and in just a few moments, we're going to be headed back up to Toronto as we get ready for a trios match for the ages when the Dogs of War take on the Kabukicho Assassination Maniac Squad - talk about a mouthful - but before we do, I want to spend just a moment with my special guest at this time... an employee of the Korugun Corporation...

[Blackwell waves a beckoning hand off-camera.]

SLB: ...Veronica Westerly.

[Westerly steps into view, her hair rinsed of the dark black dye to revert to her original reddish coloring. She's gone with a bright white gown on this night, full length and billowing around her with a moderately-sized slash across the chest.]

SLB: Miss Westerly, welcome to SuperClash.

[Westerly nods.]

VW: Thanks, Lou... and before we go any further, let's make it clear that I'm not an employee of the Korugun Corporation. At least... not anymore.

[Blackwell arches an eyebrow.]

SLB: I see. Thanks to Javier Castillo no doubt.

[Westerly waves a dismissive hand.]

VW: HR served up a nice big word salad about it but... yeah, thanks to Castillo no doubt. After everything I did for him... after everything I did for Korugun... that's how they repaid me. And I hope everyone who is still taking a paycheck from those bastards is paying attention because that's the level of loyalty you should expect from them... that's the level of thanks you'll get for the sacrifices you make for them. The Dogs of War already have learned it like I did... Jeff Matthews... James Lynch... Derek Rage... MAWAGA.. all the rest of you, you'll learn it the hard way too.

[Blackwell nods.]

SLB: I have to ask though, Veronica. If you're no longer a Korugun employee, why are you here tonight at SuperClash?

VW: I told Castillo I'd be at SuperClash, didn't I?

SLB: Yes, but why are you HERE... in Atlanta? I thought you'd be in Toronto to see your son fight for the World Title.

[Westerly nods.]

VW: Brian's been his own man for a long time now, Lou. He doesn't need me to hold his hand in Toronto... but I wasn't about to miss SuperClash.

[Blackwell grins.]

SLB: And with a whole new look no less!

[Westerly tosses her recently-returned-to-red hair with a smile of her own.]

VW: Or maybe an old look brought back where it belonged. I spent the better part of a year under Javier Castillo's thumb, Lou... and... how did the old commercial go? I wanted to wash that man right out of my hair. So, new hair... new dress... new me.

And after spending Thanksgiving with my family earlier today, I couldn't think of a better way to spend tonight than to see all of Javier Castillo's hard work get shoved right up his-

[Blackwell interrupts.]

SLB: Uhh... no doubt you saw the news of our new broadcast partners.

[Veronica smiles.]

VW: I always wanted to be a Disney princess. Alright, Lou... have it your way. I came here tonight to Atlanta to see Castillo's vision crash and burn at his damn feet. Ryan Martinez might not be my favorite person in the world but...

[Veronica puts a hand on Lou's shoulder.]

VW: ...tonight he is. Count on it!

[And with that, Veronica turns to walk away, leaving a beaming Blackwell behind.]

SLB: A whole new Veronica Westerly here tonight - she hopes - to see the demise of Javier Castillo and the Korugun Corporation. Now, let's go back up to Toronto to "Big" Sal and Colt for more action in the Great White North! Gentlemen?

[We get the split screen showing Lou backstage and Colt with Sal ringside for a moment...

...and then fully fade to the Rogers Centre shot to a beaming Albano and surly Patterson.]

SA: Thanks, Lou... and with the way Veronica Westerly was treated in recent weeks, Colt, you can't blame her one bit for rooting for the downfall of Javier Castillo here tonight.

CP: She knew what she signed up for, Albano. Now that she wasn't willing to go all the way to help Korugun succeed, now she's blaming them for some kind of mistreatment. As our pal Gordon Myers would say, "gimme a break!"

SA: Veronica mentioned several AWA competitors who she believes may come to regret their relationship with Korugun including three of the men who will be competing in just a few moments now in this big trios matchup - the Dogs of War. We're going to hear from both of these teams here momentarily but before we go, let's remind our fans of just how this rivalry unfolded.

[We fade from Albano and Patterson through black...

...and up onto footage marked "THE BATTLE OF SASKATCHEWAN - THE STAMPEDE CUP." We see Rebecca Ortiz mid-ring, making the introductions.

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is a second round match in the 2017 Stampede Cup tournament!

[We get a quick glimpse of the Dogs of War entering Mosaic Stadium in their midnight blue riot squad style gear... then of AJ Martinez and Cain Jackson in one of



their "usual" custom vehicles, two 1959 Cadillac Coupe de Villes stacked on top of one another driven on huge tractor tires...

...and then to the aisleway where Isaiah Carpenter sprints across the ring, springboarding off the top rope with a somersault dive onto both Martinez and Jackson!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CARPENTER TAKES THEM BOTH OUT! OH MY!

[We fade again...

...into Wade Walker flattening AJ Martinez with a running spear tackle!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SPEAR! SPEAR! SPEAAAAAARRRRRR!

[As Walker stands over him, pumping both arms in triumph, we fade again...

...to Carpenter HURLING himself between the ropes in a bullet tope aimed at Cain Jackson who reaches up, snatching his attacker out of the sky around the head and neck, swinging around...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AND JACKSON HURLS HIM INTO THE STEEEEEEEEL!

[Jackson comes up fired up, shouting down at Carpenter as we fade again...

...where Cain Jackson smashes a lariat into the back of Walker's head, sending him stumbling towards Martinez who lifts him up for a belly to back suplex...

...and with a loud "CATCH!", he chucks the 278 pounder through the air towards a waiting Jackson who guides him down into a sitout powerbomb in one motion!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HOLY-

BW: DID YOU SEE THAT?!

[We fade again...

...and back up as Martinez runs off the ropes, stepping off the back of Jackson on all fours... and gets SPEARED out of the sky by Wade Walker!]

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!

[Cut again...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BIG BOOT! BIG BOOT!

[...and again...]

GM: CAUGHT! JACKSON CAUGHT HIM! JACKSON CATCHES CARPENTER AND-

[The crowd ROARS as Jackson military presses the 253 pound Carpenter straight up overhead, turning to show him off to the crowd...]

GM: WALKER!

[...which is when Wade Walker LANDS the Superman punch, cracking Jackson in the jaw and sending him down to the mat with Carpenter splashing down on top of him!]

And we fade again...

...to AJ Martinez yanking Carpenter off a pinned Jackson, pulling him to the floor where he lifts him in a full nelson and throws him down on the barely-padded stadium grass!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and again... as Walker gets lifted for a waistlock suplex as Martinez grabs him by the throat...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: A SUPLEX MIXED WITH A CHOKESLAM BY K-A-M-S and that might be all!

[...and fade again as Carpenter springs off the top with a split-legged dropkick that drops both Martinez and Jackson...]

...and again where we find Martinez down on a table, Perez standing on the middle rope...]

GM: PEDRO PEREZ IS GOING UP! HE'S GONNA PUT MARTINEZ THROUGH THIS TABLE! HE'S GONNA-

[But before Perez steps to the top, AJ Martinez lets loose a huge grunt of exertion and SHOVES Carpenter off of him...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...sending the Dog of War flying backwards into the ringside railing...]

GM: MARTINEZ PUTS HIM INTO THE STEEL!

[And with Carpenter disposed of for the moment, Martinez gets off the table, rushing towards the ring where Perez is trying to get down off the ropes in a hurry...]

GM: MARTINEZ HOOKS HIM!

[The crowd is buzzing as the near seven footer wraps his mighty paw around Perez' throat...]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM! HE'S GOT HIM UP TOP!

[Perez bats at the arm, trying to get free but a wild-eyed Martinez will NOT be denied as he pulls Perez towards him...]

...and LIFTS him into the air, throwing him off the buckles and down HARD to the barely-padded grass!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CHOKESLAM TO THE FLOOR FROM THE SECOND ROPE!! OHHHH MYYYYY  
GOOOOOD!

[Perez is laid out in a heap as the Mosaic Stadium crowd is sent into a frenzy as AJ Martinez, hops down off the buckles, turning to taunt the crowd...

...Wade Walker comes TEARING down the length of the apron, ducking low into a launch...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SPEAR! SPEAR! SPEAAAAAAAAAR INTO THE POOOOOOOOST!

[Martinez' spine SLAMS violently into the ringpost under Walker's intense leaping spear tackle...

...but as he doesn't fall, Walker yanks him back down the apron towards the middle of it...]

[And if you thought the Canadian crowd was loud before, you should hear them as Walker pulls Martinez into a standing headscissors...]

GM: OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD!

BW: They're right above this table, Gordo!

GM: Walker's gonna try to powerbomb a near seven footer through a damn table!

BW: I don't know if he can do it, Gordo.

GM: I don't either but he's damn sure gonna try!

[Walker ducks low, wrapping his arms around the torso of Martinez, nodding his head confidently...]

GM: He's trying to get him up! Trying to lift this 325 pounder off the apron and put him through-

[But as Walker struggles and strains, Cain Jackson has other ideas, racing across the ring, swinging his mighty leg up high enough to clear the top rope...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...which connects FLUSH with the face of Wade Walker, sending him flying off the apron and through the ringside table!]

GM: GOOD GOD! GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY! WALKER GOES THROUGH THE TABLE!

[Cain Jackson backs off, letting loose a massive roar...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: STEEL CHAIR ACROSS THE BACK BY CARPENTER!

[The blow fells Jackson, knocking him to his knees!]

GM: CARPENTER KNOCKS HIM DOWN!

[Carpenter backs to the ropes, leaning back with the chair to strike again...

...when AJ Martinez' seven foot frame rises into the camera's view like something out of a monster movie!]

GM: OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD!

[Martinez grabs the chair, plucking it out of Carpenter's hands with ease and flinging it aside...

...and reaches over the ropes, snatching Carpenter's arm and pulling him into ripcord position...]

GM: Martinez hooks him from the outside! What in the world is he-?!

[Jackson suddenly rushes to the ropes, running alongside parallel to where Martinez and Carpenter are standing...

...and DRIVES a big boot into the cheek of Carpenter, sending him flying out of the ripcord...]

GM: BIG BOOT!

BW: AJ HANGS ON AND...

[...and YANKS Carpenter back into a lariat that flips Carpenter inside out, nearly dropping him on his head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: KILL SHOT! KILL SHOT!

[Jackson grabs the limp form of Carpenter off the mat, dragging him away from the ropes, diving across as a barely-conscious referee slides into position...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

[The shot goes to black before a graphic fades in reading - "But that was just the beginning..."

And then fades to Mark Stegglet standing backstage in the Rogers Centre.]

MS: Just the beginning for sure. Because after that, we saw the Dogs of War get involved in the Semifinals, a move that AJ Martinez has insisted for months now, cost K-A-M-S a great deal of money. So, at first, it was business... then it got very personal when in a rematch, the Dogs of War tried to severely injure Martinez. That led to Cain Jackson and AJ Martinez getting reinforcements of their own and in the process, they cost the Dogs of War the opportunity to be in WarGames here tonight and cost them their cushy, well-paid spot in the Korugun Corporation to boot. And tonight, the most successful trio in AWA history finds themselves face-to-face with a trio who just might like to snatch that spot away from them.

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: Now, our goal was to speak to both of these teams here tonight moments before their match... but never one to be predictable, the Dogs of War made their presence known on Tuesday night at Center Stage Studios during the Combat Corner Wrestling show. Let's take a look...

[We fade to footage with a graphic reading "TUESDAY NIGHT - CENTER STAGE STUDIOS - COMBAT CORNER WRESTLING." In the ring, covered in perspiration are CCW stars Brij Bhullar and Koji Nakano, obviously just after their match. The arrogant Bhullar looks Nakano up and down, and offers his hand to him. Nakano smirks a victorious smirk and accepts the handshake. But Bhullar quickly ducks out of sight, and Nakano is just about to follow him before catching a forearm to the back of the neck!

The Dogs of War have stormed the CCW to a large reaction - first cheers upon recognition and then more than their share of boos for their brutal attack as Wade Walker, Pedro Perez, and Isaiah Carpenter stomp Koji Nakano ruthlessly for several moments. Perez then pulls the Japanese competitor up, angrily tossing him over the ropes to the outside before waving for a microphone. Handed one, he taps the mic a few times to make sure it's on before speaking.]

PP: Check, check... gimme a mic check.

[Perez gives a smirk and a nod as he paces the ring angrily.]

PP: CCW fans, where you at?

[Another mixed reaction goes up from this crowd as Perez nods.]

PP: Alright... now, I know what you might be thinking - "what the hell are the Dogs of War doing in Atlanta when they got a big match in Toronto Thursday?"

[Perez looks at Carpenter who shrugs.]

PP: See, the Dogs of War never stop working... and yeah, we could be sittin' up in Toronto right now with our feet kicked back waiting for Thursday night but we wanted to be here... right here... to scout the next names who are gonna break on through to the other side and be on the AWA roster not too far down the road. We wanted to be here to see them compete... because they remind us a little bit... of us.

[Carpenter nods, leaning over the mic.]

IC: That's right. They're hungry like us. They want it bad like us. And they'd do anything to be on that SuperClash card Thursday night...

PP: Just like we've done our entire careers. So, we're here... like you are... as fans.

[Perez tucks the mic under his arm, clapping his hands as the crowd does the same.]

PP: But... that doesn't mean we've forgotten about Thursday night. See, because on Thursday night, while we're lookin' to crack skulls and pay the bills, we got three people climbing in there with us who are lookin' to do something else... something we're pretty damn sick of - right, boys?

[Wade Walker nods his head, stretching his arms out, showing off his powerful physique.]

PP: We're sick of the AWA making stars off our names. We're sick of guys like Detson... like James... like 'Nova... you know, the World Title match at SuperClash? Johnny Detson woulda been dead to rights if the Dogs of War hadn't been there to save his ass time and time again. And Brian James? Who the hell knew a damn thing about Brian James until he punched a set of stairs and got over on us at SuperClash a couple of years ago?!

IC: And before Supernova was breaking glass ceilings and trying to win the World Title... we were helping him break glass windshields... with his head.

[Carpenter chuckles as the crowd boos the memory of that.]

IC: While the Dogs of War have been the workhorses of this company - shuttling back and forth across the Pacific to wrestle in Japan... going down to defend those titles in Mexico - Alex Martinez' latest trust fund brat is getting a free ride showing up a few weeks before SuperClash and getting a shot at us. We're tired of it.

PP: You know what else we're tired of? We're tired of Cain Jackson. We said back in July that we had respect for him. That respect went out the window when he STOLE our spot in WarGames. And don't even get me started on their little flagbearer.

[Wade Walker leans over to Perez, whispering something to him that makes Perez laugh.]

PP: The big man says if you show up at SuperClash waving a flag in his face, he's gonna break that flagpole over your spine and shove that filthy rag down your throat to say "welcome to the big time."

[Carpenter laughs as well as Walker glares menacingly into the camera...

...and then waves a hand towards Perez who looks surprised as he extends the mic towards him as everyone falls silent; even the fans recognize this is a rare occurrence.]

WW: Mifune. You know I can choke you out right back. You ever wanna stop sending your little ducklings after the Dogs... you know where to find me.

[Walker tosses the mic right back to Perez.]

PP: It was US who were the original iconoclasts in the AWA, before they opened the floodgates to CCW, and P\*WIN, and every other two-bit promoter wanting their boys and girls to get their fifteen minutes of fame. That's what Mr. Childes put us together for. WE were supposed to be the ones that were the bulls of the woods. And no one else.

So, someone head on down to Nemuranai Machi... drag those three out of whatever bar they're in... and you let them know the Dogs of War are speaking and they'd better damn well listen.

[Perez nods, pointing to the camera.]

PP: On Thursday night... you gotta know what you're getting into. You gotta know that this time, after everything... you gotta be prepared to do what has never been done in the AWA...

...and put all three of us in the ground!

Do you have that in you?!

[Perez holds up a hand.]

PP: Stop... don't even answer that... 'cause we KNOW the answer. You DON'T got that in you!

[The Dogs circle up around the mic, Perez smirking.]

PP: But we do.

[Perez drops the mic with an audible 'thud,' as he Walker and Carpenter prowl the ring impatiently. Carpenter finds a nearby camera and gestures "bring it on" to it confidently as we fade through black...

...and back up on Mark Stegglet backstage in the Rogers Centre.]

MS: The Dogs of War looking to make a statement when they meet KAMS here tonight... and we're just about set to head out to the ring but before we do - as I'm sure many of you have heard, we'll have a new television home in 2018. To get us started out right, we have someone here tonight representing our new television partners to help us with our backstage interviews here in Toronto. She has over a decade of experience covering the biggest sports in the world, including her current role as a sideline reporter for ESPN coverage of the NBA, so it's only natural that she adds the AWA to her resume... Cassidy Hubbarth, welcome to SuperClash!

[The camera zooms out a bit to where we see Cassidy Hubbarth, holding a microphone that has the ESPN logo on two sides of the mic flag, and the AWA logo on the other two.]

CH: Thank you, Mark, and it's absolutely my pleasure to be a part of the biggest professional wrestling event of the year! And on behalf of all of us in Bristol and around the world, a warm welcome to the AWA to the ESPN family.

[Mark grins and nods as he steps away and the shot tightens to just Cassidy.]

CH: As Mark mentioned, there is a score to be settled between the Dogs of War and the international sensation better known as KAMS, but there are also several questions to be answered. Prior to the start of their matchup, I'll try to have some of those questions answered. Joining me at this time is the team that recently reverted to being a trio... Cain Jackson, AJ Martinez, and Paris Crawford, the Kabukicho Assassination Maniac Squad.

[Walking into the frame are Cain Jackson, AJ Martinez, and Paris Crawford. Jackson as always, is a sight of pure intimidation with a dreadlock ponytail. He's wearing a black blazer sans shirt, opened to reveal his well-muscle chest and torso, black leather pants and boots. "Hot Stuff" AJ Martinez, the handsome hybrid himself, is wearing a black suit jacket over, you guessed, a bare chest, the jacket open to show his oiled torso, his body of course ripped to shreds. He wears a tight pair of black pants along with shiny black alligator dress shoes. His black hair is styled into his trademark manbun. Paris is wearing a throwback to days of AWA past... Cain's custom silver and black Team Supreme tracksuit jacket, which is so long on them that it hangs down to their thighs. Paris' hair for the evening is a dusty pink, long and wavy, hanging loosely down past their shoulders.]

CH: Welcome to SuperClas-...

CJ: Wait a second.

[Cain pushes Paris with his fist.]

CJ: Why are you wearin' that?

[Paris looks at Cain.]

PC: Il fait froid.

CJ: You've got a Mifune-gun jacket. Wear that.

PC: You are much taller than moi. This has better coverage, avant et arrière.

[Paris does a twirl, the hemline at the bottom of the jacket spinning around their legs.]

PC: C'est chic.

[Cain glares a hole through Paris as AJ puts his arm around them.]

AJM: It's stylish!

[Cain's eyes drift over to Cassidy, a sigh breathed through his nose.]

CJ: Ask your questions.

[Cassidy gives Cain a once over... did she just bite her lip?]

CH: The first thing on a lot of fans' minds would be the presence of you, Paris Crawford.

[Paris perks up, seemingly surprised at being addressed first.]

CH: You are not an especially known commodity in professional wrestling. In fact, most of the research that has been done on you has indicated that you have primarily served as a sideline presence during the bouts wrestled by Cain Jackson and AJ Martinez. Obviously there is a lot of confidence placed in you by your teammates, but there is clear concern about what you bring to the table against a team with vast experience like the Dogs of War.

[Paris' eyes narrow, as they reach into the pocket of the jacket.]

PC: What I bring to the table, oui?

[Paris brings out a balisong, as Cassidy's eyes widen. AJ chuckles, releasing Paris from his grasp, as Paris releases the latch and swings the balisong open... only for the world to find that the blade has been replaced with a nail file.]

PC: I shall tell you what I bring to the table, ma chérie.

[Paris starts to file their nails with the balisong nail file, painted dusty pink to match their hair.]

PC: I bring to the table years of a life lived in a manner most cannot conceive of, just to survive. You see before you a fantasy, but to become this fantasy, lovely Cassidy, I have lived a life that others can only conceive of in their nightmares. Vraiment une histoire tragique, non?

[Paris frowns as they continue to file away.]

PC: But I am not here to sell you stories of sadness. Why sell my tears, ma chérie, when I have so much else on my mind? I am here because three men thought they could have the numbers against the Kabukicho Assassination Maniac Squad. But those barking dogs, they failed to understand...

[Paris suddenly switches their grip on the nail file, holding it in a grasped motion, as though they could stab with it.]

PC: They were never fighting just two. We only showed two because until now, we only NEEDED two. We have always only needed two. But the Dogs of War, they



have entered us into a special situation. They have entered us into a situation where we need to play the Queen, oui?

[Paris smirks.]

PC: When we play the Queen... dieu sauve le royaume.

[Paris looks at their nails, clicks their tongue with a shake of their head, and resumes filing, as Cassidy looks at Cain and AJ.]

CH: Turning to your teammates.

[AJ Martinez, who has, for the last few minutes been in constant motion, shifting his weight from one foot to the other, bouncing up and down, interrupts.]

AJM: Hey Cassidy!

CH: ...yes?

AJM: I'm gonna let ya do your thing, but before you do, I gotta somethin'. Well... first I'm gonna tell ya somethin', and then I'm gonna ask ya somethin', that all right?

[In the face of Martinez' manic energy, Hubbarth has no other choice but to nod her head in assent.]

AJM: Here's what I'm gonna tell ya. Ya ready?

[Martinez looks expectantly to Hubbarth who finally nods.]

AJM: For weeks. Maybe even months. Heck, it might have even been years! But for sure, it was weeks, people have been askin' the same question.

"Just who is Martinez going to choose for his team? Who has Martinez got up his sleeve?" You know what I'm talkin' about, don't ya? People see that other team, and they think "ooo... that's a scary team, Martinez better make the right choice!"

Haven't they?

CH: I don't think people were talking about that...

[He completely ignores Cassidy.]

AJM: Well ya don't have to think or wonder or speculate anymore. Because now y'all know exactly who Martinez picked to be on his team. Of course, they were on our team all along, just like Paris just finished sayin'.

And now that all the questions have been answered and everyone got the big surprise they were promised...

How can they not be impressed?

[Martinez shoots a grin in Crawford's direction, who looks up and smiles back while continuing to file away at their nails.]

CH: So you said you were going to ask me something?

[Martinez pauses a moment, before he nods his head. It should be noted that the Latinx Khal Drogo hasn't stopped moving back and forth this whole time.]

AJM: Oh yeah, I did. So here it is. Tell me something, on this, your first SuperClash, your debut with the AWA. Your time on the biggest stage of them all...

Just how good do the three of us look right now?

I mean, ya got Cain over here with his mean guy aura that'll drive everyone wild, ya got Paris Crawford lookin' like only they can look, and got me...

And we all know that if its true that when ya feel good, ya look good... ain't no one ever felt as good as AJ Martinez.

[Hubbarth lets out a very audible sigh.]

CH: With all that said, your opponents tonight, the D...

[Martinez claps his hands over his ears.]

AJM: Don't even say it, Cassidy. You're gonna get me all upset and when I frown, the world becomes a darker place. I'm mean, I'm still the best lookin' there is, but not as good lookin' as I could be...

But all right, Cassidy, you wanna talk about the Dogs...

[His head bobbing up and down, Martinez' expression darkens, and becomes more intense.]

AJM: All my life, I've been compared to other people. And you know the two people I'm talkin' about, I ain't gonna say their names.

And let me tell you somethin', there's nothin' like people not seein' you as your own man. There's nothin' like people lookin' at you and seein' other people's faces. And for a time, I thought maybe that was just it. Maybe this sport, this business, this thing that's in my blood and my soul was just never gonna be for me.

And then the big man gave me a call, and he said, "hey, I'm takin' you to Japan, and we're gonna strike out on our own and we're gonna teach the world who we are."

And ya know what? We did. And when we needed a third, well, then we went and found the Queen themselves, and the name KAMS meant somethin' all on its own. Without anyone talkin' about who we were related to or who taught us, or anything else.

And then here come those damned Dogs...

[Martinez is hot now, and he's stopped moving, his voice dropping into a deep, angry bass.]

AJM: And then here it comes, next first same as the first –

"Well sure, KAMS is good, but what about the Dogs of War? No team has ever taken the world by storms like the Dogs have!"

And suddenly, its deja vu all over again!

But let me explain something to you, Cassidy, and everyone else. Cain Jackson don't like being in no one's shadow. Paris Crawford ain't gonna have their spotlight dimmed.

And AJ Martinez is his own man, and it don't matter who his daddy is, or what his runt brother's done.

We are The Kabukicho Assassination Maniac Squad.

We've fought everyone there is to fight. We've been down every road there is. We aren't anyone's substitute and we aren't second best compared to anyone. The AWA belongs to us now.

And we'll prove it by puttin' them Dogs down for good!

[Martinez blows out a breath and shakes his head.]

AJM: And see Cassidy, now all ya got me all worked up! Ya better talk to Cain so I can get ahold of myself!

[As Hubbarth turns to Jackson, Crawford puts away the balisong nail file and places their hand on Martinez' chest in an effort to settle him down.]

CJ: When this all started way back in Saskatchewan, I told the world that these Dogs of War weren't ready for these wolfpack; and I was right. And I'll tell you tonight, right here and in front of the world, these Dogs of War are nowhere near ready for the WAR we're about to bring to them.

CH: Isn't that a bit presumptuous? For years, The Dogs of War have been considered the unquestioned most dominant three-man unit in professional wrestling, while as a fighting trio, you three are very much an unknown quantity.

[Jackson smirks at Hubbarth.]

CJ: The Dogs of War were the greatest trio in professional wrestling. I'm not denying that. No one is. They WERE the greatest.

But that's all in the past now.

[In the background, we can hear AJ chuckle.]

AJM: YOU'VE JUST BEEN REPLACED!

[Cain nods in agreement.]

CJ: Alexander the Great didn't rule forever. The great pharaohs are nothing more than dust and bones. And for all their great big accomplishments... The Dogs of War are about to become nothing more than a distant memory. Three tiny specks of dust lost to the sands of time. The world might think we're crazy to even think that, but...

PC: Un brin de folie égaye la vie.

[Crawford blows on their nails and buffs them on their jacket.]

CJ: Exactly.

[Jackson smirks and pats Crawford on the head, causing them to slap his hand away, before he messes up their hair.]

CJ: This isn't about a million dollars...

AJM: TWO million dollars!

[Jackson chooses to ignore AJ.]

CJ: ...or revenge.

This is about conquering the unconquerable. This is about asserting our dominance. This... is about progress.

Time stops for no one. Evolution marches on.

The Kabukicho Assassination Maniac Squad has arrived.

[He steps forward, brushing past Cassidy as his face moves up-close to the camera until all we see are Cain Jackson's eyes staring straight into our souls.]

CJ: Time to die.

[And with that, Jackson's massive hand envelopes the camera lens as we fade through black out to the ring where Tyler Graham is standing.]

TG: The following contest is a trios match set for one fall with a forty-five minute time limit. Introducing first...

[The lights in the Rogers Centre drop to black for a few moments...

...then suddenly, as the sounds of snarling and snapping dogs are heard, midnight blue lighting takes over with swirling spotlights swooping and sweeping across the sold out crowd. The deep booming intro of KISS' "War Machine" kicks in over the PA system to a mixed reaction from the Toronto crowd.]

TG: The team of PEDRO PEREZ... ISAIAH CARPENTER... and WADE WALKER...

THE DOGGGGGGGS OF WARRRRRRRRRRRRRRR!

[The spotlights snap up in unison onto the lighting rig where we can clearly see the three members of the Dogs of War descending towards the ring, hanging onto ropes as they're lowered from above.]

SA: The Dogs of War coming from the sky here at SuperClash! On yeah!

[As they're lowered in their typical midnight blue riot squad gear, we can now identify the three individuals:

Pedro Perez, the wildman of the group, with his eyes darting everywhere, a manic smile on his face as he stares out on the sold out crowd.

Isaiah Carpenter, the slick, smooth daredevil, looking like something off the cover of a magazine more than a guy willing to risk it all every time he steps inside the ring.

And the muscle. Wade Walker appears to be carved out of stone, every bit the image you'd have of a first round draft pick NFL linebacker. The kind of guy you'd expect to be battling for yards on any given Sunday.]

SA: They are without a doubt the most dominant trio that the AWA has seen and if you want to toss them in the mix for the most dominant trio that ANY wrestling company has ever seen, you'd have one heck of an argument, Colt.

CP: Absolutely. The epitome of a well-oiled machine - these three are the best trio I've ever seen get inside that ring. They were undefeated upon arriving here in the

AWA for years and even now, a loss in this type of match for this group is as rare as you picking up the dinner check this week, Albano.

SA: Can I help it if these terrific Toronto fans are so generous, Colt?! But you talk about the Dogs of War's stellar win-loss record in the six man tag environment... let's talk about their run here at SuperClash over the years. Who can forget those epic battles with the likes of Carver, Vasquez, and Alex Martinez or the James Gang? Those are all-timers on your SuperClash watchlist and this one could easily go right up in that area, Colt.

CP: These two teams had one helluva tag team match at the Stampede Cup back in July and tonight, we're adding another player on each side to really racket up the chaos.

[Having completed their trek from above, the three members of the Dogs of War unclip themselves from the lines leading them down, taking their spots in the ring as they each ascend a corner turnbuckle, saluting the crowd who responds with a mix of cheers and boos.]

SA: A split reaction from this Toronto crowd as while the fans are glad to see these three break away from the Korugun Corporation - they're not as forgiving over the things they've done in recent months while under the orders of Javier Castillo.

[The trio climbs down from the corners, circling up mid-ring as their music starts to fade and the lighting returns to normal...

...and the camera focuses on Tyler Graham again.]

TG: Annnnnnnnd their opponents...

[Graham pauses for a moment.]

TG: First, running freely in the Neon Playground, and proclaiming that not even their premium tier subscribers know statistics such as their weight... they are "The Queen of Kabukicho"... PARIS CRAWFORD!

From Goose Creek, South Carolina, weighing 285 pounds... "THE BEAST" CAIN JACKSON!

And from Los Angeles, California, weighing 325 pounds... "HOT STUFF" AJ MARTINEZ!

THIS!

IS!

[Deep breath!]

TG: THE KABUKICHO ASSASSINATION MANIAC SQQQQQUUUUUUUAAAAADDDDD!!!

[We then hear the PA system come to life as dialogue from "Conan the Barbarian" is heard...]

"WHAT IS BEST IN LIFE?"

"TO CRUSH YOUR ENEMIES, TO SEE THEM DRIVEN BEFORE YOU, AND TO HEAR THE LAMENTATIONS OF THEIR WOMEN."

[A metal cover of "Anvil of Crom" then begins to play as we hear the loud revving of an engine. Just then, we see a black vehicle with a custom chassis: a body made of

a C3 Corvette, lifted off the ground on huge off-road tires, driving into the Rogers Centre. Reminiscent of the Perentti "Buggy no. 9" drive by the War Boys of The Citadel from Mad Max: Fury Road, the vehicle drives into the stadium, eliciting a massive roar from the crowd!]

SA: Wow! Now THAT'S an entrance, Colt Patterson!

CP: You think that thing is street legal, Albano?

SA: Highly unlikely, my friend.

[Driving behind the wheel as always is Cain Jackson. Leaning against the windshield from the outside of the car on the passenger side, legs crossed and arms against the roof to steady themselves in an impossibly sultry pose, is Paris Crawford. Hanging out in the rear in the gunner seat with a metal bikini-clad babe sitting on his lap and a massive machine gun in front of him is a smiling AJ Martinez. Behind him, flapping proudly in the wind is a Mifune-Gun flag. As the vehicle comes to a stop, The Latinx Khal Drago aims the machine gun into the air and proceeds to fire it, letting loose a stream of red pyro into the air!]

"FOOOOOOOOOOM!"

"FOOOOOOOOOOM!"

"FOOOOOOOOOOM!"

"FOOOOOOOOOOM!"

"FOOOOOOOOOOM!"

"OOOOOOOOOOHHHHH!!!"

[The camera zooms in on Martinez cackling wildly as he fires the machine gun. He then hops down from the gunner's seat and joins Jackson in front of the vehicle, staring straight ahead towards the ring and sharing a fist bump as Crawford lives up to their moniker of "Flag-chan", walking up beside Jackson, carrying the Mifune-Gun flag.]

SA: The Kabukicho Assassination Maniac Squad - one of the hottest teams to ever hit Japan - have arrived here at SuperClash hoping to make as big of an impact here in the AWA as they have in the Land of the Rising Sun... and they certainly could do that tonight if they knock off the Dogs of War in a trios match.

CP: They won that tag match at the Cup but this right here... the trios match... this is where the Dogs of War are at their best so yeah, if KAMS can pick up the win tonight, they'll be the talk of the town, jack!

[Paris is wearing a pair of black hot pants, with several layers of "CAUTION - KEEP OUT!" tape sewn into them, along with a black crop top cutting off a couple of inches above their midriff, with several layers of "CAUTION - DO NOT CROSS" tape sewn into it. They are also wearing torn fishnets and shin-high black boots. Their dusty pink hair has been tied into twin tails, and they are wearing peach eye shadow and black eyeliner, along with a faded mauve matte lipstick.

The absolutely towering, near seven feet tall weapon of mass seduction, AJ Martinez, is in black leather pants also with several layers of caution tape sewn into them reading "CAUTION- I'M SO HOT" and black boots. His hair is in a man-bun and here's a cocky smirk on his face as he stares down the Dogs of War in the ring.

Cain Jackson is 6 feet 8 inches of pure intimidation with a dreadlock ponytail. He's wearing a black blazer, opened to reveal his well-muscled chest and torso, black leather pants and black boots. Like his teammates, he has caution tape sewn onto his wrestling gear, although his is limited to his lower right leg, where caution tape with a skull and crossbones and an ominous warning of "DANGER" can be seen.

As the camera pans upwards on them, Jackson suddenly breaks his stare with the Dogs inside the ring and looks right at the viewers at home.]

"Now that all the pageantry is over... it's time for The Dogs to meet the meanest damn people in the world!"

[And as he says that, we suddenly see Paris Crawford drop the flagpole they were holding and run towards the ring, diving right beneath the ropes...

...and popping up right in front of Wade Walker, driving their skull into his face!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The surprise assault catches Wade Walker completely off-guard as he grabs at his nose with both hands, stumbling backwards and then diving through the ropes to the outside!]

SA: Paris Crawford just dropped Wade Walker! Did that just happen?!

CP: You talk about a cheap shot... well, I kinda like it!

[Crawford throws a satisfied smirk in Walker's direction as he is still holding his nose on the outside of the ring...

...but the pre-match assault brings Pedro Perez and Isaiah Carpenter coming on hard, hammering Crawford with clubbing rights and lefts as the referee frantically signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: Referee Scott Ezra signals for the bell - and boy oh boy, does he have his work cut out for him here in this one.

[Perez and Carpenter grab the arms on Crawford, sending them towards the ropes with a double whip as we see Cain Jackson slide into the ring to help his partner out.]

SA: Double backdrop...

[But as Crawford approaches the doubled-up duo, they spin around, throwing themselves into a backflip using the backs of their opponents to flip themselves over onto their feet...

...and immediately goes down to their knees as Cain Jackson comes steamrolling past, stretching out both arms...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: DOUBLE CLOTHESLINE! DOWN GOES THE DOGS OF WAR!

[Perez and Carpenter both quickly bail from the ring, rolling out to join Wade Walker on the outside...]

SA: This match has NOT started off the way the Dogs of War had in mind and it looks like it's time to huddle up and regroup on the outside here in Toronto.

[...but as AJ Martinez joins his partners in the ring, he gives a quick signal to Paris Crawford who charges towards him, getting lifted overhead in a huge military press.]

SA: MARTINEZ PRESSES CRAWFORD OVERHEAD!

[Martinez gets a three-step run and HURLS Crawford over the top rope, sending them crashing down onto all three Dogs of War, wiping out the lot of them on the outside!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: CRAWFORD TAKES EVERYONE OUT!

CP: Wow! KAMS off to a hot start here at SuperClash... and the bodies are strewn all over ringside!

[With the crowd roaring for the quick offense, Paris Crawford drags their body out of the pile, rolling back into the ring where Cain Jackson yanks them to their feet to join a little celebration.]

SA: The party is on - straight out of party central in Japan...

[Paris gives a little shimmy as Cain and AJ trade a massive double fist bump in the ring, posing and roaring for the crowd...]

CP: The party may be on but it's a little early for it if you ask me. They're off to a good start but that's not enough to keep the Dogs of War down and most certainly not enough to put them out.

[On the outside, the Dogs of War start to recover from the human missile tossed their way, Carpenter and Perez getting to their feet first. As Wade Walker joins them, we see a trickle of blood coming from his nose as he winces, rubbing at it.]

SA: The signs of war on the face of Wade Walker, bleeding from the nose thanks to that surprise headbutt from Paris Crawford.

CP: He could have a broken nose, Albano - and that would greatly affect how this match goes.

SA: No doubt about it... and it looks like as this settles down a little bit, it's going to be Isaiah Carpenter starting things off for the Dogs of War...

[Carpenter slingshots over the top rope with a flourish, hopping as he lands and pointing a finger across the ring where AJ Martinez and Cain Jackson each give Paris Crawford a firm slap on the shoulders, nearly knocking the much-smaller Crawford flat as they depart the ring.]

SA: ...and Paris Crawford - the question mark in this one - for KAMS. We don't know a lot about Crawford in the ring. What we've seen so far has been impressive but as has been pointed out, Crawford's in-ring experience that we're aware of has mostly been their partners tossing them like a human weapon.

CP: Hey, that's effective too sometimes.

SA: For sure... but against the Dogs of War, KAMS needs to be a three-person unit. They can't get by with two and change.

[Carpenter looks arrogantly across the ring, sliding from the corner towards the middle of the ring as Paris Crawford strides out to meet him, going right into a collar and elbow tieup...]



...or so Carpenter expects but instead, Crawford ducks under, spinning around once, dropping into a somersault right back up to their feet with a grin, and a hand on hip pose that gets a cheer from the Toronto crowd.]

SA: Crawford showing off some athleticism there - some quickness, some agility... and Isaiah Carpenter looks less than thrilled about it.

[Carpenter glares at Crawford who blows a kiss in the Dog's direction to cheers and laughs from the crowd. Carpenter shakes his head, waving a hand at Crawford, looking to tieup again...]

SA: Lockup Take Two... here we go...

[Carpenter lunges aggressively at Crawford who sidesteps and cartwheels out of the way, striking yet another pose - this time with BOTH hands on hips - as the crowd cheers and Carpenter angrily kicks the ropes.]

SA: Paris Crawford managing to frustrate Isaiah Carpenter early on in this one...

CP: It's hard to gameplan against an unknown quantity. Carpenter's flying by the seat of his pants in this one, trying to figure out Crawford as he goes.

[Carpenter takes a couple of deep breaths, glaring at Crawford as he creeps closer again. Crawford waves him forward and Carpenter obliges, diving in for another lockup attempt...]

SA: Third time's a charm?

[...but this time, as Crawford tries to duck away, Carpenter snatches a pigtail and gives a yank backwards, ripping Crawford on their feet and throwing them down so the back of their head hits the canvas!]

SA: OHH! Carpenter yanks them down to the mat!

[Carpenter sneers at the downed Crawford for a moment and then dashes to the ropes, bouncing back towards Crawford...

...who deftly kips up to their feet and snaps off a dropkick that catches the incoming Carpenter on the chin!]

SA: Nice dropkick on the part of Paris Crawford!

[An irate Pedro Perez rushes in to aid his partner...

...and catches a dropkick on his chin as well!]

SA: Make it a pair of queens out of Crawford, sending Perez down as well!

[Wade Walker is next, coming on strong out of the corner as Crawford springs up again...]

SA: DROPKI-

[...but this time, Crawford's dropkick attempt is cut off as Walker pulls up, slapping the legs away and sending Crawford crashing down on the canvas!]

SA: -NO! Walker slaps Crawford down!

[Walker stands menacingly over Crawford, his fists balled up and ready for payback on the bloody nose...

...but Cain Jackson comes rushing in past the official before Walker can act, a big haymaker flying at the Dogs' powerhouse!]

SA: Jackson's in... and we've got a fight on our hands!

[The crowd is roaring for Jackson and Walker trading heavy fisticuffs...

...which brings Pedro Perez and Isaiah Carpenter over towards the ropes where they attack AJ Martinez who is out on the apron!]

SA: We've got all six competitors involved again! This is breaking down already and... I don't know how Scott Ezra's going to keep control of this one!

[The four limbs of Perez and Carpenter are pummeling Martinez on the back of the head and neck as Martinez tries to weather the storm...

...and then he suddenly jerks his arms back, giving a roar as he reaches out with both hands to snare Perez and Carpenter by the throats!]

SA: MARTINEZ HOOKS 'EM!

CP: I don't know what kind of leverage he can get from outside the ring though, Albano. This might not-

[Perez and Carpenter swing their arms down onto Martinez' forearms, breaking the double grip...

...and then leap up, throwing a double dropkick that knocks Martinez off the apron and down on his feet on the floor!]

SA: Martinez goes dow- oohh!

CP: Walker and Jackson fell threw the ropes and they're right on top of that timekeeper's table!

[Jackson has Walker down on his back on the table and is pounding him with fists to the face as the other two Dogs of War huddle up briefly inside the ring, pointing out at Martinez...]

SA: Perez on the move!

[And the flying Pedro Perez goes through the ropes, crashing into AJ Martinez with a tope dive that sends Martinez flying backwards towards the barricade where Martinez nearly topples into it...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: What a dive by Perez! Martinez got rocked!

CP: But the big man stays on his feet, Sal. It wasn't enough to knock him down!

[Martinez pushes off the railing, staggering towards the ring...]

SA: Carpenter off the far side!

[...and gets WIPED OUT as Carpenter throws himself into a somersault plancha over the top rope onto a stunned Martinez!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: MARTINEZ IS DOWN! CARPENTER IS DOWN! PEREZ IS-

[Grabbing the top rope with both hands, Paris Crawford slingshots over the top rope into a crossbody on top of the rising Pedro Perez!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: PEREZ AND CRAWFORD ARE DOWN AS WELL!

CP: And those two are the legal competitors - right?

SA: I believe that's correct. We've got chaos breaking out already in this one, Colt, and I don't know if ANYONE is going to be able to keep this under control.

[Scott Ezra is looking anxious in the ring, his hands up over his head as he shouts to try and get the legal competitors back into the ring. Crawford nods as they get up off the floor, pulling Carpenter up to join them...]

SA: Crawford tosses Carpenter in and-

[Crawford looks at Carpenter...

...and then suddenly breaks into a sprint to the side, running around the ringpost...]

SA: Where is Crawford going?!

[...and leaping into the air, lands on the back of Wade Walker, hooking him around the neck as Cain Jackson continues to rain down blows on Walker!]

SA: Oho! Crawford getting Jackson an advantage on Walker!

[Crawford sweeps a hand around, slapping at the bloodied nose of Walker...

...who hooks Crawford around the legs, lunging backwards...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...driving the small of their back into the edge of the ring apron as the crowd groans in sympathy!]

SA: CRAWFORD HITS THE APRON!

CP: That'll take a little bit of the wind out of their sails, Albano.

SA: Absolutely.

[Back on his feet in the ring, Carpenter leans through the ropes, snatching two hands full of Crawford's hair and dragging them back inside the ring right into a scoop slam...]

SA: Scoop slam... look at Carpenter now!

[...and Carpenter leaps into the air, bouncing the back of his legs off the top rope, catapulting him into a moonsault, crashing down across Crawford's chest!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: MOONSAULT!

[Carpenter nods his head, making a cover on Crawford...]

...but before a one count even comes down, Jackson reaches through the ropes and cracks him with a right hook on the jaw!]

SA: Jackson rocks him with the right han- whoa!

[The crowd reacts as Jackson grabs Carpenter by the stringy hair, pulling him through the ropes to the outside where Jackson opens up with rights and lefts, battering the body of Carpenter up against the ring apron as the crowd buzzes at the wild action they're witnessing...]

SA: Jackson's all over him on the floor!

CP: And Carpenter doesn't want to trade shots with him, Big Sal!

[...and Jackson suddenly hooks Carpenter under the arm and around the head...]

SA: What's he... oh... no, no... NOOOOOO!

[...and HURLS Carpenter over the ringside barricade with a biel throw, tossing him past the railing and down HARD on the unpadded grass!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: CARPENTER HITS THE UNPROTECTED OUTFIELD GRASS HERE AT SKYDOME!

[Jackson angrily marches the distance to the railing, grabbing with both hands and giving it a good solid yank or two to pull it closer to the ring as the crowd starts to buzz with anticipation.]

SA: Now, at the Battle of Saskatchewan, we saw a match conducted under normal rules get more than a little wild between these two teams... and we're starting to see that happen again here at SuperClash, Colt.

CP: And in the process, KAMS is taking the Dogs' strong suit away from them - working in unison, using the numbers game to their advantage - but so far it's been KAMS controlling the tempo and that tempo is non-stop!

[Jackson strides back towards the ring as Paris Crawford begins to climb the turnbuckles from inside the ring...]

SA: Wait a minute! Crawford's going up top! Jackson pulled in that railing and... they're not!

CP: Oh, I think they are, Sal! These three are out of control and I'm diggin' it!

[Jackson climbs up on the apron, giving a look up at Crawford who gives a nod as Jackson reaches up...]

SA: I can't believe my eyes here, Colt! Jackson on the apron, Crawford on the top rope... and Isaiah Carpenter trying to get back to-

[...and HURLS a leaping Crawford through the air, giving that little extra boost to send the lightweight competitor flying through the air, soaring across the ringside area, clearing the pulled-in barricade...]

SA: SWEET SANTA MARIA!!!! DAAAAAANNNNNNGERRRRRR!

[...and into a sloppy crossbody that FLATTENS Carpenter on the other side of the railing as the crowd loses their minds!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[And a chant of a different color starts up, causing the quick-triggered censors to do a little bit of audio muting as the fans let their opinions be heard on the daredevil move from Paris Crawford with an assist by Cain Jackson!]

CP: You said it, Toronto!

SA: Seven second switch aside, I think the whole world gets the gist of how the AWA faithful here in Toronto feel about that particular moment... and who the heck can blame them?! You talk about a highlight reel moment - THAT is a highlight reel moment!

CP: But I gotta wonder, Albano - they're the legal competitors! After that, there's NO WAY either one of 'em are beating a ten count! No way!

[The crowd starts to boo as Scott Ezra starts a double count on Carpenter and Crawford who are still laid out on the grass beyond the barricade, the ringside fans crowding around them to shout their encouragement.]

SA: They're both still down and... Colt, you might be right. This one might be over before it even gets started!

[Ezra's count continues as Cain Jackson looks worried out over the railing at his partner who is still down...

...and Jackson suddenly seems to make a decision as he climbs back through the ropes into the ring, walking towards Scott Ezra...

...and he slowly picks up Ezra under the arms, walking him across the ring and gently setting him down with a finger wag to laughter from the crowd.]

SA: Cain Jackson's telling the referee no... telling him to stop counting...

CP: Well, I don't know that Jackson's opinion is going to have any influence on the referee but for the record, I agree - let 'em fight!

[And fight they do as the hot-tempered Pedro Perez swings Jackson around by the shoulder, lighting him up with rights and lefts to the head... and then moves down to the body as Jackson tries to cover up!]

SA: Perez is all over Cain Jackson, the fiery Puerto Rican who you know has a huge cheering section back home for him tonight...

[The larger Jackson shoves Perez back, creating some space before he starts swinging in response...]

SA: Right hand - ducked! Left hand - ducked!

[...and then Perez goes low, scoring with a dropkick to the knee that buckles Jackson's leg, taking him down onto a bent knee as Perez scrambles to his feet, racing to the ropes behind him...]

SA: We're about ten minutes into this battle and this one's shaping up to be a wild one, fans, as Perez bounces back and...

[Perez HURLS himself into a clothesline, putting all of his weight behind it and dragging Cain Jackson down to the canvas on the impact...

...and immediately comes to his knees, balling up his fist and hammering his hand down into the skull of Jackson who again tries to cover up!]

SA: Perez hammering down on him! The referee's trying to get them out of there...

CP: And Cain Jackson wanted the count to stop - well, it's stopped!

SA: But I don't think this is what he had in mind to stop it as Perez does a number on Jackson down on the mat... uh oh, big AJ Martinez coming in behind Perez though. He's got no clue that he's there!

[Martinez reaches down, wrapping his arms underneath Perez' arms...

...and deadlifts him straight up off the mat...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: FULL! NELSON! SLAAAAAM!

[Martinez shouts something down at Perez, earning a little audio muting of his own.]

SA: Did these guys not get the memo about our new broadcast partner?! Sheesh! Watch the language, boys!

[The KAMS big man is still laying a verbal slapdown onto Perez...

...when suddenly Wade Walker trips him up from the floor, dragging him under the ropes to the outside. Scott Ezra again throws his arms in the air in exasperation, marching over to the ropes to shout at Walker who grabs Martinez around the head and neck...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and THROWS him spinefirst back into the security railing to a big reaction from the Toronto crowd!]

SA: MARTINEZ GOES INTO THE RAILING!

[Walker is fired up now, pumping his muscular arms as he backs up against the apron, taking aim on Martinez...]

SA: He's looking for that spear - one of the biggest weapons in the arsenal for the Wade Walker - heck, for the entire Dogs of War!

CP: And he's not looking to just hit the spear, Sal - he's looking to put Martinez THROUGH that railing!

[Martinez pushes up off the barricade, steadying himself as Walker comes surging towards him, the crowd rising to their feet to see what happens...]

SA: SPEAAAAAAAAAAA-

[...but Martinez catches the doubled-over Walker coming in, lifting him up smoothly and effortlessly into a powerbomb position...]

SA: -COUNTER BY MARTINEZ!

[...and steps forward a few steps before launching Walker skyward...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and sending his upper back SLAMMING into the edge of the ring apron!]

SA: GARCIA SPECIAL! SPINEFIRST TO THE APRON!

CP: Incredible counter on the part of AJ Martinez, using that massive size and strength advantage to completely take Wade Walker out of this match for the moment!

[Martinez has a few words for Walker as well, thrusting an aggressive finger down at him, shouting and getting silence again.]

CP: AJ Martinez with as much regard for our language policy as he has for the spinal column of Wade Walker!

[Martinez smirks, throwing a grin and a wink at a pair of attractive young ladies in the front row. He flashes a double bicep pose at them and mouths “CALL ME!” before turning to get back in the ring...

...where a fuming Pedro Perez scores a running kneelift as he tries to come through the ropes!]

SA: OH! PEREZ CAUGHT HIM COMING IN!

[Martinez stays down on all fours, slumping through the ropes into the ring as Perez winds and throws, dropping heavy bombs to the back of the head and neck as the referee waves him off, shouting for him to get out of the ring...]

SA: Remember, Paris Crawford and Isaiah Carpenter are the legal competitors in this trios match-

CP: -and nobody’s seen any sign of them for a couple of minutes now!

[Perez is still rocking and firing as Martinez pushes up onto his knees, absorbing the offense of the smaller Perez...]

SA: Martinez is getting up! Perez is throwing those haymakers as fast and as hard as he can manage but AJ Martinez just don’t care!

[Rising up to a knee, Martinez shakes his head as Perez grabs him by the manbun and PASTES him with a right hand between the eyes... and another... and another...

...and with a loud roar, Martinez reaches up, shoving Perez hard in the chest with both hands, sending him flying backwards. The referee jumps in between the two, shouting and begging them to get out of the ring.]

SA: Scott Ezra again trying to restore order.

CP: Good luck.

SA: Hang on! Look over there, Colt!

[And as Perez bickers with the official, the crowd ROARS at the sight of Paris Crawford crawling back inside the ring...]

CP: I can't believe they're even walking! That's one hell of a tough flagbearer, jack!

[Perez, sensing trouble behind him, jerks around as Crawford reaches their feet, snapping off a hard kick to the quad that takes Perez down to a knee...

...and with a shout, Crawford leans down, slapping the canvas with both hands...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRILLS Perez with a roundhouse kick to the temple that drops him like a rock!]

SA: What a kick! Paris Crawford has come to Toronto to make an impression and... listen to these fans!

[The crowd ROARS for the big kick... and just the performance overall in general... some breaking into a brief "PAR-IS!" chant and getting a blushing bow in response.]

SA: Perez rolls to the outside off that kick... the referee trying to get-

CP: CARPENTER!

[Crawford turns at the crowd noise...

...as Isaiah Carpenter springboards off the top rope, catching Crawford across the torso with a flying high impact crossbody press!]

SA: CROSSBODY CONNECTS! LEG HOOKED! IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE!

[Crawford slips out from under the larger Carpenter, breaking out of the pin to cheers from the AWA faithful.]

SA: And don't look now, Colt, but I think the Toronto fans have taken to Paris Crawford here at SuperClash!

CP: Crawford's came, saw, and kicked all sorts of ass so far in this one! Toronto's impressed and hell, I'm impressed too, Sal, and you know...

SA: You don't impress easy, I know.

[Carpenter climbs up off the mat, wincing in pain as he does.]

SA: Carpenter moving a little gingerly there, maybe showing some ill effects from that action on the floor earlier or even that high risk crossbody right there.

[Carpenter throws a look around, looking for his partners. Seeing no one, he shakes his head with frustration before pulling Crawford up off the mat.]

SA: You mentioned it earlier, Colt. With KAMS creating such a wild atmosphere in this one so far, the Dogs of War have been unable to use their usual double and triple teams to great effect. Carpenter looked a little annoyed there at not having either of his partners available after Walker took that powerbomb on the apron and Perez took that head kick from Crawford.

[Carpenter angrily chucks Crawford over the top rope, sending them crashing spinefirst down on the apron before falling off onto the floor. AJ Martinez has a few words for Carpenter as the other two members of KAMS take their spots on the ring apron.]



SA: Scott Ezra creeping closer to getting control of this one again as AJ Martinez and Cain Jackson have both taken up residence in the proper corner... and look at Carpenter! He's hot under the collar and letting them hear it!

[Carpenter has angry words aimed at both men before he slingshots over the top rope to the apron, looking down on Crawford who is laid out on the floor unmoving...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and suddenly shifts his focus, snapping a boot up under the chin of Cain Jackson, knocking the former Team Supreme member off the apron and down to the floor to a shocked response from the Toronto crowd!]

SA: DOWN GOES JACKSON!

[Carpenter swiftly grabs the top rope, leaping up, snapping his leg over the ringpost and off the back of Martinez' skull!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: A superkick on Jackson - an enzugiri on Martinez! Carpenter knocks both of them down to the floor... and now where the heck is he going, Colt?!

CP: Carpenter loves the high risk - loves to take chances... and that's what he's looking to do right here!

[Carpenter steps up to the second rope in the vacated KAMS corner. He throws a look over his shoulder, watching as Paris Crawford struggles to their feet, clutching their lower back...]

SA: CARPENTER UP TOP!

[And as the Toronto crowd comes collectively to their feet once more, Carpenter stands tall...

...and blindly hurls himself backwards off the top rope, flipping through the air...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: MOOOOOONSAULLLLLLLLT!

[The crowd ROARS as Carpenter CRASHES DOWN onto the stunned Crawford, wiping them both out with a death-defying moonsault, leaving both Carpenter and Crawford down on the ringside mats with the crowd roaring and the referee in shock!]

SA: Isaiah Carpenter taking a big risk right there, Colt - a huge risk!

CP: Absolutely. You crash and burn on something like that at SuperClash, you're looking at the losing end of the biggest paycheck of the year!

SA: And that's just the financial risk. That's an easy way to suffer a serious injury - perhaps even end your 2018 before it even begins!

CP: This crowd is loving this one but as I look around, Sal, everyone's down!

[The crowd gets even louder, cheering the chaotic action they've seen so far as Scott Ezra takes a deep breath, looking around the ring and ringside area. Carpenter struggling to get to a knee on the outside near an unmoving Crawford. Jackson and Martinez both down on the outside, trying to recover from Carpenter's flurry of offense they just took. Wade Walker is leaning against the apron, holding onto his back and Pedro Perez is holding his ear as he tries to get up into the Dogs' corner.]

SA: It took a wild flurry of offensive assaults by Isaiah Carpenter to finally settle this thing down... for the moment at least. At the box office this week, it's been a battle between the Justice League and some of Marvel's mightiest heroes but we've got a superteam clash of our own going on here in Toronto!

[A weary Carpenter gets to his feet, dragging a limp Crawford up with him, chucking them under the ropes into the squared circle.]

SA: Carpenter puts Crawford back in... he's having a hard time moving around out there but he's up and trying to strike while the opportunity is present.

[Carpenter pulls himself up on the apron, breathing heavily as he drags himself towards the corner, slapping the top turnbuckle once as he steps to the second rope...]

SA: Are you kidding me?! Carpenter's going up again?!

CP: Hey, it's working for him. I wouldn't do it but there's a lot of things these guys and gals do in the ring these days that I wouldn't do.

[The daredevil of the Dogs of War steps to the top rope, looking out on the standing Toronto crowd...]

...and HURLS himself into the air again, pumping his arms and legs!]

SA: FROG SPLASH! NAILED IT! OVER?!

[Carpenter snatches Crawford's leg, pulling it tight...]

SA: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! TH-

[...but Crawford again kicks and wiggles their way free out from under Carpenter to cheers from the Toronto crowd!]

SA: Carpenter creeping closer to a three count but...

[Getting to a knee, Carpenter spies his partners getting up on the apron, Walker being helped by Perez to get there...]

SA: ...and now it's the Dogs of War with all personnel present and accounted for.

[Carpenter shouts "FINALLY!" as he scoops Crawford up in his arms, slamming them down on the mat... and then slaps the hand of Pedro Perez.]

SA: There's a tag - the first official tag of this match and we're... what? Fifteen minutes in?!

CP: At least. These two teams are playing fast and loose with the rulebook and I think Scott Ezra should get a bonus for letting them do it. No one wants to see this end in a countout or a disqualification or...

[Colt trails off as Carpenter scoops up the incoming Perez, slamming him down into a makeshift senton on the downed Crawford.]

SA: Ohhh! And there's a doubleteam from the Dogs of War! That's the wheelhouse they wanna live in. Perez is up... and there's the tag to Walker...

[The Dogs' powerhouse steps in, dried blood on his face from the match-opening headbutt from Crawford. He joins Perez in backing Crawford into the ropes, whipping them across...]

SA: Double whip across...

[Perez sets for a backdrop, getting in position very early. The incoming Crawford sees it coming (predictably) and leapfrogs over...]

...only to be snatched out of the sky by Wade Walker who pivots and DRIVES Crawford down in a spinning powerslam!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: POWERSLAM! CRAWFORD'S BACK IS TAKING A BEATING!

[Walker doesn't even bother with a pin attempt, shaking his head as he stares coldly down at Crawford who is trying to crawl and scrape their way to the corner, hoping that either Jackson or Martinez will be able to give them an escape.]

SA: Crawford's trying to get to the corner... their partners are waiting for them there...

[But Wade Walker has other ideas, yanking Crawford up onto their knees, facing their corner...]

SA: OH! Crossface - right across the bridge of the nose!

[Walker pauses, sneering at the corner where AJ Martinez shouts at him...]

...and then SMASHES a second hooking forearm across the nose!]

SA: Wade Walker looking for a little bit of payback on Paris Crawford... looking to avenge that headbutt to the nose from the opening moments of this one.

[A third forearm lands with Walker snatching two hands full of tied-back hair, shaking his head and refusing to allow Crawford to slump to the mat. He uses the hair to muscle them up, grabbing them around the waist...]

SA: Side waistlock!

[...and lifts Crawford up, presumably for a back suplex but we'll never know as Crawford backflips out of the lift, landing on their knees...]

SA: Crawford flips free...

[...and goes crawling through the legs of the surprised and off-balance Walker as he whips around...]

SA: ...on the move annnnnnd...

[...and with a big lunge, Crawford slaps an offered hand!]

SA: TAG! IN COMES BIG CAIN JACKSON!

[The crowd cheers the incoming Jackson as he lights up Walker with rights and lefts to the head, sending the Dogs of War' powerhouse falling backwards a few steps...

...and then ducks down, lifting Walker up by the upper thighs, charging across the ring...]

SA: Ohhh! Jackson throws him back into the neutral corner!

[With Walker stunned and unable to fight back for the moment, Jackson starts throwing looping right hands to the jaw as the Toronto crowd gets louder!]

SA: Jackson's firing away - over and over, rockin' the jaw of Wade Walker!

[Grabbing the arm, Jackson whips Walker across the ring, barreling in after him...]

SA: CLOTHESLINE IN THE CORNER!

[...and then whips him right back the other way, chasing him down...]

SA: AND ONE IN THE OPPOSITE CORNER AS WELL!

[Jackson steps back, beckoning Walker forward. The Dogs' powerhouse staggers out towards him...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: STANDING LARIAT BY JACKSON - AND DOWN! GOES! WALKER!

[Jackson throws a look down at him like he's considering a pin attempt but reaches out to slap AJ Martinez' hand instead.]

SA: Jackson decides not to cover and in comes the biggest man in this man, the second generation gaijin - AJ Martinez!

[Jackson pulls Walker off the mat, backing him to the ropes where AJ joins him in a double whip across the ring...]

SA: KAMS shoots Walker across... Walker off the far side...

[...and with a double shout, the duo posture up and FLATTEN the incoming Walker with a double shouldertackle!]

CP: Whoooooa... that's pure size and power there, jack! It's like running into a brick wall that's moving towards you! And even a guy the size of Wade Walker can't stand up to that!

[Jackson and Martinez share a double fist bump over Walker's prone form as Pedro Perez paces angrily on the apron, looking to get back into the mix as Martinez does a full circle walk around the downed Walker, gloating at his current condition.]

SA: AJ Martinez letting Wade Walker know that he's the biggest man in this match...

CP: I'd say that Walker already knows that but after that big tackle, Walker might not even know what country he's in, Sal.

[Walker rolls to his chest, pushing up to his knees as Martinez finally circles back towards him...]

...and Walker BURIES a right hand into the midsection!]

SA: Right hand downstairs... no effect on the big man though.

[Shaking his head and smirking at Walker, Martinez pulls him to his feet, scooping him up into his powerful arms...

...and then pulls one arm out, striking a single bicep pose before SLAMMING Walker down to the mat!]

CP: Now THAT'S impressive. AJ Martinez working his way up the list of the strongest men in the AWA with moves just like that.

SA: Wade Walker's down... and it looks Martinez is gonna do it again.

CP: Is it the shout of "one more time" that convinced you of that?

[Martinez repeats it, shouting "ONE MORE TIME!" at the crowd as he pulls Walker up to his feet, scooping him right back up...

...but this time, Walker slips out of the slam, landing on his feet behind Martinez, delivering a two-handed shove to the back that sends Martinez flying towards the Dogs' corner where Pedro Perez is ready to strike...]

SA: To the wrong part of town!

[...but Martinez pulls up hard, shaking his head, and then with a smirk, he points to his temple...]

SA: Martinez letting them know his size and strength aren't his only skills and-

[...but as he turns around, he gets run over by Wade Walker who puts his shoulder into Martinez' midsection, driving him back into the Dogs' corner!]

SA: -or maybe not so smart after all!

[Walker lands a few quick shoulders to the gut before straightening up, slapping the hand...]

SA: Tag... in comes Carpenter over the top again...

[Carpenter throws hooking rights and lefts to the body as Walker steps out of the ring. Twisting around, Carpenter buries a rolling sole butt into the midsection, doubling up Martinez as Carpenter slaps Perez' offered hand.]

SA: And another tag - quick tags right there - the Dogs trying to shift this match into THEIR style of fight!

[Perez joins Carpenter in the ring, moving swiftly to grab Martinez in a front facelock as Carpenter does the same...]

SA: That's a near seven foot, 325 pound man they're thinking of suplexing! It takes two to make a thing go right... but even two might not be enough to get this one, Colt...

CP: We're about to find out, dragging Martinez out of the corner...

[The duo grunt in exertion, muscling Martinez up into the air, and bringing him down hard with a sloppy double suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: It's not the prettiest thing I've ever seen but it was effective - Perez with the cover!

[The referee dives down, slapping the mat once... twice...

...and Martinez shows off his incredible power, shoving Perez skyward right out of the lateral press!]

SA: Two count and Martinez kicks out with authority!

[Perez angrily dives back on top of him, hammering his fist down into the skull of Martinez again.]

SA: Pedro Perez teeing off on AJ Martinez... and it was just a few years ago in New York City when Perez was doing this to Martinez' legendary father, Alex Martinez, when the Dogs of War took on Alex Martinez, Juan Vasquez, and Hannibal Carver in another chaotic trios matchup.

[Perez climbs to his feet, glaring down at Martinez who starts to get up off the mat to a knee. The Puerto Rican smashes an elbow down between the eyes... but Martinez keeps coming...]

SA: Uh oh!

[Perez clasps his hands together, smashing a double axehandle down over the head... but Martinez keeps on coming...]

SA: Perez is firing off but Martinez - the near seven footer - is back on his feet, taking every single shot Perez has for him but like Frankenstein's monster, he keeps on coming!

[Martinez reaches out, grabbing Perez under the armpits, lifting him into the air, twisting around and throwing him back into the KAMS corner...]

SA: Ohh! Another impressive display of power and-

[Martinez slaps Cain Jackson's offered hand as the former Team Supreme member steps in, marching three-quarters of the way towards the Dogs' corner where Wade Walker is lurking...

...and the pivots on his heel, charging right back in...]

SA: AVALANCHE ON PEREZ!

[Cain Jackson bounces off, having driven his body weight into Perez...

...and then clears out as Martinez comes storming in after him, twisting around...]

SA: RUNNING HIP ATTACK! MARTINEZ TAKES PEREZ OFF HIS FEET!

[Perez slumps down in a seated position in the corner as Jackson slaps the offered hand of Paris Crawford.]

SA: And another tag - KAMS doing their very best Dogs of War impression right here, using doubleteams and triple teams to high effectiveness.

[Crawford sashays their way into the corner, slowly lifting a boot, pressing it up against Perez' face as they clap a few times, getting the crowd to get loud again...

...and RAKES the boot across the face of Pedro Perez!]

SA: OHH! BOOTSCRAPE BY CRAWFORD!

[Crawford rakes their boots across the face a second time, leaving Perez reeling in the corner as Crawford bounces out of the corner, shimmying and shaking their way to mid-ring...

...and then charges right back in, twisting around to drive their hindquarters into Perez' face!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Crawford grabs Perez by the ankles, dragging him out of the corner before flipping into a double leg cradle...]

SA: Cradles him up, referee to count... it could be! It might be! It- no! Perez kicks out at two!

[Crawford comes back to their feet, slapping AJ Martinez' offered hand...]

SA: Another tag, bringing the big man back in...

[Hitting the ropes, Crawford gets a running start towards Martinez who presses them straight up over his head at full extension...

...and then DROPS Crawford down into a big splash on the prone Perez!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Crawford rolls right off the press to the outside as AJ drops to his knees, applying the pin attempt on the downed Perez!]

SA: Martinez makes a cover of his own now!

[A two count follows before Perez slips out again, breaking the pin attempt.]

SA: Two count only...

[Martinez gets up, a little frustration on his face as he reaches out and slaps the offered hand of Paris Crawford again.]

SA: A little surprising there - Crawford is still recovering from that big press slam splash but right back in the ring they go...

[Martinez steps out as Crawford pulls Perez up off the mat, lighting him up with a pair of low kicks and a pair of forearm smashes on the jaw...]

SA: Crawford with the whip...

[As Perez hits the ropes, Carpenter slaps the shoulder, walking right back down the apron as Perez rebounds back...]

SA: ...ducks the clothesline... off the far side...

[But as soon as Crawford turns their back, Carpenter slingshots over the top rope, charging hard, dropping into a front roll aimed at the legs as Perez rushes forward, hitting a big clothesline as Carpenter takes out the legs!]

SA: OHHH! DOUBLE GOOZLE! WHAT A DOUBLETEAM BY THE DOGS OF WAR!

[Carpenter dives on top of Crawford, hooking a leg as Perez steps out...]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT... OHHH! CRAWFORD KICKS OUT AT TWO AND CHANGE! CHAOS REIGNS!

[Climbing to his feet, Carpenter steps to the corner, slapping Wade Walker's hand.]

SA: And yet another tag for the Dogs of War... finally getting into their groove here, Colt.

CP: They've survived all the wild action in and around the ring that KAMS instigated and now they're getting in those double and triple teams, really using what brought 'em to the dance.

SA: Walker climbs through the ropes... Carpenter working over Paris Crawford in the corner, rights and lefts downstairs...

[Grabbing Crawford by the hair, Carpenter tosses them out of the corner and into the arms of a waiting Wade Walker who lifts Crawford high...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: STANDING! SPINEBUSTERRRRR!

[Walker gives a roar, turning away from the downed Crawford and taunting the other corner where Jackson and Martinez are standing...

...or WERE standing as both men come through the ropes, looking to get their hands on Wade Walker again but the referee dives in their path, cutting them off.]

SA: Scott Ezra is doing a fine job of keeping the latter part of this match under control if you ask me and...

[With Ezra's back turned on their corner, Pedro Perez grabs the ropes, slingshotting over the top into an elbowdrop driven down into Crawford's sternum... and then rolls right out...]

SA: The Dogs of War illegally getting in there with the referee distract- ohh! Carpenter with a slingshot splash!

[Carpenter rolls out to the floor as well, the Dogs of War congratulating one another on the outside as Martinez angrily (and vulgarly) complains to the official who waves them back into their corner.]

SA: AJ Martinez is scalding hot under the collar right now - he wants a piece of Wade Walker in the worst possible way.

[The powerhouse of the Dogs of War turns back towards the downed Crawford, dragging them to their feet and pulling them right into a standing headscissors...]

SA: Uh oh! Walker's got Crawford right where he wants them!

[...and with a mighty lift, Walker lifts Crawford up into powerbomb position!]

CP: He's gonna drive Crawford THROUGH the mat!



[But at the peak of the lift, a desperate Crawford starts flailing down at Walker, smashing rights and lefts into his head...]

SA: Crawford trying to fight out! Trying to-

[...and to screams from Walker, Crawford grabs the nose of Walker between his fingers and gives a twisting yank!]

CP: AHH! That's the nose he might've broken at the start of the match!

SA: Wade Walker screaming in pain and I don't know if I've ever heard that out of-

[The anguished Walker suddenly rushes forward, throwing Crawford through the air...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

[...and into the corner where Crawford not only slams into the turnbuckles but into Isaiah Carpenter's foot as Carpenter leaps up into an enzuigiri that lands at the same time as the buckle bomb!]

CP: Well, that's certainly one way out of it, Albano.

SA: It sure is... tag is made to Pedro Perez...

[Perez comes through the ropes... and immediately slaps Carpenter's hand.]

SA: ...and another tag right away. What do they have in mind here?

[Moving to mid-ring, Walker grabs Perez by the arm, whipping him in...]

SA: ELBOW ON CRAWFORD!

[...and Carpenter comes running in as well, leaping high as he does...]

SA: HIGH KNEE BY CARPENTER!

[Perez and Carpenter grab a handful each of Crawford's hair, shoving them out of the corner towards a charging Wade Walker...]

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

SA: SPEAR! SPEAR! HE CUTS CRAWFORD RIGHT IN HALF!

[Walker rolls out of the ring as Carpenter starts to cover... but a shout from Pedro Perez cuts him off.]

SA: Carpenter was about to make the pin but Pedro Perez... what's he saying now?

[The crowd is wondering the same as Perez gestures towards the aisle, a sadistic grin on his face...]

SA: He's... I think he's pointing out at the aisle. Maybe something on the ramp?

[Carpenter agrees, pulling a limp Crawford off the mat, recklessly tossing them over the top rope, crashing down in a heap on the thin ringside mats. Perez slaps Carpenter on the shoulder as the duo exit the ring together, going after Crawford.]

SA: Perez and Carpenter both on the outside now... wait a second! Wade Walker down off the apron as well now! What is happening out here?!

[Walker moves quickly to join his allies on the outside of the ring as AJ Martinez and Cain Jackson argue with the official who is trying to keep them in their corner...]

SA: They're over here by the ramp... no! It's not the ramp they're looking for! It's that car! That super-sized custom car that KAMS drove to the ring!

[Perez nods enthusiastically, waving his hands towards the car as Walker and Carpenter muscle Crawford up, depositing them up on the hood of the car.]

SA: The crowd here in Toronto, buzzing with concern as they... Carpenter's up there too now!

[Perez follows his partner up, two of the Dogs of War now standing up on the hood of the car as Carpenter drags a limp Crawford over, depositing him facefirst down on the glass windshield...]

SA: Oh no... ohhh no. The Dogs of War are no strangers to windshields, Colt.

CP: Absolutely not. The Dogs of War have developed quite the reputation over the years for introducing people to glass windows... facefirst.

SA: Crawford's face on the glass... Wade Walker coming up there now as well...

[And with their partner in imminent serious danger, AJ Martinez and Cain Jackson have seen enough, blowing off the referee's warnings as they hop down off the apron, moving quickly around the ring towards the battlefield.]

SA: KAMS is on the way but can they get there in time?! And for that matter, Scott Ezra has allowed BOTH of these teams to get away with a lot here tonight... but this might be a step too far to me, Colt! This SHOULD be a disqualification!

CP: We'll see, Albano. Maybe Ezra's a fan of this kinda action - you never know. I once knew an Ezra who - this woulda been right up his alley.

[Walker is almost to the top of the car when AJ Martinez HAMMERS a double axehandle into the back!]

SA: OH! Walker got drilled from behind!

[Walker twists around, standing on the bumper of the car as he throws big shots down at Martinez... then at Jackson... then at both men at the same time. A well-placed shot by Walker sends Jackson staggering backwards...]

SA: Cain Jackson got caught, falling away, leaving his partn-

[...and suddenly, Isaiah Carpenter comes somersaulting off the hood of the car, wiping out Jackson on the floor with a big running flip!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: CARPENTER TAKES TO THE SKYYYYYYYY!

[AJ Martinez and Wade Walker are trading heavy blows at the front of the car, Walker still trying to get up on the hood where Pedro Perez has peeled away from Crawford to help Walker, hammering a fist down into the forehead of AJ Martinez!]

SA: We've got a two on one on Martinez but he's still trying to fight his way up there to help...

[Sal trails off as Paris Crawford comes to their feet on the hood of the car, looking around at the sold out Rogers Centre crowd who roar in response...]

SA: Crawford's on their feet and-

[...and Crawford gets a few feet run behind them before LEAPING off the top of the car, crashing down with a crossbody on a rising Carpenter!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: AND NOW IT'S CARPENTER WHO GETS FLATTENED BY CRAWFORD!

[Perez pauses his assault on Martinez, looking down in shock at his partner who just got wiped out...

...which allows Martinez to slap a hand around his throat, yanking backwards and sending Perez front flipping off the hood of the elevated car, SLAMMING down hard on the thinly-padded outfield grass!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: HOLY...

[The crowd echoes that trailed-off sentiment, filling in the blank with their own chant at having seen Perez hit the floor so hard...

...and with the crowd roaring, AJ Martinez rocks and fires over and over and over, driving Walker up onto the hood of the car, staggering away from the edge as Martinez lifts himself up to join him there.]

SA: Walker and Martinez on the hood of this car! The referee letting this one go so far and-

[The words of a rising Cain Jackson cut through the air.]

"FIREBOMB HIM!"

[The crowd ROARS as a nodding Martinez slaps his hands around the throat of Wade Walker while standing on the hood of the car...]

SA: HE'S GOT HIM HOOKED! MARTINEZ HAS HIM HOOKED!

[The Rogers Center crowd rises to their collective feet yet again as Martinez takes one big step forward...

...and lifts the struggling Wade Walker up into the air, holding him high above in a double choke...]

SA: I've always wanted to do this... DOUBLE CHOKE!

[Martinez holds him high for all to see for several moments before...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"OHH!"

[...and the crowd EXPLODES in an EARSPLITTING ROAR as Wade Walker is driven down into... and THROUGH... the glass windshield, leaving a badly-spider webbed glass behind!]

CP: Whooooooooooooa!

SA: FIREBOMB THROUGH THE GLASS WINDSHIELD... AND FOR ONCE, THE DOGS OF WAR SUFFER A WINDSHIELDING OF THEIR OWN! SWEET SANTA MARIA!

[The crowd is still roaring as Cain Jackson gives a fistpump on the floor.]

SA: Cain Jackson's loving it! And these fans are loving it!

CP: Hey, I'm a fan of the Dogs of War, Big Sal... but I loved it too! What a fight these two teams are putting on here at SuperClash - looking to make their AWA careers right here in one night!

[Jackson, dragging a struggling Isaiah Carpenter and a barely-moving Paris Crawford - one in each hand - towards the ring, tosses them both under the ropes.]

SA: Jackson puts them back in! Back up on the apron!

[A weary Crawford reaches up and slaps Jackson's hand.]

SA: Wade Walker is laid out on that car... AJ Martinez climbing back down off the car but Jackson's the legal man in there with Isaiah Carpenter...

[Jackson stands in the corner, slapping his long leg to a big cheer!]

SA: And the fans know what's coming next! Jackson slapping that leg, watching Isaiah Carpenter as he tries to get up off the canvas... watching Carpenter as he tries to get to his feet...

[Carpenter struggles up to a standing position, completely unaware of what's waiting for him as he slowly turns in a circle...]

SA: BIG BOOT!

[...and Jackson OBLITERATES Carpenter with the running big boot, snapping his head back and sending him into a full backflip before Carpenter crashes down in a pile on the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: CONNECTS! AND BOOOOOOM GOES THE CANNON!

[Jackson swings his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture as he drops to his knees, diving across the torso of Isaiah Carpenter!]

SA: IT COULD BE!! IT MIGHT BE!! IT...

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts as Pedro Perez comes diving through the ropes, crashing down on the back of Cain Jackson to break up the pin JUST in time!]

SA: PEREZ MAKES THE SAVE! THE DOGS OF WAR LIVE TO FIGHT ON!

[Stepping through the ropes, Paris Crawford STOMPS the back of Perez' head... and again... and again, shouting with each stomp, getting louder and more vicious with each stomp!]

SA: CRAWFORD IS ALL OVER PEREZ!

CP: WOW! Look at her go! Paris is like an animal unleashed right now, working over Perez and... I like it, Sal! This kid's got spunk!

[With a shout, Crawford peels off Perez who rolls towards the ropes. Cain Jackson nods with approval as Crawford claps their hands together a few times, shouting "LET'S GO!" to Jackson who pulls Carpenter to his feet, a grin on his face...

...but Carpenter slaps the hands away, leaping up to snap his foot off the back of Jackson's head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ENZUIGIRI! OUT OF NOWHERE!

[Jackson slumps to his knees, falling down to the canvas as Carpenter falls back against the turnbuckles. A shocked Crawford freezes for a moment...

...but a moment is long enough for a recovering Pedro Perez to ambush them from behind with a lunging forearm to the back of the head and neck!]

SA: OHH! Perez drops Crawford from the blind side!

[Pulling Crawford from the mat, Perez tosses Crawford over the ropes where they somehow manage to go down on the apron and stay there. Perez shouts at Carpenter, pointing to the downed Jackson..]

SA: Crawford gets tossed to the outside... and now it's Carpenter with a window of opportunity... another chance to take advantage of...

CP: They gotta go quick, Sal. Wade Walker still hasn't moved... we got doctors coming out here now to check on him... this has essentially turned into a three on two for KAMS and the Dogs and if the Dogs want to stand a chance, they gotta go quick.

[Carpenter nods at Perez, stepping up to the second rope on the inside...]

SA: Carpenter again going up, again looking for some of that high risk offense... looking to fly like no one has in this country since Vince Carter! Carpenter wanting to prove that he too is half man, half amazing!

[...and then up to the top, looking out on the buzzing crowd...]

SA: Carpenter's up top!

[...and snaps off a leap, twisting around as he does...]

SA: PHOENIX SPLASH!

[...only to hit nothing but canvas as Cain Jackson rolls clear!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

[Pedro Perez looks down at Carpenter in shock, his hands on his head...

...which makes him miss an incoming AJ Martinez who runs Perez right over, snapping him over the top with a clothesline that sends Perez out to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: MARTINEZ SENDS PEREZ TO THE OUTSIDE!

[Martinez shouts a few words aimed down at Perez before making his way back over, helping Cain Jackson off a knee to his feet...

...and then both look over at a fired-up Paris Crawford who is gesticulating wildly towards Pedro Perez...]

CP: What in the...?

[Paris walks over to her allies, shoving Martinez to no effect... shoving Jackson to a bemused grin...]

SA: Paris Crawford is going wild here and...

[Jackson and Martinez look at one another, giving a shrug...

...and then Paris Crawford rushes to the ropes behind them, bouncing back with speed and intention...]

SA: CRAWFORD ON THE MOOOOOVE!

[...and the two massive towers of humanity inside the ring hoist Crawford up into a double hiptoss...]

SA: DAAAAAAAANNNNNNGEERRRRRRRRRR!

[...and HURL them over the top rope, flipping through the air onto a shocked Pedro Perez who had just gotten back to his feet on the outside!

The crowd EXPLODES for the daredevil act, again breaking into a chant that has to be partially silenced by the guy with the seven second button.]

SA: AS DROWNING POOL ONCE SAID, LET THE BODIES HIT THE FLOOR... AND RIGHT NOW, IN TORONTO AT SUPERCLASH, THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT'S HAPPENING! Colt, I haven't been jumping out of my seat this much since my mama added red chili pepper flakes to her famous linguine with clam sauce!

CP: Paris Crawford volunteering... no... DEMANDING... that she be used as a human missile, tossed over the top rope by two giants, and down onto Pedro Perez... and I think they just took Pedro Perez out of this match too, Albano! We've got a three-on-one!

[A grinning AJ Martinez shares a fistbump with a determined Cain Jackson who points to the downed Carpenter...]

SA: They're looking to end this now!

[Jackson drags Carpenter up, pulling him to center ring where the KAMS big men hook their mighty paws around his throat...]

SA: They've got him goozled!

[...but as they lift him up, Carpenter proves to have nine lives as he backflips out of the lift, landing on his feet where he quickly throws himself back into the ropes, bouncing back out...]

SA: Carpenter escapes the double chokeslam and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

CP: He didn't escape that!

SA: Two boots to the kisser - no waiting! Jackson and Martinez lay him out again and...

[Cain Jackson nods his head at the downed Carpenter, pointing to the corner as AJ Martinez puts up his hands, exiting the ring at Scott Ezra's shouted demand.]

SA: Martinez is out... and can you believe this?! Cain Jackson - of all people - is headed to the top rope!

CP: We've seen this out of Jackson in the past but not too often. A man his size - six foot eight, 285 pounds - does NOT come off the ropes very often but in this case, the man from Goose Creek, South Carolina is gonna fly, jack!

SA: Jackson to the outside... stepping up onto the ropes... to the second now...

[And with Jackson about to climb to the top, we see Paris Crawford drag themselves on the apron as well, stumbling down towards the corner where Jackson has one foot up top...]

SA: Jackson's almost to the top and... what the heck?!

[The crowd buzzes as Crawford scrambles up behind Jackson, wrapping their arms around his neck for dear life as Jackson first looks confused...

...and then nods confidently, stepping to the top rope with Crawford clinging onto his back like going for a piggyback ride...]

SA: ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

[...and LEAPS from his perch, sailing through the air with Crawford going along for the ride...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: HARD RAIN! BUT WITH CRAWFORD ON HIS BACK, IT MIGHT BE MORE LIKE A TORRENTIAL DOWNPOUR!

[Crawford rolls off as Jackson stays on top, hooking a leg as AJ Martinez pumps an excited fist along with the count, throwing his arm in the air as the fans count as well...]

"ONNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THRE- OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts as Cain Jackson gets yanked right off of Carpenter's prone form by a desperate Pedro Perez on the floor!]

SA: PEREZ WITH THE SAVE AGAIN! THE DOGS OF WAR REFUSING TO GO DOWN WITHOUT ONE HELL OF A FIGHT, COLT!

CP: And this night is really just getting started, Albano! What a fight!

[Perez scrambles up on the apron, shouting in as the official reprimands him and Cain Jackson tries to regroup...

...which is when AJ Martinez steps over the top rope, marching across the ring unseen by a shouting Perez...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

SA: SWEET CHRISTMAS!

[Perez staggers after having his bell rung by the clapping arms of AJ Martinez who steps back away from the ropes...

...and Cain Jackson snatches Paris Crawford off the mat, getting some momentum...]

SA: What's he...?!

[...and HURLS Crawford into a flying spear tackle that sends Perez flying backwards off the apron...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Oh, falla finita!

[With Perez out of the picture, Jackson turns back to Carpenter who is struggling to get back to his feet...

...and wraps a big hand around his throat...]

SA: Jackson's got Carpenter!

[...and then AJ Martinez does the same...]

SA: And so does Martinez!

CP: Where's Crawford going?!

SA: Up top again!

[The powerful duo waits for Crawford to start climbing as they lift Carpenter into the air in tandem into double chokeslam position...

...and then BRING him crashing down across a pair of bent knees in a double chokeslam-backbreaker!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: WELCOME TO THE SLAUGHTERHOUSE!

[They shove Carpenter off their knees to the canvas as Crawford steps to the top, diving off with a shout...



...and SMASHES a forearm down into the chest of the prone Carpenter!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: FOREARM CONNECTS!

[Crawford stays on Carpenter as Jackson plants two hands on their back, pushing down on the pile. AJ Martinez stands guard, counting along with mighty fist pumps...]

SA: IT COULD BE!! IT MIGHT BE!! IT... ISSSSSSSSSSS!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd ROARS as Martinez lets loose a shout of triumph, throwing both arms into the air!]

TG: Here are your winners... the KABUKICHO ASSASSINATION MANIAC  
SQUAAAAAAAAAD!

[Martinez jerks Jackson and Crawford to their feet, celebrating the big win as Isaiah Carpenter rolls under the ropes to the outside, soaking up the feeling of a major loss on the biggest show of the year.]

SA: What a battle! What a fight between six of the toughest competitors you'll ever run across but in the end, the Dogs of War have lost in trios action at SuperClash for the second time! First, the James Gang two years ago and now, KAMS right here tonight in Toronto!

CP: It's a crushing defeat for the Dogs no doubt... but what a win for KAMS who just put the entire wrestling world on notice! Maybe we've got a new team who just snatched the top spot as the best trio in wrestling!

[Martinez is all sorts of fired up, mounting the middle rope and shouting, waving his arms at the AWA faithful as Jackson puts an arm around Paris Crawford with a "you did it" and a grin at the smaller competitor. Crawford smiles, nodding and looking out on the massive cheering crowd with a proud expression on their face.]

SA: It's a heck of a moment for these three ubertough competitors, vanquishing the big, bad Dogs of War here at SuperClash... and you really have to believe this rockets this trio to the top of the charts. The world just may be their oyster heading into 2018.

[The trio stand center ring, raising one another's arms and enjoying the moment as the Toronto crowd roars for both the match and the result that they just saw...]

SA: The fans here in Toronto certainly enjoying the action here so far... and the stars in the crowd are enjoying seeing the stars in the ring as well...

[We crossfade to a shot of the crowd where we see someone playfighting with a friend next to him. A graphic comes up to identify him.]

SA: Kevin Pillar of the Toronto Blue Jays in the house here at SuperClash tonight.

[Another crossfade and another celebrity with graphic.]

SA: Colt, I know you're a big fan of this guy... Austin Powers himself, Mike Myers is here in Toronto.

CP: Who?

SA: Oh, come on, Colt... I've heard your best Austin Powers impression and believe me, it is... not good.

[We crossfade again to another shot with graphic. Big cheers go up this time.]]

SA: Well, you can deny your Mike Myers fandom all you want, Colt, but I will NOT deny my love for this guy right here. I definitely feel it coming with The Weeknd in the house!

[And one final crossfade shows us yet another athlete at ringside, grinning widely and waving a clenched fist at the camera while standing in a "IT'S SUPERNOVA'S NIGHT!" t-shirt.]

SA: And how about this one? Former SuperClash competitor in his own right - Big Papi himself - David Ortiz is here! Colt, I talked to Big Papi before the show tonight and he told me he's here to catch all the action... but also because he wanted to be front row and center to cheer on his partner last year at SuperClash, Supernova, when 'Nova tries to win his first World Title later tonight.

CP: Is that right? Well, he's gonna cry bigger tears than his Red Sox did when the Astros took 'em out last month when my pick, Johnny Detson, walks out with the title still around his waist.

SA: We've got a long way to go before we get to that title match later tonight but right now, we've got another title match set to go - the AWA National Title match where we'll see Jackson Hunter defend the gold against the former champion Jordan Ohara!

CP: And when you say "former champion" there, Albano, that's thanks to Jackson Hunter which really rubs a little extra salt in the wound.

SA: It sure does. Of course, we're talking about the 4th of July in Philadelphia at Liberty Or Death when Jordan Ohara won his first piece of AWA championship gold when he defeated Maxim Zharkov... only to have Jackson Hunter cash in his Steal The Spotlight contract on the spot - thanks to Korugun and Javier Castillo - and snatch the title right out from under Ohara before he could even enjoy a moment as the new champion. But tonight, Jordan Ohara gets another opportunity to win that title... to have that moment... and if the Phoenix can overcome the odds stacked against him by Jackson Hunter and his muscle, Blake Colton, this could be one heck of a night to remember. We caught up with both champion and challenger here tonight to get some pre-match thoughts so let's take a look!

[Fade to backstage in Toronto, where AWA National Champion Jackson Hunter clutches the eponymous belt closely to his chest. He appears to be dressed in some sort of monk's robe. "The Death Star" Blake Colton looms behind him in his denim vest, eyes obscured by his aviator shades and unruly curly blonde hair; a can of Mooselips Beer clutched in his ursine hand.]

JH: Here I am, once again wrestling in a stadium with a hundred thousand eyes on me, and millions more worldwide. And so, once again, I say to you...

...Fans of the AWA, please attend carefully. Envy is the beginning of all true greatness.

[The camera pulls tighter on him.]

JH: Jeremiah "The Sheriff" Colton, and all his little cult members... they made damn sure that I could never be part of the AWA. Blackballed - always just out of reach. Well, look at me now.

Oh, they tried to stop me. Who remembers Noah Prejudice? Anyone? Any Chinook Wrestling historians in the house? Any sober Calgarians care to weigh in on obscure Chinook trivia? Noah Prejudice was the seven-foot monster The Sheriff sent to take me out and end my Commonwealth Championship title reign eleven years ago. And he succeeded...

...For fifty days, until I won the Commonwealth Championship right back and held it for another two years. I don't make the same mistake twice, chum. And that taught me the all-important lesson: do it to them, before they do it to you. And above all my motivations... power, debauchery, lust... There is one particular blend of rocket fuel that keeps me going: hate.

[Hunter nods with certainty.]

JH: Hatred for John Q. Wrestling fan, sitting there is his stenching three-year-old "Dead Man's Party" shirt who didn't give me the gratitude I deserved after revolutionizing this business while everyone else at the time was coming up with new and exciting ways to belch homophobic slurs at each other.

So, AWA? You want to block me out of your little circle? You want me to always be on the outside looking in? I'll do far worse than wage a war on you. I'll do a worse thing than any AWA President could do to any member of the roster.

[He lays a kiss on the main plate of the National belt.]

JH: I will keep this. From you. From everyone. The belt the AWA was built around... It'll grow into a part of me. I'll be your stick in the mud. I'll be the kick in your pants and the lump in your throat. I'll be the hassle in your castle and I'll jump in your moat. ssssSPLASHhhh.

[Hunter draws out the onomatopoeia with a hammy wild-eyed expression.]

JH: You had your chance, Jordan. It was a limited time offer. And if you think I am at all bothered by your claiming the high ground, just know that I mortgaged my moral scruples for a pack of Twizzlers long before you were even born, so save me your sermons. There is no depth I won't plumb, and you dare not follow me there because you know I will burn you. I will burn the very heart and soul right out of you, Ohara.

And I will do far worse than squash you like a worm, because I know I can do that without hesitating. I will hurt you. I will make you understand hatred like I understand it, because hate keeps me going. What else do I have to fill the void inside me in the shape of the AWA National Title? Why else should I have felt that pain? I will leave you as the AWA left me: separated and desolated forever from that which would make you whole again. Buried aliiiiive...

[He holds the National Title in front of his face, and the camera tracks into it until the picture goes out of focus on the golden plate. Hunter whispers a final...]

JH: ...Buried aliiiiive, Phoenix...

[...and we fade away from the focused National Champion...]

...and up on pre-recorded footage of his challenger on this night, Jordan Ohara. He's in some dark place. Physically. Mentally. He's bare-chested and wearing greying sweatpants. His hair isn't done and his beard is a touch unkempt. Ohara's eyes look haunted. When he speaks, his voice is choked with emotion.]

JO: Jackson Hunter, it's been almost five long months since Liberty Or Death. Five very long months. I have not been myself. Everybody who knows me... every fan in attendance... every fan watching the broadcasts... they all know I haven't been myself and it's all because of you, Hunter.

When I arrived here I was so happy. I had a future ahead of me that was as bright as the sun. I was determined to make my mark in America and live out my dream. Live out my father's dream and become the champion he always dreamed for me to be.

[Ohara nods.]

JO: And I had one of the greatest rookie years ever recorded in this business... if not the greatest. And every step along the way I kept hearing the whispers in the back from the other boys. "He's arrogant." "Who is this punk?" "He's such a big nerd." Oh sure, out here in front of the cameras they always had nice things to say, but behind the curtain it was always try to cut the legs from under the kid before he became too big. And I started doubting myself a little at first. And that doubt cost me last SuperClash. It caused me to hesitate and second guess myself for just a moment and I ended being beaten by Derrick Williams with the most spectacular Future Shock of his career. He went on to be celebrated as part of the Axis. And in the back, I had to ask myself some deep questions.

[The camera moves in into a tight closeup on Ohara's dark, questioning eyes.]

JO: Should I bend the knee?

[Ohara wipes both sides of his face as he struggles with the darkness that pulled at him.]

JO: Juan Vasquez has experienced success that any other wrestler could only dream of. He might have the greatest career in all of wrestling. Hunter, you'll have to agree with that. I mean, you latched on to him and the Axis as well to propel yourself into prominence... into relevance. He gave you life. He gave you meaning.

Me? I couldn't sell out. I couldn't betray everything that I believe in... that I stood for... that I sweat for... that I bled for... that I sacrificed for. If they wanted to knock me behind closed doors for believing absolutely in myself, let them. There will always be haters, I told myself.

At my darkest, lowest place I knew I had to do it my way. I had to do it the right way. A way these people could respect. A way my mother could respect. A way my father could respect. No short cuts. No selling out.

[He points towards the camera. His powerful chest pops at the sudden gesture. His strong traps leap.]

JO: And I rose from the ashes of that SuperClash defeat and I became the one to end the reign of Maxim Zharkov. I took the National Title away from him when nobody else could beat him. I mean, he ended Alex Martinez's career. Maxim Zharkov was that big. He was that bad. He was that unstoppable. And I put him down. Me. Jordan Ohara. I proved to everybody that I could be great doing things the right way!

[Ohara's face shifts to one of disappointment as he shakes his head.]

JO: And then you came swooping in like the vulture that you are and stole that title from me when I'd barely held it in my hands... and all that work... all that sweat... all that sacrifice... all my belief in myself was wiped away in one fell swoop and I had to

squint up into the bright lights to see you standing over me with the National title and that shovel of yours.

And deep in my heart at that time, I knew everything I believed in was wrong. American wrestling wasn't about nobility and fighting spirit. It was about spectacle. It was about doing whatever it took to steal the spotlight. Loyalty meant nothing. Hard work meant nothing.

[The energy leaves Jordan. He shrinks in on himself and you can see him physically deflate.]

JO: And it hurt my heart so much to realize that everything I believed in was a lie. Hunter, that night I wanted to quit. I wanted to give up and go back to Japan. But I was raised never to quit. And as much as it hurt I couldn't quit no matter how much I wanted to. And so the Phoenix had to rise from the ashes again. And I did. But it was different this time. I never felt more conflicted. I never felt the pull of the darkness stronger. Lash out. Do wrong. Hurt people. It was hard for me to speak. It was hard for me to explain myself because I didn't have the words. I didn't have the will. And then you made your offer..

"Join me."

[Ohara looks down in shame.]

JO: And it was like I was watching Juan Vasquez corrupt Derrick Williams all over again. But only this time I understood. Because I wanted to join you. I wanted to take the short cut to feel good again. I wanted to feel what it was like to just give in to my baser instincts and be an absolute ass and be celebrated for it. I wanted it.

[The confession causes Jordan's face to twist. He sways unsteadily and turns aimlessly in the dark room, trying to find some exit.]

JO: It made me sick that I wanted it. And then I knew what I had to do. I just had to be strong enough to do it. I had to stop you. I had to end you. And tonight, here in Toronto, Canada, I will stop you. I don't care that you're in your home country. I don't care that your henchman is behind you and I am outnumbered. I don't care that you have every advantage and that you make your whole life about getting over on somebody else with one new out of the blue scheme after another.

I realize I can't outsmart you. I can't outwit you. But I am going to outlast you in front of your people. I am going into your den and I'm going to make an example of you. You can do things the right way and win. At least I can. And I can be a hero.

[Ohara takes a deep breath, convinced of himself. Almost imperceptibly, the dark room brightens. There is a light off towards the left.]

JO: Toronto, Canada... I promise you tonight I will do it the right way and tonight we're going to be celebrating this win this championship together!

[The light brightens and brightens as Ohara stares into the camera. He blinks slowly. He sets his jaw. And finally he nods to himself as he breathes deeply. The camera slowly fades out...

...and back up to a live shot inside the building where Tyler Graham stands center ring.]

TG: The following contest is set for one fall with a forty-five minute time limit and is for the AWA NATIONAL TITLE!

[A big cheer goes up as the lights in the arena begin to glow a vibrant cyan and magenta as the sound of distant thunder rumbles through the Rogers Centre...]

SA: Thirteen men have had the fortune to call themselves 'AWA National Champion' over the course of the past decade. The strap has been contested on six different occasions at SuperClash – twice last year at SuperClash VIII in the Big Easy. But only on two occasions has a challenger successfully dethroned the reigning National Champion at SuperClash. Tonight here in the Six, the champion who held the belt for the shortest duration hopes to tilt the odds in his favor against this man, the current National Champion, and the man who usurped the belt from him.

[As the camera tracks up the aisle through the stage fog, a single figure stands on the ring cart, cloaked in a monk's robe, hood up and head bowed. If the presence of the sasquatch-like "Death Star" Blake Colton on the cart behind him didn't give him away, the AWA National Title around his waist does.]

SA: One of only three men to have held that prestigious and storied belt on two separate occasions; the other two we'll be seeing in our Main Event in Atlanta.

[The cloaked figure spreads his arms wide sacrilegiously, palms up, the robe dangling. Blake Colton snickers as the cart slowly glides down the aisle to "Vale of Shadows" by GUNSHIP.]

SA: Colt... Jackson Hunter is a demented creation from the Devil's Cradle... but he is also a dangerous champion.

CP: You know me, Albano: I don't impress easily. What the champion has been able to accomplish over the past three years is damn impressive to me. Everyone wrote him off as washed up, and now he's going into the biggest SuperClash of all time as the reigning champion. I've seen him snatch victory from the jaws of defeat so many times I lost count. He's pulled through and found ways to win in situations where other wrestlers would have waved a white flag.

SA: He's also been compared to some of the most despicable and malignant figures. Some have called him the AWA's Walter White. Others liken him to the Professor Moriarty of wrestling. He's been compared to Shang Tsung of "Mortal Kombat" for his longevity, not to mention his unctuousness. In the Axis, he was Grand Moff Tarkin. And he himself invoked The Master, from "Doctor Who" on numerous occasions.

[The ring cart is only part way down the aisle, and the cloaked figure seems to be getting impatient. He takes out his phone and taps on the screen with his thumb. The bright cyan and magenta lights erupt into a rainbow of shifting and flashing colors, as he skips "Vale of Shadows" in favor of the next track...

...which features a strumming balalaika...

...and a disco beat...

...and the vocals of Boney M.]

SA: ...what in the name of sanity is...

[The cloaked figure on the cart throws back his hood, to reveal Jackson Hunter in a long-haired wig and fake beard as "Rasputin" by Boney M. echoes through the domed stadium.]

CP: ...Or Rasputin. That works too, Albano.

SA: I... This doesn't happen often, but words fail me, Colt.

[The cart continues to glide down the aisle, and Jackson Hunter begins to do what might charitably be called "the Hustle" in the cart in defiance of good taste as SuperClash transforms into a discotheque.]

CP: Look at him bust a move, Albano! I bet this is bringing back memories of Studio 54 for Gordo watching in Atlanta right now! Ha!

[In the ring, with the lights of the arena flashing around him, the camera finds an array of fans thoroughly unamused at his opponent's insolent one-man dance party. Blake Colton just leans back and snickers as Hunter gets as funky a 45-year-old caucasian from Saskatchewan can.]

SA: Not since Christopher Walken in Fatboy Slim's video for "Weapon of Choice" have I been this unsettled by a middle aged man dancing.

CP: And you notice that he's making his entrance first, Albano. In the AWA, it's the champion's prerogative to decide who enters first in a title match, and I think Jackson wants to give Ohara a case of nerves, maybe cool him off a bit. The great boxer Prince Naseem did that on a regular basis back in the day.

[The cart reaches the foot of the aisle and Hunter steps out to boogie around the ringside area while lip syncing "ra ra, Rasputin!" along to the chorus.]

SA: To those who have met him, a lot of us have always thought the Mastermind of the Axis has had a tenuous grip on decency, not to mention good taste... Some would say he's absolutely bonkers...

[Sal loses his train of thought as Hunter pauses by the announce position to do a quick "running man" while winking at Big Sal.]

SA: ...Forget it, Jackson; you couldn't afford me.

[Colton snickers at Colt Patterson as he passes.]

CP: Yeah, believe me. I know who you are, boy.

[The tone in Patterson's voice indicates he still harbors some bad blood toward the Death Star some months later.]

CP: I don't always care for his company, and the man is a bit eccentric...

[As Hunter ascends the ring steps, he extends his arms into his Nixonian "peace sign" taunt, while obscenely thrusting his pelvis.]

CP: ...But as long as he keeps that National Championship I can't argue with the record book – the only book that matters.

SA: I think our new partners may need to rate SuperClash IX "NC17" when it hits on-demand streaming; our National Champion is Needlessly Creepy to the seventeenth power.

[When he steps through the ropes, Hunter rips off the wig and fake beard and undoes the robe.]

SA: Calisto Dufresne, eat your heart out.

[Hunter undoes the National Title and displays it out in front of him, before clutching it back to his face and kissing the main plate again. Then he unfurls his tongue and brushes the tip against the belt.]

CP: Okay, now I'll admit that's unhygienic.

[The Champion casts off the robe. For the first time in the AWA, Hunter is competing without his rash guard, looking to actually be in good shape for a man in his mid-40's, albeit with less elastic skin than he used to have in his heyday. He still wears the loose-fitting snakeskin pants, although they are now a brassy metallic orange and scarlet instead of black and silver – it's SuperClash and he always dresses for the occasion.]

SA: Hunter's been in rigorous training since his unlikely return to the ring – a decade-and-a-half ago he was a world-class junior heavyweight.

CP: Still looks like he could teach someone half his age a thing or two about stepping through those ropes. Tonight he gets a chance to.

[Hunter's music dies down as he settles back into a corner, awaiting the arrival of his opponent as Blake Colton hovers nearby, ready to deliver a word of strategy or a bone-breaking blow in defense of his ally at any given moment.]

SA: And there's the man that many feel could be the difference-maker in this one, Colt. Blake Colton will be out here... he will have his partner's back... and as we've seen in the past, he is completely willing to get involved physically to ensure that Jackson Hunter walks out of his home country of Canada as the National Champion.

CP: Colton and I have had our problems in the past, Albano, but you can't deny he's incredibly effective at what he does for Hunter. He's also effective in the ring on his own as we've been able to see by how heavily he's in demand in Japan for 2018.

[There's a moment's pause with no dramatic lighting or music...

...and then the lights die down again as white spotlights come to rest on the top of the video wall, spotlighting Jordan Ohara standing on a platform high above the stage, arms spread out and staring up into the ceiling as choral music plays.]

SA: And there's the challenger, looking down from above - the Phoenix has risen and he's got a flaming bird's eye view down at the man he hopes to defeat tonight and wrest the title from around his crooked waist.

[Ohara is dressed in white shiny ¾ pants and his custom Air Jordan 11s with the Carolina blue patent leather toes and the black heels. He wears a ring jacket that replicates bird's wings also in white as he hits the pose that mirrors the Phoenix emblazoned in Carolina blue on his tights. He gives a nod to the cheering crowd which is also the signal for the production team to slowly lower his harnessed form from his raised position down towards the stage.]

CP: Oh, look, Albano... the Once In A Millennium talent has deigned to come on down and mingle with us common folk.

SA: It really eats at you - really sticks in your craw - that he uses that nickname, doesn't it?

CP: Look, I'm as big of a fan of confidence - some might say ego - as anyone. But when you call yourself that, you put a bullseye on your back. The people will line up to take their shot... to knock you down a peg. He's back there complaining



about people in the locker room trying to cut his legs out from under him... maybe take a look in the mirror, kid.

[As Ohara's feet touch the stage, the air raid sirens and keyboards of Nas' "Hero" sets the Toronto crowd into a frenzy as fireworks scream down from the rafters towards the entrance. As the top of the ramp explodes in a flurry of pyrotechnics, the screen winks to life with the outline of a Phoenix. And then the name JORDAN OHARA enlarges across the screen in Carolina blue letters outlined in white and burst as the video walls flash images of Jordan Ohara in action.]

SA: What an entrance for the former champion as he gets set to make his way to the ring for this huge National Title showdown in Toronto!

# Chain gleaming, switching lanes, two-seating  
Hate him or love him for the same reason  
Can't leave it, the game needs him  
Plus the people need someone to believe in  
So in God's Son we trust  
'Cause they know I'ma give 'em what they want  
They looking for a hero  
I guess that makes me a hero#

[With that chorus, Jordan Ohara throws his head back and howls at the crowd. He stands on the entranceway, looking out over the arena and his fans. He unharnesses his jacket, shrugging it off to show his muscular and chiseled physique.]

SA: The challenger looks to be in excellent physical condition, Colt.

CP: He better be. Jackson Hunter ain't afraid to take him into the deep, deep waters, Sal.

[He takes a deep breath before walking down the ramp to the ring cart. The young muscular Blasian man has grown his hair into a top knot and now sports a closely-cropped chinstrap style beard. He steps into the cart, staring pensively at Jackson Hunter and Colton in the ring.]

SA: Jackson Ohara with a very personal... a very revealing interview moments ago, showing true vulnerability as he discussed the challenges he's faced over the past year or so. Tonight, he has a chance to wash all of that away... to show that you can succeed in this business by doing things the right way. You don't have to take shortcuts to be a champion. Colt, even with your attitude these days, you must agree with that - I fondly remember a young man taking the EMWC by storm back in its early days who had the fans behind him, driving his natural talent to unseen heights and great success.

CP: Flattery will get you nowhere, Albano. Yeah, I've been on both sides of that dressing room. I've been the fan favorite who stuck to the rules and fought the good fight and I was damn successful doing it. There is something to be said for having those fans behind you... driving you... giving you that little bit extra when you're down and you need it.

SA: Why, Colt... I'm touched by-

CP: Nah, nah, nah... 'cause there's also something to be said for doing things your own way... doing things that the fans don't like but they put money in your pocket and gold around your waist. Which way is right... which way is wrong... every single person that steps through the ropes has to make that decision for themselves and tonight, it's Jordan Ohara's turn to do exactly that.

SA: You have to wonder if seeing his old friend-turned enemy-turned friend again Derrick Williams in the Main Event in WarGames has any impact on that choice. Those two have been on a parallel path since starting in the AWA and we know that Williams long ago chose the path to do things his way.

[As the cart arrives at ringside, The Phoenix interacts with some of the ringside kids before he springs up the ring steps and climbs to the top rope, looking out over the crowd, drinking in the applause and a few audible "I love you, Jordans" that ring out. Jordan hops down to the ring and then stares across at the National Champion and his looming henchman.]

SA: AWA Galaxy, that feeling you are experiencing: your blood rushing through your veins - that's the feeling of true HYPE entering your body! This is the first of four title matches tonight!

CP: Albano, I've been to Super Bowls, I've been to Game 7 of the World Series, and I've been to red carpet movie premieres... and there ain't nothing in the world like a title match at SuperClash!

SA: You said it, Colt. Let's take it down to Tyler Graham for the pre-match introductions!

[The lights in the Rogers Centre fade, and the ring is illuminated by a few spotlights from above.]

TG: AWA fans, the following contest is set for one fall with a 60 minute time limit... and it is for the American Wrestling Alliance National Championship!

["Big Fight" feel roar from the fans in Rogers Centre!]

TG: Introducing first to my right... wearing white and blue, fighting out of Charlotte, North Carolina, USA, and officially weighing in at 224 and one-quarter pounds... He is a former AWA National Champion, and he is currently the number one ranked contender for the National Heavyweight Championship...

AWA fans, he is the challenger..

"THE PHOENIX" ... JORRRRRRRDAAAAAAN ... OHAAAAAARAAAAAA!

[Ohara raises his arms to the cheering fans who are decisively (but not completely) in his corner.]

TG: And to my left... accompanied by "The Death Star" Blake Colton... wearing red and orange, fighting out of the Broken Arrow Ranch in Last Mountain, Saskatchewan and officially weighing in at an even 220 pounds... He is a two-time Chinook Wrestling Commonwealth Champion, and the two-time reigning and defending AWA National Heavyweight Champion...

He is the "The Velociraptor" JAAAAAACKSON... HUNNNNNNTERRRRRR!

[The morally challenged Hunter just licks his lips in delight at the boos of his countrymen.]

CP: I haven't heard jeering for a Raptor in Toronto this loud since Vince Carter peaced out of here, Albano.

SA: I personally will never forget how this man managed to turn his own home field advantage on its ear earlier this summer, Colt. You were there when they were raining those half-empty cans of Mooselips down onto him in Regina after the Stampede Cup.

[Hunter pats the National belt confidently while never breaking gaze with Ohara, then surrenders the belt to the referee. Before the ring announcer can exit the ring, Ohara intercepts him and takes the microphone from him as Hunter arches an eyebrow in surprise.]

SA: It looks like the challenger has one more thing to say befo-

[Ohara's words cut Sal off.]

JO: Hunter, Colton... I'm going to lock up with you in a minute, but I want to let you in on something before I do.

[Ohara grins.]

JO: See, you forget that I'm the son of a military woman. I don't just react. I plan. And I've been thinking about this little numbers advantage that you like to have and I think I've found a brilliant solution.

Jackson Hunter, it was pointed out to me that if you're allowed to have someone at ringside with you...

....so am I.

[Hunter chuckles down to the floor, where Colton snickers back up to him. The camera picks up him mouthing, "lemme guess, Kestrel again?" The crowd is buzzing with anticipation.]

JO: Allow me to introduce my equalizer..

[Colton shouts back, "your buddy Derrick is in Atlanta, bahd!" Ohara is unperturbed.]

JO: You might know him... hell, all of you (he gestures to the crowd) might know him too...

[Blake Colton heckles back, "gonna bring my dad out here again? Old man's always looking for a payday."]

JO: HERE. HE. IS!

[Hunter and Colton both seem unmoved by the late addition to the match...

...until they hear the sound of an artillery shot, and the roof blowing off the Skydome.]

SA: HOLY-!

CP: IT CAN'T BE!!!

[The stadium shakes as the "Soviet March" blares and a hammer and sickle appears on the big screen, driving the crowd further into a frenzy.]

SA: IS IT...? IS IT...? COULD IT BE...?

[Blake Colton is trying to reassure Jackson Hunter, who has collapsed into the corner of the ring, clutching on to the bottom rope with both arms, abject terror on his face, eyes glued to the entranceway.]

SA: IT IS!

[The crowd ROARS as the former National Champion - and former Hunter ally - Maxim Zharkov strides through the entrance curtain into view of the crowd. He pauses just beyond the entrance, looking out on the crowd... who start to quiet a little bit as the view of Zharkov appears on the screen. The big Russian superstar gingerly makes his way down the ramp, wincing as he climbs up into a ring cart that starts to ferry him down the aisle.]

CP: HOW IS HE EVEN HERE, ALBANO?!

[Zharkov is not the same Zharkov who terrorized the AWA for over two years. His head is secured by a metal halo that rests atop his shoulders, but his expression is still one of tranquil rage, glaring constantly in the direction of Blake Colton and his former advisor Jackson Hunter.]

SA: It was often claimed that the Last Son of the Soviet Union was superhuman. Nearly five months after that Death Star delivered that devastating piledriver... Five months after Jackson Hunter stole the spotlight and the AWA National Championship... Zharkov is back!

[Gently, Zharkov exits the ring cart to the roar of fans around him. Colton has managed to soothe Hunter somewhat with an "you got this, bahd! You got this!," although Hunter's face is still pale and fixated in fright on his former charge.]

CP: He shouldn't even be here! He's in no state to be at ringside, much less walking around!

SA: Blake Colton laid Maxim Zharkov out with that scoop piledriver... that deadly weapon of last resort, and obviously Zharkov is still feeling the effects from that. But desperate times call for desperate measures... call it glasnost... call it detente... but as he said, Jordan Ohara has himself an equalizer and from Hunter and Colton's track record, he absolutely needs one!

CP: An equalizer?! The guy just walked out here in a halo collar - do you know what they use those for?

SA: I do, it's-

CP: It's used for severe neck injuries! Severe spinal injuries! It's to prevent neurological injuries to someone who has had severe trauma to the neck! And that's what he's got on him! Walking down to ringside to stand in the corner of the guy he lost the National Title too... and hoping to have some kind of chance to keep Blake Colton at bay?! Albano, think of how Ohara's gonna feel if someone knocks Zharkov over and reinjures him! Or worse! That's a huge thing to have on a man's conscience!

SA: I'm sure both Jordan Ohara and Maxim Zharkov have weighed this situation carefully and determined there is a benefit - even just a psychological one - to the Tsar being here tonight.

[Zharkov takes position in the corner opposite the champions, not even acknowledging the challenger.]

SA: Zharkov not even speaking to Ohara here... it makes you think that the Russian is here more to counter Colton and Hunter's shenanigans and less in support of Ohara.

CP: Like I said, it was Ohara who took the belt off Zharkov back in July... after a pretty heated rivalry... time may not heal ALL wounds, Sal.

[As "Soviet March" fades, Hunter tentatively rises from the corner with the caution of someone entering a very cold outdoor pool; he and Colton are still conspiring to each other while never taking their eyes off the monster from Magadan.]

"You do have a plan for this--right, bahd?"

"I-it's a... it's a work-in-progress, Blake!"

[Hunter looks anxiously out at Zharkov who returns the stare... and Jordan Ohara grins in the corner, obviously having gotten the initial reaction he was looking for.]

SA: Well, whether or not Zharkov can serve the role of equalizer effectively remains to be seen but what we can see clear as day, Colt, is that Jackson Hunter is shocked... he's rattled... and this may have just completely thrown him off his game.

[Hunter's look on anxiety shifts as he looks at a smirking Ohara who is pleased with the reaction he's gotten out of the National Champion...

...and unabashed fury crosses his face.]

CP: Uh oh. I think Hunter's mindset just crossed a whole new level, Sal.

SA: The man looks fit to be tied and...

[The referee checks on both champion and challenger before...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: Referee Ricky Longfellow calls for the bell and...

[The infuriated Hunter stomps across the ring towards where Ohara is standing, glaring at him the whole while...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: OH! HE SLAPS THE TASTE RIGHT OUT OF THE PHOENIX' MOUTH!

[The crowd groans as Ohara's head jerks back to the side, a red mark on his cheek...

...and shockingly, a smile on his face as he slowly turns back towards Hunter, his hands on his hips.]

SA: Ohara doesn't care! Ohara's laughing at Hunter!

[The laughter only seems to make Hunter even angrier as he winds up...]

"PTAAAWAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: The champion just SPAT in his challenger's face!

[And this utter show of disrespect turns that smile upside down as Ohara LUNGES at Hunter, jerking his legs out from under him in a takedown, ending up on top of the National Champion as he starts raining right hands down on him!]

SA: AND OHARA JUST JUMPED RIGHT ON TOP OF HUNTER, GIVING HIM A MOUTHFUL OF FISTS AFTER THAT MOUTHFUL OF SALIVA BOUNCED OFF HIS FACE!

[With the crowd roaring for the emotional assault, Ohara continues to hammer away at Hunter for a few more moments before the champion is able to twist and turn Ohara over onto his own back...]

SA: And now it's Hunter on top, giving the Phoenix a few knuckle sandwiches... which have got nothing on those Timbits we had before the show, Colt.

CP: Might be the same texture though.

[Hunter's advantage lasts for a few moments before Ohara flips him over again... and then Hunter rolls him again, this time slipping under the ropes before the two men tumble off the apron to the floor!]

SA: Oh! Down off the apron, falling to the outside... and this is where Jordan Ohara has to be wary of the presence of Blake Colton... and I suppose Jackson Hunter needs to be wary of the presence of his former charge, Maxim Zharkov.

CP: Does he? Zharkov looks like a stiff breeze might put him down for the count, hobbling around here in that neck brace. If you think he's going to be able to counteract the Death Star out here, I got a summer house in Siberia you might be interested in.

[On their feet on the outside, Ohara and Hunter continue to trade big haymakers, landing and receiving in equal ferocity as they try to get the early edge...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...when Ohara shifts to a knife edge chop that causes Hunter to stumble backwards a couple of feet...]

SA: The knife edge chop of Jordan Ohara is one of the most dangerous strikes in all of wrestling and Jackson Hunter just felt the first - but certainly not the last I'd expect - of this match.

[...and as Ohara winds up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

SA: Big chops splashing down across the chest of the champion... and Ohara shoots him back under the ropes. Remember, fans... the championship advantage is present in this one. You cannot win the title on a countout or disqualification so Ohara needs to pin the man or make him submit inside the ring.

[As Hunter gets shoved back into the ring, he starts crawling across and when Ohara joins him in the squared circle, he looks up to find Hunter out the other side on the floor. The crowd jeers the cowardly move as Ohara glares down with frustration on the National Champion.]

SA: Hunter right out the other side... perhaps trying to regroup a little after the appearance of Maxim Zharkov, the man he helped put on the shelf for months.

CP: He's STILL on the shelf, Albano! Look at him!

[The camera cuts to Maxim Zharkov on the other side who is sitting in a steel chair on the floor, looking on with interest as Blake Colton moves around the ring to huddle up with the National Champion on the outside.]

SA: Zharkov looking on as Colton and Hunter have a little conference on the outsi-

[With the duo focused on each other, Ohara breaks into a sprint, dropping down...]

SA: BASEBALL SLIDE!

[...and Colton shoves Hunter clear, taking the brunt of the impact on his own, sending him stumbling backwards and down to a knee. Ohara looks down on him, shaking his head...

...and gets BLINDSIDED by a running forearm to the back of the head and neck by Jackson Hunter, drawing jeers from his own home country's fans!]

SA: HUNTER FROM BEHIND! Ohara didn't see him coming and Hunter made him pay for it!

[A volatile Hunter snatches Ohara by the hair, dragging him off a knee...]

"WHAAAAAAM!"

SA: Facefirst down into the apron! And again!

[A third faceslam has Ohara staggering down the apron when Hunter pursues before shoving him back inside.]

CP: That's part of what I like about Hunter right there. He did his damage on the outside, took advantage of his surroundings, and now he's right back in there looking to finish off his opponent early.

[Hunter, still on the outside, points a threatening finger at Maxim Zharkov who has risen out of his chair and is slowly approaching. The crowd cheers as the Tsar draws closer, getting a nervous expression out of Hunter before he throws himself back up on the apron and away from Zharkov's reach.]

SA: Injured or not, Jackson Hunter obviously wants no part of the man who he so viciously stabbed in the back on the 4th of July, Colt.

CP: You know... everyone talks about Jackson Hunter turning on Derrick Williams... turning on Maxim Zharkov... turning on his own flesh and blood, Riley Hunter... but no one mentions that it was them - it was the Axis - who betrayed Hunter MONTHS before that! The Axis was built on the backs of Juan Vasquez and Jackson Hunter and when push came to shove, they showed Hunter the damn door! What ingrates!

SA: Colt, you know very well that without those men you mentioned, the Axis would not have been anywhere CLOSE to how powerful they were.

CP: I'm not denying that... but who the HELL was Maxim Zharkov before Jackson Hunter introduced him to the world?!

[As the announcers argue, Jackson Hunter - still distracted by the approaching Zharkov - turns back towards the ring from his standing position on the apron...]

SA: OHH! Big chop over the head and down between the eyes!

[With Hunter dazed, Ohara hooks him up, and brings him over the top in a vertical suplex!]

SA: Ohara brings him in the hard way, dumping him down with that suplex... and right into a cover that gets one and change.

CP: You're not taking that title off Jackson Hunter that easy, Sal.

SA: I believe it... but I also believe it's a good indication that Jordan Ohara is focused on the gold here tonight. He didn't hold up, looking to hurt Hunter or send him some kind of message. He knows the best revenge against Jackson Hunter here tonight is to take that title off his waist.

[Ohara pushes to his knees off the cover, grabbing Hunter by the hair with one hand as he drives karate-style thrusts to the head in with the other!]

SA: Chopping away, battering Hunter down on the mat...

CP: Those chops are in the eyes, Albano.

SA: The referee not calling it so they're legal in the eyes of Longfellow.

CP: The eyes of Longfellow could use a pair of glasses if you ask me.

[Climbing to his feet, Ohara pulls Hunter up by the arm, whipping him into the ropes...]

SA: Ohara shoots him off... swing and a miss by the Phoenix!

[The rebounding Hunter ducks under a huge knife edge throws at him, bouncing off the far side...

...and runs right into a picture perfect standing dropkick from Ohara that puts Hunter right back down on the mat...]

SA: What a dropkick by Ohara!

CP: Larry Wallace - wherever you are - eat your heart out!

[...and Hunter rolls right back under the ropes to the outside, shaking his head at the early offensive flurry from the challenger.]

SA: Hunter looking to regroup yet again. This is not the gameplan he had in mind for sure.

[With Hunter reeling on the floor, an aggressive Ohara stomps across the ring, grabbing the top rope with both hands...]

SA: Ohara looking to take flight!

[...but finds himself face to face with the Death Star himself who steps in between the recovering Hunter and the attacking Ohara.]

CP: Oho... let's see what happens now, Albano!

SA: And this... this right here is what pundits and fans alike have been worried about for weeks in this match. Can Jordan Ohara overcome the numbers advantage? Can he overcome Blake Colton lurking on the outside ready to do damage and ready - in this case - to defend his ally at the drop of a hat?

[Ohara hesitates, looking down at Colton... then out at the crowd...

...and then slingshots over the top rope towards him!]

SA: SLINGSHOOOOOOT...



[But the powerful Colton is ready...]

SA: ...CAUGHT! COLTON SNATCHES HIM OUT OF MID-AIR!

CP: You talk about power! Blake Colton is one of the strongest men in the entire AWA, jack!

[Colton stands defiant, holding Ohara in his powerful arms like a small child. The referee warns Colton from inside the ring who boosts Ohara up just a little higher, and then THROWS him down on the barely-padded floor!]

SA: Oh! Is that a disqualification?!

[The crowd buzzes with concern over the answer to the same question as referee Ricky Longfellow springs from the ring and gets right up in the face of the Canadian Strongman, reading him the riot act for his actions!]

SA: The referee's really letting Colton have it...

[Colton holds up his hands, shaking his head - "IT WAS SELF DEFENSE, BAHD!"]

SA: Colton begging off, letting the referee know that he was only defending himself.

CP: That's the truth, Albano! That line jumping Ohara threw himself at him and that was the ONLY way that Blake Colton could defend himself!

[The referee pauses, looking down at Ohara with a shake of his head...

...and then waves his arms for the match to continue, climbing back up inside the ring as a smirking Colton steps aside, allowing Jackson Hunter to drag Ohara up off the mats by the hair...]

SA: The match will go on! That's definitely going to be a controversial moment that the world will discuss in the days ahead but the official rules that this match will continue after the blatant attack on Ohara by Blake Colton and-

CP: Look at this, Albano! Hunter's gonna put him into the post!

[With the crowd still buzzing, Jackson Hunter takes aim at driving Ohara's skull into the steel ringpost...

...but Maxim Zharkov defiantly steps in his path, shaking his head to a big cheer!]

SA: How about that, Colt?! Zharkov says NYET! Not on his watch! We wondered if Zharkov - in his obviously subpar physical condition - would be willing to stand up to Hunter and it sure looks like he will!

[Hunter shoves Ohara aside, tossing him down on the floor as he glares wide-eyed at Zharkov...]

"YOU! YOU SON OF A BITCH!"

[The crowd "ooooohs" at that.]

"AFTER EVERYTHING I DID FOR YOU! AFTER EVERYTHING I DID, YOU NO GOOD FU-"

[And the audio cuts out as the Patron Saint of the Seven Second Delay lets the expletives fly at his former managerial charge...

...but as Zharkov gets closer, Blake Colton steps in front of Jackson Hunter, putting his own massive body into position as a shield.]

SA: Uh oh... and if Zharkov was willing to get physical with Jackson Hunter, I do NOT think the same thing is true for Blake Colton - the man who delivered that devastating scoop piledriver at the orders of Jackson Hunter - that put Zharkov in the hospital.

[A smirking Hunter bellows at Zharkov from behind Colton, threatening to "end him for good this time!" as the Tsar looks on with concern...

...and slowly backs away, moving around the ringpost and leaving Colton and Hunter behind to confused jeers from the crowd.]

SA: And he does... he does back down, Colt.

CP: Some might call it cowardly but I call it smart. He's hurt, he's injured, he's not fully recovered... hell, he might NEVER be fully recovered... so walk away from a fight you're not ready for.

[Zharkov reaches up, rubbing at the back of his neck as he looks over at a gloating Jackson Hunter.]

SA: And Jackson Hunter certainly is happy with that. He's so pleased with himself and Blake Colton and the situation they've engineered here tonight. What a piece of garbage that guy is, Colt.

CP: I'm not going to argue with that one... but you've gotta admit that in the span of one year, Jackson Hunter has strung together perhaps the greatest professional wrestling comeback from retirement of all time. It was one year ago that he entered Steal The Spotlight... and WON! From there, he came back from being kicked to the curb by the Axis... he cost Williams and his cousin the tag titles... he won the the National Title twice now... he put Zharkov on the shelf... Jackson Hunter is in position as the de facto Number One Contender to the AWA World Title and one year ago, not a single soul would believe that.

SA: I gotta agree with you there, Colt... and-

[The gloating Hunter turns away from Zharkov back towards the ring...

...and gets WIPED OUT as Jordan Ohara throws himself off the apron into a somersault on the floor!]

SA: CANNONBALL OFF THE APRON TO THE FLOOOOOOR!

[The crowd ROARS for the Phoenix as he rises off the floor, pumping a fist as he looks down at the laid out Hunter. Blake Colton barks something in his direction but Ohara ignores him as he turns back towards the champion, dragging him off the floor and shoving him back inside...]

SA: Ohara tossing Hunter back in, looking to take advantage of that high risk offense on the outside he just pulled off...

[The camera cuts to Maxim Zharkov who almost seems embarrassed as he slinks back into the chair in Ohara's corner, shaking his head.]

SA: ...and you have to wonder if Maxim Zharkov is having second thoughts about coming out here tonight. You talk about a year ago, Colt... one year ago, Maxim Zharkov had perhaps the greatest single night in SuperClash history. He started his

night by defeating the former World Champion... the Hall of Famer... the legend himself, Alex Martinez in a match that sent Martinez into retirement. For most people, that would be MORE than enough for one night but not Zharkov. For the Tsar, the cherry on top was ending the record-setting National Title reign of Travis Lynch - who we'll see back in action later tonight inside the Rottweiler's Cage - to become the new National Champion. That was a year ago in New Orleans. One year later, he's sitting on a chair in the corner, watching two people fight over the same title he won last year... and he's gotta be wondering if he made a mistake getting involved in this situation.

CP: Ohara got him into this, Sal - he's to blame if anything happens!

SA: I don't know if I agree with that at all, Colt.

[After trading words with Blake Colton on the outside, Ohara climbs up on the apron, looking to take advantage of the downed Hunter..

...only to have Colton snatch him by the ankle, holding on for dear life as Hunter manages to distract the official inside the ring...]

SA: Colton grabs him! He hooks Ohara, trying to keep him out of the ring!

CP: And Ohara can fight him all he wants, he's not breaking the grip of that powerhouse.

[Ohara grabs the ropes, trying to kick down with his free leg to break out of Colton's bear-trap of a grip...

...which is when Jackson Hunter scrambles to his feet, rushing across to blindside Ohara with a forearm to the ear!]

SA: And again, Blake Colton out here at ringside pays dividends for the National Champion - the two-time National Champion.

CP: Only three men can claim that mantle - Juan Vasquez, Stevie Scott, and Jackson Hunter.

SA: That's quite the trio.

CP: Imagine the shenanigans those three would get into together.

[Hunter gets an earful from the official who thinks he saw Colton up to something on the outside. The champion is arguing with Longfellow when Ohara grabs him by the wrist...

...and drops off the apron, SNAPPING the arm down across the top rope!]

SA: OH! What a move by Ohara! Using the ring to his advantage and Hunter's shaking out that arm after that.

[The crowd cheers as Hunter grimaces, shaking his arm back and forth as Ohara slides under the ropes into the ring, coming to his feet to confront the man who stole the title from him nearly five months ago.]

SA: Ohara grabbing that wrist...

[The Phoenix twists the arm around, causing Hunter to cry out as he grabs at his twisted tricep...]

SA: ...wrenching that arm, wringing it around, twisting it all up...

[...and delivers a big overhead chop down on the same area Hunter was trying to soothe!]

SA: Ohara firing those chops down into the arm - another one now!

[A few more chops follow, Hunter shouting with each one as Colton slaps his bearpaws down on the mat.]

SA: Ohara says he wants to show the world that you can succeed in this business by doing things the right way and-

[Trapping Hunter's fingers in his, Ohara leverages the arm to lift Hunter up into the air, putting maximum pressure on the wrist, elbow, and shoulder as Hunter SCREAMS in pain. The crowd is ROARING for the unusual offensive attack as the referee checks for a submission.]

CP: Whoooooaa!

[But Ohara is unable to hold Hunter in the air long enough for a submission, dropping him back down on the mat where Hunter falls to his knees while Ohara reapplies the wristlock...]

CP: Is that "the right way," Albano?! That was a deliberate attempt to break the arm of Jackson Hunter!

SA: Colt, can you really blame him?! Jackson Hunter has been a thorn in the side of this young man for months! He's made him doubt himself... to question his whole way of doing things... to wonder if the shortcuts to success were worth taking. Jordan Ohara wants the title but can you blame him if he wants to dish out a little punishment head in Toronto as well?

[Ohara hauls Hunter up to his feet, twisting the arm around again as he does, and gives it a hard yank which causes Hunter to grimace in pain, shaking his head at a questioning official.]

SA: Again, Hunter letting the referee know that he has no intention of giving up that National Title... not tonight.

[Ohara cranks the arm around a second time...

...and Hunter digs his fingers into the eyes, raking hard to break the hold!]

SA: Hunter to the eyes! Freeing himself from Ohara's grasp for the moment!

[The veteran throws himself back into the ropes, bouncing back towards a waiting and temporarily blinded Ohara...]

SA: Hunter off the far side... armdrag by Ohara!

[The crowd cheers for the signature deeeeeeeep armdrag by the Phoenix as he flings Hunter halfway across the ring!]

SA: Both men back up, in comes Hunter again...

[Another big cheer goes up as Ohara uses the armdrag to toss Hunter aside a second time...]

SA: ...and another armdrag sends him flying!

CP: You gotta love those armdrags from Ohara if you're a fan of this sport, jack!

SA: Both men up again...

[Hunter cries out as Ohara takes him down with another armdrag, this time hanging onto it and applying an armbar while taking a knee on the canvas alongside him.]

SA: ...and down into the armbar, wrenching back on that trapped limb as Hunter - you can see the pain on Jackson Hunter's face, Colt.

CP: Jordan Ohara is known for those devastating chops... he's revered by the fans for his high risk aerial tactics... but when I think of this kid, I think of his ability to work over an arm or a leg. The armbars, the legwhips... he can break someone down physically and that's what he's trying to do to the National Champion here tonight in the Rogers Centre.

[Ohara is still hanging onto the arm, bending it back at an awkward angle as Colton shouts at the official about a hairpull. The referee questions Ohara who denies it, glaring out at the Death Star at ringside.]

SA: Ohara came into this hoping to keep his mind on Hunter and off of Blake Colton but so far, the Canadian Strongman has been able to get both physically AND mentally involved in this one.

[Hunter gets his legs under him, forcing his way to his feet as Ohara hangs onto the limb...

...and the veteran swings a knee up into the midsection, causing Ohara to lose his grip as he crumbles away, grabbing at his stomach.]

SA: A veteran move there by Hunter, slipping that knee in there...

[Hunter grimaces, shaking out his arm again as he studies Ohara who is gasping for air after the blow to the breadbasket...]

SA: Hunter taking aim here...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...and now it's Jackson Hunter who lands a big chop, right across the chest of his young rival!

CP: Hunter may not be Ohara in the chopping department but he ain't no slouch neither, Sal.

[Pushing Ohara back to the corner, Hunter traps him there before winding up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[A smirking Hunter piefaces Ohara, holding him back in the corner as the fans jeer and the referee warns him to back off...

...to which he responds by wrapping his hands around the throat of the Phoenix!]

SA: That's a choke! A blatant choke right in front of the official with no regard to how Longfellow reacts!

[The referee reacts by starting a count, reaching four and change before Hunter lets go...]

SA: Hunter using every bit of that count and then some and... oh! He hooks it in again!

[Another four count follows before Hunter lets go, laughing as Zharkov loudly complains to the official, out of his chair once more.]

SA: Hunter breaks again...

[Looking out at Zharkov, Hunter shouts "SIT DOWN, CRIPPLE, BEFORE YOU FALL DOWN!" The fans boo accordingly as Hunter saunters away from the gasping Ohara.]

SA: Fans, we apologize for that. It may not have been an expletive but it doesn't make the words of Jackson Hunter any less disgusting.

CP: Nobody ever called him a nice guy, Albano.

SA: That's for sure.

[Hunter turns towards Zharkov again, grabbing the back of his neck and mockingly staggering around the ring as the crowd jeers and the Tsar's glare burns into the National Champion.]

SA: Hunter mocking the former National Champion now as well... taunting him... and if you ask me, Jackson Hunter would be much better suited in focusing his attention on Jordan Ohara and only Jordan Ohara. This kid can turn his lights out in a hurry if Hunter loses focus.

CP: I can't argue with that one either, Sal. Hunter's spending too much time messing around with Zharkov who is NOT his opponent... and maybe never will be by the looks of him.

[A smirking Hunter saunters back into the corner, grabbing Ohara by the wrist to whip him across...]

SA: Irish whip across...

[...but as Ohara nears the corner, he leaps to the middle rope before springing back, twisting around...]

SA: CROSSBODY!

[...and scores with the flying bodypress, putting Hunter down and staying on him as the referee drops to count!]

SA: We've got one! TWOOOOO!

[But Hunter slips out at two, rolling Ohara off of him. The two men race to get up, arriving at their feet at roughly the same time...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...but a brutal knife edge chop from Ohara knocks Hunter right off his feet, putting him down on the canvas...]

SA: WHAT A CHOP!

[Ohara comes off the knee where he finished the follow-through on his chop, fire in his eyes as Hunter comes to his feet again, coming back in on the Phoenix...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: MAKE IT TWO!

[The pair of brutal chops across the chest leave a red welt on the flesh of the Canadian as he quickly bails out of the ring again, rolling to the outside...]

...and this time, Ohara is determined to follow him as he approaches the corner, starting to climb the turnbuckles...]

SA: Jordan Ohara's going to the top - you talk about the high risk moves of Ohara, Colt, this is it!

CP: Anytime you come off the top rope, it's dangerous... coming off the top and going to the floor is suicidal!

[Ohara steps to the top rope, the Rogers Centre crowd coming to their feet in anticipation of what the former champion and current challenger has in mind next...]

...but the cheers swiftly turn to boos as Blake Colton again steps in front of the downed Jackson Hunter, almost daring Ohara to jump off onto him instead.]

SA: This is getting ridiculous, Colt.

CP: It is for Ohara for sure... but it's a great strategy in place by Jackson Hunter and his meathead thug Colton.

SA: Ohara looking down on him...

[And with frustration all over his face, Ohara hops down onto the mat, waving an angry hand out at Colton as the official nods, moving to shout at the Death Star again.]

SA: Blake Colton continues to get involved with this match and you've gotta wonder how long the referee will let that stand, Colt.

CP: I hate to be the one defending Blake Colton but he didn't touch Ohara... didn't lay a finger on him... so the referee's hands are tied in a lot of ways until he does something more than that.

SA: At least think about ejecting him from ringside!

CP: Again, I'd think you could really only make that call if he gets physically involved, Big Sal.

[Ohara is pacing the ring now, waving the National Champion back inside as the referee gives Colton a talking to.]

SA: Ohara getting frustrated and you can't blame him for sure but he's gotta find a way to keep that frustration at bay, Colt.

CP: Frustration is an easy path to making mistakes and in a match like this, any mistake can be your last.

[Jackson Hunter milks the referee's count a little, taking it up to six before climbing up on the apron...]

"FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY!"

SA: We've reached the fifteen minute mark but a whole lot of time left in this sixty minute National Title matchup.

[The referee tries to force Ohara to let Hunter in but the fired-up Ohara brushes past the official to come after Hunter..]

...who again goes to the eyes, stabbing a thumb out into it!]

SA: Back to the eyes!

CP: And there's a mistake by Ohara!

[Hunter hooks a handful of hair, rushing down the apron to SMASH Ohara's head into the turnbuckles, sending him staggering backwards...]

SA: Ohara's in a daze there... and it's Jackson Hunter climbing the turnbuckles!

CP: A couple of decades ago, this would be standard offense for Hunter. In 2017, this is VERY high risk!

[Hunter awkwardly climbs, reaching the top turnbuckle as he looks down at the dazed Ohara...]

SA: HUNTER LEAPS!

[...and throws himself into a crossbody at the Phoenix...]

...who leaps up into the air, lashing out with a pair of feet to the chest, knocking Hunter out of the sky!]

SA: OHH! DROPKICK LIKE A HEAT-SEEKING MISSILE TAKES DOWN HUNTER!

[Pushing to his knees, Ohara dives across Hunter, earning himself a two count before the champion pushes out of it.]

SA: Two count only - again, Jackson Hunter showing it's going to take a lot more to keep him down and take that title off his waist.

[Ohara pushes up off the mat, pulling Hunter up with him...]

SA: Both men back on their feet now...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Big chop! And Hunter nearly loses his feet, falling all the way back into the corner...

[Reeling in the corner, Ohara rocks and fires...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"



"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Ohara chopping away - look at the welts on the chest of Hunter already!

[Grabbing the arm, Ohara whips Hunter across the ring to the far side where Hunter SLAMS backwards into the corner near Blake Colton who shouts some encouragement to his best bahd.]

SA: Hunter's spine gets rocked from top to bottom and Ohara's not through with him yet!

[Charging across the ring, Ohara jumps up, planting his feet on Hunter's upper thighs as he grabs him by the head...]

SA: Ohara with the monkey fli-

[...but the monkey flip ends with Ohara flying backwards, slamming down hard on the canvas as Hunter stays in the corner...

...thanks to a sneaky grab of the tights by a nearby Blake Colton to keep him there!]

SA: Colton held him! He held Hunter back and Ohara pays the price for it!

CP: The referee didn't see that at all. Hunter's taught Colton well, Sal... completely undetected interference by the big man.

[Many of the crowd saw it though, booing loudly for the outside interference as Zharkov angrily points it out to the official who asks Hunter about it. Hunter shakes his head, shrugging as he stays in the corner, measuring Ohara as he struggles to get up off the deck...]

SA: Ohara's trying to get up, Hunter pushing the referee out of the way, trying to get a clear path...

[...and as Ohara gets to his feet, Hunter comes charging out of the corner, leaping into the air, pumping his knee...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...for INSTANNNNT KARRRRRMAAAAAA!

[Ohara's head snaps back on impact, collapsing to the canvas as Hunter quickly and urgently dives across his chest!]

SA: COVER! IT COULD BE!! IT MIGHT BE!! IT...

[But Ohara's shoulder pops up off the mat, squeaking into the air just a split second before the three count comes down!]

SA: ...NOOOOO! OHARA LIVES TO KEEP FIGHTING!

[Hunter looks wide-eyed at the official who holds up two fingers and then shows that the victory was just a few inches away...

...which seems to enrage Hunter as he grabs a handful of Ohara's hair, smashing his fist down into the face over and over and over...]

SA: Hunter's all over him! He snapped on that near fall, Colt!

[Ohara tries to cover up as Hunter continues to hammer away at him, the Phoenix rolling to his hip and then over onto his stomach...]

SA: Ohara trying to protect himself...

"THUUUUUUUD!"

[The crowd groans as Hunter grabs the hair and SLAMS Ohara's face down into the canvas...]

SA: FACEFIRST INTO THE MAT!

[A second and third faceslam follow with Hunter using the grip on the hair to rake Ohara's handsome face back and forth across the canvas after the third smash.]

SA: He's trying to rub the skin right off the face of Ohara!

CP: The girls of Toronto might drown in their own tears tonight, jack!

[Climbing to his feet, Hunter angrily stomps the lower back... and again... and again...]

SA: Now with the stomps, Hunter trying to stomp this young man right THROUGH the canvas here in the Rogers Centre...

[...and then leaps up, stomping down hard into the kidney region as Ohara cries out in pain!]

SA: ...ohhhh... what a stomp by Hunter!

[Hunter leaps right back up, burying a kneedrop into the lower back this time before grabbing the hair of Ohara, yanking back into a makeshift (and illegal) camel clutch as the referee counts the hairpull.]

SA: Hunter bending the spine back, not for long though as the count continues...

[And at four and change again, Hunter lets go, allowing Ohara to slump forward back down on the mat. Hunter rises to his feet, looking out with disdain on the jeering crowd.]

"I'M \_YOUR\_ CHAMPION! YOURS!"

[He points to the Canadian fans.]

"SHOW SOME RESPECT, GOD DAM-"

[Again, the audio cuts out as we see Hunter's mouth move for several more seconds before we can hear him again.]

SA: He's the one who should show some respect, Colt!

CP: Good luck on that one.

[Hunter leans down to drag a hurting Ohara up off the mat, shoving him back into the turnbuckles.]

SA: Back in the corner goes Ohara again...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...and a big chop keeps him there.

[Hunter puts his fist under Ohara's chin, picking it up to shout at him.]

"YOU THINK YOU'RE BETTER THAN ME?! I USED TO \_BE\_ YOU! I WAS THE HOT PROSPECT! I WAS THE ONCE IN A MILLENNIUM TALENT! I WAS THE FUTURE WORLD CHAMPION!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[An angry Hunter snaps off another chop as punctuation before grabbing Ohara by the arm...]

SA: Whips him across again...

[Ohara SLAMS hard in the corner, a jolt shooting down his spine as he staggers back out, collapsing to his knees and then down onto his face as Hunter glares at him from across the ring, the Canadian fans booing loudly.]

SA: Ohara goes down hard off that whip... his spine's gotta be tingling after that...

CP: Tingling ain't the word for it, Albano. Your spine tingles when you're standing on those ropes, the crowd going nuts after a big win. When you hit the corner like that, your spine throbs... it aches... it screams out in pain.

SA: You'd know better than I would, sir.

[With Ohara down on the mat, trying to drag himself towards the ropes, Jackson Hunter arrogantly strides across the ring...

...and makes a show of stepping OVER Ohara's prone form on his way towards the corner.]

SA: Look at that man. Sheer arrogance. Not satisfied with having his opponent down, he's gotta rub salt in the wound at the same time.

[Hunter grins at the crowd's reaction as he wheels around, putting his back against the turnbuckles as he boosts himself up to stand on the middle rope...]

SA: Hunter on the second rope this time... a little safer...

[...and then leaps into the air, tucking his legs...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRIVES his own back down into Ohara's spine with a senton!]

SA: 224 pounds DOWN across the back of the challenger!

[Hunter flips Ohara over onto his back while shouting "THAT'S HOW IT'S DONE, AMIGO!" before diving across the challenger's chest.]

SA: Hunter's got one! He's got two! He's got- no! Ohara slips out at two!

[Hunter balls up a fist, smashing it down on the mat as he glares at the official who holds up two fingers again.]

SA: We are twenty minutes into this battle for the AWA National Title between the challenger, Jordan Ohara, and the champion, Jackson Hunter.. two men who share a bitter and brutal history looking to see who comes out on top once and for all here tonight in Toronto at SuperClash IX!

[Hunter slowly gets to his feet, still glaring at the official as Blake Colton shouts "ONETWOTHREEBAHD!" from the outside.]

SA: Hunter back on his feet - looks like he's taking issue with the count there off that senton... it looked good to me but Hunter obviously feels otherwise as he... OHH! Snap suplexes Ohara right down onto that back... and another cover!

[Hunter doesn't bother to hook a leg, nodding along with the count...

...that again gets broken up at two as Ohara pops a shoulder up off the mat.]

SA: Another two count... and again, Hunter's out here barking at the official.

[Longfellow shakes his head at the protest of the count as Hunter rises off the mat again, shouting at the referee.]

CP: I know Hunter doesn't like the count but he needs to ignore the referee. Shouting at him isn't going to change his mind.

SA: Hunter pulling Ohara up off the mat again...

[The National Champion slowly lifts Ohara up under his arm, looking out at the crowd...

...and then DROPS the middle of his back down across Hunter's knee!]

SA: OHHH! Backbreaker! And if Ohara's back isn't screaming at him right now for relief, I'd be surprised. Jackson Hunter has put the back of Ohara through the wringer for the last several minutes and as we cross the twenty minute mark of this match, Hunter's gameplan becomes clear - soften up the back by any means necessary and find a way to hook in the Mindflyer.

[Keeping Ohara across the bent knee, Hunter shoves down on the chin and the upper thigh, bending Ohara's spine over the knee as the Phoenix cries out. The referee is right in position to check for a submission but informs Hunter when Ohara refuses.]

SA: Ohara not giving up... not yet at least... and Hunter shoves him off his knee in disgust.

[With Ohara down on the mat, reaching back to grab at his lower back, Hunter stands over him.]

"I told you, kid. I gave you the chance of a lifetime!"

SA: Hunter telling Ohara that he gave him a chance... a chance to stand beside Colton and Hunter and...

CP: Can you imagine what a group that would've been, Sal? Jackson Hunter, Jordan Ohara, and Blake Colton. Look, we've seen what Hunter's done for people with raw potential in the past. Zharkov. Derrick Williams. Even that meathead Blake Colton. Imagine what he could've done for a so-called Once In A Millennium

talent... just imagine. That might've been a group worthy of someday exceeding even The Axis in stature... but Ohara threw it all away and now Hunter's letting him know this is what happens when you spurn Jackson Hunter.

[Pulling Ohara away from the ropes, Hunter lifts the legs, looking out on the Toronto crowd...]

SA: Twenty years ago, "Quickstrike" Chris Quigley and Dan Kauffman went to war in this very building at the IIWF's legendary event - Ring Wars 3 - and on that night, Quigley trapped Kauffman in his signature hold - the Quickstriker... and now Jackson Hunter looks to use the exact same hold on Jordan Ohara!

[But as Hunter attempts to step through and apply the hold, Ohara reaches up and grabs the foot, desperate to avoid it!]

SA: Ohara's fighting it! On that night twenty years ago, Dan Kauffman was unable to avoid it and was trapped in it for over three minutes - a sequence that many believe directly led to Kauffman falling to defeat that night... can Jordan Ohara avoid what Dan Kauffman could not?

[Hunter continues to try to wrestle Ohara into the hold, putting his foot back on the canvas to regroup and try again...]

...but the Phoenix draws his legs in close to his chest, pushing off hard and sending Hunter rocketing backwards across the ring where he slams back into the turnbuckles!]

SA: Ohh! Hunter goes flying back into the corner!

[Ohara slowly scoots backwards, creating some space between he and the National Champion as he drags himself to his feet...]

SA: The challenger getting off the mat, looking to find a way to finish off Jackson Hunter and recapture the National Title he worked so long and hard to win back in July.

[As Ohara gets to his feet, Hunter pushes himself out of the corner, rushing forward towards the challenger...]

SA: Hunter out of the corner... armdra-

[But as Ohara telegraphs his signature takedown, the wily veteran pulls up short...

...and BURIES his knee in the lower back of Ohara who cries out, crumpling down to a knee on the canvas.]

CP: Brilliant move by Hunter! He lured him into that - not a doubt in my mind that he did, Sal.

SA: I believe you're right... and with Ohara stunned, it's Hunter looking to go in for the kill...

[Grabbing the hair, Hunter hauls Ohara to his feet and then whips him to the ropes...]

SA: Irish whip across...

[Ohara bounces off, coming quickly towards Hunter who sets his feet...

...but Ohara takes flight, flinging himself into the air to catch Hunter across the torso with a crossbody, knocking him to the mat!]

SA: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO!

[Hunter slips out from under Ohara who immediately grabs at his back as he gets to his knees, grimacing in pain as Hunter starts to crawl away from him, looking to recover as well.]

SA: Ohara climbing back to his feet... Hunter trying to get away from him...

[Ohara raises a weary arm to cheers... Hunter pulling on the ropes to get himself to a knee up against them, tiredly reaching out towards the referee who steps closer to him...]

SA: Ohara to the ropes...

[But as soon as Ohara hits the ropes, Blake Colton SMASHES a double axehandle into his lower back, completely unseen by the referee who Jackson Hunter has called to his side...]

SA: OH! Cheapshot by Colton!

[Ohara staggers off the ropes as Hunter springs up, pushing past the official to rush towards the challenger...]

SA: The referee didn't see it but Blake Colton strikes again and...

[...and the crowd ERUPTS into a shocked reaction as Hunter gutwrenches Ohara up, holding him torso to torso with Ohara's head dangling above the canvas...]

SA: No! No, no, no! This is the same scoop piledriver they used to put Zharkov in that neck brace!

[Zharkov grabs the bottom rope, a determined expression on his face as he leans closer to the ring...

...which is when Ohara starts wriggling and shaking, throwing Hunter off-balance...]

SA: He's fighting it! Ohara's fighting it!

[...and scissors his legs around Hunter's head, tucking and rolling forward which propels Hunter across the ring and THROUGH the ropes, falling out to the floor to a big relieved cheer from the Toronto crowd!]

SA: Jordan Ohara may have just saved more than the result of this match for himself right there - he may have saved his entire career, Colt!

CP: The piledriver - any piledriver - is the most dangerous move in our sport. We've seen it used a handful of times in AWA history and always to devastating effect... and tonight, we saw Jackson Hunter with some malicious intentions. He wanted to spike this kid on his head and end his damn career - no doubt about it!

SA: I believe you're exactly right. What kind of a piece of garbage... who does that?!

CP: We know who does it... and we know what kind of person they are to do it, Sal. I've said some nice things about Hunter tonight... much to my dismay at times... but not this time. There's no call for that... none at all.

[As Ohara approaches the other side of the ring, grabbing at his neck, looking anxious over what just ALMOST happened, he reaches over the ropes towards Hunter who is on the apron...]

SA: Hunter didn't go to the floor completely... he managed to stay on the apron and-

[...and reaching up to grab the back of the head, Hunter drops down and SNAPS Ohara's throat over the top rope!]

SA: OH!

[A coughing and gasping Ohara staggers backwards as Hunter slides back into the ring, an evil expression on his face as the crowd lets him have it for his attempt to cripple the Phoenix.

SA: Hunter's back in...

[He grabs Ohara by the arm, swinging him around...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

SA: Hard chop by the champion!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

SA: And the challenger fires back!

[Hunter stumbles back under the Ohara chop, rubbing at his chest as he steps back in...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

SA: Hunter lays one in there...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

SA: And Ohara returns fire again!

[The blow sends Hunter staggering backwards again as Ohara advances on him...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

[Hunter falls backwards, ending up against the ropes...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

[...and yet another big chop lands, sending Hunter backwards where his arms become trapped in-between the top and middle ropes!]

SA: OH! OH! HE'S CAUGHT IN THE ROPES!

[The eyes of Jackson Hunter go wide as the crowd roars as a grinning Ohara stares down at him...]

SA: Jackson Hunter is caught in the ropes and-

[With the fans cheering him on, Ohara winds up and steps in...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[The crowd is ROARING as Hunter takes several skin-blistering chops to the exposed chest, still dangling in the ropes helplessly...]

SA: Ohara's lighting him up! Hunter's got no way out of this!

[Rushing to his ally's side, Colton reaches up to help the referee who is trying to free the National Champion from his predicament...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[With Hunter dangling helpless, Ohara is forced back by the official who turns away, trying to get him free again...]

...but this time when he steps in, Ohara is greeted with a kick to the gut from the trapped Hunter!]

SA: Oh! Jackson Hunter goes downstairs on his challenger!

[Suddenly free from the ropes, Hunter grabs Ohara by the back of the hair, rushing across the ring...]

SA: OVER THE TOP!

[...and hurls Ohara over the top rope, turning away as he does...]

...and missing Ohara hooking the top rope with both hands, holding on to prevent his fall...]

SA: No! Ohara hangs on!

[...and then using his upper body strength, pulls himself back over the top rope into the ring...]

SA: WOW!

CP: Impressive stuff from the challenger and-

[Hunter snatches Ohara by the hair, rushing across again...]



SA: OUT THE OTHER SIDE!

[...but Ohara hangs on again, pulling himself back up as Hunter approaches, determined to dump him out...]

SA: Hunter coming over to- OHARA HOOKS HIM!

[...and the Phoenix scissors his legs around Hunter's head, dragging him over the ropes to the outside of the ring!]

SA: OHARA PULLS HIM TO THE OUTSIDE!

[Ohara sits on the apron, breathing heavily as Hunter is sprawled out on the floor. Blake Colton again moves swiftly around the ring, heading towards his downed compatriot to check his condition.]

SA: Ohara on his feet on the apron...

[Colton turns towards Ohara, glaring at him again...]

SA: ...and again, Blake Colton puts himself between Ohara and Hunter!

[The crowd jeers Colton as he waves Ohara out to join him. The Phoenix throws a dismissive gesture, turning his back on Colton to walk away...]

SA: Jordan Ohara, you have chosen wisely...

[...but then jerks back around, sidestepping towards a surprised Colton...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SIDESTEP SUPERKICK ON COLTON!

[Colton's eyelids flutter as he staggers backwards, clearing the path between Ohara and Hunter who is getting back to his feet...]

...which is when Ohara leaps high in the air, extending his arm over his head...]

SA: FLYING CHOP OFF THE APRON! TOMAHAWK CHOP FINDS THE MARK!

[With Colton still down, Ohara pumps his arms to celebrate getting the shot in on Hunter on the floor. The Toronto crowd roars as Ohara pulls Hunter off the ringside mats, tossing him back into the ring...]

SA: Hunter back in... and Ohara's on the move! Maybe he's sensing this could be his moment... this could be his chance to finish off Jackson Hunter and wrap that National Title back around his waist!

[Ohara is up on the apron as he starts to climb the corner turnbuckles...]

SA: Ohara climbing way up high... with the champion in his sights...

[...and Ohara takes flight, soaring high and gracefully through the air, arm extended again...]

SA: ...and DOWWWWWWN ACROSS THE HEAD OF HUNTER!

[Ohara throws his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture as he dives across Hunter's prone form!]

SA: IT COULD BE!! IT MIGHT BEEEEEE!! IT...

[And the crowd ERUPTS in cheers...]

SA: ...ISSSSSSSS!

[...and then deflates instantly to boos as the referee jerks back, pointing at Hunter's foot just barely over the bottom rope... and Blake Colton staggering away from the scene of the crime!]

SA: I think Colton put his damn foot on the ropes, Colt!

CP: I didn't see it, Sal, but nothing would surprise me at this point.

[Ohara gets off the mat, clapping his hands together in frustration as he pulls Hunter back up to his feet to join him...]

SA: Irish whi- reversed by Hunter!

[Ohara bounces off the ropes as Hunter ducks down...]

SA: Backdr- no, sunset flip!

[...and Ohara drags him down to the mat!]

SA: ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOO!

[Hunter kicks out, clapping his legs together on Ohara's ears to break free!]

SA: Ohara trying to get that sunset flip but Hunter escaped... both men trying to get to their feet now...

[Ohara comes towards Hunter who ducks down, scooping him up...]

SA: ...Hunter with the scoop sla- INSIDE CRADLE! INSIDE CRADLE!!  
ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! TH-

[...but again Hunter kicks out, breaking out of the pin attempt! The crowd is buzzing, breathless at the near fall as again the two competitors struggle to get back to their feet...]

SA: We've gotta be getting close to the half hour mark now as-

[Hunter throws a wild chop as they face off - wild enough that Ohara is able to duck under, reaching back to hook both arms...]

SA: BACKSLIDE ON THE WAAAAAAAY... YES!

[...and the referee dives to the mat, slapping the canvas once... twice... thr-]

SA: NO! HUNTER OUT AT TWO AGAIN!

[A shocked Jackson Hunter decides to get the heck out of the ring, making a crawl for it as Colton tries to get there to grab his hands...]

SA: Hunter's trying to get out of there...

[...but to the roar of the crowd, Ohara pulls him back by the feet into the middle of the ring, shaking his head...]

SA: ...but Jordan Ohara says not tonight!

[Hunter rolls over onto his back as Ohara struggles with his grip on the legs, drawing the legs closer and kicking Ohara backwards into the ropes...

...but Ohara bounces right back, hooking the raised legs and flipping over into a double leg cradle!]

SA: WHAT A MANEUVER BY OHARA! HE'S GOT HIM DOWN FOR ONE!! FOR TWO!! FOR-

[The crowd "ooooohs" in shock as Jackson Hunter bridges out of the double leg cradle attempt, getting to his feet, and twists right around to drag Jordan Ohara back down in a backslide of his own!]

SA: WHAT?! HUNTER WITH THE BACKSLIDE NOW!! ONNNNNNNNE!  
TWOOOOOOOO!

[But Ohara kicks out, breaking free of the champion's pinning attempt!]

SA: What a battle between two of the best in our sport! Back and forth, back and forth they go... both fighting to get to their feet first and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

SA: CHOP BY HUNTER!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

SA: OHARA FIRES BACK!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

SA: HUNTER!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

SA: OHARA!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

SA: OHARA!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

SA: OHARA!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

SA: OHARA!

[The final chop spins Hunter around on the impact, leaving him facing away from Ohara who hooks him around the waist, rushing forward...]

SA: ROLLING REVER- NO! HUNTER HOOKS THE ROPES TO BLOCK IT!

[Ohara rolls back up to his feet, ducking down as Hunter starts to charge...

...and the champion leaps over the Phoenix, attempting to drag him down in a sunset flip of his own...]

SA: HUNTER PULLS HIM DOWN!! ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! TH-

[The crowd "oooooohs" as Ohara NARROWLY escapes the pin there, breaking free JUST before the three count falls.]

SA: Was that three?! Was it?!

CP: The referee says no - that was CLOSE, Albano!

SA: Both men up again... big cho-

[But a wild chop from Ohara whiffs, allowing Hunter to pull him down in a schoolboy...]

SA: ROLLUP!

[...and snatch a blatant handful of tights for leverage!]

SA: HE'S GOT THE TIGHTS! HE'S GOT THE-

[The crowd is shouting as the referee counts once... twice... annnnnnnnd...]

SA: OHHH! OHARA SLIPS OUT \_JUST\_ IN TIME! \_JUST\_ IN TIME!

[Hunter springs to his feet, shouting at the referee, shoving three fingers in Ricky Longfellow's face as Blake Colton screams up from the floor.]

SA: It was close. It was very, very close and that's why Jackson Hunter and Blake Colton are beside themselves right now!

"THIRTY MINUTES GONE BY! THIRTY MINUTES REMAIN!"

SA: Thirty minutes left in the time limit for this one! The halfway point and-

[Back on his feet, Ohara grabs Hunter in a rear waistlock...

...but Hunter expertly reverses, ending up behind Ohara and charging him forward...]

SA: ROLLING REVERSE!

[...and the official dives down to count...]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO!

[...and suddenly Ohara uses a double handful of tights to pull Hunter over onto his shoulders, reversing the pin!]

SA: REVERSED! REVERSED!

[The referee switches position, slapping the mat once... twice... threeeeeeeee- no!]

SA: OHHHH! HUNTER GOT THE SHOULDER UP BY THE SKIN OF HIS DAMN TEETH!

CP: And what happened to winning the right away, Albano?! Ohara had hold of the tights! Is that how he wants to win?!

[Ohara is down on his knees on the near fall, shaking his head... perhaps considering exactly what Colt is asking right now.]

SA: Ohara was just returning the favor from what Hunter did to him... but you're right, Colt. Is fighting fire with fire the "right way" that Jordan Ohara talked about earlier today? Can he be proud of a win like that?

[Ohara slowly gets to his feet, grabbing at his back as he does. He looks out at the fans... the hint of an apologetic expression on his face as he shakes his head again.]

SA: Ohara seems a little out of sorts at the moment but he needs to get out of that state and now...

[But as the challenger turns back towards the champion...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...Hunter lands a big chop, knocking a surprised Ohara backwards.]

SA: The fight is on once again and...

[Hunter drops back, measuring his man...]

SA: Hunter on the move!

[...and leaps up, pumping the knee...]

SA: INSTANT KA- NO!

[...but Ohara sidesteps, causing Hunter to fly by untouched...]

SA: WAISTLOCK!

[...but Ohara hooks a waistlock as he lands, gritting his teeth...]

SA: GERMAN SUPLEX!

[...and DRIVES Hunter down on the back of his head and neck, holding the bridge as the referee drops to count!]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

[But at the last moment, the bridge gives way and Ohara and Hunter alike go tumbling down to the canvas in a pile with the crowd buzzing at another near fall!]

SA: The back gave out! Ohara's back gave out and the bridge went with it... Ohara grabbing at his lower back now...

CP: I'm surprised he even got Hunter up for that, Sal.

SA: Sheer will... determination... drive to win... and the love of these fans cheering him on, on their feet all over the world driving the Phoenix to new heights!

[Hunter again is on his belly, crawling for his life to get away from the surging Phoenix as Ohara sits on the canvas for several moments, collecting himself after the near fall.]

SA: Hunter trying to get to the corner, trying to get to some place to regroup...

CP: This is a hell of a matchup, Albano. The National Title is driving these two to go beyond themselves and give us everything they can possibly summon into their bodies...

[Climbing up off the mat, Ohara takes a deep breath as he turns to seek out Hunter who has reached the corner and is dragging himself up to his feet using the turnbuckles. Colton is right there by the corner, shouting at him, warning him that Ohara is coming for him...]

SA: Ohara moving in on the corner, he's gotta be exhausted and just ravaged with pain to that lower back...

[Ohara is almost there when Colton shouts "NOW!" and Hunter snaps his elbow back, catching the advancing challenger in the cheekbone, sending him staggering back, stumbling to a knee...]

SA: ...and, oh! What a smart move out of Colton and Hunter, Colton warning Hunter that Ohara was right behind him!

[With Ohara down on a knee, Hunter grabs the top rope with both hands, also looking weary and running on fumes...]

...and puts a foot up on the middle rope, the crowd instantly buzzing as he does...]

CP: Oh, you've gotta be kidding me.

SA: Once upon a time, Jackson Hunter was one of the best junior heavyweights in all of wrestling. The Velociraptor was one of the best high flyers on the planet. That time has passed him by but for one night... for one moment... can Jackson Hunter pull off one more move from the highest perch in the ring and score the ultimate victory here at SuperClash?!

[Hunter steps up, both feet on the middle rope... then one to the top... Blake Colton looks up at his ally with wide eyes, shaking his head in disbelief at what he's seeing...]

CP: You talk about high risks, Sal - this is the ULTIMATE high risk! Jackson Hunter is laying it ALL on the line right here! Go big or go home!

[The National Champion steps to the top, delicately balanced as he finds his footing, waiting... waiting...]

...and as Ohara drifts back to his feet, looking up through surprised eyes...]

SA: MOONSAULT!

[It is not the prettiest thing - once graceful and arcing but now awkward and ungainly - but it still sets flashbulbs to firing as he flips through the air towards Ohara who raises his arms...]

...and gets caught FLUSH across the upper body, toppling him down to the canvas as Hunter reaches out, clinging to Ohara's legs!]

SA: IT COULD BE!! IT MIGHT BEEEEEE!! IT...

[The crowd ERUPTS as Ohara's right shoulder comes flying up off the canvas a split second before the hand slaps the mat a third time!]

SA: SO CLOSE! SO CLOSE FOR JACKSON HUNTER!

[The champion rolls off of Ohara, staring up at the lights as his chest heaves rapidly.]

SA: Ohara, fighting off sheer exhaustion now... Hunter right there with him... we're over thirty minutes into this battle and these two men will not stop... will not quit... and they've gotta somehow find a way to keep going to see who can walk out of Toronto as the AWA National Champion!

[Hunter sits up on the mat, looking out at Blake Colton who is hammering the canvas with his bearpaws, screeching at Hunter to "WAKE UP! WAKE UP AND FINISH HIM!" The weary champion gives a nod as he rolls to a knee, breathing hard as he looks over at Ohara who has rolled to a hip and is trying to get to his feet as well.]

SA: Both men fighting to get to their feet... Ricky Longfellow stepping back and watching, what a job he's done during this one...

[Hunter gets to his feet a second before Ohara...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...but Ohara strikes first, landing a big chop that stuns Hunter, dropping him back a couple of feet where he sinks down to a knee.]

SA: What a shot by Ohara!

[Hunter grits his teeth, climbing to his feet as Ohara sets up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...sending Hunter back another couple of steps...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and another couple of steps, ending up with his back pressed against the turnbuckles...]

SA: Ohara's got him backed into the corner!

[With the crowd rallying behind him, Ohara steps up on the second turnbuckle, ready to let the fists fly...]

...but before a single blow lands, Hunter wriggles out from under him, hooking the leg and holding on tight as the fans jeer at their Countus Interruptus.]

SA: Hunter's got him by the leg, trying to-

[Ohara grabs the top rope, shaking his leg and managing to create just enough space to bury a back kick into the face of Hunter, sending him falling back...]

SA: Oh! He caught Hunter right in the mouth!

[...and with the crowd looking on, Ohara leaps from the second rope to the top, springing back up to do a full 180 to land on the top rope again...]

SA: WHAT THE...?!

[...and then HURLS himself from the top rope, catching Hunter across the upper chest and face with the standing version of the Phoenix Flame!]

SA: PHOENIX FLAME! PHOENIX FLAME!!!

[Ohara reaches back, hooking a leg tight...]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: SWEET SANTA MARIA, JACKSON HUNTER KICKS OUT! HE SLIPPED RIGHT OUT THE BACK DOOR OUT OF THAT PINNING SITUATION!

[Ohara pushes up on his knees, staring in disbelief at the official... and slams his hands down into the mat once... twice... three times, letting loose an absolute roaring growl of anguished frustration!]

SA: Ohara can't believe he got out of that!

CP: It looked like he hit him a little too high, Sal... that little springboard to get up there might've given him the wrong approach angle and he didn't catch him flush across the chest like you want to with that move. Hunter got out of it just in time though. Wow!

SA: Ohara's climbing to his feet... anger in his eyes... frustration running through him as he tries to find a way to finish off Jackson Hunter and get that title back around his waist...

[A fired-up Zharkov slaps the mat a couple of times as Ohara gets to his feet, nodding to the cheering crowd as he approaches the downed and crawling Hunter.]

SA: Hunter again looking for a way out, trying to get to the corner...

[But Ohara catches him, pulling him up and shoving him back to the buckles...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: An absolutely scintillating chop by the challenger!

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[With Hunter reeling, Ohara lets loose another roar of frustration...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

[...and much like a certain White Knight, he rains down chops into the torso of a stunned Jackson Hunter...]



"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and finally steps back a bit, breathing heavily as Hunter clings to the ropes, trying to stay on his feet. The referee shouts at Ohara from behind, trying to get him out of the corner...]

SA: Ricky Longfellow is trying to get Ohara out of there... trying to get his attention...

[But Ohara steps back in, driving an overhead thrust between the eyes... and another.. and another... and another...]

CP: Gotta get him out of the corner, ref!

SA: He's trying, Colt! Longfellow is doing his best and-

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

[...but the referee gets a little too close and as Ohara draws his hand back for a blow, he accidentally hits the referee with his backswing. The blow stuns the official, sending him staggering backwards and falling to all fours but it doesn't completely lay him out!]

SA: OH! He accidentally got the referee!

[Ohara immediately jerks around, moving to the aid of the referee who is down on all fours in mid-ring.]

SA: Ohara didn't mean it, rushing to Ricky Longfellow's side... trying to check on him, trying to help him up...

CP: Trying to talk him out of disqualifying him.

SA: Oh, come on, Colt... that wasn't deliberate at all and you know it.

CP: I don't know that, Albano! Ohara might've decided he can't win this match and he needs a cheap way out to save face!

SA: That is NOT the kind of man that Jordan Ohara is and you DO know that.

[Ohara helps the official to his feet...]

...but a shout from Zharkov gets his attention, twisting back to see Jackson Hunter barreling towards him...]

SA: INSTANT KARM- AHHH!

[...but the bicycle knee strike whiffs on hitting Ohara and SMASHes into the referee, sending Longfellow flying across the ring where he flops down to the mat in a motionless heap as the crowd groans with distress!]

CP: Uh oh! Man down!

[The crowd is buzzing now as Hunter looks down at the motionless referee...]

...and gets a wicked grin on his face.]

SA: Was that on purpose?! Did Jackson Hunter just knockout the referee on-

[But the grin quickly vanishes as Ohara gives a shout of pain-filled effort, lifting Hunter up into the air, twisting him around...

...and DRIVING him down in a sitout powerbomb!]

SA: BOLT BUSTER! BOLT BUSTER! OHARA'S GOT HIM!

[But as the crowd counts...]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!"

"FOUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUR!"

[...they quickly realize there is no referee to count along with them. A frustrated Ohara slaps the mat three times as well before shoving Hunter's legs aside.]

SA: He had him! He had him beat right there in the middle of the ring! We should have a new champion!

[Ohara climbs up off the mat, throwing up his hands in disbelief as he looks at the downed referee. He looks up the aisle, waving an arm, calling for a replacement official...

...and then moves back to the downed Longfellow, taking a knee next to him, giving him a shake...]

SA: Ohara trying to get the referee up - trying to get him to stir back to life...

[Ohara gives another shake as Blake Colton can be seen moving swiftly around the ring...]

SA: Jackson Hunter's trying to get back up... that powerbomb took a lot out of him but...

[...but with Ohara's back turned, Hunter is able to throw himself into a lunging forearm to the back of the head, sending Ohara down on top of the official!]

SA: And Hunter nails him from the blind side!

CP: Ohara turned his back on him - what do you want him to do, ask him to face him before he punches his lights out?!

SA: How about a little bit of sportsmanship, Colt?!

CP: Sportsmanship?! From Jackson Hunter?! Why don't you just ask our new broadcast partners to crank up the smut in their cartoons? You'll stand a better chance of getting what you're asking for!

[Hunter climbs off the mat, looking down at the felled Ohara and Longfellow...

...and then turns to look at Blake Colton, waving a hand at him.]

SA: He's signaling Colton, perhaps calling him into the ring to... oh no.

[The crowd starts to buzz anew as Colton pulls up the ring apron, digging underneath...

...and slowly drags Jackson Hunter's shovel into view.]

SA: He's got that shovel! He's got that damn shovel!

[Colton extends the shovel towards his ally who gladly accepts it, gripping it gleefully in both hands...]

CP: Look at Zharkov, Sal... he's real damn familiar with that shovel.

[Zharkov is seething as he stares up at Hunter who rests the shovel on his shoulder, parading around the ring with it. The fans are booing loudly as Hunter looks at them. Colton turns, shouting angrily at them as well...]

SA: Wait a second... wait one second here...

[The crowd is buzzing now as Jordan Ohara pushes up to his knees and Jackson Hunter turns back towards him, shovel still resting on his shoulder. He approaches the kneeling challenger, a sadistic smile on his face...]

SA: Colt, do you see what I'm seeing?!

CP: You know I do, Albano - but what I don't know is if it's a good idea at all! The man's got a shovel in there and-

[The crowd gets louder as Hunter stands over Ohara, shovel gripped tightly in his hands, badmouthing his challenger who is looking up at Hunter with... hope?]

SA: Hunter's got the shovel! He's got Ohara in his sights but he doesn't know that-

[Hunter angrily rears back with the shovel as Ohara clenches his eyes tightly, trying to lift his arms to defend himself...]

SA: ZHARKOV!

[...and suddenly Hunter is stuck like a truck in the Canadian snow, trying to pull the shovel down and crown Ohara over the skull with it...]

SA: THE TSAR HAS DONE WHAT HE CAME TO DO!

[...but the powerful hands of Maxim Zharkov have grabbed the shovel, holding on for dear life as Hunter tries to rip it free. On the floor, Blake Colton has missed all of this as he berates the ringside fans that were booing Hunter moments ago.]

CP: But what happens...

[Suddenly, Hunter jerks away, twisting around to face Zharkov, still with his hands on it in a makeshift tug-o-war...]

CP: ...now?

[...and angrily, Hunter pushes the shovel at the Russian, sending him toppling awkwardly over onto the canvas, the shovel falling to the side as Hunter sneers down at the Tsar!]

SA: Uh oh. Zharkov stopped Hunter from using that shovel on Ohara but...

CP: But like I said... what happens now?! Hunter's got Zharkov in his sights instead!

[Hunter smirks at Zharkov who is down on the mat, his neck and spine being supported by the halo collar as he leans against the ropes, looking up at the man he just stopped from doing permanent damage to Jordan Ohara!]

SA: What the hell is he going to do?! This sick, sadistic... this menace...

[Hunter is looking down on Zharkov, shaking his head at him...]

"What happened to you, man? You used to be beautiful."

[...and then abruptly reaches out, grabbing Zharkov by the halo collar, and violently starts shaking him back and forth by the spine-supporting metal!]

SA: AHH! AHHH! STOP HIM! SOMEBODY STOP HIM!!

[The crowd is LIVID at Hunter's brutal assault and the jeers soon turn to literal trash being thrown in his direction. A half-filled water bottle bounces off his chest, causing his eyes to flash with rage as he shoves Zharkov back down to the mat by the collar, leaving him in a groaning, quivering heap as the Toronto fans call for Jackson Hunter's head on a damn spike.]

SA: I can't... fans, I cannot believe what I just saw! I can't believe he did that!

CP: It's pretty damn low even for him, I'll give you that.

SA: He helped put the man on the injured list - sent him to a hospital - and now this?! A deliberate attempt to... to... what, Colt?! What was he trying to do?!

CP: Put him in a wheelchair.

SA: Is that it? Will Jackson Hunter not be satisfied until Maxim Zharkov can never walk again?! Is that his endgame?!

[Hunter looks out at the rabid crowd, swatting away a dirty hot dog wrapper flung in his direction. He points at the fans...]

SA: We may be about to have our first SuperClash riot, Colt! These fans are... this is a powder keg ready to explode!

CP: And Jackson Hunter's the biggest spark of 'em all.

[...and starts to go through the ropes when a second referee, Pete "Blue Shoes" Miller, emerges from the back, forcing Hunter back, waving him off.]

SA: Thank heavens that we've got someone to try and get control of Hunter but... too little too late if you ask me! Look at what he's done!

[Hunter angrily turns away from the new referee, stomping over towards the still-kneeling Ohara who seems barely able to move. Miller kneels down next to Zharkov, checking on him as Hunter grabs Ohara by the hair, pulling him to his feet...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

SA: BIG CHOP BY OHARA!

[A shocked Hunter backpedals, looking around nervously as Ohara stays standing where he is. Hunter moves in again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

SA: OHARA TRYING TO GET ONE MORE GASP OF AIR! ONE MORE BREATH OF WIND!

[Hunter stumbles back again as Ohara steps forward this time...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

[...and delivers a chop that knocks Hunter down onto his knees, grasping on the canvas as Ohara spins away, giving a big shout to the fans, getting fired up for what he hopes will be his path to victory!]

SA: OHARA'S GOT THE CROWD BEHIND HIM!

[But before Ohara can turn around, the kneeling Hunter finds what he was grasping for and BURIES it in the lower back of Ohara while the referee is still tending to Zharkov!]

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

SA: THE HANDLE OF THE SHOVEL INTO THE INJURED BACK!

[Ohara collapses to his knees with a cry of agony as Hunter grins madly on the canvas, tossing the shovel aside as he scrambles to his feet, shoving Ohara down on the canvas...]

SA: Hunter turning him over... grabbing the legs... stepping through...

[The crowd ERUPTS in concern for Ohara as Hunter flips him over into the Mindflayer, leaning back and putting extreme pressure on the injured back of the Phoenix as the referee leaps up from checking on Zharkov and walks over to Ohara, kneeling down to check for a submission...]

SA: Hunter used that shovel on the back - just one more shot to it - and now he's got the Mindflayer hooked in!

CP: I don't think Ohara's getting out of this, Sal! This is it!

SA: Ohara's been through hell in this one and he may not have enough left to power his way out like Dan Kauffman did twenty years ago! That's his only way out! He's in the center of the ring! Leaning back... applying as much pressure as he can...

[On the floor, Blake Colton is already celebrating, jumping up and down, pumping his arms with a loud "YOU GOT HIM, BAHD! YOU GOT HIM!"]

SA: Blake Colton thinks it's over and he might be right, Colt! Hunter leaning back, Ohara screaming in pain, the referee is right there... right there to check to see if Ohara gives it up. And Colt, you know that as much as Jordan Ohara wants the title, it's not worth his career.

CP: Speaking as someone who has cut careers short and has had his own career cut short due to injury, that's one hundred percent right... now you just have to convince yourself of that in the moment.

SA: Ohara trying to hang on... trying to find a way out... the ropes are too far... they're too far...

[And suddenly, the crowd ERUPTS as something goes flying across the ring, bouncing off the canvas, coming to a rest against the ropes right where Jackson Hunter can see it.]

SA: Oh. My. God.

[The crowd gets LOUDER as Hunter's eyes go wide, stunned at what he's seeing... and terrified at what it means. He lets go of Ohara's legs... perhaps not even knowing that he did it, allowing them to sink to the mat as Ohara comes to rest on his chest, breathing heavily, sucking up the pain shooting through his legs and back...

...and slowly Jackson Hunter turns around to find Maxim Zharkov - The Tsar - standing tall, having ripped the collar off his body and thrown it across the ring for the man directly responsible for him being in it to see.]

SA: ZHARKOV TOOK OFF THE NECKBRACE!

[The Toronto crowd is screaming, threatening the structural integrity of the former Skydome as Zharkov stands, menacing Jackson Hunter whose eyes are wider and hands are up, pleading for his life as Zharkov looks to be getting angrier and angrier with each passing moment.

An equally stunned referee throws himself in front of Zharkov, both arms fully extended, shouting at the former National Champion to not attack Hunter.. to not get physically involved... to not end Jordan Ohara's tremendous effort with a cheap disqualification.]

CP: We've got ourselves a standoff, jack!

[Suddenly, Blake Colton dives under the ropes, coming to his feet between Zharkov and Hunter. The referee wheels around on Colton, shouting him back as well as the Death Star stares dead into the eyes of the man he put in a hospital...

...and then without warning, he surges towards him, stretching out a powerful arm for a clothesline aimed at the very neck he injured previously!]

SA: CLOTHESLI- DUCKED BY ZHARKOV!

[The Mad Russian goes into an immediate spin as Colton hits the ropes, lunging towards him...]

SA: PEACEMAKER!

[...and OBLITERATES Colton with a discus lariat that sends the Canadian Strongman tumbling over the ropes to the outside, landing in a motionless heap on the floor as the Toronto crowd goes WILD!]

SA: COLTON'S DOWN! COLTON'S OUT!

[Zharkov slowly turns, pointing at Hunter who visibly gulps, looking nervously back and forth.]

SA: HUNTER'S ALL ALONE! HE'S GOT NOWHERE TO RUN! NOWHERE TO HIDE!

[But as Hunter looks on the verge of a full blown panic attack, something strange happens. Maxim Zharkov is not moving towards him. Nyet. Instead, he is smiling at his former manager... one might even say... smirking.]

SA: Zharkov is-

[Hunter suddenly senses danger, whipping back the other way to find a fired-up Jordan Ohara waiting for him...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and drills the champion with a big chop across the chest...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and another one, aimed a little higher, snapping Hunter's head to the side...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and back across the pectorals, knocking Hunter backwards towards the turnbuckles where Ohara grabs the arm...]

SA: Shoots him to the buckles...

[Hunter hits the corner hard, bouncing back out...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

SA: OHARA CHOPS HIM DOWN AGAIN!

[Zharkov exits the ring, pumping a fist in the direction of the downed Hunter as Ohara looks around...]

...and spots the discarded shovel on the mat. Hunter rolls up to a knee, making a lunge for it as Ohara does the same...]

SA: They both reach for the shovel and-

[The crowd ROARS as Ohara stomps down on the shovel, smashing Hunter's fingers underneath the wooden handle. Hunter recoils, wincing in pain as he grabs at his hand...]

...and Jordan Ohara slowly picks up the shovel off the mat, looking down at the kneeling Hunter who is rapidly shaking his head, begging for mercy from the man he stole the title from five months ago!]

SA: Jordan Ohara's got the shovel, Colt.

CP: Payback is hell, Big Sal!

[Ohara stares down at Hunter who is still pleading for his life as the referee stands nearby, warning the challenger of what will happen if he uses the shovel on the National Champion. Ohara glares at Hunter for one more moment...]

...and in a decision long ago made, he lifts the shovel overhead...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and SNAPS the handle across his knee, throwing the pieces aside to a HUGE ROAR from the Toronto crowd!]

SA: The Phoenix rises above hate! Rises above the cheapshots and shortcuts!  
Rises above the darkness!

[Hunter suddenly lunges to his feet, rushing towards Ohara who sidesteps, snatching him as he goes by...]

SA: LIFTS HIM UP... ANNNNNND...

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

SA: ...DOWWWWWN! BOLT BUSTER CONNECTS!

[Ohara climbs up to his feet, shaking his head at the downed Hunter..

...and then points to the corner!]

SA: One year ago, Jordan Ohara climbed to the top turnbuckle with victory within his grasp... and he hesitated... and in doing so, he suffered the biggest loss of his career at the at moment. Tonight, he climbs... to the second... to the rope... Hunter is down... Hunter hasn't moved an inch!

[Ohara steps to the top, looks down at Hunter, and with his fingers curled to the heavens in the "I love you" sign, he gives a satisfied nod before hurling his body skywards...]

SA: PHOENIX FLAME!

[...and SMASHES down hard onto Hunter's prone form!]

SA: No hesitation on this night! He hooks the leg!

[The referee dives down to count.]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE!! IT... ISSSSSSSSSS!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd ERUPTS into even louder cheers as a relieved and exhausted Jordan Ohara rolls off the still-motionless Hunter as the ring announcer makes it official.]

TG: Here is your winner... annnnnnnnd... NEWWWWWWW AWA NATIONAL CHAMPIONNNNNNNN...

...JORRRRRRRRDAAAAAAN OOOOOHAAAAAARAAAAAA!

[Ohara's face breaks out into a huge smile as the referee raises the Phoenix' arm, pointing to him as the Toronto crowd continues to go nuts for the young man.]

SA: Jordan Ohara came to Toronto with a purpose. He didn't just want to win the title. He didn't just want to become only the fourth man to wear the National Title on two occasions. He wanted to do it the right way. He wanted to show the world that you didn't need to take a shortcut to win that gold like Jackson Hunter did... you didn't have to resort to shenanigans and plotting. He wanted to come at Jackson Hunter straight up... and he wanted to beat him in the middle of that ring with his skill and talent and that's exactly what he did, Colt.



CP: I gotta agree with you, Sal. Jackson Hunter brought all the smoke and mirrors with him. He had Blake Colton in his corner. He had the shovel when the ref went down. But in the end, Maxim Zharkov was able to neutralize all the dirty deeds and allow Jordan Ohara the clear path to victory... the clear path to becoming the National Champion for the second time... and the clear path to regaining the title that a lot of people thought he never should've lost to begin with.

SA: And what a moment for Jordan Ohara as he gets to his feet, saluting these fans who've stuck with him every step of the way. There's no looking over his shoulder this time... no Steal The Spotlight contract to be chased in to rip that title off him. This is Jordan Ohara's moment. This is Jordan Ohara's night.

[Ohara steps up on the second rope, saluting the fans again. He smiles, shouting "I LOVE YOU!" to the screaming crowd before he hops down with a wince. He looks to the official, asking for the title belt...

...and then looks across the ring to see Maxim Zharkov standing there with his former property in hand.]

SA: Uh oh.

CP: This might not be over quite yet, Sal.

SA: For the exhausted Jordan Ohara's sake, I hope it's over.

[Ohara stares across the ring at Zharkov, looking right into his eyes. The new champion slowly advances towards Zharkov, extending his hand...]

CP: Is he offering a handshake or asking for the belt?

SA: I don't know.

[Zharkov looks at Ohara's hand for a moment, then back up into his eyes, glowering at him...

...and then tosses the belt at Ohara's feet to a disappointed reaction from the crowd. The Russian turns his back on a surprised Ohara, departing the ring and making his way back up the aisle as Ohara reaches down, reclaiming the title belt, and slinging it over his shoulder as he watches Zharkov depart.]

SA: Zharkov just let Ohara know that while he may be happy to see Jackson Hunter lose... he might NOT be happy to see Jordan Ohara win.

[Ohara shakes his head at the departing Zharkov, turning back towards the crowd as he steps on the middle rope, thrusting the title belt overhead with both hands, soaking up the loud cheers again...]

SA: Well, Maxim Zharkov may not be happy to see Jordan Ohara as your new National Champion but these people in Toronto sure are! And it's not just the fans here in the Rogers Centre in Toronto that are going crazy - I'm told that our fans at our special satellite location down the street from here at HTO Park are going crazy too! Let's take a live look at that location!

[We cut to a live overhead drone shot of HTO Park where we can see a small circular ring enclosed in a steel cage has been erected. There are large video screens scattered throughout the park that has been filled with bleachers and benches and all sorts of seating for a free live screening of SuperClash plus this special fight live in person.]

SA: Wow - the electricity is in the air down the street... and our own Mark Stegglet has made his way down there as well. Can you hear me, Mark?

[Cut to a shot of Mark Stegglet standing cageside, nodding his head as the crowd around him screams and shouts at being shown on SuperClash.]

MS: I can hear you... barely. Sal, this place is rockin' down here. It's quite the atmosphere with food trucks, a beer garden, some interactive AWA entertainment... plus SuperClash on the big screens... and in just a few moments, Rufus Harris and Travis Lynch going to war up inside this steel cage - the Rottweiler's Cage.

[Stegglet reaches back, hooking his fingers in the mesh and giving it a couple of yanks.]

MS: Sal, I look up in this cage and I wonder just what in the world Travis Lynch has gotten himself into. This cage is no larger than fifteen feet across at its widest and at some points, it's much smaller than that. You can win this Rottweiler's Cage match by pinfall, submission, or knockout... and while we're told Travis Lynch has undergone some special training for this fight tonight, Rufus Harris has trained for this type of fight his whole life. Take a look...

[We fade through black... and up on pre-recorded footage. It's a black and white shot of a well-equipped gym with the word "ROTTWEILER'S HOUSE" stenciled and painted in large block text on the wall. The voice of Rufus Harris is heard over the shot.]

"Travis Lynch, you've lived a pampered life, my friend..."

[Quick cut of Harris pounding a heavy bag, sweat pouring off him.]

"Mommy and Daddy always there to keep the odds in your favor..."

[Quick cut of Harris landing takedown after takedown after takedown inside a cage as new bodies approach him repeatedly.]

"Big brothers always there to watch your back, bail you out when you get into trouble..."

[Quick cut of a sweat-drenched Harris pressing heavy iron on a bench, screaming as he extends his arms on each rep.]

"Promoters always linin' up tomato cans, makin' sure you looked good every time out..."

[Quick cut of Harris with his heavy steel chains around his neck, executing Hindu-style squats in the middle of the cage.]

"Not tonight. Tonight, no one's there to pamper you..."

[A shot of Harris landing a right hand on a sparring partner.]

"No one's there to watch your back..."

[A left uppercut snaps a head back.]

"No one's there to make you look good."

[A lunging double leg takedown is turned into a thunderous slam.]

"No one to protect you... from me."

[A closeup of a sweat-covered growling Rottweiler...

...and we fade back through black to a shot of the interior of the Rottweiler's Cage, the camera spinning to show the tightness of the enclosed steel as the fans surrounding the cage smash their hands into it, shouting wildly for quite the chaotic feeling. An elevated platform is above the cage, allowing for a unique camera angle looking down into it. An unknown woman stands center cage, mic in hand, as a voice rings out over the PA system.]

"Fight fans around the world need no introduction... but she's gonna get one anyways... the Queen of the Canadian Cage... former Canadian Ultimate Fighting women's champion...

...MORRRRRGAAAAAN ALEXANDERRRRRR!"

[Alexander grins, throwing a wave at the boisterous crowd. She raises the mic as she steps into the spotlight in a pair of black pants and a red tanktop with a white Maple Leaf logo in the middle that reads "CUF" in the middle of it.]

MA: Hello, SuperClash!

[The crowd CHEERS loudly as Alexander nods.]

MA: I already know the answer by just looking at you all... hearing you all... feeling the craziness you Canadians are bringing to the table... but...

[She smirks.]

MA: I got just one question for ya...

[The crowd ROARS, knowing what's coming. She grins broadly, nodding again.]

MA: ...WHO'S READY TO FIGHT?!

[The cageside crowd EXPLODES into cheers as Alexander pumps a fist at the delivery of her signature line.]

MA: Alright! Then let's fight!

[She steps back as we hear the opening notes of the classic rock song "Tom Sawyer" by Rush and the AWA faithful LOSE... THEIR... MINDS!]

SA: The lovely Morgan Alexander from Canadian Ultimate Fighting, one of the hottest Mixed Martial Arts companies on the planet, doing us the honor of ring announcing this one... and listen to this crowd reaction to the former National Champion, Colt!

CP: Throw a bunch of Canadians out on the street to watch a fight for free after hanging out in a beer garden chugging Molson's and Mooselips for a few hours... sure, what could go wrong? They'd cheer a one-eyed antelope if he came out to fight right now.

SA: I'd kinda like to see that... but it's no one-eyed antelope on this night.

[A few more moments pass before the makeshift entryway fills up as a few guys wearing "TEAM TRAVIS" jackets come jogging into view, trailed by Travis Lynch. The Texas Heartthrob gets a huge cheer from the crowd as he appears, much different than the usual Lynch entrance. Lynch jogs out with his hands on the shoulders of the man in front of him, already shirtless and dripping sweat as he

heads out towards the cage with a white towel hanging around his neck. The golden crucifix hangs around his neck as well, bouncing as he trots down the aisle to big cheers.]

SA: Travis Lynch heading out here for this most unusual showdown. Former National Champion - in fact, the longest reigning National Champion... it was one year ago when he dropped that title to Maxim Zharkov, ending that... some would say controversial reign.

CP: Controversial? He may have lost the title at SuperClash but he lost the belt in a European bar months earlier!

SA: Travis' troubles over the past year are well-known... well-discussed... but tonight, we're not here to talk about that... we're here - hopefully - to tell a redemption story as Travis steps up to defend the honor of the American Wrestling Alliance from this outside who says that Lynch has been living in a fantasy world for too long and it's time for a cold dose of reality.

CP: And Rufus Harris is as real as it gets, Albano.

SA: That he is, my friend.

[Reaching the cage, Lynch steps to the side as his trainer for the fight gives him a final pep talk, preparing him for action...]

SA: That man right there is Oliver Strickland... former amateur wrestling great and former pro wrestling great as well.

CP: A longtime rival of Blackjack back in the day. You know Travis is desperate if he went to someone his dad despises to get in shape for this one.

SA: I think it shows how serious Travis Lynch is taking this fight.

[With his mouthpiece in, Travis sheds the crucifix, giving it a kiss before handing it over to Strickland who slaps him on the chest a few times before pointing him towards the open gap in the cage, Travis jogging up the steps and climbing into the Rottweiler's Cage for the first time. He lifts an arm, showing off the fingerless gloves on his hands, getting a cheer as he starts sidestepping around the cage, sizing it up as he waits for his opponent...]

...and as the classic rock fades, it is replaced by a pregnant pause, a moment of building anticipation for what comes next. And what comes next...]

#Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party#

[That one lyric coming across the PA system leads to a blast of spotlights all over the park. Swirling spotlights across the crowd, illuminating fans on their feet. "2 of Amerika's Most Wanted by 2Pac & Snoop Dogg (a heavily edited version) continues to play as the fans stretch out, looking towards the entryway for what's about to come through. The sounds of dogs barking join the music...]

...and the spotlights swing in unison to the entrance where Rufus "The Rottweiler" Harris comes jogging into view, his heavy metal chain hanging around his neck. He is flanked on all sides by a quartet of black-suited, sunglass-wearing bodyguards, stretching out their arms to keep the AWA fans at bay.]

SA: Former GFC Heavyweight Champion. One of the most dominant GFC Champions of all time. One of the most intimidating men to ever climb inside a place where men do battle. A cage, a ring, a Hexagon... or on this night, the Rottweiler's Cage.

[Harris stays at the top of the aisle for several moments, milking the attention as the camera zooms in close on him - close enough for him to provide some last minute commentary.]

"You're goin' down, pretty boy! One right hand and they'll pickin' those smiley teeth up for days... one left and your jaw ain't gonna work right for weeks. Get 'em both and you're eatin' Thanksgiving dinner through a straw in the hospital!"

[With a nod, his bodyguards start to lead the way down the aisle as Harris jogs, shadowboxing all the while. Behind him, his fight team starts to trail out from the backstage area - all wearing matching red and black t-shirts with "TEAM ROTTWEILER" written across the front and back.]

SA: In our industry, Colt, the name Lynch carries a certain weight... a certain gravitas... and there's more than one competitor over the years who've psyched themselves out of a match before the bell even run at the mere idea of climbing into the ring with a Lynch. Rufus Harris is not that man.

CP: No, he's not. He's not intimidated by anyone. Not here. Not in the GFC. He's fought the biggest, toughest fighters in the world - hell, even here in the AWA, his resume has names like the mighty Kraken and Supreme Wright, arguably the best wrestler on the planet on any given night. Harris has backed down from no one and he's not backing down from Travis Lynch tonight in Toronto.

SA: That said, Travis Lynch has not flinched. Many men's knees would buckle at the idea of going one-on-one with Rufus Harris... especially in his own environment. But Travis Lynch has not backed down... he has not looked for a way out... he has... as the MMA world often says... knuckled up and gotten ready for a fight.

[Harris draws near the ring, going through the same pre-fight ritual as Lynch as he gets his mouthpiece put in, pounding his fingerless gloves together before he heads for the cage which is starting to get a little crowded as Harris joins Lynch, Alexander, and the special guest referee, Jesus Valiente in there. Valiente immediately goes to work, putting himself between Lynch and Harris as the Rottweiler climbs into the cage, already looking to go at the former National Champion.]

SA: Prepared for a fight they are... ready for a fight they are... and unwilling to back down from one another they are.

[Lynch shouts something at Harris who returns verbal fire as Valiente struggles a bit to keep him back. The music fades out as Morgan Alexander steps back into the middle of the cage, throwing a glance at both fighters with an approving nod.]

MA: Fight fans, the following contest will be held inside the unfriendly confines of the ROTTWEILER'S CAAAAAAAAGE!

[The crowd ROARS as Alexander does a full spin, pointing to the steel mesh surrounding them. Harris nods his head, hopping from foot to foot to stay loose as he glares across at Travis Lynch who rolls his neck, trying to stay loose.]

MA: There are no countouts... no disqualifications... and ANYTHING! GOES!

[Another big cheer from the crowd as Alexander grins.]

MA: The only way to win this fight is by knockout, submission, pinfall, or referee stoppage!

[Alexander turns, pointing to Jesus Valiente.]

MA: And if there is a stoppage, the man who calls for it is this man right here... a former Mixed Martial Arts competitor turned professional wrestler... currently fighting in COMBAT CORNER WRESSSSSTLIIIIIING...

...JESUUUUUUUS VALLLLLLLIENNNNNTEEEEEEE!

[Valiente steps forward, standing in a black tanktop and black workout pants. He extends his arms to both sides, keeping Lynch and Harris back as he nods to the cheering crowd.]

MA: And now... the combatants in this cage...

[She turns to her left, pointing...]

MA: First... fighting out of Dallas, Texas... weighing in tonight at a trimmed and cut 239 pounds... he is a former AWA World Tag Team Champion... he is the longest reigning AWA National Champion of allllll tiiiiiime...

...the TEXAS HEARTTHROB...

...a member of the legendary Lynch family...

...TRAAAAAAAAAAVISSSSSS LYNNNNNNNNNNNNNCH!

[Lynch steps away from the cage wall, raising his arms over his head to cheers as he bounces up and down...

...and then lowers a muscular arm, pointing a threatening finger towards Harris who waves a dismissive hand at him.

Alexander twists around to point to the opposite side.]

MA: Annnnnnnnnnd his opponent... from Gnaw Bone, Indiana... weighing in tonight at 260 pounds... he is the former GFC HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORRRRRRRLLLLLD... one of the most feared fighters on the planet...

...the ROTTWEILERRRRRRR...

...RUUUUUUFUSSSSSS HAAAAAARRRRRISSSSSSSSSS!

[Harris springs away from the cage wall, throwing his head back into a fit of barking followed by a howl that many in the crowd echo.

Alexander gives a little bow with a flourish before exiting the cage, leaving Valiente to stand alone in the middle, still with his arms extended to prevent a pre-fight skirmish from breaking loose.]

SA: Again, our thanks to Morgan Alexander for giving us a hand... or her voice... here tonight. But that's done and over, Colt... it's fight night here in Toronto!

CP: Valiente keeping them at bay but you can tell this one is about to break loose at any moment...

SA: This one goes all the way to Homecoming in September when half the roster suffered travel problems and couldn't be at the show... but these two men made a special trip to appear and immediately found themselves in conflict. Two months and a whole lot of lawyer fees later, we're set to see the Global Fighting Championship take on the American Wrestling Alliance... despite the wishes of certain corporate entities.

[Sal lets that one hang out there as Valiente calls the two men to center ring to go over some final instructions with them.]

"Alright, boys... I want a good, clean fight... but remember, anything goes in this one and I do mean anything. Don't look to me for a disqualification 'cause you ain't gettin' one. Ya hear?"

[The two men stare at one another, not replying to the question. Valiente shrugs.]

"Alright, back to your corners... when you hear the bell, come out fighting!"

[Harris and Lynch hold the staredown for a few more moments, flashbulbs popping all around until Valiente puts an arm on each man's chest, nudging them back to their respective sides of the cage. Oliver Strickland shouts a few words towards Lynch who nods at his trainer for this fight before pulling his fists up in front of his face, waiting for the bell to sounds...]

"ARE YOU READY?!"

[Harris nods.]

"ARE YOU READY?!"

[Lynch nods.]

"LET'S FIGHT!"

[Valiente swings an arm towards the side of the cage.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: And the fight is on here in Toronto!

[But to the surprise of probably everyone, neither man rushes out towards the other. Harris takes a two step feint, smirking as Lynch immediately covers up, crouching down in defense.]

SA: Harris faking the takedown attempt at the bell... and now these two men are circling one another... looking for the first opening of the fight...

CP: Nobody wants to make the first mistake so this is common for this type of fight, Sal.

SA: Harris edging to his right and Lynch does the same, mirroring it, keeping Harris a safe distance back... out of arm's reach...

[They circle around one more time before they start pulling in towards each other, closing the circle...

...and Lynch snaps a right jab out in front of him that Harris slaps aside with a grin.]

SA: Travis Lynch with the first punch thrown of the fight but Harris brushed it aside like a pesky moth.

[Travis snaps his hand out again but Harris ducks to the side, shaking his head.]

SA: Lynch trying to measure the distance, tossing that jab out in front of him but Harris is too quick, too experienced, whatever skill it is that puts him out in front of Travis Lynch.

[Travis throws another jab but Harris ducks under, coming up to snap his own jab up that lands right on Travis' chin!]

SA: Oh! It's Harris who LANDS the first punch of the fight.

[Travis scrambles back, an anxious look on his face as Harris laughs at him.]

"Come on, son! Nowhere to run, baby!"

[Harris snaps out the jab again and Lynch slaps it aside.]

SA: This time, it's Travis who is able to defend...

[Another jab followed by a cross but Travis blocks the jab and avoids the cross.]

"Not bad, not bad... you ready to get real, son?!"

[Harris surges forward, throwing a hooking right... then a hooking left. Lynch buries his head between his arms, blocking both blows pretty effectively as Harris drops back, a grin on his face...]

"The kid can duck, dodge, and block... but can he throw, huh?"

[Chuckling to himself, Harris lowers his arms slowly...

...and sticks his chin out, nodding towards Lynch.]

SA: What in the world?

CP: He's offering up that chin! Offering to let Lynch hit him. Bold move by the Rottweiler. He's either got no confidence in Lynch's striking or all the confidence in the world in the strength of his own chin.

SA: Well, we know Harris has taken some major bombs over the years and kept on coming.

[Lynch looks reluctant, like he's being lured into a trap. He throws a glance at Oliver Strickland who balls up his fists, pounding them into the cage as Travis nods again...

...and lunges forward, feinting with a right before throwing a big left!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Harris takes the left full force on the jaw, flopping backwards, his arms pinwheeling as he tries to catch his balance but failing as he flops down on the canvas. The crowd roars as Travis dives on top of Harris, bombing a big elbowstrike down on the head, putting Harris' shoulders down on the mat.]

SA: TRAVIS HAS GOT HIM DOWN! TRAVIS GOING FOR THE WIN!

[Swinging his leg over into a mount position, Travis starts raining down right and left handed bombs on Harris who pulls his arms up, trying to shield himself from the heavy blows to the head...]

CP: Harris is in trouble, Sal!



SA: He definitely is! Harris trying to cover up... Valiente's right there, checking to see if he needs to stop this! Can Harris intelligently defend himself? That's the bar to see if it needs to be stopped!

[Harris takes a half dozen blows onto the protective arms before he gets his feet under him, bucking his hips wildly and tossing Lynch up and off of him.]

SA: Harris gets him away - breaking loose...

[Harris tries to scramble up off the canvas, looking to get back on offense but Lynch is a step closer after the knockdown, lowering his shoulder and driving into the torso of Harris, smashing him backwards into the cage!]

SA: OHH! Lynch puts him back into the cage!

[Keeping his head down, Lynch starts swinging, throwing rights and lefts into the ribcage of the Rottweiler!]

SA: Lynch is teeing off, trying to knock the wind out of Harris!

[But Harris grabs Lynch around the head and neck with one arm and under the striking left arm with the other, twisting him around to put Lynch's back against the steel instead...]

CP: And Harris makes that reversal look easy, Sal.

SA: Lynch is out of his element in this cage but Harris is RIGHT in his!

[Harris takes a page out of Lynch's attack plan, throwing his own banging rights and lefts to the ribcage, causing Lynch to grimace and grunt with every rib-cracking blow landed!]

SA: And now it's Lynch who is in trouble! Harris is pounding him like Mr. Balboa with a side of beef!

[Harris suddenly straightens up, fire in his eyes as he SMASHES the trapped Lynch with a right hook to the jaw that snaps Lynch's head around and drops him like a rock to the mat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: That might be it! It might be over right there!

[Valiente throws himself in front of Harris, blocking him from attacking further as he starts a count on Lynch...]

SA: Valiente starting a ten count now... if Travis can't get up, this one is over.

[Harris is in full blown gloat mode already as he struts around the cage, shouting "HE AIN'T NOTHIN'! I TOLD YOU! I TOLD YOU!"]

SA: Valiente's count is at two... three...

[Strickland can be heard shouting "GET UP, TRAVIS! GET UP!" to the young Texan as the AWA faithful cheer loudly, trying to inspire Lynch to get back to his feet and keep fighting.]

SA: Travis trying to get his feet under him. That hook rocked him for sure though.

CP: That may be the hardest Travis has been hit since Henrietta caught him with the head cheerleader in the barn loft.

[Sal chuckles as Travis continues to struggle to get to his feet, the referee's count up to six... now seven...]

SA: The count is at eight and... there we go, Travis back on his feet...

CP: Barely! He looks like he's out on his feet, Albano. This one may be seconds away from being over.

[A surprised Harris rushes forward, peppering Travis with straight jabs as Lynch tries to cover up and regroup...]

SA: Shot after shot landing on the guard of Lynch, trying to slip one through and finish him off...

[Lynch circles away from the cage, getting his back towards the middle of it as Harris angrily draws the right hand back...]

SA: Another hook!

[...but Lynch somehow manages to avoid it, causing Harris to fly off-balance from his missed haymaker...]

SA: Swing and a miss and... wait a second!

[...and the former National Champion decides to reacquaint the Rottweiler with the world of pro wrestling as he wraps his arms around Harris' torso, muscling him up and dropping him on the back of his head with a back suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Harris flops on the mat, grabbing at the back of his head as Lynch dives across him, hooking a leg...]

SA: First pinfall attempt of the match... and a two count there off the suplex...

[Moving quickly back into mount position, the woozy Lynch lands a big right hand to the jaw that rocks Harris before he gets his arms up to defend...]

SA: He got a good one! Travis landed a big shot there and Harris is back on defense...

[The lefts and rights are raining down again, slower than before but with more impact. Harris is in a defensive posture, his arms pulled up to shield himself from more blows...]

...and again, Harris bucks him off, freeing himself.]

SA: And both times we've see Lynch get the mount, Harris has managed to get free in a matter of seconds.

CP: Makes sense, Sal. Like you said earlier, Lynch has been training for this for a short while but Rufus has been training for it his whole life. He fights out from under the mount on people who spend every waking moment mastering body control in a position like that. Travis has some amateur wrestling background, sure, but this isn't his game as a pro wrestler at all.

SA: An excellent point, Colt... Travis scrambling to his feet, grabbing that cage for support... he's obviously still a little shaken up after that right hook earlier...

[Harris regains his feet as well, rushing towards Travis, lowering his level as he shoots in on the legs...]

SA: Harris looking for the takedown and... sprawl by Lynch!

[The MMA fans in the crowd react at Lynch's sprawling technique... as well as his ability to stuff the takedown attempt by the Rottweiler.]

SA: Wow! Lynch managed to hold off that takedown... and look at Oliver Strickland, he couldn't be prouder!

[Strickland claps loudly, shouting "COME ON, TRAVIS!" at his protege for this fight as Harris backs off, a surprised look on his face at having had his takedown attempt stymied...]

SA: Harris looks like he can't believe that just happened and...

[Lynch shoves himself forward, coming in high towards Harris who responds with a front kick to the midsection...

...and then circles behind Lynch, snatching him around the waist...]

SA: Harris hooks him up and...

[The Rottweiler hoists Lynch up into the air, DUMPING him down on the back of his head and neck with a brutal German Suplex!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: AAAGH! Did you HEAR that?!

CP: That ring's got NO give in it! It's like landing on concrete from what I just heard and saw!

[Travis turtles up on his side, grabbing at the back of his neck as Harris climbs to his feet, waving a hand at the official who starts a ten count on the wounded Lynch.]

SA: Another count underway... Harris might've knocked him cold with that.

[Harris lifts his hands over his head, hopping up and down shouting "IT'S OVER! IT'S ALLLLLLL OVER!"]

CP: A normal German Suplex has a chance to knock an opponent out for sure. A German Suplex on this ring... better than just a chance. If Travis Lynch is even conscious right now, he's gotta be seeing stars.

[Travis is barely moving on the canvas as the referee's count hits four...]

SA: The count at four and moving upwards much too quickly for the former National Champion who is hoping to walk out of SuperClash IX with a much better feeling deep down than after SuperClash VIII last year. But right now, he's struggling... that count is at five and...

[Lynch rolls onto a hip, grabbing the back of his neck again as Jesus Valiente stands over him shouting "SIX!"]

SA: Lynch is trying to get going, trying to get moving back to his feet...

CP: He better hurry!

[Harris waves a hand across his chest, shouting "NO CHANCE! HE'S DONE!" as Lynch gets his arms under him, pushing up to his knees as the count hits "SEVEN!"]

SA: Valiente's count is up to seven - Lynch still struggling, on his knees now...

[And with a cry of effort, Lynch forces his way up at "EIGHT!"]

SA: Lynch is up again - no technical knockouts in this one - a third knockdown won't end it. Remember, knockout, submission, pinfall, or referee stoppage are the ways to win this one.

[Lynch falls back against the cage, gripping the mesh to stay on his feet as an agitated Harris moves closer...]

"You shoulda stayed down, boy! Now I gotta hurt ya!"

[...and then lunges forward, ducking low...]

SA: Double leg-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: KNEE! KNEE!

[The crowd reacts to Harris stumbling backwards, falling to the canvas after Travis Lynch snuck a knee up into the jaw as he tries for a double leg takedown!]

SA: Lynch caught him flush and it's Harris who goes down this time!

[Lynch immediately falls back against the cage, using it to keep on his feet as the referee moves quickly towards Harris, checking to see if he's out cold.]

SA: We said it earlier - Rufus Harris has a tremendous chin, he can take some big shots and he just took one there. Is it enough though? Is it enough to keep him down for a knockout?

[The official starts another ten count, the fans surrounding the cage banging and rattling on it to create quite the chaotic scene as Valiente shouts out his count.]

SA: Harris is down on his back but he IS moving. He's not completely out and that's why the official didn't immediately stop the fight but is starting his count instead.

CP: Harris' eyes are glazed, Sal... I can see 'em from here.

SA: That knee caught him good. Oliver Strickland shouting to Travis, trying to keep him on their gameplan which - so far - has yielded a good night for Lynch. But all that can change with one big punch, Colt.

CP: It sure can... or one big knee as Travis Lynch just proved.

[Valiente's count hits "FOUR!" as Travis nods to Strickland, bumping his head back against the mesh, trying to keep his feet as Harris struggles to sit up on the mat, showing off those glazed over eyes that Colt mentioned.]

SA: Harris trying to get back up... that count up to five now... he looks almost certain to make it...

[And at "SIX!" Harris does indeed get back to his feet... and almost instantly falls back down, staggering towards the mesh where he grabs hold to stay on his feet.]

SA: Whoa! Harris almost went right back down... he's wobbly for sure. Lynch caught him good and that might've turned the tide completely around in this fight, Colt.

CP: Travis isn't looking so hot either though, Albano. Can he take advantage of Harris' wobbly state?

[With a shout, Travis Lynch pushes off the mesh, going into a spin...]

SA: DISCUS PUNCH!

[...but Harris shoves off the cage as well, jumping up as he does...]

SA: SUPERMAN PUNCH!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts as Harris' blow lands first, smashing into the jaw of Travis Lynch, sending him falling to the mat in a heap as Harris flops down onto all fours from the effort behind the leaping punch!]

SA: LYNCH IS DOWN! HE'S DOWN BAD!

[The referee again moves first to check to see if Lynch has any sign of consciousness... and seeing that he does, he steps back and starts a count on both fighters.]

SA: This is our first double count of the fight... and what happens if they both stay down for ten, Colt?

CP: I didn't even think about that possibility but I'd imagine it'd be a draw. A double knockout.

SA: Nobody wants to see that happen though. Lynch is still down but Harris is... kneeling on the mat... he's gonna get up for sure...

[As the count hits "TWO!" Harris gets up off the mat, staggering towards Lynch...]

"YOU FEELIN' IT?! YOU GOT THAT REALITY CHECK UP ON YOUR JAW!"

[The referee pauses his count, ordering Harris to back off and give Lynch room to recover. Harris lifts his hands, nodding his head as he backs towards the cage well. Valiente turns back to Travis, calling out "THREE!"]

SA: Rufus Harris with some words for Travis Lynch... saying he's giving him that reality check that he promised...

CP: Rufus Harris just might be a reality check for the entire AWA, Sal. Look, there is an underlying story here that we're not talking about... something we were told not to talk about but I ain't ever been someone to let someone pull my strings. We all know the politics behind this fight. The AWA and the GFC had a close relationship until this week. Now? Different broadcast partners... different alliances... the GFC going one way and the AWA going another.

SA: For that matter, Colt... we weren't even sure until a couple of days ago if this fight was going to happen at all. We all heard the rumors - I know you did - that the GFC and their broadcast partner and their new buddies over in that other wrestling company, they tried to get Harris to pull out of this fight. They didn't want their former champion climbing in here with Travis Lynch tonight and they wanted Harris to leave the AWA high and dry after promoting this match.

CP: If it wasn't for Rufus Harris being a man of honor... if it wasn't for Rufus Harris being a man of his word... a man who respects professional wrestling... a man who LOVES this promotion even if he's not a full time member of it, this fight wouldn't be happening. Guaranteed. I worked for the guy who runs that other wrestling company for a long time. I know how he operates. You better believe he would've been more than happy to stick one in the ribs of the AWA on the biggest night of the year.

SA: All that adds up to a certain subtext to this fight. Travis Lynch with an added weight on his shoulders... as does Rufus Harris for that matter.

[The count is up to "SIX!" as Lynch struggles, rubbing at his jaw as he rolls to a hip...]

SA: Lynch is trying to get up, trying to keep this fight going...

[Harris waves a hand at Lynch, shouting "BYE BYE, PRETTY BOY!" as the count goes to "SEVEN!"]

SA: Harris thinks it's over... you can tell Harris thinks it's over now but Travis Lynch isn't done yet... trying to get to a knee here... trying to fight his way to his feet...]

[Valiente's call of "EIGHT!" rings out as the fans rattle the cage, shouting "TRA-VIS!" "TRA-VIS!" "TRA-VIS!"]

SA: The fans trying to rally behind the Texas Heartthrob! Trying to get Travis Lynch up to his feet before ten!

[Lynch does indeed surge upwards, getting to his feet with a stagger just before Valiente lays another count down...]

SA: Up at eight! Lynch lives to keep fighting!

[Lynch falls backwards against the mesh again, clinging to the cage as Harris shouts across the cage at him...]

"YOU'RE MINE NOW! ALL MINE!"

[...and charges across the cage at him, looking to spear him into the mesh...

...but Travis spins away and Harris rams himself into the cage!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: TRAVIS MOVES!

[The weary former National Champion grabs Harris by the back of the head...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"CRAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"CRAAAAAAAAAASH!"

[...and bashes Harris' face into the cage a few times, sending him staggering away as Travis drops back to the middle of the cage as well...]

SA: Travis bringing a little bit of old school professional wrestling to the Rottweiler Cage and-

[...and suddenly rushes forward, leaping up to push his feet against the wall of the cage, shoving off and propelling himself through the air...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: FLYING CLOTHESLINE! LYNCH FLATTENS HIM!!

[Lynch pushes to his knees, taking a few breaths before leaning over onto Harris' torso, applying a lateral press!]

SA: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO!

[But Harris kicks out, breaking free of the pin attempt!]

SA: No! Harris out at two!

[Lynch grimaces as he pushes back to his knees, breathing heavily...

...and then slowly raises his left hand over his head, his fingers twisted into position for the Iron Claw...]

SA: Lynch is calling for it - calling for his family's legacy, the Iron Claw!

CP: In a cage fight?! Never seen that one before!

[Harris is slowly stirring up off the canvas as Lynch gets to his feet, ready and waiting for Harris to turn towards him...]

SA: Harris is up and... CLAW!

[The crowd ROARS as Travis Lynch locks in the clawhold, digging his fingers into the temple of Harris who cries out in pain, swatting at the wrist as Lynch grabs the same wrist with the off hand to apply more pressure!]

SA: Lynch digging those fingers in - Jesus Valiente is right there, checking to see if Harris will give it up!

[Harris grabs the wrist, trying to pry the clutching hand away from his head, screaming in pain as Lynch tries to force a submission out of the former GFC Heavyweight Champion!]

SA: Travis Lynch with the fans behind him, cheering him on, driving him to defend the honor of the AWA against this outsider!

[Lynch screams as well, digging his fingers in tighter as Harris' legs start to go out from under him, his left arm drooping down to hang limply at his side...]

SA: Lynch trying to cut off the flow of blood to the brain, trying to take the consciousness away from Rufus Harris who could be headed to Tapout City!

[Harris' right arm starts to slip as well, his eyes drifting shut as Lynch tries to force him down to his knees to increase the leverage...

...which is when Harris SLAMS his foot down on top of Travis' bare foot!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: FOOTSTOMP!

[Harris again stomps the unusually bare feet of Lynch, only uncovered due to the rules of this match. The foot slams down again... and again... and one final blow sends Lynch hobbling away, Harris having successfully broken out of the hold.]

SA: Harris stomps his way out of it - he could've broken Lynch's foot in the process!

[Harris pauses, shaking his head back and forth, trying to rid himself of the effects of the clawhold...]

SA: Harris trying to clear the cobwebs...

[Lynch grabs the cage mesh, lifting his foot off the mat, shaking his leg out as he leans against the cage...

...only to find the Rottweiler moving in on him again...]

SA: Right hand to the ribs! Left hand to the ribs!

[The crowd is groaning as Harris lands blow after blow to the body, Lynch's entire torso quivering from the impact. Lynch drops his hands, trying to defend the ribs...

...and Harris nearly takes his head off with a right hand!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

CP: That's it, Albano! That's gotta be it!

SA: Lynch goes down hard off the right hand! The referee is right there, Jesus Valiente checking on Travis Lynch who got rocked with that hook shot by Harris - the best hook I've seen since Kareem Abdul-Jabbar!

[The official steps back, shouting "ONE!" as he starts a ten count on the downed Texan once more...]

SA: The referee starting his count... and Lynch has a long road back to his feet if he wants to continue in this one.

CP: Hey, remember Rocky IV where Rocky took all those killer shots to the head from Drago but kept on fighting and eventually came back to win?

SA: Sure. You think that's Travis Lynch tonight?

CP: No, but I think Lynch oughta remember Rocky V where Rocky had to retire because he took such a beating! Give it up! Call it a night! You were beaten into submission by a better man!

SA: Travis Lynch will NOT "give it up" - I promise you that. The Lynches - all of them, even that turncoat James - are made of stronger stuff than that.

CP: Fine, but if this story ends with Travis on the streets fighting his young punk protege, don't say I didn't warn you.

[Lynch is still down on his back as the count hits "FOUR!" Harris is leaning back against the other side of the cage, tiredly waving a hand with a less boisterous "stay down, punk! Don't get up!"]





SA: INTO THE CAGE! INTO THE CAGE!

[Harris bounces off the cold, hard steel, falling down to the mat on his back...

...and a woozy Lynch throws himself forward, hooking the legs as he flips over the prone Harris!]

SA: DOUBLE LEG CRADLE! IT COULD BE!! IT MIGHT BEEEE! IT... ISSSSSSSS!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Harris' shoulder pops up off the mat JUST after the three count falls!]

SA: HE GOT HIM! HE GOT HIM!

CP: Are you sure?! Harris didn't get the shoulder up?!

[There's a quick moment of disagreement between Jesus Valiente and Rufus Harris as Harris rolls to his hip, holding up two fingers. But Valiente confirms the three count as a weary Travis Lynch sits on the mat, staring out at the roaring crowd!]

SA: The referee says it was three - it was incredibly close - Harris almost got the shoulder up in time but special referee Jesus Valiente says it was a three count.

CP: Hmmph. Maybe he should go back to punching people in the face because I'm not so sure about that.

[Valiente helps Lynch up off the mat, raising his arm in the air as it's made official by CUF's Morgan Alexander.]

MA: HERE IS YOUR WINNNNNNNERRRRRRR...

...TRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAVISSSSS LYNNNNNNNNNNNNCH!

[The AWA faithful surrounding the cage roar their support for the Texas Heartthrob as he grins at the announcement, nodding his head as Valiente turns to show him off to the other sides of the audience.]

SA: It was a heck of a fight but in the end, Travis Lynch has done the AWA proud here tonight at SuperClash!

[Lynch leans against the cage, wrapping his fingers in the mesh, shaking it hard and letting loose a jubilant roar of triumph as we fade to black...

The ESPN Films logo comes across the screen, with "COMING IN EARLY 2018" following. We see a packed Korakuen Hall from the mid-2000s, banners proclaiming the name "UNIVERSAL PUNCH!" hanging from the balcony, along with support banners for several wrestlers. We focus on one in specific - Michelle Bailey.

We then hear the voice of Todd Michaelson.]

TM: I always thought she had talent, but I could never understand why she was so attached to who she presented herself as.

[Cut to a talking head shot of Michaelson, modern day, sitting next to Lori Dane, glaring at him.]

TM: I mean, I get it NOW. But back then, it was just a mystery to me.

[Dane seems satisfied with that, turning back to the camera.]

LD: I didn't understand her back then, but I always wanted her to feel welcome. I figured if anyone wanted to be one of the girls, knowing what we went through - especially back then - then I wanted her on my side.

[We cut back to the archival footage, as we see Michelle Bailey emerge from a hallway, walking through the crowd, as seconds and trainees keep the crowd from reaching out to her. Following behind her, a giddy look on her face, is a teenage Miyuki Ozaki, keeping close to the gaijin that would serve as her mentor in her early years.

We hear the voice of Luke Kinsey as Michelle walks to the ring.]

LK: Our careers in the EMWC were intertwined, really. I won the Junior Heavyweight Title from her... we had the cage match at Redemption. Something about wrestling against her just brought my game to a new level.

[We cut to a talking head shot of the former Ego MAX member, taking in a deep breath.]

LK: I wish I had known this was what she wanted all the time. I don't know. Maybe things would've been different. Maybe it wouldn't have been so harsh between us for so long.

[Cut back to Japan, and Michelle being showered with pink and white streamers upon her introduction, a broad smile coming across her face as a streamer gets caught on one of her pigtails. We cut to a shot of Juan Vasquez, who leans towards the camera.]

JV: What was so hard to get about who she was? Why did she have to go to Japan for years because nobody here could get it?

[Vasquez shakes his head.]

JV: It was a damn shame.

[We cut to grainy home video footage of Michelle, circa her EMWC days, sitting in the passenger seat of a car, trying not to cry, as someone we cannot identify tries to comfort her. We hear the voice of Shane Destiny.]

SD: I could see every day how much it was tearing her up inside, but I didn't know how to help.

[We cut to Shane Destiny and Roxie.]

R: We wanted her to feel comfortable and happy, but she saw it as being better to live a lie that everyone can accept, than live a truth that nobody knew how to handle.

SD: She really got a taste of how she'd be treated if she went forward with being herself... it really pushed her inward. We were really worried about her for a long time.

[We have a rapid series of cuts of Michelle somersaulting off the top rope onto a Japanese opponent in Universal Punch!, the promotion she wrestled in most frequently. We then see home video footage of her with a young Ryan Martinez backstage at a EMWC show, as the future AWA World Champion and a giggling Michelle throw a wadded up ball of tape at Alex Martinez to try and get his attention.

Following that, we see a bikini-clad Michelle with a sarong around her waist in a Japanese waterpark, a Super Soaker resting against her shoulder, as she listens to Miyuki Ozaki giving her, Ayako Fujiwara, Michiko Sanada, Yumi Akari, Kiyomi, and HANA instructions for an impending water battle against a team from Universal Punch! in 2010 in a special that aired on national Japanese TV.

We cut to more home video footage, circa spring 2002, of Michelle at an autograph signing with Juan Vasquez, Luke Kinsey, Shane Destiny, and Roxie, as an unknown voice asks Michelle how much longer they'll let her be a woman. "As long as they'll let me!", she says with a smirk. Vasquez gives her a nudge, as she turns her head to him and appears to sigh.

We see another piece of home video footage, this time from 2007, as Michelle wrestles in a rare American appearance in between Japanese tours, in front of an audience so sparse that the empty chairs outnumber fans tenfold. We cut to after the match, as Michelle is walking from the ring, shaking her head and looking at her fingernails, a couple of which appear to be broken, saying aloud "why am I still doing this?"

We cut to a sobbing Michelle in the backstage area, grasping Ayako Fujiwara in a hug, moments after the conclusion of their June 2017 match at Madison Square Garden, Michelle's comeback match after revealing her transition.

We then cut to the modern day Michelle Bailey, sitting before us.]

MB: So... what would you like to know?

[Michelle's smile, genuine and beaming, comes across her face.

We cut to the ESPN 30 For 30 ticket graphic, displaying the words "THE LOST GIRL, FOUND - THE STORY OF MICHELLE BAILEY. COMING IN EARLY 2018, ONLY ON ESPN."

And then fade through black to an exterior shot of the Georgia Dome, the crowd inside the building instantly breaking into cheers at the sight of the venue they're in. The voice of Gordon Myers breaks in as we cut inside the building, showing the cheering fans.]

GM: Our thanks to our friends in Toronto for their part of SuperClash - it's been a heck of a night already and we've got a long way still to go. We'll send it back to Colt and Sal a little later but right now, Bucky, we're getting ready for one the damndest matches I can remember certainly here at SuperClash.

BW: You need a flow chart to keep track of all the stipulations in this one, Gordo, but the big thing to know is it's a mixed tag team handicap match pitting Kerry Kendrick and Miss Sandra Hayes - the lovely Miss Sandra Hayes, I should add - against Ricki Toughill, Terry Shane, and - believe it or not - Theresa Lynch!

GM: This one's been brewing for months, fans, and right now, we're going to take a look back at just how we got to this point.

[Cut away from the arena to voiceovers, archival footage, dramatic slo-mo and crossfades, etc. It's time for an old fashioned video package montage to the tune of "Miracle" by Rise Against.]

"So, you thought you could stonewall me and my family legacy out of the AWA? You thought that you could keep ME out of this place?"

[The voice belongs to Terry Shane III, but the imperious face he wore five years ago dissolves into the wiser, slightly more careworn face of Terry Shane III in 2017...]

#We scan the empty sky  
Always without success  
We're lighting signal fires  
And spelling "SOS"  
We stare at broken clocks  
The truth comes twice a day  
While every second just slips away#

[A montage from years past shows the then-"Salience" Terry Shane and then-"Siren" Sandra Hayes decked out in their finery, smugly making their entrance on Saturday Night Wrestling in 2012... Shane winning the Rumble... Shane shooing away the Shane Gang... Shane suffering alone at the hands of the American Idols... the agony and triumph of winning the AWA World Television Championship a year ago at SuperClash... the momentary elation at making history and holding both the Television title and the National title in either hand at Power Hour, and the previously unseen footage of him accepting a hug from Theresa Lynch on the nearby stage after the telecast ended...]

#Are you gonna wait here for a sign to let you know now?  
Are you gonna sit there paralyzed by what you've seen?  
Or are you gonna finally grip the wheel? I think you know how  
Is this more than you expected it to be?#

[...only for Shane to watch his National Title walk up the aisle a week later as the match was overturned... then to lose his Television title moments later as Sandra Hayes stood by and smirked... fading to Hayes suggestively drawing a manicured nail across the chest of another man: Kerry Kendrick... the same Kerry Kendrick that brutalizes IWA championship legend Terry Shane Jr. as an anguished Terry Shane III watches... the same Kerry Kendrick that has incensed the ring tactician Terry Shane to the point of savage brawling on a recent Saturday Night Wrestling....]

#Don't wait for a miracle  
To tumble from the sky  
To part the seas around you  
Or turn water into wine  
Don't wait for a miracle  
The world is passing by  
The walls, that will surround you  
Are only in your mind, oh oh oh#

"I've had all this garbage dumped on me for thirteen years, and now I'm going to pay it back onto all the girls back there. You can't stop me; you can't even slow me down."

[This voice belongs to Ricki Toughill, the scowling, brutish hellraiser with an inky black sidecut who terrorized the women's locker room. But fast forward two years, and that sidecut becomes a meager salt-and-pepper faux-hawk, and Ricki's watery brown eyes almost make one want to reach through the screen and give her a hug...]

#And the stage is set  
And the curtains pulled  
Ready or not, it's time, on with the show  
And now the crowds have grown impatient  
And the train has left the station  
And the candles you are lighting in the dark will fade away#

[Through her years in the AWA, she swings her baseball bat with a reckless abandon... fist-bumping Kerry Kendrick like best pals... insolently blowing bubblegum in front of the largest crowd she has ever competed before at SuperClash last year... being tossed a dozen feet in the air and fading to her somehow pulling herself upright with something resembling a smile on her face... swatting Cinder across the face... remaining true to her word and running a pair of clippers over her head until nothing was left of her hair except a thin stubble... looking out at the crowd at MSG applauding her act of character...]

#So what are you waiting for? A sign to let you know now?  
Are you gonna sit there paralyzed by what you've seen?  
Or are you gonna finally grip the wheel? I think you know how  
Are you gonna throw it all away?#

[...and then indignantly lowering herself to her knees in servitude to Kerry Kendrick, bottom lip quivering in rage and shame... a sparkling pink baseball bat planted squarely in her back in a twist of irony... Kendrick and Sandra Hayes making out in front of her as she is laid on the canvas in agony... to walking out of the Wells Fargo arena dragging a duffel bag behind her, freshly terminated from the AWA...]

#Don't wait for a miracle  
To tumble from the sky  
To part the seas around you  
Or turn water into wine  
Don't wait for a miracle  
The world is passing by  
The walls, that will surround you  
Are only in your mind, oh oh oh#

[Fade to Terry Shane III lying flat on the mat, eyes open, but clearly not present mentally in Oklahoma City two months ago... Ricki Toughill, flat on her stomach, clearly mouthing "stop" to Kerry Kendrick in North Dakota three months ago...]

"Hello everyone and welcome to the very first AWA Power Hour! For those who don't know me, my name is Theresa Lynch... yes, one of those Lynches."

[The bright and innocent, but obviously nervous and awkward face of Theresa Lynch in 2014 slowly adds three years of resolve and confidence until it becomes the familiar Theresa Lynch of today. Fade to her looking on in terror as she is menaced by Ricki Toughill in 2016, then in sympathy as Kerry Kendrick orders her around earlier in the year on "Power Hour," then finally comforting Toughill as she looks to be on the edge of a breakdown on the first "Fight Night on FOX"...]

#When the weight we carry breaks us, we're tempted to stay down  
But every road to recovery starts at the breakdown#

[...to Kendrick getting in Theresa's face, trying to berate her for the fans chanting at him, but Theresa just glares right back at him defiantly... Hayes taunting Theresa Lynch in the middle of the ring during an interview segment, and earning a massive, overdue slap across the face for her juvenile behavior... Hayes ambushing Theresa on "Fright Night" and throwing her off the Power Hour stage... and as the song pauses before reaching its final chorus...]

"I WANT IN!"

[Quick shots of the five protagonists brawling, fighting, and scrapping over the course of the last year. Lynch tackling Hayes, Toughill spitting her gum in Kendrick's face, Shane and Kendrick tumbling over the announce table locked in combat.]

#But we don't need miracles  
To tumble from the sky  
To part the seas around us  
Or turn water into wine  
'Cause we are the miracles  
We happen all the time  
We're not scared of what surrounds us  
We're not waiting for a sign#

[Close with a shot from the final contract signing from the last Saturday Night Wrestling. Terry Shane, Ricki Toughill and Theresa Lynch on one side, beaten down but defiantly looking back at Miss Sandra Hayes and "The Self Made Man" Kerry Kendrick who smugly look on, Violence Jacobs looming behind them.]

#'Cause we are the miracles  
Yeah, we are the miracles  
We are the miracles#

[We fade from the music video out to the ring, showing Rebecca Ortiz standing center ring, a smile on her face as she raises the mic.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a sixty minute time limit and is a...

[She consults her notecards with a shake of her head.]

RO: ...MIXED TAG TEAM HANDICAP MATCH!

[The crowd cheers the match about to come!]

RO: The stipulations of the match are as follows...

[She takes an exaggerated deep breath.]

RO: ...if the team of Hayes and Kendrick are victorious, Terry Shane will LEAVE the AWA... Ricki Toughill will have her AWA contract frozen and be BARRED from competing anywhere in the world... and Theresa Lynch will reveal just WHO is Sandra Hayes' father.

[The crowd cheers as Ortiz smiles even wider.]

RO: In addition, this match as a special guest referee...

[She lowers the mic, turning towards the entryway...

"The Lonely Shepherd" by Zamfir starts off very quietly, the sounds of the panflute giving off a beautiful, almost haunting sound as smoke trails out from behind the entrance curtain.]

RO: ...former Women's Champion... LORRRRRRIIIII DAAAAAAAANE!

[As the rest of the song kicks in, Lori Dane emerges from the curtain to a mixed reaction, standing amidst the smoke in a set of black athletic pants and a white tanktop with an AWA logo stitched across the breast. Her dark brown hair is pulled back tight in a ponytail... and she honestly looks like she'd rather be anywhere else in the world than walking to the ring for this assignment.]

GM: One of the owners of this company, Lori Dane, heading down the aisle towards the ring and... well, unfortunately, she's not just one of the owners of the company, Bucky - she's also the mother of one of the competitors in this match.

BW: So what?! Shane, Toughill, and Lynch stacked the deck on their side... give Sandra this ONE thing!

GM: One thing?! She's got all the stipulations in her favor - the other side put everything at risk to get their hands on Hayes and Kendrick here tonight. She's got the special guest referee she wanted! She's got that walking horror show of a bodyguard legally in her corner!

BW: But with all that, it's still a wrestler and a non-wrestler taking on two wrestlers and a non-wrestler. Hayes and Kendrick are at a disadvantage in this thing whether you want to admit it or not, Gordo.

GM: I do not. And as Lori Dane gets in the ring, you can hear the fans in Atlanta torn over their support for her. Dane is a popular person in wrestling circles - the strides she made behind the scenes in getting the AWA Women's Division going alone would be enough to make her a crowd favorite but many remember her wrestling AND announcing days fondly as well.

BW: Remember when she used to slap Michaelson several times a show? I've wanted to do that during a few production meetings.

[Gordon chuckles as Lori forces a smile on her face, waving to the Atlanta crowd as her music starts to fade out...]

RO: And now, the participants...

[Static.]

[Cheering.]

[Sergei Prokofiev's callous and haunting "Dance of Knights" trumpets through the Georgia Dome. Beginning with the delicate strings and then the bursting of the horns and woodwinds layer on top as the dynamic music begins to play.]

RO: Introducing first... weighing in at a combined weight of 471 pounds...

[The spotlights of the arena catch a figure in an emerald green robe, arms spread wide, slowly backpedaling into view, soaking in the respect of the tens of thousands in attendance.]

RO: ...first, from Independence, Missouri... TERRY... SHANE... THE THIRD!

[Shane wheels around, inhaling deeply the fans' hard-won adulation. He pats the palm of his hand over his heart and nods his head solemnly.]

GM: Wearing the same robe he wore when debuted on Saturday Night Wrestling five years ago... the same robe his father Terry Shane Junior wore when he defended the IWA World Championship with honor so many years ago... He came to the AWA looking for a quick road to the top, but found a greater reward by doing things the hard way. Both he and his teammates have signed a "hold harmless" agreement, meaning that the AWA will not be liable for anything that takes place during this match. Tonight, he knows the stakes of the next match on our card: he can continue his path to redemption, or he has to start over from square one somewhere else.

BW: Gordo, it looks to me like he's saying his goodbyes tonight; he wanted his destiny to lie with the AWA, and if he can't hold up his family's legacy, I don't exactly see him doing that with lil' Jimmy Jack in the high school gym circuit.



GM: Terry Shane III has had his cage rattled by Kerry Kendrick and his former flame Miss Sandra Hayes so many times over the past year and change that I'm sure he knows the value of presenting a calm, cool and collected face...

[With Shane still in the entrance area, "Dance of the Knights" is interrupted by a whirring, metallic "whoosh" and "crash," becoming "Army of Me" by Bjork. The horns and strings become synths and drum loops, and the fans cheer again.]

RO: ...and his partner, from Rochester, New York...

[Shane looks over his shoulder and smiles a wry smile as his partner bursts through the entrance. Even though she is slightly hunched over, her back obviously aching, she punches her tattooed arm into the air with defiant pride.]

RO: ...RICKI... TOUGHILL!

[Ricki Toughill's special SuperClash ring gear is a white t-shirt (sleeves cut off and knotted above the navel, her own sadistically grinning mugshot printed on the front in the style of an FBI "Wanted" poster), a plaid schoolgirl's kilt, fishnet leggings that look like they've been worn a few too many times, and her well-worn Converse canvas sneakers. Her hair is spiked up into a boy-ish faux-hawk, still growing out three months later.]

BW: Most grapplers get their gear from the AWA seamstress—Ricki goes to the Goodwill with a twenty dollar bill.

GM: One of the most unlikely Cinderella stories in AWA history... from Kerry Kendrick's henchwoman to one of the most beloved and respected women to step foot in the ring. The sacrifices she has made to get to this point and the toll on her health she has paid without complaint to stay here are the stuff of legend now. I caught up with her a couple of days ago when we took in CCW's "Kicking Down The Door" and she told me that after that brutal attack by Violence Jacobs a few days ago she had a bruise on her back the size of a softball. And then she told me that she felt the same way after being tossed off the stage last year at SuperClash and she got right back up after that because she had a job to do.

BW: Well, Gordo, you lost me when you said that Ricki Toughill was talking to you, 'cause I remember you two had a heck of a bad first impression way back when. But yeah, she did get right back up after taking what we thought was the worst fall of the night – until we were proven wrong a couple hours later. But ya know what happened after she got right back up, Gordo? She went and did her job... and she did it badly, and that's why Kerry Kendrick did what was best for his interests and tossed her to the curb! And if she can't let bygones be bygones... well, if her word is so important to her, she gave her word that her contract would be frozen if she lost tonight and never step foot in a ring anywhere ever again, unless the Self Made Man or Miss Hayes or God himself gives the say-so!

[The unlikely pairing exchange a quick fist bump and a few words of encouragement.]

GM: Something else Toughill hinted at... she said she had a secret weapon in mind that would come to her aid.

BW: Fat chance of that, Gordo. Anyone these three are depending on are either out of town or otherwise occupied. Supreme Wright, Scumbag Travis, GGC... they're all in Toronto. Terry Shane Junior ain't allowed to travel—

GM: Thanks to Kerry Kendrick.

BW: ...and Jimmy Jack's not allowed anywhere near SuperClash. And I don't think the Rusting Iron Cowboy or James Lynch have anything but each other on their minds right now.

[Toughill waits beside Terry Shane III as "Army of Me" fades out, and a few seconds of inactivity starts the fans chanting...]

"SHE WANTS IN!"

"SHE WANTS IN!"

"SHE WANTS IN!"

"SHE WANTS IN!"

[...and before they can grow too restless, the roots rock of Georgia's own Larkin Poe blares through the Georgia Dome.]

RO: ...and their partner... born in Dallas, Texas... and now residing in ATLANTAAA, GEORGIAAAA...!

[If there was any doubt who the fans were waiting to see in this match, there's none now as the third member of this motley team appears in the stage fog behind Toughill and Shane to "Wanted Woman" by Larkin Poe.]

RO: ...THERESAAA... LYNCH!

[A familiar face to AWA viewers in an unfamiliar setting, Lynch jogs into view exchanging high fives with Shane and Toughill. She's opted for basic black athletic shorts and a red "SuperClash IX" baseball shirt as basic ring gear, although her white boots with "THERESA" embossed on them are of the quality one would find on any self-respecting wrestler. She has a bit of athletic tape on her shoulder, a lingering after-effect of her attack on "Fright Night."]

GM: Our broadcast colleague, Bucky. It's going to be tough to be unbiased on this particular file, but I will do my best. It was at her insistence that she be added to this match.

BW: Eh, just like a Stench to stick their noses into someone else's business to try to get a payday.

GM: If you recall, Theresa Lynch was hounded and harassed by Miss Sandra Hayes for months, aided and abetted by her supposed beau, The Self Made Man. Stepping foot in that ring for the first time. I don't know how old Blackjack feels about this—he's been tight-lipped about Theresa entering the ring as a competitor; she only has a couple weeks training under her belt.

BW: You wanna talk about tight-lipped? He knows the identity of Sandra Hayes' father, Gordo! How long has been sitting on that, and just blabs it to Theresa like it was nothing!

GM: And you wanted him to give it up to you?

BW: Of course not. It's-it's Miss Hayes that I'm thinking of. I'm concerned with her mental health, naturally.

GM: Of course.

[Shane and Lynch ascends the ring steps, while Toughill rolls under the ropes. After Terry Shane wipes his boots on the apron, he and Toughill hold the bottom rope open for Theresa Lynch to step through.]

BW: Well, I hope "Ol' Blackjack" included Theresa in his pre-match prayers for all his spawn, because she's gonna NEED Jesus when Miss Hayes can finally get her hands on her.

[The trio all line up to face the fans, Shane with his arms outstretched, spreading his vibrant green robe, Toughill pumping her fist in the air and blowing a pink bubble, and Theresa Lynch waving excitedly.]

BW: Take a good look, because this is going to be the last time you see Ricki and that perpetual underachiever Shane in an AWA ring. And for my money this is the only time you're ever gonna see Theresa Lynch in an active role.

GM: We don't know that, Bucky – it only takes three seconds for a match to be decided.

BW: Gordo, Casey James lightly brushed past her last year and she was in a coma for a month!

GM: She was not "lightly brushed past," Buckthorn. But that particular incident led to one of the darndest showdowns I've ever witnessed in that ring. This one has the potential to top that. Let's take it back to the ring and Rebecca Ortiz.

[With the music dying down and the crowd settling down, Ortiz continues.]

RO: And their opponents...

[The lights of the Georgia Dome dim. Spotlights slowly track across the roof, and the video screen at the entranceway illuminates as the sound system plays an instrumental version of Puff Daddy's "Victory," a reworking of Bill Conti's "Going The Distance" from the "Rocky" score.

On stage, Violence Jacobs steps into view as delicately as a bulldozer; she has opted for formal attire for the night, wearing a black suit jacket and slacks with a white collared shirt and black tie. She has an earpiece in her ear and her eyes are obscured by black wrap-around shades. She waits on stage, presses her finger to her ear, apparently taking instructions, then clasps her hands in front of her, daring anyone to try anything funny with her.

The image on the big screen becomes the image on the show feed, a live aerial shot of the Atlanta skyline at night, the last vestiges of sunlight now a narrow strip of red and orange on the horizon. The haze of the city lights glimmers against the broad footprint of the city.

Fade to another shot from above, closer to the ground. A phalanx of police motorcycles slowly makes their way down Atlanta's Northside Drive, blue and red lights flashing authoritatively, their sirens audibly blaring. The half-dozen or so motorcycles are escorting a luxury SUV, black and shiny like an eight-ball. The motorcade makes a deliberate right hand turn and the camera sweeps up for an aerial view of the Georgia Dome at night.

Fade to the Georgia Dome loading area, where the motorcycles and SUV pull in. The flashing lights are even more dazzling, and their sirens are eardrum-perforating. They make their way through the concrete underbelly of the stadium.

Fade back to a wide shot of the arena. The police motorcycles start emerging from the entranceway, then the glossy black SUV slowly pulls into view. On the stage, Violence Jacobs itinerantly makes her way to the rear passenger door of the Cadillac Escalade, putting one hand on the handle, and a finger to her earpiece, waiting for her cue.

Then as Jacobs opens the SUV door, the lights abruptly cycle between all the hues of the rainbow, and "Victory" turns into the sound of electronic being tortured, which in turn becomes "The Business of Emotion" by Big Data.

From the passenger door of the Escalade steps Kerry Kendrick, the picture of intensity, twisting the cap off a bottle of water, pouring some into his mouth, the rest over his scalp, then casually tossing the bottle away. After him, Miss Sandra Hayes steps out haughtily. Violence Jacobs opens the hatch of the SUV and, like a caddy, hands her a sparkling pink baseball bat. She twirls it through the air and decides it's acceptable.]

BW: Now THAT is how a Sigma Male and the Boss of Girl Bosses make an entrance, daddy!

[The Self Made Man and Miss Hayes, business and romantic partners, make their way down the long entrance ramp purposefully, Violence Jacobs escorting them predatorily. They're both decked out in black faux patent leather and silver: Kendrick in his usual trunks, boots, and heavy kneepads, and Hayes in tight-fitting shorts, black boots and kickpads (which she probably doesn't really need) and a long-sleeved halter with a Prada-inspired "HAYES" logo on the front.]

GM: Miss Hayes and Mister Kendrick... one could describe them as Shakespearian in nature.

BW: Star-crossed lovers like Miss Hayes and the Foundation, with so many enemies and feuding families looking to tear them apart out of sheer blind jealousy. I know.

GM: I was thinking more like "Macbeth," Bucky. Pathological ambition, used to justify a path of destruction.

BW: Well, who's to say who's the protagonist and who's the antagonist in this situation, anyway? I'm betting on MY future, daddy. And that's Miss Hayes and the King of Spades. They're holding the keys to the kingdom, Gordo, and if you want that sweet pension money, you'll realize which side of the bread you're buttered on!

[Hayes and Kendrick both reach ringside. Shane herds Toughill and Kendrick to the floor, trying to keep them in check emotionally.]

GM: "King of Spades," "Sigma Male," "Foundation..." are you actually buying into that "media guide" Sandra Hayes sent you?

BW: New ownership is coming and you'd best be prepared to use the proper terms. Miss Hayes is a master of branding.

GM: She was a master of blindsiding people with a branding iron... now she's Kerry Kendrick's "designated hitter." A job that used to belong to Ricki Toughill until the Self Made Man began to treat her like a bootlicker.

[Hayes twirls her sparkly bat again as she ascends the ring steps behind Kendrick. Kendrick stands on the apron, facing out at the massive Georgia Dome crowd.]

GM: And between that bat, that loaded kneepad of the Self Made Man, and now the presence of Violence Jacobs... Kendrick and Hayes may have the numerical disadvantage, but their arsenal is deadly and they're not afraid to use it.

[In unison, Kendrick and Hayes spread their arms overhead, glistening in the high-angled stage lighting before Kendrick steps through the ropes, holding the middle and bottom rope open for Hayes.]

SA: Rebecca Ortiz wisely getting the heck out of-

[Hayes steps right in the ring announcer's path though, putting a hand on her chest that draws a glare from Ortiz.]

MSH: Not so fast, honey.

[Hayes extends a hand towards Violence Jacobs who is now standing on the apron, a fat stack of paper in her hand. Jacobs hands the paper over towards Hayes who smirks at Ortiz.]

MSH: Not that I'd ever expect you to do your job properly... but these people watching this show have been mis-informed by you.

[Ortiz looks confused.]

MSH: I heard you say this is a mixed tag team handicap match.

[Ortiz nods, mouthing "it is!" Hayes shakes her head, flipping the pages.]

MSH: If I may respectfully call your attention to page 64, section F, clause 17 of the official contract for tonight's match...

[Hayes stabs a well-manicured finger at the page. Ortiz looks at it.]

MSH: ...you can make the correct announcement.

[Ortiz' eyebrows raise at what she's seeing as she raises the microphone.]

RO: My apologies, wrestling fans... I have just been informed that his match is no longer a mixed tag team handicap match...

[She looks up at Hayes who nods with a "go on."]

RO: ...it is an INTERGENDER TAG TEAM HANDICAP MATCH!

[The crowd ROARS in disbelief as the fan favorite corner looks confused.]

GM: A... what?!

BW: An Intergender Tag Team Handicap Match! At least pay attention to the show you're calling, sheesh!

GM: But that means...

BW: It means that the men can get in there with the women and mix it up, daddy!

GM: Fans, in a Mixed Tag Team match, the rules state that if a female competitor tags in, the other female competitor opposing then MUST come into the ring. But under these rules...

BW: Under these rules, Kerry Kendrick can finally get his hands on that treacherous punk Ricki Toughill and it's ALLLLLLL legal!

[Shane, Toughill, and Lynch quickly huddle up to discuss this sudden change in the expected rules for the match.]

GM: And... well, that definitely helps even the odds for Kendrick and Hayes, doesn't it? Previously, if Toughill got in the ring, she was a huge favorite to do major damage to Hayes who would have to get in there with her. Now... that doesn't have

to happen at all. Now, Toughill can get in there and she might find herself face-to-face with her former employer, Kerry Kendrick!

[Hayes and Kendrick have their full-on gloat mode engaged as they watch their opponents scramble for new strategy.]

GM: Oh, those two are certainly proud of themselves, springing this on their opponents at the last possible second!

BW: It's in the contract, Gordo! It's called literacy - look into it!

GM: The contract is as big as an Encyclopedia Britannica! You try reading every little clause in there!

BW: A what?! Way to show the new suits in mouse ears how old you really are.

[With Hayes gloating in her direction, an agitated Theresa Lynch breaks from the huddle, stomping across the ring, getting right up in Hayes' face as Lori Dane tries to intercept her.]

GM: Uh oh... the bell hasn't even rung yet and Theresa wants to get her hands on this manipulative little-

BW: Easy, Gordo. If we end up with new bosses at the end of the night, Sandra will have your job herself if you keep running your mouth like that.

GM: I already told Javier Castillo if he wants my job, he can come take my headset from my hands. That goes double for this spoiled little brat!

BW: When you talked about not being able to be unbiased, you really meant it.

[With Theresa and Sandra in a shouting match, Violence Jacobs steps into the ring, moving towards them...]

...and then **SHOVES** Theresa Lynch backwards, only avoiding falling to the mat by Ricki Toughill catching her in her arms as the crowd jeers!]

GM: Violence Jacobs, the acting bodyguard for Sandra Hayes tonight, just tossed Theresa Lynch across the ring like a bag of laundry.

BW: Wait 'til you see what Sandra does to her. You know how much she benches?!

GM: Give me a break!

[Theresa angrily breaks away from Ricki, stomping back across towards a waiting Violence Jacobs who looks on with amusement, her arms crossed as the much-smaller Lynch approaches...]

...but Toughill again grabs Theresa, steering her with some effort away from the hulking Jacobs as Hayes laughs at Lynch from the safety of being behind Jacobs.]

GM: Jacobs, the sister of former AWA tag team champion Brad Jacobs, showing off her muscle early tonight and I think we just got a glimpse of exactly what her role is gonna be here tonight.

BW: Keeping entitled little twits like Theresa out of Sandra's face, I think you're right!

GM: That's not what I-

[Toughill quickly spins away from Lynch, charging back at Jacobs...

...who seems prepared for such an occurrence, lifting the charging Ricki up under her arm, doing a full spin with the momentum, and DRIVING her down in a sidewalk slam!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: JACOBS JUST LAID OUT RICKI BEFORE THE MATCH EVEN STARTS!

[Hayes' eyes go wide with excitement. She rushes forward, shouting at Jacobs to vacate the ring. The presumably well-paid bodyguard obliges, ducking through the ropes as Hayes shrieks to her mother - and the special guest referee - to call for the bell to start the match!]

GM: Oh, come on! Ricki just got laid out by someone not even in the match and Hayes is trying to take advantage of it!

BW: Master strategy!

[Dane looks torn already as Hayes waves an arm towards the timekeeper - "RING IT! RING IT!"]

GM: Lori Dane looks less than thrilled with this. Already being put in a bad position by her daughter who-

[Hayes grabs Dane by the arm, shaking it back and forth and shouting "MOOOOTHERRRR!" With a sigh, Dane swings an arm towards the timekeeper.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[With a yelp, Hayes dives across the downed Toughill, shouting "COUNT! COUNT!" and Dane drops down to oblige.]

GM: Hayes gets one! She's got two!

[But Toughill kicks out before three, leaving Hayes on her knees looking surprised. She squeals loudly, diving back across, hooking a leg this time.]

GM: Another cover!

[Dane again counts to two as Toughill's shoulder comes up.]

GM: And another two count. Hayes can't keep her down despite the best efforts of Violence Jacobs.

BW: Oh, you haven't even seen the best efforts of Violence Jacobs yet, daddy. That was just an appetizer - the main course is gonna be more than even Toughill can stomach.

[With a shriek, Hayes starts battering Ricki, slapping her arms down, landing a few open-handed blows to the head and face as Toughill covers up on the canvas.]

GM: Not a lot of technique there but we weren't expecting any either. Hayes and Lynch are certainly going to be the weak links in their respective teams as neither have had much time to train for this match and aren't exactly top flight prospects to begin with.

BW: I have it on good authority that Sandra's been secretly getting ring training for years. She may surprise you.

GM: Is that good authority Sandra herself?

BW: I can't comment on that.

[Following her flurry of "strikes," Hayes dives on top of Toughill again...

...and again gets a two count. This time, she rolls off, slapping her hands on the canvas with a loud "ARRRRRRRGHHHHHHH!"]

GM: And... well, Sandra Hayes showing signs of frustration like... what? A minute into the match?

BW: That's how good she is, Gordo. She thought she was going to set a record here tonight.

GM: She still might... for the longest distance someone's had their rear end kicked out of the squared circle.

[Hayes is right up in her mother's face, complaining about the count almost instantly.]

GM: Oh, this is gonna be a long night for Lori Dane. You can see the exhaustion on her face already.

BW: Believe that's called being a parent.

[Gordon chuckles as Hayes slaps her hands together three times and Dane sternly says "Sandra, it was two" before Hayes throws up her hands in dismay, turns around...

...and spots Ricki Toughill on her hands and knees, crawling towards her corner where both Shane and Lynch have their arms extended!]

GM: Toughill's heading for the corner!

[Hayes lets loose a high-pitched yelp at the sight of that, rushing across to grab Ricki by the foot, putting her back into it and dragging her 170 pound frame across the ring back towards the other corner...]

BW: Beautiful strategy there! Cutting the ring in half! She's got everything it takes to be a top flight tag team wrestler.

GM: I'm gonna be sick.

[Hayes starts stomping Ricki in the back, trying to go after the injury she suffered a week ago at the hands of Violence Jacobs who looks on approvingly from the floor.]

GM: I never thought Sandra Hayes would be the one starting this match off but I'm wrong on that. Keeping it simple with stomps... some kicks now to the back as well...

[Hayes drops to her knees, grabbing Ricki by the head, lifting it off the mat and SLAMMING it back down!]

GM: ...and- ohhh! Toughill's head is DRIVEN backwards into the mat... and another cover from Hayes!

[A two count follows again before Ricki gets the shoulder up. Hayes again shrieks at the two count, scrambling up to get in her mother's face again.]



GM: Is she going to complain about every count in this match?!

BW: Unless Dane starts acting like a professional in there.

GM: Oh, I don't think Hayes wants that at all. She's hoping to use her relationship to the special guest referee to put the odds in the favor of Hayes and Kendrick... although I have to wonder how eager Lori Dane would be to see Hayes win this match and for Theresa to... how do the kids put it... spill the tea?

[Dane again goes through a brief discussion/argument with her child, shaking her head at the end of it and pointing her back at the downed Toughill.]

GM: Lori Dane trying to keep her daughter on task. Good luck with that, Lori.

[Terry Shane slaps his hand down on the turnbuckle a few times, shouting "COME ON, RICKI!" which gets cheers from the fans...

...and draws the attention of Sandra Hayes who turns to look in her former ally's direction.]

GM: Sandra Hayes looking across at Terry Shane... what in the world...?

[There's a loud reaction - a mixture of boos, cheers, howling, wolfwhistles - as Hayes sashays seductively across the ring towards where Shane is standing. She pulls up a few feet short, pouting her lips, sticking out her assets provocatively as Shane looks on with a shake of his head.]

GM: What is this about now?

BW: Sandra's showing Terry Shane exactly what he's missing!

GM: There does seem to have been more to the past relationship between Sandra Hayes and Terry Shane than strictly business.

BW: Speaking of strictly business, Sandra's about to back dat-

GM: Let's not even go there, Bucky.

[Hayes turns slowly, throwing a look over her shoulder at Shane who is on the apron...

...and channels her inner Elle Woods with a bend and snap to grab the leg of Toughill, lifting it up off the mat...]

GM: Hayes has got Ricki by the leg now... looking for...

[Hayes throws another look over her shoulder, winking at her former man...]

BW: I love it, Gordo. Hayes is trying to dig deep in the mind of Terry Shane. Heck, it was just last weekend that Hayes and Kendrick offered to align themselves with Shane if he walked away from this match... and there's still time! Look at what you're giving up, Shane!

[...and then cranks Toughill's leg around in the Shane spinning toehold to a huge burst of jeers from the crowd!]

GM: Well, look at that... Hayes picked up something standing ringside for Terry Shane matches all that time after all...

[Toughill grimaces as Hayes tries to crank on the leg...

...and then turns towards Shane, blowing a kiss in his direction...]

GM: Hayes again trying to get into the mind of Terry Shane, losing her focus on the action in the ring and-

[With Hayes facing the wrong way, Toughill plants a boot on Hayes' posterior and gives a shove, sending her stumbling towards the corner where Theresa Lynch rears back a right hand!]

GM: Theresa getting her first sh- no!

[But Hayes squeals, slamming on the brakes. She waggles a finger at Theresa who is eager to get her hands on Hayes. With a smirk, Hayes turns around...

...and charges the rising Toughill, looking to get at her before Ricki gets fully back on her feet..]

GM: DROP TOEHOLD!

[...but Toughill is a step quicker and brings Hayes crashing down facefirst on the mat. Her face slams into the canvas and Hayes immediately grabs at her nose, screeching "MY FAAAAACE!" as Theresa gleefully applauds from the corner.]

GM: Hayes goes bouncing facefirst off the mat!

[Toughill climbs to her feet, notably wincing and grabbing at her lower back as she does.]

GM: Ricki showing some ill effects from the damage done to her back last weekend by Violence Jacobs.

[But with her own smirk, Toughill turns towards Kerry Kendrick who is on the apron...

...and in a fun house mirror sort of way, does her best mimic of Hayes' "seductive" pose with her ass out, chest popped, and lips pouted. The crowd laughs loudly.]

GM: Haha!

[Kendrick angrily kicks the ropes, threatening Toughill who twists around, plants a kiss on her hand and slaps her rear end towards Kendrick who paces the apron angrily.]

GM: Ricki Toughill having a good time in there here at SuperClash... a far cry from a year ago when she got thrown off the stage by Julie Somers who will battle for the World Title up in Toronto later tonight.

BW: I don't know, Gordo. I'm sure that was fun to Ricki in her own way as well.

GM: You know, you might be right about that... but probably not as fun as this as Ricki pulls Sandra off the mat...

[A grinning Toughill points to the corner where Theresa eagerly sticks out her hand, nodding her head as the Atlanta crowd ROARS at the idea of seeing Lynch get her hands on Hayes... and then start in with a now-familiar chant.]

"SHE WANTS IN!"

"SHE WANTS IN!"

"SHE WANTS IN!"

[Lynch points to the chanting crowd, nodding her head again as she waits for the tag. Ricki nods as well, walking across the ring, pulling Hayes with her..

...but with a wiggle and a twist, Hayes manages to slip out of Toughill's grasp, running across the ring as quickly as she can, and flings herself into the corner where she slaps an eager Kerry Kendrick's hand.]

GM: There's the first tag of the match on either side as Kerry Kendrick tags in and I expect we'll see Terry Shane in now.

BW: Not so fast, you sexist pig - this is an Intergender Match now! Ricki can stay in there and fight the former Television Champion if she chooses to.

GM: You're absolutely right, Bucky. I totally forgot about that... and that makes this a VERY interesting situation.

[Kendrick steps through the ropes, balling up his fists and waving Toughill towards him. Ricki is near the corner as Terry Shane sticks out his hand.]

GM: Shane offering the tag here... but I'm not sure Ricki is gonna take it.

[The crowd cheers louder as Toughill balls up her own fists, taking a step away from the corner...]

GM: Oh yeah! We're gonna see it!

[...but Shane shouts at Toughill, extending his hand again...]

GM: Terry Shane really wants in there too. Partly to protect his partner I'm sure who has been in there for a little while now and is still recovering from that thunderous side slam before the match even started... but partly because he wants to get his hands on Kerry Kendrick and make him pay for everything he's done to him and his family over the last few months.

[A reluctant Toughill points a warning finger at Kendrick and then slaps the offered hand, bringing Terry Shane into the ring to cheers.]

GM: Alright, Terry Shane in there now... he's had good nights at SuperClash in the past and he's had bad nights. He's hoping to chalk one in the "good" column here tonight.

[Kendrick smirks across the ring at Shane, moving away from his corner as Shane sidesteps to circle...]

GM: These two are no strangers to one another at this point but-

[...and as Kendrick comes to a halt and shouts "TOO BAD YOUR OLD MAN'S NOT HERE TO SEE ME KICK YOUR ASS AGAIN!"...]

GM: Uh oh.

[...Shane rushes forward, ducking low...]

GM: DOUBLE LEG - AND DOWN GOES KENDRICK!

[Securing the takedown, Shane starts raining down rights and lefts on the Foundation...]

GM: Shane's got him down and going to town on him! Letting him have it! And you know Shane's thinking about his father while he does this to Kendrick as well!

[...until Lori Dane dives in, shouting - "LET HIM UP, SHANE! OPEN UP THOSE HANDS!"]

GM: Lori Dane trying to get Shane off Kendrick.

BW: Not quick enough! Those are closed fists - disqualify him!

[Shane does relent, climbing to his feet and nodding to a reprimanding Dane as Kendrick rolls to the outside to take a breather...]

GM: Kendrick bails out to the floor.

BW: Gotta regroup a little.

[...which turns out to be a short-lived breather as Ricki Toughill grabs him by the tights and shoots him back under the ropes into the ring!]

BW: HEY!

GM: And Ricki puts him back in!

[Kendrick springs to his feet, shouting down over the ropes at Toughill as she walks back to her corner. She raises a hand, miming Kendrick yapping at her as Hayes joins in from her corner.]

GM: A lot of words being exchanged early on by these two teams - no surprise considering all the bad blood in there... and look at Shane now...

[Shane grabs Kendrick by the shoulder, swinging him around into a European uppercut...]

GM: Ohh! Shane one of the best in the AWA at throwing those Euro-style forearms... and a second one finds the mark as well!

[A third one sends Kendrick falling back against the ropes as Shane grabs him by the wrist...]

GM: Shane shoots him acr- no, reversed!

[The reversal sends Shane into the ropes as Kendrick drops his head, looking for a backdrop...]

...but Shane pulls up short, booting Kendrick right in the mouth with a front kick!]

GM: Ohh! Kendrick tasting boot leather here in the A-T-L from that counter to a counter...

[Kendrick straightens up, grabbing at his mouth... which allows Shane to lean down, yanking the legs out from under him...]

GM: Shane's got the legs!

[He raises an arm, giving a twirl as the fans go wild!]

GM: He's looking for the spinning toehold - a chance to show Sandra Hayes how this hold is REALLY locked in!

[With Kendrick on his back, Shane twists around the leg, locking in his family hold...]

GM: And there it is! The hold he's won titles with... his father won titles with... his grandfather won titles with! The Shane Spinning Toehold is applied and...

[Despite the extreme torque on the leg, Kendrick simply laughs at Shane.]

GM: ...what is happening here?

[Kendrick's cackle sends the crowd into a fury as Shane realizes what's going on, releasing the hold and stepping back. He points to the kneebrace to official Lori Dane who shrugs with a "the doctor says it's legal"]

GM: It's that kneebrace! That so-called protective kneebrace is actually COMPLETELY neutralizing the spinning toehold!

[An irate Shane drops an elbow down into the collarbone of the laughing Kendrick before rolling to his knees, grabbing Kendrick in a loose side headlock and smashing his fist repeatedly into his head!]

GM: Shane's furious at that and we've got one former TV Champion pounding away at another!

[From the outside of the ring, Violence Jacobs extends her arms (and torso) under the bottom rope, stretching out to grab the wrists of Kendrick...]

GM: What is she...? Oh, come on!

[The jeers pick up again as Jacobs drags Kendrick right out of the headlock, under the bottom rope, and outside the ring out of the grasp of Terry Shane who looks even more agitated as he glares at Jacobs, pointing an accusing finger.]

GM: Shane's complaining about the outside interference...

BW: That Dane completely missed because she was warning Shane about the closed fists!

GM: Is that what happened or is Lori Dane turning a blind eye to interference that helps her daughter and her daughter's boyfriend?!

[Dane throws a query at Jacobs who shakes her head, denying it as Shane grimaces, looking over at a smirking Hayes in the corner.]

GM: Terry Shane's trying to get some semblance of a fair match here and so far, everything is turning up roses for Kendrick and Hayes.

[Shane angrily steps out on the apron, taking aim...]

GM: Shane on the outside now and... DOWWWWWWN across the head with a double axehandle!

[Shane grimaces upon landing on the floor, hobbling a few steps as Kendrick wobbles away from him, staggering alongside the apron.]

GM: Shane looks like he might've tweaked something on that landing, Bucky.

BW: Fighting on the floor is NOT Terry Shane's speciality. You go out there, you take a chance no matter what you do.

GM: Shane's trying to walk it off though, following Kendrick on the outside...

[Hobbling over towards Kendrick, Shane pauses near the timekeeper's table for a moment, putting his hand on it for support... and then continues on, grabbing Kendrick by the arm...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ...and FIRES him into the steel barricade!

[Kendrick arches his back after impact, staggering back towards Shane who grabs him by the head, tossing him back under the ropes.]

GM: Shane puts Kendrick back inside and-

[As soon as he's on the mat, Kendrick reaches out and grabs Lori Dane by the ankle. Dane turns towards him, shouting for him to let her go...

...and the momentary distraction is enough for Violence Jacobs to hurl her 217 pound frame at Terry Shane, clashing her arms together on his head upon impact, sending him tumbling down to the barely-padded floor!]

GM: OHH! And Violence Jacobs out of nowhere takes down Terry Shane!

BW: You talk about Ricki Toughill having a secret weapon here tonight - THAT'S the real secret weapon, Gordo! Violence Jacobs is having a major impact on this match already!

GM: She laid out Toughill before the bell and now takes Shane down at ringside... here comes Ricki now!

[Toughill is down and around the ringpost, itching for a fight with the big brawler from Japan...

...but Lori Dane quickly intervenes, sliding the outside, keeping Toughill from attacking Jacobs. The crowd jeers Dane's call as Toughill angrily points to the downed Shane, telling Dane what happened when she was distracted by Kendrick!]

GM: Lori Dane's keeping Toughill back... and Toughill is very upset, fans. She saw what happened to Terry Shane and Lori Dane didn't... we assume... and now she's letting Dane have it for her call.

[With Toughill and Dane arguing, Kerry Kendrick rolls under the ropes, pulling Shane off the ringside mats and SMASHES his head down into the ring apron before shoving him back under the ropes.]

GM: Kendrick with the attack on the floor, putting Shane back in as well... and I hate to admit it but the trio of Hayes, Kendrick, and Jacobs... quartet if you add the suspicious Lori Dane... are working incredibly well.

BW: Come on, Gordo. If you get fired after tonight, do you really want a slander lawsuit from Lori Dane following you into your golden years? Lori Dane has done nothing wrong tonight... not one thing.

GM: I hope you're right, Bucky... and I want to give her the benefit of the doubt, I really do. But you know as well as I do the lengths a parent will go for their children. She's in a no win position here tonight and I feel bad for her frankly.

[Back inside the ring, Kendrick pulls Shane up to his feet, quickly scooping him up and slamming him down on the canvas.]

GM: Big slam by Kendrick... backs to the corner... up on the middle rope now...

[The Foundation dives from his perch, driving the point of his elbow down into Shane's throat, causing his legs to kick up as he coughs and gasps on the canvas. A smirking Kendrick applies a lateral press as Dane drops down to count.]

GM: Kendrick with a cover for one... for two... but this time, it's Shane who kicks out at two.

[Kendrick throws a glare at Lori Dane who returns it with a "don't even start" expression on her face. The former TV champion decides not to, climbing back to his feet as the fans cheer Shane, trying to rally him off the mat.]

GM: We're about ten minutes into this sixty minute time limit as Kendrick pulls Shane off his knees, shoving him back into the wrong part of town.

[A grinning Sandra shouts "LET HIM HAVE IT, BABE!" as Kendrick steps in, swinging his heavy metal kneebrace-covered knee up into the midsection of Shane...]

GM: Ohh! That kneebrace driven up into the ribs!

[Kendrick does it again... and again... and again as the fans jeer and Lori Dane calls for a break.]

GM: Kendrick destroying the body of Shane in the corner, knocking the wind out of him... and he finally backs off...

[But as Dane reprimands Kendrick, Sandra Hayes loops the tag rope around her former ally's throat, pulling back on it to even more jeers!]

GM: She's choking him! She's choking him, Bucky!

BW: But she's doing it behind the referee's back which makes it excellent strategy!

GM: It's illegal!

BW: So?! She's not a wrestler, Gordo! It should basically be legal for her to take a shortcut here or there.

GM: I can't even believe what I'm hearing out of you. The lengths you'll go to justify her actions... and finally, she lets go.

[Hayes is grinning as Shane leans forward, coughing violently. Kendrick steps back, measuring his target...

...and then comes barreling in, leaping into the air...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and misses the mark as Shane pulls himself clear, Kendrick's steel-covered knee slamming into the turnbuckle before he flops backwards down on the mat.]

GM: Down goes Kendrick! Shane somehow got clear and-

[Still gasping for air, Shane stays on his man, grabbing the leg and reaching out to hook his fingers under the kneebrace to a ROAR from the Atlanta crowd!]

GM: SHANE'S TRYING TO TAKE OFF THE KNEEBRACE!

[But desperate to avoid that, Kendrick lands an upkick to Shane's chest, sending him falling right back to the corner..]

...and this time, Sandra doesn't even try to hide it as she loops the tag rope around his throat again!]

GM: Right there, Lori! It's right there!

[Dane reprimands Hayes, ordering her to let go as Kendrick scrambles up off the mat, rushes forward, and leaps to land the kneestrike he was going for moments ago! The blow catches Shane firmly in the chest as Kendrick bounces back.]

GM: Oh! Hayes held him in place for that steel-enhanced knee to hit Shane right in the chest! This is ridiculous!

[The fans are jeering as Hayes lets go, pleading her innocence as Shane staggers out of the corner, falling to his knees where Kendrick throws him down on his back. Dane is warning Hayes when Kendrick covers and shouts "REF!" Dane breaks off her reprimand to count, getting to two before Shane kicks out.]

GM: Another two count. Terry Shane showing his resilient side here in this one. You know, he told me last night at an autograph signing that Atlanta has been so good to him in recent times that it's really becoming like a second home to him... and these fans certainly are solidly behind him here tonight. There was a time, Bucky, where saying that would be almost unheard of but Terry Shane has come a long way in that time and he hopes a win tonight will really springboard him to a major run in 2018 - he's even mentioned going after the National Title which we saw Jordan Ohara capture earlier tonight. What a match that would be.

BW: For the barf bag industry, sure.

[With Shane laid out on the canvas, Sandra Hayes sticks out her hand. Kendrick arches an eyebrow as she insistently sticks it out again... and he gingerly grabs it, turning it over to plant a kiss on it to jeers from the crowd and fake swooning from Hayes who fans herself as she steps through the ropes.]

GM: Was that a tag?

BW: Not sure what the rulebook says on that one but Dane's saying she'll allow it.

GM: She's allowed an awful lot here tonight so far.

BW: Boy, you won't be happy until you've ticked off ALL the owners, will ya?

[Hayes stands over Shane, her legs in a wide stance straddling his torso as she looks down on him...]

"Ohhh, what's wrong, Terry? Can't get up?"

[She smirks towards her corner where Kendrick is laughing loudly.]

"That's always been a problem for you, hasn't it?"

[And then she reaches down...]



"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[The crowd groans as Shane's head snaps to the side, Hayes still standing over him.]

"Did you really think you could beat me?"

[She leans down again.]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[She blows gently on her fingers.]

"Come on, Terry... you know that I ALWAYS end up on top."

[And again...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Miss Sandra Hayes just mocking Shane, slapping him across the face... what a long way they've come since their Shane Gang days together.

BW: You mean Hayes Gang.

GM: I most certainly do not.

[Hayes retreats to her corner, where she takes Kendrick by the hand and plants a kiss on him... a kiss that if there were a five count to disqualify, the match would be over.]

GM: Oh, brother.

BW: Kerry Kendrick is a lucky, lucky man.

[Kendrick is all grins as he climbs back into the ring. He grabs Shane as he tries to sit up, pulling him the rest of the way to his feet. The Foundation drags him out to middle ring, shoving him into a front facelock...]

GM: Kendrick looking for a DDT perhaps!

[...but before he can go further, Shane charges forward, driving Kendrick back into the wrong part of town!]

GM: Ohh! And Shane sends him back into the corner!

[Kendrick looks alarmed as Shane steps back, hooks the back of the head and neck...]

GM: UPPERCUT!

[...and starts BLASTING him with European uppercuts!]

GM: TWO! THREE! FOUR! FIVE! SIX! SEVEN!

[Lori Dane steps in, shouting at Shane to back out of the corner. He raises his arms, obliging...]

...which is when Ricki Toughill loops the tag rope around Kendrick's throat, pulling back as Kendrick kicks and flails and Sandra screeches for her mother to turn around and see the illegal activity!]

GM: Ricki Toughill turning things around, giving Kerry Kendrick and Sandra Hayes a taste of their own medicine here in Atlanta!

[Toughill lets go just before the official does turn around, letting Kendrick stagger a couple of steps out of the corner. Shane gives his partner a thumbs up which is when Kendrick tries to sneak a boot into the gut but Shane catches it!]

GM: Kendrick tried to surprise him with a kick downstairs but Shane was ready for it...

[Kendrick takes repeated swipes at Shane, hopping on one foot as Shane guides him out of the corner towards the middle of the ring...

...and violently TWISTS the leg around, dragging Kendrick down to the mat with a dragon screw!]

BW: What kind of a savage does something like that?! He knows Kerry has a bad wheel!

GM: Oh, sure he does... sure he does...

[And with Kendrick down on his back again, Shane goes for the kneebrace again...]

GM: Come on, Terry! Yank that thing off him!

BW: How can you even say that?! He's trying to remove Kendrick's protective gear so he can get a shot at an injured body part!

GM: It's not injured yet but it's about to be!

[Shane is yanking and pulling on the kneebrace to the roar of the Atlanta crowd...

...which is when Sandra Hayes comes rushing into the ring, running across...]

GM: Hayes is in!

[...and LEAPS UP on the back of Terry Shane, hanging on tight as she tries to pull him off of Kendrick before the kneebrace can come off!]

GM: HAYES IS ON HIS BACK! SHANE'S TRYING TO GET THE KNEEBRACE AND-

[The crowd ROARS as Ricki Toughill comes in, ignoring the protests of Lori Dane as she grabs Hayes by the hair...

...and YANKS her down off Shane's back, throwing her down on the canvas to big cheers! Hayes immediately starts crawling away as Dane forces Toughill to exit back out to the apron!]

GM: Hayes gets ripped off the back... Toughill back out...

[Toughill steps out to the apron as Kendrick rolls to the other side of the ring, taking a spot on the floor where he's working on adjusting his kneebrace...

....which means when Sandra Hayes regains her feet and turns around while primping her hair...]

GM: Uh oh!

[...she finds herself face to face with the man she betrayed so long ago.]

GM: Now THIS should be very, very interesting, Bucky.

BW: It's not too late, Terry! Take the offer! Join the Hayes Gang!

[Hayes looks around, trying to find Kendrick and sees no one. She looks a little panicked across at a smirking Shane who is watching her run through all of the options in her head...

...and suddenly, she settles on one as she again sashays across the ring towards him.]

GM: Oh, you've gotta be kidding me.

[Hayes grins as she slowly lifts her arm, putting her hand on Shane's bare chest, dragging her fingernails across it...]

GM: Sandra Hayes looking to... perhaps persuade Terry Shane to do exactly what you said, Bucky.

BW: Making him an offer he can't refuse!

[Shane looks down at Hayes who leans closer, whispering to him...]

GM: Uhhh... should we turn away?

[...and Shane suddenly steps back, putting a firm hand on her shoulder.]

"Never. Never again, Sandra."

[Shane forcefully turns away from her to a big cheer, lifting his arm to tag out...

...which is when a furious Hayes screams, "NEVER?!" and jerks him back around by the shoulder, throwing herself at him fingernails-first!]

GM: AHHH! AHHH! SHE'S TRYING TO CLAW HIS DAMN EYES OUT!

[Shane screams, rubbing wildly at his eyes as he sinks to his knees on the canvas. Hayes glares angrily down at him...]

"NEVER?!"

[...and lets him have it again...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Hayes' slap seems to snap new life into Shane as he gets right up, fuming mad as he blindly reaches out for her. She panics a bit, backpedaling away... and then gets a new idea as she spies Kendrick up on the apron...]

"COME GET ME, TERRY!"

[...and Shane follows her voice towards the ropes, walking right into a haymaker between the eyes from Kendrick!]

GM: OH! What a right hand!

[A cackling Hayes exits the ring, leaving Kendrick back inside the ring with Shane, stomping and kicking him down on the mat until the impact of the blows forces Shane under the ropes to the outside...]

GM: Shane rolls out, trying to get away from Kendrick... maybe get his vision back... Hayes tried to rob him of that perhaps permanently with those fingernails, Bucky.

BW: You know what they say about a woman scorned, daddy. Shane just found out the hard way.

[Dane stops Kendrick from following Shane to the outside...

...which gives Violence Jacobs a clear path, pulling Shane up and smashing his head down on the ring apron!]

GM: And again, Violence Jacobs bringing the pain on the outside! She's all over Shane... look out!

[Scooping Shane up, Jacobs DROPS him so that his face BOUNCES off the ring apron before he slumps down on the ringside mats!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: I love it, Gordo! Everyone thought Sandra brought Violence Jacobs here to protect her from Toughill or maybe swat that little Texas horsefly Theresa... but Jacobs is taking care of Shane too! She's an equal opportunity asskicker!

[Lori Dane starts a ten count on Shane as we can hear both Ricki and Theresa cheering him on from the corner. Kerry Kendrick stands middle ring, waiting and watching to see if Shane can recover.]

GM: Terry Shane showing he's got a lot of fight left in him though... battling his way up to his feet. A former World Television Champion who says he'll be looking for more gold in 2018 after he settles this issue with Kendrick and Shane... dragging himself back up on the apron now...

[Kendrick brushes past Lori Dane, catching Shane with a right hand just as he gets into position. A second haymaker lands before Kendrick hooks Shane, looking to bring him over...]

GM: Suplex on the way...

[...but a determined Shane fires off a series of short right hands to the ribs, causing Kendrick to abandon his suplex attempt.]

GM: Shane fights out of it... grabs him...

[Running down the apron, Shane SLAMS Kendrick's head into the top turnbuckle, sending him bouncing out of the corner and up against the ropes. Shane walks down the apron, pumping a fist at the roaring crowd before ducking through the ropes...]

GM: Shane coming back in...

[...which is when Kendrick comes storming down alongside the ropes, swinging his steel kneebrace-enhanced knee up...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...where the knee SLAMS violently into Shane's head, snapping his neck back as the Missouri native tumbles off the apron, falling limply to the outside.]

GM: OH!

[The crowd goes momentarily silent as Shane collapses on the floor, sensing something not-quite-right just happened. Ricki Toughill drops down off the apron, sprinting around the ring, diving to her knees alongside Shane as Lori Dane looks on in shock from inside the ring.]

GM: My stars, I... fans, I'm not sure...

[Toughill immediately jumps up, looking towards the ring.]

"HE NEEDS HELP!"

[Dane nods, grabbing the earpiece in her ear and saying something unheard before joining Toughill on the outside. She kneels down alongside Shane as well, grabbing his hand.

We cut to a shot of Theresa Lynch, hands clasped in front of her, wetness in her eyes as she looks at the fallen Shane from the ring apron.

And then to Miss Sandra Hayes who has an arm draped around the shoulder of Kerry Kendrick who is speaking softly to her, Hayes nodding repeatedly as they all look to the outside.]

GM: You heard what she said... if you can hear me in the back, please get some help out here for Terry Shane. He... fans, he appears to be unconscious after that kneelift and...

[We cut to a shot of the aisle where a pair of medical team members trailed by Tommy Fierro are running down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: ...here we go. The medical staff on their way out here. Tommy Fierro, one of the AWA's backstage workers, as well. Obvious concern on everyone's faces as Terry Shane was... he was coming back through the ropes when Kerry Kendrick hit him with that kneelift... that metal brace on the knee...

BW: It didn't look good, Gordo.

GM: It definitely didn't. Kendrick calls that move the Liberty Bellringer... and right now, you just hope that's all that happened... that Terry Shane got his bell rung as is often said here in pro wrestling. The medical team with him now... checking... okay... okay... we can see him moving.

BW: Thank god for that.

[The camera cuts back to ringside where Shane is now on his back, the medical team members holding a light up in front of him.]

GM: It looks like they might be checking for a sign of a concussion perhaps.

[Fierro moves quickly to Toughill's side, whispering to her. She nods, stepping back to give the medics more room.

We cut again to Theresa Lynch, now with her head bowed and hands clasped on the top turnbuckle.]

GM: Theresa Lynch perhaps saying a prayer for Terry Shane and... well, I'm right there with her on that one, Bucky.

BW: Terry Shane is not my favorite professional wrestler but you never like to see something like this.

[One of the medics turns to Fierro saying something... who then turns to Lori Dane, speaking quickly to her. Dane nods, walking back and getting back inside the ring where she walks towards Kendrick and Hayes.]

GM: A lot of discussion going on. Perhaps trying to decide how to handle this match. Terry Shane is moving... he's speaking... he's now sitting up with the help of those medics...

BW: No neck injury then. They wouldn't let him sit up like that with a possible neck injury.

[Shane is slowly helped to his feet. He looks up at the ring where Kerry Kendrick is looking down on him, a smirk on his face, mockingly waving at him.]

GM: Tommy Fierro over here by us now... letting us... hey, Tommy, what is...

[Myers listens for a moment.]

GM: Okay... okay. So, we've been told that Terry Shane may have a concussion from that kneelift... he's been ordered out of this match and...

[Lori Dane walks away from Hayes, looking out at the timekeeper. She ducks her head through the ropes to talk to them...]

GM: ...let's listen in here...

[Dane's words are picked up by the ringside camera.]

"Shane is out. He can't continue. So, we're going to stop the match and-"

[Another voice rings out.]

"NO! NO, NO, NO!"

[Lori Dane looks over towards the protesting Ricki Toughill.]

"You can't stop it, Lori. You can't!"

[Dane throws up her hands.]

"What do you want me to do, Ricki?! You're down a partner!"

[Ricki shakes her head.]

"Lori, my career... Terry's career is at stake! He's hurt... but don't take that away from him too, damn it!"

[Dane looks up the aisle where Shane is exiting with help to cheers from the crowd. Shane gives the fans a thumbs up.]

"Lori, I'm begging you... let me fight."

[Dane turns back to Toughill, staring at her...]

"Let me fight."

[Dane still is silent...]

"LET ME FIGHT!"

[Toughill looks out at the crowd, waving an arm up... and the fans pick up on what she's looking for, roaring their support with a chant of their own.]

"LET! HER! FIGHT!"

"LET! HER! FIGHT!"

"LET! HER! FIGHT!"

[Kendrick and Hayes look around in alarm, the smug looks that were on their faces moments ago vanishing as 70,000 fans take up the call to arms.]

"LET! HER! FIGHT!"

"LET! HER! FIGHT!"

"LET! HER! FIGHT!"

"LET! HER! FIGHT!"

"LET! HER! FIGHT!"

"LET! HER! FIGHT!"

[Dane pauses, looking around at the chanting fans...

...and after taking a deep breath, she waves her arms for the match to continue to a HUUUUUUGE ROAR!]

GM: OH MY STARS! LORI DANE SAYS LET HER FIGHT! LET THEM FIGHT! THE MATCH CONTINUES!

BW: Well, that was a cute little moment and all for Toughill but... there's no chance! She just signed her own death warrant!

[Kendrick struts from his corner, staring across at Toughill who turns to face him after giving Theresa a reassuring word or two...

...and the crowd ROARS at this much-anticipated showdown!]

GM: From the moment Ricki Toughill stepped into this company, Kerry Kendrick has abused her... has badmouthed her... has tormented her... has cost her her livelihood even... and now... finally... she gets the chance to get some much deserved payback for every single second of that, Bucky.

BW: In a fantasy world, yes. In reality, Kerry Kendrick is going to crush her dreams and send her packing into irrelevance in a matter of seconds here. This isn't gonna be a happy ending. This is going to be a cold dose of reality for Toughill, Lynch, and Shane wherever the heck he's going!

[Toughill starts to move in on Kendrick but then holds up a finger to pause him.]

BW: What's this about now?

[With a grin, Toughill blows a big pink bubble, popping it as she rips away the skirt to reveal some red-fringed white leather shorts. She nods at the crowd and then grabs her t-shirt with both hands...

...and rips it apart to reveal a t-shirt that has a picture of Eddie Van Gibson dressed like Uncle Sam that says "UNCLE EDDIE WANTS YOU!" on the front and "IDOL O' MILLIONS" on the back with "millions" covered with masking tape that has had "DOZENS" written in Magic Marker!]

GM: Hahah!

BW: What in the...?

[Kendrick looks flabbergasted at Toughill who turns towards an equally-shocked Hayes with a...]

"WHO'S YOUR DADDY, SANDRA?! I'M YOUR DADDY!"

[Hayes' jaw drops and a pissed off Kendrick rushes forward, throwing a right hand that Toughill blocks before responding with a haymaker of her own that sends Kendrick stumbling backwards into the ropes...

...and Toughill snaps off an awkward-looking Fargo Strut that has the Atlanta crowd on their feet!]

GM: RICKI IS STRUTTIN' AND SERVIN' UP SOME FISTICUFFS HERE IN HOTLANTA! Wherever he is, Eddie Van Gibson would be proud of his friend!

[Toughill finishes off her strut with a little spin move and DROPS Hayes off the apron with a right hand on the jaw!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Kendrick rushes at Toughill again but Toughill sees him coming, lifting him up and dumping him down with a standing spinebuster that has the crowd absolutely losing their minds!]

GM: SPINEBUSTER! SPINEBUSTER SLAM BY RICKI! And this has gotta be the secret weapon!

BW: THIS?! A mid-match costume change?!

GM: A mid-match ATTITUDE change! Ricki is inspired by the former World Champion, Eddie Van Gibson, and...

[Toughill slowly walks around, coming to a hopping stop right by Kendrick's head. She slowly looks up at the roaring crowd...]

GM: Wait a second! Could it be?!

[...and dashes to the ropes, bouncing off the far side, approaching the downed Kendrick and coming to a halt as she slowly raises one fist to the sky... and brings the other thumb up to jerk at herself...

...and then DRIVES the fist down between the eyes of Kendrick who flops and flails and kicks into the air on impact!]

GM: CANUCKLE DUSTER! RICKI TOUGHILL WITH THE CANUCKLE DUSTER!



[Toughill pops back to her feet, throwing her arms apart, going into a spin to soak up the absolutely DEAFENING roar from the Atlanta crowd. The emotion on her face is evident. THIS is her moment... a moment she's dreamed of all of her career where 70,000 pairs of eyes are on her and 70,000 voices are screaming themselves hoarse in support... in adoration... in love of her...]

GM: RICKI TOUGHILL IS UP! KERRY KENDRICK TRYING TO STIR! I CAN BARELY HEAR MYSELF!

[Kendrick staggers up, wobbling in a circle as Toughill crouches down, waving her arms, beckoning him forward...]

GM: Kendrick turns around... boot downstairs!

[...and she pulls Kendrick into a standing headscissors to an even BIGGER reaction somehow!]

BW: WHAT?!

GM: She hooks one arm!

BW: Gordo, you know you can't call this move by name! You can't!

GM: If I'm getting fired, I damn sure am gonna call this move by its name for once in my life! She hooks the other arm! Toughill's set for-

[But Kendrick straightens up before she can hit the... hit the... well, you know.]

GM: OHHH! Kendrick backdrops out of it!

[The crowd deflates almost instantly as Toughill hits the canvas, Kendrick stumbling forward...

...and falling into his corner where he slaps the wrist of Sandra Hayes.]

BW: WHAT?!

GM: That's a tag! That's a tag!

[Hayes' eyes go wide... then go even wider as Kendrick rolls under the ropes, dropping off the apron to the floor...]

GM: Sandra Hayes is legal - and she sure doesn't want to be!

[Hayes slowly gets through the ropes, walking towards Lori Dane, begging her mother to "DO SOMETHING!" Dane simply shrugs, miming a tag and pointing to the slowly rising Toughill...

...who sees Hayes standing in the ring across from her and in true Idol O' Dozens fashion, flashes DAGRIN~!.]

GM: Oh. My. Stars.

[A panicked Hayes grabs her mother around the waist, trying to hug her closer, trying to shield herself from what's coming...

...but Lori angrily gets loose, shoving Sandra away...

...and RIGHT at Toughill who drops Hayes with a right hand! Dane grimaces, shaking her head as she warns against the clenched fist as Hayes rolls around in pain on the mat, grabbing her jaw.]

BW: What kind of a mother does that?! She pushed her child right into the arms of a monster!

[Toughill looks practically ecstatic as she blows on her knuckles, watching Sandra crawling across the ring towards the corner...

...which is completely vacant.]

GM: Hayes is looking for a tag but there's no one to tag! Kerry Kendrick is still down on the floor and-

BW: Get up, Kerry!

[Hayes grabs the ropes, hauling herself up to her wobbly feet, stretching out a hand in her corner... and looks just about on the verge of tears when she sees no one. A screech of "KERRRRRRYYYYYYYYYYY!" is cut off by Toughill snatching her by the hair, yanking her back to the middle of the ring where she hoists her up on her shoulder...

...and BRINGS her down on a bent knee in an atomic drop!]

GM: OHHH!

[Hayes grabs at her shapely rear end, howling in pain as she does a little hop...

...and Toughill boots her in the butt, sending falling across the ring, falling down on all fours near the wrong corner.]

GM: Down goes Hayes again... and Ricki Toughill has been dreaming of this for months, Bucky.

BW: This is terrible! She's not even a trained professional! How can you and these... these... HEATHENS... cheer for this?!

[Sandra slowly gets up again...

...and nearly leaps out of her skin spotting Theresa Lynch on the apron with her fist pulled back. She spins away, charging blindly into Toughill's arms as she scoops her up and SLAMS her down hard!]

GM: Scoop and a slam! And Hayes is taking a beating at the hands of Ricki Toughill...

[Toughill stands over Hayes, her feet right by her head... and with a shrug, she looks out at the fans...]

GM: She's gonna do it again! Sandra Hayes is about to get Canuckle Dusted!

BW: THAT'S NOT EVEN A WORRRRRRD!

[Toughill charges to the ropes...

...which is when Violence Jacobs, not even trying to hide it this time, jerks the ankle of Toughill out from under her...]

GM: OH!

[...and then drags her hard under the ropes, sending her bouncing backfirst off the barely-padded floor!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Come on! You can’t tell me Lori Dane didn’t see that!

[Dane looks over, staring right at Jacobs stomping Toughill’s back...

...and then looks down at Hayes who is sitting up on the mat, watching with glee.]

GM: You’ve gotta do it, Lori! You’ve gotta disqualify her!

[Dane looks back at Jacobs as she pulls Toughill off the ringside mats, lifting her up on her shoulder...]

GM: No, no!

“CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: SPINEFIRST INTO THE POST! TOUGHILL’S INJURED BACK INTO THE STEEL RINGPOST! THIS IS ABSURD, BUCKY!

BW: Lori Dane knew the time would come when she had to make a choice... and this is the time! She’s gotta choose! The rulebook or her daughter! Hey, you might not like what Violence Jacobs is doing to Ricki Toughill out on the floor right now but Jacobs SAVED Sandra Hayes from likely serious injury at the hands of that menace Toughill!

[With Toughill down on all fours on the floor, Violence Jacobs walks over to the second ring, flipping up the apron...]

GM: Wait a second! What’s she doing now?!

[...and yanks a wooden table into view to a ROAR from the AWA faithful!]

GM: Oh my god... she’s got a table! Hey Lori, she’s got a damn table now! Is that enough for you to do something, for crying out loud?!

[Dane looks anxious, shouting down at Jacobs as she lifts the table, carrying it across the ringside area...]

GM: She’s telling her to put the table down but Jacobs doesn’t give a damn!

[Hayes is back on her feet now, pulling Dane back by the arm, shouting at her mother.]

GM: Hayes telling her it’s okay... it’s okay?! There’s not a damn thing about this that’s okay!

[Moving away from her mother, Sandra Hayes steps out on the apron, waving her arms at Jacobs as she lifts Toughill up onto the table, spreading her across it...]

GM: Oh no... oh dear god, no.

[Hayes is practically giddy as she walks down the apron, measuring the distance to the table...]

BW: Is Sandra Hayes going to put the Queen of Hardcore THROUGH A DAMN TABLE AT SUPERCLASH?! THIS IS THE BEST THANKSGIVING EVER! I've got so much to be grateful for!

[Hayes looks prepared to do exactly that... but doesn't look exactly confident about it as she sizes up her next move...

...which quickly becomes to run down the apron as Theresa Lynch climbs up on it!]

GM: THERESA! THERESA TRYING TO SAVE RICKI!

[Hayes winds up her right hand but Lynch is fresher and quicker, rocking Hayes with one of her own that knocks her down on the apron to a HUUUUUGE ROAR!]

GM: THERESA DROPS HER! THERESA DROPS HAYES LIKE A BAD HABIT!

BW: Once a Stench, always a Stench!

[Theresa grabs Hayes by the hair, pulling her back to her feet...

...and then FLINGS her off the apron, flipping through the air and CRASHING down on her back on the barely-padded floor!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OHHHHHH! A LITTLE BIT OF PAYBACK FOR WHAT HAPPENED AT CENTER STAGE!

[Theresa pumps a fist, shouting down at Hayes, dusting off her hands as the crowd absolutely goes nuts...

...which is when Theresa jerks away, seeing Violence Jacobs coming for her...]

GM: Look out, Theresa!

BW: She don't want none of that!

[Jacobs lunges but Theresa leaps up, snaring her head between her legs in a rana attempt...]

GM: HEADSCISSORS!

[...but Jacobs is too strong for the much-smaller Lynch, holding her ground... and then powering her back up into powerbomb position...]

GM: OH! OH, NO! NO, NO, NOOOOO!

[...as Jacobs turns, standing over the table with Lynch in a precarious spot, holding on for dear life...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...the crowd ERUPTS as Ricki Toughill BLASTS Jacobs across the back with a steel chair, forcing Jacobs to topple forward, allowing Theresa to escape unharmed. She scampers back as Toughill winds up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"



BW: From Theresa Lynch?! Please! She's only in trouble if we're having a Nepotism Contest!

[Theresa grabs the ropes, crawling through them to climb inside where Sandra Hayes is dragging herself to her feet across the ring, holding onto her back where she slammed onto the concrete a while ago...]

...and as she turns in a daze, Theresa goes tearing across the ring towards her, leaping into the air...]

GM: FIERRO PRESS! FIERRO PRESS!

[With Hayes down on the mat, Lynch wraps her hands in Hayes' hair, smashing the back of her head down into the mat once... twice... three times...]

GM: You were saying?!

BW: What was I thinking?! She's a Lynch! They probably learn how to use a wristlock while breast feeding! Somebody help Sandra!

[Pulling Hayes off the mat, Lynch throws her towards the ropes, and barrels right over her on the rebound with a clothesline to huge cheers!]

GM: CLOTHESLINE TAKES DOWN HAYES AS WELL!

[With Hayes laid out on the canvas, Theresa does a slow turn, looking around at 70,000 screaming fans...]

...and raises her right hand over her head, showing off her fingers twisted into position for a very familiar hold...]

BW: WHAAAAAT?!

GM: Of course she knows the Claw! Why wouldn't she know the Claw?! It's her family legacy!

[Lynch waves the other hand, calling Hayes to her feet. The weary Hayes starts to stir, dragging herself off the mat again...]

GM: HERE SHE-

[But Lynch hesitates for just a moment, a stutter step as Hayes isn't in quite the right position. The inexperience costs her as Hayes stabs out her fingers, raking Lynch across the eyes!]

GM: OHH! AND BACK TO THE EYES, THIS TIME ON LYNCH!

[Theresa staggers back as Hayes steadies herself, moving forward, and ducking low...]

GM: What in the...?!

[The crowd buzzes as Hayes muscles Lynch up on her shoulders, walking out to the middle of the ring with her perched up in a fireman's carry...]

"THIS ONE'S FOR YOU, MOMMY!"

GM: Mommy?! Oh my! She's looking for the Dane Driver! Lori Dane's signature Death Valley Driver from her wrestling days!

BW: If she hits this, it's over!

[But a wriggling Theresa manages to slip out, landing on a knee behind Hayes who quickly jerks around...

...and gets lifted up into a fireman's carry of her own...]

BW: WHAAAAAAT?!

GM: LYNCH HAS HER UP! SHE'S GOT HER UP!

BW: FOR WHAT?!

[...and with a deep breath, Lynch pushes Hayes up over her head, leaping up with her knees raised, falling to her back as Hayes SLAMS gutfirst down on the bent knees!]

GM: FAAAAAAAAT TUUUUUUUUESDAAAAAAAY!

BW: WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAT?!

[Lynch scrambles to all fours, flipping Hayes onto her back, diving across her chest...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT THE-?! THAT NO GOOD...

[The crowd ROARS with disdain as Kerry Kendrick re-enters the ring, snatching Lynch by the hair, and YANKING her out of the pin attempt.]

GM: Get your damn hands off her!

[Kendrick is berating Theresa at close distance now, threatening to knock her cold with a right hand...

...and doesn't even look as he turns in a blind circle...]

GM: SPEAAAAAAAAAAAAAR!

[...and the crowd ERUPTS as a badly-hurting Ricki Toughill throws herself into a spear that frees her friend and flattens a shocked Kerry Kendrick!]

GM: KENDRICK GETS CUT IN HALF AND-

[Toughill takes the mount on Kendrick, drilling him with right hands to the head as Theresa does the same as Hayes, pounding their rivals side by side with the Atlanta crowd going crazy!]

GM: Lori Dane's trying to get some kind of control here but...

[Toughill climbs off of Kendrick, wincing badly as she grabs at her back, stumbling away to take a knee in the corner...

...which allows Kendrick to get back up, again grabbing Lynch by the hair - this time with both hands - pulling her to her feet...]

GM: Come on!

BW: I don't know if Ricki can save her again, Gordo! That back is REALLY bothering her, she's in tremendous pain in the corner!

[Kendrick again is menacing Theresa, threatening to strike her..

...and that's when Lori Dane steps in, shoving Kendrick back with both hands.]

"BACK OFF!"

[Kendrick's eyes go wide as Lynch drops back against the ropes, seeking shelter from Kendrick's rage... but that rage is now solely focused on Lori Dane who he is pointing an accusing finger at...]

"I told you to back off! She's not a wrestler and I'm not gonna let you take her out!"

[Kendrick steps closer to Dane who shoves him again to a cheer!]

"I told you to back off, Kendrick! You want to be disqualified?!"

[Kendrick glares at her, starting to turn away...

...and then delivers a two-handed shove to the chest, knocking her backwards towards the ropes where she bounces off with momentum, shoving Kendrick hard and knocking him on his butt to a HUGE CHEER!"

"YOU WANT SOME OF ME?! JUST TRY IT! JUST TRY IT, PAL!"

[A frantic Hayes gets to her feet, trying to get between her man and her mom, shaking her head, pleading for them to stop.]

GM: Sandra Hayes trying to play peacemaker, trying to cool them off-

[But Dane, hot at Kendrick, brushes Hayes aside, stalking past her to shout at Kendrick again...]

GM: Oh! Dane just pushed Hayes aside and-

[A furious Hayes glares at her mother from behind...

...and then BLASTS her with a forearm to the back of the head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT THE HELL?!

[Steam practically pouring out of her ears, Hayes puts the boots to her own mother, forcing her out of the ring to the outside...

...and then turns back to Kerry Kendrick who looks shocked for an instant but a gleam quickly grows in his eyes as he nods approvingly...]

GM: What does Kendrick have in mind now?!

[Kendrick points to the downed Ricki, giving her a few quick kicks to the back, causing her to cry out and slump down to all fours. He gestures at her to Hayes before walking across the ring...



...and picking up the steel chair that Theresa discarded earlier!]

GM: Oh no.

[Hayes grabs Toughill's arms, shouting "COME HERE, YOU BITCH!" to boos from the crowd as she drags her out towards the middle of the ring where Kendrick is standing with the chair..]

GM: No, no... this can't happen...

[Kendrick takes the edge of the chair, sliding it under Ricki's chin and slowly lifts it up so she's looking right up into the eye of the man who has tormented her for so long...]

GM: No, this can't... this cannot happen...

[...and he suddenly rears back...]

GM: NO!

[...only to have the chair "stick" when someone grabs it!]

GM: THERESA! THERESA GRABS THE CHAIR!

[In a desperate move to save her friend, Theresa grabs hold of the end of the chair, preventing Kendrick from completing his swing...

...and as he jerks around, he rips the chair out of her hand with ease...]

GM: OH!

[...and then SHOVES her down on the mat, bouncing hard off the canvas to even louder jeers!]

GM: OH, COME ON! SHE'S NOT EVEN A WRESTLER, DAMN IT!

[Kendrick is standing with the chair, looking down coldly on the laid out Theresa Lynch...

...when a sudden bursts of cheers followed by screeches of "KERRY! KERRY!" catches Kendrick's attention.]

GM: ARE YOU KIDDING...?!]

[And when he jerks around to face whatever has caused this reaction, he finds himself face to face... eyeball to dark-shaded sunglass-covered eyeball with the Suited Savage himself.]

GM: MAWAGA! MAWAGA IS IN THE RING! MAWAGA IS PROTECTING RICKI TOUGHILL!

[Hayes' eyes are wide as Kendrick looks like he's seen a ghost. He looks back and forth frantically as MAWAGA stands stoically between he and Toughill!]

GM: We've heard... rumors shall we say... of a past relationship between MAWAGA and Ricki Toughill and...

[Kendrick looks around one more time...

...and then strikes!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GAAAAAAH! STEEL CHAIR TO THE SKULL OF MAWAGA! STEEL CHAIR  
BETWEEN THE EYES AND-

[A smirking Kendrick pulls the chair aside, looking up...

...and finds MAWAGA still standing, staring down at him...]

BW: WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAT?!

GM: NO EFFECT! NO EFFECT!

[Kendrick raises the chair back to try a second time...

...but MAWAGA is quicker, his hand snapping out like a snake to hook the windpipe of Kerry Kendrick who immediately drops the steel chair, sending it clattering across the canvas!]

GM: TONGAN DEATH GRIP! HE HOOKS HIM!

[Kendrick's eyes bulge out, gasping for air as MAWAGA strangles him with his signature submission hold...]

GM: MAWAGA'S GOT HIM HOOKED AND-

[At a shout from Toughill, MAWAGA sidesteps, letting go of Kendrick who stumbles towards the kneeling Toughill...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AND TOUGHILL WITH A TONGAN DEATH GRIP OF HER OWN!

BW: She's got his... she's squeezing his... she's... owwww.

[The crowd groans at the maneuver being utilized in the ring... some of them anyways...

...and suddenly, Sandra Hayes swings her arms over her head, looking to smash her hands down on Toughill...

...who simply reaches out with the other hand!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Oh.. my.

[Kendrick and Hayes are both screaming in pain now as Toughill squeezes with all she's got, climbing to her feet...

...and throws a wink at MAWAGA who ducks out of the ring, leaving her to take care of business...]

GM: Toughill's putting these two through a world of pain here in Atlanta and-

[The crowd buzzes as Lori Dane climbs back up into the ring, a little slower and a looking a little more annoyed. She strides in, staring first at Kendrick... then at her daughter who begs for help...

...and then waves for the match to continue!]

BW: WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAT?!

GM: LORI DANE SAYS THE MATCH GOES ON!

[Toughill gives a grin to Dane who - shockingly - returns it...

...and then lets go of both holds, turning to yank Kendrick's legs out from under him!]

GM: Kendrick's down... Toughill... she's taking off the knee brace!

[Toughill yanks and pulls and Kendrick's in too much pain to defend himself, allowing the metal brace to be removed with ease.]

GM: She's got it! She took off the brace!

[She holds it high over her head...

...and with a nod, she leans down, tugging it into position and securing it on her own knee...]

GM: She's putting on the brace herself! She's...

[Toughill grabs Kendrick by the leg, pointing a finger down the aisle...]

"THIS ONE'S FOR YOU, TERRY!"

[...and twists the leg around, bending it around the steel kneebrace in a spinning toehold!]

GM: SPINNING TOUGHILL HOLD! SHE'S GOT IT LOCKED IN!

BW: NOOOO! HELP HIM! SANNNDRAAAA!

[Hayes pushes out of the corner, rushing to her man's aid...

...and the Georgia Dome nearly implodes early as Theresa Lynch wraps her hand around Hayes' head!]

GM: CLAAAAAAW!

[The crowd is ROARING as Lynch squeezes with the Claw and Toughill cranks the toehold, both combatants screaming in pain from the respective submission holds as Dane checks one... then the other... back and forth... back and forth until...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: THEY DID IT!

[The decibel level in the Georgia Dome cranks up to earsplitting levels as Lynch lets go of the Claw, shoving Hayes aside like a piece of trash and Toughill sinks to her knees alongside Kendrick, grabbing at her back but with a huuuuuuge smile on her face as Lori Dane stands between them...

...and raises both their hands! Theresa looks as giddy as a schoolgirl, hopping up and down with a gigantic smile on her face as Toughill wearily forces herself to her feet, falling into a huge embrace with her friend!]

GM: Wow! And these fans are going absolutely nuts here in Atlanta for Ricki Toughill, Theresa Lynch, and don't forget Terry Shane who we're told has been transported to a nearby hospital for further examination... but it's a team moment and a team win for those three here tonight at SuperClash!

[Theresa helps Ricki walk over to the corner where Toughill gingerly steps up on the middle rope, raising her arm over her head to big cheers while Theresa claps proudly for her friend.]

In the background, we can see Violence Jacobs dragging Sandra Hayes out of the ring, slinging her over her shoulder as a hobbling Kerry Kendrick joins them on the outside, protesting loudly to Lori Dane who is still in the ring, smiling at the celebrating duo.]

GM: Complaining til the end, Kerry Kendrick is on the losing end again here at SuperClash...

BW: And if you think losing to a baseball player had him on a whole other level in 2017, just imagine what this is going to do to him in 2018, Gordo.

GM: I'm sure... but we don't have to worry about that for a few months and right now, this night belong to these two ladies right here who - they could've walked away, Bucky. When Terry Shane went down to injury, they could've asked for a no contest and tried to get the match thrown out... but they refused. Ricki Toughill BEGGED Lori Dane to let the match go on... and wow... go on it did. This is one hell of a win and Ricki Toughill and Theresa Lynch have to be on top of the world right now.

[Toughill slowly gets down, grimacing as she embraces her friend again. She breaks away, lifting Theresa's arm and pointing to her. Theresa laughs, almost embarrassed at the attention as she turns her head away from the roaring crowd.]

GM: You know, Bucky... I could watch these two celebrate all night long.

BW: Oh, please don't make that happen. Somebody in the truck. Cut to something. Isn't Javier Castillo doing something evil right now or something? Please?

[Gordon chuckles as the crowd continues to celebrate with Toughill and Lynch and we fade to...

...Javier Castillo doing something evil. Huh. How about that? Right now, he's in his office where we see the TV screen on the wall has a giant shatter spiderweb on it as Castillo screams.]

JC: LAW!

[John Law slides the door open slowly.]

JL: Yeah, boss?

[Castillo points angrily at the screen.]

JC: You told me MAWAGA wasn't here! You told me he was... "nowhere to be found." Well, I found him, Law! I found him... RIGHT! THERE!

[Law nods sheepishly.]

JL: You wouldn't think he'd be that hard to find, right?

[Castillo does NOT look amused.]

JC: He's nowhere to be found to watch my back... but he's out there helping... HER.

[The AWA President glowers.]

JC: I want him found. Now. I want to know whose side he's on before WarGames. More importantly, I want him watching MY back during WarGames. I've got too many enemies in this building, Law, and you're in charge of security - are you not?!

[Law again nods.]

JL: Yeah, boss. I'll go try and-

[Castillo raises a warning finger.]

JL: I'll find him. I will.

[Law closes the door, exiting to search for MAWAGA as Castillo flops down in the seat behind his desk.]

JC: I've got a bad feeling about this.

[And with that, we fade back to Gordon and Bucky sitting at ringside in the Georgia Dome.]

GM: What a night it's been already... an exciting night, an emotional night at times... and we still have so much still to come. We've got three title matches left. Outlaw Rules. Barbed Wire... and of course, WarGames. But coming up next, we've got the match that many believe just might have the potential to steal the show... or in this case, to steal the spotlight. And tonight we're making... HERstory... as the women of the AWA are showcased in this annual tradition for the very first time. It's six on six... it's elimination rules... it's Steal The Spotlight with the winner getting a contract for a future match of her choice... but before we go to the ring, we've caught up with both of these exciting teams throughout the day so let's take a look and listen!

[We cut to footage marked "EARLIER TODAY", as Mariah Wolfe stands with team captain Michelle Bailey to her left. To her right is Trish Wallace, and behind her are Kelly Kowalski and Kylie Kujawa. Michelle is wearing a navy blue pullover hoodie, with the words "the moon was so beautiful that the ocean held up a mirror" in cutout lettering on the front, along with a navy and cream diagonally striped midi skirt. She is also wearing a pair of navy cat eye glasses, and little makeup.

Trish Wallace has her hair in a pair of pigtails, a muscle shirt with a "T-BONE" logo on the front, and a fanny pack fastened around her waist. She sounds like she's in the midst of trying to explain something to Bailey along the lines of, "they were both five letters long, so something got cross-wired in my brain or something." Michelle nods, and lip readers can make out "that's okay, I'm glad you tried."

Kylie has her long mermaid hair worn loose, and she hasn't applied her facepaint yet, so we get a rare glimpse of her bare face. She's wearing a pastel pink Sailor Moon hoodie, pleated pink and black plaid skirt, fishnets, and kneehigh boots with an obscene amount of buckles.

Kowalski is wearing a pair of loose fitting black gym shorts, along with a black tank top that has the cover to the Def Leppard album Hysteria across the chest. Her red hair is pulled back into a tight ponytail, and as always, she looks like she's one breath away from punching someone. Or everyone.]

MW: Later tonight, the hottest division in professional wrestling will make history once again, as for the first time Steal the Spotlight belongs to the women. That said, Michelle Bailey, it appears that you are going in with your team less than a hundred percent. Can you give us an update on the condition of Margarita Flores and Skylar Swift, and where they are at the moment?

[Michelle frowns, as Trish folds her arms.]

MB: Mariah, at the moment, they're both with the medical team. They are cleared to compete tonight, but there are precautions that you want to take with the kind of injuries that they have, and it's for the best that they follow those precautions rather than give their thoughts.

MW: And you just came from the medical team, where I understand you were cleared to no longer wear that facemask you've needed to wear for the last few months?

[Kelly cracks her knuckles in the background, as Kylie shakes her head.]

MB: That's right. You know, wearing that facemask has been fairly cumbersome as everything heals up, but it was necessary to ensure that I could be here tonight.

MW: As team captain, you made a few moves to ensure your entire team could be here tonight, such as substituting Trish Wallace out of the trios match last Saturday. Considering what happened to Skylar Swift and Margarita Flores during that match, do you think it was the right call?

[Michelle hesitates for a moment, as Trish raises her hand.]

TW: Uh, if you don't mind, Captain... I'll field this one.

[Michelle motions her hand forward.]

MB: By all means, Trish. The floor is yours.

TW: I'll admit that my... impulse control is not what it should be and that's why what went down earlier this week went down the way it did. I cost our team and I got no one to blame but myself. Because... what if I'd been out there? Harley Hamilton and her little girl gang would be the ones in the trainer's room needing to be cleared for tonight; that's how I would've handled it. And Ayako would've been right there next to them for not stopping them. We all gotta watch out for each other in Steal The Spotlight. And if Ayako or Harley or anyone else wants to stop us, they can take it up with me.

MB: What's important is you're here today, Trish.

[Michelle reaches behind Mariah, and pats Trish on the shoulder.]

MB: We can't fix what happened on Saturday. We can control what we do today. Just keep that spirit when you go out there.

[Trish nods as Mariah turns back to Kelly and Kylie.]

MW: Kelly Kowalski, turning to you, for the last few months, you've been dealing with attacks from Kylie Kujawa...

[Kylie clears her throat, then stares starry-eyed at Kelly.]

MW: But after the final Power Hour of 2017, it appears that not only is Kylie not angry at you, she seems... quite thrilled to be on your side? Going into tonight, and this big match, how do you feel?

[As is her way, the ever irascible Kowalski begins by fixing a hard stare on Wolfe. It's when Wolfe's complex visibly pales that Kowalski finally speaks.]

Kelly: How do I feel?

I feel like everythin' I done in AWA is about someone else. Bein' crazy enough to get in the face of Ricki Toughill just got people thinkin' about her. I feel like bein' the chick who was nasty enough to take on Lori Dane just had people thinkin' about how maybe she's still got it.

And I feel like takin' on a bonafide legend...

[Kowalski gives a short nod in Bailey's direction.]

Kelly: Got you askin' your first question about her mask. And it didn't get me nothin' but the worst hangover I ever had.

And sister, I know about hangovers.

But ya know...

[Kowalski rolls her head from side to side, exhaling as she looks forward.]

Kelly: But I'm also feelin' that thing. Ya know what thing I'm talkin' about? It's that SuperClash buzz and this is my first time feelin' it, and I like it.

So I'm feelin' like, tonight, in a match called "Steal The Spotlight" I can stand on the biggest stage of 'em all and get me somethin' all my own.

All I gotta do is beat up the six girls on the other team... and beatin' people up is exactly what I do best.

And I feel like I got the right people backin' me to do it.

Even...

[Kowalski jerks her head in the direction of Kujawa.]

Kelly: ...this one.

[Kylie beams as, surprisingly, Kelly rustles her hair.]

Kylie: Yeah! Even me! Because I've got Shelley's back... I've got Kelly's back...

[Kylie grins, winking at Mariah and whispering "that rhymes!" under her breath.]

Kylie: And Shelley told me to have Trish, Skylar, and Margarita's backs too. So that's what I'm gonna do...

[Kylie nudges Kelly with her shoulder.]

Kylie: And maybe if it gets down to us at the end... REMATCH CITY U.S.A.! This time, I won't sleep on you, ha!

[Kylie cackles as Kelly sighs. Mariah shakes her head and turns back to Michelle.]

MW: I suppose that comes down to you for any final words, Michelle, and whatever you'd like to say for your team.

[Michelle nods.]

MB: You know... this started because of something Laura Davis did to my daughter. Because Laura Davis felt she needed to take a rookie with three matches under her belt and use her to try and send a message to me. Because Laura Davis tried to take advantage of a 20 year old kid, all to go after me. And for what, Laura? For your ego? Because the spotlight wasn't on you?

[Michelle shakes her head.]

MB: We've been saying this is my team, Mariah, but it's not. As much as I've tried to be the leader, and maybe I've made some wrong calls, maybe I could've been better at my job... tonight isn't about me. And Laura Davis, it's not about you, either. This might be my only chance to ever get my hands on you for what you did to my daughter...

[Michelle closes her eyes, her hand trembling.]

MB: ...but it's bigger than that. It's bigger than you and me, Laura.

[Michelle opens her eyes, motioning to Trish.]

MB: It's about Trish Wallace.

[She then motions to Kylie, then Kelly.]

MB: It's about Kylie Kujawa. It's about Kelly Kowalski.

[Michelle points off-screen.]

MB: It's about Margarita Flores, and Skylar Swift. And you know what? It's about Ayako Fujiwara, too. Harley Hamilton, Cinder, Lauryn Rage... even you, my cousin, it's even about Donna Martinelli.

[Michelle points to the floor.]

MB: It's about the ground we walk on, because it's a road nobody's taken before. It's about the trail we're going to blaze, and who's going to come after us. It's about the little girl who's going to be watching tonight at home, and turn to her parents after we get done, and go "I want to do that". It's for HER.

[Michelle glares, pointing at the screen.]

MB: Laura Davis, it's not about YOU. It's not about ME. And as much as I want revenge for her, it's not about my daughter either. It's about US.

[Michelle sighs.]

MB: It's about ALL OF US. It's about the history that we're going to make. Because tonight, we're stealing the spotlight. It doesn't belong to just one of us. It belongs to us all. And yeah, only one of us is going to get our hand raised tonight, only one of us is going to be the one who wins the first Women's Steal the Spotlight match.

[Michelle looks to her team.]

MB: But tonight, we get into that ring tonight and we show the world that the Lori Danes and the Stephanie Harpers of the world were right. That we belong at the



table. That we belong on the show. That we're going to make this sport better because we're a part of it.

[Michelle smirks.]

MB: Yeah. That's what we're going to do. And as long as we got here to do that... that's what counts to me.

[Kylie bursts forward and grabs Michelle in a hug, as the two walk off-screen, with Kelly and Trish following behind. Mariah Wolfe takes a moment to collect her thoughts, before turning back to the screen.]

MW: I think that says it all. Sweet Lou, over to you!

[We cut to another part of backstage where we find Sweet Lou Blackwell with the members of Team Davis for Steal the Spotlight. "The All-Around Athlete" Laura Davis is to Blackwell's left. Davis is dressed in her red, white and blue track suit.

Donna Martinelli looks to have squeezed herself in between Harley Hamilton and Laura Davis, edging herself into prime camera position even with her back to the camera. Clad in peach-colored attire, Martinelli is currently displaying a baseball jersey with "MARTINELLI" and "#1" on the back of it and extremely tight shorts as she shifts her cargo, dearie, from side to side.

The trio of Harley Hamilton, Cinder and Casey Cash are standing together, with Cash noticeably standing as far away from Donna Martinelli as possible. They are wearing the trademark Seductive & Destructive purple satin jackets, secretively hiding whatever special wrestling attire they are wearing for tonight.

Lauryn Rage is in the back, away from everybody else. The afro-puffed Canadian wrestler is dressed in her leather vest and metallic black long-sleeved unitard. The unitard has fuchsia and gold swirls up the sides and is cut so revealingly short in back that even Martinelli's got to mumble: "Baby's got back."

Standing upfront, but a good two or three feet from everyone is Ayako Fujiwara. The Olympic Gold Medalist is in a simple tracksuit with a white jacket and red pants. Standing besides her is Molly Bell, dressed identical to her "mom", though she is sporting her catface makeup. Ayako has her arms crossed, looking uncharacteristically annoyed by the whole scene.]

SLB: Tonight, it's Steal the Spotlight at SuperClash, and Laura Davis, you keep talking about the importance of working as a team. So far, it appears that you have found some cohesiveness despite the personalities on your team, but now, what happens when it's six on six and everyone's mind is likely on the prize for the winner?

[Davis shoots Blackwell an annoyed look.]

LD: First of all, Blackwell, I've said it before and I will say it again: My teammates don't have to like each other, they just need to work together for a common cause. And, yes, once that common cause is completed, we go from there. But second, I didn't go picking my teammates so we could be one big happy family, in which we could style each other's hair, pick out outfits for one another or start singing the latest from Taylor Swift or Beyonce.

Instead, I picked my teammates based on who either I trust can get the job done in the ring, have shown to me their potential is high, or who I believed deserved that chance to prove themselves.

But don't take my word for it, Blackwell.

[And this is when Martinell sidesteps into the mix, bumping Blackwell aside a little bit with her ample posterior.]

SLB: Excuse you, Donna Martinelli!

[Martinelli giggles.]

DM: Oh, you're excused, Sweetest of Lous. You're excused for helping perpetrate the hype that I, Donna Martinelli, don't belong here on the grandest stage of them all. You're excused for helping propagate the myth that I, Donna Martinelli, don't belong here with a chance to be a part of HERRRRSSSSSTORY! You're excused for...

[Martinelli pauses for an awkward moment... and then jerks around to face the camera.]

DM: Oh, you're just excused, Lou. But there will be no excuses...

[She winks at Lou.]

DM: ...after tonight when Team Davis wipes out Team No Leadership like cleaning off last night's makeup... and one of the six of us...

[She eyeballs the others.]

DM: ...walks out of the Georgia Dome as the first ever woman to win Steal The Spotlight.

SLB: I see... well, I gotta say, Donna, I noticed you have the same #1 on your back that your mentor and team captain, Laura Davis, often wears. What's that about?

[Donna shrugs, looking at Lou like he's clueless.]

DM: Lou, it's as plain as the nose on your face.

[She looks deliberately at both Hamilton and Cinder before leaning forward to "BOOP" a shocked Blackwell.]

DM: Laura may be the number one athlete... but I'm her number one draft pick.

[Hamilton's jaw drops. Blackwell's does as well.]

SLB: But you weren't... she didn't pick... you have to realize...

[Martinelli grins.]

DM: Aw, you're so cute when you're flustered. Laura, tell him I might not have been the first name out of your mouth but I was the first name in your heart! Tell him! -...huh?

[As Donna continues her squawking, a perfectly manicured hand reaches over and grabs her by the shoulder. Donna is spun around...]

DM: What the-ACK!!!

[...and Harley Hamilton chest bumps Donna aside, sending the Peach Pit off-balance and stumbling backwards off-screen as she delivers a poke considerably stronger than a mere boop. Davis quickly side-steps as her protege flies past her.]

HH: That was a mighty fine speech, Princess Pickme of Thotlandia, but any franchise that would make you the number one pick isn't one whose process I would trust!

[Hamilton tosses her hair.]

HH: In addition to being a Natural Born Legend, I am THE GREATEST POINT GUARD IN ATLANTIC-10 HISTORY... so if anyone appreciates the power of teamwork and top-notch leadership, it would be moi. The TRUE number one pick. The Last American Badass. The International Date Machine. The Ladykiller. One half of the AWA World Tag Te-

[As Harley continues her spiel, Donna stumbles back into view, pointing an accusing finger at Harley.]

DM: You can't fool me! I know the truth now! Those titles are fake!

[Harley looks Donna up and down.]

HH: And so are your eyelashes, lips, hair and nose. But I'm not the one who's judging here.

[Donna's jaw drops.]

HH: Anyhow, before I was so rudely interrupted, as the reigning, defending, undisputed AWA Women's World Tag Team Champions of the Universe~!

...Seductive & Destructive will lead the way!

Isn't that right, Cindy?

C: Lissen, I can nae completely comprehend what Donatello Martinello over there can nae been on about with that pure weird moon language accent o' hers, but I know Auntie Laura knows a thing or two about chemistry. An' so do Seductive an' Destructive, by th' way. After all, I was the one what set my school's art room on fire with homemade napalm.

["Sweet" Lou's eyes widen slightly.]

C: Oh, don't come the prude, Sweaty Lou. It was an act of "creative expression" on mah part.

HH: Eloquently put, Cindy, as expected! Any more questions, Lou?

SLB: Actually, just one. I see Cinder has her "title belt" but where's yours?

HH: I gave it to Casey for safe keeping. But if you need to see it that badly... show him my title, Casey!

[And with that, Casey Cash proudly tears open her jacket, revealing the AWA Women's World Tag Team champions of the Universe title belt worn around her chest as a top and with nothing else on underneath. Just about everyone's eyes bug out at the bold action as Sweet Lou grabs at his chest.]

SLB: T-this... THIS IS A FAMILY SHOW!

[Harley rolls her eyes as Casey pouts.]

HH: Put the girls away, Casey. We don't want anyone getting hurt.

[Casey makes a big dramatic scene of zipping her jacket back up.]

CC: Fiiiiiine. But for the record, my body is fine art, and always suitable for consumption.

HH: Damn straight!

C: Get some cultcha, ye reprobates!

[Lou looks like he's seen a ghost as Casey folds her arms and sniffles, Cinder shaking her head and Harley mouthing "look what you've done, old man".]

SLB: Be that as it may, I... think we should move on.

[Sweet Lou turns to Lauryn Rage, who has been hanging in the background. Rage detaches from the wall and strides forward, shouldering and hipchecking her teammates aside.]

SLB: Lauryn Rage, you've been awfully silent here and hanging in the back. That's so unlike you. What's going through your head right now?

LR: What's going through my head?

[She looks around at her teammates.]

LR: A lot of damn things, Blackwell. And none of those things are any of your damn business, ya dig?

[Sweet Lou fiddles with his tie and huffs and puffs.]

SLB: Well, I beg to differ. The people want to know about how you feel about this team heading into the first ever Steal the Spotlight featuring the top stars of the AWA Women's Division. The Lauryn Rage I know would be spouting off endlessly about that.

[Lauryn runs her hands through her afro puffs. She snorts derisively.]

LR: Let me explain something to you, Sweet Lou. You don't know Lauryn Rage. None of these women here know Lauryn Rage. One year ago I shocked the world by successfully defending my AWA Women's World championship against Melissa Cannon and Ayako Fujiwara over here.

[Fujiwara rolls her eyes and shakes her head.]

LR: I know what it's like to win a World Title and I know what it's like to win at SuperClash. Nobody else on this team can say that. And that's why they're acting the way they are. They got all the energy in the world. But Blackwell, I got all the focus. So I'm not about the theatrics... the antics. I'm not shaking my butt. I'm not flashing the cameras. I'm not playing around or disrespecting my opponents. I'm about business here in Atlanta, Blackwell. Team Bailey don't know me, either. They don't know what I'll do to get my spot back.

SLB: You haven't been trying to impart some of that focus and SuperClash experience on your teammates?

[Lauryn surveys Team Davis. Her lip is permanently curled into a sneer.]

LR: Blackwell, you think these women are going to listen to me? You think these women even want me on the team?

[She cuts her eyes at Hamilton and Fujiwara.]

LR: Hell, Laura Davis didn't even draft me, did you, Laura?

[Davis keeps a cool stare on Rage.]

LR: Nah, Laura, I ended up here by default. It should have been Julie Somers on this team. But no, I'm here because I came up short at Fight Night in Miami. And that pisses me off. I should be in Toronto right now in front of my family and my fellow Canadians whipping the Holy Hell out of Kurayami for tearing my knee to take my title from me. This should be the ultimate revenge story. But it isn't. Yet. So I'm gonna have to steal this spotlight so I can get my hands on another title opportunity. It just so happens that I'm on Team Davis to do it.

SLB: Well, be that as it may, you are part of the Team now. Will you do your part and be a good teammate?

LR: I'm gonna be the best damn teammate I can be to defeat Team Bailey, Blackwell. I'm no A-10 point guard. I'm no Olympic medalist. I'm no Peach Pit. I'm no All-Around athlete and I damn sure ain't half of a pretend championship tag team, but I'm a Rage. I'm part of a wrestling family and tag-teaming and working together to a common goal despite our feelings about our partners. Well, that's my blood. That's my DNA. These girls don't know about that. So Team Davis has a foot soldier in me and will I rock the boat? Aw Hell naw!

[Blackwell nods.]

SLB: Well, even if they don't know you or know about you, I certainly do know somebody who does. Michelle Bailey, captain of Team Bailey, she knows you pretty well. You and she had that conversation a few weeks ago, isn't that right? She's been in your head so to speak.

LR: Michelle Bailey's been in my head, yeah. She referred me to a sports therapist after our talk... she thinks she knows me as well as I know her, but she doesn't. I've talked to her about my insecurities ... about my weaknesses. Everybody knows about this knee and my recovery. Bailey's been in my head, but I've been in her head as well. Every question she asked, every bit of information she took down, every question she didn't ask. That told me something about her. That told me her strengths. That told me her weaknesses. I know who she is. I know what she's about. I can go head up with her any time and feel no way about it, Sweet Lou. That 30 for 30 will have a bit of a sad ending when it gets to the part about SuperClash because friend or not, she's getting a Snakebite...

[Rage glares at Hamilton out of the corner of her eye.]

LR: ...and she's getting put down with the rest of her team. If we do our business right, there's going to be six of us left standing. Bailey's team isn't determined enough. They aren't focused enough. They can't hold it together against us. We're going to clear out Team Bailey in a clean sweep, dammit. But after that ... after that I don't care whether we just met...

[She glares at Martinelli and Cinder.]

LR: ...whether we're a lot alike...

[Her stare burns a hole through Harley Hamilton.]

LR: ...whether I respect your ability...

[Now her focus turns to Laura Davis.]

LR: ...or we've been to war.

[That cold-hearted stare falls directly on Ayako Fujiwara.]

LR: All bets are off!

[As Lauryn makes her point, we hear soft laughter. Lauryn turns to the source of the laughter, annoyed...

...Ayako Fujiwara.]

LR: You got a problem?

[Suddenly, the laughter stops and Ayako moves with sudden quickness and is up in Rage's face before anyone can even react. Even Rage is caught off-guard by the action, taking a step back out of reflex and bumping into Sweet Lou.]

Ayako: I have a BIG problem with you. I always have had a problem with you. But it would make all the sense in the world that someone as self-centered as you are wouldn't even notice.

[Harley and Cinder are quick to grab Ayako and pull her away from Rage before things get ugly.]

HH: No senpai! She's not worth it!

C: Calm yer'self!

[As she's backed a reasonable distance away from Rage, Ayako puts her hands up, signaling that she's no threat and Seductive & Destructive release her.]

Ayako: You have nothing to worry about. I'm not going to lay a single finger on her.

SLB: Ayako Fujiwara, your teammates have been preaching teamwork, but you obviously have a problem with this. Your thoughts?

Ayako: Teamwork, teamwork, teamwork... if we all work together, we can achieve anything!

It's all really a big joke, isn't it?

[Molly hops over to Ayako, as Fujiwara absentmindedly begins to pet her.]

Ayako: We are not a team. We are not comrades. We can barely tolerate standing next to each other. Why lie to ourselves? How long ago was it that I was trying to separate Laura Davis' head from her spine? How can we all forget that it was it that Lauryn Rage who brought in Kurayami to help her keep the World Title and then lost control of the very monster she intended to terrorize us with? The fact the least disgusting people on this "team" are the two biggest bullies in the entire promotion really says something.

[Harley Hamilton gasps.]

HH: No! You don't mean that!

[Ayako ignores her.]

Ayako: What this "team" amounts to is a collective of six willing to work together until everyone agrees it is the appropriate time to turn on each other.

[Laura Davis goes to say something, but Ayako cuts her off.]

LD: Fujiwara! That is quite enou-

Ayako: If you're going to preach to me about not being a team player, Davis-san, let me remind you that Michelle's team has two members who are coming into this match injured.

[She stares Davis right in the eye.]

Ayako: You're welcome.

[Her words are delivered as coldly as her stare.]

Ayako: As for tonight, Blackwell-San? Allow me to quote someone near and dear to Laura's heart. "Tonight isn't about making history. Or even HERstory. No... tonight it's about MYstory."

[Davis glares at Ayako.]

LD: Miyuki.

[Ignoring Davis, Ayako pauses for a moment to look down at a beaming Molly Bell.]

Ayako: And MY story... is one of vengeance.

SLB: Trish Wallace.

[Ayako doesn't answer, but she gives Lou a knowing look.]

Ayako: Tonight... you can all fight over the spotlight. You can have it. It always was a little too bright for my eyes.

[She glares at her teammates. To an unamused Laura Davis and a shocked Donna Martinelli to an astonished Seductive & Destructive and finally locking eyes with an equally disgusted Lauryn Rage... before turning her attention back to the camera.]

Ayako: Just allow me to bask in the darkness of revenge.

[And with that, Ayako Fujiwara abruptly leaves the scene, with Molly Bell following behind her.]

SLB: Uh... wow. Do you have anything to say-

[Lou goes to ask Laura Davis, but is interrupted by a fuming Harley Hamilton.

HH: Hey! Who is she calling a bully!?!]

C: Cahnt bey us!

HH: That's gotta be a mistake! Senpai! Wait up!

[Seductive & Destructive then exit the scene as well.]

SLB: Laura Davis... any comment to what Ayako Fujiwara just said?

[Davis glares at Blackwell for a moment before she too leaves the scene with Martinelli scampering close behind. This leave us with Lauryn Rage, who gives the camera a shrug, before she leaves as well. Lou watches them leave and shakes his head before turning his attention back to the camera.]

SLB: All may not be as well as we thought on Team Davis. This should make things very interesting tonight in Steal the Spotlight!

[And with that, we fade from the pre-recorded footage out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is the annual STEAL THE SPOTLIGHT SHOWCASE!

[A big cheer goes up from the Atlanta crowd!]

RO: It is a six on six elimination match where eliminations can occur by pinfall, submission, countout, or disqualification. The match will progress until there is only ONE SOLLLLLLE SURVIVORRRRR!

[Another big cheer!]

RO: And that sole survivor will receive a contract guaranteeing a future match of their choice.

[Ortiz pauses, letting the stipulations sink in before...]

RO: Introducing first...

[Ortiz does a doubletake at the card in front of her, furrowing her brow for a moment before continuing.]

RO: By order of the Team Captain, Laura Davis... the team members will not be introduced individually...

They are simply... TEAAAAAAM DAAAAAAVIS!

[The lights go down and Jorge Quintero's "300 Violin Orchestra" plays over the PA, and on the giant video screen, we see what resembles static at first, but as the violins reach their crescendo, the static begins to take shape, forming two words in white lettering on a black background:

"TEAM DAVIS"

And then five separate spotlights shine down on the stage. Front and center is "The All Around Athlete Laura Davis, who has her back to the crowd, her arms spread to the sides, dressed in a red, white and blue track suit, and on the back of her jacket in blue lettering is "DAVIS #1."

To Davis' left, together in a spotlight, are Harley Hamilton and Cinder, aka Seductive & Destructive. To their left is Donna Martinelli.

To Davis' right is Ayako Fujiwara. Behind the group comes Lauryn Rage, eyeing everybody suspiciously and irritably.

Hamilton and Cinder are back-to-back, their respective left and right legs crooked slightly. They are both attired in iridescent bright blue and green versions of their traditional ring attires. They turn to face the ring, standing slightly apart, revealing Casey Cash behind them. Cash is wearing a large collar made of peacock feathers that stretches over both shoulders and above her head; she places similar collars on Seductive and Destructive. Harley cracks a smile and the perpetually over-caffeinated Cinder is giddy with excitement.

Donna Martinelli stands in a predictably peach-colored set of short shorts with silver glittering trim and a baseball jersey with "PEACH PITS" in silver script across the



chest and "MARTINELLI" on the back in silver block text with an also predictable "1" as the jersey number. Her boots have a velour look to them with silver glitter around the tops that come to mid-shin. She grins at being a part of the big entrance but is also looking longingly towards her mentor who seems so very far away in this entrance.

Ayako Fujiwara is dressed in an elegant pink and purple furisode kimono with patterns of chrysanthemums and peonies embroidered on it. Molly Bell then appears beside her, dressed in a less elaborate and more child-like version of Ayako's kimono, as a stoic Fujiwara calmly pets her head.

Lauryn Rage is garbed in her tough leather vest over her long-sleeved metallic black unitard with fuchsia and gold swirls up the sides. She flexes her black-gloved fist as she follows her teammates.]

GM: Team Davis showing a united front in their entrance here tonight... if not quite as much earlier in their interview, Bucky.

BW: Teamwork is the most important thing in a match like this, Gordo... until it isn't.

GM: Professional wrestling's Yogi Berra, folks.

[Davis turns back to face the crowd, lowers her arms, then walks down the ramp, with the rest of her team following her -- Harley and Cinder first, then Donna, then Ayako and at a noticeable distance away from the rest... Lauryn. The six make their way down the aisle, the spotlights following the wrestlers to the ring, though Donna keeps jumping around in between spotlights.

Cinder gives the hyperactive Donna a "thumbs up," then turns to Hamilton with a cringe expression on her face as Harley and Casey Cash simultaneously make the shape of an L on their foreheads and mouth "Loser!"

When Martinelli steps into Davis' spotlight, Davis glances at her, which causes Martinelli to stop, then turn around, move past Harley and Cinder and go back to her spot in the line.

Martinelli is about to jump into Lauryn Rage's spotlight. The Canadian-Trinidadian wrestler gives her a vexed look before she kisses her teeth and waves Martinelli into the light. Lauryn and Donna chat a bit before Lauryn roughly claps Martinelli on the back and then not so subtly shoves Martinelli out of her spotlight.

When Davis reaches the ring, the lights come back up and we see two men, both dressed in tuxedos but who seem to resemble enhancement talent from some past Saturday nights, are waiting at ringside. Davis motions to the two, and the men head up the stairs and onto the ring apron, where they lean against the ropes and hold them open.

Davis is first to ascend the steps, at which point she ducks between the ropes, then walks toward the center of the ring, raising her arms again, her back now to her teammates. She is followed by Harley and Cinder. Ayako Fujiwara pauses and bows her head low, before she raises her head and slaps her cheeks, letting loose a battle cry, before walking up the steps. Donna is quick to follow, giving a noticeable yelp and flinch at Fujiwara's battle cry.

Lastly, Lauryn Rage steps up to the ring as she wipes her feet on the mat. The men in tuxedos hold the ropes for her as she steps through. It seems one of the guys is a little too admiring of her form because Lauryn glares at him, cursing under her breath...

...and then CRACKS him with a Perfect Punch, putting him down on the mat, rolling to the outside as the crowd reacts with surprise...

...which is nothing compared to the surprise they feel when Rage wheels around on the other guy, kicking him in the gut...]

GM: What is she...?!

[...and DRIVES him down, jacking his jaw in a Snakebite!]

GM: Our first - but perhaps not our last Snakebite of the night, Bucky.

BW: Lauryn Rage is a kettle filled with... well, rage... and she's ready to boil over tonight here in Hotlanta!

[With the crowd cheering her surprise assault on Davis' ring entrance helpers, Rage comes to her feet, stripping off her leather vest and chucking it down over the top rope onto the two men on the outside.]

GM: That takes care of that, I suppose.

[Rage turns back to her team who stare at her in shock and dismay. Harley Hamilton is particularly stunned, shrieking "What the hell is wrong with you!?" before kneeling down to check on one of the men.]

GM: Lauryn Rage starting things off early, the former and first AWA Women's Champion hoping to put herself back on the road to that title by making history yet again here tonight at SuperClash.

[The Team Davis members are scattered around the ring, looking uneasily at one another - especially at Rage - as Rebecca Ortiz shakes her head and continues.]

RO: Aaaaaand their opponents!

[The lights in the Georgia Dome drop as the Armand Van Helden remix of "Toxic" by Britney Spears begins to play.]

RO: From La Feria, Texas, she weighs 176 pounds... MARGARITA FLORES!

[A spotlight hits the stage as Margarita Flores stands, hurting from what happened at Saturday Night Wrestling, but ready for action nonetheless. She has a folded over length of bullrope draped across the back of her neck. She is also dressed in a beige cowboy hat, a black bustier top, matching shorts under a pair of blue denim chaps and black boots. Her arm is wrapped up in tape, and she grimaces as she rotates her shoulder.]

RO: From Southern Pines, North Carolina, she weighs 148 pounds, she is the "Pretty Hate Machine"... KYLIE KUJAWA!

[A second spotlight hits the stage as Kylie Kujawa jumps from the entrance, in a black bra top, tight fitting black pants, and black boots, along with a sheer black cape billowing behind her. She has a black wig on her head that is struggling to stay on top of her mermaid hair, and a grin on her ghostly painted face, complete with a black stripe across her eyes.]

RO: Hailing from Montreal, Quebec Canada, weighing 125 pounds, the "Canadian Dream Girl"... SKYLAR SWIFT!

[A third spotlight points towards the stage, as Skylar Swift does a little twirl in a shimmering sheer bodysuit that reflects light back from the spotlight. She does her

best to put on a smile, but one can't help but notice her reaching for her injured throat.]

RO: Fighting out of Minneapolis, Minnesota, weighing in at 166 pounds, this is "T-Bone"... TRISH WALLACE!

[A fourth spotlight, and Trish Wallace with her blonde hair in pigtails struts on stage in... retro horn-rimmed glasses and a bubblegum pink waitress dress? Judging from her comments earlier today she confused "Toxic" by Britney Spears with "Crazy" by Britney Spears. Her fanny-pack dangles from her waist as she carries a chrome drink tray with a protein shake on her palm.]

RO: From Asbury Park, New Jersey, she weighs 135 pounds... KELLY KOWALSKI!

[A fifth spotlight shines on a vastly different looking "Double K", as she is wearing a black catsuit and way more makeup than we're used to. She gets a very loud pop from the audience, and seems visibly surprised by the reaction she receives for her change in appearance.]

RO: Aaaaaand the team captain! She's from New Orleans, Louisiana, weighing in at 172 pounds, and she is the "Platinum Princess"... MICHELLE BAILEY!

[The final spotlight hits the stage as Michelle Bailey has her back to the crowd, but turns around and gives a wink. She's wearing a blue flight attendant outfit, along with her usual kneepad/shinpad combo with the left combo in white and right combo in blue, and her trademark XOXO down the front in gold. Michelle nods to her left, then her right, and motions forward right at the 75 second mark of the song, as all six members of the team walk down the huge Georgia Dome ramp side by side!]

GM: And here comes Team Bailey, and would you look at this show of unity?

BW: Unity nothing, Gordo! They're entering to "Toxic", which definitely lines up with how this team has cooperated. A couple of them aren't even on theme with the outfits! I wouldn't have expected a fashionista like Michelle Bailey to slip like that!

GM: [sighing] I meant them walking down to the ring together like this, as a team, as a show of force, Bucky.

BW: ... yeah, well, I'm just saying, look at the underlying aspects. This team was on the verge of falling apart coming into SuperClash, and just because they can walk to the ring in a line doesn't mean they're a team.

[Complaints from commentary about fashion and chemistry aside, the team sure looks in sync as they approach the ring together, even climbing onto the apron together. With the entire team facing the hard camera - Kujawa and Kowalski on the west side of the ring, Bailey and Flores on the east, and Wallace and Swift on the north - all six enter the ring at the same time, walking into a huddle mid-ring as the song fades, Kujawa notably discarding her wig with a giggle. Wallace slips out of the waitress dress to reveal a black and shiny green iteration of her traditional wrestling leotard.]

GM: One last conference before Steal the Spotlight begins for this team...

BW: They've only had how many team meetings and still struggled to get along?

GM: Bucky, if they can get it together now, what difference does it make what happened beforehand?

BW: Just sayin', Gordo. Just sayin'.

[As referee Ricky Longfellow positions himself in the middle of the ring, eyeballing the two teams as they sort out who will start the match for their respective squads, he waves a hand towards the timekeeper.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: And history has just been officially made here in Atlanta as the first ever all-women’s Steal The Spotlight match is underway!

[The crowd cheers as Michelle Bailey stays in the ring on her side, glaring across as Team Davis slowly departs one by one - the last one to leave being Donna Martinelli who pleads her case to the team captain only to be denied. She steps out in a huff, leaving Laura Davis alone to turn and face her rival.]

GM: Oho... look at this, Bucky.

BW: A whole lot of people came to Atlanta tonight just to see this, Gordo. Laura Davis and Michelle Bailey have been on quite the collision course since back at Homecoming when Davis SPIKED that little brat Kimmy Bailey on the top of her head.

GM: It was a dastardly act committed by a cold-blooded individual in Laura Davis who was trying to get people to forget her loss to Ayako Fujiwara - one of her partners tonight - in the first-ever Iron Woman match... and what a match that was as well.

[Davis eyeballs Bailey from afar as Margarita Flores leans over the ropes, speaking to Bailey who nods her head.]

GM: Remember, fans... here in the annual Steal The Spotlight showcase, the winner and sole survivor will earn themselves a contract for ANY future matchup that they’d like. And we’ve seen that contract used to great success in the past by men like Jackson Hunter and Supreme Wright who both used theirs to capture championship gold.

BW: And with Julie Somers and Kurayami waiting in the wings, Gordo, you know whoever wins this one will be looking on with great interest at that match in Toronto later tonight.

GM: Absolutely.

[Bailey strides out of the corner, walking out to center ring and inviting Laura Davis to join her there. Davis feigns a step towards her..

...and then with a shake of her head, Davis quickly twists around and slaps the shoulder of Ayako Fujiwara.]

GM: Well, this just got interesting for sure. Laura Davis tagging out to the disappointment of Michelle Bailey and these fans... but she tagged in the former Olympic gold medalist Ayako Fujiwara - one of Bailey’s closest friends since arriving in the AWA.

BW: They did have their issues last week on Saturday Night Wrestling in that trios match, Gordo.

GM: They sure did... and you know as well as I do that a competitor like Fujiwara will let nothing stand in her way of getting to the top of this division, not even friendship.

[Fujiwara steps in, tossing a glare at a smirking Davis as she climbs through the ropes...

...and then turns to face a waiting Bailey who grins at her friend, waving her forward.]

GM: Michelle Bailey not backing down from this one, ready for the battle to come with Fujiwara...

[The crowd cheers as the two popular competitors begin circling one another, ready to square off...

...and then come together in a collar and elbow tieup in the center of the ring, jockeying for position right off the bat...]

GM: Lockup and away we go in this six on six elimination tag match.

BW: I hope you've got your snacks and your drinks and you've taken care of business because this one might go all night.

GM: We've seen some epic Steal The Spotlight matches in the past and this one could very well be no difference considering the quality of competitors in there. Former AWA Women's Champion Lauryn Rage, the first to wear that crowd, is on the apron waiting for her chance to shine.

[Fujiwara ducks low, using a fireman's carry to take Bailey off her feet and over onto the canvas. The Olympian gets right up, nodding her head as Bailey takes a knee, still smiling up at Fujiwara.]

GM: Nice amateur-style takedown by Fujiwara... who had to be happy to see her brother Yoshi on the pre-game show tonight in that Battle Royal.

[Bailey retakes her feet, nodding at Fujiwara who invites her back out to mid-ring. Bailey obliges, going right back into another tieup... and quickly grabs a side headlock, pulling Fujiwara in tight.]

GM: Headlock applied by Bailey...

[Bailey cranks the hold a couple of times before Fujiwara snatches her wrist, twisting out and into a rear hammerlock...]

GM: ...nice counter by Fujiwara into the hammerlock...

[But Bailey reaches back, flipping Fujiwara over with a snap mare...]

GM: ...and Bailey returns the favor with a counter of her own...

[Bailey backs off, watching as Fujiwara gets up to a knee, her own smile on her face as she nods at Bailey and her ally Molly Bell meows enthusiastically at ringside.]

GM: These fans appreciate the action they've seen so far as Fujiwara gets up off the mat and-

[The crowd buzzes as Trish Wallace reaches over the top rope, slapping an unsuspecting Bailey on the shoulder.]

GM: Don't look now but Trish Wallace just tagged herself into this match, Bucky.

BW: And you've gotta be impressed by the guts on her. She knows Fujiwara has a bullseye on her and she's not backing down from her when most women surely would.

[Wallace steps through the ropes, slapping her hands together and rubbing them somewhat menacingly as Bailey shakes her head and departs the ring. Molly Bell can be heard hissing angrily up at Wallace...]

GM: Molly Bell's none too happy to see Trish after what-

[...which distracts Wallace just enough for a raging Fujiwara to sprint across the ring, leaping high and hard to land a forearm on the jaw of Wallace that sends her falling back into her own corner!]

GM: OH! Fujiwara on the attack!

[Shouting angrily in Japanese, Fujiwara rocks and fires, landing forearm after forearm on the jaw of Trish Wallace in the corner as the referee protests...

...and Skylar Swift joins her voice to that protest, which earns her a forearm to the mush as well, knocking Swift off the apron to the floor!]

GM: OH! And Swift takes one for good measure!

[Grabbing Wallace by the wrist, Fujiwara whips her across the ring to the far corner where Team Davis awaits. Fujiwara charges across after her...]

GM: Big clothesline in the corner!

[...and as Wallace staggers out, Fujiwara wraps her powerful arms around Wallace's massive torso, lifting and twisting before slamming her down in a textbook belly-to-belly suplex!]

GM: And the first suplex of the match for Ayako Fujiwara who - at times - makes an art show out of her suplex skills, Bucky.

BW: And a good art show too... not that sad one from The Office where no one goes to see Pam's work except Michael.

GM: A pop culture reference? Don't get all Albano on me out here, Bucky.

[With Wallace down on the mat, Fujiwara gets back up, marching back to the Team Davis corner where she sends her partners scurrying with a sweep of her hand. She steps up to the middle rope, facing out on the crowd...

...and with a spring for elevation, she kicks her legs out and comes crashing down across the chest of Wallace!]

GM: Leaping reverse splash off the ropes - could be our first cover...

[But instead of trying to pin Wallace, Fujiwara balls up her fists and starts raining down hammerfists on the prone Wallace who swings her arms up, trying to cover up from the assault...]

GM: Fujiwara is all over Trish Wallace - a pair of second generation competitors going at here at SuperClash IX.

[Fujiwara withdraws from the beatdown at the insistence of referee Ricky Longfellow, sulking as she gets to her feet...

...and Laura Davis promptly slaps her shoulder, tagging herself in.]

GM: And now Davis tagging herself in. Not a lot of voluntary tags in this one so far, Bucky.

BW: Well, it's still early, Gordo. Maybe the spirit of teamwork doesn't feel real until you get desperate to save your own skin.

GM: Davis putting the boots to Trish Wallace, keeping her down on the mat and - quite frankly - in the wrong part of town.

[Drawing Wallace back to her feet, Davis shoves her back into the proverbial wrong part of town, burying a few kicks into the midsection before the official backs her off...

...which allows a swarming assault from Harley Hamilton and Cinder in the corner (with Donna Martinelli trying to jump past them to land a blow or two of her own) on Wallace!]

GM: And to no one's surprise, Team Davis is breaking out the dirty tricks early on in this one. They're going to need them if they're going to outlast Team Bailey if you ask me.

[But as Seductive, Destructive, and Non-Productive take their swings at Wallace, the AWA Women's Division powerhouse starts to battle back. A blow for Cinder sends her flying off the apron... one for Hamilton sends her stumbling to a knee... and one for Martinelli narrowly misses as she goes shrieking the other way, shoving Lauryn Rage aside and getting shoved by the former Women's Champion in response...

Davis arches an eyebrow of surprise... maybe even impressed...

...until she gets bowled over by a running Trish Wallace who lifts the #1 Athlete up on her shoulder, stampeding her across the ring, and plants her in the opposite corner where Michelle Bailey slaps the shoulder, bringing herself back in...]

GM: And now, here we go!

[Bailey comes in quickly through the ropes, shoving Davis backwards to block her attempt to flee the ring...

...which brings Donna Martinelli rushing into the ring to the surprise of all, throwing herself at the back of Bailey with a double axehandle that takes her cousin down to her knees!]

GM: Oh, come on!

[Grabbing Davis by the wrists, Martinelli leads her mentor back across the ring to the other corner where Lauryn Rage tags herself in.]

GM: The former Women's Champion tagging in now... again, a reluctant tag and Martinelli looks like a small child who got her bowl of cookies taken away.

[Swinging Bailey back against the ropes, Rage opens up with her boxing skills, landing heavy rights and lefts to the body...

...and then snaps off a jab to the nose that sends Bailey down to her knees, clutching her face as the crowd grumbles a little.]

GM: Oh! Shot to the face by Rage...

BW: Michelle Bailey just got permission by the doctors to take that protective faceguard off and Lauryn Rage might've put her right back in it!

[Davis applauds from the corner as Rage glares at her...]

"Don't need no love from you!"

[...and brings Bailey back to her feet, her eyes tearing up as Rage grabs her by the wrist, whipping her across the ring...]

GM: Rage shoots her across... big right hand!

[But Bailey baseball slides under the haymaker attempt, popping back up to her feet behind the off-balance Rage. She snatches a rear waistlock, charging Rage into the ropes for a rolling reverse cradle...]

...but Rage hangs on to the ropes, wagging a finger at Bailey as she rolls back up to her feet, charging in again...]

GM: Rage sidesteps, Bailey hits the ropes...

[Rage swings an arm for a clothesline but Bailey leaps up, snagging the arm, swinging her legs around to scissor the other arm...]

GM: CRUCIFIX GETS ONE! GETS TWO!

[...but Rage breaks free in time as both women scramble to their feet off the mat.]

GM: Bailey almost snuck one in on the former Women's Champion and-

[Rage comes up swinging, again catching Bailey in the ribs, cutting her off before she goes back on the attack. Snatching a front facelock, Rage drags Bailey back across the ring, shoving her back into the Team Davis corner before she slaps the offered hand of Harley Hamilton.]

GM: Hey, look at that... a legitimate tag...

[Hamilton slingshots over the top rope with a flourish, smirking at the jeering Atlanta crowd before she charges in, burying a knee into the ribs of Bailey...]

...and then tags Cinder.]

GM: Well, that didn't take long.

BW: Seductive and Destructive are a top flight tag team, Gordo. Of course they'll work together in this one.

GM: Yeah, but for how long?

BW: What's that supposed to mean?

[Cinder comes in a whirling, flailing mass of limbs, hitting Bailey with every part of her anatomy in rapid fashion.]

GM: It means that this match doesn't end until only one woman is left standing... and considering Harley Hamilton's level of self-interest, if it comes down to her and Cinder, I think we all know how that one's gonna turn out.

[Cinder grabs Bailey by the hair, dragging her out of the corner by it...]



...and uses a cross-armed chop to the throat to take her down, coughing and gasping on the mat as Casey Cash cheers Cinder on from the outside.]

GM: Bailey down on the mat but she needs to stay away from Casey Cash who has shown she's not above getting involved in a match she's not in.

BW: Gordo, did you see where she had the replica titles earlier?

GM: Yes, I sure did.

BW: If she gets involved in this one, do you think she'll get stripped of the title?

GM: Would you stop?!

[Cinder lands a few more stomps on the downed Bailey before tagging Harley Hamilton back into the match.]

GM: Another tag to Hamilton... and you're right, Bucky... these two are working together so far...

[Each grab an arm on Bailey, whipping her across the ring, and dropping her with a double back elbow up under the chin. Bailey rolls on the mat in pain as Cinder vacates the ring and Hamilton goes for a cover.]

GM: Hamilton looking for the early elimination... but only gets a two count off the double team.

[Hamilton sneers down at Bailey, grabbing her by the hair and pulling her slightly up off the mat...

...and then SMASHES a headbutt down between the eyes before attempting a second pin attempt.]

GM: What a headbutt by Hamilton - again right in that danger zone for Michelle Bailey, the freshly recovered broken nose at the hands of Kelly Kowalski who has yet to get into this match.

BW: You can say that for over half of Bailey's team! She's such a gloryhog - what a captain she is.

GM: Bucky, she's being isolated from her corner. That's not a lack of desire to tag someone in, it's a lack of opportunity.

[Hamilton pulls Bailey back up to her feet, popping her with a chop that sends her staggering back into the Team Davis corner again.]

GM: Hamilton with a tag... to Ayako Fujiwara.

[The crowd jeers that move as Hamilton arrogantly gestures at Bailey in the corner, inviting Fujiwara to inflict more punishment on her friend.]

GM: And this is the exact scenario that we SHOULDN'T be seeing here tonight. Remember, Ayako Fujiwara WAS Bailey's top pick for this match when they picked teams but thanks to Kylie Kujawa pulling Bailey's heartstrings and Laura Davis' chicanery, Fujiwara's on the other squad having to physically assault one of her best friends.

[Fujiwara glares at Hamilton before pulling Bailey deliberately out of the corner towards the middle of the ring...]

GM: Well, she extracted her out of the corner if nothing else...

[...and pulls her right into a rear waistlock...]

GM: Uh oh! Fujiwara looking to take Bailey on a trip to Germany...

BW: ...and she ain't no travel agent!

[...but Bailey grabs the wrist, spinning out, snatching a waistlock of her own...]

GM: Reversal!

[Fujiwara plants her feet, charging backwards and sandwiching Bailey between her back and the buckles...

...which is when Skylar Swift tags herself into the match.]

GM: In comes the Canadian Dream Girl - and listen to the reaction of this crowd!

[Swift comes rushing in, popping Fujiwara with a quick one-two forearm smashes to the jaw while Bailey is still holding her. Bailey lets go as Swift snapmares Fujiwara out of the corner, leaping high...]

GM: Dropkick to the back of the head! Swift rocked her there!

[Bailey exits as Swift covers, getting a two count on the Olympic gold medalist.]

GM: Two count there as well. The action picking up steam now...

[Swift pulls Fujiwara up, whipping her towards the ropes...]

GM: Canadian whip by the Dream Girl and... dropkick on the button!

[The dropkick sends Fujiwara down to the mat before she rolls to a knee near the ropes. Swift pumps a fist, charging in after her... ]

GM: Monkey flip- blocked by Fujiwara! Look at the power!

[Swift panics as Fujiwara turns around, depositing her in a seated position on the top turnbuckle...]

GM: Uh oh... Swift's not in a good place here...

[Holding her by the hair, Fujiwara lays in a heavy pair of elbowstrikes before stepping up on the second rope...]

GM: ...not in a good place at all, Bucky!

BW: Fujiwara loves to throw people around with those suplexes and she might be about to make Skylar Swift take an involuntary flight!

[But with her partner in trouble, Trish Wallace stomps down the apron, shouting up at Fujiwara...

...gaining just enough of a distraction for Swift to rifle off a few short right hands to the side of the head...]

GM: Swift trying to get loose- HEADBUTT!

[...and with the clashing of skulls, Fujiwara falls off the second rope, stumbling backwards as Swift stands tall on the middle rope...]

GM: Fujiwara is dazed and-

[...and leaps into the air, snatching a headscissors, and dragging Fujiwara down to the canvas with a rana!]

GM: -OH MY! What a flying maneuver out of Swift, putting Fujiwara down on the mat and Team Davis back on their heels!

[Trish pumps a fist as the rest of the Team Bailey corner cheers Swift's offensive flurry.]

GM: Fujiwara is down and...

[Swift reaches out, slapping the hand of Kylie Kujawa.]

GM: ...and now Team Bailey starting to work together. Kujawa in off the tag...

[The quick-moving Kujawa throws herself in the air, crashing backfirst down on Fujiwara's torso!]

GM: ...big senton splash!

[Kujawa pops back up, watching as Fujiwara rolls to her chest, pushing up onto all fours...

...and then rushes back in, throwing herself into a flip...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SOMERSAULT SENTON BY KUJAWA!

[Fujiwara crumples under the offensive onslaught as Kujawa rolls her over onto her back again, diving across her torso...]

GM: Kujawa going for a huge elimination here... but no, Fujiwara is out at two!

BW: Gordo, we're over ten minutes into this thing and not a single elimination yet.

GM: These ladies are in it for the long haul here tonight in Atlanta.

[Kujawa comes back up and to the surprise of many, gleefully slaps the hand of Kelly Kowalski.]

GM: Another tag... and how about that, Bucky?

BW: Kujawa came to the AWA attacking Kowalski at every possible step... but in recent days, they seem to have come to... respect each other? Maybe even like each other?

GM: Hard to imagine liking someone who attacked you with a fire extinguisher.

[Kowalski and Kujawa double whip Fujiwara across the ring, sending her bouncing back...]

GM: Drop toehold by Kujawa... ohh! And a big elbow down on the back of the head by Kowalski!

BW: That looked... good!

GM: It certainly did as Kujawa and Kowalski showing a knack for their teamwork early on in this one.

[Kujawa is all grins as she rolls under the ropes to the outside, leaving Kowalski in with Fujiwara. A few stomps keeps Fujiwara down on the mat as the Jersey Girl throws a look across the ring, pointing a warning finger at Harley Hamilton and Cinder who hold up their hands, pleading innocence.]

GM: Kowalski with some words for Hamilton, those two go back a long way.

BW: Back to their days in Combat Corner Wrestling. Sometimes friends, sometimes enemies, sometimes frenemies... always connected though it seems.

[Kowalski pulls Fujiwara off the mat, smashing an elbow down between the eyes, sending Fujiwara staggering back into the ropes.]

GM: Kowalski's got Fujiwara on the ropes, big right hands between the eyes...

[Kowalski grabs the arm, looking for a whip...

...but Fujiwara yanks her back into her powerful arms...]

GM: What the...?!

[...and LAUNCHES Kowalski overhead with an overhead belly to belly, sending her tumbling awkwardly over the ropes and down to the ringside mats!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Fujiwara stumbles towards the corner, slapping the first hand she sees.]

GM: There's the tag... and Lauryn Rage takes it!

[Rage drops down to the outside, marching around the ringpost.]

GM: Uh oh... the former Women's Champion - the first woman to wear that crown - is on her way around the ring. You know she'd like to make history again here tonight and become the first woman to win Steal The Spotlight.

[Da Kid pulls Kowalski up off the floor by the arm...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and ROCKETS her into the ringside railing with an Irish whip!]

GM: INTO THE STEEL!

[Rage nods at the buzzing crowd as she steps closer, balling up her fists...]

GM: Right hand to the ribs! Left hand on the other side! Working the body of Kelly Kowalski, right and lefts... right and lefts...

[Rage grabs Kowalski by the hair, marching her over towards the ring apron...

...but as she tries to slam Kowalski's face down into it, the Jersey Girl extends her arms, blocking it!]

GM: Rage wanted to ram her head into the apron but Kowalski's having none of it!

[A well-placed back elbow sends Rage spinning away as Kowalski cracks her knuckles, looking for some payback...]

GM: And now it's Kowalski throwing bombs!

BW: She doesn't have the boxing skills of Rage so those punches are ugly, sloppy, but damn effective!

[Kowalski grabs Rage, lifting her up into her arms, pressing her up just slightly...

...and DROPS her facefirst on the ring apron, causing Rage to slump down to the floor on her knees!]

BW: I just don't think you want a fight on the floor with Kelly Kowalski, Gordo.

GM: Lauryn Rage might be in agreement right now.

[Kowalski, hearing the referee's count, shoves Rage under the ropes into the ring. Pointing to the cheering crowd, Kowalski climbs up on the apron where Kylie Kujawa is rooting her on. Kowalski throws her a puzzled look...

...which allows Rage to rush back in...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OHHH, WHAT A RIGHT HAND BY RAGE!

[The right hook stuns Kowalski as Rage snatches a front facelock, looking to suplex her over the ropes into the ring...]

GM: Rage is going to bring her in the hard way...

[...but as she attempts the suplex, Kylie Kujawa grabs Kowalski by the leg, pulling her back down...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and EATS a right hand for her effort too!]

GM: KUJAWA GETS DROPPED AS WELL!

[Rage is all sorts of fired up now, raining down trash talk on Kujawa on the outside of the ring as she grabs Kowalski by the hair, flipping her over the ropes and down on the mat where she viciously stomps down into the sternum.]

GM: The former Women's Champion bringing Kowalski back in...

[But before Rage can act, Donna Martinelli dances her way down the apron and slaps Rage's arm.]

GM: ...and there's another tag.

[Rage sticks up a hand, shaking her head at Martinelli who steps through the ropes anyways, miming making a tag by slapping her hands together...]

GM: Martinelli's in... and Lauryn Rage looks less than happy about that.

[The former Women's Champion is shouting at Martinelli who points to the downed Kowalski, stomping her foot a few times angrily...]

GM: There seems to be a difference of opinion here. Lauryn Rage wants to stay in there but Martinelli's insisting that she made the tag and...

[The referee forces a fuming Rage out of the ring as Martinelli stomps the downed Kowalski before dropping to her knees, wrapping her hands around Kowalski's throat to jeers!]

GM: Blatant choke by one-third of the Peach Pits here, choking Kowalski down on the mat...

[Martinelli breaks at four, getting back to her feet...

...where Lauryn Rage tags herself back in.]

GM: Uh oh.

[Trouble seems to be brewing for Team Davis as Lauryn Rage steps back in, waving a hand at Martinelli and telling her to "step off." The Peach Pit glares at Rage, her hands on her hips before exiting at Laura Davis' direction.]

GM: Laura Davis is trying to keep her team working on the same page but-

BW: But it seems like Martinelli and Rage are in different books right now. Maybe even different libraries!

[Martinelli can be seen talking animatedly to Laura Davis as Rage pulls Kowalski off the mat, burying a pair of right hands into the body as she backs Kowalski into the ropes.]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

[Rage hits the ropes, rebounding back towards Kowalski who drops down, diving at Rage's feet and forcing her to hurdle the Jersey Girl.]

GM: Up and over goes Rage, to the ropes...

[Where Martinelli slaps the shoulder again, coming through the ropes as Rage hurdles Kowalski again, heading across the ring...]

GM: ...on the rebound a third time...

[But as Rage rushes the front side of Kowalski and Martinelli rushes the back side, Kowalski busts out a spin move to make former New Jersey Net Darryl Dawkins proud, causing the teammates to crash together in the middle of the ring to laughter from the Atlanta crowd!]

GM: ...and we get a big smash in the middle, both Rage and Martinelli go down!

[Kowalski backs off, chuckling as Rage and Martinelli get to their feet and start shouting at each other...]

GM: Team Davis might be breaking down before our very eyes here. Martinelli and Rage with plenty of angry words for each other after that malfunction at the junction and...

[Martinelli delivers a two-handed shove to the chest of Rage, stabbing a finger in the air at her as she continues to yell at her. Rage shakes her head, biting her tongue as she walks closer towards Martinelli...

...and then UNCORKS a devastating right hand to the jaw!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: PERFECT PUNCH! PERFECT PUNCH ON HER OWN PARTNER!

[The blow leaves Martinelli flat on her back as the Team Davis reactions range from shock (Davis) to amusement (Hamilton) to indifference (Fujiwara.) Rage slaps her own posterior, exiting the ring as Kowalski dives across the downed and motionless Martinelli.]

GM: One! Two! And three!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The ring announcer's voice makes it official.]

RO: Donna Martinelli has been ELIMINATED!

[The crowd cheers as Davis glares at Rage, hands on her hips as the team captain realizes she's now at a numbers disadvantage.]

GM: Martinelli's gone - thanks to her own teammate - and now we're down to a six to five matchup.

BW: Rage's temper costs her again.

GM: Costs her?

BW: Yes! She needs a full team to get to the end of this thing and taking out her own teammates because of her hot fuse ain't the way to do it.

[Kowalski gets to her feet, grinning at the early elimination and giving a thumbs up to her corner that are cheering her on... especially Kylie Kujawa who is bouncing on the bottom rope shouting "KEL-LY! KEL-LY! KEL-LY!"]

GM: Kelly Kowalski staying in the ring now... but who will be joining her?

[The crowd buzzes as Harley Hamilton steps through the ropes, looking across at her frenemy... ]

GM: And the fans here in Atlanta - especially those who've been following their careers for a long time - have been looking forward to this one.

[Hamilton nods at Kowalski who looks around at the cheering crowd with a grin.]

GM: Kowalski is loving this. She loves the support of these fans cheering her on... and you know they'll be behind her with Harley Hamilton across the ring from her.

[With Cinder and Casey Cash cheering her on, Hamilton gives them a wink as she makes a lunge towards Kowalski who drops back...

...but Hamilton pulls up, grinning and doing a little strut before Kowalski's seen enough, charging at her and tying her up...]

GM: Kowalski diving into that lockup... fighting for position...

[But Hamilton uses Kowalski's drive against her, twisting her around and backing Kowalski up against the ropes near the Team Bailey corner...

...where Kylie Kujawa slaps Kowalski's lifted hand, tagging herself in!]

GM: Kujawa tagging back in... and Hamilton's in trouble here...

[Kujawa grabs Hamilton by the arms, pulling them back behind her to free Kowalski...]

GM: Kujawa holding Hamilton wide open and...

[...but Kowalski doesn't see the disadvantageous position that Hamilton is in, exiting the ring.]

GM: ...oh. Well, perhaps Kowalski and Kujawa are not QUITE there in their teamwork.

BW: Understandable after they chased each other down for months.

GM: It was more of a one way chase.

[Kujawa pulls the struggling Hamilton away from the ropes...]

BW: Look out for a Tiger Suplex out of this - one of Kujawa's favorite and most dangerous attacks...

[...but Hamilton has it scouted and jams her foot downwards, stomping the instep of Kujawa who cries out as she hops away...]

GM: Hamilton slips out of it though, breaking loose from whatever Kujawa had in mind right there...

[Obviously limping, Kujawa turns and throws a kick aimed at Hamilton's midsection but Hamilton catches the leg, spinning and throwing a devastating back elbow all in one smooth motion!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The big elbow catches Kujawa flush on the chin, knocking her flat as Hamilton stands over her, looking down...

...and then points a threatening finger across the ring at Kowalski and Flores, shouting in their direction...]

GM: And here we go!

[Flores comes through the ropes, looking to renew her rivalry with Hamilton but the referee rushes to cut her off...

...and with a wave from Hamilton, Cinder climbs into the ring, joining her to each grab an arm on Kujawa, throwing her back into the buckles once... twice... three times before Cinder exits the ring to jeers and the referee whips around with a suspicious look on his face.]

GM: Hamilton and Cinder working well together behind the official's back...

BW: Still think Harley would stab Cinder in the back?



GM: In a heartbeat.

[Cinder exchanges a hug with Casey Cash on the outside as Hamilton stretches a long leg up to put a boot under the chin and across the throat of Kujawa, bringing her down gasping as she sinks to a knee...

...and then slaps the offered hand of Laura Davis.]

GM: The tag is made and in comes the team captain again... looks like Davis and Hamilton are about to work together..

[Each hook an arm before hoisting Kujawa into the air, dumping her down in a double vertical suplex to jeers. Michelle Bailey grimaces in the corner, shouting "COME ON, KYLIE!" to her longtime friend as Davis sneers in her direction on the way up.]

BW: And make no mistake, Gordo... every single move that Laura Davis lays on Kylie Kujawa is an attempt to cause Michelle Bailey pain.

GM: Just like she did back at Homecoming when Davis bullied young Kimmy Bailey in her AWA debut, injuring her with that dangerous Davis Screwdriver.

[Davis rolls Kujawa onto her stomach with the toe of her boot, dropping a knee down into the lower back as Bailey slaps the top turnbuckle, shouting at Davis who beckons her forward...]

GM: Oh, Davis is real brave calling Bailey out when she knows Kujawa can't tag her in. Remember, fans, it's been Laura Davis ducking Michelle Bailey throughout this entire match so far that is just about twenty minutes old.

[Davis grinds her kneecap back and forth on the back of Kujawa who cries out in pain as Michelle Bailey has to be talked out of intervening by Skylar Swift in the corner.]

GM: Davis back to her feet now...

"Is this what you do to your friends, Bailey?! Anyone who cares for you suffers FOR... YOU!"

[She punctuates her mindgames with a pair of vicious stomps to the lower back as Kujawa lies prone on her stomach.]

GM: Davis pulling Kujawa off the mat now... setting for a back suplex...

[But as she lifts Kujawa into the air, the Pretty Hate Machine backflips over the top, landing on her feet behind Davis...

...and gives a two-handed shove towards the corner where Michelle Bailey POPS her with a right hand!]

GM: OH! BAILEY DRILLS DAVIS!

[Davis stumbles backwards towards Kujawa who drops down, dragging Davis with her in a schoolgirl rollup...]

GM: SHE'S GOT ONE! SHE'S GOT TWO! SHE'S GOT-

[The crowd groans as Davis JUST kicks out in time, sending Kujawa sailing backwards towards the corner where she slaps the first hand she sees...]

GM: Laura Davis NARROWLY escapes elimination there... and in comes Skylar Swift off the tag!

[Swift slingshots over the top rope, catching the rising Davis with a right-left forearm strike combo... then a pair of kicks to the quad...]

GM: Swift is lighting her up!

[...before taking to the air and snapping her foot off the back of Davis' head!]

GM: ENZUIGIRIIIII!

[Swift pumps a fist as she gets to her feet, looking to finish off Davis.]

GM: Swift has got the so-called #1 Athlete reeling...

[Davis slowly crawls up to her knees, her eyes glassy as she focuses on the waiting Swift...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and gets superkicked right in the jaw, snapping her head back as Davis crumples to the canvas and Swift dives on top of her!]

GM: Skylar Swift trying to chop the head off the snake that is Team Davis! She's got one! She's got two! She's got th-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Kickout! Davis again slips free!

[Swift claps her hands together as she gets to her feet, nodding at Trish Wallace's shouts to "STAY ON HER!"]

GM: Trish Wallace urging her partner to stay on Laura Davis and Swift looks to be doing exactly that, pulling Davis to her feet, dragging her to the corner...

BW: Davis is in trouble!

GM: We've seen this before... Swift climbing up to the second rope, hanging onto Davis, hooking that front facelock...

[Swift gives a swing of her arm to the crowd, bringing them to their feet...]

GM: She's looking for that Broken Dreams tornado DDT!

[...but before she can execute it, Davis pulls free from her grasp, grabbing Swift's leg under her arm...]

GM: What is she...?!

[...and with a twisting motion that seems a lock to rip and tear at Swift's knee, she yanks her from her perch in a dragon screw legwhip...

...that leaves Swift screaming in pain on the canvas.]

GM: Oh... oh my...

[Davis dives on her, scissoring the leg, and yanking back with Swift's leg hooked...]

GM: HEEL HOOK!

[...and before anyone on her team has a chance to aid her, Swift has almost immediately tapped out! Trish Wallace slumps forward, her head on the top rope as Michelle Bailey puts a comforting hand on her shoulder.]

RO: Skylar Swift has been ELIMINATED!

[The crowd jeers that announcement as the referee helps Swift roll from the ring where she is joined by Trish Wallace who holds her up as she tries to put weight on the injured knee.]

GM: Skylar Swift is eliminated from this match... showing some obvious trouble standing on that leg.

BW: First the neck on the last Saturday Night Wrestling and now the knee...

GM: Back to even now - five on five in this history-making matchup...

[Wallace helps Swift hobble towards the ramp as the crowd cheers as Laura Davis gets to her feet, jerking her thumb at herself, her back to the Team Bailey corner...

...which means she completely misses who climbs in the ring to stand behind her...]

GM: Don't look now, Laura Davis!

BW: No! Look! LOOK!

[Davis, hearing the crowd noise, whips around...

...and finds Michelle Bailey bearing down on her at top speed...]

GM: BRITNEY SPEAR! BRITNEY SPEAAAAAR!

[The impactful tackle nearly cuts Davis in half, dumping her on the canvas in a heap as Bailey throws herself across her, tightly hooking the leg...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

[...but the pin is broken up by a diving Harley Hamilton and Cinder!]

GM: OHH! HAMILTON AND CINDER SAVE LAURA DAVIS!

[The crowd suddenly ERUPTS!]

GM: And here comes that tall drink of Texas Water!

[Flores comes through the ropes, making a lunge at Harley Hamilton who tries to bail across the ring when she sees her old rival coming, and grabs Hamilton by the back of the tights, keeping her from escaping...]

GM: Flores is in! Trish Wallace is in!

[Wallace grabs Cinder, the two spinning away towards the ropes to trade blows as Flores lifts Hamilton up, dropping her down in an atomic drop that sends Hamilton sailing towards the ropes, flipping over the top and going to the outside!]

GM: FLORES SENDS HAMILTON TO THE FLOOR!

[Wallace, having gained control of Cinder, hurls her towards Flores who ducks low and LAUNCHES Cinder into the air with a huuuuuuuge backdrop!]

GM: OHHHHH!

[Cinder hits the canvas and promptly bails as the two likely strongest women in the match trade a big fistbump and retreat back to their corner, leaving Davis and Bailey still in the ring. Bailey has regained her feet, dragging Davis up with her...

...but Davis buries a knee into Bailey's gut, tossing her into the Team Davis corner. Davis angrily points at Bailey, ordering her squad to attack her...]

BW: Uhhhhh.

[...but it's only Lauryn Rage and Ayako Fujiwara left in the corner, both of whom stare defiantly at their team captain who angrily insists again...]

GM: Laura Davis is trying to get Rage and Ayako to work over Michelle Bailey but that's not happening!

[Davis marches in, muttering "I'll do it myself!" as she grabs Bailey by the back of the head, snapping her head back with a pair of European uppercuts before reaching out and slapping the shoulder of Fujiwara with a "your turn!"]

GM: And again, Davis is forcing Ayako Fujiwara to get in there with her good friend, Michelle Bailey. It makes you wonder if this is the main reason that Davis wanted Fujiwara on her team at all!

[Fujiwara visibly sighs as she steps into the ring with her friend again. She grabs Bailey by the wrist, whipping her across the ring which sends her coasting into the Team Bailey corner. Davis shouts angrily at Fujiwara - "HOW DOES THAT HELP?!" Fujiwara ignores her team captain as Bailey slaps the hand of Margarita Flores.]

GM: In comes Flores off the tag... and whoooo boy!

[The crowd ROARS as Flores and Fujiwara come face to face.]

GM: And if you had this on your list of clashes you were hoping to see in this one, well, you've got something else to be thankful for! Flores and Fujiwara!

BW: As our old pal, Jim Watkins always says - let's hook 'em up!

[Fujiwara pauses, looking up and down the long frame of Flores who stands tall, looking down on the Olympic gold medalist...]

GM: Five on five, a contract for the match of their choosing on the line. It's Steal The Spotlight, an annual SuperClash tradition and-

[Flores and Fujiwara rush one another, throwing big bombs as they do and the crowd goes NUTS!]

GM: HERE! WE! GO!

[Flores is landing big haymakers as Fujiwara responds with heavy forearms and elbows...]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands here in Atlanta!

[Fujiwara starts driving the elbows into the jaw, snapping Flores' head back once... twice... three times, sending her staggering back into the ropes. The Olympian nods, approaching as she grabs Flores by the arm...]

GM: Irish whi-... or not.

[The crowd cheers as Flores holds her ground. Fujiwara tries a second attempt at the whip but Flores doesn't budge, shaking her head at Fujiwara.]

GM: She can't move her! Flores standing tall!

[Flores reaches out, grabbing Fujiwara under the armpits, lifting her up off the mat and tossing her into the neutral corner!]

GM: Wow! Look at the power!

[Flores rocks and fires, landing big right hands to the jaw of Fujiwara who is staggered immediately. The tall drink of Texas water reaches out, grabbing Fujiwara by the arm...]

GM: Irish whi-... are you kidding me?!

[...and this time, it's Fujiwara who doesn't budge as a shocked Flores looks back at her...]

GM: She's giving up all that size and Fujiwara still is holding her ground!

[Flores tries the whip again but Fujiwara lets loose a roar and sticks her feet into the mat, refusing to budge as she shakes her head defiantly...]

BW: That's incredible, Gordo!

[...before pulling an off-balance and surprised Flores back towards her, snatching a rear waistlock on her...]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me again!

[The crowd is buzzing as Fujiwara twists around, pulling Flores with her as she moves out of the corner... ]

GM: GERMAN!

[...but as she tries to lift Flores, the La Feria native drives an elbow back on the jaw... and another... and another, breaking free of Fujiwara's grasp!]

GM: Flores breaks loose...

[And with Fujiwara dazed behind her, Flores gives a swing of her long arm through the air, lumbering into the ropes...]

GM: Flores hits the ropes... LARIAAAAAAAT!

[...and swings that same mighty arm towards a stunned Fujiwara...]

GM: DUCKED!

[...who goes low, allowing Flores to swing the clothesline at air, falling past her where Fujiwara hooks her again...]

GM: WAISTLOCK!

[...and this time, she does manage to get Flores up into the air, DUMPING her down on the back of her head and neck with a bridging German Suplex!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHE GOT IT! SHE GOT IT!

[Fujiwara holds the bridge as Flores cries out, grimacing in pain as the referee counts...]

GM: ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Fujiwara lets go, rolling to the side as Flores immediately grabs at her shoulder.]

GM: Oh... oh my... Flores is grabbing that arm and shoulder area. You can think back to recently, she drove her own arm into the steel ringpost during a match and we're told has been dealing with the effects of that since then. You have to wonder if that German Suplex might've... maybe dislocated the shoulder? Separated the shoulder perhaps?

BW: She was SCREAMING in pain when she got hit with that, Gordo. Something happened there for sure.

[Flores rolls from the ring, screaming in pain as she grabs at her shoulder.]

GM: Two members of Team Bailey came into this match with injuries that we were aware of... and both of them are now eliminated.

BW: It's so important to come into a big match like this... especially one that lasts as long as this one is likely to... as close to one hundred percent as possible.

[The ring announcer makes it official.]

RO: Margarita Flores has been ELIMINATED!

[The crowd jeers as Flores makes her way up the aisle, a medic right by her side.]

GM: And just like that, Team Davis has turned this thing around and now holds a five to four advantage for their squad.

[Fujiwara stares up the aisle, watching Flores make her exit...

...which is when Trish Wallace strikes from behind, smashing a double axehandle down high on the upper back of Fujiwara, knocking her down to her hands and knees...]

GM: Ohhh! Wallace from behind... and these fans didn't love that at all, Bucky.

BW: Forget them. You've got a one in nine chance to walk out of SuperClash as Miss Steal The Spotlight - you do whatever it takes to get it done.

GM: We've got Bailey, Kowalski, Wallace, and Kujawa on one side... Davis, Hamilton, Cinder, Fujiwara, and former champion Lauryn Rage on the other. All looking to make history here tonight.

BW: There's still some personal rivalries in there too, Gordo. Bailey and Davis. Kowalski and Hamilton.

GM: Don't forget the animosity between these two - Fujiwara has been fuming mad since Trish Wallace injured her buddy Molly Bell out there on the floor.

[On cue, we cut to Bell who is hissing at Trish Wallace as Wallace steps around the downed Fujiwara, standing by her head...]

"YOU WANNA SEE POWER?!"

[...and with that, Wallace reaches down, grabbing Fujiwara in a front facelock...]

GM: What is she...?

[...and deadlifts her straight up off the mat into a vertical suplex, holding her high for all to see...]

GM: You talk about power! Oh my!

[...and holding...]

GM: Look at the overwhelming strength of Trish Wallace - perhaps the strongest woman in the division!

[...and holding...]

BW: She could do this all day, Gordo!

[...and holding...]

GM: Trish Wallace holding Ayako Fujiwara high for all to see!

[...and holding...

...and holding...

...and holding...

...until...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AND DOWWWWWN SHE GOES ON THE SUPLEX!

[Trish pops up to her feet, striking a double bicep pose to a big cheer from the Atlanta crowd.]

GM: Battlin' Burt sure is proud back home in Minnesota of his baby girl here tonight!

[Wallace looks out on the crowd, pumping both arms...]

GM: And could Trish Wallace pull off a surprise here and eliminate Ayako Fujiwara?! That would have to be somewhat of an upset, right, Bucky?

BW: All bets are off in a match like this, Gordo. They're are so many variables, it's hard to see anyone as a favorite or an underdog.

[Wallace gestures to the downed Fujiwara who is rising back to her feet...

...and lunges in, scooping her up in her powerful arms. She does a full 360, showing Fujiwara off to the sold out crowd...

...and with a little bit of a hop, she SLAMS her down on the canvas!]

GM: One of the most ring-shaking slams in all of wrestling, Wallace puts Fujiwara down hard for the second time...

[Wallace points to the downed Fujiwara again, exaggeratedly dragging her thumb across her throat...]

GM: Well, Wallace thinks it's over, Bucky.

BW: She may be right...

[...and as Fujiwara staggers up to her feet again, Wallace hoists her up, slinging her over her shoulder with ease.

She does a full circle around the ring, building up some momentum, and then starts charging out of the corner...

...but Fujiwara slips off, shoving her in the back, sending her chestfirst into the neutral corner...]

BW: ...she may be crazy!

GM: Fujiwara's loose and-

[...which causes Wallace to stumble back towards a waiting Fujiwara...]

GM: WAISTLOCK!

[...and brings her over in a thunderous released German suplex!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MISS GERMANY STRIKES AGAIN!

[The impact of the fall on the back of the head seems to stun Wallace as Fujiwara gets up, wobbling as she staggers back towards her corner...

...where Harley Hamilton slaps her shoulder, tagging herself in...]

GM: Hamilton's in annnnd...

[A dazed Wallace rolls to her knees, pushing up on her hands...]

GM: ...HAIL...

[...which is when Hamilton sprints across the ring, stepping up off Wallace's back, leaping into the air...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and CRUSHES her on the way back down with a double stomp to the back of the head that DRIVES Wallace's skull into the canvas!]



GM: ...TO THE QUEEEEEEEEN!

[Hamilton muscles Wallace over onto her back, diving across her torso and hooking a leg...]

GM: ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd deflates as Hamilton rolls off, thrusting her arms into the air as Casey Cash and Cinder cheer loudly.]

RO: Trish Wallace has been ELIMINATED!

[The crowd jeers as Hamilton gets back to her feet, moving quickly to her corner before anyone can attack...]

GM: And now it's five to three in favor of Team Davis, Bucky!

BW: Team Davis looked to be the favorites going into this thing and nothing I've seen has made me think otherwise, Gordo!

GM: I thought you said there were no favorites in a match like this!

BW: That's just something you say to be nice.

GM: Since when did you start worrying about that?!

[With their team suddenly outnumbered in a major way, Bailey pulls Kowalski and Kujawa together into a huddle in their corner...]

GM: And this looks to be the perfect time to regroup.

BW: The perfect time would've been before you went down five to three.

GM: Bailey, Kowalski, and Kujawa now face some tough odds against Team Davis which consists of the captain, Seductive and Destructive, Ayako Fujiwara, and Lauryn Rage.

BW: Say it right, Gordo - Bailey's goon squad is up against it against the #1 Athlete, the best women's tag team in the world, an Olympic gold medalist, and the first woman to wear the AWA Women's World Title! Those aren't "tough odds" - that's Mt. Everest.

GM: Bailey encouraging Kelly Kowalski to get in there now against her former friend-slash-enemy in Harley Hamilton... and Hamilton immediately tags out, bringing Lauryn Rage back into the ring.

BW: These two had quite the tussle on the floor again and unlike Rocky, this brawler from the East Coast wants a rematch!

[Rage is trashalking Kowalski from a distance as she strides across the ring, threatening to "knock her ass out like I did Martinelli!" Kowalski raises a hand, miming a yapping dog as Rage glowers at her.]

GM: I get the feeling there's some bad blood between these two. Both of them like a good fight and-

[Gordon doesn't get to finish as the two lunge at each other again, wrapping up in a hair-pulling screaming collar and elbow. The referee warns each to lay off the hair as they bump around the ring into the ropes and corners before finally coming to a halt against the ropes...]

GM: Referee's calling for a break - will Lauryn Rage oblige?

[Rage does indeed step back...

...and Kowalski DRILLS her in the mouth with a cheapshot on the break!]

GM: Oh!

BW: That's how they do it on the streets of Jersey, daddy!

[Rage stumbles backwards as Kowalski follows behind her...

...and Rage whips back in, landing a right hand of her own!]

GM: Oh! The former champion and the Jersey Girl trading blows again!

[Rights and lefts, rights and lefts, the crowd roaring for the exchange of punches until Rage slips a knee up into the midsection to cut it off.]

GM: Rage goes downstairs to the gut... big whip...

[The former champion extends an arm, looking to catch Kowalski on the rebound with a clothesline but Kowalski goes under it, hitting the ropes again...

...and throws herself into a Fierro Press, toppling Rage down to the mat to a big cheer!]

GM: FISTS AND FIRE! FISTS AND FIRE!

[Kowalski pours on the punches from the mount, landing a dozen with ease before she pulls off, miming popping open a beer and chugging it down as the Atlanta crowd gets louder... and getting even louder when Kujawa joins in the apron, miming smashing a beer can on her head, throwing up the "horns" and head-banging like a madwoman.]

GM: What in the...?

BW: I'd say she's not playing with a full deck but I'm pretty sure she tossed out every card but the Joker.

[The bizarre Kujawa actually manages to get a chuckle from Kowalski though who shakes her head before slapping Kujawa's hand.]

GM: Kowalski and Kujawa working in tandem again...

[A double whip sends Rage across the ring and when she bounces back, the duo lift her up by the legs, stand tall for a moment...

...and then THROW her down in a back-breaking spinebuster!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Kowalski gestures aggressively at the downed Rage as she departs, leaving Kujawa to pounce on the former champion...]

GM: Kujawa with the cover gets one! Gets two!

[Rage slips the shoulder up off the mat, breaking up the pin attempt. Kujawa climbs off the mat, clapping her hands together as she looks down on the former champion.]

GM: Kujawa looking to get the former champion out of this match and get the odds closer for her team.

[Kujawa drags Rage off the mat by the hair, tossing her into the neutral corner. She walks across the ring, pausing to blow a kiss at Cinder who looks aghast...

...and then charges back in, leaping up between the top and middle ropes to smash a clothesline across Rage's collarbone!]

GM: Ohhh! Nice clothesline by Kujawa, ducks out to the apron now...

[She shoves Rage from behind, sending the former champion stumbling out to the middle of the ring...]

GM: Rage is dazed and...

[...before stepping up to the second rope, springing to the top and off into a flying forearm smash that topples Rage again!]

GM: FLYING FOREARM CONNECTS! IS THAT ENOUGH?!

[Kujawa scrambles into a cover again...]

GM: ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: -AND THE FORMER CHAMPION NARROWLY GETS OUT IN TIME!

[Kujawa again claps her hands in frustration, looking over at the official who holds up two fingers...]

GM: Two count only according to Ricky Longfellow as Lauryn Rage keeps on fighting to earn her shot at making history. She was the first to win a Women's Rumble in the AWA... the first to win the Women's World Title... the first to defend that title at SuperClash... and tonight, she wants to be the first to win Steal The Spotlight but she's got a long ways to go to get there.

BW: Eight competitors left in this - five on three...

[Kujawa pulls Rage off the mat, tossing her back into the Team Bailey corner where she tags Michelle Bailey in.]

GM: Tag to Bailey...

[Bailey does a quick circle around the ring, running in and throwing herself up to bridge across the middle rope as Kujawa comes charging in, stepping up on her back and snapping a backflipping kick into the jaw of Rage!]

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

[With Kujawa back towards mid-ring, Bailey slips out of the bridge, tossing Rage back out towards her. Kujawa slips around behind Rage, lifting her up for a back suplex...

...and Bailey leaps up, snatching a neckbreaker as they drop Rage down to the mat...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: WHAT A DOUBLETEAM!

[Bailey flips over, diving across Rage...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO! TH-

[...and again, Rage fires her shoulder off the mat to break the pin!]

GM: Two count! Two count only!

[This time, it's Bailey who looks a bit surprised, nodding her head at the downed former champion before she gets back to her feet, marching to the corner where she slaps Kelly Kowalski's hand.]

GM: Another tag for Team Bailey, working VERY well together right now...

[With a smirk, Bailey pulls Rage up by the hair, nodding to Kowalski who grabs a handful of her own...

...and a grinning Kowalski joins Bailey in delivering a double headbutt that sends Rage back down to the mat!]

GM: Haha! How about that, Bucky?! A little sense of humor from Michelle Bailey towards the woman who broke her nose and forced her into that faceguard so many months ago now!

[Bailey jokingly rubs at her nose as she exits the ring, leaving Kowalski behind. Kowalski stands over Rage for a moment...

...and suddenly Molly Bell is swiping at the ropes, gesturing at her own nose.]

GM: What in the...?

[A hissing Bell climbs up on the apron as both Ayako Fujiwara and Michelle Bailey step closer, trying to talk her back down to the floor. Kowalski is staring at her, shaking her head as Bell again hisses, swiping a paw over the ropes at her.]

GM: Molly Bell seems to be taking umbrage to what Kelly Kowalski did to her friend Michelle Bailey earlier in the year. I mean, obviously Kowalski and Bailey have mended fences on that but...

BW: Cats are weird, Gordo. They take stuff personally. They hold grudges.

[Bell lets loose some horrible cry as Bailey tries to convince her that everything is okay...

...and then YELPS as Kowalski surges forward and kicks her in the hip, knocking her off the apron to the floor!]

GM: OH!

[Bailey looks shocked at her partner, her jaw dropped as some of the fans jeer the Jersey Girl for her surprising attack.]

GM: I can't believe that! You talk about a blow to team unity, Michelle Bailey can't believe it either!

[Kowalski engages in a brief argument with Bailey just before Kylie Kujawa shouts to Kowalski. Kowalski jerks around, spotting Lauryn Rage crawling to the corner where she dives at an offered hand...]

GM: Oh no.

[...and brings in an enraged Ayako Fujiwara into the match.]

BW: Kowalski just kicked Fujiwara's cat and... she doesn't look happy about it.

GM: Do you know anyone who gets happy when someone abuses their friends?!

[Fujiwara raises a hand, pointing at Kowalski who suddenly realizes that maybe her thoughtless action was a HUGE mistake. She raises her hands defensively, backing up and shaking her head as Fujiwara stares coldly at her. Michelle Bailey has dropped off the apron, checking on Molly Bell as Fujiwara's gaze is filled with bloody intent...

...which is when Kylie Kujawa stretches far over the top rope, slapping Kowalski's shoulder.]

GM: What?!

BW: Kujawa tags herself in!

[Kujawa rushes through the ropes, putting herself between Kowalski and Fujiwara, shaking her head...]

GM: And can you believe this? Kylie Kujawa of all people is playing peacemaker?!

[But Fujiwara isn't even looking at Kujawa, staring right past her at Kowalski who is backed against the ropes, not even daring to move another step...]

GM: I don't think the Olympic gold medalist hears a word she's saying, Bucky... that's how upset she is.

[She points at Kowalski again...

...but Kujawa grabs Fujiwara by the wrist, lightly moving it so that the finger is pointed at her with a "Me. Right here. Me." Fujiwara turns her head slightly, glaring at Kujawa who smirks at her, waving a hand... "Yep, right here. I'm right here, Ayako. Me and you."]

GM: I don't know if Kujawa realizes what she's-

[A furious Fujiwara suddenly hurls Kujawa aside, stretching out her hands towards Kowalski's throat. The New Jersey native swings her hands up to defend herself...

...but Kujawa gets there first, grabbing Fujiwara by the shoulder, swinging her around...

...and gets FLATTENED with a Fujiwara elbowstrike to the temple!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Kujawa just got ROCKED! Fujiwara knocks her into the middle of next week and...

[Stomping over Kujawa's prone form, she continues to stare at Kowalski who has now exited the ring and is actually out on the floor..]

...and Kujawa wraps her arms around Kujawa's torso, deadlifting her up off the mat, holding her tightly in a waistlock, turning her body so that Kujawa can lock eyes with Kowalski...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SPIKES her with a released German Suplex right on the back of her head, folding her up. Fujiwara spins to a knee, pushing down on the legs in a jackknife cradle...]

GM: One. Two. Three.

[Fujiwara stands up, shoving Kujawa's legs aside as she again raises an arm, pointing right at Kelly Kowalski who looks a little anxious outside the ring.]

BW: You know, Gordo... it really shows how much intimidation Ayako Fujiwara carries with her in the ring... I don't know that I've ever seen Kelly Kowalski back down from a fight but Fujiwara's got her practically shaking in her boots out here for crying out loud.

GM: I don't know if I'd go that far but Kowalski is likely very much regretting putting her hands on Molly Bell a little while ago.

[The ring announcer makes it official.]

RO: Kylie Kujawa has been ELIMINATED!

[Kujawa is rolled from the ring by the official, right into Michelle Bailey's waiting arms. Bailey wraps her up in a hug, whispering to her as she walks her along the ring apron.]

GM: The second elimination of the match for Ayako Fujiwara... and this really puts Team Bailey in a bad way. It's a five to two advantage for Team Davis... and just a reminder for the fans at home - if a team wins this and has more than one competitor remaining, the other team members must continue to compete. Only one woman can win the Steal The Spotlight contract.

BW: Jeez, Gordo... if I didn't know better, I'd say you were paying off all bets on Team Davis winning this thing already. Ye of little faith.

GM: I've got all the faith in the world in Michelle Bailey and Kelly Kowalski but even I have to recognize the extreme odds against them at this point of the match. A five on two advantage after Kylie Kujawa essentially sacrificed herself to save Kelly Kowalski from Ayako Fujiwara.

[Fujiwara is still staring at Kowalski, waiting to see if she'll be the next one in...

...but a pain-filled groan from ringside gets her attention as Fujiwara slaps the closest partner's hand before exiting the ring to go check on Molly Bell.]

GM: Fujiwara climbs out... and she tagged the former champion, Lauryn Rage, back in.

[Rage steps into the ring, hands on her hips as she watches Fujiwara exit. She shakes her head with a loud "YOU GOTTA FOCUS!" as Fujiwara walks over to Bell. Rage - with still no opponent in the ring - strides over towards the ropes, repeating herself to Fujiwara's back...

...which is when Kelly Kowalski swoops back into the ring, grabbing a rollup, and dragging the former champion down!]

GM: SCHOOLGIRL ROLLUP GETS ONE! GETS TWO! GET TH-

[The crowd groans as Rage kicks out, just barely avoiding elimination.]

GM: Close call there for Lauryn Rage! Kelly Kowalski caught her when she was distracted and it almost cost her!

[Kowalski scrambles up, meeting the rising Rage with a right hand to the gut that knocks her back into the ropes. A whip sends her across, running right back into a second right hand to the gut...]

GM: Kowalski downstairs a second time... to the ropes now...

[A big running kneelift sends Rage flying backwards, crumpling down on the canvas. Kowalski looks like she's about to go for a pin attempt but Rage - the veteran - rolls from the ring to the outside.]

GM: Rage looking for a chance to recover... the 30 year old Rage, just a couple of weeks away from her birthday, would love nothing more than to walk out of Atlanta as the winner of this match and the odds-on favorite to emerge as the Number One Contender to the Women's World Title.

BW: She might be able to do it too if she'd stop being such a pain in the neck to all of her teammates.

GM: Rage has trust issues - we know that. She's also had an attitude problem since the day she stepped foot in the AWA - the proverbial chip on her shoulder. She believes she's the best in the world and the 204 days she spent as the Women's World Champion did nothing to convince her otherwise.

BW: How about the months she spent recovering from the knee injury at the hands of Kurayami? That didn't humble her at all?

GM: Apparently not.

[Gordon chuckles as Rage tries to recoup on the outside...

...only to find Kelly Kowalski out on the apron as well, charging down it...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A big running kick to the jaw snaps Rage's head back, sending her staggering backwards before slumping down on the floor, falling to her back.]

GM: Rage goes down off that big boot to the mush... and now Kelly Kowalski is measuring her up, sizing her up as she backsteps down the apron...

[Kowalski leans back against the cornerpost, looking down at the unmoving Rage...

...and goes charging down the apron, leaping off...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ELBOW! ELBOW TO THE HEART OF THE FORMER CHAMPION!

[A hurting Kowalski who just slammed down on the barely-padded grass lifts her hand, miming popping back a cold one...]

GM: Kelly Kowalski perhaps thinking about a post-match beer.

BW: She's not alone in that but she's gotta stay on track here or that beer will be drowning her sorrows rather than celebrating the fruits of victory.

[The referee calls for the action to get back in the ring as Kowalski breathes heavily, trying to suck up the pain she just inflicted upon herself...]

GM: Kowalski, who scored the only elimination for her team so far when she pinned Donna Martinelli-

BW: With help from Lauryn Rage.

GM: -is trying to get a second one here with Lauryn Rage - an elimination her team DESPERATELY needs if they want to stand a chance at victory here tonight at SuperClash. They cannot go down five to one, Bucky... they just can't.

BW: If they do, do you think ESPN will do a special on Michelle Bailey about that?

GM: Very funny. Kowalski now, slowly dragging herself to her feet... that running elbow off the apron's gotta take a lot out of you.

BW: It's the epitome of sacrificing your own body to inflict punishment on an opponent, Gordo. Kowalski's in it to win it... and the odds don't look good for her right now but she's gonna keep fighting until her last breath.

[A weary Kowalski pulls a hurting Rage off the floor, dragging her over towards the ring apron...

...and wraps her arms around her torso...]

GM: Uh oh! We've seen this before! The Spinal Tap on the apron!

[...but Kowalski's attempt to lift Rage for a belly-to-back suplex is cut off by a desperate former champion slamming the point of her elbow down into the back of the neck once... twice... three times...]

GM: Rage is fighting it though!

[Grabbing Kowalski by the hair, Rage SMASHES her head down on the ring apron as the referee continues to count inside the ring...]

GM: Referee Ricky Longfellow has a count up to four here... telling these two to get back in the ring...

BW: A double countout would send 'em both packing.

GM: And leave Michelle Bailey to face overwhelming odds of four on one. Kowalski needs to avoid that at all costs.

[Rage ducks low, grabbing Kowalski around the leg, lifting her into the air...]

GM: FLAPJACK!



"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: RIGHT DOWN ON THE RING APRON! OH MY!

[Kowalski grunts in pain, clutching her chest as Rage shoves her under the ropes with a "happy now?!" to the referee. Da Kid rolls in after her, pausing to take a breather on the mat before coming up to her feet.]

GM: Both back in the ring now... and Lauryn Rage is looking to finish her off and get one step closer to a potential future shot at the Women's World Title that she lost back on February 4th at Super Saturday.

[Rage nods her head to herself as she pursues Kowalski who looks to be crawling across the ring towards Michelle Bailey who has her arm stretched out, looking for a tag...

...but Rage takes a few quick strides to catch up, shaking her head at Bailey as she hooks the back of Kowalski's gear, dragging her up to her feet where she buries a hooking right into the ribs from behind!]

GM: Oh! Hard shot there, right into the ribs...

[With Kowalski stunned, Rage reaches down, lacing her arms between the legs, lifting the Jersey Girl into the air...]

GM: Ohhh! Teardrop suplex! Right on the back of the head!

[...and Rage immediately rolls into a pin attempt, reaching back to hook a leg...]

GM: We've got one! We've got two! We've got- no! Kowalski kicks out at two! Some real toughness - exactly what we've come to expect from Kelly Kowalski - on display here tonight at SuperClash... much to the enjoyment of these fans.

[Rage glares at the official for a moment, holding up three fingers.]

GM: Rage thinks it was three but from our vantage point at ringside, it was clearly a two.

[Getting back to her feet, Rage pulls Kowalski up by the hair, burying a right hand into the ribcage, knocking her back against the ropes. Moving in, she snatches a grip on the head, swinging her knee up into the ribs once... twice... three times.]

GM: Knees to the body, trying to break down Kowalski, take the wind completely out of her sails...

[Grabbing the arm, she whips Kowalski across the ring, sending her bouncing off the far ropes...

...and then charges in herself, leaping up to snare Kowalski in a lariat, dragging her down to bounce the back of her head off the canvas!]

GM: Bulldog lariat! Head meets mat and could this be it for Kelly Kowalski - and by extension, Team Bailey!

[Rage again rolls into a lateral press, not bothering to hook a leg as the referee counts once... twice...]

GM: Kowalski's out at two again! She kicks out, keeping the dream alive for her and Michelle Bailey who lets loose a sigh of relief in the corner. She's gotta be concerned for Kelly Kowalski right now... and when you look in there and see their hopes down to Bailey and Kowalski who had a heck of a fight earlier this year that wound up with Bailey suffering a broken nose - who would've thought they'd be relying on each other to get through this war of attrition? We are over forty minutes into this thing and still have seven competitors to go, Bucky.

BW: Incredible... and I'm really shocked Kowalski is still in this thing after that...

[Rage pulls off of Kowalski, crouching down a bit, waving for her to get up...]

GM: And don't look now if you're a fan of Team Bailey because it looks like Rage is setting up for that Snakebite! We've seen it once tonight on a poor ringside attendant but if we see it again, the odds will drastically - and perhaps irreversibly - shift towards Team Davis winning this thing.

[Rage is waving with both hands now, urgently imploring Kowalski to "get your ass up!"]

GM: The former champion looking to get one step closer to punching her ticket to a Women's World Title rematch... and you have to think somewhere in the dressing rooms in the Rogers Centre, we've got Julie Somers and Kurayami looking on with great interest to see who makes it to the top of this one.

[Kowalski slowly gets up off the mat, Bailey shouting warnings to get as Rage lurks behind her, ready to deliver the kick that will set up a surefire elimination...]

GM: Rage is ready... Rage is waiting... Rage is-

[...and as Kowalski staggers in a circle...]

GM: Kick downstairs... SNAKEBI-

[...but Kowalski feels the hold coming, jerking her head out of Rage's grasp and SMASHING her skull into the back of Rage's head with a skull-splitting headbutt!]

GM: HEADBUTT BY KOWALSKI!

[Rage stumbles forward, falling into the ropes for support as Kowalski grabs at her own forehead, shaking off the effects...]

...and then turns towards her corner, trying to get to Bailey's outstretched hand...]

GM: She's going for the tag again! Can she get there?!

[...but again Rage surges forward, snatching her by the back of the gear, pulling her back towards the middle of the ring...]

GM: Swings her around... kick... SNAKEBI-

[The crowd groans as Kowalski escapes again, this time by shoving the former champion into the ropes, sending her bouncing back...]

GM: Clothesli- swing and a miss by Kowalski! Rage off the far side and-

[Kowalski is slow in turning to face the incoming Rage and as a result, the two CRASH together, sending both women down to the mat holding their skulls.]

GM: Oh! And I think they hit heads right there! Both women down after that unfortunate meeting of the minds!

[In the corner, we can see Laura Davis lean over, whispering to Cinder and Harley Hamilton as Ayako Fujiwara looks in with a glare at Kowalski, still fuming over her actions earlier...]

GM: Both women are down... and after that, it looks like they're BOTH looking for a tag!

BW: They both need one. That was a hard clash of skulls and they both look banged up and woozy after that.

[Kowalski is on all fours, trying to recover as Lauryn Rage tries to drag herself across the canvas towards hers...]

GM: Both women down! Both women hurting! And both women looking for a tag!

[Rage pushes herself to her knees, looking up at the corner where her four partners await. She tiredly gets to her feet, reaching out her hand...]

GM: And Rage gets to the corner first, looking to-

[But at an unspoken signal, Laura Davis, Harley Hamilton, and Cinder all drop off the apron...]

GM: What in the...?!

[Rage seems to have the same question, staring down at the floor with her hands on her hips...]

"WHAT'S THIS CRAP ABOUT?!"

[Davis simply smirks up at her, shaking her head.]

GM: Laura Davis has engineered a revolt of her team against Lauryn Rage - is this payback for what Rage did to Martinelli? Is this simply a calculation by Davis that getting rid of Rage now would be easier than trying to face her later? I don't understand this at all, Bucky!

BW: Well, they've got a big lead so...

[Rage throws up her hands in disbelief, turning slightly to extend her hand to the only woman left on the apron: Ayako Fujiwara.]

GM: Rage looking to tag in Ayako now...

[Fujiwara glares at Rage, staring down at her offered hand...]

GM: There's absolutely no love lost between these two, Bucky.

BW: Everyone remembers that World Title match last year at SuperClash with these two involved...

[Fujiwara looks back up at Rage, staring her dead in the eyes...]

GM: You've gotten the feeling all along that Rage doesn't trust Fujiwara in this match... so it's only fitting that she's the only one left for her to rely on...

[...and then shockingly drops off the apron as well, joining her partners on the floor as Davis grins and Rage stares down in shock...]

GM: I... I can't believe it, Bucky. Ayako Fujiwara has betrayed Lauryn Rage as well!

BW: The former champion's all alone and-

[Rage is still trying to react to the shocking betrayal when a dazed Kelly Kowalski pushes to her feet, swinging Rage around, burying a boot into the midsection...]

GM: KOWALSKI!

[...double underhooking the arms and with a shout...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BROKEN SKULL DDT!

[Rage's skull is SPIKED into the canvas to a shocked reaction from the crowd. The weary Jersey Girl throws herself on top of Rage...]

GM: ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEE!

[The crowd reacts with a surprised reaction as the ring announcer makes it official.]

RO: Lauryn Rage has been ELIMINATED!

[Rage is rolled from the ring by the official as Kowalski sits up on the mat, grinning at the corner where Bailey cheers, nodding her head approvingly.]

GM: And that makes it a four to two match as Kelly Kowalski picks up her second elimination of the match, tying Ayako Fujiwara for the most eliminations in this one so far. Four on two now... Bailey and Kowalski on one side... Davis, Hamilton, Cinder, and Fujiwara on the other. Six competitors remaining - only one of which will make history here in Atlanta tonight.

[Kowalski slowly pulls herself up off the mat, the crowd buzzing as she does...]

GM: Here comes trouble!

[...only to stagger in a circle and find Ayako Fujiwara shooting venomous eyebeams filled with vengeance in her direction...]

GM: Kowalski and Fujiwara! Finally!

[...and as Fujiwara lifts a threatening finger, pointing straight at obviously-anxious Kowalski...]

BW: TAG!

GM: What in the...?

[The crowd JEERS loudly as Laura Davis slaps the shoulder of Fujiwara, tagging herself into the match.]

GM: Laura Davis just tagged herself in!

BW: She sure did. She's the team captain - that's her prerogative... it's the way that she wants to live.

GM: I'm not sure it works that way, Bucky... but nevertheless, Davis is in and... look at this now...

[Davis has a few words towards the glaring Fujiwara, pointing her out to the apron...]

GM: And there's no love lost here either, Bucky.

BW: Nobody is likely to forget that epic Iron Woman match they had earlier this year anytime soon. Davis lost in that one... but she's captain here tonight and she wants to make sure they don't repeat that.

GM: Well, they're up four to two even with the elimination of Lauryn Rage - and just imagine how fired up she's gonna be with what transpired out here.

BW: That's right - they're up to four to two so Davis must've seen her as expendable. I mean, she wasn't a very good teammate for all her protests about it... look what she did to poor Donna!

GM: "Poor Donna"... give me a break.

[With Davis still talking to Fujiwara, the Olympic gold medalist lowers her eyes to the mat, slowly nodding as Davis gets a big grin on her face...]

BW: Hey, would you look at that? It looks like Davis finally got her to understand who's in charge here. Get out of there, Fujiwara... it's the #1 Athlete's time to shine...

[...a grin that quickly vanishes as Fujiwara reaches out, snatching her by the wrist, yanking her towards her, scooping her up off the mat...]

BW: What?! Wait! Don't do this! Don't do this to your captain!

[...and dipping low, she rotates back the other way, DRIVING Davis down with a thunderous spinning slam!]

GM: KANPEKINA! KANPEKINA!

BW: Oh captain, my captain!

[Hamilton and Cinder look stunned at Fujiwara's actions as she regains her feet, glaring at them... then down at Davis...

...then over at the corner where she points to Michelle Bailey. Bailey grins, shouting for Kowalski to make the tag.]

GM: Bailey wants the tag and...

[Kowalski looks a little puzzled at what just went down but reaches out and slaps the hand anyways.]

GM: ...and she gets it! And at long last, Laura Davis is in there with Michelle Bailey!

BW: Who can't even defend herself! What kind of a damn plot is this, Gordo?!

GM: Davis engineering this whole thing to get Fujiwara on her team... and Bailey and Fujiwara just made her pay for her own shenanigans!

[Fujiwara extends a hand to Bailey, pointing to the downed Davis...]

BW: Are you kidding me?!

[A grinning Bailey drags Davis off the mat, lifting her up over her shoulder. Hamilton and Cinder stare to come in but a warning look from Fujiwara dissuades them...]

GM: Bailey's got Davis up... out in the center of the ring...

[...and with a huge smile on her face, Bailey makes a heart symbol with her hands before reaching up with one arm to secure Davis' leg while grabbing her head with the other...]

GM: Uh oh! We've seen this before! And there's a certain man in the locker room with a smile on his face before he climbs into WarGames later tonight... amigo...

[Bailey takes a few steps run, leaps up...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ...CITY OF ANGELS! DAVIS' HEAD DRIVEN INTO THE MAT!

[Bailey flips over, covering Davis as she snatches a leg tightly...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEE!

[The crowd ROARS as an elated Bailey pushes up to her knees, pumping her arms over her head a few times in celebration.]

GM: Bailey gets the win! She gets her payback from Homecoming and all the other garbage that Laura Davis has put her through over the past few months! Davis is eliminated - the team captain is gone - and we're down to a 3-2 advantage, Bucky!

BW: How STUPID could Fujiwara be?! They were coasting! Cruising! She was going to be in a great position to win a contract that she could use to get another shot at the Women's World Title and she just threw it away over some petty little plot that she and Bailey put together!

GM: Well, they still have a three to two advantage!

BW: They had a five to two, Gordo!

GM: Yes but Laura Davis cost them one when she plotted against Lauryn Rage... and now Ayako Fujiwara cost them one with a plot against Laura Davis. Oh, what a tangled web we weave when first we practice to deceive...

BW: Oh, shut up!

GM: Down to three on two. Hamilton, Cinder, and Fujiwara against Bailey and Kowalski! And with that, Michelle Bailey picks up her first elimination of the match and the only one without an elimination is Cinder!

[And Cinder wisely isn't about to get into the ring as Fujiwara stares at both Hamilton and Cinder, warning them to stay out of her business...]

...and again turns to point at Kowalski who is out on the apron.]

GM: And even with all that going down, Ayako Fujiwara STILL wants to get her hands on Kelly Kowalski after what Kowalski did to Molly Bell earlier tonight.

BW: She should get over it. Bell looks fine out there, licking her wounds... literally.

GM: It's the principle of the matter, Bucky. She shouldn't have done it... heat of the match or not... and I think Kowalski knows that right now.

[Kowalski shakes her head, throwing up her hands.]

"ALRIGHT! YOU WANNA FIGHT?! LET'S FIGHT!"

[The crowd roars as Kowalski shoves her hand out, insisting that Bailey tag her back in.]

GM: Yeah! Kelly Kowalski has decided enough is enough! Ayako wants a fight so Kowalski is gonna give it to her!

[Bailey looks concerned as she moves back towards the corner, leaning closer to Kowalski to share a few words.]

GM: Michelle Bailey doesn't look thrilled at the idea of this...

BW: She's afraid Kowalski's gonna get eliminated and she's going to have face a three on one herself.

GM: I'm sure that's part of it... but knowing Michelle Bailey as we do, you know she has a heart of gold... you know she cares about so many people, including both Ayako Fujiwara and Molly Bell...

BW: And the Jersey Girl who busted her nose - does she care about her too?

GM: Knowing Bailey, she absolutely does, yes.

BW: Sucker. Kowalski would do it again - she'd break her nose again in a heartbeat if it meant winning this thing...

[Bailey and Kowalski finish their huddle with Bailey being heard by a ringside mic questioning "are you sure?" Kowalski nods confidently, slapping Bailey's hand and stepping through the ropes into the ring...]

GM: Kowalski's legal... Bailey steps out... and oh brother, this is gonna be something.

[Kowalski looks at Bailey, holding up a hand and miming holding her back...]

GM: Is she telling Bailey to stay out of this?

BW: Looks like it. Whatever's gonna go down here, Kowalski wants Fujiwara all alone... which may be the dumbest decision of all. If you can get help against an Olympic gold medalist, take the help.

[Kowalski turns back towards Fujiwara, nodding her head. She balls up her fists, giving herself a little one-two on the jaw...]

...and then with a shout, she goes barreling across the ring, leaping up for a Fierro Press...]

GM: FISTS AND-

[...but Fujiwara ducks her head, catching Kowalski upon her shoulder...]

GM:-oh... NOOOOOO!

[...and the crowd ROARS in shock as Fujiwara recklessly flings her over her head, throwing her in a Northern Lights released suplex that sends Kowalski SLAMMING violently into the turnbuckles before sliding down neckfirst onto the mat!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

BW: Holy...

[Bailey visibly cringes at the impact, turning her head away from it for the moment. Harley Hamilton’s jaw drops, staring down at her frenemy who is writhing in pain on the canvas as Fujiwara stands over her, staring down coldly.]

GM: An absolutely devastating counter-move by Ayako Fujiwara just physically WRECKED Kelly Kowalski! We are over fifty minutes into this war of attrition as five competitors of the original twelve remain in this quest to become the first woman to ever win Steal The Spotlight!

[Fujiwara leans down, grabbing Kowalski by the hair, giving a hard yank to pull her back to her feet...]

GM: Double chickenwing applied now...

[...and LAUNCHES Kowalski over her head a second time, sending her crashing down on the back of the neck with a released Tiger Suplex!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Again... RIGHT down on the neck...

BW: Gordo, Kelly Kowalski has a history of neck injuries. She took a piledriver on an indy show in Delaware years ago in a bad ring and it nearly cost her her career. The doctors said she’d never wrestle again and the fact that she’s here at all is a damn miracle.

GM: Fujiwara targeting the neck... you have to wonder how much she knows about that history.

[Bailey is speaking to Fujiwara from the apron now, waving a hand at her...]

GM: Bailey perhaps trying to talk Fujiwara out of this... but Fujiwara is enraged and her revenge will NOT be denied tonight in Atlanta.

[Miss Germany herself slowly walks around the downed Kowalski, waving a hand for her to get up off the mat...]

...and ends up standing over her, looking down at Kowalski who has rolled over onto her chest, her arm snaking around to grab at the back of her neck...]

GM: Kowalski’s down and hurting... Fujiwara standing over here... oh no, not another one...

[Reaching down, Fujiwara hauls Kowalski up to her feet in the grasp of a rear waistlock...]

GM: Fujiwara’s got her hooked! Somebody needs to stop this before Kowalski gets seriously injured!

BW: She told Bailey not to get involved!



GM: A concerned look on the face of Mich-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GERMAN SUPLEX! RIGHT ON THE NECK!

[Bailey again cringes, turning away from the ring for a moment as we see Cinder with an arm around Harley Hamilton's shoulders, whispering to her from the corner...]

BW: Even Seductive and Destructive seem shocked at what they're seeing.

GM: Probably wondering how the heck they're going to stop Fujiwara when she's like this... and this has to be over for Kelly Kowalski - doesn't it?

BW: I think Fujiwara is gonna decide when it's over for Kelly Kowalski. Somebody oughta stick a "BEWARE OF CAT" sign on Mangy Molly because all of this is because Kowalski gave her a little boot in the rump.

GM: Fujiwara's not going for a cover - perhaps looking to inflict more punishment...

[Pulling Kowalski up off the mat, Fujiwara looks across the ring, staring at Hamilton and Cinder... then over at Bailey...]

GM: Fujiwara sending a message to the other women left in this match...

[...and then wrapping her legs around Kowalski's torso, she viciously cranks the neck against the grain, twisting the body and spine of Kelly Kowalski!]

GM: ...TWISTER! TWISTER LOCKED IN!

BW: This is how she beat Laura Davis!

GM: This dangerous and painful hold applies so many torque and pressure on the spine!

[Bailey starts to step through the ropes but remembers her promise and stops, putting her chin down on the top rope, looking on helplessly until...]

GM: THAT'S IT! THAT'S IT!

[Kowalski's tap out comes quickly, saving her from possible permanent injury to the already-damaged neck. Fujiwara lets go promptly, climbing to her feet as the crowd buzzes at the elimination.]

RO: Kelly Kowalski has been ELIMINATED!

[The crowd boos that announcement as Michelle Bailey quickly comes through the ropes, racing to Kowalski's side, holding up a hand and pleading with Fujiwara to back away...]

GM: And that makes for a very bad situation for Michelle Bailey - the dreaded three on one.

BW: Any numbers disadvantage in a match like this is bad, Gordo. But being by yourself against the best women's tag team on the planet and an Olympic gold medalist who just efficiently, brutally, and viciously eliminated the final member of your team? Just give it up now, Bailey, and take a walk.

GM: We both know that's not happening. Michelle Bailey will fight until the end - whether that's moments away or hours away.

BW: Speaking of hours, Gordo... we're creeping up on the one hour mark right now. Just a few minutes away.

GM: Down to four competitors - the Final Four so to speak.

[With Bailey now the legal competitor, Fujiwara turns away from her friend and slaps the shoulder of Harley Hamilton who looks surprised...

...but also not eager to confront Fujiwara in her current state of mind. Hamilton slinks through the ropes, looking across at where Bailey is still kneeling alongside the downed Kowalski...]

GM: Bailey tending to her partner... her now-eliminated partner... trying to help her to her feet...

[The crowd begins to cheer for Kowalski, Bailey encouraging it with a nod and sweep up of her arm...]

"KEL-LY!"

"KEL-LY!"

"KEL-LY!"

GM: You can hear the fans in the A-T-L cheering on Kelly Kowalski... an outstanding night here for her even if she did come up short. Two eliminations, some very tough battles with the best the AWA has to offer...

[Bailey slips an arm around her shoulders, helping the struggling Kowalski to get back to her feet.]

"You hear that, Kelly? They love you!"

[Kowalski doesn't respond as Bailey again sweeps an arm up, calling for more cheers.]

"KEL-LY!"

"KEL-LY!"

"KEL- OHHHHHHHHH!"

[The drastic shift in crowd reaction comes as Kowalski boots Bailey in the gut and DROPS her on her head with the Broken Skull DDT!]

GM: WHAT?!

[The crowd is shocked by this turn of events as Harley Hamilton looks equally surprised... and then absolutely thrilled!]

GM: Harley Hamilton can't believe it! These fans can't believe it! I can't believe it either! What the hell was that, Bucky?!

BW: It was a DDT! Kelly Kowalski just delivered the Broken Skull DDT to Michelle Bailey!

[With Bailey laid out on the mat, Kowalski struggles back to her feet, grabbing the back of her neck...

...and SPITS on Bailey's prone form, throwing a middle finger down at her before exiting the ring...]

GM: Oh, come on! Absolutely disgusting!

BW: Kowalski's walking out of here - and you don't hear these mutants chanting for her now, do you?!

GM: No, I don't... I... Bucky, I'm stunned by this! What is she... what is she thinking?! Why would she-

[And with Kowalski gone and Bailey laid out, Hamilton dives across the prone Michelle Bailey, hooking a leg...]

GM: Wait! NO!

[...and a three count quickly follows.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd ERUPTS in jeers as Harley Hamilton throws her arms in the air, leaping to her feet.]

GM: Michelle Bailey is eliminated but...

[The ring announcer finishes that thought.]

RO: Michelle Bailey has been ELIMINATED!

[The crowd jeers loudly again!]

RO: Therefore, Team Bailey has been ELIMINATED from Steal The Spotlight...

[More loud jeers as Harley Hamilton races to the corner, embracing Cinder as Casey Cash gleefully celebrates on the outside. Cinder joins Hamilton in the ring, both women raising their arms now...]

RO: ...however, the rules of Steal The Spotlight say there can only be ONE winner... therefore, this match will now continue...

[Dramatic pause.]

RO: ...AS A THREE WAY DANCE!

[The crowd ERUPTS at that as Cinder shouts "WHAAAAAT?!" and Hamilton adds in a "THAT'S NOT FAIR! WE SHOULD ALL WIN!"

GM: Somebody didn't read the rules to the match apparently as Seductive and Destructive just had the rug yanked right out from under them as they've gotta keep going...

[A sudden realization seems to strike Cinder and Hamilton simultaneously as their eyes go wide... and they slowly turn...

...and find Ayako Fujiwara already in the ring, rushing right at them...]

GM: ...AGAINST HER!

[...and a double clothesline sends both Hamilton and Cinder flipping through the air, crashing down on the mat in a heap...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Fujiwara excitedly pumps both arms as she leans over the far ropes, the crowd ROARING for her explosive offense!]

GM: The Olympic gold medalist lays them both out - Bucky, this is still under elimination rules. You gotta take `em both out to win this thing.

BW: And you don't have to tag in and out... so theoretically, that might put Seductive and Destructive in a good spot... if they can get up off the mat...

GM: Oh, they're gonna get up off the mat!

BW: Not like this!

[Fujiwara jerks Cinder off the mat by the hair, yanking her into a front facelock, slinging her skyward, and tossing her down with a vertical suplex!]

GM: Suplex on Cinder!

[Cinder cries out, grabbing at her back as she rolls towards the ropes as Fujiwara turns her focus back on Hamilton...]

GM: And now going after Hamilton as well... picks her up...

[...and lifts her up for a suplex as well...]

GM: ...up she goes... annnnnnd...

[...but lunges forward, dropping Hamilton gutfirst across the top rope!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: ...FUJIWARA HANGS HER OUT TO DRY!

[With Hamilton draped over the top rope, Fujiwara dashes to the far side, gets a running start, and leaps into the air to smash a forearm into the skull, sending Hamilton flopping off the apron to the floor!]

GM: Hamilton goes down hard on the outside... and that leaves Ayako Fujiwara all alone inside that ring with Cinder!

[Back on her feet, Cinder howls with anger at what Fujiwara just did to her partner, rushing her from behind, leaping into the air and landing on the back of the Olympic gold medalist, flailing down and smacking her forearm into any part of Fujiwara that she can reach...]

GM: Cinder's battering her from behind! Trying to-

[...but unfazed by Cinder's attack, Fujiwara DRIVES her backwards into the corner, Cinder's back SLAMMING into the turnbuckles!]

GM: OHH! Fujiwara drives her back into the corner!

[Fujiwara twists around, wrapping her arms around Cinder's torso...]

GM: Fujiwara hooks her!

[...and LAUNCHES her three-quarters of the way across the ring with an overhead belly-to-belly!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Fujiwara kips up to her feet with ease, looking out on the cheering crowd, shouting something in Japanese as she pumps her arms...]

GM: And Ayako Fujiwara who has eliminated two competitors already will need to find a way to eliminate two more to win this thing.

[Out on the floor, we see Harley Hamilton on a knee, peeking over the apron to watch...]

GM: And look at Hamilton! Look at her hiding out there! Letting her friend take all the abuse! This is what I told you, Bucky... exactly what I said earlier. She's gonna let Cinder take a bullet for her and she's going to try and steal this thing!

BW: It's called strategy, Gordo... look it up!

[Fujiwara approaches the corner where Cinder has regained her feet, backing away, hands raised as she begs off...]

GM: OH! Hard elbow to the head!

[The crowd groans as Fujiwara lands a devastating right... then left... then right... then left...]

GM: Elbow after elbow in the corner - Cinder's on Dream Street!

[...and with a nudge, Fujiwara sends Cinder staggering out of the corner...]

GM: Cinder's in a daze and...

[...and as Cinder staggers in a circle towards her, Fujiwara lets loose another roar in Japanese, sprinting forward and bowling her over with a running elbow strike!]

GM: ...DOWN GOES CINDER! Fujiwara with the cover!

[Hamilton stands up, starting to move towards the ring as the referee counts once... twice...

...and Hamilton abruptly pulls back as Cinder lifts the shoulder in time!]

GM: Cinder kicked out... but did you see Hamilton?!

BW: What?! She was gonna save her! She was right there!

GM: But she didn't! And now she's hiding again!

BW: Cinder kicked out on her own, Gordo! She didn't need her!

GM: This kid - she's too much, Bucky.

BW: She's the daughter of Hamilton Graham - of course she's got a master plan for every situation!

[Fujiwara climbs to her feet, pulling Cinder up with her. She throws a glance over her shoulder...]

...and spots Harley Hamilton peeking at her. Hamilton abruptly stands up, shaking her head...]

GM: She got caught! She got caught and-

[...and gets WIPED OUT when Fujiwara throws Cinder out on top of her!]

GM: OHHH!

[The crowd cheers for Fujiwara as she gestures outside to the laid out Cinder and Hamilton. Casey Cash is nearby, practically in hysterics as she screeches for her allies to get up...]

GM: Seductive and Destructive - along with Casey Cash - are at the mercy of Ayako Fujiwara and...

[Fujiwara pumps a fist in the air, pointing out to the floor...]

GM: ...what's this now?

[The crowd begins to buzz as Fujiwara sizes up the rising Hamilton and Cinder, dashing to the ropes behind her...]

GM: Fujiwara on the move annnnnnd...

[A shriek from Casey Cash is a warning for her allies as Fujiwara hurls herself into the air, flying between the top and middle ropes like a cruise missile...]

GM: SUICIDE DIIIIIIIVE!

[...which lays out Cinder who just BARELY shoved Harley Hamilton clear before getting flattened by Fujiwara's flying body!]

GM: DOWN GOES CINDER!

BW: Did you see that, Gordo?! Cinder shoved Harley out of the way! What a show of friendship!

GM: Oh, yeah... it's great. Cinder sacrificing herself for Harley Hamilton... taking the bullet for Harley Hamilton like she's done so many times before... and that's it right there, isn't it?

BW: What?

GM: That's exactly why Harley Hamilton keeps Cinder around! Everyone has wondered for months what in the world those two could have in common... a complete and total odd couple... but we just saw it! Hamilton keeps her around because Cinder would do ANYTHING for her and Hamilton knows it!

[Fujiwara climbs off the floor...]

...and catches a running boot in the mouth from Harley Hamilton!]

GM: OHHH! What a kick that was!

[Hamilton wraps her arms around the dazed Fujiwara's torso, muscling her up...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DROPS HER BACKFIRST ON THE APRON!

BW: That looked familiar!

GM: A little page out of Kelly Kowalski's playbook with the Spinal Tap... maybe sending a little message to her so-called frenemy...

[Hamilton scrambles up on the apron, stomping the chest of the downed Fujiwara a few times before she rolls off, landing on her feet on the outside...]

...and Hamilton comes rushing in after her...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: PENALTY KICK! RIGHT TO THE STERNUM!

[Fujiwara collapses backwards, falling down on the ringside mats as Hamilton pauses, smirking down at her, raising her arms to jeers from the sold out Atlanta crowd...]

GM: The fans here in Atlanta - they know who they want to see survive this thing and it is NOT Harley Hamilton, I'll tell you that.

BW: They keep treating her like that, ol' Hammy Graham is gonna come out here and bust every single one of their eyebrows, daddy! I've seen him do it!

GM: The daughter of a legend... of a former World Champion, trying to stake her own personal claim to fortune and glory here tonight in the very first Women's Steal The Spotlight matchup.

[Hamilton reaches down, snatching the rising Fujiwara by the hair, guiding her up onto the ring apron...]

GM: And these two are in a very dangerous position up on the apron now...

[...and right into a front facelock...]

GM: And what's this now? Is Hamilton looking for a suplex of her own... on the apron?!

BW: That can't be a good idea... for either one of them.

[Hamilton goes to lift Fujiwara up, the crowd buzzing for the dangerous move...]

GM: SUPLEX!

[...but a kicking and flailing Fujiwara forces Hamilton to set her back down, twisting slightly so that Fujiwara ends up inside the ring.]

GM: Oh! Fujiwara gets out of it and she's on the inside... look at this now!

[The crowd ROARS as Fujiwara muscles Hamilton up with ease, looking to bring her in the hard way...]

GM: Suplex on the way annnnnnnnd...

[...but Fujiwara suddenly flops backwards, falling down on her back with Hamilton on top of her...]

GM: ...FUJIWARA FALLS! HAMILTON ON TOP!

[...and a quick camera cut shows Cinder holding the ankle of Fujiwara, keeping her down as the referee counts...]

GM: CINDER TRIPPED HER! CINDER HOLDING THE LEG!

[...once... twice...]

BW: THREEEEEEEEEEEE! SHE GOT HER!

[The crowd goes silent as Cinder leaps up, throwing her arms into the air in triumph...]

GM: I can't believe it! Ayako Fujiwara is pinned... she's gone from this match thanks to the shenanigans of Cinder and Harley Hamilton!

[The ring announcer makes it official as Hamilton celebrates, her arms raised in the air to celebrate her elimination...]

RO: Ayako Fujiwara has been ELIMINATED!

[...and the crowd jeers loudly at the official proclamation. Fujiwara sits up on the mat, disbelief on her face...

...disbelief that turns to cold, hard rage as she stares out at Cinder on the outside who is jumping up and down, pumping a fist...]

GM: And Cinder may have just made the biggest mistake of her life!

[Fujiwara abruptly rolls out to the floor, chasing after Cinder who is making a run for it!]

GM: Cinder's got Fujiwara hot on her tail and-

[A shrieking Casey Cash tries to get involved...

...and gets RUN RIGHT DOWN!]

GM: OHHH! DOWN GOES CASH!

[Cinder scrambles under the bottom rope, Fujiwara rolling in after her.]

GM: They're in the ring now and-

[Hamilton suddenly is alert to their presence as Cinder shouts for help, grabbing her ally...]

GM: Fujiwara's in and-

[...and Hamilton suddenly jerks backwards, inadvertently - perhaps - pulling Cinder with her...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: FUJIWARA CLUBS HER WITH A RUNNING ELBOW!



[Hamilton peels off to the corner as Fujiwara stands over Cinder, glaring down at her...

...and then with the crowd going nuts, she pulls Cinder up by the hair, snatching a waistlock on her...]

BW: She's eliminated! She can't do this!

GM: You go tell her that!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Cinder goes for the roughest of rides as she's DUMPED on the back of her head and neck with a released German Suplex to a HUGE ROAR from the Atlanta crowd!]

GM: OHHH! DOWN GOES CINDER!

BW: And these people - these bloodthirsty savages - they're loving it!

[Fujiwara gets up, staring down at Cinder.. and then over to Hamilton who has rolled to the outside, shaking her head.]

GM: Harley Hamilton wants NO part of Ayako Fujiwara, Bucky.

BW: Can you blame her?! Look what she just did!

[Fujiwara throws a dismissive wave at Hamilton, turning and exiting the ring to cheers.]

GM: Ayako Fujiwara is walking out of here. She didn't get the win but that last suplex had to feel good.

BW: You know what's gonna feel better?! Winning this thing!

GM: Just ask Harley Hamilton, right?! Look at her - snake in the grass that she is!

[Hamilton waits until Fujiwara is up the aisle before she slowly pulls herself up on the apron, kneeling on it as she looks in on the barely-moving Cinder...]

GM: This is exactly what she wanted! Exactly what she was trying to get to. These two have worked all sorts of magic throughout this thing to end up right here... the two of them as the final two left... and in doing so, Harley Hamilton got her Thanksgiving wish!

[Hamilton slips through the ropes, still looking across the ring at Cinder, biting at her bottom lip...]

GM: Hamilton slowly getting up... I'm surprised she didn't just jump on her and finish her off...

BW: That's her friend, Gordo!

GM: Is it? I don't know if Harley Hamilton gives a damn about anyone but herself!

[Hamilton eyeballs Cinder who is starting to get up off the mat, the crowd buzzing at this confrontation between the two Seductive and Destructive members. On the outside, Casey Cash - dazed and confused - is on her feet, looking in at her two allies.]

GM: Cinder trying to get up... she just got flattened by Ayako Fujiwara and she's got Harley Hamilton waiting for her...

[Cinder crawls to the ropes, using them to help herself off the mat...]

GM: Well, I'll give Hamilton credit for not attacking her partner while she was down. That's more than I thought she'd do.

BW: You don't give Harley Hamilton enough credit at all, Gordo!

GM: When she does something worthy of it, we'll talk.

[Hamilton stays against the ropes, staring at her partner's back as Cinder regains her feet, leaning heavily against the opposite ropes for a few moments.]

GM: Do you think Cinder even knows where she is right now after that suplex?

[Cinder slowly turns around...

...and stares across the ring at Harley Hamilton, the crowd reacting at the surprise showdown.]

GM: The fans in Atlanta - this might not be the final two they were hoping for but they'll take it! They'll take seeing these two beat the Thanksgiving stuffing out of each other in the final pairing in this historic matchup which we're told is just over sixty-five minutes in length right now!

[Cinder looks around at the crowd... who start... cheering?]

GM: Are these people cheering Cinder?!

BW: They're out of their minds!

[Cinder looks shocked as slowly but surely, the fans start to rally at the idea of someone smacking the attitude out of Harley Hamilton.]

"CIN-DER!"

"CIN-DER!"

"CIN-DER!"

[Cinder's jaw drops, shaking her head as Hamilton looks around as well... a very different expression on her face.]

GM: Harley Hamilton looks upset, Bucky.

BW: Upset? She looks steamed - and can you blame her?! These people are cheering for Cinder, chanting her name!

[Outside the ring, Casey Cash looks on the verge of a panic attack as Cinder points a finger across the ring at Hamilton, drawing a big cheer.]

GM: I can't believe it either. These fans want to see Cinder - of all people - take the fight to Harley Hamilton!

[Cinder steps away from the ropes, moving gingerly towards Hamilton who angrily steps away from the ropes, marching out to mid-ring where she delivers a HARD two-handed shove to her partner's chest, drawing an "OHHHHHHHHH!"]

GM: Oh! Hamilton shoves Cinder!

[Cinder looks shocked... then looks angry!]

GM: Cinder can't believe that happened but... oh my! They're nose to nose now!

[The two Seductive and Destructive members square off in the middle, shouting at each other as they push back and forth using their foreheads.]

GM: Like two bulls pushing each other around!

[Hamilton says something not audible to Cinder who backs off, a shocked expression on her face...]

"NO WAY!"

GM: What... what did Hamilton just say that caused THAT reaction?!

[Hamilton looks insistent, nodding her head...]

GM: Hamilton telling her... what exactly?

BW: I don't know.

[Cinder looks down at the mat... and then back up, shaking her head at Hamilton.]

"NO! I'M NOT DOIN' IT!"

[Hamilton nods her head again, pointing down...]

GM: Is she... is Hamilton telling her to lie down?! She is! I think she is, Bucky!

BW: What?! You've got no proof of that!

GM: She's telling Cinder to lie down so she can win this match!

[Cinder defiantly shakes her head again, shouting "NOOOOO!" to a roar from the crowd...]

GM: Cinder refusing to do it! You go, girl!

[Hamilton glares at her partner, her hands on her hips...]

"DO IT, CINDY!"

[...and Cinder slowly turns away, shaking her head, looking down at the mat.]

GM: Don't do it, Cinder! Stand up for yourself! Fight for yourself! You've accomplished so much in such a short time here in the AWA... you can beat her! You can win this! You can make history!

[The crowd is getting louder, trying to urge Cinder on...

...and she slowly turns, glaring at her best friend...]

BW: What's she gonna do, Gordo?!

[...and STOMPS angrily across the ring towards Hamilton, rearing back a right hand...]

GM: Yeah! Yeah!

[...and reaches out...]

“BOOP!”

[The light BOOP on the nose sees Hamilton flop backwards to the mat, dropping motionless on the canvas...]

GM: What the...?

[Cinder looks out on the confused crowd, a grin on her face...]

GM: Oh, what the hell?! Damn it... what the hell is this crap?!

[...and then drops to her knees, applying a lateral press.]

GM: Oh, everything's a damn joke to these two.

[The puzzled referee drops down at the shouted insistence of Cinder and Casey Cash, slapping the mat once... twice... and three times.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

BW: She did it, Gordo! She did it! What a war Cinder just went through with Harley Hamilton to win it!

GM: Laugh it up, fuzzball. You, them... everyone have a grand ol' time, you clowns.

[Cinder leaps to her feet, dragging Hamilton up with her into an overjoyed embrace as Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

RO: Here is your winner of Steal The Spotlight... CINNNNNNNNDERRRRRRRRRR!

[The fans are POURING down boos on the dastardly duo as an elated Casey Cash rolls in, rushing to join the group hug in the middle of the ring.]

GM: This makes me sick. The Steal The Spotlight is an annual tradition since the beginning of SuperClash. We've had winners with honor and winners who were not the greatest of sportsmen but... they've all treated this match with respect... they've all treated this contract with respect. They gave it their all... they gave it everything because it's worth fighting for. It's worthy of the respect and honor. And these two... they throw it all away and for... for what, Bucky? A joke? A little “haha” garbage they can post about on the Internet?

BW: It was a master plan! It was strategy! It was-

GM: It wasn't any of that. It's garbage. Nothing but garbage. These two should be run out of the AWA on a damn rail. They don't respect the company... the fans... this match... nothing. They're bunch of selfish little brats and I'm starting to think Hamilton Graham didn't put that one over his knee near enough times growing up.

BW: I don't think we can talk about that anymore.

GM: Casey Cash in there celebrating too. Cinder wins this thing, I suppose. She wins the contract although if I was in charge, I'd rip the damn thing right out from under her and send her packing. Maybe Blue will put up with that kind of crap at his new job but we shouldn't. Not one bit.

[The group hug continues as the fans continue to rain down boos on the assembled trio.]

GM: Maybe I'm too old for this business, Bucky... maybe Castillo's right... because if this is the kind of trash you have to think is clever and witty and smart in today's wrestling, I want no part of it. The Steal The Spotlight match... SuperClash... the AWA... and the whole damn business are forever tainted by what these two just pulled.

[And suddenly, the crowd begins to cheer (slightly) to the surprise of all!]

GM: What's this now? The fans reacting to-

[A quick cut to the aisle shows Kelly Kowalski coming down the ramp, fire in her eyes...]

GM: Kowalski?! What the heck is she doing out here?! The fans... not quite sure how to react to her now after what she did to Michelle Bailey earlier tonight...

BW: They might forgive her if she gets in there and breaks this up!

GM: They certainly might! Kowalski's got a long history with Harley Hamilton - she knows what kind of a person she is!

[Kowalski rolls under the ropes, coming angrily up to her feet. She stomps across the ring, yanking Harley Hamilton out of the group hug...]

GM: That's right! Let her have it!

[...and then with a grin, falls into an embrace with her longtime frenemy instead.]

GM: ...

[The boos pick up once more as the four-way hug is established, celebrating what had to be one heck of a diabolical plan.]

BW: If Molly Bell were still out here, I'd ask you if a cat had your tongue, Gordo.

GM: This whole thing makes me sick. Can we get out of here? Let's go to Toronto and let Sal and Colt take this whole thing over... heck, maybe I'll call it a night and they can call the whole damn thing because this... this right here... it's a damn travesty, Bucky. A damn travesty.

[As the foursome continues to celebrate in the ring, we get a split screen shot of that ring as well as the one in Toronto...]

...and then zoom in to the Rogers Centre shot where the fans are cheering at being back on television as we hear Sal begin to speak.]

SA: An incredible matchup perhaps marred only by one of the most reprehensible finishes we've ever seen, Colt.

CP: Hey, I like Hamilton and Cinder but... well, I gotta agree with a lot of what Gordon had to say there. As someone who put his body on the line in that ring for big matches... to win titles... I'm a little bit sickened at the idea of laying down for anyone and giving up that chance.

SA: History was certainly made by that match in more way than one... and I have to say that despite the ending, the AWA Women's Division continues to set the standard for women's wrestling anywhere in the world.

CP: There's a reason we call it the hottest division on the planet, Big Sal.

SA: There certainly is... and with all that tremendous action we just saw in Atlanta, it only seems fitting for this very special announcement to go right now.

[We fade through black from the Rogers Centre crowd...

...to a glittering shot of the AWA National Title, all gold and jewels sitting on black velvet as "War Song" by Phamie Gow starts to softly play.

A graphic comes up that reads "May 24, 2008" as we see old footage with Marcus Broussard holding the title belt we just saw aloft.

To a similar shot from before, this time of the AWA World Title on the same black velvet...

...and with the graphic reading "September 3, 2012" as James Monosso has the title slung over his shoulder.

To the AWA World Television Title on the velvet...

...and with the graphic reading "February 9, 2013" as Dave Bryant pulls the glittering title out of a velvet bag.

To the AWA World Tag Team Titles resting side by side on the pedestal...

...and to a graphic reading "March 13, 2013" as the Blonde Bombers hold both the Stampede Cup and the aforementioned titles in the air.

To the AWA Women's World Title sitting alone...

...and to "July 16, 2016" where Lauryn Rage embraces the title to her chest.

Back to black.

And to a graphic reading...

"March 17, 2018"

Fade.

"10th Anniversary Show"

Fade.

"The first new title in almost two years."

Fade to black...

...and then up on a super quick shot of two new title belts sitting side by side. Just a split second, a glimpse of gold and rubies and glittering diamonds.

Fade.

"The AWA Women's World Tag Team Titles."

And we slowly fade through black back out to Sal and Colt at ringside, a big grin on the former's face.]

SA: You've heard the rumors for months upon months and now the rumors have become reality as March 17th, 2018 will see the crowning of the very first Women's World Tag Team Champions at the 10th Anniversary Show! Colt, after what we just saw in Steal The Spotlight, I'd say it's both well-deserved and about time - wouldn't you agree?

CP: Absolutely, Sal. The hottest division in wrestling is about to get a second piece of championship gold for all those women to battle over and I can't wait to see that go down at the biggest birthday party in wrestling history!

SA: I'm right there with you, pal... but coming up next is its own piece of wrestling history as we are about to see a rivalry some twenty years in the making come to a head on the grandest stage of them all. It's John Wesley Hardin, the Outlaw, making his return to a wrestling ring for the first time in over fifteen years. It's Casey James, the Blackheart... the King of the Death Match, looking to put the final nail in the Outlaw's coffin. And to top it off, it's Outlaw Rules! Let's take a lonnnnnng look back and see how we got to this point here tonight!

[We fade from the Rogers Centre to a plain black screen.

After a moment, we fade up on an empty chair. A potted plant sits beside it with a water bottle on a wooden table. After a moment, a blur of motion moves past the camera, grumbling.]

"After all these years, if you'd told me I'd still be talkin' about Casey James and John friggin' Hardin, I think I would've hung up these cowboy boots in the 90s."

[The person in question takes a seat - it is "The Outlaw" Bobby Taylor, one of the AWA's co-owners and a man who knows the two subjects of this video all too well.]

BT: When I look back on my career, I had some tremendous fights. Nights where I lost too much blood and too many brain cells - whether it was in Japan, South Laredo, Los Angeles. Fights with guys like Myers and Slater... Robert Donovan... Bram Black... too many to count 'em all up. But the two guys who made me wonder every time out if I was signing up to end my career were Casey James...

[Quick cuts of James smashing Taylor with a chair... sending him through a table... and lighting him on fire...]

BT: ...and John Wesley Hardin.

[Quick cuts of Hardin doing likewise... well, except for the fire.]

BT: I'm glad I'm retired. I really am. But... I'd also be a damn liar if I told you that seeing that on the marquee for SuperClash - James versus Hardin - Outlaw Rules - didn't make me want to climb right back in there with either one of 'em.

[Taylor smirks, shaking his head.]

BT: But I damn sure wouldn't want to be either one of 'em the day after.

[Taylor chuckles, leaning back in his seat...

...and we cut to a different talking head shot, this one of another AWA co-owner, Jon Stegklet.]

JS: When you talk about Hardin and James and how we got here, you gotta go back to the beginning... and to that, you gotta go to Portland.

[We fade to a not-fit-for-HD shot of a marquee in Portland, Oregon that reads "CORONATION CLASH - MAY 18, 1996" on the bottom and IIWF Coliseum on the building itself.]

JS: It was the very first IIWF show when you knew. You knew they were onto something... that it was going to be something special. The E had been kicking around for about a year and a half at that point but it wasn't really clicking yet. In Portland though... it seemed like it was magic from Day One.

[We fade into the interior of said IIWF Coliseum with a graphic reading "Footage courtesy of Daniel Spreadbury." We get an establishing shot of rows of screaming fans, holding up banners as pyro goes off above them. The voice of IIWF Play-By-Play man Tim Dross cuts through the din.]

TD: Welcome everybody to IIWF's first event! Welcome everybody to the IIWF Coliseum! Welcome everybody to CORONATION CLASH! Twenty-four men! One champion! Yes folks, tonight we are going to see 24 of the world's finest athletes in competition to become the first IIWF World Heavyweight Champion. The man who is eventually crowned champion will have to fight his way through three singles matches, before entering the battle of his life against two other finalists!

[We get another shot of the crowd as Jon Stegglet's voice comes over.]

JS: At the time, nobody knew who a lot of these guys that Spreadbury had dug up even were. Sure, now everyone remembers Deathbringer and Billy Shakespeare but you go back and look at that list... Don Antonio? Flare? Fisto Flash?

[Stegglet chuckles.]

JS: Okay, so not all of them made it... but there were some guys there who'd truly go down in the history of our sport.

[We get some quick shots of Dan Kauffman... of a young Tiger Claw... of

...and then the camera comes to rest on a very large man wearing what would come to be known as the legendary mask of the Masked Outlaw.]

BT: Even with a mask on, Hardin made an immediate first impression.

[Cut to the masked man assaulting an opponent in the aisle, pressing them overhead and dropping them facefirst on the steel barricade, busting them wide open...

...and shots of the masked man delivering a devastating DDT once... twice... three times... four times from different angles on the bloodied opponent...

...and then said opponent being carried up the aisle on a stretcher as the Masked Outlaw is declared the winner.]

JS: He was a mountain of a man... but he was vicious... ruthless. He dished out the bloodiest of beatings and just didn't seem to care who he hurt in the process.

[Fade away from the masked man with his arm raised...

...and to a current day shot of a grinning Brian Lau.]

BL: But Hardin wasn't the only one to debut that night in Portland.

[We fade back up on a mid-90s graphic identifying Casey "Whitebread" James, showing him slapping hands as he heads down the aisle...



...and to a talking head of Bobby Taylor, laughing his ass off.]

BT: Whitebread! That ol' chestnut?! Oh, even when he was the meanest SOB in the locker room, you could still rile him up by mentioning those days.

[To Lau.]

BL: It wasn't his... finest moment.

[We see footage from Coronation Clash of James press slamming his masked opponent before raising his arm in victory.]

BL: But he pulled it out. He won that night too. So did Hardin though. He beat Hakiro Matsuoko...

[Shot of Hardin delivering a piledriver to the Angel of the Sun...]

BL: ...thanks to Claw.

[...and we get that shot of Claw delivering a flying leg drop across the neck of a covering Matsuoko to give Hardin the victory.]

BL: And that... that right there... is when Casey James and John Wesley Hardin came face to face for the very first time.

[Cut to James coming in to save Matsuoko, delivering a big clothesline that sends the Masked Outlaw tumbling out of the ring to clean house...]

BL: And that wouldn't be the last time they crossed paths that night.

[Cut to the Masked Outlaw stomping James outside the ring during James' second round match with Brad Kinder.]

BL: Crazy, isn't it? We're here tonight talking about Hardin versus James... over twenty years after they first laid hands on each other. But they had really different reactions to that, you know? Hardin - to his credit - was impressed by Casey... Casey...

[Cut back to the present day Lau.]

BL: ...Casey was just obsessed.

[Cut to a shot of Tiger Claw staring across the ring at the Masked Outlaw.]

BL: And a lot of people don't talk about it but it was actually Claw who went one-on-one with Hardin that night in the Semifinals of the tournament. I like to think the seeds of what would become the Syndicate were planted in Portland that first night.

[Cut to a shot of Brian Lau getting hit with a spinning leg lariat from Hakiro Matsuoko...]

...and then to present day Lau cringing.]

BL: Did you really have to show that?

[Back to Stegglet.]

JS: The Masked Outlaw won it all that night, becoming the first IIWF World Champion... and if you were in this business, you HAD to be impressed by what you saw both from the IIWF... and more specifically, from the roster they had assembled including Claw, James, and Hardin.

[Back to Lau.]

BL: I think that night, Casey decided that he wanted that same moment. He wanted to be the guy in there, getting handed the belt with the fans going wild... with the eyes of the wrestling world on him. You looked at him then. He was just as big... just as strong... just as tough... he just needed an attitude adjustment and he WAS Hardin in a lot of ways... and seeing Hardin succeed where he failed... I think it ate him up inside... and it was just a month or so later that they faced each other for the first time... for real.

[The shot of Lau fades as we get another crowd shot with a graphic reading "IIWF SATURDAY NIGHT - JUNE 22, 1996." We show the ring announcer dead center in the ring.]

"Ladies and gentlemen, it is now time for tonight's main event. This match is scheduled for one fall, and it is for the IIWF World Heavyweight Championship."

[Quick cut of James coming down the aisle accompanied by his then-ally, the Man of Steel. James waves an American flag as he approaches the ring...

...and then to the arrival of the Masked Outlaw, the IIWF World Title secured around his waist.]

BL: A lot of people thought Casey wasn't cut out for that match... that early in his career. Hell, even Hardin didn't think he was. But if Hardin thought he was in for an easy night at the office, he was badly... BADLY... mistaken...

[Lau grins as we get a series of shots from the match, commentary intercutting in between...

...starting with James powering out of an armbar, delivering an elbow to the midsection before scoring a running kneelift...

...then the Outlaw hammering James with a vicious clothesline before wiping blood from his nose...]

TD: Casey's in trouble here, Steve.

SR: Well, I'm not the kind of guy to say "I told you so"... but, I told you so!

[...the Outlaw ramming James into the steel barricade and then into the ring apron...

...The Outlaw drags Casey to his feet, and lines him up for the Cattle Buster DDT. However, Casey finds the strength to backdrop the Outlaw, much to the crowd's delight!]

SR: What?! How did that good-for-nothing goofball find the strength to do that?!

[Moments later, a pin attempt ends with the Outlaw's allies hitting the ring, attacking James...

...and we cut to James with his hands raised as Hardin exits, clutching the title belt to his chest as we hear Jon Stegglet's voice.]

JS: He may not have won the title that night... but he might've won something more important to James at that point of his career - Hardin's respect.

[Cut to Lau.]

BL: And he broke Hardin's undefeated streak in the Double Eye. The old man was fit to be tied after that happened... caused the stable he was in to completely start to fall apart.

[Lau grins.]

BL: Which turned out to be a good thing... for me. So, Casey beats Hardin by disqualification one week... and the next? The first Ring Wars event.

[The shot of Lau fades and is replaced by a black screen with a graphic reading "The Syndicate Is Born."

The shot changes to a shot of the Main Event of Ring Wars I as the Subway Psycho challenges for the World Title, the Outlaw trying to defend his gold as Lau's voice is over the footage.]

BL: The Horsemen... what a name, right? The Horsemen were crumbling... and Ring Wars sealed the deal.

[With both men staggering to their feet, Hardin shoots the Subway Psycho into the ropes with an Irish whip, attempting a big clothesline...

...but the challenger drags him down in a crucifix, pinning his shoulders to the mat for a title-changing victory!]

TD: Yes! Yes! Yes! The Psycho wins!

RA: Here is your winner, by pinfall, and NEW IIWF World Heavyweight Champion - the Subway Psycho!

SR: No way! No way! That was a fast count... he had a handful of tights... the Psycho paid off the official... the... the... I can't believe it!

[The Outlaw lies in the ring, his chest heaving, as the referee straps the IIWF World Championship belt around the Subway Psycho's waist as pyro goes off all around. Brian Lau's voice cuts in.]

BL: The title loss was bad enough for his running buddies... but when Hardin shook the Psycho's hand, it was too far.

[We see the handshake in question as Hardin raises the new champion's hand...

...and then finds himself assaulted by three other men, stomping and kicking their former ally.]

BL: Well, if the Horsemen thought they had things under control... they were mistaken too.

[The fans pop hugely as Casey James and the Man of Steel fly down the aisle to the Outlaw's rescue, clearing the ring.]

TD: Thank heavens for the American Heroes!

SR: Argh! You can't go anywhere without those two do-gooders sticking their noses in!

[Flare, Kinder and Haley bail out, and back up the aisle while Casey and MOS guard the Outlaw...]

...and then back to present day footage of Brian Lau.]

BL: It was the first real step towards a beautiful friendship that would become one hell of a rivalry both professionally... and personally.

[Lau chuckles.]

BL: Of course, as usual, Hardin had a trick up his sleeve.

[Cut to footage marked "IIWF Saturday Night - July 6th, 1996" where we see the Masked Outlaw standing alongside Man of Steel and Casey James, ready to compete in a six man tag team match...]

...and deeper into the match where we see James take a hard clothesline that sends him over the top rope, hitting his head on the ring apron as he slumps to the floor!]

TD: Oh no! That looked bad for Casey... is he moving?

SR: Doesn't look like it, Dross. This is great! Now it's three on two! Squeal and the Outlaw don't stand a chance.

[We cut again to show the Man of Steel heading to his corner, looking to make the tag...]

...when Hardin DRILLS him with a clothesline from the ring apron to jeers!]

TD: Wha... what did the Outlaw just do?!

[The Outlaw steps between the ropes and begins stomping on the Man Of Steel. The crowd are practically out of their seats, jeering as loud as they can. The referee doesn't know what to do as the opponents enter the ring, and join with the Outlaw in beating on Steel.]

SR: Yes! This is great! The whole thing was a setup! The Horsemen duped Cornbread and Squeal into a trap! What a classic! Yes! Whooo!

TD: This is a despicable display! I honestly thought the Outlaw had turned over a new leaf!

[We cut again, this time showing James diving into the ring, attempting to help his partner but ends up a victim of the numbers game before being kicked out of the ring to the floor again as the Outlaw stands tall with his allies, hands raised.]

TD: I can't believe the back-stabbing, low-life attack we've just witnessed!

[A closeup of James laid out on the floor is shown as Steve Roberts adds on.]

SR: I think we've just found out tonight that the Outlaw is a loose cannon - he's not to be trusted. I mean, the guy has guts, but you can't go through the IIWF making enemies everywhere you go. Sooner or later, what goes around comes around...

[Roberts' voice trails out as we cut back to present day Brian Lau.]

BL: What people forget was - that was the first Triple Cross. Right after turning on Casey, Hardin turned on the Horsemen. Casey was in a real bad place after that... mentally. At this point, the Syndicate was starting to come together... but we were

missing something... just like Casey was missing something. At Midsummer Madness, Casey found exactly what he was looking for.

[Fade to footage of said event marked "August 17th, 1996" where we see James in a group of four staring across at another group of four..

...and then a little further where we see James defiantly refuse to enter the ring to aid the Man of Steel before turning his back on his partner, striding angrily up the aisle instead.]

TD: I don't believe what I've just seen. I can understand Casey James being upset with his team's performance here tonight, but...

SR: But what? He's in this federation to win some gold. He wanted people to help him clean up the IIWF and they laughed at him. He got his ass kicked in a double-cross by the Outlaw. He tolerated Don Antonio and his goofball cousin. You can only push a man so far before he snaps, Dross. I think Casey James snapped tonight.

[We fade a little deeper into the night where Brian Lau is introducing the Syndicate for an eight man tag...]

TD: So that's three. Does Lau have a fourth man? Or is he going to take off that suit and wrestle himself?!

SR: Shut up, Dross! Let's hear what he's got to say.

BL: And now, the moment you've been waiting for...

["Foul Taste of Freedom" by Pro-Pain begins to play over the PA as a huge grin crosses the face of Brian Lau...]

BL: The fourth member of the Syndicate. He's strong, he's mighty. He is the great one...

I give to you: CASEY... "BLACKHEART"... JAAAAAAMMMMMMES!

TD: What?! No way!

SR: Yes! A stroke of genius yet again!

TD: Casey \_"Blackheart"\_ James!?! What is this?

[The crowd goes ballistic with their heel pop. Casey comes out to the aisle dressed in black tights, and for the first time in his career, flexes his titanic arm, shoulder, and chest muscles...

...and we go back to Brian Lau in present day who has the same smile on his face.]

BL: I'll never forget that night. It all started... REALLY started... right there. Me, Casey, Claw... brothers 'til the end. And Hardin? It looked like he was going to throw in with us but he disappeared from the Double Eye shortly after that... and while Casey was finding his stride, Hardin went AWOL. I think Casey believed that that time... that was his moment to supplant Hardin at the very top of the business... and maybe... just maybe lure him out of wherever he was hiding.

[Shot of present day Bobby Taylor.]

BT: Lure him out of hiding? Yeah, I know a thing or two about that. Hardin's a tough man with a big ego... so Casey trying to make himself the king in hopes that Hardin would get jealous? It's a sound strategy.

[Back to Lau.]

BL: Casey had gotten himself all wrapped up with Dan Kauffman, chasing the World Title. He wanted that title and he wanted it bad. I think in some ways, he thought that was the key to getting Hardin to come back and come after him. Little did we know...

[Cut to footage marked "IIWF Saturday Night - January 18th, 1997" where we see Brody Thunder in the ring. Tiger Claw is laid out on the outside of the ring while Casey James is standing in the aisle, holding the stolen IIWF World Title belt as he bellows down at Thunder.]

TD: It's Casey "Blackheart" James! Casey cost Thunder his match against Claw last week!

SR: And by the looks of things, Dross, he'd be more than happy for lightning to strike Thunder twice!

[Thunder watches Casey come and beckons him to get into the ring. Suddenly, the crowd explodes as about ten paces behind Casey James walks the huge and familiar frame of the "Outlaw" J.W. Hardin. He looks as big and mean as ever as he heads down to the ring, ignoring the reaction of the crowd. Casey stops at the bottom of the aisle and continues to jaw with Thunder, believing the crowd's reaction to be for him.]

SR: It can't be! It's the "Outlaw" J.W. Hardin!

[A shouted warning from Brian Lau gets James to whip around to face the incoming Hardin only to be met by a lightning-fast vicious Cattle Buster DDT onto the arena floor!]

TD: This is incredible! Hardin and Thunder stand back to back in the ring, and they've shut the Syndicate out completely!

[We show that exact shot, the two cowboys keeping the Syndicate at bay with steel chairs in their hands...

...and then cut to Hardin, mic in hand.]

JWH: Now I thought we had ever'thing worked out when I left for that damned hellhole called Europe. We had a little alliance and things were runnin' just fine. But somewhere along the line, y'all started gettin' a little greedy again. You wanted it all for yourself. Well there are a few things you don't do in this life.

You don't make camp in the path of a cattle drive.

You don't put your bare hands on a branding iron.

You don't [BLEEP] around with a cowboy and his friends.

And Syndicate... you sure as hell don't screw around with Outlaw J.W. Hardin's master plan.

[Hardin and Thunder stand tall together as the Syndicate backpedals down the aisle...

...and we go back to a present day shot of Lau.]

BL: He screwed us... again... and are you starting to understand exactly why Casey James wants to put that son of a bitch in the ground so badly?

[Lau shakes his head.]

BL: But in a way, it was good he came back... because he got to be there... he got to be ringside right there... the night Casey won the World Title.

[Cut to footage marked "IIWF Saturday Night - February 1st, 1997" where we see Casey James backstage alongside Brian Lau moments before his title challenge. Casey inspects his muscles before speaking]

CJ: The Syndicate is \_THE\_ organization in the IIWF, no matter what the rumormongers want you to believe. I'm going to pin Danny Boy tonight, and I'm going to hold the world title for a second time. Look at me... Come on, go ahead... Don't I just \_look\_ like a champ? Of course I do. I research my opponents, I get into their heads... Hell, I'll even steal their dogs if I have to.

[Cut ahead.]

CJ: The Syndicate is gonna be shining like stars tonight, because that's exactly what we are. The shining light of the IIWF. The talent that everyone knows they need to beat to be anybody. But that's a lot easier than it sounds... Badda-bing, Badda-boom... We're going to see some pain tonight... Let's go, Brian.

BL: Glory... Sweet, sweet glory!

[And we fade from the shot of James and Lau to the ring itself, to action sequences from the title match...

...Dan Kauffman jumps to the apron, and Casey James immediately motions that he'll soon have the belt around his waist. Kauffman smiles and nods...

...a lockup where James easily sends Kauffman sailing backwards and down to the mat as James strikes a double bicep pose...

...James slamming a steel chair from the timekeeper's table down across Kauffman's back...

...and with a bloodied Kauffman on his feet, looking down the aisle, we catch a glimpse of Brody Thunder and J.W. Hardin lurking...

...then to James and Kauffman slugging it out mid-ring, the Blackheart trying to open up the gash on Kauffman's head even more...

...to James delivering a spine-rattling suplex... to a tilt-a-whirl backbreaker... and finally a powerbomb with Kauffman kicking out just before three...]

TD: Just look at the resilience of Kauffman! Nothing James can throw at him will put him away!

[To a flying fist by Kauffman knocking James down to the canvas...

...to a head-spiking DDT planting the Blackheart...

...to Kauffman slowly climbing the turnbuckles...]

TD: He's taking too long to get up there! Casey James is getting to his feet!

[With a shake of the ropes, James crotches Kauffman up top. He climbs after him to the second rope, dragging Kauffman up so that he is standing on the top rope...]

TD: No! He's going for the Black Death!

[And with the top rope spinebuster that drives Kauffman's back and head into the canvas, James covers and gets the title-winning three count!]

SR: Yes! He's done it! He's done it!

[A shot of James holding the title belt aloft before we fade back to a grinning present day Lau.]

BL: "He's done it." One of the best nights of my life. And Casey was so happy Hardin had to see it... had to stand right there and witness it. And that was the first night of the longest World Title reign in IIWF history. Not Kauffman. Not Verhoeven. Not Thunder or Kowalski. Not Hardin. Casey f'n James.

[Lau smirks.]

BL: Does Mickey let you say "f'n?"

[He waves a hand.]

BL: Fire me. Anyways... Hardin stuck around for a few more weeks after that and he was gone again. Lots of talk about contractual commitments but I think he couldn't stand to see Casey on top knowing he couldn't knock him off. Honestly, I wasn't sure if we'd ever see him again.

[Lau sighs.]

BL: If only.

[And we fade to a black screen with a simple graphic with three words quite familiar to long-time wrestling fans... "THE TRIPLE CROSS."

Back to Lau.]

BL: About six months later, I get a call. It's Hardin and boy, does he have a plan he wants to unfold. Seems like he had enough of fighting with us... and wanted to fight alongside us for a change. Casey was a big part of the plan so I went to him and Claw first. They were reluctant but... I mean, a chance to make a group with James, Claw, Thunder, and Hardin? That's a damn Mt. Rushmore of wrestling for a lot of people. How the hell do you turn it down... even when deep down in your gut, you're wondering if you should...

[He shakes his head.]

BL: How would this business be different if we'd just said no?

[Lau fades away to reveal a crowd shot with the graphic "IIWF Saturday Night - October 4, 1997." Lau's voice is heard again.]

BL: Casey had dropped the title, Requiem was the champ, and The Masked Outlaw had been showing up causing problems and everyone wanted to know who it was. But we knew.

[The voice of Tim Dross cuts in.]



TD: Folks, we're now just moments away from our huge main event. Requiem is scheduled to face the "Lone Wolf" Brody Thunder in what is sure to be a history-making match for the World Heavyweight Championship. With Casey James -- the man revealed last week as the "Masked Outlaw" -- cuffed to the ring at the request of both men, along with Otto Verhoeven, Steve Kowalski and the Highwayman, there will be danger on all sides for the two combatants... but there will be no interference!

[Cut to a sequence of shots showing the four aforementioned men handcuffed at ringside. Casey James is the last one shown - he appears scruffy and disheveled, a full week's growth of beard on his face and rings around his sleepless eyes...

...and then cut to show challenger Brody Thunder and champion Requiem inside the ring...

...and the present day of Jon Stegglet was heard.]

JS: By this point, the IIWF knew they were in a bit of a battle. The E had found its footing and was starting to draw both big names and big crowds. The pressure was on and this title match on a random Saturday Night show in October was hoping to stamp out our spark before it got too hot to handle.

[And Taylor's.]

BT: Were we watching? Of course we were watching. Anyone can say whatever they want about the wrestling war of the 90s between the E and the Double Eye... but the boys were constantly watching the other show. Title match between Req and the Lone Wolf? Hell yes, we were watching. The match was just getting good too when... history happened.

[Cut to a shot of a bloodied Brody Thunder being checked on by the referee...

...and in response, the referee EATS a right hand that sends him flying to the floor alongside the handcuffed Casey James. Thunder promptly tries to crawl back into the ring but Requiem greets him with stomps...

...and then to a shot of Tiger Claw leaping over the barricade, onto the broadcast table, and into a flying kick that drops an IIWF suit and the referee.

TD: Tiger Claw just came out of nowhere, he came out of the stands -- he just used our broadcast table as a springboard... he has knocked out Poutine Janois! Tiger Claw hit Poutine Janois with a vicious flying heel kick to the back of the head, and Janois is out -- Alfonso caught some of it too -- there's equipment all over... oh my!

[While Requiem and Thunder continue to trade blows in the ring, chaos reigns on the outside. Only Casey James appears not to be shocked by the turn of events. Steve Kowalski is frantically reaching around his corner of the ring, trying to get hold of Claw, who is searching the pockets of Janois' clothing. On the opposite side of the ring, the Highwayman pounds the apron with his free arm, while Otto Verhoeven frantically tries to find a way of freeing himself from his cuffs. Tiger Claw finally stands upright again, having found what he was looking for: a bunch of keys!]

TD: Oh no, Steve Roberts -- Tiger Claw has the keys to the handcuffs!

SR: He's gonna let James out?! If Claw lets Casey out of those cuffs who knows what that maniac might do.

[Cut to ringside where Claw is working the keys into the cuffs.]

TD: Casey James is free, Steve Roberts! Casey James is free, and he's -- he's rolling under the ring!

SR: What?! What the hell is James going to do under the ring?!

[We cut deeper into the match where a well-placed boot to the ribs sends Thunder staggering backwards. Requiem uncorks a clothesline...

...but Thunder ducks out of the way and the champion flattens the referee again!]

TD: Referee down! Requiem just knocked out the official again!

SR: Hey, Dross -- Casey James is coming out from under the ring!

[Sure enough, the skirting around the ring is moved as a figure rolls out from under the ring... dressed in a long grey trenchcoat, and with a black hat pulled low over his face! Huge, huge heel pop as the "Masked Outlaw" appears at ringside.]

TD: Oh, this is bad, Steve Roberts. This is very bad news for Brody Thunder -- Casey James has already cost Joe Petrow and Otto Verhoeven their shots at Requiem, and it seems that Tiger Claw has freed him here tonight so that he can do the same for Brody Thunder.

[The "Masked Outlaw" steps between the ropes and into the ring. Requiem and Thunder, both flagging and sluggish, exhausted from their exertions throughout the match, turn to face the huge, thick-set masked man.]

TD: We need more security out here -- another referee -- somebody has to do something! Casey James now, pointing at Brody Thunder, and... oh my! Casey James -- Casey James just blasted Requiem with the Syndi-cutter! Requiem is out, Steve Roberts! James just kicked Requiem in the stomach and hit that inverted neckbreaker -- and Requiem is flat out on the canvas! But Thunder -- Thunder isn't out of the woods yet!

[The crowd pops like crazy, cameras flash all over the arena, the men on the outside of the ring watching on in shock as the masked man turns back to Thunder, who stands, unbowed, blood still flowing from his eye and his arm... and the "Masked Outlaw" moves to Requiem once more, dragging him up.]

TD: Oh my goodness! Cattle Buster DDT! Casey James just hit Requiem with a Cattle Buster DDT!

[Cut ahead to the referee hitting the mat once... twice... three times! He rolls over and signals for the bell as the Coliseum explodes in cheers.]

RA: Ladies and gentlemen, your winner, as the result of a pinfall, and NEW IIWF World Heavyweight Champion... the "Lone Wolf" Brody Thunder!

[Cut to present day Lau shaking his head.]

BL: For one moment, it was perfect. Absolutely perfect.

[Back to the footage.]

TD: Chaotic scenes here at ringside -- it appears that Brody Thunder has joined the Syndicate once again! The man who left the Syndicate when his aspirations to Casey James' World title got the better of him appears to have joined the Syndicate again -- and this time, it's him wearing the World belt!

[Cut to a shot of Thunder wiping the blood away from his face, and then thrusting the World title into the air, jubilant that the belt he has worked so hard for is finally in his possession. Thunder slings the belt over his right shoulder, wincing with pain at the use of his left arm, and all four men -- Tiger Claw, the masked Casey James, Steve Kowalski, and the new Heavyweight Champion of the World, Brody Thunder -- link hands, and raise them to the fans!]

TD: The roof is going to come off this place, Steve Roberts! These fans can't believe what they're seeing... these four men, the new Syndicate, and... oh my!

[Suddenly, Thunder turns on Steve Kowalski, and blasts the fury with a hard clothesline, rocking the stunned New Jersey Nightmare. In a flash, Thunder, Claw and the masked man are beating viciously on the Fury, while the crowd looks on in shock!]

TD: What?! What in hell's name is going on here?!

SR: Those sons of bitches! They double-crossed the Fury! They set him up, Dross! I got to go in there and help him out!

[Thunder lays the gold belt on the canvas, and then grabs the woozy Steve Kowalski, kicks him in the gut, doubling him over -- and then hits a vicious Cattle Buster DDT right onto the World Championship belt!]

TD: Casey James now, with that chair... Kowalski is bleeding, he's hurt bad, Steve Roberts. I cannot believe what we are seeing!

[Quick shots of the Masked Outlaw repeatedly using the chair on Kowalski, driving him down to the canvas a bloody mess...

...and back to Lau.]

BL: The plan had worked to perfection. The title was back in the Syndicate and the Syndicate was stronger than ever. It was all perfect...

[He sighs.]

BL: ...until it wasn't.

[Back to footage from the infamous night as we see Tiger Claw lifting the ring skirt, looking underneath.

SR: Now what are they doing -- what's Claw doing?

TD: Tiger Claw appears to be lifting the skirting around the ring... is he signaling for somebody to come out from under the ring? Hang on -- oh my!

SR: It's Casey James!

[Huge, huge pop as a figure rolls out from under the ring, and then clambers into the ring, leaping excitedly to his feet and thrusting his fists into the air before patting the World title which is now back on Thunder's shoulder... it is Casey James!]

TD: Casey James has just entered the ring to stand alongside Tiger Claw and Brody Thunder -- and that masked man! So if Casey James isn't the masked man...

[There is an earth-shattering reaction from the fans assembled in the Coliseum as the masked man discards his hat, removes his mask... and reveals...]

TD: Oh my!

SR: It's J.W. f'n' Hardin, Dross! It's the \_real\_ "Outlaw"!

[Cut to Taylor.]

BT: Kiss my ass, Soundbite.

[And back to Portland.]

TD: The "Outlaw" J.W. Hardin, IIWF Hall of Famer, is back!

[Hardin throws back his head and laughs as Claw, Thunder and James point to their esteemed comrade. The crowd begins a chant, "Har - din! Har - din! Har - din!", almost unable to believe that the original Outlaw himself has returned to the IIWF!]

TD: What a monumental set-up, Steve Roberts! Look at Hardin -- he is more muscular than when we last saw him... seeing him next to Casey James, their builds are similar.

SR: Hell, Dross, it might go back even further than that. Maybe this whole break-up of the Syndicate was a set-up in the first place! These guys have strung the entire IIWF along -- only the "Outlaw" could have come up with a plan like this, Dross! This is brilliance -- genius!

[Back to present day Lau.]

BL: He wasn't wrong there. It was brilliant. It was genius. Or at least, it should've been. But what we didn't know is that someone had gotten in Thunder's ear and... well...

[Lau sighs again as we fade back to Portland where a bloodied Thunder has the title over his shoulder and a mic in his hand.]

BT: I said by hook or by crook it was my destiny to wear this strap. I told y'all I was the best in this sport today and this proves it. And I couldn't do it without these men right here. There's a new era 'bout to be born in the IIWF. An era of martial law. An era of survival of the fittest. An era... led by the best this sport has to offer. And that new era starts right here tonight. Right here in \_this\_ ring.

Right... now!

[Suddenly, Thunder wheels around, belt in hand, and clobbers Casey James around the head! James drops like a ton of bricks as Thunder spins, taking a shot at the shocked Tiger Claw with the belt, catching him upside the head and knocking him cold to the mat. Thunder turns back to face Hardin, who has an expression of shocked puzzlement on his face — and the World Champion blasts Hardin in the gut with a kick, bending him double, grabs a front facelock, and... BAM!]

TD: Oh my God! Oh my God! Thunder has just Cattle Buster DDT'd J.W. Hardin! Thunder has turned on Tiger Claw, he's turned on Casey James -- and he's turned on the "Outlaw"! He double-crossed Kowalski, Steve Roberts, but he has \_triple-crossed\_ the Syndicate and Hardin!

[And we fade back to a solemn Lau.]

BL: And that was pretty much it. We had put our trust in the wrong guy. And strangely, every bit of me said not to trust Hardin... but it wasn't Hardin we should've been worried about. But Casey blamed Hardin. Casey said it was Hardin who was so close to Thunder... who insisted Thunder needed to be a part of it. And

knowing the Syndicate like you do, you would think we would've dedicated our damn lives to ending Brody Thunder right then and there, right?

[Lau shakes his head...

...and over to Taylor.]

BT: That was the crazy thing about it. That moment... whatever went down behind the scenes, you have to ask those guys... but it seemed like it broke the Syndicate in the Double Eye. Hardin went after Thunder but Casey and Claw just got shoved off to the side and... well, it was about two months later, they were in the E... kicking my ass.

[Back to Jon Stegglet.]

JS: Oh, I know Spreadbury was livid. That little all-star beatdown of Taylor... seeing Hardin, Casey, and Claw together in Toronto... it had to hurt. Seeing their first World Champion sign a contract with us must've drove him crazy. Casey and Claw came on board slightly after that.

[Back to Lau.]

BL: And really, the rest was history... yeah, our paths crossed a few times after that. The E for a time... Canada for a time... but it was never the same. We never really could trust John after that and he didn't trust us either. I'm not sad about how it turned out - none of us are. We loved working in the E and we made a lot of money there... but every once in a while, you had to wonder... what the hell would've been like in Portland with the four of them and I working together?

[Back to Taylor.]

BT: Having been in the ring with all of them at some point, they would've been unstoppable.

[To Stegglet.]

JS: A force unlike any the business has ever seen.

[Back to Taylor.]

BT: So, I beat Hardin a couple of times before he hung 'em up... and of course, we fought over the Outlaw name... and that always kinda stuck in Casey's craw, I think. He saw himself as the second coming of Hardin... he believed he WAS the Outlaw in everything but the name... and Hardin passing it to me... I think that just added fuel to the fire for him. Everyone's got that one guy in their career that they wish they had just one more shot at. For Casey, it had to be John Wesley Hardin... and for almost twenty years, everyone thought there was no chance of that.

[Fade to black... and one final graphic - "Outlaw Rules."

Back to Taylor.]

BT: Nobody told me Hardin was working for Korugun. If I'd known, I probably would've started calling him out months ago. Hell, it worked before, didn't it? Turns out Casey beat me to it in South Philly.

[Fade to footage marked "Eternally Extreme 2 - July 9, 2017" where we see Bobby Taylor holding Javier Castillo in the middle of the ring, grinning as he measures him, a fist held up to his face...]

"This one's gonna hurt, Castillo... just like you hurt my boy."

[...and Taylor suddenly yanks Castillo into a front facelock, fans leaping up and down with excitement for what's about to happen to El Presidente...]

JS: WHAT?!

[...which is when someone re-enters the ring, grabbing Taylor by the arm, swinging him around...]

JS: WHAT'S HE-?!

[...and DRIVES his clenched fist into the heart of the Outlaw!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: BLACKHEART PUNCH! BLACKHEART PUNCH!

TM: That son of a...

[James watches as Taylor crumples motionless to the canvas.]

JS: I can't... I can't believe this!

LD: Really? No?

JS: Not tonight! On this of all nights?! Why, damn it?! Why?!

[James ignores a very grateful Castillo who bails from the ring.]

LD: Never trust the Blackheart, boys. Never.

JS: Bobby Taylor put his trust in the Syndicate here tonight... hoping they'd help him avenge his son's beating at the hands of Korugun and THIS is what happened?!

TM: He had it, Steggs. He had that son of a bitch IN... HIS... HANDS! He was gonna dump that rat right on top of his head and...

JS: But thanks to Casey James, all that went out the window. But why? Why did it happen?! Why did James yank the rug out from under all of us?!

[James slowly looks up at the jeering fans, a cold look on his face... that gets suddenly jolted as a flung cup of beer smashes into his chest, slopping cheap beer all over the former King of the Death Match.]

TM: Hah! Nice shot!

[James looks enraged as he wipes the beer off, turning towards the crowd angrily...

...and suddenly gets a two-handed shove that knocks him a few steps back. The crowd ROARS at the shove especially because of who did it!]

JS: Claw! Tiger Claw just shoved his own friend! His partner!

[Claw jabs an accusatory finger in the face of Casey James, shouting at him off-mic.]

TC: WHAT THE [BLEEP] WAS THAT, CASEY?!

[James rolls his eyes a bit and holds his hands up, shaking his head with a “you don’t understand.” ]

CJ: Just... easy, let me explain. I just wanna- OOF!

[Claw has shoved Casey a second time, not appearing interested in an explanation. The crowd is really rabid now, anticipating a Claw/James throw down as James grimaces, glaring at his long-time friend and partner.]

JS: This might be a problem for Casey James, fans.

TM: An angry Tiger Claw is a problem for anyone.

[Back to present day Taylor.]

BT: Claw was hot... and I love him for it... but Casey was right, he didn’t understand. See, Casey and I had made a little arrangement... I’d take the fall for him so he could go undercover and bring Korugun down from the inside. It was a plan that I think would’ve made Brian Lau proud.

[To Lau.]

BL: It would! It did! When someone told me about it. But what Bobby didn’t count on... was the one thing that absolutely NO ONE could’ve seen coming.

[Back to footage from Eternally Extreme The boos are pouring down on Javier Castillo as he addresses Casey James who is still looking down on Taylor.]

JC: Casey, I was so pleased when you accepted my offer for... this...

[He gestures at the downed Taylor who is being helped towards the back by Kevin Slater.]

JC: In truth... I have to admit... I wasn’t sure you would...

[Castillo smirks as James shrugs, still hugging the briefcase presumably filled with cash to his chest.]

JC: ...but HE said you would.

[James stops hugging his newfound treasure for a moment, arching an eyebrow towards Castillo who smiles, nodding enthusiastically.]

JC: That’s right. As you all know, regrettably I am not at the top of the food chain at Korugun...

[He bows his head a moment.]

JC: I am a mere foot soldier in a much-greater army dedicated to a cause. The AWA is my kingdom... but there are others who rule even me. And when this matter came up, Korugun management believed that while my work here was good... was strong... was exceeding all expectations...

...they also believed that it was time for Senior Management to get more involved.

[James has lowered the briefcase now, dangling it from his hand as both he and Claw look puzzled at this turn of events.]

JC: Specifically, the Vice President of Special Projects - the man I answer to - gave me a call and told me that he wanted to be here tonight. As this plan came

together, he told me he wanted to be here IN PERSON to see it all go down firsthand...

[The crowd is buzzing now for this reveal that's been teased.]

JC: Ladies and gentlemen... I am honored... I am thrilled... I am beside myself as I present to you the Korugun Corporation's Vice President of Special Projects...

...and MY BOSS...

[A beaming Castillo gestures towards the aisle way, arm slung out to point as the fans rise to their feet, waiting to see exactly who emerges.]

JS: WHAT IN THE HOLY NAME OF GOD?!

TM: You've gotta be... that can't be. That's gotta be a mistake!

[The most famous Outlaw that's walked the streets since Billy The Kid, JW Hardin stands at the top of the ramp dressed in an all black suit and tie, complete with the signature Stetson hat...

...and a huge grin on his face as the crowd loses their god damn minds at this moment that NO ONE thought they'd ever see.]

TM: I'm... [BLEEP] damn it, I'm in shock, Steggs.

JS: The word "speechless" comes to mind. This guy?! With Korugun?!

[Claw has a look of shock and surprise that can probably be described as the most emotive expression he's ever shown in his career. Beside him, Casey James manages to top it, at one point looking as though he's about to lose his balance and drop to a knee. They're both in good company, as nearly every person in the building - nay, the entire wrestling world - is figuratively and in some cases literally knocked on their asses.

Hardin starts walking down the ramp towards the ring, Castillo applauding his boss as the fans continue to ROAR in shock. The former World Champion smirks as he soaks up the shocked response of the Philly faithful, making his way to the squared circle where two old friends... and occasional enemies... await him.

Hardin is older than the last time we saw him... heavier too... he's not about to go Broadway with anyone... hell, he might not even be able to lace up a pair of boots at this point.

But he's here, god damn it. He's here.]

JS: FOR THE FIRST TIME IN EIGHTEEN YEARS, JOHN WESLEY HARDIN HAS WALKED INTO A PROFESSIONAL WRESTLING ARENA... and Todd, this may be trouble for the AWA, but what a moment this is!

TM: This is history! This is a highlight reel being born before your very eyes! If you're a fan of professional wrestling, lock your eyes open for however long this man is out here because those of us in this business thought we'd NEVER see this again!

[Castillo drops into a few half bows as Hardin glares at him a little. Silently, Hardin extends his hand towards Castillo who gleefully shakes it...

...and then realizes that Hardin was demanding the mic instead. With a muttered apology, a nervous-looking Castillo hands over the mic. H



The crowd is still roaring, an enthusiastic chant breaking out.]

"WEL-COME BACK!"

"WEL-COME BACK!"

"WEL-COME BACK!"

[Hardin chuckles.]

JWH: It's been a while, boys.

[He nods at James and Claw.]

JWH: But it's good to see that even after all this time... we can STILL get a job done right.

[And slowly, Hardin switches the mic to his left hand...

...and extends his right towards Casey James who looks down at the offered hand.]

JS: What a moment this is. Former friends. Former allies. But former enemies as well and... well...

TM: The eyes of the wrestling world are on this ring at this moment. What the hell is gonna happen here?

[Hardin holds his hand out for what seems like an excruciatingly long and awkward moment. The Blackheart just stands there, looking at it, a look on his face like someone trying to figure out a train schedule when they can't remember what day it is. Hardin raises the mic again.]

JWH: Hmm. Tell me somethin', hoss. Tell me that you're not still sore about that time with the thing in the place.

[That gets a response. There's a chance that Casey is in fact sore about the thing that happened in the place that time. The look of surprise leaves Casey's face completely and he locks eyes with Hardin. A cold, dead stare. Claw stands by, eyes going back and forth between the two.]

JWH: That's all behind us, kid. This...

[He gestures at the ring.]

JWH: This is all behind me. I'm not a wrestler anymore. I'm a businessman now.

And... I should add...

[Hardin reaches out, rapping his large knuckles on the metal case.]

JWH: ...a businessman who just made you a SUBSTANTIAL sum of money... not to mention got you and your boy here a new contract...

[Hardin shifts his gaze over to Claw, inclining his head.]

JWH: Sorry we couldn't loop you in, Claw. Your best friend thought you'd bristle at the deal.

[Claw's expression hardens as he's reminded of Casey's betrayal...

...and we cut ahead in the show.]

JWH: Now, Casey...

[He shakes his head.]

JWH: If a new contract... a briefcase full of cash... and your old pal getting re-hired isn't enough the grease the [BLEEP] damn skids and put a smile on that face of yours, there ain't a lot I can do about it.

[He shrugs.]

JWH: But the way I look at it, son... there ain't a lot you can do about it either.

[The crowd buzzes at that as an unflinching James continues to keep his eyes on his former mentor.]

JWH: Because I'm sure you don't want a...

[He gestures at the suit.]

JWH: ...big shot executive at the company that just give you back your livelihood AND a briefcase full of money... you don't want that guy pissed off at ya, do ya?

[James doesn't respond, still staring stoically.]

JWH: So, we're gonna do this one more time... one LAST time...

[He sticks out his hand insistently.]

JWH: Shake my [BLEEPING] hand, James, so I stop looking like an [BLEEP]hole and let's bury this damn hatchet once and for all...

[There's a moment where time stands still.

Neither man moving.

James' eyes shifting down to the offered hand.

Lau muttering under his breath to Claw who shakes his head.

Hardin's massive hand looms ominous, waiting for the Blackheart to grasp it and seal the deal.

An arena full of fans buzzing, waiting to see what happens next...]

TM: Come on, Casey...

[Slowly, James' right hand comes up from his side, wiggling his fingers anxiously as the crowd gets louder...

He can be heard over the mic in Hardin's hand.]

CJ: I... I can't...

[James looks at his hand as if it were the last thing he expected to see there.]

CJ: I just... can't...

[He looks back to Hardin for a moment, eyes wide.]

CJ: I can't... believe it's you, ya big bastard, where you been!?

[James breaks the shocked act and a big grin spreads across his face. With a quick movement, he grabs Hardin's hand, pumping the handshake a few times as Hardin grins broadly.]

CJ: The Outlaw's back, baby! Holy crap, this is gonna be awesome!

[James seems motivated by this turn of events, almost like fuel has been added to his tank. He nods his head enthusiastically at Hardin as Lau pumps his fists nearby. The crowd reacts - unsure if they're happy at the reunion or disappointed at the lack of hostilities.]

James steps beside Hardin and raises his hand, pointing to him and roaring into the hard camera...

...and suddenly James twists the arm back behind Hardin's head who exclaims loudly in pain as James winds his right arm back.]

"THHHHHUUUUUUUUUUUUUUDDDDDD!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: GOOD GOD! GOOD GOD! BLACKHEART PUNCH! BLACKHEART PUNCH ON THE DEVIL HIMSELF, JW HARDIN! THIS CROWD IS ELECTRIC! THE BLACKHEART PUNCH HEARD AROUND THE WORLD! HARDIN HAS COLLAPSED!

[Back to Lau in present day.]

BL: The Blackheart Punch heard around the world... not bad, Steggy.

[To Stegglet.]

JS: It was, wasn't it? I mean... you talk about going viral. It was on every social media site... every video sharing site... it was on ESPN... Fox Sports... it was everywhere. It was one of the biggest shows on replay - buyrate-wise - that any of our partners had ever seen. Everybody wanted to see what had happened... hell, just thinking about it gives me chills.

[To Taylor.]

BT: I was back in the locker room when I heard that music... and Kev had to hold me back. Sure, I gave Casey grief for blowing up our plan... but if he hadn't done it, I might have... just to get my hands on Hardin one more time.

[Back to South Philly.]

JS: CASEY JAMES DROPS JOHN WESLEY HARDIN IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DAMN RING AND HE'S WALKING OUT OF HERE!

[The Blackheart ignores the fans... ignores the shouting Brian Lau on his heels... ignores the shouts of Javier Castillo at his back...]

...and walks through the curtain as the 2300 Arena crowd loses their collective minds!]

JS: I can't believe this!

[Castillo is making his best effort but getting nowhere at budging a man much larger than him. A bellow towards ringside gets a dazed Wade Walker in the ring,

helping to muscle a dazed Hardin off the mat. Hardin blinks his eyes a few times as Walker tries to steady him... and then grabs the mic he dropped on the mat.]

JS: What the...?

[Hardin jerks the mic towards his mouth, nearly falling back over before Walker catches him.]

JWH: James...

[He takes a few deep breaths.]

JWH: ...you're a dead man.

[He coughs, clutching his chest as Castillo can be heard asking if he's okay.]

JWH: You... just made...

[He takes several more deep breaths.]

JWH: ...the last [BLEEP] damn mistake of your life.

[Hardin angrily flings the mic aside, falling back against Law and Castillo again as the crowd ROARS for the threat...

...and we go back to Jon Stegglet in present day.]

JS: And that was it. That one moment meant everything. Sure, you could take one look at Hardin that night and know he wasn't in ring shape... but you also knew that he could change that. He had the force of will to change that.

[To Taylor.]

BT: When he put the bounty on Casey, I was surprised he didn't want to deal with things himself... but I should've known better. Hardin was never a guy to let someone else dirty their hands for him. He liked to look you in the eye before he made you wish you'd never been born.

[To Lau.]

BL: I knew. From that moment right there. The Blackheart Punch heard around the world. I knew there was no way this ended in any other way than this. James. Hardin. One more time. One last time... in that ring together.

[To Taylor.]

BT: One more time, one last time... it's a good tagline. But hey, would you really be surprised to find out those two beat the crap out of each other in a nursing home in their 80s? I wouldn't.

[To Stegglet.]

JS: Our younger fans might not have understood the significance of this match... of this rivalry... I hope they do now. This is history before your eyes. Twenty years after their first match, they're gonna do it again... in Toronto... at Skydome... with the whole world watching. I can't wait.

[To Taylor.]

BT: And with Claw as the special guest referee? All bets are off. I just wish I could be in there with 'em.

[To Lau.]

BL: It's a rivalry that sat festering for almost twenty years. I know both of these men and for Hardin, it's one last shot to show the world who the hell he is. He IS the Outlaw. He IS one of the greatest to ever wear boots. He IS one of the toughest men on the planet. And if you Gen Zers have forgotten him, he's about to give you one hell of a reminder. For Casey though... this is it. One last shot to exorcise the ghost... to evict Hardin from his mind and send him packing. Look, Casey's gotta know his time in the ring is on short supply too. You don't live the kind of life that Casey James has - in AND out of the ring - and hang around this business until you're sixty shouting catchphrases and pulling out old signature moves to pop a buyrate. It's SuperClash... and any time Casey James climbs into the ring at this point, it could be his last time doing it. You think he doesn't want to go out ending the legend of John Wesley Hardin with the whole world watching?

[Lau shakes his head.]

BL: I don't know how this is gonna end... but I know I want to be there to see it.

[Lau grins as we slowly fade out to one final graphic "JAMES. HARDIN. OUTLAW RULES. SUPERCLASH IX."

And we fade to black...

...and back up in a locker room somewhere in the Rogers Centre - a close-up on a pair of what appear to be brand new cowboy boots. A deep, heavy-bassed voice cuts in.]

"I never thought I'd do this again, I tell ya that."

[The camera slowly pans up, running up a pair of faded and worn blue jeans - threadbare in places. There are holes here and there - holes that come from years of wear and not from a designer thinking it looks good.]

"But thanks to ya, James... here I am..."

[Onto a heavy leather belt held in place by a buckle that has a big silver star in the middle of it.]

"This is all yer fault, kid."

[To a black t-shirt with most of the sleeves cut off with "ONE LAST RIDE" printed in bold white print on the chest.]

"It may come as a surprise to hear the ol' Outlaw say this... but I was happy with my life in Tokyo. And I'd still be there if it wasn't fer ya."

[And finally up on the face of John Wesley Hardin, the Outlaw of professional wrestling. Hardin's features are... softer than a longtime fan might remember. He no longer looks like the lawman or the desperado in your favorite old time Western. He still looks mean. He still looks tough. But he also looks exactly like what he is - a man who hasn't had to fight for a living in about fifteen years. A several day old stubble lines his cheeks and neck, giving him the appearance of someone ready for a fight... but is he?]

JWH: Still be enjoying my sushi and Suntory...

[He smirks, raising his hands.]

JWH: I know, I know. I never thought I'd have a taste fer raw fish either... and while I still love my Kessler, the Japanese make a damn fine whiskey in their own right.

[Hardin shakes his head, running a hand through thinning hair.]

JWH: But see, Blackheart... people change. I know that comes as a shock to ya since ya seem to be the same son o' a bitch ya been fer twenty years but... people change.

This business...

[He takes a deep breath, looking around what we can now identify as a locker room.]

JWH: It can be addictive. Now, I'm not talkin' 'bout the pills or the booze... or the women... but this...

[He raps his knuckles on the locker next to him.]

JWH: ...and this...

[He runs a hand on the wooden bench he's sitting on.]

JWH: ...and... all o' this...

[He sweeps a hand through the air.]

JWH: It's addictive. It gets in yer blood. It burrows into yer brain and makes ya... crave it. Ya need that feeling of smashin' yer fist into another man's face and havin' him do the same thing to ya. Ya want that rush ya get when the crowd goes "ooooooh" at some evil thing ya did. And if you win? Well, that's better than any smack high a junkie can ever feel.

I was the first man to wear the IIWF World Title. I was the first man in their Hall of Fame. I...

[Hardin pauses, looking pensive.]

JWH: Better than anyone, I knew that feelin', James... and I loved it. I wanted it! I CRAVED it!

And when I walked away... it was like someone had ripped a big damn hole inside of me that nothin' could ever fill up.

I was tempted, kid. I was tempted to come back time and time again... like I saw so many of my peers doin'. Gaines. Temple. Kauffman.

[He chuckles.]

JWH: You.

I wanted that feelin' again too... and I knew I'd get paid damn well to do it. But I also knew that if I came back fer it... fer just a taste... just that one night's payday and a fix... that I could never really walk away from it and I'd be one o' those old men kicking around in wrestlin' rings making a mockery of everything they'd ever done until I died right there inside the ropes.

That wasn't gonna happen to me, James... not to the Outlaw.

[Hardin nods, a solemn look on his face.]

JWH: So, I walked away. Cold turkey. Changed my number so that these scumbag promoters couldn't reach me. Wouldn't even talk to the boys... you, Brody... I didn't want the temptation.

I moved to Japan. Sold autographs on the Internet to make a livin'.

And then somehow someone found me. Someone in this business found me... to this day, I don't know how.

[He takes a deep breath.]

JWH: GOLIATH Takehara found me... and he had a proposition for me. I tell ya, kid, I hung up on him three times before he finally got me to listen. See, they didn't want me to wrestle. The Japanese... they have a bit of a hero worship thing going on when it comes to wrestlin'... and when they found out I was there, they wanted me involved with this big global company - the Korugun Corporation.

[Hardin laughs.]

JWH: I didn't get it. I learned more on the streets than from a book... what the hell did I know about big business? They didn't care. They made me a rich man... again. And they gave me a purpose. And they never asked me to get involved with pro wrestlin' because they knew I didn't want it.

When they got involved with the AWA, I figured it was coming... and I was ready to walk away from my new life over it. But they never asked... because they knew I didn't want it.

And then... then came South Philly.

[Hardin shakes his head in what appears to be disappointment.]

JWH: Eternally Extreme.

And this time... they didn't ask. This time, I offered. For my company. Out of loyalty. Out of gratitude. I knew the one night appearance of the great John Wesley Hardin - the one true Outlaw of pro wrestlin' - that would mean somethin'.

And so, I offered... and they accepted... and I got involved with Castillo and...

[He spreads his arms wide.]

JWH: ...here we are. But it wasn't supposed to be this way, kid. I was supposed to shake yer hand in South Philly, wave to the crowd, and get back on a plane to Tokyo the same night.

I ain't gonna lie, Casey... I felt the rush. When I was backstage... when I heard that crowd... I felt it. And it burned through my veins right into my heart, my soul, my mind. I wanted more...

...but I was strong, damn it. And I wasn't about to give in.

[He nods.]

JWH: Shake yer hand, wave to the crowd, and walk the hell away. That was my plan when I walked through that curtain and heard that reaction... my god, that

reaction... I get chills right now thinking about it. But I was strong and I wasn't about to give in.

Until...

[He points a finger.]

JWH: Ya dragged me back in. One punch, James. One punch was all it took...

[He pauses.]

JWH: And ya damn well knew it. Ya knew that I couldn't walk away after that. Ya knew that I'd come looking for this fight. And still, I tried to walk away... I tried, damn it! I put that bounty on yer head and sat back and watched people fail and fail and fail.

Until I knew I had to do it myself.

I was strong... but I had to give in.

[Hardin holds up a lone finger.]

JWH: One more time. One LAST time.

[He points down.]

JWH: The boots are on. The jeans are on.

[He smirks, reaching off-camera and pulling a black Stetson into view, tugging it onto his head.]

JWH: The Stetson's on too, kid. One more time. One last time.

You and me.

[He reaches off camera again, pulling a bottle into view that clearly says "KESSLER" on the side of it. The Outlaw gives a nod before tossing one back, taking a deep swig of the brown liquid. He sighs in satisfaction as he wipes a hand across his mouth.]

JWH: One more round... and this one, kid... it's on me.

[The Outlaw of Professional Wrestling climbs to his feet, taking a deep breath before starting towards the door as we slowly fade to...

...one of the locker rooms of the Rogers Centre. The room is mostly empty except for one, large, vaguely Casey "Blackheart" James shaped form with his back to the camera. He sits on a bench, facing into one of the lockers, his long blond hair obscuring his face. Without showing any physical acknowledgement of the camera, he starts speaking...]

CJ: What'd you think, old man? Did you enjoy that? A bit of the ol' time head games?

[Casey turns to look over his shoulder, and we see that he's wearing yet another Outlaw Mask.]

CJ: Did it bring back those memories? Are you feelin' misty about back in the day?

[James stands up and turns, squared up with the camera.]



CJ: I gotta admit, I kind of forgot the feel of this mask. Forgot what it represents.

[Though it's hard to be sure with the mask in the way, Casey appears to smirk]

CJ: Now hold up, I ain't gonna stand here and wax poetic about your legacy or anything like that. I'm remembering that grift we had. Baiting with you and switching to me. We lived like kings for a few years pulling that in promotion after promotion...

[Casey reaches up and touches the mask on his face...]

CJ: And maybe I got pulled into that grift a bit, too... Maybe I looked up to you a little too much and got blinded. Maybe you did become a father figure... [Shakes his head] I dunno. I ain't no shrink. All I do know is that I don't need you any more, Hardin. I don't need your approval any more, and I sure as hell don't need this goddamn thing any more...

[Casey grabs a hold of the mask and slowly removes it. The crowd can be heard popping in the background in reaction to Casey's face. It's painted like a skull. Casey stares intensely into the camera, and for the first time in a long time, doesn't look like he's on the verge of cracking a joke. The original Demon speaks...]

CJ: I don't need to be the Outlaw, Hardin... Because I'm something much, much worse.

You're gonna find out why people have been scared [BLEEP]less of the Blackheart for twenty years.

[Casey stares into the camera for a few moments while the pop outside in the arena raises in intensity. With a nod, Casey simply walks out of the shot...]

...and we fade away from the locker room area and out to center ring where Tyler Graham is standing.]

TG: The following contest is your OUTLAW RULES match!

[Big cheer of anticipation from the Toronto crowd!]

TG: The match has no rules and can only end when one of the participants is unable to answer a ten count.

First... the Special Guest Referee...

[Graham lowers the mic as "Ten Ton Hammer" by Machine Head kicks in to a big recognition response from the sold out Toronto crowd.]

TG: ...TIIIIIIIGERRRRR CLAAAAAAAAAAAAW!

[The curtain parts and arguably the most dangerous man in professional wrestling walks into view. Claw is dressed as a wrestler-turned-referee for one night should dress - black athletic pants, boots, and a black and white striped t-shirt with the sleeves cut out to reveal that the former World Champion and Hall of Famer is still in excellent shape.]

SA: Tiger Claw on his way to the ring, the referee for this one. There's been a lot of discussion about the why behind that decision from JW Hardin - something we'll talk more about as this one goes on but right now, Tiger Claw looks like a man who is all business as he heads to the ring to referee a very dangerous match involving his very best friend.

CP: Three former World Champions in this match. Three Hall of Famers. The star power in this one is off the charts, Sal.

[Claw reaches the ring, climbing inside. He raises a hand to the cheering crowd before backing into the corner to await the arrival of the combatants.]

TG: Introducing first...

[The lights drop as a red spotlight hits the entrance stage. The voice of John Wesley Hardin is heard, delivering his signature catchphrase.]

"Ain't life grand?"

[The opening synth of Pat Benatar's "Outlaw Blues" begins to play over the PA system, pulsing repeatedly as the crowd buzzes with anticipation for what they're about to witness.]

TG: One of the all-time greats in the world of professional wrestling. He is a former World Champion. He is a Hall of Famer.

Standing an impressive six foot ten inches tall and weighing in tonight at 353 pounds...

From Dry Gulch, Texas...

The Outlaw of Professional Wrestling...

JOHN! WESLEY! HARRRRRRRRDINNNNNNNNNNN!

[The roof nearly comes off the Rogers Centre as the crowd ERUPTS for the long-awaited arrival of the Outlaw as he strides into view.]

The man. The myth. The legend.

John Wesley Hardin the fourth steps out from behind the curtain. His muscular frame, the long black hair, the black goatee...all these things add to the darkness that is J.W. Hardin. The cowboy hat is pulled low over his eyes, shielding the crowd from whatever thoughts pass through his mind.]

SA: There he is, fans! And if you never thought you'd see this day again, you are not alone! John Wesley Hardin walking that aisle to compete in his first professional wrestling match in fifteen some years!

CP: What a moment this one is, Sal. I never thought I'd see it again for sure. When Hardin arrived in the E back in '97, that was just about the end of him as a full time competitor. He'd pop up here and there for a while but 1998 was just about the end of the roar as an everyday competitor. So, you talk about fifteen years, it's been almost TWENTY years since he's gotten into that ring night in and night out.

[As Hardin stands in full view, climbing about the ring cart, we can see a full length black duster hanging low and a black t-shirt that looks about twenty years old with a very simple phrase on it...

TWO MEN ENTER, ONE MAN LEAVES

Hardin is stoic as they head towards the ring, not reacting to the near-deafening mixed response - cheers for the legend that is John Westley Hardin, jeers for the man he has shown them over the past near-five months.]

SA: Two men enters, one man leaves... that's Outlaw Rules in a nutshell, Colt.

CP: And if that shirt looks familiar to anyone at home, it's because it's the exact same t-shirt he wore to the ring when he took on Bobby Taylor in May of 1998 at Showtime V in an Outlaw Rules match - one of the most famous in wrestling history.

[Entering the ring, Hardin ignores Tyler Graham as he walks to the corner, removing his duster and hat. He also yanks the t-shirt off, giving it a toss into the crowd for one unforgettable souvenir for a lucky fan, revealing an upper body that - while not quite at his peak in the late 90s - is definitely much more chiseled than it was back in July when he made his return to the spotlight.]

SA: And if at times I go quiet in this one, it's because I'm sitting here pinching myself to make sure this is real.

CP: Oh, it's as real as it gets, Albano... and it's about to get even realer.

[The music fades, the crowd buzzing with anticipation.]

TG: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

#WHOA ALRIGHT!"

[As "Foul Taste of Freedom" rips over the PA system, the crowd rises in salute of the anthem that has meant the arrival of one man for over two decades.]

TG: He too is a former World Champion. He too is a Hall of Famer. Standing six foot six inches... weighing in at 320 pounds...

From Washington, DC...

The King of the Death Match...

The Blackheart himself...

...CAAAAAAAASEYYYYYYYYY JAAAAAAAAAAAAAMESSSSSS!

[And the curtain comes ripping apart with ferocity as James stomps into view. He is dressed in what can best be described as his "death match" ring gear - heavy leather boots, cargo pants, tape on his hands and arms...

...and the absolutely terrifying facepaint that has transformed his face into a skull. He has a few barked words down the aisle for Hardin as he marches right down the ramp, hopping up into the ring cart with a "LET'S [BLEEPING] GO!"

SA: Casey James has never been one to abide by rules - in or out of the ring. We all remember that brutal and bloody Syndicate Street Fight a year ago with James and Claw against Jack Lynch and Supreme Wright. We know all the chaos the Syndicate caused last year leading up to that match... and really, that's just the tip of the iceberg when it comes to Casey James.

CP: The stories are things of legend, Sal. Kidnapping Kauffman's dog. His role leading up to the Triple Cross like we saw earlier. His role in the Legends Beatdown of Taylor. His own wars with Taylor, lighting him on fire in front of his own kid. The Dojo Match. The bloody war with Temple, losing his own damn finger in a match... need I go on?

SA: We know what Casey James is capable of, Colt... and if we know it, you know JW Hardin knows it as well.

[The cart comes to a stop as James climbs out of the cart, marching right up the ringsteps, and ducking through the ropes to a huge reaction.]

SA: There are a lot of huge matches on this show tonight, Colt... but for a lot of the fans here tonight in Toronto as well as watching at home... this is it. This is THEIR Main Event.

CP: You put Hardin versus James on any marquee at any point in the last twenty years, it WAS the Main Event... and the fact that it's not tonight is a testament to the incredible lineup we've seen so far tonight and all that's still to come.

SA: The words "dream match" were made for this right here.

[The music dies down as the two longtime enemies turned allies turned friends turned enemies stare at one another from across the ring...]

SA: This... this right here is a SuperClash moment, Colt.

CP: You don't have to tell me about it, Albano. I was there... I was there working for the E when these two became prominent players on the big stage in Portland. I was in the office when they showed up at No Imitations Accepted 1997 right here in this very building and shook the whole damn wrestling business to the core. This is a match that most of us thought we'd never get to see in person... and a match that all of us KNOW we'll never get to see again.

[We zoom in on James, the skull facepaint in place but his eyes burning through it into the man standing across the ring from him - a man he's waited twenty years to get one on one in the ring on the grandest stage.]

SA: James with rage in his eyes... that skull facepaint is only used by the Blackheart when he's out for blood and tonight, you better believe he's out for blood. Casey James has accomplished a lot in his storied career. He's been a World Champion. He's a Hall of Famer. He was the King of the Death Match. And tonight, he wants to add one more line on that legendary resume - he wants to beat the Outlaw in his farewell match.

[Cut to Hardin whose gaze is a little softer... a little easier going. He's not burning mad at James but he's confident in his abilities and sure that his legacy will include one final historic moment after this night.]

CP: But Hardin's resume is just about as strong, Sal. He's been a World Champion. He's a Hall of Famer. He's the Outlaw of professional wrestling. Often imitated, never duplicated. And if you think James wants to beat Hardin in his final match, you better believe that Hardin wants to go out a winner and put the Blackheart down.

[Cut to Tiger Claw standing between the two, arms outstretched to keep them at bay.]

SA: And of course, the man in the middle is Tiger Claw. Former World Champion in his own right. Hall of Famer in his own right. He's considered one of the most dangerous men to ever step inside the squared circle. And he knows these two men perhaps better than any other. He's been allies with them both. He's been enemies with them both. And tonight, his job is to call this one right down the middle and count to ten. That's it. No pinfalls, submissions... certainly no countouts or disqualifications... this match does NOT end until someone is unable to answer the ten count that Tiger Claw lays down.

CP: You know, I talked to Hardin earlier tonight, Sal... and I asked him - why Claw? Why would you pick your opponent's best friend to be the referee in the last match of your career?

SA: It's a question a lot of people have been asking. He said on Saturday Night Wrestling that he wanted him where he could keep his eyes on him.

CP: Right... he told me that was in the heat of the moment but he also told me it's simple. Tiger Claw is the most honorable man he knows. He believes that Claw WILL call it down the middle... that he'll respect the magnitude of this match here tonight and he won't play favorites... but he also said that if Claw steps over the line, he won't hesitate to take him out himself.

SA: Honor, pride, self-respect... it's a code that Claw lives by and has passed on to his own student, Brian James, who is backstage watching with great interest here tonight as he prepares to challenge for the World Heavyweight Title later on.

[Quick cut to Casey... then to Hardin... then a wide shot showing both men with Claw between them as the crowd is already buzzing with electricity over the final showdown between these two legendary competitors...

...and with a swipe of his hand, Claw signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: There's the bell and it's Outlaw Rules here at SuperClash!

[At the sound of the bell, the two enemies come tearing across the ring at one another, fists cocked as they collide in the middle!]

SA: The fists are flying in Toronto! Right hands by both men, throwing as hard and as fast as they can!

CP: Looks like we scheduled a wrestling match and a damn hockey fight broke out!

SA: And these fans are going crazy already - nobody loves a good hockey fight like the citizenry of Canada!

[James is driving his knuckles into the side of Hardin's face, grunting with each blow from the exertion...

...but to his credit, Hardin is taking those heavy shots and responding in kind, rocking the Blackheart back on his heels!]

SA: And for someone like John Wesley Hardin who has been out of a wrestling ring for some fifteen years, you want to take that first shot early, don't you, Colt?

CP: You do. For a lot of guys, it's what wakes you up... gets that blood pumping... lets you know that you're in a fight. Hardin hasn't been in a fight like this for a long, long time so he needs to remember what it's like in a hurry.

[Hardin's big looping haymakers are taking a little while longer to get to James but they're having great effect, sending him staggering backwards to the shock of the crowd...]

SA: Look at this, Colt! Hardin's fists are finding the mark and it's Casey James who is reeling early on in this one... I should mention no time limit in this one as well.

CP: Hardin looks to be in tremendous shape, Sal. For someone who has been cooped up in a desk job for fifteen years, he looks to be in phenomenal shape as he got ready for this fight.

SA: Hardin took the four months since Eternally Extreme to get ready for this fight - hitting the gym, working on his diet. I'm told he cut out his cigar habit to keep his cardio up. His drinking is down as well.

CP: I wonder if Casey can say the same.

[Falling back into the ropes, James leans back for a moment, shaking his head to clear the cobwebs...

...and then shoves off, landing a heavy right between the eyes that staggers Hardin, causing him to stumble backwards, throwing a big hook that hits nothing but air!]

SA: James caught him good there! And Casey James - to his credit - also appears to be in tremendous shape for this matchup.

CP: I'd hope so, Sal, with as long as he's wanted this match.

[James lands a second blow... and a third, driving Hardin back across the ring towards the far ropes as the crowd cheers for every punch landed... by either competitor for the moment.]

SA: The crowd in Toronto is going wild for this one. As you mentioned, Colt, the EMWC debuts for both of these men were right here in this very building nearly 20 years ago... but on that night, they were on the same side.

CP: The same side kicking Bobby Taylor's ass from here to Saskatchewan.

[Colt chuckles as Hardin falls back against the ropes, taking lefts and rights to the body from James who is still throwing heavy, heavy hands...]

SA: James backs him down, up against the ropes, going downstairs to the body now, trying to break Hardin down and take some of the wind out of him.

CP: Casey James isn't exactly known for having superior conditioning but it's in his best interest to drag Hardin kicking and screaming into the deep, deep waters tonight. No amount of cardio can prepare you for the ring and Hardin - as we've said - has been a long time out of the ring.

[But as James winds up again, Hardin reaches out and rakes his fingers across the eyes to jeers!]

SA: The Outlaw living up to his name, going right to the eyes there... and remember, that's totally legal in this one as James goes staggering away, rubbing at his eyes.

CP: That move looks so simple but it can really have a major impact on a match. You're temporarily blinded - that's bad enough - but it can also have a lingering effect on your vision throughout the whole match... and if an opponent goes too deep and turns an eyerake into an eyegouge, you could suffer permanent vision damage.

[James stumbles across the ring, rubbing at his eyes as Claw steps back, watching as Hardin throws himself back into the ropes, charging in on James...

...and puts him down with a running tackle, punctuated by a loud shout as James falls to the mat, and promptly rolls from the ring, still swiping at his eyes to clear his vision.]

SA: James rolls to the outside... and like you said, Colt... he's still having trouble getting his eyes back to normal...

CP: Hardin's looking to take advantage of it too, heading out after-

[But as Hardin gets closer to the ropes, James suddenly can see again, reaching under the ropes to hook Hardin's ankles, giving a yank and pulling him right off his feet!]

SA: Oh! James playing possum there a bit, I think... he's got the leg now and-

[Lifting Hardin's leg high in the air, James SLAMS the back of the knee down on the edge of the ring apron, drawing an "oooooh" from the Rogers Centre crowd!]

SA: James targeting the knee here...

CP: Which is an incredibly smart strategy in a match like this where you have to get to your feet to avoid losing. A lot of people walk into a match like this swinging for the fences, thinking you need to inflict maximum damage to your opponent to keep them down for ten... but going after the knee can be just as effective.

[James slams the knee down a second time before spinning away, turning towards the ringside barricade...]

SA: Hardin's grabbing at the knee... he's a big, big man walking around in there...

CP: Six foot ten... somewhere around 350 pounds... the man from Dry Gulch, Texas is suddenly remembering what the world of a pro wrestler is like and I'm not sure he's liking it right about now.

[The Blackheart approaches the railing, rabid AWA fans shouting and waving to him as he shoves out a hand screaming "GET ME A [BLEEP] DAMN CHAIR!"]

SA: You can take the man out of the EMWC but you can't take the EMWC out of the man, I suppose.

CP: He's been swearing like that since childhood. Don't blame the E for that.

[A very happy fan hands over a chair as James gleefully turns around, marching back towards the ring, swinging the chair back overhead...]

SA: He's going after the knee again!

[...and SLAMS the chair down on the apron as Hardin jerks his legs back inside the ring at the last moment, narrowly avoiding a blow across the kneecaps. James grimaces...]

SA: Hardin avoided it... just barely... and now-

CP: Look out!

[The crowd buzzes as James angrily hurls the chair over the top rope, sending it helicoptering across the ring where it narrowly misses Tiger Claw before clattering to a skidding halt on the canvas. Claw glares at his friend, pointing a threatening finger at him as James climbs up on the apron...]

SA: James almost got his friend... and the referee for this one... Tiger Claw with that chair. Claw warning him now.

CP: I'd call that a threat.

SA: Fair enough. James and Claw trading some early match words though and-

[With James distracted, Hardin comes lumbering across the ring, swinging a leg up...]

SA: BIG BOOT!

[...and boots James right in the mouth, sending him flying backwards off the railing, crashing down onto the barely-padded floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Hard fall down to the outside for the Blackheart... and remember, that ten count can occur outside the ring as well... so as John Wesley Hardin steps over the ropes, exiting to the outside, Tiger Claw is following along to make sure he's in a position to count if necessary.

[Hardin drops off the apron near the downed James, sneering down at the Blackheart...]

"Thought ya could get one over on me?!"

[...and delivers a hard boot to the ribs as James grimaces, cradling his ribcage. The Outlaw grabs him by the hair, steering him to his feet...]

SA: Hardin pulls him up...

[The crowd groans as Hardin DRIVES James' face into the ring apron, sending him stumbling alongside it.]

SA: ...facefirst into the apron! Hardin's come to fight and if Casey James thought the 15 year layoff would be enough to put the former King of the Death Match over the top, he was obviously mistaken, Colt.

CP: It would be easy to underestimate Hardin considering that layoff but you gotta remember - he's JW friggin' Hardin! There's a reason why this guy got the reaction he got in South Philly nearly fifteen years since he vanished from the world of pro wrestling. He's an icon! He's a legend! His legacy is intact... but tonight, he wants to add one more page to it...

[Grabbing the wobbly James by the arm, Hardin gives a grunt of exertion as he whips James across the ringside area...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and rockets James spinefirst into the steel barricade!]

SA: The Blackheart meets the steel here in Toronto... and we talked about Ring Wars 3 earlier tonight, Colt... Casey James successfully defended the IIWF World Title at that legendary event - perhaps the most famous in IIWF history - against the Subway Psycho... and Hardin wasn't even on the card. He was MIA for perhaps the biggest event in that company's history.

CP: He may be trying to make up for lost time here tonight.



[With James leaning against the steel trying to recover, Hardin turns around, looking for some steel of his own...]

SA: And there goes the seat of our ring announcer, Tyler Graham.

CP: You see how fast Graham got out of there when Hardin came towards him?

SA: Can you blame him? John Wesley Hardin with ominous intentions, I do believe...

[Hardin winds up with the chair, ready to crown the former King of the Death Match with it...]

SA: Steel chair over the skull!

“CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!”

[The crowd reacts as James clears out, causing Hardin to SMASH the chair down on the steel railing. The resulting jolt causes Hardin to dump the chair, grimacing as he shakes out his hands in pain...]

CP: Take it from me, that one’s gotta hurt.

[A fired-up Blackheart is back on the scene, turning Hardin around so that his back is against the railing.]

SA: Right hand to the ribs... another... another...

[James is just teeing off with blows to the body and as soon as Hardin doubles over, James switches to clubbing forearms across the back, whipping the Toronto crowd into a frenzy with the beatdown!]

SA: LOOK! AT! CASEY! GO!

[The battering of forearms takes Hardin off his feet, depositing him on a knee as James stands over him, letting loose a loud “EEEEHHGAAAAAAH!” to the cheering crowd...]

SA: James just pounding Hardin like the Outlaw owes him money!

[James is shaking his head as he pulls Hardin back off a knee to his feet, ducking low...]

SA: ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

[...and lifts the 350 plus pounder up into his powerful arms, the crowd roaring as James gets him high up off the ringside mats for a slam...

...and then unceremoniously DUMPS him over the railing and into the front row where a few slow-footed fans get knocked down while the rest scurry clear!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: Oh! We’ve got fans down in the front row - get some help over there please.

CP: And we know from previous experience that Casey James couldn’t give a damn about that. The words “extra insurance coverage” were created to slap on a man like the Blackheart. He’ll level each and every one of the 70,000 plus fans in this building tonight if it means he gets his hands on Hardin!

[We can see a quick surge of AWA officials and security rushing to help the few downed fans as James points to the laid out Hardin who is sprawled upside down across the first two rows of seats.]

SA: This fight CAN go anywhere in the building and I think Casey James just proved that!

[James swings a leg over the railing, waving a hand to clear the people between he and Hardin who quickly get clear as the Blackheart climbs into the crowd.]

SA: Uh oh... and insurance premiums continue to climb here at SuperClash as now BOTH men are in the front row here at ringside!

[Grabbing Hardin by the arm, James drags him, twisting him around into a seated position in the first seat in the row. He SLAMS a fist down into the forehead of the seated Hardin... and another...]

SA: Tiger Claw, the referee, is right out there at ringside as well but so far, he's had nothing to do in this one. Just waiting for someone to go down long enough to start his ten count that could conceivably end the match at any point.

[Another fist down between the eyes lands before James pulls Hardin out of the chair, turning him around...

...and presses down on the back of the neck, forcing Hardin's throat into the edge of the chair back!]

SA: James using that chair as a weapon now - choking Hardin on it!

CP: And there's no disqualifications so he can do this all day if he wants to, Sal.

SA: It would be a good way to wear down Hardin even more. As karate master Terry Silver once said, if a man can't breathe, he can't fight.

[Hardin's arms are flailing back and forth, trying to get loose as James shouts down at home... "CHOKER ON IT, HARDIN! CHOKER!" A few more moments pass before James lets go of the choke, shoving Hardin off the chair and down onto the Rogers Centre floor where the veteran is coughing and gasping for air. The Blackheart steps up on the chair, looking out on the sold out crowd with his arms raised over his head to a tremendous roar.]

SA: A big roar from these AWA fans... a far cry from what Casey James heard a year ago when he and Tiger Claw took on Jack Lynch and Supreme Wright in that Syndicate Street Fight that raged all over New Orleans. A year ago, James was one of the most hated men in the company and this year...

CP: A guy like Casey James has earned the fans' respect though, Albano. Even when they don't like what he's doing, they deep down want to cheer him for it. That's why they can go from wreaking havoc over the whole company one minute and then be heroes again in the next.

SA: Tell that to Theresa Lynch.

[James looks down at someone nudging him in the leg...]

SA: Uhhh...

[...and gladly accepts a cup of beer. James nods to the fan, holding it high with a "HERE'S TO US!" and throws it back, chugging the whole thing before tossing the cup aside to a roar!]

SA: ...a little mid-match beverage for the Blackheart...

[James turns, looking at Hardin as the Outlaw slowly comes up off the floor, still rubbing at his neck. James pumps a mighty arm once...

...and then THROWS HIMSELF off the chairs with a clothesline that takes Hardin off his feet, sending them both crashing down on the Rogers Centre's outfield grass!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Casey James rarely takes to the sky but when he does, 320 pounds of flying humanity can do some damage!

[James and Hardin are sprawled out in the aisle between the two sections of seats, cheering fans surrounding them to get a closer look at the action. Tiger Claw leans in, checking on both competitors as James pushes up to his knees, nodding his head at the roaring Toronto fans.]

SA: Casey James has been dreaming of this night for almost two decades and he's living it right now to the delight of these fans here at SuperClash IX.

[Climbing off his feet, the Blackheart sneers at a fan in a black Stetson and an old IIWF t-shirt that has that company's Horsemen faction pictured waving a sign in his face that reads "THE OUTLAW RIDES AGAIN." He angrily snatches it away from the fan, threatening to "crack his chest in half" if he intervenes...]

CP: Not all of the fans, Albano. That guy looks like he's here reliving his youth.

[...and then wheels around to SMASH the sign over the head of a rising Hardin, a hole ripping through it to hang around Hardin's neck to a huge cheer! James turns to the upset fan, flashing a middle finger in his direction to a big cheer.]

SA: Casey James, making friends and influencing people wherever he goes, Colt.

CP: James was never in this for the fan mail, Albano.

[Pulling the sign off Hardin's neck, James grabs him by the jeans and chucks him back over the railing into the area around ringside. He climbs over the railing after him as the ringside fans in that area return to their seats.]

SA: Hardin's down... James is after him... and now James has the steel chair in hand and that cannot be good news for the Outlaw...

[James winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: STEEL MEETS SPINE! RIGHT DOWN ACROSS THE BACK!

[Tiger Claw returns to the ringside area, watching closely as James raises the chair overhead again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: I don't know if Casey James has ever been a bartender, Colt, but tonight he's serving up shots... chairshots!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: And Hardin may be looking to call an Uber and call it a night after that! What a blow down across the back of Hardin!

[James pulls Hardin up, shoving him under the ropes into the ring. He rolls in after him, bringing the chair with him...]

SA: Back in the ring now... James putting that chair down on the chest of Hardin...

[With a shrug, James drops back into the ropes, bouncing off...]

SA: ...BIG SPLASH!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts as James drops a splash down on the steel chair covering the prone Hardin's torso! James flops off to the side, grabbing onto his ribs, grimacing in pain as Claw slides over to check...]

...and then raises his arms to start the first official ten count of the match.]

SA: Unusual offense from James - a very unlikely move for him, dropping about 320 pounds down on the chair and the ribs... and now Tiger Claw is starting his count, looking to perhaps end this match for one of these participants...

[James is clutching his ribs, grimacing in pain as he looks up at the counting Tiger Claw with a surprised expression...]

SA: And Colt, Casey James almost looks surprised that his friend, Tiger Claw, is counting him down. Do you think James expected to find Claw a little more... solidly favorite him?

CP: I don't know what James expected but this is exactly what Hardin expected. Right down the middle. Both men down? Start a double count.

SA: That count is up to three, both men trying to get to their feet and keep fighting in this one...

[As the count reaches four, we see both James and Hardin work their way to their feet, both men now clutching at their ribcage as they stare across the ring at one another again...]

SA: Both men up at four... still lots of fight left in them...

[...and then rush one another again, throwing bombs from waaaaay back there as they try to punch the other into unconsciousness!]

SA: Here we go again! The fight is on... again... here in Toronto at SuperClash!

[And again, the crowd responds by going wild for the sloppy exchange of haymakers as they pummel one another wildly...]

SA: James and Hardin beating the heck out of each other in the middle of the ring and Tiger Claw just get to stand back and watch!

[...and this time, it's Casey James who goes to the eyes, raking across them to... cheers?]

SA: Are these fans actually cheering an eyerake?!

CP: I told you, Albano! Casey James is a damn icon! He could powerbomb YOU and they'd chant "one more time!"

SA: I certainly hope not... oh!

[Sal's exclamation comes as James powers the blinded Hardin up on his shoulder, driving him back into the buckles at high impact!]

SA: Into the corner now... James grabs the ropes...

[The Blackheart slams his shoulder into the midsection of the Outlaw once... twice... three times...]

SA: Again going after the body... trying to take the wind out of Hardin who at ten minutes and change is probably starting to feel it a little.

CP: They're probably BOTH starting to feel it a little bit. Casey James is no spring chicken either and he doesn't have the strongest training regimen even for a big match like this.

[James backs off from Hardin, leaving the Outlaw breathing heavily in the corner, grabbing at his ribs...]

SA: Casey backs across, giving himself room...

[...and with a shout, the Blackheart charges back in, lowering his shoulder for another tackle...]

SA: Oh! Hardin with a boot to the chest - that stops Casey cold!

[James stumbles back, doubling over as Hardin steps out of the corner, snatching a front facelock...]

SA: HARDIN HOOKS HIM!

[...and the crowd buzzes in instant recognition as Hardin hooks the front facelock, grabbing a handful of James' pants for extra lift...]

SA: CATTLE BUSTER!

[...and SPIKES James' skull into the canvas with the signature move of John Wesley Hardin!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: HE GOT HIM! HE SPIKED HIM GOOD, COLT!

CP: This could be it right here! JW Hardin may have just finished off Casey James a whole lot quicker than any of us expected, Albano!

[Even Claw looks a little surprised as he edges closer to his motionless friend, looking down on him...]

...and an agitated Hardin gets off the mat, giving Claw a little shove and shouting "COUNT HIM!" Claw glares at the Outlaw for a moment...]

CP: I don't know if I'd choose violence with Tiger Claw but you do you, Jay Dubba.

[...and then starts his ten count as obligated.]

SA: JW Hardin got up in the face of Tiger Claw, wanting that count started a little quicker but Claw lets it slide... this time... and starts his ten count.

CP: James isn't moving, Sal. I think this really might be over right here and now.

SA: Hardin caught Casey coming in with that tackle... turned it around and spiked him with that legendary Cattle Buster. We've seen a lot of people use that move over the years and... well, no one does it quite like the original.

CP: Gordon might not be the only announcer fired around here tonight if Taylor hears you saying that.

[At the count of three, James slowly lifts an arm up off the mat, stretching it straight up as Hardin looks down on him, disbelief crossing his face.]

SA: James has that arm up!

CP: That's not enough though - he's gotta be on his feet before ten to keep this Outlaw Rules fight going.

[The count goes up to four, James' arm still sticking straight up in the air as Hardin looks puzzled now...]

SA: What is Casey James doing?!

CP: I have no...

[Colt trails off as the count hits five and James slowly extends his middle finger towards JW Hardin to a HUGE ROAR from the Rogers Centre crowd.]

SA: Oh. Jeez. Really?

[Colt stifles a chuckle as James laughs from his prone spot on the mat and Claw counts six.]

SA: The count is up to six and... not for long it's not!

[A pissed-off Hardin stomps over towards James, grabbing the raised arm, yanking him up off the mat where James POPS him with a right hand on the jaw!]

SA: Oh! Big right hand by Casey and-

[Hardin swings a knee up into the midsection, cutting Casey off from more of a comeback...]

...and then with a handful of hair, he HURLS him over the top rope, throwing him down on the barely-padded floor in a heap!]

SA: -ALL THE WAY DOWN TO THE FLOOR! Wow! Casey James tried to get under the skin of John Wesley Hardin and... well, he succeeded, Colt.

CP: He did but he paid the price for it. Casey James has been known over the years to engage in some pretty vicious mindgames - remember when he kidnapped Dan Kauffman's dog?

SA: Who could ever forget that one? But right now, those mindgames might've backfired on him. He broke the count but now he's out on the outside again with the Outlaw coming out after him.

[Hardin drops down to the floor again, glaring down at James who is still sprawled out on it.]

SA: Casey James with a little Drowning Pool action as his body hits the floor... and Hardin may be about to make it happen...

[Hardin pulls James up off the mats, scooping him up in his long arms...]

SA: ...AGAAAAAAAAINNNN!

[...and SLAMS him down on the thin ringside mats, James crying out and arching his back as he grimaces from the big slam!]

SA: Hardin with a vicious slam... and Casey James is in a world of hurt right now, Colt.

CP: He is... and Hardin looks to be hanging in there pretty well. Going into this, we all wondered if he'd have the legs for this. If he'd be able to hang in there when the match got longer. So far, he's doing well but he's gotta keep it up and go for the kill on the Blackheart before the Blackheart can go for the kill on him.

SA: The Outlaw perhaps looking to take your advice, Colt...

[Hardin walks over towards the timekeeper's table...

...and **SHOVES** the timekeeper out of his chair and down on the floor to huge jeers!]

SA: ...and Hardin puts his hands on the timekeeper! Inexcusable behavior for the Outlaw!

CP: Yeah, but whaddya gonna do... fine him? Suspend him? After tonight, he's headed back to Tokyo and we may never see him again!

SA: That may be true but before he goes, he's still got one foe left to conquer...

[Struggling to get up off the floor, James pushes up to his knees as Hardin advances on him...]

SA: I don't like the looks of this.

[...and draws the chair waaaaay back overhead...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRIVES it down between the eyes of the Blackheart who tries to get an arm up to block in time but has little effect in saving his skull as he collapses down on the floor again!]

SA: DAAAAAANGER! Hardin swinging that chair like Joe Carter in the '93 World Series right here in the SkyDome! Touch 'em all, Jay Dubba... you'll never hit a bigger home run in your life!

[Hardin backs off, tossing the chair aside as he waves for Claw to count again.]

SA: Hardin giving room for Claw to step in there... Claw's going to start that ten count again... and so far, Tiger Claw has done what many expected he would, call it right down the middle. His friend just got laid out with a steel chair and yet he's still starting another count.

CP: We watched that video package earlier to remind everyone just what this match is about... but Tiger Claw didn't need to see it. Tiger Claw LIVED it. He was there for all of it... from the very beginning until now, the very end. He knows how important it is... he knows the stakes. And he knows that neither of these guys would want to win it in any other fashion than just beating their opponent into oblivion.

SA: Claw's count is up to two... James again down on the floor, facefirst on these ringside mats covering up the outfield grass or the infield dirt depending on where you are.

[Claw's deliberate count goes to three as James moves an arm, dragging it down to rest under his face...]

SA: James with a little bit of movement there... Hardin standing nearby, ready to jump in and deliver more punishment if he needs to...

CP: That count is at four already. James is barely moving. Look at the dent in that chair - there may be a matching one in James' skull after that... not that you could tell after all the abuse this guy's been through over the years. The King of the Death Match...

SA: It was September 30, 2000 in the Fleetcenter in Boston, Massachusetts... over 17 years ago that Casey James threw Mike Justice off a scaffold to win that year's King of the Death Match tournament at the EMWC's Blood, Sweat, and Tears event. He took a ton of punishment to win it and he may need to do the same here tonight to finally put down the Outlaw.

[Claw's count is up to five as James slides one arm under his chest... then the other...]

SA: Don't look now, Colt... but Casey James is starting to stir!

[Hardin glares coldly down at him as James lets loose a roar of effort, pushing himself off the floor and up to his knees...

...where we see a trickle of blood coming down his forehead.]

SA: Uh oh - Casey James has been split open by that blow from the steel chair by Hardin! He really waffled him with that chair... we saw the damage to the chair and now we see the damage to the head of the Blackheart.

[The count continues on the kneeling James, getting up to seven before he gets the rest of the way to his feet on wobbly legs...]

SA: James is up! The count breaks and the match continues but... James is in trouble, Colt.

CP: He can barely stand! He looks like he's gonna fall down any second now.

[Hardin steps towards James, ready to strike down with a double axehandle between the eyes...]

SA: Hardin staying on the attack and- ohh! James boots him in the gut!



[With Hardin reeling, James grabs him by the back of the head, wheeling around towards the ring...]

SA: FACEFIRST INTO THE APRON!

[James pursues the staggering Hardin who stumbles alongside the apron, coming to rest by the steel ringpost...]

SA: Hardin's by the post and James is right behind him!

[Grabbing the back of the head again, James takes aim...]

SA: He's gonna put him into the post!

[...but as he attempts to smash Hardin's skull into the steel, Hardin raises his arms, grabbing the post with both hands...]

CP: Blocked!

[A back elbow to the sternum cuts Casey off again as Hardin grabs him by the hair...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SKULL MEETS STEEL AS HARDIN SMASHES JAMES' HEAD INTO THE STEEL RINGPOST!

[James falls away from the post, dropping down to all fours as a menacing Hardin stands over him, looking down on the Blackheart as the crowd jeers the Outlaw who abandoned pro wrestling fans all over the world so long ago.]

SA: James is down on his knees... the blood coming even stronger down his forehead now after hitting the steel...

[With James kneeling before him, Hardin winds up and DRIVES his knuckles down into the lacerated forehead...]

SA: Right down on the cut!

[...and again...]

CP: Hardin's trying to split him even more, Sal.

[...and again...]

SA: No referee to stop these closed fists. Claw just has to watch as Hardin pummels his friend... and the blood is really flowing now down the face of Casey James at the hands of his former ally... some might even say friend...

CP: Some might even say mentor, Sal. It's a complicated relationship for sure.

SA: A one-sided relationship to hear JW Hardin tell it. He says Casey James has been obsessed with him for years while Hardin hasn't given Casey a second thought since the day he retired.

CP: And that just makes Casey even more obsessed with him.

[Dragging James off his knees, Hardin tosses the bloodied Blackheart under the ropes back into the ring...]

...and then tosses a second steel chair over the ropes, sending it bouncing off the mat near the other one already in there...]

SA: A pair of chairs in the ring... Hardin looking to turn up the dial on the "violence" meter.

CP: I just took a peek. We're just about to twenty minutes... and like we said, the longer this match goes, the better for the Blackheart in my estimation. So, it's to Hardin's advantage to do WHATEVER he needs to do to finish this as quickly as he can. This might be a big step towards exactly that.

SA: James is lacerated, bleeding profusely now as Hardin comes back in... two chairs in there with them...

[Hardin methodically grabs each chair, lifting them up, opening them up, and then setting them down facing one another...]

SA: I don't know what he has in mind here... making a bridge of sorts with these two chairs facing each other...

[He gives a second look at the chairs, nodding with satisfaction as he turns his attention back towards James who is again pushing his way off the mat, blood flowing heavily down his face.]

SA: The blood is flowing but James continues to get up, trying to stay in this thing...

[Hardin reaches out to grab him but James greets him with a right hand!]

SA: Right hand by the Blackheart! Another! A third!

[But again, Hardin swings a big knee up into the midsection, cutting him off...]

SA: Hardin goes downstairs... so much for that offensive flurry from the Blackheart...

[Grabbing the arm, Hardin whips James into the ropes, sending him bouncing back towards him where he lifts him up onto his shoulder, turning his six foot ten inch frame around to face the chairs...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...AND A STANDING SPINEBUSTER! AN ANGRY OUTLAW'S SPINEBUSTER RIGHT DOWN \_THROUGH\_ THOSE TWO STEEL CHAIRS!

CP: We've got mangled steel and a broken body of Casey James down on the mat!

[Grabbing at his back and writhing in pain, James is laid out between two chairs that have seen much better days, their seats twisted and bent as Claw steps forward, starting another count...]

SA: Tiger Claw - who has done an excellent job in this one - starting another ten count on the Blackheart who has been put through the physical wringer here in the last few minutes especially.

CP: We know Casey James can take... extreme if you pardon the phrase... amounts of punishment. We've seen it firsthand. But John Wesley Hardin is a different beast. Everything he does it designed to inflict maximum punishment... to cause

pain beyond measure. How much is too much for Casey James? That remains to be seen, Albano.

SA: James is conscious... he's moving... and that's a good first step for him as he tries to get back up off the mat and keep this historic battle going.

[Hardin glares down at James who uses the remnants of the chair to sit up as the count hits five...]

SA: The count is up to five but James looks like he's gonna make it. I don't know how but it looks like he's gonna make it back to his feet...

[A look of disgust on his face, Hardin turns away from the rising James, ducking through the ropes to stand on the apron and then drops down to the floor.]

SA: Hardin's not even gonna stick around for the rest of this count. He's going to the outside although I'm not sure why.

[Hardin angrily yanks up the ring apron, looking underneath...]

SA: He's checking under the ring for something and... oh, Sweet San Angelo.

CP: Just when you thought things couldn't get worse for the Blackheart, Albano.

[The crowd ROARS as Hardin jerks a wooden table into view from under the ring, standing for a moment to catch a breather before he lifts the table up, setting it up at ringside...]

SA: He's setting up that table on the floor... again, leveling up the violence in an attempt to finish off the Blackheart who just keeps getting up no matter what Hardin throws at him.

[Claw's count ends at eight as James struggles to his feet, promptly falling back into the ropes as he tries to regroup, reaching around to grab at his lower back.]

SA: The spinebuster through those chairs... oh, look at that...

[The camera catches a glimpse of a nasty cut on the back of James as well, bleeding down his torso.]

SA: ...the back of Casey James has been lacerated as well.

CP: Some sharp edges on that steel chair when it comes apart like that. James got cut by one of 'em obviously. And that just makes things even harder for the Blackheart when you start talking about blood loss slowing him down... taking the wind out of his sails.

[With a blood-covered grimace on his face, James pushes away from the ropes, staggering towards where Hardin has completed setting up the table and is now climbing back up on the apron with the aid of the ropes...]

SA: Hardin pulling himself up and- oh! Casey greets him with a right hand!

[The crowd cheers loudly as Hardin slumps back, hanging onto the ropes as they realize that a fall here would likely put Hardin through his own table.]

SA: James with another big right, trying to knock Hardin off his perch... maybe trying to put him through that table himself!

[Hardin is hanging on with white-knuckled hands to the top rope as James steps closer, winding up again...]

SA: Another right! And another!

[But all of James' blows, no matter the impact, are being absorbed by Hardin who will not fall... yet.]

SA: James is trying to knock him off the apron and through that table but Hardin is hanging on for dear life!

[Shaking his head, James steps back several steps, charging back in...]

SA: BIG SHOT!

[...but a running punch between the eyes has the same effect, a wobble and dip from Hardin who is precariously close to falling through the table... but he somehow manages to straighten up...]

SA: James can't get him down!

[An irate James stomps away from the ropes, ducking down to pick up one of the managed steel chairs off the mat...]

SA: James has got one of those chairs, bent by his own body and- OH!

[The crowd reacts as James HURLS the mangled chair at Hardin, bouncing it off his chest. The poor aim saves Hardin a fall through the table as he simply sinks down to a knee on the apron instead...]

SA: James got him good with the chair but Hardin's still on the apron!

[Again shaking his head, James ducks through the ropes to stand out on the apron with Hardin as the crowd noise gets increasingly louder and we can see many audience members coming to their feet for the dangerous showdown outside the ring...]

SA: Both men on the apron now - this could be a turning point in this match! Who is going to get the better here?!

CP: This is a dangerous spot to be in under normal circumstances - with that table there, all bets are off!

[James hammers a forearm down across the back of the kneeling Hardin's neck... and another... and another... and with a battle-worn roar, he rains down forearm after forearm after forearm with the crowd going wild!]

SA: CASEY JAMES IS FIRED UP!

[And with that energy pouring through him, the bloodied Blackheart pulls Hardin into a standing headscissors on the apron, looking out on the crowd who are on their feet with anticipation...]

SA: JAMES HOOKS HIM!

CP: Back in the day, he used to call this "GUNNNNNNNNNNK!" but I'm gonna call it for what it is - the end of the Outlaw if he hits it!

SA: James is looking to powerbomb John Wesley Hardin off the apron, through that table, and... STRAIGHT! TO! HELLLLLLLLL!

[But as James attempts to power the 350 pounder up into the air, the six foot ten Hardin stands up...]

SA: BACKDROP!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and sends James flying overhead, getting DUMPED violently on the ring apron with a spine-shaking jolt!]

SA: RIGHT ON THE APRON! RIGHT! ON! THE APRON! And Casey James' spine just suffered a shock of colossal proportions!

[Crying out in pain, James rolls off the apron to the floor, landing on his chest as he grabs at his back, grimacing all the while.]

SA: James went for it all right there and it cost him as JW Hardin reverses the powerbomb attempt, backdrops James onto the hardest part of the ring - the apron - and now it's Casey James who may not be able to recover from that! My oh my!

[Hardin sinks to a knee, breathing heavily as he tries to regroup from the near disaster with the table he set up himself. He hangs onto the ropes, looking up at Claw who starts a count on James on the outside...

...and with a dismissive wave of his hand towards Claw, Hardin slides off the apron to the floor, reaching down to drag a recovering James off the ringside mats...]

SA: Hardin's not gonna let it end like that! He's still got more damage to inflict!

[James' face gets bounced off the apron by Hardin who keeps a handful of hair, walking along the apron towards the timekeeper's table...

...whose occupants quickly scatter at the sight of the incoming Outlaw and the bloodied Blackheart...]

SA: Down facefirst on the table as well! Just narrowly missed hitting the ring bell there thankfully if you're a Casey James fan.

[Hardin pulls James up, staring dead in his eyes...]

"Ya wanna put me through a table, kid?! Well, the feelin' is damn sure mutual!"

[...and SLAMS his face down on the table a second time.]

SA: Hardin taking out 15 years of being cooped up in an office on Casey James. THIS is in his blood. THIS is what John Wesley Hardin was meant to do, not push papers for some evil corporation.

[Keeping his grip on James' bloody hair, Hardin slowly climbs up on the table, the crowd buzzing as he does...]

SA: The Outlaw climbing up on that table... pulling James up there with him... and if they were in a dangerous position moments ago, Colt, it just intensified here.

CP: This table is not meant to hold... what? Almost 700 pounds!

SA: The table wobbling underneath him... everyone get clear from there please.

[The AWA employees scatter, leaving Hardin up on the table alongside James. He slowly doubles James over, pulling him into a standing headscissors...]

SA: Hardin looking for a powerbomb of his own perhaps.

CP: I don't think so, Sal! I've seen Hardin do this before! He's going for a piledriver - he's looking to END Casey James!

[The crowd is buzzing as Hardin leans over, wrapping his arms around James' torso...]

SA: Three years ago, at SuperClash VII in Houston, we saw Juan Vasquez do this very thing to Hannibal Carver... and we didn't see Carver back in an AWA ring until this past year! Casey James' career - his entire future - is in the hands of the Outlaw at this exact moment!

[...and goes to lift the Blackheart for the piledriver...]

SA: Hardin lifts!

[...but James is kicking his legs, shaking and twisting until Hardin is forced to set him back down on the table...]

SA: James blocks! The Blackheart fighting it!

[...and this time, it's the Blackheart who stands tall, backdropping Hardin through the air...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: BACKDROP DOWN TO THE FLOOOOOOOR!

[James sinks immediately to his knees, his hands bracing himself from falling forward as he breathes heavily upon the table...]

SA: So, Hardin saved himself from the powerbomb moments ago with a backdrop... and now James saves himself from the piledriver through the table with a backdrop here! Incredible!

CP: And look at James... just barely hanging on, sucking air into his body. These two have put each other through the wringer already in this one and... I'm told we're just shy of the thirty minute mark.

SA: A total war - the kind of conflict we expected between these legendary competitors...

[James rolls to his side, sliding off the timekeeper's table to stand on the floor. He stays leaning on the table for a moment, getting a few more deep breaths in before he moves in on Hardin whose face is etched in pain. James adds a few hard stomps to the ribs before he pulls the Outlaw up...]

SA: James tossing his longtime friend and enemy back in... we've waited a long time for this fight and it's certainly living up to my expectations, Colt.

CP: Absolutely. Two of the best all time fighting it out until only one of 'em can get back to their feet.

SA: James is... what's he doing now?

[The Blackheart is about to get in the ring when a sadistic smirk crosses his face...]

"Hey old man... I'm not just the Blackheart anymore.

[...and flips the ring apron up, digging under the ring.]

SA: James looking for something down there... we've already seen a table brought into the mix from under the ring so I'm afraid to see what else...

[Sal's words trail off as James emerges from under the apron, holding a large gray canvas bag in front of him with a gleam in his eyes...]

"I'm the King of the Death Match too, bitch!"

[James tosses the sack through the ropes into the ring before rolling back in as well.]

SA: Casey James reminding John Wesley Hardin that when Hardin last left him, he was but the learner... now HE just may be the master.

CP: Don't be such a keener!

[James gets to his feet, the smile still on his face as he lifts the bag up for all to see, unties the top...

....and pours the contents out all over the ring.]

SA: Sweet Santa Maria, those are thumbtacks, Colt! Thumbtacks!

CP: Did someone make sure the ink is dried on our new TV deal?!

[James gleefully pours the entire bag out on the canvas, nodding his head as the crowd ROARS!]

SA: Well, Casey James spent several years in the E so he knows a thing or two about going to the extreme... and it looks like he's about to drag John Wesley Hardin kicking and screaming there with him!

[James tosses the empty bag aside, looking down with pride at the thousands of sharp skin-piercing tacks littering the canvas. He steps towards the downed Hardin, dragging him up to his feet...]

SA: Hardin... I don't know if he's aware about these tacks but-

[...and James wraps his powerful arms around Hardin's torso, setting for a back suplex. The crowd ROARS with anticipation as James starts to muscle the Outlaw up...

...but a suddenly-aware Hardin panics, slamming his elbow down into the back of James' neck once... twice... three times. Tiger Claw takes a noticeable step back, staying far away from the thumbtacks...]

SA: Hardin fights his way out!

[He spins around, snatching James in a front facelock as the crowd ERUPTS!]

SA: No, no, no, noooooo!

[Hardin grabs the pants, giving a lift... but James again shakes free, landing on his feet in front of Hardin...]

SA: James gets loose!

[Hardin buries a boot in the gut of James, doubling him over before Hardin drops back into the ropes...]

SA: Off the-

[...and gets lifted up by the upper thighs, twisted around in the air...]

SA: -OHHHHH!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The rarely-heard screams of pain from the Outlaw of professional wrestling fill the air as Hardin's back is DRIVEN into thousands of little pricks of pain in the form of a Casey James spinebuster!]

SA: SPINEBUSTER INTO THE TACKS!

CP: Gaaaah... I can FEEL it, Sal. I can just FEEL that in my body and it's killing me to look at this!

[Hardin is writhing in pain on the mat... and actually rolls over onto his chest on the tacks...]

SA: AHFFF! Don't do that!

[The crowd groans in sympathy for Hardin who is turning himself into a human pin cushion. James kneels on the mat, blood covering his face and matting his hair. He holds up his arm, smirking as he yanks a few tacks out of his forearm and tosses them aside.]

SA: Casey James has struck a major blow here in Outlaw Rules... and as Claw counts, you wonder if that's enough to keep his fellow Hall of Famer down for a ten count.

[James stays kneeling, nodding along with the count, keeping his eyes locked on Hardin who has trickles of blood escaping from all over his back and chest now. He plants his hands on the mat under him, causing the crowd to groan again.]

SA: Putting his hands down into the tacks now... Hardin's trying to get up but... you say you can feel it, Colt... but I can only imagine how it feels. When I step on one of my son's Legos with bare feet, I want to cry for my adoring mother... so I can only imagine what Hardin's going through.

CP: Maybe he'd like to cry for your mother too.

SA: Hey, hey now... watch yourself, Colt Patterson. Mama Albano is a saint.

[With the count up to three, Hardin tries to push himself up but cries out and faceplants down into the tacks again!]

SA: Ohhh... I'm feeling a little sick to my stomach watching this. And you did this kind of stuff every night back in the E, Colt.

CP: Well, it wasn't really my game but a lot of guys did... and a lot of guys made a whole lot of money doing it. Caleb Temple, Steve Spector, The Gremlin to name a few.



SA: Two of whom had their final matches right here in the AWA and the third you might find down at your local Boys and Girls Club Saturday night.

CP: Or maybe greeting at the local Wal-Mart.

SA: Sure enough.

[Claw's count reaches six as Hardin plants his hands again, screaming in pain as he pushes himself up off the mat. James surges to his feet, standing behind him... ready for him to get all the way up...]

SA: And at the count of seven, John Wesley Hardin gets up and- this crowd is letting him hear it too, showing support for both of these legendary competitors here tonight in Toronto!

[James is lying in wait though, Hardin totally unaware as he staggers in a circle towards him...]

...and has a boot buried in his gut...]

SA: JAMES HOOKS HIM!

[...and the crowd ROARS to life at the idea of James delivering the Cattle Buster to its originator... INTO the thumbtacks!]

SA: JAMES WITH THE CATTLE BUST-

[But a desperate Hardin surges forward and SMASHES James back into the turnbuckles!]

SA: No! Blocked by Hardin!

[Hardin falls back out of the corner, teetering as he does, and nearly loses his balance back into the tacks...]

...but catches himself on one of the mangled steel chairs still in the ring...]

SA: Oh...

[...which he scoops up and HURLS towards the bloodied Blackheart!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...NO! Hardin HURLS the chair at James, bouncing it off his head!

[James slumps back in the corner, clinging to the top rope to stay on his feet as the crowd reacts...]

SA: So dangerous! So very dangerous! Hardin could've easily missed that throw and hurled that chair into the crowd or...

CP: We said it before, Albano - they don't give a damn! They don't care who else they hurt as long as they get the chance to hurt each other!

SA: And as you said, we're over the half hour mark now... both men winded... both men barely hanging on... barely able to stay on their feet. Seemingly, it won't take much now, Colt. One big shot by either man could be enough to end this.

[Hardin takes a few deep breaths... and then breaks into a charge towards the cornered James...]

SA: HARDIN COMING IN HOT!

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

SA: OHHH! JAMES CAUGHT HIM WITH A BOOT! RIGHT UNDER THE CHIN!

[Hardin staggers back, his eyes blinking rapidly...]

SA: James rocked him! Hardin's stumbling back towards the ropes, trying to stay on his feet...

[James hangs onto the ropes as well, walking along them to mid-ropes where he turns to face Hardin who is across the ring...

...and plants a fist down on the mat...]

SA: THREE POINT STANCE!

[The Blackheart gives a shout as he charges across the ring, straightening up with his arm outstretched...]

SA: BLACK MAAAAAASSSSSS!

[...but as James closes in on a potentially match-ending clothesline, Hardin sidesteps, giving James a shove towards the ropes where he goes over the top...]

SA: Hardin moves and...

[...and ends up with his head and neck trapped between the twisted top and middle ropes!]

SA: HE'S CAUGHT! HE'S CAUGHT!

[James grimaces, grabbing at the ropes with both hands, trying to extricate himself from this very dangerous position!]

SA: He's trapped in the ropes and those ropes are pushing in on his neck, trying to rob him of consciousness! Sweet Santa Maria, get him out of there!

[Claw stops a moment, looking unsure as to what he should do as Hardin moves in, pounding James' cut forehead with a punch... and another... and another...]

SA: Hardin's hammering away on James who is trapped in the ropes!

CP: You'll lose consciousness in a hurry in this position, Sal.

SA: That's right - and we've heard of people losing far more than that!

CP: I've seen people with ears nearly torn right off their head from this move and James has already lost one body part in a match - he can't afford another one.

[Claw suddenly moves in as James gasps for air, shoving Hardin aside as Claw grabs the ropes, trying to pull them apart and save his friend. The crowd ROARS at Claw's decision...]

SA: Claw's trying to help him! Claw's trying to get him loose!

[An angry Hardin swings away from the scene, surveying the ring...

...and picks up the mangled chair, doing his best to fold it up...]

SA: Hardin's got a chair now and-

[He comes in hot, causing Claw to leap back as Hardin swings down...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

SA: STEEL CHAIR BETWEEN THE-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

SA: AHHH, COME ON!

[Hardin winds up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

[...and the third blow sees James' legs go limp underneath him as Hardin backs off at Claw's shouted threat!]

SA: Tiger Claw trying to get Hardin away so he can help Casey James!

CP: It may be too late, Albano... look at James' legs... he's gone limp!

[Claw manages to finally pull the ropes apart, James sliding from them to the apron and then down to the outside...]

SA: Oh! Did you see that fall? James had no control of his body on the way down like that and-

[A pissed-off Hardin delivers a hard two-handed shove to the chest of Claw, knocking him back against the ropes. The Outlaw shoves a finger in his face.]

"Ya takin' his part, Claw?! Are ya?!"

[Claw shakes his head, holding his hands up to show he's not attacking. Hardin glares at him for a moment, thinking about what he wants to do...

...and then suddenly drops to his back just barely away from the tacks, rolling under the ropes to the outside...]

SA: James may be out and Hardin's going after him - I don't like the looks of this one bit, Colt.

CP: Claw needs to get out there and check on Casey. This one might be over.

[Hardin immediately yanks up the ring skirt again, digging underneath as the crowd buzzes with concern for the fallen Blackheart...

...and pulls out a duffel bag with the Korugun logo stitched across the side that he deposits on the ring apron with a plop.]

SA: Hardin with a bag of some kind now... has that been under the ring the whole night?

CP: I'd imagine it has... and with that Korugun logo on it, I'd say that Hardin put this bag under there himself for whatever wicked purpose he's got in mind.

SA: Hardin unzipping that bag, digging through it now...

[With a grin on his face, he reaches in and pulls out his weapon of choice, slowly raising it above his head...]

SA: A bullrope?!

CP: A cowboy's gotta cowboy, Sal.

[Hardin shoves the bag aside, wrapping the rope deliberately around one hand as he uses the other to pull Casey James to his knees...

...and SLAMS the bullrope down between the eyes into the cut forehead!]

SA: Hardin going after that wound again - trying to worsen the blood loss on the part of the Blackheart and see if he can get him to lose consciousness from it... and again right down between the eyes with that thick braided bullrope!

[Removing the rope from his hand, Hardin grabs the metal cowbell tied to the rope, a nasty looking thing with chipped paint and what appears to be rust.]

SA: He's not gonna use that, is he?!

CP: No, he's here to do a 70s rock song, Albano - what the hell do you think he's gonna do with it?!

SA: Look at it! It's... James could get an infection from something like that!

CP: That might be the least of his problems right now.

[With sadistic glee, Hardin digs the edge of the metal cowbell into the cut forehead of James, working it back and forth as James cries out, fresh blood dripping down his face...]

SA: He's carving him up with that damn cowbell!

CP: And there's not a thing anyone can do about it!

[Hardin continues to dig the metal into James' flesh for several more moments before finally letting the bell clatter to the floor. The Outlaw looks down on his prey...

...and then tosses one end of the rope over the top into the ring.]

SA: Hardin tossing the bullrope inside now, perhaps looking to do more damage in the ring instead of on the floor...

[But Hardin grabs the other end of the rope instead, looping it around the throat of James...]

SA: Oh no... no, no... don't let him do this!

[...and after rolling back into the ring and climbing to his feet, he grabs the other end of the rope...]

SA: He's gonna try to hang the Blackheart!

[...and starts pulling on it, yanking the rope against the windpipe of the struggling Casey James!]

CP: He's doing it, Albano! The Outlaw is hanging Casey James!

[James is digging his fingers underneath the makeshift noose, trying to get free from the breath-stealing trap!]

SA: Hardin's in the ring, pulling that rope as hard as his weary muscles will allow!

CP: And if James doesn't get out of this fast, this one's over, Sal!

SA: You got that right - James fighting for his life here in Toronto - metaphorically speaking as well as LITERALLY speaking right now!

[James finds himself unable to pry the rope from around his throat so he starts looking for other options, swinging his legs out in front of him as Hardin tries to lift him into the air...]

...and his foot scrapes the table that the Outlaw set up earlier in the match...]

SA: James trying to get his feet on that table, to cut off the pressure on his throat!

[James struggles against the rope, swinging his legs out again... and again just missing the table...]

SA: So close!

CP: He's turning purple!

[James is indeed rapidly changing colors as he swings his legs out a third time...]

...and with a "THUMP!" his feet land on top of the table, somewhat relieving the pressure on his throat!]

SA: That's gonna help, Colt!

CP: A momentary reprieve perhaps as Hardin's pulling again and-

[James gets to his feet, shaking off the noose as he steps from the table to the apron, rubbing at his throat as Hardin throws the rope down, heading for him.]

SA: Hardin's moving in again... James is gasping for air, trying to-

[Hardin takes a big swing at him but James slumps over, dodging out of the way from it as Hardin does a big whirl around to end up with his back to James...]

...who steps up on the second rope, reaching down to grab Hardin around the waist...]

SA: What is he...?! DAAAAAANNNNNGERRRRRRR!

[...and hoists the struggling Outlaw into the air, falling back together with him...]

SA: OUTLAW'S CURSE!

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: THEY WENT THROUGH THE TABLE! THEY \_BOTH\_ WENT THROUGH THE TABLE! SWEET SANTA MARIA, WHAT DID WE JUST SEE, COLT PATTERSON?!

CP: Casey James took a big risk there... but he knew he needed something and something big to get himself back into this match after that hanging by Hardin.

SA: Can we get a replay of that? My goodness!

[On demand, a split screen replay comes of, showing Hardin swinging a big haymaker at the Blackheart who drops down - out of exhaustion more than anything - which causes Hardin to go sailing 180 degrees around, stopping short and falling off-balance as James simply steps up on the second rope, grabs the 350 pounder around the waist...]

SA: Here it is... look at the power to lift a 350 pound man into the air from that position!

[...and goes falling backwards in a back suplex with him, crashing through the set-up wooden table on the floor in unison as the crowd ERUPTS!]

SA: Incredible! James with a modified version of Hardin's own Outlaw's Curse suplex and... wow! That's one that'll be on highlight films for years, Colt.

CP: Both men went through it to the floor... both men are down... and Tiger Claw is counting BOTH men.

SA: It would be a shame to see this end in a double countout but with the exhaustion that both of these men must be feeling right now over thirty-five minutes into this war... I wouldn't be at all surprised to see it happen, Colt.

CP: Tiger Claw counting them both... a very steady count... you know he doesn't want to see it end that way either. He's been waiting to see this go down even longer than most of us have, Albano.

[Sal chuckles as Claw continues to count, now up to six...]

SA: The count is at six... dangerously close for both of these men who are barely moving on the outside, resting in the splintered wreckage of that wooden table.

CP: Good thing it wasn't that Bulldog Brown table we saw earlier or we'd be calling an ambulance for them both.

SA: Claw counts seven... James trying to roll over, trying to get his arms under him...

CP: Come on, guys. Get up. No one wants to see this end like this.

SA: You know they don't as well. James is on a knee... the count to eight now... look at Hardin now, Colt! Hardin sitting up, using that piece of broken table to sit up on the ringside mats...

CP: Claw's to nine... one more and it's over... one more and it's all over...

[At the count of nine, James pushes himself to his feet, wobbling and almost falling as he stumbles forward, catching himself on the apron. A few feet away, Hardin does the same thing, a new laceration on his back to join the thumbtacks still embedded in his skin from earlier.]

SA: A weary Casey James yanking up the ring skirt... look out!

[James flings a steel chair over the ropes into the ring... glaring down the side of the ring at Hardin who reaches under, grabbing one of his own and tossing it in before shoving his duffel bag under the ropes as well.]

SA: Both men tossing a chair in there. Nine count or not... thirty-five minutes and change or not... these two are NOT done with each other yet.

[Both men wearily roll under the bottom rope, using the same ropes to drag themselves to their feet. James is on wobbly legs as he staggers across the ring, retrieving the chair he threw in earlier. He opens it up, planting it on the mat...

...and takes a seat, breathing heavily as he does.]

SA: Casey James is taking a break!

CP: Is that allowed?

[A smirking Hardin gives a nod, opening up his own chair and putting it right next to James so that if he sits, he'll be facing him. The Outlaw starts to do exactly that... then raises a finger, walking over to his duffel bag...

...and pulls a bottle into view.]

SA: Kessler's! Hardin brought a bottle of his old favorite whiskey to the ring!

CP: Are they a sponsor?

SA: Nope.

CP: Good. That stuff tastes like motor oil poured through a Texan's sweaty sock.

[James cracks a tired grin as Hardin takes a seat across from him, gripping the Kessler's bottle by the neck. Hardin holds up the bottle in salute to James before tipping it back, taking a healthy slug out of it...]

CP: Oh, good... because if these two needed anything else to drive them to depths unimaginable, it's alcohol.

[Hardin nods his head in satisfaction as he lowers the bottle...

...and then offers it over to the Blackheart who chuckles before taking the offer and tossing one back himself.]

SA: Well, now I've seen everything. These two are trying to maim, cripple, and who knows what else one another... and now they're sharing a mid-match drink!

CP: The 80s were wild, man.

SA: These two wrestled in the 90s... so did you, in fact.

CP: The 90s were pretty crazy too. You ever watch some of those old IIWF shows? A Meatman Challenge? The dude who was three thousand years old? The biker who was hot for his sister?

SA: The guy who dressed like Bill Clinton? The guy who wrestled with a steel plate in his forearm? A match inside a woman's-

CP: Alright, fair enough. We all got our demons, Albano.

[James hands the bottle back to Hardin who sets it on the mat, looking at James with a shrug...]

“What’s next?”

[James chuckles...

...and then SMASHES a right hand into Hardin’s jaw from a seated position in the chair!]

SA: OH!

[Hardin recoils from the blow, shaking his head and rubbing his jaw...

...and then throws one of his own, snapping James’ head back from his own seat in the chair!]

SA: Well... I’d say break time is over!

[James throws a right...]

“OHHHH!”

[...and Hardin responds in kind!]

“OHHHH!”

[James’ head snaps back, his eyelids flutter as Hardin throws another...]

“OHHHH!”

[...and another...]

“OHHHH!”

[...and another...]

“OHHHH!”

[...and he leans way back for a little extra mustard on the last one!]

“OHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: Hardin knocks the Blackheart right out of his seat!

[As James goes down on the mat, Hardin climbs to his feet, looking out on the cheering crowd...

...and walks over towards his duffel bag again.]

SA: A bullrope... a bottle of Kessler’s... what the heck else does he have in there, Colt?

CP: You really want to find out?

[Hardin reaches inside, sneering as he finds what he’s looking for...

...and slowly raises it over his head for all to see.]

SA: It’s... a branding iron?!



[The camera zooms in to confirm it is indeed.]

SA: Essentially a metal rod... and that certainly has the ability to knock Casey James out cold and make him unable to answer a ten count.

CP: I don't think that's what Hardin has in mind, Sal.

SA: What do you...?

[Hardin reaches into the bag again, pulling a strip of cloth into view that he quickly wraps around and around the end of the branding iron, the crowd buzzing as they start to realize what Hardin is planning.]

SA: Wait, wait, wait... I know we talked about James being the King of the Death Match but this is a road too far, Colt! A roar too far!

CP: I don't know if Hardin's ever used this in a match... but you know he's used it back on the ranch... the ol' Triple Cross ranch... branding on the animals to make sure everyone knows they belong to him...

SA: Is that what this is? Is Hardin going to brand Casey James so people know that James belongs to Hardin?!

CP: Can you think of a better way for Hardin to cement this win over the Blackheat and leave him with a permanent reminder of who came out the better man here at SuperClash?

[With the cloth around the branding iron, Hardin reaches into the bag again...

...and holds up a small squeeze bottle for all to see. The crowd immediately ROARS and then drops into a concerned buzz as Hardin squeezes the contents of the bottle all over the rag.]

SA: That's lighter fluid, Colt!

CP: It sure is. The heat is about to be waaaaay on in Toronto!

[With the cloth suitably soaked, Hardin tosses the bottle...

...where it bounces right off the chest of a concerned-looking Tiger Claw.]

SA: Oh! Right to Claw's chest! What a show of disrespect!

[Claw wipes at his chest, his gaze still on the downed James who is totally unaware of what awaits him as he struggles to get up off the mat...]

SA: Tiger Claw looks torn, Colt. He looks like he wants to do something.

CP: He does... but I can't help but think about Showtime VI - the EMWC's big event in 1999 in Madison Square Garden. Claw was in the opposite situation. He had been doused in lighter fluid by Simon Ezra, the Blood Angel... and he was refusing to quit even when Ezra threatened to light him on fire for it. Brian Lau DID give up for Claw that night and Claw laid him out! Now Claw finds himself on the other side, looking on with concern for his longtime friend who is being threatened with fire and now Claw's got that horrible decision to make even though Casey James would NEVER want Claw to submit for him.

[Claw looks on, shaking his head as Hardin produces a lighter out of his jeans pocket, holding it high, giving it a flick, and then touching it to the fluid-soaked cloth...]

“WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH!”

SA: FIRE! IT’S ON FIRE! IT’S ON FIRE!

[Hardin holds the flaming branding iron aloft for all to see, flashbulbs firing all over the stadium as James struggles to his feet, wobbling in a circle...]

...and Claw surges in, trying to grab the branding iron!]

SA: Claw’s seen enough! He’s not gonna let Hardin do this!

CP: What the...?! But why?! This is anything goes! This is-

SA: Maybe Tiger Claw also thinks this is going too far.

[Claw is trying to rip it away but Hardin POPS him with a right hand on the jaw, knocking Claw backwards. He shouts down at the special guest referee before wheeling around...]

...and Hardin surges forward, looking to drive that burning metal into the chest of Casey James who reaches up with both arms, grabbing the metal!]

SA: JAMES BLOCKS IT! HE’S TRYING TO FIGHT HIM OFF!

[There’s another highlight reel moment as the two legends battle over the flaming branding iron - Hardin trying to scorch the flesh of the Blackheart and James trying to fight the Outlaw back enough to save himself...]

SA: Who’s gonna come out on top here?!

[James suddenly swings a foot upwards...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and kicks Hardin right between the legs! Hardin crumples down to his knees as James rips the branding iron out of his hands!]

SA: Oh no! James has got the branding iron now!

CP: And you know HE’S not afraid to use it!

[James holds it up for all to see again, turning it around so the flames are licking down towards the face of the kneeling Outlaw...]

...which is when Tiger Claw steps in again, snatching it out of James’ hands!]

SA: And now he’s taking it away from James too!

CP: I don’t get this at all, Albano.

[James is so surprised by the action, Claw yanks it out of his hands with little trouble. The Blackheart has a few words for his close friend and ally before burying a boot in the gut of Hardin, tugging him into a front facelock...]

SA: JAMES HOOKS HIM!

[Claw backs away, still holding the branding iron. He scoops up the bottle of Kessler's as well, keeping it away from the brawling duo as James finally lifts Hardin up off the mat with a handful of jeans...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: CATTLE BUSTER! CATTLE BUSTER! CATTLE BUSTER!

[Claw lifts the bottle of Kessler's in tribute, tipping it back for a drink of his own as James rolls to his knees, throwing his head back and roaring in triumph. He pumps both of his powerful arms as he gets to his feet, turning to his friend...]

"COUNT THAT MOTHERFU-"

"WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH!"

[James' words are cut off by Claw spewing the Kessler's onto the flaming branding iron, sending a giant fireball through the air, engulfing the head and face of his best friend!]

SA: OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD!

CP: WHAT THE \_HELL\_ JUST HAPPENED?!

[James screams in pain, rolling back and forth on the mat, clutching his face in agony as Claw stares down at him, still holding the burning piece of metal, an ice cold expression on his face as the crowd buzzes over what they just saw.]

SA: Tiger Claw... my goodness, I can't even formulate the words, Colt!

CP: He spat a giant fireball at his best friend! But why?!

SA: I have no idea... and look at him, Colt. Look at him! You'd never know that was his best friend. Claw looks like he just took out his greatest enemy and Casey James is down on the mat screaming in pain... he's going to need some medical help... he could have serious burns...

[Claw walks over to the ropes, dropping the bottle of Kessler's to the outside and holding the branding iron out for someone to douse with a fire extinguisher, adding a burst of extinguishing spray to the smoke in the air from the burning branding iron. But all the while, Tiger Claw never takes his eyes off the downed and screaming Casey James.]

SA: A shocking betrayal... and that's exactly what is is, Colt... a betrayal of mammoth proportions here at SuperClash. Tiger Claw just betrayed his best friend, Casey James, and... who knows what kind of injuries James may have after that...

[Claw slowly and methodically walks back towards the screaming James, standing over him. A medic suddenly appears at ringside but a hard glare from Claw keeps them on the outside as Claw leans down, pulling James up to reveal a bright red face as James swats his hands blindly, trying to defend himself...

...and the crowd ERUPTS as someone comes sprinting down the aisle at top speed towards the ring!]

SA: It's Brian James! Brian James is gonna challenge for the World Title later tonight but that's his father in there, Colt!

CP: His father's in there... but so is his mentor, Sal!

[The son of the Blackheart dives headfirst under the bottom rope, coming up to his feet to confront Claw who holds Casey by the hair with one hand and then holds up a hand to Brian James...]

SA: Look at Claw! Claw ordering Brian James to stop right there... to stand down...

[Claw shakes his head at his pupil, pointing to the corner.]

SA: Claw's telling Brian James to back away...

"This is not your business."

[Brian James stands motionless, fists balled up at his side, staring at his teacher...]

"He's my father!"

[Claw glares at him.]

"Irrelevant!"

[Claw throws Casey towards the open chair, Casey's throat landing across the back of it as he slumps down.]

SA: Tiger Claw just put Casey down on the chair... what's he doing now...?!

CP: I'll do you one better, Sal - what's Brian James gonna do about it?

[Brian James looks absolutely distraught by this situation, speaking off-mic as he seemingly makes an appeal to Tiger Claw to stop what he's doing...

...but Claw keeps his eyes on Brian James, locked on his pupil as he stands near the Blackheart, pushing his neck down on the chair...]

SA: Claw staring at Brian James - almost daring him to do something!

[...and slowly lifts his leg into the air...]

SA: NO!

[...and SWINGS his leg down in an axe kick, catching James on the back of the neck, a move that DRIVES his throat into the back of the chair!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Brian James steps forward, trying to come to his father's aid but Claw swats the chair aside and steps in front of him...]

SA: Oh, come on! Let the kid help his father!

[Casey James is down on the mat, rolling around in pain, clutching his throat. He's coughing and gasping, his legs kicking up into the air as he struggles to get a breath...]

SA: Casey James can't breathe! He can't breathe! Let the medic get in there and-

[The medic tries... Lord help him, he tries...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SHIN KICK!

[The brutal kick to the side of the head sends the medic flying backwards, bouncing off the ropes and falling motionless to the canvas. Brian James looks at his mentor in shock, his eyes wide with disbelief as he shakes his head slowly.]

"You will understand someday, Brian. I'll MAKE you understand."

[With Casey still struggling to get a breath on the mat, Claw ducks through the ropes...]

SA: Thank heavens it's over, Colt... Tiger Claw leaving the ring and-

[Sal's words are cut off as Claw twists around, marching to the corner...]

SA: Come on! Somebody stop this! Brian, he's your father!

[Brian James looks conflicted... staring down at his father who is in obvious severe physical distress... and then up at Claw who is standing on the top rope, looking down on his friend...]

SA: Get him down from there! Get him-

[...and Claw wastes no time in leaping from his perch, sailing through the air, and DRIVING his knee down across the throat, causing Casey James' legs to kick up into the air again!]

SA: -OHHHHHHH! THE GOLDEN TIGER STRIKE! The flying kneedrop down across the throat!

CP: It's a move so dangerous... so dangerous you rarely see Claw use it anymore and... Casey's in trouble, Sal. We talked about this being the final match for John Wesley Hardin... it may be the final match for Casey James instead.

[With Casey writhing in pain, gasping for air on the mat, Claw climbs to his feet, the boos from the Toronto crowd pouring down on him...]

"ONE!"

[The boos pick up as they realize what Claw is doing.]

SA: Are you kidding me?! He's counting him out?!

CP: Match isn't over, Sal.

[Claw keeps his eyes on Brian James, almost defying him to aid his father.]

"TWO!"

[The son of the Blackheart seems to be in his own personal anguish, looking down at his struggling father who seems unable to breathe...]

"THREE!"

[In the background, we see John Wesley Hardin coming to his feet, a satisfied smirk on his face, nodding approvingly as Claw counts "FOUR!"]

SA: Can't he count any faster?! Casey James can't beat this count! He can NOT beat it! We all know that, Colt.

CP: I think Claw's enjoying this, Sal.

[Claw looks out on the crowd, jeering lustily for his actions...

...and then STOMPS James in the chest as he shouts "FIVE!" Hardin grins even broader as Claw stomps again... "SIX!"]

SA: This is... I don't know what this is, Colt. I don't even... I haven't been with the AWA very long but I'll tell you this might be the most shocking thing I've witnessed so far.

[Claw turns, almost sensing Brian James taking two steps towards his father. Claw again raises a hand, warning his pupil...

...and then STOMPS again!]

"SEVEN!"

[Brian James cringes away, shaking his head as Claw nods in approval.]

SA: Brian James is torn between his father and his mentor and... right now, his mentor seems to be winning out.

CP: And what a mindjob this has to do on Brian James just a short while before he challenges for the World Title.

[Claw stomps again.]

"EIGHT!"

[And again.]

"NINE!"

[He pauses, looking down at his best friend... over to his student... over to the Outlaw...

...and buries one final stomp between the eyes of James!]

"TEN!"

[And swings a hand towards the timekeeper.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The boos pick up as Claw stands in the middle of the ring, looking out on the furious crowd. Brian James rushes forward, dropping to his knees to check on his father as Claw looks on with a disappointed expression, shaking his head.]

SA: The match is over. Hardin's gonna win this... and I can't believe he's satisfied winning that way, Colt. I think he'd be just as mad at Claw as... well, maybe not as mad as this crowd is but pretty steamed.

CP: Brian James checking on his father... waving towards the back... like we said, he's going to need medical attention for the burns... for the blows to the throat... for... a whole lot of things.

SA: This was supposed to be a night that Casey James would never forget.

CP: Pretty sure it will be.

[Brian James is screaming now - "CAN WE GET HELP OUT HERE?!" as Casey continues to struggle for breath, clawing at his own throat as Hardin slowly walks towards him...

...and places a patting hand on the shoulder of Claw.]

SA: What in the...?

[The crowd starts jeering even louder as they sense shenanigans on the part of the Outlaw. Claw turns to face him, staring coldly at him. He gestures to the downed Blackheart.]

"It's done."

[Hardin nods approvingly.]

"So it is... and as promised, ya got yerself a million dollars."

[Claw nods, looking back down on Casey.]

CP: Did you hear that, Sal?

SA: I sure did. A million dollars? This was about the money?! The bounty that Hardin put on Casey James all those months ago? I can't believe that Tiger Claw would do this to his best friend... for money!

[Smirking at the downed and hurt Casey James, Hardin cracks a grin, extending his hand to Claw...]

SA: So, not only was JW Hardin okay with winning his final match like this... but he actually PAID to make it happen!

CP: The originator of the Triple Cross strikes again... one more time. He got Claw assigned to this match as the referee and... how long did he know? How long have he and Claw been planning this?

[Claw turns back towards Hardin, reaching out to shake his hand. The crowd boos loudly at the sight of the handshake as medical personnel join Brian James in tending to his father down on the mat.]

SA: Well, there's the handshake. Claw shaking hands with JW Hardin... a dastardly duo that have put Casey James down hard here tonight in Toronto in the Outlaw's final match. Unbelievable.

[Hardin is still looking down on James, still shaking Claw's hand...]

SA: Casey James is obviously struggling to breathe, a look of concern on Brian James - his son's - face...

[...and Hardin goes to raise his arms over his head in celebration of his victory...]

SA: The winner right there is John Wesley Hard...

[Sal's words trail off at about the same time as everyone notices Hardin is only able to raise one hand...

...because the other is trapped in the grip of Tiger Claw. Hardin gives it a yank but Claw hangs on... another yank... still going nowhere...]

SA: What in the world is...?

[Claw glares at Hardin, staring dead in his eyes...

...and then STRIKES, a lightning fast shin kick flying upwards to catch Hardin on the temple, knocking him flat to the canvas as the crowd "OHHHHHHHs" at the shocking moment!]

SA: CLAW DROPS HARDIN!

CP: It's a Triple Cross! One more for the road for these Syndicate bastards!

SA: James is down... but now, Hardin is too!

[Claw stares down at him, nodding his head with satisfaction at seeing Hardin's unmoving body. Nearby, Casey James is being rolled from the ring and placed on a stretcher. The medics are moving in a hurry as Brian James runs alongside the stretcher, holding his father down on it as Casey coughs and twists violently on it, trying to get air into his lungs.]

SA: Brian James helping to get his father up the aisle... I'm told the ambulance is waiting for him and Casey James is going to be rushed to a local hospital...

[The crowd buzzes with concern for the Blackheart as Brian James and the medics rush him towards the backstage area. Tiger Claw stands alone in mid-ring, looking out on the jeering crowd pouring the vitriol down in his direction.]

SA: Tiger Claw in the midst of this cacophony of disdain is standing tall, having laid out the Outlaw - John Wesley Hardin - in Hardin's final in-ring appearance and having destroyed his own best friend, Casey James, in...

CP: In what could've been James' last in-ring appearance too after that beating.

SA: You could be right, Colt. As I said, an ambulance is waiting to take Casey James to a local hospital so we'll keep our ears open for any medical update on the Blackheart that we can give to you.

[Claw continues to stand mid-ring, now arrogantly crossing his arms and sneering at the jeering crowd...

...and we cut to backstage at the Rogers Centre. Stegglet is chasing something down the hallway. Something very big...]

MS: Mister... Mister Zharkov.

[Maxim Zharkov pauses his strut and we get the first good look at him in months. A thin stubble covers both his scalp, blending into a trimmed beard. He's leaner than he used to be, but still titanic. An air of dangerous calm seems to radiate from him as he speaks his precise, accented English.]

MZ: Comrade Stegglet... If I answered every question posed to me then I would not have been able to trap my former advisor and his henchman like I did. Ah, I should have gratitude that it is only you. Your Travis Lynch would be asking his questions of me more - shall we say - assertively.

MS: Does this mean... four months after what we might have assumed to be a career-ending injury, you are back to in-ring competition?

[Zharkov purses his lips ruefully.]



MZ: Not so wounded as I led everyone to believe. I have no further use for Mister Hunter, although he did well in showing me the value of... deception. But I am not yet – as you might say – one hundred percent. Comrade Ohara should stop holding his breath: I will not be pursuing a challenge to the National Championship. Not immediately, in any case.

MS: So, what is the timeline for your return?

MZ: As you say, “do not call me; I will call you.” You will know the day. You WILL know, that day. I have been doubling and redoubling my rehabilitation efforts, tovarisch. My thirst for victory feels insatiable, it has been without it so long. I yearn to feel the mat under my feet shake after a Tsar Bomba. I ache to feel someone struggle in a Gorynch. I must once again hear the explosion of the Pushka and the crack of the Peacemaker!

I will only return to the ring when I am BETTER than I was when I left it.

And until that day...

[Zharkov reaches his palm out and slowly covers the lens of the camera with his palm.]

MZ: ...Lights out, tovarisch.

[We fade from that back out to ringside to Sal and Colt, still a little shell-shocked over what they just saw in the Outlaw Rules match.]

SA: Well, I’m sure Jordan Ohara IS breathing that sigh of relief as the new National Champion doesn’t have a Mad Russian immediately on his dance card. The Phoenix captured gold - re-captured gold, I should say - here tonight when he defeated Jackson Hunter to become the National Champion for the second time... and we’ve still got three big title matches to come with former champions Next Gen trying to regain the World Tag Team Titles from the Soldiers of Fortune... Julie Somers challenging Kurayami for the Women’s World Title... and in the first half of our Double Main Event tonight, it’ll be Brian James versus Supernova versus Johnny Detson in a triple threat match for the AWA World Heavyweight Title. SuperClash IX has already been one wild night here in Toronto and down in Atlanta, Colt, but let’s talk about SuperClash X for a moment - a year from tonight in Dallas, Texas.. .perhaps the BIGGEST SuperClash of all time.

CP: Without a doubt, it WILL be the biggest SuperClash of all time, Big Sal. The biggest venue the AWA has ever run means the biggest crowd in AWA history coming out to see SuperClash X... SuperClash X, I gotta say it again because it’s so rare for a company these days to reach that milestone and you know the powers that be are gonna pull out all the stops for it.

SA: SuperClash X... Thanksgiving Night 2018. Let’s take a look...

[We fade to black.]

The opening piano notes of Guns N’ Roses’ “November Rain” starts up - the same song that has introduced every SuperClash since the beginning.

A graphic comes up on the black screen.

“SUPERCLASH I”

The graphic fades to reveal a crowd shot of the thousands of fans jammed into the Dallas Memorial Auditorium as the voice of Gordon Myers is heard for the very first time on SuperClash.]

GM: Happy Thanksgiving everyone and welcome to the Dallas Memorial Auditorium! We've been talking about it for weeks and the night has finally arrived - it is SuperClash and it is the biggest night of the year here in the AWA, fans!

[We get a series of clips from the first SuperClash with no audio but the November Rain piano.

MAMMOTH Mizusawa dropping a giant splash on Corey Lawson to win the first Steal The Spotlight match.

A charging Cletus Lee Bishop connecting with a running shoulder tackle that sends the large Eric Mathew Somers flying off the apron to land on the floor.

Calisto Dufresne throwing a massive fireball into the face of City Jack en route to winning the National Tag Team Titles.

Juan Vasquez countering a Stevie Scott piledriver attempt by backdropping Scott over the ropes and down to the floor.

And Raphael Rhodes bashing Vasquez with a steel chair while Vasquez was attempting to force a title-changing submission out of Scott with a figure four leglock.

Fade back to black...

...and then a new graphic.

"SUPERCLASH II"

And then to two crowd shots showing the Fair Park Coliseum in Dallas and the Family Arena in St. Louis.

Another giant splash from Mizusawa flattens Raphael Rhodes, earning his second consecutive Steal The Spotlight victory.

Nenshou deadleaps to the top rope, springing off with a moonsault onto Brent Maverick to become the first AWA Longhorn Heritage Champion.

Bobby Taylor using a Cattle Buster DDT off a table onto the concrete floor on Kevin Slater to win their Outlaw Rules showdown.

A returning City Jack, an eyepatch over his injured eye, charges the ring to save his partner, Tin Can Rust, with a Louisville Slugger in hand.

And Juan Vasquez using Ben Waterson's metal briefcase to brain Stevie Scott and capture the AWA National Championship as special guest referee Alex Martinez counts the pinfall.

Back to black...

...and then a new graphic.

"SUPERCLASH III"

And then an exterior shot of the DeSoto Civic Center in Southaven with the event name on the large marquee outside.

Eric Preston running down the apron, leaping off to drop an elbow onto Anton Layton who is laid out on top of a now-broken wooden wheel in their Master's Mercy match.

Melissa Cannon and Lori Dane delivering a double noggin knocker to Holly Hotbody and Melanie Brown in the first women's match at SuperClash.

Sultan Azam Sharif ties Marcus Broussard up in a unique submission hold to force a submission and win the Steal The Spotlight match.

Alex Martinez uses a Firebomb to plant and defeat longtime rival Caleb Temple in a brutal tag team match... and then the Dragon's reveal as William Craven, slamming a steel barricade down on the Last American Badass.

The Lynch Brothers celebrating their National Tag Team Title win over Violence Unlimited, Jack and James embracing with the titles held overhead.

Supernova wrapping Calisto Dufresne in the Solar Flare, just moments before shenanigans involving Ben Waterson ends his National Title Main Event challenge.

Back to black...

...and then a new graphic.

"SUPERCLASH IV"

And up on a panning shot showing the historic Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum before panning over to the actual site of the event, the Los Angeles Sports Arena.

Ryan Martinez and Gunnar Gaines flinging Shizz Dawg OG into the air and slamming him down for a tag team victory.

Skywalker Jones going for a Shooting Star Press only to have November counter it by bringing his knees up, rolling Jones into a cradle to win the Steal The Spotlight match.

Jim Watkins shoves Joe Petrow off the top rope, sending him flipping through the air - a tricycle flying out of his hands before he SLAMS down on the barely-padded floor.

Alex Martinez does a huge dive over wrapped wrapped in barbed wire to crash down on Craven on the floor.

World Champion James Monosso uses a Billion Dollar Bomb to plant challenger Supreme Wright and end Wright's first SuperClash title match.

Back to black...

...and then a new graphic.

"SUPERCLASH V"

And up on a panning shot of the exterior of the American Airlines Center in Dallas, Texas.

"Atomic Blonde" Donnie White hurls himself majestically off the top of a steel cage, whiffing on a flying headbutt aimed for a prone Shadoo Rage who rolls clear just before impact.

Supreme Wright uses Fat Tuesday to eliminate Demetrius Lake and win the first-ever four team Steal The Spotlight match.

Ryan Martinez delivers a Brainbuster on Gunnar Gaines while Alex Martinez plants Justin Gaines with a Firebomb in a father/son tag team battle.

Blackjack Lynch uses a piledriver to spike Dick Wyatt on his head and defeat the Beale Street Bullies alongside his sons, Jack and Travis.

The Iron Crab from Dave Bryant strikes gold as he forces Calisto Dufresne to submit away the AWA World Title... only for Bryant to lose his newly-won title moments later when Supreme Wright cashes in Steal The Spotlight and wins the championship.

Back to black...

...and then a new graphic.

“SUPERCLASH VI”

The outside of the Mecca of sports, Madison Square Garden, never looked so fine as on this Thanksgiving night in 2014.

Johnny Detson using the Black Beauty glove to KO former World Champion Calisto Dufresne and win the 2014 Steal The Spotlight showcase.

Shadoe Rage using the Eclipse to knock Tony Sunn out of the AWA and capture the World Television Title.

A face-to-face staredown between the Dogs of War and the super squad of Juan Vasquez, Alex Martinez, and Hannibal Carver.

Demetrius Lake cowering away from a threatened Iron Claw from Jack Lynch in the final moments of their epic Texas Death Match.

Brian James burying a Blackheart Punch into the chest of his own tag team partner, leaving TORA laying as Casey James and Tiger Claw look on pleased.

Ryan Martinez dropping Supreme Wright on his head with the Brainbuster to capture his first World Title.

Back to black...

...and then a new graphic.

“SUPERCLASH VII”

An aerial shot of Houston’s Minute Maid Park, the biggest crowd in AWA history to that point jammed in to see the biggest night of the year.

Supernova using a Solar Flare applied from a prone position to submit Shadoe Rage and wrest the TV Title from around his waist.

Julie Somers using a rana to pin Charisma Knight in the first women’s singles match in SuperClash history.

Travis Lynch dragging Juan Vasquez down in a crucifix to get a win and keep his title.

Brian James delivering the Blackheart Punch to a solid steel staircase being carried by the Dogs of War's Wade Walker.

Jack Lynch forcing his brother Matt to throw in the towel as he locks the Iron Claw on Supreme Wright's kneecap.

Marcus Broussard muscling Casey James up and over the top rope in an ugly belly-to-belly to win the Legends Royale.

The White Knight reigns supreme as Ryan Martinez drops Hannibal Carver on his head with the brainbuster to retain the World Title...

..and moments later, Juan Vasquez puts the same Carver through a table with a piledriver, sending the Boston Brawler out of the AWA.

Back to black...

...and then a new graphic.

"SUPERCLASH VIII"

An aerial shot of the historic New Orleans Superdome turns into a shot inside the building, showing off the glossy black stage with a giant video wall hanging over it.

Jackson Hunter falling off a ladder to the mat, clutching a briefcase in his arms as he wins the first-ever Steal The Spotlight ladder match.

Derrick Williams turns a Jordan Ohara Phoenix Flame attempt into a Future Shock to get the better of his former partner.

In an all-time SuperClash shocker, Maxim Zharkov kicks out of Alex Martinez' devastating Firebomb.

Julie Somers backdrops Ricki Toughill off the entrance stage and through some ringside equipment some ten or fifteen feet below.

Johnny Detson delivers a Wilde Driver on a shocked Brian James, making him easy prey for the win in their Clash of Kings.

Supernova gorilla presses former Boston Red Sox player David Ortiz overhead, dropping him down in an assisted splash on Kerry Kendrick.

Kurayami announces her presence with authority, dropping a mighty splash on Ayako Fujiwara, leaving her flattened as Lauryn Rage prepares to successfully defend her title.

Maxim Zharkov drives Travis Lynch down onto the canvas with a thunderous Tsar Bomba to end Lynch's record-setting National Title reign.

Casey James goes falling from an elevated platform inside the arena, Jack Lynch having sent him crashing down onto an equipment case with the Iron Claw.

Trapped within the confines of the ominous Woodshed, Ryan Martinez drops Juan Vasquez with a brainbuster on the base of the steel steps, ending the Axis' reign of terror and putting the title back around Martinez' waist.

Back to black...

...and then...

"SUPERCLASH X. TEN YEARS IN THE MAKING."

Back to black...

"WHERE IT ALL BEGINS... AGAIN."

And one final fade to black...

...and then back to a live shot of the crowd, the SuperClash X logo dancing on the giant video wall as the fans cheer for the historic event one year away.]

SA: SuperClash X... where it all begins again! And Colt, I can't wait to be there on November 22nd in Dallas for the biggest show in AWA history.

CP: It's going to be one for the ages - believe that.

SA: But that's the future. Right now, let's talk about the present and what we're about to see go down in this ring. Moments ago, we saw JW Hardin and Casey James beat the holy hell out of each other in an Outlaw Rules match... but this next match is going to shift gears in a totally different direction as we're set to see Jeff Matthews and Supreme Wright - two of the greatest of all times on the mat - going into battle.

CP: Two of the best technical wrestlers. The best submission wrestlers. These are artists on the canvas that is the pro wrestling ring and while you better believe they're going to beat the holy hell out of each other just like Hardin and James did, I got a feeling there won't be steel chairs and spitting giant fireballs at each other involved in this one.

SA: Absolutely not. Five years ago, these two men met for the first time - a showdown that Jeff Matthews believed would be a springboard to a whole new era of Madfox dominance in the world of pro wrestling. Supreme Wright respectfully disagreed and it was Wright who used that match - and the victory he achieved that night - to launch himself into the professional wrestling stratosphere and sent Matthews spiraling down and out of the business in the process. Tonight, Jeff Matthews hopes to exorcise that demon and show the world that he's still ready to compete at the highest levels in our sport. Right now, I'm being told we've got the former two-time AWA World Champion, Supreme Wright, standing by with some pre-match comments just moments before bell time!

[We see the words "Recorded Earlier Today" flash across the screen as we fade into a shot of Supreme Wright, standing in the middle of the wrestling ring inside an empty Rogers Centre, hours before the show. The former AWA World Champion is dressed impeccably as usual, in a sky blue, slim fitting, Brocton tweed suit with matching waistcoat, a white dress shirt and a salmon-colored silk necktie. He surveys the stadium surrounding him, before turning his attention to the camera.]

SW: I could talk about Korugun. I could talk about your betrayal. I could talk about how I broke your hand. I could talk about how you gave me the worst concussion of my career and damn near tore my arm out of its socket. But we all know why we'll be standing across from each other inside MY ring tonight, Mr. Matthews, and it has everything to do with what happened five years ago.

[Supreme stares at the camera with an intense glare.]

SW: Five years, Mr. Matthews.

That's a damn long time to hold a grudge.

But I understand. I understand completely.

[He nods.]

SW: Ask anyone... and they'll tell you there's not a single person in this world that holds onto a grudge like Supreme Wright.

[A sigh and a shake of the head.]

SW: But I digress. Five years ago, I stepped into that ring against you Mr. Matthews, an unproven prospect and I left it with my hand held high in victory as the better man. On that night, the Career Killer became a Career Maker. That unproven prospect that defeated you that night went on to become a hero. A champion. A legend. And while I became the best wrestler in the world, Mr. Matthews... you remained haunted by that night. You've been chasing a ghost. You've been chasing a man that no longer exists. Because now, five years later, as frightening as it may seem...

...I'm even better.

[His face doesn't show the slightest hint of emotion. His voice doesn't suggest any hyperbole or mockery. Wright is simply stating a fact.]

SW: For five years...

[He pauses and repeats himself, loud and with feeling.]

SW: ...for FIVE YEARS! you've let the result of that match stay with you. You've refused to accept it. You've let it fester in your heart and tear you up inside. I can only imagine how many times you've replayed it in your head. How many times you've relived being locked into the Cobra Clutch Crossface and being slowly choked out into the bittersweet darkness of defeat.

It must feel awful. It must feel terrible. It must be the most awful feeling in the world.

[A beat.]

SW: Good.

[Wright smiles. It's unnatural. It's unsettling.]

SW: Hold onto that feeling, Mr. Matthews. Hold onto it and don't let go. Because when we step into MY ring tonight, I don't want any doubt. I don't want any uncertainty.

I want finality.

I want the man who I hold in the highest esteem to leave MY ring believing, without a single doubt in his mind that I am the better man.

[The smile disappears from his face, replaced by a more familiar stoic expression.]

SW: You can tell yourself it was a fluke. You can tell yourself you were unprepared. You can comfort yourself with those same sweet little lies you've told yourself over the last five years about our match, but once we step into this ring... into MY ring... there will be no more excuses. There will be no more sweet, comforting lies.

[He pauses, knowing full well the weight his next words carry.]

SW: There will be no redemption.

[The camera zooms in tight on Wright's face.]

SW: There will only be the truth. The beautiful, beautiful god awful truth that you've refused to accept and that I will deliver to you. And believe me, Mr. Matthews... the truth, will set you free.

[A smirk.]

SW: Trust me.

[We fade back out to a panning live shot of the Rogers Centre crowd buzzing with anticipation of what's coming next...

...and then to the ring where Tyler Graham is standing.]

TG: AWA fans around the world... please welcome to SuperClash IX... from Metallica...

...KIRK HAMMETT!

[The crowd ERUPTS in a surprised reaction as the stadium lights cut to black. A lone spotlight scythes through the darkness to light up the Metallica guitarist standing alone in the middle of the stage, guitar dangling around his neck...]

#DUM DUM DUH DUMMMM#

[The crowd ROARS once more at the sound of one of the most iconic guitar riffs in all of professional wrestling - and rock and roll - history. The riff repeats.]

#DUM DUM DUH DUMMMM#

[Another big roar from the crowd!]

#DUM DUM DUH DUMMMM#

[The crowd is getting louder for each riff. The guitarwork continues, shifting to the other guitar part at the beginning of the song. Tyler Graham's voice rings out again as the guitar continues to play behind his words.]

TG: The following contest is set for one fall with a sixty minute time limit. Introducing first... from Durham, North Carolina... weighing in at 259 pounds... he is a former World Champion... a Hall of Famer... one of the greatest of all time...

THE CAREER KILLER...

THE MADFOX...

...JEEEEEEEEEEEEFF MAAAAAATHEWWWWWS!

[And on cue, the Toronto faithful cry out the lyric that wrestling fans around the globe have been shouting for decades...]

#HOLD MY BREATH AS I WISH FOR DEATH... OH PLEASE GOD WAKE ME!#

[And just as on cue, Jeff "Madfox" Matthews bursts through the entrance curtain to a huge reaction from the AWA faithful - a powerful mix of cheers for the long-time wrestling legend and jeers for his more recent actions. Matthews stands atop the ramp, nodding with a grin at Kirk Hammett as he shreds to the delight of both the Madfox and the Toronto fans.]



SA: When you talk about legendary figures in this sport, Colt Patterson, there are few who match the legendary status of this man right here.

CP: Graham hit the highspots - former World Champion, Hall of Famer... legendary wars with men like fellow Hall of Famers Alex Martinez and Caleb Temple. This man has been at the top of the sport more times than can be counted... and tonight, he's looking to take another trip straight to the mountain top.

SA: Jeff Matthews has made no secret of the fact that he feels used by Korugun. He feels like that everyone in the AWA has broken promises to him. He came back to the business that he loves to climb the peak of competition once again - he wants to wear the World Title once again to cap off this historic career. And to do it, I can't think of a better way to start that climb than to beat Supreme Wright here tonight at SuperClash.

CP: I've known Jeff Matthews since the day he stepped foot into the EMWC way back when he was the hottest free agent in wrestling. And all of these years later, I have to say that while he may be older... he's also still one of the best in the world at what he does and while the AWA is the hottest competition on the planet, the idea of Jeff Matthews - AWA World Champion - is something I could see happening without a doubt.

[Matthews is now riding the ring cart down the aisle, standing in crimson colored wrestling tights and high laced-up black boots. His torso is bare, showing off the souvenirs he's picked up in his legendary career - a littering of scars and some familiar tattoos. He tugs a pair of black elbowpads into place as he looks out on the crowd, soaking up the reaction.]

SA: One year ago, Jeff Matthews wanted to be Supreme Wright's partner against Casey James and Tiger Claw and Wright went with Jack Lynch instead. That was the tipping point. That was the moment when Matthews decided that the Korugun path was the right path. It was almost seven months later when Matthews betrayed Wright in South Philadelphia but make no mistake, the perceived show of disrespect the Madfox felt that night set this whole thing in motion.

CP: Plus, you mentioned Wright/Matthews I which we saw on the Power Hour recently. That World Title tournament match where the young upstart Wright took on the legend Matthews and upset the Madfox, shocking the wrestling world, when he locked on that Cobra Clutch Crossface and choked him out with it.

SA: The very first time he ever used that hold - a major tentpole in the story of Wright's career.

CP: They've spent the past few months beating the hell out of each other. Wright's concussion. Matthews' broken hand - you can still see white protective tape on that hand so you know it's not fully healed. And now it comes down to this.

[Reaching ringside, Matthews climbs into the ring, scaling the ropes as pyro goes off and he points up at the stage where Kirk Hammett brings his guitarwork to a close, giving a little wave and bow to the crowd and to Matthews before making his exit.]

SA: Matthews looks like a man focused... determined... and ready for the fight of his life against a man who takes no prisoner and gives no quarter in Supreme Wright.

[Matthews hops down off the ropes, swinging his arms across his torso, keeping loose as Tyler Graham continues.]

TG: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

[The camera keeps a tight focus on Jeff Matthews' face as the lights go out. The Madfox is staring down at the canvas, focusing for battle. However, his head suddenly snaps to attention as the crowd roars with surprise when they hear something over the PA system that they and Matthews haven't heard in years...]

CP: It's been a long time since we've heard this, Sal.

SA: And of course, Supreme Wright isn't satisfied with physically going to war with Jeff Matthews here tonight - he's gotta dig into the mind games as well.

[...the haunting vocals of Deborah Harry as "Step into a World (Rapture's Delight) by KRS-One begins to play!]

# Step into a world #  
# Where there's no one left #  
# But the very best #  
# No MC can test #

[As the song kicks into high gear, a spotlight hits the entrance, where a massive cheer from the Canadian crowd greets Supreme Wright as he enters. Wright is wearing the same long-sleeved, ankle-length black coat that he wore during his earliest years in the AWA. Wright then mimics his old pre-match entrance, hopping up and down, before throwing shadow punches to loosen up...]

"FOOOOOSH HHH!!!!"  
"FOOOOOSH HHH!!!!"  
"FOOOOOSH HHH!!!!"

[...]

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!!!!"

[...as pyro and fireworks explode behind him! As the crowd cheers wildly, the houselights come back up and he begins making his way down to the ring.]

TG: He hails from Sherwood Forest, Baton Rouge, Louisiana... tonight, he weighs in at 228 pounds...

He is a two-time AWA World Heavyweight champion...

...and arguably the BEST professional wrestler in the worrrrrrrrrllld...

SUUUUUUPREEEEEEEEME WRIIIIIIIIIGHTTTT!!!!

[The former World Champion cruises in style down to the ring in the ring cart, keeping his eyes on the squared circle where the Madfox awaits him, returning the stare from a great distance.]

SA: You heard Tyler Graham say it right there - arguably the best professional wrestler in the world, Colt.

CP: It's the kind of argument you have in a bar with your buddies or with your fellow pencil-necked geeks on the Internet - who is the best professional wrestler in the world? Some would say it's Johnny Detson because he's the king who wears the crowd. Some would give up names like Ryan Martinez... like Jack Lynch... Juan Vasquez... Supernova... Brian James... Jordan Ohara. Or across the world to guys like Fujimoto and Taguchi... to the UK and Logan Blackburn... to Mexico and all the great talent we saw there last summer. But you take all those names and toss 'em together and my money says the name that you hear the most is this guy right

here - Supreme Wright - and it may be an arguable point but it ain't a hard point to argue, Sal.

SA: One of the greatest strikers on the planet. A king of submission holds. Former two time champion. He's faced down and beaten the best in the world from Dave Bryant to Kenta Kitazawa to James and Claw and everyone in between... including this guy right here, Jeff Matthews. If Supreme Wright isn't the best wrestler in the world, he's gotta be a unanimous choice for Top 3 and tonight - with the whole world watching - he intends to prove why.

[As the cart pulls to a stop and Wright exits, he stops right before he reaches the ring and proceeds to remove his coat, revealing his lanky, but powerful build, with an extremely well-defined musculature, cutting an impressive figure. He is wearing his ring attire of old: MMA-style shorts; half black-and-gray camo and the other half with the airbrushed image of a large Japanese Oni's head. Inside the ring, a less-than-thrilled Matthews is staring daggers at Wright, who meets his gaze with a knowing smirk.]

SA: A little smile there on the face of Wright - a rare smile I might point out as Supreme Wright's stoicism is the stuff of legend - but as we said, tonight Supreme Wright is playing a little bit of mind games with the Madfox, trying to get into his head moments before they climb inside this ring together. Wright coming out in the same ring gear he wore when they met the first time five years ago. Wright dropping that "trust me" in his pre-match interview, the catchphrase of the iconic Caleb Temple who meant so much to the career of Jeff Matthews. This is Wright digging in to get a little psychological edge moments before the bell rings.

[Wright is now inside the ring, not acknowledging the cheers of the fans but we can hear that reaction nonetheless.]

SA: While the respect for Jeff Matthews was evident during his entrance, there is no doubt that Toronto is solidly behind Supreme Wright as he gets set for what should be a tremendous battle here tonight at SuperClash IX - an unofficial Number One Contender's match from what I've been told privately by many AWA officials.

[The two technical wizards stand across the ring for one another, eyes locked on their respective rival as referee Davis Warren stands center ring, arms extended in both directions to keep them apart until he signals for the bell...]

SA: You can sense the electricity in the air for this one, Colt. These fans have been waiting to see these two collide one-on-one for months... and in some cases, years! Tonight - here at SuperClash - it finally goes down.

[Warren waits a few more moments, takes a deep breath...

...and signals for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: The bell rings - one hour time limit on the clock and let's do this, man! I'm psyched for this one!

[A little aggravated by what he's seen and heard over the past few minutes, Matthews is quickly out of the corner, making a beeline across towards Supreme Wright who is ready for him, lunging into a collar and elbow tieup a few steps out of the corner he was standing in.]

SA: Right into a tieup... these two elite level competitors jockeying for position... trying to muscle one another back...

CP: Power isn't exactly the game of either of these men though, Albano. If they're going to get an advantage in a lockup, it's going to be through technique or leverage.

SA: Six foot five, 259 pounds for the Madfox. Six foot three, 225 for Wright. A slight size edge to Matthews but not a significant one.

[Wright quickly yanks Matthews into a side headlock, a glimmer of a smirk on his face as he does. Matthews starts pawing at the grasping arm, looking for a way out.]

SA: Into the side headlock. And these opening moments may go a long way to telling us what we're likely to see in this one. I'm expecting a fairly clean, hard-hitting match with a lot of holds and counters and quite frankly, I'd be surprised to see anything other than that, Colt.

CP: I gotta agree, Sal. Matthews can brawl - he's got that Los Angeles background - but I think tonight, he's got something he wants to prove to Supreme Wright and the whole world watching.

[With Wright holding the side headlock with relative ease, Matthews grabs the wrist and twists out of the headlock, hooking an armwringer on Wright. Matthews nods at the countermove as Wright grimaces, grabbing at his bicep...]

SA: Matthews with the counter there, from the headlock to the armwringer...

[But Wright is only trapped in the armwringer for a moment before he front rolls out of it, coming up to his feet and twisting the arm around into an armwringer of his own.]

SA: ...but Wright counters it right back, grabbing that arm and giving it a twist.

[Matthews grabs the arm, grimacing himself as he looks for a way out.]

SA: Matthews looking... reaching... trying for an escape...

[Unable to get his free hand on Wright, he wanders in a circle for a few moments, trapped in the armwringer...]

...and then locks his hand around the nearby top rope, not looking to force a rope break, but hanging on as he pulls off an athletic standing front flip to twist the arm back the other way...

...and then POPS Wright on the jaw with a forearm smash!]

SA: Oh! Matthews with an inventive counter and then lets the first strike of the match fly, catching Wright flush with that forearm...

[With Wright slightly stunned, Matthews grabs the arm, twisting it around into an armwringer...]

...but Wright instantly reverses, yanking the arm around, bending it behind the back of the Madfox, and cranks up hard enough to cause Matthews to cry out!]

SA: Wow! Nice counter again and Wright looking to do early damage to the arm...

[A disdainful Wright twists his hips, using the back of his leg to sweep out the back of Matthews' legs, knocking him down on his butt as Wright lets go of the hold.]

SA: Oh! And that'll add a little insult to injury there.

[Wright backs off, looking down at an embarrassed Matthews who shakes out the arm, looking up angrily at Wright who backs away.]

SA: Wright backs off, giving Matthews room to get to his feet... and I suppose you have to give the opening moments to Wright on points, Colt.

CP: On points, sure... but what catches my eye in the opening moments is that why Jeff Matthews seemed to have to work for every hold and counter, Supreme Wright was getting his stuff in at will it looked like.

SA: It'll be interesting to see if that continues as the match goes on. Remember, sixty minute time limit in this one so a lot of time for these two to go to work on each other. A storyline that many online have questioned about this match is - how much has changed in five years? The last time these two men... well, to quote a guy from a long time ago in a galaxy far far away... Supreme Wright was but the learner, now HE is the master. How much better has Supreme Wright gotten in five years? And how much has Jeff Matthews lost with five more candles on his birthday cake?

[Back on his feet, Matthews gives a thoughtful look across the ring at Wright while shaking out his arm again... and with a nod, he moves back in, colliding in another mid-ring lockup...]

SA: Right back to the lockup, again fighting for the early edge here in Toronto at SuperClash. Supreme Wright has become no stranger to the big match here at SuperClash, Colt.

CP: You mentioned last year's Syndicate Street Fight... of course, the Towel Match and the match with Martine is the stuff of legend. You can also go back to SuperClash V when he won Steal The Spotlight and beat Dave Bryant for the World Title in the same night.

[The tieup shifts to Matthews reapplying the armwringer, this time keeping the hold applied for a few more moments before Wright leans back, putting his shoulders to the mat as he slips his leg up, pushing it onto Matthews' arm to break the hold...

...and then spins around on his back, scissoring the ankle of the Madfox and taking him down with a slick drop toehold that gets cheers from the Toronto crowd!]

SA: Again, Supreme Wright showing off what appears to be superior mat wrestling technique early on in this one... wrapping up the leg now and... STF!

[The crowd cheers the early submission hold attempt as Wright cranks back on the stepover toehold's crossface, torquing the neck back as Matthews cries out, clawing at the canvas...]

SA: Both of these men boast the submission skills of legend. Jeff Matthews with the Fujiwara Armbar... with the Foxtrap figure four leglock as well. Wright's got more submission holds than you can shake a stick at but if he hooks in that Cobra Clutch Crossface, it's all over for sure.

CP: Nobody's ever gotten out of that and I don't expect Jeff Matthews would be the first here tonight, Albano.

SA: Matthews hanging on early, refusing to submit to that hold...

[Wright cinches the hold up tighter, causing Matthews to cry out again as Wright utters "ask him" to the official who obliges...]

SA: Davis Warren letting Wright know that Matthews won't give up - not yet at least.

CP: He didn't give up five years ago when he was trapped in the Cobra Clutch Crossfade, Sal.

SA: Times change and you can bet both of these men would love nothing more than to get a submission here at SuperClash.

[Matthews shouts "NOOOOO!" again at Warren's question which signals Wright who lets go of the STF, spinning instantly to apply a ground front facelock.]

SA: From one hold to the next, Supreme Wright is an expert in this style of wrestling, cranking up on the neck now...

[But before the front facelock can transition into a guillotine choke, Matthews grabs Wright's wrist, spinning out of the hold and twisting the arm around into a grounded hammerlock as he shoves Wright's chest into the mat.]

SA: ...and this time it's Matthews with the beautiful counter, working on that arm... thinking about the Fujiwara Armbar that has won him so many matches...

CP: And shortened so many careers.

SA: ...over the years. There was a period of time when Jeff Matthews was known as the Career Killer because of all the careers he shortened or ended with that Fujiwara Armbar and you know Supreme Wright will operate at all costs to stay away from that hold tonight.

[With Wright's arm pinned to his back, Matthews pushes up off the mat in a handstand, dropping a knee down on the arm once... twice... three times...

...and Wright promptly rolls clear, moving towards the ropes where he takes a knee, grimacing as he grabs at his arm, looking up at Matthews who smirks down at him, waving for him to get back up.]

SA: And now it's Supreme Wright who looks a little frustrated at the damage Matthews was able to inflict there.

CP: I've read all the people online talking about how Wright is better than they were before and how the age might catch up to Matthews but at the end of the day, Jeff Matthews is still a former World Champion... still a Hall of Famer... and still one of the best to ever lace 'em up. If Supreme Wright thought he could simply outclass Matthews here tonight, his overconfidence may be his weakness.

[Wright is slow to rise, eyeballing Matthews for any sudden movements as he gets to his feet, rubbing at his elbow as Matthews keeps a sharp-eye out for any serious damage done...

...and then Wright lunges forward, wrapping up Matthews in yet another collar and elbow.]

SA: They lock up again...

[Wright yanks Matthews into the side headlock once more, cranking a few times on it as Matthews stretches out his arms, looking for the ropes to escape...

...but Wright pulls him back to the middle of the ring, shaking his head defiantly as he lets go with his right hand, flattening it out...]

SA: OH! Palm strike to the bridge of the nose!

[...and while still holding a loose side headlock, he smashes his open palm into Matthews' nose a handful of times, causing Matthews to falter back up against the ropes...]

SA: Blow after blow by Wright, working over Matthews...

[With his eyes watering from the blows to the nose, Matthews wraps his arms around Wright, shooting him off across the ring. As Wright rebounds, Matthews dives down to the mat to trip him up...

...but Wright slams on the brakes, crouching down to make a grab at the legs. He gets a hold of the left ankle before Matthews pushes off the mat with his feet, front rolling to escape the grasp...]

SA: Wright went for something but Matthews rolls free!

[...but Wright keeps coming towards the rising Matthews, looking to take advantage but the Madfox lunges at the legs, using his arm to sweep the legs out from under Wright, putting him down on his back...]

SA: Matthews takes the legs out, Wright goes down, Matthews goes up and...

[...where the scrambling Matthews grabs a leg under his armpit, looking to secure the other one...]

SA: ...looking for a Boston Crab here!

[...but the free leg comes up hard, catching Matthews under the chin with an upkick that stuns him... and then again to the sternum, sending the Madfox stumbling backwards...]

SA: Wright kicks his way out... right back up... coming in for-

[But as Wright rushes him, Matthews ducks down, lifting him up onto his shoulders in a fireman's carry...

...but Wright wriggles free, landing on his feet behind Matthews who twists around...]

SA: Wright ducks down and...

[...and Wright lifts Matthews up onto his own shoulders in a fireman's carry as the Toronto crowd erupts at what might come next...]

SA: ...FAT TUESDAY! FAT TUES-

[...and the crowd groans as Matthews wriggles free as well, slipping out and diving backwards towards the safety of the ropes as Wright spins around to look at him, knowing he was a second away from landing one of his signature moves early in the matchup. The fans cheer the stalemate staredown as Wright backs off, nodding his head at Matthews.]

SA: A very even battle so far in this one. Back and forth they go, Colt.

CP: In some matches, you'll see wrestlers take their time going for a win so that they can hurt their opponent more. These two know that the best way to hurt one another is to actually get the win so they're going full bore after it just minutes into this one.

[Matthews pauses, looking around at the cheering crowd for a moment with a shake of his head.]

SA: Some cheers for Jeff Matthews mixed into all of that, Colt. No matter what he's done since July, there are always going to be some fans who cheer for him... just like we saw with Hardin and James earlier.

CP: Nostalgia heals some bad wounds, Sal. Yeah, they don't like that he turned on Wright. They don't like that he worked with Korugun... but he's still the same Jeff Matthews they watched for years in Los Angeles and other places. He's still the Madfox they supported for so long.

SA: Matthews hasn't seemed the most thrilled with Javier Castillo and his Korugun allies recently either. It was recently on Saturday Night Wrestling when Matthews tried to get himself added to the World Title match later tonight but Castillo refused, saying Matthews' job was to keep Wright out of WarGames.

[Matthews comes charging at Wright, again diving into a tieup...

...but Wright again slickly and swiftly slides out of the lockup, grabbing an arm with one hand...]

SA: Hold on! Hold on!

[...and sliding the other arm up behind the neck of the Madfox...]

SA: He's looking for the Crossface! The same move he used to defeat Matthews five years ago!

[...but Matthews has it well-scouted, stiffening up and getting a wide stance on the mat, holding Wright up and preventing him from taking him down to the mat...]

SA: Matthews blocks it - nicely done!

CP: He's ready for it this time! He's spent five years scouting this hold and he knows how Wright gets you into it and how you get out of it!

[Wright struggles to score the takedown for a few moments but Matthews' posture keeps him free...

...which is when Wright slides the leg around Matthews', hooking into place before tucking his head and front rolling both he and Matthews down to the mat where they end up seated side by side with Matthews trapped in an unusual seated Cobra Clutch!]

SA: Whoa! Did you see that, Colt?!

CP: I saw it! Wright showing off that mat wrestling skill, taking Matthews down, trying to get him onto his belly to lock in that crossface...

[Seated side-by-side in the cobra clutch, the two men push and pull their bodies at one another, trying to make progress...

...but Matthews plants his feet on the mat, pushing off hard to roll backwards, pulling himself right out of Wright's submission hold attempt...]

SA: Matthews rolls out of it... and look at this!

[...into perfect position to snatch Wright in an inverted facelock...]



SA: Dragon sleeper by the Madfox!

[Matthews cranks up on the neck, giving a scream of his own of effort as he tries to wrench a submission out of the two-time World Champion...]

SA: Matthews with that hold out of nowhere... Wright looking for a way out...

[...and dragging Wright to his feet, still trapped in the hold!]

CP: Matthews can go a lot of different ways from this position... a DDT... a Destiny Strangle... a-

[But as Wright seems on the verge of escape, Matthews swings his knee up into the back once... twice... three times between the shoulderblades...

...and then dropping down to a bent knee in a modified backbreaker!]

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

[Matthews shoves Wright off his knees to the mat before standing up and dropping to his own knees, driving the point of his elbow down into Wright's throat to jeers!]

SA: The elbow on target - and Matthews with the cover here!

[A two count follows before Wright kicks out...

...and Matthews quickly scrambles up, grabbing the leg he kicked out with, twisting it around...]

SA: Matthews looking for the Foxtrap!

[...but Wright reaches up on the spinning toehold, grabbing Matthews by the hair, pulling him close...]

SA: OH! PALM STRIKE!

[..and delivers rapid-fire palm strikes to the face that send Matthews stumbling and staggering backwards across the ring!]

SA: Wright using those palm strikes to break free of the Foxtrap attempt, getting back to his feet now...

[Wright steps in towards the reeling Matthews who lashes out with a boot to the stomach!]

SA: ...and gets caught on the way in! Matthews hooks him... suplex on the way...

[Matthews slings the arm over his neck, attempting to lift Wright up off the mat but Wright slips a leg between Matthews, blocking the effort...]

SA: Wright blocks the suplex, getting that leg around Matthews...

[...and then the two-time World Champion attempts a reversal, looking to lift Matthews into the air...]

SA: ...and this time, it's Wright with the suplex!

[...but as Matthews goes up off the mat, he's only there a moment before his struggles to block force Wright to put him back down...]

SA: No! Matthews blocks it!

[Using the momentum of the block, Matthews lifts Wright up, getting him all the way up this time...]

SA: Matthews gets him up! He's got him up and- OH!

[...but Wright scores with a kneestrike to the head from his upside down position, causing Matthews to put him right back down!]

SA: WRIGHT COUNTERS AGAIN!

[This time, it's Wright who uses the momentum of the counter to try and hoist Matthews up, getting him partially up when Matthews twists in mid-air, snaring a three-quarter nelson...]

SA: FOXDEN!

[...but his attempt to SPIKE Wright's skull into the canvas with his signature offensive move is thwarted by Wright snatching a waistlock, standing tall as Matthews comes down on the canvas...]

...and quickly spins out of the waistlock, grabbing the wrist, pulling the arm up under his armpit...]

SA: FUIWARA!

[...and takes Wright down to the canvas, jamming his torso into the mat as Matthews immediately tries to crank back on the trapped limb!]

SA: Matthews trying to get that armbar fully locked in and-

[Wright tucks his head in the scramble, rolling through the effort to lock in the dangerous hold before snatching a front facelock of his own...]

SA: -Wright with a counter, hooking Matthews...

[...that Matthews spins out of, hooking another Fujiwara attempt!]

SA: ...who reverses and goes right back into the Fujiwara!

[Matthews cranks back a little too far though, allowing Wright to flip him over onto his shoulders in a makeshift crucifix attempt...]

SA: Shoulders are down! He gets one! He gets two!

[...but Matthews rolls through the pinning attempt, grabbing the arm as he does...]

SA: BACK TO THE FUJIWARA!

[The crowd is buzzing at the exchange of holds and counterholds as Matthews tries to get Wright's chest pushed down into the mat for maximum pressure on the submission hold...]

...which is when Wright hooks his inner leg with Matthews' outer leg, somehow pulling Matthews into a seated position...]

SA: What in the...?

[...where he snatches a grounded abdominal stretch, rolling Matthews right back onto his shoulders!]

CP: What the heck was that, Albano?!

SA: It could be! It MIGHT be! IT-

[Matthews kicks out at two, breaking loose from the hold as the crowd buzzes over the wild exchange.]

SA: Matthews out at two, things picking up a bit here as both men struggle to get to their feet first...

“WHAAAAAAAAAACK!”

[The Madfox comes up swinging, catching Wright across the chest with a firm knife edge chop!]

SA: Chop by the Madfox... lighting up the chest of Wright...]

[Wright stumbles backwards as Matthews measures him up...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAACK!”

[...and lands a second chop that connects, sending Wright staggering into the ropes where Matthews lines him up one more time...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAACK!”

[...and lands a third skin-blistering chop that echoes throughout the Rogers Centre.]

SA: Matthews switching to the striking, using those chops to put Wright back into the ropes...

[Matthews nods to the crowd, reaching out to grab Wright by the head...

...but the quick-striking Wright snares the Madfox in a cravate, violently cranking the head and neck to a shocked yelp from Matthews...]

SA: Cravate! Wright stretching and bending those ligaments and tendons...

[...before landing a big kneestrike to the skull of Matthews!]

SA: Wright going to work with those knees - we've seen this before!

[Wright lands a second kneestrike... then a third, sending Matthews back away from the ropes and towards mid-ring...

...where Matthews slips his left arm through Wright's grip, locking it around Wright's torso...]

SA: What in the world...?

[...and twisting his own body, flips Wright over onto the mat with Matthews on top in a lateral press!]

CP: I've never seen anything like that before!

[A two count follows, the crowd cheering the inventive counter by the Madfox.]

SA: Those two artists on the canvas busting out things that these fans - and us, Colt Patterson - have never even seen.

[Wright is quickly to his feet, snatching the cravate again as Matthews rises alongside him...]

SA: Kneestrikes!

[...and scores with another trio of kneestrikes, leaving Matthews wobbly on his feet as Wright pushes off, snapping off a hard leg kick to the back of Matthews' thigh...]

SA: OH! Supreme Wright sticking with the striking but picking a new target in the leg of Jeff Matthews!

[The crowd groans as Wright lands a second leg kick... and a third, the final one to the side of the knee...]

SA: Matthews staggering back into the ropes, Wright targeting the leg and knee...

[With Matthews on the ropes, Wright steps back, measuring him...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and lands a big roundhouse kick to the sternum!]

SA: Sweet Santa Maria! You can hear that one in Niagara Falls!

[Wright measures again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and Wright seems ready to deliver another one when the referee steps in, ordering him to back off the ropes...]

SA: Davis Warren intervening, telling Wright to let Matthews out of the ropes...

[Wright backs off with a glare at the referee and then steps back in...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and lands a roundhouse to the temple that knocks Matthews off his feet, allowing Wright to dive into a lateral press!]

SA: Big kick to the head connects! Wright with the cover!

[A two count follows before Matthews again pops a shoulder up off the canvas.]

SA: The ever-dangerous feet of Supreme Wright doing damage in a major way to Jeff Matthews as we near the fifteen minute mark of this match. Remember... a sixty minute time limit in this one and the way these two are going at it here in Toronto, they may use every single bit of that.

[Wright regains his feet, taking a slow lap around the ring as Matthews struggles to get back up off the mat, pushing up to his knees...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

CP: My god, you can FEEL that, Sal. It makes me want an ice pack and I'm just out here on commentary.

SA: Absolutely brutal kicks to the body by Wright, trying to break down the Madfox and set him up for some of Wright's ever-dangerous offense.

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Another kick, right on target... Matthews' chest is starting to redden from the impact of those blows...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The third one puts Matthews down on both knees, his head dipping down to press into the mat as the crowd cheers the two-time World Champion on.]

SA: Supreme Wright showing Jeff Matthews that five years ago, he might've been the young newcomer to the AWA but in 2017, this ring is Supreme Wright's house and he does NOT like intruders trying to take his spot.

CP: There has been a lot of chatter than whoever wins this match might be in line for a shot at the winner of tonight's World Title three way matchup and if it's Supreme Wright, you'd have to give me good odds to not pick him as a soon-to-be three-time World Champion.

[With Matthews down on the mat, Wright reaches down and pulls him back up to his knees...

...and then sinks his fingers into the nostrils of the Madfox, yanking back hard as Matthews cries out and the crowd groans...]

SA: Supreme Wright has never been one against bending the rules a little...

CP: Those aren't the rules he's bending, it's Matthews' spine...

[As he pulls Matthews' head back, he exposes his face...

...and then SMASHES an overhead elbow down on the bridge of the nose!]

SA: Another hard shot - this one to the face - and he might've broken Jeff Matthews' nose right there!

[Matthews again slumps forward as Wright stands over him, taking a few angry words from Davis Warren who warns against the fish hook.]

SA: The official letting Wright know what's what right about now...

"FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY!"

SA: You hear the fifteen minute call right there. These two engaged in the finest form of mortal combat on the planet - the world of professional wrestling. This is the kind of battle you would've seen twenty years ago with the likes of men like Tiger Claw who we saw here earlier tonight... the kind of battle this same building saw so many years ago with men like Kaufman and Quigley.

[Wright moves back in on the once-again kneeling Matthews who rears back and throws a rather weak right hand to the midsection of Wright who sneers down at him as he falls back to all fours...]

SA: The right hand had no effect on Wright and-

[...and then Wright VIOLENTLY stomps the right hand, causing Matthews to cry out in pain!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: HE STOMPS THE FINGERS!

[Matthews crumples down on the mat, cradling his hand as Wright stands over him, a cold expression on his face.]

CP: It's almost like Wright was offended by Matthews striking him, Albano. He was offended and decided to take the offending hand.

SA: We talked about Jeff Matthews suffering a broken hand in the lead-up to this matchup... and we talked about that hand still being taped up to protect it from the action here tonight.

CP: No amount of tape protects your hand from having someone stomp your damn fingers, Albano.

SA: I would imagine not.

[Matthews drags himself across the mat towards the corner as the referee and Wright trade words a second time.]

SA: Jeff Matthews, cradling that injured hand, is trying to get to the corner... perhaps looking for a bit of a momentary reprieve from the ever-aggressive Wright.

[Reaching the corner, the Madfox throws his left arm up around the top rope, dragging himself back to his feet where he finds Wright waiting for him...

...and DRILLS him with another hard leg kick!]

SA: Right back to the side of the knee goes Wright, breaking down that leg on the Madfox for whatever's still to come...

[A second leg kick lands, Matthews now barely putting any weight on that leg as he grabs the ropes to steady himself...

...and a third one sweeps the leg out completely, causing Matthews to crumple down against the buckles.]

SA: Down goes Matthews again... and again, the referee is there to force Wright back, wanting to check on Matthews to make sure he can continue in this one. That leg has taken several hard shots and he could barely even stand on it a moment ago.

[Wright steps back, eyeballing Matthews as he watches the referee converse with the Hall of Famer.]

SA: Five years ago, the referee had to stop the match when Supreme Wright hooked the Cobra Clutch Crossface for the very first time and Matthews lost consciousness. Could the referee be put in the same position of needing to stop this match to protect Matthews from himself here tonight?

[Wright steps in, asking the referee if the match is going to continue but Warren pushes him back again.]

SA: Supreme Wright getting a little agitated at referee Davis Warren it appears.

CP: Can't blame him. Make a call, Warren. Can Matthews keep going or not?

SA: The official checking Matthews again... Matthews trying to get up... up on a knee now...

[Warren talks to Matthews once more and then waves for the match to continue. Wright stomps back in towards him...]

SA: The match will go on and-

[...when Matthews leaps off the mat, snatching a three-quarter nelson...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: FOXDEN! FOXDEN OUT OF NOWHERE!

[But as Matthews hits the mat, his knee SLAMS down into the canvas. He cries out, grabbing at his leg as Wright lies prone a few feet away from him.]

SA: Matthews hits the Foxden - but he can't make the cover yet, Colt!

CP: He's wasting valuable time here! Supreme Wright might be out cold and Jeff Matthews can't take advantage of it!

[Matthews slams his hand down into his knee a few times, rolling over to look where Wright is...

...and he makes a lunge towards him, attempting a cover...]

SA: COVER! NO! Wright rolls out to the floor!

[The crowd buzzes at the near miss for Supreme Wright as the two-time World Champion rolls right off the apron, slamming down on the floor as Matthews whiffs on his pin attempt!]

SA: Supreme Wright showing great ring presence, a sign of a true ring general, in knowing exactly where he was and using that information to his advantage to avoid a pin attempt from Matthews.

[Matthews angrily slams a hand down on the mat, grimacing as he kneels on the canvas and referee Davis Warren starts a ten count on Supreme Wright.]

SA: Wright avoided the pinfall but now the count is on. A ten count from Davis Warren would end this match as well as a pinfall but you've gotta think that neither of these men want to win the match like that.

CP: Not at all. A win is a win in most cases, Albano, but in a match like this, they want a definitive win so they can show the world that they are the better man... the better competitor... the better warrior.

[Matthews stays down on the mat, giving his knee time to recover a bit as the count gets up to three...]

SA: Jeff Matthews taking a rest... getting a breather as he waits for Wright to get back up on the outside...

[Matthews crawls towards the ropes, using them to drag himself to his feet where he shakes out the leg.]

SA: ...trying to shake some life into that knee that Wright pummeled just moments ago with those devastating leg kicks...

[The count reaches five as we see Supreme Wright's hand reach up from the floor, grabbing the bottom rope...]

SA: ...and in the meantime, it looks like signs of life out of Supreme Wright as he attempts to get back into this ring for this battle to continue. In fact, it looks like Jeff Matthews might be about to help him out with that.

[At the count of seven, Matthews leans through the ropes, grabbing Wright and guiding him up onto the apron where he drags Wright through the ropes, his torso dangling over the middle rope...]

SA: Wright's hanging over the ropes - at the mercy of the Madfox...

CP: At the mercy of a guy they called the Career Killer at times. Not a good omen.

[Holding Wright by the back of the head, Matthews snaps a short kick up into the face... and again... and again...]

SA: Matthews taking a page out of Wright's playbook there with those kicks and-

[...and then pulls him up a little higher, laying in a pair of heavy knees to the torso of Wright as well...]

SA: -to the knees now! Matthews pounding Wright's head and upper body...

[The referee steps in, forcing Matthews to back off with his hands raised and the crowd jeering. The Madfox bumps into the buckles... and then slowly turns, his eyes lighting up...]

SA: The official checking on Wright now, making sure that he can continue after he did the same to Matthews moments ago...

CP: Where the heck is Matthews going?

[With Wright still dangling, Matthews ducks through the ropes and starts to climb, bad wheel and all...]

SA: We talked earlier about Jeff Matthews' brawling skills from his time in Los Angeles but there's something else that happened to Matthews in Los Angeles that may be contributing to this decision, Colt. I'm talking about the extended period of time where Jeff Matthews tattooed his body, put on a mask, and convinced the world that he was Caleb Temple!



CP: Matthews is heading up top, slowly but surely on that bum leg... and you could be right, Albano. That was one of the strangest periods in a man's career that I can recall. How do you become so obsessed... so unhinged to go to those lengths? Tattoos ain't temporary and he's still got them all over his body. Jeff Matthews was a man obsessed during that period... and he may be a man obsessed with winning here tonight.

[The referee steps back as Matthews gets to the top rope, barely putting weight on the bad leg as he looks down on Wright, the crowd surging to their feet in anticipation...]

SA: Matthews is up top! Matthews is-

[The Madfox leaps into the air, tucking both legs up as he soars down towards the dangling Wright...]

SA: -ARABIAN FACEBUSTER!

[...and CRASHES down on the back of Wright's head and neck with a double legdrop, flipping him out of the ropes and down onto the mat as Matthews lands with a tremendous jolt to his spine!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! MATTHEWS WITH THE FACEBUSTER TO THE BACK OF THE HEAD!

CP: At least there was no chair.

SA: Thank heavens for small miracles, I suppose... and Matthews took a hard fall as well, sacrificing his body to do it just as Caleb Temple would've done!

[Matthews grimaces as he rolls to a knee, diving across Wright's prone form, hooking a leg...]

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

[But Wright kicks out again, breaking the pin as Matthews rolls off, staring up at the lights in frustration.]

SA: Matthews digging deep in the playbook for that one, hoping perhaps to pull something out that even Supreme Wright didn't see coming.

CP: It's a good point, Albano. We've seen the Foxden... we've seen the Fujiwara... but so far, Wright has seemed ready for both and has been able to reduce the impact of them. It might take something unexpected to win this.

[Matthews rolls over to a knee, swinging a leg over the downed Wright to take the mount, balling up his fists...]

SA: Matthews raining down right hands, pounding away on Wright...

[Matthews winces, shaking out his hand as Wright tries to cover up on the canvas.]

SA: The Madfox hurting his own hand but perhaps it's worth it to him to lay in those hard shots onto Wright. And you have to wonder if this is frustration shining through for Matthews. He's shown so much of the sweet science so far in this one but now the fists are flying.

[The Madfox climbs to his feet, shaking out his hand again, glaring down at Wright who starts to stir off the mat when Matthews grabs him by the legs, lifting up the left leg to drop an elbow down into the knee...]

SA: And now it's Matthews going after that left knee...

[...and a second one...]

SA: Dropping all his weight down on the knee joint.

[...and a third, Wright crying out from the impact of Matthews' weight crashing down on the leg.]

SA: Matthews targeting the knee - we know he's got that Fox Trap in his arsenal, that dangerous and painful figure four leglock. That could be the goal here, Colt.

CP: Working the leg, breaking down the knee... it takes a lot of Wright's offense out of the picture as well. Those kicks he's been throwing... it's a lot harder to throw 'em when you can't stand on one leg.

[Matthews climbs back to his feet, giving a sweep of his arm to signal for the aforementioned Fox Trap...]

SA: Here comes that Fox Trap - Matthews looking to finish him off...

[The Madfox lifts the leg up, looking to wrap it up in a torturous hold...

...but Wright is ready for him, bringing his other leg up and delivering a hard kick to the chin that snaps Matthews' head back, forcing him to release the grip on the leg as he staggers back into the corner!]

SA: And again, Wright had it scouted, knew it was coming, and was ready to counter it.

CP: These two know each other so well at this point, Albano. It feels like it's going to take something unexpected to get the win like we said earlier.

[With his opponent in a daze, Wright drags himself up off the mat, having noticeable difficulty putting full weight on the leg that Matthews was targeting as he hobbles towards the corner where the Madfox is leaning...]

SA: Wright's got Matthews in the corner now... look out here...

[...and SMASHES a hard elbowstrike into the side of the head... and another... and another...]

SA: ...Wright teeing off with those devastating elbows in the buckles! Matthews is hanging onto the ropes, trying to stay on his feet...

[Wright steps back at the referee's orders, giving his arm a little shake.]

CP: You see that? That little shake of the arm? Supreme's still feeling the attack on the arm from earlier as well. Matthews has done a great job of inflicting damage to the arm and to the leg to hinder Wright's efforts in there.

SA: Great call, Colt... and Supreme steps back in, grabbing the wrist...

[An attempt at an Irish whip from corner to corner goes awry when Matthews reverses it...

...and gives the arm a twist as he does, causing Supreme to flip through the air, crashing down on the mat clutching his limb!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: Effective and unusual offense out of the Madfox, adding just that slight twist to the whip which effectively turned it into a high torque armwringer that puts Wright back down on the mat.

CP: The leg has been softened up for the Fox Trap... the arm has been softened up for the Fujiwara... we're over twenty minutes into this match and Jeff Matthews has put himself in an excellent position to use one of those holds and get the win.

SA: Forcing a submission out of Supreme Wright on the biggest night of the year for this industry would be a major accomplishment for Jeff Matthews and certainly put him in line to face the winner of tonight's World Title showdown.

[Matthews leans against the ropes, grimacing as the pain inflicted upon him so far rushes through his body. He watches as Supreme Wright rolls to his chest, putting his arms underneath him in an effort to push up off the mat...

...and Matthews rushes forward, leaping into the air...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and STOMPS the raised elbow as Wright tried to push up off the canvas!]

SA: SWEET SAN ANGELO! That's a way to break an arm right there!

CP: Maybe a little bit of payback for that stomp on the fingers earlier.

[Wright is crying out in pain, rolling back and forth on the mat clutching his elbow as Matthews stares down at him. The referee takes a knee next to Wright, checking to see if he can still continue this matchup.]

SA: And if Supreme Wright wasn't suitably softened up for the Fujiwara before, he's gotta be now.

CP: Forget the Fujiwara. Matthews may have ended the match right then and there, Albano. Warren is right down there to check to see if Wright can continue.

SA: We saw this earlier with Matthews. Both men have taken a tremendous amount of punishment in this one. Wright looks like he's trying to wave Warren off, telling him he can keep going.

[Warren does indeed step back and wave for the match to continue as Matthews surges in, lifting Wright up off the mat by the injured arm, twisting him around and locking in a waistlock...]

SA: Waistlock from Matthews - suplex perhaps?

[...but Wright swings his good arm back, catching Matthews on the jaw with the point of his elbow... and again... and again...]

SA: Wright elbows out of it, turns around and-

[Matthews reaches up, snaring a three-quarter nelson again to a ROAR from the crowd...]

SA: FOXD-

[...but Wright is ready for it, shoving the Hall of Famer away towards the corner!]

SA: -NO! BLOCKED BY WRIGHT!

[Wright throws himself forward, smashing a forearm into the ear of Matthews!]

SA: OH! Hard shot by the two-time AWA World Champion!

[Grabbing the back of the head, Wright DRILLS Matthews with a European uppercut that nearly takes him out of his boots!]

SA: And another one! Two big blows by Wright... trying to get back into control of this one...

[Snaring a front facelock, Wright drags Matthews from the corner towards the middle of the ring...

...and that delay is enough for Matthews to spin out of the grip, holding the arm and giving it a violent twist as he JERKS Wright down to the canvas again!]

SA: And right back to the arm! Wright goes down HARD off that high-torque armwringer and... Matthews with a cover here!

[A two count follows before Wright lifts the good shoulder off the mat to break the pin.]

SA: Two count only...

[Matthews pushes up to his knees, breathing heavily as he rests his hands on the mat, down on all fours with his chest heaving.]

SA: You can see the exertion on the faces of both men. Both competitors with tremendous conditioning but as we've crossed the twenty-five minute mark in this match, both competitors are also starting to feel the effects of this grueling battle.

[The Madfox again slowly gets up off the mat, driving a hard kick into the ribs of Wright... and another to jeers from the majority of the crowd. Matthews glares out at the Toronto fans, shaking his head as he leans down and grabs Wright by the injured arm, giving it a hard yank as he pulls him off the canvas...

...and pulls him in tight, twisting around to hook the arm under his armpit!]

SA: He's looking for the Fujiwara again! Trying to get Wright down in one of the most legendary submission holds in the history of our great sport!

[But again, Supreme Wright has the move so well-scouted, he's able to block the application, staying on his feet instead of being dragged down to the canvas in the hold...]

SA: Wright is fighting it though! Matthews again can't get him down and-

[Matthews abruptly lets go, a move that causes Wright to straighten up instinctively...

...which is where Matthews wants him as he snatches a three-quarter nelson...]

SA: FOXDE-

[...but Wright counters that as well, shoving Matthews off into the ropes. The Madfox rebounds off as Wright desperately throws himself into a front somersault, his heel catching Matthews flush on the chest and sending the Hall of Famer toppling backwards through the ropes to the outside to a big reaction from the AWA faithful!]

SA: Counter after counter, Supreme Wright continues to find a way to avoid the big moves of Jeff Matthews except for that one Foxden Matthews hit earlier that Wright was able to roll out and avoid being covered on.

CP: That's gotta be frustrating for Matthews, Sal. We've talked about how maybe these two know each other too well. They're both students of the game. They both - no doubt - have watched hours of video to prepare for this. Maybe they'll need something new... something unexpected... but with Matthews, you have to wonder a little bit...

SA: Can an old dog learn a new trick?

CP: Exactly.

SA: That remains to be seen as Matthews is out on the floor, giving Supreme Wright some valuable - and much-needed - recovery time inside the ring.

[Wright is up on his knees, watching to see how quickly Matthews recovers as the crowd buzzes over the encounter they've seen so far. He slowly pushes up off the mat, dropping back to lean against the far ropes as the crowd buzz grows stronger...]

SA: Is he... he's not thinking of DIVING out onto Jeff Matthews, is he?!

CP: That's not something we see a lot of from Wright. It might qualify as one of those surprise attacks we've been talking about.

[But Wright grabs hold of the ropes, shaking his head as Matthews starts to stir on the outside...]

SA: Matthews getting up out on the floor... and Wright looks like he's thought better of trying any kind of dive at this point...

[A frustrated Matthews looks up at the ring, standing near the timekeeper's table...

...and then angrily turns towards the table, waving a hand and clearing everyone from it as he grabs the steel chair the timekeeper was sitting in.]

SA: Uh oh.

CP: This scientific battle may have just leveled up into something different!

[Matthews looks up at Wright, steel chair in hand as Davis Warren warns him.]

SA: Warren's letting him know that using that chair will be an instant disqualification - immediate!

[Matthews grimaces, looking down at the chair... then up at Wright...

...and then throws it down on the ringside mats to relieved cheers from the AWA faithful jammed into the Rogers Centre.]

SA: No! No, he's not gonna do it! Not tonight!

[The Madfox wearily rolls himself back under the ropes as Wright moves in on him. Matthews climbs to his feet as Wright greets him with an Irish whip...]

SA: Wright shoots him across... backdrop...

[But Wright sets too soon, dropping his head and allowing Matthews to leap over him, snatching him by the upper legs...]

SA: ...and Matthews with the sunset flip! Can he get him down?!

[The crowd is cheering as Matthews tries to drag Wright down into a pinning position but so far the two-time AWA World Champion is fighting it, struggling to stay on his feet as the Hall of Famer tries to pull him down to the canvas...]

SA: Matthews trying to get him on the mat, pin those shoulders down but Wright is hanging on so far!

[...but suddenly, Wright's leg gives way and he falls backwards into Matthews' pin attempt!]

SA: He got him down! He's got one! He's got two! He's got-

[But with a shifting of his weight, Wright rolls through the pin attempt, ending up on his feet where he grabs Matthews by the legs, flipping over into a double leg cradle...]

SA: Wright reverses! Now HE'S got one! He's got two! He's got-

[The crowd "ooooohs" as Matthews somehow finds the strength to bridge up out of the cradle, ending up on their feet as they go back to back, fighting for a backslide...]

SA: -back up and now they're BOTH looking for the cover! Both men fighting over this backslide attempt but who is gonna get it first?!

[Wright seems on the verge of losing the struggle when he abruptly untangles himself from Matthews, whipping around...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Elbow to the back of the head! Talk about needing some Tylenol!

[Matthews stumbles forward, catching himself on the turnbuckles as he collapses into the corner...]

...and Supreme Wright chokes down the pain shooting through his leg, charging in towards him...]

SA: UPPERCU- OHHH! MATTHEWS GETS THE BOOT UP!

[Wright stumbles backwards on impact as Matthews grabs the ropes to catch his balance...]

SA: Matthews got that foot up in time and now it's Wright who is reeling again!

[But Wright charges in a second time, looking for that charging European uppercut...]

...but Matthews leans back this time, lifting both feet into the air as Wright runs chinfirst into them!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: BOTH FEET THIS TIME!

[Wright stumbles, grabbing the ropes to stay on his feet as Matthews boosts himself up to sit on the top turnbuckle, pulling the dazed Wright into a front facelock as the crowd begins to buzz...]

SA: He's got him hooked! Matthews hooks him from the top and-

[...but Wright spins out of the front facelock, fighting the pain in his leg as he leaps upwards to catch Matthews with a jumping European uppercut!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The impact of the blow causes Matthews to fall backwards from his perch, toppling perilously towards a hard headfirst fall to the floor...]

SA: Look out! Look out! DANGER!

[...but Wright reaches out to grab him, preventing the fall...]

SA: I think.... Colt, I think Supreme Wright may have just saved Jeff Matthews from serious permanent injury right there... Matthews seemed like he was about to fall backwards to the floor and Wright stopped him.

CP: Who knows, Sal? Maybe a little respect for the legend coming out of Supreme Wright here tonight at SuperClash.

[Wright steps up on the second rope, pulling Matthews into a front facelock of his own...]

SA: And now it looks like Wright's got an idea of his own from the ropes! Perhaps setting up for a superplex here!

[...but Matthews isn't going down that easy, pistoning his right hand into the exposed ribcage of Wright once... twice... three times... four times... on and on until a cringing Wright finally lets go...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and a desperate Jeff Matthews lashes out with a headbutt that catches Wright between the eyes and sends him flopping backwards down onto the canvas!]

SA: SKULL MEETS SKULL AND DOWN GOES SUPREME WRIGHT!

[Matthews swipes a hand across his own forehead, checking to see if he split himself open with the headbutt. With Wright down on the mat, Matthews plants his feet on the middle rope, standing tall and looking down on his opponent...]

SA: What's Matthews going to do here with Supreme Wright down and at his mercy?!

[The Madfox leaps into the air, tucking his legs up...]

SA: DOUBLE STOMP!

[...but as Wright rolls to the side, Matthews' double stomp attempt ends with him sticking a very hard landing on the canvas, sending an instant jolt of pain up

through his targeted leg. His knee buckles on impact and he collapses down to all fours, grimacing in pain as he grabs at the knee!]

SA: He missed! He missed the double stomp off the middle rope and... look at him, Colt.

CP: His knee buckled when he hit the mat and... well, I can't recall ever seeing Matthews go for a move like that so he might've been trying to surprise Wright with it. The problem with the big surprise moves is that when you don't have experience using them, sometimes the risk isn't worth the potential reward.

SA: Matthews is down and he is hurtin' for certain off that missed double stomp off the middle rope. He took a big swing, trying to hit a home run here where the Toronto Blue Jays play their home games but the Mighty Matthews struck out in a big way there and he's paying the price for it right about now.

"THIRTY MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! THIRTY MINUTES REMAIN!"

SA: And there you hear the call - we've reached the halfway point in the time limit for this one as these two tremendous, all-time competitors battle it out on wrestling's biggest stage here at SuperClash IX.

[Wright is the first to his feet, slowly but surely as he waves a hand, beckoning the hurting Matthews to get up off the canvas...]

SA: Wright standing... waiting... sizing up the competition as Matthews struggles to get back up to his feet after that missed double stomp that rocked his knee yet again...

CP: Matthews is trying to get up but he ain't gonna like what's waiting for him.

[The Madfox slowly regains his footing as Wright lies in wait, a predator waiting for his prey...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

SA: LEG KICK!

[The crowd groans as Matthews' leg buckles, only a desperate grab of the ropes saving him from a return trip back down to the canvas as Wright eyeballs him...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A second one sends Matthews hobbling towards the corner, keeping his weight against the ropes as he tries to stay standing...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and a third sends Matthews crumpling back against the buckles, looping his arms over the top rope to stay on his feet.]

SA: Wright using those leg kicks with brutal accuracy and efficiency, putting Matthews into the corner again...

[Grabbing Matthews by the back of the head, Wright winds up

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"



SA: UPPERCUT!

[He hangs on, unleashing a barrage of the European-styled blows.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Matthews' head bobs out of control from side to side as Wright is forced back by the official...]

SA: Davis Warren stepping in again - Matthews looks like he's on Dream Street right about now rather than here on Blue Jays Way.

[Wright gives the official a nod, stepping back in towards the corner...

...where a desperate Matthews lashes out with a stiff kick to the knee of his attacker, causing Wright to cry out, grabbing at his knee as he staggers backwards a step.]

SA: Matthews goes to the knee! And he's got a window of opportunity here...

[Matthews hops up to the middle rope, grimacing at the effort...]

SA: On the ropes again... this didn't work out well for him last time and-

[...and then steps off, sitting on the shoulders of Wright in an electric chair position.]

SA: What is this now? Wright staggering away from the corner, trying to support the weight of Jeff Matthews!

CP: Looks like a Victory Roll to me, Albano!

[But as Wright reaches mid-ring, he stretches his arms up, giving a shove to Matthews that sends him off the shoulders...

...and right down into a mid-air waistlock snatched by Wright...]

SA: Countered! Wright hooks him and-

[...and the two-time AWA World Champion hoists him up, dumping him down HARD on the back of the head and neck with a released German Suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[But Wright stays down on the mat as well, grabbing at his knee with obvious pain on his face...]

SA: An incredible counter out of Supreme Wright but he's unable to take advantage of it! Pain shooting through the knee of Supreme Wright makes him unable to get that cover and potentially get the pin to end this war here at SuperClash!

CP: Matthews is down too though - both men down and hurting after that big suplex by Wright. Over a half hour into this and I STILL don't know which way this one is gonna go, Sal.

SA: A tremendous battle - both men giving it everything they've got and then some... and while Wright isn't able to cover off the suplex, you have to wonder if this is his chance to turn around to his favor.

[Still grimacing in pain, Wright rolls to his hip, grabbing at his knee as Matthews is holding the back of his neck down on the mat in the fetal position.]

SA: Davis Warren checking on both competitors, making sure they're able to continue...

[Wright nods his head, forcing himself up into a seated position. He looks over at Matthews, shaking his head slightly as if he can't believe the veteran is hanging with him.]

SA: Five years ago, when Jeff Matthews lost to Supreme Wright, many wondered if he'd taken Wright too lightly... if he thought the young man would be a walk in the park to defeat. Tonight, neither of these men are taking the other one lightly and we're seeing a mat classic brewing as a result.

[Wright drags himself up off the mat, shaking out his leg as he looks down on Matthews who is up to a knee...]

SA: Wright bringing Matthews the rest of the way up to his feet and-

[...and as Wright pulls him up, Matthews pushes himself up off the mat, snatching a three-quarter nelson, leaping up into the air...]

SA: FOXDEN!

[...but as Matthews leaps, Wright goes up with him, twisting his body in mid-flight...]

CP: What in the...?!

[...and as they crash down on the mat together, Matthews finds himself trapped in a cross armbreaker!]

SA: WHOA! WHOA! GOD MODE ACTIVATED ON THAT COUNTER! A SIMPLY UNBELIEVABLE COUNTER BY SUPREME WRIGHT, CRANKING THAT ARM AT FULL EXTENSION - AT HYPER EXTENSION!

[Matthews is crying out in pain - reaching, grasping, digging his fingernails into the mat, searching desperately for some kind of an escape from the hold designed to force a submission out of him and end this battle.]

SA: Wright wrenching back on the arm, Matthews is in trouble!

[Matthews rotates his hips down on the mat, trying to get off his back...]

SA: Matthews is searching for a way out - he's nowhere near the ropes right now, no chance to get there...

[The referee is right there to check for a submission as Wright torques the limb.]

SA: Matthews refusing to give up! Matthews hanging on for dear life, not wanting to submit on the biggest stage in wrestling!

[Matthews wriggles and twists, pushing on Wright's leg until he's able to get to his hip...]

CP: That'll relieve the pressure some. Being off his back will take some of the torque away.

[...and then pulls up a leg, tucking his knee underneath him...]

SA: Matthews trying to get up off the mat now!

[Twisting again, the Madfox manages to turn his body completely around so that both legs are under him, completely escaping the cross armbreaker...]

...but with one quick switch of his legs by Supreme Wright...]

SA: TRIANGLE CHOKE! WRIGHT LOCKS IT IN!

[The alarm is immediately present on Matthews' face as he suddenly finds himself in need of another escape as Wright puts on the pressure, trying to give the same result as five years ago - an unconscious Jeff Matthews trapped in a Supreme Wright submission hold.]

SA: Can Matthews hold on?! Can Matthews find a way out?!

[A desperate Matthews reaches out towards the ropes with his free arm and finds no escape...]

SA: Too far from the ropes!

[...and then stretches out a leg towards a different set of ropes...]

SA: Can't get to any ropes!

[He postures up, raising his right hand...]

SA: PALM STRIKE! ANOTHER! ANOTHER!

[...and rains down palm strikes to the unprotected face of Wright, trying to brute force his way free...]

SA: He's trying to strike his way out of it but Wright's absorbing all those blows and-

[Wright winds up from his back, throwing elbowstrikes at the skull of Matthews, cutting off the palm strikes immediately...]

SA: -and now it's Wright with elbows from his back!

[Matthews lifts the arm, trying to shield himself as Wright lands blow after blow, forcing the Madfox closer and closer towards submission...]

SA: Matthews still hanging on but...

CP: But I don't know for how long, Sal. Look at him! He's fading! He's fading!

SA: The lights are being turned out on Jeff Matthews here in Toronto in this triangle choke...

[Matthews suddenly grasps Wright's thigh with his free arm, wrapping his arm around it as he pushes his feet underneath him, standing up as Wright's back is down on the mat...]

SA: ...look at Matthews! Matthews with one last gasp!

[...and with a roar of effort, the Madfox muscles Wright up into the air...]

SA: HE'S GOT HIM UP! HE'S GOT SUPREME WRIGHT UP IN THE AIR!

[...and DRIVES him down to the mat with a short powerbomb that has JUST enough height and impact on it to force Wright to let go of the hold, Wright slumping backwards to the mat as Matthews falls to his chest alongside him to big cheers from the Rogers Centre crowd!]

SA: Wow! What an exchange right there! And you can see the results. Both men down. Both men hurting. Both men exhausted!

CP: I don't know how they're still going at this point, Sal.

SA: I'm right there with you, Colt. Incredible stamina being shown by both of these world class athletes, battling it out to show the world who is the best on the canvas. Who is the best on the mat. Supreme Wright came oh-so-close right there to choking out Matthews and winning this but the Madfox shows that fighting spirit that made him a former World Champion and a Hall of Famer... that allowed him to go toe-to-toe with the likes of Alex Martinez and Caleb Temple...

[Matthews pushes up to his knees, breathing heavily as the fans buzz over what might come next. Wright is holding onto the back of his head from hitting the mat on the powerbomb escape, rolling to his hip as the referee checks to see if both men can continue.]

SA: Both men trying to get up - knowing that every little advantage - no matter how small - could be the difference maker at this point of the matchup. Matthews has a bit of a lead on Wright getting up though, struggling to get up off the mat after that powerbomb...

CP: Matthews is fighting to get oxygen in his body. He nearly got choked out and now he's gotta get a clear head and get blood and oxygen flowing through all those tired muscles.

[Wright rolls to a knee, still holding the back of his head as he fights to get off the canvas...]

SA: Suddenly, a surge of life from Wright as he fights up... fighting to his feet...

[The crowd cheers as the two-time former AWA World Champion is the first to get up, beating Matthews by a hair...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

SA: Big chop by Matthews!

[The blow staggers Wright, knocking him back a few steps, struggling to stay standing as Matthews grabs him by the wrist...]

...but Wright yanks back the other whip, looking for a whip of his own...]

SA: Irish- no, reversal by Matthews!

[Fighting down the pain shooting through his leg, Wright attempts to run up the turnbuckles...]

...but on the second rope, he cries out, falling backwards down to the mat. He instantly goes down to a knee, clutching the other one in pain as the crowd buzzes with concern for their hero.]

SA: Oh! Wright went for that run up the buckles - we've seen it from him before but with the pain wrecking his knee, he couldn't do it!

[Matthews had dropped to his own knees with the effort on the reversal so when Wright pushes up, stumbling around, the Madfox is in perfect position to throw himself at Wright's legs, yanking them out from under him in a double leg takedown...]

SA: Matthews takes him off his feet...

[...and with a grip on the leg, Matthews goes into a spinning toehold...]

SA: Here comes the Foxtrap! The figure four leglock!

[...and keeps on going, folding one leg on the other, and dropping back as the crowd ROARS in surprise!]

SA: HE LOCKS IT IN! MATTHEWS HOOKS THE FOXTRAP!

[Matthews rocks back and forth, cranking up the pressure on the hold as Wright cries out, flailing his arms in the air, stretching and searching for a way out...]

SA: Matthews hooks the figure four but-

CP: He's too close to the ropes! The double leg was near the corner and-

[...and the crowd breathes a collective sigh of relief as Wright wraps his hand around the bottom rope, causing the referee to leap to his feet and call for a break.]

SA: Wright makes the ropes and... and Matthews hangs on for a few extra moments, cranking up that pressure - inflicting more damage on the knee before he lets it go.

[Getting back up, Matthews flashes a glare of frustration at both the official and at Wright before he leans down, grabbing Wright by the leg...

...and gives a HARD yank, pulling him away from the ropes and out to the middle of the ring...]

SA: Now he's got him in the middle!

CP: He should put it on him again!

SA: I think he's about to do exactly that!

[Matthews gives a sweep of his arm to the fans, calling for the same move.]

SA: Matthews calling for it!

CP: Don't call for it - just do it!

SA: Colt Patterson trying to get Jeff Matthews a Nike sponsorship here at SuperClash as Matthews spins around and-

[But as Matthews does the spin, Wright lifts the free leg, planting his boot on the rear end, and gives a big shove, kicking the Madfox off and into the ropes where he bounces back as Wright tries to scramble up off the mat...]

SA: Matthews bounces off and-

[...and with a last second surge, springing off one leg into the air...]

CP: WHAT THE-?!

[...Wright snatches a three-quarter nelson and DRIVES Jeff Matthews' skull into the canvas!]

SA: ARE YOU KIDDING ME?! FOXDEN BY WRIGHT! HE HIT MATTHEWS WITH HIS OWN MOVE!

[A desperate and weary Wright throws an arm across the chest of Matthews, diving into a pin attempt...]

SA: IT COULD BE!! IT MIGHT BE!! IT ISSSSSSSSSSSSSSS-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: -NOT! IT IS NOT! JEFF MATTHEWS SNEAKS THE SHOULDER OFF THE MAT \_JUST\_ IN TIME TO SAVE HIMSELF FROM DEFEAT HERE TONIGHT!

CP: Oh brother... what a match, Albano!

SA: These fans in Toronto are getting a treat as well as fans all over the world who've got plenty to be thankful for if they're watching this show here tonight, Colt.

CP: This is one of the greatest SuperClashes ever and we've still got a ton more to go!

SA: The World Tag Team Titles on the line! The Women's World Title on the line! The barbed wire match! The World Title three way! And of course, WarGames! But I can't even begin to think about any of that right now as these two elite level competitors are tearing down the Rogers Centre before our very eyes!

CP: They must've missed a memo, Sal - it's the Georgia Dome getting ripped down tomorrow, not this joint!

[Sal chuckles as the fans continue to cheer the two competitors down on the mat, trying to recover...]

SA: We said it might take something that neither of them have ever used before and Supreme Wright breaking out the Foxden - Matthews' own legendary move - certainly qualifies.

CP: And it was almost enough, Sal. Almost. But almost only counts in horseshoes and hand grenades. Or so I've heard.

SA: Supreme Wright trying to battle his way off the mat again... we're approaching the forty minute mark of this struggle as two of the greatest of all time collide in this very physical conflict.

CP: Wright's got Matthews down and in trouble. If he can get up first, he just might be able to finish him off.

[Wright pushes up to his knees, looking up at the official who holds two fingers an inch or two apart.]

SA: Davis Warren letting Supreme Wright know exactly how close that was and... Wright getting to his feet now...

[Up on his feet, Wright looks down at the barely-moving Matthews...

...and with a glimmer of a smirk, he reaches down to grab Matthews by the leg.]

SA: I said it a few moments ago and I'll say it again - are you kidding me?!

[Wright mimics Matthews, sweeping his arm around at the crowd who are buzzing with surprise as Wright sets his feet...]

SA: Wright's got the leg... spins it around...

[...and as he crosses the legs, Wright falls back into his own figure four leglock!]

SA: ...and Wright just used the Foxden to great impact and effect... and now he's locked Matthews in the Foxtrap?!

[Matthews cries out, grabbing at his knee as Wright rocks back and forth, cranking the pressure on the leg...]

SA: Matthews couldn't get it locked in a few moments ago but Supreme Wright's got it locked in for sure now!

CP: And the Madfox is in trouble, Sal! Because if there's one thing that Supreme Wright knows how to do inside that ring, it's grab a limb and twist and torque it until someone has no choice but to tap out!

SA: Matthews is trying to hang on! Trying to survive!

[Matthews pulls at his own hair, screaming in agony as Wright tortures the leg in his painful grasp...]

SA: Matthews is in trouble and he knows it!

CP: Wright's got him in the middle of the ring and Matthews' night may be on the verge of ending!

SA: I don't know if he'll tap out, Colt... I just don't.

CP: Jeff Matthews comes from a different era than Supreme Wright. Today's wrestler is more willing to tap out to save themselves from serious injury. The wrestler of the 90s was willing to take an injury to avoid submission. Too much pride. Too much machismo. Too much ego.

SA: You sound like you're speaking from experience.

CP: I am. I'll admit it. I might be in that ring tonight wrestling if I hadn't been that way. Times change, things change, and that macho mentality shortened and ended a lot of careers of good competitors from that era, Albano.

SA: The words "live to fight another day" come to mind.

CP: You got that right.

[Matthews flattens out, stretching his arms out as far as he can, trying to get to the ropes...]

SA: Matthews trying for the ropes but he can't get there!

[...and ends up getting a two count and change from the official as he effectively pins himself. He sits up to break the pin, crying out again as Wright clinches his jaw, bending and stretching the ligaments in the knee of Matthews!]

CP: Matthews has gotta find a way out and he's gotta do it quickly before Wright inflicts permanent damage!

[Matthews shoots his arm up into the air, clenching his fist as he begins shaking his arm at the sky...]

SA: He's trying to turn it over, Colt!

CP: If you can't get to the ropes, this is the only escape once it's locked in!

SA: Jeff Matthews trying to turn over this Supreme Wright figure four - this Fox Trap by his SuperClash opponent!

CP: If he can do it, he'll shoot that pain right up into Supreme's banged-up knee too!

SA: Matthews trying... fighting... struggling...

[And with the hand shaking in the air..

...he flips over onto his stomach, dragging Wright with him and reversing the pressure just as Colt mentioned. Supreme cries out upon completion of the reversal as Matthews nods his head, screaming "QUIT! QUIIIIIIT!"]

SA: And now it's Supreme Wright suffering in the confines of the figure four leglock!

[But the roll over puts Wright right next to the ropes and he simply reaches up and grabs them, forcing the official to break the hold...]

SA: And that'll be a break. Supreme Wright gets loose and this match continues!

[Matthews again holds the submission hold for a few extra moments before rolling out and allowing Wright to escape. Wright immediately grabs at his knee as Matthews does the same.]

SA: Both competitors down and hurting after that figure four - the knees of both men are giving them problems as they try to get back up and keep on fighting.

CP: Matthews was in the hold longer... it'll be interesting to see if he's in worse condition as these two try to get on their feet.

[Both former World Champions are holding onto their knees as they each drag themselves towards the ropes, looking for a way to get back standing before the other...]

SA: You can sense the unpredictability of the moment - two men pushed beyond their limits, realizing how well their opponent is prepared for them, desperately looking for something unexpected to tilt the odds in their favor. We've seen the Foxden out of Wright... now the Foxtrap as well. We saw the double stomp attempt by Matthews earlier and the Arabian Facebuster. What's left? What's left in the tanks for these two tremendous warriors?



[Wright uses the ropes to pull himself off the mat, shaking his leg and trying to avoid putting weight on it as Matthews starts to drag himself up several feet away.]

SA: Both men struggling to put weight on their legs. They've spent a tremendous amount of time in this battle working each other's legs... each other's arms... trying to soften each other up for their signature moves while also stifling the offense of the other.

[As Matthews nears his feet, Wright goes into a slow spin with the aid of the ropes...]

SA: ROLLING...

[...and swings his right arm up, ready to use the added momentum to drive Matthews into the middle of next week...]

SA: ELB- OHHHH!

[...but the Madfox ducks low as Wright comes in, managing to somehow muscle him up into a fireman's carry, pushing away from the ropes towards the center of the ring...]

SA: He's got him up! The Madfox has Wright up for-

[...and with an extraordinary effort, Matthews bumps Wright up and over his head, dropping to his back while swinging his knees up...]

SA: -FAT TUESDAY!

[...and drops Wright gutfirst across the raised knees in one of Wright's signature moves!]

SA: MATTHEWS RETURNS THE FAVOR BY BREAKING OUT FAT TUESDAY ON SUPREME WRIGHT!

[But as Wright rolls to the side, Matthews immediately cries out, cradling his injured knee to his chest as he rolls to his hip, totally unable to take advantage of what he just delivered...]

CP: A big move in a big spot but I gotta wonder what he was thinking there, Sal. His knee is obviously banged up and to use a move like Fat Tuesday which involves a direct impact on the knee - that had to be sheer desperation to try to end this.

SA: Supreme Wright is down, holding onto his ribs but Jeff Matthews is unable to cover after another hard jolt to his knee.

[Matthews grimaces, pounding a fist down into the canvas in frustration as the referee stands back to watch the match go on.]

SA: Matthews obviously frustrated there. That should've been a chance to win this but instead, he's unable to take advantage of it and both men are down on the canvas.

[Wright is up on his knees, his forehead pressed into the canvas as he cradles his ribs with both arms, the crowd buzzing over Matthews using one of Wright's signature moves.]

SA: Both men down... Davis Warren with a count on them both but a very slow and methodical count.

CP: I like that, Sal. Warren doesn't want to see this end in a double countout any more than the rest of us. After over forty minutes of action, I want to see a winner, you want to see a winner, the fans, the locker room - everyone wants to see a winner.

SA: We all want to see it but at this point, I gotta wonder who it's gonna be... who has enough left to get the three count... the submission... the knockout... whatever it's gonna take to finish this hard-fought battle off.

[Wright pushes up to his knees, pain on his face as he holds his ribs with his right arm, watching as Matthews pushes up to a seated position, vigorously rubbing his knee, trying to give himself a momentary relief from the pain.]

SA: Much like the commercials of old, Jeff Matthews hasn't got time for the pain here tonight in Toronto as he needs to get up off the mat and find a way to put away Supreme Wright and avenge a five year old loss that really changed the trajectory of both of these men's careers. For Wright, it was the first step towards becoming the two-time World Champion we see before us now - arguably the best in the world at what he does. For Matthews, it stopped a comeback short and sent the Hall of Famer into what we all believed was an early retirement. But now he's back and needs this win to prove to himself - and the world - that he can still hang with the best professional wrestlers on the planet.

CP: I don't buy that, Albano. Jeff Matthews has already proved to himself and the world that he's still amongst the elite in this sport with what we've already seen tonight.

SA: But he wants the win. He NEEDS the win for his own mentality and confidence and...

[The crowd stirs again as Matthews manages to edge out Wright in getting to his feet... just barely.]

SA: Matthews up first but Wright up right after him... stumbling towards one another here...

[Matthews winds up, throwing a big right hand that bounces off the jaw of Wright, stunning the former AWA World Champion!]

SA: ...right hand by Matthews, digging way back for that one...

[The Madfox winds up again, throwing another bomb at the jaw of his opponent.]

SA: ...and another one finds the mark!

CP: Maybe Matthews thinks he needs to abandon the matwork and get to the fisticuffs to win this!

[The Hall of Famer winds up again but this time before he can throw it, Supreme Wright throws an elbowstrike that catches Matthews on the jaw!]

SA: Oh! And Wright with an elbow!

[Matthews stumbles back as Wright winds up again...]

SA: A second elbow!

[...and lands another blow that sends Matthews falling back into the ropes where he pushes off, getting a little extra momentum off the spring of the ropes...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Matthews returns fire with an elbowstrike of his own! Right on the temple!

[Wright stumbles back this time, nearly sinking to a knee before keeping his footing. Matthews grabs him by the back of the head, winding up again...]

SA: Trading shots in the middle of the-

[...but Wright strikes first!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: PALM STRIKE UPPERCUT!

[Matthews stumbles back, his knees buckling for a moment, his eyes glassy as he tries to stay standing. Wright steps forward, menace in his eyes as he leaps up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: KNEESTRIKE! LEAPING KNEESTRIKE!

[Matthews is about to fall to the mat this time when Wright snatches him, yanking him right back up...

...and right into his waiting arms!]

SA: JAPANESE STRANGLEHOLD!

[The rear naked choke is an instant from being locked in before Matthews dives to the ropes, hooking the top rope with both arms tightly to avoid the potentially match-ending sleeperhold.]

SA: So close right there - so close to applying the finishing hold of the legendary Roosevelt Wright!

CP: But Matthews saw the ropes, felt the hold, and got to the ropes before Wright could get it locked in.

[An agitated Wright grabs Matthews by the shoulder, ripping him away from the ropes and twisting him around to put his back against them...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and delivers a jaw-jacking European uppercut against the ropes...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[The referee steps in, forcing a break as Matthews grabs the top rope with a grasping hand, desperate to avoid falling to the mat...]

SA: Matthews just barely hanging on! He's out on his feet!

[...and Wright steps past the official, looking to finish off Matthews who is barely on his feet...]

SA: Matthews is in troubl-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: -CHECK THAT! FOREARM SHOT TO THE JAW!

[Wright stumbles back from the impact as Matthews straightens up, shaking his head defiantly at his attacker...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and uses a series of forearm strikes to drive Wright away from the ropes and out towards the center of the ring...]

SA: The Madfox has Wright on the run!

"FIFTEEN MINUTES REMAIN! FIFTEEN MINUTES!"

[...and at the fifteen minute call, Matthews twists around, reaching back for the three-quarter nelson...]

SA: FOXDEN!

[...but Wright is again ready for it, shoving Matthews off into the ropes. The Hall of Famer bounces back towards Wright who shoves him skyward...]

SA: POP UP...

[...and OBLITERATES him on the way down with a rising European uppercut!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: CHE BELLO!

[With Matthews laid out, Wright dives across his torso...]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE!! IT ISSSSSSSSSS-

[...but again Matthews JUST BARELY squeaks a shoulder off the mat!]

SA: -NO! NO! MATTHEWS SLIPS THE SHOULDER UP!

CP: This is insane, Albano!

SA: You better believe it! Supreme Wright with under fifteen minutes left in the sixty minute time limit of this one has gotta be running on fumes just like his Hall of Fame opponent, Jeff Matthews, but neither can find a way to finish the other one off!

[A frustrated Wright gets right up off the mat, pulling the dazed and confused Matthews with him...]

SA: Wright's looking to end it now! TORTURE RACK!

[...and lifts him up across his shoulders, walking out to the middle of the ring...]

SA: We know what comes next! It's time to... REIGN... SUPR-

[...but before he can deliver the move that won him his first World Title, Wright finds Matthews wriggling and shaking his way free from his grip, dropping down to the mat behind him...

...and then HURLS himself shoulderfirst into the back of Wright's knee!]

SA: OHHH! HE CLIPPED HIM! HE CLIPPED THE KNEE!

[Matthews immediately forces himself to his feet, running on pure adrenaline as he flips Wright to his back, grabbing the leg that Wright is also trying to grab...]

SA: He's got the leg! He's going for it!

[...but as Matthews spins around the leg, looking to lock in the Fox Trap, Wright leans up to pepper him with a few short forearms to the jaw, causing Matthews to let go of the leg, stumbling back...]

SA: No! Wright fights out of it!

[Matthews falls back as Wright struggles to get up off the canvas, visibly having trouble putting weight on the battered knee...

...but it's not the knee that Matthews targets this time as he grabs the arms, yanking them behind Wright...]

SA: Matthews hooking the arms and-

CP: I haven't seen this in years! You talk about digging deep to win this thing!

[...and hoists Wright skyward, trapped in an elevated double chickenwing!]

CP: FOXTRAP 2001!

[Wright cries out, screaming in pain as Matthews attempts to dislocate the shoulders...]

SA: But Matthews' body has been through the wringer too! How long can he possibly hold Wright up like this?

[As it turns out, the answer is "not long" as Matthews opts to fall backwards, DUMPING Wright on the back of his head and neck...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: RELEASED TIGER SUPLEX!

[...and as Wright lies facefirst on the mat, Matthews scrambles into position, hooking the Madfox' arm under his armpit...]

SA: FUJIWARA! FUJIWARA LOCKED IN!

[...and drops down to the mat, cranking back on Wright's trapped limb!]

SA: HE'S GOT THE FUJIWARA LOCKED IN AND SUNK IN DEEP, COLT!

CP: He sure does! Wright screaming in pain - the elbow, the shoulder being cranked back against the grain! He's gotta find a way out or the Career Killer is gonna break that arm, Sal!

[The referee is right there to check for a submission as Wright raises the free hand, holding it above the mat. The crowd buzzes with anticipation of a tapout as Matthews leans back, screaming "TAAAAAAAAP!" at his tormented opponent...]

SA: WRIGHT'S GONNA TAP! WRIGHT'S GONNA TAKE A TRIP TO TAPOUT CITY!

[Wright lets loose another anguished howl as Matthews plants his feet underneath him, arching his back and applying even more pressure...]

CP: He's gonna break it! If Wright doesn't give up or get out soon, Matthews is gonna break the damn arm!

SA: It wouldn't be the first time that Wright's been involved with an arm breaking at SuperClash but I don't think he ever DREAMED it might be him getting his arm broken!

[The hand hovers above the mat, shaking as Wright wriggles and twists his body, trying to stretch out his torso...]

SA: HE'S GONNA-

[...and barely... just barely... gets the tips of his toes on the bottom rope, forcing the referee to call for a break...]

SA: Non ci credo! I can't believe it! Supreme Wright BARELY manages to find a way out before he has to give it up here at SuperClash!

[Matthews again holds for a few extra seconds before letting go, sitting up on the mat, shaking his head as Wright rolls to the apron, clutching his elbow in pain.]

SA: How in the world did Supreme Wright hang on long enough to get out of that, Colt?

CP: Sheer psychotic will and determination.

[Sal chuckles at the response as Matthews rolls to his knees, burying his face in his hands...]

SA: Jeff Matthews had his signature hold locked in. He had the move locked in that he used to win so many matches and break so many arms back in his heyday... and he thought he had it won right here, Colt. You know he did.

CP: He absolutely did. You can take one look at him and know he did. But Supreme Wright found an escape and... wow.

[The crowd is going nuts for the near submission and escape as Matthews slams a fist down into the mat a few times before climbing back to his feet, looking out at Wright on the apron.]

SA: Matthews walking over to the ropes... dragging Wright back into the ring now...

[Grabbing hold of the arm, Matthews pulls a hurting Wright up off the mat, turning his back to hook the arm again...]

SA: He's going for it again!

[...but Wright has other plans as he SMASHES his other elbow into the back of Matthews' head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With the Madfox in a daze, Wright swings him around, looking to grab the arm...]

SA: FUJIWA-

[...but Matthews is ready for the attempt, front rolling through it, lashing out with his feet to kick Wright away...]

SA: -no! Matthews escapes!

[...and scrambles up as Wright goes into a spin...]

SA: ROLLING ELB- DUCKED!

[...and Matthews catches an off-balance Wright as he flies by...]

SA: Waistlo- oh! Elbow by Wright! Another! A third!

[...but Wright elbows out of it, ducking low as he turns...]

SA: FIREMAN'S CARRY! FAT TUESDAY ON THE WAY!

[...but Matthews slips out of the lift, shoving Wright into the ropes where he rebounds back towards the Madfox who leaps up...]

SA: FOXDEN!

[...but Wright somehow manages to catch him in mid-air, falling back...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and PLANTS Matthews dangerously on the back of the head with a high-angled German Suplex!]

SA: OHHHH! DAAAAAANNNNNGERRRRRR!

[Holding onto the waistlock, Wright struggles to get back up, keeping Matthews in his grasp...]

...and shifts his grip slightly, grabbing Matthews by the wrist...]

SA: What's he...?

[A short whip sends Matthews out just a bit before being yanked back in...]

...as Wright goes into a front flip!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: RIPCORDER KOPPO KICK?! ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

CP: We've never seen that before! Wright digging deep on his own!

[Matthews' eyelids flutter from the surprise attack as Wright slips in behind him, hooking a wrist with his off hand...]

SA: COBRA CLUTCH! COBRA CLUTCH CROSSFACE COMING UP!

[...but Matthews panics upon feeling it, immediately struggling against the grasping hold...

...which is EXACTLY what Wright had in mind as he lifts Matthews into the air, popping his hips...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DUMPS Matthews recklessly on the back of his head and neck with a Cobra Clutch Suplex!]

SA: SWEET SANTA MARIA!

CP: Goodbye neck!

SA: WRIGHT SPIKED HIM!

CP: The ripcorder kopper! The Cobra Clutch Suplex! Two moves that Matthews couldn't have been ready for!

[Wright flips over, shoving Matthews over onto his back, diving across his torso, wrapping up both legs as tight as he possibly can...]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT... ISSSSSSSSSSSSS!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[An exhausted Wright immediately rolls off of Matthews onto his back on the canvas, his chest heaving repeatedly and deeply as he pulls oxygen into his weary body.]

SA: What a battle! What a win for Supreme Wright!

CP: Jeff Matthews gave it everything he had, Sal. Every little bit he had. This was the Jeff Matthews that we saw win a World Title in Los Angeles. The Jeff Matthews who EARNED his spot in the Hall of Fame. It was a trip back in time as Matthews turned back the hands of time for one night to show the entire world exactly who the hell he is.

SA: We said throughout the match that these two had each other so well-scouted that it might come down to something a little out of the norm for them and in the end, it was that ripcorder kopper kick from Wright followed by that dangerous Cobra Clutch Suplex that allowed him to pick up the win and... in my book... cement himself as the Number One Contender to the World Heavyweight Title.

CP: An incredible performance for Wright who continues to prove each and every time out why so many consider him the best in the world.



[Wright manages to sit up with the aid of the referee, looking out on the cheering crowd. He nods his head in satisfaction at a job well done, still breathing hard as he allows the referee to help him to his feet.]

SA: Supreme Wright taking in this moment here in Toronto as he adds yet another mat classic to the string of big time matches he's gone through at SuperClash.

[Wright puts his hands on his hips, grimacing with that much movement as the referee stays nearby to make sure he doesn't topple and Tyler Graham makes it official.]

SA: Supreme Wright is your winner as these two traded holds and counterholds, submission moves and escapes from those moves... even trading each other's signature moves as Wright used the Foxden and Matthews used Fat Tuesday... they each came into this so well-prepared. In the end, Supreme Wright takes home the victory but Jeff Matthews - no matter what he does from here - has to be incredibly pleased with the effort he put forth tonight.

CP: He didn't get the win... and knowing Matthews like I do, that's gonna stick in his craw for a while. But on the outside looking in, yeah, Sal... he should be very proud of what he did here tonight.

[Matthews sits up on the mat, shaking his head sadly before looking up at Wright who stares down at him...

...and then gives the slightest of nods to him before turning to exit.]

SA: How about that, Colt? Perhaps a little nod of respect from Wright to Matthews after what we've seen here tonight.

CP: It would be hard NOT to have gained some respect for each other after what they just went through.

[Wright ducks through the ropes, dropping to the floor and starts back up the aisle to cheers from the adoring AWA faithful as Matthews watches him go from inside the ring.]

SA: Two warriors linked by the fight - that's what we saw right there. Fans, we've got two matches left here in Toronto tonight but right now, we're going to head backstage where I'm told Mark Stegglet is trying to get an update on the physical condition of Casey James. Mark?

[We fade from the ring to the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing in front of a locker room door marked "BRIAN JAMES" on the front of it.]

MS: Thanks, Sal... we are indeed trying to get an update on the condition of Casey James as you mentioned. The doctors have been no help so I've decided to go right to the source. If there's anyone here tonight who knows how Casey James is doing, it's gotta be his son, Brian, who...

[Stegglet grimaces a little.]

MS: ...is probably in there preparing for his World Title match just a short time from now but...

[Stegglet sighs with a shrug, reaching up to knock on the door. He waits for a moment and then knocks again.]

MS: Compelling TV, I know.

[Stegglet knocks a third time before turning back to the camera.]

MS: Brian James seems to not be here... or at least not be answer...

[Stegglet trails off as his eyes drift off-camera.]

MS: Brian James, we were-

[James strides into view, looking quite emotional as he gets closer. He throws a glance at the camera.]

BJ: Yeah, I can see you're here. What do you want?

[Stegglet acknowledges the camera with a gesture.]

MS: Well, we were actually hoping for an update on your father's condition after what we saw happen with Tiger Claw earlier.

[James slowly nods.]

BJ: Bottom line - he's hurt, Stegglet.

[James shrugs.]

BJ: I don't know what else to say, what else you're looking for. He's in the hospital... he's got the best doctors in Canada looking after him...

MS: I know you'd like to be there with him if it weren't for your match later tonight.

[James exhaled.]

BJ: Anyone who knows me knows nothing is more important to me than family, blood and otherwise. So, I was going anyways, match be damned...

But he stopped me.

[James gives a hint of a smile]

BJ: He could barely breathe let alone talk and somehow he was able to whisper to me... "I'll [BLEEPING] kill you if you miss your title shot for me."

[Stegglet smiles.]

MS: That sounds like Casey James alright.

[James nods.]

BJ: So, here I am... trying to get that image out of my head so I can focus on winning the World Title tonight and doing him proud.

[Stegglet grimaces, biting his lower lip.]

MS: But... what happened out there? What happened between he and Tiger Claw?

[James shakes his head.]

BJ: I don't know... and honestly, Mark... that's a story for another night. If you'll excuse me, I've gotta get-

[A voice calls out from off-camera.]

"Hey Brian!"

[James pauses, his hand on the locker room door as Tony Donovan and Wes Taylor, clad in street clothes come into view. Taylor puts a hand on his friend's shoulder.]

WT: Sorry to hear about your old man, Brian.

[James stares at his friend's hand on his shoulder for an awkward moment.]

BJ: Are you?

[Taylor withdraws his hand, looking puzzled.]

BJ: How many times did I have to hear you tell that story about sitting ringside when he lit your dad's head on fire? Huh?

[James looks at Donovan.]

BJ: And you. You're sorry about him too, right? You... whose old man got his ass kicked by the Blackheart from LA to South Laredo to every stop in between for years... even down in Mexico earlier this year. You're sorry that guy got hurt tonight?

[Donovan doesn't say a word, looking down. Taylor lets the silence go for a moment before speaking up.]

WT: Anyways, that's not the real reason we're here, Brian. We're here to talk about your match tonight.

[James turns slightly, looking at Taylor.]

BJ: What about it?

[Taylor shrugs.]

WT: Well, what's the plan? How are we gonna make sure you walk out of here as the World Champion? We're here to help! The James Gang back together again! Ready to raise some hell, drink some beers, and make some lovely ladies the luckiest Canadians around!

[Donovan grins, throwing an arm around Taylor's shoulders. James continues to glare at his friends.]

BJ: There's no plan. Not for you two. I'm doing this myself.

[James delivers a cold stare to both.]

BJ: I trust I don't need to repeat myself.

[And with that, James opens the locker room door, striding inside as Stegglet looks on.]

MS: Well, uhh... that can't be the reunion you two were hoping for.

[Taylor glares at the closed door.]

TD: Eh, he's just worked up over his dad getting hurt. It'll be fine... right, Wes?

[Taylor doesn't respond, still staring at the door.]

TD: Wes?

[Taylor finally snaps out of it, turning back towards the camera.]

WT: Right.

[And with that, Taylor and Donovan make their exit, leaving Stegglet behind.]

MS: Tensions running a little high with the James Gang here tonight. Now, let's head down to Atlanta to a pair of partners who seem to be getting along much better tonight!

[We fade from backstage in Toronto...

...and back up backstage at the Georgia Dome, in a larger part of the locker room. A few AWA staff and crew members are taking a short break at what looks like a large buffet.]

SLB: Well, Gordon, Bucky Wilde, while it may not be a holiday north of the border... we tend to forget that SuperClash also aligns with that great American tradition that is Thanksgiving. It's a time for togetherness, feasting, reflection upon what we have to be grateful for. Although in recent times, it's become an occasion for...

"YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY DEAD WRONG AND YOU CAN'T CONVINCE ME OTHERWISE!"

SLB: ...Well, when this many people come together, disputes will arise.

[From off screen, Sweet Lou is joined by Omega, fresh off the opening bout. He looks to be in a bit of snit with his partner Polemos, who follows him on camera: a massive half-eaten turkey leg is gripped in his gloved hand.]

O: I cannot believe that is what you think, big man!

[Polemos just shakes his head side to side, gnawing on a mouthful of dark meat.]

SLB: Omega, you and your partner have only just begun teaming on a regular basis – now you're at each other's throats?

O: Ehhhhh, not really, Lou. Nothing we can't work out. I just have to get the God of War some education.

[Polemos snorts derisively.]

SLB: What is it you're disagreeing about, exactly?

O: Oooohhhh, Blackwell. I know your game. You like stirring the pot, right. Fine, well maybe you can settle this. What's the best NASCAR movie?

[Blackwell, in a rare moment, seems to go totally blank for an answer. Omega just keeps carrying on anyway.]

O: See, it's obviously 'Days of Thunder,' right? But this lunkhead thinks it's 'Talladega Nights: The Ballad of Ricky Bobby!' I keep telling him that it's a comedy! 'Funny' don't equal 'money,' Polemos; everyone knows that!

[Polemos just dismissively shakes his head harder; he's completely unconvinced.]

SLB: Well... what I find is that sometimes it's best not to disagree. Thanksgiving is a time of celebration, not combat. At least when you're not in the ring.

O: You're absolutely right, Lou. In fact...

[Omega beckons Polemos closer, and the High Council of Justice both lean into Blackwell with a stage whisper.]

O: You're an Earthling, right?

SLB: Last I checked.

O: Sorry, I forgot... is "Earthling" offensive? "Human," right? You're human?

SLB: Uh-huh?

O: Okay... Polemos and I have a few questions about this "Thanksgiving." I mean, make no mistake about it – it's great and we're totally doing this again next year. Buuuuut, we're kind of confused about the bird sacrifice ceremony.

SLB: Bird sacrifice?

O: Yes, obviously it's symbolic of something. Polemos suggests that it's some memento mori ritual to remind you of the circle of life and death. I myself theorized that it could be some kind of fertility ritual...

SLB: Fellas... it's Thanksgiving, and sometimes a turkey is just a turkey.

O: I see. Thanksgiving. Turkey. Have you seen one of these turkeys, Polemos?

[Polemos shrugs and takes another bite from the turkey.]

O: The size of their carcass must mean they are deadly predators. They must be as big as car with talons like kitchen knives.

[Polemos nods eagerly in awed agreement.]

O: Perhaps humans are giving thanks for surviving another summer without any of their family dying due to a turkey attack.

[Omega eagerly grabs Sweet Lou's free palm with both hands and shakes vigorously.]

O: Mr. Blackwell, you and your entire clan survived another year without losing anyone to vicious predatory turkeys. Congratulations on surviving 2017!

SLB: You may have your facts wrong, Omega, but I know a lot of people appreciate your sentiment on the year 2017.

O: C'mon, Lou, what d'ya think? You gotta have a favorite NASCAR movie. There's no wrong answers here.

[Sweet Lou glances up at Polemos who raises the turkey leg to his mouth to rip off another portion of flesh with his teeth. The look on Blackwell's face says that he suspects that there is absolutely a wrong answer.]

SLB: Well... I...

O: Ya know what? Polemos... Lou... There's an easy way to settle this. Back in a sec.

[Omega flips his cape over his shoulders and leaps off-screen, where he disappears with a loud "FOOOOOP!" sound. A mere two seconds later, he returns with a loud "sssHHHAAAALFFFF!" and walks back on camera.]

O: Okay, welcome to Georgia Dome, Mr. Reilly.

"What am I doing in Atlanta?"

[Omega leads the completely perplexed Academy, Grammy, and Golden Globe Award Nominee John C. Reilly on screen.]

O: One sec. "Sweet" Lou Blackwell... John C. Reilly...

[Blackwell and Reilly look equally befuddled as they tentatively shake hands.]

O: Polemos, God of War... John C. Reilly.

[Polemos eagerly extends his free hand while still firmly clutching his turkey leg in the other. John C. Reilly just nervously waves back, turning back to "Sweet" Lou, as he (correctly) assumes he is the sanest person to deal with.]

JCR: Hi... I was just about to sit down to Thanksgiving dinner...

SLB: I don't doubt it, Mr. Reilly.

O: Yeah, Lou, what are you thinking?!

[Omega plucks the microphone from Blackwell's hand and gives him an impatient swat with his fingers.]

O: Mr. Reilly was nominated for a Tony and we're taking him away from his family—get the man some turkey and green bean casserole! On the double!

[Surprisingly, Blackwell reacts earnestly to Omega's orders.]

JCR: Sorry, I didn't catch who you were...?

O: Omega!

JCR: Oh, you've got a code name!

[Polemos snickers.]

O: C'mon man...

JCR: Relax, pal. It's cool to have a code name.

[Omega is about to take offense at being patronized, but he gets the reference and grins back.]

O: Well, to get straight to the point about why you're here: me and the big man have an argument and we figured you'd be the man to settle it.

JCR: Shoot.

O: Okay. Better NASCAR movie: 'Days of Thunder' or 'Talladega Nights?' You were in both, you're the final authority.

[John C. Reilly looks back and forth between the two masked wrestlers and does his best considering the absurdity of the situation.]

JCR: Well... uh... I felt really proud of the final product we got from 'Days of Thunder...'

O: HA HA!

[Polemos sulks and takes another bite of turkey as Omega gloats. But John C. Reilly continues.]

JCR: ...Although I have a lot of NASCAR drivers and crew telling me that they loved 'Ricky Bobby...'

[Polemos brightens up and eagerly wags his finger back at Omega while chewing his turkey.]

JCR: I dunno, fellas. I always preferred 'The Last American Hero.'

[Omega and Polemos both settle down, realizing that this argument just got a lot more complicated.]

O: Wellllll... I better be getting you back to... wherever it was... I picked you up from.

JCR: Yeah it's probably a long way there from...

O: Toron-Atlantis-sorry, Atlant-AH.

[Omega whips his cape around his shoulders again.]

O: Say... when you were making 'Walk Hard,' did you ever hear from Dewey Cox? Did he have any thoughts on your portrayal?

[Polemos gives Omega a swift swat upside the back of his Neptunian head.]

P: DEWEY COX DIED THREE MINUTES AFTER HIS FINAL PERFORMANCE IN 2007!

[Polemos shakes his head, as if to apologize to Reilly.]

P: CAN YOU BELIEVE THIS NERD?

[And with that, we fade out to ringside where Gordon is chuckling and shaking his head.]

GM: While the duo of Omega and Polemos are having a good time on this Thanksgiving Day, there are two teams backstage right now who are just about ready to go at it in one of the most unusual matchups I can recall - the Boot Camp.

[The camera cuts away from Gordon to show the ring crew hard at work dragging implements of war into position.]

GM: So, let's see if I get this right, Bucky... there are no disqualification and no countouts in this match. Out on the floor-

BW: The Pit, daddy... The Pit.

GM: Right... in The Pit anything goes. Use whatever you want including some of this stuff being brought out here - riot shields... sandbags... is that a machine gun?!

BW: I'm sure it's just a replica.

GM: I surely hope so. Now... anything goes in The Pit... but inside the ring is a different story. No weapons in there. No breaking of the rules. And to make sure of it, we've got a referee inside the ring and one outside the ring...

[Cut to a shot of a thin but tall steel cage being moved into position right next to the ring so that the top of the cage is a few feet taller than the top rope.]

GM: ...and they'll be the ones responsible for sending the competitors - or their seconds here tonight - to The Brig. At any point when someone is breaking the rules, either referee can send them to The Brig where they'll remain for 90 seconds. And if at any point BOTH members of a team are sent to The Brig at the same time, the match is over and the other team is declared the winners.

[Gordon takes a deep breath.]

BW: Got all that?

GM: I certainly hope the challengers - Next Gen - and the champions - the Soldiers of Fortune - have got it. Let's go backstage right now and hear from both teams just before they head out here with the World Tag Team Titles on the line!

[We go to backstage where we find Mariah Wolfe standing in front of an AWA backdrop with Howie Somers and Daniel Harper, the members of Next Gen, along with Bret Grayson. Somers is to Wolfe's left and is dressed in a black T-shirt, over which he wears a football jersey for University of Georgia and NFL cornerback Champ Bailey, along with blue jeans and cowboy boots. Harper is to Wolfe's right and is dressed in similar attire, except he wears a University of Georgia basketball jersey for Dominique Wilkins. Grayson stands next to Somers, dressed in a white and navy blue Team USA Olympic tracksuit.]

MW: Tonight, the World Tag Team Titles go on the line as The Soldiers of Fortune will defend against the former champions, Next Gen. Now, Daniel Harper, you have been out of action since Homecoming and haven't stepped in the ring since then. I'm sure fans want to know if you're ready for tonight's matchup, particularly with the Boot Camp rules in place.

DH: Mariah, if you'll recall, it was about a year ago in which my friend and partner right here [gestures to Somers] had to watch from home as I had to fend for myself. I couldn't imagine what was going through his mind as I kept going forward, despite the odds.

And thanks to the Soldiers of Fortune at Homecoming, I found out exactly what that was like. And the more I had to sit at home, the more I wanted to be out there, by my friend's side. Now, at last, I get to do that, and you better believe I'm ready.

The question to ask, though, is if the Soldiers are ready for what's coming tonight!

[He turns to face the camera and his voice rises, an incensed look in his eyes.]

DH: You want us to go into a Boot Camp match, set the terms, set the rules and think that you're gaining an advantage like you did when you had Marty Meekly in your back pocket at Homecoming? OK then, we'll play by your rules! But you better know that my friend and I are thinking about a lot more than just getting the titles back -- we're thinking about payback for everything you've done for the past year, from the flag pole you whacked upside my head to every opponent you've only sought to humiliate in a match!

You've been telling everybody how America's gotten soft, how they need to toughen up and learn to cope. But as someone might say, be careful what you wish for, because you might get it! Every move I hit, every punch I land, every kick to the



gut, you better believe you will find out what happens when you tell someone to toughen up -- and how that comes back to bite you in the ass!

[He takes a deep breath and turns away for a moment. Wolfe then turns to Somers, who keeps his composure, but you can notice an intense look in his eyes.]

HS: You know, Mariah, in a way, it would have been fitting if we were wrestling in Canada tonight. After all, the last time we faced the Soldiers in Canada, they drove the Stampede Cup into my skull.

Yeah, Flint and Stephens, I haven't forgotten about that. Nor have my friend and I have forgotten about everything else that's happened the past six months. And every time I turn around, there you are, puffing your cigars and acting like the big shots, all while your stooge Meekly blows that whistle, thinking it will make people respect him when all people really want to do is shove it down his throat.

That you are in possession of the belts that we once wore is bad enough, but worse is the fact that you claim you do things by the book, when all you've really known how to do is stack the deck.

But I know I'm not the only one whose fed up with that.

[He gestures to Grayson.]

HS: That's why we have this man here, watching our backs. That's why not only he, but his partner Takeshi Mifune, trained us to prepare for this match. Because, Flint and Stephens, you didn't just get on my bad side. You didn't just get on Daniel's bad side. You got on Bret Grayson's bad side, too.

Just count your blessings that Mifune isn't in our corner, too, because there's one man whose bad side you never want to get on.

DH: [nodding] I can relate.

[Somers casts a quick smile at Harper.]

HS: No, Daniel, the Stampede Cup match was when we were on Mifune's good side... and when we trained with him, too. So, Mariah, you can imagine what it would have been like if we had been on his bad side.

[His expressions turns serious again.]

HS: But back to the matter at hand -- the Boot Camp match. Joe Flint, Charlie Stephens, you want to go to war, then we'll go to war. And I believe it when they say war is hell, because we're the ones that are going to bring the hell to the war tonight.

[Harper gives a quick nod. Wolfe turns to Grayson.]

MW: Bret Grayson, what do you expect in your role tonight? In particular, what about the rules regarding The Brig?

BG: Mariah, I'm the type of man who is always prepared to expect the unexpected. In a match with rules like this, you can throw out all expectations, because anything is possible! But what you can count on is me having the back of these two men. What you can count on is these two men stepping into that ring in the best shape and more prepared than they ever have been for any other match in their lives. And finally, if that weasel Meekly gets in MY face?

[Grayson grins.]

BG: You can count on me to break his!

[Mariah makes a low whistle.]

MW: Oh my. Anything else to add about tonight's match?

[Harper and Somers glance at each other.]

DH: What was it your sister used to say?

[Somers turns to Grayson]

HS: You wish to do the honors?

[Grayson nods.]

BG: Gentlemen... to the ring!

[The trio walks off the set.]

MW: Those are three men who I believe are all too ready to walk onto the field of battle in this sure-to-be-wild Boot Camp match. The challengers are looking to regain their gold but the champions... well, they know they've gotta be willing to do absolutely anything to keep it. They're standing by with our ol' pal Sweet Lou Blackwell moments before they head to the ring! Lou?

[We're sent to "Sweet" Lou Blackwell, who's standing backstage in front of the AWA SuperClash logo.]

SLB: Thanks, Mariah! In just a few short moments...

[Suddenly, Blackwell's interrupted.]

?: FFFFFWWWWWWEEEEEEETTTTTT!!!!!!

[Blackwell holds his hands to his ears to try to block out the whistling, but by the grimace on his face, it's not working out very well.]

?: FFFFFWWWWWWEEEEEEETTTTTT!!!!!!

FFFFFWWWWWWWEEEEEEETTTTTT!!!!!!

FFFFFWWWWWWWEEEEEEETTTTTT!!!!!!

FFWWEET!! FFWWEET!! FFWWEET!! FFFFFWWWWWWEEEEEEETTTTTT!!!!!!

SLB: Somebody please, make it stop!

[Marching into view is disgraced referee, now flagbearer for the Soldiers of Fortune, Marty Meekly.]

MM: At ease, Blackwell!

[Meekly starts waving the United States flag back and forth, a giant grin on his face as Blackwell ducks out of the way to avoid getting hit by the large flag.]

SLB: Good grief, what is your major malfunction, Meekly?

[Meekly stops waving the flag, annoyed at Blackwell interrupting his flag waving.]

MM: That's Private First Class, Flagbearer Extraordinaire Martin Meekly to YOU, civilian!

FFFFFWWWWWEEEEEEETTTTTT!!!!!!

[Blackwell grimaces again as Meekly takes joy in annoying Blackwell.]

?: That's enough.

[The stern voice offscreen freezes Meekly, as he turns to salute the source of the voice.]

MM: SIR!

[Coming into view is "Captain" Joe Flint, with "Corporal Punishment" Charlie Stephens right behind him. The Soldiers of Fortune are dressed for combat, with the AWA World Tag Team championships slung over their shoulders. They're both wearing white camouflage BDU pants, and white t-shirts. The pants look like they've seen better days, while on the t-shirts is the old logo of the Soldiers of Fortune: a customized Punisher skull, the logo's likely faded from being left in storage for quite awhile. Blackwell looks relieved to see the Soldiers, for once.]

SLB: Well, at least you got Meekly to stop. Thanks, I guess.

[Meekly sneers in the back as Flint and Stephens don't acknowledge Blackwell's thanks. Blackwell notices the gear the Soldiers are sporting.]

SLB: Where'd you dig that out of?

[Flint lowers his gaze towards Blackwell.]

JF: What? You'd expect us to go out there in our Sunday best?

SLB: Well, no...

JF: Never wear anything to a fight that yer not expected to lose, Blackwell. This is the last of our junk in storage. The rest..

[Flint flashes a wide grin.]

JF: Yer gonna see all the good crap we've pulled out just for tonight. Everything goes when it comes to war.

[Flint turns towards Meekly.]

JF: Everything's good to go?

MM: Yes, the troops are getting everything out at ringside as we speak.

[Flint nods his head.]

JF: Good. Shame we couldn't bring Big Bertha to ringside, but that's fine. I just had her washed anyway.

[Flint rubs his chin.]

JF: Tell the troops to get assembled.

MM: Yes sir!

[Meekly disappears out of view as Flint looks on. Flint turns towards Stephens, who steps towards Blackwell.]

CS: Gotta say, there's been a lotta violence tonight, eh?

[Stephens scratches his head.]

CS: Looks like we gotta step things up in a few minutes. Good, I welcome that challenge. Too much is on the line. Ain't no way we're gonna let some snot-nosed brats take what we've accomplished this year..

SLB: You're not too far off from Next Gen in age, Charlie. And on top of that..

[Stephens shoots a glare at Blackwell.]

CS: I don't appreciate the interruption, Blackwell. Lemme guess, You're gonna bring up that we won these titles by hook or by crook? Open up a history book, Blackwell, that's what Americans have been doin' ever since Christopher Jones dragged that hunk of junk called the Mayflower across the ocean.

You think we care that Next Gen, as well as all these clowns in the back and in every arena in America think that we're not... real Americans? That we're a disgrace?

[Stephens and Flint scoff.]

CS: We stopped caring a long time ago. We've already expressed our disgust at what a disgrace our country has become. If we wanted to bitch about it at every waking moment we'd do a damn media tour for geezers who still have cable television because their grandkids won't talk to them anymore. We're just goin' along for the ride at this point. We'll squeeze every last bit of fame and money out of this dying cesspool of a country, tonight, in a place that General Sherman should have burnt to the ground in 1864.

SLB: Goodness...

[You can hear the crowd booing with fervor in the background as this promo is being played throughout the Georgia Dome.]

CS: And if you don't think that we'll be willin' to finish that job, all for a little bit of extra cash at the pay window at the end of the night, then who do you think we are? We're the Soldiers of Fortune. Men without a country. Fame, money, and power is all that matters to us.

[Stephens salutes a cold salute, as he steps back to let Flint finish.]

JF: Sorry, Next Gen, but that's the cold, hard truth. You boys, as good as you are, are just as naïve. The country you two were proud of growin' up is long gone, ripped apart at the seams by grifters and idiots. Charlie said it best, these babies are what matter to us..

[Flint pats the belt draped over his shoulder.]

JF: That means the numbers on our paychecks from Castillo go up, and we can't have anyone make those numbers go down, no matter how hard they try or how good they are. You want these? Come an' take 'em.

At ease.

[Flint and Stephens glare at Blackwell as they exit stage left. Blackwell looks on, shaking his head.]

SLB: Cold words from the AWA World Tag Team Champions as we're moments away from the Boot Camp match here at SuperClash!

[We fade from backstage out to a panning shot of the Georgia Dome crowd, buzzing over the tag title match about to begin. After a moment, we fade to a shot of Rebecca Ortiz standing center ring.]

RO: The following contest is a BOOT CAMP MATCH and it is for the AWA WORRRRRRLD TAG TEAM TITLES!

[A huge reaction goes from the A-T-L fans jammed into the Georgia Dome for this historic night.]

RO: There are no countouts, no disqualifications, and no time limit!

[Another big cheer!]

RO: This match consists of three battlefields...

First...

[She gestures to the canvas before her.]

RO: The ring where the typical professional wrestling rules will be enforced. No weapons, no cheating, no interference... and if you do, either of the two referees have the full authority to send you to...

[She gestures to the cage at ringside.]

RO: ...THE BRIG! Where you will remain for ninety seconds, putting your partner in jeopardy. And if both members of a team get sent to The Brig at the same time, the match will be over! However, there is one other battlefield in this match...

[She gestures outside the ring.]

RO: ...THE PIT! And in The Pit... ANYTHING GOES!

[Another big cheer goes up! Rebecca takes a deep breath.]

RO: Introducing first... they are the challengers...

[First there's silence, then you hear a little chanting.]

"Do-do-do-do do-do-do-do  
Do-do-do-do do-do-do-do"

[The unmistakable chords of "Centuries" by Fall Out Boy kick in over the PA system. Up on the giant video screen, we see footage of the legendary AWA teams of past years.

Kentucky's Pride... one more salute.

Rough N Ready... the Eric Somers nod.

Violence Unlimited... two-time champs.

The Blonde Bombers... the second and better version.

The Lynch brothers... during better times.

And then two words kick up on the giant screen.

"NEXT GEN"

That starts the video footage of Next Gen in action themselves, and that's when Howie Somers and Daniel Harper emerge from the entryway, with Bret Grayson just behind them. Somers and Harper stand out to the sides at the top of the ramp, with Grayson standing between them.]

RO: Being accompanied to the ring by Olympic gold medalist, Bret Grayson... at a total combined weight of 495 pounds... they are the former AWA World Tag Team Champions...

HOWIE SOMERS... DANIEL HARPER...

NEXXXXXXXXT GENNNNNNNNNNNN!

[The crowd EXPLODES for the introduction of the challengers. Somers and Harper are each dressed in a black T-shirt, blue jeans and black cowboy boots. Each of them is also wearing a sports jersey -- Harper is wearing a basketball jersey of University of Georgia and Atlanta Hawks legend Dominique Wilkins, while Somers is wearing a football jersey of legendary University of Georgia and NFL cornerback Champ Bailey. Grayson is wearing a Team USA white and navy blue tracksuit with "USA" embroidered in red letters on the back, reminiscent of the one he wore in the 2008 Olympic games. In his hands, he holds a flagpole with the American flag, which he carries over his right shoulder.

Somers and Harper stand at the top of the ramp for a minute, taking in the cheers from the crowd. They then exchange nods with Grayson and head down the ramp, with Grayson in between. The trio heads to the ring, all three keeping their eyes ahead and not acknowledging the fans.]

GM: And here come the challengers - the former champions - down the aisle. I know they've never been in a match quite like this, Bucky, but they certainly seem to be ready for it.

BW: Everyone always THINKS they're ready for an unknown match type and that's great. Are they really ready? We'll know soon enough.

GM: Bret Grayson out here with the challengers - he's their flagbearer tonight, carrying that American flag he's so proud of... and of course, he's also out here to keep an eye on that little runt Marty Meekly to make sure he stays out of this.

BW: Seems unnecessary to me, Gordo. I'm sure if they'd asked nicely, Marty would've agreed and they could've just had a gentleman's agreement instead of this bully Grayson out here threatening a 96 pound manager.

GM: That "96 pound manager" is responsible for a lot of bad stuff that's happened in the AWA over the years and I'm almost hoping he sticks his nose in this match tonight so I can see Bret Grayson give him what he's had coming to him for a long damn time.

[When the trio reaches ringside, Harper and Somers stop to remove their sports jerseys, which they promptly hand over to young boys at ringside. They then head up the ring steps with Grayson following them, the three ducking between the ropes. Somers goes to one corner and leans against the turnbuckles, while Harper goes to another corner and climbs to the second rope, then raises his arms. In the middle of the ring stands Grayson, who waves the flag proudly, as the crowd cheers the trio.]

GM: Unlike the men about to walk that aisle, these three are quite proud Americans - despite our nation's flaws - and continue to fight to make it a better place for one and all.

[After a moment, Somers comes out from his corner, approaches Harper and slaps him on the back. Harper hops down from the corner, exchanges a high five with Somers, then they approach Grayson, exchanging high fives with him, then begin a discussion among themselves as Rebecca Ortiz continues...]

RO: And their opponents...

[The arena grows silent as the lights dim. A yellow spotlight shines on the entranceway. The video screens around the Georgia Dome flicker with static as each screen displays the Soldiers of Fortune's newer logo, a soldier carrying a bayonet standing on front of a large shield. The silence of the arena is suddenly broken.]

?: FFFFFWWWWWWEEEEEEETTTTTT!!!!!!  
FFFFFWWWWWWWEEEEEEETTTTTT!!!!!!  
FFFFFWWWWWWWEEEEEEETTTTTT!!!!!!  
FFWWEET!! FFWWEET!! FFWWEET!! FFFFFWWWWWWEEEEEEETTTTTT!!!!!!

[The moment the whistling subsides, the entire crowd in the Georgia Dome breaks out in heavy boos.]

BW: You talk about getting lost in an airport just one time and Atlanta never lets you forget it.

GM: Bucky, this entire crowd just heard Charlie Stephens suggesting that they just might burn down Atlanta if it means keeping the AWA World Tag Team Championship. This crowd's letting them have it even before they step into the arena, and rightfully so.

[As Gordon speaks, a drumroll starts playing. One of the nameless 'troops' the Soldiers use as recruits is at the top of the aisle, beating on a drum like he's somebody out of the Revolutionary War. Behind him, roughly a dozen of the other 'recruits' gather behind him, each man carrying a flagpole. As the man playing the drums marches down towards the ring, the other recruits break off to form two single file lines at the top of the ramp.]

BW: Like it or not, it's their freedom of speech.

GM: I could get on my soap box and tell the world what the First Amendment is all about, but tonight is not the night for something like that.

[Stepping out towards the top of the aisle is the Soldiers of Fortune's flagbearer, Marty Meekly. Meekly has a flagpole of his own, and on his instructions, the recruits with flag poles start waving their flags. Meekly joins them immediately. The flags each man are waving are the American flag, however...]

BW: Are... are those flags upside down?

GM: What a disgrace. The Soldiers talk about how this country is basically dead, but I don't believe so, not one bit. Things may not seem too hopeful right now, but this is a nation that has the potential to be the greatest country in the world. We've gone through some horrible times in our country's history, and persevered, and I feel like this is..

[Suddenly a loud buzzing and crackling sound pierces throughout the arena.]

GM: Gah... I hate that.

[The drummer stops playing, as a distorted group of voices starts murmuring. Suddenly, they start singing the familiar first verse of "My Country 'Tis of Thee.]"

# My country, 'tis of thee,  
# Sweet land of liberty,  
# Of thee I sing;  
# Land where my fathers died,  
# Land of the pilgrims' pride,  
# From ev'ry mountainside  
# Let freedom ring!

[The 'ring' starts echoing throughout the arena. Seemingly on cue, the AWA World Tag Team champions gather alongside Marty Meekly at the top of the ramp. Before long, the echo starts resembling an actual ringing sound. The sound eventually fades right into the opening guitar riff to "Don't Tread on Me" by the Damn Yankees. While the guitar riff is still going, Rebecca Ortiz continues her introduction.]

RO: ...they are accompanied by their esteemed flagbearer Marty Meekly. At a total combined weight of 524 pounds, they are the AWA World Tag Team Champions....

"CAPTAIN" JOE FLINT.....

"CORPORAL PUNISHMENT" CHARLIE STEPHENS....

THE SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE!

[There is no forward march coming from Joe Flint this time. The drummer goes off to the side as Meekly leads the Soldiers down to the long aisle to the ringside area. They are laser focused on the task at hand tonight, ignoring the seemingly endless cascade of boos raining down on them from every direction.]

GM: These three men - one who was once one of the most respected referees in the entire world and two men who were true examples of American pride - have basically admitted to selling their souls for even a little bit of extra fame, fortune, and power.

[Suddenly, a small chant somewhere in the arena, once hidden by a chorus of boos, has suddenly started to spread throughout the Georgia Dome.]

"U-S-A!!! U-S-A!!!  
U-S-A!!! U-S-A!!!  
U-S-A!!! U-S-A!!!  
U-S-A!!! U-S-A!!!"

[The USA chant gets louder and louder, as if it's trying to get into the heads of the tag team champions.]

GM: And these fans right here in the Georgia Dome won't let them forget where they came from!

BW: Never thought in all my days that an USA chant would be directed in spite towards two proud soldiers who fought for our freedoms. Unbelievable.

GM: The Soldiers may no longer be proud Americans, but there's at least seventy thousand people here who are still proud of this great land, as well as many international visitors in this crowd that know how disgraceful these men are.



[The three men finally make their way to ringside. Flint stops and turns to his right, spotting the penalty box known as the Brig. Two referees are standing outside of the box, in charge of shuffling wrestlers who break the rules in and out of the box. Flint knocks on the box to make sure it's secure. Flint simply says "Solid" in approval.]

GM: Joe Flint taking a look at the Brig out there... seems to have met with his approval. Bucky, one of the more unusual stipulations in this match is that the titles can change not only through pinfall or submission but also if both members of a team are sent into The Brig at the same time. Can you imagine that happening, Bucky?

BW: This match is a Joe Flint specialty, Gordo. I'm one hundred percent sure that Flint's explained the rules to Stephens repeatedly. It could happen, but I doubt it.

GM: The Boot Camp match is indeed a Joe Flint speciality... but this Brig element is something new to him. Flint has competed in countless Boot Camp matches as a singles competitor but I believe this is his first as part of a tag team.

[Meanwhile, Stephens is looking around at the weapons strewn around ringside. Riot shields, batons, and other military implements are scattered all over the place. Stephens looks under the ring, and grins. Meanwhile, Next Gen and Bret Grayson wait patiently inside the ring, the referee making sure that things don't kick off until both men get into the ring. Once satisfied with the setup outside of the ring, both Soldiers climb onto the apron. Meekly parks himself near the Soldiers' corner. The referee gathers both teams to the middle of the ring, and starts explaining the rules. Once both teams are satisfied, the referee calls for the bell.]

GM: The bell has rung and this Boot Camp match is underway!

[There's a moment's pause as the four individuals and their respective seconds look around the ring and ringside area, nodding their heads as they take in this moment in front of this massive crowd...

...and at an unspoken signal, a brawl breaks out between the two teams, coming together in a flurry of fists as the crowd goes wild!]

GM: And there will be no feeling out process in this one! These teams are looking to do damage and to take home the World Tag Team Titles here tonight in Atlanta!

BW: Three teams have held those titles on two occasions - The Lights Out Express, Air Strike, and the team of Taylor and Donovan. Next Gen wants to add their name to that list here tonight.

GM: Marty Meekly bails to the outside - he wants no part of this.

BW: That's Private First Class, Flagbearer Extraordinaire Martin Meekly, Gordo.

GM: I am NOT calling him that. Bret Grayson out to the floor as well on the other side of the ring - the two flagbearers and seconds for this match. Grayson's job tonight here is simple - make sure Meekly stays out of it.

BW: There are two referees out here for this one, Gordo - I don't even know why Grayson's allowed to be out here! Meekly surely can't get involved with TWO referees out here!

GM: I wouldn't put it past him.

[The camera cuts to one pairing where Howie Somers is getting the edge on Charlie Stephens, pummeling him back into the corner with heavy haymakers to the jaw.

We cut to the other side of the ring where Joe Flint's fists are putting Daniel Harper on his heels, retreating to the opposite corner...]

GM: The Soldiers and Next Gen throwing the rules out the window early - and I think that'll be an interesting thing to watch, Bucky. Just how strict will referees Andy Dawson and Pete "Blue Shoes" Miller enforce the rules when deciding when to send someone to The Brig. That could have a major impact on this match.

[Stephens reaches up, jabbing a thumb into the eye of the attacking Somers, turning him around in the corner...]

GM: Like right there - the thumb to the eye. Blatantly illegal but is it worthy of locking him up for ninety seconds?

BW: Miller's warning him right now.

[Blue Shoes tells Stephens that "repeated infractions" might get him sent away as Stephens gives a shout to Flint, each man now grabbing an arm on their challengers.]

GM: Double whip coming up...

[But as the 2017 Stampede Cup winners attempt their Irish whips, the challengers reverse the move, sending Flint and Stephens crashing into one another in the middle of the ring to a big cheer!]

GM: ...but Next Gen turns the tide in their favor instead!

[The big crash mid-ring sends the champions smashing into one another before staggering apart...

...where a Harper dropkick to the back of Stephens sends him crashing back into Flint a second time before they both go down!]

GM: Next Gen taking the control early on in this one... and you can hear referee Pete Miller trying to get one man in and one man out on both squads. That's going to be a big one here tonight - to try and limit the amount of illegal doubleteams.

[Harper circles around, pumping his fists at the cheering crowd as he reaches out to grab the wrist of his larger partner...

...and as Charlie Stephens gets up, they run him right over with a double clothesline to another big cheer!]

GM: The fans here in Atlanta are solidly behind Next Gen without a doubt, Bucky.

BW: Think that has anything to do with Charlie Stephens wanting to see Atlanta burn during the Civil War?

GM: It just might.

[Somers nudges the fired-up Harper, pointing out a rising Joe Flint near the ropes...

...and they charge him as well, connecting with a double shoulder tackle that lifts Flint off his feet, sending him flying between the ropes to the outside of the ring!]

GM: Joe Flint goes out to the floor! Next Gen has cleared half of the champions from the ring...

[Charlie Stephens struggles back to his feet... and his eyes go wide, the crowd roaring as Stephens finds himself standing all alone between Somers and Harper.]

GM: ...and Charlie Stephens is all alone in there! And these fans love that!

BW: They love a two on one beating possibility?! What kind of savages live in this place anyways?! No wonder they still do that Tomahawk Chop garbage down the road.

[Stephens makes a break for it but Harper steps in front of him, drilling him with a right hand... and another... and another...]

GM: Charlie Stephens tried to pull a quick retreat but Harper cut him off and he's letting him have it - over and over with that big right hand!

[Harper sends Stephens stumbling back across the ring into the powerful arms of Howie Somers who scoops him up and slams him down on the mat!]

GM: Big scoop slam by the powerful Howie Somers... look at this now!

[The crowd ROARS as Harper runs into the waiting arms of Somers as well who scoops him up and slams him down into an impactful senton across Stephens' torso!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: What a double team by the challengers!

[Harper leans back, reaching over to hook a leg...]

GM: We've got our first cover of the match, the challengers looking to take the titles back!

[...but before a single count comes down, Marty Meekly clambers up on the apron, shrieking at Pete Miller who moves to confront him... but not as quickly as Howie Somers who rears back a right hand to deck the former AWA official who is off the apron as quickly as he was on it!]

GM: And Marty Meekly wants no part of Howie Somers! That no good little sneak. It was back at Homecoming in September when Marty Meekly appeared, pretending to be his twin brother, and in a desperate moment for AWA officials, offered his services to referee that night. Of course, it was all a plot from the beginning and Meekly helped steal the titles from Somers and Harper. Meekly, you may recall, was banned for life as an AWA official because of his actions during the Wise Men's reign of terror here years ago.

BW: But that didn't stop him from coming back as a manager - and a highly successful manager at that as he led his first charges to championship gold on his first night with the company.

GM: Is he a manager or a flagbearer? I can't keep it straight.

BW: He's both, Gordo. A good manager can handle strategy with the best of them but can also inspire their charge from ringside. That description fits Marty Meekly to a T, daddy.

[Meekly snatches up the flag at ringside, waving it back and forth to jeers from the crowd as Somers shakes his head, stepping out to the apron at the referee's insistence.]

GM: Howie Somers out on the apron now... and the referee gets this down to one on one in the ring like he's been trying to do for a little while now. It's Daniel Harper - coming back from the injuries he suffered at the hands of the Soldiers of Fortune during that tag title loss - taking on the ever-sneaky Charlie Stephens who seems to constantly have something up his sleeve.

[The rising Stephens gets pulled into a front facelock by Harper who slings his arm over his neck before snapping him over in a hard suplex, causing Stephens to cringe in pain, cradling his lower back...]

GM: Expertly executed suplex by Harper... right up to his feet to continue his attack on Stephens...

[Harper backs to the corner, boosting himself up to stand on the middle rope, and then leaps off to drive the point of his elbow down into Stephens' throat to cheers! Stephens kicks his legs up into the air, flailing about on the mat as Harper applies another pin attempt.]

GM: Lateral press gets one... gets two... but that's all as Stephens escapes.

BW: Gonna take more than a suplex and an elbow to beat the Soldiers in their own game. Besides, we haven't even seen anyone sent to The Brig yet!

GM: And you can't wait to see that, can you?

[Harper climbs back to his feet, circling the downed Stephens before coming to a halt near his feet. He leans down, lifting the legs up...]

GM: Uh oh.

[...and as the crowd cheers, imploring Harper to do serious damage, Stephens begs for mercy...]

BW: This is illegal! Send him away, ref! Make him do hard time!

[...and then STOMPS down just above the belt line, yielding an "ohhhhhh" from the crowd who aren't sure where it landed.]

BW: Low blow! He stomped Charlie's arsenal!

GM: His... oh, give me a break! He stomped him above the belt and you know it!

BW: I know nothing, Gordon Myers. Wait... no.

GM: That sounds right, yes.

[But with Stephens acting like the kick was low, Marty Meekly gets back up on the apron again to add his voice to the complaining.]

GM: Marty Meekly also says the blow was low but... well, you can trust him as much as a three dollar bill.

[Meekly is whining and shrieking at the official...

...until Bret Grayson jabs the end of the flagpole into his side, causing Meekly to cry out and jump down to the floor, falling down on the ringside mats to cheers from the Atlanta crowd!]

GM: And there - right there - is the reason Bret Grayson is out here tonight. To keep that little worm from interfering.

[With Harper distracted by the outside-the-ring action, Charlie Stephens is crawling across the mat, trying to get to his corner...]

GM: Stephens looks like he wants a tag but Joe Flint is still out on the outside.

[Flint reaches under the ropes, grabbing his partner by the wrists, trying to haul him to safety...]

...but Daniel Harper has other ideas as he spots the shenanigans, grabbing Stephens by the ankles and pulling back the other way as Stephens' eyes go wide again, shaking his head...]

GM: Harper not about to let Stephens out - not yet at least!

BW: He's bringing Flint with him!

[The crowd cheers as Harper manages to pull both Stephens and Flint back into the ring, pulling them both up and...]

GM: DOUBLE NOGGIN KNOCKER! A MEETING OF THE MILITARY MINDS HERE IN ATLANTA!

[Flint and Stephens both stagger backwards as a fired-up Harper stays on the attack, grabbing Stephens by the wrist and whipping him into the neutral corner...]

GM: Whip to the buckles - Stephens hits hard and...

[The crowd cheers as Harper launches Stephens into the sky, dumping him down in a backdrop.]

GM: BIIIIIIIG BACK BODYDROP BY DANIEL HARPER!

BW: Stephens shoulda changed a couple of lightbulbs while he was up there! My oh my!

[With Stephens down and reeling, Harper lands a running dropkick on the staggered Flint, sending him falling through the ropes back out to the floor yet again!]

GM: Back to the outside goes Flint!

[Harper steps to his corner, slapping Somers' offered hand as the crowd cheers.]

GM: Howie Somers with the tag - Somers, remember, is the reason this match is happening here tonight. He entered that Tag Team Battle Royal on his own and won it, securing this title shot alongside his partner who was injured at the time.

[Somers joins Harper in whipping Stephens across the ring to the far ropes...]

...where Joe Flint trips up his own partner, grabbing him by the ankle and dragging him under the ropes to the outside to big jeers from the Atlanta crowd!]

GM: Oh! Flint pulls Stephens out... and he just saved his partner from no telling what...

BW: And again, Miller's not sending Flint to The Brig for that so I guess he's decided that's okay too.

GM: For now at least. Blue Shoes showing some leniency early on in this one.

[An angry Harper complains to the official before stepping out to the apron, not seeing his partner duck through the ropes.]

GM: And Howie Somers is going out to the floor!

BW: The Pit! He's going to The Pit!

GM: Indeed he is... and remember, anything goes out there so I'm not sure this is the best idea for Howie Somers right now.

[Somers grabs Joe Flint by the collar, pulling him back and into a big right hand that sends him stumbling away...

...and then turns his attention to Charlie Stephens, grabbing him with two hands on the shoulders, swinging him around...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...where Stephens jams the end of a riding crop into the throat of Somers!]

GM: Oh, goodness! Right into the throat!

[Somers falls back, clutching his throat and coughing violently as Stephens grips the riding crop in hand...]

BW: This is all legal out here in The Pit!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd groans as Stephens LASHES the crop down across Somers' chest!]

GM: Stephens using that riding crop as a weapon, whipping Somers-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: -gaaaah! A brutal shot there but as we said, this type of activity is totally legal outside the ring in The Pit for this unusual Boot Camp showdown.

[Somers goes down to a knee, still grabbing at his throat as Stephens circles around him...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: A third shot - this time across the back of Somers!

[Harper is shouting to his partner from the apron, cringing at the blows as Stephens slips the riding crop across the throat, pulling back on it...]

GM: And now Stephens is choking Somers with that riding crop out on the floor, strangling the air out of him and there's nothing anyone can do about it.

[Stephens chokes him for a few more seconds before tossing the crop aside, pulling Somers off the mat as he gasps for air, and shoves him back under the ropes.]

GM: A mercifully short time out in The Pit early on here as Stephens puts him back in, rolling himself in as well... and there's the tag to bring Joe Flint legally into the ring.

[A fired-up Flint rushes through the ropes, immediately putting the heavy boots to the ribs of the downed Somers.]

GM: Kicks and stomps to the body of Somers, Flint all over him here in the early goings of this one...

[Pulling Somers off the mat, Flint rocks him with a big jaw-jacking right hand that sends Somers falling back into the neutral corner with Flint coming right in behind him, landing a running knee to the midsection.]

GM: Flint goes downstairs with the knee... now shoots him across...

[With Somers whipped from corner to corner, Flint comes charging in after him, landing a big back elbow under the chin, snapping Somers' head back on impact!]

GM: Joe Flint bringing the thunder with that elbow - one of the toughest guys you'll ever encounter and a guy who many feel should've been at the top of the game long ago and is only now finally getting his chance to shine as one-half of the World Tag Team Champions.

BW: He had his moments in the smaller territories down here in Atlanta and over in Texas working for ol' Penny Pincher Lynch... but this is his first shot at a global level to show the world what he's capable of.

[As Somers staggers out of the corner, the six foot five Flint muscles Somers up into his arm, slamming him down on the canvas...]

GM: Flint with the scoop slam, putting Somers down...

[...and with a bit of a running start, Flint leaps up to drop a heavy knee down across the sternum!]

GM: ...and a kneedrop KEEPS him down! Flint hooks the leg, looking to defend the titles!

[But Somers kicks out after two, shoving Flint off of him.]

GM: Somers out at two... we're still relatively early in this one and I think it's going to take a lot of punishment to win these titles tonight.

[With Somers still down, Flint hooks a loose side headlock, pulling him into a seated position where he pistons his fist into the side of Somers' head to jeers from the crowd.]

GM: Repeated right hands, working over Somers down on the canvas... again, closed fists are illegal but the official is allowing it.

BW: Maybe he's waiting for some more blatant breaking of the rules.

GM: It would make sense to limit The Brig to those egregious rulebook offenses for sure.

[Rising to his feet, Flint slaps Stephens' hand who comes back into the ring. "Corporal Punishment" hops up on the middle rope, taking aim before leaping off with a grounded double axehandle to the sternum of Somers!]

GM: Simple but effective as that hammer blow off the middle rope leaves Somers in a bad way... but again, Howie Somers kicks out at two.

[Harper slaps the buckle a few times, shouting "COME ON, HOWIE!" to his partner as Stephens glares in his direction.]

GM: Daniel Harper trying to cheer his partner on, get this crowd rallying behind him as well...

[The crowd starts to clap in rhythm, trying to root Somers up to his feet as Stephens glares annoyed out at them and slaps Flint's hand.]

GM: Quick exchange there, bringing Joe Flint back in. These two, of course, have had quite the year as they not only won the World Tag Team Titles back in September at Homecoming but also the Stampede Cup back in July in Regina at the Battle of Saskatchewan.

[Flint steps through as Stephens applies a loose camel clutch on Somers, watching as big Joe lumbers across the ring, hitting the ropes as he bounces back...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

[...and DRILLS Somers in the chest with a running soccer kick that puts him back down on the mat as Stephens departs the ring!]

GM: Again, the Soldiers busting out some heavy artillery early on in this one. Flint with a lateral press...

[But Somers again kicks out at two, breaking the pin.]

GM: ...and Somers is out the backdoor.

[Flint angrily glares at the official as Marty Meekly can be heard shouting "THAT WAS THREE, BABY! ONE-TWO-THREE! TRY IT, YOU'LL LIKE IT, BLUE SHOES!" The official throws a look at the backseat referee as Andy Dawson keeps an eye on ringside.]

GM: The Soldiers of Fortune not happy with the count there although I saw nothing wrong with it.

BW: I think they're just trying to get into the referee's head a little bit like an NBA coach who complains about their star player not getting foul calls hoping to put that seed in the ref's head for later. You complain about a slow count now when you're not likely to get the win... and then hope for a little quicker count later when you might.

[Flint grabs Somers by the hair, leading him back to his feet where he slowly winds up and cracks him with a big right hand again, sending Somers spinning away, falling back so that he falls chestfirst across the middle rope.]

GM: Down goes Somers again.

BW: Often times we talk about the hardest strikers in the AWA - men like Supreme Wright, like Raphael Rhodes... but you often forget about Joe Flint because he's not throwing chops... he's not throwing forearms... he's throwing those big meat hooks at your jaw. But they're no less effective than the fancy stuff.

[Flint approaches Somers, planting his shin on the back of the neck, pushing the throat into the middle rope...]



GM: Flint choking now - again, illegal but is it illegal enough to warrant a trip to The Brig? The referee warning him but not counting since there are no disqualifications in this tag title showdown here at SuperClash IX in Atlanta.

[The Duke backs off, getting an earful from Miller as Marty Meekly walks around the ring...]

GM: Look at Meekly!

[...and JABS the end of the flagpole into Somers' throat, sending him falling back to the mat, coughing and grabbing at his neck!]

GM: OH, COME ON! The referee saw it too! The referee out on the floor - Andy Dawson - saw that outside interference! Put Meekly in The Brig right now!

[Dawson waves Miller over towards the ropes, the two officials conversing for a moment as Dawson explains what just happened. Daniel Harper is shouting at both officials from the apron as Bret Grayson stalks Meekly who scampers away unharmed.]

GM: The officials are having an impromptu conference here, discussing what just happened...

[As the meeting breaks up, Miller approaches Harper on the apron, speaking to him...]

BW: Did you hear that, Gordo? Ol' Blue Shoes said that Meekly was in The Pit when he attacked Somers and since everything is legal in The Pit, there was no violation of the rules.

GM: A big ruling there by the officials. That opens this up to a lot more outside interference than I'd like to see. I certainly wouldn't interpret the rules that way since Meekly struck someone NOT in The Pit.

BW: It's definitely the referee's call and it may be one we discuss a lot in the days to come depending on how this all shakes out.

[Pulling Somers back over to the ropes, Flint chokes him over the second rope again...]

GM: Back to the choke... if at first you don't get sent to The Brig, I suppose...

[The referee warns Flint again who lets go, allowing Somers to flop facefirst down on the mat as the official tells Flint continued rulebreaking might earn him a trip into the cage...

...which is when Meekly grabs Somers' hair from the outside, raking his face back and forth on the mat...]

GM: Meekly strikes again from the outside - which is apparently legal in this by the referee's decision we heard moments ago... but Daniel Harper isn't happy about that!

[An angry Harper comes through the ropes, moving quickly towards Meekly...

...but the referee gets in his path, warning him about getting involved when he's not the legal man...]

GM: Harper's trying to get at Meekly but the referee's in his way!

[Flint turns his focus onto Harper as well, approaching as the official struggles to keep Harper back...

...which is when the hot-headed Harper DRILLS Flint with a right hand, knocking him down!]

GM: Oh, what a right by Harper!

[The referee backs off...

...and then with a wave of his arms, he points to the steel cage at ringside, shouting "YOU'RE GOING IN, HARPER!" The crowd jeers as Harper throws up his arms in frustration, burying his face in his hands for a moment as the ring announcer makes it official.]

RO: Referee Pete Miller has sent Daniel Harper.. TO THE BRIG!

[The crowd jeers as Harper reluctantly exits the ring, walking over to the bizarrely shaped cage where Andy Dawson has opened the door and is gesturing Harper inside.]

GM: Daniel Harper being sent to The Brig for attacking Joe Flint when he wasn't the legal man. That makes ninety seconds in The Brig for Daniel Harper and that's a long time for his partner, Howie Somers, to be alone in there against the World Tag Team Champions, Bucky.

BW: And that's what makes this part of the match so dangerous. Harper's in and now Somers is all alone... and Somers has to be careful not to do anything that would be considered breaking the rules too because otherwise, he might get sent in and that would be the end of the match!

[The cage door slams shut as Harper stands in the uniquely-shaped cage that is not much wider than room for one or two people side by side but is quite tall, ending a few feet above the ring ropes. Harper angrily slaps his hands against the mesh in frustration as a countdown clock reading ":90" goes up on the video wall and the broadcast screen.]

GM: Daniel Harper realizing the gravity of his mistake right there and-

[A laughing and taunting Charlie Stephens dances down the apron, slapping the cage mesh a few times as Harper mutters threatening words in his direction.]

GM: Harper looking on here. It wasn't long ago that he was on the shelf medically and that left Howie Somers to fend for himself for several weeks. He's gotta be re-living that a little bit right now in this Boot Camp match.

[Stephens goes running back to his corner, slapping the offered hand of his partner.]

GM: The tag is made and in comes Charlie Stephens for the double team.

[Stephens and Flint grab the rising Somers who quickly throws a pair of right hands, trying to fight his way free of the champions' attack...]

GM: Somers is trying to fight his way out!

[...but a knee to the ribs by Flint cuts him off, allowing the intended double whip to occur...]

GM: The champs shoot him in and... oh! Back elbow by the duo, right up under the chin puts Somers down on the mat again!

[Flint departs the ring as Stephens starts putting the boots to Somers again, shouting at Harper - "LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE! YOU LEFT HIM ALONE... AGAIN!" Harper slaps a hand against the mesh again, looking on with concern as Stephens stomps and kicks.]

GM: Somers taking a beating from the champions right now... Stephens dragging him off the mat...

[Stephens grabs Somers by the hair, laying the badmouth on him...

...and then rushes towards the ropes...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: FACEFIRST INTO THE BRIG! OH MY!

[Somers staggers back, collapsing to the canvas as Stephens stays near The Brig, shouting at Harper again through the steel mesh.]

GM: Charlie Stephens - the attitude adjustment we've seen from this young man over the past year or so is truly something terrible. He's arrogant, he's conniving and scheming.

BW: And successful. Stephens is on a whole other level since changing his outlook on things and people like you try to say it's a bad thing. He's a Stampede Cup winner! He scored one of the biggest paydays of the year from that! And now he's half of the World Tag Team Champions!

GM: The ninety seconds just about up now... and Stephens with another tag to Flint.

[Flint steps through the ropes, moving quickly towards Howie Somers as he looks up at the video wall to check the clock.]

GM: Flint trying to get in something before the time expires and Daniel Harper is released from The Brig.

[Pulling Somers off the mat, Flint waves a hand at Stephens as he goes to lift Somers up off the mat...]

GM: Hold on now - the Soldiers of Fortune looking for the move that was once called the Patriot Missile... was once called the Second Amendment... and is now known as the Tactical Strike.

[The crowd counts along with the ticking clock as Flint muscles Somers up into a bearhug lift. Stephens starts to hit the ropes...]

"BZZZZZZZ!"

[...and the crowd cheers as Daniel Harper comes rushing out of The Brig, sliding quickly into the ring...]

GM: Harper's in! He gets out JUST in time and-

[...and BASHES Flint across the back with a double axehandle, breaking his bearhug and the champions' double team attempt!]

GM: -and saves his partner from that Tactical Strike!

BW: But he's not legal - stick him back in!

[Harper blocks a right hand thrown by Stephens and then hits one of his own to a big cheer, sending Stephens sprawling down on the canvas...

...and then gets blocked by ol' Blue Shoes, being forced out of the ring to jeers before Harper can inflict any more damage.]

GM: Harper being told to get back out on the apron before Blue Shoes is forced to send him off as they say in the world of soccer.

BW: Soccer?! This is pro wrestling, Gordo! We don't give penalties for using your hands, we encourage it!

[Gordon chuckles as Stephens rolls from the ring as well, leaving the legal men of Flint and Somers inside.]

GM: Back to the legal men in the ring. Somers and Flint both heading back to their feet...

[But Somers wisely staggers to the corner, slapping the offered hand of his partner.]

GM: ...but there's a tag bringing Daniel Harper right back in.

[Harper is all sorts of fired up as he rushes in, pushing Joe Flint back up against the ropes. He grabs the back of the head, laying in a big European uppercut once... twice... three times...]

GM: Harper opening up on Flint, getting a little bit of payback after being the first one sent to The Brig.

[Harper grabs Flint by the arm, looking to whip him across...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

[...but the reversal sends Harper across the ring instead...]

GM: Stephens on the apron - he's got that flagpole!

[...and into the ropes where Stephens SLAMS the wooden flagpole into the lower back of Harper, causing him to collapse down to all fours as the crowd jeers loudly!]

GM: Stephens nails Harper with that flagpole! That's illegal! He's gotta go, Bucky!

BW: No, no - he was OUTSIDE the ring! Totally legal!

[But referee Pete Miller points to the apron, waving his arms...]

GM: The official's saying the apron is NOT part of the floor! It's not part of The Pit!

[Stephens is shaking his head, throwing a mini-tantrum as the official points him to The Brig.]

GM: And now it's Charlie Stephens being sent to The Brig and deservedly so!

[A protesting Stephens reluctantly heads inside the small cage, the door being slammed shut as ":90" appears on the on-screen graphic and Joe Flint starts putting the boots to Harper's lower back inside the ring.]

GM: Flint going right after the back that Stephens hit with that wooden flagpole.

BW: Harper should be grateful, Gordo.

GM: Grateful?! For what?!

BW: They coulda been using metal flagpoles tonight!

GM: I suppose you have a point there.

[The crowd groans as Flint drops Harper down in a side backbreaker, holding the position as Harper lies across his bent knee. The Duke plants a hand on the thigh and one on the chin, pushing down to bend Harper across the knee...]

GM: And Flint just punishing the back of Daniel Harper now with this backbreaker!

[Harper cries out for the few moments he's trapped in the hold, not submitting though which causes Flint to shove him off to the mat, flipping him over onto his stomach as Captain USA gets to his feet...]

GM: Oh! Short kneedrop to the spine... and another... and another!

[Stephens nods approvingly from The Brig, looking on with a grin as Flint sits down on the back, tucking the arms over his knees and pulling back under the chin.]

GM: That's a camel clutch! Joe Flint locking in a camel clutch on Daniel Harper, trying to further do damage to the back!

BW: Flint's really cranking back on that... trying to torque that back...

[Flint shouts "GIVE UP, YOU MAGGOT!" at the struggling Daniel Harper as Howie Somers looks on with concern from the corner.]

GM: Harper looking for a way out of this.

BW: And not only is this a good attempt to get the win... a great attempt to wear Harper down a little more... it's also a good way to kill precious time off that clock while Flint waits for his partner to be let out of The Brig.

GM: An excellent point, Bucky.

[Harper tightens his grip around the legs of Flint, trying to work his legs up underneath him as Flint pulls back on the chin.]

GM: Such a punishing hold - something we haven't seen a lot of since the days of Sultan Azam Sharif, there's a blast from the past.

BW: I feel like Sharif would be a Korugun fan.

GM: Life under a punishing, cruel, arrogant dictator... well, he certainly could relate to it, that's for sure.

[Harper manages to work one knee underneath himself, decreasing the pressure on his neck and back as Flint tries to cinch it tighter and the crowd starts to buzz. Somers, seeing what his partner is doing, slaps the buckle a few times, shouting

"COME ON, DANIEL!" The crowd starts to clap in rhythm along with the buckle slaps, trying to infuse Harper with more energy.]

GM: The son of the Hall of Famer, Stephanie Harper, has these fans here in Atlanta solidly behind him as he tries to get free from this hold.

[Harper gets the other leg under him, now on his knees as Flint looks panicked.]

GM: Harper's almost out of it!

[And as the buzzer sounds and Charlie Stephens comes through the cage door, Harper muscles Flint up into the air, still hanging onto his back...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AND HARPER DRIVES HIM DOWN! OH MY!

[Stephens slams his hands down on the apron in frustration before scrambling up on the apron, shooting out a hand towards the downed Joe Flint as Howie Somers does the same to Harper.]

GM: Both men are down... and both of their partners are looking for the tag!

[Harper cradles his lower back, wincing in pain as he tries to turn his body towards his corner...]

GM: Harper trying to get pointed in the right direction. Flint's actually not too far from his corner - that six foot five frame coming in hand as he reaches out...

[Flint is just short though, stretching but having no luck...]

GM: ...not quite there! He's gotta move but Harper's moving as well!

[The ring general stretches out his legs, scissoring them around Harper's ankle, cutting him off...]

BW: Wow! Brilliant tag team strategy there by Flint to keep Harper in there and...

[...and using his strength, Flint drags himself (and Harper with him) the six inches or so inches towards the corner that allows Charlie Stephens to tag back in.]

BW: ...AND he gets the tag?! Joe Flint is impressing me right now in this one!

[With Flint still holding the ankle, Charlie Stephens hurries through the ropes, runs across the ring, and drops an elbow down into the small of Harper's back, causing him to cry out in pain!]

GM: Ohhh! And the Soldiers of Fortune cut off that effort to make the tag with a little bit of ring generalship AND some excellent teamwork. Like you said, very impressive stuff by the champions.

BW: That's why they're the best tag team in the world right now, Gordo. The 2017 Stampede Cup winners. The World Tag Team Champions. The best tag team in the world!

GM: It's hard to argue that point as long as they're wearing the gold... however that could change here tonight as Next Gen attempts to become the champions for the second time. Next Gen held the titles earlier this year for 104 days. They took the

titles off System Shock at Memorial Day Mayhem in Chicago and then dropped them at Homecoming to the Soldiers through questionable means.

[Stephens drags Harper to his feet, pulling him by the tights back to mid-ring as Flint vacates the squared circle.]

GM: Stephens gets him up... and DROPS him down in a back suplex!

[With Harper down on the mat, writhing in pain, Stephens rolls into a lateral press, hooking a leg...]

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

[...but Harper fires a shoulder up off the mat to cheers from the Atlanta crowd!]

GM: Two count only there on the back suplex... but Daniel Harper's in some trouble at this point of the matchup. He really needs to find a way to make the tag to Howie Somers who is fresh and ready out there on the apron.

[Stephens regains his feet, looking down at Harper who is again stretching out an arm towards his corner even though he's nowhere near it. He laughs obnoxiously, miming his own stretch towards Howie Somers who glowers at him...

...and then turns his attention to Bret Grayson.]

"YOU BET ON THE WRONG HORSE, GRAYSON!"

[He smirks at the glaring Grayson as well as the fans jeer.]

GM: Charlie Stephens taking a moment to antagonize Bret Grayson, the Olympic gold medalist, from the ring... and... well, I'm not sure that's a good idea, Bucky.

BW: I gotta agree with you there. You know the saying that it's best to let sleeping dogs lie?

GM: Sure.

BW: That goes double for Olympic gold medalists.

[Gordon chuckles as Stephens turns back to Harper who is now struggling to get up off the mat, holding his lower back...

...and Stephens smashes a double axehandle down across the lower back, putting him back down on all fours!]

GM: Oh! Stephens with a hammer blow to the back... pulling Harper up himself now...

[He drags Harper across the ring, approaching the side where The Brig is standing tall...

...and then presses Harper's face into the mesh, raking it back and forth as the crowd howls in anger towards him!]

GM: Raking the face across the skin-tearing steel! Just punishing young Daniel Harper... all of 22 years old but competing at the highest level in our sport.

[Stephens pulls him off the steel, grabbing the arm and whipping him into the Soldiers' corner.]

GM: Harper hits the corner, slamming into those buckles which won't help his ailing back...

[Stephens points again at Grayson, taunting the Olympian before charging into the corner at Harper...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...who raises a boot and catches Stephens in the chin with it!]

GM: HARPER GOT THE BOOT UP!

[Flint tries to intervene but gets a haymaker to the jaw for his efforts!]

GM: AND A RIGHT HAND ON FLINT!

[Harper sees a window and starts to walk across the ring, reaching out an arm towards a waiting Howie Somers...

...but a cross chop to the throat by Stephens cuts him off, sending him staggering backwards gasping for air!]

GM: Ohhh! Just when it looked like Daniel Harper might have a way out of this, Stephens with that illegal blow to the throat.

[But Miller only warns Stephens who shakes his head, pleading his innocence.]

GM: It looks like Miller's going to allow that. No Brig for Stephens on that one.

[Stephens slaps the hand of an angry Joe Flint who rubs his jaw where Harper popped him before grabbing an arm as Stephens grabs the other...]

GM: Double whip by the champions... and they both go downstairs, a pair of haymakers to the breadbasket of Daniel Harper...

[And with Harper doubled over, they wrap him up and snap him back to the mat with a double Russian legsweep!]

GM: DOUBLE RUSSIAN LEGSWEEP!

BW: How dare you, Gordo?! These are fine American boys - it's a double AMERICAN legsweep!

GM: My mistake... and there's a cover by Flint!

[Another two count follows before Harper slips the shoulder up to break it.]

GM: And again, Daniel Harper is able to slip out of the pin... oh, come on! Get him down from there!

[The crowd jeers loudly as Marty Meekly takes to the apron to shout his complaints about the count. Blue Shoes turns to confront Meekly, drawing closer...

...which allows Meekly to toss something into the ring, unseen by the in-ring official...]

GM: Wait a second! Meekly just tossed something in there and...

[The crowd jeers as we get a closeup of Joe Flint scooping up a pair of brass knuckles that Meekly retrieved from ringside, sliding it over his hands...]



GM: ...those are brass knuckles, Bucky!

BW: Totally legal!

GM: Not in the ring, they're not! Meekly got them from out here on the floor... one of these weapons stockpiles at ringside... but that doesn't make them legal to use in the ring! The rules are clear on that!

[Climbing to his feet, Flint holds the knuckles-wrapped hand aloft, waiting for a struggling Harper to regain his feet...

...when suddenly Bret Grayson is up on the apron as well, pointing at Flint and miming a punch to the official...]

GM: Grayson's telling Blue Shoes what's going on! Meekly's trying to deny it but-

[The official wheels around, spotting Flint holding the knuckles-wrapped punch up in the air..

...and he immediately points to Flint...]

GM: Yes! That's right!

[...and then to The Brig with a loud "YOU'RE GOING IN!" Flint angrily kicks the ropes, shaking his head in denial as he takes off the knucks, tossing them down on the mat as he exits the ring.]

GM: Joe Flint got caught trying to use those brass knuckles that Marty Meekly tossed into the ring and he's going to The Brig because of it.

[Miller is still arguing with the official as Charlie Stephens ducks through the ropes, now the legal man because of his partner being locked away as ":90" goes on the clock...

...and Stephens ducks down to grab the knucks.]

GM: Stephens has the knucks now!

[But a shout from Joe Flint gets Stephens' attention as Flint waves his arms, shouting for him to toss the knucks away.]

BW: He's right, Gordo. Flint is right. If Stephens gets caught using the knucks, he'll get sent to The Brig also and this match is over! Next Gen will win the titles in the wackiest way possible but they'll win them!

[Stephens looks frustrated at having Harper in his sights but being unable to blast him with the weapon, angrily tossing them aside as Harper collapses into his corner...]

GM: TAG!

[...and as Somers goes in, he goes stampeding across the ring towards an unaware Charlie Stephens who turns back around...]

GM: CLOOOOOTHESLIINE!

[...and gets flipped wildly through the air with the running clothesline from Somers!]

GM: Howie Somers flattens him with that clothesline! What a shot that was from the 265 pounder! And somewhere in the Rogers Centre, you know his twin sister Julie is looking on... cheering him on just a short while before her own attempt to win AWA championship gold in Toronto later tonight.

[Somers is fired up now, pumping his arms up and down to the roaring Atlanta crowd. He pulls a rising Stephens the rest of the way to his feet, tossing him into the ropes with a whip...]

GM: Shoots Stephens in...

[...and on the rebound, Stephens gets flattened again as Somers takes flight, scoring a flying shoulder tackle that drops Corporal Punishment!]

GM: ...BIIIIIG FLYING TACKLE! OH MY!

[Somers pulls Stephens back up, tossing him into the ropes again, and landing a flying tackle again!]

GM: ANOTHER BIG TACKLE!

BW: Flint is losing it in the cage!

[Flint is slamming his hands into the cage, helpless as he's forced to watch Somers shout "ONE MORE TIME!" to the roaring crowd, tossing Stephens into the ropes a third time...]

GM: BOOOOM! SOMERS FLATTENS HIM! COVER!

[Somers reaches back, hooking a leg...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: -KICKOUT! HE KICKS OUT IN TIME! Whooaa nellie, Bucky!

BW: Tremendous resiliency on display by Charlie Stephens, taking three of those big tackles plus that clothesline and STILL being able to kick out and save the titles for the champions!

[Somers gets back to his feet, throwing a glance at the clock as he drags Stephens off the mat again...]

GM: Somers checking the timer... precious seconds remaining before Joe Flint is able to get back in there...

[...and whips him across the ring again, catching him on the rebound as he lifts, pivots, and DRIVES Stephens down into the mat with a thunderous spinning powerslam!]

GM: HE PLANTS HIM WITH THE SLAM!

[Somers stays atop Stephens, hooking the leg again.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO! THR-

[But again Stephens slips free, the crowd groaning with disappointment as he does. Somers claps his hands together in frustration as he gets up and slaps the hand of Daniel Harper.]

GM: Harper back in off the tag...

BW: That seems a little soon to me. This could be a mistake if the Soldiers can take advantage of it.

[Harper steps in, grabbing the legs of the downed Stephens, looking around at the cheering fans as the buzzer sounds and Joe Flint escapes the cage...

...and then falls back, catapulting Stephens through the air and sending him CRASHING facefirst into the cage!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: FACEFIRST TO THE STEEL! DOWN GOES STEPHENS AGAIN!

BW: That might do it, Gordo! We could have new champions!

GM: COVER! ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THR-

[The crowd groans then jeers as Harper goes sailing under the ropes to the outside thanks to Joe Flint pulling him out by the legs!]

GM: FLINT BREAKS UP THE PIN!

BW: But he was in The Pit! Totally legal!

GM: I suppose you're right about that...

[With a frustrated "DAMN IT!," Howie Somers jumps down off the apron, angrily stomping around the ring towards where Joe Flint has smashed Daniel Harper into the ring apron.]

GM: ...but Somers doesn't care if it's legal! He's hot about it and he's coming for Joe Flint on the outside!

[Andy Dawson, the outside the ring ref, tries to dissuade him but Howie Somers does not intend to be stopped as he marches around the ring towards Joe Flint who has his back to Somers, talking to Meekly near one of those ringside "arsenals."]

GM: Somers coming for Flint, swing him around...

[Somers' attack is cut short as Flint flings a handful of white powder into his face as he turns!]

GM: OH! POWDER! POWDER IN THE EYES OF HOWIE SOMERS!

[Somers staggers backwards, rubbing his eyes vigorously.]

GM: Somers got powder thrown in his eyes by Joe Flint and that's a major turning point in this one, Bucky!

BW: Somers is down on his knees, trying to clear his vision... again, totally legal in The Pit to use that powder...

[With Harper stunned alongside the apron, Marty Meekly decides it's time to earn his money, rearing back with the flagpole proudly displaying the "Don't Tread On Me" flag aloft...]

GM: Meekly with the flagpole! Look out!

[...but before he can swing it down onto Daniel Harper's head and neck, Meekly finds the flagpole unmoving thanks to the steely grip of Bret Grayson who is standing behind him!]

GM: GRAYSON GRABBED IT! GRAYSON GRABBED THE FLAGPOLE!

[The Olympic gold medalist yanks it away with ease, throwing it down on the floor to a big cheer!]

GM: Grayson saved Harper from being hit with that flagpole again and-

[An irate Joe Flint comes charging in, rushing Grayson...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...but the Olympic gold medalist catches him coming in, tossing him effortlessly overhead with a belly-to-belly that sends Flint BOUNCING off the barely-padded floor!]

GM: MY STARS! GRAYSON TOSSES FLINT HALFWAY ACROSS THE RINGSIDE AREA!

BW: GORDO! GORDO! LOOK AT STEPHENS!

[The crowd begins to buzz as everyone seems to spot Charlie Stephens at the same time, pulling himself into a standing position ON TOP of The Brig!]

GM: OH MY STARS! GET HIM DOWN FROM THERE! GET HIM DOWN-

[Stephens obliges that request, hurling himself off the top of the cage onto Bret Grayson and Marty Meekly on the outside!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY STARS IN HEAVEN! STEPHENS - IT WASN'T PRETTY BUT IT WAS EFFECTIVE - THROWS HIMSELF OFF THE TOP OF THAT CAGE ONTO GRAYSON AND TAKES OUT MEEKLY IN THE PROCESS AS WELL! WOW!

[The crowd is still buzzing for the crazy dive as the moment settles for a moment, all competitors on both sides down on the floor as the fans go wild!]

GM: Listen to these fans here in Atlanta witnessing one heck of a fight!

[As the noise settles down, Daniel Harper is the first to rise, wading through the bodies to grab Charlie Stephens, pulling him to his feet...

...and showing the crowd a nasty laceration on his forehead.]

GM: Uh oh! Stephens has been busted open! Maybe from that catapult into the cage by Harper... maybe he hit something on the way down in that dive... the flagpole perhaps? But whatever it is, Stephens is bleeding profusely from his forehead!

[Harper nods at the cheering crowd, slamming his knuckles down into the cut once... twice... three times, deepening the wound before he tosses the bleeding Stephens back into the ring.]

GM: Harper heading back in... and with that wound on the forehead, I think Stephens is in some trouble...

[Harper pulls the rapidly-bleeding Stephens off the mat, pasting him with a European uppercut that sends him stumbling backwards into the ropes near the cage.]

GM: Right there by The Brig again if Harper wants to take advantage of it.

[The fiery Harper lands another pair of uppercuts, leaving Stephens clinging to the ropes to stay on his feet before he whips him across...]

GM: Irish whip by Harper...

[...and as Stephens rebounds, Harper lifts him by the upper thighs, falling backwards...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HOTSHOT! HOTSHOT SENDS HIM FACEFIRST INTO THE STEEL!

[With the bloodied Stephens down on the mat, Harper dives across, hooking a leg...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KICKOUT AGAIN! CHARLIE STEPHENS SHOWING SOME TREMENDOUS FIGHTING SPIRIT IN THIS ONE TO STAY ALIVE!

[Harper pushes up to his knees, taking a quick look towards his corner and finding it empty.]

GM: Daniel Harper perhaps looking for a tag there but-

[A quick camera cut finds Howie Somers down on a knee on the mat, still rubbing the powder out of his eyes.]

GM: -but you can see Howie Somers is in no condition to make the tag... not yet at least. Daniel Harper finds himself all alone in there with the champions of the world at this point.

[Climbing to his feet, Harper drags Stephens off the mat, blood dripping down on the mat...]

...and then presses Stephens' face into the steel mesh, dragging it back and forth to a shocked reaction from the Atlanta crowd!]

GM: Daniel Harper getting some much-awaited payback on the Soldiers, raking and tearing the face of Charlie Stephens on that cage!

[Stephens slumps against the cage as Harper lets go, barely conscious and with blood pouring down his face.]

GM: Charlie Stephens sporting the old crimson mask in this one and-

[The crowd cheers as Harper snatches a rear waistlock...]

GM: Waistlock!

[...and then cheers louder as Harper yanks Stephens away from the mesh, dumping him down in a bridging German Suplex!]

GM: He's got him down for the count here! The referee to count- oh, come on!

[Pete Miller's path to counting is cut off by the appearance of Marty Meekly, shaken up from his earlier physical encounter, up on the apron, weakly waving an arm at the official.]

GM: Meekly looks like he can barely stand after Stephens jumped off The Brig onto him earlier... but he still managed to distract the referee!

[Harper holds the bridge a couple more seconds before letting go, turning to berate the official just as Bret Grayson yanks Meekly down off the apron, sending him sprawling on the floor again to cheers!]

GM: Grayson gets Meekly out of the way but too late for Harper who was trying to get the win - and the titles - with that German Suplex.

[Harper glares at the official, hands on his hips, as Miller tries to defend what just happened...

...all of which gives the bloodied Charlie Stephens a window of opportunity to start crawling towards the ropes.]

GM: Stephens trying to create some distance between himself and Daniel Harper as Next Gen continues to come close to putting Stephens down for three to recapture the World Tag Team Titles that many feel they never should've lost.

[Harper continue to debate Miller as Stephens reaches the ropes, using them to pull himself up...]

GM: Harper's losing his cool here with Blue Shoes and I can't blame him for that but he's wasting valuable time. Charlie Stephens is already back on his feet and... what the heck?!

[...and the crowd starts buzzing as Stephens continues pulling himself up, this time using the cage of The Brig.]

GM: He's... my stars, he's climbing The Brig again, Bucky!

BW: It worked out pretty well for him the first time so why not?!

[Stephens is halfway up the cage as Harper turns around, a puzzled look crossing his face for a moment before he decides to try to interrupt the climb.]

GM: And now Daniel Harper is going after him!

[Stephens somehow manages to drag himself up on top of the cage again.]

BW: And now Stephens REALLY has created some distance between he and Harper, Gordo.

GM: He certainly has... but Daniel Harper is closing that distance and closing it fast.

[Reaching the ropes, Harper reaches up to wrap his fingers in the mesh and starts climbing the ropes as well.]

GM: Closing AND climbing! Harper is heading up after Stephens!

BW: This cage isn't big enough for two people, Gordo!

GM: You could be right about that as well!

[Reaching the top rope, Harper is exposed as Stephens rains down right hands on him from atop the cage...]

GM: Stephens trying to fight him off!

[...but Harper drills him with a haymaker between the eyes, causing Stephens to flop back down on the roof of The Brig, his back on the mesh as Harper steps up on the mesh, continuing his climb...]

GM: Stephens is down and Harper is heading up, up, up!

[Harper pulls himself up onto the roof of The Brig, fans all over the Georgia Dome on their feet as Harper tries to find a steady spot to stand while still sharing space with Charlie Stephens.]

GM: Barely enough room up there for two people...

BW: There may not be two people up there for long, daddy!

[The crowd starts to buzz loudly as Harper yanks a dazed Stephens into a front facelock...]

GM: Oh no... don't do this, Daniel! Don't do this!

[...and slings Stephens' arm over his neck!]

GM: Oh no! No, no, no! Daniel Harper's got him hooked! Stephens is defenseless!

[Setting his feet, Harper stands for a moment for all to see and witness...

...and then hoists Stephens into the air, falling off the top of The Brig in tandem...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the duo goes down... down... down before coming to a crashing halt upon impact with the canvas, both men BOUNCING off the mat before settling to a stop as the crowd EXPLODES for the big moment!]

GM: SUPERPLEX! A SUPER DUPERPLEX OFF THE TOP OF THE BRIG AND - MY STARS - THEY'RE \_BOTH\_ LAID OUT AFTER THAT!

[There are several moments that follow of both men lying motionless on the mat, the crowd roaring for the moment they just witnessed...]

GM: A superplex off the top of The Brig some... 10-15 feet in the air and straight down onto the canvas! What a move from Harper!

BW: Yeah, but can he take advantage of it?!

GM: He's trying! Harper trying to turn over... trying to...

[Harper flips, throwing an arm across the chest of Charlie Stephens as the official dives down to the mat to count...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: -AND JOE FLINT WITH A DIVE TO SAVE THE TITLES! RIGHT DOWN ON HARPER'S BACK!

[The crowd is buzzing loudly as a weary Flint rolls to his knees, looking up at the official who holds two fingers...

...and then with a point to Flint that sends the crowd into a ROAR, Pete Miller shouts "FLINT, YOU'RE BACK IN!"

GM: He's going back in! Joe Flint being sent back to The Brig after saving the titles by breaking up that pin attempt! Oh my!

BW: And that could be a huge decision at this point in the match! I don't know if Flint had a choice but to break up that pin because it looked like Stephens was done for but this could be a major turning point, Gordo.

[Flint goes back inside the cage, the door slammed shut behind him and the timer setting to 90 seconds once more as he looks on anxiously at the ring where Daniel Harper is slowly getting up, firing off a few words at The Duke who engages with him verbally, trying to keep his attention off the downed Stephens who is trying to crawl away from Harper.]

GM: Harper and Flint trading words now. Harper again letting his hot temper get the better of him.

BW: Another brilliant move by Flint. The longer he keeps Harper's attention, the better chance for Charlie Stephens to recover.

[Stephens is literally dragging himself across the mat as Howie Somers shouts at Harper, trying to get his attention off of Flint and back on the downed and hurting Stephens.]

GM: It feels like with Flint in The Brig, Harper and Somers might be moments away from regaining the titles right now.

[Harper finally snaps out of it, nodding to Somers as he approaches the crawling Stephens who is trying to get to the ropes.]

GM: Stephens looking for an escape here in Atlanta... but Harper cuts him off, dragging him up to his feet...

[Harper turns Stephens around, showing off his crimson mask to the cheering crowd before he drills him with a right hand to the jaw, knocking him back against the ropes, falling down to a knee.]

GM: Big right hand by Harper!

BW: Time is ticking, daddy!

GM: Another right... and another! Pounding away on the kneeling Charlie Stephens.

[Harper's got rage in his eyes as he pummels Stephens, trying to get payback for all the Soldiers have put Next Gen through since the summer.]

GM: Harper bringing him back to his feet now... big chop this time!



[Stephens again falls backwards into the ropes, hanging onto them for dear life as Harper winds up again...]

GM: Harper taking out all his aggressions on Charlie Stephens right now. And while it may feel good for Harper and these fans, I gotta wonder if he's wasting valuable time that he could be using trying to finish off Stephens and win those titles!

BW: I don't think there's any doubt about it, Gordo. None at all.

[Harper walks him across the ring towards the Next Gen corner before he scoops him up and slams him down on the mat near the ropes...]

GM: Oho! We've seen this before, Bucky!

BW: If they hit this, we'll have new champions!

[Harper reaches out, slapping the hand of Howie Somers.]

GM: The tag is made... Somers walking down the apron...

[With the roaring crowd cheering them on, Somers grabs the top rope from the outside just as Harper grabs the top rope from the inside.]

GM: ...SLINGSHOT!

[And with a yank of the rope - once by Somers and then by Harper - Somers' large form comes flying over the top rope, crashing down hard across the torso of the prone Charlie Stephens to a ROAR from the Atlanta crowd!]

GM: THEY GOT IT! THEY GOT IT!

[Harper steps out as Somers stays on Stephens, the referee dropping down to count...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO!

BW: FLINT IS OUT!

GM: THREEEEEEEEEEEE-

[...but at the last possible moment, Joe Flint is able to reach under the ropes from the floor where he just got out of The Brig, and give a strong enough pull to yank Somers out of the pin and right out to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AND FLINT SAVES THE TITLES AGAIN!

BW: Totally legal from The Pit and- oh!

[The crowd roars as a pissed-off Somers turns and BLASTS Flint between the eyes with a right hand.]

GM: We've got a fight on the outside now!

BW: WE'RE IN THE PIT, DADDY!

[Flint returns fire and the two teams' respective big men are hammering away on each other on the outside as the fans go wild!]

GM: Katie, bar the door - we've got a Pier Sixer on our hands!

BW: Who the heck is Katie?

[And with the brawl breaking loose on the outside, Somers delivers a mighty two-handed shove that sends Flint flying backwards, the back of his head smashing into the ringpost!]

GM: OHHH!

[But Somers isn't done there, grabbing Captain USA by the arm...]

GM: Look out here!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and whips him into the ringside barricade to a big cheer!]

GM: Flint hits the steel again! Somers is fired up and Joe Flint is paying for it outside the ring here in Atlanta!

[Somers points to The Brig as he approaches Flint again.]

GM: Somers pointing to that cage out there on the floor... what's he got in mind here?

BW: Not sure but I bet you dollars to donuts that Joe Flint's not gonna like it!

[He grabs the arm, whipping Flint again...]

GM: WHIP TOWARDS THE CAGE!

[...and Flint SMASHES into the corner of the cage, his body lifting up off the floor and wrapping around the cage before he slams down HARD on the ringside mats!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY STARS! FLINT'S SKULL JUST SLAMMED INTO THE CAGE ON THE OUTSIDE AND WHAT A HARD FALL FOR ONE-HALF OF THE TAG CHAMPS!

[Somers looks down on Flint who rolls to his chest on the outside, nodding with satisfaction as he heads back into the ring.]

GM: Somers going back in... going back after Charlie Stephens who is on a knee in the corner, trying to get back up...

[Somers gets inside, pointing at the downed Stephens to a huge reaction from the crowd!]

GM: And now it's Somers who gets a chance to finish it as Flint tries to recover from that hard smash into the cage on the floor!

[But as Somers steps towards Stephens, someone else is suddenly in the ring, leaping onto the big man's back!]

GM: What the...?!

[The crowd jeers at the activity as Somers tries to get out from under the flailing individual.]

GM: What the heck is Meekly doing?! He got in there and jumped on Somers' back RIGHT in front of Blue Shoes!

[The jeers turn to cheers as someone else climbs into the ring.]

GM: And now Grayson's in too... and YANKS Meekly down off of Somers, throwing him down on the mat!

[Pete "Blue Shoes" Miller grabs his head with both hands, looking on in disbelief...

...and then points to Meekly down on the mat.]

"YOU! YOU'RE GOING IN!"

[The crowd ROARS as Meekly's eyes go wide, shaking his head back and forth as Grayson smirks at him.]

BW: Wait! Just him?! What about Grayson?! He's in the ring too!

GM: Grayson got in to get Meekly OUT! Besides, do you really want Marty Meekly trapped inside that cage WITH Bret Grayson?

BW: Great call, ref! Stellar work in there!

[Grayson shares a fistbump with Howie Somers before exiting the ring. Harper turns away from the chaos of Meekly being shoved into The Brig by Andy Dawson, slamming the door behind him as the countdown clock begins anew.]

GM: Meekly's in... and look, Charlie Stephens just crawled out! He got out of there!

BW: Thanks to Marty Meekly! More great strategy by the Soldiers!

[Stephens is crawling out on the floor as Howie Somers steps out to the apron, going to The Pit to pursue the bloodied Corporal Punishment.]

GM: Somers down on the floor as well now, looking to get Stephens back in there and win this thing!

[Somers walks towards Stephens who has crawled towards one of the "arsenals" of weapons at ringside...

...and Stephens comes up swinging, whipping a large riot shield around, narrowly missing Somers as it slips out of Stephens grasp, clattering down on the floor.]

GM: Swing and a miss!

[Stephens falls back into a "machine gun emplacement" where a presumably faux machine gun has been set up on a tripod behind a wall of sandbags. He pleads for mercy as Somers moves in on him, falling backwards over the sandbags...]

GM: Stephens is all over the place out there. He can barely stand!

[...and as Somers leans over to grab him, Stephens shoves down hard on the front of the machine gun, causing the butt end to rocket up and SMACK Somers on the underside of the jaw!]

GM: OHHH!

[Somers staggers back towards the ring, grabbing at his chin as Stephens snatches up a sandbag, struggling with the weight of it...

...and HURLS it into the chest of Somers, sending him falling back against the ring apron!]

GM: Stephens using that sandbag... he didn't get a lot behind that throw but it did have some effect...

[With Somers leaning against the apron, Stephens starts digging in the pocket of his camo pants.]

GM: What's he looking for now?

[Pulling something out, he cradles it close to his torso as he works with it...]

GM: I can't quite see... Stephens has got something and-

[Suddenly, he pulls back enough for the camera to see him fidgeting with a cigarette lighter...]

GM: What is he...?!

"WHOOOOOOOOOOOOSH!"

[The crowd reacts as Stephens attempts to throw a fireball at Somers, catching him partially in the chest with it!]

GM: AHHH! AHHHH!

BW: He said he wanted to see Atlanta burned to the ground, Gordo!

GM: It was last year when Howie Somers lost WEEKS of ring time due to a fireball to the face... this isn't just physical warfare, Bucky... this is psychological warfare too! Exposing Somers to the same attack that robbed him of weeks of his career in 2016!

[Somers staggers away, ripping off the jersey he was wearing and tossing it aside.]

GM: Luckily for Somers, I think the jersey protected him from that fireball thrown by Stephens!

[But Stephens stays on the attack, throwing himself into a leaping forearm smash to the back of Somers' head, knocking him down to a knee. He pulls Somers up, tossing him under the ropes into the ring as Joe Flint, now also bleeding from the forehead, takes his spot on the apron.]

GM: Flint's busted open as well... both Soldiers are bleeding profusely here in this Boot Camp match...

[The bloody Stephens slaps Flint's hand, tagging him in...]

GM: In comes Flint off the exchange and...

[Flint steps in, waving to the buckles to Stephens who nods, stepping out to the apron as a fresh-out-of-The-Brig Marty Meekly hops up and down, pumping his arms in jubilation...]

GM: Wait a second now... Flint's legal but Stephens is climbing up top!

BW: Charlie Stephens isn't known as a high flyer, Gordo, but we've seen him do this a couple of times to great impact so far tonight!

GM: Stephens on the second rope... now to the top...

[Flint steps to the corner, reaching up to grab his partner...]

GM: Uh oh! Somers is down and-

[...and as Stephens leaps, Flint throws for a little extra height...]

GM: -ROCKET LAUNCHER!

[...and Stephens CRASHES down across the chest of the prone Somers!]

GM: HE GOT IT!

BW: The Soldiers looking to retain!

GM: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KICKOUT! KICKOUT! SOMERS STAYS ALIVE!

[Flint buries his face in his hands in disbelief as Stephens pops up to a knee, glaring at Pete "Blue Shoes" Miller who holds up two fingers defiantly.]

GM: Two count off the Rocket Launcher and the Soldiers can't believe it!

[Stephens stomps across the ring, sticking a finger in the face of the official as Joe Flint shakes his head.]

GM: Oh, come on!

[The official shouts back at Stephens, pointing to The Brig!]

GM: Uh oh! Charlie Stephens just got told to back off or he's going back to The Brig!

BW: The Soldiers are right, Gordo! What kind of a country are we living in if you can't even question authority without being sent to prison?!

[With Stephens backing away from the referee, Joe Flint wipes the blood from his eyes, circling back towards Howie Somers who is struggling to get up off the canvas...]

GM: Somers is stirring to his feet but Joe Flint is right there waiting for him and-

[...but as Flint approaches, pulling Somers off the mat...]

GM: WHAT?!

[...Somers hooks Flint under the armpits, shoving him skywards to the roar of the crowd...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and plants him with the Rydeen Bomb out of nowhere!]

GM: SOMERS PUTS HIM DOWN! SOMERS PLANTS HIM!

[Holding onto the legs, Somers nods his head emphatically as the referee drops down to count...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEE-

[...and Charlie Stephens is tripping over the ropes, throwing himself towards the cover!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AND STEPHENS MAKES THE SAVE! MY STARS, WHAT A BATTLE FOR THE WORLD TAG TEAM TITLES WE'RE SEEING HERE TONIGHT, FANS!

[An exhausted Somers slumps backwards, lying on his back on the mat, his legs still tangled up with Flint's as Stephens urgently rolls back out to the floor, waving his arms at the official who gets up, pointing at him...]

"STEPHENS! YOU'RE BACK IN!"

[...and the crowd ROARS as the loudly protesting Charlie Stephens gets put back inside The Brig, the door slamming shut behind him as the ninety seconds go back on the clock!]

GM: Charlie Stephens sent back to The Brig and...

[A weary Somers slowly sits up on the mat, shaking his head as he does, rising to his feet to stand over the downed Joe Flint...]

...and then turns his gaze over onto Stephens who is gloating at him from behind the steel mesh, holding up two fingers.]

"JUST TWO, SOMERS! JUST TWO! WE'RE STILL THE CHAMPS!"

[Somers looks at Stephens... then over at the official who holds up two fingers...]

GM: The referee letting Somers know it was a two count for sure thanks to Charlie Stephens.

[Somers slowly nods...]

...and then shoves Pete Miller off his feet, putting him right down on his rear end to a surprised reaction!]

GM: WHAT?!

BW: Somers just hit the ref! He just struck the referee, Gordo!

GM: I can see that but... that's so unlike him. And it's not like he hit him with any real malicious...

[Somers looks down at Miller, cupping his hand to his ear as he does...]

BW: Wait a second.

[Miller looks up confused at Somers and then points at him...]

"SOMERS! YOU'RE GOING IN!"

[...and Somers breaks into a wide grin, nodding his head as he heads towards the ropes.]

GM: Oh! Oh my! I get it now, Bucky! He WANTED to be put in there!

BW: No, no, no! You can't do this, ref!

GM: It's too late! He's already done it!

[Somers slides out to the cage where Charlie Stephens is trying to hold the door shut but a grinning Somers grabs the mesh with his own hands, easily ripping it open...

...where he BLASTS Stephens with a right hand before pulling the cage door shut behind him as his own version of the countdown clock goes up and the crowd goes absolutely nuts!]

GM: SOMERS JUST PUT HIMSELF IN THE BRIG WITH CHARLIE STEPHENS!

[The crowd continues to ROAR as Somers pummels Stephens with right hands before grabbing him by the back of the head...]

"CRAAAAAAAAASH!"

"CRAAAAAAAAASH!"

"CRAAAAAAAAASH!"

[...and repeatedly smashes Stephens' head into the mesh!]

GM: Somers is taking the fight to Charlie Stephens inside The Brig!

[Which leaves Daniel Harper to come in legally as Joe Flint regains his feet, trying to understand what just happened. Harper grabs Flint by the shoulder, swinging him around...]

GM: Harper and Flint now are legal and-

[...which sees Flint throw a big haymaker that Harper ducks under, snatching a rear waistlock as he does...]

GM: Somers hammering Stephens again!

BW: That time is almost up for him though!

[...rushing Flint towards the ropes, bouncing his chest into it as Harper rolls him back into a rolling reverse cradle...]

GM: ROLLUP! HE GETS ONE! HE GETS TWO! HE GETS THR-

[...but a powerful last second kickout by Flint sends Harper rocketing forward, his head sailing between the top and middle ropes...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH!

BW: MEEKLY GOT HIM GOOD THERE!

[Harper staggers back, his eyes glassy from the flagpole shot between the eyes as Flint winds up, hitting the ropes for momentum, racing towards the stumbling Harper...]

GM: HOWITZER!

[...and DRILLS him with the big lariat, sweeping Harper right off his feet and down on the mat where Flint collapses on top of him just as Somers smashes Stephens head into the mesh one more time before the buzzer sounds and Stephens is released.]

GM: Stephens is out! Harper is down! We've got one! We've got two! We've got thr- no!

[The crowd ROARS as Harper gets the shoulder up in time and Stephens collapses to his knees on the outside.]

GM: Harper somehow kicked out in time! We've got bodies all over the place - in the ring, on the floor, in The Brig...

BW: Stephens needs to get in there and help finish off Harper! They've got a little bit of time left... maybe thirty seconds before Somers gets out of there and-

[A shout from Flint orders Corporal Punishment - bloodied and battered - to get up on the apron where Flint slaps his hand.]

GM: There's a tag... and I don't even know if Stephens realizes he's been tagged! He's out on his feet, Bucky!

BW: Flint's over there directing traffic... that's an order from your commander, kid!

[Stephens nods, staggering down the apron towards The Brig as Flint grabs Harper, scooping him up and slamming him down on the mat.]

GM: Scoop slam puts Harper dead center in the middle of the ring - he's legal and so is Stephens who is over by The Brig now and... my stars, is he climbing that thing again?!

BW: This can't be a good idea, Gordo! He can barely stand right now and Flint's telling him to climb this thing!

[The woozy Stephens is following that order though, climbing as quickly as he can... which ain't that fast right now as Flint barks at him to go quicker, climb faster, move higher...]

GM: Flint's trying to get Stephens up on top of that cage again... Somers is just seconds away from getting out here now...

[Stephens finally drags himself up top, wiping blood from his eyes as he tries to stand and nearly takes a header right off the cage to a shocked "ooooooh" from the crowd...]

GM: This is a very dangerous situation we're in right here... Flint's... what's he doing?

BW: Is he climbing out there too?

[Not quite. Joe Flint is climbing the ropes from the inside, getting one foot up on the middle rope and one on the bottom as he gestures for Stephens to move closer...]



BW: My god, Gordo - they're going for a Rocket Launcher off the top of that cage!

[The crowd is buzzing with anticipation now as Stephens tries to steady himself...

...but that buzz turns into a roar as Daniel Harper regains his feet!]

GM: It took too long! Harper is up! Harper is up!

[Harper stumbles towards The Brig as the buzzer sounds for Somers to come out, grabbing an unsuspecting Flint by the back of the head...]

"CRAAAAAAASH!"

GM: FACEFIRST INTO THE STEEL!

[...and again... and again... and again...]

"CRAAAAAAASH!"

"CRAAAAAAASH!"

"CRAAAAAAASH!"

[...which sends Flint flipping over the ropes, crashing down HARD on his back on the ringside mats!]

GM: FLINT IS DOWN! JOE FLINT IS DOWN!

BW: And that leaves Harper and Stephens!

[Stepping up on the middle rope, Harper climbs The Brig as Stephens tries to rain down weak blows on him!]

GM: Stephens is trying to keep him down but there's not much on those shots! Charlie Stephens' tank is running on fumes right now and- OH! Harper with a right hand of his own sends Stephens down on top of that cage!

[With Stephens down, Harper climbs the rest of the way up, standing over him as the crowd rises to their feet again, anticipating something bad coming Charlie Stephens' way.]

GM: Harper's got Stephens in a bad spot, putting him back... we saw a superplex off that thing earlier - could we see another one here and now?

[But as Stephens gets to his feet, he desperately jabs a thumb into the eye of Daniel Harper, forcing Harper to stumble back to a near fall off the cage that has the crowd gasping in horror!]

GM: OH! LOOK OUT!

BW: Harper just barely caught his balance there! He almost took a really bad fall off the top of that thing to the floor!

[And with Harper momentarily blinded, Charlie Stephens decides to get the heck out of town, starting to climb back down off The Brig into the ring...]

GM: And Stephens wants no part of this! He wants no part of being up on that cage any longer!

[But as Stephens climbs down, Howie Somers slides in behind him, ignoring the official as he takes up a position... right... beneath... Stephens...

...whose eyes go wide as his descent abruptly stops and he finds himself atop the powerful shoulders of Howie Somers who backs away from the cage, hanging on for dear life as Stephens looks on helplessly!]

GM: SOMERS HAS GOT HIM UP! HE'S GOT HIM UP ON HIS SHOULDERS!

[Harper wipes a hand across his eye, clearing his vision as he looks down coldly on the trapped Stephens, giving his partner a nod...]

BW: Get him down from there! Get him down from-

[...and LEAPS off The Brig in a highlight-reel making moment, connecting with a flying clothesline that flips Stephens off of Somers' shoulders, backflipping through the air before landing in a heap on the canvas!]

"OOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY STARS! MY STARS IN HEAVEN!

[Harper crawls over, flipping Stephens back onto his back...

...which is when Marty Meekly comes rushing into the ring, broken flagpole in hand, rearing back with it...]

GM: MEEKLY'S IN!

[...and gets tripped up from behind by Bret Grayson who is also in the ring, now holding the leg of Meekly...]

GM: GRAYSON'S GOT MEEKLY AND-

[...and the crowd ERUPTS in cheers as Grayson locks the Liberty Lock in on the trapped former referee!]

GM: LIBERTY LOCK! THE ANKLELOCK APPLIED!

[Meekly screams in pain, clawing at the canvas as Harper gives a satisfied nod to Grayson, diving across Stephens, hooking a leg as ol' Blue Shoes dives down to count...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!

[...and a desperate Joe Flint makes one final attempt to come through the ropes...]

GM: TW0000000000000000!

[...only to be bull-rushed by Howie Somers who dives on top of him, holding him down to prevent it...]

GM: THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd ROARS with elation and more than a little relief as the traitorous Soldiers of Fortune have their 2017 end in a negative fashion. Somers is still kneeling on the mat, pumping his arms into the air as a dejected Flint rolls back to the outside, falling to his butt on the floor as he looks up into the ring in disbelief. Bret Grayson lets go of Meekly who drags himself across the ring in a belly-scraping crawl, dumping himself to the outside as Grayson grins.]

GM: We've got new World Tag Team Champions as Next Gen strikes gold for the second time here in Atlanta!

[Daniel Harper climbs off the mat, a smile on his face as the referee retrieves the title belts from the outside. Somers climbs off the mat as well, accepting his half of the titles as Harper gets his and the two friends fall into an emotional embrace in the middle of the ring.]

GM: After all these two have been through the second half of 2017, this is a tremendous moment for them! An emotional moment after Daniel Harper spent time on the injured list... after their titles were stolen from them... they've gotta be going through the whole range of emotion right now - excitement, relief, joy...

[Grayson stands by, nodding his head and clapping for the duo as they break apart, holding their title belts into the air as the ring announcer makes it official...]

RO: Your winners of the match... and NEWWWWWWW AWA WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS... DANIEL HARPER AND HOWIE SOMERS... NEXXXXXXT GENNNNNNNNN!

[Harper nods his head, shouting with excitement as the fans cheer louder. Howie Somers climbs the middle rope, holding the belt over his head as Meekly and Flint drag Stephens to the outside to join them,]

GM: New Tag Team Champions and it couldn't happen to two nicer guys, I tell ya that. What a moment for these two and these fans are loving it as well!

BW: I guess Charlie's not gonna get a chance to burn the place down after all.

GM: Not for a lack of trying with that fireball earlier but... whew. What a battle between two of the top teams in our sport and they just kicked the AWA tag team division until a whole other level.

[Somers drops down, turning back to Harper who is now walking towards Bret Grayson, extending his hand.]

GM: A thank you here for Bret Grayson who did a great job in watching their backs and letting them win those titles tonight.

[The camera zooms in, close enough to hear Somers say "don't worry... we'll hold up our end of the bargain" to Grayson who nods and shakes his hand as well.]

GM: Not sure what that's all about there but as Brian James said earlier, that's a story for another night because right now, it's all about Next Gen regaining the World Tag Team Titles here tonight at SuperClash!

[Our camera holds on the new champions for a few more moments...

...and then with a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, we find ourselves in a small, tucked away room in the Georgia Dome. Michelle Bailey, having put on her hoodie from earlier over her ring outfit, splashes water onto her face and pats it dry with a small towel. Behind her, seen pacing nervously in the mirror's reflection, is Kylie Kujawa. Michelle looks in the mirror and sees Kylie pacing away.]

MB: Calm down.

[Kylie stops on a dime, her head snapping towards Michelle. Michelle opens a small plastic case, taking out a piece of jewelry, and begins to put her tongue piercing back in.]

KK: Calm down? How can YOU be so calm after what just happened? Why aren't you just as mad as me?

[Kylie shakes her head as Michelle finishes putting in her tongue piercing, shrugging at Kylie. Michelle goes to put her navel piercing back in, as Kylie resumes pacing and ranting.]

KK: I don't even know what happened! I don't get it! I thought I got to know her! I thought she understood that what happened between me and her wasn't your fault! I really don't get it! If she was mad at me, why didn't she attack me?

[Michelle washes her hands and wipes them dry with the towel. Kylie stops pacing and grabs Michelle by the wrist.]

KK: Shelley, say something. Please. I don't want you to be mad at me too.

[Michelle uses her free hand to pat Kylie's hand.]

MB: I'm not mad, Kylie.

KK: You're not?

MB: Oh... I'm confused. I'm sad. I'm disappointed...

[Michelle looks at Kylie, whose eyes have shifted to the floor.]

MB: Not at you.

[Kylie looks back up, eyes brightening a little.]

MB: I'm sure Kelly had her reasons for doing what she did, I just need to wait for her to tell me what they were so I can deal with them. And sure, I'm not exactly thrilled, but until I know why she did what she did, I can't just... you know... fly off the handle about it.

KK: Like me.

[Michelle puts her arm around Kylie, giving her a jostle.]

KK: So how can I help? I mean... this is my fault, right? Probably my fault.

[Michelle rustles Kylie's hair.]

MB: You can help me by staying out of it.

[Kylie's eyes plead with Michelle.]

KK: Shelley! No! I want to help!

MB: Kylie, I mean it. Whatever Kelly's reasons are, this is something I'm going to need to take care of by myself. And besides, remember what you told me about that bonding session the two of you had in New Orleans? How you said it felt good to make a friend? And it made you want to go make things right with Hitomi last night?

[Kylie slowly nods.]

MB: Then I don't want you to feel like you have to pick a side. I don't even want you to feel like you have to do anything for me, Kylie. I'm always going to be by

your side, no matter who your friends are, okay? You go live your life for you, even if it means you don't stay here by my side, okay?

[Kylie grabs Michelle around the waist in a hug.]

KK: Okay. I will.

[Kylie suddenly grabs Michelle by the arms, eyes bolting open with realization, as she holds Michelle out at arm's length.]

KK: Oh! Shelley, oh my gosh! I can't believe I forgot! When I came back here after I got eliminated... he was watching on one of the monitors, down the hall not far from here.

[Michelle's eyes widen.]

MB: He was?

KK: Yeah. He was tucked away in a corner, but I totally saw him. Why do you think he was watching?

[Michelle breaks free from Kylie's grasp, a determined look on her face.]

MB: I don't know, but I'm going to go find out. I'll be back, okay?

[Michelle doesn't wait for a reaction, as she walks out the door and into the hallway. She turns her head and her face lights up as she sees Juan Vasquez, making his way down the hall. Vasquez is dressed in a black Korugun tracksuit with the jacket left open.]

MB: Hey!

[Her smile wavers slightly when she sees the dour look on Vasquez' face. It disappears completely when she sees the shirt he's wearing.]

MB: Johnny Detson?

[She tilts her head.]

MB: Really?

JV: He does good work.

[Michelle frowns for a split-second, before she shakes it off and continues with what she wanted to ask.]

MB: Did you see my match?

[Michelle looks at him expectantly. Juan doesn't look like he cares much at all.]

JV: You lost.

[And with that, he continues on his merry way... that is, if Michelle didn't grab him by the jacket sleeve.]

MB [softly]: That's it? That's all you've got for me?

[Juan doesn't even turn his head to address her.]

JV: Was I supposed to say more, amigo?

[Michelle's eyes narrow and her expression hardens.]

MB: Excuse me? "Amigo"? After everything we've been through together, for FIFTEEN years... now I'm just "amigo" to you?!

[Juan turns to face her.]

JV: Look...

MB: No! You look! Something's going on with you, and you damn well know I know. You ghosted me for over a year. I had to chase you down a few months ago, and I thought everything was fine after that, but... since you've been back? All this stuff with Korugun? Now I'm "amigo"?

[Michelle scoffs.]

MB: I saw you get hit with two of the most horrifying moves I've ever seen just a few days ago, and you shrugged them off like you were being tickled by a feather. That... shirt. Ew. Nobody in this company knows you like I do, and... this isn't you.

[Juan doesn't look the least bit phased. He rolls his eyes.]

JV: I ain't got time for this. Outta' my way, Bailey.

[He tries to move past her, but she grabs him by the shoulders, stopping him. There's a short pause. Then a deep breath. And then Michelle, quietly... menacingly... stares him right in the eyes.]

MB: What did you just call me?

JV: I'm gonna' ask you real politely to take your hands off-

MB: What color?

[Juan looks completely confused.]

JV: The hell are you talking about?

MB [firmer]: You know exactly what I'm talking about. What color?

JV: Oh... that. Who cares?

MB: YOU DO. What. Color?

JV: Uh... white?

[Michelle looks down, a smirk forming on her face as she tenses her fingers into Juan's shoulders.]

MB: The Juan I know never gets that question wrong.

[Michelle looks back up, resuming her glare directly into Juan's eyes as the smirk vanishes.]

MB: I watched every second I could since you've been back, corazón. I picked up on the little messages you've been sending to me.

[She moves a little bit closer.]

MB: Do you even know you've been sending them? Because the only one who would've known what they were is me.

JV: What are you even babbling about? Have you lost your mind?

MB: Ha. That may work on other people, but that doesn't work on me.

[Her voice lowers as she speaks very deliberately, very calmly.]

MB: I bought that laptop with the CD burner, remember? And I made all those mix CDs, and I always threw on that one song that you swore you hated, that I'd sing along with every time, and you'd roll your eyes at me the moment you hear those opening notes. Because it made me smile to see you roll your eyes at me, even though I knew you were just glad to see me have something that made me happy back then.

[Juan's face is blank, not knowing how to process what she's saying to him.]

MB: You told Castillo that you've tried all 31 flavors, huh?

JV: Yeah. I have. What of it?

[Michelle looks down. She says under her breath... "Marisol, Natalie, forgive me."]

MB: Well... I'm 32 flavors, and then some.

[And with that, Michelle looks back up, leaning in and placing her lips onto Juan's, her eyes closing as she kisses her longtime friend. Juan's eyes open wide in shock, as his arms flail in the air, before he tries to shove Michelle away from him, but she proves to be more tenacious than he bargained for. After a few seconds pass, Michelle pulls away, then looks in Juan's eyes, releasing her grip on his shoulders and placing her hands on his chest.]

JV: What...

[Juan blinks, as his brain attempts to process what just happened.]

MB: Oh. Hey. There you are. Welcome back.

[The hardened edge in his voice disappears as he shouts in disbelief.]

JV: WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?!?

MB: Hello to you too, cowboy.

[She winks.]

JV: Are you crazy??? What if Marisol and the girls saw that!? Do you-

[Juan suddenly grabs his head, a pained expression on his face.]

JV: Oh God... it's... I remember it all.

MB [concerned]: Juan... what happened to you?

JV: Korugun. They got to me. Before Castillo. Before The Axis. I don't even know how long ago. I.. you wouldn't even believe what they did if I told you.

[Michelle gently touches Juan's wrist.]

MB: Of course I'd believe you. But you're okay now, aren't you?

[Juan doesn't answer that. Whether he ignored Michelle or just didn't hear her, we don't know.]

JV: It's like being trapped in your own body and being forced to watch yourself do terrible things. It's the most horrible feeling in the world. I try to fight it. Sometimes I can, but it's just too...

[He trails off.]

JV: WarGames. They promised if I...

[He sighs.]

JV: Well, I'm an idiot for believing them. They'd never let me-

[A look of realization suddenly crosses his face. Juan grabs Michelle by the shoulders and gives her a shake.]

MB: Hey!

JV: The Eye of Tyr! That damn rock that Fawcett carries around. I don't know if you can do it, but someone has to. You have to destroy the Eye-...

[He grabs his head in pain once more as Michelle recoils, her eyes starting to become watery.]

MB: Juan? Corazón?

[The spark of life leaves Juan's eyes as a grim expression returns to his face. He glares at Michelle, before shoving her aside and walks past her without saying a word or sparing her a glance. An extremely concerned Michelle watches Vasquez walk away, before anxiously looking around the corridor. Her eyes dart around, a tear rolling down her cheek, before a realization flashes across her face. She takes her phone out of the pocket of the sweatshirt, fumbling with it for a moment in the tension. She taps and scrolls, then places the phone to her ear. For a few seconds, we hear her say "please please please" under her breath, before she clenches her fist excitedly.]

MB: Yes! Oh my gosh, I'm so glad you picked up, pumpkin. I know you're busy. Look.. we need to talk. Now. In person. Where are you? This building is... ugh, it's like a labyrinth.

[Michelle nods her head, letting a "mm hmm" escape her mouth.]

MB: Okay. Okay. I really need your help. Don't move, please. Please stay where you are. I'm on my way.

[And as she's saying "I'm on my way", she darts out of frame. We cut to a live exterior shot of the Georgia Dome, the crowd reacting as they see it...

...and then get the split screen shot showing the former Toronto Skydome for a few seconds before we zoom in on it and get the full screen shot of the Rogers Centre as Salvatore Albano's voice calls out.]

SA: An emotional scene backstage in Atlanta between two individuals who've been connected for a very long time in Michelle Bailey and Juan Vasquez. But what was Vasquez talking about there? The Eye of Tyr? Could Fawcett and Castillo be using the Eye on Juan Vasquez too?



CP: I have no idea about that, Albano... but what I do know is that Javier Castillo and Korugun will sink to any depths to win WarGames tonight. They've got Fawcett using that crystal to... well, I don't believe in magic but I know something's off with Torin The Titan. I know the rumors of the amount of cash they've thrown at Derek Rage and John Law and I know the contractual shenanigans that brought Jay Alana into the mix. So, would they be above some kind of chicanery to bring Vasquez into the fold? Absolutely not. But I got a question of my own, Sal - who the heck is Bailey calling?

SA: I have no idea but while our friends down in Atlanta deal with that and with setting up for our Barbed Wire match which is just a short time away now, let's talk about-

[The crowd begins to buzz.]

SA: My apologies, fans - the crowd reacting to something here... I can't quite see what-

[The camera shot changes to show someone stomping down the aisle uninvited towards the ring.]

SA: - is that...? Why the heck is he here?

[As the person draws nearer, the crowd buzzes with confusion - some even starting to boo the interruption as the young man strides towards the ring angrily. He's dressed stylishly in black suits, an expensive-looking red dress shirt and a white tie.]

SA: It's been a while since we've seen him on AWA television so for those unaware, that young man is Jayden Jericho and... Colt, have we even seen him on an AWA TV since...?

CP: Not since South Philly. Eternally Extreme.

SA: Jericho has been nursing some pretty serious injuries since earlier in the year but rumors have been strong for weeks now that he was close to a return and apparently that return is going to happen here tonight at SuperClash.

[Jericho makes his way around the ringpost, snatching a microphone out of Tyler Graham's hand before he climbs the ringsteps, ducking through the ropes to get inside the squared circle to an even louder confused reaction.]

SA: And apparently, this young up-and-coming competitor has something to say to this sold out crowd here in Toronto.

[Jericho pauses, allowing the crowd noise to die down for a moment before he glares coldly out at them...]

JJ: That's it?

[The crowd reacts with confusion.]

JJ: No staggering "welcome back" chants? No love for your forgotten son?

[The confusion starts to turn into boos for the arrogant young man.]

JJ: Typical. I really shouldn't expect anything different from the likes of... you people, eh? Dropping all your loonies for a nose bleed seat in the Rogers Centre to see... who? Supernova?

[The crowd cheers loud for that!]

JJ: Brian James?

[Another loud cheer!]

JJ: World Champion Johnny Detson?

[There are even some cheers for the champ as Jericho sneers.]

JJ: To cheer for that guy, you must be two-four deep already.

[Some cheers for that!]

JJ: Honestly though... I don't mind you cheering for those people. What I mind is your lack of respect.

[More boos!]

JJ: Look at where we are! Toronto, Canada... the Rogers Centre... the building formerly known as the Toronto Skydome...

..aka... the house that RONNIE D built!

[HUUUUUGE explosion of jeers for that!]

JJ: For months, I've watched AWA television hyping this night... talking about Joe Petrow... Casey James... Tiger Claw... Brody Thunder... Dirt Dog Unique Allah, that drunken buffoon... Chris Quigley... even that LOSER Dan Kaufman...

And not once... not ONE... DAMN... TIME... did I hear anyone mention the man who put SERIOUS asses in these damn seats twenty years ago.... my father... the Icon... "Playboy" Ronnie D who sold this damn place out night after night... from IIeW against Thunder... to NIA climbing the ladder against Porter... the D-Cup... night after night, you people came to this place to see HIM... and now you don't even have the basic sense of respect and decency to even mention him!

[The boos are pouring down now on Jericho as he fumes at the crowd's treatment of his infamous father.]

JJ: So, I'm gonna do it for you.

In fact, I'm going to go above and beyond mentioning him because if anyone deserves to be here tonight... to be in this ring... to be in this building with the world recognizing him for all that he's done for professional wrestling right here in Toronto, Canada, it's him.

[Jericho grins at the crowd's reaction.]

JJ: So, right now... I want you lazy Canadians to get up on your feet... to pay tribute... to pay homage... to Canada's greatest professional wrestler of ALLLLLLL TIME...

[Jericho extends an arm, pointing towards the entrance...]

SA: What in the world did I ever do to deserve this?

CP: You and me both, buddy.

[...and waits... and waits... and waits... until...]

"If I were to LET you suck on my tongue... would you be grateful?"

[A woman's voice follows close behind...]

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhh, Oooooooooohhhh... OoOOoOOooOOOoOoh! OH EDDIE!"

[SCREECH~!]

"WHO'S YOUR DADDY?!"

[The bass line of Monster Magnet's "Space Lord" begins to pulse out of the speakers as the former Toronto Skydome EXPLODES in a THUNDEROUS ROAR!]

SA: OHHHHHHHH MYYYYYYYYYY MISTER MAPLE LEAF!

[Jericho's jaw drops as red and white spotlights flood the top of the stage, lighting up the lone man standing on top of it.

Above him, the video wall shows a proudly-waving Canadian flag lit up at all four corners with classic footage of his many battles.

The Man, the Myth... The Bloody Idol O' Millions himself stands with his hands on his cheeks in a "who? Me?" sheepish look. He's wearing a pair of blue jeans and a t-shirt with Ricki Toughill's face on it with the words "I'M YOUR NUMBER ONE FAN!" etched in a handwriting-style font under the mugshot looking photo. A bedazzled AF full-length cape hangs from his shoulders and as he twists around, it billows out to reveal a giant glittering red and white maple leaf with "EVG" written in white in the middle of the red maple leaf.]

SA: THE IDOL O' MILLIONS IS IN TORONTO!

CP: And if Jayden Jericho wanted these people to see Canada's greatest professional wrestler, this man fits that bill to a T, jack!

[Eddie turns back towards the ring, a massive sh!t-eating grin on his face as he begins to strut down the aisle, grinning at the reaction of the sold out Toronto crowd as Jericho paces in the ring, fuming mad at what he's seeing.]

SA: Former EMWC World Champion. Hall of Famer. Eddie Van Gibson took the wrestling world by storm in 1999 and eighteen years later, he's just as popular today as he was way back then!

[Van Gibson is making good time in his walk down the aisle, pausing occasionally for a kiss on the cheek and an exchange of phone numbers with a few lovely Canadian gals.]

SA: Eddie Van Gibson has competed in this very building before, fans, but I don't know if he's ever gotten as loud of a reaction as he's getting right now.

[Reaching the ring, Eddie jogs up the ringsteps, tossing his cape back and striking a Superman pose on the apron as Jericho glares at him from behind. He takes an offered mic for stepping through the ropes into the ring, smirking at the glowering Jericho as the music fades and is replaced by a loud chant.]

"ED-DIE!"

"ED-DIE!"

"ED-DIE!"

[Van Gibson grins, putting a finger to his lips to quiet the crowd...

...which only makes them louder.]

"ED-DIE!"

"ED-DIE!"

"ED-DIE!"

[Van Gibson waves a hand at them, again trying to quiet them...

...and then shouts "OH, WHO THE HELL AM I KIDDING?! LEMME HEAR YA!" to an enormous roar!]

"ED-DIE!"

"ED-DIE!"

"ED-DIE!"

[Eddie chuckles, bowing his head slightly as he raises the mic to his mouth.]

EVG: Ahhh, bless you guys for remembering an old son of a bitch like me.

[Another big cheer goes up for the legend!]

EVG: You know... when Todd Michaelson called me up and said the AWA was going to be in Toronto and asked if I wanted to be here at SuperClash, I only had one answer for him.

[Dramatic pause.]

EVG: "Okay, sure... but this time, I get to go first with Lori."

[The crowd ROARS as Van Gibson smirks.]

EVG: That may get me canceled... it may get SuperClash canceled... it may get the whole damn AWA canceled... but I'm Eddie Van F'n Gibson and I'm so damn EXTREME, I'll take the whole harem of Disney Princesses and show 'em that all that wishin' on a star got 'em the Idol O' Millions to come and show them that Pinocchio's nose ain't the only thing growin' tonight!

[Van Gibson swings his arms out, soaking up the cheers.]

SA: Oh dear.

CP: I really hope that contract is already final.

[Eddie does a little jig in rhythm to the ensuing chants.]

"ED-DIE!"

"ED-DIE!"

"ED-DIE!"

[And as the chant dies down, he slowly turns around and jumps back as if he just noticed Jayden Jericho standing there.]

EVG: Oh, hello there. Could you run to Timmies and fetch me some Timbits?

[Big cheer!]

EVG: I honestly forgot you were there, son.

[Jericho steps forward.]

JJ: Don't you DARE call me "son"... don't you dare! I'm-

[Van Gibson grins, raising a hand.]

EVG: I know who you are, kid. You're the walking example of nepotism run amok in pro wrestling. We've got announcers who are related to people... executives... referees... and I can't turn around in that locker room without bumping into someone whose old man I pissed off at some point twenty years ago. And seeing all those second and third generation wrestlers back there made me really think long and hard about something...

[He pauses, tapping his chin.]

EVG: ...how in the world am I the only one it seems like who didn't knock someone up back in the 90s? Even Robert Donovan, that lurking lunk, has a kid! Good god!

[The crowd laughs as Van Gibson smirks.]

EVG: But I heard you out here yappin' about respect so I wanted to come out here and say...

Thank you.

[Jericho frowns, furrowing his brow.]

EVG: Thank you for that great introduction! Because you, me, and every Maple Leaf Mofo in this joint KNOWS that Eddie Van Gibson is the greatest professional athlete ever produced by this proud and fine nation...

...but damn, it sure is nice to hear someone say it once in a while.

[Eddie raises a hand, miming wiping away a tear as he sniffles.]

EVG: You like me... you all really like me.

[Another big cheer goes up as Eddie beams and Jericho stews.]

JJ: I wasn't talking about you! I was talking about my father, the legendary Ronnie D!

[The crowd boos as Van Gibson looks puzzled.]

EVG: Ronnie D? Your father is Ronnie D?

[Jericho nods.]

EVG: I'm so confused right now. Truly. But I don't know if I'm more confused that you're out here calling Ronnie D Canada's greatest professional wrestler...

[The crowd boos as Van Gibson pauses.]

EVG: ...or that someone was actually willing to have sex with that human petrie dish twenty years ago without several layers of protection.

[The Skydome crowd bursts out into laughter as Gibson smirks.]

EVG: But seriously though... Ronnie D...

[He shakes his head.]

EVG: We're talking about the same Ronnie D, right? The guy that we last saw getting his ass kicked by Chris Blue?

[Jericho glares.]

EVG: That's the same guy, right? Blue beat your old man up so badly that D hasn't shown his face in public in five months and Blue left town to get all combative because he was on such a high after producing his own revenge fantasy flick. That Ronnie D?

The same Ronnie D who said he got blacklisted from the industry for almost twenty years but nobody seemed to notice because nobody wanted to book him anyways. That Ronnie D?

[The crowd is laughing again as Jericho is absolutely livid.]

JJ: You want to know what Ronnie D? I'll show you!

[Van Gibson pauses, looking down the aisle.]

EVG: You see, junior... I don't think you will show me. In fact, I think whatever moment of glory the Playboy thought he was gonna get tonight quickly got filed in the bin of bad ideas the moment he heard good ol' Nicky Cage ask someone about sucking on his tongue. Because as much as you think you know about your old man, kiddo, let me fill you in on a little secret.

Your father... wants no part of Eddie Van Gibson.

[Big cheer!]

EVG: Fact is, kid... he's afraid of me.

[Jericho looks confused.]

EVG: Afraid. He's... he's afraid, kid. Do you not... huh... hold on...

[Van Gibson reaches into his pocket, pulling out an iPhone. He punches a few buttons, holding up a finger at Jericho.]

EVG: Ah, okay... here we go... he's frightened of me... scared stiff... terrified... petrified... intimidated by... alarmed at... is this getting through yet? He's uneasy, worried, panicky... terror-stricken... horror-stricken!

[The crowd cheers as Eddie keeps going.]

EVG: He's scared witless... beside himself... frantic... shaking like a leaf...

He's timorous! Particularly proud of that one... 1200 on my SATs... didn't take 'em but I'm pretty sure that's what I would've gotten.

Cowardly! Daunted! Nervy! In a cold sweat.. in a state... in a tizzy...

[He puts on his best Chris Courtade accent.]

EVG: He's yella'... chicken... jittery, jumpy... spooked...

[He puts on a stuffy professor voice.]

EVG: ...in my professional opinion, he's quite simply Eddie-phobic.

[Van Gibson puts away his phone to raucous cheers.]

EVG: So, at the end of the day, son...

[Jericho glares at him again as the crowd "ooooohs."]

EVG: You may be his kid... but I'm his... your... and everyone else in this whole country's daddy...

...and there's not a damn chance he's coming out here to get in my face... not even if I...

[And suddenly, Van Gibson lashes out with a boot to the gut, doubling up Jayden Jericho. The crowd roars as the Hall of Famer steps into a standing headscissors, hooking one arm... then the other...]

SA: I've been waiting for years to call this!

CP: You can't call it!

[...and then leaps up, driving Jericho facefirst down into the mat!]

SA: Fine! Spoilsport! Let's call it the Maple Leaf Driver for the sake of our jobs!

[Van Gibson pops back up to his feet, looking out on the roaring crowd, nodding his head...

...and raises one hand over his head, pointing to the sky...]

SA: And you can't have one without the other!

[With Jericho sprawled on the mat, Van Gibson charges the ropes, bounding back off of them to center-ring where he comes to a halt, slowly raising the same arm up to the sky, forming a fist with it as he jerks a thumb at himself with the other arm...

...and then DRIVES the fist down between the eyes to a ROARING cheer from the crowd!]

SA: I'LL CALL THAT ONE! THE CANUCKLE DUSTER FINDS THE MARK!

[Van Gibson climbs back to his feet, retrieving the mic...]

EVG: And that... SON... is a SuperClash moment.

[He tosses the mic through the air, bouncing it off the chest of the motionless Jericho as "Space Lord" starts up again to a huge reaction from the Toronto crowd.]

"ED-DIE!"

"ED-DIE!"

"ED-DIE!"

SA: Eddie Van Gibson giving Jayden Jericho - and all of these fans - a SuperClash moment they will never forget!

[Van Gibson exits the ring, climbing on the ring cart and waving to the cheering fans as he strikes that Superman pose again and the cart travels back up the aisle...

...and we get the split screen shot showing EVG riding towards the back on one side and a shot of Gordon and Bucky at ringside in the other. We zoom in on the latter, showing a chuckling Gordon Myers.]

GM: Eddie Van Gibson, always one to provide the fans with some entertainment and more than a few laughs, fans... but coming up next is no laughing matter here in Atlanta...

[Cut to a shot of the final strands of barbed wire being secured in place by workmen with heavy work gloves on their hands.]

GM: ...as two brothers get set to do battle in one of the most dangerous matches in wrestling history - a Barbed Wire match. How in the world did it ever come to this? Let's take a look.

[Gordon gestures at the camera as we fade to black...

...and then back up to some older AWA footage marked "April 9th, 2011" as we see former AWA ring announcer Phil Watson center ring and "Stranglehold" by Ted Nugent begins to play to a large reaction.]

PW: And now, their opponents... at a total combined weight of four hundred and eighty-five pounds... from Dallas, Texas...

JAMES AND JACK... THE LYNCH BROTHERS!

[The curtain pulls back to reveal the middle Lynch brother James Lynch, the dirty brown hair, clean cut, young Texan. James wears a grey lightly zipped jacket and yellow speedo wrestling trunks. He's also barefoot.

By his side is the tall, lanky form of Jack Lynch. The eldest Lynch, as always, is dressed all in black. Atop his head is a black cowboy hat. His body is covered by a long black coat. It's open, and beneath it, we can see black wrestling trunks, and a black pad on his right knee. The only color is the silver trim on the toes of his black cowboy boots. On his right hand is a fingerless glove made of black leather.

With a grin at the roaring crowd, the two Lynch boys make their way down the elevated ramp together, leaning off the edge of the ramp to slap the outstretched hands of the fans.]

GM: Listen to the reaction for these two young men! The Lynch family truly are Texas heroes, Bucky!

[Jack and James step through the ropes into the ring, Jack pausing to remove his coat as James pulls off his zipped jacket as the official steps between the two teams, ready to call for the bell.]

GM: Earlier tonight, we saw young Travis Lynch make his debut. And now, we're going to see the AWA debut of his brothers, Jack and James Lynch.



[We fade towards the end of the match where we see the Sicilian Stud bounce off the ropes, leaping towards a stunned James Lynch with a flying forearm...

...but James bottoms out and the Stud goes flying past him, bouncing off the mat, allowing James to scramble across the ring and slap the extended hand of Jack. Jack comes rushing into the ring, throwing the Stud into the ropes before dropping him with a clothesline and then a bodyslam.]

GM: JACK LYNCH IS A HOUSE OF FIRE!

[We cut again just as Jack Lynch stands, hand in the air, his fingers curled forward as the crowd roars...]

GM: IRON CLAW! That's a Lynch family trademark! Those fingers are locked, and Jack has his other hand against the back of the Stud's head. There's no escaping the Iron Claw when it's hooked in like this!

[The Stud is flailing wildly to try and escape...

...when the South Philly Phighter comes rushing in from behind to intervene...]

GM: Wait a minute, James Lynch is on the top rope...

[...and James soars like an eagle from his perch, propelling himself over the bent-over forms of the Stud and his brother, Jack... and smashes home a flying crossbody on the Phighter, toppling him over on the mat!]

GM: DID YOU SEE THAT? AN AMAZING DISPLAY OF AERIAL SKILLS BY JAMES LYNCH!

[With his brother having saved him from a sneak attack, Jack clamps down harder, pinning the Stud to the mat.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEE!! It's all over!

[Jack Lynch hops to his feet, embracing his younger brother to the cheers of the crowd as Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Here are your winners.... JAMES AND JACK LYNCH!!!

[Another big cheer for the Texans as they celebrate their win...

...and we fade down to ringside to hear from the Lynch brothers after their debut victory.]

JACK: What you saw tonight, well, aside from the fact that my brother here is something of an exhibitionist...

[The camera cuts to the scantily dressed James, as Jack teasingly punches him in the shoulder.]

JACK: ...is that we are serious about competing here in the AWA. It's been said before, but it bears repeating. You can't have wrestling in Texas without the Lynch family. We are here, and we're here to compete.

[Cut to James speaking.]

JAMES: I just have to say its good to be back inside this ring and its even better sharing it with my brothers. We do appreciate the warm welcome the AWA fans

have given us. We love every bit of this industry and we hope we can bring a little Texas Lynch Pride and kick a little butt here in the AWA!

[The crowd cheers as the brothers beam - joined at ringside by their younger brother Travis for the interview - and then fade to footage marked "September 15th, 2011 - The Stampede Cup." We get some quick shots of the Lynch brothers in action throughout that weekend with the voice of ol' pal Jason Dane providing the voiceover from that night.]

JD: For months, the talk of the AWA has been this weekend - the Stampede Cup tournament - as speculation ran rampant over who is the best tag team in the world and who would walk away as the winners of this tournament. After twenty-four teams came to Atlanta with the goal of winning the Cup, we are down to two. Will it be Violence Unlimited, the 2010 Stampede Cup champion, the Number One contenders to the National Tag Team Titles, AND the team who may be the National Tag Team Champions this time two weeks from now? Or will it be the Lynches? Bound by blood and determined to show the wrestling world that they're more than deserving of the hype that has fallen upon them... that they truly are wrestling royalty... and that they are a force to be reckoned with here in the American Wrestling Alliances.

Two tremendous teams.

But only one winner.

[And then cut ahead to highlights from the actual tournament final between Violence Unlimited and the Lynch brothers.

Jackson Haynes running over James Lynch with a thunderous shoulder tackle that sends Lynch flopping backwards down onto the canvas.

Danny Morton blocking an attempting Jack Lynch double axehandle off the middle rope with a catch and powerful belly-to-belly overhead throw across the ring.

James Lynch leaping into the air as he bounces off the ropes, toppling Morton with a crossbody.

The Lynches using a double dropkick to knock Haynes down to the canvas.

With James Lynch crotched on the top rope, Haynes leaps off the middle rope to land a crushing clothesline that flips the smaller Lynch off the ropes and dumps him down violently on the ringside floor.

Jack Lynch thundering down the ring apron, leaping off onto Morton with a flying clothesline on the floor.

Morton whipping James towards the barricade on the floor when the high flying Lynch leaps up, landing barefoot on the steel, and twisting around into a crossbody on the outside.

Morton planting James with the Oklahoma Stampede powerslam for a near fall that is broken up by a diving Jack Lynch to save his brother.

A bloodied Morton turning a James Iron Claw into a thunderous head-spiking Backdrop Driver...

...and finally, back to full action as Jackson Haynes drags James Lynch into a standing headscissors...]

GM: You get the feeling that Jackson Haynes didn't want to have to do this. He wanted the kid to stay down but...

[Jack Lynch's eyes go wide. He suddenly turns away, unable to watch what comes next...]

GM: He's gonna put this kid through the ring!

[The near three hundred pound big man from Moscow, Tennessee hoists Lynch up into the air, pausing at the top of the lift...]

...at which point, a desperate James Lynch hooks his legs around Haynes' head, dragging him down to the canvas, reaching back to tightly hook both legs!]

GM: CRADLE!! CRADLE!!

[The bloodied Danny Morton lumbers out of the corner as Jack Lynch suddenly spins around, spots what's happening...]

...and tears across the ring, throwing himself around the legs of Morton as the referee dives to the canvas to count, the fans counting with him!]

"ONE!!"

"TWO!!!"

"THREEEEEEEE!!!"

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: THEY DID IT!! THEY DID IT!! THE LYNCHES WIN THE CUP!! BY GOD, THE LYNCHES WIN THE CUP!!

[The crowd EXPLODES as Jack Lynch rushes to his brother's side, physically yanking him off the canvas and falling into a huge embrace with him.]

GM: These brothers went to hell and back here tonight in Atlanta - all weekend long in fact - but at the end of the weekend, it's James and Jack Lynch standing tall!

[Cut a little further into the celebration where Travis has joined them in holding the giant silver Stampede Cup trophy in the air as the crowd roars...]

...and then fade to a shot of the Lynchs celebrating months later with the National Tag Team Titles overhead...

...and then to black before a graphic reading "Homecoming - September 14th, 2013" before fading to the close of the Beale Street Bullies "concert" on that night. We see Adam Rogers shove a bloodied and barely-standing James Lynch towards the seven foot Robert Donovan who pulls James Lynch into a standing headscissors...]

GM: Donovan usually uses that gutwrench version of the powerbomb but it looks like he's going for a regular...

[Gordon's words trail off as Rogers and Wyatt back to the corner, each stepping up to the second rope...]

GM: What are they...?

[Donovan steps closer to the corner, lifting James Lynch up...]

...but not for a powerbomb. He hangs James upside down into piledriver position, sending the crowd into a buzzing frenzy as they plead with the Bullies to leave their hero alone.]

GM: NO! NO, DON'T DO THIS! PLEASE DON'T DO THIS!

[Smirking, Rogers reaches out to grab one of Lynch's feet. Wyatt does the same. Rogers gives a quick "one-two-three" before the duo steps off the middle rope in tandem...

...and Donovan DROPS Lynch skullfirst on the canvas as his "brothers" deliver the SPIKE!]

GM: SPIKE PILEDRIVER!! MY GOD!!

[Lynch goes limp upon hitting the canvas, flattening out on the mat as Rogers stands over him, glaring down at him.]

GM: These sons of... these Bullies just delivered a spike piledriver on James Lynch!

[The boos are off the charts now, pure hatred being poured down on the Beale Street Bullies.]

GM: James Lynch hasn't moved a bit, Bucky!

BW: He's done, Gordo. A straight up piledriver has put people on the shelves for months... if they're lucky... but a spike piledriver?! A spike piledriver ends careers!

[The audio fades out as we see tear-soaked faces in the crowd... then Dr. Ponavitch in the ring helping secure a neckbrace on the still-motionless James Lynch... a horrified Jack and Travis looking on...

...and back to black.

"The End..."

A moment's pause.

"...or so we thought."

And then back up on footage marked "MEMORIAL DAY MAYHEM - MAY 29, 2017" where Johnny Detson is attempting to hold back the World Title challenge of Jack Lynch. Detson is sliding the Black Beauty glove onto his hand as we come up on the action.]

GM: Give me a break... and Detson's slipping that glove on his hand...

[The World Champion grins as he tugs the glove into place, flexing his fingers a few times and then turns back towards a rising Jack Lynch, fist clenched and at the ready...

[...but Lynch sees the punch coming, ducking low as Detson swings wildly over his head, stumbling from the effort. Lynch straightens up, raising his own right hand...]

GM: CLAW! THE CLAW IS ON!

[The Chicago crowd is on their feet, screaming and shouting... hooting and hollering... leaping up and down at the possibility of a new World Champion being crowned!]

GM: DETSON IS FADING! THE TITLE IS WITHIN REACH FOR JACK LYNCH!

BW: SOMEBODY DO SOMETHING!

[And on cue...

Out go the lights.]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[The crowd starts buzzing with concerned confusion as the lights stay for several moments...

...and when they come back on, we find Supernova standing in the ring, his black Louisville Slugger in hand!]

GM: SUPERNOVA!

BW: YES! YES! I CAN'T BELIEVE I EVER SAID A BAD WORD ABOUT YOU, KID! NOW WAFFLE THIS SON OF A-

[Jack Lynch lets go of Detson who slumps down to the mat. The Iron Cowboy turns to face Supernova who points the baseball bat at him. Lynch nods, waving a hand, calling him forward into combat...

...and then pauses, a strange expression crossing his face.]

GM: Supernova's come to help Detson keep the title! It's gotta be!

[Supernova draws the baseball bat back, ready to step forward...

...when the lights go out a second time! The lights flicker this time as they come back on...

...and we find the Masked Outlaw standing between the bat-wielding Supernova and Jack Lynch!]

BW: WHAT THE HELL?!

GM: THE OUTLAW IS HERE! THE OUTLAW IS HERE! HOLY-

[Supernova rushes him, swinging for the fences...

...but the Outlaw ducks under, sending him staggering away off-balance. Both men quickly turn to face off and the Outlaw sinks a boot into his midsection.]

GM: The Outlaw goes downstairs... hooks him!

[The Masked Outlaw lifts Supernova into the air, parallel to the canvas...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRIVES him down on the top of his head with a CattleBuster DDT!]

GM: HE PLANTED HIM! HE SPIKED HIM! SUPERNOVA IS DOWN!

[We cut ahead a little to where the Masked Outlaw has retrieved a water bottle from ringside, pouring it down on Supernova's face before pulling him to a seated position, using his own t-shirt to wipe at his painted face...]

GM: What is he doing, Bucky?

BW: He's... I don't really know, Gordo.

[A few moments pass of confusion as the Outlaw wipes off the facepaint of Supernova, holding him up by the hair for all to see.]

Jack Lynch's eyes go wide immediately.

And then the camera comes to rest on the face, covered with streaks of paint.]

GM: No. That can't be. THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

[The crowd begins to react with the same shock as the face comes into view, now clear as day...]

GM: That's... it's not Supernova at all! THAT'S...

[Jack Lynch's jaw has dropped, his eyes gone wide.]

GM: ...JAMES LYNCH?!?!]

[It is indeed, Gordon Myers. It is indeed.]

BW: I... what the hell is going on here?! I'm in shock!

GM: I think the whole world just got turned upside down, Bucky! We're ALL in shock!

[But none more than Jack Lynch who is staring wide eyed at his brother, covered in streaked face paint on the canvas at the feet of the Masked Outlaw...

...and from that streaked paint to a smirking James Lynch delivering a quick snippet of dialogue.]

"They were afraid of what would happen if the man they love, their Iron Cowboy, their so-called King of Cowboys, had to be measured against me.

They were afraid that everyone would see Jack Lynch for the imposter that he truly is. They were afraid of me overshadowing him.

Of me proving to the world that I am the greatest Lynch of them all!"

[To a shot of Jack Lynch at Homecoming holding Bobby Taylor in the grasp of the Iron Claw... when James Lynch drops to his knees behind him and delivers a stunning low blow to his own brother after months of neither man being willing to attack the other...]

GM: LOW BLOW! LOW BLOW ON HIS OWN DAMN PARTNER... ON HIS OWN DAMN BROTHER!

[...to an angry James Lynch standing in the ring with his mother, tears running down her cheeks as he berates her.]

" And here comes the waterworks! The moment Jimmy doesn't do what Mama wants, those crocodile tears start falling! Well... MOTHER... It doesn't work on me anymore!

You want my advice? Stop crying now.

Because, as dad always likes to say... "

[James sneers.]

"..I'm gonna give you something to cry about."

[Cut to a shot of a pissed off Jack Lynch storming down the aisle towards the ring.. and then to James Lynch turning his verbal assaults on his big brother as Jack tries to shield Henrietta from it all.]

"You're a terrible brother... she's a worse mother..."

You know, Jack, after this little scene tonight, I can honestly say... that you are... truly...a son of a bit- "

[James never gets to finish that thought, as his older brother turns towards him and lays him out with a right hand!]

GM: OHH! JACK COULDN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE! HE COULDN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE AND WHO THE HELL CAN BLAME HIM?! THAT VILE NO GOOD JAMES LYNCH JUST-

BW: He just got laid out by his own brother - that noble friggin' hero! James was right about him all along, Gordo! James said Jack couldn't handle the truth and he just proved it by taking a cheat shot like the scum he's always been!

[Jack rushes over to his downed brother, his fist clenched and cocked back, ready for more as a shocked James recoils back, covering his head with a raised arm of his own. A screamed "NO!" cuts Jack off though as Henrietta rushes forward, grabbing his arm and shouting "no, no!" over and over again!

And we cut again, this time showing a brief shot of James Lynch and his "spiritual advisor" Bobby O'Connor sitting in the Lynch house at the family dinner table...]

"You still have to climb inside that ring with your own brother... with your own flesh and blood... and you've gotta force yourself to do all the things you say you're gonna do to the guy who you grew up with... who you used to walk to school... who you taught to drive a car... who stood by your side on your wedding day..."

The guy who your daughter is named after.

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

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

[Lynch grins.]

"But I know I can."

[And one more cut to Jack Lynch on the last Saturday Night Wrestling where he has Bobby O'Connor locked in the Iron Claw, shoving him back through the ropes as the crowd roars. O'Connor falls to the floor as Lynch lets loose a shout in his direction.]

"TELL HIM I'M COMIN' FOR HIM, BOBBY! TELL HIM!"

[O'Connor is stumbling up the ramp as Lynch lifts a spool of barbed wire off the mat with his gloved left hand.]

"TELL HIM THAT AT SUPERCLASH, IT'LL BE ME AND HIM... IN A BARBED WIRE MATCH!"

[And the shot freezes there, the audio echoing for a few moments as we fade to black.]

"BARBED WIRE MATCH. SUPERCLASH."

[And we fade from black up to live action, the camera aimed through a dimly-lit stadium at a ring wrapped in barbed wire. As the camera shot circles the ring, we see that two opposing sides of the ring have traditional ring ropes wrapped in the skin-tearing metal while the other two sides have had the ropes removed with barbed wire strands strung up between the ringposts in the "no rope barbed wire" style.]

GM: And that brings us here to this moment, Bucky. Two young men who I've had the pleasure to know since they were young children... but have become more familiar with during their time here in the AWA with us. When you watch that video... see them as young men debuting on Saturday Night Wrestling... watch them win the Stampede Cup together against one of wrestling's greatest tag teams... witnessing them going to war together with the likes of the Beale Street Bullies... and now...

[Gordon trails off.]

BW: ...and now they're going to war with each other.

GM: That's essentially it, isn't it? Jack Lynch resisted this battle for as long as he could manage. He fought with himself - in his head - the idea of having to hurt his own brother inside the ring and... now it's come to this. It's come to Mr. SuperClash getting ready to walk that aisle, to step back into the ring on the grandest stage in wrestling. He's been through tremendous battles at SuperClash... memorable conflicts that no one will ever forget... but tonight, he might face his toughest test of all as he takes on his own flesh and blood... in a match designed to rip flesh and draw blood. I cannot even imagine what must be going through the minds of these two just moments before they go at it in this ring - let's go backstage right now and hear from their both as we make our final preparations out here.

[We fade from the shot of the barbed wire being strung up in the ring to the backstage area where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is standing with the black sheep of the Lynch family, the self-styled "Demon Cowboy," James Lynch. Lynch wears a long black leather duster, open to show his bare chest beneath, along with a pair of black chaps over his wrestling tights. There's a black bandana with a white skull covering the lower half of his face.

Standing in the background is his spiritual advisor, Bobby O'Connor. O'Connor wears a brown leather jacket over a black shirt, with black slacks to match.]

SLB: You know, we are told to be objective, and we are told not to editorialize, but when it comes to you, I cannot be objective. James Lynch... the things you have done are disgusting. You have hounded your brother, you have tried to tear your family apart. You even tried to attack your own mother. There is only one question to ask you...

James Lynch, what do you have to say for yourself?!

[For a long, and highly uncomfortable moment, James Lynch stares straight ahead at Blackwell. He doesn't blink and the only sound coming from him is his oddly steady breathing.]



JL: Disgust... that's what you feel, Blackwell?

SLB: I should say so!

JL: Well, I am not surprised. Because do you know what disgust is, Blackwell?

SLB: I'm sure you're about to tell me.

JL: Disgust is two opposing forces meeting head to head in a man's soul, that's what disgust is, Blackwell. It's when your soul must confront what you believe to be true...

And the actual truth.

[O'Connor nods, clasping his hands together.]

JL: You see, for years everyone wanted to believe the myth of Saint Jack Lynch. Everyone wanted to believe that he was their big brother, and like a good big brother, that he was brave and true. Millions of people the world over... they wanted to be backed by Jack.

And all those illusions have been shattered, like a mirror after a fist was driven through it.

I brought the light to the darkness, and I forced my big brother to be seen under the unblinking light of day. And no one has liked it. No one likes having their illusions shattered, no one wants to see the feet of clay that fills their hero's cowboy boots.

And that's where you get disgust. And that's where you get rage. And that, Blackwell, is when you get a man who says that family is everything, demanding to face the brother he supposedly loves in a match that promises to spill blood by the buckets. A match that will leave both men with strips of flesh torn from their body.

I told the truth... and you see the results.

SLB: Wait a minute. Are you seriously blaming your brother for this?

JL: Well, isn't this the match he chose?

SLB: He only chose it because you...

JL: Told the truth, yes.

[O'Connor grins, nodding with approval as Lynch continues.]

JL: And that is what this comes down to. I stood before the world and told them who Jack Lynch is, and in return, I have your disgust, and I have a brother who wants to drag me through a hell paved with barbed wire.

But I accept that, just as I accept the truth. The truth that you are no cowboy, Jack. You are not Big Jake McCandles and you are not Wyatt Earp. You are craven. You fear the truth and will lash out violently against those who tell it.

You are a fake, Jack. That is the truth.

SLB: I don't even know what to say to that!

JL: Then don't speak, Blackwell. Just listen. Because I only have a little more left to say. Because while I have called my brother a liar, and a false prophet. While I

have said that his entire legend is nothing more than a clever con, there is one thing I have not called my brother.

I haven't called you evil.

And that's because Jack, you aren't evil. Wicked? Yes. Evil? No. You are not an evil man, Jack Lynch.

But I am.

[The camera zooms in on the cold, dead eyes of James Lynch.]

JL: Because what you lack is the thing that makes a man evil. You lack strength. You lack conviction. You don't have it in you to be evil, Jack. Because to be evil is to look at the world, see it for what it is.

All of your lies, all of your stories, Jack. That's you hiding from the world. That's you accepting the world's lies and telling your own.

But this is the truth, Jack. So listen well.

I know what is in my heart. And I know it is evil. And I know that when you step into a ring surrounded by barbed wire, you are going to have to face evil. And when that happens...

The Iron Cowboy will shatter.

I am going to destroy you, Jack. I am going to make you bleed, and I am going to show you no mercy.

This is the truth, Jack. Tonight, the story is over. Tonight, you end. Tonight, I take over the family.

Tonight, I will be the Last Lynch standing.

[Lynch turns to Blackwell.]

JL: Watch closely, and see if I'm not telling the truth.

[And with those words, the Demon Cowboy walks away from Blackwell and O'Connor and towards his destiny. Blackwell looks quizzically at O'Connor, who hasn't moved from his position this entire time.]

SLB: I think—

BOC: Lou.

[Blackwell is jarred a bit by O'Connor suddenly coming to life.]

SLB: Yes? What are you even still doing here? Don't you have a-

[O'Connor clasps his hands together once again, bowing his head.]

BOC: Let us pray.

[Blackwell reluctantly follows suit, more for the purposes of not appearing blasphemous than any desire to join O'Connor in doing anything at all.]

BOC: Our Father who art in heaven hallowed be thy name...

[Blackwell nods, but with an eye still trained on O'Connor.]

BOC: Thy kingdom come... thy will be done on Earth as it is in Heaven.

[O'Connor pauses.]

BOC: Lord, you know that I have always been a just man. I have never sinned. I have always been worthy of all that you have provided to me and to mine over the years. For a long time, part of that family were the Lynches.

Tonight, we fight that family.

[Blackwell arches an eyebrow in recognition.]

BOC: Tonight, Lord... I pray that you give my protege, James, the strength to avenge himself for the wrongs done to him by his Godless family. I pray that you make his right hand strong... that you give him everlasting strength in a fight that we know will be a test of his body... of his mind... of his soul.

Because unlike his brother Jack, he actually possesses a soul.

SLB: Now, hold on just a-

[Bobby interrupts, clearing his throat.]

BOC: Lord, tonight I pray that you show James that you know he's the only member of his family that you love. That you give him the wisdom to know right from wrong. A thing he was never taught by his father. That you give him loyalty and honor to stand against Jack... as an assassin. That you give him the humility to understand that some fights are about more than your own glory. That tonight we show the world this was always about YOUR eternal glory.

[A worried look comes across Blackwell's face, clearly not liking where any of this is going.]

BOC: Lord, I pray that you give our brother James the wisdom to stay true to your path. The path I have led him down. He knows his family has forever strayed from it... but who amongst your followers hasn't from time to time.

[O'Connor shrugs.]

BOC: Other than me, that is.

James, I approve of what you plan to do tonight. Tonight you stand for your true father... and write His hymns in your brother's blood.

[Blackwell shakes his head in disgust, uttering something that most likely isn't acceptable for all audiences.]

BOC: And Lord, if you can spare some of your time for me...

[Bobby pauses.]

BJL: I thank you for your divine generosity in blessing this mind with enough strength for another fight. That you have allowed me the wisdom to strike down your enemies. That you haven't allowed it to be infected with greed and betrayal like those disgusting pieces of subhuman--

[Just then, Blackwell throws his hands up in exasperated disgust.]

SLB: That's it! I've had it!

[Blackwell storms off in a huff. After he's fully out of frame, O'Connor finally lifts his head to face the camera. He smiles.]

BOC: Amen.

[And we fade from that part of backstage to another...

...where Jack Lynch is standing with Mariah Wolfe. Jack Lynch is wearing a long black duster, buttoned up in the front. His head is bare, his white Stetson having been destroyed by his brother. His hands are covered in white tape.]

MW: Mr. Lynch...

JL: Ya can call me Jack.

MW: Well Jack... I can't think of any other word to describe what has happened between you and your younger brother except "tragedy." And now, just minutes away from you and he going to war in a barbed wire match, it seems so trite to ask you how you're feeling or what you're thinking.

JL: I understand, Mariah. So I'm gonna let ya off the hook. And I'm gonna do somethin' I ain't done in a long time.

I'm gonna tell a story.

[Lynch exhales and rubs his chin before continuing.]

JL: When Jimmy and I were kids, we had these neighbors, the Wilsons. And the oldest Wilson boy? He was a mean little cuss. Maybe 'cuz his name was Lynn, and I'm sure you've heard the Johnny Cash song. But anyway, while I ain't one to shy away from a fight, I did my best not to get sideways with old Lynn Wilson.

Jimmy felt another kinda way about it.

There's somethin' in my little brother that just made him wanna rile that Wilson boy up. And one day? Well, Jimmy got exactly what he wanted. I don't remember all the details, but I remember Jimmy took a swing, and then next thing Jimmy hit was the ground.

It took the rest of the Wilson kids and our family dog to get Lynn off of Jimmy.

And when my daddy found out about it, there was only one person he was mad at. And it wasn't Jimmy for startin' the fight, and wasn't Lynn Wilson for finishin' it.

It was me.

[Jack pauses, looking up as he remembers the moment.]

JL: I ain't never seen the old man that mad. And I tried to explain to him that it wasn't my fight and it wasn't like Jimmy was some kinda innocent in the thing. He was the one that started it, so why was it my responsibility to go bail him out?

And the words my daddy said to me are the words that have been guidin' my life ever since.

He said "son, that's your blood. And in this world, the only thing you can be sure of is your blood. Everyone else might leave ya, but your blood will always be your

blood. And you, as the oldest brother? Well, protectin' your blood is the most important thing you can do."

And since that day, Mariah, I've done my best to defend my family. To stand up for my blood, no matter what, and no questions asked.

And that brings me to tonight, and a hard truth I can't get around.

MW: What truth is that?

JL: That it ain't blood ya defend against all others. It's your family.

And James Lynch ain't my family no more.

[Lynch pauses, clenching his eyes tight at that statement. Mariah Wolfe seems stunned but to her credit, is about to respond when Jack shakes his head, opens his eyes, and keeps speaking.]

JL: My family, my brothers, they ain't all named Lynch. Ryan Martinez is my brother, and I'll have his back forever. And though a couple of years ago we had one of the damndest matches SuperClash has ever seen, Supreme Wright has proven himself since then to be my brother and my family.

And those two men are more my brother than Jimmy ever was.

MW: Powerful words.

JL: They're the words that I gotta say. The words everyone needs to hear and understand. And that's the reason why we're where we're at now.

You were given every chance. Every chance to apologize. Every chance to just give me some little bit of hope that you were the man I thought you were. All ya ever had to do Jimmy, was actually be some piece of the brother you pretended to be for years.

But that ain't you, is it?

Nah... you sold your soul, if ya ever had one to begin with. Sold your soul to another man I thought was my brother. But I'm gonna tell ya somethin', Jimmy. Whatever you sold your soul for, it wasn't worth it.

'Cuz its only gonna buy you an ass whippin'.

[The crowd inside the Georgia Dome ROARS at that statement as Jack nods in acknowledgement.]

JL: There's people in this world that'll liken karma to a female dog. But I'm here to tell ya Jimmy, that's not what karma is.

Karma is a mirror, James Lynch.

And what you're lookin' at is the barbed wire hell that you made for yourself. You earned everything I'm gonna do to you, and more besides.

[Lynch removes his hand and exhales, staring angrily into the camera.]

JL: I said I wouldn't fight family, but ya ain't family, Jimmy. You're the next jackass to step to me at the ultimate gunfight.

And you're the next one to fall.

I'm a wrestler all year round, and I never give it less than my all. But SuperClash comes but once a year.

[He holds up one taped finger.]

JL: And when that night comes, after I've left my home, my beautiful wife and my children, I'm comin' to give the world somethin' they ain't ever gonna forget. I'm comin' to make the world watch what happens when a man crosses Jack Lynch.

And it don't never end well for 'em.

This is your night. This is your reckoning. This is when I show you, James Lynch, what happens when I've been pushed to the edge.

As a brother, you're dead to me.

And tonight, I'm gonna leave ya for dead.

And Mariah? It won't be no tragedy. It'll be the righteous vengeance of a man who had his brother stolen from him.

[And on that note, the Iron Cowboy storms out of view, leaving a shellshocked Mariah Wolfe behind.]

MW: I... I know I'm pretty new to all this, fans, but... that man right there just left me speechless. I can only hope that he - and his brother - know what they're getting themselves into here tonight in that Barbed Wire match. Let's go to the ring.

[We fade away from backstage back out to the ring where the barbed wire has now been fully assembled around one of the two rings in the middle of the Georgia Dome - two sides of the ring with traditional wrestling ropes wrapped in barbed wire and two sides with the no-rope barbed wire strands strung up between the ringposts. Wisely, Rebecca Ortiz has decided to do these intros from OUTSIDE of the ring.]

RO: The following contest is our BARBED WIRE MATCH!

[The ROAR of the crowd fills the air in the Georgia Dome as one of the night's featured attractions gets set to go down.]

RO: In this match, there are no countouts... no disqualifications... and no time limit.

[Ortiz lowers the mic as darkness fills the arena, as all lights in the Georgia Dome go black. Over the loudspeakers comes the craggy, portent laden voice of the original Man in Black, Johnny Cash.]

"And I heard, as it were, the noise of thunder. One of the four beasts sang, 'come and see.' And I saw. And behold... a white horse!"

[Cash's voice fades out, and there comes the sound of crashing thunder, followed by the sound of a stampede of horse hooves, thundering across the Georgia Dome. The arena floods with a hellish, red light.]

RO: Introducing first... now coming to the ring, hailing from Dallas, Texas...

[The sound of thunder gives way to the steady drumbeat and twangy guitars of 7Horse's "Meth Lab Zoso Sticker" as the crowd erupts into boos.]

RO: ...weighing in tonight at two hundred and thirty pounds and being accompanied to the ring by his spiritual advisor, Bobby O'Connor...

The Demon Cowboy...

The black sheep of the Lynch family...

Making his in-ring return to SuperClash...

JAAAAAAAAAAAAAMESSSSSS LYNNNNNNNNNNCH!

[Through the haze of the red lights emerges the Demon Cowboy, James Lynch. Lynch wears a long black leather duster, open to show his bare chest beneath. As he strides past the camera, we see that on the back of the duster is a white skull wearing a black cowboy hat and a red bandana. He's wearing a pair of long wrestling tights, that are currently covered in black leather chaps, held up by a black belt with a silver belt buckle. Both of Lynch's hands are covered in black gloves, while the lower half of his face is covered in a black bandana with a white skull design. Lynch's long, dirty blond hair is pulled back into a tight ponytail and his brown eyes stare straight ahead, their gaze cold and merciless.

Trailing closely behind is the Demon Cowboy's spiritual advisor, Bobby O'Connor, his arms spread wide in his brown leather jacket, black t-shirt, and slacks. A golden crucifix can be seen hanging around the neck of the former fan favorite, a wide grin on his face as he nods approvingly towards the man walking the path he set him on.]

GM: And what a diabolical duo these two make, Bucky.

BW: Hey, you know I've never been a fan of any of the Lynch family but this kid makes some good points... and Bobby O'Connor - of all people - knows Jack Lynch inside and out so he's a good person to have in your corner in this one.

GM: I don't know about you, Bucky, but where I come from - nothing is more important than family and this guy, James Lynch, has shown that his values are nothing like that at all. He's berated his mother, he's physically assaulted his own brother, and now there's this...

BW: This?! Jack Lynch is responsible for THIS, Gordo! He picked the barbed wire match! He got to choose any stipulation he wanted and he picked THIS!

GM: James Lynch could've walked away from this whole thing at any point!

BW: So could Jack... so let's not act like he's some kind of saint in this whole thing. Plus, you just heard him say that his brother is dead to him! He said James isn't family at all!

GM: After all the crap that James has pulled over the past several months, can you blame him?

[Lynch makes his way to the ring slowly and first takes off the long duster. Next to be removed are the chaps, revealing that his black tights have a pair of crossed six shooters done in white on the left hip, and a pair of red branding irons on the right. On the backside is the flag of Texas in a blood red color. Lynch's black and red boots have the classic "cowboy" design so common for wrestlers from his home state. He pulls off his gloves, revealing white tape on his hands as well.

O'Connor tries to come through the barbed wire after him but suddenly stops cold, getting jerked backwards.]

BW: What in the...?

[An agitated O'Connor rips off his leather jacket that apparently got caught on the barbed wire, swinging it over his head and throwing it to the floor in a huff before joining James in the ring.]

GM: The razor-sharp barbed wire claims its first victim here tonight in the form of O'Connor's leather jacket.

BW: First but it damn sure won't be the last.

GM: You can say that again.

[Lynch pulls down his bandana but leaves it hanging around his neck, as his cold, dead eyes stare straight ahead at the entranceway, waiting for his opponent to come to him.]

RO: Annnnnnnnnnnnd his opponent...

[The overhead lights shift into a lower frequency, giving the entire Georgia Dome a sepia tinge. Over the loudspeakers comes the sound of a locomotive, its whistle blowing and the engine roaring.]

RO: Heading down the aisle...

[The overhead spotlight falls on the entranceway, and the lights on the aisle have created the images of train tracks.]

RO: From Dallas, Texas...

[Spotlights circle the Georgia Dome. And in the center of every aisle, someone rises. They are people of all types. Men, women, young, old, black, white. All of them dressed the same, in a long black duster over a white t-shirt and a pair of blue jeans. In unison, they lift their Stetson hats on place them on their heads.]

RO: ...weighing in tonight at two hundred and sixty pounds...

[The train's whistle blows again, and it fades into the opening strains of Bon Jovi's "Wanted: Dead or Alive. As it does, the spotlight turns to the entranceway, and there he stands.]

RO: He is a former World Heavyweight Champion...

The King of the Cowboys...

THE IRON COWBOY...

JAAAAAAAAAAAAACK LYNNNNNNNNNNNNCH!

[Rebecca leaves out some of his resume - A former National Tag Team Champion, a former World Tag Team Champion, a co-holder of the Stampede Cup, a former World Heavyweight champion standing tall atop the entrance stage.

But he is not alone.]

GM: Look at who is here!

BW: Sonuva... who let him in?!



[The crowd erupts, for standing next to Jack Lynch is his legendary father and namesake, Blackjack Lynch. The original cowboy looks to his son and with a grave expression, pulls something from behind his back.]

GM: The hat! The black Stetson hat has returned!

[The camera on stage pulls in close enough to hear Blackjack's final pre-match words for his son.]

"Your mama gave ya that white one because she wanted to make sure ya always remembered that you're the good guy in the story.

But sometimes... men like us... we gotta wear the black hat."

[Jack slowly nods, dipping his head as his father places it on his son's head and the crowd explodes. Blackjack gives his son a final hand on the shoulder before walking back through the curtain, disappearing into the back...

...and with his trademark black Stetson on his head, Lynch begins to walk down the aisle, a determined look in his face.]

GM: And here comes the Iron Cowboy in all his glory!

[Lynch ignores the outstretched hands on this night, his gaze focused on the ring where his brother and his former friend await him. O'Connor gives James a few final words before slipping carefully through the barbed wire out to the apron, moving towards the corner as the King of the Cowboys draws closer to the ring.]

GM: This is a focused Jack Lynch, a determined Jack Lynch, a man who isn't happy about being here to do this job tonight but is nonetheless ready to do that job as only he can on the biggest stage in wrestling.

BW: Do we still have to call him Mr. SuperClash after his own flesh and blood guts him like a fish?

GM: Would you stop?!

[James Lynch stands in the ring, staring down the aisle at his rapidly-approaching brother as Bobby O'Connor stands nearby on the ringsteps, speaking quickly and gesturing madly at his former partner.]

GM: Bobby O'Connor seems angrier at Jack Lynch right now than James does, Bucky.

BW: O'Connor was embarrassed by Lynch last week on Saturday Night Wrestling - Lynch put that Claw on an injured man!

GM: Injured?!

BW: Bobby O'Connor is NOT cleared to wrestle, Gordo - you know that - otherwise he might be in there tonight fighting Jack Lynch instead of James. Lynch pulled more of his typical bullying tactics to pick on an injured man... always has to be in the spotlight... always has to be the center of attention. Well, tonight he's gonna be the center of James Lynch's attention, that's for damn sure.

[Jack slows to a halt a handful of feet down the aisle away from the ring, reaching up to remove the black Stetson that his father gave him moments ago. He looks long and hard at the hat, taking on the symbolism of what his father said to him.]

GM: Jack Lynch looking at that black hat... in words that longtime fans have heard the legendary Blackjack Lynch say many times before, sometimes, it falls to certain men, men like Blackjack Lynch and apparently men like his son Jack... sometimes you can't be the good guy and tonight just might be one of those times.

[Jack waves over a ringside attendant, handing over the hat, shrugging out of his duster to reveal a white vintage t-shirt promoting a Texas Stadium showdown between Blackjack Lynch and Ivan Kostovich, a pair of black jeans, cowboy boots, and well-taped hands much like his brother.

...and then with a nod, Jack sprints the remainder of the distance to the ring, diving under the bottom strand of barbed wire, coming to his feet to the roar of the Atlanta crowd!]

GM: THE IRON COWBOY IS COMIN' FOR JAMES LYNCH!

[Jack is swingin' hard and fast just before the bell sounds to start the match...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[...and lands heavy blows to his brother's head and face as James lifts his arms, trying to defend himself as O'Connor scrambles to the floor, shouting up at James who is recoiling backwards as his makeshift shield proves to be of little effect.]

GM: He's got James on his heels early and- ohh! What a shot!

[James staggers backwards under a taped-fist uppercut, sending him stumbling towards the barbed wire...

...but as he sees it, he slams on the brakes, staggering as he tries to stay back from it as Jack grabs him by the shoulder, turning him around...]

GM: Jack staying on him - James avoids the barbed wire for now but-

[...but James strikes first, raking his fingers across the eyes of Jack Lynch!]

GM: -ohh! And James goes to the eyes!

[Grabbing Jack by the hair, James HURLS him over the barbed wire strands, sending him falling out to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: And just like that, James tosses his big brother over the top rope, right out on the barely-padded floor here in the Georgia Dome!

[And before Jack has a single second to recover, Bobby O'Connor - his former partner and friend - is right on him, dragging the Iron Cowboy back to his feet before snapping a jabbing punch into the jaw... and another... and another...]

GM: Oh, come on! Tell me again about how injured he is, Bucky!

BW: What courage from Bunkhouse Bobby, sucking down all the pain to do the world a favor and punch Jack Lynch right in the mouth!

[...and then grabs the King of the Cowboys by the arm, giving him a whip...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and ROCKETS him into the ringside steel barricade to big jeers from the AWA faithful!]

GM: Ohhh! O'Connor sends him into the railing! Come on!

BW: What are you going on about, Gordo? There's no disqualification! All of this is totally legal!

GM: It may be legal but it's garbage. Hot garbage plain and simple. James Lynch antagonized his brother, demanding a match with him and when he gets it, he's not even man enough to stand on his own feet and fight one-on-one... he's got this little jackal out here with him to interfere. It's disgusting, Bucky.

BW: Hey, if I was in his shoes, I wouldn't be able to resist punching Lynch in the mouth either, Gordo. Heck, I can barely resist it while sitting over here.

[O'Connor grabs Jack off the railing, walking him across ringside to toss him back under the barbed wire into the ring where James Lynch is waiting to put the boots to his own brother down on the mat.]

GM: Jack Lynch was off to a hot start but thanks to Bobby O'Connor, James Lynch is now in control of this one.

[Dropping to a knee, Lynch grabs his brother in a loose side headlock, smashing his fist repeatedly into the former World Champion's head.]

GM: And I never thought I'd say this but James Lynch is hammering away at his big brother, Jack, right in the middle of the ring here at SuperClash. Bucky, did you ever think you'd see this happen?

BW: Only in my dreams, Gordo. Only in my dreams.

[James climbs off the mat, dragging his brother up by the hair, and steps towards the ropes wrapped in barbed wire...]

BW: Speaking of dreams... gut him like a fish, Jimmy!

[...but Jack reaches out, wrapping his taped hands around the top rope to block himself from being shoved into it!]

GM: Jack blocks it! James is trying to put him into that skin-tearing wire but Jack's blocking it! You can see the tape wrapped heavily around his hands... James as well... both trying to provide even the slightest bit of protection from this razor-sharp wire...

[James struggles to push Jack into the wire for a few more moments before the Iron Cowboy snaps an elbow back into the midsection of his brother.]

GM: Jack trying to fight his way out of this situation... another elbow downstairs... make it three now...

[The younger Lynch brother staggers backwards from the elbowsmashes as Jack turns to pursue him...]

GM: Jack Lynch gets loose... and now he's coming after his brother, James. A little more aggressive than I expected out of the Iron Cowboy so far, Bucky.

BW: What choice does he have, Gordo? It's a Barbed Wire match! You either bring it hard or you end up a pile of shredded beef.

[The elder Lynch wraps his arms around his retreating brother's torso, muscling him up, and dropping him down in a back suplex.]

GM: Ohhh! Right down on the back of the head!

BW: No, no, no... right down on the NECK, Gordo. Jack Lynch going right after the body part that kept his brother out of action for over THREE years!

[James flails about on the canvas, grabbing at his surgically-repaired neck as Jack takes a knee, looking at his brother with a shift in expression on his face.]

GM: Jack Lynch looking at James who is feeling the effects of that suplex - and you're right, Bucky - that move does target the exact area that kept James Lynch on the shelf for so long - a potentially career-ending injury.

BW: There's no potential about it, Gordo. That spike piledriver - we were both there when it happened - and until Memorial Day Mayhem earlier this year, we thought it had done exactly that - ended the career of James Lynch at the hands of the Beale Street Bullies. But he managed to come back from it somehow only to have his own brother trying to end his career again right here in Atlanta tonight!

GM: I don't think that's what Jack Lynch had in mind at all.

BW: What do you know about it?

GM: I know the man and I know that he took this match after months of turning down a match with his own brother. He was forced into this. He's not happy about it. But there's no way this man deliberately tries to injure his brother here tonight no matter what James Lynch has done to him and their family.

[Jack is still looking at his brother as James slowly rolls to a knee, an obvious look of concern on the Iron Cowboy's face...

...which is when Bobby O'Connor decides it's time to strike again, scrambling up on the very thin piece of apron between the strands of barbed wire and the emptiness above the ringside mats.]

GM: O'Connor on the apron and-

[Nearly losing his balance, O'Connor reaches out to grab the ropes for support...

...and gives a shout, slipping right off the apron and falling to the floor as he waves his hand in pain as the crowd laughs, mocking his predicament.]

GM: ...and I think he cut himself on that barbed wire, Bucky!

BW: There's not a lot of room there to avoid it and I checked that barbed wire personally before the show. It's the real deal, Gordo. Sharp as my mama's wit and as dangerous as a basement full of pit vipers.

[O'Connor is still waving his hand back and forth on the floor as Jack Lynch glares at him from inside the ring, his hands on his hips as he looks down on his former friend and partner...

...which is when James Lynch tries to take advantage of the distraction, smashing home a double axehandle between the shoulderblades which sends Jack pitching forward towards the ropes wrapped in barbed wire.]

GM: James with the sneak attack from behind... whatever sentiment Jack Lynch was feeling there that stopped him from keeping up the attack on his brother after that

suplex, James is obviously not on the same wavelength for sure. And now he's trying to put his big brother into the barbed wire again!

[Grabbing Jack by the hair, James drags him across the ring towards the barbed wire...

...but this time, Jack breaks loose, grabbing James by the hair...]

GM: Whoa! Whoa! Jack turns it around and now it's James Lynch fighting to stay out of the barbed wire!

[Desperately grabbing the ropes with both hands and trying to avoid the barbed wire wrapped around it, James Lynch struggles against his brother's strength as the crowd cheers loudly, urging Jack on to make his treacherous brother bleed...]

GM: Jack Lynch trying to put James into the barbed wire but James is fighting it so far!

[O'Connor shouts encouragement from the floor as James battles to stay out of the skin-tearing metal...

...and then jams his elbow back into the midsection of his big brother, landing the blow a few times before Jack lets go of his hair, stumbling backwards towards the center of the ring.]

GM: And this time, James is able to avoid the barbed wire, breaking loose and sending Jack staggering back...

[James moves swiftly towards his brother, raising his right hand into the air...]

GM: Look at that! James Lynch is calling for the Iron Claw VERY early into this one! Can he get it on?

[...but Jack Lynch brings both hands up, grabbing the wrist of James Lynch, blocking the legendary hold from being applied!]

GM: No! Blocked by the King of the Cowboys!

[James continues to try to apply the hold for a few more moments to no avail before swinging his knee up into the exposed midsection of his big brother, scooping him up and slamming him down on the canvas...]

GM: Scoop slam by James Lynch, switching tactics after making an early attempt at the Iron Claw... ohhh! Big leaping elbowdrop finds the mark as well!

[Climbing back to his feet, James looks out on a pleased Bobby O'Connor who continues to give "spiritual advice" from the floor...]

GM: And a kneedrop is on target to boot! Right down across the sternum!

[James looks about to attempt the first pin of the mat but a wave from O'Connor calls him off as the younger Lynch climbs back to his feet, looking out on the jeering Atlanta crowd.]

GM: The fans in Atlanta are letting James Lynch hear it. They're certainly not pleased at his actions over the last year and they're telling him so here tonight in the Georgia Dome.

BW: The James Lynch of old might care about such a thing but not this one. Korugun got to him, Gordo. Whether it's Veronica Westerly or his spiritual advisor

out here with him tonight, somebody got in James Lynch's ear and convinced him his brother was the reason for his lot in life... and once he made that decision to go against the family, the die was cast. He knew he'd be hated for it by a lot of people but he just didn't care.

GM: James pulling his big brother off the mat again... grabbing him by the arm... look out here!

[The crowd "ooooohs" as James attempts an Irish whip into the no-rope barbed wire strands but Jack Lynch is able to throw on the brakes at the last moment, preventing himself from hitting the wire...]

GM: Jack Lynch barely able to stop himself in time there!

[...and James Lynch rushes him from behind, hoping to strike while his back is still turned...]

GM: Here comes James and-

[...but the Iron Cowboy jerks around, leaping into the air at the incoming James...]

GM: -FIERRO PRESS! FIERRO PRESS! FISTS AND FIRE FROM THE BIG TEXAN!

[The crowd ROARS for the surprising attack and then gets louder as Lynch rains down taped fists on his brother's head and face as James Lynch tries to defend himself on the mat!]

GM: Jack Lynch taking the fight to his little brother here at SuperClash IX!

[A few more blows land before Jack climbs to his feet, waving a hand for his brother to get up off the mat...]

GM: SuperClash has always been a big night for Jack Lynch. You think back to he and James winning the tag titles from Violence Unlimited at SuperClash... to the six man tag with the Bullies... the Texas Death Match with Demetrius Lake... the towel match with Supreme Wright... the Syndicate Street Fight last year. All legendary matches... all big wins for Jack Lynch who is undefeated at SuperClash and has certainly in the eyes of many - including myself - earned the right to call himself Mr. SuperClash.

[James comes staggering to his feet as Jack rushes forward, dropping him with a big running clothesline to cheers!]

GM: Clothesline takes James Lynch off his feet again! Jack Lynch getting a little fire in him now, realizing perhaps that he's going to need to stay on his brother if he wants to win this - no matter how much it pains him emotionally to do it. Tonight, he's the man in the black hat.

BW: We'll see about that, Gordo. He can talk a good game about being ready for this... about being ready to do what needs to be done to finish off his brother tonight but I don't buy it. This baby-kissin', hand-slappin' fraud is no outlaw. He's the town marshall through and through.

GM: You know, Bucky... I actually agree with you on that point. I DON'T know if Jack Lynch has what it takes inside to hurt his brother enough to win this match. I don't know if that's in his nature at all. He says he can do it and tonight, I wager we're going to find out.

[As James staggers up, Jack scoops him up as James did to him moments ago, slamming him down on the mat before dropping his own knee into the chest of his brother.]

GM: The kneedrop on target for Jack as well... a cover... wait, no... he changed his mind on that.

BW: No cover, pulling James up off the mat instead...

GM: He's gonna whip him into the wire!

[He attempts to do exactly that, trying to score first blood in this dangerous barbed wire match as he goes for an Irish whip...

...but the agile James Lynch drops into a baseball slide, coming up short from the wire as he pops back to his feet, Jack charging at him!]

GM: James avoids the wire and-

[James sidesteps the charging Jack Lynch, giving him a shove towards the barbed wire...]

GM: -avoids his brother as well, shoving him in!

[...but Jack pulls up short, just barely avoiding the skin-tearing metal as he desperately slams on the brakes!]

GM: No! Jack hangs on and-

[James promptly surges forward, leaping up and extending both legs...]

GM: -dropkick to the back and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts as Jack Lynch goes crashing chest-first into the no-rope barbed wire strands stretched across the ring. He grimaces as the sharp barbs cut into his chest as he leans against it for a moment.]

GM: And James Lynch sends his big brother into the barbed wire first with that dropkick to the back!

[Grabbing a handful of hair, James drags Jack back away from the wire, tearing at the t-shirt slightly and revealing a few small wounds on his torso.]

GM: And James Lynch draws first blood in this Barbed Wire showdown here at SuperClash IX! Small lacerations on the chest of his brother after that dropkick into the barbed wire!

[The crowd buzzes at the sight of Jack Lynch's blood as James drags him by the hair towards the middle of the ring...

...and BLASTS him across the collarbone with a standing lariat]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LARIAT TAKES HIM DOWN!

[James Lynch stands over the fallen Iron Cowboy, nodding his head as he starts to sink to his knees...]

GM: James Lynch with the first cover of the match and... hold on...

[...but a few shouts from Bobby O'Connor on the outside seems to give James Lynch pause as he looks out at his spiritual advisor.]

GM: ...and it sounds like Bobby O'Connor is telling James not to cover.

BW: I'm surprised James Lynch even WANTS to cover him, Gordo. All this barbed wire and he hasn't done nearly enough damage to make Jack Lynch pay for a lifetime of sins.

GM: "A lifetime of sins." It sounds like you've been listening to O'Connor as well, Bucky.

BW: Sunday dinners with a man of faith are never a bad idea, Gordo.

[The younger Lynch gives his ally a nod, dragging Jack Lynch back up off the mat by the wrist, looking across the ring at the no-rope strands of barbed wire...]

GM: Irish whip!

[...and propels his big brother into the barbed wire, the Iron Cowboy twisting around to take the barbed wire across his back!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd groans in sympathy for Jack Lynch as the barbed wire digs into his back, the strands holding him in place to keep him from falling to the outside of the ring.]

GM: An absolutely brutal move there by James Lynch, designed to inflict maximum damage... maximum pain... and maximum bloodshed onto his own flesh and blood! How on Earth is this even the same young man who came into this company over six years ago?!

[James slowly approaches, sneering at his big brother as he grabs him by the wrist, pulling him away from the barbed wire as the t-shirt catches on one of the barbs, ripping at the cloth to reveal a red wound as a piece of cloth stays behind on the strand of barbed wire.]

GM: That dangerous barbed wire ripping at Lynch's own t-shirt... just imagine what it's doing to the flesh underneath as the Iron Cowboy hits the barbed wire for a second time.

BW: Cuts on the chest... cuts on the back... I got a feeling he'll be just about cut from head to toe by the time this one's said and done, daddy.

GM: And you sound absolutely destroyed by that, Bucky. Admit it. Admit this is a dream come true for you to see this family who you've despised for years... decades even... going to war with one another.

BW: Oh, I wouldn't dream of denying it, Gordo. James Lynch's actions in the past year have won me over a little bit but deep down, I want to see Lynches bleed and I don't give a damn who knows it.

[Pulling his brother back to the far side of the ring, James takes aim on the far strand of no-rope barbed wire a second time...]

GM: He's gonna do it again!



[...and whips him across the ring, sending the Iron Cowboy crashing into the barbed wire a second time, causing the barbed wire to actually bend back a bit under the impact of his weight as the crowd groans in pain and Jack cries out!]

GM: Gaaaaah! So brutal, so vicious, so savage... and you all may get sick of me saying this in this one but I truly cannot believe we're seeing this. No matter how bad the blood got between these two brothers, I never thought we'd see them go to war like this.

BW: Go to war? So far, this is a one-sided rout! James Lynch is beating him from pillar to post and Jack Lynch is looking like sad-eyed moping teenager in there.

GM: We're a little over ten minutes into this Barbed Wire match - one of the featured attractions here at SuperClash IX in Atlanta. We've got three matches left after this one - the World Title match, the Women's World Title match, and WarGames - but right now, everyone's attention are on these two brothers going at it in one of the most violent matchups in all of professional wrestling - the Barbed Wire match.

[James Lynch slowly approaches his brother again, looking on at the pained expression on his face as Jack grimaces with the slightest of movements against the skin-tearing flesh. O'Connor pounds his fists on the ring apron, shouting "ONE MORE, JIMMY! ONE MORE!" at his charge. James Lynch looks over at O'Connor, giving a nod as he drags Jack away from the barbed wire a second time, leaving more pieces of bloodied t-shirt behind.]

GM: And you can hear Bobby O'Connor calling for "one more." O'Connor shocked the world several weeks ago on Fight Night when he revealed himself as the so-called "spiritual advisor" for James Lynch, and betrayed his longtime friend Jack Lynch in the progress. Heck, those two were as close as brothers at one point, Bucky.

BW: They were... and we're seeing right now what happens to Jack Lynch and his brothers. Imagine living with that ego... that selfishness... that overwhelming desire to be the center of attention... imagine dealing with that your whole life and you understand why Jack Lynch's own flesh and blood want to bleed him dry here in Atlanta.

GM: O'Connor and Lynch were once known as the TexMo Connection - one of the best tag teams in all of wrestling - but now you see the result of that friendship boiling over as O'Connor demands that James Lynch inflict even more punishment on his big brother.

[Pulling Jack back across the ring, James grabs him by the wrist a third time...]

GM: Here we go... AGAIN!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the crowd groans once more as Jack Lynch's body slams violently into the barbed wire, the entirety of the barbed wire strands bending under impact as Lynch's 265 pound frame collides with it!]

GM: INTO THE BARBED WIRE A THIRD TIME! OH MY!

[James looks out on the jeering crowd, raising his arms over his head to further taunt the booing fans in Atlanta.]

GM: James Lynch earning the ire of this sold out SuperClash crowd for his brutal beating of his brother, Jack, and it seems like he's loving every second of it, Bucky.

BW: He's a changed man and the sooner you - and these fans - accept it, the less you'll torment yourself thinking he's the same James Lynch who showed up as the "aw shucks, we're just happy to be here" guy.

[The Iron Cowboy pushes himself away from the barbed wire, now revealing a nasty three inch gash across his left shoulderblade with the t-shirt completely torn away as he stumbles, falling to his knees on the canvas.]

GM: Jack Lynch - that t-shirt practically gone off his back now... that nasty cut visible to all...

[James Lynch gestures to his kneeling brother.]

"I'M GONNA BE THE LAST LYNCH STANDING! THIS FAMILY IS MINE!"

[The fans boo loudly as James Lynch glares angrily out at them, ignoring O'Connor's shouts to "pour it on him, James! Keep it going!"]

GM: James Lynch letting these Atlanta fans get in his head a little bit, I believe.

BW: It's hard not to, Gordo. James Lynch believes his cause is righteous. He believes that Jack Lynch really is the root for a lot of problems that the Lynches have been through over the past several years - all going back to James' injuries. You know, you look at Travis' demons... you look at all the wars that Jack has gotten the family into... the business with Blackjack a year ago with Shadoe Rage... the stuff with Theresa getting hurt... even O'Connor's injuries that have kept him out of the ring are thanks to him. James feels like Jack could've prevented - or avenged - all of it but instead he's been too focused on himself... on his own career goals... on his own ego.

GM: You sound like you've taken a gig as James Lynch's PR guy.

BW: I'm a man who enjoys the truth and James Lynch is speaking all the truths when it comes to his brother, Jack.

[Pulling a bleeding and hurting Jack Lynch off the canvas, James tugs him into a front facelock, walking closer towards the strands of barbed wire with him...]

GM: James looks like he's looking for a suplex here...

[...and with a grunt of exertion, James Lynch muscles his big brother up into the air for a vertical suplex...]

GM: ...up he goes and...

[...and then lunges forward, dropping his own brother stomach-first across the top strand of barbed wire!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd groans as Jack Lynch stays leaning over the barbed wire, his already-cut torso weighing heavily on the now-sagging strand as James Lynch backs away, the referee looking on in shock at what he just saw.]

GM: OH MY STARS!

[James Lynch grabs referee Ricky Longfellow by the shoulder, shoving him towards the Iron Cowboy with a "ASK HIM!"]

BW: And did you hear that? James Lynch wants the referee to see if Jack Lynch will quit!

GM: Jack Lynch who has been through hell at this very event - SuperClash - in the Texas Death Match with Demetrius Lake... in the Towel Match with Supreme Wright... in the Syndicate Street Fight last year... it's hard to imagine him giving up in ANY match but in a Barbed Wire match against his own brother... he just might do it to avoid what comes next, Bucky.

BW: What comes next is James Lynch ripping and tearing his own brother's flesh off in the middle of Atlanta!

[O'Connor is practically gleeful on the outside as he berates Jack Lynch loudly, watching as the referee steps right in close, checking the King of the Cowboys for signs of life...]

GM: Dawson checking on Jack Lynch...

[A weary and bleeding Lynch reaches out with one taped hand, shoving the official back.]

GM: ..and I'd say that's a no.

BW: No disqualifications in this one so that punk Jack Lynch can bully a referee all he wants.

GM: The referee waves for the match to continue and...

BW: And continue it's gonna! James Lynch is gonna do it again!

[Snatching a front facelock on his brother who is still leaning heavily on the wire, James slowly pulls him up, the remnants of the t-shirt ripping and tearing on the sharpened metal barbs...]

GM: There goes what's left of the t-shirt... just a piece of cloth hanging around the neck of Jack Lynch now...

[...and slowly turns him over, both men facing up at the Georgia Dome's mammoth ceiling...]

GM: What is he...?

[...and DROPS the back of Jack's neck DOWN across the strand of barbed wire in a makeshift reverse neckbreaker that sends the Iron Cowboy snapping right back up, falling off the apron and down to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: NECKBREAKER ON THE DAMNED BARBED WIRE! MY STARS!

[James Lynch sits on the mat, a sadistic smile on his face as Jack Lynch writhes in pain on the floor. Bobby O'Connor is clapping his hands loudly over his head, stomping around the ringside area as the fans buzz at the violent act they just saw that deposited the Iron Cowboy on the outside.]

GM: That whole side of the barbed wire is hanging on by a thread, Bucky!

BW: The Irish whips into it... hanging him out to dry over it - Jack Lynch is not a small man, Gordo, and the barbed wire is taking as much of a pounding as the Iron Cowboy is. Luckily, there's three more sides of barbed wire to take all of Lynch flying into it.

GM: And we knew going in that this would not be for the weak at heart. Jack Lynch is bleeding from the back... on the chest... now the back of the neck as well. Small cuts so far but he's bleeding nonetheless.

[James Lynch climbs off the mat, looking to the outside where O'Connor raises two hands towards him...]

"I got this one, brother!"

[...and then launches into a brutal assault on Jack Lynch on the outside, stomping and kicking him into the ringside mats as the fans jeer loudly!]

GM: This is ridiculous! It's not bad enough that Jack Lynch is being put through the wringer by his brother James and all this barbed wire... but now he's gotta deal with that ungrateful turncoat O'Connor on the outside as well?!

[James looks on with a grin as O'Connor pulls Lynch to his feet, berating him again before smashing him facefirst into the ring apron!]

GM: Ohh! O'Connor slams him down into the apron... and now shoving him back inside where James Lynch is waiting...

[James greets his big brother with a pair of stomps, throwing a questioning look to the outside as Bobby O'Connor walks over to the ringside barricade, shouting "MOVE IT!" to a row of fans.]

GM: O'Connor giving the fans a hard time now and... what's he doing?

[The crowd jeers as O'Connor grabs a steel chair out of the front row, folding it up and holding it over his head for all to see...]

GM: He's got a steel chair! One of those collectible steel chairs that the fans who bought ringside tickets get to take home with them tonight!

[With James still looking on with confusion, O'Connor scrambles up on the ring apron, just barely able to fit between the edge of the apron and the barbed wire. He holds up the chair, slapping it a few times and pointing at the downed Jack Lynch.]

GM: O'Connor's telling James to put him into this steel chair!

[James nods at O'Connor, turning to drag Jack Lynch up off the mat...]

BW: And it looks like James is gonna do exactly that. It's not enough to carve his brother up with barbed wire... he wants to cave his damn skull in with that steel chair too!

[...and James rushes towards the held-up chair, dragging his big brother with him...]

GM: TO THE CHAIR!

[...but just before hitting the chair, Jack Lynch reaches out, grabbing the barbed-wire wrapped ropes to block his momentum, promptly swinging an elbow back to the chin of James!]

GM: OH! ELBOWS OUT OF IT AND-

[And grabbing his brother by the hair, Jack SLAMS James' head into the held-up chair!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[James stumbles backwards, falling down to his back as the crowd roars...

...and then gets even louder as a pissed-off Jack Lynch reaches out, grabbing his former partner by the hair!]

GM: HE'S GOT O'CONNOR!

BW: He's not in this match! Let him go, you big bully!

[As O'Connor clings to the chair with one hand, Lynch drags O'Connor over the barbed-wire wrapped ropes, ripping and tearing at O'Connor's t-shirt as he pulls him inside the ring to join him!]

GM: HE'S PULLING HIM IN THROUGH THAT BARBED WIRE!

[O'Connor flops down on the mat, his shirt a ripped mess as Jack Lynch leans down, ripping the rest of the shirt off of O'Connor's torso...]

GM: The Iron Cowboy is ripping O'Connor's shirt right off him!

[...and dragging his former partner to his feet, wrapping O'Connor's torso in his long arms...]

GM: What is he...?

[...and rushes forward, DRIVING O'Connor's bare back into the barbed wire wrapped ropes to a HUUUUUGE ROAR!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Lynch hangs on, shifting his weight back and forth, digging the barbed wire into the exposed flesh of his former tag team partner...]

GM: HE'S RIPPING AND TEARING THE BACK OF HIS FORMER FRIEND!

[O'Connor is howling in pain, the crowd roaring as Jack Lynch continues to torment him against the skin-tearing metal...

...and the Iron Cowboy finally gets up, grabbing his former partner by the hair, leading him in a circle away from the barbed wire ropes, showing off the ripped skin that is already producing trickles of blood down the back of O'Connor!]

GM: Bobby O'Connor isn't even in this match and he's met the barbed wire! Oh my! I didn't see that one coming... and neither did Bobby O'Connor whose skin has been ripped open by this dangerous barbed wire tonight in Atlanta!

[Satisfied that one and all have seen the lacerations on O'Connor's back, Lynch comes to a halt near the ropes again, lifting his former partner up into atomic drop position...]

GM: Back supl-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DUMPS him crotchfirst down on the barbed-wire wrapped top rope!]

GM: Oh. My. Stars.

BW: Jack Lynch is a savage animal, Gordo! He's deranged! He's a rabid animal that oughta be put down like Old Yeller!

GM: Spoiler alert.

[With O'Connor's eyes wide as he sits atop the barbed wire, Jack Lynch looks up at him coldly...

...and then grabs the top rope with both hands.]

BW: No, no, no! Don't do it, you bully!

[O'Connor lifts his own hands, pleading with his old friend to relent...

...but Jack Lynch shows himself worthy of wearing that black hat on this night as he yanks the top rope up and down, repeatedly driving the barbed wire into O'Connor's thighs and... other areas.]

GM: AHHHHHHH!

[But as the Iron Cowboy focuses on tormenting his former partner, he fails to notice his brother getting back to his feet...

...fallen steel chair in hand.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: STEEL CHAIR ACROSS THE BACK OF THE IRON COWBOY! STEEL MEETS IRON HERE AT SUPERCLASH!

[Lynch staggers backwards away from the ropes, falling to all fours as James Lynch stands over him, rage on his face as he keeps his grip on the chair, looking at his "spiritual advisor" hung up on the top rope...]

GM: And I don't think Lynch is done with that chair! Over twenty minutes into this brutal battle and...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The first shot flattens Lynch down to his stomach... but he pushes back up in relatively quick fashion...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Gaaah! A second shot with that chair and down goes Lynch on his belly. He's down and he's hurting bad, Bucky.

BW: HE'S hurting bad?! Look at Bobby O'Connor! He's a third generation competitor, Gordo! He's got a family line that he's responsible for!

[James Lynch looks coldly down on his unmoving brother, glaring out at the jeering crowd...]

...and slowly raises the chair over his head again...]

GM: Jack Lynch is down and not moving and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GOD! COME ON, DAMN IT!

BW: Totally legal, Gordo! Totally legal!

GM: Everything's legal in this damn thing!

BW: And don't forget, Jack Lynch is the one who asked for this "damn thing," Gordo. He's the one who wanted the Barbed Wire match after the so-called Mr. SuperClash got to pick the stipulation.

[Lynch tosses the chair aside, sinking to his knees as he rolls his big brother onto his back...]

GM: And James Lynch looking for a cover here!

[...but before he can apply the lateral press, he's paused by Bobby O'Connor who is now back out on the floor, grimacing with every movement as he shouts to his ally.]

GM: O'Connor's telling him that they're not done with Jack Lynch yet!

BW: Hey, like I said... I can't blame O'Connor or James for wanting to finish him off once and for all but at some point, you gotta win the match too. James Lynch has dreamed of this night... of beating his brother, Mr. SuperClash, at the biggest show on the planet... and right now, he's got that chance, Gordo.

[James seems to realizing the same thing, looking a little conflicted at O'Connor who mimics hitting Jack with the chair again.]

GM: He wants him to use the chair again?! For what?! He's not even moving!

BW: It just goes to show the level of hatred that Bobby O'Connor is feeling for his former friend and partner these days. O'Connor wants to end this man here tonight with the whole world watching.

GM: James is grabbing the chair again... listening to his so-called "spiritual advisor..."

BW: As one does.

GM: I highly doubt you know anything about that, Big Bucks.

[James raises the chair overhead again, holding it with the seatback facing down...]

GM: Jack Lynch down on the mat... his brother standing over him...

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ...and he DRIVES the business end of that steel chair into the sternum of the former World Champion!

[Jack recoils from the blow, coughing and gasping as James tosses the chair aside. The Iron Cowboy starts rolling away from his attacking brother who simply watches as Jack tries to escape from him.]

GM: Jack having trouble breathing after that shot to the chest - a very dangerous blow delivered by James Lynch as he tries to prove to the wrestling world that HE is the leader of the Lynch family and not his brother.

[Jack ends up near the ropes wrapped with barbed wire as James throws a glance over to Bobby O'Connor who gestures for more.]

GM: And O'Connor isn't satisfied yet. He wants more. He wants more blood, more punishment.

[James grabs Jack by the hair, hauling him to his knees, looking out on the crowd...

...and then pushes Jack's forehead into the barbed wire!]

GM: AHHHHH!

[The crowd jeers loudly as James rakes the forehead back and forth on the barbed wire, ripping into the face of his big brother as the crowd roars with shocked horror!]

GM: We've seen a lot of violence here tonight at SuperClash but this may be too far, Bucky. This may be too far, fans. If you have young children watching at him, we do need to mention that parental discretion is certainly advised during this one.

BW: We're telling them that NOW?!

[James rakes the forehead one more time before letting go, leaving his big brother leaning facefirst up against the barbed wire ropes, blood trickling down his forehead as James Lynch stalks away.]

GM: Jack Lynch's head has been lacerated by the barbed wire at the hands of his younger brother, bleeding profusely right here in Atlanta...

[James retrieves the steel chair off the mat, smirking as he lifts it up with malicious intent.]

GM: He's got that chair again - is that really necessary?! Look at him, James! That's your brother, damn it!

[Opening up the chair, James sets it down on the canvas several feet back from Jack who is still leaning against the skin-tearing metal, blood starting to form the proverbial crimson mask on the Iron Cowboy as James backs across the ring, giving himself room to move.]

GM: Now what in the world is this all about? James Lynch seems to be sizing up his brother here... measuring him up for something involving that steel chair...

[James points across to his brother as Bobby O'Connor gleefully shouts "DO IT, BROTHER!" which spurs James into a run across the ring, stepping up on the seat of the chair, propelling himself into the air...]

GM: OH MY!

[...and flinging himself chestfirst into the barbed wire as his older brother lunges to the side, landing on the canvas with a bloody thump as James cries out from meeting the flesh-ripping barbs for the first time!]



"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

[James falls back to the mat, a nasty red streak across his chest as he does. He flops and flails on the canvas as a panicked O'Connor reaches under the ropes, grabbing his foot and dragging him under the barbed wire to the safety of the floor.]

GM: O'Connor drags him out... not giving Jack Lynch a chance to try and take advantage of that situation as James Lynch went for a big shot and came up empty, hurting himself in the process.

BW: Both Lynches are bleeding and Christmas has come early for ol' Buckthorn! I knew I'd make the Nice list this year, Gordo - I knew it!

[Gordon chuckles as O'Connor kneels on the floor alongside his charge, both men bleeding from the torso as Jack Lynch slowly regains his feet. He blinks his eyes a few times, trying to clear the stinging blood from his vision.]

GM: James Lynch is being given refuge on the floor by his spiritual advisor...

BW: I believe we call that sanctuary, daddy.

GM: ...but Jack Lynch is not going for that - he's going out to the floor after them!

BW: What?! Didn't he see The Hunchback of Notre Dame?! You can't do this! SANCTUARY!

[The Iron Cowboy shoves O'Connor aside as James stirs to a knee, dragging James the rest of the way up...]

GM: OH! Facefirst down on the apron goes James Lynch!

[James staggers alongside the apron, stumbling towards the ringpost as the King of Cowboys follows closely behind...

...and Bobby O'Connor throws himself at Jack's back from the blind side!]

GM: OH! AGAIN, THIS PIECE OF GARBAGE O'CONNOR GETS INVOLVED!

[A pair of clubbing forearms drives Jack Lynch down to his knees as O'Connor looks over to James Lynch who waves him closer.]

GM: And now he's dragging Jack Lynch over to his brother - this is turning into a damn handicap match, Bucky!

BW: No disqualification, anything goes... and this falls under "anything" for sure!

[O'Connor drags a wobbly Jack over to James who grabs Jack by the starting-to-become-bloody hair...]

GM: TO THE POST!

[...and attempts to slam his brother's head into the steel ringpost but the Iron Cowboy blocks it, lifting his taped hands to grab the post...]

GM: Jack's fighting it!

[...and swiftly smashes an elbow back into the midsection, breaking free from James' grasp. He grabs James by the hair in response, acting before a lunging O'Connor can reach him...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SMASHES James' skull into the steel ringpost to a huge cheer from the Atlanta crowd!]

GM: SKULL MEETS STEEL ON THE OUTSIDE!

[Leaning heavily on the apron, James stumbles down it away from his attacking big brother. Jack goes to follow but quickly jerks around, threatening to flatten his former partner with a haymaker as O'Connor drifts a little too close. "Bunkhouse" Bobby stumbles backwards in surprise, falling to his butt on the floor, looking up in horror at the menacing Iron Cowboy.]

GM: Hah! And down goes O'Connor! He wants no part of Jack Lynch when it's not a sneak attack or a two on one... or anything where Lynch might actually be able to fight back.

[A pissed-off Iron Cowboy glares dismissively at O'Connor before turning back to his dazed brother who is leaning on the apron trying to recover. Jack grabs him by the hair, pulling him off the apron...]

GM: Jack pulls him up and...

[There's a moment of indecision on the part of Jack Lynch as he looks at his brother...

...and then the man in the black hat acts, leaning forward to push his brother's face into the ropes wrapped with barbed wire on the outside of the ring!]

GM: AHHH! AHHH! JAMES LYNCH GETTING INTRODUCED TO THE BARBED WIRE!

[Jack sees James' head back and forth on the barbed wire, shredding the flesh on his forehead as the crowd reacts with happy surprise.]

BW: That's your own brother, you savage animal!

GM: How is it different than what James has been doing to him?!

BW: Jack's the one who's supposed to be better than all of us, right? The noble one? He don't look too noble right now, daddy!

[O'Connor shouts at Jack as he regains his feet, screaming "THAT'S YOUR BROTHER, JACK! YOUR BLOOD!" which seems to get to Jack for a moment as he lets go, watching James desperately roll himself under the ropes into the ring...

...and Jack comes to an abrupt halt, staring at the blood on his white taped hands...

His brother's blood.]

GM: Jack Lynch staring at his hands... staring at his own brother's blood on his hands... and you know this isn't what Jack Lynch wanted. He got pushed into this. Bullied and cajoled. His family menaced and threatened. This is NOT what Jack Lynch would have ever wanted!

BW: Then why did he call for a Barbed Wire match tonight?! He thought he'd win with a drop toehold and an Oklahoma Roll?! He knew his brother was gonna bleed! He knew it and he demanded the match anyways!

[O'Connor is back on his feet now, still shouting at Jack who continues to stare at his hands in... disbelief? Shock? Horror?]

GM: Jack Lynch is... I don't even know how to describe it, Bucky. He seems horrified at what he's done. He seems shocked at seeing his own brother's blood on his hands and... well, when you think of the gravity of that statement, I suppose it's hard to be surprised considering the makeup of Jack Lynch's character.

BW: Oh, give me a break. This guy asks for a Barbed Wire match with his own brother and now we're supposed to be like "oh, poor Jack Lynch... he's such a good guy... he never wanted to hurt his family!" What a crock!

[Jack is still staring at his hands... still getting berated by O'Connor on the outside...

...which makes him easy prey for his younger brother, James, who strikes with a baseball slide through the barbed wire wrapped ropes, cutting his legs but striking with enough force to send Jack flying sideways, crashing ribs-first into the ringside barricade!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AND INTO THE STEEL GOES THE IRON COWBOY AGAIN!

[The crowd grumbles at the sneak attack as Lynch hits the steel...

...and then starts to boo loudly once more as Bobby O'Connor inserts himself into the fray, walking over to the railing where he immediately opens up on his former partner, pounding him with punches and kicks to the head and body as Lynch lies defenseless against the steel!]

GM: O'Connor's all over him again!

BW: I bet your ol' pal Jack is regretting putting the Claw on Bobby O'Connor last week right about now, Gordo.

GM: He may be regretting ever becoming friends with this man right about now.

[James Lynch crawls under the ropes to the outside, joining O'Connor in pummeling his big brother with rights and lefts, trying to batter him into submission. The combined striking forces the Iron Cowboy down to his knees where James Lynch grabs him by the hair, smashing his knuckles down into the cut forehead!]

GM: A two on one on the outside, James Lynch trying to deepen the cut on the skull of the Iron Cowboy!

[Stepping away for a moment, James shoves a cameraman backwards, sending our camera shot askew as he leans over...]

GM: What is he...?

[...and snatches up the camera's cable off the ringside mats, promptly wrapping it around his brother's throat!]

GM: Oh, come on! Barbed wire, steel chairs, and now a damn camera cable being used on his brother!

[O'Connor continues to berate Jack Lynch as James strangles him with the cable...

...and suddenly, our shot goes to black for a moment.]

GM: We lost one of our ringside cameras... hang on, fans... we apologize for-

[A different shot comes up, someone jogging into position to catch the action from a different angle.]

GM: -there we go. James Lynch and Bobby O'Connor just don't give a damn about collateral damage either. We've still got a cameraman down out here... he may need some medical help..

[O'Connor kicks Jack in the chest, knocking him prone on the floor as James uses the camera cable to drag his brother by the throat around the ringside area to massive jeers!]

GM: O'Connor screaming at James to "get him up." I have no idea why but it can't be good news for Jack Lynch who is fighting incredible odds here tonight in what has essentially turned into a Handicap Match at times

[James tosses the camera cable aside, leaning down to pull his bloodied brother off the floor, holding his arms behind him...]

GM: James holding him... oh no... O'Connor's got another chair!

BW: And he's got Jack Lynch at his mercy! Imagine what's going through O'Connor's head right now... all the injuries, the time on the shelf, the hours of rehab... all thanks to Jack Lynch and his damn selfish ego! He's gonna take it out on him right now... get his pound of flesh with that chair..

[James is still holding the coughing and gasping Jack by the arms as O'Connor menaces him with the chair, using the edge of the seatback to lift his chin up, glaring into his eyes...]

BW: Look at that, Gordo. He wants Jack to see it... he wants him to know who did it... this is a man out for vengeance tonight at SuperClash.

GM: And he may be on the verge of getting it...

[O'Connor rears back with the chair over his head, malice in his eyes as he swings it rapidly back down...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SMASHES it down over the skull of James Lynch as Jack slips free JUST in time!]

GM: HE HIT JAMES! HE MISSED AND HIT JAMES LYNCH!

[O'Connor's eyes go wide with shock and horror as James Lynch goes staggering away, reaching out to save himself from falling...

...and cries out as he wrapped his hands around a strand of barbed wire to steady himself!]

GM: Oh! He grabbed the barbed wire!

[James shakes out his hand, wincing as he falls to a knee...

...and Jack Lynch CRACKS Bobby O'Connor with a right hand, knocking him down to the ringside mats!]

GM: Big right hand on O'Connor... and Jack's not through with him!

[The crowd is roaring as Jack pulls his former TexMo partner to his feet, takes aim with him, rushing across the ringside area...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANK!"

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

[...and HURLS him headfirst into the steel ringpost, O'Connor's body leaving the floor, nearly wrapping around the post on impact before he crashes down in a heap on the ringside mats!]

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY! JACK LYNCH PUTS BOBBY O'CONNOR INTO THE RINGPOST WITH AUTHORITY!

[Jack stands tall, looking down on his former partner who is lying on his belly on the floor. The crowd is roaring for the Iron Cowboy who plants his hands on the apron, taking a few deep breaths to regroup.]

GM: Jack Lynch may have just taken Bobby O'Connor out of the equation for the moment...

[But as Jack turns back towards his fallen brother...]

GM: OH!

[...James comes up swinging, jamming the end of the chair into the midsection!]

GM: And James Lynch isn't done yet! Still using that chair... still taking advantage of every opportunity to strike...

[Jack doubles over from the gutshot, completely exposing his back as James stands tall, chair in hand...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

GM: AND DOWN ACROSS THE BAAAAAACK!

[Lynch collapses to his knees as James Lynch flings the chair over the barbed wire wrapped ropes, sending it bouncing across the canvas to join the other chair used earlier inside the squared circle.]

GM: James Lynch dragging his bloodied brother off the mat... they're both bleeding heavily now from having their face driven into that barbed wire...

BW: A match like this isn't a question of IF you'll get hurt, Gordo... it's how badly.

GM: You'll get no argument from me on that one. James Lynch putting Jack back inside the ring now... crawling in as well...

[And with no O'Connor there to talk him out of it, James throws himself into a lateral press on his brother's bloodied chest...]

GM: James with the cover! He gets one! He gets two! He gets-

[The crowd cheers as a weary Jack Lynch raises his arm, his shoulder popping up off the canvas in time.]

GM: Two count only - this bloody battle will continue as these two brothers try to find a way to put the other down and declare family supremacy once and perhaps for all. I can't imagine these two meeting again after this one, Bucky.

BW: A lot of people - yourself included I'm sure - couldn't imagine them meeting the first time!

GM: That's a fact for damn sure. This family - this legendary family that so many of us have grown close to over the years - is being torn apart by this. Brother versus brother. The entire family going through hell thanks to the actions of James Lynch and his so-called spiritual advisor, Bobby O'Connor.

[James slowly regains his feet again, shaking his head to clear the cobwebs, wiping a hand across his blood-stung eyes...

...and then leans down to grab one of the steel chairs off the mat.]

GM: And James Lynch is going for that chair again... trying to-

[Gordon is cut off as James opens up the chair, setting it down on the mat in a seated position.]

GM: James setting the chair down and... oh no, he's going for the other one.

[Unfolding the other chair, he sets it down alongside the first one, facing one another so the front of the seats are touching...]

GM: I don't like the looks of this one at all, Bucky.

BW: James Lynch has got something dangerous in mind and whatever it is, it can't be good news for Jack Lynch... which means I'll probably enjoy it quite a damn bit.

[James turns his attention back to his brother who has battled back up to a knee, struggling to get to his feet...

...and throwing a right hand into James' gut!]

GM: Jack Lynch fires back! Lands one downstairs!

[But James recovers quickly and overwhelms him with a series of right hands to the skull followed by three quick and dangerous overhead elbows down into the cut forehead!]

GM: But it's not enough! James beating him back down to his knees...

[Dragging his brother up, James walks over towards the two chairs that he's bridged together, pulling Jack into a front facelock over the chairs...]

GM: What in the world...?

[...and slowly turns him over so both men are facing the lights...]

GM: Oh no... don't do it, James! Don't do-

[...and DROPS down to the mat, busting through the two chairs with a brutal hangman's neckbreaker!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: NECKBREAKER THROUGH THE STEEEEL!

[James grabs at the back of his own neck from the impact before flipping over, diving across his brother who is still in the wreckage of the two chairs!]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

[But the Iron Cowboy rides once more as the shoulder pops up off the mat, breaking the pin in time!]

GM: KICKOUT! KICKOUT BY JACK LYNCH AND THIS FIGHT CONTINUES HERE AT SUPERCLASH!

[The crowd is ROARING for the kickout as James glares coldly out at them.]

GM: The fans in Atlanta rallying behind Jack Lynch, cheering him on, trying to get him back into this as... what in the hell...?

[Now back on his feet, blood streaming from his forehead, the bare-chested Bobby O'Connor walks over to the announcer's table...]

GM: You stay the hell away from us, O'Connor!

[...and shoving Bucky aside, making him scramble out of his seat, O'Connor reaches under the announce table...]

BW: What's going on here?!

[...and with a big grin on his face, O'Connor comes back with a metal tool wrapped in duct tape to presumably hold it in place under the table...]

GM: What are... are those WIRECUTTERS?!

[O'Connor nods with a sadistic grin on his face, shoving past Bucky a second time as he strides over towards the barbed wire wrapped ropes, climbing up on the apron...]

GM: What is he doing, Bucky?

BW: It looks like he's... he's cutting that wire for some reason.

GM: But why?

BW: I have no idea.

[O'Connor goes to work on the barbed wire wrapped around the top rope, snipping it at one end before walking a couple of steps down the apron and snipping it again...]

GM: He's cutting pieces of barbed wire off these ropes and-

[Gesturing wildly at the mat, O'Connor points to the cut wire and then mimes throwing a punch.]

GM: Wait a second... he's not...

[James throws a doubletake in O'Connor's direction who repeats the mime more aggressively.]

GM: He's... don't do it, James!

[With an anxious look on his face, James Lynch reaches down, picking the strand of barbed wire up off the mat in between taped fingers, holding it aloft for all to see...]

GM: He's got the barbed wire! He's got that strand of barbed wire and-

[...and he suddenly pivots around, swinging it down...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GOD, HE WHIPPED HIM! HE WHIPPED HIM WITH THE BARBED WIRE!

[Another red gash appears on the back of the Iron Cowboy as James stands over him, winding up again...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AGAIN! AGAIN WITH THE BARBED WIRE!

BW: Where is that good-for-nothin' twerp Dylan Westerly to shout "WHIP HIM LIKE A DOG" now?!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AND AGAIN!

[Jack Lynch rolls to his back, arching up in pain as James Lynch stares down at him, a cold expression on his face...

...and slowly pulls the barbed wire strand up, deliberately wrapping it around his taped hand, grimacing as he does so...]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me! James Lynch is wrapping that barbed wire around his hand... wrapping his fist in that skin-tearing metal!

BW: And just imagine how much it's hurting him to do this... and then think about how BADLY he wants to hurt his own brother to subject himself to that pain to wrap this barbed wire around his hand! It's unimaginable!

[James Lynch reaches down with the other hand, dragging his brother up to his knees, blood already dripping from cuts on Jack's head and torso. James holds up the barbed wire-wrapped fist, staring down into his brother's weary eyes...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SMASHES a right hand down between the eyes, gouging at the bloodied flesh of the Iron Cowboy as James cries out from the pain of delivering the blow!]

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY! SOMEBODY STOP THIS!

[James shakes his head at Jack, saying something off-mic unheard by all but the two brothers...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"



[A second blow lands, Jack trying to collapse backwards to the mat but being held up by James' grip on his blood-soaked hair...]

GM: This is too much, Bucky... this is too damn much! How can he do this? No matter how he feels, how can he do this to his own flesh and blood, damn it?! Somebody needs to put a stop to this!

BW: Somebody can... all Jack has to do is say "I quit" and it's all over! The match! His SuperClash legacy! All of it!

GM: Jack Lynch has been through hell and back at every SuperClash he's ever walked into and tonight is no exception. But every time until now, he's found a way to fight back into it and come out on top. But with every blow that James Lynch lands, I have to wonder if tonight is the night... if tonight is the end of Jack Lynch's incredible SuperClash run...

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: My GOD... what a savage beating being laid up on the Iron Cowboy by his own brother... his own brother, Bucky! I just can't believe... oh no.

[Gordon's words accompany a loud buzz breaking out throughout the Georgia Dome as the crowd seems to collectively spot someone coming down the aisle as quickly as her aging body will allow.]

GM: No, no... get her out of here, damn it. I didn't even know she was here tonight!

BW: Neither did I!

GM: She shouldn't... there's no way she should have to witness this!

[The camera cuts to the aisle where we see the matriarch of the Lynch family, Henrietta Ortiz Lynch, moving swiftly down the aisle towards the ring, tears streaming down her cheeks as she screams at the ring, begging her sons to end the violent conflict she's been watching from the back.]

GM: Henrietta Lynch... the mother of these two warring children... has made her way out here and is... she's in tears at this point, Bucky, and who can blame her.

BW: It's a tough night for the ol' battle axe for sure.

GM: BUCKY!

[With the crowd buzzing over this turn of events, James Lynch's gaze drifts towards the aisle where he spots his emotional mother standing, looking up through red eyes at her son as she makes a direct appeal.]

"MIJO... MIJO PLEASE... NO MORE!"

[James pauses, looking down at his brother's bloodied face...

...and then back at his crying mother.]

"It's over, Jimmy! Let him go! STOP THIS NOW!"

[James stares at his mother for several long moments.]

GM: Henrietta trying to get through to her son once again... begging him to stop this brutal assault on her oldest son...

BW: Jack, Jack, Jack... it's always about Jack! Maybe if she showed one bit that she gave a DAMN about James, we wouldn't be in this situation at all!

GM: Bucky Wilde, how DARE you?! How DARE you say that about this woman? This loving wife, this caring mother... she doesn't deserve to be put through this by her ungrateful son!

[James is still staring at his mother as she pleads.]

"He's your brother, mijo! Look at him! Look in his eyes! They're your eyes! They're my eyes!"

[James obliges, looking down into his brother's eyes...]

GM: Come on, Jimmy...

[But Gordon's pleas go silent as James winds up...]

"NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

[...and the horrified shriek from ringside from Henrietta punctuates another blow down between the eyes of Jack Lynch from James who lets go, watching Jack collapse in a bloody heap on the canvas!]

GM: My god.

[Henrietta sinks to her knees on the floor, her body racked by heaving sobs as James Lynch unwraps the barbed wire from his hand, tossing it aside as we spy several red marks on the white tape, self-inflicted wounds from beating his brother bloody. An irate James stands near the ropes, screaming at his kneeling mother...]

"HIS BLOOD IS ON YOUR HANDS TOO! YOU COULD'VE STOPPED THIS! YOU COULD'VE STOPPED ALL OF THIS BUT YOU HAD TO PROTECT HIM! MOMMY'S FAVORITE!"

[Henrietta sinks to her hands and knees, sobbing uncontrollably as her son berates her...

...and suddenly, the crowd ERUPTS in cheers!]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: Daddy's comin'!

[The roar of the crowd gets louder as Blackjack Lynch, fury in his eyes, comes stomping down the aisle. James Lynch takes a notable step back towards the middle of the ring, his eyes flashing for a moment in surprise.]

GM: Blackjack Lynch, the elder of the Lynch clan, is making his way down the aisle and after what we just witnessed - the disgusting actions... the horrifying words of James Lynch - I'm not surprised one bit, Bucky!

BW: I'm not surprised he's out here either. After all, he gets paid more if he shows his face in front of the live crowd twice in one night.

GM: Would you stop?!

[Blackjack glares up at his son who is looking on in surprise as the old man comes to a halt next to his wife. He puts a comforting hand on her back, leading the sobbing Henrietta up to her feet...]

GM: Blackjack Lynch out here with his wife, Henrietta... trying to provide some kind of comfort after what she's seen and heard here tonight... get her out of here, Jack. She doesn't need to see a second more of this.

[With an arm around her shoulders, Blackjack starts to do exactly that, turning to walk her back up the aisle towards the locker room...

...when James Lynch's surprised expression turns to one of rage!]

"HEY!"

[A shout down at his father goes unanswered.]

"WHERE THE HELL YOU GOING, OLD MAN?!"

[Still no answer from the wrestling legend as he walks his wife up the aisle.]

"THIS IS ON YOU TOO!"

[But the patriarch of the Lynch family has decided to ignore his rebellious child, shaking his head as he continues to walk up the aisle...]

GM: Good for you, Blackjack! Don't even acknowledge this no good piece of-

[James suddenly comes through the ropes to the outside, rushing up the aisle, fire in his eyes as the crowd buzzes in warning for the legendary Texan who has no idea what's coming...]

GM: BEHIND YOU, JACK! BEHIND-

[...and at the last moment, James HURLS himself into his father's back, smashing a forearm across his broad shoulderblades, sending him toppling down on the floor to a disgusted roar of jeers from the crowd!]

GM: THAT NO GOOD SON OF A-

BW: Calm down, Gordo!

GM: I will NOT calm down! What the hell has gotten into this kid?! Mentally torturing his mother, physically assaulting his father! This... this whole thing makes me want to walk out the door of this stadium and never come back.

[James stands tall in the aisle, looking down menacingly at his floored father, the Atlanta crowd rabidly jeering with all of their hearts.]

GM: James Lynch - I hope you're proud of yourself, kid. I sure do hope you're proud of yourself because nobody else is! You've stabbed everyone who ever loved you... from your family to your friends to these fans... right in the damn heart! This makes me physically ill, damn it!

[James Lynch continues to look down on his legendary father, his chest almost puffed out with pride as the boos continue to rain down all around him.]

GM: And obviously Travis Lynch isn't here tonight in Atlanta... you have to wonder if that was planned by Castillo too. Supreme Wright isn't here - we know for a fact

that was. Theresa's here but we're being told that AWA security is keeping her back to make sure she's not-

[The crowd reacts as Henrietta Lynch, her sadness replaced by unbridled anger at her son, jerks him to face her by the arm...]

GM: Henrietta on her feet and-

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Oh... my.

BW: She slapped her kid in the mouth!

[Henrietta immediately clasps her hands to her face, shocked at her own actions as James Lynch stares at her..

...and then angrily turns away, grabbing his father by the arm, dragging him to his feet...]

GM: No, no! Stop this now!

[...and starts pulling him back up the aisle towards the ring as the fans berate him angrily!]

GM: James Lynch is pulling Blackjack Lynch towards the ring... look at Henrietta, begging him to stop... look, we know Blackjack Lynch is as tough as it comes but... and don't let him ever hear me say this... he's an old man! He's an old man with all the health problems that come with old age and his son... his damn son... is looking to... what?! I don't even know what the hell this kid might do to his own father after seeing what he's done to his brother!

[Reaching ringside, James tosses his father in under the barbed wire-wrapped ropes, ignoring his mother pleas for mercy. He doesn't even look in her direction as he climbs in after him.]

GM: James back in the ring now... his father in there with him...

[James points to the downed but recovering Jack Lynch.]

"HE'S THE ONE IN THE BLACK HAT?! I DON'T THINK SO, OLD MAN!"

[Blackjack Lynch pushes up off the mat to his knees, looking up in shock at his bloodied middle child.]

GM: Blackjack can't even believe what's happening. I don't think he expected it to go this far, Bucky.

BW: Santa, Bucky's been very, very good this year. Give me the Number One thing on my list, daddy!

[James looks down on his kneeling father, his fist clenching and unclenching a few times as Bobby O'Connor shouts encouragement from the outside...

...and suddenly, James lunges forward, lifting his father up to his feet, winding up his right hand...]

GM: DON'T DO IT!

[...but Blackjack is on the move, swinging his own legendary hand forward!]

GM: CLAW! CLAW! CLAW!

[The crowd ERUPTS as the big Texan's bigger right hand engulfs his son's skull in their family's signature hold!]

GM: BLACKJACK LYNCH LOCKS THE IRON CLAW ON HIS REBELLIOUS SON!

[His eyes having bulged out at the sight of the action in the ring, Bobby O'Connor slides his bare torso under the barbed wire, scraping his back on the way in. He comes quickly to his feet...]

GM: O'CONNOR'S IN TOO AND-

[...but the Missouri native rushes right towards trouble as Jack Lynch gets to his feet, intercepting O'Connor's attempt to attack his father...]

GM: AND THE IRON COWBOY LOCKS IN A CLAW OF HIS OWN!

[The Atlanta crowd is roaring now, on their feet as father and son lock in their respective Iron Claws on James Lynch and Bobby O'Connor, both victims flailing wildly as Henrietta looks on with a smile, clapping for her family...]

GM: A pair of Iron Claws locked in! O'Connor and James Lynch are trapped and-

[The crowd ROARS as Jack shoves O'Connor through the ropes with his Claw, knocking him back through the no-rope barbed wire strands to the outside!]

GM: O'Connor's out and-

[Rising back up, Jack turns to grin at his legendary father who gives a smirk of his own before shoving his son towards the Iron Cowboy...

...who locks the Claw in on his brother!]

GM: JACK'S GOT JAMES! HE'S GOT IT LOCKED IN!

[With a pump of his fist, Blackjack drops to the mat, easing himself under the barbed-wire wrapped ropes to avoid any further damage as two of his sons continue to battle it out inside the ring...]

GM: The end could be near for James Lynch! The Iron Claw is locked in on him and he's starting to fade!

[With the fingers pressed deep into his temples, the blood flow to the brain of James Lynch starts to slow as his flailing arms weaken and his knees start to become wobbly!]

GM: Jack Lynch may be on the verge of ending this bloody battle here at SuperClash as he's done so many times before! The Iron Claw digging in deep, forcing James Lynch down to a knee now!

[As one knee buckles, James goes down to a knee, Jack grabbing his wrist tightly to provide further support as the leverage increases...]

GM: James Lynch fighting to hang on... that right arm just barely moving now... you can see Blackjack and Henrietta on the outside, hoping and praying that this war between their children is about to come to an end!

[James' other leg gives away, now down on both knees as Jack stands tall, letting out a roar that gets a huge cheer from the Atlanta crowd as he tries to put his brother out!]

GM: The Claw doing what it's done to so many victims over the decades, putting James Lynch out... his arms are still now... his arms aren't moving at all...

[The referee surges in, grabbing James Lynch's right arm, lifting it into the air...]

GM: The official lifts the arm... and down it goes. Two more times and this one's over!

BW: Come on, James! It's not over yet!

[The referee lifts the arm a second time, holding it aloft before releasing as it drops right back down...]

GM: That's twice! One more time and it's over! He may be out, Bucky!

BW: He can't be!

[The official lifts the arm a third time, looking down at James Lynch before he lets it go, the arm dropping down...

...but not ALL the way down as he lashes out with his right hand, grasping the kneecap of his big brother!]

GM: OH! CLAW ON THE KNEE!

BW: We've seen Jack do this but I don't think we've ever seen James do it!

GM: I'll bet you tonight's payday where he learned it!

[Jack Lynch cries out as his brother sinks his fingers into the area around the knee of the Iron Cowboy, squeezing tightly!]

GM: We've seen Jack Lynch win matches with this! Heck, we've seen him injure people with it too!

[Jack lets go of his own clawhold, smashing a right hand down between the eyes of his brother just before he collapses to the mat, holding onto his knee as James gets knocked flat!]

GM: Jack had to let go of the Iron Claw! He was on the verge of winning this thing but he HAD to break that Claw on his knee because he - of all people - knows the kind of damage that hold can do.

BW: They're both down now, Gordo!

GM: A desperation move from James Lynch to save any chance he has at winning this match. Jack Lynch is hurting though as well, grabbing onto that knee as he scoots across the mat, trying to get close to the ropes.

[With a grimace on his face, Jack reaches out to grab the no-rope barbed wire strand with his taped hand, dragging his battered and bloody body up off the mat...]

GM: Jack Lynch dragging himself up... what a war these two have put one another through... we're over forty minutes into this absolute war of attrition and at this point, I can't even tell which way this one's gonna go. Absolutely incredible effort on the part of both of these great competitors.

[Jack stands near the barbed wire, waving an arm at James Lynch, beckoning his brother back to his feet...]

GM: Jack Lynch calling him up... calling him to his feet so he can finish this thing...

[...and as a dazed and bloodied James Lynch battles up off the mat to unsteady feet, Jack Lynch rushes across the ring towards him!]

GM: LARIAT!

[The Iron Cowboy leaps into the air, stretching out his right arm for a potentially match-ending blow...

...but at the last moment, James Lynch collapses back down to the mat, his bloody face smashing into the canvas as his big brother sails out of control over him...]

GM: AHHH! AHHHH!

[...and ends up flying over the barbed wire-wrapped ropes, his arm getting twisted and trapped between the ropes as the barbed wire digs into his flesh!]

GM: OH MY STARS! HE'S CAUGHT! HE'S CAUGHT IN THE BARBED WIRE! GET HIM LOOSE!

[The referee immediately tries to do exactly that, trying to extract the Iron Cowboy from his self-inflicted trap as Henrietta Lynch screams up at the referee to help her son.]

GM: The referee's trying to get him free, Bucky but-

BW: The barbed wire is digging into his arm! He's trapped in the ropes which is bad enough but the barbed wire is ripping and tearing at his skin the more he moves around trying to get loose...

[Climbing back to his feet, James Lynch spots the trouble his brother is in and swiftly moves towards the ropes...]

GM: Help him, James! Help your brother!

[...where he DECKS Jack between the eyes with a right hand!]

GM: OH, COME ON!

[The crowd is jeering loudly as James tees off, pummeling his trapped and helpless big brother with haymaker after haymaker between the eyes. Blackjack Lynch angrily slaps the ring apron, shouting up at James as the referee frantically looks around...]

GM: The referee... he's asking for wire cutters! He needs to cut Jack Lynch loose from that barbed wire before that stuff does serious damage!

BW: We've all heard horror stories of barbed wire matches ending in ripped muscles or that kind of thing. That's what Jack Lynch is risking right here the longer he stays in that wire.

[James continues to rain down blows on his defenseless brother as the official gets the wirecutters and goes to work trying to quickly free the Iron Cowboy...]

GM: The referee trying to cut him free as James Lynch continues to pound away - what a disgusting show that is. I thought - just for a moment - that when James Lynch saw his brother in serious danger, he was going to help him... that he was going to save his brother from potential serious injury but no... not at all... James Lynch continues to prove what a true scumbag he's become over the past year or so.

BW: Hey! I still have Scumbag Travis trademarked! Watch yourself, Gordo!

[Blackjack moves to Henrietta's side again, trying to shield her from what's happening as the official finally cuts Jack free as we can spy a pair of deep gashes on his forearm as James drags him back into the ring...]

GM: James pulls him in... Jack can barely stand right now...

[...out to the middle of the ring where he lifts his right hand before locking it onto Jack's bloody skull!]

GM: ...and now it's James with the Iron Claw!

[The crowd jeers as James locks in his family's signature hold as Jack weakly tries to shove him away...]

GM: Jack trying to get loose but I don't know if he's got enough left to do it!

[Jack again tries to shove him off but James hangs on, defiantly shaking his head as Bobby O'Connor pounds his fists into the mat shouting "YOU GOT HIM! YOU GOT HIM NOW! NO WAY OUT!"]

GM: O'Connor thinks it's over but these Atlanta fans are rallying behind the Iron Cowboy yet again!

[The rhythmic clapping and stomping seems to put a little fire in Jack Lynch's belly as he pumps his arm a few times, James looking alarmed at the sudden show of energy...]

GM: James trying to tighten it up but-

BW: James has never had the best Clawhold of the family. That's belonged to Jack and-

[...and suddenly Jack surges forward, chest to chest as he pushes James backwards as quickly and with as much force as he can manage...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRIVES him back into the no rope barbed wire strands, James crying out on impact as the barbed are driven into his skin!]

GM: JACK PUTS HIM INTO THE WIRE!

[James immediately releases the hold, trying to push Jack back but his big brother will not be denied, balling up his fists...]

GM: Right hand to the ribs! A left as well!

[The crowd is roaring as the taped fists are driven into the body over and over, each blow pushing James back into the barbed wire again and again...]



GM: Jack Lynch is beating the hell out of his little brother and this place is going nuts for it!

[With James' back getting gouged and slashed, Jack grabs him by the arm, whipping him into the barbed wire-wrapped ropes which causes James to hit, bouncing off as he cries out in pain, arching his back once again...

...and Jack comes storming in, leaving his feet again!]

GM: LARIAT! LARIAT! HE CONNECTS!

[Jack dives across his prone brother, wrapping up a leg...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY STARS! HOW CLOSE WAS THAT?!

BW: Too close! Whew boy!

[A shocked Jack Lynch looks over at the official who holds up two fingers.]

GM: A half count... maybe less... away from ending this thing for the Iron Cowboy who now is faced with having to find something else... find some other way to finish off his brother and end this bloody battle...

[Swinging a leg over his brother's chest, Jack balls up his taped fist and goes to work...]

GM: Big right hand! Another! Another!

[The crowd is roaring as Jack pummels James relentlessly for several moments before climbing back to his feet...

...and with an anguished roar, Jack lifts his right hand into the air, showing off the Claw for all to see!]

GM: And now he's calling for it again! Jack Lynch is calling for that Iron Claw one more time, hoping this is finally the chance to end his brother right here in the middle of the ring at SuperClash!

[Jack Lynch is ready and waiting for his brother to rise...

...when he throws a glance off to the side, arching an eyebrow.]

GM: Jack Lynch has that Claw ready... he's got it set... he's got it-

BW: Where's he going?

GM: I don't know.

[The Iron Cowboy strides across the ring, looking down on the mat...

...and leans over, slowly straightening up to reveal the bloody strand of barbed wire that James used to pummel him with earlier in the match...]

GM: He's got that strand of barbed wire! The one that James punched him over and over with! The one that drew Henrietta, their mother, out here to begin with!

[Jack looks down at James who is struggling to get back to his feet... then back to the barbed wire...]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: I don't like the look in his eye, Gordo.

GM: I'm not sure I do either. Their legendary father, Blackjack Lynch, told Jack that tonight, he might have to wear the black hat to win this thing... and that may be exactly what Jack is thinking right now...

[With a grimace, Jack presses the barbed wire down into the palm of his taped right hand...

...and then slowly begins to wrap it around his fingers...]

GM: Oh dear god.

[The crowd is buzzing loudly now as Lynch envelops his own hand in the skin-tearing metal, much like his younger brother did earlier...]

GM: Jack Lynch wrapping his hand in barbed wire! Perhaps looking to return the favor from earlier in this match!

[...and as James staggers to his feet...]

GM: AHHHHHH!

[...the Iron Cowboy wraps that barbed wire-enhanced Iron Claw around the skull of his brother!]

GM: MY GOD IN HEAVEN! A BARBED WIRE CLAW - RIPPING AND TEARING THE FLESH OF JAMES LYNCH, DIGGING THAT SKIN-SHREDDING METAL INTO THE FOREHEAD OF THE BLACK SHEEP OF THE LYNCH CLAN!

[James Lynch is shrieking in pain now as Jack Lynch sucks up the pain running through his own body while the barbs dig into his own hand, nodding his head emphatically as a wide-eyed Andy Dawson checks for a submission!]

GM: JAMES LYNCH IS IN TROUBLE! THERE'S NO WAY HE CAN HANG ON MUCH LONGER! THE PAIN IN HIS BODY! THE PAIN RAGING THROUGH HIS BODY!

BW: Hold on, James! Hang in there, kid!

[Jack pulls James around the ring, digging the metal deeper as James screams in agony, begging his big brother for mercy...

...when a desperate Bobby O'Connor throws himself at the back of Jack Lynch, breaking his partner-in-crime free from the torturous hold!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: O'CONNOR SAVES THE DAY AGAIN!

[Bobby is right on top of Jack Lynch, not letting him get off the mat as he rains down punches and kicks on him. Outside the ring, Blackjack Lynch seems ready to storm the ring but Henrietta has a hand on his chest, shaking her head...]

GM: Blackjack wants to get in there and help his son but Henrietta is obviously concerned about that idea - we already saw James Lynch attack his own father - who knows what he and O'Connor would do to him!

[O'Connor glares down at the bloodied Iron Cowboy...

...and then STOMPS the barbed wire wrapped hand to a HUGE BURST of jeers from the sold out crowd!]

GM: OHHH! HE STOMPED THE HAND! STOMPED THAT BARBED WIRE RIGHT DOWN INTO THE HAND!

[Jack rolls to his back, frantically trying to unwrap the barbed wire from around his hand as a smirking O'Connor looks down on him...

...and then turns back to James Lynch, dragging the freshly re-bloodied figure to his feet, gesturing to the downed Iron Cowboy. James tiredly nods, staggering towards the corner as O'Connor puts a few more hard stomps onto the head of Jack Lynch.]

GM: We've got a two on one... again!

[O'Connor grabs Jack Lynch by the bloodied hair, dragging him across the canvas towards the corner where the ropes and barbed wire strands meet...]

GM: What do these two wicked souls have in mind now?!

BW: Whatever it is, Blackjack doesn't like the looks of it... probably afraid he won't make any money off it.

GM: BUCKY!

[O'Connor is directing traffic as he steps back to the corner, somehow managing to boost himself up with his feet on the middle rope wrapped in barbed wire, delicately trying to avoid the skin-tearing metal as James steps forward, grabbing his bloodied brother and yanking him into a standing headscissors...]

GM: Oh no... oh, you've gotta be kidding me!

BW: Oh, this is great! The exact same move that put James Lynch on the shelf for all those years is gonna put Jack Lynch out of wrestling FOR GOOD.

GM: Blackjack sees it... Blackjack sees the spike piledriver coming and he's trying to get up there to stop it!

[Pushing past Henrietta, Blackjack goes up the ringsteps, climbing up on the apron near where Bobby O'Connor is standing precariously balanced...]

GM: GET HIM, BLACKJACK!

[A flailing blow to the back by the elder Lynch causes O'Connor to nearly fall from the ropes, giving James Lynch pause...

...and that slight moment's pause is enough for Jack Lynch to yank his brother's legs out from under him...]

GM: JACK PULLS HIM DOWN!

[...and fall backwards, propelling him up into the air...]

GM: CATAPULT! RIGHT INTO O'CONNOR!

[...and with the big crash O'Connor goes flipping over the ropes, falling to the outside as Blackjack backs away, leaving his sons to continue their battle!]

GM: O'Connor's down! James hit the corner...

[Back on his feet, Jack lifts his hand again, shouting to the Atlanta crowd - "LET'S FINISH THIS!"]

GM: Jack Lynch calling for the Claw one more time!

BW: Look at the blood all over his hand from that barbed wire Claw a little while ago! Can he even get the Claw on him with his hand all banged up like that?!

GM: We're about to find out!

[A staggered James Lynch turns, seeing his brother waiting for him...

...and in sheer desperation, lowers his head and charges at him, wrapping his arms around the body as he goes under the Iron Claw attempt...]

GM: LOOK OUT!

[...and together, the two brothers SLAM into the no rope barbed wire strands at high velocity. The strands - already weakened by multiple offensive moves into them earlier in the match - give way instantly, the entire side of the ring clearing out as James essentially tackles Jack clear out to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd drops to a concerned buzz on the hard impact on the floor, both men tumbling to the outside where they crash and burn on the barely-padded floor. The referee dives through the now exposed side of the ring, dropping to the floor to check on the two after their hard fall.]

GM: The barbed wire... we saw Jack Lynch thrown into that barbed wire several times early in the match and... well, it gave way, Bucky. There's no other way to say it.

BW: The wire gave out, broke loose, and down they go. As a professional wrestler, you know your body is going to hit the canvas many times each night... sometimes the floor as well... but in that instant before you land - if you know it's coming - you can prepare yourself to try and lessen the impact. They had no chance for that there. No chance at all. They knew they were about to hit the barbed wire which was bad enough... but when it broke... when it gave way... they went straight down to the floor and there's no chance they were ready for that.

GM: Both men are down on the outside, tangled up in barbed wire... the referee and some of our ring crew down there trying to cut them free from that...

[The announcers lay out as we can see Blackjack Lynch edging closer, looking on with concern for his bloodied sons who are currently being extracted from strands of barbed wire. A woozy Bobby O'Connor is right there as well, looking on in shock at what he's seeing.

A few more moments pass before a ring crew member scrambles backwards...

...and James Lynch climbs to his feet, fresh wounds littering his body as he leans against the ring apron for support.]

GM: He's up! James Lynch is up!

[Lynch gives a short nod to a concerned O'Connor as he stands, watching as they continue to work on freeing his brother from the barbed wire.]

GM: Jack Lynch likely took the brunt of that fall to the outside since he hit the wire first... hopefully he's... well, I was going to say "okay" but I'm sure Jack Lynch is a damn sight far away from "okay" on this night.

BW: That's for sure.

[James Lynch waves a hand down at the ground but our camera shot doesn't show what he's seeing, trying to stay back as we see a pair of medics rush into view as well.]

GM: We've got ring crew out here... we've got medical crew now as well...

BW: Are they gonna stop this thing?

GM: Jack Lynch is still down. We can't see anything from our point of view here but... well, I don't know, Bucky. No one likes to see a match end like that but in some cases, there's no choice but-

[There's a loud crowd reaction - and a quick camera cut shows why as Jack Lynch has pushed himself to a knee, a nasty cut in his tricep dripping blood at an alarming rate.]

GM: Oh jeez... well, I'm glad he's up and moving but... my goodness, that arm looks bad, Bucky.

BW: When you wish upon a star, you hope your tricep is intact.

[Jack pushes to his feet, glaring across ringside at his brother who is still leaning on the apron, his eyes wide as he sees the crimson dripping from the Iron Cowboy's arm...

...an arm that Lynch somehow raises, pointing to the ring.]

"Let's... finish this."

GM: Oh, you've gotta be kidding me. Come on, Jack. Let's call it a night. Get in the back, get stitched up, go see your family...

[James gives a nod, leaning back to roll into the ring, unencumbered by the barbed wire strands that are now completely gone from that side of the ring.]

GM: Jack Lynch wants to finish this in the ring and it looks like his brother's gonna oblige that request!

[Jack stumbles towards the apron, shoving aside the ringside medic as he pulls himself up with great effort into the ring, forcing himself to a knee as he looks across at James who is standing near the barbed wire wrapped ropes, waving an arm and shouting "COME ON!"

GM: Jack's on his feet... James is waiting for him...

[James pushes himself off the ropes to mid-ring, meeting his brother with a hellacious taped fist haymaker to the jaw...]

GM: Big right hand!

[...but the Iron Cowboy responds in kind!]

GM: And Jack's got one of his own for his little brother!

[James staggers back as Jack steps closer, winding up again...]

GM: Another right by Jack Lynch!

BW: How is he doing this?! That arm looks like it's hanging on by a string!

[...and again...]

GM: Jack Lynch pummeling his brother, driving him back across the ring!

[...and he winds up once more, looking to throw the biggest haymaker of them all...]

GM: FROM DEEP IN THE HEART OF TEXAS...

[...but James ducks under the wild and sloppy right hand, causing Jack to go flying past from the momentum, crashing chestfirst into the barbed wire wrapped ropes. He bounces back, wincing as he spins in a circle...

...and James rushes him, throwing his arm out...]

GM: LARIAT!

[...but Jack drops to a knee, causing James to clear the short distance with too much speed and momentum, hitting the ropes where he flips over them, ending up with his head trapped between the top and middle ropes!]

GM: OHHH! HE'S CAUGHT IN THE BARBED WIRE!

[Much like Jack did with his arm earlier, now James is trapped in a precarious position with his head and neck trapped between two ropes wrapped in barbed wire!]

BW: And this is VERY dangerous, Gordo! Those barbs could dig into the throat, the neck and do SERIOUS damage!

[The referee is screaming at the trapped James, begging him not to move as he tries to get him loose...]

GM: The referee's gotta get him out of there! This is a man's life on the line!

[O'Connor rushes to that side of the ring, going to work at trying to help the official...

...but a right hand from a pissed-off Jack Lynch sends O'Connor back down to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: What the-?! Jack, that's your brother in there!

BW: Bobby was trying to get James loose but Jack stopped him! That sick, no good... STENCH!

[The referee looks alarmed as Jack Lynch shoves him aside as well, balling up his fist...]

GM: He's gonna attack James in the barbed wire! He's...

[Gordon trails off as Jack holds his fist up, stopping dead in his tracks...

...looking down on his helpless brother who stares up through bloodstung eyes...]

"Brother. Help me."

[Jack stares for several long moments at his trapped brother..

...and then grabs the ropes, grimacing as he yanks them apart and allows his brother to slump down on the apron to a HUGE CHEER!]

GM: Alright! He let him go! He helped him loose!

BW: Well, that's the least he could do.

[James promptly grabs at his neck, crawling along the apron towards the ringpost.]

GM: He did it! Jack Lynch - when push came to shove - he couldn't do it, Bucky. He couldn't bring himself to attack his flesh and blood when James' future was at stake.

[Jack looks over at James with concern, walking over to check on him as James frantically grabs at his neck...]

GM: Uh oh. And now you start to worry about the neck of James Lynch, the surgically repaired neck of James Lynch...

[Jack gets closer, reaching out a hand to his injured brother...]

GM: Jack trying to check on James and-

[...and James whips around, pushing a strand of barbed wire up and VIOLENTLY rakes it across Jack's eyes!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Jack goes staggering backwards from the surprise attack, James stepping towards a section of rope where the barbed wire had been cut free earlier, grabbing the rope with both hands...]

GM: Jack Lynch is blinded by that barbed wire! That son of a... James Lynch attacked his brother when he was trying to help him and-

[...and with all the effort left in his bloodied body, James Lynch slingshots himself into a somersault, flinging himself at his blinded brother with a HUUUUUUGE LARIAT!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The impact of the blow flips the Iron Cowboy backwards, dumping him on the back of his head to stunning impact as James pushes down on the legs, stacking up his brother in a cradle!]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: HE DID IT! HE DID IT! MR. SUPERCLASH NO MORE!

[The crowd buzzes with a mix of shock and disgust as James Lynch pushes to a knee, his own surprised expression on his face as Bobby O'Connor throws his arms over his head.]

GM: I... I can't believe it! You're right, Bucky - he did it. James Lynch has pinned his brother, Jack, in the middle of the ring at SuperClash.

BW: Say it again, Gordo! He did it at SuperClash - Jack Lynch's event! His night! And his little brother just pinned him clean as a whistle in the-

GM: Clean as a whistle?! He raked his eyes with barbed wire!

BW: Totally legal! CLEAN! AS! A WHISTLE, DADDY!

[O'Connor crawls under the barbed wire, moving on his hands and knees to embrace James who still has a surprised expression on his face.]

GM: For all of James Lynch's talk heading into this night, you can see the surprise on his face. I'm not even sure HE expected to be able to defeat his big brother here in Atlanta tonight.

[O'Connor gets up, dragging James to his feet, raising his arm as the ring announcer makes it official...]

RO: Your winner of the match... JAAAAAAAAAMESSSS LYNNNNNNCH!

[James nods his head emphatically, raising both arms over his head as blood continues to stream down his face and torso, shouting "I DID IT! I DID IT!" We cut outside the ring where Blackjack Lynch looks up at his son, shaking his head.]

BW: Even Blackjack's in shock! His favorite son just dropped the ball on the biggest stage of 'em all and watch the old man become the biggest James Lynch stan on the planet, daddy!

[James points down to his legendary father.]

"Look at him now, old man! You didn't think I could do it!"

[He points to the fans.]

"None of you thought I could do it! I AM... THE LAST... LYNCH... STANDING!"

[He raises his arms over his head again to more jeers from the sold out crowd.]

GM: Well, James Lynch is certainly proud of himself... but he may be alone in that. These fans are letting him know exactly how they feel about it... and they don't like it one bit.

[James grins at the reaction as O'Connor points at him, applauding.]

BW: His spiritual advisor sure is proud of him, Gordo!

GM: Well, these two certainly deserve one another... that's all I can say about that... now what is this?

[Stepping back, James watches as Blackjack reaches under the ropes, trying to reach Jack to help him out of the ring...]



...and with a shake of his head, he points O'Connor over to Jack with a "get him up!"

GM: Oh, come on. Enough is enough, damn it.

[O'Connor gleefully grabs the downed, bloodied, and beaten Iron Cowboy, dragging him up to his knees, pulling his arms behind him...]

GM: O'Connor holding him! This isn't right!

[But James shakes his head, waving a hand at O'Connor who looks puzzled.]

"Let him go, Bobby. This isn't that."

[O'Connor lets go of the Iron Cowboy who slumps forward, falling to all fours as his brother stands over him...]

GM: I'm not sure I understand this at all.

[He reaches out, slipping his blood-covered taped fist under his brother's chin, lifting him back up to a kneeling position...

...and then slowly extends his hand.]

GM: What in the...?

BW: He's a man of his word, Gordo! He said that after he beat Jack at SuperClash, he'd offer him his hand and offer to accept him into HIS family. James Lynch now leads the Lynch family and he's gracefully allowing Jack to join him there.

GM: After everything they just went through, he can't honestly expect his brother to shake his hand and pretend nothing happened.

BW: Oh, it happened... it all happened! Mr. SuperClash got beat at HIS event and now James Lynch leads the Lynch family which makes it at least a little more palatable if you ask me.

[Blackjack and Henrietta look on from the floor as James extends his hand towards his brother a little more forcefully...]

"Shake my hand, brother!"

[O'Connor shakes his head, shouting "WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!" to the Demon Cowboy who still has his hand offered up...

...when suddenly O'Connor DRILLS the Iron Cowboy with a forearm shot to the back of the head, knocking Jack facefirst down on the mat to a loud "OHHHHHHH!" from the crowd.]

GM: OH! THAT NO GOOD-

[James looks up at O'Connor, a surprised but serious glare as he stares at him for an awkward moment...

...and then with a slap on the chest, James gestures for them to exit the ring, leaving his bloodied and unconscious brother down on the mat.]

GM: O'Connor knocks him flat with that forearm shot to the back of the head... but at least they're walking out of here.

BW: Walking out the winners! They beat him! They beat Mr. SuperClash!

GM: You really are enjoying this, aren't you?

BW: This is the best! Let's just start 2018 now 'cause there's no way Christmas beats this, daddy!

[O'Connor and James Lynch stride past a fuming Blackjack Lynch and an emotional Henrietta Lynch, leaving them behind as Jack lies bloodied and motionless on the mat...

...and we fade backstage to where we find Sweet Lou Blackwell standing alongside one of the AWA co-owners, Jon Stegglet.]

SLB: Wow! A shocking result there if you ask me to end what was a very emotional match... and as you can see, I've been joined by a very special guest on a very special night. Jon Stegglet, my friend, SuperClash IX is in full swing and what a night it's been so far!

[Stegglet smiles.]

JS: You can say that again, Lou. Online, a lot of people are calling this the greatest night in AWA history and... well, depending on how things wind up here in Atlanta when it's all said and done, I just might join in on that.

SLB: Three big matches still to come... the Women's World Title match moments away, the AWA World Title match as well, plus of course WarGames... any predictions?

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

JS: The two title matches are featuring some of the AWA's greatest competitors so I can't wait to see them go down... as for WarGames, no predictions but you know where my heart is.

SLB: So much still at stake here tonight as the AWA wraps up 2017 in high fashion but Jon, I've asked you here to join me to talk about 2018! Every year, we give all of our great fans a glimpse of what they can expect in 2018 and while some of the suspense has gone out the window this year since we know SuperClash X - the big one - will be in Dallas on Thanksgiving night next year.. but I know you've got some surprises up your sleeve.

[Stegglet grins.]

JS: You better believe it... more than even you know, Lou.

[Blackwell arches an eyebrow.]

SLB: You know I hate being scooped, pal.

[Stegglet chuckles.]

JS: Well, prepare to be disappointed because I've got a scoop for you right here and now before we even mention 2018. You said that tonight, the AWA is wrapping up 2017 but I'm here to tell you that you're wrong. We've got one more thing left to do in 2017. Thanks to our new friends at Disney, we'll be helping ring in the New Year as only the AWA can... with the Golden Grapples on ESPN! Our night to honor the best and brightest in the AWA with awards like Wrestler of the Year, Match of the Year, and so on. And just after giving out the final award of the night right

before midnight, we'll be having the very first professional wrestling match anywhere in the world in 2018 as the bell sounds at 12:01.

[Blackwell chuckles.]

SLB: Now THAT'S a scoop, Jon. Hey... can you give me one more? Who's gonna be in the match at 12:01?

[Stegglet shrugs.]

JS: Sorry, Lou. Not even I know that one. We've decided we're going to leave that one up to all of the AWA's great fans as a special end of the year gift to them. We're going to be taking suggestions online over the next couple of weeks, we'll pick our favorites, and then we'll be letting the fans vote on the match they want to see ring in the new year the most.

SLB: A fantastic idea for sure. The Golden Grapples on ESPN on New Year's Eve to end 2017 in style. So, we now know that the AWA will be in action for one match only on New Year's Day... but what else is 2018 bringing our way? Let's take a look!

[Stegglet and Blackwell point to the screen in tandem as we fade to black...

...and then back up on a starry sky with the "2018" graphic on it. A voiceover begins.]

"2017 was one of the hottest years on record for the American Wrestling Alliance with big events like Memorial Day Mayhem and the Battle of Saskatchewan but 2018 promises to go even bigger and better...]

[The graphic changes to show "SUPER SATURDAY - FEBRUARY 3rd"]

"The AWA kicks off 2018 with the return of Super Saturday, the night before the NFL's big game, when we blitz our way into the Target Center in Minneapolis, Minnesota! This show will set the tone for the year to come and you do NOT want to miss it!"

[The graphic swirls away and is replaced with one that reads "TENTH ANNIVERSARY SHOW - MARCH 17th"]

"It's a year of big celebrations in 2018 as well for the AWA and none could be any bigger than celebrating the tenth anniversary of the very first Saturday Night Wrestling. This huge party will go down in one of the AWA's favorite cities - New Orleans, Louisiana - for what promises to be a night that AWA fans will never forget!"

[The graphic disappears again and is replaced by a new one that reads "NATIONAL WRESTLING NIGHT - APRIL 14th"]

"The AWA returns to national network television with our very first special on ABC - it's National Wrestling Night live from Kansas City!"

[And another new graphic - "LONDON CALLING - APRIL 28th"]

"The AWA makes a quick jump across the pond in April as well for a quick European Tour including a special edition of Saturday Night Wrestling on April 28th from London!"

[A new graphic comes up with a shining sun and palm trees.]

"It's the original AWA supershow back again. Memorial Day Mayhem comes to you live on May 28th from Los Angeles, California!"

[And then to a shot of the Space Needle.]

"On the 4th of July, the AWA rolls into Seattle for another special event!"

[The graphic fades to black...

...and then a loud two words from the Beastie Boys.]

"HEY LADIES!"

[Cut to the sound of No Doubt's "Just A Girl" as the voiceover begins again.]

"For the very first time, the women of the AWA are taking center stage with the first event that will spotlight the hottest division in all of wrestling - the AWA Women's Division - in a special event. When we hit the historic Madison Square Garden on August 18th... it'll be Girls To The Front!"

[The music cuts out.

A burst of static.

And then a shot of the old WKIK Studios, footage from the very first Saturday Night Wrestling.]

"We'll continue our celebration of this big anniversary year for the AWA on September 3rd in Boston - our second ABC special. It'll be National Wrestling Night once more and on this night, we'll honor the stars of professional wrestling's past in an event we're calling the Parade of Champions."

[And then back to a giant X graphic.]

"And of course, the big one... Thanksgiving Night, November 22nd... in front of the biggest crowd in AWA history... Texas Stadium in Dallas, the birthplace of the AWA to wrap up this year long celebration...

SUPERCLASH X!"

[The SuperClash logo drops down to join the X, leaving cracks in the X from the impact.]

"It's 2018 and it's already promising to be the best year yet for the AWA!"

[Fade to black...

...and then back up to Sweet Lou and Jon Stegglet.]

SLW: Wow! What a lineup! What a year of events coming! Girls To The Front! The Parade of Champions! Heading back to London! This is going to be a year to remember for AWA fans all around the world, Jon!

JS: We're very proud of this event calendar and... it doesn't even scratch the surface of the year we're going to have with events in many of our favorite wrestling cities like Chicago... San Francisco... right back here in Atlanta and up in Toronto... Greensboro, Baltimore, Philly... of course, our annual stop in North Dakota... it's gonna be a wild year and...

[Stegglet trails off.]

JS: I guess all that's left is to hope I'm around the office to see it. On that note, Lou... I'm going to go pay a visit to Team AWA. See you after the show, my friend.

[Stegglet offers a handshake, knowing it could very well be the last time he's on camera with the longtime AWA interviewer. Blackwell, realizing the weight of the moment, smiles and accepts the hand.]

SLB: Jon, no matter the result tonight... I want you to know it's been an honor.

[Stegglet smiles.]

JS: The feeling's mutual, Lou.

[And with that, Stegglet turns to exit, leaving Blackwell behind.]

SLB: There are a lot of people who keep this place running day to day, fans... but perhaps no one backstage is more important than that man right there.

[Blackwell pauses, letting it sink in.]

SLB: And with that, let's go back up to the Rogers Centre in Toronto to Big Sal and Colt!

[We get that split screen shot of the two venues again before zooming in on the former SkyDome where the crowd is going wild over what they just saw on the big screen and what they're about to see in person.]

SA: Thanks, Sweet Lou! 2018 is already looking to be one for the ages but we're not there yet! We've got two more big matches here to come in Toronto - the World Titles on the line for both the women and the men - as well as the big Main Event - WarGames back down in Atlanta with so much at stake in that one. But Colt, we are now just moments away from seeing one of the most anticipated matches of the night - it's Julie Somers challenging Kurayami for the Women's World Title and I can't wait to see it!

CP: The Spitfire has come to Toronto to make history but she ain't alone in that as Kurayami wants to finish off one of the most dominant years for a champion in a long, long time by beating the Number One Contender and putting the entire Women's Division on notice that she's the Final Boss and she's not going anywhere.

SA: Let's go backstage and hear from both champion and challenger moments before this big title clash!

[We go to backstage where we find "The Spitfire" Julie Somers standing in front of an AWA backdrop. Somers is dressed in a red halter top with matching Spandex shorts, red kneepads and white wrestling boots. Tonight, she also wears a red cape. Her wavy brown hair is pulled back behind her head. She looks directly in the camera, a serious look on her face.]

JS: Two years ago, it was SuperClash VII, and there I was, wrestling on the biggest stage of them all. Everything was about pushing for one thing, and that was bring to an actual Women's Division to the AWA. And though I have my best friend Melissa Cannon to thank for getting the ball rolling, I intended to keep it going and make a dream become reality -- that the women finally got their due.

Last year, I was on the grandest stage again, for SuperClash VIII, this time against Ricki Toughill in a falls count anywhere match. By far, it was the toughest match I ever had, but I made another dream become reality -- proving to everyone that you can overcome the odds despite what's in front of you.

Now, at SuperClash IX, I have the chance to live out another dream -- a dream I've had for too long now -- and that's to become the AWA Women's World Champion.

[She gives a quick nod.]

JS: But it's not just the title I'm looking for tonight. Because tonight, I'll be facing somebody who is not only the champion but has gone out of her way to bully and torture everyone she's faced in that ring!

[Her eyes now show a hint of anger.]

JS: Kurayami, it seems like every week there's another incident in which it wasn't enough for you to just beat an opponent, but you wanted to end her career. From injuring Lauryn Rage, to beating down Ricki Toughill at the behest of Kerry Kendrick, to seeking to end the careers of so many young women looking for their big break, and to top it all off, putting my best friend Melissa Cannon on a stretcher just to get under my skin, there's a lot you have to answer for!

And tonight, I'm going to make you answer for everything you've done!

[She curls up her left fist and drives it into her right palm.]

JS: I'm not just looking to beat you for the Women's title, Kurayami. I am looking to put you down for good!

Some may tell me the odds are against me. They may say they're even greater than they were when I faced Ricki a year ago. That you're too big, too strong, too much for me to handle, just like it was for every other woman who stepped into the ring to face you.

But you know what, Kurayami? There's one thing to remember... that despite all your best attempts every time I've been in the ring with you, you haven't been able to beat me!

[She brushes a loose strand of hair away from her face.]

JS: That's right, Kurayami. I'm the one woman who just won't go down that easily. I know how much that must bother you -- that despite everything you've thrown at me, you haven't been able to take me out, the way you've taken so many others out!

And then some will say... hey, Julie, you haven't taken Kurayami, either. Not in a way that matters, they may say. Not when it isn't a tag team match and you have somebody else working alongside you. And, then they may say, it doesn't matter if you beat the champion by count out, because you don't actually get the gold that you're after.

And those same people might say, look what happened last Saturday Night Wrestling. Kurayami finally caught you, slammed you into that ringpost, busted you open...

[She gestures to her forehead and you can notice a scar.]

JS: It shows you bit off more than you can chew, they'll say. And now, Kurayami finally has you where she wants you. She got you distracted, she got under your skin, she got you so mad about what happened to your best friend, that you're just throwing caution to the wind and playing right into her hands.

But for those of you who believe that to be true, you better remember that I've heard this before. And none of that stopped me from pushing forward, finding a way to overcome the odds and keep making every dream a reality.

Tonight, I'm not just looking to end Kurayami's reign as the AWA Women's World Champion. I'm looking to end her reign of terror, once and for all!

[She takes a deep breath and pauses for a moment, then speaks in a hushed tone.]

JS: This one's for every little girl out there who wants to live the dream... no matter what the odds may be.

[She gives another nod as we cut to another part of the backstage area - a locker room where we see ESPN sideline reporter Cassidy Hubbarth - on loan from the AWA's new network partner - standing.]

CH: The challenger with some inspirational words right there and...

[A loud "CLANK!" rings out, causing Hubbarth to startle.]

CH: ...unfortunately, the champion is NOT about inspiring young women around the world to live their dreams.

"CLANK!"

CH: In fact, I've been in a lot of weird interview situations in my career-

"CLANK!"

CH: -but this... I gotta say this is a first.

[One more "CLANK!" rings out as the camera pulls back to reveal that Hubbarth is standing in the locker room of the Women's World Champion, Kurayami, who is driving her fist repeatedly into a steel locker and has managed to leave a healthy dent in it as Hubbarth turns towards her.]

CH: Kurayami, you are just moments away from your title defense here tonight... something I might liken to being just before tip-off in a Game 7 and I'd like to get your thoughts on tonight's challenger - your Number One Contender - Julie Somers and the message we just heard from her.

[Kurayami turns to glare at Hubbarth.]

K: Julie Somers wants to talk about odds?! Let's talk about odds!

[She swings a fist into the locker.]

K: THERE'S A ONE IN FIFTY SHOT THAT I BREAK HER NOSE TONIGHT!

[Again.]

K: A ONE IN FORTY-SEVEN SHOT THAT I SHATTER HER JAW!

[Again.]

K: A ONE IN THIRTY-TWO SHOT I CRUSH HER RIBS!

[Again.]

K: A ONE IN TWENTY-FOUR SHOT I SNAP HER SPINE!

[Hubbarth speaks up.]

CH: I think we get the point.

[Kurayami jerks back around, pointing a threatening finger at Hubbarth.]

K: I don't think you do! Julie Somers says she's about beating the odds... well, I'm as odd as they come and she ain't beating me! Not tonight! Not ANY night!

[Hubbarth raises a finger.]

CH: Ah ah... that's not what I hear. I'm told that Julie Somers has actually beaten you not once... but TWICE!

[Kurayami steps closer to Hubbarth who backsteps.]

K: You think you're funny or something? You want to make jokes about Kurayami? Will you be laughing when I smash my fist into Julie Somers mouth to shut her up tonight?! How about when I powerbomb her so hard, her brother starts to cry that his back hurts?! Or maybe when I drop 250 pounds down on her heart and she wishes she'd taken up accounting instead of pro wrestling?!

Julie Somers pinned me in a tag team match... doesn't count.

When we went one on one, she didn't win this...

[She twists around, pointing to the title belt draped over a nearby chair.]

K: ...so who gives a damn?

She's had her chance... and she's failed. And she won one more shot... one more chance to take this...

[She picks the title belt over, holding it in front of the camera.]

K: But I have a question for you, lady.

[Hubbarth nods.]

K: When I beat Julie Somers tonight... and she runs out of chances to win this...

[She holds the belt up again.]

K: ...then who will the little children look up to then, hmm?

[She breaks into a deep, evil laugh.]

K: THINK ABOUT THE CHILDREN, SPITFIRE!

[And she smashes her fist into the locker again... and again... and again... as the camera zooms in to reveal a tattered headshot photo of Julie Somers taped on the locker where the large dent is...

...and we fade out to the ring where Tyler Graham awaits.]

TG: The following contest is set for one fall with a sixty minute time limit and is for the AWA WOMEN'S WORRRRRRRRRRLD CHAMPIONSHIIIIIP!

[The crowd ROARS with anticipation of the big title match!



Graham lowers the mic as up on the video board along the stage, we watch video footage of none other than "Superstar" Stephanie Harper appear on the screen, as she is seen wrestling Marissa Monet during Gold Rush.

And then we hear the voice of none other than Harper.]

"It's everyone's dream to become a champion. Sometimes the odds are against you. But if you believe in those dreams..."

[The footage shifts from Harper trapped in a scorpion deathlock at the hands of Monet, to footage of Harper taking Monet over with a German suplex.]

"...you can prove to overcome those odds."

[The footage shows Harper raising the UWF Women's World title over her head.]

"Now there are others who came after me, who looked up to me, who have their own dreams."

[We then see footage of "The Spitfire" Julie Somers scaling the ropes in preparation for the moonsault.]

"And no matter what the odds say, they still believe."

[The footage shows Somers from Eternally Extreme, coming off the top rope to land on Kurayami with the moonsault.

And then we see Harper herself on the videoscreen.]

SH: I was proud to live out my dreams, and I'm proud to see those that dare to dream as well.

[We cut back to footage of Somers, lifting her arms in the air after another match won.

Then back to Harper.]

SH: Now go live your dreams... no matter the odds.

[The videoscreen then goes black for a moment, and then, the first chords of "Is She With You," the theme for Wonder Woman from the DC Cinematic Universe, kicks in over the PA system.

At that moment, we see a spinning yellow ring, from which the word "SPITFIRE" flashes across it, drawing cheers from the crowd.

That's when we see The Spitfire herself emerge onto the stage. She is dressed in red halter top with matching Spandex shorts that come just above her knees, red kneepads and white wrestling boots.

Julie Somers also wears a red cape that extends toward the ground. The cape has the word "SPITFIRE" on the back in white lettering and adorned with white stars. Her wavy brown hair is pulled back behind her head. She stands up at the top of the ramp, extending her arms diagonally upward, and at that moment, red fountains fire up to the sides.

When the fountains die down, Somers lowers her arms and heads down the ramp, where the ring cart awaits her. She climbs into the cart, and as it heads down the

aisle, she raises her arms into the air, motioning with her hands and encouraging the fans to cheer.]

SA: The Number One Contender! The woman who many say this division was built upon! The woman who has beaten the champion twice! And tonight, she gets another opportunity to do what has eluded every woman who has stepped into the ring against the champion so far - rip that title from around her waist and end the reign of terror of Kurayami!

CP: That's a tall mountain to climb, Albano, but you gotta feel like if anyone can do it, it just might be the Spitfire.

[The cart arrives at ringside and Somers unboards it, then heads straight to the ring, sliding under the ropes, then climbing onto the second turnbuckle. There, she waves her hands in the air, encouraging the fans to cheer louder..]

...and big red pyro rockets up into the rafters of the Rogers Centre, bringing a grin to the face of the challenger and even louder cheers from the sold out crowd!]

SA: Whooooa my - what an entrance by the challenger here tonight who has been waiting months for one more shot at Kurayami and the Women's World Title.

[Somers hops down off the ropes, striding across the ring, saluting the cheering fans as the music dies down.]

SA: Speaking of whom...

[All eyes move towards the entrance, where we see two bare-chested Japanese men standing before giant o-daiko drums. It begins with a faint rumbling, before crescendoing into a deafening roar of beating taiko drums filling the stadium. Just as suddenly as it began, the drumming stops and we are then enveloped in darkness. It is then, we hear Kurayami's evil laughter echo over the PA system, before "Demonizer" by Judas Priest begins to play.]

"VROOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!!!"

"VROOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!!!"

"VROOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMM!!!"

[The revving of a motorcycle's engine can then be heard as a spotlight hits the entrance, where we now see the AWA Women's World Champion, Kurayami, seated on a customized Yamaha R6: the front fairings have been modified and sculpted, adorned with graphic images of Japanese demons tearing people apart. "The Bloody She-Wolf of Tokyo" is dressed in a traditional Japanese motorcycle gang's white overall jumpsuit with spiked studs running up the side of her arms and to her shoulders, plastered with red and black kanji all over. Atop her head, she wears a black kabuto samurai helmet.

She has a black of face paint across her eyes, with white kanji written over it. Her right eye is a black sclera with a white iris and her left is blood red. The Women's World Title belt is slung around the right handlebar of her bike and there are a pair of nunchucks on the other handlebar. With a scream of "SHI-NE!!!", Kurayami proceeds to ride her motorcycle to ringside, as pyro explodes behind her!]

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!"

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!"

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!"

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!"

[Kurayami circles her bike around the ring, before coming to a stop. She gets off the bike and grabs the belt and nunchuks, before raising the belt into the air to a roar of boos from the crowd.]

CP: You want to talk about an entrance?! Check that out, Sal!

SA: Kurayami announcing her presence with authority on that Yamaha-

[Entering the ring, she immediately makes her presence known...]

SA: WATCH OUT!

CP: Holy-

[...spinning and flipping her nunchuks at Julie Somers, who dives out of the way as referee Shari Miranda dives between the two, trying to talk Kurayami down as the mad-eyed champion swings her weapon around a few more times.]

SA: Somebody get some control out here!

[Miranda does somehow manage to get Kurayami to back off, sneering as she drops her weapon to the outside where a ringside attendant scoops it up and gets the heck out of town with it as Kurayami disrobes from her entrance gear, leaving behind her standard black leotard with knee high boots. She wears a tattered BODY COUNT t-shirt as she holds the title belt over her head, shouting across the ring at Julie Somers who stays in her corner, waiting for the match to start as Tyler Graham anxiously steps to center ring.]

TG: Introducing first... she is the challenger...

[The crowd cheers as Somers steps a few paces out towards mid-ring.]

TG: From Boston, Massachusetts... weighing in at 135 pounds...

She is the Spitfire...

JUUUUUUUUULIEEEEEEEE SOMMMMMERRRRRRSSSSS!

[Somers raises an arm as the Toronto crowd goes wild for her. She gives a nod before backing into her corner again.]

TG: Annnnnnnnnnd her opponent...

[Kurayami confidently strides from the corner, holding the title belt in both hands...]

TG: From the Land of the Rising Sun... weighing in at 250 pounds...

The Bloody She-Wolf of Tokyo...

The Lady of Pain...

The current reigning and defending AWA WOMEN'S WORRRRRRLD  
CHAMMMMPIONNNNNN...

[Graham takes a deep breath.]

TG: ...KUUUUUURRRRRRRRAAAAAAYAAAAAAMIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII!

[The mighty champion strides to mid-ring, thrusting the title belt over her head, still glaring across at Somers who looks up at the title with a nod. The jeers are

loud in Toronto for the reigning champion who slowly lowers the belt, handing it over towards Shari Miranda.

Kurayami backsteps to her own corner, eyes still locked on Somers as Tyler Graham departs the squared circle...

...and referee Shari Miranda stands center ring, holding the title belt over her head to a huge reaction from the Toronto crowd!]

SA: The AWA Women's World Title - the grandest prize for women in all of our great sport - and we're about to see arguably the two greatest female competitors on the planet about to square off for it, Colt.

CP: These two have been on a collision course for months, Sal. They've met in a tag team match in South Philly... they met one on one in Mexico... but tonight, they're on the biggest stage of them all with the whole world watching.

[Miranda hands the title belt out to ringside, taking her place center ring one more time before...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: There's the bell and off we-

[Sal gets cut off by the surprising tactic of Julie Somers sprinting across the ring, flinging herself into the air, and catching the Women's World Champion squarely in the chest with both feet, sending her flying back into the corner she just stepped out of!]

SA: SOMERS COMING OUT QUICK!

[Julie Somers, obviously harboring some anger over what Kurayami did to her friend recently, is all sorts of fired up as she gets to her feet, throwing forearms to the jaw...]

SA: Somers off to a hot start, looking to get some payback for her good friend, Melissa Cannon, on her way to perhaps becoming the third woman to wear that title!

[...and then switching to chops, lightning quick slaps that echo through the Rogers Centre as they land...]

SA: Miranda's trying to get the challenger to back off but Somers will NOT be denied her pound of flesh in the opening moments of this one!

[...and then just throwing away all sense of following the rules as she balls up both fists and wails away at Kurayami who is shockingly just covering up in the corner, trying to absorb the early onslaught from the Spitfire who is living up to that name!]

SA: Kurayami's not fighting back!

CP: Give her time. She may be letting Somers punch herself out.

SA: We expect that Julie Somers will be looking to force a quicker pace, something that might cause the larger champion to wear out and put the title at risk.

CP: That's right. And Kurayami, for her part, will look to keep it slow and methodical, landing fewer blows but making 'em count, jack!

[Miranda suddenly forces her way in, making Somers back off to jeers from the Canadian faithful.]

SA: Shari Miranda's seen enough of that, forcing Somers back... you can hear the warning there... this isn't no DQ... it isn't no countout... Julie Somers may be angry... she may be determined... but to win this title tonight - her ultimate goal - she needs to be smarter than what she's doing right now.

[Somers nods at Miranda...

...but then runs right back in, leaping up to the middle rope, immediately raining down right hands as the fans struggle to count along with the speedy blows...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

"ELEVEN!"

"TWELVE"

"THIRTEEN!"

[Somers suddenly grabs Kurayami by the hair, shouting out a whoop as she leaps from the middle rope...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRIVES the champion's face into the canvas with a faceslam!]

SA: FACEFIRST TO THE MAT... AND SOMERS WITH A COVER!

[The crowd ROARS for the surprisingly quick cover as Somers gets one...

...and that's all as the monstrous Kurayami shoves her skyward, pressing her off and throwing her a few feet away!]

SA: My oh my, what a knockout by the champion off the early cover by Julie Somers, Colt.

CP: Impressive knockout but right now, I'm more impressed that Julie Somers is already going for a cover. She's showing the world right now that yeah, she may be ticked off over her friend getting hurt but she's not gonna let that get in her way of doing what she came here to do tonight - win the Women's World Title.

[Somers gets back to her feet, keeping her distance as Kurayami rolls to all fours, pushing up to a knee...

...which is when the challenger darts back in, throwing a low dropkick that puts the champion right back down on her back!]

SA: Dropkick finds the mark... and Somers with ANOTHER cover!

[Another one count follows before Kurayami powers out a second time, tossing the challenger off and away.]

SA: Still just a one count. And that tells me it's gonna take a lot to put the champion down for a three count.

CP: We've only seen it happen once, Albano... and the person who did it is standing in that ring.

SA: We've talked about it before. Julie Somers pinned the champion in a tag match at Eternally Extreme... she got the one on one win by countout in Mexico... and tonight, she needs to put it all together if she wants to walk out of Toronto as the Women's World Champion... and you know her brother, Daniel, is watching down in Atlanta, hoping to see his sister repeat his success from earlier tonight. Congratulations to Next Gen, by the way, on regaining the World Tag Team Titles.

[Somers is back on her feet again... and promptly throws herself on top of the rising Kurayami, swinging and flailing her fists down into the back of the head, shouting at her all the while.]

SA: Somers is all over her down on the mat... and this is not the gameplan we expected out of the Spitfire, Colt.

CP: Definitely not but sometimes that's a good thing. You know Kurayami wasn't expecting Somers to come on that strong. Challenging for the biggest title on the biggest stage, you think someone will play it safe and be trying to avoid mistakes... especially against an opponent with the size and strength of Kurayami, a woman who can out your lights in a hurry. Maybe a quick start puts her on her heels, makes her play defense.

SA: She's certainly back on her heels right now, trying to get Somers off of her so she can get back to her feet where her power and size comes into play.

[As the champion struggles off the mat, Somers leaps up again, lashing out with both feet to the knee!]

SA: Oh! Somers goes downstairs with a dropkick right on the patella... and that's a smart move if you ask me...

CP: Definitely. You just got done saying her size and power comes into play when she's on her feet, right? So why not take her off her feet where she's no bigger or stronger than anyone else?

[Kurayami absorbs the blow to the knee, grimacing as she hobbles away from Somers who regains her footing, watching Kurayami try to get to the ropes where she can get some added balance...]

SA: Kurayami hurting after that kick to the knee and... ohh! Somers kicks her right in the back of the knee again!

[Hanging onto the ropes, Kurayami continues to hobble down them as Somers takes aim and kicks again... and again... and again...]

SA: The gameplan of the Spitfire becoming clear here... working the knee as Kurayami tries to get away and regroup. The challenger is off to a hot start here in Toronto at SuperClash but the champion is struggling in the early moments of this one. Of course, this is the first official appearance for Kurayami at SuperClash - she made a shocking appearance last year, helping Lauryn Rage retain the title against Melissa Cannon and Ayako Fujiwara... but this is the third appearance for Julie Somers. A victory over Charisma Knight back at SuperClash VII - the first singles women's match in SuperClash history - and then of course, that thrilling win against Ricki Toughill in the Falls Count Anywhere match last year.

[An angry and hurting Kurayami reaches out, shoving Somers back a few steps as she tries to put weight on the knee that's been attacked...

...but Somers comes right back in, making a lunge at the champion who responds in kind with a swinging right hook!]

SA: Swing and a miss by the champ!

[The whiff of the haymaker puts Kurayami badly off balance as Somers comes back standing, lashing out with one more kick to the back of the knee, sending the champion toppling over on the mat to cheers!]

SA: And down she goes at last! Somers chops down the mighty oak and... well, Kurayami's rolling out of the ring now. It's rare to see the Women's World Champion in retreat but right now, she's...

[Sal trails off as Somers pumps a fist before dashing to the far ropes, rebounding back with momentum...]

SA: ...Somers is on the move and... OHHHHHHH!

[The crowd echoes Sal's response as Somers turns herself into a flying missile, throwing herself between the ropes with her arms extended as she smashes into the champion, sending her stumbling backwards, falling into the ringside railing!]

SA: BULLET TOPE THROUGH THE ROPES HERE IN TORONTO! And we're just about five minutes into this sixty minute time limit and we've got the champion on the ropes early on in this one, Colt.

CP: This match so far isn't going the way that you, me, these fans, and basically anyone not named Julie Somers expected so far... but it's still early, just five minutes in. And if we've learned anything tonight, five minutes ain't nothin' when it comes to a SuperClash match!

SA: The night where the best in the world give it their all to come out on top has certainly proven to be exactly that tonight. Somers on her feet now, moving in on Kurayami...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Big chop on the outside... one of the signature attacks of the 135 pounder out of Boston, Mass... who we just learned will be hosting one of the premier events for the AWA in 2018 - the Parade of Champions, a night to look back on all the legends of our great sport.

CP: I better be getting some kind of an award that night, Sal.

SA: What kind of award did you have in mind? Most Humble?

CP: Oh, you're a real riot, Albano.

[Somers tees off with a second chop... then a third before grabbing the champion by the hair, leading her across the ringside area with a little limp in Kurayami's step...]

SA: Ohhh! Somers SMASHES her face down on the apron... shoving her back in... not wanting to take any chances with another countout here tonight. Of course, it was back in September at Estrellas En El Cielo when we saw these two meet in a singles match last time... a night that Julie Somers came oh-so-close to striking

gold but ultimately had to settle for the winner's purse and nothing more as she won by countout.

[With Kurayami down on the mat, Somers pulls herself up on the apron, raising an arm in salute to the cheering Toronto crowd before grabbing the top rope with both hands...]

SA: The aerial tactics of Julie Somers are on display early here, perhaps hoping some of that high risk offense will pay high rewards against the Women's World Champion who is struggling to put weight on that knee already which could be key in the outcome of this one, Colt.

CP: It definitely could. So much of Kurayami's advantage in any match she steps into comes from her size and her strength and with a bum wheel, that's neutralized in some ways. Somers with a smart move out the gate and it could pay major dividends before this one's said and done.

[As Kurayami rises, Somers steps to the bottom rope, springing up to stand on the top rope, bouncing into the air...]

SA: MISSILE DROPKICK!

[...and scores with two feet to the chest, landing on her back as Kurayami falls to hers!]

SA: Right on target - and now Somers is crawling across, looking for another cover!

[She throws herself across the champion's large form, reaching back for a leg...]

SA: We've got one! We've got two!

[Kurayami kicks out at two this time, pushing Somers aside...]

CP: Two count this time - that's progress for the challenger though.

SA: A good way to look at it and- Somers dives on her again, pounding away!

[The brief barrage of blows gets a big cheer before Somers breaks it off at Shari Miranda's orders, holding her hands up as she climbs back to her feet.]

SA: Julie Somers still showing a little bit of fire in her belly, still not quite satisfied with JUST beating the champ, she wants to beat her up a little bit as well, Colt.

CP: And she needs to get that out of her system in a hurry, Sal. This is SuperClash. This is a match for the Women's World Title. That should be her one and only focus and Melissa Cannon, wherever she is, would agree with me on that, I promise you.

SA: I don't know Melissa Cannon that well but considering her competitive drive, I have no doubt you're correct in that.

[Kurayami again pushes up to a knee when Somers dashes in to attack, clubbing down forearms on the head and neck with reckless abandon...]

SA: Somers again pounding away at Kurayami, trying to batter her back down to the mat...

[...and then switches to chops...]

SA: ...now chopping away...



[...and then fisticuffs!]

SA: ...and the fists are flying in Toronto!

[The crowd roars for the flurry of offense from Somers who suddenly breaks away from the stunned Kurayami, racing back to the ropes for momentum...]

SA: The Spitfire off the far side and-

[...and as she bounces back, she runs right into a leaping Kurayami who swings her arms together, swatting the ears of Somers while driving her 250 pound frame into her torso, knocking the challenger flat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: And if you ever wanted to see the very embodiment of "simple but effective" - that was it, Colt.

CP: She used Somers own momentum against her, jumping up and smashing all that body weight into Somers who was on the move... and then batted her ears at the same time!

SA: Julie Somers goes down like a sack of rocks and the Women's World Champion - with that one simple move - may have completely just turned the tide in this one.

CP: Maybe not though, Albano. She might be more banged up than we thought - take a look...

SA: Kurayami staggering into the corner, trying to catch a breather... trying to get the blood pumping through that hurting leg... maybe get a spike of adrenaline to choke down the pain in that leg...

[The champion leans hard against the buckles, not taking advantage of the situation as Shari Miranda asks her if she can continue. She gives a sullen nod to the official, watching as Somers struggles to get up off the mat.]

SA: And just like, Julie Somers is going to get back to her feet before the World Champion can attack again...

[On her feet, Somers grabs at the side of her head, checking her hand for blood...]

SA: ...and the Spitfire making sure she didn't bust an eardrum on that leaping attack...

[...and seeing none, she steps towards the opposite corner before charging across towards the recovering Kurayami...]

SA: ...and Somers on the move, leaping into the air...

[...springing into the air in an attempt to smash her forearm into the jaw of the champion who snatches her out of the sky, pivots...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SLAMS her down with a devastating uranage slam out of the corner!]

SA: A THUNDEROUS slam in the corner by the World Champion... and Somers immediately rolls to the floor. She wants no part of Kurayami after that big slam.

CP: No part of getting covered at that exact moment is more like it. Somers looking to escape and now it's her turn to try and recover as the World Champion lands another big shot. And that's one of the problems you get with these David vs Goliath matchups, Albano... Somers can throw five shots to one from Kurayami but that one from Kurayami can turn your lights out in an instant.

SA: Just ask Julie Somers who bails from the ring after that big slam... but unfortunately for the challenger, the World Champion's coming after her.

[The crowd grumbles as Kurayami steps through the ropes to the apron, lowering herself down to the floor as Somers tries to create some distance by crawling away from her.]

SA: When these two met down in Mexico in September, you'll recall they battled outside the ring on several occasions... in fact, it was one of those battles that resulted in Kurayami going down and being unable to answer the ten count before Somers got back in the ring, resulting in the countout win which is the reason we're back here with Somers trying for the title one more time.

CP: "One more time" is a good way to put it, Sal. No one's flat out said it but if Somers fails to win the title here, you'd have to imagine there's a long list of challengers waiting to step up to the plate.

SA: Including the former champion Lauryn Rage as well as tonight's Steal The Spotlight winner, Cinder.

CP: Don't remind me. I'm still stinging over that one.

[Outside the ring, Kurayami leans down to grab Somers by the tights, dragging her off the floor and preventing her from getting any further away. She buries a hard right hand into the ribcage as Somers stands, doubling her over..]

SA: Uh oh... this could be a big problem for Julie Somers, Colt.

CP: This is what I was talking about. All that offense we've seen out of the challenger for the first ten minutes of this match could go up in smoke with this one big move on the outside.

SA: And it's a BIG move, fans, as Kurayami pulls her in - looking for a powerbomb on the outside!

[The crowd is buzzing loudly now, encouraging Somers to fight out of it before the champion can lay her out with a powerbomb on the barely-padded floor!]

SA: Kurayami looking for that powerbomb on the outside - and we saw her try this in Mexico as well...

[The champion lifts Somers into the air, Kurayami's back up against the apron as she hoists her up...

...but at the peak of the lift, Somers reaches out and grabs the ropes with both arms, preventing the struggling champion from driving her back down!]

SA: ...and that's how Somers countered it in Mexico as well! She's got this one well-scouted as she ends up on the apron and- OHHH!

[The crowd reacts as Somers buries a back kick into the mouth of Kurayami, sending her staggering backwards...

...and as Somers points to the sky, the crowd roars!]

SA: Somers looking for her first moonsault attempt of the match perhaps!

[The Spitfire leaps into the air, landing on the middle rope with the goal of springing off with an Asai moonsault...

...but the champion reaches up with both arms, grabbing Somers by the back of the tights and YANKING her down off the second rope...]

SA: Kurayami with the counter, pulls her right down off the ropes...

[...and catching her around the upper thighs in a makeshift wheelbarrow position before THROWING her gutfirst down on the edge of the ring apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SWEET SANTA MARIA! Right down on the midsection from that modified powerbomb... we've seen something like it from the champion before, very similar to Simon Ezra's "The Fall" reverse powerbomb he used back in his glory days.

[Somers stays leaning over the apron, pain on her face as Kurayami stands behind her, glaring at the back of her head. The referee kneels near the ropes, asking Somers if she wants to give up...]

"SHE'S NOT GETTING OUT THAT EASY!"

[...and the bellow from Kurayami is followed by snatching Somers by the hair, ripping her away from the ring, and dragging her towards the mouth of the entrance aisle where the padding is gone and the bare floor covered with some kind of material that the entrance carts can drive on is all that separates the champion's feet and the grass field beneath...]

SA: Kurayami pulling her over by the aisle now... thank goodness they moved those entrance carts back up the aisle because who knows what kind of damage the champion can do with one of those.

CP: Good thing they took her motorcycle back too. She might try to run Somers over, Sal.

SA: Kurayami has Somers at her mercy over there... the padding is gone in that area and I've got a feeling that's why she's there, Colt.

[Kurayami holds Somers by the hair, pointing in her face, shouting angrily at her...]

"YOU THINK YOU'RE TAKING \_MY\_ TITLE?! YOU THINK YOU'RE BEATING ME?!"

[...and then scoops her up, shoving her skyward straight overhead in a military press!]

SA: Oh no! She's got her up! She's got her up over that exposed flooring! She's got her-

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd groans as Kurayami steps back, dropping Somers straight down to CRASH facefirst on the ground!]

SA: OHHHH NO! Kurayami drops her straight down - straight down on that exposed flooring! Somers bounces right off it... and she's in a lot of pain right about now, Colt.

CP: Holding onto her ribs, rolling around on that flooring... Kurayami just hit her with two big drops right down on the stomach, the ribs... and she may have just painted herself a bullseye on the Spitfire for the rest of the night.

[Kurayami looks down on Somers, a sneer on her face...]

"You want some more, Spitfire?! Come get me!"

[...and then walks away from her, rolling back under the ropes into the ring where a surprised Shari Miranda looks at her...]

...and then starts counting.]

SA: Uh oh... and don't look now, fans, but Kurayami is gonna make Julie Somers play a game of "beat the count" right now if she wants to continue fighting this match.

CP: You know, there's probably some people at home right now surprised by this move... surprised that Kurayami is willing to win this by countout...

SA: I'd be one of 'em.

CP: I don't think she expects to win by countout... I think she fully expects Somers can get back to the ring at this point... but she's gonna make her do it and she's gonna make her expend a whole lot of energy to get there.

[The count hits "THREE!" as Somers starts to crawl away from the mouth of the aisle, dragging her body towards the ring where a defiant Kurayami stands, beckoning her forward...]

"COME ON, SPITFIRE! I'M WAITING FOR YOU!"

[...and then "FOUR!" as Somers continues to pull herself along the ringside mats.]

SA: The fans in Toronto solidly behind Julie Somers and you know they've got no desire to see a countout in this one. They saw it in Mexico and tonight, they want to see this World Title decided between these two once and for all.

CP: Title defenses in the US, Mexico, Canada, and Japan... Kurayami has truly been a World Champion and helped put that belt on the map.

SA: Lauryn Rage is fit to be tied somewhere in Atlanta hearing you say that, Colt.

CP: Lauryn Rage was a fine champion. A tremendous first champion. But Kurayami has elevated that title to another level in my opinion.

SA: And could Julie Somers be the one to take it even higher with our very first Women's Division-only event - Girls To The Front - coming up in 2018... plus the crowning of the first Women's World Tag Team Champions as well. The sky's the limit for the Women's Division and 2018 looks like it'll be another hot one for the best division in professional wrestling.

[The count is up to "SIX!" now as Somers draws near the ring, still on all fours but close to the ring apron.]

SA: Kurayami laying in wait for Somers, who grabs the apron now, trying to pull herself up...

[At "SEVEN!" she regains her feet, stumbling slightly to regain her balance as Kurayami nods her head approvingly...]

SA: And just at the count of eight, Somers rolls herself back in - this match will continue!

[The crowd cheers Somers' return to the ring as Kurayami immediately moves in on her, pulling her off the mat and shoving her back into the corner...]

SA: No rest for the weary as the challenger gets tossed right back in the corner, Kurayami there waiting for her...

[Squaring up, Kurayami tees off with a barrage of hooking forearms to both sides of the head, battering her back and forth in the corner as the referee shouts for her to back off...]

...but before she does, the champion grabs the back of Somers' head with her left hand and then lands a half dozen mighty right hands to the body, leaving Somers a crumpled mess in the corner as the referee backs the champion away with a stern reprimand.]

SA: And now it's Kurayami who needs to be cautious in there to avoid a possible disqualification.

CP: Sort of but for her, a DQ means she walks out of here with the belt, having held that title for 293 days and counting.

SA: An excellent point, Sal. As we saw in Mexico, if Julie Somers wants to end that title reign tonight at SuperClash, she cannot win by countout or disqualification.

[Kurayami backs to mid-ring, hands raised as Miranda continues to warn her for excessive attacks in the corner...]

...and then rushes back in, throwing her 250 pounds into the corner where the trapped Somers awaits!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: AAAAAAVALANNNNCHE!

[Kurayami steps back, pounding her chest and letting loose a roar as Somers staggers forward out of the corner, falling to her knees before slumping over on the match. The champion sinks to her knees, flipping Somers over into a lateral press.]

SA: Could this do it here? She gets one! She gets two!

[The crowd cheers as Somers slips a shoulder up, breaking up the pin as Kurayami glares at Shari Miranda who holds up two fingers.]

SA: Kurayami landed that big avalanche but it wasn't enough for the three count according to our referee... Kurayami doesn't seem to like the count but it looked goof from where we're sitting, Colt.

CP: I gotta agree with that. Fine count by Miranda there and Kurayami just needs to stay focused on her opponent and finding a way to put her down.

"FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY!"

SA: You hear the call there from the timekeeper. Fifteen minutes gone in this sixty minute time limit as Kurayami, the champion, and Somers, the challenger, do battle over the Women's World Title.

[The champion climbs to her feet, staring down at Somers who again is trying to crawl away to get some recovery time...]

CP: Somers is running from Kurayami again.

SA: I wouldn't describe it that way. She's trying to recover.

CP: Every time you have to crawl away to recover, it starts to look more and more like running for it.

[Kurayami steps around the crawling Somers, planting her feet right in Somers' path. The challenger reaches up, grabbing Kurayami by the ankle as the champion sneers down at her...]

SA: Kurayami with Somers down at her feet... and that's gotta be closer to what Kurayami had in mind going into this one.

CP: Somers had her moment. She had her time. But right about now, we're all in Kurayami's world.

[Reaching down, Kurayami hauls Somers off the mat by the hair, twisting her to face away from the champion who grabs a second handful of hair...]

...and delivers a skull-splitting headbutt to the back of the head!]

SA: OHHH! HEADBUTT BY THE CHAMP!

[A second headbutt lands... and a third... and a fourth, leaving Somers a dazed mess as Kurayami holds the left-handed grip on the hair, preventing her from slumping back down to the mat...]

...and DRILLS her with a standing lariat to the back of the head, knocking her flat down on her chest on the mat...]

SA: A hellacious lariat to the back of the skull! Down goes Somers again!

[With the toe of her boot, Kurayami rolls Somers onto her back, kneeling down and aggressively slapping a hand down mid-chest...]

SA: Cover by the champion for one! She gets two!

[...and again Somers' shoulder pops up off the mat, her arm thrusting high into the air to cheers from the AWA faithful!]

SA: Again a two count there for the champion, Somers continuing to fight her way out from under these 250 pound pin attempts.

CP: That one didn't have much behind it at all... more toying with Somers, making her expend the energy to kick out...

[The champion climbs back to her feet, waving her hands at Somers..]

"UP!"

CP: Listen to the champion telling her to get up.

SA: And Julie Somers is definitely trying to do exactly that, ignoring the total disdain in the voice of the champion.

[Somers struggles to get up off the mat, one arm holding her ribs, the other around the back of her neck after the lariat. Kurayami reaches down, snatching the arm away from the ribs as she hurls Somers into the corner with an Irish whip, the impact of which causes Somers to grab the ropes to prevent a fall to the canvas.]

SA: Whip to the corner, Somers barely able to stand...

CP: Kurayami might smell blood in the water, Sal - she might be looking to finish her off, successfully defend her title, and get the heck out of here.

SA: So far tonight, every title that's been put on the line has changed hands. Jordan Ohara defeating Jackson Hunter for the National Title. Next Gen regaining the World Tag Team Titles from the Soldiers of Fortune. And now, Kurayami is hoping to stop that streak cold by defeating Julie Somers here in this one.

[With Somers dazed and hurting in the corner, Kurayami backs up about three-quarters of the way across the ring before letting loose a bellow and charging in...]

SA: Kurayami looking for another avalanche heeeeeeeere...

[...but as Kurayami comes lumbering in, Somers leans back, swinging both feet up so that they catch the champion under the chin!]

SA: ...annnnnd- NOOOO! RIGHT INTO THE FEET OF THE SPITFIRE!

[The impact stuns Kurayami who goes stumbling backwards as Somers quickly ducks through the ropes, climbing them swiftly to try to take advantage of the timely counter!]

SA: Somers is on the move! Somers is climbing! To the second... now to the top!

[She throws her arms over her head for a moment to salute the cheering crowd before hurling herself into the air...]

SA: CROSSBODY...

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...AND CAUGHT!

[The crowd deflates in an instant as the mighty Kurayami snatches Julie Somers out of the sky, slowly walking with her across her torso out to mid-ring, defiantly shaking her head as she does so...]

SA: She's got Somers in a vulnerable position here and...

[...and then suddenly presses her overhead with a mighty shove, stepping back and watching as Somers flails wildly as she plummets straight back down...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: FACEPLANTS AGAIN! FOR THE SECOND TIME, JULIE SOMERS GOES WAY UP HIGH AND CRASHES WAY DOWN HARD!

[The crowd is buzzing loudly over the vulgar display of power as Kurayami throws her mighty arms overhead, shouting and bellowing at the jeering Toronto crowd.]

SA: Perhaps the mightiest woman in all of wrestling... although competitors like Trish Wallace and Margarita Flores might beg to differ... showing off that tremendous power as she tosses Somers like a small child.

[With Somers facefirst on the mat, Kurayami drops back into the ropes, slowly walking off them...

...and LEAPS into the air!]

SA: BIG SPLASH!

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: 250 POUNDS RIGHT DOWN ACROSS THE CHALLENGER’S BACK!

CP: That might do it there! Kurayami famously put Miyuki Ozaki in the hospital with those big splashes once upon a time and when you see the impact on the spine of Julie Somers right there, you sure see why.

[Kurayami flips Somers onto her back, smashing two palms down into the chest as she sneers into the camera, her tongue shoved out defiantly...]

SA: Arrogant cover by the champions gets one! She gets two!

[...and again Somers slips out, Kurayami nearly faceplanting on top of her from the sudden kickout!]

SA: Somers slides out - and you have to wonder how much closer to three she would’ve gotten with a legitimate pin attempt and not that little bullying showoff tactic we got there.

[Kurayami again glares at Shari Miranda as she climbs to her feet, hearing the cheers for the kickout from the Toronto crowd. She points to the downed Somers...

...and then jerks a thumbs down before dropping back into the ropes a second time...]

SA: She’s gonna do it again!

CP: Just like Miyuki!

[...and leaps into the air, looking to splash the ribs this time!]

SA: A SECOND SPLAAAAAASH!

[The crowd ROARS as Julie Somers frantically rolls to the side, causing Kurayami to SLAM down on her own chest on the mat!]

SA: SOMERS MOVES! JULIE SOMERS ROLLS OUT OF THE WAY TO AVOID THE BIG SPLASH AND PERHAPS SAVING HER TITLE DREAMS HERE TONIGHT AT SUPERCLASH!

[The quick and frantic rollout leaves Somers out on the apron as Kurayami pushes up off the mat to her knees, grabbing at her own ribs as the crowd roars for the quick-witted counter from the challenger...]



SA: Kurayami feeling the effects of that big miss as well... but even with that missed splash, she's gonna make it to her feet before Somers does.

CP: Julie Somers has taken a tremendous amount of punishment over the last several minutes, Albano. Kurayami's still in the driver's seat in this title showdown in Toronto.

[Kurayami pushes off the mat, a grimace on her face as she shakes out the leg Somers attacked earlier...]

SA: You can see that Kurayami's not exactly as fresh as a daisy in there thought, Colt. Shaking the leg, trying to get the blood going through that knee again.

[The champion moves to the ropes where Somers is on a knee on the apron. She leans over, pulling her up by the hair to her feet, keeping the grip on the locks as she winds up...]

"OHHH!"

[...and BLASTS Somers with a short right hand to the cheekbone...]

"OHHH!"

[...the eye socket...]

"OHHH!"

[...across the bridge of the nose...]

"OHHH!"

[...and right between the eyes. Somers slumps forward but Kurayami keeps her grip on the hair, shaking her head at Somers...]

SA: Kurayami REFUSING to let Somers fall down, keeping her right in range where she wants-

[...and the Spitfire suddenly pops up, throwing a big forearm to the jaw that ROCKS Kurayami, sending her stumbling two steps backwards!]

SA: -OHH! SOMERS CAUGHT HER GOOD!

[A pissed-off Kurayami reaches out, snatching Somers under the arm and around the head...]

SA: What is she...?

[...and with a little two step run alongside the ropes, she lifts Somers into the air, flipping her through the sky...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and THROWS her down off the apron to the barely-padded floor with a biel toss!]

SA: WITH A SPLAT CANADA HASN'T SEEN SINCE THE DOLLAR CRASHED IN 2002, JULIE SOMERS JUST \_BOUNCED\_ OFF THE FLOOR LIKE A BASKETBALL!

[The crowd is buzzing over the hard fall as Somers lies motionless on the outside. Kurayami glares down over the ropes at her fallen opponent, stabbing at the air as she points at her emphatically.]

SA: Kurayami may have completely flipped this match on its head! Julie Somers tossed off the apron, bounced off the floor, and that puts her seriously behind the 8 ball as the champion looks to finish her off.

[The champion though does not go to the floor after her, instead raising her arms over her head as she walks around the ring, taunting the Toronto crowd who are jeering the massive superstar.]

SA: Boy, she sure is proud of herself, isn't she?

CP: And rightfully so, Albano... you said it yourself, she may have completely flipped this match on its head with that one move. Julie Somers is down, barely moving on the floor as the referee counts again... and I don't know if she's getting up in time to save her challenge for the Women's World Title.

[Kurayami looks out on the crowd, jerking a thumb at her chest, bellowing in their direction as the referee's count hits "THREE!"]

SA: Shari Miranda counting Julie Somers down and out once again and right now, Kurayami seems perfectly happy with that.

CP: Kurayami willing to wait and see if the Spitfire can get up and keep fighting but at the moment, it don't look good, jack!

[The count goes to "FOUR!"... and then "FIVE!" as Somers struggles to roll onto a hip, looking up at the ring where the referee is counting. She grabs at her lower back, pain on her face as Kurayami circles back to the ropes facing her...]

SA: Kurayami waving her back in, inviting her back into the ring to keep this title match going... the count is up to six now and while Somers is moving, the pain is evident on her face, Colt.

CP: Kurayami plays for keeps, Albano. She's gone after the ribs, now the back... making it hurt to even breathe... and it seems like a long time ago since the beginning of this match when Somers had control, doesn't it?

SA: It certainly does... that count to seven as Somers gets on a knee, fighting to get to her feet with these fans in Toronto cheering her on...

[A loud "JU-LIE!" chant breaks out, urging her back up as Kurayami looks around with annoyance...]

SA: The count is at eight and... she's up! She's up!

[The crowd cheers the rise of Julie Somers to her feet, even as she stumbles forward, catching herself on the apron to prevent falling back down...]

CP: She's still gotta get back in... although it looks like the champ's gonna help her out with that...

[Walking towards the ropes, Kurayami reaches over them to grab at Somers, the referee protesting...]

...which is when Somers makes a desperate lunge for Kurayami's ankles, grabbing tight and giving a yank. Kurayami tries to grab the ropes to save her balance but whiffs on the grab, flopping backwards onto her back to cheers!]

SA: Somers grabs the legs, trips her up... trying to save herself from-

[Grabbing the leg she went after earlier in the match, Somers lifts it up for all to see...

...and then SLAMS the back of the knee down onto the edge of the apron, causing the mighty Kurayami to cry out in pain!]

SA: -and she's going after the knee again!

CP: And it ain't often we hear Kurayami scream in pain like that, Albano.

SA: It's certainly not... and Somers is gonna do it again!

[The Spitfire lifts the leg a second time, looking out at the cheering fans imploring her to in fact "do it again"...

...and she does, jamming the knee down into the edge of the apron a second time!]

SA: The Spitfire targeting the knee once more to great effect... Kurayami howling in pain, grabbing her own knee down on the mat... the pain is obvious on her face as well...

CP: Julie Somers looks like she's gonna do it again too! The referee warning her to stop but the Spitfire's got that leg a third time...

SA: Can't stop, won't stop... Somers lifts it up and-

[In a desperate attempt to stop her, Kurayami swings her other leg up, planting it on Somers' chest and kicks her back, sending Somers flailing backwards and down to the floor!]

SA: -no! Kurayami kicks her off! Kicks her to the floor and saves her knee from any further damage... for now at least.

[Rolling under the ropes, Kurayami clings to the apron to stay on her feet, violently shaking the injured leg as she tries to get some feeling other than overwhelming pain back into it.]

SA: Over twenty minutes into this title battle now as the action spills to the floor yet again... Kurayami leaning heavily on the apron, barely able to put weight on that injured leg...

[Trying to seize the moment, Somers comes charging back in from a short distance, leaping up...]

SA: Somers on the move!

[...wrapping her legs around the champion's head and neck, trying to take her over in a rana...]

SA: Looking for the rana on the outside but Kurayami blocks it! She catches her and blocks it!

[Standing tall with a struggling Somers in her grasp, Kurayami steps away from the apron, the crowd buzzing at what they're anticipating comes next...]

SA: She's gonna get that powerbomb on the floor! She wanted it earlier and now she's got Somers in perfect position for it!

[...but when she suddenly twists around to face the ring, the crowd's reaction echoes the alarm on the face of the challenger...]

SA: No, no, no... NOOOOOOOO!

[...who gets THROWN down violently into the edge of the ring apron!]

SA: THE GARCIA SPECIAL! THE POWERBOMB ON THE RING APRON, JOLTING THE ALREADY BANGED-UP SPINE OF THE SPITFIRE!

[Kurayami falls forward, almost crashing into Somers again as she grabs the apron, her knee giving her trouble. Somers slumps down to a seated position against the apron, pain on her face as the crowd buzzes the latest hard blow taken by the popular challenger.]

SA: Somers is down and hurt... Kurayami is up... barely... and hurt.... what a battle we're seeing over the Women's World Title here tonight in Toronto.

[Yanking Somers off the floor, Kurayami shoves her under the ropes into the ring, crawling in after her, throwing her 250 pound frame on top of Somers for a cover!]

SA: Kurayami looking to finish it! It could be! It MIGHT be! IT-

[The crowd ROARS as Somers' shoulder comes flying off the mat, breaking up the pin just in time!]

SA: -NO! SOMERS KICKS OUT! MY WORD, WHAT RESILIENCY ON THE PART OF THE CHALLENGER!

[Kurayami kneels on the mat, breathing heavily as she glares up at Shari Miranda, holding up three fingers. Miranda shakes her head in response, holding up two fingers as the champion climbs off the mat, glaring at the official.]

"You're not doing her any favors, Miranda!"

[The champion leans down, dragging Somers up, trying to take advantage of her weakened condition as she shoves her back at the corner, Miranda having to lunge out of the way to avoid a collision.]

SA: Somers gets tossed back to the corner, Kurayami warning the referee that she's not doing the challenger any favors by keeping this match going. Again, it looked like a good count from our vantage point, Colt.

CP: It did... but I gotta agree with Kurayami here. Miranda might want to take a look at stopping this thing.

SA: Kurayami's got her in the buckles...

[Grabbing the hair with the left hand, Kurayami pulls her head back, exposing the injured torso as she swings her right hand into the ribs once... twice... three times as the referee warns her to back off...]

SA: Going right back after the ribs.. the ribs, the back... both have been big targets for the champion in this one so far..

[Grabbing the challenger by the arm, Kurayami whips her across the ring where Somers crashes hard into the buckles, clutching the ropes to stay on her feet as the crowd buzzes with concern for the Spitfire...]

SA: Whip to the corner, another jolt to the back...

[...and with a mighty bellow, the champion rushes across the ring, a little slower than usual due to the banged up knee...]

SA: AVALANNNNNNCHE!

[...and that drop in speed is enough for Julie Somers to see the 250 pounder coming her way, diving out of the corner to her hands and knees, causing Kurayami to SLAM chestfirst into the turnbuckles!]

SA: SOMERS MOVES! SHE GOT OUT OF THE WAY!

[A weary Spitfire rolls under the ropes to the outside of the ring, grabbing onto the ringpost to stay on her feet as Kurayami stumbles backwards from the impact of the missed corner splash...]

...which is when Somers reaches back into the ring, tripping up the champion a second time!]

SA: Somers trips her down again!

[Still holding the leg, Somers angrily gives a shout, SMASHING Kurayami's knee into the steel ringpost!]

SA: OHHHH! SWINGS THE KNEE RIGHT INTO THE STEEL!

[With a frustrated and pain-filled shout, Somers strikes again...]

"OHOOOOOOOOOO!"

[...and again...]

"OHOOOOOOOOOO!"

[...and again.]

"OHOOOOOOOOOO!"

[The referee shouts down at Somers as she continues to hold the leg, breathing heavily as Kurayami grabs at her punished knee...]

SA: Julie Somers going to work on that knee against the ringpost... and Kurayami now finds herself in some serious trouble, Colt.

CP: The knee was already banged up and I can tell you from experience, having your knee smashed into the steel like that is not a recipe for a post-match walk in the park.

SA: Kurayami grabbing at the knee as Somers... what's she doing now?

[The crowd buzzes as Somers wraps up the legs around the ringpost...]

...and then drops back down, bending the legs in a ringpost figure four leglock!]

SA: FIGURE FOUR AROUND THE POST! THE SPITFIRE TWISTING AND PULLING THE LEGS OF KURAYAMI AROUND SOLID STEEL HERE AT SUPERCLASH!

[Kurayami sits up on the mat, pounding on the turnbuckles as she cries out in pain...]

SA: Somers is torturing the legs of Kurayami!

CP: She can't get a submission in the ropes like this but she can do some damage and that's what we're seeing right now!

[...and then Somers lets go, slumping down to the floor, grabbing at her ribs as she slides down.]

SA: She couldn't hold it long with the banged-up ribs but you gotta wonder how much damage was done to the champion. Kurayami appears to be in a lot of pain here, the referee checking on-

[The crowd "ooooohs" as Kurayami shoves the official away.]

SA: -check that... Kurayami wants no part of the referee potentially stopping this match. She shoves Miranda away, trying to get off the mat on her own power...

[Somers gets to her feet, reaching up to grab the ropes as she pulls herself back up on the ring apron...]

SA: Somers is on the apron... Kurayami struggling to get up off the mat.

CP: She's having trouble putting weight on that knee and that's gonna make it hard to-

[...and as Kurayami gets almost there, Somers grabs the top rope with both hands, slingshotting herself over...]

SA: SLINGSHOT...

[...hooking a front facelock on the way to SPIKING Kurayami skullfirst into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: DDT! DDT! SHE DRIVES HER DOWN, COLT!

CP: And there's been a lot of chatter over the past several months among the girls in the locker room and the fans online that if Kurayami does have a weakness, it just might be her neck - that's why we've seen Somers use that tornado DDT in recent weeks and that's why she just busted out that DDT right there no doubt!

[Somers muscles her over onto her back, diving across the champion's torso.]

SA: SOMERS WITH THE COVER! ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! TH-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: NEAR FALL! NEAR FALL RIGHT THERE FOR THE SPITFIRE!

CP: Julie Somers... look at her, Sal. She thought she had her... she thought she'd found a way to win the World Title here on the biggest stage of them all... a moment she - and all these fans watching - would never forget but Kurayami is a tough mountain to top and Somers is just realizing she's gonna need more than that.

SA: What will it take? What will it take to put the monster down for a three count? And while Kurayami has mostly done her own thing since arriving in the AWA, you cannot forget that she's a member of the Korugun Army so you know Javier Castillo

is watching back down in Atlanta. It's been a hit and miss night for them so far with losses by Jeff Matthews and Jackson Hunter but a win from James Lynch... you know they'd love to pick up some momentum by keeping the Women's World Title here in this one.

[Somers is kneeling on the mat, her face buried in her hands as Kurayami rolls to her hands and knees, trying to crawl away from the Spitfire.]

SA: And now it's Kurayami who is looking for a chance to regroup as we-

"THIRTY MINUTES GONE BY! THIRTY MINUTES REMAIN!"

SA: There's the call there. Halfway through this sixty minute time limit as Kurayami grabs the ropes, trying to pull herself to her feet...

[A dazed and hurting Kurayami pulls herself to her feet, barely able to stand as Somers rises to her own feet behind her...]

SA: Ohh! Somers kicks the knee again! And again! And again!

[The flurry of kicks sends Kurayami staggering down the length of the ropes, collapsing in the corner, hanging onto the turnbuckles as Somers stares in at her, determination in her gaze...]

SA: HERE... COMES...

[...and sprints into the ring towards her, charging half the distance of the ring...]

SA: ...THE SPITFIRE!

[The crowd reacts as Somers throws herself into a dropkick, her feet catching the champion on the chin, snapping her head back...]

SA: What a dropkick by the challenger! Kurayami on Dream Street, barely hanging on to the ropes!

[Somers scrambles up, backing to the corner, staring across the ring...]

SA: Here she goes again!

[...and charges in a second time, throwing herself into a second jaw-jacking dropkick!]

SA: Another dropkick on target!

[This one causes Kurayami to slump down, her back pressed hard against the buckles to stay on her feet as Somers rolls under the ropes to the apron...]

SA: Kurayami struggling to stay up... Somers looking for something on the apron here... back on her feet near the corner...

[Somers reaches over the ropes, pulling Kurayami back up by the hair as Somers steps up to the bottom rope...]

SA: The Spitfire looking for something here... not sure what she's got in mind but-

[...but suddenly Kurayami lets loose a roar, swinging a hard left hand into the jaw of Somers, knocking her back down on the apron!]

SA: OH! Whatever it was, Kurayami had other ideas, knocking her back down with a hard shot to the face!

[The left hand gives Kurayami a window to step out to the apron, joining the kneeling Somers out there...]

SA: Oh no.

[...and pulls her into a standing headscissors as the crowd buzzes with concern for the challenger!]

SA: Kurayami looking to end this match with an exclamation point! She's got her set, looking for a powerbomb off the apron to the floor and... well, I don't need to tell the fans at home, if she hits this - it's all over!

CP: The match or Somers' career?!

SA: Likely both! But Kurayami doesn't give a damn if it means she hangs on to that title she treasures so much!

[The mighty Kurayami hoists Somers into the air, looking for sure to powerbomb her off the apron to the floor...]

...but a frantic Somers starts raining down punches between the eyes, staggering the off-balance Kurayami...]

SA: SOMERS IS FIGHTING IT! SHE'S FIGHTING FOR HER LIFE!

[...and suddenly throws herself backwards, her legs still wrapped around Kurayami's head and neck...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...swinging the massive champion off the apron, and throwing her down onto the barely-padded floor with a rana counter!]

SA: INCREDIBLE COUNTER BY THE SPITFIRE! SAVING THE MATCH! SAVING HER TITLE HOPES AND DREAMS! AND LIKELY, SAVING HER VERY CAREER WITH ONE SINGLE MOVE!

CP: She knew it wasn't going to be easy to get Kurayami over that but Kurayami was already off-balance with her footwork on the apron... she's got the banged up knee... and once Somers got going backwards, momentum was all on her side as she flips the champion off the apron and down HARD on the floor!

SA: Both women are down after that counter by the challenger... both are hurting...

CP: That took a lot out of Somers... she's absolutely reeling out there. Over a half hour in there with a killer like Kurayami - it's only a miracle that she's still in there fighting for the title!

SA: A miracle combined with her sheer determination... her will to win... her fighting spirit, call it what you will but the Spitfire's got it in spades and she's got the champion down on the outside... and if there was ever a moment for Julie Somers to find a way to get her back in, get one more big move, and get that three count, this just might be the time, Colt.

CP: Kurayami's being taken into the deep, deep waters by Julie Somers' resilience and to me, that makes this anyone's match to win at this point, Sal. We know Kurayami has one punch knockout power. She can end this at any time with one



shot but so far, Julie Somers has taken each and every shot she's got and she's come out the other side. This could be the night for the Spitfire.

SA: These fans here in Toronto certainly think so, chanting her name once more...

[The "JU-LIE!" chants fill the air again as Somers pushes up to her hands and knees on the outside, looking over at the still-downed Kurayami...

...and then looks up at the ring, slowly nodding...]

SA: Somers looking up, nodding to herself... perhaps thinking she knows what it might take...

[The Spitfire reaches up from the floor, grabbing the ring apron, dragging herself back to her feet... and then keeps on going, using the ropes to pull herself back up on the apron...]

SA: Somers back on the apron, looking to get back inside...

[...and then pauses there, throwing a look back at Kurayami who is struggling to get off the floor...]

SA: ...or maybe not. Julie Somers with an eye on the champion, checking to see where she's at...

[...but as the Women's World Champion comes off the floor, Somers leaps into action literally, springing off the middle rope...]

SA: ...MOOOOOONSAULLLLLLLLT!

[...and WIPES OUT the rising World Champion with a breathtaking Asai moonsault that flattens both competitors, leaving them down and on the floor as the crowd ROARS for the daredevil move!]

SA: JULIE SOMERS TAKES TO THE SKY IN IMPRESSIVE FASHION AT SUPERCLASH AND LEAVES HER OPPONENT - AND HERSELF - LAID OUT ON THE FLOOR!

[The crowd is roaring as Shari Miranda steps to the ropes, looking down on the outside where she finds both Kurayami and Julie Somers sprawled out across the barely-padded Rogers Centre floor...

...and starts her double count.]

"ONE!"

SA: Shari Miranda looking to count them both down here. Both women are out after that moonsault, an incredible effort by Julie Somers some 35 minutes into this tremendous battle over the Women's World Title - the greatest prize in our sport for their competitors!

"TWO!"

CP: And now that battle becomes one to get up, get on those feet, and get yourself back inside that ring before Miranda hits ten!

"THREE!"

SA: We saw these two go one-on-one in Mexico back in September - a match that as we all recall, ended in a countout victory for Julie Somers who won the match but not the title and you know she doesn't want it to go down that way tonight in

Toronto. She wants the gold, she wants the strap, she wants that title around her waist.

CP: Right now, they're BOTH down, Sal... and I think we all know no one wants to see this end in a double countout, that's for sure.

"FOUR!"

[At the count of four, Julie Somers slowly pushes up, her back arching as she tries to get up off the floor...]

SA: Somers is the first to stir, trying to get her way back to her feet and get back in that ring...

CP: She needs to do more than that, Sal... she's gotta get Kurayami back in the ring too and that's no easy task.

SA: As we saw - and she experienced - at Estrellas earlier this year.

"FIVE!"

[Somers' pushup off the floor is aided as she slips her knees up under her, leaving her on all fours as Shari Miranda continues to count...]

SA: Somers on her hands and knees now as the count reaches five... now six.

[With a grimace, Somers forces herself to her feet to cheers, the crowd ROARING as she does. She stumbles forward towards the apron, bracing herself to prevent a fall back down. She looks up at the official and quickly turns, spotting Kurayami who has managed to roll onto her hip, sitting up on the ringside mats...]

"SEVEN!"

[With a panicked look on her face, Somers lunges towards Kurayami, grabbing the big champion by the hair with both hands, pulling with all her strength as the crowd urges her on...]

SA: Somers hears the count! Somers is remembering Mexico no doubt! Can she change the outcome this time? Can she get her back in?

[Kurayami bellows at her as Somers continues to try to get her off the floor.]

SA: The Spitfire yanking and pulling and tugging and tearing at the hair of Kurayami, trying to literally drag her back into the ring to prevent a countout and keep her title dreams alive here at SuperClash!

"EIGHT!"

[Somers - hearing the count - becomes even more frantic, this time keeping one hand on the hair and slipping the other under an arm, dragging Kurayami off the floor...]

...where the mighty champion gives a big shove, sending Somers flying backwards, the small of her back JAMMING into the edge of the ring apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With a window of opportunity, the World Champion surges forward, moving past Somers as she dives under the ropes just as Shari Miranda bellows out "NINE!"]

SA: Kurayami's in! Kurayami beats the count just barely!

CP: I don't know if Somers is gonna make it, Albano!

[But just as Miranda lifts her arm to make the final count, a desperate Julie Somers throws herself under the ropes into the ring, beating the countout by mere moments to a HUGE ROAR from the Toronto crowd!]

SA: She did it! She made it! Julie Somers beats the count and this one will continue here at SuperClash IX! Whoaaa boy! What a fight we're seeing, Colt!

CP: Just about 35 minutes of action in the book as two of the best in the world battle it out to be known as THE best. When you wear that title, no one can doubt that you are indeed the cream of the crop, the top of the mountain... THE woman in this industry.

SA: So much at stake now as these two tremendous competitors slowly come up off the mat, staring each other dead in the eye...

[The crowd is roaring again now, some for the staredown, some for the fight still to come, and many in tribute of the fight they've already seen so far...

...so when Somers surges forward, landing a big right hand, the crowd reacts in kind!]

"OHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Right hand on the mark by the challenger!

[Kurayami tiredly throws one in response but Somers ducks under it, landing a second haymaker...]

SA: Swing and a miss and Somers strikes again!

CP: Kurayami's running on steam, Albano!

SA: We talked about Somers' ability to take Kurayami into the deep water in this one and as we creep towards the forty minute mark in this sixty minute time limit, this IS the deepest of waters that we've seen Kurayami in during her time as AWA Women's World Champion so far... Somers with another right hand... and another!

[With Kurayami in a daze, Somers reaches out, grabbing her by the hair and guiding her over towards the corner...]

SA: To the corner they go and... ohh! Somers bounces her head off the top turnbuckle for good measure!

[...where she draws the champion into a front facelock while stepping up the turnbuckles to sit up top...]

SA: Somers has her hooked, looking for that tornado DDT that she started using specifically to target what many believe is the weak point on the champion, her neck. Somers trying to get her down and keep her down!

[...where she pauses to take several deep breaths, steeling herself for what's still to come...]

SA: Somers perhaps taking too long here though, Colt.

CP: Can you blame her? These two have put each other to their limits and beyond here in this one. She's out of gas just like the champion is.

SA: Yet somehow they find a way to keep going...

[Somers suddenly pushes off, giving a whoop as she does, twisting through the air with Kurayami still in her grasp...]

SA: TORNADOOOOOO- NOOO!

[...but the mighty champion pauses in mid-swing, shoving with all her strength to send Somers out of the front facelock, flying halfway across the ring before crashing down on her knees on the mat!]

SA: Kurayami counters it! She shoves her off!

[The champion falls back into the corner, frantically shaking out her knee which is ravaged by pain...]

SA: Somers trying to get back up, trying to keep the fight on her...

[...and as the challenger comes back to her feet, Kurayami clenches her jaw and charges across the ring on the bad wheel, throwing herself up into the air...]

SA: ...SHOTGUN DROPKICK!

[...and drives her feet into the chest of the Spitfire, rocketing her backwards where she SLAMS into the corner, her head snapping back in a whiplash motion!]

SA: SOMERS HITS THE CORNER!

[Kurayami grabs at her knee down on the mat, giving a loud frustrated shout as she tries to get up, seeing Somers staggering towards her...

...and goes into a backspin, swinging her arm up...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: URAAAAAAKEN! THE SPINNING BACKFIST CONNECTS! DOWN GOES SOMERS! DOWN GOES SOMERS! KURAYAMI COLLAPSES ON TOP!

[The mighty champion can't even hook a leg as she just flops on top of the downed Somers, the referee diving into position...]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT...

[...and Somers' right arm goes firing up into the air, her shoulder popping off the canvas in time to a relieved roar from the Toronto crowd!]

SA: ...SOMERS IS OUT AT TWO! THIS MATCH GOES ON!

[Again, Kurayami barks something in Japanese at Shari Miranda who holds up two fingers while backpedaling away from the agitated World Champion as she slowly climbs up off the mat.]

SA: The champion thought she'd knocked her out with that spinning backfist but Julie Somers continues to find a way to keep going... to keep this fight going for the World Title...

[The champion again winces, shaking out her leg before leaning over to drag the challenger by the arm out to the middle of the ring...]

SA: Moving Somers into position for something now... what else is left? What else does the mighty Kurayami have left in the arsenal that can keep Julie Somers down for a match-ending three count?

[...and still holding the arm, she pulls Somers right on up to her feet, and into the unfriendly confines of a standing headscissors...]

SA: The crowd here in Toronto instantly knows what's coming! As do we, Colt. We've seen Kurayami use this powerbomb - the Hinotama - countless times in the year she's been in the AWA... and if she uses it now, she's walking out of SuperClash with the title secured around her waist.

[With the crowd buzzing with concern for Julie Somers... with worry that the end is near for her title challenge, the mighty champion reaches down to wrap her massive arms around Somers' torso...]

SA: And you've gotta wonder if Somers knows what's coming? After the pounding punishment she's taken tonight in Toronto, can she possibly have a clue what's coming her way right now?

CP: If she doesn't, she's about to find out the hard way, jack!

[...and lifts Somers up into the air, getting her all the way straight up and down, holding her there as the crowd noise gets louder...]

SA: SHE'S GOT HER UP! GOT HER ALL THE WAY UP!

[...which is where a frantic Spitfire starts raining down right hands on the skull of the World Champion, desperate to prevent what comes next...]

SA: SHE'S FIGHTING IT! SOMERS IS FIGHTING IT!

[...and with a wobble of the bad knee, Kurayami goes falling backwards, Somers riding her all the way down into a seaton senton on the mat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Somers leans really far back, reaching back to hook a leg, staying seated on the upper chest of Kurayami as the referee dives down...]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: KICK OUT! SHE KICKS OUT AGAIN! THE CHAMPION KEEPS THE GOLD FOR NOW!

CP: She almost got her, Albano!

SA: So close! So very, very close for Julie Somers who tried to rip the title right off the waist of the champion right there and just about did it!

[Somers kneels on the mat, hands on the canvas as well as she breathes heavily.]

SA: We just got word from the timekeeper that we're at the FORTY minute mark in this World Title showdown and... Colt, at this point, I can't even guess what it's gonna take.

CP: We still haven't gotten the powerbomb! We still haven't seen the moonsault or that tornado DDT from Somers! They've both got big bullets left in the gun but you're right, Sal... at this point, I don't even know if EITHER of those things are gonna be enough to win this thing.

SA: Kurayami whose name is Japanese for The Darkness may be seeing a whole lot of darkness right now as she's been through the wringer here tonight. In the deep, deep waters here at SuperClash, fighting with everything she's got to keep that title wrapped around her waist...

[Somers pushes up off the mat, grabbing at her ribs as she does. She looks to the corner but then looks back and spies Kurayami coming off the mat to a knee.]

SA: Somers pulling Kurayami the rest of the way up... ohhh! Headfirst into the turnbuckles!

[The champion collapses backwards into the corner as Somers steadies herself, taking a couple of deep breaths...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and lashes out with a big chop across the champion's chest!]

SA: Knife edge chop! Somers taking the fight to her in the corner as we're over forty minutes and still counting...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Kurayami is clinging to the ropes, struggling to stay on her feet at this point of the contest as Somers nods her head at the cheering crowd, stepping up on the second rope...]

SA: The fans are solidly behind the Spitfire and letting her hear it!

[...and starts raining down a closed right hand on the skull as the crowd counts along!]

"ONE!"  
"TWO!"  
"THREE!"  
"FOUR!"  
"FIVE!"  
"SIX!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[But suddenly, the champion reaches up and manages to shove her challenger off the second rope, sending Somers flopping down backwards on the canvas, the back of her head slamming down into the mat...]

SA: SOMERS HITS HARD!

[...and as Somers grabs the back of her head on the mat, Kurayami turns away from her, slapping a hand down on the top turnbuckle...]

SA: Somers is down but the champion's not going for a cover - she's going for something else!

[The crowd buzzes with concern as the 250 pounder steps up on the bottom rope...]

SA: Kurayami's climbing the ropes! Climbing those ropes with Somers down inside the ring behind her...

[She steps the other foot onto the bottom rope, a noticeable grimace on her face as she puts weight on the injured knee...]

SA: ...and you can see the pain on her face when she steps down on that banged-up knee...

CP: She's trying to climb the ropes but it's taking too long.

SA: One foot on the middle rope...

[She pauses again, taking a breath before stepping up with the injured knee on the middle rope, leaning over to grab the top...]

SA: Kurayami looking for that big backwards splash from the ropes...

[...and suddenly, the crowd breaks into a loud ROAR!]

SA: ...but Somers is up! Somers is up and-

[A loud "WHAAAAAACK!" rings out as Somers plants a clubbing forearm down across the champion's broad back...

...and then smashes her forearm into the back of Kurayami's knee, keeping her in place...]

SA: She hit the knee! Smart move by the challenger... and now where the heck is she going, Colt?!

CP: She's climbing too!

[Somers steps up on the second rope, balancing herself by hanging onto the off-balance Kurayami...]

SA: Kurayami trying to hang onto the ropes and Somers is hanging onto her right now...

[Somers pauses, delicately moving her feet into position as Kurayami straightens up...

...and Somers springs off the middle rope, leaping high to snare her legs around Kurayami's head...]

SA: DAAAAAANGERRRRRRRR!

[...and SNAPS her backwards off the top rope with a reverse rana, sending Kurayami flipping backwards where she PLANTS down on the canvas on her head and neck!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: THAT’S IT! THAT’S GOTTA BE IT!

[Somers lowers her head into the ribcage of the downed Kurayami, using all of her body weight to roll the champion onto her back, flopping down on her chest, flinging an arm across the chest!]

SA: IT COULD BE!! IT MIGHT BE!! IT...

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: I DON’T BELIEVE IT! I CANNOT BELIEVE MY EYES, COLT PATTERSON!

[Julie Somers is facedown on the mat but you can imagine the disbelieving look on her face as Kurayami stays on her back with one arm shot high into the air and one shoulder BARELY off the canvas!]

SA: She kicked out! She kicked out of that head-spiking reverse rana off the second rope and... Sweet Santa Maria, Julie Somers was so close to the gold right there, she can feel it! She can feel that belt in her hands, on her shoulder, around her waist... but Kurayami - Aoi Homura, the woman behind the monster - refuses to stay down! Refuses to lose that title! Refuses to surrender the reason she crossed an ocean a year ago to come to the AWA to begin with!

[Somers lets loose a frustrated and anguished roar as she pushes herself off the mat to her knees, clutching her ribcage as she looks across the ring...]

“FIFTEEN MINUTES REMAIN! FIFTEEN MINUTES!”

[...and then tiredly points to the corner...]

SA: Oh, sweet mercy... Julie Somers is pointing to the corner! She’s pointing to the ropes where she and Kurayami just came flying off them in that ultra dangerous reverse rana! We’ve hit the forty-five minute mark in this match, we’ve got fifteen minutes to go, and... my oh my, Julie Somers isn’t done yet!

[Somers forces herself to her feet, stumbling towards the abandoned corner where she collapses chestfirst into the corner. Nodding her head at the buzzing crowd, Somers grabs the top rope as she steps up onto the second rope...]

SA: Somers trying to climb! Julie Somers trying to exhaust her arsenal here... to bust out the big gun that’s won so many matches for her over the past few years here in the AWA!

[...and then one foot on the top rope, the Spitfire looking out at the Toronto crowd up on their feet, roaring with anticipation of what Somers is looking to do!]

SA: SOMERS IS UP TOP! SHE’S UP TOP!

[And suddenly, the challenger hurls herself off the perch, flipping backwards through the air...]

SA: MOOOOOOONSAULLLLLLLLT!

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...right across the raised knees of the desperate World Champion trying to save her title!]



SA: ON THE KNEES! KURAYAMI GOT THE KNEES UP!

[And with Somers down on the mat clutching her ribs in pain and the crowd buzzing over the near miss, Kurayami is flat on her back...

...until SHE! SITS! UP!]

SA: LOOK AT THAT! LOOK AT THAT! KURAYAMI IS UP!

[The massive champion is quick to her feet this time, only the slightest wince as she plants her injured leg...

...and then YANKS the physically wrecked Somers into a standing headscissors...]

SA: SHE HOOKS HER! SHE'S BEEN LOOKING FOR THIS ALL NIGHT!

[...lifting her up into the air, not hesitating for a moment this time...]

SA: HINOTAAAAAAMAAAAAA!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and PLANTING the Spitfire with a ring-shaking powerbomb!]

SA: SOMERS GETS SPIKED INTO THE MAT!

CP: COVER HER!

[Kurayami glares down at the motionless Julie Somers...]

SA: She hit the Hinotama! She hit the powerbomb! And if my guess is right, a cover right here ends this and she keeps the title!

[...and then slowly raises her arm, pointing to the corner...]

CP: I'm sorry... what?!

SA: And now it's Kurayami pointing to the corner! What the heck is going on here in Toronto, Colt?!

[The massive champion lumbers to the corner, letting loose a roar as she slaps the top turnbuckle a few times...

...and then grabs the top rope, stepping up on the bottom rope...]

SA: Kurayami's starting to climb! The 250 pound World Champion is starting to climb!

CP: Julie Somers is still down. Is that that reverse splash or...?

SA: I'm not sure what's she's got in mind other than putting Julie Somers THROUGH that mat and walking out of Toronto with the World Title still around her waist!

[...and then up to the second rope, visibly wincing on that step again...]

SA: Kurayami continues to have trouble with the knee that Julie Somers has targeted all match long... trying to climb these ropes...

[...leaning down to grab the top rope to steady herself...]

SA: ...and you could be right, Colt. She might be looking for that reverse splash!

[...and then puts her good foot up on the top rope to a deafening reaction from the crowd!]

SA: Wait, wait, wait! It's not the reverse splash, Colt! IT'S THE MOONSAULT! SHE'S GOING UP TOP TO DROP 250 POUNDS IN THAT MOONSAULT!

[But again she pauses... taking several moments to steady her footing as she prepares to step up top with the bad knee...]

CP: I don't know if she can do it!

SA: Kurayami looking concerned! Can her injured knee take this weight on the rope?

[And with Kurayami showing hesitation, the crowd starts cheering loudly again...]

SA: SOMERS IS UP! SOMERS IS UP! KURAYAMI TOOK TOO LONG!

[...and Somers comes up swinging...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

SA: FOREARM ACROSS THE BACK!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

SA: CLUBBING AWAY ACROSS THE BACK OF THE WORLD CHAMPION!

[Kurayami is wobbly up top, reaching down to grab the ropes to steady herself again...]

...and with a roar, Somers starts clubbing away with both arms...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and with the crowd ROARING, Somers ducks lower, slipping her head up between the legs of Kurayami, her arms grasping Kurayami's thighs as she stands with one foot up top and one foot on the middle rope...]

SA: WHAT IS SHE...?!

[...and with a roar of effort, Somers gives just enough push and pull to cause Kurayami's bad knee to buckle, sending her toppling backwards...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: POWERBOMB! POWERBOMMMMMMB BY SOMERS!

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sight of the World Champion sprawled out on the canvas!]

CP: She used every bit of momentum and leverage she could muster - that wasn't power and strength, that was smarts!

[And with Kurayami laid out, Somers quickly turns, stepping to the middle rope...]

SA: SOMERS IS CLIMBING!

[...then to the top...]

SA: THE SPITFIRE IS UP TOP! SHE'S UP TOP!

[...and then HURLS herself backwards, flipping through the air...]

SA: MOOOOOOONSAULLLLLLLLLLLLT!

[...and CRASHES down across the chest of the massive World Champion!]

SA: SHE GOT IT! SHE GOT IT ALL! HOOKS THE LEG!

[The referee dives to the canvas...]

SA: IT COULD BE!! IT MIGHT BE!! IT... ISSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd ERUPTS with a reaction strong enough to shake the foundation of the Rogers Centre as an exhausted Somers rolls off to sit on the mat, burying her face in her hands as the referee leaps off the mat, rushing towards the ropes to retrieve the title belt.]

SA: JULIE SOMERS HAS CONQUERED THE ODDS! JULIE SOMERS HAS SHOWN THE WORLD THAT DREAMS REALLY DO COME TRUE!

[Miranda grabs the title belt, a hint of a smile on her face as she strides across towards Somers who is still sitting on the mat, and thrusts it towards her. Somers looks up at Miranda, a mix of relief, exhaustion, and just about every other emotion possible as she reaches out her hands to accept her prize to another thunderous reaction from the AWA faithful!]

SA: YES! YES SHE CAN! JULIE SOMERS HAS CLIMBED THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN IN OUR SPOT AND IS LOOKING DOWN FROM ON HIGH!

[With the aid of Shari Miranda, Somers manages to get to her feet, wincing all the while. She grabs at her lower back for a moment before shaking her head, looking at the title again as Tyler Graham makes it official.]

TG: YOUR WINNER OF THE MATCH...

...AND NEEEEEEWWWWWWWWW WORRRRRRRRLD CHAMPIONNNNNNNNN...

JUUUUUUUUUUUUULIEEEEEEEEE SOMMMMMMMMMMERRRRRRSSSSSS!

[...and then thrusts it over her head to a huge response from the fans!]

SA: THERE SHE IS, FANS! THE NEW WORLD CHAMPION!

[Somers pulls the title belt down, a huge smile on her face as she pulls it towards her, planting a kiss on the face of the title.]

SA: What a moment! What a moment for these fans! What a moment for this tremendous competitor... now a champion at long last! And what a moment for fans all over the world watching, dreaming of being in her spot! Dreaming of this being their future! Julie Somers has shown them all that dreams come true and... wow!

[Somers climbs the middle rope gingerly, lifting the title belt over her head again as pyro rockets up into the sky...]

SA: They're celebrating here in Toronto! You know her brother is celebrating back in Atlanta too! What a win! What a moment! And... wow, the reign of terror of Kurayami comes to a crashing end here at SuperClash IX!

[Speaking of the former champion, she has rolled from the ring dejected and is making her way back up the aisle with her head down, not looking back at the new champion's celebration.]

SA: Kurayami walking up the aisle.

CP: And I still say she had it won, Albano. She hit the powerbomb... after trying so many times... and I think a cover there gets it done. But for her, it wasn't enough. For her, she wanted more. She wanted to hit Somers with her own moonsault.

SA: But the leg that Somers had attacked relentlessly throughout the match was Kurayami's downfall... unable to climb swiftly... unable to maintain a strong base and balance. Somers upends her... somehow... God only knows how... hits a makeshift powerbomb of her own... climbs up, hits that moonsault we've seen so many times over the past few years... and gets the history-making one... two... and three. Julie Somers ends the reign of Kurayami and the Spitfire is burning bright here in Toronto, fans!

[Somers stays on the midbuckle, saluting the roaring fans as she points to them, shouting "I LOVE YOU ALL SO MUCH!"]

SA: A huge moment for Julie Somers no doubt... and you know that Brian James and Supernova are standing in the locker room right now, looking on, wondering if this is their future... if their moment is coming up in just a short while. Every single title that has been on the line here tonight at SuperClash has changed hands... and now Johnny Detson alone stands between the World Title and that future. Can he do it? We're moments away from finding out but right now, we're going backstage to hear from the champion and both challengers as they get set for the first of half of tonight's DOUBLE Main Event!

[And as Somers continues to celebrate with the Toronto fans, we fade to the backstage area where we find Mark Stegklet standing.]

MS: You said it, Sal - we are now just moments away from seeing Johnny Detson put the World Title on the line against both Brian James and Supernova in the first ever three way World Title matchup at SuperClash. And right now, I'm here with challenger #1...

[Stegglet steps to the side, gesturing as the camera pulls back a little to reveal Supernova, who is dressed in a black trenchcoat over a black singlet. A pair of shades cover his eyes. His brown hair hangs just past his ears.]

MS: ...Supernova. Now, Supernova, it was all the way back at SuperClash III that you received a shot at the AWA National title, then the top belt in the AWA, in what is your one and only SuperClash Main Event until now.

Now, six years after that, you have your shot at the World Title, the greatest prize in all our sport. What I'm sure fans want to know is this: Is this the night you finally realize your goal of becoming the top champion?

[Supernova stares at Stegglet for a moment.]

S: Mark Stegglet, it's interesting that you bring up the fact that it's been six years since I had the chance to compete for the top title. A lot happened in that time span... everything from wrestling for the AWA World Television title to doing whatever was necessary for the good of the company. Some might have even wondered if I was wasting my time in matches that were less about the chance to win a championship and more about being a good company man.

But let's make one thing clear: Despite everything that has gone down the past year, I still stand by the AWA and do what is best for the AWA.

And that's more than I can say for one of the guys I'm facing tonight.

[He glances toward the camera.]

S: Yeah, Johnny Detson, I'm talking about you.

I watched that package they played on Saturday Night... anybody who watches it can notice a theme there. Every single time Johnny Detson won a championship belt in this company, it came because somebody arranged a favor for him.

First it was Percy Childes giving Detson the opportunity to win the TV Title, then it was Landon O'Neill doing him a favor to get a World Title shot, and to top it all off, you have Javier Castillo stacking the deck to ensure that Detson wins the top title, even if it means dragging my name through the mud.

In other words, Detson's whole story in the AWA has been about every big moment being achieved because the conditions were set for him. And that's a real shame, Mark, because believe it or not, I know that Detson is a great wrestler with all the talent in the world.

[He pulls off his shades, revealing his eyes with the red flames painted around them. He has an intense look on his face.]

S: Now, Detson, I'm not saying you needed to do everything for the good of the company, make the promotional appearances, sign a lot of autographs for kids, even wrestle with a baseball player in a tag team match.

By the way, David, no offense meant.

But all you had to do, Detson, was show everyone that you could get to the top through your own God-given talent. Even if it meant you had to bend a rule here and there -- and who hasn't, after all.

Except that's not what happened, Detson. What happened is you had somebody higher up arrange the moment for you.

And I've said this many times over, but I'll say it again: You now expect everyone to feel bad for you that your former Kings of Wrestling got screwed over by Castillo?

[He shakes his head.]

S: I don't think so. Because, Detson, what happened to Wes Taylor, to Tony Donovan, it's all on your hands, because you were the one that made the deal with Castillo, all because the only thing you could think about was another accolade.

You are a great wrestler, Detson, but you do not have my respect. I will never respect a man who takes the path you did to glory, all while not caring who gets hurt along the way -- that is, until he pretends to care about that all because the man he made the deal with had a bigger ego than Detson and decided to put the screws to him.

Tonight, Detson, everything that happens to you, it's on your hands.

[He puts his shades back on.]

MS: Supernova, let's not forget that there is another man in tonight's match. Brian James is arguably one of the fastest rising stars in the AWA. Let's not forget that, at the Battle of Boston, you and he were in a three way dance in the Finals and he beat you, along with Supreme Wright, to win the whole tournament. And let's not forget that James has his own issues with Johnny Detson. How do you contend with that in tonight's match?

[Supernova tilts his head back a bit, as if he's giving this a little thought.]

S: You know that same video package last Saturday Night, Mark? It's interesting to see what Brian and I were like back when we first showed up in the AWA. In some ways, we were very much alike.

When we first showed up, we were a couple of young bucks who couldn't believe how much good fortune smiled upon us from the day we started. With me winning the Memorial Day Rumble and him joining Michael Aarons for the Stampede Cup, nearly winning the whole thing... we got a lot of expectations thrust upon us from day one.

Of course, the difference between us is Brian has the bloodlines, while I was the guy making his way through the ranks until somebody saw me and said, "hey, let's take a chance on him."

[He pauses for a moment.]

S: And unlike Johnny Detson, when Brian James talks about sticking by those who were in the Kings of Wrestling, he meant it. There should be no doubt in anyone's mind that Brian views Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan as brothers, that he was never going to sell them out for a shot at glory.

And while I can't figure his father, Casey James, out -- and I imagine some people might feel the same way -- I would never question Brian's loyalty to his father..

I get it, Mark. Just like I got it when I saw the man James Lynch became and told Jack Lynch as such -- I get why Jack didn't want to give up on family.

For that reason, I understand why Brian James will never give up on his father, even with all his father's faults. I even understand why Brian was willing to give up a spot in tonight's match just so he could make sure that Casey James would be all right.

Most of all, I saw the way that Brian James stood by his own mother, even as she was being coerced by that poisonous snake Javier Castillo. Even when Castillo threatened Brian with losing any opportunity that Brian might have with the AWA, Brian still refused to give in.

That's why I respect Brian James. Unlike Detson, Brian has integrity and dignity and won't just sell either for a title belt or a seat at the table with whoever runs the company.

[Once again, Supernova pulls his shades off -- this time, his gaze is hardened.]

S: But as far as tonight goes, Brian James, I want you to know this.

This isn't about your father.

This isn't about your mother.

This isn't about your brothers.

This is about you, me, and Detson... and when it comes to you and me, the fact that I told you not to get in my way and you didn't listen.

Like I said, I get why you would stand by your father. I understand why you would stand by the men you think of as your brothers. And I applaud you for standing by your mother.

But there was one place that you should never have been standing -- and that's in my way of the AWA World Title.

It's not just because you beat me at Battle of Boston -- though I'd be lying if I didn't say I wanted to even the score from that night.

It's because I have been fighting my way since day one to get to the top and, now, that the moment has arrived in which I can claim that place at the top, I'm not going to let anyone or anything stop me.

That includes you, Brian, even if you may be thinking about how you're gonna make your family proud tonight.

[He puts the shades back on.]

MS: Let me ask you one more thing, Supernova: You were somewhat vague last Saturday Night Wrestling about where things stand with you and the AWA. Do you have anything else to say that might clear the air?

[Supernova stares at Stegklet for a moment.]

S: I'm not sure what else I have to add, Mark. The one thing that always remains true about me is I will do what is in the best interest of the AWA. No matter the outcome of tonight's match, that will never change.

But perhaps tonight, for one night at least, it's time for me to do what's in my best interest -- and that's win the AWA World Title.

And, in a way, that may be what's in the best interest of the AWA, too.

[Supernova then walks off the set, leaving Mark Stegklet behind...]

MS: Supernova is one of the longest tenured members of the AWA locker room and to me, it's only fitting that he's one of the three men in the ring tonight, looking to

walk out of SuperClash as the World Champion as this company gets set to embark on a whole new era — but there's obviously a lot of conflict still remaining with Supernova and with the rest of the locker room over what went down earlier this year when James Lynch masqueraded as Supernova. A lot on his mind but...

[Stegglet pauses, watching as Brian James walks into view to stand beside him. The AWA's Engine of Destruction towers over Stegglet, his face carrying its permanent scowl.]

MS: ...if ever there was someone with a lot on his mind tonight, it has to be you, Mr. James. Between everything that happened with your father and your mentor and now with you on the cusp of a World Title match. I can only guess what's going on inside your head.

[James draws in a breath, exhaling slowly.]

BJ: Well, Mark... what could be on my mind?

Maybe it's what my sensei did to my father tonight.

Maybe it's a year of being caught between Javier Castillo and my mother. And both of them trying to manipulate me to do their bidding.

Or maybe Mark, we need to be honest, and say that what's on my mind is the fact that, by any objective standard, Brian James hasn't lived up to the promises made two years ago.

I've got a half brother who did something tonight. Something he'll brag about for the rest of his life.

But Mark... two years ago, it was me, Tony and Wes who did it first.

Two years ago, I was there when the Dogs of War got their first taste of defeat. There was a television monitor smashed over my head.

And my fist smashing the stairs.

And after that, Brian James should have been unstoppable. The man who was there when the Dogs fell. The man who won the Battle of Boston. The man who put Supreme Wright to sleep.

Instead...

[James shakes his head.]

BJ: One year ago, Johnny Detson defeated me. And then he turned around and won the World Title. The same World Title he's got around his waist right now.

So maybe you think some or all of that is on my mind, Stegglet. Maybe you think that I'm about to walk into that ring with a headful of all the things that have happened over the last two years. Including the...

[James snarls.]

BJ: ...betrayal of Master Claw.

But Stegglet? There's only one thing on my mind.

It's made of gold and leather, and weighs just over twenty pounds.



What's on my mind, Mark, the only thing on my mind, is that World Heavyweight Title. Because winning that?

It'll make me forget every single ounce of crap poured on me the last two years.

That gold belt? It's everything. Everything in this sport, and everything to me. It means you are the best. It means that the blood, sweat and tears have paid off. It puts you on the top of the mountain.

Which is where I should have been.

MS: And the fact that Johnny Detson is holding it must make it all the more enticing.

[James nods again.]

BJ: Oh yeah. Make no mistake.

I hate you, Johnny Detson.

When I step into that ring, I'm looking to do more than beat you. I want to see you broken. I want to feel your teeth in my knuckles and feel your blood splatter on my face.

MS: And Supernova?

BJ: I got a lot of respect for Supernova. He's been here a long time. Been down in the trenches and through the wars. He deserves the label "icon." Supernova has had to deal with his own load of crap over the last year.

But Supernova? My respect for you?

[James shrugs his broad shoulders.]

BJ: It won't bring you salvation.

I want that World Title. I need that World Title. And not you, or anyone else, is going to be able to stand between me and what I want.

You're in the way. So you're going down.

Tonight, I erase two years of one setback after another. Tonight, I make the conversation about Brian James.

Tonight, I become World Heavyweight Champion.

And after that... I'll be what's on everyone's mind.

[James turns, striding out of view, leaving Stegglet behind.]

MS: Brian James looking to become the talk of the town and if he manages to walk out of here tonight as the new World Heavyweight Champion - he won't just be the talk of the town, he'll be the talk of the entire wrestling world. But he's got two very large obstacles standing in his way, including this man... the man himself, the greatest professional athlete in the world today, our World Champion... Johnny Dets-

[The video feed cuts out in a burst of static...

...and then comes up on the grinning face of AWA President Javier Castillo to HUGE JEERS from the Toronto crowd. Castillo appears to be standing in his office backstage down in Atlanta and is... quite literally... dressed for war as he stands in camo fatigues holding a riding crop in hand.]

JC: TEN HUT!

[The crowd boos some more as Castillo smirks at the reaction.]

JC: At ease. Johnny, ol' pal... it's so nice to see you wearing that gold one more time. It does my heart good to know that while I'm down here in the bowels of the South getting ready for war, you're up there doing the same thing you've done for so long - getting set to lie, cheat, and steal your way to keeping that title around your waist.

[Castillo nods.]

JC: But Johnny... I have to admit... I'm a little concerned.

[He takes on his best "concerned" look, nodding sadly.]

JC: I'm concerned that - knowing you as I do - you might find a way to shenanigan your way into getting your opponents to take each other out and find a way to pick the carcasses.

I'm concerned that all of these incredible AWA fans around the globe who've spent their hard-earned money to gather around their televisions with their families on this holiday so that they could see a fighting champion in action...

[Castillo smirks.]

JC: ...and instead, they'll get you.

Unless...

[He holds up a finger.]

JC: Unless I can find a way to properly motivate you.

[Castillo strokes his chin.]

JC: And I think I have the perfect idea, Johnny.

Tonight... I'm making this three way match...

[Castillo grins.]

JC: ...under Sudden Death rules!

[The crowd inside the arena reacts as Castillo chuckles.]

JC: That's right, Johnny. First fall wins all. You get the pin, you get the gold. It doesn't matter if you pin James or Supernova.

And for that matter, it doesn't matter if either one of them pin you.

That's right. You can lose the title without being pinned.

[He grins.]

JC: Now THAT should give you... proper motivation.

Now, good luck, Johnny... and I hope you've enjoyed your reign as champion because it could all come to a crashing end...

[He snaps his fingers.]

JC: ...just like that.

[And with another burst of static, we go back to live action where Mark Stegglet has been joined by Johnny Detson who has a bemused look on his face. Detson is standing in a black hoodie with gold lining... and what appears to be a white sticker over the breast with a hastily sketched Disney castle on it.]

MS: Johnny Detson... with just seconds before you walk that aisle, you've gotta be stunned by what you just heard from Javier Castillo.

[Detson laughs loudly.]

MS: Is it something I said?

[Detson nods.]

JD: Mark... come on. You've known me for years now, right? And you think I'm stunned by what I just heard from Javy? Stunned? Hell, Mark... I'm barely surprised.

Of course Javier Castillo would take this moment... this night... my last...

[Detson pauses, shaking his head.]

JD: Of course, he'd take one more shot to get this title...

[He slaps the belt around his waist.]

JD: ...off me. Because I did the one thing no one else in his band of merry men have done. I walked away. I embarrassed him by telling him I didn't need him or his Army... and then proving it.

And I'm gonna prove it again tonight, Mark.

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: You sound confident in that.

[Detson smirks.]

JD: And you sound surprised by that. When Johnny Detson has never been anything less than supremely confident in anything that he does.

And not only am I supremely confident that I'm walking out of Toronto as the AWA World Champion, Mark... I'm supremely confident that Javier Castillo just made a huge mistake.

[Stegglet looks puzzled.]

MS: I'm not sure I understand.

[Detson nods.]

JD: In a moment like this, it seems appropriate to quote a Canadian legend...

"An old man turns 98... he wins the lottery... and dies the next day."

[Detson smirks.]

JD: Isn't it ironic, Mark?

MS: I don't see-

JD: Don'tcha think?

See, he thinks he just pulled a fast one on me by making it so that I don't even have to be pinned to lose my title... but what he really did was give me the motivation that he claimed he wanted to.

I came to Toronto to fight. To be the best me that I can manage to be.

And Javier Castillo just made it so I have to do exactly that.

[He pauses, nodding.]

JD: I have to fight. I have to fight with all I've got. I've got to fight so hard that even these people that love to hate me feel like - for one night at least - they love me.

Hell, even Juan Vasquez loves me these days. And I don't think anyone ever thought they'd see that.

[Stegglet smiles.]

MS: A fair point but Johnny, I've gotta bring up one more thing. You recently mentioned that you weren't even sure if you could get medically cleared to compete tonight. Obviously, you have but...

[Detson nods.]

JD: But what kind of shape am I in going into this.

Bad. Bad shape, Mark. I've lied about everything my entire career but I'm not gonna lie about this. To you. To the fans... whichever ones give a damn about me. To the office. To the locker room.

To my family. To my son.

I am lucky to be getting in that ring tonight... just like I'm lucky to have gotten into that ring night after night, week after week, month after month, and year after year for my entire career.

[Detson grins.]

JD: Mark, it may not have always seemed like it but I have loved every second I've spent in that ring... in the locker room... hell, even in moments like this with you.

I love this business... and I love that I've gotten to spend so much of my life a part of it.

[The champion shrugs.]

JD: And I have no idea, Mark, what tomorrow holds. I don't know if this is just the next night in my legendary career... or if it's the last night.

But I do know one thing.

I am walking into that ring as the AWA World Champion... and if I walk out... or am carried out of that ring the former champion, it's not going to be because I didn't give it every single last bit that I have left in this broken down body.

[Detson pauses, putting a hand on Stegglet's shoulder.]

JD: The odds aren't on my side to walk out of Toronto as the World Champion...

[Detson shakes his head, looking up at the camera.]

JD: ...but never tell me the odds.

[And with a smirk, the World Champion walks out of view, leaving Mark Stegglet behind.]

MS: An unusually upbeat Johnny Detson considering the circumstances as Javier Castillo seemingly has pulled a fast one just moments before the World Title match is set to go down... a move that could have instant - and disastrous consequences for the champion. Sal, Colt... back to you.

[We fade from backstage out to Sal and Colt at ringside.]

SA: Thanks, Mark. A last minute swerve - so to speak - from the AWA President Javier Castillo as he has announced that this three way match that we're just moments away from will now be conducted under Sudden Death rules - first fall wins the match AND the title... and Colt, as a former ring great yourself, that's gotta have a major impact on the gameplan going into this.

CP: Absolutely. What Javier Castillo has just done is cause chaos. The traditional Three Way Dance is an elimination match... and for a champion, it means someone's gotta beat ya to win your title. Johnny Detson now has to face the reality that either Supernova or Brian James could beat the other and they'd win his title without him being involved in the decision. It's a tough pill to swallow. Plus, it puts you on your heels - you've gotta stop the other guy from winning just as much as you need to try to win yourself. You can't take a breather. You gotta go, go, go and keep on going until your hand is raised. Like I said... chaos.

SA: Like Johnny Detson said... I'm barely even surprised by this move by Castillo who has done his damndest to be in the spotlight all year. Why should tonight be any different? Colt, we're about set to see these three head down the aisle - any predictions before they do?

CP: Predictions, Albano? I don't deal in predictions - I deal in facts. And while some of these nickel and dime color commentators might like to talk about the Tale of the Tape, going over heights and weights and all that, I dug a little deeper. This is SuperClash, right? So, let's talk about these three men and what SuperClash has meant to them over the years.

[A graphic comes up reading "THE TRUTH ACCORDING TO COLT" with Brian James' photo in the middle of it.]

CP: Let's start with the son of the Blackheart... the Engine of Destruction himself, Brian James. At 23 years old, he's the young pup of what's going to be one hell of a battle. His first SuperClash was back at SuperClash VI in 2014. That night, James teamed with his partner at the time TORA, his mentor Tiger Claw, and his

father Casey James to take on Strictly Business and Dichotomy. Now Brian came out on top that night... but what was more important was his post-match betrayal of his partner, his embracing of Claw and Casey's teachings, and the new attitude that came. The Engine of Destruction was born that night and the AWA would never be the same.

[The match result comes up in bold, adding "1-0" to the bottom of the screen.]

CP: At SuperClash VII in 2015 in Houston, Texas when Brian James was again in tag team action, this time as part of the James Gang - his group alongside Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan - to take on the undefeated Dogs of War in a match that was a lot of people's pick for the match that stole the show that night. James curbstomped Wade Walker straight to hell that night, shattered that undefeated streak, and kept his own run of wins at SuperClash alive.

["2-0"]

CP: Then we come to last year in New Orleans when Brian James was in his first SuperClash singles match - a Clash of Kings between he and Johnny Detson, one of the men he'll be facing tonight. It was a hard-fought battle between two alphas, both trying to lead the pack known as the Kings of Wrestling. But in the end, Detson had the better Plan B and with the help of the Dogs of War, Detson got the win and only further set us on this path that brings us here tonight.

["2-1"]

CP: Let's talk about the other challenger tonight, Supernova.

[The graphic shifts to a new blank template with Supernova's painted face on it.]

CP: 31 years of age, entering his second SuperClash Main Event... and when we talk about Supernova's first time on the big stage, we go all the way back to 2011 and SuperClash III. Supernova had arrived in the AWA in 2010 and actually appeared at SuperClash II but it wasn't until the third edition when he finally got the chance to compete. And compete he did when he met the AWA National Champion - the top title at the time - Calisto Dufresne in the night's Main Event. The kid fought hard that night but the chicanery of Dufresne and Ben Waterson was too much and Nova dropped his AWA debut.

["0-1"]

CP: Move ahead to SuperClash IV in 2012 when Supernova moved into six man tag team action. On that night, the team of Supernova, Sultan Azam Sharif, and "Showtime" Rick Marley took on the group known as Royalty - Mark Langseth, Dave Cooper, and a mystery man who would be revealed as manager Larry Doyle. Treachery from Marley and shenanigans from Royalty seized the day and Supernova lost at SuperClash... again.

["0-2"]

CP: He missed SuperClash V due to injury but came back at SuperClash VI to take part in Steal The Spotlight... and was actually eliminated from the match by - surprise, surprise - one of his opponent's tonight, Johnny Detson. More on that in a little bit.

["0-3"]

CP: At this point, Supernova had to be wondering if the biggest event of the year for the AWA was cursed for him... and as he went into SuperClash VII in Houston, he was out to show the world that he could win on the biggest stage of them all...

and win he did when he beat Shadoo Rage to end Rage's year long title reign with the Solar Flare.

["1-3"]

CP: And of course, the match that we heard Supernova himself mention in the weeks leading up to this - last year's tag team battle that saw Kerry Kendrick and Flex Ferrigno take on Supernova and Boston Red Sox slugger David Ortiz. Nova and Big Papi got the win... but many wondered why the man who had struck gold a year before had been relegated to a sideshow attraction.

["2-3" falls into place - the graphic shifting to show a side-by-side comparison of the two challengers and their records.]

CP: And then there's the World Champion himself, Johnny Detson. Detson made his SuperClash debut at SuperClash V. He didn't wrestle that night but he did get to do something I always wanted to do - smash Chris Blue's smirking face right into the mat. Just thought some people might enjoy that info.

[Sal can be heard chuckling as Colt moves on.]

CP: But at SuperClash VI, he made his official in-ring debut and as I mentioned, he pinned Supernova that night... but that's not all. On that night - in his SuperClash debut - Johnny Detson won the 2014 edition of Steal The Spotlight.

["1-0"]

CP: At SuperClash VII, Detson continued his winning ways when it mattered the most, beating former World Champion Calisto Dufresne to earn a future shot at the World Title.

["2-0"]

CP: And of course, as we mentioned, he beat Brian James last year in a Clash of Kings.

["3-0"... and the graphic shifts to show the comparison.]

CP: So, Johnny Detson says never tell him the odds... but based on history alone, I'd say the odds for the World Champion are looking VERY good here tonight at SuperClash.

[The graphic fades, revealing a panning shot of the Rogers Centre crowd.]

SA: A tremendous look back at the history of the three men in this World Title match... we've often talked about the history of pro wrestling in this building throughout tonight... but now, let's take a look back at the history of the greatest prize in our sport - the AWA World Title.

[The stadium lights dim as the video wall lights up with a shot of the AWA World Heavyweight Title to a big reaction from the crowd. A deep voice rings out.]

"The AWA World Heavyweight Title.

For over five years, it has been the pinnacle of prizes in our sport.

The grand championship.

The big one.

The one worth living for...

...worth fighting for...

...worth giving everything for.

The best of the best have fought for it...

...and on this night, they will again."

[The picture of the title fades out as we hear the opening notes to "Coronation" from the Stardust soundtrack as we get a still photo of James Monosso, fresh off becoming the very first AWA World Champion. The photo appears to be taken backstage after the match, the title in his white-knuckled grasp. There is graphic text below the photo.]

"JAMES MONOSSO - CHAMPION #1 - 267 day reign"

[That photo fades and is replaced by a smirking Calisto Dufresne, the title secured around his well-toned waist, pointing at the camera in publicity photos.]

"CALISTO DUFRESNE - CHAMPION #2 - 186 day reign"

[The Ladykiller is replaced by the Doctor of Love himself, a shot of him in the ring with the title... the fleeting moments that he held it the first time, a grin upon his face.]

"DAVE BRYANT - CHAMPION #3 - 0 day reign"

[And right to Supreme Wright fresh off his first title win, holding the belt aloft as Bryant lies motionless behind him.]

"SUPREME WRIGHT - CHAMPION #4 - 180 day reign"

[Back to Bryant, this time in a stylish suit, holding the title belt with a grin on his face as he does a media appearance.]

"DAVE BRYANT - CHAMPION #5 - 80 day reign"

[And right back to Wright, also now dressed in a suit as he stands behind a podium promotion SuperClash VI.]

"SUPREME WRIGHT - CHAMPION #6 - 98 day reign"

[To Ryan Martinez, holding the title aloft after his title win at the aforementioned SuperClash.]

"RYAN MARTINEZ - CHAMPION #7 - 444 day reign"

[The smirking Johnny Detson makes his first appearance on the list, dressed to the nines holding the title belt in one hand and his Academy Award in the other.]

"JOHNNY DETSON - CHAMPION #8 - 169 day reign"

[To Jack Lynch, celebrating his title win surrounded by his family and friends in the locker room, the champagne flowing.]

"JACK LYNCH - CHAMPION #9 - 41 day reign"



[Juan Vasquez, the AWA icon, appears holding the title belt tight to his chest, a long-awaited feeling for the Hall of Famer as he stands backstage.]

"JUAN VASQUEZ - CHAMPION #10 - 77 day reign"

[Back to Martinez, backstage at SuperClash VIII, celebrating his title win surrounded by media.]

"RYAN MARTINEZ - CHAMPION #11 - 115 day reign"

[And finally back to Detson, Martinez at his feet as he regains the gold.]

"JOHNNY DETSON - CHAMPION #12"

[And then to black...

...before fading back to the ring where ring announcer Tyler Graham is waiting.]

TG: The following contest is a SUDDEN DEATH THREE WAY MATCH for the AWA WORRRRRRLD HEAVYWEIGHT TITLE!

[HUGE ROAR!]

TG: There will be no countouts... no disqualifications... and no time limit.

[Another big cheer goes up. Graham lowers the mic, still standing center ring as the lights inside the Rogers Centre dim.

A long white spotlight lances out from across the dome, landing on the entrance stage where we see a red carpet has been placed, stretching from the entryway to the ring.

An old recorded voice is heard.]

"And the Oscar goes to..."

[We see old footage up on the screen of a younger Johnny Detson dressed in a conservative black tuxedo up on stage, Academy Award in hand and a smile on his face as he looks out on the crowd of cheering peers. The shot freezes, going black and white...

...and as it fades, we hear a barrage of soundbites from the time, all snipped from Entertainment news broadcasts like Extra and Entertainment Tonight. They're layered over one another, making them difficult to distinguish but we can clearly hear things like...]

"Oscar winner trading Hollywood for headlocks!"

"Some kind of a publicity stunt, right?"

"...failing Hollywood career into even more of a joke..."

[And then a shot from Detson in his debut match, a long time ago. He looks nervous, a far cry from the confident - no, arrogant - World Champion we've seen on our screen over the years...

...and then the screen is overtaken with a giant shot of film director James Cameron.]

"There are many talented people who haven't fulfilled their dreams because they overthought it, or they were too cautious, and were unwilling to make the leap of faith."

[To Quentin Tarantino.]

"I want to top expectations. I want to blow you away."

[To Walt Disney.]

"All our dreams can come true, if we have the courage to pursue them."

[To a grinning head shot of a young Johnny Detson...

...and then as the hard-charging guitar of "Let Them Eat Rock" by The Upper Crust starts to ring out over the PA system, we see some footage of Detson's early pro wrestling days up on the big screen.

And then go back to black.

There's a few moments of silence before we hear the unmistakable opening riff to Led Zeppelin's "Kashmir" but it sounds... just a little different.

And as spotlights lash out across the stadium again, we soon learn why.]

CP: HOLY CRAP, THAT'S JIMMY PAGE!

[The stadium ROARS in recognition for the rock and roll legend as he shreds his way through the opening to one of Led Zeppelin's greatest songs...

...and after several moments of Page getting center stage and sole spotlight, the World Heavyweight Champion emerges from the curtain to stand, grinning broadly at the scene in front of him as spotlights dance all around him.]

SA: You talk about knowing how to make an entrance! The World Champion is here and he's alongside one of the greatest rock stars in the history of the world!

[Page continues to play, nodding in acknowledgement of Detson who is beaming as he strides down the aisle...

...where lit-up stars have been placed every ten feet or so allowing Detson to literally walk down his own Walk of Fame as he heads towards the ring.]

SA: Well, the powers that be have spared no expense on this night as the World Champion heads to the ring here at SuperClash... on a night where the mists of mystery are shrouding him. We've all heard the rumors. We've all heard the stories. Whether it's a contract on the verge of expiring or the health issues that have been plaguing the champion for months, there are those who believe this is the final time we will see Johnny Detson step inside an AWA ring - and perhaps a professional wrestling ring altogether - win, lose, or draw, Colt.

CP: If it is, this is one hell of a way to go out, Sal. The Main Event of SuperClash, defending your World Title... Jimmy freakin' Page playing you down to the ring... man, it makes me want to come out of retirement!

SA: Detson breaking with tradition, coming to the ring first... it's his prerogative... it's the way that he wants to live... doing things his way as he always has.

[Detson strides down the aisle, wearing the same hoodie we saw him in during his pre-match interview. He pauses a couple of times, looking around with a shake of his head, taking it all in...]

SA: The champion climbing up the steps...

[Ripping his hoodie off and tossing it aside, Detson steps through the ropes, thrusting the title belt into the air to a mixed reaction from the Toronto crowd. Detson smirks at the reaction, nodding with approval as he steps up on the midbuckle, shouting to the crowd, jerking a thumb at himself.]

SA: The champ is here in Toronto... here at SuperClash... and he's in for the fight of his life against two of the best in the world under Sudden Death rules.

[Detson continues to run his mouth for a few more moments before hopping down off the buckles, pointing up to the top of the ramp where Jimmy Page wraps up his solo performance, giving the fans a wave before disappearing through the entrance tunnel.]

SA: One legend departs... one remains in the ring... and now-

[The lights go out in the arena and the video board lights up with multiple images -- images that resemble suns. A collection of horns play, signaling the start of Van Halen's "Runnin' With The Devil."

Then comes the strums of the guitar and the sun images flash from yellow to red, with red lights around the stage flashing in time with the guitar strums.

The flashing sun images grow larger as you hear the tapping of the cymbal, the sound of fingers running over the keyboard.

Then, when the guitar riff kicks in, the sun images burst into a sea of red, with one word spread across the video wall in black lettering.

"SUPERNOVA"

Then, at the top of the ramp, we see flames ignite in a large semi-circle, then we see just enough in the shadows of someone approaching this half-ring of fire.

And that's when a lone spotlight shines down, and there he is: Supernova, dressed in a black trenchcoat over a black singlet and wearing a pair of shades. He stands in the flaming entryway on the stage and spreads his arms to the sides, the crowd roaring in approval.

From there, Supernova walks down the narrow aisleway and to the ramp, at which point flames rise up along the sides as well. Supernova reaches the bottom of the ramp, but chooses not to accept a ride in the carts. He instead walks down the aisle, the lone spotlight following him, as the flaming half-ring and flames along the ramp die down.]

SA: The first of two challengers heading to the ring tonight to take his place in the SuperClash Main Event for the second time. The first time, back at SuperClash III, did not go his way... but the conscience of the American Wrestling Alliance is looking to change that in a big, big way here tonight in the Rogers Centre, Colt.

CP: For years, Supernova has dreamed of this moment... of making it back to the big match on the big show... back in the Main Event fighting for the top prize in our sport. Tonight, he's got his chance... and now he just needs to make the most of it.

[The fan favorite takes a deliberate pace down the aisle, his eyes fixed on the ring ahead. When he reaches the ring, he climbs the stairs, the spotlight following his moves, and he walks along the ring apron. We can just make out that something has been lowered into the ring as Detson has departed to the floor.

Supernova ducks between the ropes and stands in front of the contraption that has been lowered into the ring...

And it lights up in flames, forming a similar semi-circle, half ring of fire. Supernova stands in front of the ring, raising his arms again, the crowd roaring in approval.]

SA: My oh my! What a scene here in Toronto!

[After about a minute or so, Supernova lowers his arms, the lights come back up and the flames die down. The AWA fan favorite, who has brown hair that hangs just past his ears, removes his shades to reveal the yellow and orange paint resembling flames that surrounds his eyes. He hands the shades over to a ringside attendant, then removes his trenchcoat, revealing a black singlet with a yellow and orange image of an exploding star on the front, black tights and wrestling boots.

After handing his trenchcoat to the attendant, the flames on the half-ring die down and it is raised up and out of the ring. Supernova then takes his place in the corner of the ring as Detson climbs back in, glaring across at the man who has pledged to take the title from around his waist.]

SA: Some words being exchanged between champion and challenger here... but this match doesn't just come down to the two of them, fans. We've got one more challenger to come... and this one's the Battle of Boston tournament winner!

[Detson takes his spot in another corner, waiting as the Rogers Centre goes dark and over the loudspeakers, the voice of the world's most famous martial artist, Bruce Lee, can be heard.]

"You must be shapeless, formless, like water. When you pour water in a cup, it becomes the cup. When you pour water in a bottle, it becomes the bottle. When you pour water in a teapot, it becomes the teapot. Water can drip and it can crash. Become like water my friend."

[With those words, blue fireworks fall from the sky, cascading over the entrance, like waves of water. And with that, comes the familiar cry of Volbeat's Michael Poulsen]

#LET'S GET READY TO RUMBLE!

[As Volbeat's "A Warrior's Call" kicks in, the fireworks fade to reveal a figure dressed in a black and gold satin robe, the hood pulled over his head.]

#Feel the fire, he's entering the ring  
His mindset only knows how to win

[An array of blue and red lasers dance over the arena, as a spotlight raises over the entranceway. The man's hands reach for the white sash on the robe, undoing the knot and opening the robe to reveal an oiled, muscular chest beneath.]

#Unleashing his Hell, you will not even hear the bell  
Maybe you're strong, but you don't stand a chance

[With the robe discarded, the AWA's Engine of Destruction comes into full view. Over the head of Brian James is a white towel, with the words "KINGS OF

WRESTLING" embroidered in gold over his head. The towel covers the majority of his face, revealing only the shadow of a scowl beneath a dirty blond goatee.]

SA: And take a look at the physical condition that the Engine of Destruction is in! Wow!

CP: This kid is here for one reason tonight - to erase all the garbage he's been through for the last two years and take his rightful spot as the King of Wrestling. He wants the gold. He wants to be the best. And he wants to go right through Johnny Detson to do it.

[James' chest is bare and well oiled, the muscles rippling under the overhead lights. Over his right pectoral is a black tattoo of a circle surrounded by eight protruding towers, a Sak Yant tattoo in the Paed Tidt style.

Both of his hands are wrapped in heavy black tape, leaving only the space between his fingertips and the first knuckle of each finger bare. The tape extends to mid-forearm. On his right hand is a black compression glove type elbow pad, with a red stripe that runs along the underside.

His left arm is covered in five lines of black tattoos, in the ancient Khmer language, in the Hah Taew fashion of Sak Yant tattoos. These tattoos extend from the top of his shoulder all the way down, terminating in a much smaller line that goes all the way down his middle finger.

He wears a pair of red and black Muay-Thai style shorts. The fit over the legs is baggy, but elastic bands at the bottom cinch them tightly just over James' knees. The right leg is black, with a golden tiger embossed over the thigh, while the left side is red, the words "BRIAN JAMES" done in a highly stylized font. Across the back of the shorts are the words "CLAW ACADEMY" again done in gold. Each knee is covered in a black knee pad, with a tribal style tiger image done at the very center of the knees. Eschewing wrestling boots, James legs are instead tightly wrapped in the same black tape that covers his fists.

James remains still, bathed in the silver spotlight, as "A Warrior's Call" drives into his new battle cry.]

#Feel the power of a warrior!

[Behind him, the video wall comes alive, flashing the next words of the song on the screen.]

#FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!

[With fans screaming, James tears the towel from his head, sending it in a high arc into the crowd.]

# Let's get ready to rumble

[This time, with the words flashing on the screen, the fans sing along, seventy-five thousand voices joining in the chant to...]

#FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!

[James breaks into a sprint the rest of the way down the entrance ramp moving faster than anyone would expect from a six foot six, two hundred and ninety pound man. Showing poise and balance to match his surprising speed, the Son of the Blackheart leaps from the floor to the apron.]

#Unleashing his Hell, you will not even hear the bell

Maybe you're strong, but you don't stand a chance

[James' dirty blond hair has been cut short, but he's sporting a full beard. Staring into the camera, his lips draw back into a snarl, revealing a half black, half red mouth guard, the golden tiger of his sensei's academy emblazoned across the front. James puts a hand on the top rope, getting ready to step into the ring. As he does this, the last lyrics of his song wash over the crowd.]

# Behold, here comes the son  
Believe it, he was born to be the chosen one  
The call is for a warrior  
His name will echo on the sea and on the ground

SA: And the second of our challengers draws near, coming through the rop-

[Suddenly, the World Champion rushes forward, kicking the middle rope up right into the groin of Brian James!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: WHAT IN THE-?!

CP: Johnny Detson's the dirtiest player I know, jack, and if Brian James forgot about that, Detson just made sure he remembered!

[James crumples to the outside as a shocked referee looks on...

...and Supernova DRILLS Johnny Detson with a right hand, sending the World Champion staggering backwards as Davis Warren signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: Well, it's official now and Supernova is teeing off on the champion, throwing those bombs and rockin' him!

[The haymakers drive Detson across the ring, putting his back into the turnbuckles as the Venice Beach native grabs the champion by the arm, whipping him across the ring!]

SA: Wait a second! Supernova looking to end this early!

[The crowd ROARS as Supernova barrels across the ring, flinging himself into the air...]

SA: HEAT WAVE SPLASH CONNECTS! HANG TEN, SUPERNOVA!

[...and he promptly grabs the champion's arm, firing him across into the turnbuckles a second time...]

SA: To the corner again... HERE! HE! COMMMMMMMES!

[...and SQUASHES Detson into the corner with a flying body splash a second time!]

SA: Two big Heat Wave splashes on the money and Johnny Detson's in trouble just seconds into this match! Could we see the title about to change hands early on in this Sudden Death matchup?

[Grabbing the arm, 'Nova wings Detson across the ring again, throwing himself back into the buckles before tearing across the ring a third time...]

SA: HEAAAAAAT WAAAAAAVE!

[...but this time, Brian James slides back in, coming to his feet...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and wipes out the challenger with a high kick across the sternum as Supernova flies through the air!]

SA: HIGH KICK CONNECTS! DOWN GOES SUPERNOVA!

[James lets loose a shout, pumping his arms as a dazed Detson slips out of the corner, swinging James around by the arm...]

SA: Detson’s got James and-

CP: Or does James have Detson?!

[The crowd cheers as James reaches out, snatching the World Champion (and his former ally) in a Muay Thai clinch...]

SA: Brian James breaking out the offense taught to him by his sensei, the great Tiger Claw... knee strike! Another one!

[...and buries knee after knee, alternating back and forth between his legs, smashing the ribcage of the World Champion, sending him falling back into the turnbuckles!]

SA: James puts Detson back into the corner... ohh! Hard elbow shot, right on the jaw!

[Backing away from the corner, James gives a loud whoop as he charges back in, leaping up to the middle rope...]

“WHAAAAAACK!”

[...where he springs into the air, snapping off a kick to the sternum that leaves the champion gasping for air!]

SA: A variation on the Tsunami Death Strike and Johnny Detson remains in trouble early on in this one!

[Hopping down, James flings Detson out of the corner down onto the mat...

...and then throws a fist into the air, nodding emphatically before planting the fist down on the canvas...]

SA: And with his legendary father recuperating in a Toronto hospital bed, Brian James - the son of the Blackheart - looks to be taking a page out of Casey’s playbook with this three point stance!

[Detson slowly staggers up off the mat as James comes barreling across the ring, straightening up to a position where he can deliver the running clothesline...

...but he gets cut short when the World Champion buries a boot into his incoming midsection!]

SA: Detson cuts him off!

[With the crowd buzzing, the World Champion tugs Brian James into a standing headscissors, hooking one arm... then reaching over to grab the other...

...but Brian James has other ideas, straightening up and dumping Detson down onto the mat with a backdrop that sends a howl of pain up from the World Champion!]

SA: Detson went for the Wilde Driver but James slips out of it... and now Detson is hurting down on the canvas, Colt.

CP: We've all heard the rumors, Sal. Detson's back is all sorts of banged up going into this... and even he doesn't seem to know if this is just another match for him or if it's his last match.

[As James turns to attack Detson, a boot to the gut doubles him over...]

SA: And now it's Supernova and James! All three of these men knowing now that under these Sudden Death rules, they've gotta be in there and fighting and looking to win as quickly and as much as possible. There's no laying around on the outside looking to recover in a match like this.

[...and as the former World Television Champion circles around James, a handful of hair pulls him back into an inverted facelock as Detson rolls under the ropes to the floor...]

SA: Supernova looking for the Black Hole! That inverted DDT!

[...but before he can drop the son of the Blackheart with it, James reaches back, snatching him around the head and neck, flipping him over in a snapmare on the mat...]

SA: Countered by James! To the rop-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts as Detson pulls down the top rope, causing James to go flopping over the ropes, crashing down hard on the ring apron before rolling off onto the barely-padded Rogers Centre floor!]

SA: Low bridge by the World Champion sends his former ally spilling to the outside... and of course, it was a year ago at SuperClash where we saw the so-called Clash of Kings when James and Detson met with control of the Kings of Wrestling at stake.

CP: How far we've come in a year.

[On the outside, Detson grabs James by the hair, rearing back and SMASHING his face down into the ring apron...]

SA: Detson driving James' face into the apron and...

[...and with both Detson and James distracted on the outside, Supernova gets a running start and...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...HURLS himself over the top rope, wiping out both James and Detson on the floor!]



SA: SUPERNOVA TAKES TO THE SKY AND DOWN GOES BOTH BRIAN JAMES AND JOHNNY DETSON IN THE OPENING MINUTES OF THIS SUDDEN DEATH MATCH FOR THE WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT TITLE!

[The raucous Rogers Centre crowd is roaring just minutes into the first half of the night's double Main Event as Supernova pulls himself up off the ringside mats, a determined expression on his face. He throws a quick glance at his two opponents, looking to see who he should target.]

SA: Nova pulling Detson off the floor, tossing him back inside the ring... and it'll be Supernova coming for the World Champion as he rolls back in as well.

CP: Supernova's been gunning for Detson and this title for a long time now and it's fitting he gets his hands on him here tonight at SuperClash!

[Detson is down on his butt, scooting backwards as he tries to get away from the pursuing Supernova who is stalking towards him.]

SA: And you can see that Johnny Detson is very reluctant to stand toe to toe with either of these competitors...

CP: Or is he just playing mindgames with them? On a normal night, I'd believe that Detson might be afraid of the challengers but this isn't a normal night and this isn't your typical Johnny Detson.

[Detson backs to the corner, quickly using the ropes to pull himself to his feet and bury a boot into the midsection of the approaching Supernova...]

SA: He caught Nova on the way in and perhaps you're right, Colt. Maybe Detson is playing into his reputation a little as- ohh! He bounces the challenger's face off the top turnbuckle!

[But Nova snaps right back up, turning to glare at Detson as the crowd roars!]

SA: He looks like he didn't even feel it, Colt!

CP: Oh, he felt it but the adrenaline's gotta be pumping through the veins of all three of these guys right now. A SuperClash Main Event ain't an easy thing to earn and while Supernova's been here before, it's been a long time ago so you know he's gotta be fired up.

[Detson looks alarmed at Supernova's resilience as he backs off again, hands up as he tries to slow down the challenger's advance...]

SA: Supernova's got Detson on the run again, backing him all the way across the ring...

CP: Detson's running out of room to run though.

[...and as they near the corner, Detson attempts to throw another kick to the gut but Supernova catches the boot to the delight of the fans!]

SA: Nova catches the kick!

[Detson hops on the other foot, trying to find a way out of this predicament as Nova swings him around, and drops him with a haymaker on the jaw that puts Detson down on the mat, sitting against the buckles.]

SA: What a right hand by the challenger from Venice Beach! The last time we saw him in a SuperClash Main Event was waaaaay back at SuperClash 3 when he

challenged Calisto Dufresne for the AWA National Title, the top title in the company at that time. He came up short that night but he's hoping to rewrite his SuperClash legacy right here tonight.

[Grabbing the top rope for support, Nova begins raining down stomps on the seated Detson, each one more ferocious and quicker than the one before it...]

SA: Supernova putting the boots to the World Champion!

[And as Detson flattens out on his back, Supernova turns away from him, letting loose a roar - not his signature howl mind you, more an enthusiastic roar as he stomps out to mid-ring to a huge reaction...]

SA: These fans are letting Supernova know they're behind him here tonight.

CP: That's great, Sal... but I'm not sure that he cares.

SA: How's that?

CP: I've seen a lot of Supernova matches in his time here in the AWA - I'm sure you have too. Can you ever recall seeing him ignore the fans like this? No pounding the chest, no howl, no playing to them at all. He's focused. He's determined. He's ready to become the World Champion... we know all that's true... and he's not about to let these people distract him from that goal.

SA: A man on a mission to be sure... James on the apron!

[Spotting the other challenger trying to get back in the ring, Supernova rushes over and drops James with a right hand, sending him down to the floor to a mixed reaction.]

SA: And Brian James gets sent right back down, Supernova opting to keep this a one on one showdown for the moment.

CP: That's the key to these types of matches, Sal. You want to keep it one on one as much as you can. You don't want to subject yourself to someone else attacking you from behind or taking advantage of what you're doing.

[Supernova looks over the ropes down on James, nodding to himself...

...which is when the World Champion storms him from behind, smashing a double axehandle across the shoulderblades, sending Nova falling forward into the ropes to jeers!]

SA: And speaking of being attacked from behind! Detson with a cheap shot from the blind side...

[He rains down right hands on Supernova against the ropes before grabbing him by the arm...]

SA: The two-time World Champion whips him in...

[...but as Detson attempts the whip, Supernova reverses it, sending him across the ring. Detson bounces back towards a waiting Supernova who scoops him up, pressing him overhead to a ROAR from the former Skydome crowd!]

SA: GORILLA PRESS! SUPERNOVA'S GOT HIM WAY UP HIGH!

[Supernova holds him high for all to see...

...and then rushes the ropes with him, panic on Detson's face as he approaches the ropes...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and then HURLS Detson over the top rope, sending him crashing down onto Brian James and taking both men down yet again!]

SA: HE THROWS DETSON OVER THE TOP AND DOWN TO THE FLOOR, RIGHT ON TOP OF BRIAN JAMES! MY OH MY! WHAT A HOT START FOR SUPERNOVA AS HE LOOKS TO CLIMB THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN IN WRESTLING HERE TONIGHT!

[Supernova looks around at the cheering Toronto crowd, not responding to them at all as he steps through the ropes...]

SA: And it looks like Supernova's not going to stop there - we're just minutes into this and he's gotta be feeling momentum on his side.

[...and hops down to the floor, taking a look at his two downed opponents.]

SA: A moment where Supernova must choose wisely - both men down and both vulnerable but who does Nova stand a better chance of beating right now? That's what he has to decide.

CP: Looks like he's made his decision, Sal. He's going after the World Champion.

[With Detson down on the floor, crawling away from Brian James, Supernova steps past James towards the World Champion...]

SA: Ohh! Upkick to the back of the thigh by James!

[Supernova stumbles, falling to a knee as James climbs back to his feet, grabbing the Venice Beach native off the ringside mats...]

SA: Two of the three men who met in the Battle of Boston finals back in the summer of 2016 when Brian James outlasted them all to win that tournament.

CP: And that was a three way match with Supreme Wright joining Nova and James so you could argue that Brian James has experience winning a match like this on the big stage.

SA: A very good point, Colt, but it remains to be seen if that experience pays dividends here with the biggest prize in our sport on the line.

[...and drills Nova with a right hand that the face-painted fan favorite absorbs before swinging back and catching James with one of his own!]

SA: The two challengers trading right hands out on the floor, trying to get the advantage as we approach the ten minute mark in this first half of our Double Main Event here tonight in Toronto.

[James and Supernova trade right hands a second time...]

SA: Supernova not backing down from the striking prowess of Brian James!

[...but James swings a knee up into his midsection, cutting off any further haymakers as he grabs Nova by the back of the head...]

SA: Ohhh! Facefirst down into the apron goes Supernova! And now James shoves him under the ropes, sending him back into the ring.

[With Nova back in the ring, James grabs the ropes, looking to follow behind...

...but Johnny Detson rushes forward, yanking James by the hair off the apron...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and flings him backwards into the ringside barricade!]

SA: And it's Johnny Detson, the World Champion, getting back in the mix and sending James flying off the apron and into the steel railing! That'll take James out of the equation for some time.

[A smirking Detson looks at James, taunting his former ally out on the floor as he climbs up on the apron, still mocking him...]

SA: The champion wasting some valuable time if you ask me, Colt.

CP: The long history between Detson and James is the stuff of AWA lore from their time in the Kings of Wrestling together - heck, it was just last year at SuperClash when Detson BEAT Brian James in a one on one matchup.

SA: He had some help in doing that... help I don't think he's gonna get tonight now that he's broken off relations with Korugun.

[Detson puts a hand on the top rope as he trashtalks James a few more times, slowly turning around...

...and the crowd cheers as Supernova - who is back on his feet - grabs the top rope with both hands, giving a mighty yank and sending Detson flipping over the ropes and down onto his back on the canvas!]

SA: SLINGSHOTS HIM OVER THE TOP, BRINGING HIM IN THE HARD WAY!

[Detson rolls onto his butt, scooting backwards as an agitated looking Supernova looks down on him, shaking his head in disgust.]

CP: We heard Supernova before the match say he doesn't respect Johnny Detson as a competitor or as a champion... and you can sure tell that by the look on his face right now.

SA: Detson trying to backpedal away and it's getting under the skin of Supernova who pulls him- OH! Detson to the eyes!

[Jeers break out for Detson's illegal action as he drags Supernova the rest of the way to the corner he was fleeing towards, tossing him into the corner where he starts raining down fists to the head... then forearms to the jaw... then some stiff back elbows, forcing 'Nova to slump down in the corner...]

SA: Detson's all over him in the corner, beating the heck out of his challenger and-that's a choke but it's all legal in this one! No disqualifications in a three way match!

[Grabbing the arm, Detson goes to whip Supernova across the ring but finds it reversed, his back smashing into the buckles before he staggers out...]

SA: Detson hits the corner hard, stumbling out and...

[...into the doubled-over Supernova who shoves Detson up high, flipping him over with a backdrop!]

SA: 'Nova flips him up and over with the backdrop... and he's not done... waving his arms, telling Detson to get back up...

[And as Detson gets up, Supernova scoops him up, slamming him down hard on the canvas!]

SA: Scoop and a slam by the challenger - and to the ropes he goes!

[On the rebound, Supernova jumps high into the air, raising his arm...]

SA: ELBOOOOOW DOWN INTO THE CHEST!

[The Venice Beach naive flips over, throwing an arm across the chest of the downed World Champion!]

SA: We've got one! We've got two!

[But Detson's shoulder comes popping up off the mat in time.]

SA: Out at two! Ten minutes gone in this one officially now as Supernova continues to look for a way to keep the World Champion down. Remember, Javier Castillo has made this under Sudden Death rules. The first pinfall or submission wins the World Title and Supernova's determined to make sure he's the one who scores that pinfall or scores that submission to get the win in his first SuperClash Main Event since way back at SuperClash III.

[Supernova climbs up off the mat, looking down at Detson, pondering his next attack...

...when he spots Brian James climbing back up on the apron, looking to get back into the action!]

SA: James on the apron - Nova on the move!

[Supernova moves to confront James but James is ready for him, grabbing the top rope with both hands and swinging his leg up to catch Nova flush on the ear with a high kick! In the background, we can spot the World Champion rolling out of the ring to the floor, looking to recover.]

SA: OHH! THE EDUCATED FEET OF BRIAN JAMES TAUGHT BY PROFESSOR CLAW STRIKES HARD!

CP: Strike first, strike hard, no mercy, sir!

[Supernova staggers backwards away from the ropes but keeps his feet under him as James slips back into the ring, immediately going into a spin and BURYING a rolling sole butt into the midsection!]

SA: And the kicks keep comin', goes downstairs... James to the ropes now...

[With a running start, James leaps high, swinging one leg up into the air and bringing it down HARD on the back of the doubled-over Supernova's head!]

SA: ...and an axe kick completes the three-hit combo and down goes Supernova!

[James promptly dives across the prone Supernova, getting a two count...]

SA: Two count for the son of the Blackheart and-

[...and the crowd ERUPTS as James slides from the lateral press, scissoring the arm of the Venice Beach native...]

SA: -CROSS ARMBREAKER! SUBMISSION HOLD APPLIED!

CP: All alone in there - this could be it!

SA: Supernova trapped in the armbar - if he taps, it's over and Brian James is the new champion!

[...but the current World Champion's not about to let that happen, stretching out under the bottom rope and RAKING his fingers across the eyes of his former ally!]

SA: DETSON RAKES THE EYES OF JAMES, SAVING THE TITLE! CHEAP SHOT BY THE CHAMPION!

CP: Johnny Detson said he was going to give this match everything he's got left in his broken down body... but he never said he wasn't going to do the things that made him the champion to begin with! He's gonna lie, cheat, steal, cheat, beg, borrow, and do whatever it takes to keep that gold around his waist.

SA: Detson's been very up front about his medical condition... and you know that he'd love to walk out of here with the title around his waist even if it meant handing the title over tomorrow to the powers that be.

CP: Johnny Detson forfeiting the title and being able to claim nobody ever beat him for it? Yeah, you better believe he'd love that.

[And as Detson crawls under the ropes into the ring, James rolls out, rubbing his eyes vigorously...]

SA: The champion back in now, looking to take advantage of the situation that James put Supernova in... pulling the challenger to his feet now...

[The crowd reacts as Detson lays in a hard chop, sending Supernova staggering backwards into the closest set of turnbuckles...]

SA: Detson chops him back to the corner... laying in another one... and another...

[...but as Supernova gets hit with the latest chop, something shifts in his demeanor. No longer is he reacting to the blow, simply standing tall and staring at the World Champion who looks a little nervous as he throws another chop to the same reaction...]

SA: Uh oh!

CP: Gotta switch it up, Johnny! The chops aren't working!

[Detson shifts his footing, smashing a right hand between the eyes... and another... and another...]

SA: NO EFFECT ON SUPERNOVA!

[...and in a full blown panic, Detson starts to backpedal away from Supernova who has taken Detson's hardest shot and is simply glaring at the World Champion with disdain...]

SA: Detson backing down... he wants no part of Supernova when he's like this!

[Supernova steps out of the corner, striding towards the fleeing Detson...

...but before he can get to him, Brian James is back in, wrapping his arms around the torso of Supernova, driving him back into the buckles with a thunderous tackle!]

SA: Ohh! James back in... and now it's Brian James putting his striking skills to the test against Supernova...

[James throws a quick one-two punch combo, snapping Supernova's head one way and then the other..

...then twists his body to throw a rounding kick to the ribs... and another... and another...]

SA: James going to work on the body of Supernova, kick after kick after...

CP: Don't look now, Brian!

[...and to the delight of the Toronto fans, Supernova suddenly stops reacting to the kicks being thrown at his body, glaring coldly at James who stops in his tracks, shaking his head in disbelief...]

SA: Brian James is in shock! Supernova is taking the hardest kicks he's got and he's standing tall in Toronto!

[James steps back, still shaking his head as Supernova comes out of the corner towards him. The son of the Blackheart backpedals two more steps as Supernova pursues...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and James leaps up, driving his knee up under the chin with great impact, snapping his fellow challenger's head back and depositing him down on the mat!]

SA: KNEESTRIKE! LEAPING KNEESTRIKE BY JAMES!

[With Supernova down on the mat, James looks to cover...

...but a rushing forearm to the back of the head sends James flying through the ropes to the outside!]

SA: DETSON KNOCKS JAMES TO THE OUTSIDE! LOOKING TO PICK THE CARCASS OF SUPERNOVA!

[The World Champion dives on top of Supernova, wrapping up the leg...]

SA: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO!

[...but Supernova kicks out, his shoulder popping up off the mat as Detson glares at the official before flinging a leg over Supernova's torso, pinning him to the mat as he rains down right hands on the skull of the challenger from Venice Beach!]

SA: Detson hammering away - he couldn't get the pin right there and now he's making Supernova suffer for it! We are fifteen minutes in this battle - no time limit in this one, we MUST have a winner as these three tremendous competitors fight it out for the richest prize in our sport: the AWA World Title!

[Detson is all sorts of fired up, moving quickly as he eyeballs Brian James outside the ring, dragging Supernova off the mat...]

CP: Detson's trying to end it early, boot downstairs...

[...and with the challenger doubled over, Detson drags him into a standing headscissors...]

SA: He's got him in position for the Wilde Driver! He hooks one arm... leaning over for the other...

[...but as he leans over, Brian James comes under the ropes, rushing across the ring, leaping into air high enough to clear both Nova and Detson...]

SA: SUNSET FLIP ON DETSON!

[...and drags the World Champion down to the mat!]

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

[Detson's shoulder just BARELY squeaks up off the mat, breaking the pin in time to a disappointed buzz from the SuperClash crowd!]

SA: He almost got him! He almost pinned the champ!

[A panicked Detson starts crawling for the ropes, James making a lunge to grab him again...

...but the champion escapes to his relief, the crowd's disappointment, and James' anger as he pistons a fist down into the canvas!]

SA: And Detson escapes to the outside again after that near fall that almost saw the World Title come flying off his waist after 251 days as champion, starting back at the Ninth Anniversary Show in March.

[James comes up off the canvas, pointing a threatening finger as Detson who smirks up at his former ally-turned-enemy...

...which is when Supernova snatches a handful of James' hair, pulling his head back into an inverted facelock...]

SA: HE HOOKS HIM! LOOKING FOR THE BLACK HOLE!

[But James spins through it, ending up back in position to execute a flawless Northern Lights Suplex...]

SA: Nice suplex by the Engine of Destruction... look at the power!

[...and rolling right through it to his feet where he deadlifts Supernova up into the air, bringing him down with a spine-rattling vertical suplex...]

CP: Unbelievable strength by the Battle of Boston winner, leaving Supernova down on the... or maybe not!

[...and with the crowd ROARING now, James rolls through to his feet a second time, deadlifting Supernova up again...]

SA: UN-BE-LIEVEABLE!



[...and DUMPS him with a spine-shocking suplex, causing Supernova to promptly roll under the ropes to the floor to recover as James climbs to his feet, striking a quick double bicep pose.]

CP: Heh... and that pose right there is something his old man woulda done back in his younger days, Albano.

SA: It sure is. Perhaps Brian James sending a little love to his father who is currently in a hospital here in Toronto being tended to after the brutal betrayal by his best friend, Tiger Claw, earlier tonight. But like Brian James said, that's a story for another time. Right now, the story is Brian James, Supernova, Johnny Detson and the quest to be the greatest professional wrestler on the planet here at SuperClash IX!

[James looks over the ropes at the downed Supernova who is holding his back out on the ringside mats...

...which is when the World Champion attempts to sneak back into the ring!]

SA: Detson from behind!

[But James whips around, spotting Detson halfway through the ropes...]

SA: Annnnd caught!

[Detson promptly bails back out to the floor, wagging a finger at a ticked off James who rushes across, sliding under the ropes to the outside to a big cheer!]

SA: And we're off to the races here in Toronto!

[Detson is sprinting to stay away from his longtime enemy as James is in hot pursuit. The champion rounds a corner, swinging himself back up inside the ring as James dives in an effort to grab him by the ankle...

...and Detson DROPS an elbow down on the back of the head, smashing James' face into the mat!]

SA: Detson caught him on the way in!

CP: Perfect example of the wily veteran taking advantage of James' enthusiasm in this one. Brian James wanted to get his hands on Detson no matter what right there and Detson used that against him.

[With James down on the mat, Detson grabs him by the hair, hauling his head up off the mat...

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

SA: Facefirst down into the canvas!

[...twice...]

SA: Smashing his head down into the mat over and over!

[...and a third time before he rakes the face back and forth on the mat, burning into the flesh of the son of the Blackheart!]

SA: And Detson showing that vicious side there, ripping and tearing at the skin of Brian James.

[Climbing to his feet, Detson measures where James is located before stepping towards the ropes, pushing up to the middle rope and springing off to drop a second elbow down on the back of the head!]

SA: Springing elbowdrop by the champion - something we've seen him do many times in a tremendous career that he capped off by winning the World Title on two occasions here in the American Wrestling Alliance. In fact, Johnny Detson has held that title for 420 days total in his career which puts him second only to Ryan Martinez on most overall days with the gold.

[Standing over James, Detson measures him up with his hands, reaching down to tug his kneepad down, exposing his kneecap...]

SA: Detson looking for a kneedrop here...

[...and as he steps towards James, he smirks down at him, hopping over the downed James and snapping a back kick to the cheekbone, taunting the Portland native who rolls over onto his back as Detson soaks up a mixed reaction.]

CP: Hah! You fell for it, Albano!

SA: I sure did... hook, line, and sinker.

CP: And I just realized it may be the last time we ever see Johnny Detson do that inside a professional wrestling ring.

SA: Detson's had himself one heck of a career though... and if this truly is it, can you imagine a better way to go out than on the biggest stage in the sport as part of a Double Main Event?

CP: Not at all.

SA: We're a few minutes shy of the twenty minute mark in this one but as we said, no time limits... no countouts... no disqualifications. This one is going to continue until one person can pin or submit another and that one - no matter who it is - is walking out of Toronto and SuperClash IX as the World Champion.

[Detson has a few words for a front row fan giving him some attitude.]

"Sit your maple leaf lovin' ass down and take a break from the Timbits before you strain something!"

[The fans jeer accordingly, bringing a smile to Detson's face...

...who suddenly pivots and DRIVES a right hand into the jaw of Supernova who was back on the apron for a moment before Detson caught him coming in!]

SA: Detson with the right hand on Supernova, hanging onto him though...

[Holding the back of Supernova's head, the World Champion runs down the length of the ropes, dragging Supernova along with him...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SMASHES Supernova's head into the post, sending him crumpling off the apron and down to the floor!]

SA: Down goes Supernova!

CP: And that might put him down for a little while, Sal. This might be a good shot for Detson to finish off James and keep that title locked in around his waist.

SA: James trying to get up now, Detson there to meet him...

[Detson clasps his hands together, raising them overhead...]

SA: ...double axehandle is up annnnnnd... ohh! James goes downstairs with a right hand!

[Detson stumbles back, shaking off the effects of the blow as he raises his hands overhead a second time...]

SA: Another hammer blow... and again, James cuts it off with a right hand!

[The crowd is cheering as Brian James regains his feet, snatching Detson around the neck with both hands...]

SA: CLINCH!

[...and swings a knee up into the body... then the other knee to the other side of the torso... and back and forth he goes, alternating knees as he pummels the ribcage of the World Champion before flinging him back into the corner using the Muay Thai clinch!]

SA: Back to the corner they go... and James going downstairs... rights and lefts, lefts and rights, hammering away...

[With Detson reeling, James grabs the arm, whipping him from corner to corner. As Detson smashes into the buckles, he staggers back into the waiting arms of the Engine of Destruction as he powers him up...]

SA: Up goes Detson annnnnnd...

[...and HURLS him down to the canvas with a standing spinebuster, shaking Detson from head to toe!]

SA: ...he PLANTS him with the spinebuster! James with the cover! He gets one! He gets two!

[But Detson kicks out, firing the shoulder up at two to the disappointment of the Toronto crowd eager to see the title change hands.]

SA: James couldn't get him there but he's not done yet.

CP: No sign of Supernova yet either so this is a good window of opportunity for him but he needs to keep it on Detson - work hard, work fast, work effective.

[James is right back up to his feet, dragging the World Champion up with him and sending him flying backwards into the turnbuckles...]

SA: Detson back in the corner... the wrong part of town with a striker like Brian James!

[Winding up, James starts swinging with a hard chop across the chest...]

“WHAAAAAAAACK!”

[...and then follows it up with a stunning forearm to the jaw!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Back to the chop...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and right to the forearm...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and so it goes with James leaving red welts on the chest of the World Champion going one way and stunning him on his feet the other...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: IT'S A VIOLENCE PARTY BUT DETSON'S THE ONLY ONE INVITED!

[With a wild roar, James stomps out of the corner, throwing his arms over his head and jerking them down in a show of excitement.]

SA: And Brian James has gotta be feeling good right now! He knows there's a harsh reality waiting for him with his father after the show... with his mentor after the show... but for now at least, Brian James is firmly focused on Johnny Detson and the World Heavyweight Title!

CP: These fans may be rooting mostly for Supernova here tonight but James has more than his share of fans too and this crowd is going wild at the idea of World Champion Brian James if you ask me, Sal!

SA: I think you're right - the tide is turning in Toronto and these fans are behind Brian James as well!

[James stomps across the ring, turning around, pressing his back into the buckles...

...and then goes charging across the ring, leaping up to step on the middle rope as he does, swinging his knee up into the jaw of Detson, snapping his head back on impact!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: HIGH KNEE CONNECTS! DETSON'S ON DREAM STREET!

[And with the champion dazed and in trouble, James gives him a boost, depositing Detson up on the top turnbuckle...]

SA: James set him up top and... and if you think back to Brian James when he first came to the AWA - back in the Air + Strike days... when he was teaming with TORA... when he was-

CP: Losing?

SA: Well, he certainly has been more successful since changing his ways at SuperClash a few years ago but my point was... he ended a whole lot of matches back then with a superplex and by the looks of things, he may be looking to do exactly that right now!

CP: As we saw earlier with Matthews and Wright, sometimes it pays to use a move that the other guy isn't expecting. I doubt Johnny Detson was looking for this out of Brian James tonight.

SA: Speaking of Supreme Wright, you'd have to imagine he's backstage here watching what's happening. You know he hopes to challenge the winner of this down the road.

CP: So does James Lynch who won tonight. So does Raphael Rhodes who won. Travis Lynch. Jordan Ohara, the new National Champion. Everyone wants to wear the big gold, Albano - I speak from experience.

SA: You sure do - three-time former EMWC World Champion Colt Patterson by my side calling this exciting three way Sudden Death showdown for the World Title...

[As the announcers discuss the action, Brian James has stepped to the second rope, slinging Detson's arm over his neck...]

SA: James is setting for that superplex as I suspected... but he's not the only one climbing, fans! Look at Supernova!

[With James and Detson tied up, they're both unaware of the third member of the match - Supernova - scaling an adjacent corner to step to the top rope just as James does the same, lifting Detson up into the air...]

SA: SUPERPLEX!

[...and both James and Detson come crashing down HARD on the canvas...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...a split second before Supernova leaps from his top rope perch as well, soaring through the air, and SPLASHING down onto Brian James just after James hits the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

CP: BRILLIANT MOVE BY SUPERNOVA!

SA: The referee down to count! IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE!! IT-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts as Johnny Detson, fresh off being superplexed, desperately dives on top of Supernova, breaking the pin JUST in time!]

SA: AND DETSON SAVES HIS TITLE AGAIN!

CP: As our friend down in Atlanta would say, "Oh my stars!"

SA: You can say that again! Johnny Detson - I don't know how he did it after getting hit with that superplex but he somehow found a way to recover JUST enough to break up the pin on James and save the title. We just about had a new

World Champion right there in Supernova... and look at the look on Detson's face... he's asking the referee right now, wanting confirmation that he got there in time.

[A wave of relief crosses the champion's face as the referee confirms the two count but that relief turns to alarm as Supernova regains his feet, moving towards Detson who tries to scoot away but Nova grabs the wrist, dragging him to his feet...

...where Detson promptly shoves a thumb into his eye!]

SA: Detson goes back to the dirty tricks there, right to the eye of one of the two challengers here tonight... and now he whips Supernova into the corner...

[Turning back to his other challenger, Detson guides James to his feet, whipping him into the opposite corner...]

SA: Detson putting his challengers into the buckles... here we go!

[...and the champion goes barreling into one corner, slamming a knee up into the midsection of Supernova... and then goes charging back the other way to do the same to James!]

SA: Detson with those knees to the body, trying to take the wind out of the sails of James and Supernova...

[He charges back the other way, putting another knee into the gut of Supernova before grabbing him by the arm...]

SA: The champ whips him across... ohhh! Big crash in the corner as Supernova slams into James!

[Supernova goes stumbling out, walking right into a boot to the gut, doubling him over...]

SA: The champ looking to finish it!

[...but as Detson steps into position for the Wilde Driver, Supernova sweeps the legs out from under him, hanging on as he catapults Detson through the air towards Brian James in the corner...]

SA: TO THE CORNER!

[...who catches him around the torso, muscling him up overhead in a belly-to-belly throw that sends him tumbling over the ropes, crashing down HARD on the barely-padded floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: AND JAMES SENDS DETSON TO THE OUTSIDE!

CP: Again, we get down to one on one which is the best chance these competitors have to finish this thing.

[James turns around to find Supernova waiting for him, lashing out with a forearm smash to the jaw... and another... and another, the blows coming quicker and harder with each one tossed as the crowd gets louder...]

SA: Supernova bringing the fight to Brian James in the corner!

[...and keeps on throwing them, faster and faster as James sinks back deeper into the corner, his arms hooking over the ropes to stay on his feet...]

SA: Supernova's mauling him in the corner with those forearms, James can barely stand!

[...and with a handful of hair, Supernova pulls James out of the corner, leaping into the air and smashing his face down into the canvas!]

SA: FACESLAM OUT OF THE CORNER! SUPERNOVA WITH THE COVER!

[A two count follows before James powers out, leaving Supernova kneeling on the canvas, looking up at Davis Warren who holds up two fingers.]

SA: And as this battle goes on, these warriors get more and more desperate to find a way to end this thing and walk out of SuperClash as the World Champion! We are closing in on the thirty minute mark of this clash - this super clash if you pardon the play on words - with the greatest prize in our sport on the line.

CP: It may be time to bust out the heavy artillery. We haven't seen the Solar Flare yet... we haven't seen the Black Hole used successfully although he's tried. For James, we haven't seen the Kata Ha Jime - the judo choke - or the Curbstomp he's used to devastating effect at times. Johnny Detson's constantly looking for the Wilde Driver because he knows if he hits it, he turns it all around in an instant.

[Pulling James off the mat, Nova shoots him into the corner, charging in after him to connect with a running clothesline...]

SA: Clothesline on target! Practically taking James over the top himself!

[...and then shoots him back the other way, following him in with another impactful clothesline!]

SA: A second one shakes him from stem to stern and James is out on his feet once again!

[Grabbing the arm, Supernova whips James across for a third time, sending him crashing back into the corner...]

SA: Fires him across again... another clothesline?

[...but this time, as he charges in, Supernova leaps into the air...]

SA: NO! HEAT WAVE!

[...but James is ready for him, stepping out of the corner and ducking down enough to catch the flying Supernova across his broad shoulders in a fireman's carry!]

SA: CAUGHT! CAUGHT BY JAMES, OUT TO THE MIDDLE ANNNNNND...

[In the center of the ring, James shoves Supernova skyward, swinging his knee up as Nova comes down...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: GO! TO! SLEEP!

[As Supernova slumps back on the mat, James dives across him, hooking a leg as Davis Warren comes down to count...]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE!! IT...

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...NO! SUPERNOVA KICKS OUT IN TIME!

[James pushes up to his knees, balling up his fists and slamming them down to the canvas with a loud "DAMN IT!"]

SA: Brian James thought he had him there - he thought he was taking that World Title to the hospital tonight to show his Hall of Fame father but Supernova wants nothing more than to walk out of SuperClash with that title too, Colt.

CP: It's been a rough year for Supernova, Albano. You think back to the start of the year when he defied Korugun and got suspended for it. The masquerade of James Lynch, trying to destroy Supernova's reputation... and being successful at it too. The bond between the other wrestlers in the back and Supernova is still damaged... hell, I'd argue that the bond between the FANS and Supernova is still damaged too. But all of that could be healed in an instant if Supernova is the one to take that title off Johnny Detson and set the AWA on a whole new course no matter what happens in Atlanta to close out the night.

[James climbs to his feet, leaning down to bring Supernova up with him as they drift back towards the ropes.]

SA: The two challengers on their feet again and...

[James suddenly folds Supernova's arm back over his head, exposing his chest, drawing his fist back...]

SA: BLACKHEART PUNCH- NO!

[...but the blow never flies as Johnny Detson gets up on the apron, snatching the arm before James can let it loose...]

SA: CAUGHT BY DETSON!

[...and an irate James whips around, jerking his arm out of the World Champion's grasp, and SMASHING his skull into Detson's, sending the champion flying back off the apron to the floor!]

SA: SWEET SANTA MARIA, WHAT A HEADBUTT BY THE ENGINE OF DESTRUCTION!

[James grabs his own skull, feeling the effects of the blow he just delivered...

...and gets dragged down to the mat by Supernova, trapped inside a schoolboy cradle!]

SA: Supernova rolls him up! He's going for it all here!

[Another two count follows as James kicks hard, sending Supernova flying out of the pin attempt and into the ropes. He bounces off towards James who is down on his back on the mat still...]

SA: Supernova off the rop-

[...and the crowd ERUPTS as James kips up off the mat, snatching the incoming Supernova in a triangle choke!]

SA: -WHOA! WHOA! WHERE THE HECK DID THAT COME FROM?!



[The crowd is going nuts as Supernova flails his arms, trying to find a way out of the submission hold as swiftly as possible!]

CP: Brian James has got tons of martial arts in his background and a hold like this is right up his alley, Albano. Supernova's gotta find a way out of here in a hurry or we're looking at a new champion!

SA: Detson's still out on the floor - he can't save his title right now!

[Supernova is hunched over, James's legs crossed as he tries to drag the life out of his fellow challenger...]

SA: Supernova's gotta find a way out! He's nowhere near the ropes! He's reaching out but he's not gonna get there!

CP: There's one very popular counter to this hold, Albano, but I don't know if Supernova's got the strength left in him this deep in the match to pull it off!

SA: He's gotta try!

[Reaching the same conclusion, Supernova wraps his arms around James' powerful legs, planting his feet on the canvas...]

SA: He's going for it! Setting a wide base with his feet... getting that grip secured...

[...and with a roar of effort, Supernova LIFTS Brian James up into the air, still trapped inside the triangle choke...]

SA: HE DID IT! HE'S GOT HIM UP! HE'S GOT HIM UP ANNNNNNNND...

[...and drops right back down in a sitout powerbomb that gets a roar from the crowd!]

SA: ...DOWWWWWWN WITH THE POWERBOMB!

[The counter does break the hold however both challengers immediately go down to the mat, laying on their backs looking up at the Rogers Centre's roof as the crowd ROARS for what they're seeing!]

SA: Supernova with the only counter that he could think of that might get him out of it... and get him out of it, it did!

CP: It sure did but now they're BOTH laid out on the mat!

SA: Both challengers down... just over thirty minutes gone in this one as these two warriors battle it out to see if one of them can end the title reign of Johnny Detson here tonight at SuperClash! This title has been defended at every SuperClash since it's birth and it has changed hands every time except once - when Ryan Martinez defeated Hannibal Carver to retain the title as part of the longest reign in AWA history. The odds are on their side here in Toronto.

CP: Never tell Johnny Detson the odds!

[Inside the ring, Supernova and Brian James are struggling to get up off the mat as Johnny Detson is on his feet on the floor with the aid of the ring apron.]

SA: All three competitors are trying to get up and get back into the fight right now. Supernova to a knee... Detson crawling under the ropes...

[Coming to his feet inside the squared circle, Detson takes a quick look, surveying the scene as Supernova kneels on the mat...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRILLS him with a superkick up under the chin that stuns Supernova, causing him to slump forward on his hands and knees!]

SA: JOHNNYKICK FINDS THE MARK ON NOVA!

[Detson spins back around, seeing James up on a knee as well...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: AND JAMES TAKES ONE TO BOOT!

[The kick to James actually knocks him down to the mat as Detson turns back to see Supernova trying to shake off the effects, rising back to his knee again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the second JohnnyKick on Supernova knocks him flat as he rolls under the ropes to the outside, leaving the World Champion and the Engine of Destruction alone inside the ring!]

SA: Supernova goes out and the World Champion trying to take advantage of it as he... what's he doing now?

[The crowd begins to buzz as Detson - slowly, deliberately, and making a show out of it - dips his hand down into his tights...]

CP: He's reaching into his tights, Sal! We may be about to see...

[Colt trails off as Detson pulls his hand back into view, gripping the studded black leather glove known as Black Beauty in it...]

SA: You got it right, Colt. Johnny Detson, the World Champion, has pulled the great equalizer into view - the black glove known as Black Beauty. With that on his hand, Detson's got one punch knockout power and with that added boost, that could be enough to make him retain the title and beat the odds at SuperClash!

[Detson slides the glove into place, ignoring the protests from the referee as he waves a hand at James to get to his feet...]

SA: The referee, Davis Warren, doesn't want to see this but there's nothing he can do about it, Colt.

CP: That's right. No disqualifications in a match like this so if Detson wants to hit Brian James with a hundred Black Beauties, he can do that.

SA: It'll only take one in my estimation as James starts to stir on the mat, no idea what awaits him when he gets to his feet though...

[James is rising to his feet, a wobble in his step as Detson lies in wait, slightly crouched as he rubs the glove anxiously...]

SA: Gifted to him by his friend Wes Taylor, Johnny Detson has put this glove to great use over the years in the AWA and tonight, he plans to use it to secure his place in history...

[...and as James wobbles in a circle towards him, Detson rears back and lets it fly...]

SA: RIGHT HAND ON THE WAY!

[...but the ever-quick James sees it coming, catching the hand on the way in!]

SA: HE CAUGHT IT AND-

[And in a move snatched from Supreme Wright when Wright did it to him, James violently twists the hand, yanking it down to the canvas where he STOMPS the glove-covered appendage!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: -HE MIGHT HAVE BROKEN HIS HAND RIGHT THERE!

[Reeling in pain on the mat, Detson clutches his own hand as James stands over him...

...and then reaches down, grabbing the hand again as Detson cries out in agony.]

SA: James grabbing the hand, twisting the fingers, causing even more pain to shoot through the possibly-broken hand of Johnny Detson as... oh no.

[And the crowd ERUPTS as James rips the glove off Detson, holding it over his head for all to see!]

SA: And now Brian James has got the glove!

[James nods emphatically to the crowd, looking down at a nervous Detson who is trying to get away from the son of the Blackheart but James has pinned his ankle to the mat with his foot, refusing to let him flee.]

SA: James has got him trapped... and he's putting the glove on now!

[Detson again makes an attempt to get away but his struggling form is pinned into place by James who slides the glove in, a grin on his face as he looks down at the now-terrified Detson...]

SA: Johnny Detson has fear in his eyes and Brian James has malice in his! He's got the glove on and you know he's not afraid to use it!

CP: You take James' tremendous punching power and add the glove in and this could be catastrophic for the champion!

[...and with his free hand, he drags a struggling Detson up to his feet...]

SA: He could be looking for the Blackheart Punch and with that glove on his hand, that would REALLY be devastating!

[...but as James draws back his glove-covered fist...]

“OHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: DETSON GOES TO THE EYES!

[A desperation eyerake sends James staggering backwards, rubbing at his eyes as Detson steadies himself, burying a boot into the midsection...]

SA: Kick to the gut... Detson trying to hook him up as Jim Watkins might say!

[...but Detson can't quite get the Wilde Driver set-up complete before James straightens up, backdropping Detson up and over onto the canvas!]

SA: And we talked a little while ago about the heavy artillery - we saw Detson go for Black Beauty and fail... James go for the Blackheart Punch and fail... and Detson fails with the Wilde Driver again also. The drain of this match is taking its toll on all three competitors and we're starting to see some home run swings worthy of Toronto's Justin Smoak!

[Detson rolls to his hands and knees, crawling towards the ropes while holding onto his lower back as James stands in wait, beckoning him up with both hands...]

SA: James is waiting, Detson is rising...

[...and the World Champion regains his feet, he turns into a boot to the gut from the son of the Blackheart...]

SA: James goes downstairs... what?!

[...and the crowd ROARS as James pulls Detson into a standing headscissors, reaching down to hook an arm...]

SA: JAMES IS GOING FOR THE WILDE DRIVER! HE'S GONNA BEAT THE CHAMPION WITH HIS OWN MOVE!

[But as James goes to secure the other arm, it's Detson's turn to straighten up!]

SA: BACKDROP!

[But because of their proximity to the ropes, Detson's counter has the added benefit of dumping James over the top rope, dropping him down on the barely-padded floor...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: UP AND OVER GOES JAMES! DETSON SAVING HIS TITLE YET AGAIN!

[The World Champion swings around, laying the badmouth on his former ally-turned-rival from inside the ring...]

SA: One year ago, we saw Johnny Detson defeat Brian James in a Clash of Kings and could we be seeing history repeat itself tonight here in Toronto, Colt?

CP: This one is breaking down and I don't have the slightest clue what's going to happen next!

SA: Detson's shouting at James and... Supernova's in! Supernova's in and behind Detson!

[The unaware World Champion is still trashtalking James on the floor as the crowd gets louder... and louder... and louder...]

...and when Detson finally whips around suspiciously, he gets a boot to the gut from a waiting Supernova...]

SA: Supernova goes downstairs on Detson!

[He reaches down, hooking one arm...]

SA: He's hooking the arm! Supernova's setting up for-

[...and the other arm, giving the crowd one quick look before leaping into the air and...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: WILDE DRIVER! WILDE DRIVER BY SUPERNOVA!

[Supernova flips Detson onto his back, diving across his chest as Davis Warren drops down to count...]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE!! IT...

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: KICKOUT! KICKOUT! KICKOUT!

[The crowd is absolutely buzzing now, a thunderous sound throughout the Rogers Centre as Johnny Detson narrowly gets the shoulder up before three, just barely saving his title as Supernova falls back onto his butt, burying his painted face in his hands, shaking his head in disbelief.]

SA: Supernova thought he had him, Colt, and I can't blame him!

CP: Neither can I! We've seen the Wilde Driver finish off so many opponents since Detson made his AWA debut back in the spring of 2013 but I guess this just shows that someone can use the move but not be the master of it, right?

SA: Supernova hit the Wilde Driver, got the near fall... but now he's gotta stay on task, he needs to keep his focus in mind. The man could be moments away from the win he's been waiting his whole career for and he can't allow the frustration over the near fall to distract him, Colt.

CP: Much easier said out here than to do it in there, Sal.

SA: No doubt, I'm sure... but Supernova's getting back to his feet now, realizing he needs to maintain his focus. He's so close right now, Colt. So close to accomplishing his goal... to realizing his dream.

CP: Since Thanksgiving night in 2011, Supernova has dreamed of exactly this moment - being back in the Main Event of SuperClash, fighting for the top prize in our sport... and you're right, Sal... it definitely feels like he's close right now so he needs to keep pushing.

SA: Dragging the champion off the mat, whip to the corner...

[Backing across the ring, Supernova takes aim before barreling across, throwing himself into the air...]

SA: ...THE HEAT WAVE CONNECTS AGAIN!

[...and with Detson suitably dazed, Supernova chucks him from the corner, sending him down to the canvas on his back, looking up at the lights as the crowd buzzes with anticipation!]

SA: And he's got Detson right where he wants him! Leaning over, folding those legs...

[Supernova straightens up, ready to step through into the Texas Cloverleaf he calls the Solar Flare...

...but that's when the Engine of Destruction reaches out, snaring Supernova's head and neck in his massive arms, causing Nova to immediately let go of Detson as he starts fighting for his life!]

SA: KATA HA JIME! THE JUDO CHOKE APPLIED OUT OF NOWHERE!

CP: And just when it looked like Supernova had this match won, Brian James shows up and snatches him back to the harsh reality that this is STILL anyone's game to win!

[Planting his feet, Supernova drives James backwards, smashing him against the turnbuckles which forces him to let go of the hold...]

SA: Supernova gets loose!

[...which brings Johnny Detson storming in to try to regain the advantage!]

SA: In comes Detson and... ohh! Supernova gets the boot up!

[Detson staggers backwards as Supernova pulls himself out of the corner, away from Brian James...

...who comes rushing out of the corner, throwing himself into a HUUUUUUGE LARIAT on Detson, flipping him inside out and dumping him on the canvas!]

SA: BLACK MASS! BLACK MASS! LIKE HIS FATHER BEFORE HIM AND BRIAN JAMES MAY BE ABOUT TO WIN THE TITLE!

[James dives onto Detson, reaching out to snatch a leg...]

SA: WE'VE GOT ONE!! WE'VE GOT TWO!! WE'VE GOT-

[...and Supernova comes flying into the camera frame, smashing down on top of James to break up the pin attempt!]

SA: -SUPERNOVA MAKES THE SAVE!

CP: See, and this is where those Sudden Death rules get REAL interesting, Sal. In an elimination match, Supernova probably lets James pin Detson right there and we move on with a one on one. But in this one with the first fall winning, Supernova had no choice but to break that pin and save the World Champion.

SA: And save him he did, preventing Brian James from wrapping up one of the craziest years I can imagine for him. Much like Supernova was suspended earlier this year, Brian James also spent a long period of time on the shelf thanks to Javier Castillo. We didn't see James return to AWA action until the summer and even after that, he was in constant conflict with Castillo and Korugun over the fate of his mother.

[Supernova pushes up to his knees, looking down at the still-downed James and Detson...

...and his gaze slowly slides over towards the ring apron where our camera catches the discarded studded black leather glove known as Black Beauty.]

SA: Uh oh!

CP: Supernova's got his eye on the prize, jack!

[Nova climbs to his feet, still looking at the glove. The crowd is buzzing loudly now as Nova takes a step towards it...]

SA: What the-?!

[...but we quickly discover the buzzing is not Supernova teasing using the glove but rather the arrival of two other individuals in the ring who assault Nova from behind, knocking him down on the mat where they promptly start putting the boots to him!]

SA: That's Taylor and Donovan! Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan, Brian James' friends, have hit the ring and they're all over Supernova!

CP: We heard them talking to James earlier. Is this a setup?

SA: James told them he didn't want any part of them helping him try to win the title but with them out here, did Brian James pull a fast one so that nobody would see this coming?

[Taylor and Donovan continue to pummel Supernova down on the mat to the jeers of the crowd as James starts to stir down on the canvas...]

CP: The James Gang rides again in Toronto and we may be moments away from Brian James winning the title!

[Taylor gives a shout to his running buddy as Donovan pulls the face-painted fan favorite off the mat...

...who responds with a right hand to the jaw of Donovan to a big cheer!]

SA: Supernova's fighting back! Right hand to Donovan... Taylor gets one also!

[Standing between the former tag team champions, Supernova is throwing bombs as quickly as he can, rocking the duo...

...which is when Donovan swings a knee up into the gut, cutting him off...]

SA: Ohhh! Donovan goes downstairs and... here we go!

[Donovan ducks down, boosting Supernova up over his shoulder, stepping back towards Taylor who reaches out to grab a front facelock...]

SA: They're looking for that elevated DDT! They've put out a lot of people with this move over the years and they're looking to use it now to put the World Title on their buddy's waist! Remember, no disqualifications so the referee can scream and shout all he wants-

CP: And he is.

SA: -but it's all totally legal!

[Taylor sets for the DDT when suddenly Supernova is yanked right out of his grasp to a confused reaction from both the crowd and Wes Taylor!]

SA: JAMES PULLS HIM OUT!

[A pissed-off Brian James yanks Supernova out of Taylor and Donovan's grip, depositing him down on the mat as James shouts "NO!" at his friends...

...and then delivers a hard two-handed shove to the chest of Wes Taylor, actually knocking him off his feet and putting him down on the mat, looking up in disbelief at the Engine of Destruction!]

SA: Wes Taylor can't believe it but apparently when Brian James says no, he means it!

[James is glaring down at Taylor as Donovan tries to plead their case to their ally.]

"We're just trying to help you! We're trying to get you-"

[James rounds on Donovan, giving him a lighter shove that sends Donovan falling back towards the ropes.]

"And I told you I don't want your help! I don't need your help! I've got this under control!"

SA: FROM BEHIND!

[The crowd groans as the World Champion strikes from the blind side, smashing a forearm into the back of James' head, sending him pitching forward and down on the canvas.]

SA: Johnny Detson hits him from behind and down goes James!

[The World Champion looks down at James...

...and then up at a shocked Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan.]

CP: Well, well, well... what have we here?

SA: It's a Kings of Wrestling reunion in the SuperClash Main Event!

[Detson grins at his former allies, pointing down to Brian James who just spurned their efforts to aid him...]

SA: And the ultimate opportunist, Johnny Detson, is inviting Taylor and Donovan to help HIM win the match!

CP: Sure! Why not?! If James won't take the assist, you know Detson will!

[Taylor looks at Donovan who returns the gaze before they both look down at the recovering Brian James...]

SA: It looks like they're considering the offer!

[Detson implores them again, gesturing down at James as Taylor and Donovan look up at him...]

SA: What are they gonna do?! Detson's the reason they both spent time on the injured list this year! Could they possibly trust him enough to work with him again? Could they-



[...but before we get an answer, Supernova comes storming across the ring, connecting with a double clothesline that takes both Taylor and Donovan over the rope, putting them down on the floor!]

SA: -SUPERNOVA CLEARS THEM OUT! SUPERNOVA CLEARS THE RING!

[Supernova shouts down at the duo, waving a dismissive hand at them as Detson lurks behind him, waiting as he turns back towards him...]

SA: KICK TO THE GUT! HOOKS HIM!

[Detson snatches one arm, reaching down to grab the other...]

SA: WILDE DRIV-

[...but the crowd ERUPTS as a risen Brian James reaches out, wrapping his arms around the champion's head and neck, forcing him to let go of Supernova!]

SA: -NO! JAMES CATCHES HIM IN THE CHOKE! THE KATA HA JIME! THE SIGNATURE HOLD HANDED DOWN BY HIS MENTOR, TIGER CLAW!

CP: Detson's gotta get out of this quickly!

[Knowing Colt's right, Detson drives James backwards, slamming him back into the turnbuckles in an attempt to break the hold...]

SA: Detson puts him into the buckles! But James is hanging on! James is-

[The crowd ROARS as Supernova comes tearing across the ring, leaping into the air...]

SA: -HEAT WAAAAAAVE!

[...and CRUSHES both competitors in the corner with his signature corner splash!]

SA: HE HIT THEM BOTH WITH IT!

CP: And that breaks the hold!

[Supernova grabs Detson by the head, tossing him out of the corner towards the middle of the ring...]

...and as Brian James staggers out, Nova grabs him, lifting him up...]

SA: GORILLA PRESS! LOOK AT THE STRENGTH!

[...and DROPS the near-300 pounder down in a splash on top of Detson!]

SA: JAMES GETS DROPPED ON DETSON!

[And with James holding Detson down, Supernova plants himself on top, pushing down on James' back!]

SA: STACKED COVER!

CP: But who is legally making the cover?!

[The referee looks a little puzzled for a moment and then dives down to the mat, slapping the canvas...]

SA: WE'VE GOT ONE!! WE'VE GOT TWO!! WE'VE GOT-

[...but James slips out, dragging Detson's shoulder off the mat as well!]

SA: I... well, we've got a kickout... but you're right, Colt. I think Brian James wasn't sure who was legally making the cover either and he didn't want to take any chances so he got them both out of it.

CP: I don't know what Davis Warren was thinking there. He may have just gotten caught up in the moment.

SA: Maybe that would've turned this into an elimination match? I don't know. But right now., Supernova isn't going to worry about it... bring James up to his feet...

[A trio of quick stinging backhands sends James staggering back to the corner as Detson rolls under the ropes to the outside, checking on Taylor and Donovan...]

SA: Supernova puts James back in the corner...

[The face-painted fan favorite spits on his right hand, rearing waaaaaay back with it...

...but as he throws it, James ducks low, shouldering Supernova up into the air, dumping him over the ropes where he lands on the apron...]

SA: James tossing Supernova to the apron... but Nova hangs on, getting right back up and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the crowd reacts as James unleashes a high kick on the ear, sending Nova toppling off the apron to the floor!]

SA: AND DOWN GOES SUPERNOVA TO THE OUTSIDE!

[James staggers back, sinking to a knee as Supernova falls to the floor.]

SA: But as we've passed the forty minute mark in this one, James is running on fumes and he can't take advantage of either of his opponents being down on the outside!

[And the boos pick up as we cut to ringside to see Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan putting the boots to Supernova again on the outside!]

SA: Taylor and Donovan are at it again!

CP: Well, Supernova put them over the top with the double clothesline - it only seems fitting for them to get a little payback!

SA: Payback?! They started it, Colt!

[Each man grabs an arm on the face-painted fan favorite, taking aim...]

SA: No, no, no!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and ROCKET Supernova into the barricade, the steel railing shifting under the impact!]

SA: SUPERNOVA INTO THE RAILING! HE'S DOWN AND OUT!

[Taylor and Donovan share a high five on the floor..

...which is quickly broken up when Brian James rolls under the ropes, angrily confronting his friends again. He jerks Taylor around by the arm, shoving a finger in his face.]

"I TOLD YOU TWO TO BACK OFF!"

[Taylor angrily slaps James' hand away, fire in his eyes as the crowd buzzes at the idea of seeing the James Gang implode at SuperClash!]

CP: Whoa! Whoa!

[A quick-thinking Tony Donovan lunges forward, diving between his hot-headed friends to separate them. He pushes Wes Taylor back from James, twisting around to shout.]

"We're going, okay?! We're going!"

[Donovan continues to struggle, shoving Taylor back towards the aisle as Taylor shouts angrily at James.]

SA: Tony Donovan seems to have averted disaster for his allies... for now anyways. He and Taylor are making their exit and...

[James glares angrily at his retreating friends, shaking his head in disgust as he turns back towards the ring...

...where Johnny Detson has kicked the steel steps apart on the opposite side of the ring and is shoving the base of the steps into the ring.]

CP: Look at Detson! Pulling out all the stops! AND the steps!

[Detson shoves the steps under the ropes, crawling in after them as James starts back towards the ring as well.]

SA: The World Champion's in, picking the steel steps up... James is heading back inside as well...

[With a grunt of effort, Detson muscles the steps up, holding them in his arms as James comes to his feet...]

SA: HERE COMES THE CHAMP!

[...and rushes towards the Engine of Destruction, steel steps in hand!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[But as Detson draws near, James desperately defends himself by rearing back and swinging his big right hand...]

SA: BLACKHEART PUNCH! HE PUNCHED THE STEPS!

CP: We've seen him do that before, Albano!

[Detson collapses backwards, the heavy steps falling onto his chest, pinning him underneath...

...but James falls to his knees, grimacing in pain as he cradles his fist to his chest.]

SA: And they're both down after that! Detson caught under the stairs! James down on his knees, his hand may be broken after that punch!

[James shoves Davis Warren away as the referee tries to check to see if he needs to exit the match, grunting as he leans over, shielding his hand from everyone's view.]

SA: He punched the solid steel steps and- well, he saved himself from Detson smashing those steps into his skull but he may have broken his hand to do it!

[Detson gives a grunt of his own, shoving the steps off his chest towards the middle of the ring. He rolls onto his chest, his arms hugging his torso underneath him as James climbs to his feet...]

SA: Brian James is up... Detson is down... but look at the pain on the face of the son of the Blackheart. His father - his legendary father - we know is in a hospital somewhere here in Toronto... but you have to hope he's watching his son with pride as this kid fights with all he's got to become the World Champion here tonight. It was February 1st, 1997 that Casey James won the World Title in Portland, Oregon... some twenty years later, his son Brian looks to do the same in Toronto here tonight!

[Reaching down with his left hand, James drags Detson up off the mat by the back of the hair...]

SA: James pulling him up!

[...and once again, wraps his muscular arms around the head and neck of the World Champion, screaming in pain as he uses his injured right hand to secure the hold!]

SA: THE CHOKE IS ON AGAIN!

[But this time, James immediately leaps up, wrapping his legs around Detson's torso, using his bodyweight to drag the champion down to the mat...]

SA: AND NOW IT'S \_REALLY\_ ON! JAMES PULLS HIM DOWN! JAMES HAS IT LOCKED IN! HE'S GOT THE CHAMPION IN TROUBLE!

[Detson's arms are instantly in the air, flailing madly, trying to find an escape to once again save his World Title which suddenly finds itself in imminent jeopardy of changing hands!]

CP: There's no way out, Sal!

SA: I think you're right! Detson's trapped and he can't find a way out of this! He's starting to fade - after forty minutes plus of action, those arms are starting to slow and Detson's either gonna end up on Dream Street or as a resident of Tapout City!

[James squeezes tighter, shouting "SLEEEEEEEEP!" at the World Champion whose struggles are slowly dramatically...]

SA: Detson's- wait a second! WAIT ONE SECOND!

[...and suddenly, the crowd gets louder as they spy Supernova on his feet, holding his chest, and climbing the turnbuckles...]

SA: SUPERNOVA! SUPERNOVA IS CLIMBING! SUPERNOVA IS CLIMBING!

[...and without pause, Supernova THROWS HIMSELF into the air, soaring down towards the pile of opponents...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: FLYING SPLASH ON THEM BOOOOOOTH!

[Supernova grabs his chest, wincing in pain as he bounces off Detson and James as the duo rolls apart from one another, the hold broken...]

SA: HE SPLASHED THEM BOTH! HE BROKE THE HOLD! HE SAVED THE TITLE!

[...and throws himself onto James, hooking the leg tightly...]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE!! IT...

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: NOOOOOO! JAMES KICKS OUT AT TWO

[Supernova buries his face in his hands in disbelief for a moment... and then lunges towards Detson, wrapping up his leg as well...]

SA: COVER ON DETSON! IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE!! IT ISSSSSSSSSS...

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: ...NOOOOOOOO! KICKOUT IN TIME! DETSON KICKS OUT IN TIME! MY! OH! MY! WHAT A BATTLE FOR THE WORLD TITLE!

[The crowd is ROARING for the double pin attempt... the double kickout... all of it. Supernova sits on the mat, shaking his head in disbelief.]

SA: Supernova can't believe it! He thought he had it won after that double splash! The World Title is just outside his grasp and Supernova was so sure he had it won right there!

CP: Shake it off, kid! Get up and keep going!

[Nodding his head, Supernova climbs off the mat, his arms shaking in front of him as he fires himself up...]

SA: Look at Supernova! The adrenaline pumping through that body, driving him forward... the fans in Toronto are behind him...

[Swinging away from the downed Detson, he moves towards the steel steps, leaning over to pick it up...]

SA: ...and Supernova's coming for the steps and...

[...when suddenly Brian James comes rushing into view, leaping up, pressing his foot down on the back of Supernova's head...]

“CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and DRIVES Supernova's face down onto the steel steps base!]

SA: CURRRRRRSTOMMMMMMP!

[James scrambles to take advantage, flipping Supernova over onto his back, diving across his chest...]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

[...but a desperate lunge from Johnny Detson onto the back of James breaks up the pin JUST before Davis Warren slaps the mat a third time!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: DETSON OUT OF NOWHERE TO SAVE THE TITLE!

[Detson is down on all fours, breathing heavily as the crowd ROARS for yet another near fall. The champion pushes up off the mat, shaking his head defiantly...]

“It’s MY TITLE! AND YOU!”

[...pulling James up by the hair...]

“CAN’T!”

[...booting him in the gut, doubling him over, allowing Detson to snatch the arms into position...]

“HAVE IT!”

[...leaping into the air...]

“THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: WILDE DRIIIIIIIVERRRRRRR!

[Detson flips James over, diving across his chest, shouting “COUNT IT!” to Davis Warren who drops down to oblige...]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: SWEET SANTA MARIA! BRIAN JAMES KICKS OUT! HE KICKED OUT OF THE WILDE DRIVER!

[Detson falls to the side, landing on his rear, a shocked expression on his face as he stares up at Davis Warren who looks just as surprised to be holding up two fingers as Johnny Detson is to see it.]

SA: I can’t believe it! Johnny Detson hit the Wilde Driver - we’ve seen him beat COUNTLESS opponents with that over his time here in the AWA - but Brian James kicked out! Brian James kicked out... and what the heck does Johnny Detson do now?!

[Detson climbs off the mat, looking around puzzled...]

...and then his eyes come to rest on the corner. He pauses, cocking his head slightly...]

SA: What is he...?

[...and then makes a decision, stomping over towards James, rolling him over to lie atop the steel steps base...

...and then points to the corner to a big reaction!]

SA: Detson says... he's going up?!

CP: Desperate times call for desperate measures and if you're gonna go out, you gotta go out BIG!

[Detson stomps to the corner, stepping to the middle rope... then climbing up to the top...]

SA: DETSON'S UP TOP! COULD THIS BE A MOONSAULT?!

[...but with a point to the roaring crowd, Detson leaps into the air, somehow doing a full 180 to land facing the ring...]

SA: SHOWSTOPPER!

[...springing right back up high into the sky, tucking his arms and legs into a picture perfect senton...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...that results in Detson SLAMMING spinefirst down on the steel steps as James vacates the premises!]

SA: DAAAAAANGERRRRRRR! JOHNNY DETSON'S SPINE MEETS STEEL IN SUDDEN AND SHOCKING FASHION!

CP: Detson went old school with that Showstopper, that springboard senton, but James moved and Detson just... well, whatever was left of that back that's given him so much trouble in the past may have just been obliterated!

SA: Detson's down... Detson's not moving...

CP: But James is!

[Back on his feet, James reaches down, dragging Detson to a seated position on the steps...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: LOW BLOW! DETSON GOES LOW ON JAMES!

[James staggers backwards from the surprising move as Detson immediately flops back down onto the stairs unmoving...]

SA: Detson can barely move!

[...and Supernova reaches out, snatching James by the hair, dragging him back into an inverted facelock...]

SA: NOVA HOOKS HIM! NOVA'S GOT-

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: BLACK HOLE! BLACK HOLE! BLACK HOLE!

[And with James down and unmoving on the mat, Supernova climbs to his feet, pointing at the downed Detson which gets a HUUUUUGE ROAR from the sold out crowd...]

SA: Supernova's got the champion in his sights, wrapping up those legs...

[...and the crowd EXPLODES in a eardrum-shattering reaction as Supernova steps through into the Solar Flare, Detson's chest pressed against the steel as Nova steps off on the mat...]

SA: OHHHH! LOOK AT THE PRESSURE ON THE SPINE! SUPERNOVA STEPS OFF THE STEPS AND THE SPINE IS BENT IN A HORRIFIC WAY!

CP: The same spine that Detson just HIMSELF drove into the steel!

[Supernova leans back, letting loose a roar as Detson screams out in pain, his spine bent in sickening fashion as Detson tries to pull himself off the steps to flatten out and relieve the pressure...]

SA: DETSON'S TRYING TO GET LOOSE BUT NOVA'S... LEANING... BAAAAAAACK!

[...and as Detson SCREAMS in pain, his hand that was gripping the steel comes up into the air...]

CP: JAMES TRYING TO GET THERE!

[A barely-moving James has rolled to his chest, trying to drag himself towards the fight to intervene...]

SA: JAMES TRYING TO... BUT DETSON'S IN TROUBLE! THE TITLE IS IN TROUBLE! SUPERNOVA'S GOT HIM BENT NEARLY IN HALF AND...

[...and Detson's hand slaps down on the steel repeatedly as James makes a lunge, his fingertips brushing Supernova's leg as he hits the mat!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: HE TAPPED! HE TAPPED! DETSON TAPPED OUUUUUUT!

[Supernova immediately lets go, slumping forward down onto his knees, burying his face in his hands as the Toronto crowd goes absolutely wild!]

SA: SUPERNOVA'S DONE IT! SUPERNOVA HAS WON THE WORLD TITLE!

CP: I guess dreams really do come true, Albano!

[The referee rushes over to the side of the ring, retrieving the title belt as the crowd continues to roar and young Tyler Graham makes it official.]

TG: Here is your winner...

...annnnnnnd NEWWWWWWWWWW AWA WORLD CHAMMMMMMPIONNNNNN...

[The crowd somehow gets even louder!]

TG: ...SUUUUUUUUPERRRRRNOOOOOOOVAAAAA!



[Supernova accepts the title belt, clutching it to his chest as he is helped off the mat by the official. He holds the title belt over his head with one arm, a smile on his face as he celebrates his long-awaited victory.]

Nearby, Brian James is on all fours on the mat, his forehead pressed down into the canvas as the crowd continues to cheer.]

SA: Supernova with the belt... he's dreamed of this moment... and at long last, he IS the AWA World Champion.

CP: Brian James is obviously disappointed. The kid came so close, Albano.

SA: There'll be another time for Brian James... that's for sure... and you have to wonder... what if... what if Johnny Detson hadn't hit the low blow out of nowhere when James was looking to finish him off? What if this wasn't Sudden Death rules and now it was James and Supernova fighting it out? Brian James will have a lot to think about after this result... plus what went down earlier tonight with his father... but right now, this is Supernova's moment.

[Supernova turns towards another side of the ring, holding the title belt over his head again as we suddenly see some of the AWA's heroes coming down the aisle, joining the celebration in the ring.]

SA: The party is on in Toronto and it looks like Supernova has some surprise guests - the new Women's Champion Julie Somers is out here... the new National Champion Jordan Ohara as well.

[Somers and Ohara are clapping and cheering, leading a group of others into the ring that include Travis Lynch, Curtis Kestrel, "Golden" Grant Carter, and Victoria June alongside former AWA competitors Caspian Abaran, Allen Allen, and Beef Bonham.]

SA: The locker room here in Toronto has emptied. You know, ever since Supernova's return to action earlier this year, there has been some tension between he and the locker room over what he felt was a lack of support... a lack of respect even... when the entire world thought that fake Supernova was actually him. Well, they're supporting him now! They're respecting him now!

CP: Sure, now that he's got the strap, they love him!

[Supernova seems surprised - but grateful - at the gesture. He accepts handshakes and embraces from the fan favorites who have spilled out to the ring to help honor his triumph as Brian James slowly climbs up off the mat, holding the back of his head in pain...]

SA: Brian James getting to his feet now... a tough loss for that young man for sure.

[Supernova wades through those assembled to help him celebrate to look into the eyes of Brian James.]

CP: We might be about to get a rematch right now, Sal.

SA: I sure hope not. Let's save that for another day, shall we?

[James and Nova share a staredown for several awkward seconds...

...and then the crowd ROARS as Supernova extends a hand to Brian James.]

SA: How about that now? What a show of sportsmanship! What a show of respect from one SuperClash Main Eventer to another here tonight in Toronto. Supernova offering his hand to Brian James...

[James doesn't even seem to be looking at Supernova though, his eyes burning a hole beyond him as he slowly raises his arm...

...and points a finger at Johnny Detson who is curled up in a ball in the corner, cradling his lower back in pain...]

"I'm gonna kill you."

[The crowd "ooooohs" as James angrily turns away from the ring, ducking through the ropes to drop down to the floor where he begins the long and lonely walk back to the locker room.]

SA: Perhaps unfinished business there between Brian James and Johnny Detson... an ominous threat leveled by the Engine of Destruction...

CP: And Supernova just got spurned by James. You gotta imagine that might ruffle some feather for the new champion too.

SA: In the heat of the moment, James turning and walking away from the new champion and... well, we'll have to see what develops from that but right now, we're going to focus on the celebration! We've got a new champion as a new era is set to begin here in the AWA... and that man is Supernova!

[Nova mounts the midbuckle again, holding the title over his head as the other fan favorites celebrate in the ring with him and pyro rockets towards the Rogers Centre roof.]

SA: What a moment here at SuperClash on a night that was filled with incredible moments here in Toronto! Fans, we've got one more to go so for myself, Colt Patterson, and all the rest up here in the Great White North, we send you back down to Atlanta to Gordon and Bucky and the other half of tonight's Main Event!

[And we do indeed get our split screen shot for the final time of the night, showing both the Rogers Centre and the Georgia Dome before we zoom into the Atlanta shot where Gordon and Bucky are at ringside.]

GM: Thanks, Sal... and Bucky, that was a heckuva scene there in Toronto as SuperClash celebrates his win, the 13th World Champion in AWA history, and a long-awaited mountain finally climbed by him.

BW: Unlucky #13, Gordo? Can't wait to see what happens to him next.

GM: From the biggest of triumphs in Toronto to stakes higher than you can count here in Atlanta. With the future of this very company at stake, the cages are up and the battlefield is ready for war.. or in this case... WarGames. This match has happened in the AWA many times over the years... and every time, it leaves a battlefield filled with injured and broken bodies in its wake. With the stakes so high in this one, I expect this to be no different.

BW: Absolutely, Gordo. Put aside the personal differences in this one between guys like Juan Vasquez, Ryan Martinez, Stevie Scott, Hannibal Carver... Derrick Williams and John Law too... even if you put all of that aside, you've still got a match where Team Martinez has come together to make sure that there's an AWA for them to work in tomorrow! If the Korugun Army wins, the AWA we know and love is gone for good... and in its place is a company run fully and without passblocking by the

Korugun Corporation. And let's face it... we don't know exactly what that would look like...

GM: We've got a pretty good idea.

BW: Maybe some of us do... and maybe some of us like the idea of a paycheck no matter who wins tonight. But whatever it means... we know that Korugun winning tonight means no more Jon Stegglet... no more Todd Michaelson... no more Bobby Taylor...

GM: No more of a lot of people.

BW: Including you!

[Gordon pauses for a moment, almost as if he has something to say...

...and then shakes his head, moving on.]

GM: Let's go backstage to the two teams as they get set for battle!

[We fade in to the backstage area where we find a handful of individuals who are ready for war. Sweet Lou Blackwell is at the front of the pack, standing alongside a fatigue-wearing Javier Castillo as the combined forces of Team Korugun are assembled behind them.]

SLB: This has been a historic night for the American Wrestling Alliance. We've seen titles change hands... we've seen shocking betrayals... we've seen history made with the first women's Steal The Spotlight matchup... bloody, brutal affairs... and now, it all comes down to this - one final match, one final war, with the greatest stakes in AWA history. The very future of this company rests on the outcome of who will come out on top in this final war between Team AWA and the men standing with me right now... Team Korugun. Javier Castillo... as the Generalissimo of this Korugun Army... your thoughts?

[Castillo sneers in Blackwell's directions.]

JC: My thoughts are... you're dismissed.

[Blackwell's jaw drops.]

SLB: I'm sorry?

[Castillo nods.]

JC: You should be. Call them Team Martinez. Team White Knight. Team Hot Garbage. Call them whatever you like, Blackwell... but do NOT call them Team AWA. Because a short time from now...

[He gestures to the men behind him.]

JC: ...this will be your Team AWA. These will be your representatives for a whole new era of the American Wrestling Alliance.

Derek Rage. The Intelligent Thug.

[The 7'2 340 pound Haligonian hooligan growers at the camera. He is dressed in his ring gear of black unitard with the purple stripes setting off black panels on the side of the trunks and shirt. His chiseled onyx muscles shine with a layer of baby oil. His hair is tied up in a half ponytail. The corner of his lip twitches nearly imperceptibly showing his hunger to get in the ring and hurt his opponent.]

JC: John Law. The man of justice, law, and order.

[Much of John Law's face is hidden by his modified motorcycle helmet, but the scowl displayed under his immaculately groomed mustache tells the story. He stops studying his notepad, shutting it with a black leather fingerless gloved hand.]

JC: Torin The Titan. The largest man in all of wrestling.

[The giant looms large over all that surround him, menacingly gripping his fingers together as if choking an invisible man. There is no sign of the gentle giant that AWA fans are used to seeing. This is a very different Torin The Titan... thanks to "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett who lurks nearby, leaning heavily against the wall. A sheen of sweat covers his brow, his suit showing signs of sweating through it as his face is pale and ghostly.]

JC: Jay Alana. The hottest free agent in wrestling history.

[Alana is too cool for school standing with this group. In a pair of dark sunglasses, a well-tanned body, and a chiseled physique, Alana looks like he'd be more comfortable on a Hollywood backlot or getting ready to catch a wave on North Shore than getting ready to step inside a double cage of hell... but just you wait... just you wait.]

JC: And Juan Vasquez... the Number One Draft Pick.

[Vasquez is ready for war. His signature Dia de los Muertos facepaint has been applied and he's glaring through cold eyes into the camera... or... is he looking at something else?]

JC: And leading this tremendous Army into battle... into war... and into victory... is yours truly, the AWA President... the Generalissimo of the Korugun Army... Javier Castillo.

And now, Blackwell... as I said... you're dismissed.

[Blackwell looks puzzled, shaking his head as he turns away.]

JC: Because this is my show... then... now... and forever. And since it's my show, I brought in my own special guest interviewer for this moment. Someone who would truly appreciate what's about to happen.

[Castillo sneers.]

JC: Mark Stegglet.

[The shot switches to a split screen of Mark Stegglet on one side of the screen backstage in Toronto while the Korugun Army is on the other side, Castillo sneering at the camera.]

MS: Am I... am I really on? What's going on? This camera just got stuck in my face and-

[Castillo coldly interrupts.]

JC: Oh, you're on, Mark Stegglet. You're on because after years of hearing you ask people their thoughts moments before the biggest match of their life, I want to know Mark Stegglet... I want to know that as you stand there knowing that your uncle... your mentor... the man who got you into this business...you stand there knowing that he is moments away from having EVERYTHING ripped away from him.

We will take his company... the place he sacrificed everything to start.

We will take his legacy... the thing he worked so hard to build.

We will take his livelihood.

We will take it all.

And leave him... and you ... with nothing.

And we will do it all...

[He snaps his fingers with a smirk.]

JC: ...like that.

[Castillo chuckles darkly.]

JC: Mark Stegglet... I want to know your thoughts.

[Stegglet grimaces.]

MS: You know what, Castillo? Because one way or another, what happens down there in Atlanta has everything to do with MY future as well, I'm going to tell you my thoughts.

I'm going to tell you that you... are a no good piece of [BLEEP!]

[Castillo's eyes flash.]

MS: You're a power-hungry madman! You're a spineless little bully picking on those you think you can shove around without retribution like Veronica Westerly or Gordon Myers.

Gordon Myers is twice the man you'll ever be.

My uncle is ten times the man you'll ever be.

And just to save you the empty threat, I'll tell you here and now... if you win tonight... if you somehow win... you can save your breath because you don't have to fire me...

I quit

[And with that, Stegglet walks away from the camera's view which sits empty for a moment before cutting back to a full screen shot of Castillo and the Army.]

JC: Defiant little Mark. Defiant until the very end.

It's so fitting because it's what we're dealing with tonight inside WarGames. We're dealing with defiance. Defiance in the form of Martinez and Carver... in Scott and Williams... standing up to power, standing up to their betters and saying their cause is righteous.

They think they fight for the people.

[Castillo smirks.]

JC: They fight for revolution.

We fight for the end of an era.

We fight for money.

[He slaps the chest of Derek Rage.]

JC: We fight for power.

[He jerks a thumb at John Law.]

JC: We fight for glory.

[Jay Alana nods, rubbing his hands together.]

JC: We fight for... a higher power.

[He smirks, looking at Torin The Titan.]

JC: We fight for... vengeance.

[He looks at Vasquez.]

JC: Tell 'em, boys.

[John Law nods at Castillo.]

JL: This man brought me here for a reason. There was filth everywhere. Lawlessness was rampant. He was in charge, but too many perps ignored the law. Even though whoever runs the company is the only one making the rules. Tonight, that all ends. Tonight in a cage...

[Law smiles grimly.]

JL: ... the very place where all criminal scum end up, we fittingly put an end to this crime spree. They didn't want to obey the law?

[Law shakes his head.]

JL: I AM THE LAW.

[Castillo turns to look at Torin The Titan and "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett.]

JC: For God's sake, Fawcett... can you please pull yourself together? The biggest match of our lives and you look like you had Crab Surprise at the Waffle House last night.

[Fawcett is unable to respond, simply nodding his head which even seems like a great exertion for him as he leans heavier on the wall, his eyelids drooping as he grips the familiar crystal known as the Eye of Tyr even tighter in his hands.]

"D"HF: The Eye... sees... all. The Eye... knows... all. The Eye sees...

[He sighs loudly, exhaling sharply.]

"D"HF: ...vengeance is coming.

[Castillo turns with an approving smile towards the newest member of his team - the hottest free agent in the business, Jay Alana.]

JC: Vengeance is coming... but that's not the only thing coming, is it, Mr. Alana?

[Alana shakes his head.]

JC: You'll have to excuse Mr. Alana. He's fielded so many press requests this week... so many radio interviews... so many TV interviews for the hottest free agent in the business. So many people want a part of Jay Alana... just to be around him... just to be near his presence, he's gone and lost his voice.

[Alana grimaces, rubbing at his throat.]

JC: But don't worry. Tonight, he'll do his talking inside that cage and his actions will speak louder than any words ever spoken.

[Alana nods confidently as Castillo turns to Rage.]

JC: And you, big man?

[Derek Rage looks from Castillo into the camera, his head tilts at an incredulous attitude as he stifles a chuckle. Rage slowly straightens up to his full 7'2, bristling at the camera as he slowly drags his thumb across his throat.]

JC: Words don't matter when your actions are deafening, hm?

[Castillo slowly turns towards the Number One draft pick for his team - the former World Champion, the Hall of Famer... but he's got a bit of appraising look on his face as he looks at Juan Vasquez.]

JC: And you. What do you have to say about what you're about to walk into? Are you able to complete the mission I have given you tonight?

[Vasquez turns his head slightly, staring down at Castillo - a glimmer of the passion we're used to seeing out of him in his eyes.]

JV: Tonight? Tonight...

[Vasquez starts to speak but cuts himself off, his eyes drifting over Castillo's shoulder to the Eye of Tyr that Fawcett is holding just a little bit higher, getting it into Juan's eyeline.]

JV: ...tonight...

[His voice sounds strained now, forcing every word out.]

JV: ...everybody... dies.

[He lowers his head as Castillo grins nice and wide.]

JC: Everybody dies? I like it! I like it! That's good, Mr. Vasquez. And in a way, you're right. Because defiance? Defiance dies tonight. Rebellion dies tonight. Revolution dies tonight. And when WarGames is at its end, the AWA you all know and love... it dies tonight too.

And in its place will come a grand creation the likes of which the wrestling world has never seen before.

The AWA.

MY AWA.

And soon, you'll wonder why you ever cared about that other place at all.

[Castillo chuckles darkly as his team stands menacingly around him...

...and we cut to another part of backstage where Mariah Wolfe is standing with four of the five members of Team AWA – Ryan Martinez, Hannibal Carver, Derrick Williams, and Stevie Scott. Wolfe stands in front of a black backdrop with the AWA logo emblazoned on it in red letters.]

MW: I'm here with... well, most of Team AWA. And gentlemen...

[Before Wolfe can ask her first question, there is a loud, near-deafening bellow that comes from behind the black wall. Wolfe jumps as she is startled while the rest of Team AWA appear not to notice.]

MW: Umm, guys. What was that?

HC: Don't worry about it. Ask yer questions, Mariah.

[Wolfe looks nervously over her shoulder, and then back to Team AWA. With none seeming to even notice, she continues.]

MW: I suppose we can start with you, Mr. Carver. What are your thoughts going into this all important match tonight?

HC: My thoughts? Oh, I've got a lot of thoughts going into this one.

[Carver rubs his chin.]

HC: About how some corporation sat in their ivory tower and watched time after time... time after time that some scumbag in a suit tried to take this company from the people that bust their hump to make it what it is. To take it from the people in the crowds and at home in front of their TVs who pay their hard earned bucks to make it what it is. They saw pieces of trash try and take it for themselves over and over... and over and over they saw the result.

[Carver slams his left fist into his open right palm.]

HC: They got slapped down. Each one down to a man. They got dropped on their damn heads and sent packing to whatever sad sack burgh would have mealy mouthed sumbitches like them. So these suits, with that jackass Castillo as their mouthpiece, they think they've got what it takes. That they can do what people like myself, like Ryan Martinez, like every last person in that damn locker room have shown the world is impossible to do.

[Carver shakes his head.]

HC: Yeh can't take it from us. Not with all the money in the world. Or all the monsters. Or all the turncoats that yeh paid off to do yer bidding. That ain't how it works. The track record, the history is on our side.

[Carver points at the camera, scowling.]

HC: Yeh try to gun me down and I'll spit the bullets back in yer rotten stinking face.

[Mariah turns to Stevie next, the veteran and AWA Original with a look on his face that shows he clearly gets the gravity of the situation.]



MW: And you, Stevie Scott, it's been a very long time since you've been in the ring. How are you feeling about stepping back into the ring in such a crucial moment for the AWA?

[As Wolfe speaks, Stevie looks down, nods, and rubs his chin.]

HSS: How am I feeling, you ask?

[He pauses, looks up, first at Mariah, and then to the camera.]

HSS: I'm not.

I'm not feeling a thing. Because with the war that is about to commence in just a few moments, feelings only result in weakness. And weakness, Mariah...as my four teammates will certainly agree with...is not an option.

Mercy...is not an option.

Forgiveness...is not an option.

The ONLY option is victory.

[The two-time AWA National Champion breaks for a beat, looking at his teammates.]

HSS: It's no secret that as you look around this room, none of these men here really care much for each other. My time in the AWA had already come and gone when the rest of these men arrived on the scene, so I have no real history with any of them.

But we do have something in common, and that's a soft spot in what little bits of heart we have left for the AWA.

When Jon Stegglet asked for my help, he already knew the answer...because he knows how I feel about this place.

He knows the blood, the sweat, and the by-God tears I put into dirty rings in the WKIK Studios and mold-ridden high school gyms just to get his dream...OUR dream...off the ground. He knows that Stevie Scott is THE man...not you, Juan Vasquez...who put the AWA on the map of professional wrestling.

I gave my heart, I gave my soul, hell...I gave my LIFE to the AWA, and I'll be damned if I'm going to let anyone ruin it.

ESPECIALLY that piece of trash Juan Vasquez.

[Stevie pauses again, his old trademark smirk coming across his face.]

HSS: Actually, Mariah, now that I think of it...I DO feel something. I feel the satisfaction of knowing that a long overdue receipt...

...is about to be paid off.

[Wolfe pivots again as Williams steps up, hands in the pockets of the AWA hoodie he's wearing. He pulls the hood down.]

DW: Well, Lou...

[Wolfe shoots Williams a look]

MW: Lou?

DW: My bad, I'm just usually always talk to Lou. Sorry. Anyway, Mariah...

[Wolfe nods and Williams continues.]

DW: 'Cuse me if I ramble a bit... this could be my last time on a microphone so I'm finna make this count.

[He holds up two fingers.]

DW: Two years. Two years, the AWA has been getting played. Two years, the invisible hand of Korugun has been screwing with us, lying to us, using us, weakening us, thinking that they were going to come in and get their way... that they're going to get all their "problems" to submit one way or the other.

Join us or get retired.

[Williams shakes his head, throwing up his hands slightly.]

DW: Some of us bent the knee. Some...

[He motions to Ryan.]

DW: ...kept the faith.

But either way, if you didn't tow the line, you were expendable.

They tried to cripple my friends...

[He gestures to Ryan and Carver.]

DW: ...they tried to cripple their friends, they tried to end careers. They turned some of the sharpest people we know into their own flying monkeys.

They went after families, they turned blood on blood.

They threatened people using their parents, sons, daughters.

[Williams sneers.]

DW: This isn't wrestling... this is Game of Thrones. But they didn't finish the job. They didn't take us out before tonight. They did what the arrogant do and let us regroup... let us get traction... let us come together.

You think the five of us are scared of Alana? Hell no, for us it's a damn early Christmas present.

Torin's mindless, we got a Demon.

Law? I've been waiting to get my hands on him since July. Vasquez...

[Williams steps forward and stares into the camera.]

DW: I. Don't. Fear. My. Creator.

How important is tonight? Look at this team. LOOK AT IT! These two..

[He motions to Carver and Martinez.]

DW: ...just about tolerate each other. Us two...

[He motions to Martinez and himself.]

DW: ...friggin' HATE each other. That Demon we got lurking around here...

[He pulls his hoodie off and points at his compression sleeve covered right arm.]

DW: ...is the reason I have to wear this when I wrestle. Tonight, we come together because we have to. Because we're it, the last line.

It's the endgame.

If we fail, the AWA is over. Hell, professional wrestling might be over. So, we will win.

[Williams shakes his head, confidently looking at the camera.]

DW: We HAVE to win.

Because it's not about me... it's not about any of the five of us. It's about everyone in the back here in Atlanta. It's about everyone in the back up in Toronto, it's about everyone in the stands. It's about everyone watching on Pay Per View, it's about everyone watching this on whatever illegal stream you're watching it on. It's about...

[He steps back to the wall and slaps the AWA logo.]

DW: ...and everyone that's ever stepped in here in the past ten years, everyone that Korogun, and Castillo, and Hardin, and whoever else is pulling strings is responsible for putting on the shelf.

And that... that is all why... tonight we can't fail.

[The determined Williams keeps staring into the camera as Mariah pivots.]

MW: And so, we turn to you, Mr. Martinez. Many people have considered you to be one of the standard bearers for the AWA, one of the men who wave its flag. That you, like Mr. Carver, are one of the Pillars of the AWA. What is on your mind going into this, perhaps the most important match in AWA history?

[Martinez exhales slowly, a thoughtful look on his face.]

RM: The truth is, at the start of the evening, I had some things I wanted to say. But not long ago, just about an hour ago, I got a call from someone who is very important to me. Someone I've known since I was a child running around backstage in Los Angeles. She asked to meet with me, and she put some things in perspective for me.

I'm not here for hate.

I'm here because of love.

Love for the AWA and for all that it stands for. Gordon Myers said it not long ago. Nobody loves the AWA more than Ryan Martinez.

It was true that night. It's true tonight. And it will always be true.

I came to this place as nothing more than a dumb kid straight of the Tiger Paw dojo. There was a lot to learn. About being a wrestler, and about being a man. I learned all those lessons here in the AWA.

And now, Korugun is trying to destroy all that.

[Martinez grimaces.]

RM: There's been many wars over the years, but nothing like this. All of the suffering I, and the rest of the AWA, has been through is because of Korugun. And as much as I love the AWA... I hate Korugun.

And tonight, I'm putting an end to the damn Korugun Corporation.

And yes... I know that it's Korugun to blame. I know it's them that have corrupted good men and bought the souls of others. I know they're ultimately not to blame. But I also know that it won't be easy to undo the work Korugun has done. And I aim to beat the Korugun out of all five of you tonight.

Especially you Juan.

[Martinez grins.]

RM: You can't have the AWA. It doesn't belong to Castillo, or to any other puppet of Korugun. It belongs to the people. The people who pay their hard-earned money and give us the honor of fighting in front of them. The people who give of their heart and soul to inspire us.

Tonight, Team AWA is the voice of those people.

I want everyone to hear this. The very foundations of the AWA are soaked with Martinez blood. My father's blood. My brother's blood.

And most of all... my blood.

And I will shed that blood, and I will fight until the last drop of it is gone from my body and the last breath has left my lungs. And then I'll keep fighting.

It ends tonight. All of it.

It ends for you, Korugun.

And Mariah, since you've been wondering what's behind you...

[Martinez turns to the wall and says a word in a language that is unknown to most people. A word in the native tongue of a god...]

"AH'N'GHAYAR AH HAI!!"

[Carver tugs on the backdrop behind them, tearing it down. Revealing that it was covering not a wall, but a cage.]

KO: ONI NAFL'FHTAGN LLOIGAZATH!

[A cage holding none other than KING Oni. He swings the cage door wide open, sending it crashing into the wall behind it. Sensing that discretion is the better part of valor, Mariah gets out while the getting is good. Oni continues forward, snarling directly into the camera as he beats his bearpaw-like hand against his chest. Ryan nods approvingly.]

RM: We're coming to take back our AWA. And here, in the Georgia Dome, the AWA returns to the people.

Count on it!

[We fade back from the backstage area to Gordon and Bucky again.]

GM: Strong words from both teams as they get set for the ultimate battlefield... and to be honest with you, fans, none of us know what comes next. We know what we hope. Some of us know what we've prayed for. But none of us know the future that is coming our way in just a short time from now.

[Gordon again looks like he has something on his mind but shakes his head.]

GM: The stakes are high. As high as you can count. And the ten men who are about to step into this double caged hell on earth all have their reasons for doing so. Money, glory, fame, pride, dignity, loyalty. Whatever the reason, you know they're going to bring it and bring it in violent fashion. The armies are ready. The battlefield is here. Let's get ready... for war.

[We fade from Gordon and Bucky up to the double cage where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is your MAAAAAAAIN EVENT of the evening!

[A huge ROAR goes up from the crowd about to witness the final match inside the historic building they're sitting within.]

RO: And it is... WAAAAAARRRRRRRGAAAAAAAAMES!

[The ROAR intensifies as the crowd buckles in for what they're about to see.]

RO: In a few moments, two teams of five will make their way out onto the stage at which point one member from each team will come to the ring while the other four will enter the specially-constructed shark cages where they will wait.

The first two members will do battle inside this massive two-ring double cage for five minutes one-on-one...

At the end of the five minutes, there will be a coin toss to determine which team will send the next participant into the cage, giving them a two-on-one edge for two minutes. After two minutes, a member of the other team will enter to even the odds and the two teams will alternate until all ten men are inside the cage when The Match Beyond begins.

It is at that time... and that time only that the match can end.

Not by pinfall.

Not by countout or disqualification.

WarGames can only end by SUBMIT OR SURRENDER!

[Another huge ROAR goes up from the AWA faithful!]

RO: And to the winner goes the ultimate spoils - full corporate control and ownership of the American Wrestling Alliance!

[The crowd buzzes a little bit at that, some anxious nervousness trickling in as Rebecca lowers the microphone.]

The lights go out in the Georgia Dome and there is a sudden eruption of fireworks that light up the darkened dome. As the fireworks complete, the Georgia Dome is filled with laser lights that dance all across the audience before once more, the Dome goes dark.

Five spotlights appear over the entranceway, one for each of the combatants about to make their entrance.

It is then that Alan Silvestri's "The Avengers" plays over the loudspeakers, and as the music rises and swells and the audience cheers, we hear the voice of one of our modern mythmakers, the venerable Stan Lee.]

"And there came a day, a day unlike any other, when Earth's mightiest heroes found themselves united against a common threat.

On that day...

TEAM AWA WAS BORN!!"

[The Avengers theme gives way to the sound of tinkling synth, which bleeds into the sound of pounding drums, a sound that brings everyone in the Georgia Dome to their feet to join in a familiar chorus.]

#This is a call to arms, gather soldiers  
Time to go to war  
This is a battle song, brothers and sisters  
Time to go to war#

[As Thirty Seconds to Mars' "Vox Populi" continues, into the middle spotlight steps the two-time AWA World Heavyweight Champion, Ryan Martinez. The AWA's White Knight today wears a long red and gold ring jacket, with a glowing blue triangle in the center. He opens the jacket to reveal that he is wearing long red ring pants and gold colored boots. On his hands are red and gold gloves, and as he raises his hands, the inside palms have a round, blue glowing circle.

As "Vox Populi" begins to fade, it bleeds into the voice of Tom Hiddleston.]

"YOUR SAVIOR IS HERE!"

#Wooooaaaahhh-ooooooooo

[The opening chords of Imagine Dragon's "Radioactive" fires up with the crowd... well, continuing to cheer loudly for the next member of Team AWA. Stepping into the spotlight is "The Future" Derrick Williams, gear fitting the team a bit of wearing brown boots with gold laces and trim, and deep dark green long tights with brown trim. He's also wearing a long floor length coat of dark brown, emerald green, and gold. He's also on his head wearing a gold ram horned headgear.

As he enters the spotlight, he extends his arms out to the side in his usual pose.

The music is cut abruptly. After a beat, we hear the voice of Josh Brolin.]

"In time, you will know what it's like to lose..."

[The sweet yet eerie melody of "Kagome Kagome" by Hatsune Miku and Megurine Luka begins to play as the crowd gets to their feet in anticipation of a returning monster.]

"...to feel so desperately that you're right yet to fail all the same."

[The melody is undercut by an accompanying synthesizer that sounds like it's straight from a 1950's horror movie. A moment passes, and for the first time in years, out stomps the gargantuan KING Oni.

The Demon King is dressed for once in more form-fitting ring gear, and as a result we can clearly notice that in his time away he's gotten in tremendous shape. Still massive, but far more solid than ever before.

His boots are black with gold trim, matching exactly with his black tights and gold kneepads. The black and gold motif continues with his top, culminating with a gold shoulderpad look. On one hand is a massive golden metal glove, accentuated by a different colored gem on the each knuckle. He raises this glove up high, the gems shining in the light as he bellows an inhuman roar.

As "Kagome Kagome" fades, it bleeds into...]

"IT'S TIIIIIIIME FOR STEVIETAINMENT!"

[It's a throwback to the long-retired catchphrase of the champion-turned-manager, transitioning into the opening guitar strumming of Ugly Kid Joe's "Everything About You." Walking into the spotlight is "Hotshot" Stevie Scott, dressed for war. In a variance of his normal look(s), he wears tattered blue jeans, cowboy boots, and a vintage Juan Vasquez t-shirt with the sleeves ripped off and Juan's face adorned with a big red "X". He looks to his teammates, expressionless, and simply nods.

Just then, a siren goes off. The crowd gets to their loudest since Ryan walked out as the opening guitar of "Gonna Be A Blackout Tonight" by Dropkick Murphys begins.]

#'Cause my town is big and my town is bright  
My town can work and my town can fight  
So don't strike no light and don't cause a red  
There's gonna be a blackout tonight"

[The crowd really blows the top off the joint as Hannibal Carver walks out. He wears dark red boots and dark blue tights with a red trim. Around his waist is a brown leather belt with a silver buckle. Of a similar style are the gloves on his hands, as well as brown leather straps that go over his shoulders and under his armpits. He wears a sleeveless shirt the same color as his long tights, with a large black star in the center of the chest. As he raises his arms to the air, Ryan can be seen nodding. A camera close to the White Knight picks up some audio as Ryan points at Carver.]

RM: Get this man... a beer!

[Someone nearby obliges, as Carver is tossed a beer he quickly pops open. The crowd gets even more riled up as he pours it down his throat as the house lights come on, the crowd ROARING for the assembled team as the White Knight and leader of Team AWA beckons them all towards their shark cage, falling into a loose huddle as the stadium lights cut to black.

The big screen lights up with a slow motion cheesy as hell shot of a flag fluttering in the breeze...

...a flag with the Korugun logo splashed on it that causes the AWA faithful to ROAR with disdain.

We can hear the uplifting sound of a choir singing a cappella and as the stage lights come on slightly, we see that an actual choir has been brought in, lining the sides of the stage as they harmonize...

...and then break into song.]

#Mine eyes have seen the glory  
Of the coming of the Lord;  
He is trampling out the vintage  
Where the grapes of wrath are stored;  
He hath loosed the fateful lightning  
Of His terrible swift sword;  
His truth is marching on.#

GM: You've gotta be kidding.

BW: SHHH!

#Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!  
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!  
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!  
His truth is marching on.#

[The sounds of the Battle Hymn of the Republic come to a halt as a drill sergeant's voice rings out.]

"SOLDIERS!"

[An answering cry rings out, a group in solidarity.]

"SIR! YES SIR!"

[The drill sergeant calls out again.]

"PREPARE FOR BATTLE!"

"SIR! YES SIR!"

[A small drum corps comes out on stage, joining the choir as they start drumming a march...

...and slowly but surely, the entrance stage opens up, the choir now framing it.]

GM: What in the world...?

[The Georgia Dome crowd ERUPTS at the sight of a giant camouflage painted tank being raised up on a platform from under the stage. As it rises into view, we can see the assembled Korugun Army taking up different spots on the tank. The drum corps continues to hammer out their marching song, the choir joining in with the chorus to the Battle Hymn of the Republic again.

Derek Rage stands tall, towering at 7 feet 2 inches and 340 pounds of dense muscle. Rage is shrouded in a long black satin boxer's robe with purple trim. His hood is pulled deep over his face as he straddles the cannon.

As gigantic as Rage is, he's impossibly dwarfed by the massive Torin The Titan. Torin wears a brown leather vest with tassles at the bottom, swaying to and fro. That's the most motion we see out of the Titan however, as his eyes are fixated on one thing and one thing alone.

The Eye of Tyr.



Clutched in the white gloved hand of "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett, the Eye gleams as the good "Doctor" fixes his charge with an intense stare.

Jay Alana is dressed in a way that would imply it's just another night at the office for this talented newcomer. His movie star good looks seem to indicate no worries at all as his flowing black curls hang past his shoulders. His traditional kakau tribal tattoos run up his right arm and onto his chest, both areas fully exposed and not covered up by any kind of shirt. He's proud of his shredded physique and would like you all to see it.

John Law stands at attention, dressed in his usual garb. With one exception. Everything from his boots up to his helmet is in green camouflage. He snaps a salute before pointing a menacing index finger at the assembled throng of fans.

Juan Vasquez stands near Castillo, a notch below him (of course) but in the second-in-command position with his head lowered. Vasquez is dressed familiar wrestling attire from when we last saw him in the AWA, consisting of black leg-length tights with blue flames running up the sides, under a black M-65 Army field jacket with the words "IN JUAN WE TRUST" stenciled along the left arm and "LISTEN. WORSHIP. OBEY." on the right. He raises his head and slowly turns to the camera, revealing a face painted in the style of his infamous "Dia de los Muertos" skull facepaint. His expression is one of intensity but his eyes are another story. Cold. Empty. Unaware or uncaring of the reaction he's getting from the Atlanta fans.

At an unspoken signal, those assembled on the tank shield their ears slightly before...]

"THAAAA-WOOOOOOMMMMMM!"

[A rocket of red pyro explodes from the barrel of the tank's main gun, rocketing across the sky towards the ring. The crowd ROARS for the impressive display as there's a moment's pause before...]

"THAAAA-WOOOOOOMMMMMM!"

"THAAAA-WOOOOOOMMMMMM!"

"THAAAA-WOOOOOOMMMMMM!"

[...and the corners of the WarGames cage erupt into upward bursts of white pyro, filling the Georgia Dome sky.

We cut back to the tank itself where the turret top pops open to reveal a cackling Javier Castillo as he rises into view wearing a camouflage helmet and goggles. He throws the goggles off, tossing the helmet backwards as he climbs atop the tank, a mic pinned to his head ala Janet Jackson in the Rhythm Nation.]

JC: CITIZENS OF GEORGIA!

[A mixed reaction because... well, Castillo but... yay, Georgia!]

JC: AWA FANS AROUND THE GLOBE!

[Another cheer goes up because... hey, that's us!]

JC: PREPARE... FOR WAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAR!

[Eminem's "Til I Collapse" begins to play over the PA system as Castillo gestures towards the ring and the members of the Korugun Army dismount from the tank that's obviously not moving anywhere at this point. The Generalissimo is the last to dismount, joining his Army on the stage. At another unspoken signal, the platform begins to descend, the stage swallowing the metal beast of a weapon as Castillo ushers his squad towards the super-sized shark cage on the stage, huddling up to begin some last minute strategy discussions...

The crowd is still buzzing as the two teams stand in front of their respective shark cages, glaring across the stage at each other.]

GM: The pomp and circumstance is over. Maximum hype levels have been reached. And now we wait to see who will be entering WarGames first for their teams. Bucky, with a match like this, how important is that?

BW: It's crucial, Gordo. You gotta make the right call here. You need stamina out of your first guy... endurance... but also the ability to do damage. And you also would prefer not to be the first to make that decision so that the other side can counter it.

GM: Javier Castillo having a heated discussion with his men... Castillo has been out of sorts all night after his personal bodyguard, MAWAGA, elected to abandon him in his moment of need. Castillo is all alone out here with his squad tonight and that can't be a comfortable feeling for a guy who has had someone watching his back since the day he arrived.

BW: That turncoat MAWAGA picked Ricki Toughill over the bankroll of Korugun. I hope he knows what he's doing. And I hope Castillo is watching his back because there are a lot of people who'd love to take a shot at him when he's exposed.

[Castillo is in the huddle, almost constantly looking across the stage to where the other team is assembled, trying to figure out their first move.]

GM: So much at stake here, the pressure is on to pick the right batting order in this one. Who leads off, who hits clean up...

[Tired of waiting, Ryan Martinez breaks away from his team, glaring at Castillo as he defiantly walks to center stage and then starts down the ramp to a HUGE ROAR from the AWA faithful.]

GM: ...and I can't imagine that comes as a surprise at all as Ryan Martinez, the former World Champion, and the man who has stood tall against Korugun since the beginning, will lead this off for Team AWA.

BW: "Team AWA"... we heard how Castillo feels about that.

GM: Ask me if I care how Javier Castillo feels about anything. They ARE Team AWA in my book, Bucky. They represent the heart... the soul... the fighting spirit... and the hope of every single person back in that locker room... in the production trucks... everywhere in this building where people are putting their all into putting together the greatest show on Earth.

BW: That's the nicest thing I've ever heard you say about Derrick Williams.

GM: I think that it just speaks to the understanding of how high the stakes are tonight that people who might not necessarily be on the same page all the time like Williams and Martinez and Scott are joining forces for one night to put an end to this threat once and for all.

[Martinez reaches ringside, looking up at the super-sized double cage. He nods his head confidently, slapping a hand up against the mesh, running his hand across the metal links filled with the potential to wound, bleed, and maim those who encounter it.]

GM: The former World Champion feeling that mesh on his skin... knowing what it's capable of. And while Ryan Martinez is no stranger to the steel - he IS a stranger to WarGames, Bucky.

BW: This is the fourth time this double cage hell has been assembled in AWA history. On August 30th, 2008, in Laredo, Texas at The Last Stampede, it went up for the first time and in the three times since then twenty-two men have stepped inside that cage, two of whom will step inside again tonight... but Ryan Martinez' name is NOT on that list. AWA legends like. Calisto Dufresne... like City Jack... like Kolya Sudakov... Broussard, Houston, Nenshou, the new World Champion Supernova... a whole lot more. They've all been in there, Gordo... but not the White Knight.

[Martinez gives one last nod before climbing the steps to move through the door into the cage which is noticeably taller than WarGames cages used in the past.]

GM: The former World Champion is in, stepping into the Main Event of SuperClash for the fourth consecutive year. This man IS the epitome of SuperClash success and tonight, he looks to turn that success into the ultimate victory for the American Wrestling Alliance and for us all.

[Martinez strides around the ring, hitting the ropes... slapping the cage... getting ready for the war to come...

...and we cut to the top of the aisle where Javier Castillo is looking on, nodding at the ring where Martinez is waving a hand, calling for his opposition.]

GM: And now it's Javier Castillo who has a decision to make... and judging by the look on his face, I'd say Juan Vasquez want to be the first one in.

BW: It makes a lot of sense, Gordo. I just told you that Martinez has never been inside of WarGames but Juan Vasquez has been in there twice - this'll make number three. He's been in there in 2010 against the Southern Syndicate and in 2013 against the Wise Men.

[Vasquez has a heated expression on his face as he pleads his case to the Generalissimo of the Korugun Army who continues to stare down the aisle at Martinez until...]

"FAWCETT!"

[The barely-standing Fawcett raises his head weakly towards Castillo, a sheen of sweat evident on his forehead already.]

"GIVE HIM TORIN!"

[Vasquez turns away with a muttered curse, stomping into the unfriendly confines of the shark cage that will hold Team Korugun. Fawcett gives a barely-perceptible nod, lifting the infamous crystal known as the Eye of Tyr in his hand, nudging Torin forward. With a roar, the enormous giant goes stomping down the ramp towards the ring, the crowd buzzing with concern for the White Knight as Torin The Titan heads towards the ring.]

GM: Well, we've got our answer. It's going to be Ryan Martinez and Torin The Titan locked inside this massive double cage alone for five minutes until we get the coin toss to determine who will get the advantage throughout the show.

BW: Juan Vasquez doesn't look too happy about that decision but it's the Generalissimo's warplan that they've gotta follow onto the battlefield.

GM: And I suppose it's good the AWA is going to get their money's worth out of this super-sized cage that had to be specially designed and constructed to contain the massive bodies of Torin The Titan and KING Oni.

[Torin reaches ringside, Fawcett visibly slumping forward to grab hold of the mesh to stay on his feet. Fawcett mumbles something at the giant, gesturing with the Eye towards the ring...]

...and with another roar, Torin The Titan climbs the ringsteps, ducking through the extra large door to climb inside the double-cage, moving through the ropes as the door is slammed shut behind him.]

GM: The door is shut and the WarGames has begun!

[And without hesitation, the former World Champion barrels across the ring at high speed, leaping into the air, extending a leg...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: EXCALIBUR! EXCALIBUR! THE WHITE KNIGHT STRIKES HARD!

[...the foot catching Torin right under the chin, causing the giant's eyelids to flutter as he sinks down to a knee!]

BW: Martinez throws his best shot - a shot that has won him matches all around the world - and all it does is take the giant down to a knee!

GM: MARTINEZ ISN'T DONE!

[Getting swiftly to his feet and spotting Torin down on a knee, the surprised Martinez lunges right back into the fray...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: BIG CHOP BY THE WHITE KNIGHT!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[Torin's head snaps back but he stays on a knee, refusing to go down as Martinez shakes his head in wonder.]

BW: But the Titan won't go down! The biggest weapon in the Korugun Army REFUSES to go down!

[Martinez gives a shout to the cheering AWA fans, winding up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and unleashes a ferocious barrage of chops on the kneeling Torin, sending him wobbling and staggering on that one knee...]

GM: The chops have been unleashed early here in Atlanta!

[...but again, the Titan refuses to fall!]

BW: This is incredible, Gordo! Torin won't go down!

[Martinez stomps in a circle, his eyes wide in shock at Torin's resiliency...

...and then dives back in, arm raised back...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and uncorks a brutal series of open-handed slaps across the face, trying to drive Torin down...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...but failing to do more than shake Torin to his core as the Titan stays on a knee!]

GM: UNBELIEVABLE! TORIN THE TITAN IS TAKING EVERYTHING THE WHITE KNIGHT HAS GOT AND HE'S LOOKING FOR MORE!

[A flustered Martinez stomps away, walking across the ring, giving space between he and the giant who he has been unable to chop down so far.]

GM: Martinez is waiting, watching as Torin tries to get back to his feet in the corner...

BW: Torin's stunned, Gordo, but he's getting up! Martinez can't keep him down!

[And as the giant climbs to his feet in the corner, Martinez goes charging across the ring again, fire in his eyes...]

GM: YAAAAAAKUUUUUUZ-

[...but the attempt at a running big boot goes awry as the 7'2" Torin The Titan unleashes a big boot of his own, snapping Martinez' head back and wiping him out on the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: TORIN THE TITAN WIPES OUT THE WHITE KNIGHT!

BW: And he does it with ONE shot, Gordo! Martinez hit him a dozen - two dozen, whatever - times and couldn't take him down but Torin The Titan throws one big shot and DOWN! GOES! MARTINEZ!

GM: Martinez is down... and Torin The Titan... look at the size of this giant, Bucky. Seven foot two. Nearly 500 pounds. And you've gotta wonder just who in the world can stop this king of monsters!

[The giant stands over Martinez as we cut to the top of the aisle where Javier Castillo is standing just outside the shark cage, nodding his head enthusiastically.]

GM: And Javier Castillo certainly looks pleased at what he's seeing.

[We cut back inside the double cage where Torin grabs Martinez by the hair, dragging him off the mat to his feet...]

BW: Martinez is trapped in there...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and OBLITERATES him with an overhand chop that sounds like a thunderclap, sending Martinez right back down on the mat where he starts rolling to get away from the French giant.]

BW: ...good lord! He's trapped in there for another... about two minutes. About two minutes left in this first five minute period.

[With Martinez on his back near the ropes, the Titan slowly walks towards him...

...and then steps up, both feet pressed down into the chest of the White Knight as the crowd roars with concern for him!]

GM: NEARLY FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS ON THE CHEST OF THE WHITE KNIGHT!

BW: Martinez can't breathe! But this can't be stopped! There's no submit or surrender until EVERYONE is inside the cage, Gordo.

GM: That's right - and there's not even a referee INSIDE the cage! We've got referees on the outside - they'll be the ones looking for that submission... for that surrender... but until then, Martinez is fighting for his damn life inside this double cage right now, Bucky.

[Torin steps off Martinez, leaving the former World Champion gasping for air, clutching his chest in pain...]

GM: And you know, there are a lot of so-called critics on the Internet who like to talk their trash about the Titan. People who think he's just a sideshow... that he's not a legitimate threat. This is a man who beat Supreme Wright in under five minutes a year ago. This is a man who is the biggest man in the business and is a threat to anyone he steps inside a ring with. And if you don't believe me, you can

ask Ryan Martinez when this is all said and done - he'll tell you that Torin The Titan is as big of a threat as it gets.

[Again, the seven foot king of monsters brings the former World Champion up to his feet standing near the turnbuckles in the first ring...

...and then LAUNCHES him across the ring, flinging him high and far, sending him bouncing off the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: The biggest biel throw you'll ever see! Torin tosses him a mile long across this cage... a hard fall on the mat... and Ryan Martinez needs to figure out a way to get back into this in a hurry. He's got about a minute left in this opening time period.

BW: But what happens if Korugun wins the coin toss?! He'll be in there in a two-on-one for another two minutes! He might be a stain on the canvas after that's done.

[Torin stays on the attack, slowly dragging a limp Martinez up off the mat, lifting him into his mighty and massive arms...]

GM: And there's a bearhug! Torin The Titan squeezing the life out of Ryan Martinez... and remember, the match cannot end yet. Martinez cannot submit right now even if he wanted to... he can't-

[...and suddenly, Torin surges forward, lumbering across the ring...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: TORIN RAMS HIM - SPINE-FIRST INTO THE CAAAAAGE!

[Torin steps back, creating distance between himself and the steel mesh...

...and rushes back in!]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE CAGE A SECOND TIME! MARTINEZ BEING CARRIED LIKE A SMALL CHILD AND BEING SMASHED INTO THAT STEEL WITH EVIL INTENTIONS!

[Torin steps back as Castillo can be heard shouting "AGAIN! AGAIN!" from the top of the ramp...

...and the Titan obliges!]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: A THIRD TIME! GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!

[The giant steps back, holding a limp Martinez in his arms...

...and then angrily flings him aside, dumping him in an unmoving heap on the canvas in a pile!]

GM: Ryan Martinez has been physically dominated! Physically destroyed here in the opening moments of WarGames! Javier Castillo rolled the dice sending his biggest

weapon into WarGames early but right now, it looks like it's paying big dividends as one of Team AWA's biggest weapons has been laid out.

[We cut to the top of the ramp where Castillo pumps both arms in the air, a huge smile on his face as he celebrates the one-sided drubbing he's seen so far inside the double cage hell...

...and then a countdown clock appears on the screen.]

GM: And here we go. The countdown begins. Ten seconds and counting until the coin toss to see who gets the numbers advantage throughout WarGames and right now, if you're rooting for Team AWA, you'd better pray the fates are smiling on Ryan Martinez because he needs some help in a bad, bad way right now.

[The crowd is counting along with the clock - "FIVE! FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!" and as the buzzer sounds, the referee pulls Castillo over towards the Team AWA cage. He holds up the coin, showing it to both sides...]

GM: The coin toss is up annnnnnnnd...

[...and with a fist pump and loud "YESSSS!", Javier Castillo makes it clear who has won the coin toss. Castillo shouts at Team AWA, causing Hannibal Carver to throw himself at the cage, reaching his arms through the bars to try and get his hands on Castillo who backpedals away, a smirk on his face, waving a hand towards the Team Korugun cage...

...and Jay Alana comes trotting out of the opened cage, a grin on his face as he does.]

GM: Korugun wins the toss... and it looks like the hottest free agent in wrestling, Jay Alana, will be the next one in for the Korugun Army. And while a lot of our fans may be familiar with Jay Alana, Bucky, why don't you tell us a little of what you know about this blue chip competitor?

BW: Second generation superstar, the son of the legendary Kai Alana. The kid's been destined for superstardom of his own for years now it seems. We know about his time in Tiger Paw Pro as part of the Dead Man's Party. We know about his time working for... that other place, holding their top title. And we know that just days ago, he had the option to come to the big time here in the AWA and he jumped at the opportunity.

[The young Hawaiian has jogged down to the ring at this point, grinning as he sees Torin dragging a limp Martinez off the mat, holding his arms behind him as Jay Alana climbs into the double cage...]

GM: Alana's in - put two minutes on the clock until the next participant comes in...

BW: If Martinez can survive two minutes.

GM: It's a fair point, Bucky, as- ohh! Hard chop across the chest by Alana, announcing his presence with authority to one of the hardest choppers in the entire AWA locker room.

[Torin lets go of the White Knight, allowing him to stumble in Alana's direction as the giant backs off to take a breather.]

GM: Alana and Martinez one on one now...

[Alana dances backwards, showing off a little showmanship before snapping a jab into the chin of the White Knight... and another... and another...]



GM: The fists are flying inside of WarGames!

[...and with a pause to kiss two fingers, blowing said kiss to the sky, he lands a big overhand right that puts the former World Champion down on the canvas to jeers!]

GM: And Jay Alana making big waves here in his first official AWA match as a former World Champion gets leveled by another former World Champion.

BW: The Internet is probably going crazy for this little dream match preview right here, Gordo.

GM: You'd better believe it.

[Alana takes his time circling the downed Martinez before laying a pair of heavy boots down into the sternum, keeping the team captain down on his back as Torin steps out from the ropes, brushing past Alana to pull the White Knight back to his feet with two hands full of hair...]

GM: Torin's got him hooked and- OHH! HEADBUTT!

[The massive headbutt from the giant buckles the knees of Martinez who gets shoved away from Torin into Alana's waiting arms as he lifts the former World Champion into a fireman's carry, driving him back down to the canvas with an impactful Samoan Drop!]

GM: Ohhh! And the two Team Korugun members working in tandem here, laying even more of a beating on the White Knight who has gotta be begging for that clock to hit two minutes and bring his first ally into the match.

BW: He's still got another minute to go, Gordo.

[Back on his feet, a grinning Alana pats Torin on his massive chest...

...and gets an icy stare in response. Alana freezes in his tracks, throwing a nervous glance over towards "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett who has pulled off his sportscoat, tossing it aside to reveal a shirt drenched in sweat.]

GM: Fawcett seems to having a rough night out here - he looks like he should be in a hospital, not out here at ringside.

BW: He's really hanging onto the cage, Gordo. You're right, he looks in bad shape.

[Fawcett seems barely able to stay on his feet as Alana pulls Martinez off the mat, whipping him into the corner...]

GM: Alana puts the White Knight in the corner... directing traffic now...

[With Fawcett not much help, Alana takes it upon himself to direct Torin to go to the opposite corner...]

GM: ...it looks like Alana's trying to get Torin to do something here...

[Alana gets closer to Martinez, throwing a leaping Mongolian chop to keep him in place before pointing across to Torin who lets loose a roar, charging across the ring...]

GM: ...IT'S AN AVALANCHE IN ATLANTA!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd ROARS as Martinez yanks a too close Alana in front of him, taking a heavy bulk of the near five hundred pounds crashing into his chest!]

GM: ALANA GETS CAUGHT BY HIS OWN PARTNER!

[Alana crumples out of the corner, falling clear as Torin looks a little off, shaking his head, grabbing at his temple...]

GM: What's going on with Tor-

[...and then letting loose another roar as he charges right back in...]

GM: ANOTHER AVALANCHE! NO! MARTINEZ GETS CLEAR!

[Torin SLAMS violently into the corner, his full weight hitting the turnbuckles, seemingly shaking the ring as Martinez crawls as fast as he can to get away from the teetering giant!]

GM: And with seconds to go before the next member of this match hits the ring, Ryan Martinez may have just saved himself!

[Martinez pushes to his feet, moving in towards the staggered giant, winding up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and starts chopping away at the mighty tree once more!]

GM: Martinez trying to chop him down! The countdown is on!

[And as the buzzer sounds, the shark cage opens and the next member of Team AWA comes jogging down the aisle, heading quickly towards the ring...]

GM: It's Derrick Williams! The Future is the second man in for Team AWA! And Ryan Martinez has gotta be relieved to have a member of his team headed down the aisle...

BW: I'm sure he is but...

GM: But what?

BW: Well, of all the people on this team... Derrick Williams is the one who would concern me the most if I was on it. Look, I love the Future as much as anyone but we know his history. We know who he's associated with in the past. A year ago, he was standing side by side with Juan Vasquez in the Axis and now you expect me to believe that Ryan Martinez can trust him?

GM: Hannibal Carver trusts him... and Ryan Martinez - to some degree at least - trusts Hannibal Carver so that's good enough for the White Knight who just got drilled from behind by Jay Alana!

[The crowd is cheering loudly for the Future as he reaches the cage, coming through the ropes as Alana smashes a double axehandle to the back of the head, knocking Martinez down into a seated position against the cage.]

GM: Williams is in - another two minutes on the clock now. Remember, this match cannot be won until all ten men are inside the cage and then it's submit or surrender as- ohh! Williams DRILLS Alana with an elbowsmash right on the ear!

[Alana goes stumbling away, falling to a knee as Williams pauses, looking across at the dazed Alana and Torin...

...and then looks back to the seated Martinez.]

GM: All the action still in this first cage nearest the entrance as... hang on here...

[Williams leans down, grabbing Martinez by the arm and pulling him hard to his feet so that they're standing chest to chest...]

GM: What's this about now?

[Williams has a few words off-mic for a puzzled-looking Martinez.]

BW: This is gonna break down right now! Get ready for unemployment, Gordo!

GM: Come on, guys... now's not the time!

[Williams jabs a finger into Martinez' chest...

...and then suddenly shoves him with both hands, sending Martinez spilling backwards and safely out of the way of a charging Alana and Torin who nail Williams with clubbing blows instead of their intended target!]

GM: Oh yeah! Derrick Williams takes the bullet for Martinez and... here we go!

[Torin and Alana settle for their secondary target, pummeling him back against the ropes that separate the two rings as the fans jeer!]

GM: And now it's Williams taking the brunt of the Team Korugun offense as we count down the two minutes until the next man comes in - but this next man will be from the Korugun Army, giving them another advantage after this two minute period where it's all even.

[Williams is getting hammered by hard knees to the body by Alana when suddenly Alana gets yanked backwards...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and gets a hard chop across the chest from the White Knight!]

GM: Martinez gets Alana!

[Torin turns to confront Martinez... which distracts him long enough for the Future to pop the seven footer with a stiff elbowstrike to the jaw!]

GM: And now it's Williams with Torin The Titan!

[Williams unleashes a barrage of hard elbows to the jaw of Torin, sending the giant stumbling backwards as Martinez continues to chop the hell out of Alana's chest, leaving giant red welts as Alana staggers alongside the ropes separating the two rings.]

GM: Under a minute to go until the next man comes in... Williams and Martinez taking the edge for the moment...

[Towards the middle of the ring, Torin winds up, throwing a heavy but awkward right hand aimed at the skull of Derrick Williams but the faster Future ducks under it, spinning around...]

GM: Another forearm to the jaw! And another! And another!

[...and continues to hammer away at the 7'2" giant who is struggling under the assault.]

GM: Williams is teeing off on the giant who seems unsteady on his feet, Bucky.

BW: You've gotta wonder if Castillo's decision to send the giant in first is coming back to bite them a little right now. Torin's not gonna have the stamina of a Jay Alana or a Juan Vasquez... he got the hot start but now he's gotta survive a long time with a bunch of opponents who will be making him a giant-sized target.

[Torin again throws a sloppy right hand that comes up empty as Williams ducks and fires, throwing more elbows as the crowd gets louder...]

GM: Williams continuing to let the giant have it!

[With Torin on wobbly legs, Williams backs off, going into a spin...]

GM: ROLLING ELLLB000OW!

[...and DRILLS the giant with the 360 elbow, sending him falling back into the ropes!]

GM: OHH! THE ROPES SAVED HIM! THE ROPES SAVED HIM!

BW: I think you're right! Derrick Williams almost dropped the giant!

[We cut to the top of the aisle where Hannibal Carver is beating his hand into the steel bars, shouting "COME ON, KID!" while Javier Castillo looks frazzled several feet away.]

BW: Castillo might have an attack of some kind out there.

GM: Hm.

BW: No comment on that?

GM: I don't think my wife would approve of what I have to say to that.

[Williams backs off, looking over to Martinez who has put Jay Alana down for the moment...

...and Martinez shoves his hand in Williams' direction. The Future looks at it uncertainly...]

GM: What's he...?

[...and then grabs it with a nod, rushing forward with Martinez towards the staggered giant!]

GM: DOUBLE CLOTHESLINE!

[And the crowd ERUPTS as the combined forces of the Future and the White Knight send Torin The Titan tumbling down to the mat!]

GM: AND THEY CHOP DOWN THE GIANT! OH MY STARS!

[Williams nods his head approvingly, a grin on his face as he whips back around...]

GM: Alana's up...

[...and almost drags Martinez into a second double clothesline, knocking Alana off his feet as the crowd goes nuts!]

GM: ...and ALANA'S DOWWWWWN!

[Williams gives a shout, pumping a fist as he shouts down the ramp at a fuming Javier Castillo who is looking around frantically at his team that is still trapped in the shark cage...

...and as the buzzer sounds, Castillo wildly waves his arms at the cage, calling his next man into view.]

GM: And here comes Derek Rage, the hired gun who admits he's only in this for the money.

BW: And another seven footer! You talk about the best team money can buy, Javier Castillo's got not one seven footer on his team... he's got TWO!

GM: We've seen Derek Rage in some dangerous, brutal encounters with his own brother this year and you know he's capable of inflicting some serious damage.

[But as the seven footer approaches the ring, he spots that Derrick Williams and Ryan Martinez have managed to keep the other two men down and are standing together as they wait for Rage to come into the cage...]

GM: He's got two guys waiting for him but Derek Rage isn't backing down!

[...and come in he does, ducking through the ropes where Martinez and Williams rush him, immediately clubbing down with forearms across the back of the head and his broad back!]

GM: Two minutes on the clock - a two minute advantage period for Team Korugun!

[Rage gets both legs inside the ring, absorbing a pounding from Williams and Martinez as he stays doubled over..

...until a giant roar rings out as Rage straightens up, throwing his arms out and sending both attackers flying and down on the mat!]

GM: OHH! Derek Rage sends them both flying away! Breaking free of their attack and now looking for one of his own!

[Back on his feet, Derrick Williams comes rushing in...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and runs right into a big boot to the mouth that sends him spinning away, falling down to the canvas!]

GM: DEREK ON DERRICK VIOLENCE SENDS THE FUTURE DOWN!

[With his ally down, Ryan Martinez recklessly charges in towards the Intelligent Thug...

...who snatches the incoming White Knight up under an arm, going into a full spin around...]

GM: SIIIIIIIDE SLAAAAAAAAM!

[...and the crowd groans as Martinez is DRIVEN down into the canvas with said side slam, leaving him writhing in pain on the canvas!]

GM: And just like that, the Korugun Army regains the advantage both numerically and physically inside that ring as Derek Rage drops both Martinez and Williams.

[Back on his feet, a smirking Jay Alana reaches up, slapping a leaping high five on Derek Rage. Alana points to the downed Williams as Derek Rage nods, waiting as Torin also regains his feet.]

GM: Two giants and a former World Champion in there right now, looking to do some damage as we await the third member of Team AWA down there.

BW: Who can even these odds, Gordo? They've got Stevie Scott, Hannibal Carver, and KING Oni awaiting their time in the ring.

GM: We'll find out soon enough... and look at this now, the two giants sizing up Derrick Williams, watching him get back to his feet...

[As the Future rises, Alana directs traffic again as Torin and Rage rush towards one another, Williams between them...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and CRUSH the former Axis member between two charging giants, sending him right back down to the canvas as Jay Alana pumps his fists, nodding his head as he shouts "WE GOT HIM, BOSS MAN!" down the ramp to a much-calmer Castillo who gives a thumb up in response.]

GM: Jay Alana's not done with Derrick Williams... dragging him up off the mat...

[Suddenly, Alana rushes across the ring...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and HURLS Williams facefirst into the steel mesh, sending him staggering backwards and falling down to the canvas!]

GM: FACEFIRST INTO THE STEEL!

[Alana sinks to a knee, extending his arms out to the side, beckoning the crowd to react and react they do as they let the newcomer have it for his actions on behalf of the Korugun Army.]

GM: Williams is down... and now they turn their attention to Ryan Martinez, the first man in this cage tonight... the first man in this double caged hell.

[And as the Titan drags the former World Champion to his feet, he holds his arms back as Derek Rage tees off with clubbing forearms to the chest of the White Knight.]

GM: Derek Rage hammering away on Martinez as Torin holds him in place... and fans, I am seriously concerned for the wellbeing of Ryan Martinez here tonight as

he battles through this Murderer's Row of warriors with the intent to put him on the shelf for good.

BW: Castillo wants to win this for sure... but putting Martinez on the shelf would be a nice bonus, I'm sure... and whoever does it would get a nice bonus in their pocket.

GM: Which is highly encouraging to Derek Rage... ohh! Hooking right hand to the ear of Martinez... another! Another!

[And with Martinez barely able to stand, Torin shoves him towards the seven foot Rage who grabs the White Knight by the throat...

...and then Torin steps forward to join him, grabbing Martinez by the neck as well...]

GM: Oh no... no, no!

[...and the titanic duo lifts Martinez HIGH into the air, throwing him violently down in a double chokeslam!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Gaaaah! And down goes the White Knight with that double chokeslam by two seven foot giants!

BW: And Gordo, it's been a poorly kept secret that the AWA hasn't done a WarGames in over four years because the last time it happened, careers were ended! And the ones that weren't ended were shortened dramatically. We're talking about big names like Rick Marley... like Brian Von Braun... like Luke Kinsey... like Stevie Scott who is going to compete for the first time in ages here tonight. You look at that match and you see Juan Vasquez, Johnny Detson, and Supernova are the only survivors left in the AWA!

GM: No doubt about it - it's the most dangerous match that the American Wrestling Alliance has ever put on and these ten men are risking their careers climbing into that double cage hell here tonight. The countdown is on once more and we're about to see Team AWA get a third man in and even the odds in this one at three on three.

[And as the buzzer sounds, Hannibal Carver and Stevie Scott step back...

...and the KING walks out of the shark cage to an ENORMOUS REACTION from the crowd!]

GM: IT'S ONI! IT'S KING ONI WHO IS THE THIRD MAN IN!

[As Oni sheds his entrance attire, we see that he's a little more toned than he was the last time we saw him in action. The big man comes lumbering down the aisle towards the ring as the Korugun Army assembles, looking down the ramp as the massive monster of a man comes towards the ring.]

GM: It's been two years since we've seen KING Oni compete in an AWA ring... and the stakes could not be higher for his return here tonight.

BW: To me, Oni's job is clear - he needs to neutralize Torin The Titan. The biggest man on each team need to cancel each other out.

[The crowd is still ROARING as KING Oni gets closer and closer to the ring, Torin The Titan waving a beckoning hand towards him...]

GM: And the Titan is ready for Oni! He's ready and waiting for the big man!

[Oni reaches the cage and does not hesitate climbing the steps, going through the wide door built with him in mind...

...and steps into the ring, staring straight at Torin The Titan as the crowd somehow gets louder!]

GM: And this is what the fans in Atlanta have been waiting for! They're wanting to see these two monsters meet and it looks like they're about to!

[Oni is glaring at Torin, ready to go to war...

...which is when Jay Alana comes rushing in, looking to attack Oni!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GOD!

[Oni uncorks a backhand chop, smashing Alana across the chest as the Hawaiian flips backwards, flopping over onto his stomach before hitting the canvas to a thunderous cheer!]

GM: WHAT A CHOP BY ONI!

[With Alana down, Derek Rage decides to take his shot, the big seven footer rushing in on Oni...]

GM: Here comes Rage and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A HUGE shocked reaction rings out as the building with legs known as KING Oni snaps off a savate kick that catches the incoming seven footer flush in the sternum, sending him stumbling backwards...]

GM: -where the heck did THAT come from?!

BW: It's obvious by looking at him that whatever time Oni spent on that island, he trimmed down a little... he toned up a little. He's still a big, big... massive mountain of a man... but he's got a little more athleticism in him from the looks of things.

[Wrapping up the stunned seven footer in his huge arms, Oni lifts, pivots, and DRIVES Derek Rage down to the canvas underneath all his weight!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ONI CRUSHES HIM WITH A BELLY TO BELLY! OH MY!

BW: And that's a belly to a big ol' belly and Derek Rage just got PLANTED by the KING!

[Climbing off the mat, Oni locks eyes on Torin The Titan again who still is waiting for him...

...but again, the pesky Jay Alana is in the mix, leaping up to smash a forearm into Oni's head, landing a few more blows before Oni grabs him by the arm, flinging him into the turnbuckles.]



GM: He puts Alana in the corner... wait a second now...

[Pulling Derek Rage off the mat, Oni shoots the seven footer in after him, crushing Alana against the turnbuckles...]

GM: Oni stacking them up in the corner!

[...and goes barreling in after them, throwing all his weight into a massive running corner splash that CRUSHES both Alana and Rage in the buckles!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: AVALANNNNNNCHE!

[Oni steps back, watching as both Rage and Alana stumble from the corner, falling to the mat alongside one another..

...and then Oni looks around, throwing his head back in a war cry in Japanese!]

BW: BLESSINGS GO OUT!

[Oni throws himself into the ropes, looking to deliver the Cracked Earth splash...]

BW: ONI GOES-

GM: CAUGHT!

[The crowd buzzes as Torin The Titan steps into the fray, reaching out to wrap a massive paw around the throat of Oni!]

GM: HE’S GOT ONI BY THE THROAT!

[We cut to the top of the ramp where an anxious Javier Castillo is wrapping athletic tape around the right hand of John Law as Juan Vasquez looks on, a disgruntled look on his face.]

GM: It looks like John Law is going to be the next one in...

BW: Much to the dismay of the Number One draft pick himself, Juan Vasquez.

[Cut back to the ring where Torin’s using his power to drive Oni back across the ring, pushing him into the ropes separating the two rings...

...which is when Oni lifts his own hand, grabbing Torin by the throat to a big cheer!]

GM: And these two monsters of men are going at it by the ropes!

[A hard shove by Oni sends Torin spilling through the ropes, falling between the rings where he promptly rolls into the second ring...

...and Oni follows right behind him, getting through just as Torin comes to his feet...]

GM: HERE WE GO!

[And as the Georgia Dome crowd ERUPTS in cheers, Oni and Torin devolve into a slugfest, throwing big powerful heavy blows to the each other’s heads and neck in sloppy but devastating fashion!]

GM: The fight is on in the second cage!

[Torin reaches out, grabbing Oni by the throat with both hands, driving him back across the ring...]

“CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!”

GM: INTO THE CAGE GOES ONI!

[...but the powerful KING absorbs the blow, getting a death grip of his own on the Titan as he barrels him back the other way...]

“CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!”

GM: INTO THE STEEL AGAIN!

BW: They’re right over here by us now and I can only hope this cage got reinforced, daddy!

GM: Back and forth they go, shoving each other around the ring into the cage and...

[Seeing an opportunity to help his partner, Derrick Williams moves into the second cage, revealing a healthy flow of blood coming from his forehead.]

GM: Derrick Williams trying to help Oni out, he’s been busted wide open when he hit the cage earlier!

[Williams reaches out, grabbing Torin by the arm...

...but the mighty Titan flings his arm out to the side, sending Williams flying across the ring and down to the mat!]

GM: OHH! Torin throws Williams down like a small bug that was bothering him, swatting him away!

[Jay Alana moves into the second cage as well, hoping to help Torin with Oni...

...but in a mirror image of moments before, Oni tosses Alana aside and down to the mat as he continues to grapple and brawl with his fellow mega-monster!]

GM: No one can break these two apart as Oni and Titan are raging all over WarGames and...

[Gordon trails off as the countdown begins again. We see Alana regain his feet, shrugging as he throws himself at Derrick Williams with a leaping overhead chop between the eyes, sending the Future stumbling back into the corner. In the background, we can spot Ryan Martinez hammering a rising Derek Rage with forearms down across the back of the neck just before...]

GM: The buzzer sounds... and as expected, here comes John Law!

[We cut to the top of the ramp where Law, his fist freshly taped up, is jogging down the aisle while a glaring Juan Vasquez has a few angry words for Javier Castillo who returns them in turn.]

GM: Perhaps some trouble brewing with the Korugun Army there as Vasquez will be the anchor for his team, bringing up the rear and you’ve gotta wonder about that strategy.

BW: A guy walking into his third WarGames being saved for last? Yeah, I wonder about it but Castillo seems to know what he’s doing so far.

GM: Law heading down the aisle, the Head of Security for the Korugun Army, and that'll put them up to a four on three advantage for two minutes as we creep closer to the second phase of this match - The Match Beyond - where it comes down to submit or surrender.

[Law approaches the cage, taking one final look up inside of it before climbing the steps, ducking into the ring...]

GM: John Law is in - two minutes on the clock!

[...and rushes right in and DRIVES a taped right hand into Ryan Martinez' ribcage, doubling him over!]

GM: Ohh! Hard shot on the former World Champion by John Law... and you can bet your bottom dollar that's a directive from the General.

[Law slams his taped fist into the body again, forcing Martinez back away from Derek Rage...]

...and with a signal to the seven footer, Law and Rage rush the side of the evil structure...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and propel the White Knight's skull into the steel mesh, sending him bouncing back and down to the canvas!]

GM: HEADFIRST INTO THE CAGE GOES MARTINEZ!

[A vengeful Law takes a knee, a man on a mission as he grabs a handful of hair, smashing his taped fist down between the eyes repeatedly.]

GM: Law is all over Martinez down on the mat, pounding his skull with that taped right hand...

[We cut to another shot inside the WarGames double cage where we find Jay Alana is now trapped between the ropes and the face, his face pressed up against the steel mesh.]

GM: Jay Alana in a bad spot right here!

[With Alana's head turned away from him, Williams is teeing off, smashing his elbow repeatedly into the back of the Hawaiian's head, banging his face into the mesh over and over again as the crowd cheers!]

GM: The Future taking over on Alana... we've got fights all over this cage and we apologize, fans, as we try to keep you aware of all the action.

[Stepping over the ropes, Derek Rage moves into the second ring, looking to intervene...]

GM: The Intelligent Thug in the second cage now... just Law and Martinez left in the first one...

[...and rushes the exposed back of Derrick Williams, looking to aid Alana...]

GM: ...Rage from behind!

[...and the crowd ROARS as Williams lunges out of the way, causing Derek Rage to slam his weight into Alana's back, driving his torso into the mesh yet again!]

GM: Ohh! Rage misses and-

[And as Rage stumbles backwards, Williams leaps up, snatching his neck with his arms...]

GM: -NECKBREAKER BY THE FUTURE! A leaping neckbreaker takes Derek Rage down hard as Team AWA is fighting to hang on in this four on three advantage period.

[Getting to a knee, Williams takes a look around the double cage structure...

...and spots his old nemesis John Law battering Martinez bloody with his taped right hand.]

GM: Williams moving to the other ring now, perhaps looking to help Ryan Martinez who you can see has been lacerated. He's bleeding profusely thanks to John Law...

[And a fired-up Williams yanks Law back to his feet, smashing a forearm into the jaw... an elbow into the temple... and a series of quick chops that sends Law stumbling back into the corner.]

GM: Williams sends Law back to the corner..

[Williams throws a glance up the aisle, a bloody smirk on his face...]

GM: Derrick Williams perhaps with some wicked intentions here!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[A knife edge chop finds the mark, leaving Law reeling as he goes back the other way with an elbowstrike to the jaw...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Oho! Williams showing Juan Vasquez that he DID learn something from the former World Champion last year!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The Violence Party in the corner drives Law down to a seated position in the corner as Williams peels away, giving a big whoop as the crowd ROARS for the flurry of offense...

...just as we see Jay Alana, a trickle of blood coming from his cheek, waving a hand at Derek Rage...]

GM: What's this now? Back in the other cage, Derek Rage getting down on his hands and knees near the ropes and...

[Alana comes charging across the ring, stepping up on the back of the seven footer, launching himself over BOTH sets of ropes to wipe out Williams with a crossbody!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: OHHH! EXPLOSIVE OFFENSE OUT OF JAY ALANA PUTS THE FUTURE IN DOUBT HERE IN ATLANTA!

[Alana takes a knee, a grin on his face as he looks out on the awestruck crowd at the daredevil move from the hottest free agent in the business.]

GM: Jay Alana making a big impression on these fans and fans all over the world here in his AWA debut, leaving Derrick Williams down and out with that breathtaking dive!

[With bodies strewn across the canvas in the first ring, we cut back to the second ring where the kaiju are still waging war as KING Oni and Torin The Titan continue to pound away without mercy on each other!]

GM: Oni and Torin still going at it - neither man willing to fall in this one and-

[Suddenly, Oni lowers his shoulder, wrapping his powerful arms around Torin’s broad torso...]

GM: ONI DRIVES HIM BACK!

“CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!”

GM: NEARLY A HALF TON OF BODY MASS SLAMMING INTO THAT CAGE!

[The crowd “oooooooohs” at the impact and the ensuing sound it made when massive amounts of flesh hit steel.]

GM: We keep talking about the AWA and Korugun sparing no expense... and I can only hope that holds true for this ring and this cage with these two mountains of humanity going at it in there.

BW: I think the whole cage just shifted, Gordo... or maybe that’s a fault line here in Atlanta. Whatever, the world is rockin’ with these two going to war, daddy!

[Oni steps back as Torin slumps down to a knee...

...and the countdown begins anew from the AWA faithful, looking to welcome the next member of Team AWA into the wild and bloody fray.]

GM: Who’s it gonna be?

[As the buzzer sounds, all eyes turn to the entranceway where the official opens the shark cage...

...and “Hotshot” Stevie Scott saunters out of the steel bars, a smirk on his face.]

GM: It’s the Hotshot! Stevie Scott is the fourth man in!

BW: And this is the dark horse to be the difference maker right here, Gordo, if you ask me. We talked about Juan Vasquez entering WarGames for the third time in AWA history here tonight but this guy right here... he’s been in ALL of them! This is the fourth WarGames in AWA history and Stevie Scott has lived through them all and come out to tell the tale!

GM: One might wonder if that has anything to do with the fact that his career was cut short as well but...

[But just a few steps out of the cage, Scott comes to a halt, grinning across at the the Korugun side.]

"You made a big mistake, Javy... HUGE!"

[Castillo glares at Scott.]

"Not only did you let the ONLY guy to be in every AWA WarGames be on the team facing you... but you let the guy who knows your ace in the hole better than anyone else..."

[Scott turns to smirk at a fuming Juan Vasquez who is still waiting for his time to enter WarGames.]

"But you're not the only one that made a mistake."

[Scott pauses, holding a cupped hand up to his ear as he leans towards the entrance.]

GM: Not the only one who made a mistake... what is he talking about-

[Gordon is cut off at the sound of the raucous sounds of KISS' "God of Thunder" blasting over the PA system. Castillo's eyes go wide as Scott's grin goes wider as he starts nodding his head in rhythm with the beat...

...and as the lyrics kick in, the human war machine himself strides into view.]

GM: MAX MAGNUM?! MAX MAGNUM IS HERE IN ATLANTA!

BW: WHAT?! HOW?! HE WRESTLED IN TORONTO EARLIER TONIGHT!

GM: HE'S HERE, BUCKY! HE'S HERE!

[The usually-stoic Magnum allows himself the hint of a smile as the modern day Man of Steel steps out center stage to join his manager. We can see down in the cage that the fighting has stopped as all eyes have turned towards the entryway to see this shocking arrival.]

GM: Does this mean what I think it means?!

[Scott points at Magnum... then at Castillo... then at the double cage...]

GM: I think it does! I think Stevie Scott just pulled a fast one on Javier Castillo and Team Korugun! I think Max Magnum is in WarGames!

BW: What a coup! This COMPLETELY changes the makeup of this match!

GM: You bet it does! Take that, Castillo! Take that, you no good son of a-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT THE HELL?!

[The crowd reacts in a similar fashion as they witness Stevie Scott shockingly step back the other way, lashing out with his leg...

...and deliver a Heatseeker right under the chin of Hannibal Carver!]

GM: HE SUPERKICKED CARVER!

BW: WHY?!

GM: THAT NO GOOD SON OF A-

[Scott smirks at the fallen Carver as Javier Castillo looks on in shock.]

"I told you all that we didn't care who won this match. It doesn't matter if it's them..."

[Scott points to the ring.]

"...or you."

[He points to Castillo.]

"WE run the AWA."

[And with an evil twinkle in his eye, Scott looks up at the stoic Magnum.]

"Show him, big man."

[And with that, Magnum stomps the short distance to the shark cage where Hannibal Carver has been laid out by one of the most devastating one hit weapons in AWA history. Magnum hauls Carver up off the floor of the cage, dragging him so that his head is outside of it, resting up against the steel...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SLAMS the cage door shut on Carver's trapped head!]

GM: OH, COME ON!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The final blow puts Carver back down on the floor of the cage, blood trickling from his eyebrow where the door slammed shut. Stevie Scott stands over him.]

"Poor little Hannibal. Wanted so badly to be a hero. Well, how does being a hero feel now, Carver?"

[Stevie gives another gesture to Magnum who drags Carver off the floor of the cage again, boosting him up effortlessly to lay across his broad shoulders...]

GM: Enough is enough, damn it! There's no call for this!

BW: What the hell is going on here, Gordo?! What's happening?!

GM: Stevie Scott is... he's stuck the knife right in the back of Team AWA... of me, you, these fans... everyone who gives a damn that the AWA came out on top of this.

[Magnum holds Carver up, waiting for a signal from Scott and when he gets it, he goes into a spin...]

GM: No, no, no... NOOOOOO!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the crowd ERUPTS in a shocked reaction as Magnum lets go of Carver, sending him spinning out of control into the side of the shark cage where he SLAMS violently into the steel before flopping down on the steel stage!]

GM: Gaaaaah! Good god almighty! That no good piece of trash Scott... and that no good piece of trash Magnum! What have they done, Bucky?! What the hell have they done?!

BW: They've laid out Carver! And... they're leaving, Gordo! Magnum just tossed Carver back in the cage and slammed the door... but they're out of here. And that means...

GM: It means that Team AWA doesn't get to even the odds right now. They're down four to three in that cage and it's gonna stay that way. They'll be a man down the rest of the match!

BW: Gordo, I don't know if Carver's getting up either. He's down, he's bleeding... you really think he's going to be able to complete? And even if he does, he's easy damn pickings for the other side!

[Castillo's expression goes from stunned to jubilant as Scott and Magnum walk away, leaving a chaotic scene behind.]

GM: Well... I don't know, Bucky, but we're going to need some kind of a ruling on this. The way I understand the rules, we can't start the clock on the next period until someone gets in that cage.

BW: The guy who was supposed to get in the cage just walked out of the Georgia Dome! That ain't gonna happen - so now what?!

GM: I don't know. We were told earlier tonight that the official contract for this match said that neither Jon Stegglet nor Javier Castillo could make any adjustments to the rules or anything like that. Trying to create as even of a playing field as possible but... someone's gotta do something.

[There's obvious confusion in the double cage but the fighting soon breaks out again, struggling to get an edge as medical personnel rushes out to check on Hannibal Carver.]

GM: Carver's down. Scott's gone. This is a five on three now... or it will be whenever they decide to let Juan Vasquez get inside that cage.

BW: This is crazy, Gordo. Damn crazy. Ryan Martinez and Jon Stegglet put their faith in a man who has proven time and time again that he can't be trusted and that faith, Gordo... that faith may have just cost them everything.



GM: We've got AWA officials out here... talking to Javier Castillo...

[The camera gets close enough to hear Castillo shouting, "Scott's out! Start the clock and let's end this!" There is shouts back in his direction, defiant backstage officials refusing to do his bidding.]

GM: Castillo's trying to get them to basically eliminate Scott from the match so that they can go on and... well, they may not have much of a choice, Bucky. They may have to do exactly that as much as I hate to admit...

[Gordon's words trail off as someone emerges from the backstage area, dressed in street clothes of patched jeans and a sleeveless t-shirt that reads "ETERNAL RAGE" across the front.]

GM: ...hang on now.

BW: Are you kidding me?

GM: Fans, I don't... that's... that's Shadoe Rage on the stage!

[The crowd starts to grow louder as they realize Gordon's right.]

GM: Shadoe Rage who suffered a major knee injury recently when he jumped off that super-sized cage and knocked Torin The Titan out cold... he went to the hospital... he went in an ambulance to the hospital that night and we were told there was NO way he could be a part of SuperClash!

BW: I think someone forgot to tell HIM that!

[Shadoe Rage wades right into the middle of the arguing officials, grabbing someone by the collar and pointing to the ring...]

"I'M GOING IN THERE!"

[Castillo angrily protests, throwing himself in front of Rage.]

GM: Shadoe Rage says he's going in! He says he's going into WarGames!

BW: On those bad knees?!

GM: We're not exactly in a spot to be choosy here! The whole damn locker room is banged up right now after this night... if Shadoe Rage wants to fight, damn it... LET HIM FIGHT!

[Rage points again to the ring as Javier Castillo shouts, "NO! NO! HE'S NOT CLEARED! HE CAN'T WRESTLE!"]

GM: Castillo doesn't want this! Even with the injuries, he personally knows JUST how dangerous Shadoe Rage is!

[The official shakes loose from Rage, looks down at the cage...

...and then gives a big nod and a thumbs up, pointing to the cage to a HUUUUUGE ROAR from the Atlanta crowd!]

GM: YES! YES! HE'S IN! GET HIM IN THERE!

[Castillo shouts again, throwing himself at Rage who winds up and DRILLS Castillo between the eyes with a right hand, sending him sprawling across the stage to an ENORMOUS CHEER from the crowd!]

GM: RAGE KNOCKS CASTILLO FLAT...

[And the cheer somehow gets louder as Rage, hobbling on bad knees, starts towards the ring, pointing towards the double cage...

...where his brother has noticed his arrival and is beckoning him towards the ring with both hands!]

GM: I never thought I'd say this but... thank God for Shadoe Rage!

[Shadoe grimaces as he walks fast, nodding his head, shouting up at his brother as he approaches the double cage...]

GM: Shadoe's coming to the ring! He's coming to help the AWA and to drag his brother to hell in the process!

[Reaching ringside, Rage reaches up, swinging the cage door open as he steps up the steps slowly, ducking through the ropes as the crowd EXPLODES again!]

GM: NOW IT'S EVEN! GET 'EM, SHADOE!

[With a fresh two minutes on the clock and the entirety of Team Korugun (except for Torin who is still battling Oni in the second cage) swarming him, Shadoe Rage is on the attack...]

GM: Let's do this!

[He snaps off a jab on an incoming Jay Alana... and another... and another...

...and then grabs Alana by the hair, rushing the side of the ring...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and HURLS the good-looking Hawaiian into the mesh of the cage, sending him bouncing away to a HUGE CHEER!]

GM: ALANA'S DOWN!

BW: NEXXXXXXXXXXT!

[John Law is the next one to come for him, earning a pair of jabs and an overhead elbow down between the eyes...]

GM: He's fighting off John Law as well and-

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd ROARS as Law goes bouncing off the mesh as well, hitting the canvas as Shadoe Rage spins, arm stretched overhead, finger pointing to the sky...

...and then points that finger right at his brother.]

"YOU! LET'S END THIS!"

[And with an explosion of cheers from the Atlanta crowd, Derek and Shadoe Rage lunge at one another, melting into a hockey-style brawl with punches and forearms and eyegouges...]

GM: THEY'RE BEATING THE HELL OUT OF EACH OTHER!

BW: AND THESE PEOPLE ARE LOVING IT!

[...and a vicious rake of the eyes sends Shadoe stumbling backwards, grimacing as Derek Rage composes himself, raising his hand over his head...]

GM: Derek Rage has that hand in the sky, the open palm facing the sky, and I think we know what's coming!

[...and as Shadoe staggers in a circle back towards Derek, the bigger Rage brother reaches out and wraps his massive hand around the head of Shadoe in a clawhold!]

GM: He's got him hooked! He's looking for the Hammer of God! He's going to end his brother's night in a hurry and-

[But as Derek shows him off to the sold out crowd, Shadoe swings a metal kneebrace-enhanced leg up...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: LOW BLOW!

[Derek staggers back, clutching the Rage family jewels as Shadoe defiantly reaches out, grabbing him by the back of the head, pointing to the cage wall to another roar from the Atlanta crowd!]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The seven footer goes bouncing off the steel, flopping down facefirst on the canvas as Shadoe Rage stands in the center of the first ring, pointing to the sky as the crowd roars for him!]

BW: I never thought I'd see the day when 70,000 plus people would cheer this lunatic, Gordo.

GM: You're not alone in that one, Bucky.

[Rolling to a seated position, a bloodied Ryan Martinez looks up in shock at Shadoe Rage who hobbles towards him, lifting him up in a handshake. The White Knight's jaw drops as he shouts...]

"What the hell are you doing here?!"

[Rage smirks at the White Knight.]

"It's SuperClash. Where the hell else am I gonna be?"

[Martinez claps Rage on the shoulder, doing a quick survey of the ring where he finds bodies strewn everywhere. John Law is up on his knees, blood starting to stream from his forehead...]

...and Shadoe nudges Ryan aside with a "I got this one" as he grabs Law by the hair, smashing his fist down between the eyes over and over again, trying to deepen the wound in Law's forehead!]

GM: And now Shadoe Rage is turning his attention on John Law and- ohhh! Jay Alana drills Martinez from behind, knocking the White Knight back down to the mat!

[Martinez crawls away from Alana, ending up over in the second cage as Alana follows behind him...]

GM: Alana going after Martinez... both men busted open at this point.

BW: Half the people in the match are busted open at this point. This truly is as dangerous as it gets.

GM: Careers at stake. Livelihoods at stake. Shadoc Rage in here - possibly needing surgery on one or both knees but he doesn't give a damn. He's here to fight.

BW: You heard him tell Martinez - "it's SuperClash... where the hell else am I gonna be?"

GM: Amen to that.

[A rising John Law smashes a fist right into Rage's injured knee, causing the former Television Champion to cry out, falling backwards through the ropes and landing on his back between the two rings.]

GM: We've got Shadoc Rage between the rings now - an area that both teams have done well to avoid so far as we creep closer to The Match Beyond and-

[Gordon is cut off by the countdown starting up again.]

GM: And in just a matter of seconds now, Juan Vasquez is going to join the fray for his third time inside a WarGames double cage here in the AWA... and his sixth overall in his career.

[And as the buzzer sounds, Juan Vasquez is released from the double cage... finally. He looks down with disdain at Javier Castillo who is trying to get up off the floor of the stage...

...and then breaks into an angry sprint down the ramp towards the ring.]

GM: Vasquez - the so-called Number One draft pick - has been wanting to get inside this double cage since the start of the night. He wanted to be the first one in the cage and Castillo put him in last and... he looks fit to be tied right now...

[With Vasquez coming down the aisle, we cut back to the cage where we find Shadoc Rage on his feet between the two rings with a bleeding John Law and even-more-bloody Jay Alana on either side of him in their respective rings.]

GM: Rage is caught between a rock and a hard place...

[Alana and Law are both throwing bombs at Rage who is attempting to duck, dodge, and block his way out of a bad situation...]

GM: Alana and Law are hammering away at him, Rage a step or two slower than usual with the bad knees tonight...

[The cage door swings open as a furious Juan Vasquez grabs a steel chair, tossing it through the door, sending it bouncing off the mat just narrowly missing Derek Rage who is trying to recover.]

GM: Look out! Vasquez is busting out some more weapons of war!

[Digging under the apron, Vasquez rips a metal toolbox out from under the ring, chucking it through the open door as well...]

BW: Our new broadcast pals may think love is an open door but for Juan Vasquez, an open door is an opportunity to show how much you want to hurt the other people in this double cage with him! We've got a chair... a toolbox... and... oh jeez...

[The crowd starts to ROAR as Vasquez pulls a wooden table into view, somehow wedging it through the open door and shoving it into the cage as well...]

...and in the middle of the two cages between the ring, we see Rage duck an Alana hooking haymaker to smash a jab to the bridge of the nose...

...and then duck a Law clothesline attempt to smash his forearm into the ear of Law, sending him stumbling...]

GM: Shadoe Rage is fighting for his life in there!

[He bounces an overhead elbow down between the eyes of Alana before grabbing him by the hair, running towards the ringpost...]

...ducking under another Law clothesline to SMASH Alana's face into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Ohhh!

[And then runs back the other way to drop Law with a clothesline over the ropes of his own!]

GM: Oh yeah! Shadoe Rage sends them both down!

[Vasquez comes through the ropes into the cage, the door slamming behind him. Shadoe Rage spots him, stepping through the ropes to confront him...]

...but Vasquez is too fast for him, racing across to grab the leg as it comes through the ropes, dropping and spinning into a nasty dragon screw around the ropes!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF! Vasquez going after the leg of Shadoe Rage in horrific fashion in his first act inside this cage!

[Vasquez quickly gets back to his feet, snatching up the chair he tossed into the ring as Rage falls through the ropes onto the mat...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GAAAAH! VASQUEZ WITH THE CHAIR TO THE KNEE!

[Vasquez angrily throws the chair aside, shouting down at Rage...]

"YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING TO HOBBLE IN HERE AND STEAL THIS FROM ME?! THIS IS MY NIGHT! MY FIGHT! MY WAR!"

[...and then stomps the knee a few times before he leans down, reaching into his boot...]

GM: What in the world...?

BW: Vasquez is digging in his boot for something... looking for...

[...and with a rabid sense of violence in his eyes, Vasquez pulls an object into view, holding it high over his head for all to see...]

GM: Oh god.

BW: A FORK?! I know it's Thanksgiving but this is ridiculous!

GM: This is NOT the first time we've seen Juan Vasquez introduce a fork into a match where the rules were out the window and...

[Grabbing Rage by the hair, Vasquez drags him up to his knees, holding him there as the former World Champion hoists the fork as high as he can...]

GM: Don't do it, Juan! Don't do it!

[...but Vasquez doesn't hear... or doesn't care about... the cries of the AWA's esteemed play by play man as he prepares to stab Shadoe Rage in the head with the sharpened utensil...]

GM: RYAN!

[...only to be jerked back around by the arm by a bloodied White Knight who shouts "STOP!" at Vasquez who glares in disbelief at him.]

GM: What in the...?

[Martinez shakes his head at Vasquez, looking at the fork still in his hand.]

"I talked to her. I know."

[Vasquez looks at Martinez, bloody murder in his eyes as he stares at one of his most hated rivals...]

"You don't have to do this."

[Vasquez' gaze drifts down to the mat, refusing to meet the eyes of Martinez again as the White Knight stares at him...]

"Damn it - listen to me!"

[...but as Martinez gives him a shove, Juan swings the arm up, looking to use the fork on the White Knight...]

...but Martinez is ready for it, sidestepping and shoving Vasquez back into the buckles with enough force for the fork to go falling out of his hand.]

GM: Ryan Martinez - for a moment, it looked like he was trying to reason with Juan Vasquez...

BW: Reason?! With the guy with the fork?!

GM: It certainly appeared that way to me... he said he talked to her... could that be who Michelle Bailey was trying to call after she encountered Vasquez earlier?

[With Vasquez in the corner, Martinez plants his feet, winding up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and lands a heavy chop to the chest of his longtime rival...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

[...and another...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

[...and another... and as AWA fans do, they quickly catch on to what they’re seeing and pay tribute as only they can...]

"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, blood pouring down his head as he looks out on the roaring crowd, nodding his head...]

...which is when a wild-eyed Vasquez snatches two hands full of bloody hair, yanking Martinez backwards into the corner...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

[...and hits a chop of his own, following it up with a heavy elbowstrike to the jaw...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Chop.]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

[Elbow.]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: VIOLENCE PARTY IN THE CORNER BY VASQUEZ!

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[But as Vasquez steps back for a second, Martinez reaches out to snatch him, spinning him back to the corner...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[The crowd is going absolutely crazy for the barrage of lightning fast chops to the chest as Martinez steps back, letting loose a war cry of triumph...]

...momentary triumph as he turns to come back into the corner only to be met with a boot to the gut...]

GM: Vasquez goes downstairs!

[...and steps forward, snagging the White Knight in a standing headscissors...]

GM: HE'S GOING FOR THE PILEDRIVER! HE'S GONNA END THIS RIGHT NOW!

[...and as the malignant force that is Juan Vasquez lifts his rival into the air, dangling him upside down with full intention of ending the match and his career with one single shot...]

...another hand reaches out, grabbing Martinez' leg, and PULLS him back down onto his feet...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE SAVES MARTINEZ!

[And as Vasquez whips around, Right Cross at the ready to annihilate to poor unfortunate soul who blocked his attempt to cripple the AWA's White Knight...]

...he comes to a sudden and abrupt halt as he lays eyes on Derrick Williams!]

GM: OH! LOOK AT THIS NOW!

[Vasquez is trembling with rage as he stares at his former protege who defiantly stands in front of him, hands at his sides, almost daring his mentor to unleash hell upon him...]

GM: We've got a standoff! We've got ourselves a-

"CRAAAASH!"



"CRAAAASH!"  
"CRAAAASH!"

[...and the standoff is interrupted by the sound of flesh slamming into metal...]

"DO IT! DO IT NOW!"

[...and the screamingly insistent voice of Javier Castillo who has staggered down to ringside and is now leaning against the mesh, screaming for his Number One draft pick to put the Future down!]

GM: Castillo's down here! Castillo ordering Vasquez to do it!

BW: He's hesitating! He doesn't know if he can do it to Williams - his protege, his friend who he spent so much of 2016 with!

[Vasquez' right hand unclenches... then clenches again...]

GM: Williams is daring him to do it!

[...but before we can find out if Vasquez will actually throw the infamous blow, he's grabbed by the hair from behind...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and HURLED facefirst into the steel mesh by Ryan Martinez, an attack that sends Vasquez bouncing off the steel, collapsing down on the canvas as Castillo curses angrily in Martinez' direction...]

...and in the background, we hear a countdown...]

GM: This is it! The last man is about to enter!

BW: Or is he?! Carver's still down! Carver's still being worked on by medical personnel and unless the AWA's got another miracle like Shadoo Rage up their sleeves, I'm not sure he's gonna be able to get in there either!

[...and as the buzzer sounds, we cut back up to the top of the ramp where we find Hannibal Carver sitting up against the bars of the shark cage. Blood is streaming down into his eye despite a medic's best attempt to slow the blood flow with a handful of gauze. A stretcher is nearby and Dr. Bob Ponavitch is emphatically pointing to it as... well, as we see Carver pop open a can of beer and start drinking it.]

BW: That doesn't look like someone who is about to climb inside WarGames to me.

GM: You can see Dr. Ponavitch... we're told he's trying to get Carver to get on that stretcher..

BW: Good luck with that.

GM: The match continues inside the two rings by us but... well, once again, we're going to need a decision. The rules say the submit or surrender portion of this match cannot start until all ten men are in there. So, if Carver can't compete... someone has to rule him out of this so the match can actually progress towards ending.

BW: Good luck with THAT too. Carver just might gut anyone who comes near him close enough to tell him he's out of this match, Gordo.

GM: Hannibal Carver - who has been involved with this war since returning to the AWA earlier this year at Memorial Day Mayhem - and you know he wants nothing more than to be in there to finish the war here tonight at SuperClash but that may not be his call. That may be our medical team's call and right now, it's not looking good...

[Ponavitch kneels next to Carver to talk to him...

...and we cut back to the ring where we see things have changed a little bit.]

GM: As we said, the match continues and I'm being told through our headset that for now, the match will go on until a decision can be made about Hannibal Carver but in the meantime, Bucky... take a look at this!

[We can see that during the time away from the ring, the personnel have moved around. In the first cage, we can see Derrick Williams and Ryan Martinez with Torin The Titan and in the other, John Law, Derek Rage, Juan Vasquez, and Jay Alana have encircled KING Oni.]

GM: And it looks like both teams have decided to take a swing at the other side's heavy hitter and-

[But there's one man on the wrong side and that's Shadoe Rage who is digging his fingers into the throat of his own brother in a chokehold until Alana smashes a forearm down between his shoulderblades...]

GM: Shadoe Rage is in the wrong part of town for sure and- LOOK AT THIS!

[...and Derek Rage wheels his brother around, lifting him up into a military press...]

GM: Look at the power of the seven footer!

[...and with a couple of steps momentum, the larger Rage HURLS his brother over the ropes, sending him crashing into Derrick Williams, knocking them both down as a shocked Martinez looks on!]

GM: Derek Rage hurling his brother from one ring to the other... and that puts Ryan Martinez as the only member of Team AWA still on his feet to take on Torin The Titan!

[Back in the second cage, the Korugun Army attacks the mighty KING Oni. John Law rushes in first, throwing his taped right hand into the jaw of the big man who absorbs it... gives a roar... and flattens Law with a backhand chop!]

GM: DOWN GOES LAW!

[But before Oni can strike again, the other three members of the Army decide to attack en masse, swarming the much larger man and swinging for the fences.

And in the other cage, we see the same strategy being employed by Team AWA as Williams and Rage drag Torin out of his chokehold he'd put on Martinez in the corner towards the middle of the ring.]

BW: Time to knock down some skyscrapers, daddy!

[Martinez is throwing chops to the chest as Williams throws elbows to the jaw and Shadoe Rage jumps on Torin's back, digging at his eyes with his fingers...

...and then cut to the other cage where Law is throwing his taped right hand to the temple while Derek Rage clubs big double axehandles down between the shoulderblades. Jay Alana and Juan Vasquez are both down on their knees, grabbing the legs of Oni, trying to topple him over.]

GM: Both sides to bring the two biggest men in the match down!

BW: Korugun's got the edge thanks to Derek Rage, he's just as tall as Torin is and is hammering home those shots on Oni!

[Martinez backs off, hitting the ropes and rebounding with a clothesline on Torin that staggers him but does not drop him...

...to the other cage where Alana leaps off the middle rope, scoring with a flying chop that stuns Oni but he stays on his feet...]

GM: They're giving it everything they've got!

[Back to the first cage where Shadoe Rage hits the ropes, leaping up to smash a forearm between the eyes as Derrick Williams follows close behind with a leaping forearm of his own to the jaw!]

GM: Torin's taking shot after shot...

[To the second cage where Derek Rage throws a big boot, snapping Oni's head back but he stays on his feet...]

GM: ...and so is Oni! Neither man going down! Neither giant giving the other team the edge!

[...and in the second cage, things escalate as Vasquez holds up his dreaded right hand, clenching the fingers tight, lunging towards the stunned Oni...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and CRACKS the Right Cross across the cheekbone of KING Oni who stumbles... staggers... slips almost to a knee as he reaches up towards his head...]

GM: MY STARS! EVEN THE RIGHT CROSS WON'T BRING HIM DOWN!

[...and grabs his throat before spewing a horrific looking green mist into the eyes of the attacking Vasquez!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MIST! MIIIIIIIST!

BW: WHAT?! We've NEVER seen that from Oni!

GM: It looks like he picked up a new trick or two on that island, Bucky!

[Vasquez goes staggering backwards, frantically rubbing at his eyes as Oni sneers a green smile in the former World Champion's direction...]

GM: And you have to think back in this moment to 2013 - WarGames at Battle On The Bayou when former AWA superstar Nenshou used the dreaded black mist on Luke Kinsey which ultimately spelled the end of that match that night and to many, was the exclamation point on the injuries that ended the Hall of Famer's legendary

career! Vasquez quit that night hoping to save his friend's eyesight... and I just wonder what the hell happened to THAT Juan Vasquez.

BW: You still miss your hero, Gordo?

GM: You know I do. Unfortunately, I'm afraid that Juan Vasquez is long gone.

[Vasquez stumbles to the corner, rubbing his eyes vigorously as a shocked Alana hits the ropes, bouncing back and leaping into a crossbody...

...that Oni easily snatches out of the sky, holding the former World Champion across his chest...]

GM: ONI CAUGHT HIM! HE CAUGHT ALANA!

[But Derek Rage and John Law rush forward, smashing forearms and fists all over the upper body and head of Oni who stands tall and defiant, refusing to let go of Alana who is still trapped in his grasp!]

GM: INCREDIBLE!

[And with the seven footer and the Head of Security hammering away at Castillo's shouts, Oni starts to spin around...]

BW: What's he... OHHH!

[...and the crowd reacts in a similar fashion as Alana's legs smash into Law, sending him sprawling as Oni keeps on going...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and then hits Derek Rage, toppling the seven footer as well...]

GM: Oni's using Alana as a human weapon!

[...and then with the path clear, Oni DROPS forward, smashing Alana under him in a front powerslam!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Oni climbs to his feet, pounding his chest and letting loose a triumphant roar...

...when we suddenly cut to the other ring where we see that Torin The Titan has managed to floor all of Team AWA and is pulling Shadoe Rage into a standing headscissors...]

GM: Clear the decks! Torin's looking to-

BW: Is there enough room for him to-

[Both announcers are cut off as Torin lifts Rage over his head in the oversized double cage, looking to powerbomb him into oblivion...]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM UP! HE'S GOT HIM UP FOR A POWERBOMB!

[...but the wily veteran reaches up, snagging his fingers in the steel mesh that makes up the ceiling of the WarGames double cage!]

BW: WHAT? WHAT?!

GM: RAGE GRABS THE STEEL!

[And with his hands holding the mesh, Rage starts flailing his lower body back and forth, twisting out of Torin's grasp...

....and swinging a leg up to BOOT the giant right in the mouth, sending him staggering backwards!]

BW: Oh! He might need to see a dentist after that... or go down to the zoo and borrow one of theirs!

[Torin angrily steps back towards Rage who simply lets go, clasping his hands together and bringing them down across the skull of the giant on the way down, knocking him backwards where he falls against the side of the cage for support!]

GM: A makeshift Death From Above while hanging from the top of the cage... Torin doesn't go down but he's definitely on Dream Street right now and-

BW: GORDO! LOOK!

[The crowd ROARS as the camera cuts to the aisle and we see a bloody and hurting Hannibal Carver staggering down the aisle.]

GM: That's Carver! Carver's coming to the ring! The final man is coming to the ring! I can't believe it!

[He stumbles, falling to his hands and knees on the floor...

...where he starts crawling towards the ring instead!]

GM: He's gonna get there, damn it! If he has to crawl on his hands and knees across hot coals, he's gonna get there!

[Cut to Javier Castillo looking nervously back up the aisle where Carver is crawling towards him at a pace that is unsettling to the Korugun General who backs away, shouting up into the ring...

...where we cut back to the second cage where Jay Alana is backpedaling away from an advancing Oni, a panicked expression on his face...]

GM: And right about now, Jay Alana might be wishing he was on a beach somewhere, Bucky...

BW: Or back in a company that isn't quite so dangerous.

[Gordon chuckles as a nervous Alana turns his back on Oni and starts climbing up the turnbuckles, fleeing the near 500 pounder...]

GM: Alana's trying to get the heck out of there - he wants no part of KING Oni and who can blame him for that?!

[Alana steps from one turnbuckle to the next ring over, still on the top rope as he turns and grabs the mesh...]

GM: Oni's coming after him, between the rings now... and Alana's still climbing!

[Alana tries to back kick Oni as he climbs the mesh, climbing up as far as he can until his fingers reach the ceiling...]

GM: Oni's not stopping though - and neither is Alana!

[...where he wraps them in the mesh there, hand over handing his way across the mesh of the cage's ceiling as the crowd ROARS for what they're seeing!]

GM: What in the world is Alana doing?!

BW: He's trying to get away from Oni! Who knows what he'll do to Alana if he catches him?! Did you see any McDonalds on that island?!

[With Alana trying to get away from Oni by hanging from the ceiling, he loses focus on anyone else...]

GM: Wait a second! Alana's up there and-

[...which allows a bloody Derrick Williams to grab him by the ankle!]

GM: -Williams has got him! Derrick Williams grabs Alana by the ankle!

[Alana looks down anxiously at Williams, trying to wriggle free from the Future who holds the ankle...

...and gives a big yank backwards, pulling Alana's butt up towards the roof of the cage, putting him parallel to the mat as his fingers slip...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and Alana plummets downwards as Williams catches him in a three-quarter nelson, DRIVING his face into the canvas at high velocity to an ENORMOUS ROAR from the sold out crowd!]

GM: FUTURE SHOOOOOCK!

BW: OFF THE CAGE?! HOLY-

[Williams springs up, all sorts of fired up as he pumps his fist, looking around the cage...

...and then over to the aisle. He marches over, slapping his hand against the mesh where he sees his friend crawling in his direction...]

"GET THE HELL IN HERE, OLD MAN!"

[Carver gives a bloodied and weak nod, still crawling towards the ring as Williams grins...

...until he suddenly goes flying facefirst into the mesh courtesy of a stiff forearm to the back of the head, knocking him down to his knees...

...as his attacker, Juan Vasquez, stands over him.]

GM: Oh... oh no.

[The crowd reacts first with shock at Vasquez attacking his friend and protege...

...and then with outrage at the attack, booing loudly as the former World Champion stands over him, looking down as Javier Castillo nods happily, grabbing the mesh himself and shouting encouragement to his Number One draft pick!]

GM: Well, it's come to this. Earlier in the match, we saw Juan Vasquez hesitate when faced with the chance to attack Derrick Williams. This time, there was NO hesitation... not one bit. Javier Castillo is beaming with pride on the outside... this is what he wanted all along. He wanted a Juan Vasquez who would not only lead his army into battle but do his bidding as well.

[Vasquez throws a glare at the cheering Castillo who stops abruptly...

...and then slowly edges his way around the cage, moving out of Vasquez's gaze as he approaches "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett who has slumped down into a chair at ringside, still gripping the crystal but appearing on the verge of total exhaustion.]

GM: Vasquez pulling Williams off the mat and... oh jeez...

[Pressing Williams' face against the mesh, Vasquez starts raking back and forth... back and forth, ripping and tearing his protege's flesh with the skin-tearing metal...]

GM: Vasquez is tearing his protege apart! He's putting Williams through the shredder and...

[Derek Rage joins his ally in the first cage as Vasquez pulls the blood-soaked Williams off the cage, shoving him towards the seven footer who boosts the Future up into a fireman's carry...]

GM: ...Rage has got Williams up on his shoulders...

[...and Vasquez sinks to a knee, looking up at Rage who gives a nod before lifting Williams up, flipping him over to land backfirst across Vasquez's bent knee!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Williams arches his back upon landing on the knee, sliding off to the mat as Vasquez rises to his feet, standing next to Derek Rage, soaking up the jeers of the Atlanta crowd as the dastardly duo puts the boots to the downed Williams.]

GM: And we've gone from a reluctant Juan Vasquez to one that almost seems to be ENJOYING this for crying out loud!

[Vasquez steps back, gesturing for Rage to pick Williams up.]

GM: The Number One draft pick - the ring general that he is - directing traffic in there now as Derek Rage pulls Williams up to his feet, holding his arms behind him...

BW: Holding him wide open for Vasquez to-

GM: Oh, give me a break! He's not holding him for Vasquez to hit him! He's trying to force him to bend the knee!

[The crowd jeers loudly as Rage forces Williams down to his knees as Vasquez looks down on him...]

GM: It's not enough to hurt the man... to bloody the man... now they're trying to humiliate him as well!

[Williams struggles against Rage's grasp but the giant holds him down on his knee as a cold-eyed Vasquez slowly reaches down to his boot...]

GM: What's he... oh, come on! Another one?!

[...and withdraws a second fork from the other boot, holding it over his head.]

GM: Vasquez has got the fork again! He's got that fork in his hand and-

[The former World Champion waves Derek Rage back, the big man letting go of Williams' arms as Vasquez grabs him by the hair, holding his head back...]

GM: Vasquez is gonna stab him with that fork! He's gonna drive that fork into the head of his former friend... his former student... his former protege!

[Williams looks up into the eyes of Vasquez, searching for something... anything...]

GM: Williams is down and he's not-

[...and the Future suddenly lashes out, swinging an arm up!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LOW BLOW! LOW BLOW BY WILLIAMS!

[Vasquez doubles over, his second fork clattering unused to the canvas...

...and an irate seven footer yanks Williams back to his feet by the hair!]

GM: RAGE YANKS HIM UP!

[But Williams blindly reaches back, snatching a three-quarter nelson...

...but the mighty seven footer shoves him off, sending him towards the ropes where Williams deftly leaps to the middle rope, springing backwards through the air, snatching another three-quarter nelson...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRIVES Rage facefirst into the canvas with a Future Shock!]

GM: FUTURE SHOCK CONNECTS! WILLIAMS BREAKING OUT FUTURE SHOCKS ALL OVER THE DOUBLE CAGE AND HE PUTS DEREK RAGE DOWN!

[And as Williams gets to his feet, he turns and spots his friend Hannibal Carver on his feet, staggering towards the cage, the remnants of a six pack dangling in his hand...]

GM: CARVER IS HERE! CARVER IS HERE!

[...and with a bloody sneer, he takes one look at "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett and shoves him out of his seat, snatching up the chair and flings it through the open cage door before climbing in himself!]

GM: HE'S IN THE CAGE!

[And the voice of Rebecca Ortiz rings out.]

"All ten men have entered the WarGames cage...

...LET THE MATCH BEYOND BEGIIIIIIIIINNNNNNNN!"

[The crowd ERUPTS at that proclamation.]



GM: You heard her! The Match Beyond begins! Submit or surrender is the only way to win it!

[Carver stands just beyond the entrance, the chair dangling from one hand and the beer from the other as a grinning Derrick Williams greets his very angry friend...

...by pointing right at the downed and hurting Juan Vasquez!]

GM: Oh yeah! There's a lot of history there, fans!

[Carver gives a nod, moving swiftly towards Vasquez before he can regain his feet.]

GM: I don't think any of us will ever forget - I know I won't - two years ago at SuperClash when Vasquez delivered that piledriver through the table at ringside, driving Carver out of the AWA until earlier this year when he made his return.

[Pulling Vasquez up off the mat, Carver has bloody vengeance in his eyes...

...until Jay Alana swings a knee up into the kidneys of the Boston Brawler, cutting off his attack on Vasquez!]

GM: Alana from behind!

[A quick shift of the camera shot shows Torin back in the second cage, helping Derek Rage batter Ryan Martinez in the corner...]

GM: The teams are evenly split between the two cages now - chaos reigning everywhere you look... Torin and Rage on Martinez... Oni on Law...

[Alana delivers a trio of hard forearms to the chest, sending the fired-up Carver falling back into the turnbuckles where he prepares to fire off some chops...

...but the street fighting man known as Hannibal Carver will have no part of that, reaching out and stabbing a thumb into the eye of the pretty boy Hawaiian!]

GM: OH! Carver goes to the eye!

[Alana staggers backwards, rubbing at his eye as Carver grabs his own t-shirt, ripping it off his torso and looping the remnants around Alana's throat, strangling him with it to a big cheer!]

BW: And this is why Hannibal Carver is on this team, Gordo - to get down and dirty and do the thing that Boy Scout Martinez refuses to do.

[Swinging Alana back and forth by the throat, Carver gets a running start...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and uses the torn shirt noose to fling Alana into the air, sending him sideways into the mesh like Alana is delivering a crossbody! The former World Champion's head hits the steel before he slides down the mesh, landing between the ropes and the mesh.]

GM: Uh oh! And Jay Alana finds himself in a bad spot here, trapped between the ropes and the steel and-

[Scooping up the metal toolbox that Vasquez tossed into the cage earlier, Carver rears back overhead and HURLS it...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and the heavy metal box SLAMS into the lower back of Alana, causing him to cry out as the crowd groans for the impact!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: You talk about a good way to put someone on the shelf, something like that just might do it!

[Carver grabs Alana, dragging him back up to his feet so he's standing up against the mesh...

...and then rakes his face back and forth on the mesh, causing the crowd to scream with bloody delight!]

GM: CARVER'S RIPPING ALANA'S FACE APART IN THE STEEL!

[But his assault is cut off by a running Juan Vasquez delivering a leaping knee to the back as Carver pitches forward, smashing into the steel himself.]

GM: Vasquez from behind again... and now he's got Carver!

[Dragging Carver out to the middle of the cage, Vasquez slams a boot up into the midsection, doubling him over...]

GM: We mentioned SuperClash VII a few moments ago and now we may be about to relive it!

[...stepping forward to secure the standing headscissors on the Boston Brawler as Castillo shrieks with wild glee on the outside...]

GM: He's going for it, reaching down now...

[...but as Vasquez goes to hook the torso, Carver yanks his legs out from under him, putting him down on his back...]

GM: Carver reverses! He puts Vasquez down and-

BW: CATAPULT!

[...and then falls backwards, propelling the former World Champion into the air, sending him flying towards the cage wall...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...where he SLAMS into Jay Alana, sending the Combat veteran's face into the mesh yet again. Vasquez stumbles back, swinging at the air in a bit of a daze as Carver dances away, a fiendish gleam in his eye...]

GM: And now it's Carver who goes downstairs on Vasquez...

[With Vasquez doubled over, Carver steps forward into a standing headscissors of his own...]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: Is he... is Carver looking for a piledriver of his own?!

[...but instead of the bodylock, Carver reaches down to snatch one arm...]

GM: Not a piledriver! Not a piledriver!

[...and then the other as the crowd ROARS in recognition!]

GM: Derek Rage sees what's coming! He's trying to get through over to help!

[But Rage runs into the humongous roadblock known as KING Oni and ends up trading blows with him as Carver looks out at the raucous crowd, nodding his head...]

GM: This one's for the Fury!

[...and lifts Vasquez up, holding him upside down for a moment...]

GM: SKULLPUMMMMMMP!

[...and DROPS down awkwardly, almost going to his side as he tries to plant Vasquez' skull into the canvas but ends up not getting all of it!]

GM: HE GOT IT! HE GOT THE SKULLPUMP!

BW: He didn't get all of it! He kinda fell as he was dropping down, maybe an after effect of the beating he took from Max Magnum so he didn't get it flush!

GM: But he got a lot of it and Vasquez is laid out at the hands of the Boston Brawler and vengeance on this night belongs to Hannibal Carver!

[Carver rises to his feet, tapping a fist on his chest, pointing to the sky as the AWA faithful let him hear it...]

"CAR-VER!"

"CAR-VER!"

"CAR-VER!"

"CAR-VER!"

"CAR-VER!"

[...and suddenly Carver finds himself spun around by the shoulder...

...and comes face to face with his friend, Derrick Williams who is grinning from ear to ear.]

GM: While we wait to see just how shaken up Juan Vasquez is after that...

[Williams comes up holding a beer in each hand, finishing off the six pack that Carver brought to the ring as he hands one to his mentor.]

GM: ...it looks like we're gonna get a mid-match cold one from these two!

[The duo clash their beer cans together, each throwing back the can and chugging it down as we see Derek Rage and Jay Alana stagger to their feet ahead of Williams and Carver who shrug...

...and then go into a spin in unison!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DOUBLE ROLLING ELBOW! DOUBLE MIND ERASER!

[Carver and Williams connect hard, sending Derek Rage and Jay Alana into the ropes, stumbling back towards them...]

GM: DOUBLE HOOK! BLACKOUT!

[...but as they each grab a three-quarter nelson, Rage and Alana shove them both off to the ropes, bouncing back...]

GM: Double clothesli- ducked!

[...and they pull to a halt, waiting as Rage and Alana turn around...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: DOUBLE BLACK AND TAN MIST BY CARVER AND WILLIAMS!

[Rage and Alana stagger back, wiping the alcohol from their eyes...

...only to be snared in a pair of three-quarter nelson before having their skulls DRIVEN into the canvas with a thunderous Blackout/Future Shock combo!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: THEY GET SPIKED BY CARVER AND WILLIAMS! OH MY!

[Carver and Williams get to their feet, trading a high five...

...and we cut over to the second cage where we see that Torin The Titan has his foot in the back of a standing Ryan Martinez, pulling back on his arms.]

GM: And if that's not the biggest surfboard I've ever seen!

BW: The referees are right out there on the floor - remember, we're in the Match Beyond now - submit or surrender! That means Martinez needs to get out of this and he needs to do it in a hurry!

[Martinez cries out, being stretched horrifically...

...a hold that gets broken up when Shadoe Rage comes flying off the top rope, smashing a double axehandle down on the skull of the giant!]

GM: DEATH FROM ABOVE!

[Torin goes stumbling backwards towards the ropes as Rage checks on Martinez...

...and we cut back to the first cage where we see Hannibal Carver digging into the pocket of his pants...]

GM: Derrick Williams is pulling that table that Vasquez brought into the cage over in the corner, setting it up leaning against the buckles...

[...and then pulls his signature can opener into view!]

GM: Oh dear god.

BW: He's got the can opener and he's gonna carve someone right up with it!

[The bloodied Carver stomps towards the downed Vasquez, yanking him to his knees for all to see...]

GM: Carver's got Vasquez in his clutches again and- AHHHH!

[The crowd reacts as Carver digs the can opener into the forehead of Vasquez, rolling it back and forth with a fiendish grin!]

GM: Good grief, I don't know if I can watch this!

[Carver pulls away, having ripped open the forehead of the man who put him in on the shelf two years ago, holding the can opener over his head to huge cheers from the Atlanta crowd!]

GM: Carver living up to his name, carving up the forehead of the former World Champion...

[And the Boston Brawler turns, pointing to Jay Alana...]

GM: ...and now he's going after another former World Champion! Alana's about to learn the hard way what it's like to take on Hannibal Carver when he's in his element, fans!

BW: Not his beautiful face!

[...and pulls Alana back by the hair, moving the can opener towards his head...]

GM: Carver with the can opener and-

[...and the crowd jeers as John Law intervenes, smashing a taped right hand into Carver's ribcage, breaking up his attack on Alana!]

GM: -John Law with the save, keeping Carver from using that can opener on-

BW: LOOK OUT!

[The crowd ROARS as Ryan Martinez goes flying from ring to ring, flung through the air in a Torin The Titan crucifix powerbomb that sends Martinez bouncing off the canvas in the first cage!]

GM: DOWN GOES THE WHITE KNIGHT AGAIN!

[With Carver and Williams pummeling John Law, they each yank a leg out from under the Korugun Head of Security...

...and flip him over into a double Boston Crab!]

GM: We've got action all over this double cage! Martinez getting tossed like a paper airplane from one ring to the other.. and now a double Boston Crab on John Law!

[The referee on the outside is shouting at Law, checking to see if he wants to submit or surrender...]

GM: I've never seen this double Boston Crab like this! This could do it! They're bending Law in half and he's trying to hang on!

[...and with Law screaming, pounding his fists into the mat...]

GM: This could be it! We could be on the verge of-

[...and the crowd groans as a bloodied Juan Vasquez throws himself at the back of Carver, sending him toppling over on the mat!]

GM: Ohhh! Vasquez breaks it up!

[Williams breaks his own grip on Law, turning towards Vasquez who snatches him by the hair, smashing his skull into his former protege!]

GM: HEADBUTT! DOWN GOES WILLIAMS!

[With Williams and Carver down, a sharp-eyed viewer might spot Jay Alana crawling beneath the ropes, getting himself between the ring for a breather...

...and we abruptly cut back into the second cage where Torin The Titan has lowered his shoulder into Oni's wide chest, pushing him back...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: NEARLY A THOUSAND POUNDS SMASHING INTO THE CAGE AGAIN!

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AND AGAIN...

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ...and AGAIN!

[But Torin gives a big war cry, shoving Torin back the other way...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SLAMS the Titan into the other side of the cage!]

GM: Back and forth they go, smashing into the cage over and over...

[But Torin goes shoving across it, driving Oni all the way back...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AND RIGHT BACK THE OTHER WAY GOES TORIN...

[And as Oni staggers off the ropes, Torin ducks low...]

GM: ...HE'S GOING FOR A SLAM!

[Torin wraps his arms around Oni, looking to lift the near five hundred pounder into the air...]

GM: SCOOP!

[...but Oni starts pummeling his arms down, battering the head of Torin The Titan, trying to prevent the big slam!]

GM: Oni's fighting it! He's fighting off the slam!

[And Oni wraps his arms around Torin's large torso in response, lifting and lunging to drive him back into the nearest buckles in a makeshift belly to belly!]

GM: INTO THE CORNER!

[Torin is breathing heavy, hanging onto the ropes with both arms as Oni backs off, moving across the cage to the opposite corner...]

GM: Oni may be looking for that avalanche again!

[A cut to the outside shows Castillo shouting at Fawcett, berating him and ordering him to "DO SOMETHING!"...]

...and we cut back to the ring where Oni comes barreling across the ring at high intensity...]

GM: ONI ON THE MOVE!

[...twisting around to go backfirst towards the corner...]

GM: IN THE CORNER!

[...but Torin pulls himself clear at the last moment, getting clear as Oni SLAMS into the corner turnbuckles at high velocity...]

...and with a loud "CRAAAAACK!", the crowd ROARS as we see the post shift, the turnbuckles breaking loose, the ropes plummeting down to the canvas as Oni falls off balance back into the cage, a surprised look on his face!]

BW: I TOLD YOU, GORDO! I TOLD YOU! THEY BROKE THE DAMN RING!

[The announcers go silent as the crowd ROARS at the shocking scene that seems to have the wrestlers inside the cage as stunned as everyone else.]

GM: My god, I... the ring has been broken. The ring in the second cage is in shambles. We've got a ringpost bent... we've got the ropes down... the turnbuckles snapped off... that whole steel ringpost is completely exposed now and... we talked about hoping the cage was reinforced for these two but maybe we should've been worried about the RING, Bucky!

BW: It's in pieces and-

[With Torin stunned by the partial breakdown of the ring, the AWA's White Knight tries to seize the moment again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: BIG CHOP ON THE GIANT!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[The big blows send the Titan stumbling backwards into the exposed ringpost...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and keeps him there as Martinez gives a nod, grabbing Torin by the back of the head...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SMASHES his skull down into the exposed steel!]

GM: OHHHH!

[Torin slumps forward, hugging the steel ringpost...

...and with a wail on the outside, we cut to ringside where "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett has sunk to a knee. An enraged Castillo approaches him again.]

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!"

[Castillo looks back into the ring where Martinez pulls Torin's head back again...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SLAMS his skull into the post a second time! A frantic Castillo grabs Fawcett by the arm, yanking him to his feet..]

"HELP HIM! DO SOMETHING!"

[Fawcett lifts the crystal, gripping it tight as Martinez goes for another slam of the head into the ringpost...

...and as Fawcett screams out, Torin lifts his arms, grabbing the post with both hands, blocking the slam!]

GM: TORIN BLOCKS IT! TORIN BLOCKS IT!

[We can see a trickle of blood coming down the forehead of the giant as he swings his left arm back, smashing Martinez across the throat, sending him sprawling backwards on the mat...]

GM: And Torin fights his way free!

[...and then snatches one of the fallen ropes off the canvas, reaching down with it to loop it around Martinez' throat!]

GM: AND HE'S CHOKING MARTINEZ WITH THE RING ROPE!

[Torin slowly turns around, pulling Martinez to his feet as he does, putting them back to back...

....and then leans forward, lifting the White Knight off the mat by the stranglehold!]

GM: AHHH! HE'S CHOKING HIM! HE'S CHOKING HIM!

[Martinez is flailing madly, his arms and legs swinging about, trying to get free as the crowd looks on with anxious concern!]

GM: This could be it! The referee is right the-



[The screams of Javier Castillo cuts off Gordon Myers!]

"IT'S OVER! RING THE BELL! IT'S OVER!"

GM: Oh, would you shut your-

"RING IT, REFEREE! CALL IT!"

[The referee is looking long and hard into the ring as Martinez' arms start to slow, his body drifting off into unconsciousness...]

GM: He's fading! The White Knight is fading fast! Somebody's gotta stop this! Somebody's gotta-

[And another voice - strained and full of anguish - rings out.]

"CASTILLO!"

[Castillo's head snaps back around, his eyes locked on "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett who has risen to his feet, holding the crystal tightly in his hand...]

GM: What's going on out here now? Fawcett holding up the Eye of Tyr and-

[...and slowly a smile grows across the face of Fawcett as Castillo's eyes go wide...]

GM: What's he...?

[...and with a shove of the referee guarding it, Fawcett opens up the cage door...

...and CHUCKS the crystal inside, sending it bouncing across the canvas to a halt as the crowd ROARS in shock!]

GM: Fawcett just tossed the Eye in there! He threw it into the cage and-

[And as Castillo tries to absorb what just happened, we hear a roar of anguish escape from Torin The Titan as he sinks to a knee, letting go of the ring rope that was holding Martinez aloft by the throat!]

GM: He dropped Martinez! Torin's grabbing at his head, down on a knee!

BW: Gordo, I KNOW you don't believe in the mysteries of the Eye but... can YOU explain what just happened there?!

GM: I don't even KNOW what just happened! Torin's down! Martinez is down! Fawcett... my stars, he looks like a new man out there!

[Fawcett is standing tall now, wiping the sweat from his forehead, a taunting smirk on his face as Javier Castillo stares wide-eyed at him...

...and then throws himself at the "Doctor," knocking him down on the floor with a sloppy Fierro Press that gets the crowd ROARING!]

GM: CASTILLO TAKES DOWN FAWCETT!

[The camera stays on the floor, showing Fawcett and Castillo throwing some ugly ass punches at each other as the Atlanta crowd goes wild!]

GM: We've got a fight on the outside now to go with all the fighting on the inside!

[We cut back into the ring as Derrick Williams has his face slammed into the propped up wooden table by John Law...

Then Hannibal Carver is seen slugging Derek Rage in the mouth...

Then Shadoe Rage and Jay Alana struggling with Alana still stuck between the rings...

...and then KING Oni approaches the kneeling Torin, grabbing him by the throat with both hands...]

GM: Fighting all over the place in this one - remember, The Match Beyond has begun so we're down to submit or surrend-

[But Gordon is cut off as Torin surges to his feet with a roar, pressing his shoulder into the chest of Oni, driving him backwards...

...and at the last moment, he manages to somehow lift Oni off the mat onto his shoulder as they...]

“CRAAA  
AAA  
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASSSSSSSSSSSSHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

"0000000000000000000000000000000000000HHHHHHHHHHHHHHH  
HH  
HH!"

---

The first three lines are identical.

[The crowd EXPLODES in a roar as the impact of a half ton of humanity slamming into the steel cage - a cage that has been rammed into countless times during the night - causes the cage itself to SNAP, sending an entire panel of the cage mesh crashing down on the floor, smashing up against the ringside barricade, leaving a gaping hole in the side of the formerly solid steel cage!]

GM: MY GOD! MY GOD IN HEAVEN! THE TITAN PUTS THE KING \_THROUGH\_ THE DAMN CAGE, BUCKY! RIGHT THROUGH IT!

BW: THEY RIPPED IT APART!

[The crowd is at a deafening level as the camera pulls around the corner to show Torin and Oni laid out in a pile on the floor, having fallen through to the outside after the WarGames cage gave way!]

GM: We've got bodies on the floor! Torin is down! Oni is down! The biggest men in this match just ripped a damn hole right in this cage.

BW: It looks like the... whatever it is that holds the cage together gave way in the middle of that side and a whole section of cage just ripped right apart! Incredible! I guess we spared SOME expense, daddy!

[The sudden hole in the cage puts a halt to some of the action in the ring as eyes spill in that direction, looking to see what the hell just happened and what might happen because of it.]

BW: What happens now, Gordo?! The cage just came apart! It's wide open over there and now we've got giants spilled out on the damn floor!

[The crowd - on their feet roaring over the craziness they just saw - starts to buzz as AWA officials and medics come flooding from the back, rushing down the aisle

towards the ring where Javier Castillo has abandoned his attack on Fawcett and is looking at the chaotic scene in a state of shock!]

GM: Castillo can't believe it - and neither can I! The WarGames - the ultimate battleground - just had a completely unforeseen thing go down and... well, none of us knows what happens next. The cage is ripped! It's open! They can't fix it right now and... well, does that mean the match is over? Does it continue like this? Does it...

[Gordon trails off as another person comes running down the aisle towards the ring, a young lady whose presence causes the crowd to react with surprise.]

GM: ...is that...? It is! That's Truth Marie! Truth Marie Temple is running out here!

BW: Are you serious? What the heck is she doing out here, Gordo?!

GM: A look of concern on her face... we know that despite no blood relation, she feels quite the sibling relationship for Ryan Martinez and... yes, there she is now.

[Moving to the non-ripped side of the cage, Truth Marie wraps her fingers in the mesh, shouting at her non-blood brother who is down on the mat, still gasping for air after the brutal strangulation by Torin The Titan.]

GM: She's here to check on Ryan Martinez who - in all the chaos, we kinda lost track of some of the action but we saw him hanged by Torin The titan with that ring rope and he's STILL down. She's obviously worried about him, trying to get him back on his feet as well... and that's a good thing because Team AWA is gonna need him if they hope to win this thing.

[Truth Marie slaps a hand on the mesh, shouting again at the AWA's White Knight who rolls over to acknowledge her...]

GM: Martinez is telling her to get out of here. He's telling her it's too dangerous for her to be out here and-

[...and with a sudden yelp, Truth Marie jerks around and finds herself confronted by a furious Javier Castillo who is stabbing a finger into the air around her.]

"THIS IS YOUR FAULT! YOU GOT HIM ONI! YOU HELPED PUT ALL THIS TOGETHER!"

GM: Oh, come on, Castillo!

BW: Castillo's snapped, Gordo! His whole master plan is falling apart all around him. Fawcett has betrayed him. Oni and Torin just broke down the cage. And now he's taking it out on... this... this kid!

[The teenager backs away from the enraged Castillo who advances on her, still shrieking in her direction...]

"YOU! THIS IS ALL ON YOU!"

[A weary and bloodied Martinez gets to his knees, desperately pulling air into his lungs as he looks out on the heated confrontation...]

...and in the foreground, we see Oni and Torin back on their feet, trading big blows as they battle across the ringside area, breaking through a section of barricade as they battle into the crowd!]

GM: The people of Atlanta are scattering and rightfully so!

BW: We've got monsters on the loose and if these two want to brawl their way right down into downtown Atlanta, I don't think there's a soul that can stop 'em!

[Castillo winds up a hand, threatening Truth Marie with bodily harm.]

GM: That's a kid, damn it! Don't you touch her, you evil bastard!

[Circling around Truth Marie, he puts the young lady with her back against the mesh, screaming at her from just inches away...]

BW: He wouldn't hurt her, would he? He's crazy but is he THAT crazy?!

[Castillo is BEYOND livid as he angrily berates Truth Marie, spittle flying from his mouth towards her as she leans back against the mesh, trying to keep away from him...]

...and the crowd ROARS at the sight of someone else sprinting down the ramp from the back!]

GM: IT'S VERONICA! IT'S VERONICA!

BW: Don't mess with a mother's child, daddy!

[And at a full sprint, Veronica SHOVES Castillo from behind, sending him flying towards the cage as Truth Marie ducks away, sending the AWA President smashing facefirst into the steel!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: VERONICA SAVES HER DAUGHTER! SHE SAVES HER DAUGHTER HERE AT SUPERCLASH!

[Veronica grabs her daughter, pulling her into a tight embrace, checking on her, asking her if she's okay.]

We can still see fighting going on inside the remnants of the double cage behind them...

Jay Alana hitting a superkick on Shadoc Rage, laying him out with that dangerous thrust kick...

Derek Rage choking Derrick Williams with both hands, pushing him up against the propped up table...

Hannibal Carver and Juan Vasquez trading heavy right hands...]

GM: The battle continues in the ring - we're being told the match will continue with the cage just as it is and... ohh! John Law drills Shadoc Rage from behind with a taped right hand!

[As Law and Alana take turns hammering Shadoc Rage in the corner, the crowd reacts loudly...]

GM: OHH! THAT NO GOOD-

[...and we cut to find Veronica Westerly down on the floor with an enraged Javier Castillo standing over her...]

GM: He just shoved her down! Castillo just shoved Westerly down on the floor!  
What a piece of human trash this guy is!

[...and he starts shouting at her, menacing her much as he did to her daughter moments earlier..

...and then back inside the double cage, we find Derek Rage over to help John Law as he picks Shadoe Rage up into the air, pressing him overhead...]

“CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and HURLS him facefirst into the steel cage, sending Shadoe sprawling out on the canvas!]

GM: LIKE A DAMN LAWNDART, DEREK RAGE THROWS HIS OWN BROTHER INTO THE STEEL!

[The seven footer stands over his brother as we get a wide shot showing Derrick Williams, Juan Vasquez, and Hannibal Carver in the first cage... Jay Alana stepping through the ropes between the rings... and Derek Rage, Shadoe Rage, and John Law in the second cage. And Ryan Martinez, you ask?]

GM: The White Knight just saw what Castillo’s up to!

[Getting to his feet, the bloodied and battered White Knight stomps across the ring, going through the hole in the cage to get to the outside to a ROAR from the Atlanta fans!]

GM: Martinez has left the cage! He left the cage and he’s going after the General!

[As Martinez exits, we see Derrick Williams running along the ropes in the middle of the cage, hitting Alana with a clothesline that puts him down on the mat between the rings...]

GM: Down goes Alana again! And again, we’re doing our best to keep you aware of everything going on inside - and now OUTSIDE - this cage but... well, this is one of the damndest things I’ve ever seen, Bucky.

BW: You can say that again. I can’t even see Oni and Torin anymore! There may be a giant-sized hole in the size of the Georgia Dome - by the time those two get done, there may not be anything left of this building to blow up!

[Williams gives a wave to Carver who breaks away, leaving a bloodied Vasquez down on the mat where he stomped him in the corner..

...and the Boston Brawler goes through the ropes, dropping to his knees, grabbing Alana by the hair...]

GM: CARVER SMASHING ALANA’S HEAD DOWN INTO THE MAT! AGAIN! AND AGAIN!

[We cut back to ringside where Martinez is walking around the cage, stomping towards a totally unaware Javier Castillo...

...but as the crowd gets louder, Castillo jerks around and sees the White Knight approaching. The hands immediately shoot up, the Korugun Generalissimo begging for mercy as he backpedals away from a pissed-off and vengeful Martinez!]

GM: Martinez is stalking him and Castillo looks like he might wet his pants!

[Inside the cage, we can see that Alana's head has gotten stuck between the two rings as Carver lifts his torso up so Williams can grab one leg and he can grab the other...]

GM: Alana! Look at Alana! He's caught!

[...and the two Team AWA members start pulling on the legs, stretching Alana apart...]

BW: Who's gonna get the wishbone?!

[...and we cut back to the floor where Castillo has turned tail and is running for his life from the angry Ryan Martinez who is looking to get his hands on the man who has made his life hell for the better part of a year!]

GM: And now Martinez is chasing Castillo on the outside! Get him, Ryan!

BW: You sound like Westerly out here. Next you're gonna be shouting "WHIP HIM LIKE A DAWG!"

GM: If the shoe fits, shove it right up Castillo's-

BW: GORDO!

[Martinez is in hot pursuit, sprinting around the cage as quickly as he can, trying to reach Castillo before he can get away...]

GM: He's right on his heels! Get him, kid!

[...but as Martinez nears the hole in the cage...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...the crowd ERUPTS as the bloodied Juan Vasquez sprints across the ring, hurling himself like a guided missile through the ropes into Martinez, driving him backwards into the ringside barricade!]

GM: VASQUEZ OUT OF NOWHERE! VASQUEZ LAYS OUT THE WHITE KNIGHT OUT OF NOWHERE AND SAVES THE DAMN SKIN OF THAT PIECE OF TRASH CASTILLO!

[The crowd is jeering loudly again as a fired-up Vasquez gets off the floor, dragging Martinez up with him...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: FACEFIRST INTO A STILL-STANDING PIECE OF THE CAGE!

[Vasquez has rage in his eyes as he pulls Martinez' head back by his blood-soaked hair...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AGAIN INTO THE STEEL!

[With Vasquez dominating Martinez on the outside, Derek Rage gets a shouted order from Castillo to go out and assist. The Intelligent Thug obliges, climbing through the hole in the cage to the outside...]

GM: We've got even more people outside the cage now! This might not be how this match was supposed to go down, fans, but it's getting as crazy outside the ring as it is INSIDE the ring!

[Derek Rage grabs a handful of Martinez' hair, pulling his head back again with Vasquez' aid...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: A THIRD TIME SENDS MARTINEZ INTO THE SKIN-RIPPING STEEL MESH!

[The bloodied Martinez drops down to his knees on the outside...

...which is when Shadoe Rage throws himself through the hole in the cage, smashing a double axehandle down on the back of his brother's head, sending him pitching forwards towards the railing!]

GM: Shadoe Rage getting into the mix on the outside as well!

[Shadoe grabs Vasquez by the hair...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AND VASQUEZ TASTES THE STEEL AS WELL!

[...and then grabs his brother...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DEREK RAGE INTO THE MESH! SHADOE RAGE TRYING TO SAVE MARTINEZ ON THE OUTSIDE!

[Derek Rage stumbles away from his brother... but Shadoe is in hot pursuit, grabbing him by the hair again...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and smashes his face into the mesh again, sending Derek stumbling alongside the cage...]

GM: Wait... hang on now...

BW: They're coming our way!

GM: Hang on now, guys! We don't want any part of...

[Gordon trails off as he gets out of his seat, scampering away as Shadoe SMASHES Derek's head down onto the table!]

GM: ...WHOA! Right down on our table!

[Shadoe pulls Derek's head back again...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and RAMS his skull down on the announce table again before giving Derek a shove, putting the seven footer up on the table...]

GM: Wait, wait, wait...

BW: Hey, lemme get my water!

GM: Shadoe Rage right here in front of us... he's got Derek Rage up on our table and-

[...and the crowd ROARS as Shadoe scoops up one of the announce team's monitors, ripping it free from the wires holding it...]

GM: -he's got a monitor! He's got one of our monitors!

BW: It's mine! He's got mine! Put that down, you lunatic!

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SMASHES it down on his brother's head, leaving Derek Rage laid out on the table motionless!]

GM: OHH! RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES!

[Shadoe throws the monitor aside, pointing to the sky to a big cheer from the AWA faithful...]

...and we cut back to the cage where Vasquez has tossed the bloodied and beaten Martinez back inside the WarGames structure.]

GM: Vasquez putting Martinez back in... he's not done with him... it's still The Match Beyond! It's still Submit or Surrender and you know Vasquez wants nothing more than to make Ryan Martinez give it up.

BW: And if he gives it up, he's giving up everything, Gordo. The match... the company... hell, it could be his whole career! After what we've seen tonight, I sure don't think Javier Castillo would let him work here, do you?

GM: No, I do not... but I think there's a whole lot of people that Javier Castillo might not let work here if the Korugun Army comes out on top tonight.

[Vasquez climbs back into the cage as well, pursuing the bloodied Martinez as he crawls into the second cage where John Law, Derrick Williams, and Hannibal Carver are still brawling. The first cage stands empty as Vasquez pulls Martinez off the mat right into a standing headscissors...]

GM: And once again, he's looking for the piledriver! He's gonna finish him off!

[...but before he can lift him up, Vasquez is grabbed by the shoulder, jerked around...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRILLED in the jaw with a Right Cross from his own protege!]



BW: THEY'RE BOTH DONE, GORDO! THEY'RE BOTH LAID OUT RIGHT HERE IN FRONT OF US!

[Castillo leaps up, pumping his fists in celebration as Law swings his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture as he leans down to grab the legs, flipping the White Knight over onto his chest...]

GM: Boston Crab locked in! John Law looking to get the submission! Looking to end it! Looking to finish off Martinez and win this match for Team Korugun!

[Law leans back, causing Martinez to scream in pain as Law bends the just-chokeslammed back, the referee looking in closely for any possible submission...]

GM: Law's trying to break him in half with that Boston Crab - can he do it? Is this enough to make Martinez give it up?!

BW: Martinez has been out here since the beginning! He's a bloody friggin' mess! He's been to hell and back! And now John Law is trying to finish him off and right now, he's got no one to help him!

[Jay Alana makes his way into the first cage to join in, stomping the back of Martinez' head as Law leans back further...]

GM: And now it's a two on one! Jay Alana, the last man added to the Korugun Army squad, trying to force a submission and earn the title of the greatest debut in the history of our sport!

[A commotion on the outside gets our camera to the floor where we see a tearful Truth Marie looking on her brother with her mother's arms around her, trying to comfort her.]

"You don't need to watch this! Let's go!"

[But Truth Marie is defiant, shaking her head as she stares in at her brother being tormented by Law and Alana...]

"Truth, baby... please... let's get out of-"

[An angry voice cuts her off.]

"NO!"

[Of course, it's Javier Castillo back to torment the Westerly clan once more as he gets in Veronica's face.]

"No! She can't leave! I want her to watch this! I want her to watch her precious brother break! I want this pathetic little-"

[An angry slap cuts him off.]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHE SLAPPED HIM! SHE SLAPPED HIM RIGHT ACROSS THE MOUTH!

[But as Castillo's face turns red with a mix of embarrassment and rage, Veronica's eyes go wide as she realizes what she's done...

...and with a shove to her daughter, Veronica shouts "GO!" to her and Truth Marie obliges, jogging down the aisle at her mother's demand!]

GM: Truth Marie fleeing the scene at her mother's orders and...

[Castillo throws a glare at Truth Marie, almost as if he's thinking of going after her...

....but as he turns back and sees her wrapping her fingers in the mesh of the cage and start climbing, a smile crosses his face...]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

BW: She's climbing the damn cage!

GM: Why?! Where is she going?!

BW: Gordo, I think... I think she's trying to make sure Castillo doesn't go after Truth Marie!

GM: I... my god, I think you're right. Veronica Westerly, a woman we came to know as selfish, two-faced, power-hungry... she's sacrificing herself to protect her daughter!

[Castillo stands, smirking with his hands on his hips as he watches Westerly awkwardly scale the cage wall...]

GM: Oh my god... he's going after her! This no good piece of-

BW: CARVER!

[We cut back inside the ring where Carver has rushed John Law from the blind side, completely unnoticed by Alana as well, grabbing Law by the back of the tights...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and ROCKETS him shoulderfirst through the propped up table!]

GM: THROUGH THE TABLE! THROUGH THE TABLE!

[Law collapses to the mat, clutching his shoulder in pain as Jay Alana turns and opens fire on Carver, trading heavy blows!]

GM: Law went through the table shoulderfirst thanks to the Boston Brawler but Jay Alana won't let him take advantage of it!

[We can see Law attempting to crawl away from the action, trying to get to the other ring where Williams and Vasquez are trading heavy chops and forearms, blood splattering off them with every blow.]

GM: Alana and Carver! Williams and Vasquez! Martinez and Law are down and who the heck is gonna find a way to win this thing?!

[A hard elbowstrike to the jaw sends Alana down to his back as Carver turns his focus back on the crawling John Law, following him into the second cage...]

...and the camera shot goes to some kind of an elevated view, showing the top of the cage where Veronica Westerly has managed to get on top of the WarGames structure, falling to her hands and knees after a few steps, crawling across it as Javier Castillo pursues!]

GM: And Veronica's on top of the cage now! I don't like this, Bucky - I don't like this one bit!

[Castillo grimaces as he pulls himself up on top of the cage, looking across it to find Veronica who is back on her feet but is moving very awkwardly across the roof's mesh, stumbling again...]

GM: Veronica Westerly is not a professional wrestler! She is NOT an athlete at all! This is NOT right. I don't give a damn what she's done, Bucky... this is NOT the AWA we've known and loved for damn near a decade!

[...and we cut back inside the cage where Carver has stepped into the other cage, moving in on the crawling Law... almost a mirror of what Castillo is doing to Veronica high above...]

GM: Carver's got Law, dragging him to his feet...

[Carver holds the Head of Security in his hands...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and ROCKETS Law shoulderfirst into the steel ringpost!]

GM: SHOULDER INTO THE STEEL!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And again...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and again, leaving Law hugging the post, a pain-filled grimace on his face...

...and we cut back to the top of the cage where Castillo has caught up to Veronica, standing over her as he looks down and sees his Head of Security in serious jeopardy!]

GM: Castillo's in a rage! Law's in trouble! Korugun's in trouble! And there's only one person he can take it out on! There's only person that he-

[Castillo is standing over a kneeling Veronica, his fists balled up as he stares down at her, fury in his eyes...

...when suddenly the lights go out.]

GM: What the...?!

BW: Hey! The place closes tomorrow! Turn the damn lights back on!

[The crowd is buzzing for the "lights out" moment...

...a buzz that turns into a rabid ROAR as one of the most familiar songs in all of wrestling rings out!]

GM: THAT'S... THAT MUSIC!

BW: OH MY GOD!

[The Atlanta crowd has a similar reaction to the sound of "O Fortuna" blasting across the PA system. The lights come up slightly, just enough to show a shocked Javier Castillo staring down the aisle in disbelief...]

GM: IS IT...?! IS HE HERE?!

[...but with no one coming from the entrance, Castillo suddenly smells a rat, jerking his head back towards the kneeling (and now grinning) Veronica...]

“WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH!”

[...who HURLS a fireball right up into the face of the Korugun Generalissimo and AWA President who staggers backwards, screaming in pain as he stumbles back... and back.. and back...]

GM: VERONICA THROWS FIRE! IT WAS ALL A RUSE AND-

BW: GORDO! GORDO! GOOOOORRRRDDOOOOOOOOOOO!

[...and right back over the edge, dropping straight down towards the timekeeper’s table up against the side of the cage!]

“CRAA  
AA  
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASSSSSSSSSSSSHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

“OOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH  
HH  
HH!”

[And the announcers are silent, enjoying the moment as the crowd reacts to the horrific fall of the man they’ve hated for an entire year as he has taunted them... tormented them through causing pain for their favorites... threatened the very existence of their favorite wrestling promotion...]

Veronica looks down in shock at the wrecked Castillo who shattered the table on the way down, his hands up on his burned face...

Inside the cage, we see Ryan Martinez looking on from his knees, a hand wrapped around to grab at his back... but an unmistakable smile on his face at seeing Castillo’s much-deserved and hard-earned fate...

...and the rest just keep on fighting.]

GM: The match continues... but... whew. It’s as if several million AWA fans around the world stood up and shouted all at once on that one, Bucky.

BW: You’re enjoying this moment, aren’t you?

GM: You know I am. But you know who isn’t?

[Carver ignoring the chaos all around him to shoot a hurting John Law into the ropes...]

...and hoists him into flapjack position on the way back, delivering him to a waiting Derrick Williams who leaps up, snatches the three-quarter nelson, and DRIVES Law’s skull into the canvas!]

BW: John Law?

GM: You’re batting a thousand right now, my friend. And... well oh well... will you look at this...

[With Law and Alana down, all eyes turn towards Juan Vasquez who has balled himself up in a corner, fists raised and at the ready as blood streams down into his eyes...]

GM: ...it comes down to Juan Vasquez, the Benedict Arnold himself, as the last man standing for Korugun. Law's down. Alana's down. Derek Rage is in the wreckage of our table. Torin's halfway down the freeway by now. And Javier Castillo just got the sweetest bit of vengeance I've seen in a long, long time. And that leaves the so-called Number One draft pick who stabbed us all in the back so long ago... who betrayed the AWA... the wrestlers, the office, the fans... everyone who supported him and held him up as a hero for so long.

[Weary... bloodied... but with enough fight left in them to finish it, Hannibal Carver, Derrick Williams, and Ryan Martinez move into a loose half circle around the cornered Vasquez who is defiant, refusing to stay down and refusing to give in despite being outnumbered...]

BW: Vasquez not backing down! Not giving in! If this legendary gunslinger is gonna go down, he's gonna go down fighting, Gordo!

GM: So be it... amigo.

[...and on cue, Vasquez lunges from the corner towards the person probably expecting it least...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SMASHES a Right Cross into the jaw of Derrick Williams, snapping his former protege's head around, and dropping him down to the mat like he'd been hit with a baseball bat!]

GM: WILLIAMS GOES DOWN!

[At the sight of his friend hitting the mat, an enraged Carver lets loose a roar, rushing the man who put him on the shelf and out of the company two years ago, throwing rights and lefts at Vasquez who tries to cover up, shielding himself from some of Carver's aggressive blows...]

GM: CARVER'S ALL OVER HIM!

[...and a well-thrown haymaker gets past the arms, catching Vasquez on the eyesocket, spinning him around in a full circle as Carver catches him on the spin, snatching a three-quarter nelson...]

GM: BLACKOUT!

[...but the wily Hall of Fame veteran plummets down to his knees, swinging his arm up...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LOW BLOW ON CARVER!

[Vasquez pops back up, angrily shoving Carver aside, pointing a finger at Martinez as the crowd ROARS!]

GM: Oh yeah! This is how it had to end up, right?! This is how it had to be!

BW: Let's run it back one more time, daddy!

[Equally fired up for the moment, the two former World Champions throw themselves at one another, dissolving into a wild melee of blows hastily and angrily thrown, trying to batter one another until the ultimate submission or surrender!]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands one more time, daddy!

BW: Daddy?! That's my line!

[Martinez suddenly blocks a Vasquez haymaker, grabbing him by the arm, tossing him into the corner...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: BIG CHOP!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: BIG CHOP!

[The crowd clearly can be heard shouting "MAR!"...

...and Martinez looks up, eyes on the crowd...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"TI!"

[Martinez nods, winding up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"NEZ!"

[Martinez gives a shout of "YEAAAAAAAAAH!" as he winds up again...]

"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, breathing heavily, blood soaking his upper body and face as he continues to throw. 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 finally backs off, stepping to mid-ring where he lifts his arms over his head with a "YEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!" as Vasquez stumbles out towards him, walking right into a boot to the gut that doubles him over...]

GM: BOOT DOWNSTAIRS!

[...and with the crowd ROARING, the White Knight steps forward, snatching a front facelock...]

GM: HE HOOKS HIM! DO IT, KID!

[But just as Martinez prepares to lift, Vasquez quickly spins to the side, spinning right out of the front facelock before burying his own boot into the gut, quickly hooking a front facelock...]

GM: ARE YOU...?

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BRAAAAAAINBUSSSSSTERRRRRRRR!

[Vasquez pops up to his knees, looking down on Martinez' motionless form as the crowd EXPLODES with jeers for their former hero!]

BW: HE SPIKED HIM, GORDO! HE DROPPED HIM GOOD WITH THAT!

GM: This might be it! Vasquez needs to get him to quit though!

[Climbing to his feet, his face cloaked in unmistakable, untethered rage, he stomps across the ring, snatching up a steel chair that was brought in earlier...]

GM: And now he's got a...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd groans as he SMASHES the chair down across Derrick Williams' back!]

GM: ...CHAIR! MY GOD!

[Vasquez lifts the chair again, turning to the side...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: A VILE CHAIRSHOT DOWN ACROSS THE BACK OF CARVER AS WELL!

[Martinez slides an arm underneath him, pushing up hard, rolling himself onto his back...]

...and Juan Vasquez pauses, looking down on Martinez who has the Eye of Tyr clutched against his heart!]

GM: The... the Eye of Tyr?! Where the heck did Martinez get that?!

BW: Fawcett threw it into the ring earlier! It's been laying there the whole time since then!

GM: Is he... is Martinez trying to use it on Vasquez?!

BW: Oho! You DO believe!

GM: I don't know what I believe anymore, Bucky. That's the problem.

[Vasquez shudders at the sight of the gym, looking down at Martinez again, cold fury in his eyes...

...and slowly raises the chair over his head again...]

GM: No, no! Ryan's defenseless, damn it! He's defenseless, Vasquez - you... you...

[But Vasquez pauses, not swinging the chair down just yet... staring down at Martinez... or more specifically at the crystal he's holding...]

BW: What's he doing?!

GM: I don't know! He's got the chair! Martinez has the crystal! And...

[John Law hobbles over towards Vasquez, gesturing at Martinez who has somehow forced his way up onto his knees now, still clutching the crystal against his chest. He slowly extends an arm, showing it to Vasquez...]

BW: He's trying to brainwash Vasquez!

GM: I don't think that's what he's doing at all, Bucky!

[Law points to Martinez, gesturing like he's hitting him with a chair, shouting "FINISH HIM OFF!"

GM: John Law imploring Vasquez to end this! Begging him to use that chair on the AWA's White Knight!

[And suddenly, the crowd sees it shining through like a brilliant beam of sunshine on a cloudy day...

...the crack in the armor.]

GM: Listen to this crowd! Listen to these fans!

[The crowd is screaming towards the ring, shouting their voices hoarse, begging Vasquez to step back from the edge. The former World Champion. The Hall of Famer. The man who stood toe to toe and defeated the Southern Syndicate. The man who fought and bested the evils of the American Wrestling Alliance for so many years.

The man who was once the hero that Gordon Myers called for.]

GM: They're trying, Bucky! They're begging him! Pleading with him!

[A puzzled Vasquez looks out on the crowd, a bewildered look upon his face. John Law looks even more confused, shouting at Vasquez to "DO IT! DO IT NOW!" as Juan looks around at 70,000 fans calling for his help one more time...]

GM: Come on... come on, old friend...

[Vasquez looks down at the helpless and bloodied Martinez again, still clutching the crystal in his hand...

...and makes his choice.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: YES! YES! YESSSSSSSSSSSSSS!

[John Law stumbles away, clutching the shoulder that Juan Vasquez just SMASHED with the steel chair he was holding. The Korugun Head of Security falls to his knees as Vasquez grips the chair, looking back at Martinez... a shadow lifted from his face as he looks down at the White Knight...

...who has dropped the Eye of Tyr, letting the crystal fall to the canvas...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and Vasquez brings the chair angrily down upon the crystal that has had such strong influence on AWA happenings over the past decade...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[He hits it again, smashing the chair down on the crystal...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and again, Vasquez' rage being expelled in loud shouts with each blow landed on the gem...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...his expression softening...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...the weight being lifted off his shoulders...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and with one final scream...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...he stops. He tosses the chair aside as he looks down, seeing the infamous crystal shattered into pieces on the canvas. An expression of relief crosses his face as he grabs at his head, collapsing in sheer exhaustion to his knees.

And as Vasquez kneels, Martinez rises, looking down on his longtime enemy with a different look on his face than we've ever seen him use when looking upon the Hall of Famer...

...and as determination crosses his face, Martinez takes a step to the side, approaching the struggling John Law who is trying to push up off the mat with one arm...]

GM: Finish this, Ryan.

[The AWA's White Knight grabs the injured shoulder of Law, causing him to cry out as Martinez yanks the arm back, into Fujiwara armbar position, dragging him over by the steel chair...

...and DRIVES him down with an armbar takedown on the chair!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[He immediately loops the trapped arm behind his neck, reaching out to hook his hands across the face of Law...

...and PULLS back hard, trapping Law within the confines of the crossface submission hold taught to him by his friend, Supreme Wright, over a year ago...]

GM: MARTINEZ HAS HIM HOOKED! PULLING BACK! CRANKING THE HEAD AND NECK BACK, MORE PRESSURE ON THE INJURED SHOULDER AS WELL!

[Law is screaming in pain, anguish shooting through his injured arm into every nook and cranny of his body, fighting for a cause that suddenly appears fragmented... an Army with no soldiers left standing... an Army with no General left standing...

Law claws at the canvas, his lungs pouring sounds of agony into the Georgia Dome sky as the crowd waits... and waits... and waits...

...and finally, the last soldier standing gives his surrender.]

"I QUIT! I QUIT! I QUIIIIIIIIIIIIT!"

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Martinez immediately releases the hold, ever a man of honor, and slumps backwards, lying on the back of his defeated foe. The crowd ROARS at the sound of the bell, saluting the ungodly battle that their heroes just endured... paying tribute to their broken bodies, their bloodied faces, their potentially shortened careers.]

GM: THEY DID IT! THEY DID IT! MY GOD, THEY DID IT!

BW: OH! MY! STARS!

[Gordon's voice sounds positively jubilant - tones of relief shining through as a quick cut to ringside shows him leaning over to embrace his color commentator for just a moment. He sits back, removing his glasses to smile up at the ring.]

GM: Five of the AWA's greatest came forth on this night to fight the ultimate war... to do battle with the highest stakes imaginable... and go to war they did. These men may never be the same... but we will never forget their sacrifices to bring us this moment of elation... of joy... of relief... and so much more.

[With a deep sigh, Martinez sits up, a smile on his blood-soaked face as he looks out on the crowd. He slowly pushes up to his feet, looking around the wrecked ring and cage, surveying the bodies laying all over the crimson-drenched canvas. With a hobble and an exhausted look, the White Knight steps away from the downed Law... away from the still-kneeling Vasquez who has collapsed forward, his forehead pressed against the canvas...]

GM: Martinez taking a long look around... realizing what they've gone through here tonight...

[The White Knight leans down, grabbing his former rival, Hannibal Carver by the arm, bringing him to his feet...]

GM: ...a long history between these two... what a war they've been through this year to get to this point...

[...and then pulling him into an embrace. The bloodied Carver looks stunned by the hug but gives Martinez a couple of slaps on the back before breaking away from it. Carver sinks back against the ropes, rubbing a hand over his head, shaking it back and forth in disbelief as Martinez moves over to Derrick Williams, extending a hand down towards the seated young lion.]

GM: Martinez offering his hand to Derrick Williams. He didn't know if he could trust Williams here tonight... but this kid went to war by his side and while I don't know if these two can ever be friends, they certainly will never forget what they just went through.

[Williams looks up... and with a nod, he takes the offered hand, getting pulled up to his feet and into a handshake from a grateful Martinez. Martinez has a few words for Williams off-mic and the bloodied Williams nods his head as he listens...

...until both men turn as they see the broken but breathing Shadoe Rage crawl his way through the hole in the cage, flopping down on the canvas. Martinez grins as he breaks away from Williams, leaving the Future to walk over towards his mentor Hannibal Carver who greets him with a clash of forearms and a smile of his own.]

GM: Shadoe Rage... the man who came through for this company when he was needed the most. When the man we thought we could trust walked away in our moment of need, this man stood up. This man risked everything to stand up and fight for the AWA.

[Martinez helps Rage up as well, patting him on the shoulder, shaking his hand as Rage looks around at all the bodies and mutters "looks like I missed a hell of a fight" to a chuckle from Martinez who turns to survey the scene again...

...and sees Juan Vasquez climbing to his feet, looking across the cage at Martinez.]

GM: And in a night when heroes stand tall... perhaps... just maybe Juan Vasquez rediscovered the man inside who was a hero to us all.

[A quick cut to ringside shows Truth Marie has joined her mother back at ringside, embracing alongside the cage, tears in the teenager's eyes as she looks into the ring at her triumphant brother.]

GM: The war is over... but the scars from this battle may never heal.

[Despite Williams' protests, Carver makes a lunge forward, trying to get at the standing Vasquez...

...only to have Ryan Martinez step in front of him, both hands in his ally's chest.]

"No. It's over."

[Carver glares at Martinez.]

"Over? He dropped me on my damn head two years ago! He tried to cripple me... AND YOU! Ain't a damn thing over!"

[Carver again tries to get at Vasquez who stands with his arms down, almost inviting the assault to come... but again Martinez stops him, shaking his head.]

"Let it go, Hannibal."

[The Boston Brawler glares at Vasquez... then at Martinez...

...and gives a hard two-handed shove to the chest of Martinez, knocking him a few steps back...]

GM: Oh!

[...and then turns, exiting the cage to a shocked reaction as Williams tries to get him to come back.]

GM: Hannibal Carver is walking out of here... walking out on this team.

BW: The fight is over. The war is over. And now Hannibal Carver walks alone as he always has.

[Carver stomps angrily down the aisle, waving a dismissive hand at Martinez as Williams calls after him again.]

BW: Well, so much for team unity.

GM: Like you said, the fight is over... but in some wars, some warriors just can't stop fighting.

[The AWA's White Knight watches Carver leaving, shaking his head in disappointment as Williams turns back towards the ring, shrugging at Martinez who steps closer, trying to talk to the Future...

...who suddenly leaps up, snaring a three-quarter nelson...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT THE HELL?!

[Williams pops back up, smirking at having dropped the former World Champion with the Future Shock. Shadoe Rage shouts at him angrily as Williams simply shrugs, ducking out of the cage to make his exit.]

GM: Derrick Williams just spiked the leader of Team AWA with the Future Shock... he left Ryan Martinez laying in this cage just moments after the White Knight led the team to a huge win!

[Vasquez stands stoic, watching as Shadoe Rage drops down to his knees, checking on the fallen White Knight who has just had two of his team members walk out on him after a huge victory.]

GM: After this joyous moment, it... well, it gets a little tainted by the actions of Derrick Williams and to a lesser degree, Hannibal Carver...

[With her brother down on the mat, Truth Marie climbs inside the cage, kneeling down alongside Shadoe Rage to check on the fallen White Knight. She cradles his head, lifting him slightly up towards a seated position as the bloodied Martinez looks around in confusion.]

GM: Truth Marie in there to help her brother... and she's not alone in that.

[A few moments later, we hear the crowd cheer as AWA ownership hits the ring - Jon Stegglet, Bobby Taylor, and Todd Michaelson climb into the cage. Taylor grabs Martinez by the arm, pulling him to his feet to join them as Michaelson shakes Shadoe Rage's hand.]

GM: The AWA owners hit the ring... smiles all around... they may be the happiest people in the building.

BW: Oh, I don't know, Gordo... I think I might be sitting next to the happiest guy in the building.

GM: It was a great night... a special night...

[And the cheers get louder as the locker room empties with people coming down the aisle to salute the conquering heroes. Martinez leans against the ropes, talking to Truth Marie as he watches Jon Stegglet - a nervous expression on his face - shaking hands with Shadoe Rage.]

GM: ...and it's time for the party to begin!

[A heavily-bandaged Jack Lynch is the first one into the ring, rushing across to wrap up his good friend, Ryan Martinez in a hug. Martinez smiles, patting Jack on the back, commenting on the bandaged wounds off-mic as the duo celebrates the big win. Daniel Harper and Howie Somers come in next, moving to shake hands with Shadoe Rage.]

GM: Jack Lynch out here... the new tag champs as well... Bret Grayson...

[More cheering goes up from the crowd as we see Ricki Toughill, Theresa Lynch, and Raphael Rhodes join the party - the latter throwing Vasquez a hard look as he climbs into the cage...

...which seems to be enough to convince Vasquez to exit the cage, stepping out to the floor and walking into the aisle where he pauses, looking back at the cage as Landon Grant, City Jack, Lori Dane, Whitiri, Omega, and Polemos join the celebration.]

GM: The party is on and... well, I don't want to be the last to arrive - how about you, Bucky?

BW: Sounds good to me. Let's do this thang!

GM: For everyone here in the AWA, we wish you good night from Toronto... good night from Atlanta... and good night... from SuperClash IX!

[The "THUD!" of headsets hitting the table are heard as we see Skylar Swift, Margarita Flores, Trish Wallace, Lauryn Rage, and Ayako Fujiwara come jogging into view.

There are handshakes and hugs all around the ring, strange bedfellows celebrating together as the future has just become a whole lot brighter..

...and soon it's not just the fan favorites in to celebrate the fall of Korugun as Laura Davis, Alexander Kingsley, and Curt Sawyer make their way to the ring.

Gordon Myers steps in, embracing Ryan Martinez as Bucky Wilde walks around the cage, looking anxious at being around so many fan favorites in the ring. Sweet Lou Blackwell comes to the ring, all smiles as he awkwardly fist bumps Omega.

The camera shot switches to one from behind Juan Vasquez, over his shoulder looking up at the cage where so many of the AWA's stars are celebrating this industry-shaking triumph while he stands alone on the outside of the ring...

...and as Ryan Martinez steps towards the cage wall, looking down through the mesh at Vasquez, the shot holds...

...and with pyro exploding over the ring, putting an exclamation point on the televised portion of a party likely to last throughout the night, we fade to black.

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[And with a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, we get a shot of a parking lot. There are cars parked here and there, some gaps in between showing the cold, hard asphalt below.

The camera zooms in closer on one of those of gaps where we see a stylish, high dollar sports car next to an empty space, the trunk open...

...and someone lying facedown on the asphalt beside it.

Suddenly, a shout is heard from off-camera.

"HEY! OVER HERE! GUYS, OVER HERE!"

We see "Golden" Grant Carter come running into the frame, a puzzled look on his face. He looks back and forth as Yoshi Fujiwara steps in beside him, looking down. He takes a knee next to the prone body.

"Oh my god... it's Detson."



Carter kneels down as well, putting a hand on Detson's torso.

"Yoshi, go get the doctor... get some help... NOW!"

Fujiwara springs to his feet, running out of the frame as Carter looks anxiously down at Detson.

"Hang in there, Johnny... we're gonna get you some help, man... hang in there, brother..."

The camera pulls in tighter to reveal Detson's face, bloodied and battered as he lies on the asphalt unmoving. Carter looks off-camera.

"GET SOME HELP OVER HERE, DAMN IT!"

A handful of AWA officials come jogging into view - some worried exclamations are heard plus an "oh crap" or two before someone asks Carter what happened.

"I got no idea, brother. Yoshi and I were walking out here to get our rental car and... we just found him like this, man. He's... I don't want to move him."

A moment later, a pair of medics come dashing in, ordering Carter to clear the scene. "Golden" Grant rises to his feet, holding up his hands which have Detson's blood on them. He wipes them vigorously on his jeans as the medical team tends to the former World Champion.

"We've got to stabilize his neck... we need... can someone get the ambulance over here?"

"It's already coming."

"Can we clear some space please? We need some more room to work."

The assembled AWA employees all step back, allowing room for the medical team to do their job... which includes one of them grabbing something out of Detson's clenched hand, tossing it aside...

...the studded leather glove known as Black Beauty.

The ambulance's sirens ring out, the vehicle drawing closer to the scene of the crime as all eyes are on Johnny Detson, bloody and broken on the floor of the Rogers Centre...

...as we fade to black...

...and then back up one more time with one more flash of the ACCESS 365 logo to the Chimpanzee Position, where the exhausted Juan Vasquez steps through a curtain, head lowered. He slowly steps through before getting to the end of the area, where a familiar figure is waiting for him. Leaning against a table, arms folded, a concerned look on her face, is Michelle Bailey.]

MB: How are you doing, corazón? Are you okay?

[Vasquez takes a moment to look at Michelle, then a look of relief comes across his face.]

JV: You believed me.

[Michelle's look of concern washes away, replaced by a small smile.]

MB: All those years where you were the only one who believed me?

[Michelle unfolds her arms to wave her hand, almost dismissively.]

MB: It was nothing. Of course I believed you. I'm just glad I could help you.

[Vasquez walks over to Michelle, putting his hand on her shoulder.]

JV: Listen, if I was...

[Michelle puts her hand on Juan's wrist to interrupt him.]

MB: You've been through a lot. We've got plenty of time to talk about the last couple of years, and what happened after what they did to you. The important thing is that you get some rest, and check in with Marisol and the kids. I'm sure they're worried about you.

[Vasquez smiles, nodding his head.]

JV: Thank you. There's so much to talk about. I don't remember you being this much shorter than me, for one.

[Michelle grins, shaking her head, when suddenly her phone in the pocket of her hoodie starts making a noise, the ringing tone for FaceTime. She takes the phone out of the pocket and looks at the screen, then quickly shows it to Juan, whose eyes widen.]

JV: You better take that. It's important.

[Michelle beams as Juan takes a step to the side. Michelle answers the FaceTime, phone pointed only at her.]

MB: Hey baby! How's the dojo? Did you get to see any of SuperClash?

[And for the first time since Homecoming, we hear the voice of Michelle's daughter, Kimmy Bailey, a little distorted thanks to the distance between Osaka, Japan and Atlanta, Georgia causing some problems with the connection but upbeat and happy to see her mother.]

KB: Mama! It's goin' great! We got our workout in and chores done with enough time to watch some of the WarGames match. That thing was somethin' else!

MB: I know. It's been a really eventful day... you haven't watched the rest of the show?

KB: Nuh uh. We got a day off from practices tomorrow so we were goin' to get a whole bunch of food and watch it then. Did you kick Laura Davis' goofy ass?

[Michelle's eyes look over to Vasquez off-camera with a relieved smile on her face, then back to the phone.]

MB: In a way. Listen, before you watch, there's something I should talk to you about. Someone who wants to talk to you, too...

KB: Oh? Is it Ayako? She was tellin' me about some good trainin' tips...

[Juan takes a step towards Michelle, getting in the phone's line of sight. Kimmy's voice goes from excitedly talking about Ayako Fujiwara to one of surprise as she struggles to find the words.]

KB: ... I...

[Juan gives a quick wave to the phone, a warm smile on his face.]

JV: Hi Bailey.

[The noises coming from the phone range from confused to excited, as Kimmy tries to find the words, and Michelle goes to wipe a tear from her eye as Juan's smile grows to a grin.]

KB: ... it's really... you're actually... oh... oh my gosh, daddy!

[And with the excited scream that follows, we suddenly cut to black.]