

AWA
Saturday Night
Wrestling

November 12th, 2011

Crockett Coliseum
Dallas, Texas

[As we fade in, we heard the closing theme to the Fishing With Orlando Wilson show as the shot fades to black and is replaced with footage marked "TWO WEEKS AGO" where we see Supernova barreling across the ring towards a stunned Calisto Dufresne, attempting a Heat Wave corner splash. Dufresne dives to the side but Supernova extends his arms, grabbing the top rope and preventing himself from smashing into the buckles!]

GM: Dufresne moved but Supernova stopped himself short and-

[A big running clothesline alongside the ropes takes Dufresne off his feet. Reaching down, Supernova grabs the tuxedo tails, pulling hard as Dufresne struggles against his grip.]

GM: He's ripping and tearing at that tuxedo to boot, Bucky!

BW: This is awful! Absolutely awful!

GM: Supernova throws the tuxedo down to the mat - now what?!

[Reaching down, Supernova drags Dufresne up by the hair...

...and gets a thumb stuck into his eye!]

GM: Ohh! Cheapshot by Dufresne!

BW: Cheapshot?! This whole thing is a cheapshot by Supernova, Myers!

[Reaching down, Dufresne unhooks a leather belt from around his waist, pulling it out into the open...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Ohh! Dufresne whips him across the back with that leather belt!

[The Ladykiller winds up again, lashing it down across the wide back of the Number One contender, sending him staggering over into the ropes...

...where Dufresne loops the leather belt around the throat of Supernova!]

GM: Oh no! He's got the belt around the throat! He's trying to strangle the life out of Supernova!

[But the fan favorite twists into the pressure, coming face to face with Dufresne and cracking him with a right hand that knocks him down to the mat, the belt falling out of his hand. Supernova leans over, grabbing the legs of Dufresne.]

GM: Solar Flare! Solar Flare! He's gonna hook it on him again!

[The Ladykiller begins frantically kicking his legs, trying to avoid being trapped in the dreaded submission hold again. Supernova tries to hang on but the champion proves to be too wriggly, dragging himself under the ropes to the elevated ramp...

...and dragging himself out of his own pants in the process!]

GM: Oh my!

[The crowd ERUPTS into laughter at the sight of Calisto Dufresne, now standing in only his underwear out on the ramp. An angry Dufresne rushes down the ramp towards the back as Supernova mockingly puts on the shredded remains of the tuxedo jacket, strutting around the ring in it as we fade to black and to the sounds of Lynyrd Skynyrd's "Saturday Night Special."

A large white map of the United States fills the screen as the music plays. The shot zooms through the map, different states "popping up" into view as we race past them. As we pull back from the map, it no longer is white but rather made up of the Stars and Stripes.

The map goes into a spin, spinning round and round as we zoom all the way into it, dissolving into a few slow motion shots of animated men battling in a red, white, and blue ring. The animation runs through various wrestling moves from an atomic drop to a bodyslam to a piledriver.

And as the blue animaniac applies a clawhold on the white animaniac, we freeze and the AWA logo fills the screen.

After a moment, we fade away from the cheaply done intro to the interior of the Crockett Coliseum where over 4,500 fans have jammed into the building to watch their favorite AWA stars.

The ring sits in the middle of the oval-shaped seating area, surrounded by a metal barricade on all sides. The ringside seats are your standard steel chairs while tall wood and metal bleachers are erected all around the rear of the oval.

A long elevated entrance ramp runs from the entryway to the ring. On either side of the ramp stand two elevated platforms to be used for

interviews. One of these platforms is the home of Todd Michaelson's Money Pit, a "set" with fake walls and bags of money that is supposed to look like everyone's vision of the inside of a bank vault.

As we cut to the ringside area, atop thin black mats that cover the concrete floor of the former warehouse, we find two tables - one for the timekeeper and one for the announce duo.

Speaking of which, the camera cuts from the cheering crowd to the ringside area where we find the familiar faces of "No Descriptions Needed" Gordon Myers alongside "Big Bucks" Bucky Wilde - the best announcers in the game.]

GM: Good evening, fans, and welcome to another star-studded edition of Saturday Night Wrestling featuring all the superstars of the American Wrestling Alliance, THE Major League of Professional Wrestling. By my side as always is the three-time Announcer of the Year, Bucky Wilde.

BW: Gordo, we're gettin' real close to the holiday season and I've been hard at work on my Christmas wishlist. You know what's at the top of it?

GM: What's that?

BW: It's Calisto Dufresne beating Supernova so badly in two weeks at SuperClash III that Supernova wishes he'd invested in tear-proof makeup when he starts crying!

GM: I should know better than to fall for these setups. Fans, we are indeed under two weeks away from the biggest night of the year for the American Wrestling Alliance, SuperClash III, which will be coming to you LIVE on Thanksgiving night in Memphis, Tennessee at the DeSoto Civic Center. And if you can't be there in person in Memphis, then don't forget you can join us LIVE for the very first time on Internet Pay Per View! It's going to be a wild and exciting night of action all topped off by the National Title match between the champion, Calisto Dufresne, and the Number One contender, Supernova. We'll talk more about that - and all the other big matches that'll be happening on Thanksgiving night - later this evening. But for now, let's go right up to Phil Watson for our opening matchup!

[We crossfade to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... from Tulsa, Oklahoma... weighing 260 pounds... FLEX POWERS!

[The fittingly-named Flex strikes a big double bicep pose with a "YEAAAH, BAYBAY!" to the jeers of the crowd.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The sounds of a backing track resembling Paperboy's "Ditty" comes over the PA to the buzz of the crowd.]

"YOOOOOOOOOOO, LET'S KICK IT!"

BW: Aaaggghhhhhhh!

PW: ...from Alpharetta, Georgia, weighing in at three hundred and sixty-six pounds..

[The crowd roars at the sight of B.C. Da Mastah MC who strides through the curtain in a pink and black singlet splashed with both an AWA and SuperClash III logo.]

"Dallas, Texas - lemme hear ya!"

[Another big cheer!]

PW: B.C... DA MASTAH MC!

[And with that, B.C. starts his rap as you can just hear Bucky facepalm.]

BC: IT'S ALMOST TIME FOR A BIG OL' BASH!
A GROOVY LIL' THING CALLED SUPERCLASH!
AN EVENT FROM MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE
LIVE ON TH' INTERNET P-P-V!

BW: Can we.. can we stop this? Cut his mic? HEY! Are you dancing??

[Gordon is heard humming along to the beat as B.C. continues his dance down to ringside.]

BC: MY MAN SUPA-NOVA, HE'S GONNA BRING TH' HEAT
CALI-D? HE'S GONNA GO DOWN IN DEFEAT
WE GOT STEAL THE SPOTLIGHT, VEE-YOU AND DA LYNCHES
A-MART, RODGAHS, MATTHEWS AND TEMPLE WILL ALL BE IN STITCHES

BW: T-that.. that doesn't even rhyme.

GM: Who cares? This rap is awesome!

BW: Yea, if you're three years old.

[BC climbs onto the apron and waves his arms in the air, like he just don't care.]

BC: TO ALL MY HOMIES IN TEE-VEE LAND, HAVE NO FEAR
SUPERCLASH IS GONNA BE TH' SHOW OF THE YEAR!

YOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

YO! YO! YO! YO! GO! GO! GO! GO!

[BC climbs into the ring to the cheering crowd as Flex Powers has his fingers in his ear, trying not to hear the loud rap of the massive young rapper. The song slows down a bit as BC hands his microphone to a ringside assistant.]

BW: About time we get this show on the road.

“DING! DING! DING!”

[B.C. motions for Powers to lock up, but Powers shakes his head. Powers points at B.C., then flexes his arms as the crowd boos. B.C. shakes his head as he motions for the muscleman to lock up. Powers once again shakes his head, then motions for a test of strength.]

BW: I hope Flex throws this guy all the way to outer space. I wanna see this bright pink blob orbit the earth.

GM: Powers wants a test of strength here, and it looks like BC is going to oblige.

[B.C. locks hands with Powers in a test of strength, and neither man appears to budge.]

GM: B.C. is a huge guy with impressive strength! I think Powers underestimated the kid!

[Powers, frustrated that he's going nowhere with the test of strength kicks B.C. in his ample gut. B.C. lets go of the lockup, but doesn't appear to be all that fazed by the kick. Powers hits B.C. with another kick to the mid-section to little effect, then decides to go for a bodyslam!]

BW: Fat man gonna fly!

GM: Powers has him off his feet... No!

[While Powers did lift the big man off his feet, B.C. seemed rather unconcerned. Powers sets the rapper down, grimacing in agony. B.C. then grabs Powers and sends him to the mat with an effortless bodyslam!]

GM: B.C. made that look easy!

[B.C. flexes his muscles at Powers, as Powers retreats to the corner. Powers pulls himself to the feet as B.C. lumbers towards him, and Powers greets B.C. with a poke to the eyes!]

BW: There ya go! Everyone, big or small, can't stand an eye poke!

GM: A cheap way to get control of the match, come on now! Powers runs towards B.C. and nails him with a clothesline!

[The clothesline from Powers would have gotten most men off their feet, but it only staggers B.C.! Powers ponders the situation, then launches himself at B.C. again, and this time takes him down with a flying shoulder tackle!]

BW: EARTHQUAKE!

GM: Impressive shoulder tackle there by Powers! Powers dives on top of B.C.! One! Only one!

[B.C. throws the smaller Powers off of him, and sits up. Powers quickly gets to his feet and starts kicking at the back of B.C.'s head.]

GM: Powers stays on the attack, and yanks B.C. to his feet by his high top fade!

BW: The ref shouldn't be admonishing Powers here, the high top fade hasn't been cool since 1988.

[Powers fires at B.C. with a few right hands that stagger the big man. Powers once again goes for the slam..]

BW: He's got him up!!

GM: And down!! OH MY STARS!

[Powers starts flexing after his impressive display of strength.]

BW: Stay on him, Flex! You've got this!

GM: Powers going to the corner.. what's he doing?

[Flex starts slowly climbing the ropes. Halfway up, he starts to motion like B.C. motions when he wants his music to play.]

GM: What a jerk!

BW: I love this kid's moxie, but he really needs to do something, Gordo! B.C.'s getting to his feet!

[Flex, realizing that B.C. is getting up, tries to climb up to the top rope, but he's having a little bit of trouble getting his footing. B.C. shakes the cobwebs, as the crowd shows encouragement! Flex gets his balance and leaps... then the crowd erupts!]

BW: Oh no!

GM: OH MY STARS! Flex came off the top with a double ax handle, but B.C. caught him with an amazing dropkick as he was coming down right in the mush!

[B.C. gets up off the mat, then points to the downed Flex with a huge smile on his face! B.C. picks up Flex off the mat, and hurls the muscleman halfway across the ring. Flex scrambles to the corner, and pulls himself up, but B.C. shows no mercy!]

GM: B.C. launches himself... AVALANCHE! HE SQUISHED HIM!

[Bucky can only groan as B.C. tosses Flex into position. A smile crosses his face as B.C. points to the corner where he crushed Flex. The crowd cheers, knowing what's coming!]

GM: B.C., quickly to the outside, and starts scaling the corner!

BW: Where are my earplugs? I keep forgetting to bring 'em!

[B.C. motions for his music to play, and the "Ditty" knockoff starts to play over the PA. B.C. bobs his head, then launches himself off the top! as the crowd roars!]

GM: TURNTABLE!! ONE! TWO! THREE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Here is your winner.. B.C. DA MASTAH MC!!

[B.C. starts to get into the groove as the crowd roars in approval! He steps through the ropes and starts slapping hands with the crowd in celebration.]

GM: B.C. Da Mastah MC with an impressive win here tonight!

BW: Let me know when he beats someone in the top 10! His record's pretty good, but he can't win when it counts!

GM: B.C.'s getting better and better with each passing week, and he's got the crowd behind him! Who knows what 2012 has in store for the young lion from Georgia! Now, speaking of young lions, let's go back to Jason Dane who has a very special guest!

[Crossfade back to the interview platform.]

JD: Ladies and gentlemen, my guest at this time will compete in less than two weeks in the Steal The Spotlight elimination tag team showdown. He is quickly becoming one of the most popular competitors in the entire AWA - JEFF JAGGER!

["Zero" by Smashing Pumpkins comes blaring through the PA system in the Crockett Coliseum. The crowd responds with a warm cheer for one of the Combat Corner's newest graduates, "Carolina Crusher" Jeff Jagger. Jagger is clad in a pair of blue jeans, a dark gray sleeveless t-shirt and a pair of cowboy boots. Jagger smiles at the crowd reaction before heading over to the interview area, where Jason Dane awaits. The music dies down and Dane begins.]

JD: Jeff Jagger, welcome to Saturday Night Wrestling! I presume that since you're not on the schedule to wrestle tonight that you're here to address what happened with Skywalker Jones two weeks ago.

[Jagger nods in response.]

JJ: I gotta tell you, Jason... this guy is really tryin' my patience. I shouldn't be surprised after watchin' his antics every day in the Combat Corner, but he manages to out-do himself every week anyway. But I s'pose that's the way of a shameless self-promoter, ain't it?

[A smirk from the youngster.]

JJ: We all know my buddy Skywalker thinks pretty darn highly of himself an' his abilities inside the squared circle. I figured that bein' that he pinned my blades to the boards two weeks prior that he'd be rarin' to give it another go. Little did I know, though, that not only would he be too yellow-bellied to take me up on that offer, but he'd need even _more_ help than that blowhard, Higgins.

[A dark scowl plays across Jagger's faster.]

JD: I presume you're speaking about the man who came out of the crowd, Hercules Hammonds. Another fellow Combat Corner alum.

JJ: I ain't quite sure you can call him an "alum", Jason. This guy followed Jonesy 'round by his coattails day after day, carryin' his bags and makin' sure none of us smacked his l'il buddy upside the head for runnin' his mouth.

[A sigh.]

JJ: The more things change, the more they stay the same it looks like.

JD: What's next, then?

JJ: Pretty simple, really. I wanna twist Skywalker into knots. Skywalker says he's gonna go Steal the Spotlight.

[A shrug.]

JJ: So I went and put myself into Steal the Spotlight and I'm gonna give Jonesy exactly what he's got comin' to him!

[Pop!]

JJ: He can bring Higgins, Hercules an' whoever else can stand to be around him for more than five minutes. I'll go through all of 'em like a hot knife through butter, I promise you that!

JD: And if you win the Steal the Spotlight match? What then?

JJ: It's not obvious?

[A devious smile.]

JJ: ...I get to do it allllll over again. See ya' in two weeks, Jonesy.

[With a crowd pop at his back and "Zero" coming through the PA system once again, Jagger retreats back through the entrance portal as the shot fades to black. Cut to a very long shot of the exterior of a pretty dingy looking building.]

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

"Of your friends and family seeing you on television?"

[And just a little closer, revealing a red, white, and blue sign that reads "AWA Combat Corner."]

"Well, now you can make all your dreams come true by signing up today at the AWA Combat Corner - the official training school for the American Wrestling Alliance!"

[We cut to the interior of the building where we can see lots of standard gym equipment surrounding a very basic wrestling ring. There are people lifting weights, running on treadmills, and of course, working out in the ring.]

"With the very best trainers in the business, the AWA Combat Corner is the most-equipped training facility to get you in shape and get you in the ring in the shortest amount of time!"

[Cut into the ring where Todd Michaelson is barking out instructions.]

"With former World Champion Todd Michaelson leading the classes, you can guarantee that you will be prepared for in-ring action upon graduation and with the AWA expanding by the day, you will have a place to work on Day One!"

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

"So, stop by the Combat Corner today... call our offices... visit our website... and let them know that you want to be the next AWA Superstar! You want to be the future of the business!

You want to wrestle!"

[Fade to a graphic that has all the info on the AWA Combat Corner before we fade back to black...

...and then back up to live action where we find Mark Stegglet standing in the backstage area in front of an AWA backdrop, the AWA website address splashed below him.]

MS: Hello, fans! Mark Stegglet here with a Special Arena Report from the AWA Live Event Center!

[A graphic comes up that reads "STEAL THE SPOTLIGHT"]

MS: As we get closer to SuperClash III, questions still abound as to who will steal the final two spots in the Steal the Spotlight match. We've seen what winning the match can do for someone's career and the AWA locker room is full of hungry young athletes who are chomping at the bits for just such an opportunity. Last Saturday Night Wrestling, the Antons, Alex and Nick, made a claim on the final two spots. This did not sit well by the members of Playboy Enterprises and they had this to say...

[We fade to Bass, Casanova and Big Mama standing in front of a AWA backdrop with Playboy Enterprises splashed across it. The trio don't look to happy as Bass points a finger at the camera.]

Bass: Alex and Nick Anton want the last spots in the Steal the Spotlight match? [smirks] Boys, I think ya' went and bumped yer' heads thinking yer' gonna leave the best tag team in tha' AWA out of the equation. If anybody deserves to be in the Steal the Spotlight yer' looking at him right here! Myself and Johnny Casanova!

[Cut back to Mark Stegglet.]

MS: Johnny Casanova and Dick Bass were already scheduled to face the Antons that night, so all it took was a ruling by the Championship Committee to make the match the decider as to which team will take the final two spots in the Steal the Spotlight match at SuperClash. We've seen these two teams compete before and we knew, going into the match, that putting them in the same ring against each other was going to be a doozy, but we did not quite expect this. The Antons came into the match with their usual drive and gained the advantage early, but Casanova's smarts and a bit of shortcut-taking by Playboy Enterprises had the Antons reversing gears. Take a look at the closing moments of the match...

[Cut to footage marked "Saturday, November 5th - Memorial Coliseum, El Paso, TX." In the ring, Johnny Casanova has Alex Anton's leg tied up in a grapevine.]

CP: Bass and Nick Anton are just going at it on the outside!

KLAAANG!!!

JD: Dick Bass just whipped Nick Anton into the barricade... In the ring, Alex is trying to get to the ropes and break the hold. He is literal-

CP: He got it!

JD: And the fans are wild! Referee's giving Casanova the five count... He breaks it.

CP: Meanwhile, Alex's brother is just getting pummeled by Dick Bass.

[We see Alex slumped against the barricade as Bass tees off with a series of punches to his forehead. In the ring, Alex uses the ropes to pull himself back to his feet, while Casanova stalks him.]

JD: Alex is trying to regain his footing after the number Casanova did on his leg... Look out!

[Casanova comes charging towards Alex, but Alex manages to get under him and sends the Playboy's doughy frame flipping over the top rope to the outside. Cut to Bass as he drags Nick Anton away from the barricade and puts him in a front facelock.]

CP: Dick Bass is a dangerous individual and it looks like he's planning something for Anton on this barely padded concrete. Might be a DDT, Jason, or a vertical su-

JD: Saved by Alex Anton! Forearm to the back of Dick Bass' head!

CP: It's a mistake, Dane. Alex should have stayed on top of the Playboy, but instead he chose to save his brother. And the referee's starting the count!

ONE!!!

[Alex continues raining clubbing forearms across the back of Dick Bass. He locks on the front facelock and motions to his brother, who does the same on the other side of Bass.]

TWO!!!

[Cheers as the Antons pick Bass up, holding him upside down and dropping back to the padded floor.]

SMAAACK!!!

THREE!!!

JD: Holy vertical suplex, Colt! Talk about a turnabout...

[Alex is back on his feet, his arms raised triumphantly. In the background, we see Big Mama approaching, handbag in hand.]

FOUR!!!

CP: Why is he already celebrating? He needs to get on there like his brother and stay on top of the opponent.

JD: Watch out for Big Mama! You never know what she's packing in that handbag of hers...

FIVE!!!

[Big Mama is within striking distance as she raises the handbag above her head, but Alex turns suddenly around and stops her in her tracks. He wags his finger at her as she backs away...]

SIX!!!

CP: The referee's at six.

[Boos break out as from seemingly out of nowhere, Johnny Casanova takes Alex Anton out with a chop block.]

SEVEN!!!

CP: That's that Playboy smarts for you! He's been working on that wheel all night.

JD: Well, not smart enough, Colt, because here comes Nick Anton...
Shoulder tackle flattens Casanova!!!

EIGHT!!!

[Nick Anton looks down with disgust at the laid out Johnny Casanova, before checking on his brother.]

CP: Nick knows he's not the legal man, so he needs to get his brother back in the ring!

NINE!!!

JD: Dick Bass! Dick Bass has Delilah!

[Bass has the bullwhip coiled, but brandishes its handle like a club. Nick has his back to Bass as he comes charging towards the brothers. Alex shoves his brother away at the last second...]

TEN!!!

[And takes the bullwhip handle shot right across his forehead!]

DING! DING! DING!

JD: What?

CP: I think the ref's counted both teams out, Dane.

[Cut to Mark Stegglet.]

MS: Indeed, the match ended inconclusively with a double count-out, but neither team were willing to relinquish the point. It took the Chairman of the

Championship Committee and a whole security detail to separate them before he could deliver another ruling on behalf of the Committee.]

[Cut back to the recorded footage. Jon Stegglet is in the ring, with a mic in hand. On the outside, on one side of the ring, being held back by a group of referees and trainers, are the Antons. On the other side of the ring, being blocked off by security is one Dick Bass, while Big Mama has one arm around Johnny Casanova, trying to calm him down.]

JS: Now, clearly, nothing got settled in that match seeing as to how you four still want to tear each other apart. And we still don't have a decision as to who will take the final two spots in Steal the Spotlight. So here's what's going to happen... If four of you are too many for this ring to handle, we're going to break things down a bit... One-on-one, right here later tonight, with partners banned from ringside, we're going to have, first, Nick Anton taking on Dick Bass! And, then, "Playboy" Johnny Casanova against Alex Anton. The winner of each match gets a chance to Steal the Spotlight!

[The crowd cheers, but we can hear Casanova yelling no. He shakes his head vigorously as he calls for a mic.]

PJC: That ain't right, that ain't right!

JS: What's your problem now?

PJC: Me and Dickie B... we're partners... we're brothers in arms... we're family! We DESERVE the chance to win those spots together! We deserve to be in that ring together fighting!

JS: Playboy, if I didn't find you annoying, I'd say you make a good point. So, seeing that you'd prefer to be in the ring with your partner, here's how it's going to go down... Johnny... Dick... You two will face EACH OTHER right here tonight!

[Massive cheers from the fans. Jon Stegglet turns to address the Antons.]

JS: And I'm sure you boys have no problem with some brotherly competition. At SuperClash, both the Antons and Playboy Enterprises WILL be represented in the Steal the Spotlight Match. Good luck!

[Cut back to Mark Stegglet. The graphic shows Casanova and Bass and the words Partner vs. Partner.]

MS: And so the matches were set with Johnny Casanova facing his Playboy Enterprises partner for a spot in the Steal the Spotlight match...

[The graphic changes to show the Antons and the words Brother vs. Brother.]

MS: While the Antons would compete for that very same opportunity at SuperClash! Fans, when we come back, we'll show highlights from both

those matches and find out which two men will get their chance to Steal the Spotlight! We'll be right back!

[Fade to black.]

And then back up to a shot of Travis Lynch standing in front of a generic AWA logo.]

TL: You're watchin' AWA Saturday Night Wrestling on the WKIK Superstation where we're kickin' it up a notch!

[The shot of Lynch fades to one of Clayton Shaw.]

CS: WKIK is the official television network of America and we at the AWA are proud to be right here on WKIK! U-S-A! U-S-A! U-S-A!

[Shaw fades away to be replaced by BC Da Mastah MC.]

BC: When I'm sittin' at home flippin' the dial...
The only place I wanna be is showin' Gomer Pyle...
They got the Jetsons, Mama's Family, and the AWA...
Yeah, you know I'm talkin' 'bout W-K-I-K...

YO! YO! YO! GO! GO! GO!

[The shot of everyone's favorite wrestling rapper fades out to [Fade up on a shot of Mark Stegglet standing in front of an AWA backdrop, the AWA website address splashed below him.]

MS: Welcome back, fans, to the AWA Live Event Center with a Special Arena Report from me, Mark Stegglet! Right now, let's take a look at the highlights of the match between Alex and Nick, the Antons!

[Cut to footage marked "Saturday, November 5th - Memorial Coliseum, El Paso, TX." In the ring, the brothers Anton circle each other warily.]

JD: Collar-and-elbow! And immediately, it's Alex with the advantage. Go-behind. Might be a suplex attempt... Nick blocks it!

[Nick forces a break, slides under Alex's arms and finds himself behind his brother, locking his left arm in a hammerlock as he does so. Alex throws his free elbow backwards, but Nick ducks it, releasing the hammerlock as he does. With his brother turned around, Nick wraps his arms around Alex's legs, trying for a double leg takedown, but doesn't quite get all of it. Standing his ground, Alex wraps his arms around Nick's waist, lifts him off the mat and drops him on his front.]

CP: Now that's one way to knock the wind out of your opponent.

[Alex backs away from Nick, motioning for his brother to get up.]

CP: Brother or not, Alex Anton needs to learn to stay on his opponent.

JD: This young man always seems to have something to prove.

CP: Like this call for a test of strength? Proving you're stronger is only one factor in proving yourself the better man, Jason. Walk out of the match with a victory, that's how you conclusively prove you're the better man, even if for just this one night.

[The taller Alex seems to have the advantage in the test of strength, but Nick puts his shoulder against Alex and continues to push back against his brother. In response, Alex pushes back and forces Nick into the corner. The referee starts counting and Alex breaks at four. He jokingly pats his brother on the top of his head before backing away.]

CP: Now why would you do that?

JD: We know Alex likes playing to the fans and he's doing that ri-

CP: Wildcat Attack! Alex Anton just ate a spear.

JD: Nick Anton just exploded right out of that corner!

[Cut to later in the match, as Nick Anton lays a couple of clubbing forearms across Alex's bag as he pulls him to his feet.]

JD: Big Irish whip into the corner! Follows it up with a running clothesline!

[Nick pulls Alex out of the corner and picks him up in a fireman's carry.]

CP: He might be going for the Death Valley Driver here, Jason.

JD: Let's not forget this show of strength here, Colt. Alex Anton is not a small competitor by any means.

CP: But Nick is having a hard time keeping him up...

[Alex struggles and slides out of Nick's grasp.]

JD: He lost him, Colt. And just what is Alex trying to do?

CP: I think it's his turn to show off his strength. Could we see that backbreaker rack, Jason?

JD: Oh my God! He's got him up, Colt! He's locking in the Anatomical Torment...

CP: Not quite! He couldn't quite lock it in. Nick Anton with a massive German suplex!

JD: Cover! One! Two! Kickout!

[Cut to later still, as Nick has Alex in the Boston Crab.]

JD: Alex was so close to the ropes, but Nick dragged him right back to the center of the ring.

CP: Alex has nowhere to go. Either he submits, or he needs to somehow power through this.

JD: That looks to be exactly what he's trying to do.

[Despite the pain, Alex refuses to submit. Using his arms, he raises his torso for leverage and, in one swift move, sends Nick flying with his powerful legs.]

JD: Nick stopped himself! He would have crashed into the turnbuckles had he not put his hands out in front of him in time.

CP: And now he's going to the top rope.

JD: He's motioning for Alex to get up. I think we're going to see something big off the top rope!

[Slowly, but surely, Alex gets to his feet. He turns around just as Nick launches himself off the top rope.]

CP: He missed!

JD: Whether he saw it, or knew it was coming, Alex Anton dodged that bullet.

CP: Gutwrench suplex! For once he stays on top of his opponent.

JD: Cover! One! Two! Kickout!

[Cut to the closing moments of the match. Both Antons are laid out in the ring. The referee stands between them administering the ten count.]

FOUR!!!

JD: Both men on the same page as they collided with flying shoulder tackles in the center of the ring.

FIVE!!!

CP: Alex is stirring, as the fans are cheering both men on. They want to see a winner in this match. They want to see who gets a chance to Steal the Spotlight.

SIX!!!

[The cheers get louder as Alex Anton kips up to his feet.]

JD: What athleticism there by Alex Anton! And he's dragging his brother right back to his feet! Massive vertical suplex!

CP: He's got his arm still wrapped around Nick's head and neck as he drags Nick back up again. I think he's going for another one.

[From the front facelock position, Alex lifts Nick upside down. Instead of dropping him back, however, he approaches the corner and places Nick in a seated position on the top turnbuckle.]

CP: He's going for the superplex I think.

[Standing on the middle ropes, Alex tries to force his brother to the top, but Nick blocks it with his foot.]

JD: A forearm uppercut breaks Alex's hold! Now Nick grabs hold of Alex's head and just lays into it with his own.

[Cheers as the series of headbutts sends Alex reeling off the ropes. Nick shakes the cobwebs out and climbs to the top rope. Alex is back to his feet as Nick makes to launch himself off the top again. Alex ducks, but Nick still remains on the top rope. He leaps off, but instead of leading with his shoulder, he extends his right arm and lays Alex out with a clothesline.]

CP: ANTON ATOMIC!

JD: Cover! No! He picks Alex up. Hooks his arms! Lifts...

CP: A-BOMB! A-BOMB! A-BOMB!

JD: What an underhook powerbomb into the cover! One! Two!

DING! DING! DING!

JD: He did it! Nick Anton is heading to SuperClash with a spot in the Steal the Spotlight match! So, Nick defeats his brother Alex to move on to compete at SuperClash III where there's just so much on the line in Steal The Spotlight.

[The shot of Mark Stegglet is joined by a photo of a snarling Dick Bass on one side and a cocky, smiling Johnny Casanova on the other with "PARTNER VS PARTNER" under them.]

JD: But that leaves one spot left in the match. Would it be "Playboy" Johnny Casanova or "Dirty" Dick Bass heading into Memphis with the final spot in the match? What a match it was, folks! There were a lot of questions swirling going into the match. Would they be able to stay together after facing off with each other? Would either man, known for their dirty tactics, use them against one another? All that was answered and more in this showdown so let's take a look at some highlights from their matchup for the final spot in Steal The Spotlight!

[A small heading reading "Saturday, November 5th - Memorial Coliseum, El Paso, TX." We are greeted mid-match where Casanova is in the corner holding his chest as Bass lines him up....]

SLAP

CP: Another big chop across the chest of Casanova!

[Casanova walks along the ropes holding his cherry red chest as Bass is in pursuit. Bass grabs a fistful of hair and drives a big meat hook right between the eyes of Casanova. Bass whips him off the ropes and goes for a sloppy looking clothesline, Casanova ducks, stops behind Bass grabbing him by the neck and taking him down with a reverse neckbreaker.]

JD: Great counter by Casanova. Both men down. Casanova and Bass holding nothing back as they vie for the final spot in the Steal the Spotlight at SuperClash!

CP: This match so important to both men. Both are competitors. Both want to represent Playboy Enterprises.

[Casanova slowly gets to his feet as does Bass. Dick throws a haymaker that Casanova easily ducks and fires off one of his own followed by another and another...]

CP: Dick Bass rocked here! Casanova throwing everything he has into those punches.

[Bass stumbles into the corner where he is met with a big clothesline. As Bass slumps to the mat he is in perfect position as Casanova scales the second turnbuckle, points at his fist then jumps off the second turnbuckle nailing Bass between the eyes.]

JD: Casanova landing a big fist drop. He's fired up! He's holding up his fist, measuring his partner. Bass is out of it!

[Bass slowly gets to a knee trying to shake the cobwebs as Casanova stands off to the side, lining him up. Bass gets to his feet, turns around and walks right into a nasty lariat by Casanova.]

CP: Lateral press!! One!

CP: And Bass kicks out!

[Casanova doesn't look surprised as he stomps on his partner's head then brings him to his feet. He kicks Bass in the stomach, bowing him over, then positions Bass for a suplex.]

JD: Casanova going for a suplex!

[Casanova tries to lift Bass off his feet but can't! He grits his teeth and tries again to no avail. Casanova tries one more time, but Bass hooks his knee and sends Casanova up and over with a suplex!]

JD: Casanova couldn't get the near three hundred pounder over and now Bass has the advantage! Casanova is in pain. Bass is to his feet and stalking his partner.

[Bass picks up Casanova and throws him off the ropes catching with a knee to the gut sending Casanova head over heels. The momentum makes him get right back to his feet and turn right into a big lariat by Bass. Bass lines him up then drops a elbow across the throat. He hooks the leg to earn a two count before the Playboy kicks out.]

CP: Casanova kicks out! Both men want it badly!

[We return to Mark Stegglet standing in front of the AWA logo.]

MS: There was no doubt that both men wanted this match. Neither willing to give up as the two tag team partners went back and fourth. Due to time constraints we will now take you to the end of the match to see just who would go on to represent Playboy Enterprises in the Steal the Spotlight match.

[We return to the match.]

CP: Bass is down! Casanova signaling for a superkick! He hits this and it's over! Bass slowly getting to his feet, he's in no man's land, Casanova shaking his leg, making sure it's the perfect shot!

[Bass stumbles out and turns around..]

JD: Casanova fires!

CP: BASS CAUGHT HIS FOOT!

[Casanova bounces on one foot begging his partner to let go. Bass snarls and shakes his head. He swings Casanova's leg making the "Playboy" spin around, before Bass grabs him, picks him up and bring Casanova's back down across his knee!]

JD: The Bass Breaker!

[Bass hooks the legs as Casanova grimaces in pain.]

JD: One! Two! Three!

[Bass rolls off Casanova holding his arm high as Casanova holds his back in pain. Big Mama looks a little disappointed but claps as she enters the ring to check on Casanova. Casanova acknowledges he is fine and brushes her off as he gets to his feet squinting in pain. He turns so now both men staring at each other in the middle of the ring, emotionless. Bass extends his hand,

Casanova looks at it, then back at Bass before cracking a smile and accepting. Casanova holds up his partner's hand as we fade back to Mark Stegglet.]

MS: So Dick Bass picks up the win in a tremendous match against tag team partners and in the end walked out still a unit. Dick Bass will represent Playboy Enterprises at SuperClash III, Steal the Spotlight match. That is all the time we have for this week's edition of the Special Arena Report. I'm Mark Stegglet sending you back down to ringside!

[We crossfade from the backstage area to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are standing.]

GM: Thanks, Mark. So, the match is set - ten men set to Steal The Spotlight at SuperClash III and win a match of their choice before SuperClash IV. Now we know the ten men who will be in the match - but in just a little while, we're also going to find out the teams. Team captains Marcus Broussard and Stevie Scott will come out here and draft their teams in front of this great crowd in Dallas, Texas.

BW: And I can't wait for that. Eight competitors to choose from. It's bigger than the NFL and NBA drafts all rolled into one! Who's gonna be the #1 Draft Pick?!

GM: If it was you with the first pick, who do you go for?

BW: That's a hard call to make, Gordo. You've got a former Olympian like Sultan Azam Sharif. You've got perhaps the toughest guy in the match in Raphael Rhodes. The greatest pure athlete in the match in Skywalker Jones. The future of this sport in Pedro Perez. Plus a rugged, tough son of a gun like Dick Bass.

GM: How can you ignore choices like Jeff Jagger and Nick Anton? And what about the Mystery Entrant? That's gotta be something big for the front office to keep his name under wraps until Thanksgiving Night. But like you said, Bucky, there's some tough choices in there. It's decision time here on Saturday Night Wrestling so let's go to Jason Dane and Mark Stegglet!

[We crossfade back up towards the entrance area where Jason Dane and Mark Stegglet are standing side by side.]

JD: Thanks, Gordon. It's a big moment here on Saturday Night Wrestling as we put the decisions in the hands of the two men who will be team captains in just under two weeks at SuperClash III for Steal The Spotlight. And for the first time, we WILL have a new Steal The Spotlight winner as the previous two-time winner is out of the match.

MS: That's right. There's a lot of top notch talent in this match - a lot of guys who are hungry for success and would love an opportunity to walk out of Memphis with a shot at the National Title in their back pocket, Jason.

JD: It's not just a shot at the National Title, Mark - it's ANY match that the sole survivor wants. If someone like Nick Anton or Dick Bass wins it, they could choose to go after the National Tag Team Titles instead. Maybe someone wants a shot at Robert Donovan and the Longhorn Heritage Title.

MS: Maybe someone wants the chance to get in the ring with a living legend - someone like Alex Martinez or Jeff Matthews.

JD: All of those are possibilities for the winner. But right now, let's introduce the captains for this matchup. To keep this under control, Mark and I will be going to separate interview platforms for the draft. So, if you will, Mark...

[Mark Stegglet nods, moving to the set of the Money Pit as Jason Dane walks towards the other platform.]

JD: First, the team captain who will be joining Mark on the set of the Money Pit...

[The sounds of Soul Coughing's "Super Bon Bon" kicks in to a big explosion of jeers.]

JD: He was the first man to wear the AWA National Title... one of the greatest technical wrestlers in the world... and a man who believes he should be the Number One contender to the National Title...

The San Jose Shark...

MARCUS BROUSSARD!

[The San Jose Shark strides through the curtain in a black suit and white dress shirt. He smirks at the reaction of the jeering fans, hands on his hips as he surveys them. With a wave behind him, we see "Agent To The Stars" Ben Waterson walking through the curtain as well. Similarly dressed, Waterson looks enraged at the reaction of the crowd as he escorts Broussard onto the set of the Money Pit where Mark Stegglet is waiting for them. Broussard carries a clipboard, while Waterson is holding an iPad.]

JD: And now... the opposing team captain...

[The music changes to "Everything About You" by Ugly Kid Joe to a big cheer!]

JD: He is a two-time AWA National Champion... and he too has been here since the very beginning... a man who believes that HE should be the Number One contender to the National Title...

"Hotshot"... STEVIE SCOTT!

[The former leader of the Southern Syndicate strides through the curtain, shaking his head at the big reaction of the fans. He promptly points a finger over at Broussard who waves him on.]

BW: Marcus wants to do this right now!

GM: That's not what these men are out here for. Get some control, gentlemen.

[A sea of AWA security emerges from the curtain, blocking Scott's path to Broussard and escorting him backwards. After a few moments, he shakes his head and joins Jason Dane on the other platform.]

JD: Stevie, Marcus... welcome to Saturday Night. You both know why we're out here tonight. This is the official draft for the Steal The Spotlight showcase to be held on Thanksgiving Night at SuperClash III. It will be a ten man elimination match. If the opposing team is completely eliminated and more than one man remains on the winning team, that team will face off until they are down to one man. That man will be declared the winner of the match and will receive a match of their choice any time before SuperClash IV. There was a coin toss held before the show to see who would go first and I understand that Stevie, you won the coin toss and you will pick first.

[Stevie nods and grins.]

HSS: That's right, Dane-o. Tails never fails.

[A glance at Broussard.]

HSS: Not that you know anything about getting tail, Sharkie.

[Pop! Stevie taps his chin.]

HSS: Now...first pick, first pick. Who do I want? Hmmmm.

[More intentional chin-rubbing and fake quizzical looks do nothing but get Broussard riled up. The San Jose Shark yells at Stevie to hurry up.]

HSS: Hold your horses, man. This is a big deal. There's a lot riding on this pick.

[He nods.]

HSS: Alright, I'm thinking you gotta have someone on your side in this thing that's nuttier than a Christmas fruitcake at your Aunt Bertha's house, Marco. So with that in mind, my first pick is...

SULTAN! AZAM! SHARIF!

[Waterson in particular balls his fists in anger and grimaces, but Broussard turns to him and says something in a low tone, then grabs the microphone.]

MB: Good pick Stevie, he was definitely at the top of our list. But it's clear that there's some dissension in that camp. We need someone on our team who is on the same page with us, even if we might not be best of friends.

And when you gotta get the most out of your Stevie hatin' buck, there's only one name to call.

Raphael Rhodes!

[The crowd "Ohhhhhh"s at that. Waterson and Broussard high five, and then Waterson leans into the microphone.]

ATTSBW: Enjoy your lunch through a straw, Stevie. Tell us how the hospital food is!

[Broussard turns to Waterson and nods, as if to say, "Good one," as Stevie just nods and smiles.]

HSS: Oh yeah. Oh. Yeah. Nice pick. Get the guy who thinks he needs revenge on me? Like I didn't see that coming.

[Eye roll!]

HSS: I passed on him for a reason, slick. He's your problem now.

MB: No, when he takes your knee out for humiliating his family, that's gonna be your problem.

[Stevie smirks.]

HSS: Right, right. Except I think you forgot about that shrimp standing at your side there?

[He points at Waterson.]

HSS: Yeah, he was kinda involved in that whole Rhodes business, too. His idea, in fact.

[Animatedly, Stevie covers his mouth in shock.]

HSS: Aw, man! I wasn't supposed to let the cat out of the bag, was I, Benji-poo? Sorry 'bout that.

Anyway, back to the picking. I'm thinking we need some energy. Some youthful exuberance, if you will, to compliment the experience of myself and Le Sultan. So I'mma go with the youngster from Carolina...

JEFF! JAGGER!

[Broussard grabs the microphone before Stegglet can think about it and talks.]

MB: Good, I hoped you would pick him. Figured you'd pick a whipping boy, someone to pick up your dry cleaning.

HSS: Yeah, I need someone to fill Waterson's role.

[Off mic, Waterson looks at Stevie and yells something back at him, brandishing his iPad threateningly.]

MB: If it's energy you wanted, Hotshot, you picked the wrong guy. You _should_ have picked _my_ second draft pick...

Sky. Walker. Jones.

BW: Yes! Great pick, Shark, that kid's a superstar in waiting! Good pick!

[Stevie mock claps.]

HSS: Well done. Well. Done. Hey, when pro wrestling doesn't work out for you, I bet you could get a job in the Oakland Raiders' front office with picking ability like that.

[Steviegrin~!]

HSS: OK, I shall momentarily pause my verbal beatdown of you to prepare for the one of a physical variety. So far we got me...Sultan...Jagger...

[Stevie counts off the team members on his fingers as he names them off. He then pauses, squinting his eyes as if in thought.]

HSS: Seems to me like we need some muscle. So how's about we go with a little bit of...

NICK! ANTON!

[The crowd cheers for the Northwestern grad but Broussard just shrugs it off. Waterson crosses something off and then shows the iPad to Broussard, who nods.]

MB: Even better. The thought of that man on my team makes me wretch. You've filled your team with a bunch of thoughtless, mindless wanna be mad dogs. My team is based on calculated decisions, and is filled with people who are goal oriented-

HSS: Dude. You sound like you're interviewing for people to work at Target.

[Broussard puts his hands up, frustrated with Stevie's continual running commentary.]

MB: Fine. Let me re-phrase. I'm picking someone who was trained by the best technical wrestler on the planet, so he can tie your wise ass into knots at SuperClash. And his manager is the smartest man in the business.

Pedro Perez. Trained by _me_. Managed by Ben.

[Stevie shakes his head.]

HSS: OK, I'm not even going to make fun of you anymore. It's like watching Waterson get turned down at the hotel bar at closing time. Seriously, beer goggles don't even help that guy.

[A chuckle.]

HSS: Anywho, last pick. This team I have assembled, it has a little bit of everything. But I think we're missing something.

I think we need to get...dirty.

[A smirk.]

HSS: So without further ado, and in this guy's case, probably without bathing in the last several weeks, I'm finishing things off with...

DICK! BASS!

[Broussard nods as Waterson shows him the iPad, and Marcus grits his teeth and nods, saying "Ok, I got it."]

MS: What this means, gentlemen-

MB: What this means, Stegglet, is that we're left with the mystery partner. Another ploy to grab attention and shock the world, but let me allay your concerns. It doesn't matter who was signed to be my partner, you won't need the extra eyes they bring.

The Big Gun of the AWA is and always has been Marcus Broussard, the Ace of the AWA is in the building. If it's attention you're seeking, it's problem solved, because people can't help but watch me.

[Broussard hands the clipboard to Waterson, and loosens his collar.]

MB: The world will be watching at SuperClash, and there's going to be a whole new audience via internet Pay Per View. That means a whole new set of eyes to watch the team I built destroy that bunch of misfits you chose, Hotshot. That means people are gonna watch AWA for the first time and the lasting image in their head is going to be me locking in the Clutch and giving you three choices.

You can pass out, you can tap out or your leg can pop out of place.

I've never lied to the people, I've never made a claim I couldn't back up. The San Jose Shark will steal the spotlight at SuperClash, and reclaim the title I made famous.

[With that, Broussard shifts the mic over to Waterson.]

ATTSBW: Consider. Yourselves. Warned.

[With a snicker, Waterson gives the microphone back to Broussard who addresses it one last time.]

MB: The pleasure's been all yours, peon.

[Broussard shoves the microphone back to a startled Stegglet and the duo exits. Stevie watches, grinning the whole time, and after the two have hit the floor, he grabs the mic out of Dane's hand.]

HSS: Seriously, man. You don't really _believe_ all that crapola you just spewed, do you? Has he convinced you that you're still relevant?

[Broussard and Waterson stop and turn back toward the ring.]

HSS: The big gun is..and always has been...Marcus Broussard.

Well, pal...at least you got two words right there. Can you guess which two?

[Stevie pauses, laughing.]

HSS: Has. Been.

[Big pop! Waterson points and yells at Stevie while Broussard just stares a hole through him.]

HSS: Always have been the...

[Air quotes, extra cheesy for emphasis.]

HSS: ..."big _gun", huh? Does that include all the times you've pouted like the little hoo-hah you are and run back to San Jose with your tail betwixt your legs?

Or wait...does that include the time you had the SOOOOOPER NEEENJA at your side to do your evil bidding?

[The two-time National Champion throws some karate chops in the air and then shakes his head.]

HSS: The only thing you've ever been the best at here, Marco, is quitting when things don't go your way. So let me save you the trouble and advise you to go ahead and quit right now, because when SuperClash rolls around?

Things are _definitely_ not going to go your way.

[The sounds of Ugly Kid Joe kick in once more to a big cheer as Stevie Scott throws the mic in an exaggerated skyhook into the waiting hands of Jason Dane.]

GM: The teams are set! Steal The Spotlight is set! This is gonna be something else! Fans, we've gotta take a quick break but we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling!

[Fade to black.]

We fade back from black to a shot of a pair of young kids sitting in an inflatable pool on what appears to be a really hot day.

Kid #1: It's so hot.

Kid #2: It's really hot. I feel like I'm going to melt into this pool.

Kid #1: You know what we could really use?

[With an EXPLOSION OF LIGHT AND SMOKE, we get Sweet Daddy Williams, holding an ice cream bar in each hand.]

KIDS: AWA ICE CREAM BARS!

[A voiceover begins as the kids grab the ice cream from a reluctant SDW.]

VO: Just in time for all your end-of-summer parties, the AWA Ice Cream Bars feature a graham cracker crust imprinted with your favorite AWA stars like:

[A bar appears with Violence Unlimited on it.]

VO: Violence Unlimited!

[Another one arrives.]

VO: Supernova!

[A third.]

VO: Robert Donovan!

[And then back to a grinning Sweet Daddy Williams.]

SDW: And me!

[The rotund fan favorite takes a big bite, grinning a big ice cream-covered smile.]

VO: Try it now in vanilla, chocolate, strawberry, and mint chocolate chip! Available now at AWA events everywhere and your local Walgreens!

[Back to the kids and SDW eating ice cream as we fade to black.]

We crossfade back up to live action where Mark Stegglet is standing backstage between Lori Dane and Melissa Cannon, dressed in matching red and white AWA Combat Corner t-shirts.]

MS: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling, fans... and as you can see, I've been joined by the Queen of Extreme, Lori Dane, and her protege, Melissa Cannon. Ladies, two weeks ago, Melissa was scheduled to face Holly Hotbody in one on one action... but Ms. Hotbody and her unknown partner-in-crime had other ideas. In fact, if it hadn't been for you, Lori, that situation could have been very bad for Melissa.

[Dane nods.]

LD: But there wasn't a chance of that happening, Mark. I've been watching this Hotbody situation pretty closely since she showed her surgically enhanced face around here. See, I don't trust her... and two weeks ago, we saw why I was right NOT to trust her. She had no intention of facing Melissa straight up - that's just not her style.

But we were ready.

[Cannon speaks.]

MC: Holly Hotbody walks around here telling everyone how great she is. She wants everyone to believe SHE'S the one that the AWA can build a Women's Division around. But the fact of the matter is when it came time to stand behind her words, she went out and found somebody else to do the physical stuff for her. I got jumped from behind, I took a bit of a beating, and like you said, Mark, if it wasn't for Lori - things could've been a lot worse.

MS: Speaking of that, the last time you two were in a ring together... you weren't exactly on friendly terms. What happened?

LD: Hey, I never had a problem with Melissa other than I wanted her to get back in that ring and fight. Everything I did, I did to achieve that.

[Dane smirks.]

LD: And it looks like I got my wish. She stood up to me, she fought me back in March, and she beat me on top of all that. But she's not done, Mark.

MS: No?

MC: No. Holly Hotbody... you and your friend... we're here to challenge the both of you.

MS: What?!

MC: That's right. On Thanksgiving Night, you'll have to drag yourself away from the table and bring yourself down to Memphis, Tennessee. You want your chance to be the focus of the AWA? Well, we're going to give you that chance. The first women's tag team match in AWA history?

[Melissa smiles.]

MC: Yeah, we're all about that. We'll see you in Memphis... ladies.

[Lori and Melissa exit the scene.]

MS: A challenge had been made! The first EVER women's tag team match in AWA history... and it may go down at SuperClash! Unbelievable! Gordon, Bucky - back to you!

[Crossfade back down to ringside.]

GM: Wow! That's big news coming out of Mark Stegglet, Bucky! The first ever women's tag team match - a challenge has been made!

BW: And I don't think you have to worry one bit about that challenge being accepted. Holly Hotbody and her friend, whoever she is, will have no problem polishing off their Thanksgiving dinner with a little beating of Cannon and old lady Dane.

GM: We'll see about that. Fans, let's go up to the ring for more action.

[Crossfade to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: This next contest is scheduled for one fall, with a 10 minute time limit! Introducing first, hailing from Capetown, South Africa and weighing in at two-hundred and seventy-one pounds. He represents all that is pure, here is... COLONEL P.W. DE KLERK!

[There is no entrance music as de Klerk appears on the entrance ramp. The crowd boos relentlessly as de Klerk takes a few steps and stops, his left arm behind his back. He uses his right arm to twist his handlebar mustache and peer out at the crowd. He offers them a military salute and continues to the ring. He climbs into the ring and raises his right arm above his head, hand balled into a fist and then offers another military salute to the crowd.]

PW: And his opponent, coming down the aisle, hailing from Peducah, Kentucky and weighing in tonight at one hundred and ninety-five pounds, here is ALPHONSE GREEN!

[Bursting through the curtains is the young Kentucky native, Alphonse Green. Green hops around, hooting and hollering to the crowd to little reaction.]

GM: This young man's been on a bit of a roll as of late, but staring down the aisle at him is a man that's been winning a lot of matches himself at live events!

[Green raises his right arm, trying to lead the crowd in a "USA" chant as he jogs down the aisle. The folks at home can barely hear the chant, but Green seems satisfied enough with his efforts. He hops onto the apron, and quickly steps through the ropes. He jogs over to one corner to try to continue to pump up the crowd.]

BW: de Klerk's not the ham and egger that Alphonse Green's been taking on recently. If Green wants the crowd to get into him., he's gonna have to start winnin', and winnin' decisively.

GM: Time to see if Green can step up his game here.. but first, it appears that we're about to be joined by Jason Dane!

[Dane is coming down the aisle, telling the official for the match not to ring the bell as of yet. Dane has an envelope in his hand as he quickly gets into the ring. He asks for the microphone as he approaches Green.]

JD: If I may hold up the proceedings here for just a second?

[The referee, noticing that Green and de Klerk want to get it started, sends both men back to their corners.]

JD: Good. Now, Alphonse, as I told you two weeks ago, I've been running a poll on our website, and at live events about you, just to see if the fans are behind you or not.

[Green nods his head enthusiastically, thinking that he's got the support of the people.]

JD: Now, ten minutes ago, I closed the poll and printed out the results. I have the envelope right here, so if I may, I'd like to announce the results at this time.

[Green gets uncomfortably close to Dane, a huge grin on his face as Dane opens up the envelope and pulls out a piece of paper. Dane unfolds the envelope, turning away from Green to keep the results from Green's prying eyes.]

JD: Alphonse Green, the fans of the AWA have spoken.. with an overwhelming 87% of the vote..

[Dane slowly turns his head towards Green's Joker-like grinning face.]

JD: They have voted... nay. I'm sorry.

GM: Somehow this doesn't surprise me at all.

[The grin on Green's face evaporates as Dane shakes his head and repeats the "I'm sorry" part of his message. Green tries to weakly protest the results of the poll as Dane shrugs his shoulders and quickly ducks out of the ring. de Klerk, with a huge grin on his face now, quickly takes advantage of the sullen Green as the ref calls for the bell.]

DING DING DING

BW: I tell ya, Gordo, Green looked like someone shot his dog right in front of him when Dane broke the news.

GM: Green expected the support of all these people, but he was trying way too hard to earn their support, and didn't seem to have the natural charisma or ability to get them behind him.

[de Klerk stomps away viciously at the back of Green's head, as the referee tries to pull him off of Green. de Klerk slowly backs away as it appears that Green doesn't want to get back up.]

BW: I don't always agree with these people out there, but sometimes they ain't stupid. The kid doesn't have that 'it' factor.

[The ref checks in on Green, who hasn't moved a muscle since de Klerk knocked him to the canvas.]

BW: If an ax-handle smash and a bunch of stomps puts this kid away early on, then this kid really needs a new line of work.

GM: I don't think he's out of it, Bucky, I think he's.. it looks like he's whimpering?

[The camera can pick up sounds of what appears to be crying from Green. de Klerk moves in on the prone form of Green despite the referee's protest. He yells "GET UP!" as he quickly pulls Green to his feet.]

GM: de Klerk not waiting for Green.. and he delivers a vicious gut wrench suplex!

[de Klerk quickly makes his way back to his feet, and looks down at Green, and steps over Green's throat to a small chorus of boos! de Klerk pulls Green back up to one knee, then backs away. Sensing that Green's heart is not in this match, de Klerk starts daring the youngster to hit him.]

GM: I hate to say this, Bucky, but you're probably right about Green needing to do something else with his life. de Klerk's just mocking Green at this point.

BW: de Klerk wants a fight, but Green's not givin' him one. Green simply gives too much of a damn what these people think.

[Rolling his eyes at Green, de Klerk moves in and delivers a vicious knee to Green's midsection. de Klerk follows it up with a couple more, sending Green back into the corner.]

BW: It works for the Marleys and the Supernovas of the world.

GM: de Klerk with vicious elbow to the side of Green's head, and another. Bucky, guys like Rick Marley, Stevie Scott, and Supernova have that charisma, that look, that natural ability to get the fans behind them and interested in their matches. There's an Irish whip from the Colonel, and he charges in with a clothesline!

[Green slumps down in the corner, and puts up both hands, appearing to beg off.]

BW: He's gonna have to change his attitude if he wants to stick around. Begging and whimpering and pleading for the fans to like him ain't gonna put the dollars in his bank account. Go hard or go home.

GM: For once, I've agreed with everything you've said in a match, Bucky.

BW: Yeah, well, don't get used to it, Gordo.

[As this exchange was going on, de Klerk yanked Green to his feet by his hair. de Klerk, mocking Green's begging for mercy, hauls off and slaps Green across the face! de Klerk backs off again, and does a come on gesture, hoping that slap gets Green's fighting spirit going. All it did was send Green slumping once again in the corner.]

GM: Green's not gonna fight back here, just finish this match already.

BW: Looks like de Klerk's way ahead of ya.

[de Klerk, realizing that Green's not fighting back, yanks Green to his feet. de Klerk quickly steps out onto the apron, and climbs to the top rope, holding Green up by his hair the entire time. de Klerk, mocking the crowd, puts his knee on the back of Green's head once he reaches the top rope, and falls forward, driving Green's face into the mat!]

GM: That mercifully should be it! The referee drops down.. one, two.. oh come on!

BW: Looks like de Klerk's gonna punish Green for wasting his time here!

[de Klerk pulls Green up by his hair, and shakes his head at the referee. The referee protests, but de Klerk ignores the referee as he yanks Green to his feet.]

GM; de Klerk grabbing Green by his hair, and rocks him with an european uppercut! Another one! and another! The referee can step in at any time now!

BW: de Klerk wants to enjoy every second he lost lookin' for a fight here, Gordo.

[Seeing that Green's out on his feet, de Klerk smiles, and starts tussling Green's hair, to ruin the Moe Howard style haircut Green's proud of.]

BW: I hate that hair style anyway. Seriously, how can anyone expect to win support with that kinda haircut. That's bothered me since the start! It makes him look like he came to the arena on a short yellow bus!

GM: I, uh... yeah, that haircut is a bit goofy. de Klerk's continuing to treat Green like a toy here, he's completely messed up his hair. A kick to the gut

from de Klerk, and he's got him in a standing headscissors... there's the State of Emergency!

[de Klerk dusts off his hands, and rolls Green over. de Klerk stands up and puts his foot on Green's chest, and the referee makes the three count.]

DING DING DING

PW: Here is your winner, COLONEL P.W. DE KLERK!

[de Klerk spits down at Green, then starts to kick him towards the ropes and out of the ring.]

BW: de Klerk kicked Green out of his ring, and may as well have kicked him out of the AWA!

GM: After that performance tonight, I wouldn't be surprised if we don't see Green again. Uh oh... it looks like we're about to be joined here at ringside by the Colonel...

[The camera shot cuts to ringside where Gordon Myers rises from his seat, holding out a mic to Colonel de Klerk.]

GM: A dominant victory for you tonight, Colonel.

[de Klerk looks disdainfully at Myers.]

PWdK: This? This is the best that the American Wrestling Alliance can offer to me, Gordon Myers?

GM: Well, I think we both know that's not true. This young man just had his heart-

PWdK: I care nothing for his heart, Myers! His heart is what I just ripped out, threw down on the canvas, and stomped on! His heart beats no longer just like the heart of the United States of America!

[That'll do it, drawing a ton of jeers from the crowd.]

PWdK: The truth hurts, I see. But a painful truth is what is needed sometimes to gain true clarity. I look around at this crowd - filled with the unemployed, the lazy, the slovenly, the obese with their chubby fingers wrapped around your American hot dogs - and it makes me weep. It makes me weep for the potential your country used to have...

...before your Civil War.

[Gordon looks shocked.]

GM: What are you implying?!

PWdK: You know quite well what I am saying, Gordon Myers.

GM: I believe I do... and I think that's quite enough out of you.

[de Klerk raises a hand.]

PWdK: Obviously, you are not sophisticated enough to handle a political discussion rationally. Instead, we will speak of something you are PAID to handle. Tell me, Gordon Myers... why is the South African nation not represented at your SuperClash?

GM: Are... are you asking me why you're not on the show?

PWdK: Precisely. It is quite obvious that your Championship Committee continues to persecute me for my political beliefs to their own detriment. Can you honestly look at the lineup for this event and say that there are people on there better than me?

GM: Well... yes!

[The crowd roars for Myers as de Klerk glares at him.]

PWdK: You push your luck, little man. Can you honestly say that a savage Iranian beast like Sharif deserves an opportunity to steal the spotlight over myself? Can you tell me that piece of Texas trash, Travis Lynch-

[BIG EXPLOSION OF BOOS!]

PWdK: -deserves an opportunity to wrestle Rex Summers over myself? And can you really look at that transvestite Supernova with his makeup and his dyed hair is WORTHY of being in the Main Event?

GM: I can say that all of those things are true!

[Another big cheer for Gordon! de Klerk looks around at the crowd with disgust.]

PWdK: You're as blind as these savages in the crowd, Myers. None of these things are true. None of them are accurate. The only thing that is true is that Colonel P.W. de Klerk has been ROBBED once again because of his political beliefs!

GM: And we have no desire to hear about those beliefs again. Thank you for joining us, Colonel. Fans, we'll be right back.

[de Klerk twists his mustache in disdain as we fade to black.]

We fade back up on a shot of Mark Stegglet standing in front of an AWA backdrop, the AWA website address splashed below him.]

MS: Hello, fans! And welcome to the AWA Live Event Center! I'm Mark Stegglet and you fans in Nashville, Tennessee, had better get ready because the AWA is coming to town on Saturday, November 19th, for another night

of AWA arena action! The Gentry Complex will be rockin' this weekend when all the stars from the AWA come to town just DAYS before SuperClash III!

[The shot cuts away from Stegglet to a graphic that starts to show some of the advertised competitors.]

MS: It will be non-title action when Calisto Dufresne tangles with Sweet Daddy Williams! The Aces will be in action! The Blonde Bombers will be in the house! Plus, it'll be a special LIVE edition of the Money Pit when Supernova speaks to Todd Michaelson just days before the biggest match of his life!

[The shot changes back to Stegglet.]

MS: Fans, you do not want to miss it when the AWA comes to your town!

[A graphic comes up with ticket information for a moment before we fade to black...

And then back up to live action to the interview position where Jason Dane waits with a clearly agitated "Showtime" Rick Marley. The dark haired cruiserweight is dressed for business, the slight smirk that's been evident on his features since his return to AWA is gone, replaced by a barely contained scowl. Dane, mic in hand, nods and begins to speak.]

JD: Ladies and gentlemen, I'm here with "Showtime" Rick Marley, who's still clearly outraged at what was revealed on our last Saturday Night Wrestling...

[Marley reaches over and slowly takes the mic from Jason Dane with a shake of his head. Eyes closed, "Showtime" raises the mic to his lips and pauses to gather his thoughts...]

RM: I...

[pause]

RM: Jason, outraged doesn't even BEGIN to describe how I feel about what Monosso did. That piece of trash he...

[pause...then a shake of the head.]

RM: The ironic thing is that it's not even the fact that he's responsible for ending my father's career... for breaking the old man's back so that he was in traction for all of that time.

Don't get me wrong: That's bad enough.

[Pause. A shake of the head, then he continues]

RM: And believe it or not, it doesn't bother me that he's threatening to end my career. Better than him have tried...hell, I've had a Russian Chain drilled

into my throat here in AWA. I've had more people than I can count make the good old college try of putting me out to pasture. Better men than James Monosso have tried.

...

No...what bothers me wasn't the fact of what happened or the promises that Monosso made about what's to come for me. What bothers me is that after what that scum did to my old man, that he had the nerve to come out and flaunt it in his face...to BRAG about doing it to some other guys in Japan... then to laugh it off like it didn't mean anything.

[Marley closes his eyes for a moment once again, shaking his head.]

RM: It may not have meant anything to you, Monosso...but it meant a HELL of a lot to me.

I was there watching my father try to get through his day, barely able to move because of what you did to that man's back...I was there when he almost lost everything because you took away his livelihood. I was there when the bankers came calling...I remember it all.

So the FACT that you hurt him? That's low, but something I could live with.

The FACT that you came out to rub it in his face...to embarrass him and try to scare him about his kids' safety? I've got a big honkin' issue with that, Monosso...a BIG issue.

That won't stand...and when we're finished, neither will you.

[Jason Dane reaches out to take the mic, but Marley holds on.]

RM: Sorry, Jason...but I can't Q & A on this one. Yes, I mean what I'm saying. Monosso's like a rabid dog that's been allowed to run around for too long. You can't reason with a rabid dog. You can't hope it'll get better on its own.

There's only one thing to do when it goes rabid like this...you take care of the problem.

Monosso, I'll make this simple so you can follow along through the voices:

SuperClash.

Me and you.

One on one.

You want to show everyone that you're as bad as you say? Let's dance, nutjob. Because, unlike a lot of other guys in this place, I'm not afraid of you.

You're crazy?

I've fought crazier.

You're violent?

I've fought sociopaths.

So let's do this. Let's get you your payday and get me and all of the people at home what we want: The chance to feed you your teeth.

Welcome to the next level.

[Marley hands the mic back to Jason Dane and stalks off the stage.]

JD: I think we just had another match added to SuperClash! What more can we see on Thanksgiving Night?! Good grief! Gordon, Bucky - back to you at ringside!

[We crossfade down to ringside where the announce team is standing. Bucky seems to stifling a laugh.]

GM: Thanks for that, Jason. Rick Marley has laid down a very PERSONAL challenge for SuperClash and- Bucky Wilde, what are you laughing at?!

BW: How can you do it, Gordo? How can you cover that news with a serious face? Rick Marley just walked out here in front of God and all creation and just signed his friggin' death warrant! He says he's faced men crazier and more violent than James Monosso? Listen up, kid. Just 'cause you've spent the last two years playing around somewhere else, that don't mean squat around here. You have NEVER faced someone crazier than James Monosso because that just don't exist. You have NEVER faced someone more violent than James Monosso for the same reason. You want to talk yourself into it, go for it... but don't expect any of us to buy it.

GM: Rick Marley is a man determined, a man focused, a man who is doing this for his family, Bucky.

BW: That's a great story to sell the Pay Per View but the fact of the matter is that if you're really torn about whether or not to buy SuperClash and you're a Rick Marley fan, you may want to do it so you can see his last match.

GM: You're unbelievable, Bucky. Fans, we've got more action coming up in just a moment but during the commercial break, we were informed that due to the words of Colonel P.W. de Klerk earlier, Supernova has asked for and has RECEIVED a match with the South African Soldier right here later tonight so stick around because you will NOT want to miss that. But right now, let's go up to the ring for tag team action!

AWA SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING

**VLADIMIR VELIKOV & DICK SULLIVAN
(w/IVAN KOSTOVICH)
VS
JOHNNY UTAH & BUBBA SHANE**

[Inside the ring, all five men are standing, the referee Scott Von Braun trying to get some bodies out as he signals for the bell. Dick Sullivan promptly tears out of the corner, drilling Utah with a knee to the kidneys that knocks him through the ropes. He grabs Shane by the hair, pasting him with a right hand to the mush before laying in a series of knees to the ribs.]

GM: Here we go! Sullivan's all over him early!

BW: Early, late - it don't matter to Dick Sullivan.

[Sullivan smashes an overhead elbow down on the back of Bubba Shane's neck, knocking him down to a knee. A second elbow catches Shane on the forehead, sending him falling back into a seated position against the buckles. The big Southerner promptly plants his foot right on the windpipe of Shane, hanging onto the top rope to strangle the air out of his opponent.]

GM: Dick Sullivan is a beast in there! A real savage!

BW: He's Redneck Royalty and he's showing these Texas idiots what a real Southerner should look like!

[As the referee forces a break at four, Von Braun reading Sullivan the riot act, Sullivan buries a stomp down across the bridge of the nose before marching across the ring, slapping the hand of the burly Russian who steps in to jeers from the crowd.]

GM: In comes Velikov...

[A rushing assault by Velikov knocks a climbing Johnny Utah off the apron and down to the floor. He smirks as he spins around, driving a series of heavy stomps into the chest of Bubba Shane before he leans over, dragging the bulky youngster to his feet.]

GM: Velikov... scoops him up! Ohh! Big slam!

BW: That can't be easy. That kid looks about three hundred pounds, Gordo.

GM: Bubba Shane is a big young man fighting out of Denver, Colorado who has some success back home in the Rocky Mountains. But tonight, he just ran headlong into two of the meanest, toughest veterans walking our sport.

[Velikov leaps up, dropping an elbow down across the chest. The Russian rolls into a lateral press, earning a two count before Shane muscles a shoulder off the canvas. The Russian promptly gets up, shouting in Von Braun's direction as he backs into the ropes, slowly walking out...

...and LEAPING into the air, dropping a heavy leg down across the chest!]

GM: Ohh! Big crushing legdrop by the Russian! That's over three hundred pounds being smashed down on the chest!

[The Russian promptly makes a second lateral press, earning another two count before Shane slips the shoulder free.]

GM: Another kickout by big Bubba. The kid's got some guts.

BW: Some? From the looks of him, he might be a Biggest Loser candidate even if he wins this match!

GM: Would you stop?

[Velikov climbs to his feet, dropping a couple stomps down on the chest of Shane before he moves back across the ring, slapping the hand of Dick Sullivan who marches in, dropping an elbowpad covered arm down across the chest!]

GM: Sullivan with an elbowdrop now as well... but he doesn't even go for the cover!

[Holding Shane by his sloppy mohawk, Sullivan hammers his skull with right hands before delivering a thunderous headbutt to the bridge of the nose...

...and then sinking his teeth into the same nose!]

GM: Ahh! Ahh! He's biting him! He's biting the man!

[Sullivan breaks at the count of four, balling up his fist and dropping it down across the bridge of the nose again.]

GM: He's trying to break the man's nose!

[Holding the mohawk again, Sullivan hammers the nose repeatedly as the referee shouts for him to break up the barrage of clenched fists. Sullivan breaks it up at four...

...and SLAMS his elbow down on the nose, causing Shane to flop back down on the canvas, a stream of blood now pouring from his nose.]

GM: Sullivan just busted open the nose of Bubba Shane! Get in there, ref! The kid might have a broken nose!

[If he doesn't at this point, he almost certainly does after Sullivan gets to his feet and drops a knee down on the face!]

GM: Good grief! Stop the match!

[Sullivan rolls to the floor, reaching back in to drag Shane out there as well. He pulls him up by the hair, turning towards the timekeeper's table...

...and SLAMS his face down onto the wooden table, leaving a bloody smear on the wood from the bleeding nose!]

GM: This is getting out of hand... this is getting to be- good grief! Big kick to the face!

[A dazed Johnny Utah tries to intervene at this point, catching Sullivan with a double axehandle to the back from behind. Sullivan swings around, smashing Utah with a right hand and then grabbing two hands full of his stringy hair...

...and HURLS him bodily into the wooden platform!]

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!! He threw him into the wooden platform, fans!

[Sullivan grabs Shane, shoving him under the ropes into the ring. He rolls in after him, waving for Velikov to join him...]

GM: What's this all about?

[Sullivan muscles Shane up to his feet, hooking a front facelock as Velikov slides underneath Shane's torso...]

GM: He's going for the brainbuster!

[Velikov and Sullivan lift in tandem, powering Shane up into a vertical position...

...and then drop him straight down on top of his skull!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BRAINBUSTER! BRAINBUSTER!!

[Sullivan rolls over onto Shane, planting his forearm bone solidly on the possibly-broken nose and earning an easy three count.]

GM: It's over.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Ivan Kostovich promptly rolls in, lifting his charges' arms up in the air in victory and demanding a microphone.]

GM: Oh great. Ivan Kostovich has the mic.

[The jeering crowd tries to drown out Kostovich as he shouts over them.]

IK: YOU SEE THIS, KOLYA?! YOU SEE THIS?! This?

[Kostovich reaches down, wiping his hand across the bloody nose and holding up the crimson-covered fingers in front of the camera.]

IK: This is on your hands! You have unleashed a primal force on the AWA in Dick Sullivan and Vladimir Velikov! You have unleashed a force that will not rest until they have put you out of wrestling and have restored the good name of the Russian athlete by winning the AWA National Tag Team Titles!

[More boos!]

IK: You come out here with your cream-filled slob of a partner and DARE to challenge US for SuperClash?

What more, Sudakov... you dare to challenge ME?!

[Kostovich shakes his head.]

IK: At SuperClash, there WILL be a match with you and Williams against Vladimir and Comrade Sullivan...

[Pause.]

IK: But I will not be part of it.

[The crowd jeers at the idea of being deprived of the chance of seeing Kostovich get his ass kicked again.]

When suddenly, the crowd roars to the life at the sight of Kolya Sudakov and Sweet Daddy Williams walking through the entrance curtain, their own mic in hand.]

SDW: Kostovich, you yellow-bellied coward!

[Big cheer!]

SDW: After all these months of trying to ruin this kid's life, you ain't even got the guts to try and do it yourself at SuperClash?! We're gonna offer you up a handicap match and you ain't got the guts to get in there and put your own hands on Kolya to try and take him out?

[Williams shakes his head with disgust.]

SDW: Well, maybe we gotta up the stakes then, huh?

[Sudakov smiles as he takes the mic.]

KS: Kostovich, this all started with you wanted the ultimate in control over my future. At SuperClash, if you climb into that ring with us... you will have more control than ever before.

[Kostovich arches an eyebrow.]

KS: Because if you accept the challenge for the handicap match at SuperClash III, Kolya will add a special stipulation.

In fact, Kolya thinks it's... how you say... an offer you can't refuse.

[Kostovich is pacing back and forth, shouting off-mic down the aisle.]

SDW: Kolya... you sure about this?

[Sudakov nods.]

SDW: We knew you wouldn't believe us if we told ya... so we asked Jon Stegglet to come out here and make it official...

[The curtain parts and the Interim Chairman of the Championship Committee walks out to join Sudakov and Williams up on the ramp. Stegglet also seems to check with both men if they're sure about what he's about to announce before taking the mic.]

JS: Ivan Kostovich, this is a contract in my hand for a handicap match at SuperClash III pitting these two men - Sweet Daddy Williams and Kolya Sudakov - against the three of you in that ring - Dick Sullivan, Vladimir Velikov, and yourself...

[Stegglet pauses, shaking his head.]

JS: In a match where the loser of the fall will LEAVE the AWA!

[BIG SHOCKED REACTION! Kostovich's eyes go wide at the thought of being able to PERSONALLY put Sudakov out of wrestling INSIDE the ring. He immediately moves to huddle with Velikov and Sullivan, discussing the offer.]

JS: Well, gentlemen... your answer?

[After a moment, the huddle breaks as Kostovich slowly raises the mic.]

IK: We... accept!

[BIG CHEER! Stegglet nods, quickly walking down the ramp and having the contract signed by Kostovich. As Stegglet takes the contract and walks back down the ramp, he pauses...

...and snaps his fingers.]

JS: You know... it occurs to me. These are some very high stakes for a match.

[Stegglet nods.]

JS: And Ivan, I apologize for saying this but you don't have exactly the greatest track record in making me trust you.

[Kostovich sneers at that comment.]

JS: So, it seems to me that this match could really use... one more thing.

A special guest referee!

[The crowd buzzes.]

JS: Someone who can keep the law and order. Someone who understands how important this match is. Someone who knows what they have to do to get this match to a legitimate finish so we can end this war between you guys.

Someone who is REAL familiar with all your dirty tricks, Ivan.

[Kostovich starts to look concerned now.]

JS: And I think I know exactly who that someone should be...

[Stegglet turns, pointing down the aisle...

...and the roof blows off the Crockett Coliseum as someone walks through the curtain in a pair of blue jeans and an American flag t-shirt!]

GM: BIG JIM WATKINS! BIG JIM WATKINS!!

BW: NO!

GM: Jim Watkins is gonna be the referee for the handicap match at SuperClash! My stars, can you believe it?!

[Kostovich throws a big ol' tantrum in the ring, kicking the ropes and shouting in the direction of the entryway. A grinning Jim Watkins nods his head, pointing to the Stars and Stripes that make up his t-shirt as he stands beside Sudakov, Williams, and Stegglet as we fade to black.

Fade to a very long shot of the exterior of a pretty dingy looking building.]

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

"Of your friends and family seeing you on television?"

[And just a little closer, revealing a red, white, and blue sign that reads "AWA Combat Corner."]

"Well, now you can make all your dreams come true by signing up today at the AWA Combat Corner - the official training school for the American Wrestling Alliance!"

[We cut to the interior of the building where we can see lots of standard gym equipment surrounding a very basic wrestling ring. There are people lifting weights, running on treadmills, and of course, working out in the ring.]

"With the very best trainers in the business, the AWA Combat Corner is the most-equipped training facility to get you in shape and get you in the ring in the shortest amount of time!"

[Cut into the ring where Todd Michaelson is barking out instructions.]

"With former World Champion Todd Michaelson leading the classes, you can guarantee that you will be prepared for in-ring action upon graduation and with the AWA expanding by the day, you will have a place to work on Day One!"

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

"So, stop by the Combat Corner today... call our offices... visit our website... and let them know that you want to be the next AWA Superstar! You want to be the future of the business!

You want to wrestle!"

[Fade to a graphic that has all the info on the AWA Combat Corner before we crossfade back Jason Dane standing by on the interview platform.]

JD: Ladies and gentlemen, welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling and in mere moments, I will be joined by the man who will be facing Robert Donovan at SuperClash for the Longhorn Heritage title and, of course, his manager Louis Matsui. But before that, let's take a look at some highlights from the road: the closing moments of the match between the giant and one of Texas's proudest sons, Travis Lynch. Your announcers are Colt Patterson and yours truly...

[Cut to footage marked "Friday, November 4th - Rose Palace, San Antonio, TX." Mizusawa is in the center of the ring, on his hands and knees, trying to get back to his feet, while Lynch has the crowd fully behind him as he stalks the giant from the corner, motioning for him to get up.]

JD: I think Travis Lynch is motioning for the Claw, Colt! Can he even fit his hand over the giant's head?

CP: I don't know, Jason, but I think he's goin-

THUD!

[The booing is deafening as we see a shot of Louis Matsui backing away from the apron, having just tripped the hometown hero.]

CP: Whatever he was trying to do, Matsui put a stop to that!

JD: And MAMMOTH's up, Colt. This is not going to be good!

[Indeed, we hear Matsui yelling, "Get him! Finish him NOW!!!" Mizusawa looks at the fallen Lynch, now trying to get his feet under him, then at Matsui... And shakes his head to some appreciative applause from members of the audience.]

JD: I don't believe this, Colt; it looks like Mizusawa is willing to wait for Travis to get back to his feet. He doesn't want to do it Matsui's way, it seems.

CP: Clearly, Jason, he doesn't need that sort of advantage.

[Travis Lynch scrambles to his feet, a little confused by what just happened and trying to shake the cobwebs. Mizusawa approaches, but simply puts a hand on Lynch's shoulder, while checking to see if he's good to continue...]

JD: And Travis fires off an elbow right into MAMMOTH's massive jaw!

CP: That's the Lynch way for you! You try to give them a fair fight and they return the favor with a cheap shot!

JD: Oh, come on, Colt! It's been one heck of a match and Travis is fighting for his life in there against probably the biggest opponent of his career!

CP: Still doesn't excuse the lack of sportsmanship, Dane.

[Lynch fires off elbow after elbow, each one greeted by cheers from the crowd, as he backs the seven-footer against the corner. Mizusawa tries to block some of it, but clearly some of the shots are getting through and rattling him. Lynch grabs one of MAMMOTH's arms and tries to whip him across...]

CP: MAMMOTH blocks the Irish whip... Draws him back in...

JD: GOOZLE!

[The crowd is hushed as Mizusawa lifts the struggling Travis Lynch off his feet and slams him back-first into the mat.]

JD: Chokeslam!

CP: Just like that...

JD: Cover! One! Two!

DING! DING! DING!

CP: MAMMOTH turns it right around and gains an emphatic victory!

PW: And the winner of this match-

[Phil Watson is rudely interrupted by Louis Matsui grabbing the mic from right out of his hand. Matsui climbs up the ring steps while addressing the crowd.]

LM: Look at him, Texas, look at one of your favorite sons!

[He steps into the ring and stands over the fallen body of Travis Lynch. Despite the referee trying to get between Matsui and Lynch, Matsui manages to lay a kick against Lynch's side to massive jeers from the crowd.]

LM: That's what I think about your Longhorn heritage! And when my client is done with Robert Donovan at SuperClash, this is exactly how we're going to leave the Longhorn Heritage title: IN A HEAP! Mizusawa-san...

[He kicks Lynch again and lays into him with a couple of stomps.]

LM: Show them!

[Matsui goes to Lynch's feet and holds them down with his hands. He points Mizusawa, then to the ropes, yelling, "Squash him! Squash him NOW!"]

JD: I think Matsui wants to send a message, Colt.

CP: Marty Meekly's trying to pull him off Travis Lynch, but Matsui ain't budging, Dane.

JD: Now he's waving to the back for, I don't know, security? We know Travis' brothers aren't here. Now he's trying to talk to Mizusawa, but I'm not sure if the giant understands.

[MAMMOTH simply looks down at Travis Lynch, then at Louis Matsui, who is still yelling and pointing to the ropes.]

CP: He's going for it!

JD: No!

[There confused crowd is abuzz as Mizusawa stops himself at the ropes. He lifts one leg over the top rope, then the other, before dropping off the apron and landing on his feet at ringside. There is a smattering of applause as he makes his way towards the ramp, while in the ring, Matsui is back to his feet, his arms outstretched, as we hear him yell, "What are you doing? Get back in here?"]

CP: I don't know what's going on, but it looks like Mizusawa's not on the same page Matsui thought he was.

[Cut back to Jason Dane in the Crockett Coliseum, now joined by Louis Matsui, who, uncharacteristically, is not smiling, and a dressed-to-compete MAMMOTH Mizusawa, scowling as usual.]

JD: Gentlemen, you heard my broadcast colleague say it right there; heading into SuperClash, is there trouble in the Matsui Corporation?

LM: Trouble, Jay-Dee? Trouble? Do we look troubled to you, Jay-Dee?

JD: Actually, you-

LM: Shut up! I'm in no mood! If I may get serious for just a minute, everyone knows Louis Matsui runs a tight ship. Right after Waterson International, leagues above Playboy Enterprises and one or two points ahead of Larry Doyle on the curve. There is NO TROUBLE in the Matsui Corporation.

JD: But last Fri-

LM: We took on the heart of the Lynch family, the pride of the Longhorn state and we came out on top and it was only due to my client's magnanimity that Travis Lynch was spared that fatal blow. And that's only because he's saving it for SuperClash. At SuperClash, Bobby Donovan will not be shown the same mercy. At SuperClash, the Longhorn Heritage title will NOT be spared! In Memphis, the Longhorn meets its end.

JD: And toni-

LM: Tonight, Jay-Dee, will be proof of just what I mean when I say there is no trouble in the Matsui Corporation. My client WILL get along just fine with Marcus Broussard. He WILL get along just fine with Avalon and Baldwin. And Larry Doyle and I will have our victory EXACTLY the way we planned it! You see, this match is the one that should have taken place in San Antonio, because as Donovan sees his compatriots fall around him, when the San Jose Shark takes out Stevie Scott, when the Aces fall to the Blonde Bombers, when he finds himself standing alone against a vastly superior force, never have the words "Remember the Alamo" been more truly spoken.

I want you to feel the despair, Donovan! I want you to taste the hopelessness... As you take your last stand... At SuperClash!

[With a jerk of his thumb across his throat, Matsui storms off the interview platform, the silent-once-more giant following behind him.]

JD: Louis Matsui says all is well in the Matsui Corporation - we may find out how true that is later tonight in that eight man tag! Now, let's go back down to the ring for more action!

[Crossfade to the squared circle where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... in the ring at this time... from Tijuana, Mexico... weighing 185 pounds... ELLLLLL TIGRE!!!

[The luchador in the tiger-shaped mask raises a nicely-toned arm to some cheers from the crowd.]

PW: And his opponent...

"THE FUTURE... IS... NOW!"

[The voice ringing out over the PA system brings the crowd to their feet with an explosion of jeers. The sounds of "They Reminisce Over You" starts up to the jeers of the crowd.]

PW: Being accompanied to the ring by the "Agent To The Stars" Ben Waterson... now residing in Hollywood, California... he is the self-proclaimed FUTURE of the professional wrestling industry...

PEEEEEEDROOOO PERRRRRREZ!

[Ben Waterson walks through the curtain first, dressed in the same stylish suit he wore earlier in the night. He's all grins as he steps to the side, gesturing to the curtain as the music suddenly changes to "I'm Da Future" by Maino...

...where Pedro Perez walks through, clad from head to toe in a glittering white robe over matching white boots and trunks. He pauses, arms spread to soak up the jeers of the crowd as Mark Stegglet approaches from off-camera.]

MS: Gentlemen, you asked to speak to-

[Waterson jerks the mic away.]

ATTSBW: Your purpose is served, Stegglet. Now, get out of my sight.

[The crowd jeers as an annoyed Stegglet slinks away.]

ATTSBW: Ladies and gentlemen... despite what Phil Watson would you have believe... this man is not the self-proclaimed Future of anything... this man IS the FUTURE of this industry...

[Waterson hands the mic off.]

PP: No more music from an ancient relic who hasn't been relevant in ages! No more dressing like a man who abandoned all of you and now hides in a hospital room!

This is the Future... and the Future is now.

[Perez hands off the mic.]

GM: Well, I suppose that explains the change in music and attire.

BW: That's right! Why should he come out here dressed like a commoner who no one even remembers?! Who should he come out here to the music of a man who can't hold a candle to Pedro Perez?! Pedro Perez is the FUTURE - that other guy is the past.

[Perez reaches the ring, sliding out of his full-length robe and handing it off to a ringside attendant with a word of warning about getting it dirty. Waterson follows with a few words of his own to the attendant as Perez steps through the ropes...

...and El Tigre rushes towards him, leaping up, and taking Perez down to the mat with a headscissors takeover!]

GM: El Tigre with the big takedown!

[The luchador pops back up to his feet, pulling Perez up by the arm, firing him into the ropes...]

GM: Irish whip by the luchador...

[El Tigre sets for a hiptoss but Perez somehow flips through it, landing on his feet and walking away from the luchador.]

GM: Uhhh.

BW: What a counter!

GM: It was impressive but-

[But as Perez turns around to gloat, El Tigre takes him down with a perfectly-aimed dropkick to the jaw. Perez scrambles up and into a second dropkick that sends him falling through the ropes to the floor. The crowd roars as the man from Mexico pops up, backing to the far ropes...]

GM: Uh oh! Uh oh! El Tigre's gonna fly!

[The luchador sprints across the ring, hurling himself over the ropes into a corkscrew on a stunned Perez, wiping him out completely!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: A corkscrew dive to the floor and these fans certainly loved that!

BW: Perez needs to regroup. He needs to huddle up with Ben Waterson and get some advice. This is NOT going like he expected it to go - not at all!

[El Tigre pulls Perez to his feet, shoving him back under the ropes into the ring. The luchador pulls himself up on the apron, grabbing the top rope with both hands...

...when Ben Waterson suddenly grabs him around the ankle!]

GM: Oh, come on! Referee Mickey Meekly doesn't see it! Mickey Meekly just got distracted by Perez and he didn't see Waterson interfere!

BW: Whaddya talking about? El Tigre tried to kick Waterson! He's just defending himself!

[El Tigre DOES deliver a firm kick to the chest, knocking Waterson down to the floor as he moves to the corner, climbing the ropes...]

GM: El Tigre's gonna fly again! He's headed for the high risk district and-

[But as the luchador hurls himself from his perch, he comes up empty, crashing and burning to the canvas as Perez hurls himself to the side, avoiding the crossbody off the top!]

GM: HE MOVED! PEREZ MOVED!!

[An angry Perez moves over, pulling El Tigre up to his feet by the back of the trunks. He yanks the luchador into a side waistlock, hoisting him up into the air...

...and dropping him down on the top buckle, swinging him down into the Tree of Woe.]

GM: Perez has El Tigre trapped in the ropes...

[The former Combat Corner student unleashes a series of stomps and kicks to the torso of the trapped luchador before backing all the way across the ring, pointing across with both arms...

...and breaking into a sprint, dropping into a baseball slide!]

GM: OHHHHH! BOTH FEET SQUARELY TO THE FACE!!

[El Tigre slinks down out of the Tree of Woe, completely rocked by the dropkick to the face as Perez takes a knee, gesturing for the crowd to cheer him... but gets the opposite. He climbs to his feet, pulling the masked man up by the eyeholes in the mask, slamming him back into the buckles.]

GM: Perez grabs an arm... whips him across...

[Perez breaks into a sprint across the ring again, hurling himself off his feet backwards into a back elbow to the jaw!]

BW: Wow! Look at him, Gordo! Look at how much this kid has improved under the watch of Ben Waterson!

GM: He certainly gets better every time we see him in there.

[Perez pops up as El Tigre staggers out, leaping into the air with an uppercut under the chin. Perez shakes his own hand in pain as the luchador falls back to the corner again. Waterson shouts instructions from the floor as Perez tugs El Tigre out of the corner into a front facelock...

...and SNAPS him over with a suplex!]

GM: Ohh! Nice snap suplex by Pedro Perez!

[Perez rolls through the suplex into a bodyscissors, hooking a guillotine choke!]

GM: He hooked him! He's got him in- is that a choke?!

BW: They told me to look for this! They call this one the Future Lock!

GM: Real original there.

[Perez pulls back hard, letting loose a roar as El Tigre struggles to free himself...

...but quickly submits, causing the referee to call for the bell.]

GM: And just like that, Pedro Perez claims victory here tonight less than two weeks before he steps into the biggest match of his life at SuperClash III, Bucky.

BW: Pedro Perez has a new attitude! He's got a new outlook! He's got a new finishing hold that just claimed its first victim! He's going all the way to Memphis, Tennessee and don't be surprised if he's got something to REALLY be thankful for on Thanksgiving Night, daddy!

GM: Pedro Perez will attempt to Steal The Spotlight in just under two weeks' time and if that happens, I'd imagine the Future really would be now. Fans, let's go backstage for comments from Larry Doyle and the Blonde Bombers!

[Cut; a voice.]

LD: The momentum ... is unbreakable.

[Fade in on Larry Doyle, fingers entwined, eyebrow cocked and thick-rimmed glasses falling down his bulbous, greasy nose. An unseemly grin makes him look more like a diseased jackal than a man.]

LD: The Bombers, my Bombers, as a unit could be called a juggernaut. You understand that? It would be easier to shoot the tires out on an aircraft carrier decked out with tank treads than it would be to stop the Blonde Bombers on their path to the pinnacle of success in the AWA. Robert takes the National title, Johann gets the Longhorn and they both snatch up the tag

gold. Trifecta, hat trick, however you want to express it; if we want it we are going to take it.

But no, priority numero uno has to be that big tandem siamese twin of a tag title. You see an in-dividual can be great for a day, take the National title and be a name. Now, pro wrestling as a team sport? That's a little taller order.

[Reaching behind himself, Doyle pats the AWA banner twice.]

LD: Our detractors, the people who see titans such as the Bombers and want to tear them down ask why they deserve their spot when they haven't had many matches in the AWA. Well let me tell you something ... they didn't _need_ any more matches than they've fought. When you've got a star player who delivers guaranteed results you don't throw him out there to bake in the hot lights, growing stale because the fans just saw 'em yesterday! No! You showcase that star, you save him for the highlights and at the end of the day you don't just make bank; you _break_ the bank.

That's what happens when the AWA uses the Blonde Bombers; profits explode and oh my God where are we gonna invest all this filthy lucre? Time to put it in a tax shelter, AWA. You're welcome...

[Scowling, Doyle shakes his head slightly then folds his arms.]

LD: It's only too bad that the showcase for my boys is nothing more than a glorified gang war. You want to put those two chumps the Aces in the ring with my boys? Fine. That's sad too but at least the plebians can follow it.

Eight-man though? Forget it. MAMMOTH, Broussard? Just try to keep up guys. Just stick to your dance partners and you should do fine. After all if Bobby "Too Tall" Donovan can manage to lace his boots tonight without toppling over the ropes to the floor he'll be doing good. And don't get me started on Stevie Scott ... 'cause, frankly, I don't have much to say about that has-been. Any rant I launched into over him would be either very short or laced crap I came up with in my own imagination to make him seem more relevant in 2011.

Tonight, AWA, get ready for your reminder that we. Are. The Show.

[We cut away from the focused face of Larry Doyle to find Alphonse Green walking down the backstage hallway, like a man being led to the gallows. Green's wearing a white t-shirt, and a pair of blue jeans, with a backpack slung over his shoulders. He doesn't look like he's been to the showers, as his hair is a mess. In fact, it's no longer in the trademark Moe Howard haircut he's rather proud of.]

GM: There you can see Alphonse Green, fans... presumably about to walk out the Crockett Coliseum door for the final time.

BW: After what we saw earlier tonight, can you blame him?

GM: I certainly can't. After finding out that he did not have the support of the fans that he wanted so badly, Green absolutely collapsed in a match with Colonel de Klerk and just was dominated.

[Green passes by several of the local talent, who stare at him as Green passes by. A couple of the wrestlers appear to be mumbling to each other, but Green doesn't stop to acknowledge them.]

GM: We know Green wanted badly to succeed in the AWA - he wanted badly to follow in the family footsteps of professional wrestling. But not every second or third generation competitor is cut out for this world.

BW: This guy certainly doesn't seem to be.

[As Green spots the exit sign, he turns to go down the hallway to leave the Crockett Coliseum, possibly for the last time. However, standing in front of the exit, with his arms crossed..

...is the "Agent to the Stars" Ben Waterson.

Green does not appear to be pleased to see Waterson, as he appears to motion for Waterson to move so he can leave. Waterson does not budge. Instead, he raises his hands, and appears to be telling Green to "hold on" and to "calm down", from what can be picked up. Green puts his arm down as Waterson approaches the young man.]

AG: What do you want?! Just get out of my way!

[Waterson shakes his head.]

ATTSBW: I'm not going to do that, kid. I'm not going to just step aside and let you throw away everything you've worked for.

AG: Please... just...

[Waterson stands firm.]

ATTSBW: Your old man is Tony "Dead Lift" Green, right?

[Green slowly looks down, a slight nod.]

ATTSBW: You know what Tony Green did in his career?

[No response.]

ATTSBW: Absolutely nothing.

[Alphonse looks up, a mix of confusion and anger on his face.]

ATTSBW: Sure, he was popular up in Portland. Sure, he made the fans cheer. He had big muscles, flexed them a lot, and had people go all goofy for it.

But that's it, kid. He was nothing. He wasn't a big star. He wasn't a World Champion. He wasn't a Hall of Famer.

But you...

[Waterson smirks.]

ATTSBW: You could be all those things, kid. You could be all those things and more. If...

[A pause as Waterson slowly reaches out, placing his hand on Green's shoulder.]

ATTSBW: ...you listen to me.

[Green looks non-committal... and then slowly nods his head as a chuckling Waterson leads him through the exit and out towards the parking lot area.]

GM: What in the world?!

BW: I don't get it! Ben Waterson... why would he want ANYTHING to do with Alphonse Green?!

GM: Apparently he sees something in this kid that no one else has. He said he can be a big star... a World Champion... a Hall of Famer?!

BW: I don't... I'm a bit shocked by all that, Gordo.

GM: You're not the only one. But Ben Waterson has been long credited as one of the most brilliant minds in our sport. First, Pedro Perez... now Alphonse Green... Waterson International gets stranger and stranger all the time.

[Suddenly, "Black Cat" hits the speakers and the crowd begins to boo immediately.]

GM: I guess our short vacation away from the PCW Champion is over.

BW: Hey, I hear Japan loved Rex. Tokyo hasn't heard that much screaming at night since Godzilla left town, if you catch my drift.

GM: Good grief, Bucky.

[Ever the showman, "Red Hot" Rex Summers enters the arena wearing a glittering black robe, his nickname written on the back of it as he turns away from the camera. Buddy Morton walks in front, demanding everyone bow down to the champion. It goes about as well as you'd expect. When they reach the ring, Buddy grabs the house mic.]

BM: Listen up, meatheads. Show some respect for the Real World's Heavyweight Champion, and give this man a round of applause!

[The crowd isn't interested in paying respect, as Summers steps through the ropes and takes his place in the center of the ring. Over his shoulder is the PCW title belt. Buddy hands him the microphone as the crowd noise dies down just a little.]

RS: A lot of people have been asking me where the sexiest man in professional wrestling was last week. It's quite fitting that the man nicknamed Red Hot was in the land of the rising sun.

And yet, the entire time I was over in Japan showing everyone what the pinnacle of American breeding was all about...

[Rex pauses.]

RS: All I could think about was one girl back home. Tell 'em, Buddy.

[If you expect the crowd to be "Aww"ing, you haven't been paying attention. Summers exaggerates a look of infatuation as he grins widely into the camera.]

BM: The champ's in love! He's been bitten by the love bug!

RS: Y'know, I used to think the Lynch family was nothing but a pack of useless human waste. From their daddy Blackjack all the way down to the youngest Lynches, including that moron Travvie, every last one of them was an inferior specimen not worthy of my time.

And that's when I saw her. The Texas rose growing in the middle of a field of cow dung...

Samantha Lynch.

[The booing is really getting loud now. Rex's smile has turned back into the devious smirk we're used to as he and Buddy share a laugh.]

RS: Oh Samantha, Samantha, what a dame. That long dark hair, those shimmering emerald green eyes, the complete and total shame at being related to some of the stupidest men in Texas... she is the total package.

BM: No champ, you're the total package!

RS: Well that's true, Buddy, but I'd be quite willing to share the total package with Samantha.

GM: Oh for heaven's sake, how much more of this do we have to listen to? Summers has a rematch coming with Travis Lynch at SuperClash, and all he can do is moon over Samantha? Crudely, I might add.

BW: Leave him alone Gordo, the heart wants what the heart wants!

[Summers hands the championship belt over to his manager.]

RS: Now I know my lady love, Samantha, is going to be at SuperClash. So I thought I'd give her a taste tonight and show her just how deep my affections run. Hit the music.

[And "Black Cat" hits the PA system again, mid-song. Summers does a quick gyration with his hips to the crowd before reaching up and undoing the knot on his robe. It falls open, and quickly the robe hits the mat as Summers stands and flexes in the middle of the ring. On the front of his plain white tights, an airbrushed portrait of the Lynch sister in question, Samantha. Rex continues to swivel his hips, making lewd lunging motions forward with his pelvis as Buddy stands in the corner, pointing and clapping.]

BW: Wow! I never knew Samantha Lynch was such a good dancer!

GM: Bucky!

[The boos that were filling the arena are suddenly replace with loud cheers as the youngest of the Lynch boys, Travis, comes rushing down the aisle, attired in blue jeans, a tight white short sleeve polo shirt and his trademark cowboy boots.]

GM: And here comes Travis!

[The PCW World Heavyweight Champion stops his gyrations, as Travis dives through the ropes into the ring. The former tight end from Rice keeps his head low and drives into Rex Summers, hooking his waist and one of his legs and drives him into the mat. The crowd continues to roar their approval as Travis begins to swing rights and lefts into the head of "Red Hot".]

GM: Travis is defending his sister and the crowd is loving every single second of it!

BW: Defending his sister? Samantha is on the fast track to success dating Rex Summers and he knows it!

[Travis connects with another right hand but Rex is finally able to cover, blocking the next few shots before Buddy Morton grabs Travis and tries to pull him off "Red Hot."]

GM: Come on! Get off him, Morton!

[Lynch gets pulled off Summers, quickly swinging around to face Buddy Morton as the crowd roars. Lynch lifts a powerful arm, pointing it right at Morton who lifts his hands to beg for mercy and starts backpedaling...

...but Lynch surges forward, grabbing Morton by the shirt and shoving him back against the buckles!]

GM: Oh yeah! Let `im have it, Travis!

BW: This isn't fair! What did Buddy Morton ever do to-

[Lynch rears back his right hand, ready to throw it as the crowd encourages him to do so.]

BW: Don't do it, Stench! Don't you dare do it!

[But before Lynch can let the haymaker fly, Summers gets back to his feet, grabbing him by the arm and swinging the Texan around...]

GM: No!

[Summers buries a boot in the midsection, looking for the double underhook.]

GM: He's looking for the Heat Check!

[But before he can spike Lynch to the canvas, Travis slips an arm free to wrap it around Summers' torso and rushes ALL THE WAY ACROSS THE RING before SMASHING Summers' against the buckles!]

GM: OHHHH!

[Lynch breaks free, straightening up to throw a right hand to the jaw... and another... and another...

...but then Summers sinks a knee into the gut, before throwing a trio of haymakers of his own!]

GM: And the two men are just trading rights and lefts in the corner!

[A heavy right hand from Lynch rocks Summers back against the buckles again as the Texan reaches for the arm...]

GM: He sends him acro- no!

[Summers slams on the brakes, using his power to pull Travis towards him and nearly take his head clean off with a short-arm clothesline!]

GM: Ohh! What a counter!

[A fuming Summers drops to his knees, grabbing Lynch by the head and SLAMS it into the canvas once... twice... a third time.]

Rex drops to his knees and grabs Travis' head and slams it into the mat once, twice, three times.]

BW: Rex Summers showing Travis just why he is the PCW World Champion as he's owning him!

[The crowd continues to boo as AWA security begins to swarm the ring.]

GM: Security is finally making their way to the ring and they are pulling Rex Summers off of Travis.

[The security grabs the muscular form of Summers, dragging him several steps back...

...which gives Travis an opening to explode past three members of security, leaping into the air, and tackling Summers down to the mat again to a big cheer from the crowd!]

GM: LYNCH ISN'T DONE WITH HIM!

BW: Someone better get control of this Stench punk before he gets seriously hurt by Summers!

[Security once again swarms the two men and separate them. Four security guards push Travis to the ropes as Rex Summers rolls to the floor. Buddy Morton grabs the PCW Heavyweight strap as Rex Summers smirks at Travis, who's still being held back screaming at Summers.]

GM: Rex Summers crossed a line here tonight!

BW: Please Gordo he was showing his love for Samantha and Stench there just overreacted!

[The camera focuses on Travis face, which is full of rage, for a few moments, before cutting back to Rex Summers making his way up the aisle way, Buddy Morton hoisting the PCW Strap into the air as we fade to black.

We fade back from black to a shot of a pair of young kids sitting in an inflatable pool on what appears to be a really hot day.

Kid #1: It's so hot.

Kid #2: It's really hot. I feel like I'm going to melt into this pool.

Kid #1: You know what we could really use?

[With an EXPLOSION OF LIGHT AND SMOKE, we get Sweet Daddy Williams, holding an ice cream bar in each hand.]

KIDS: AWA ICE CREAM BARS!

[A voiceover begins as the kids grab the ice cream from a reluctant SDW.]

VO: Just in time for all your end-of-summer parties, the AWA Ice Cream Bars feature a graham cracker crust imprinted with your favorite AWA stars like:

[A bar appears with Violence Unlimited on it.]

VO: Violence Unlimited!

[Another one arrives.]

VO: Supernova!

[A third.]

VO: Robert Donovan!

[And then back to a grinning Sweet Daddy Williams.]

SDW: And me!

[The rotund fan favorite takes a big bite, grinning a big ice cream-covered smile.]

VO: Try it now in vanilla, chocolate, strawberry, and mint chocolate chip! Available now at AWA events everywhere and your local Walgreens!

[Back to the kids and SDW eating ice cream as we fade to black.]

And then back up to live action to a panning shot of the Crockett Coliseum crowd.]

GM: It's been a wild night here in Dallas and fans, we are just under two weeks away from Thanksgiving Night and the annual spectacular known as SuperClash III! We've talked all night long about the big show and exactly what we're going to see in the DeSoto Civic Center in Memphis, Tennessee - and exactly what you can see LIVE when you join us on Internet Pay Per View for the very first time! No commercials, no time restrictions - we can go all night long if we want to! There's no better way to kick off your holiday season than with the American Wrestling Alliance and SuperClash III on Internet Pay Per View! And if you want a reason to order SuperClash on Thanksgiving Night, how about the match we're calling an All-Star Showdown - two men already in the Hall of Fame versus two men on this year's ballot - it would be a Main Event ANYWHERE in the wrestling world when Alex Martinez and Adam Rogers team up to face Caleb Temple and Jeff Matthews. And if Martinez survives that battle, then at long last, we will discover the identity of the Dragon!

But why Adam Rogers? Why is Adam Rogers the fourth man in that match? We're about to find out... on the Money Pit!

[The O'Jays' "For the Love of Money" blasts through the Crockett Coliseum and all heads turn to the section of the interview area that is now set up for The Money Pit. A deep voice cuts over the top of the classic track...]

"Ladies and gentlemen...

TODD MICHAELSON!"

[The camera cuts to a "set" made of wooden walls that are painted and dressed to be a mockup of a bank vault. There are also various stacks of (presumably) fake money and bags of money all over the ground. Sitting in the middle of it on a wooden stool, Todd Michaelson is dressed to the nines, a smile plastered across his face.]

TM: Welcome to The Money Pit!

[Big pop from the Dallas faithful.]

TM: 2011 has been a year of unexpected things. Of surprise returns, and shocking exits. But two weeks ago, we saw a return that no one expected.

Adam Rogers returned to do battle alongside Alex Martinez.

[Another roar from the crowd.]

TM: Tonight, I've invited those men to come out and tell us how it happened. And they've agreed to do it. First, I'd like to bring out Alex Martinez.

#Its all right...#

[The buzz starts immediately.]

#Its all right...#

[The curtain is pulled aside.]

#Its all right, I'm just...#

[And as he emerges, the fans get...]

#A LITTLE CRAZY#

[Alex Martinez, dressed head to toe in black, steps out. For the first time in a long time, he stands tall and confident as the lights reflect off the silvered lenses of his mirrored sunglasses. He still moves slowly, more gingerly than one would expect. But he doesn't seem as beaten down as before. Like there's a light at the end of the tunnel. Martinez steps into the middle of the ring, standing before Todd.]

TM: In just under two short weeks, you will be stepping into the ring against two men that you have had a long and storied rivalry with in Jeff Matthews and Caleb Temple...

[Before Todd can continue, Martinez cuts him off.]

AM: Some say that this all started with the Minion comin' at me. First, he sent Monosso, then the Bombers, then made me think it was Langseth pullin' the strings. Next came Matthews. And finally... Caleb Temple.

But I tell ya Todd, this didn't begin with the Minion.

[Martinez exhales.]

AM: It began at the very start of my career. I did somethin' I ain't proud of. I crossed Jeff Matthews. I turned on him. I gave him my word and went back on it. I did that... and I own it.

But Madfox? What happened next? That's all on you.

You introduced me to a world of darkness. You pulled me into somethin' involvin' the closest thing to evil incarnate as I've ever seen. I'm talkin' about Caleb Temple. And if ya don't believe Temple made me pay for my sins... then you just weren't payin' attention.

Temple took everything I ever had from me, and rubbed my nose in the loss. I almost didn't come back from that. So Matthews, you've already had more than your pound of flesh.

But Todd, I do blame myself for everything.

[Martinez pulls off his sunglasses, as the camera zooms in on his eyes.]

AM: Because I shoulda ended this a long time ago. I should never have left Caleb Temple standin'. I never shoulda let Jeff Matthews crawl into a hole where he spent years nursin' a grudge. Those two should never have been healthy enough to step foot inside an AWA ring.

But at SuperClash? I'm fixin' to correct that mistake.

See, Dragon, whoever ya are, you're not the only one who can look to the past. I knew that if I was gonna be able to beat Temple and Matthews, I had to look deep into my roots. And though it wasn't the first place I ever wrestled, truth is, my roots are in Los Angeles.

Once I realized that? Well, the choice was obvious. There was only one man.

[And cue "Smoke On The Water" by Deep Purple to a huge pop! The camera cuts to the entranceway, where emerges Adam Rogers. For those who remember him five years ago in the EMWC, or even three years ago in the AWA, he bears a similarity but it's becoming more vague. The years of travel, injuries and emotional garbage show, as the one-time hand-slapping fan favorite makes his way to the Money Pit stage in a business-like manner. The music fades as he shares a handshake with both men...]

TM: Obviously, we know the history between you, Temple and Matthews, Adam, but can you tell us why you chose to come to Alex Martinez' aid?

[Adam pauses, as though he is thinking of the answer. Then he answers.]

AR: Todd...you've obviously been in this business a long time, so you as well as anyone understand that over the course of a man's career, a lot of things happen. A lot of things happen to him, but also to those around him.

[A glance toward Martinez.]

AR: To those who he knows better than most people realize.

And to those he has been close to for many years. Those who are like...

[Another pause, this one lasting a few seconds.]

AR: ...family.

Because of all those things, Todd, I chose to come to Alex's aid. I would imagine most people know all the gory details of some of the events that have happened in the past, and I don't intend to revisit them in this arena. But the bottom line is, Alex needed help.

So here I am.

[Martinez nods and slaps Rogers on the shoulder as the fans cheer again.]

AM: Listen, I was there at the beginning. I've seen Adam at every stage of his career. And here's what I know. There's no one better to have at my side. There's no one who is more of a stand up guy than Adam Rogers.

I can trust Adam.

And with him, I know that Temple and Matthews are goin' down. This is all about to come to an end Todd. I promise ya.

TM: One final thing. At SuperClash, if you two win, then the Dragon, through his mouthpiece the Minion, has promised to reveal himself. What are your thoughts on this?

AM: Its been a long year, and findin' out who has been doggin' me is a long time in comin'. But like I said? With Adam at my side? Ain't no doubt that we're gonna find out who the Dragon is.

And when we do? Then the Dragon's reign of terror is gonna come to a sudden end. One Firebomb should be all it takes to end it all.

AR: Earlier, Todd, I spoke of things that happen to a man during his career. Anyone who knows my history will remember what Caleb Temple did to me.

[A hush falls over the crowd, which apparently does remember.]

AR: And you know something?

I still owe him a little payback for that.

[Finally, a little emotion from Rogers as he cracks a small smile.]

AR: And I'm so glad I'm about to get that chance.

[The sounds of "Smoke On The Water" kick back in as Rogers and Martinez salute their cheering fans.]

TM: It's the match at SuperClash that I might be looking forward to the most! Rogers and Martinez versus Temple and Matthews - oh hell yeah, baby.

[We crossfade back to the locker room area where a rather large man happens to be standing. This particular large man is wearing black jeans, black boots, a blood-red tank top -- and the Longhorn Heritage championship. This informs you that the large man in question is none other than Robert Donovan, fists taped, elbow braced, clean shaven and looking fairly pleased with himself.]

RD: Well, now...this oughta be an interestin' night.

[Donovan reaches up and scratches his chin briefly.]

RD: Whole lotta ticked off gonna be in the ring at the same time. On one side, you got Stevie Scott, a man whose motivations I ain't ever pretended to understand, you got the Aces, still pretty fresh off a surprisin' return, lookin' to reassert themselves in the tag division, an' you got seven foot plus o' Longhorn Heritage champ.

[Pause.]

RD: Then on the other side, you got one o' the loudest mouths I've seen in my days in the business, an' as some're quick to point out, those days are many. Ya got the Blonde Bombers, also lookin' to assert themselves in a tag division that suddenly has a whole lot of eyes on it -- an' a whole lot of room for people to step up an' make a name for themselves. Then...the giant. A man so big that his name is spelled out in all capital letters, MAMMOTH Misuzawa.

[Donovan reaches up and taps the Longhorn Heritage title draped over his shoulder.]

RD: The man I'm facin' at SuperClash for this -- if he wins, he walks away the Longhorn Heritage champion. Worse than that, Matsui'll probably use whatever connection he's got in the office to change the name o' the belt -- wipe away the last little bit of tangible Longhorn Heritage, an' in the process embarrass the livin' hell outta yours truly. I've been embarrassed before, no doubt, but it ain't somethin' I enjoy -- an it ain't somethin' I'm about to let happen again if I can help it.

[Donovan turns his head to the side cracking his neck audibly.]

RD: I got a chance, tonight, to show Misuzawa that there ain't no fear in me, that despite the fact that for the first time in a hell of a long time I'm facin' a man who actually tips the scales further an' I do, I ain't about to

back down an' I ain't about to let him or that clown Matsui get their hands on this.

[Donovan gives the title on his shoulder a good smack.]

RD: Tonight, everybody gets a lil' free preview of what's goin' down at SuperClash. There's gonna be bumps, bruises, maybe some cuts, an' if we're all real lucky, a broken bone or two, but I guarantee ya one thing. Tonight? Things are gonna get...violent.

[Donovan smirks, then strides off-shot as we fade back to the ringside area.]

GM: Things are going to get violent in tonight's Main Event indeed. That eight man tag team match should be incredible... but we're not there yet. In fact, right now... we're going to take a look back... we're going to look back to the very first SuperClash. In just about two weeks, Calisto Dufresne will attempt to defend his National Title but two years ago, it was the National Tag Team Titles that the Ladykiller was gunning for. Let's go back to the Dallas Memorial Auditorium and see Kentucky's Pride - City Jack and Tin Can Rust - defend the titles against Calisto Dufresne and his partner, Adrian Freeman...

[We crossfade to footage marked "SUPERCLASH I" where Melissa Cannon is standing.]

MC: The following contest is scheduled for one fall and it is for the AWA National Tag Team Titles! There will be no countouts... no disqualifications... no time limit... and it is UNSANCTIONED!

[Big cheer!]

MC: Introducing first... they are the challengers...

[ZZ Top's "Sharp Dressed Man" kicks in over the PA to a major explosion of boos.]

MC: At a total combined weight of 435 pounds... they are the team of "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne and "Subzero" Adrian Freeman!

[The jeers intensify as Dufresne and Freeman make their way through the curtain. Freeman is all business as he strides towards the ring ignoring the very same fans that Dufresne is taking the time to mock from the aisle.]

GM: The arrogant challengers are on the way to the ring... having bullied their way into getting this title shot tonight. They don't have the three points and they used Kentucky Pride's emotions in getting this match.

BW: Brilliant, isn't it?

GM: Disgusting if you ask me.

BW: That's why you've never been a champion in this sport, Gordo, or even managed a champion. You don't have the killer instinct. These two do and they will do absolutely ANYTHING tonight to become the National Tag Team Champions... anything.

[Freeman walks up the ringsteps, climbing through the ropes. He points a warning finger at the official before moving back to the corner to warm up. Dufresne is a few feet behind him, standing on the apron and swiveling his hips in the direction of a few ringside fans before stepping into the ring with a cackle.]

GM: They look ready for this one and I believe you're right, Bucky. I believe they will do anything to become the tag team champions here tonight.

[The music starts to fade out as Melissa speaks again.]

MC: And their opponents...

["My Old Kentucky Home" by Stephen Foster plays over the PA as the fans in the Dallas Memorial Auditorium get to their feet and let out a huge cheer.]

MC: At a total combined weight of 583 pounds... City Jack and Tin Can Rust...

KENTUCKY'S PRIIIIIIDE!

[The cheers get louder as Tin Can Rust and City Jack steps out from the entrance. Both men have a look of business tonight, ready for a fight in this Unsanctioned match. Rust is dressed as usual in his black wrestling tights and boots, with a simple "Kentucky's Pride" black t-shirt. He also wears his half of the AWA tag titles around his waist.

Jack wears his normal wrestling garb of a dark brown wrestling singlet, black boots, sweatbands around his forearms, and a black "Give Me Liberty or Give Me Death" t-shirt. His has his title belt over his shoulder - for a moment - before shooting it up into the sky as he and Rust walk down to the ring.]

GM: Now these two men look ready for a fight!

BW: Are you kidding me? Rust looks like a man who had his Jello stolen at the old folks' home. And City Jack is a right hand to the eyeball away from being half the man that Stevie Wonder is!

GM: Give me a break! That's disgusting!

[When the two finally get to the ring, they look at each other and nod, before finally ascending the step and making their way through the ropes.]

GM: Listen to these fans... to this crowd... this place is going nuts for Kentucky's Pride! What an atmosphere we've got going on here tonight in Dallas for SuperClash! This truly is the biggest night of the year!

[City Jack stands in the corner, glaring across the ring at Dufresne and Freeman before handing his title belt over to the official...

...and then SPRINTING across the ring, cocking his arm back for a Metropill and taking a full swing at Calisto Dufresne who throws himself through the ropes to the floor alongside his partner!]

GM: Oh yeah! Oh yeah! Injured eye or not - City Jack is ready for a fight! He wants Dufresne... he wants him so badly! These two have had a blood feud raging for YEARS and tonight, we may finally see it come to an end, Bucky.

BW: It has to end, Gordo. I don't think either of these two men can truly be happy in this business until they put the other on the shelf for good. That's how much these two men hate one another.

GM: The referee is forcing City Jack back... trying to keep him at bay so the challengers can get back inside the ring...

[Referee Marty Meekly gets Jack to retreat back to his own corner where a surprisingly calm Tin Can Rust talks to his partner, trying to settle him down a little bit. Rust huddles up with Jack, talking softly to him to which Jack replies with a nod but keeps his eyes locked across the ring where Dufresne and Freeman are getting back to their corner.]

GM: It looks like Adrian Freeman's going to start it off for his squad... and yes, Tin Can Rust has managed to get City Jack out of the ring so he can start the match.

BW: That's the smart way to do it. City Jack's injured, he's hurt, and he can't be the usual contributor in there. BUT... at some point, Rust will have to tag him in and who knows what'll happen then.

GM: That's for sure.

[Marty Meekly signals for the bell as Tin Can Rust marches out of the corner to the middle of the ring, glaring at Adrian Freeman who is taking a few last words from Dufresne before walking out to the middle as well.]

GM: We've got ourselves a staredown! Right in the middle of the ring!

BW: Adrian Freeman has no fear of a man bigger than him. Everyone he's ever fought has been bigger than him...

[The Australian is full of fire, running his mouth in the direction of the champ...

...and then makes the mistake of jabbing a finger in the chest of Tin Can Rust, eating a hooking haymaker to the jaw that knocks him flat in response!]

GM: Ohh! What a right hand by Tin Can Rust!

[Freeman scoots back to the corner, hands raised in defense as Rust stalks over him, waiting to take another shot...

...and then lunges forward in a double leg takedown, fighting for it, and then managing to trip Rust, knocking him down to the mat where Freeman crawls across him, frantically throwing fists at the face of the veteran.]

GM: Freeman showing some of those technical skills. We saw Shane Destiny and Pure X out here a little earlier and we talked about them perhaps being the best technicians in the game. Well, this is the other man in that argument.

[Scrambling to his feet, Freeman throws stomp after stomp after stomp down on Tin Can Rust. He reaches down, hauling Rust to his feet and blasting him with a back elbow to put TCR against the ropes.]

GM: Whip by the challenger... no, reversed!

[The Australian hits the ropes, rebounding off the other side...

...and a BIIIIIIIG backdrop sends Freeman flying through the air before he crashes down to the canvas in a heap!]

GM: Ohhh my! Freeman was up in the lights on that one!

[Freeman staggers up to his feet by the ropes...

...and a running clothesline takes the Australian over the ropes and down to the floor! Huge cheer!]

GM: Oh yeah! Tin Can Rust dumps him over the top to the floor!

BW: And this is Unsanctioned... so Rust could follow him out there and wallop him with a chair, choke him with a camera cable, smash him with the ring bell... anything goes in this one!

GM: It looks like Rust is staying in the ring though. He's glaring out over the ropes at Freeman but he's not following him out there for the fight. Not yet at least.

[Out on the apron, City Jack drops down to the floor, quickly moving around the corner to where Freeman is down on the barely-padded concrete...

...and snatches Freeman off the floor, cracking him with a right hand to a big cheer!]

GM: Whoa! City Jack's taking the fight to Freeman on the floor!

[He grabs Freeman by the hair, slamming his face into the ring apron as Marty Meekly shouts for Jack to get back to his corner. An angry Jack shoves Freeman under the ropes where Tin Can Rust is waiting with a series of stomps to the body.]

GM: Rust dragging Freeman up off the mat, shoving him back into a neutral corner...

[Rust steps back, throwing a hooking punch to the body. A second one lands as well, causing a dull "SMACK!" to echo through the building before Rust throws a back elbow into the corner.]

GM: Good grief! Rust is all over him and Adrian Freeman may be regretting getting into this match right now. Rust drags him out of the corner...

[The veteran hoists Freeman into the air, slamming him down on the mat...

...and points a warning finger at Calisto Dufresne before stomping down hard on the head of Freeman.]

GM: He's sending a message to Dufresne... telling him this is coming for him too...

[With Freeman on the mat, Rust hops up, dropping an elbow down across the chest before rolling over into a lateral press.]

GM: There's one! Two!

[Freeman fires a shoulder off the mat at two. City Jack shouts a few words from the corner at his partner who looks over, shaking his head at the master of the Metroboom.]

GM: I think Jack just told Rust not to cover him yet. We know how much Tin Can Rust loves those tag titles and how much he wants to keep them. They've held those titles for close to a full year now, Bucky, and Tin Can Rust wants to keep them even longer.

BW: Yeah, but City Jack wants to punish these guys. He wants to hurt them like they hurt him. Can you really blame him?

GM: I can understand his feelings but at the end of the day, they need to keep the titles so Rust is doing the right thing.

[Rust drags Freeman off the mat, shoving him back to the neutral corner...

...and POPS Freeman across the chest with a big chop!]

GM: Ohh! Big chop by the champ...

[Grabbing Freeman by the hair, Rust hauls him out of the corner, firing him across the ring...]

GM: The Australian off the ropes... ducks the clothesline...

[And gets CREAMED with a right hand from City Jack to a big cheer!]

GM: Jack caught him! Haha! And these fans are loving it!

BW: Who cares what the fans think?! Freeman needs to make the tag to the Ladykiller! Get him out of there!

[The camera catches Rust shaking his head at his partner again as Jack extends his hand, calling for the tag.]

GM: City Jack wants the tag but I think... it looks like Tin Can Rust isn't so willing to do that. He's trying to protect his partner from further injury and who can blame him for that, Bucky?

BW: How much longer is Jack going to tolerate being handled though?

[Rust drags Freeman off the mat again, firing him into the neutral corner. City Jack shouts in Rust's direction, actually drawing TCR's attention for a moment before he charges in...

...and runs RIGHT into the buckles as Freeman sidesteps the charge!]

GM: Ohh! Rust hits the buckles!

BW: That was City Jack's fault! Jack caused him to hesitate on the charge to the corner and Rust paid the price for it!

GM: Rust is dazed and...

[Freeman THROWS himself into a huge Lariat that knocks Rust off his feet, taking him down to the mat. The Australian pushes up to his knees, shaking his head before crawling over to slap the hand of Calisto Dufresne to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: And for the first time in this one, here comes the Ladykiller.

[Dufresne immediately goes to work with kicks to the ribs of Rust, over and over to the right side of the body. He winds up and drops a knee in the same spot, pressing his weight down on the knee into the ribcage.]

GM: Dufresne's going after the ribs of the champion.

BW: He's trying to take the air out of him... trying to force him to bring City Jack into the match...

GM: The Ladykiller's back to his feet...

[A hard stomp to the ribs sends a shout up from Tin Can Rust. Dufresne smirks as he stalks around his downed prey, circling him...

...and then drives another hard stomp into the ribs. City Jack shouts encouragement to his partner from across the ring, clapping his hands to try to rally his friend.]

GM: Jack's trying to get his partner up... trying to rally him and-

[And Dufresne takes the opportunity to mock City Jack, clapping his hands just like Jack did a moment prior...

...which brings City Jack into the ring, full of fire as he tries to get to Dufresne.]

GM: Here comes Jack! Here comes- no! The referee cut him off!

BW: Let him go! This is Unsanctioned!

[Marty Meekly manages to get between Jack and Dufresne, wrapping his arms around Jack's waist and trying to keep him at bay. A grinning Dufresne waves "goodbye" to Jack before leaping up and dropping another knee down into the ribcage of Tin Can Rust.]

GM: Dufresne is such a pompous jerk, Bucky. I'm sorry but it's true.

BW: He never denied that, Gordo.

GM: Kneeling on the ribs now...

[Balling up his fist, Dufresne slams down hammerfist blows into the ribcage over and over... and then a straight punch to the ribs to polish off the attack. The Ladykiller gets back to his feet, smirking at City Jack who has been removed from the ring.]

"This one's for you, Jack!"

[And delivers a PUNISHING punt kick to the ribcage that causes Rust to roll under the ropes to the ring apron.]

GM: Rust is out on the apron now...

[Dufresne quickly dashes to the ropes, bouncing off, and dropping down into a baseball slide that connects with the same injured ribs, knocking Rust off the apron and down to the floor where Adrian Freeman quickly joins him, stomping and kicking the ribs as well.]

GM: Come on, referee!

BW: Unsanctioned!

GM: I know, but, there's gotta be some enforcement of the rules, doesn't there?

[Out on the floor, Freeman hauls Rust off the barely-padded concrete, wrapping his arms around the waist...

...and DRIVES Rust spinefirst into the ring apron!]

GM: Ohhh!

[With Rust leaning against the apron, Calisto Dufresne unravels a strip of white tape from his wrist, leaning through the ropes to loop it around Rust's throat!]

GM: Oh, come on!

[The referee protests as Dufresne pulls up on the tape, effectively strangling Tin Can Rust while Freeman continues to throw forearm smashes to the body of the veteran.]

GM: Rust is being doubleteamed with a vicious assault by Dufresne and Freeman! The challengers have come to fight as well!

[After a bit, Dufresne releases the tape allowing Rust to slump down to his knees on the floor. Across the ring, City Jack pleads with his partner to get back to his feet.]

GM: Freeman's still out on the floor with Rust, dragging him up now...

[He grabs Rust by the wrist, FIRING him into the steel barricade with an Irish whip!]

GM: Ohhh! Rust hits the steel right there!

[Freeman climbs back up on the apron as Dufresne steps through the ropes, dropping down to the floor...

...and kicking a wide open Rust in the ribs!]

GM: Good grief! This is an out and out assault on the ribs and back of Tin Can Rust by the challengers and City Jack is living and dying with every blow in the corner!

[Dufresne strikes a boxer pose, bobbing and weaving to mock the crowd as he throws looping hooks to the injured ribs over and over and over. After a bit, he pulls Rust off the railing by the hair, dragging him over to the ringpost and shoving him back against it.]

GM: What in the world is he doing now?

[Leaning over, Dufresne rushes in and DRIVES his shoulder into the ribs of Rust, smashing him back against the steel!]

GM: Ohhh!

BW: He's gonna break Rust in half... and then count his rings to see how old he REALLY is!

GM: Would you stop?

[Dufresne backs off, ready to strike again but Rust is doubled up. He waves his hand, shouting "Get up!" to the man who is one-half of the National Tag Team Titles but Rust stays down, actually falling to a knee.]

GM: Rust can't even stand up out there on the floor right now...

[A disgusted Dufresne moves in, yanking Rust off the mat by the hair...

...and EATING a right hand for his efforts, getting knocked down to the thin padding! Big cheer!]

GM: And I think Tin Can Rust might have been playing a little bit of possum, Bucky!

[Stepping forward, Rust grabs the legs of Dufresne under his arms and falls back with them, catapulting Dufresne up...

...and RIGHT into the steel ringpost!]

GM: OHHH! DUFRESNE TO THE STEEL!!

[The Ladykiller is stunned, clinging to the ringpost to stay on his feet as Rust slowly gets up, clutching his ribs. Grabbing Dufresne by the trunks, he fires him under the ropes before climbing back up on the apron.]

GM: Rust is on the apron...

[But before he can get back in, Freeman races down the apron and clubs him with a forearm to the back of the head. A couple more blows follow before Freeman grabs the top rope and jerks back on it, snapping Rust off the apron...

...and down into a heap on the floor!]

GM: OHHHHHHHHH!

BW: I love it! Kentucky's Pride, even in an Unsanctioned match seem to have trouble breaking the rules but Freeman and Dufresne... this is like

a new level of freedom for them! Dufresne was in trouble but Freeman just saved him and put Rust down and down HARD, daddy!

GM: Tin Can Rust got snapped back off the ring apron and hit that thinly-padded concrete VERY hard! And the National Tag Team Champions are in some serious trouble at this stage in the match.

[Freeman drops down to the floor, dragging Rust to his feet and rolling him under the ropes where he shouts at Dufresne to make a cover. A dazed Dufresne dives across Rust in a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[The crowd breathes a collective sigh of relief as City Jack slips in and buries a forearm on the back of Dufresne's neck to break the pin...

...and sticks around to throw a few more right hands at the Ladykiller before Marty Meekly intervenes once more, forcing City Jack away from Dufresne and back to the corner...

...which allows Adrian Freeman to illegally enter the match, kicking Rust repeatedly in the ribs before making his exit again.]

GM: The referee was distracted and that allowed Freeman to do some damage...

[Pushing off the mat, Dufresne delivers a few kicks of his own before dragging Rust by the foot to the corner where he slaps the hand of Freeman.]

GM: There's the tag by the challengers... Freeman back into the match legally now...

[A hard kick to the ribs forces Rust to roll over to his stomach where Freeman drops a knee down in the spine. Kneeling on the lower back, he reaches over to grab a handful of Rust's face, yanking back into a modified surfboard.]

GM: Ohh! This is a very painful hold for Rust to be in - especially with the injuries to the ribs and back he's suffered in this match so far.

BW: Listen to him screaming at Rust to quit... demanding he give it up...

GM: There's no way... no chance that Kentucky's Pride submit to these jackals...

[After a few more moments, Freeman climbs to his feet, glaring at Rust who finally starts to try and crawl to his corner where City Jack is waiting.]

GM: And for the first time, we see Tin Can Rust looking to his corner, knowing he needs to make a tag to City Jack...

[City Jack slaps the top turnbuckle, shouting encouragement to his partner as Rust continues to crawl...

...until a leaping elbowdrive to the kidneys cuts him off!]

GM: Ohh! Another hard shot to the lower back by Adrian Freeman!

[And with Rust already on his belly, Freeman straddles him facing away, reaching down to grab the legs and crank back in a Boston Crab!]

GM: Boston Crab! The Boston Crab is applied by Freeman! And if he drops down to a knee, putting even more pressure on the spine, it'll be the Deep Freeze - something we've seen him finish off a lot of opponents with.

BW: If he slaps on the Deep Freeze, we've got new National Tag Team Champions, daddy!

GM: You could be right about that!

[Freeman cranks back, screaming with effort as he tries to wrench the back even more but Rust is fighting it every step of the way, using his powerful legs to push back, avoiding giving Freeman enough leverage to drop down to a knee and sink in the Deep Freeze!]

GM: Rust is fighting it... this veteran... this warrior... he's fighting the Boston Crab!

BW: Freeman continues to scream at him to quit... ordering him to give it up...

GM: But Rust isn't doing it! Rust is crawling... inching closer to his partner!

[The crowd roars as Rust drags Freeman across the ring, his fingernails digging into the canvas as he pulls his body closer and closer to his waiting friend and partner...]

GM: These fans are on their feet, cheering him on... trying to inspire him to get there...

[But when he gets too close, Freeman simply turns the Crab over...

...and drags him by both legs across the ring towards their own corner where he slaps the hand of Calisto Dufresne.]

GM: Well, there's a tag but it's not the tag these fans wanted to see.

[Freeman pulls Rust off the mat, blasting him with a forearm to the jaw

that knocks him back to the buckles as Dufresne comes in. The Ladykiller pulls Rust out of the corner and into a double underhook.]

GM: What's he going for here...?

[Dufresne hoists Rust into the air, flipping him over, and dropping him DOWN across a bent knee!]

GM: Ohhh! Some kind of double underhook into a backbreaker!

BW: That might do it!

GM: We've got one! We've got two! And ohhhh so close but Rust gets the shoulder up at two!

[An angry Dufresne throws a few clenched fists to the jaw before climbing back to his feet. He points at City Jack before leaning down to drag Rust back to his feet, whipping him into the neutral corner. With a pump of his fist, Dufresne charges across the ring, hopping up to the midbuckle where he mocking pumps his fist again before throwing right hands at the skull of Rust.]

BW: Haha! Dufresne is counting off his punches in the corner!

GM: He's the only one. He thinks this is funny but he's the only one laughing.

BW: I thought it was funny.

GM: Why am I not surprised by that?

[At the count of ten, he pauses, mockingly trying to rally the fans...

...which allows Rust just a heartbeat of time to duck out from under Dufresne, reaching up to grab the back of the trunks, and HURL him down off the ropes and onto the back of his head on the canvas!]

GM: Oh yeah! Oh yeah! Rust puts him down hard!

BW: He pulled the tights!

GM: Whatever it takes in this one, Bucky... whatever it takes....

BW: I'll remember you said that!

[Rust immediately falls to all fours, looking up at his friend and partner who still has his hand outstretched. With the crowd roaring for the exchange, Rust starts to crawl across the ring once more. On the other side of the ring, Dufresne rolls over to his stomach, also trying to crawl across the ring and make the tag.]

GM: And we've got a race on our hands! Who can make the tag first?

BW: Dufresne's closer to the corner!

GM: But these fans are solidly behind Kentucky's Pride! They want to see City Jack in there so badly! They want to see him exact some payback on these two jackals!

[With the roaring crowd on their feet, Rust draws closer and closer...]

GM: TAG! Dufresne brings in Freeman!

[The Australian stumbles coming through the ropes in a hurry, sprinting across the ring to...]

...an ENORMOUS CHEER as Tin Can Rust makes a DIVING tag!]

GM: HEEEEEEERE WE GO!

[City Jack enters the ring, fire in his eyes. Adrian Freeman immediately throws on the brakes, trying to backpedal...]

...and getting MOWED over with a running clothesline from City Jack!]

GM: Freeman goes down and-

[Jack approaches the challengers' corner, reaching over the top rope to yank Dufresne to his feet on the apron...]

...and hiptosses him over the ropes into the ring as well!]

GM: He brings Dufresne in the hard way!

[A fired-up City Jack leans down to slap the canvas with both hands and then points right at a kneeling, pleading Dufresne!]

GM: Now you want mercy? Now you want forgiveness?!

[Jack shakes his head, approaching Dufresne...]

...who springs to his feet, trying to throw a right hand but has it blocked and countered with a right hand of his own!]

GM: Ohh! Big haymaker by City Jack!

[A series of haymakers knocks Dufresne back into the corner where Jack grabs him by the arm, whipping him from corner to corner, and charging in after him...]

...where he slightly leaps at the last moment, crushing Dufresne in the corner with a big splash!]

GM: OHHHH! RUNNING CORNER SPLASH!!

[Pumped up, Jack does a little jig before pulling Freeman off the mat, whipping him to the opposite neutral corner, and charging right in again...

...SQUASHING Freeman in the buckles with another running splash!]

GM: Dufresne and Freeman are getting rocked by City Jack and he's all over the place in there!

[Jack promptly hops up to the midbuckle over Dufresne, pumping a clenched fist before raining punches down on the nefarious Ladykiller!]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Jack hops down off the midbuckle, leaving a dazed Dufresne in the corner...

...and then points at Freeman to the roar of the crowd. He marches across the ring, stepping up to the second rope again.]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[And then drops back down, grinning at the reaction of the crowd. He grabs Freeman by the back of the head, dragging him out of the corner...

...and HURLING him over the top rope and down to the floor!]

GM: OHHH! HE CLEARS OUT FREEMAN!

[Marching across the ring, he grabs Dufresne by the hair as well...

...and HURLS him over the top rope, right out on top of his partner!]

GM: The challengers have been cleared from the ring by City Jack and-

BW: This could be a HUGE mistake!

GM: City Jack's going out after them!

[Tearing through the ropes, City Jack drops down to the barely-padded concrete. He reaches down to drag both men back to their feet...

...and SMASHES their skulls together to the cheers of the crowd!
Freeman stumbles away, falling to his knees near the timekeeper's table while Dufresne falls back into the barricade.]

GM: Jack's on a rampage, Bucky!

BW: I may not like the man but you gotta understand his thinking tonight. These two tried to take his eye... take his vision... take his livelihood. Of course you're going to do whatever it takes to get even.

[Moving over to Freeman, Jack yanks him up by the hair, and SLAMS his face into the ringside table! With Freeman laid out across the table, Jack spins around to move towards Dufresne.]

GM: Jack's taking them both on at the same time! Rust is hurting and his partner is all over both of their challengers...

[Jack grabs Dufresne by the wrist and with a quick gesture of his hand, he has some ringside photographers clear out before he goes for an Irish whip...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed by Dufresne!

[The big whip by Dufresne sends Jack smashing into the ringside steel barricade, leaning against the metal as Dufresne drops to a knee, trying to catch a breather.]

GM: Jack hits the railing hard... here comes the Ladykiller!

[With a head of steam, Dufresne tears across the ringside area, racing towards the stunned Jack...

...who drops his head down HURLING the Ladykiller over the barricade and down into a heap in the crowd at ringside!]

GM: OHHHH! INTO THE CROWD!

[The crowd continues to roar as Jack collapses to a knee inside the railing while Dufresne lies motionless just beyond the barricade, ringside fans barraging him with harsh words and more than a few beverages.]

GM: City Jack dropped his head and threw Dufresne into the crowd,

Bucky!

BW: Well, this match is Unsanctioned so anything goes out there but I'm not too sure that City Jack wants this match to be THAT much of a street fight. He's still a badly injured competitor that becomes a lot more vulnerable outside the ring.

[Getting back to his feet, Jack steps over the railing, moving in on his fallen rival...

...who POPS up, driving a balled fist into the groin of the Kentucky native!]

GM: OHHH! LOW BLOW, BUCKY!

BW: Anything goes! Unsanctioned, daddy!

GM: That'll drop anyone in the game and City Jack is down on his knees from that one. Calisto Dufresne was waiting for him and made him pay the price for coming out after him.

[The Ladykiller grabs Jack by the head, dragging him over towards a vacated steel chair...

...and SMASHES Jack's skull into the chairseat!]

GM: Facefirst to the steel! Dufresne drives him to the steel!

[Leaving Jack's face draped on the seat of the chair, Dufresne steps up onto the adjacent seat, looking out over the jeering crowd...

...and STOMPS on the back of the head, driving Jack's face into the steel again!]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: Hey, City Jack would be doing the EXACT same thing if he had the chance, Gordo.

GM: You could be right, Bucky, but right now it's Calisto Dufresne doing the damage. Two shots into that steel chair... either of which could have gone right after that injured eye.

BW: All's fair when the National Tag Team Titles are on the line.

[Still standing on the chair, Dufresne smirks at the reaction of the crowd and shouts out "ONE MORE TIME?"]

GM: Look at this guy... trying to get under the skin of the crowd now...

[The Ladykiller raises his boot again, holding it high to taunt the

crowd...

...but as he brings it down, City Jack rolls over, catching the foot in his hands!]

GM: Jack caught him! Jack caught the foot!

[Dufresne struggles against City Jack's grip, trying to free himself...

...but Jack pushes up, shoving Dufresne off-balance and sending him spilling over the row of seats and into the next!]

GM: Oh yeah! Jack upends Dufresne!

[And immediately dives on top of him, throwing right hands as quickly as he can on Dufresne's skull. The Ladykiller is sprawled out over a row of seats, fans all around screaming for City Jack as he pummels his most hated enemy.]

GM: Listen to these fans! They're on their feet screaming for City Jack as he feeds Dufresne a knuckle sandwich time and time again out in the crowd!

[Grabbing Dufresne by the hair, Jack SLAMS the back of his head into the seat of the chair!]

GM: Good grief!

[Still holding the hair, Jack repeats the act, sending a loud "CLANG!" into the air from the impact. Jack climbs off the chair, pulling Dufresne up a bit, and then draping his throat across the back of the chair...]

GM: He's choking Dufresne on the chair!

[The camera spins around Dufresne, seeing a rapidly turning red face as the Ladykiller struggles against City Jack who continues to strangle him on top of the metal chair...

...and then DRIVES an elbow down to the back of the neck, smashing the throat against the steel.]

GM: Dufresne's getting a little of his own medicine tonight at SuperClash, Bucky.

BW: Well, I hope the Ladykiller was ready for a fight like this because City Jack's bringing the fight to him so far in this one.

GM: Jack hauls him up by the hair again... ohh! What a right hand!

[The impact of the haymaker sends Dufresne stumbling away, down the row of seats towards the entrance aisleway.]

GM: Dufresne gets popped and Jack's in hot pursuit...

[Another huge haymaker sends Dufresne falling backwards a few more steps, clearing the row of seats and leaning against the thin rope diving the crowd from the aisle as Jack follows him there.]

GM: The Ladykiller's on his feet but he looks like he's starting to-OHHH! Another right hand!

[The impact of this hooking haymaker sends Dufresne sprawling over the rope, crashing to a heap on the floor...

...where Jack yanks him to a seated position, looping the aisle rope around his neck!]

GM: Whoa! City Jack has snapped!

[The crowd roars as Jack pulls up hard on the rope, leaving red welts behind where the rope is rubbing against the neck and throat of Dufresne. The Ladykiller tries to slip his fingers under the rope, trying to take away some of the leverage that the big Kentuckian is putting to good use.]

GM: Jack's trying to strangle Dufresne! Maybe all those attacks on City Jack aren't seeming like such a good idea to Calisto Dufresne anymore, Bucky!

BW: You're probably right on that one. Where in the world is Adrian Freeman in all this?!

[Jack releases the rope after a bit, pulling the gasping Dufresne back to his feet, hooking him under the arm...

...and HURLING him through the air in a hiptoss, throwing him down onto the row of steel chairs!]

GM: OHHHHHHH!

BW: That'll send you straight to the chiropractor, daddy!

GM: It certainly will and I can barely hear myself think right now, Bucky! These fans are going absolutely nuts for everything that City Jack does!

[Working his way through the crowd, Jack grabs the downed Dufresne by the hair, yanking him off the chairs and into the aisle...

...where the Australian, Adrian Freeman, is waiting to blindside Jack with a lunging forearm to the back of the head!]

GM: Ohhh! And you asked where Adrian Freeman is... I think we just got

an answer to that...

BW: We certainly did and a brilliant sense of timing for Freeman!

GM: Freeman's all over Jack, stomps and kicks to the head...

[After a bit of stomping, the Australian grabs Dufresne and together, they hoist Jack back to his feet, dragging him towards the ringside barricade.]

GM: It looks like the challengers are trying to get Jack back in there now...

[Near the railing, they both hook Jack under the arm, hiptossing him over the barricade and onto the thin padding at ringside!]

GM: Ohhh! Down HARD on the back! And now the two challengers are climbing over- wait a second!

[An elderly ringside fan rises from his aisle seat, screaming at Dufresne, waving his wooden cane back and forth...]

BW: Hey look! Dave Cooper's out at ringside!

GM: Would you stop?

[The Ladykiller turns his attention away from Jack for a moment...

...and SHOVES the fan in the chest, knocking him backwards into a couple of other fans who get right up in the Ladykiller's face as well!]

GM: We could have a situation out here, fans. We may need to get-

[Smirking, Dufresne leans over to snatch up the fallen wooden cane, pointing it at the elderly fan before hurdling the railing, taking the cane with him.]

GM: Dufresne just stole that fan's cane!

BW: The old man had it coming. He's lucky that's all that happened to him.

[With Dufresne trailing behind, Freeman fires City Jack under the bottom rope, rolling in behind him. The Ladykiller climbs up on the ring apron, stepping through the ropes, spinning the wooden cane round and round the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: I don't like the looks of this one bit.

[A quick cut reveals Tin Can Rust finally climbing back up on the ring apron, leaning over the ropes clutching his ribs as he shouts for his partner to make a tag.]

GM: Tin Can Rust wants a tag but I'm not sure if that's a good idea. He doesn't look much better than Jack does, Bucky.

BW: Both of these old-timers look to be a misstep away from tumbling into an open grave, daddy.

GM: Wait a second... what in the world is he...?

[The crowd buzzes with concern as Freeman hauls City Jack up to his feet, holding him steady by the back of the head, turning his face slightly to face Calisto Dufresne...

...who taps the cane on the canvas, imitating a blind man as he "tries to find" City Jack.]

GM: Disgusting.

BW: Kinda funny if you ask me.

GM: Freeman's holding Jack... holding him there for- no!

[Dufresne pauses, rearing back with the wooden cane...

...and SMASHES it down across the heavily bandaged eye of City Jack!]

GM: OHHHHHH!

BW: I think I heard that cane crack!

GM: City Jack dropped like he'd been shot, Bucky!

[The veteran crumples to the canvas, both arms immediately up over his face, trying to protect the eye. A smirking Calisto Dufresne walks around the downed City Jack, still clutching the cane as he glares down at his rival...

...totally oblivious as Tin Can Rust races into the ring!]

GM: Rust is in!

[Rust POPS an attacking Freeman with a right hand, knocking him off his feet. He spins around, hightailing it towards Dufresne...

...who bails from the ring JUST in time!]

GM: That coward Dufresne bailed out of the ring... Tin Can Rust is LIVID!

[Scampering to his feet, Freeman charges in again...

...and gets caught under the arm of Tin Can Rust who spins around in a

full 360 before DRIVING Freeman down to the canvas with a sidewalk slam!]

GM: OHHHH! CAN CRUSHER!!

[Rust throws himself across Freeman, reaching back to hook the leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE- OHHH! DUFRESNE BREAKS UP THE PIN!!

[The Ladykiller immediately starts stomping and kicking the downed Tin Can Rust. He grabs Rust by the wrist, dragging him to his feet, and firing him into the ropes.]

GM: Irish whip by Dufresne... boot to the gut...

[Stepping into a front facelock, Dufresne sets for his finishing DDT...

...but Rust straightens up, backdropping the Ladykiller up and over!]

GM: Oh my! What a counter by the champ and-

[BIG CHEER!]

GM: SLEEPER! RUST HOOKS THE SLEEPER!

[Dufresne immediately starts firing his arms back and forth, trying to escape the tight sleeperhold applied by the tough and grizzled veteran.]

GM: Rust is trying to cut off the flow of blood to the brain... trying to crimp that neck and put the Ladykiller down!

BW: Dufresne needs to get out of this and he needs to do it fast! The referee has lost all sense of who is the legal man so he's counting pinfalls on Freeman one second and submissions on Dufresne the next! This is totally out of control!

GM: Well, we knew it would be. This is Unsanctioned and anything and everything goes in this one!

[With the crowd roaring, Rust swings Dufresne back and forth, trying to take all the wind out of his sails, trying to tighten his grip on the AWA National Tag Team Titles.]

GM: Rust has him in the middle of the ring! Marty Meekly is right there to check... he's trying to check on Dufresne but Rust is swingin' him around like a rag doll!

BW: This is bad! This is real bad!

GM: Tin Can Rust has those big arms around the neck and-

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE BROKE THE CANE!! HE BROKE THE CANE!!

[Adrian Freeman stands tall over a downed Tin Can Rust and Calisto Dufresne, holding half of a broken wooden cane in his hand. Even the Australian looks a little surprised at the wooden cane splitting when he bashed Tin Can Rust across the back with it.]

GM: Adrian Freeman broke the cane over the back of Tin Can Rust!

BW: But more importantly, Gordo, he broke the sleeper as well!

GM: He certainly did that and... wait a... no!

[Yanking Rust back to his feet, Freeman hoists him up over his shoulder as a groggy Dufresne gets up, hooking a front facelock...]

GM: NOOO!

[Both men drop down, SPIKING Rust's skull into the canvas with an assisted version of the Wham Bam Thank You Ma'am!]

BW: WHAM BAM THANK YOU MA'AM FOR THE NATIONAL TITLES!

GM: That's it. That's gotta be it!

[But before Freeman can even attempt a cover, Dufresne yanks Rust up by the arm...

...and HURLS him through the ropes to the floor!]

GM: What the-?! I don't get it!

[Dropping to his knees, Dufresne grabs City Jack by the back of the head, smashing his fist into the bandaged eye over and over.]

GM: He's pounding that eye! The referee is right there...

[A quick camera cut outside the ring shows AWA ringside doctor Dr. Bob Ponavitch taking a close interest in what's going on.]

GM: The doctor is out there as well. He'll stop this if he needs to.

BW: He may need to!

GM: Another right hand to the eye! And another! The referee is telling him to open up his hand but he's got nothing to make Dufresne do that.

BW: Freeman is just standing there and watching... I think he's a little in shock that Dufresne threw Rust to the floor.

GM: If Kentucky's Pride comes back to win this, you can look back on that moment as the reason why.

[Jack lifts his hands, trying to get Dufresne back...

...but the Ladykiller slams his fist down in a hammerfist motion a few times on the eye socket!]

GM: Come on!

[With a maddened howl, Dufresne grabs at the bandages - yanking, ripping, and tearing until the white gauze comes free. The Ladykiller gets to his feet, throwing the bandages aside.]

GM: This is bad, fans. This is very, very bad.

[Smirking at the jeers from the crowd, Dufresne measures the stunned City Jack...

...and STOMPS down hard on the eye!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: Calisto Dufresne's not gonna be happy with just the tag team titles tonight, Gordo. He wants another trophy! He wants City Jack's career! He wants City Jack's eye!

[The roaring crowd is screaming bloody murder as Dufresne raises his boot again...

...and SMASHES it down on the injured eye again!]

GM: Good grief! This is getting difficult to watch.

BW: I think it's likely to get worse before it gets better.

[Nodding to his partner, Dufresne backs off and gestures to Jack. Hands on his hips, Freeman shakes his head and then delivers a stomp of his own to the eye. A second stomp quickly follows much to the dismay of the crowd.]

GM: And now it's Freeman going after the eye as well!

[Backing up, Freeman takes two steps, leaps into the air...

...and DROPS his knee down solidly on the eyesocket of City Jack, a move that sends a howl of pain from the Kentucky native into the air.]

GM: Ohhh!

[Freeman stays on his knees, applying a lateral press.]

GM: One! Two! Th-

[Big cheer from the crowd as City Jack powers out of the pin attempt!]

GM: City Jack's not done yet! He's not done yet!

[An annoyed Freeman grabs Jack by the back of the head, holding it in place as he drives fist after fist after fist into the eye...

...and Dufresne swoops in with another hard stomp to the eye to polish off the attack.]

GM: This is an absolutely brutal attack on the eye by these two men. They're torturing this man!

[The camera cuts to the floor where Tin Can Rust has pushed up to all fours, clutching the back of his neck.]

GM: Rust is starting to stir on the floor. That DDT took a lot out of him plus the punishment he's taken all match... I'm surprised he's even moving, Bucky.

BW: You and me both, Gordo.

[We cut back inside the ring where Dufresne drags City Jack by the arm to the corner. Letting go, he backs to the corner where he hops up to the second rope...

...and leaps off, DRIVING his fist down on the eye again!]

GM: Middle rope fistdrop! The Ladykiller rocked him there!

[Dufresne applies another lateral press as the referee drops down to count.]

GM: One!! Two!! Thr- shoulder up! Shoulder up!

[This time it's Dufresne who is irate at the kickout, smashing the eye again with a haymaker. Up on his knees, he lunges forward, driving the point of his elbow into the eye!]

GM: Ohhh! Come on!

BW: What do you want the ref to do, Gordo? It's Unsanctioned!

GM: I know it's Unsanctioned but there's gotta be something... wait a second here...

[A suddenly-focused Dufresne grabs the broken cane off the canvas,

holding it up...

...and staring right at the splintered end.]

GM: Oh no.

BW: And this entire building just realized what he plans on doing!

GM: He can't do this!

BW: Unsanctioned!

GM: I know that but... come on, Bucky... even Dufresne can't do this!

BW: Oh, I think he can!

[Reaching down, Dufresne hauls Jack into a seated position right in front of him. Across the ring, Tin Can Rust has pulled himself to his feet, leaning against the ropes as he tries to get into the ring as a smirking Dufresne raises the splintered cane...

...and JABS it down into the eye area!]

GM: OHHHHHH!

[The crowd roars with disgust as Jack flails back and forth on the mat, hands locked over his eye as he tries to get away from Dufresne. A bark from the Ladykiller gets Freeman on the mat as well, pinning Jack's arms to the mat as Dufresne raises the cane again...]

"PAY ATTENTION, OLD MAN!"

[And STABS the cane down into the eye area again!]

GM: This has GOT to stop! We need to get someone in there to stop this!

BW: It can't be done! There's no way to stop this man! This match is Unsanc-

GM: Damn it, Bucky! I know it's Unsanctioned! But this isn't right. This isn't right at all, damn it!

[Bucky goes silent at Gordon's shocking outburst. The crowd is buzzing with concern for City Jack as his injured eye starts to trickle blood from the corner of it as Dufresne raises the cane again...

...and this time actually DRIVES the cane into the eye, pushing it into the injured flesh as City Jack screams out in pain, crying, begging, screaming for mercy!]

"QUIT! QUIT, YOU SON OF A BITCH!"

[A screaming Dufresne is almost louder than City Jack as he demands that the veteran give up, submit away the National Tag Team Titles.]

GM: Dufresne wants him to give up... begging for him to give up but City Jack is not about to do that. He's not about to do that, Bucky.

BW: He may not have a choice, Gordo! At this point, it's the titles or the eye! Dufresne wants the titles but he'll take the eye as a consolation prize if it means driving City Jack out of this sport forever!

[Still pushing the cane down, Dufresne is completely livid, screaming at Jack to quit - almost in disbelief that City Jack has yet to give it up.

Finally, Dufresne gives up, throwing the cane aside. He walks away from the downed and slightly bloody Jack leaving him behind for Freeman.

The Australian flips Jack to his stomach, facing him towards Tin Can Rust who has finally gotten up on the apron...

...and SMASHES the eyesocket with a crossface!]

GM: Ohhh! What a shot!

[Freeman shouts at Rust "QUIT FOR HIM!"]

GM: The Australian wants Rust to quit FOR City Jack!

BW: Interesting strategy.

GM: Another crossface! And another!

[Blow after blow lands on the bloodied eye as the Australian continues to pummel him, shouting at Rust after every blow...

...which finally draws Tin Can Rust into the ring!]

GM: Rust is in and-

[Freeman throws Jack down to the mat, rushing across to DRILL Rust with a clothesline that knocks the veteran down to the canvas again. A few stomps make sure he stays there as the Australian walks away, moving to grab City Jack again.]

GM: Freeman drags City Jack off the mat... shoves him to Dufresne...

[A still-fuming Dufresne slaps on the front facelock, nodding his head at the jeering crowd, preparing to spike him into the canvas.]

GM: He's calling for it!

BW: WHAM! BAM! THANK YOU MA-

GM: OHHHHH!

[The crowd EXPLODES as City Jack straightens up at the last moment, backdropping Dufresne out of the front facelock and down to the canvas before collapsing down to a knee on the mat!]

GM: Jack counters the DDT...

BW: Freeman's looking to put him away now as well.

GM: They really wanted to force a submission out of City Jack... well, Dufresne did at least. I think Freeman would have been satisfied with being one-half of the new National Tag Team Champions but Dufresne wanted to put his rival on the shelf for good.

[Freeman pulls Jack off the mat...

...and EATS a Metropill forearm that knocks him back into the buckles where Jack lunges forward CRUSHING Freeman with a clothesline!]

GM: Freeman staggers out of the corner...

[Into the waiting arms of City Jack who hooks him around the waist in a bearhug...

...then powers him up before bellyflopping into the Metroboom!]

GM: OHHHHH! METROBOOM!! HE GOT IT!!

[Jack collapses to the canvas after hitting the belly-to-belly suplex, completely exhausted and unable to make a cover of his prone opponent.]

GM: City Jack can't make a cover! He hit the Metroboom but he can't make the cover on Freeman!

[Staggering back to his feet, Tin Can Rust wobbles across the ring, throwing himself across the downed Freeman.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE- OHHHHHH!

BW: Freeman got the shoulder up! The delay in making the cover was all Adrian Freeman needed to get off the canvas in time. He broke that pin attempt and saved the challenge for the tag team titles! It's not over yet!

GM: But Rust isn't done! Rust is helping his partner up off the mat, dragging City Jack to his feet. He's trying to give Jack some instructions... trying to get his partner to work with him...

[A dazed City Jack nods his head at his partner, pulling Freeman off the mat...

...and applying another bearhug!]

GM: Wait a second! Jack's got the bearhug... he lifts him up...

[Which gives Rust the cue to hit the ropes, racing across the ring...]

GM: DARK AND BLOODY GROUND-OHHHHHHH!

[At the last possible moment, Adrian Freeman reaches down and RAKES the injured eye, forcing Jack to release him. The Australian pulls Jack down as well, causing Rust to race past...

...and go sailing OVER the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: OHHHHH! RUST IS OUT AGAIN!!

[Freeman grins at Rust sailing over the ropes to the floor as he drags Jack back to his feet...

...and gets POPPED with a Metropill that sends Freeman sailing back to the corner where he collapses to the canvas.]

GM: Down goes Freeman!

BW: But Jack's going for Dufresne!

[Yanking the Ladykiller off the mat, Jack cracks him with a haymaker to the jaw. A few big hooking blows follow before Jack fires Dufresne across the ring...

...and BULLDOZING him with a running clothesline in the corner!]

GM: OHHHHHHH!

[City Jack pumps his arm up in the air...

...and BLASTS the eye area with the Metropill!]

GM: OHH! Metropill to the eye!

[Grabbing Dufresne by the hair, Jack throws him down to the mat and quickly yanks him into a seated position. He slaps his elbow before dropping down to a knee...

...and SLAMS that elbow into the eye!]

GM: Payback! IS! HELLLLLLLL!

[With a roar, Jack raises the arm up, elbow pointed down and repeats the blow... elbow to the eye... elbow to the eye... elbow to the eye... elbow to the eye...]

GM: IT'S EYE FOR AN EYE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE RING AT SUPERCLASH!

BW: You talk about Kentucky's Pride being old school... well, right now City Jack is going Old Testament, daddy!

GM: Another one! And another! And another! And another!

[Dufresne's head rolls back limply, unable to defend himself as Dr. Bob Ponavitch takes a lonnnnnng look from out on the floor...

...when suddenly a lunging Adrian Freeman breaks up the assault!]

GM: Ohhh!

BW: Adrian Freeman may have just saved Calisto Dufresne's career!

[With Jack stunned, Freeman dashes towards the ropes...

...only to have Tin Can Rust reach up and yank the top rope down, sending Freeman toppling over the ropes and out to the barely-padded concrete floor!]

GM: OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[Jack gets to his feet slowly, looking out over the crowd. Nodding his head to their roars, he slaps his meaty forearm one more time as he leans over to pull Calisto Dufresne back off his knees...]

"WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH!"

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[The crowd ERUPTS in a stunned reaction as a giant fireball lights up the Dallas Memorial Auditorium, sailing out of the hands of Calisto Dufresne and squarely into the injured eye of City Jack!]

BW: FIREBALL! FIREBALL!

[City Jack collapses to the canvas SCREAMING in agony as he clutches at his eye. Seizing the moment, Dufresne dives atop Jack, quickly taking the mount and in a flurry of motion, starts throwing everything he's got at the eye - fists, hammerfists, elbows - anything that will land.

He's an absolute non-stop sea of activity as he continues to pound and pummel his arch-rival.]

GM: He burned him! He burned City Jack and now-

BW: And now he's beating the hell out of him, Gordo! He's beating that eye right out of his skull!

GM: Jack's trying to cover up... Jack's trying to protect himself... he's screaming in agony... my God, I can smell the burned flesh from here and-

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd falls silent as the referee leaps up, waving his arms back and forth. A stunned Dufresne backs off, looking down in disbelief at City Jack, fists still balled up and covered in City Jack's blood. The referee quickly moves to Melissa Cannon's side and with a nod, she raises the mic.]

MC: Ladies and gentlemen... your winners of the match as a result of a submission...

[Dramatic pause.]

MC: Annnnnd NEW AWA NATIONAL TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS...

"THE LADYKILLER" CALISTO DUFRESNE
AND
ADRIAN FREEEEEEEEEEEMAN!

[The crowd EXPLODES in jeers as Adrian Freeman rolls under the bottom rope, barely able to stand as he moves towards his partner who is still glaring at City Jack. After a moment, Marty Meekly arrives with the two title belts, handing them over to the new champions.]

GM: This can't be true. It can't be!

BW: It is! We've got new champions!

GM: By submission?! City Jack quit?!

BW: Did he have a choice? He'd been burned and was having an eye that barely works just absolutely beaten! I said it earlier - the title or your eye - and I think City Jack has chosen wisely.

[Adrian Freeman is absolutely ecstatic, clinging the title belt to his chest as he hops to the midbuckle. Dufresne stays stoic, the title belt slung over his shoulder as he stares at his bloodied and burned enemy...

...as we fade away from the SuperClash I footage and back to live action where Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde are seated at ringside. Gordon is shaking his head.]

GM: It was one of the most disgusting, the most despicable things I had ever seen in all my years in this sport, Bucky.

BW: But it sends a very clear message - even to this day.

GM: What's that?

BW: I hope Supernova was watching that... I hope he was watching very closely. Because as great as he thinks he is... as much as he thinks he's got Calisto Dufresne's number... he just saw EXACTLY what the Ladykiller is willing to do to get what he believes is his. He did that to win the National Tag Team Titles... do you really expect he'd do anything less to keep the National Title around his waist on Thanksgiving Night?

GM: You may be righ-

[Suddenly, Gordon is cut off as the camera swings towards the entrance portal. Directly in front of it stands the AWA National Champion, "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne. No theme music, no flaunt, no flair, simply the champion. Dufresne is clad in a pair of blue jeans and a tight-fitting striped Ralph Lauren polo shirt. The National Championship gleams over one shoulder and Dufresne looks deadly serious. He marches down towards the ring to a sea of boos, ignoring all of them.]

GM: Here comes Calisto Dufresne, unannounced and uninvited!

BW: Do you want to go over there and tell him he's uninvited? The man looks as serious as a heart attack right now, daddy!

[Dufresne climbs into the ring, holding a hand towards Phil Watson; who hands him a microphone. Dufresne paces around the ring for long moments before taking a deep breath and bringing the microphone to his lips.]

CD: Somewhere along the line, this got all twisted around.

[Dufresne waves a hand at the Coliseum as a whole.]

CD: Somewhere along the line, I began to care about the money. And the cars. And the women. My priorities got out of order. And then two weeks ago, that clown comes out here and _humiliates me_ on national television.

[Huge pop from the crowd as the Ladykiller looks around, disgusted.]

CD: This 15 pounds means more to me than you could ever imagine, Supernova.

[Dufresne jabs a finger at the National Title.]

CD: I let Todd Michaelson, who doesn't have an iota of the talent I have, beat me half to death day after day in Los Angeles. I rode around with four out of shape slobs in a compact car to get from show to show. I left pints of blood on the floor in front of 1,200 people in some junior high gymnasium. I

played secondfiddle to Stevie Scott for over a year, knowing that the roles should have been reversed. I took a man's _eye,_ Supernova. Did you see it just now?! Were you watching?!

I.

TOOK.

HIS.

EYE!

[Dufresne exhales sharply, glaring into the camera.]

CD: Think about that for a second.

[A pause, followed by a slow nod.]

CD: Think about everything I have sacrificed to get here. Think of everything I have _done_ to get here. I have not let emotion get in my way. Morals get in my way. If none of those things got in my way to _get_ here, just think for a second to what lengths I'll go to _stay_ here.

[The champion shakes his head slowly.]

CD: You say I didn't _earn_ this championship? I earned this championship by being smarter than everybody else in this industry. You say that all I care about is the women and the cars and the money? I love waking up to the soft skin of a new, beautiful woman every night. I love driving expensive cars. I love the feeling of a crisp tailored suit. But make no mistake, Supernova:

There's _nothing_ I love more than this.

[Again, Dufresne pats the National Title.]

CD: You want to know the real reason you'll never be champion, you face-painted buffoon? It's not the women, it's not the cars and it's not the money. It's simple...

[No nod, no wink, and no smile.]

CD: ...You don't want it as bad as me.

[And with that, Dufresne drops the microphone on the mat and climbs out of the ring and back down the aisle, jeers from the Dallas faithful at his back as we fade to black.]

Cut to a very long shot of the exterior of a pretty dingy looking building.]

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

"Of your friends and family seeing you on television?"

[And just a little closer, revealing a red, white, and blue sign that reads "AWA Combat Corner."]

"Well, now you can make all your dreams come true by signing up today at the AWA Combat Corner - the official training school for the American Wrestling Alliance!"

[We cut to the interior of the building where we can see lots of standard gym equipment surrounding a very basic wrestling ring. There are people lifting weights, running on treadmills, and of course, working out in the ring.]

"With the very best trainers in the business, the AWA Combat Corner is the most-equipped training facility to get you in shape and get you in the ring in the shortest amount of time!"

[Cut into the ring where Todd Michaelson is barking out instructions.]

"With former World Champion Todd Michaelson leading the classes, you can guarantee that you will be prepared for in-ring action upon graduation and with the AWA expanding by the day, you will have a place to work on Day One!"

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

"So, stop by the Combat Corner today... call our offices... visit our website... and let them know that you want to be the next AWA Superstar! You want to be the future of the business!

You want to wrestle!"

[Fade to a graphic that has all the info on the AWA Combat Corner. And then we fade back to footage marked "EARLIER TODAY." It is a darkened room, two chairs and a small table. In the seat on the left, Jason Dane is seated, fidgeting nervously. On the right is Anton Layton, the Prince of Darkness clad in his cloaked robe.]

JD: Fans, two weeks ago, we heard a challenge issued by this man, Anton Layton, to Eric Preston - a challenge that Eric Preston quickly accepted. A challenge for a match simply called The Master's Mercy. Anton Layton, we have asked you here today for one reason.. what IS The Master's Mercy?

[The camera cuts to the cloaked Layton who does not react immediately.]

JD: Mr. Layton?

AL: It is a simple question that can not be answered with the same degree of simplicity, Jason Dane. You wish it could... I know. It's all your weak mind can handle. You wish I could say... "It is no disqualification." "It is a submission match." "The ring is surrounded by fire." Something like that.

[Dane's eyes go wide at the mention of the last option.]

AL: Do not concern yourself, Dane. I have no desire to scorch the Master's prize.

JD: And by that, you refer to Eric Preston?

AL: No other. Eric Preston continues to try to hide from me. He continues to try to hide from my Master... HIS Master. He continues to try and hide from his destiny.

[Layton releases a deep breath with a hiss.]

JD: You think Eric Preston is hiding?

[Layton chuckles.]

AL: Eric Preston's silence speaks volumes. He says nothing because he fears his own tongue will betray him. He knows that deep within the recesses of his mind - where his dreams and goals and desires stand strongest - they want him to make the choice. They need him to make the choice.

They want him to join me, Dane. They want him to stand beside the Master.

[Dane looks puzzled.]

JD: Then why, Anton? Why do you want to hurt him at SuperClash?

AL: It is the only way. It is the only way for Preston to gain enlightenment. It is always darkest before the dawn... and believe me, at SuperClash, I will bring the darkness. But it will be up to Eric Preston to embrace that darkness and go through the dawn of true enlightenment. True understanding of his course in this business.

I can lead him to greatness. The Master can lead him to greatness.

Or we can end everything for him.

[Layton smiles from under his hood.]

AL: The choice... is his.

JD: I see. But Mr. Layton, you still have not answered the question! What IS The Master's Mercy?

AL: It is a battle where destiny... the fates... the will of the Master hold strongest. It is a confrontation where adaptability will prove to be your greatest ally. It is a war where you must be prepared for any - and all - situations.

It is the Master's Mercy... an area where he is decidedly lacking.

[Layton's head tilts back, the hood sliding back slightly.]

AL: Ehehehehe... ehehehehehehehe... EHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHE!

[And with that, we fade from the pre-taped footage and back out to ringside where the announce team is standing.]

GM: That man creeps me out.

BW: Destiny? Fate? Adaptability? What the heck is he talking about now?

GM: To be honest, I think I'd be concerned if I DID understand what he was talking about, Bucky. We're getting closer to Main Event time here on the final Saturday Night Wrestling before SuperClash III, fans, but we've got a few pieces of business still to attend to. And right now, we're going to take care of one of them. As we mentioned two weeks ago, the Lynch brothers, James and Jack, and Violence Unlimited among other AWA talent are currently on a tour of Japan. In addition to competing for Tiger Paw Pro, they are also conducting press interviews for SuperClash III which, of course, will be available LIVE worldwide on Internet Pay Per View. This week, those two teams who will meet on Thanksgiving Night for the National Tag Team Titles, had a press conference in Tokyo... and... well, let's just say we're not sure we'll be invited back. Let's take a look...

[The words "Tokyo, Japan" flash across the bottom of the screen as we open to a packed press room. The room is filled with various members of the Japanese press standing in front of an elevated stage, where a large "AWA" banner hangs and where four very familiar men are seated.

The winners of the 2011 Stampede Cup...The Lynch Brothers.

The AWA National tag team champions...Violence Unlimited.

James is the first to emerge ... dressed in his usual good ol' boy look, blue jeans and Lynch family t-shirt while Jack, as always, is clad head to toe in black. Only the white buttons on his long sleeved dress shirt show any color. His cowboy hat is worn loosely, tilted back to show his face.

The champions are both dressed in their respective t-shirts, Haynes in his "THE HAMMER" shirt with a giant airbrushed image of his wild-eyed face...Morton in his "PROFESSOR PAIN" shirt with a giant airbrushed image of his face sticking his tongue out. On the table are the AWA tag team titles.

We join the press conference in progress.]

JH: ...all I'm sayin' is if the bastard didn't come after me with that chair, I wouldn't have had to toss him into the second row!

[Laughter all around as flashbulbs go off throughout the room. The moderator then points to a reporter in the crowd. The reporter begins to ask something in Japanese ... thankfully there are interpreters on hand to relay the question to those who don't speak Japanese.]

Interpreter: This is for the Lynch Brothers ... Welcome to Japan ... Your last name carries a lot of weight in this business.

[Jack and James both respond with a gentlemen like - "Thank You"]

Interpreter: Very few teams have been able to stand toe-to-toe with Violence Unlimited. How do you see the match going with the AWA tag team champions?

[The older Lynch Brother and general of the clan speaks first, leaning forward, into the microphone.]

JL: Its gonna be a war. Now, we've tangled with VU before. And some people called that a war, other people called it a classic. But let me tell you somethin'. You ain't seen nothin' yet.

Violence Unlimited is a great tag team. I don't have to tell you boys here in Japan that. They've terrorized these islands for a long time. These men live up to their names.

But how it going to go? What you saw before at the Cup was just a taste... a preview. What's coming next? Well, that's full out war. I expect you're going to see four men fight with everything they got. And at the end? There'll only be one best tag team in all the world.

[Now, James.]

JL: Like my brother said ... We respect and understand what Violence Unlimited has accomplished in this business. When we joined the AWA all we heard was that Violence Unlimited was the standard for great tag teams. We knew that the Stampede Cup was our chance ... It was our showcase and chance to show that we can compete with anyone in the AWA even the tag team "standard".

[You can tell that even though the respect word continues to get tossed around that some legit competition and heat has began to grow between the two teams. Another reporter shouts out a question, but this time in enough broken English an interpreter isn't needed.]

Reporter: Can you beat them?

[A second of awkward silence as the two teams stare at each other before the usually calm and collective Lynch brother, James shouts out a response.]

JL: Not only can we ... but we are going to!

[Talk begins between the reporters a little surprised at the quick and fiery confidence.]

JL: I am tired of hearing how tough these two are. From the day we entered the AWA we stepped out from the back and took on every challenge that came our way. Like, Violence Unlimited we won the Stampede Cup ... and you know what? We did it BEATING them!

[James turns towards the AWA tag team Champions and looks directly at them as he says that. Haynes doesn't bother to meet James' gaze, keeping his attention focused ahead towards the audience.]

JH: You can keep on starin' at me, boy...but that ain't gonna' improve your chances at SuperClash. You can keep on flappin' your gums about bein' tired of hearin' how tough we are, but that's YOUR problem, ain't it?

[Danny Morton turns to the Lynches however, looking slightly annoyed.]

DM: So you took on every challenge that came your way? You beat everyone that stood in your way? You bled, you fought through the pain and you found a way to win!?

[Danny Morton sarcastically claps for James.]

DM: Awesome job, fellas! You're doing everything that we've ALREADY done! But the Stampede Cup is over and done with! When me and Jack won last year, we didn't just stop wrestling and keep on patting ourselves in the back. We went around the world and proved that we deserved to be called the best night in and night out! The question is...can YOU do the same?

[Haynes slowly turns his head towards James, meeting the younger Lynch brother eye-to-eye.]

JH: You can keep on hangin' your hat on the one night of your life you rose up to OUR level...or you can walk into SuperClash and show the world that what happened in Atlanta wasn't just a one-time miracle.

[The reporters "Ooo." at the heated words from the AWA National tag team champions. Suddenly, Jack Lynch stands up, chair screeching as it flies backwards.]

JL: I'm tired of people askin' if we can beat you. We already did beat them! This man right here...

[Jack points to his brother.]

JL: He took a pounding, and when all hope looked like it was lost... he pinned you! You can talk all you want, but ain't nothin' you ever say going to change that.

[Haynes stands up out of his chair, standing right in front of Lynch.]

JH: Like I said...I gave that boy a moment of compassion and was paid with a lifetime of regret. Ya' won. Congratulations. Nothin's gonna' change what happened at the Stampede Cup, but this ain't gonna' be Violence Unlimited and The Lynches after three nights of brutal warfare, boy. This is Violence Unlimited and The Lynches goin' at each other at their very BEST.

[The Madman from Moscow, Tennessee grins.]

JH: And quite frankly, I don't think your best...is gonna' be enough.

"OHHH!!!"

[And that grin is suddenly wiped off Haynes' face by a big right hand! All hell breaks loose, as the 310 lbs Haynes falls over the table and off the stage! Before anyone can react, Jack leaps over the table and off the stage, quickly descending upon Haynes! The Lynches and Violence Unlimited begin brawling all over the place, as all the members of the press make a break for the exits, creating a scene of complete chaos!]

"SECURITY! SOMEONE GET SECURITY!"

"WATCH OUT!"

[James Lynch is seen getting thrown off the stage by a bellowing Danny Morton, as Jack Lynch pounds away at Haynes on the floor. The camera gets shaky, as people are trying to get out of the way of the two tag teams. As security swarms in, we see Jackson Haynes trying to get at Jack Lynch, grabbing an innocent bystander and tossing him in the direction of the camera...and then static.

After a moment, we fade back to live action where we find all the participants for the eight man tag team Main Event standing inside the ring.]

GM: As you can tell by that video footage, fans, the National Tag Team Title match at SuperClash is gonna be hotter than ever. If you think you've seen the Lynches take on Violence Unlimited before, you ain't seen nothing yet. I truly believe absolutely anything might happen on Thanksgiving Night in that match, Bucky.

BW: Stranger things have happened than the Stench Brothers winning the National Tag Team Titles, I suppose. Not many. Actually, I can't even think of one. No... no... I think that would be the strangest thing imaginable.

GM: The Lynches DID beat Violence Unlimited at the Stampede Cup, Bucky.

BW: Flukes happen. A broken clock is right twice a day. The sun even shines on a dog's hind quarters from time to time.

GM: I get the idea. Fans, as you can see, the eight men in our tag team Main Event are already in the ring and we're about to get this thing started.

AWA SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING

ROBERT DONOVAN, "HOTSHOT" STEVIE SCOTT, & THE ACES

VS

MAMMOTH MIZUSAWA, MARCUS BROUSSARD, & THE BLONDE BOMBERS

[A quick word of instructions from referee Scott Von Braun ends with both sides huddling up for a bit - and then breaking off as six men exit the ring, leaving two men remaining.]

GM: And it looks like we're going to start things off here with Robert Baldwin squaring off with Stevie Childes.

[The bell rings as Von Braun waves the two men together into action. They quickly tie up in the center of the ring, each man struggling for an advantage to start off the contest. It's Baldwin who is the first to act, twisting Childes' arm around into an armtwist. Outside the ring, Larry Doyle can be heard shouting, "Look at that, Bucky! Look at that!"]

GM: Larry Doyle's trying to draw your attention to the action in the ring, Bucky.

BW: He's just hoping someone can point out the excellent talent of his Bombers for once. Usually they get run down on commentary by you.

GM: I don't agree with that at all.

[Baldwin grits his teeth, bearing down on the armtwist as Childes slaps at his bicep, looking for an escape...

...and finding one as he does a front roll out of the pressure, kipping up to his feet and grabbing Baldwin's arm, dragging him down to the canvas in response. "Ravishing" Robert quickly gets back to his feet, ready as Childes gets back up as well.]

GM: Both of these men are so quick, Bucky.

BW: "Ravishing" Robert is easily quicker than that black sheep of the Childes family.

GM: You're not a big Stevie Childes fan?

BW: After what the Aces pulled on me at the Cup, I'm the world's biggest Anyone Against The Aces fan.

[Baldwin buries a knee into the midsection of Childes as they come together again, quickly hooking a side headlock. Childes backs him into the ropes, shoving Baldwin off to the ropes...]

GM: Stevie fires him to the ropes...

[A rebounding Baldwin ducks under a dead-jump leapfrog from Childes who skies over his opponent who hits the far ropes, getting his shoulder slapped by Johann Avalon as he does.]

GM: Blind tag!

BW: Stevie didn't see it!

[Baldwin baseball slides between the legs of Childes, popping up to his feet behind him...

...and CRACKING Childes upside the jaw with a stiff right hand!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot!

[A stunned Childes goes spinning away from Baldwin into a waiting Avalon who grabs Childes under the armpits, hoisting the smaller man into the air, and bringing him crashing down across his bent knee!]

GM: BACKBREAKER!! A high impact backbreaker connects!

[An angry Baldwin buries a few boots to the ribs of the downed Childes before Von Braun forces him out of the ring. Avalon drags Childes off the mat by the hair, driving a forearm into the kidneys of "Sweet" Stevie, sending him falling into the ropes.]

GM: Stevie Childes is taking some punishment very early on in this one... look out here... ohhh! Big double axehandle down across the back of Childes!

[From the corner, "Delicious" Danny Tyler shouts out, stretching out his arm towards his partner. Avalon turns towards Tyler, mocking him...

...and then BURYING a hard kick into the ribs of the doubled up Childes, knocking him down to his knees. He moves behind Childes, grabbing him by the chin with his left hand...]

GM: Avalon turns Childes to the side, making Tyler look at him...

[Avalon slams his forearm down across the chest of Childes... and a second one to the bridge of the nose... and then a third crossface-style across the ear, knocking Childes down to the mat. Childes drags himself towards the corner, trying to escape...

...but Avalon's having none of that, grabbing Childes by the ankle and dragging him back across the ring where he slaps the hand of Marcus Broussard.]

GM: The tag is made to the man who was the first National Champion - the self-proclaimed Big Gun of the AWA.

[Broussard drops a hard elbow across the back of Childes' head, smashing his face into the canvas. He quickly mounts the back of Childes, grabbing two hands full of hair...

...and SMASHES his face into the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! Facefirst to the mat!

[The San Jose Shark adds in a little verbal beatdown, shouting at Childes.]

GM: And now he's trash-talking him to boot. What a class act Marcus Broussard is.

BW: You were in love with him when he came back to fight the Southern Syndicate last year! Heck, you were practically begging him to help put them down.

GM: I was fooled. We were all fooled into thinking Broussard was a changed man but now we see he's the same no-good jerk he's always been.

[Broussard climbs back to his feet, tugging Childes up by the back of the trunks.]

GM: The Shark hooks him... side waistlock...

[The former National Champion hoists Childes into the air...

...where he backflips clean over the top, promptly leaping back up with a dropkick squarely to the back that sends Broussard sailing across the ring, dangerously close to the opposition's corner.]

GM: Look out here!

[Childes pulls himself off the mat, rushing towards the corner...

...but Broussard throws himself at Childes, blocking his path by wrapping his arms around the torso. Childes struggles and strains against the San Jose Shark, trying to get to his waiting partners who all have their arms outstretched. Stevie Scott suddenly shouts out, pointing across the ring..]

GM: What's he-?

[The crowd roars as Scott Von Braun turns, shouting at Louis Matsui...

...which allows Stevie Scott to slip into the ring, jumping up to the middle rope, and dropping a heavy double axehandle across the back of Broussard, breaking his grip on Childes as the Hotshot slips back to the apron!]

BW: No fair! No fair!

GM: Stevie Scott never claimed to be a Boy Scout, Bucky. You know that.

[Childes pushes past the suddenly downed Broussard, slapping Robert Donovan's big hand.]

GM: Here comes the champ!

[The Longhorn Heritage Champion steps over the ropes into the ring, grabbing a rising Broussard by the hair...

...and SLAMMING his face into the buckles!]

GM: Ohh! The seven footer slams his head into the buckles!

[Swinging around, Donovan shouts to the corner where Stevie Scott lifts a foot through the ropes...

...and Donovan smashes Broussard's head into the boot before slapping Danny Tyler's hand.]

GM: The tag is made to "Delicious" Danny...

[Tyler and Donovan each grab an arm, firing the San Jose Shark across the ring...

...and the big man hoists Tyler up in a gorilla press, throwing him across the ring on the rebounding Shark!]

GM: OHHHHHH! WHAT A COMBINATION MOVE!!!

[Tyler hooks a leg as Von Braun dives down to count but Broussard is out before even a one count. Tyler grabs the rising Broussard by the hair, throwing a pair of forearms to knock him back into the neutral corner...]

GM: Tyler backs him down... ohhh! Big chop to the chest!

[Tyler grabs Broussard by the arm, firing him to the opposite corner. The Delicious One breaks into a sprint, charging across the ring...

...and throwing himself into a leaping clothesline, his legs going through the ropes as he smashes the San Jose Shark in the buckles!]

GM: What a clothesline!

[Tyler throws himself backwards, slapping the canvas with both hands as he lets loose a roar to the crowd. Broussard stumbles out...

...and gets dropped with another knife-edge chop to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: Danny Tyler is all over him! He's all over Marcus Broussard!

[An angry Larry Doyle hops up on the apron, shouting at Scott Von Braun who moves to confront him, ordering him down off the apron...

...which brings in Stevie Childes who rushes across the ring, grabbing Doyle by the shirt!]

GM: Wait a second! Wait a second!

[Robert Baldwin rushes in, burying a knee into the kidneys of Childes. He grabs him by the arm, firing him towards the ropes...

...but Childes reverses it, sending Baldwin into the ropes instead, and both of the Aces drop Baldwin with a double dropkick!]

GM: DOWN GOES BALDWIN!!

[The two men measure Baldwin again...

...and connect with a second one, sending him sailing through the ropes to the floor to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: It's breaking down here in Dallas! We've got to take another break but we'll be right back with the rest of our Main Event, fans, so don't you go away!

Cut to a very long shot of the exterior of a pretty dingy looking building.]

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

"Of your friends and family seeing you on television?"

[And just a little closer, revealing a red, white, and blue sign that reads "AWA Combat Corner."]

"Well, now you can make all your dreams come true by signing up today at the AWA Combat Corner - the official training school for the American Wrestling Alliance!"

[We cut to the interior of the building where we can see lots of standard gym equipment surrounding a very basic wrestling ring. There are people lifting weights, running on treadmills, and of course, working out in the ring.]

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"With former World Champion Todd Michaelson leading the classes, you can guarantee that you will be prepared for in-ring action upon graduation and with the AWA expanding by the day, you will have a place to work on Day One!"

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

"So, stop by the Combat Corner today... call our offices... visit our website... and let them know that you want to be the next AWA Superstar! You want to be the future of the business!"

You want to wrestle!"

[Fade to a graphic that has all the info on the AWA Combat Corner. And then we fade back to the AWA ring where the Bombers are working in unison, flinging Danny Tyler across the ring...

...and DUMPING him facefirst on the canvas with a flapjack!]

GM: OHHHHH! We are back, fans! What a doubleteam move we just saw right there out of the Blonde Bombers... and look at this!

[A series of stomps to the chest and head of the downed Danny Tyler sends the crowd into a roar of boos. Stevie Chiles tries to get back into the ring but Robert Donovan stops him, shaking him off.]

BW: And shockingly, that's a smart move by Donovan to keep Chiles from getting in there. That would have just ended up as more trouble for his partner, Tyler. For supposed tag team specialists, these Aces don't work very well as a tag team.

GM: We'll see about that at SuperClash where the Aces and the Blonde Bombers will go at it in tag team action with the Number One contender status on the line.

[Johann Avalon steps back out to the apron as Robert Baldwin drags Danny Tyler off the mat again, using the hair to slam Tyler's head into the neutral corner. He squares up, throwing rights and lefts into the ribcage of the stunned Tyler before grabbing "Delicious" by the arm, flinging him across the ring.]

GM: Tyler hits the corner hard... look out here...

[Baldwin backs to the far corner, measuring up Tyler with his extended fingers like sizing him up for a camera shot...

...and charges across the ring, leaping into the air for a flying knee!]

GM: FLYING KNE- OHHHHH! TYLER MOVED! TYLER MOVED!

[“Delicious” Danny Tyler, having thrown himself out of the way of the running kneestrike crawls towards the corner where his partners all have their hands outstretched...

...and makes a LUNGING tag to a waiting Stevie Scott!]

GM: IN COMES THE HOTSHOT!!

[Stevie Scott dashes in, promptly jabbing his fingers into the eyes of a recovering Baldwin.]

GM: Ohh!

BW: That’s a cheapshot! It’s illegal! Call it like it is, Gordo!

[Grabbing Baldwin by the hair, Scott slams his head into the buckles before mounting the middle rope, raising his right hand...]

“ONE!”

“TWO!”

“THREE!”

“FOUR!”

“FIVE!”

“SIX!”

“SEVEN!”

“EIGHT!”

“NINE!”

“TEN!”

[Hopping down off the midbuckle, Scott hooks a loose side headlock on Baldwin, charging out of the corner...

...and DRIVES Baldwin’s face into the canvas with a running bulldog!]

GM: BULLDOG! BULLDOG!

[Scott rolls Baldwin over onto his back, applying a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! NO!

[The crowd jeers as Johann Avalon and Marcus Broussard make a lunging save, breaking the pin attempt. An angry Stevie Childes breaks through, charging across the ring and connecting with a split-legged dropkick on both rulebreakers, sending them sailing back towards their corner.]

GM: What a move by Childes!

BW: They gotta get the giant in there! Mizusawa hasn't even been in the match yet but he can turn this whole thing around in a heartbeat, Gordo.

GM: He certainly could.

[A slightly-dazed Scott pulls Baldwin up, shoving him back into the corner and burying a boot into the ribs... and another... and another... and another... each kick coming faster and faster, driving Baldwin down to the mat where he continues to stomp his head and chest in the buckles...

...and then breaks away with a roar, leaning down to slap the mat with both hands!]

GM: OH YEAH!! Stevie Scott is FIRED UP here tonight in Dallas! That's a man who wants to Steal The Spotlight on Thanksgiving Night at SuperClash III!

BW: There's nine other guys who want to do exactly that as well. Don't try to convince anyone that Scott wants it anymore than they do. I believe NO ONE wants that win more than Marcus Broussard, Gordo.

GM: We'll see about that LIVE on Internet Pay Per View!

[Scott grabs the legs of Baldwin, hauling him away from the corner...

...and STOMPS down on the lower midsection to the cheers of the crowd!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: He kicked him low!

GM: I think that was above the waist, Bucky.

BW: It wasn't! I saw it!

[Larry Doyle again hops up on the apron, Scott balling up his fists and waving him into the ring...

...which allows Marcus Broussard to slip back in the ring, burying a knee into the kidneys of the Hotshot!]

GM: Oh! The San Jose Shark just got him from behind!

[Grabbing a handful of trunks, Broussard HURLS Scott over the ropes, sending him crashing down to the floor!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!! BROUSSARD JUMPED HIM FROM BEHIND!!!

[The San Jose Shark slides out to the floor, grabbing Scott up by the hair...]

GM: No, no! Don't do this!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE WOODEN PLATFORM!! HEADFIRST INTO THE WOODEN PLATFORM!!!

[The Hotshot crumples down to the thinly-padded floor, clutching his skull in pain. Broussard backs away, a furious look on his face as he throws his arms apart, soaking up the jeers of the crowd.]

"THAT ALL YOU GOT, HOTSHOT?! YOU THINK YOU CAN BEAT ME?!"

[Broussard lays in a pair of vicious stomps to the skull of Stevie Scott that just crashed into the wooden ramp...

...and then pulls himself up on the ramp, walking back down the elevated ramp to the boos from the crowd.]

GM: Is he... he's leaving, Bucky!

BW: It certainly looks like that! It looks like Marcus Broussard has decided he has served his purpose here tonight. He's sent his message. He's got nothing left to prove here in this one and it's time for him to Steal The Spotlight on Thanksgiving Night, Gordo!

GM: I can't believe he's walking out of this match... and I can't believe he's left Stevie Scott LAID OUT here at ringside!

BW: He ain't gettin' up either, Gordo. Stevie Scott just had his skull caved in and he's done! He might not even make it to SuperClash, Gordo!

GM: You could be right, Bucky. That was a horrific, brutal, vile shot into the wooden platform and... wow. Stevie Scott is down and he's absolutely not moving one bit.

[Robert Donovan hops down off the apron, moving to the downed Hotshot and kneeling next to him. Scott Von Braun looks over the ropes, checking to see if the Hotshot can continue...

...when suddenly inside the ring, we find both members of the Aces and the Blonde Bombers colliding again. Baldwin has Danny Tyler in one set of buckles, hammering away with right hands to the ribs. In the opposite corner, Johann Avalon is doing the same thing to Stevie Childes, slamming his elbow back into the jaw repeatedly.]

GM: We've got a fight going in the ring again! Stevie Scott is the legal man but there's so much going on - I'm not sure if Scott Von Braun even realizes that!

[Each member of the Bombers grab an arm, firing the Aces towards each other...

...but Childes leapfrogs over his partner who keeps on running, leaving his feet with a flying forearm to the jaw of Johann Avalon, knocking the Machine down to the canvas. A wild right hand from Baldwin is ducked by Childes who hooks a rear waistlock as Tyler dashes to the ropes, rebounding off...]

GM: What in the...?

[Tyler DRILLS Baldwin with a clothesline, giving a little extra "oomph" as Childes lifts Baldwin into the air, dropping him down on the back of the head and neck with a belly-to-back suplex!]

GM: OHHH! WHAT A MOVE!! WHAT A DOUBLETEAM MOVE BY THE ACES!!

[Von Braun immediately protests, trying to get control of the match as Danny Tyler pulls Johann Avalon up, slamming him down to the canvas before he hops up to the middle rope...

...and leaps off, dropping an elbow down across the chest of Avalon!]

GM: Elbow from the middle rope! He crushes him to the canvas!

[Larry Doyle again hops up on the apron...

...and Danny Tyler grabs him by the jacket, shaking him back and forth! Scott Von Braun rushes to intervene again as Louis Matsui climbs up on the apron...]

GM: What the heck is Matsui doing now?!

BW: He's got a chair!

[Matsui holds the chair up, shouting at Robert Baldwin...

...but it's Stevie Childes who spots him first, moving towards him...]

GM: HERE COME-

[BIG ROAR!]

GM: MIZUSAWA'S GOT HIM! HE'S GOT HIM BY THE THROAT!!!

[The giant steps over the ropes, shaking his head at Childes who came oh-so-close to getting the steel chair away from Louis Matsui...]

GM: He's gonna chokeslam him! He's gonna-

[But Robert Donovan has other ideas, stepping over the ropes and hammering Mizusawa with a forearm smash to the back of the head.]

GM: Ohh! Donovan breaks the hold on Childes!

[Mizusawa swings around as Donovan tees off, right hand after right hand after right hand...]

GM: The big man is hammering away on Mizusawa! He's trying to get the edge here in this one...

[Outside the ring, Larry Doyle huddles up with Avalon and Baldwin, trying to figure out what to do next...]

GM: Wait a second! Where is Stevie Chiles going?!

BW: He's going up top! He's heading up top!

GM: Chiles is gonna leap off on the Bombers!

BW: Von Braun's trying to stop him! Von Braun is shouting at Chiles to get down from there!

[But Chiles ignores the official, quickly mounting the buckles...

...and Von Braun drops to the floor, waving it off, trying to move the Bombers out of the way!]

GM: Von Braun won't let it happen! Von Braun is-

[Suddenly, Chiles HURLS HIMSELF from the top rope, flipping through the air in a front somersault...

...and LANDING ON THE PILE!!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY STARS! MY STARS AND GARTERS!! WHAT DID WE JUST SEE THERE?!

BW: Stevie Chiles just took this thing to another level!

GM: Stevie Chiles just defied gravity and wiped out all of the Blonde Bombers INCLUDING Larry Doyle!

BW: Uh oh... it looks like he wiped out Scott Von Braun too, Gordo.

GM: I think you're right.

[The camera cuts to ringside, revealing a pain-wrecked Scott Von Braun clutching the back of his neck, wincing with every movement as he writhes in agony on the thinly-padded floor.]

GM: Scott Von Braun is down! Scott Von Braun looks like he may be seriously hurt, fans!

[But inside the ring, Robert Donovan is hammering away with clenched fists to the skull, alternating by smashing overhead elbows to the skull. He grabs the giant by the arm, firing him across the ring...

...and drilling the rebounding giant with a big boot under the chin!]

GM: BOOT!! BIG BOOT TO THE JAW!!

[Donovan points to the roaring fans, gesturing to them...]

GM: What the...

BW: No way!

GM: He's gonna slam him! He says he's gonna slam the giant!

[Donovan nods his head, ducking down as he lunges in, trying to scoop the giant off his feet...]

GM: Do it, big man! Do it!

[Donovan suddenly winces, staggering away as he clutches his lower back...

...and staggers all the way back around, getting floored by a thunderous clothesline!]

GM: OHHH! WHAT A CLOTHESLINE!!!

[Mizusawa lets loose a roar, backing into the ropes...]

GM: SPLAAAAAAAAA-

[BIG ROAR!]

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED! DONOVAN ROLLED OUT OF THE WAY!!

[A quick cut to the floor shows a pair of AWA officials kneeling next to Scott Von Braun, waving back and forth, throwing their arms over their head towards the locker room.]

GM: Fans, I think Scott Von Braun is seriously injured.

[Stevie Childes gets back up to his feet, looking over at the downed Von Braun, his jaw dropping as he sees what he accidentally caused. Danny Tyler moves to his partner's side, trying to get him to snap out of it as Donovan gets back to his feet...

...and lifts his right hand in the air!]

GM: Are you kidding me?!

BW: He couldn't bodyslam him but now he thinks he can chokeslam him?!

[With Donovan waiting for the giant to rise, we cut out to the floor where a recovered Robert Baldwin and Johann Avalon ambush the Aces, smashing Danny Tyler into the ringpost before working over a shocked Stevie Childes in tandem. With Larry Doyle shouting instructions, Baldwin SMASHES Childes' skull into the ringpost before rolling him under the ropes...]

GM: Baldwin's back in and-

[BIG CHEER!]

GM: DONOVAN'S GOT BALDWIN!! HE'S GOT HIM BY THE THROAT!

[As the Longhorn Heritage Champion prepares to put Baldwin through the mat, Johann Avalon rolls in...

...Larry Doyle's cowboy boot in hand!]

GM: No, no, no!

[Avalon winds up as Donovan slowly turns, Baldwin in hand...

...and SLAMS the boot down over the forehead of Donovan!]

GM: OHHH! WHAT A SHOT!!!

[Donovan collapses from the impact of the loaded boot to the skull, sending him through the ropes and out onto the elevated platform. Mizusawa, slowly climbing to his feet, steps out onto the platform as well...

...and DROPS all his weight down in a big splash on the ramp!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE JUST CRUSHED DONOVAN! HE CRUSHED THE CHAMP ON THE RAMP!

[A smirking Larry Doyle shouts out an order to the Bombers who nod in response. Johann Avalon pulls Stevie Childes up by the hair, hoisting him up in a bearhug and leaning over as Baldwin scales the turnbuckles, raising his arms high in the air...

...and leaping off the top, smashing down with his leg across the throat!]

GM: OHHH! FLYING LEGDROP OFF THE TOP!!!

[Baldwin flips Childes to his back, applying a lateral press.]

GM: There's no referee! The referee got knocked flat by-

[Larry Doyle grabs one of the officials helping get Scott Von Braun onto a stretcher...

...and SHOVES him under the ropes into the ring!]

GM: What the-?! Come on!

BW: Count, you idiot!

[An irritated Mickey Meekly raises his hand, slapping the canvas quickly three times and signaling for the bell before rolling back out to the side of the downed Von Braun.]

GM: Unbelievable.

[An overjoyed Larry Doyle jumps up and down on the floor, shouting at Phil Watson.]

PW: Here are your winners... the team of MAMMOTH Mizusawa, Marcus Broussard, and the BLONNNNNNDE BOMMMMBERRRRS!

[Robert Baldwin and Johann Avalon have their hands raised by Larry Doyle who continues to celebrate the victory as Louis Matsui joins them, shaking hands with Doyle.]

BW: And tell me that doesn't add momentum for the Bombers! For Broussard! For the giant! Oh, it's going to be a glorious night at SuperClash, Gordo! I can't wait!

GM: SuperClash is less than two weeks away and we may have just seen some much needed momentum given to these four men. Jason Dane is standing by in the Control Center with the FINAL lineup for the big event that will be coming to you on Thanksgiving Night LIVE on Internet Pay Per View so let's go to him now!

[We crossfade from the celebration in the ring to Jason Dane standing in front of a sea of television monitors. The SuperClash III logo splashes on the screen.]

JD: Welcome to the Control Center, fans! We are twelve days away from the big event - Thanksgiving Night at the DeSoto Civic Center in Memphis, Tennessee. Remember... if you can't be with us live in Memphis, you can join us LIVE for the very first time on Internet Pay Per View! Let's run down this amazing lineup!

[A shot appears of the STEAL THE SPOTLIGHT logo surrounded by ten faces.]

JD: The third annual Steal The Spotlight ten man elimination tag team match will be held. Two teams of five battling it out but there can only be ONE sole survivor. And whoever that man is, he'll earn the right to name one match of his choice at any point in the next year. Remember, it'll be Marcus Broussard leading Pedro Perez, Skywalker Jones, Raphael Rhodes, and a mystery entrant against Stevie Scott, Jeff Jagger, Nick Anton, Dick

Bass, and Sultan Azam Sharif! Two very interesting teams and this should be a very interesting matchup!

[The shot changes to reveal Lori Dane, Melissa Cannon, Holly Hotbody, and the fourth woman.]

JD: The first EVER women's tag team match in AWA history with Lori Dane and Melissa Cannon teaming up to face Holly Hotbody and... well, we STILL don't know her name. History will be made in Memphis, Tennessee with this one!

[Another shot change to show the Aces and the Blonde Bombers.]

JD: Two tag teams collide when Stevie Childes and Danny Tyler, the Aces, team up to face Johann Avalon and Robert Baldwin, the Blonde Bombers in a match that will crown the Number One Contenders to the National Tag Team Titles!

[A title screen pops up reading "HANDICAP LOSER LEAVES TOWN MATCH!"]

JD: The stakes will be sky high when Kolya Sudakov and Sweet Daddy Williams team up to take on Dick Sullivan, Vladimir Velikov, and Ivan Kostovich in a Handicap Match. The loser of the fall will LEAVE the AWA! And to make sure things are called right down the middle in this very important showdown, "Big" Jim Watkins is the special guest referee!

[The shot changes to photos of James Monosso and Rick Marley.]

JD: The challenge was made earlier tonight and it has been accepted. James Monosso and Rick Marley will collide in a very personal grudge match.

[Next, we see the PCW Title belt.]

JD: You want to talk about grudge matches - you gotta talk about "Red Hot" Rex Summers and Travis Lynch! Those two men will battle at SuperClash with the PCW World Title on the line!

["THE MASTER'S MERCY" appears on the screen.]

JD: It is a very mysterious situation that Eric Preston will step into on Thanksgiving Night... and that's exactly how Anton Layton likes it when those two meet at SuperClash!

["ALL-STAR SHOWDOWN" pops up next.]

JD: It would be a Main Event anywhere in the wrestling world when Caleb Temple and Jeff Matthews meet Alex Martinez and Adam Rogers. And if Martinez survives this final showdown, he's got a date with the man who has caused all this drama for all these months - The Dragon will be revealed at SuperClash!

And then we get to our three big AWA title matches...

[A shot of Robert Donovan and MAMMOTH Mizusawa appears.]

JD: It'll be the Longhorn Heritage Title on the line against five minutes with Louis Matsui when Robert Donovan and MAMMOTH Mizusawa collide in a true battle of the giants!

[Footage appears from the Press Conference we saw earlier in the night.]

JD: The National Tag Team Titles will be on the line when Violence Unlimited, the 2010 Stampede Cup champions, defend the titles against Jack and James Lynch, the 2011 Stampede Cup champion. Who is the best tag team in the world? We will find out on Thanksgiving Night!

[Another cut, this one revealing Supernova and Calisto Dufresne.]

JD: And in the Main Event, it will be Occupy SuperClash when Supernova draws upon the love of his millions of fans when he cashes in the title shot he won back at the Memorial Day Rumble when he challenges the "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne for the AWA National Title! In just a few moments, we're going to see Supernova in action on TV for the final time before that big event but believe me when I tell you, this young lion is ready. He's more ready than anyone knows. And when he gets in the ring with Calisto Dufresne on Thanksgiving Night, we may very well see a new champion crowned.

Fans, it's SuperClash III - the biggest night of the year for the American Wrestling Alliance. It's Thanksgiving Night in Memphis, Tennessee at the DeSoto Civic Center...

...and for the very first time, it's LIVE on Internet Pay Per View! Incredible. For the Control Center, I'm Jason Dane... now let's head back down to ringside to see the man who will challenge for the AWA National Title in twelve days in action!

[We crossfade from the Control Center to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: Tonight's final contest is a special attraction match scheduled for one fall!

Introducing first, hailing from Capetown, South Africa and weighing in at two-hundred and seventy-one pounds. He represents all that is pure, here is... COLONEL P.W. DE KLERK!

[There is no entrance music as de Klerk appears on the entrance ramp. The crowd boos relentlessly as de Klerk takes a few steps and stops, his left arm behind his back. He uses his right arm to twist his handlebar mustache and peer out at the crowd. He offers them a military salute and continues to the ring. He climbs into the ring and raises his right arm above his head, hand balled into a fist and then offers another military salute to the crowd.]

GM: P.W. de Klerk not a popular man.

BW: He doesn't care about popularity, Gordo. All he cares about is discipline. And he's gonna serve up some discipline to somebody who really needs it.

GM: That remains to be seen, but the man he is about to face... he is the epitome of popular!

BW: And so is Justin Bieber, but that doesn't mean he could beat de Klerk!

[And now Judas Priest's "You've Got Another Thing Coming" kicks in over the PA system, drawing a loud pop from the crowd. As the tempo picks up, the blonde, crew-cut wrestler known as Supernova comes out from the entranceway.]

PW: And his opponent, from Venice Beach, California, and weighing 260 pounds... ladies and gentlemen...

THIS...

IS...

SUPERNOVA!

[Supernova is dressed in black tights with yellow flames running up the sides and black wrestling boots, each with a small, fiery sun on the sides. He is also wearing a white vest with a big, fiery yellow sun on the back and the word "Supernova" beneath it in yellow lettering. And most notable is his face paint, black and yellow, resembling a flame.]

GM: Perhaps Bieber wouldn't match up with de Klerk, but this man most certainly can... Supernova on his way to SuperClash to face Calisto Dufresne for the National title!

BW: Supernova made a big mistake agreeing to this match... de Klerk sees this as a chance to soften him up, maybe even hurt him, before his big title match!

GM: You would believe Dufresne would have de Klerk do something like that to help him before that National title match? You think that's why de Klerk ran him down verbally earlier tonight? To goad him into this match?

BW: Don't you put words into my mouth, Gordo! Dufresne doesn't need anybody's help... but de Klerk is the kind of guy who would just love to hurt anyone set for an important title bout!

[As he heads down the aisle, he is more than happy to slap the hands of the fans whose arms are stretched over the barricade. Upon reaching the ring, he ascends the steps, stopping on the apron to cup his hands to his mouth and howl to the crowd, before ducking between the ropes...

...but he gets no time to do anything else as de Klerk attacks him as he enters the ring!]

GM: de Klerk not giving Supernova a chance to even remove his vest!

BW: I told you, Gordo... de Klerk wants to discipline Supernova, he wants to put the hurt on him!

[The South African wrestler hammers away on Supernova, ignoring the demands of referee Johnny Jagger to break it up.]

GM: The Colonel has Supernova trapped in the corner... a pair of kicks to the midsection... now choking him in the corner!

BW: Hey, Supernova can at least get used to what it's gonna be like when he faces Dufresne... he owes him big time for destroying that tuxedo of his!

GM: Johnny Jagger's count reaches four... de Klerk finally breaks it up, but he's back on the attack.

[The Colonel ignores Jagger's request to back up, as he delivers a few blows to Supernova, before grabbing him by the arm.]

GM: Irish whip by de Klerk to the other corner... no, it's reversed! Hard into the buckles goes de Klerk and he stumbles out... big back body drop!

BW: All right, so de Klerk might be a bit overzealous... WHOA!

GM: Supernova with a hard clothesline as de Klerk rises... de Klerk trying to get up... another clothesline!

BW: de Klerk up again... that's a third clothesline!

[And that's enough for de Klerk, who rolls under the ropes and out of the ring, as Supernova cups his hands to his mouth and howls, then takes off his vest.]

GM: You were saying earlier about de Klerk getting overzealous?

BW: Yeah, I admit that, but de Klerk is doing the right thing... get out of the ring, regroup and slow Supernova's momentum down.

[Supernova tries to approach the ropes, but Johnny Jagger intervenes as de Klerk slaps the apron in frustration, then shouts at Von Braun to keep Supernova away.]

GM: The challenger for the National title at SuperClash doesn't want him to have that opportunity to regroup.

BW: Well, if he really represents the hard working man as he says, he'll show some respect to de Klerk and let him get back into the ring when he's ready.

GM: de Klerk climbing the steps... Supernova's anxious to get this match going.

[The Colonel steps between the ropes, and as Supernova approaches him, de Klerk holds one hand up in the air.]

GM: And the Colonel wanting a test of strength. I don't think this is a wise idea.

BW: Why? You don't think the Colonel can match power with Supernova?

GM: I just think it's not a wise idea to test Supernova like this... you're talking about a younger wrestler and de Klerk has been around for a long time.

BW: Oh, so you think de Klerk is too old? Believe me, age has nothing to do with it... de Klerk gets better with age, just like fine South African wine and cheese!

[Supernova cautiously approaches de Klerk, extending his hands forward, preparing to lock fingers.]

GM: Supernova and the Colonel lock one hand each... now they lock the others... but de Klerk with a kick to the midsection!

BW: See, that's the advantage de Klerk has... he may be up there in years, but it means he has the experience advantage over Supernova!

GM: The fan favorite down to his knees... de Klerk looks very confident right now.

[The fans start cheering and clapping, trying to encourage Supernova, who slowly starts to pull himself off his knees.]

GM: And look at this... Supernova battling back... and the Colonel looks surprised!

BW: He's gotta be pulling the tights or something!

GM: Be serious, Bucky... and now it's Supernova showing his strength! Look at this!

[Indeed, de Klerk has now sunk to his knees as Supernova squeezes his fingers tight.]

BW: I don't know how Supernova came back... I mean, the Colonel is a strong man!

GM: But as I said, Bucky, Supernova is younger and he's no slouch in the strength department either!

BW: Yeah, but de Klerk isn't finished... he's getting to his knees now.

[As de Klerk reaches his feet, he strikes with a kick to the midsection, forcing Supernova to release his grasp.]

GM: de Klerk gets out of that one... now backing him into the ropes... blatant choke!

BW: And why does Jagger have to get in there? Doesn't he realize de Klerk is just trying to administer some discipline?

GM: He's breaking the rules, Bucky, and Jagger is doing his job!

[Jagger pulls de Klerk off Supernova, warning him as the Colonel shouts back at the referee.]

BW: Obviously Jagger knows nothing about discipline... no wonder his kid turned out so bad!

GM: Bucky, that's enough! The Colonel going after Supernova... Irish whip into the ropes... no, it's reversed!

[As de Klerk comes off the ropes, Supernova catches him, then presses him skyward!]

GM: And look at this, Bucky!

BW: I can't believe it! That's a 270-pound-plus man and Supernova's lifting him up over his head!

GM: And de Klerk comes down the hard way! Press slammed to the canvas!

[de Klerk quickly rolls out of the ring, but this time, Supernova is quick to pursue him.]

GM: The Colonel trying to get away but Supernova is giving chase!

BW: And where is Jagger now, may I ask?

GM: He's in the ring, putting the count on both men... Supernova with a series of right hands... Irish whip and de Klerk hits the barricade!

BW: Now what's that goofball doing?

[Supernova howls as de Klerk is dazed, then comes charging at the man from South Africa...

...but that man moves out of the way as Supernova goes chest-first into the barricade!]

GM: Supernova taking a chance but de Klerk saw it coming!

BW: That's the experience advantage I'm talking about, Gordon!

GM: de Klerk rolls under the ropes... but he goes back outside!

BW: And that's experience again... break the count and then go back outside and do more damage to your opponent!

[Supernova staggers forward as de Klerk grabs him by the hair, then slams him face first into the ring apron.]

GM: And de Klerk dishes out the punishment...shoves him back into the ring... but he doesn't follow him.

BW: No, not yet... time for more punishment!

[de Klerk grabs Supernova by the hair, pulling him so his head is on the ring apron, then delivers a blatant choke.]

GM: And Johnny Jagger with the count again... de Klerk releasing at the count of four and now shouting at him again!

BW: Like I said, Von Braun doesn't know the first thing about discipline! And de Klerk is showing him and everyone else what it means!

GM: de Klerk coming back into the ring... Supernova trying to get to his feet but the Colonel is there first. He grabs him a side headlock... runs forward for a bulldog!

BW: And there's the first cover of the match!

GM: One... two... but Supernova kicks out!

BW: All he's doing is subjecting himself to more punishment!

GM: Bucky, you know Supernova won't let himself be put away that easily! And now de Klerk with a series of stomps right to Supernova's head!

BW: If Supernova had just let himself be pinned, he'd be in a better position going into SuperClash!

GM: Supernova is not going to just surrender the match, Bucky!

BW: Then Supernova can only blame himself if he goes in to SuperClash less than 100 percent!

[de Klerk has now dragged Supernova off the canvas, backing him into a corner and delivering a series of kneelifts.]

GM: de Klerk in control of the match... he grabs Supernova and pulls him forward... sets him up and a nice vertical suplex!

BW: And now another cover!

GM: One... two... but another knockout! This young man will not quit!

BW: He may not be a quitter, but he sure isn't smart! First he ruins everything for Dufresne two weeks ago, now he's gonna get himself set up to be hurt big time!

GM: That remains to be seen... but there's a reverse chinlock applied by P.W. de Klerk!

[The Colonel wrenches on Supernova's neck as now the fans start cheering and clapping, encouraging the fan favorite to rally back.]

GM: Supernova working his way back up to his feet... now with a fist to the midsection! And another one! And the hold is broken!

BW: But de Klerk stays on top of him... knee to the midsection!

GM: Irish whip by de Klerk... clothesline attempt but Supernova ducks it... he comes off the ropes... double clothesline and both men are down!

[Both Supernova and de Klerk lie flat on their backs on the canvas as Johnny Jagger delivers the count.]

BW: Say what you want about de Klerk, Gordo, but you've gotta admit he's taking the fight to Supernova!

GM: Certainly, de Klerk has not made it easy for Supernova... Von Braun's count is up to five, but both men stirring.

BW: de Klerk up at the count of seven... he's got Supernova and he's backing him into the corner.

GM: de Klerk with a hard right hand... another one... but look at this!

[As de Klerk hammers away at Supernova, the blonde wrestler just stares back at him.]

BW: How does this goofball feel no pain? Or is he just too stupid to realize the pain?

GM: Supernova feeling no effect of de Klerk's assault... but a thumb to the eye by the Colonel!

BW: Now that's something you are gonna feel, no matter how dumb you are!

GM: The Colonel whipping Supernova into the ropes... no, a reversal! And a dropkick as de Klerk is on the rebound!

[de Klerk pulls himself back to his feet, but Supernova, after howling to the crowd, is quick to get behind his opponent.]

GM: Supernova picks up de Klerk... atomic drop! And de Klerk feeling the impact on the spine!

BW: de Klerk better think of something fast... Supernova off the ropes and a clothesline!

GM: And this young man is rallying... now he's going outside!

[Supernova now climbs the ropes as the Colonel slowly gets to his feet.]

BW: Supernova taking too big of a risk!

GM: de Klerk to his feet... Supernova on the top rope.. he leaps... flying bodypress! And he's got the cover... one... two... thr... NO! The Colonel kicks out!

[Supernova looks up at Jagger in disbelief, but Jagger holds up two fingers.]

BW: Give de Klerk some credit there! A lesser man would have been pinned after that move!

GM: de Klerk certainly showing resiliency and Supernova can't believe it! The challenger to the National title grabbing the Colonel... backs him into the corner and drives a shoulder into the midsection!

BW: Irish whip coming... and I can.. no, he reversed it!

GM: de Klerk now charging in... but Supernova moves! And de Klerk just hit the post!

BW: Oh no... now I _know_ what's coming next!

[Supernova has already headed to the opposite corner as de Klerk slowly pulls himself away from the post, then slumps against the corner.

And that's when Supernova comes charging...]

GM: HEAT WAVE!

BW: He got all of it, Gordo! And the Colonel is down!

[As de Klerk falls to the canvas, Supernova grabs him by the legs, then looks to the crowd, who shows its approval.]

GM: And here he goes... tying up the legs... he's got the Solar Flare locked on!

BW: We have company!

[de Klerk quickly submits as the referee calls for the bell...

...just as Calisto Dufresne steps into the ring, winding up as Supernova turns around...]

GM: LOOK OUT!

[And DRILLS Supernova between the eyes with the title belt!]

GM: OHHH! WHAT A SHOT!!

[A furious Dufresne stands over Supernova, glaring down at his barely moving form. He pats the title belt, clutching it to his chest.]

"This... this belongs to me."

[Dufresne leans down, the title belt very close to the face of the Number One contender now.]

"And there's nothing... NOTHING... I won't do to keep it that way."

[The Ladykiller angrily throws the title belt down on the canvas, pulling Supernova off the mat by the hair, tugging him into a front facelock...]

GM: Oh no.

BW: FINISH HIM!

[Dufresne hoists Supernova into the air, SPIKING his skull into the canvas with the Wham Bam Thank You Ma'am DDT.]

GM: Good god! Good god almighty!

[Dufresne rolls Supernova onto his back, staring up at the lights as he kneels over him. The Ladykiller retrieves his title belt, again holding it just inches away from the challenger's face...]

BW: Take a good look, Supernova! Open your eyes and take a good look! Cause that's the closest you're ever gonna get to that belt! Ahahahaha!

GM: We'll see about that, Bucky! We'll see about that in twelve days! Calisto Dufresne may have won this battle... but at SuperClash, can he win the war? The National Title will be on the line! The National Tag Team Titles will be on the line! So many big matches, so much great action! Fans, we're out of time... we'll see you at SuperClash!

[Dufresne stays kneeling next to Supernova, the title belt just inches away from his face...]

...as we fade to black.]