

The American Wrestling Alliance
Proudly Presents

SUPERCASH III

November 24, 2011
DeSoto Civic Center

[We fade in from black to the soft piano solo to Guns N' Roses "November Rain" - the voice of Gordon Myers equally soft over a blackened screen where the SuperClash III logo is small but growing at a constant rate.]

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

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

The night when all the biggest matches were held.

The night where careers were built and legends were made.

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

On this night, the AWA returns to those days for the biggest event of the year.

It is SuperClash...

...and it has arrived."

[The piano and the SuperClash logo fade in unison, leaving a black screen as the sounds of Bruce Springsteen's "The Rising" begin to be heard as slow motion black and white footage of AWA competitors starts up.]

#Can't see nothin' in front of me...#

#Can't see nothin' coming up behind...#

[The slow-mo'd black and white footage shows the Lynch Brothers and Violence Unlimited engaged in epic warfare at the Stampede Cup finale before going to black just as quickly as it arrived.]

#I make my way through this darkness...#

#I can't feel nothing but this chain that binds me...#

[The Longhorn Heritage Champion, Robert Donovan, during his Call To Arms, amassing the forces of the AWA locker room alongside him following the events of WrestleRock... black.]

#Lost track of how far I've gone...#

#How far I've gone, how high I've climbed...#

[Up... Supernova battles within the fearsome confines of the Tower of Doom, smashing Sultan Azam Sharif with a right hand... black.]

#On my back's a sixty pound stone...#
#On my shoulder's a half mile line...#

[Up... quick shots this time, Eric Preston trading blows with James Monosso. Rick Marley's return. Stevie Scott tackling Calisto Dufresne to the canvas. Black.]

#Come on up for the rising...#

[Donovan throws bombs at MAMMOTH Mizusawa.]

#Come on up, lay your hands in mine...#

[Supernova with his dedicated group of fans wearing their "OCCUPY SUPERCLASH" t-shirts.]

#Come on up for the rising...#

[Violence Unlimited and the Lynches tangle at the Press Conference in Japan.]

#Come on up for the rising tonight...#

[A big black and white mass shot of many of the AWA fan favorites all standing in the field outside the Crockett Coliseum, a dark cloud-filled sky hanging overhead...

...except for one split in the clouds, allowing a gleaming bright light to illuminate the wrestlers. And as Bruce "La la la la las" away, we fade from the shot to an interior shot of the DeSoto Civic Center.

The squared circle, surrounded in red, white, and blue ring ropes, is in the middle of the floor. Thin black protective mats surround the ring, covering the concrete floor. There are several rows of folding chairs on all four sides of the ring. From there, there is a long section of permanent seating forming an oval around the building, a "club" level, and then on up to the top deck of seats. A portion of where you would expect seating on one end of the building is not there, holding a large "JumboTron" instead where the same panning shot can be seen.

From the panning shot, we can see the building is jammed to the rafters with screaming and shouting AWA fans, wearing their favorite stars' t-shirts and sporting some homemade signs. We can see a small entryway has a pair of metal railings forming an aisle that leads from the locker rooms to the ring. There is no elevated rampway on this night nor any sign of elevated interview platforms. It looks like the front office didn't want to sacrifice a single seat on this night.

As our camera cuts back down to ringside, we spot the timekeeper's table as well as the announce table.

And speaking of announcers... hey, we know those guys!

It's Gordon Myers, the Dean of Professional Wrestling announcing. Myers is in a black suit and white dress shirt, the epitome of professionalism on the biggest night of the year. He peers through black-framed eyeglasses as he holds the mic.

By his side, as always, is the ever-colorful Buckthorn Wilde. Wilde sports a lime green sportcoat and “matching” eye-scorching yellow dress shirt. His freshly-whitened smile is equally blinding as he flashes it in the direction of the camera.]

GM: Good evening, fans, and welcome to the biggest night of the year for all of us here in the American Wrestling Alliance - it's SuperClash III!

[A big cheer rings out. Yes, Gordon is using the house mic for this greeting from ringside.]

GM: We are LIVE here in Memphis, Tennessee-

[The crowd boos at that.]

GM: Is it something I said?

BW: These people want the truth, Gordo! You and the front office keep tellin' people we're in Memphis but we're in Southaven, Mississippi!

[BIG CHEER!]

GM: Just down the road from Memphis, Bucky.

BW: Tell these people that.

GM: Alright, Southaven, Mississippi... lemme hear ya!

[Big cheer from the now properly-identified fans!]

GM: Happy Thanksgiving to everyone here in the building and all of you sitting back at home, your bellies stuffed to the brim with turkey and stuffing and Pumpkin pie and all the rest. There's a whole lot to be thankful for here tonight at SuperClash and perhaps most of all, Bucky, is that we have such an amazing lineup!

BW: It's one of the best shows on paper you can possibly imagine and these fans have been waiting for weeks to see it go down. Memphis or Southaven... whatever you want to call it, this town is ready to see professional wrestling at its finest and that's why they're here tonight for SuperClash, daddy!

GM: It's gonna be an exciting night of action - three big title matches!

BW: Make it four, Gordo. Don't forget “Red Hot” Rex Summers defending the PCW World Title against that Texas trash Travis Lynch!

[The girls scream for Travis!]

GM: Alright, four title matches. In addition to the one you just mentioned, we'll see Travis' brothers, Jack and James Lynch, challenge Violence Unlimited for the National Tag Team Titles here tonight!

BW: When that one is said and done, we're going to know exactly who is the best tag team in the world, Gordo.

GM: We certainly will. And what about the Longhorn Heritage Title match - the Battle of the Giants!

BW: Louis Matsui never goes into a big match without a gameplan. Robert Donovan never goes into a big match without an excuse as to why he lost. That'll be all the difference tonight.

GM: The National Title is on the line in the Main Event when Supernova comes to Occupy SuperClash and challenge Calisto Dufresne for the biggest title in our sport!

BW: These idiot fans are all over the building in those stupid t-shirts. They may be the ninety-nine percent, Gordo, but tonight, the Ladykiller's gonna show why he's better than ninety-nine percent of the people on this planet!

GM: We'll see about that. Fans, for the very first time, we are LIVE on Internet Pay Per View. No commercials, no worries about going long - this is the AWA experience at its very finest! So, let's kick things off up in the ring with Phil Watson!

[We crossfade from a grinning Gordon Myers to a grinning Phil Watson, decked out in an old school black tuxedo. He looks quite formal despite the rapidly-growing horseshoe baldness on his head.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... WELCOME... to SUPERCLASH THREE!

[BIG CHEER!]

PW: Tonight's opening contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit and is a Handicap Match!

[Another big cheer!]

PW: The rules of the match say that the loser of the fall will be forced to LEAVE the AWA for ONE YEAR!

[Suddenly, the sounds of a pipe and drum are heard, the most patriotic of marches as a Stars and Stripes referee's shirt wearing Jim Watkins appears in the aisleway to another big cheer.]

PW: First, the man who will serve as the SPECIAL GUEST REFEREE for this contest - "BIG"... JIIIIIIIIIIIM... WAAAAAAAATKINNNNS!

["Big" Jim takes his time making it down the aisle, leaning over the railing to high five and embrace the cheering members of the AWA faithful alongside the steel barricade that forms the aisleway.]

GM: The former Chairman of the Championship Committee is going to be the man in the middle for this one - making sure that this one goes off without a hitch - and without the usual chicanery you can expect from Ivan Kostovich and his crew.

BW: That amounts to slander, Gordo! What has Ivan Kostovich ever done to deserve that?

GM: Are you serious? We wouldn't even be in this situation to begin with if Kostovich and Count Adrian Bathwaite hadn't pulled some trickery and got Kolya Sudakov trapped under Kostovich's control a year ago at SuperClash II! This all goes back one year, fans, to that night when the Russians and Bathwaite conspired to lock Sudakov down under Kostovich's grip. But tonight, the former National Champion will get the chance to change all that. And you better believe that "Big" Jim Watkins will be on the lookout for anything fishy, Bucky.

BW: This isn't fair to the Russians... not one bit.

[Watkins climbs into the ring, saluting the cheering fans as the music changes to the Russian National Anthem.]

PW: At a total combined weight of 792 pounds... the team of VLADIMIR VELIKOV, DICK SULLIVAN, and IIIIIIVAAAAAN KOSTOOOVICH!

[The curtain parts to an explosion of jeers as the flag-waving Velikov is the first into view. Dressed in a black singlet with the Russian hammer and sickle splashed across the midsection, he waves the flag back and forth on a wooden flagpole to the boos of the Southern crowd.]

After a moment, Dick Sullivan walks into view. Dressed in black trunks with a tight stained t-shirt stretched over his bar brawler physique, Sullivan spews a stream of chewing tobacco at the camera lens, leaving the nasty liquid dripping off it as Sullivan chuckles at the fans' reaction.]

GM: Dick Sullivan used to be a hero to these people, Bucky! I still can't believe he'd sell his soul to the Russians like he has - especially at the expense of his long-time friend and tag team partner, Sweet Daddy Williams.

BW: It's all about the cash, Gordo. Like the Wu-Tang Clan used to say, cash rules everything around me.

GM: The who?

BW: Get with the times, Gordo. Put away your Perry Como 45s. It's a whole new world out there.

[Sullivan marches down the aisle, the heavy Russian chain dangling from his left hand, dragging along the concrete floor as he heads towards the ring.]

After another moment, Ivan Kostovich strides into view. Kostovich is wearing a black t-shirt and matching black workout pants. He looks... nervous.]

GM: Not the usual swagger out of Ivan Kostovich here tonight, Bucky.

BW: Can you blame him? The guy got railroaded into putting his very career here in the AWA on the line.

GM: Railroaded?! He wanted the chance to put Kolya Sudakov out of the AWA PERSONALLY! You heard him say that on the Preview Show earlier tonight, right?

BW: Of course I did. But he didn't know that they were sending in a ringer as the referee! Jim Watkins is here for one reason and one reason alone - he's here to screw over the Russians and Sullivan! But what he doesn't realize is that they're just too good for that. So, at the end of this one, when Watkins is standing there like a sap and the Russians are doing the happy dance, we'll see who is laughing, daddy.

[The rulebreaking trio finally arrives in the ring. Velikov takes the point position, waving the flag back and forth as Kostovich gestures at it, drawing more jeers from the crowd. Dick Sullivan ignores the patriotic scene, draping the chain over the ringpost as he leans against the buckles, awaiting the night's opposition.]

PW: And their oppon-

[Kostovich snatches the mic away, pushing it down and barking in Russian at Phil Watson who looks puzzled. After a moment, Kostovich self-translates and Watson nods reluctantly.]

PW: At this time, Ivan Kostovich requests that you all please rise and show the proper respect as he sings the Russian National Anthem.

[The crowd EXPLODES in boos at the idea of that.]

GM: Oh, come on. There's no need for this.

BW: Get up, Gordo! Show some respect!

GM: I will not. I have no problem with the Russian nation nor their people but I'm not about to interrupt this show to let-

[Kostovich raises the mic and begins to sing.]

ИК: Россия – священная наша держава,
Россия – любимая наша страна.
Могучая воля, великая слава –
Твоё достоянье на все времена!

[Suddenly, the booing crowd EXPLODES in cheers as the music is cut off by one simple question.]

“WHO WAN’ SIT ON SWEET DADDY’S LAP TANIHHHIGHT?!”

[The crowd ROARS to life once more as Kolya Sudakov and Sweet Daddy Williams break through the curtain as “I Wanna Be Your Sweet Daddy” begins to play over the PA system. Sweet Daddy Williams is dressed in a pair of black trunks and a “God Bless America” t-shirt as he jabs a finger down the aisle at the ring. A stoic Kolya Sudakov tears off a red windbreaker jacket, flinging it down to the floor to reveal his black MMA style tights with “WAR MACHINE” written down the legs. He nods at the ring as an angry Kostovich shoves the mic back at Phil Watson.]

PW: And their opponents... at a total combined weight of 572 pounds... they are the team of the Russian War Machine, KOOOOOLLLLLYAAAA SUUUUDAKOV... and the man from Hotlanta, G-A... SWEEEEET! DAAAAADDY! WILLLLLLLIAMS!

[The crowd EXPLODES as the duo begins walking down the aisle towards the ring with a purpose. It doesn't take Ivan Kostovich long to realize this fight is about to start as he shouts for Dick Sullivan to take up a protective position for him.]

GM: HERE WE GO! HERE WE GO!

[The fan favorite duo doesn't waste a moment, Sudakov breaking into a dash at the end of the aisle, diving headfirst under the ropes where Velikov and Sullivan rush to assault him, hammering down with rights and lefts.]

GM: They're all over Sudakov!

[Velikov's heavy forearm smashes connect over and over with the back of the head and neck...]

...until a well-placed right hand catches him on the jaw! Big cheer!]

GM: Sudakov's fighting back!

[Sudakov straightens up, throwing right after right hand, landing first on his Uncle and then on Dick Sullivan. After a handful of haymakers, a big one drops Velikov down to his back as Sudakov grabs Sullivan around the head and neck, trying to pull him into a Muay Thai clinch...

...and gets a thumb jabbed into his eye for the effort!]

GM: Oh, cheap shot!

[And Jim Watkins is immediately on the scene, shouting at Dick Sullivan to warn him for the illegal eyegouge.]

GM: Jim Watkins is pointing out that eye poke was blatantly illegal, Bucky.

BW: You think Sullivan didn't know that when he did it?

[The fiesty Southerner buries a knee into the ribs of Sudakov, doubling him up before he drives an elbow pad-covered overhead smash to the back of the neck, knocking the Russian War Machine down to a knee as Sweet Daddy Williams and Vladimir Velikov take their respective places in the corner, cheering on their partners. Ivan Kostovich slinks back up on the apron, peering cautiously into the ring as he shouts orders to Dick Sullivan who obliges, shoving Sudakov back against the ropes...

...and HAMMERING him with a meaty forearm across the sternum!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot that was!

[Grabbing the right arm of the Russian, Sullivan fires him into the ropes, knocking him flat with a well-placed back elbow under the chin!]

GM: He dropped him with that!

BW: Dick Sullivan is one of the toughest competitors you'll run across in this sport, Gordo. Kolya Sudakov may intimidate a lot of guys with his Mixed Martial Arts background but I can guarantee you that Dick Sullivan ain't one of 'em, daddy!

[Sullivan drops a few stomps down across the chest of Sudakov as the Russian attempts to roll away, getting close to the wrong side of the ring where an opportunistic Kostovich buries a few kicks into the ribs, forcing him back into the ring.]

GM: Oh, come on!

[Jim Watkins promptly gets in Kostovich's face with an extended finger, shouting at him to stay out of the match unless he's tagged in. Kostovich fires a few words back as Sullivan drags Sudakov up by the arm.]

GM: Jim Watkins is trying to keep control of this one but he's going to have a tough time with three guys out there looking to bend and break the rules at every chance.

BW: Three guys?! You think Sudakov and Williams are a couple of Boy Scouts?!

GM: I think they can be relied on to fight a fair match, Bucky, yes.

BW: You're as delusional as these idiots in Memphis are!

[With Sudakov back to his feet, Sullivan slaps Velikov's hand.]

GM: There's the tag to the burly Russian - the Uncle of Kolya Sudakov.

[Velikov buries a heavy boot in the ribs of Sudakov, doubling him up as Sullivan slams a double axehandle across the shoulders, knocking the Russian War Machine down to his knees.]

GM: A bruising tag team these two men are.

[Sweet Daddy Williams lets loose a "COME ON, KOLYA!" as he slaps the top turnbuckle for emphasis. Velikov shouts something in Russian in the Hotlanta native's direction before turning back to his kneeling nephew, leaning over to shout at him in his native tongue.]

GM: I wish I could translate this for the fans at home.

BW: It doesn't sound too pleasant.

GM: It certainly doesn't.

[Velikov releases a barrage of Russian words at his nephew...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...before slapping him full force across the face!]

GM: Ohh!

[Jim Watkins angrily shakes his head as Velikov smashes Sudakov with a boot in the face, knocking him back down to the canvas. The big Russian measures his fallen opponent for a moment and then drops a heavy elbow down in the chest!]

GM: Oh, big elbowdrop!

[Velikov rolls over into a press, gaining a two count before Sudakov fires the shoulder up.]

GM: Just a two count off the elbow. It's gonna take more than that to put a former National Champion down for a three count.

[The big Russian grabs his nephew by the back of the head, hammering him with right hands to the skull before shoving him back to the mat. Velikov climbs to his feet, dropping a knee down in the chest.]

GM: That's almost three hundred pounds down on the chest! Good grief!

BW: That's how you crack a rib or pop a lung, Gordo.

GM: It certainly is.

[Velikov gets back to his feet, slapping the hand of Dick Sullivan who winds up his elbowpad-covered arm, dropping an elbow down in the ribs. He quickly gets back up, dropping a second elbow. Scampering back to his feet, Sullivan swings his right arm around and around a few times before dropping a third and rolling into a lateral press.]

GM: A series of elbowdrops by Dick Sullivan! Redneck Royalty gets a one! He gets two! He gets- no! Just a two count there for the Southerner...

[Sullivan sneers at Watkins as he gets back to his feet...

...and just stomps Sudakov on the ribs while glaring at Watkins.]

GM: Looks like there's some bad blood brewing between Jim Watkins and Dick Sullivan here.

BW: I'd love to see Sullivan get a chance to crack Watkins' melon open.

[Dragging Sudakov up to his feet, Sullivan shoves him back into his team's corner. Taking up a boxing stance, Sullivan throws a series of rights and lefts into the ribs of Sudakov, bobbing and weaving like a Golden Gloves winner as Jim Watkins starts a count.]

GM: Get him out of the corner, Jim!

BW: He's counting the man - what more do you want?

GM: I want him to get Sullivan back!

[At the count of five, Watkins steps in and bodily shoves Sullivan back...

...which gives Ivan Kostovich the chance to hook his arm around the throat of Sudakov, choking his former charge to the jeers of the crowd!]

GM: Jim! Jim, turn around!

[Watkins quickly spins around, pointing an accusing finger at Kostovich who just barely got his arms away in time.]

BW: Hahah.. I love it!

GM: That was another blatant illegal move by the Russian side of the ring.

BW: One that your favorite referee EVER, Jim Watkins, completely missed! So much for him being the ref that could handle this situation, Gordo.

[Sullivan pushes past Watkins who is arguing with Kostovich and buries a knee into the ribs of Sudakov before hauling him out of the corner, scooping him into the air, and slamming him down hard on the canvas...

...before slapping the hand of Ivan Kostovich!]

GM: Oh brother! There's the tag to Ivan Kostovich!

[The former Russian wrestler steps into the ring, throwing his arms apart to the jeers of the crowd...

...and stomps Sudakov's ribs!]

GM: Hard stomp by Kostovich - there's another one!

[A third stomp lands as well before Kostovich steps away, throwing his arms apart again.]

GM: Oh, he's so proud of himself.

BW: He looks like a National Champion in there!

GM: Are you kidding me?

[Kostovich smirks as he reaches out, slapping the hand of Vladimir Velikov.]

GM: And just like that, he tags back out.

BW: Gotta keep the fresh man in. That was a smart tag. Good strategy by Kostovich. No surprise though. He's the smartest man in the ring tonight.

GM: You're unbelievable.

[Kostovich gets a high-five in the corner from Dick Sullivan as Velikov lays in a few heavy boots to the ribs of Sudakov who starts crawling across the ring, looking towards the corner where his partner is waiting for him.]

GM: Kolya Sudakov is heading for his corner - he needs a tag pretty badly, fans.

[Velikov's not about to let that tag happen though, dropping a big elbow down on the kidneys of Sudakov before rolling him over for another cover, earning another two count before his nephew fires a shoulder off the canvas.]

GM: Still not enough to keep the Russian War Machine down for a three count.

[An angry Velikov gets to his feet, shouting at Jim Watkins...

...and then DRILLING a nearby Sweet Daddy Williams with a right hand, knocking him off the apron to the jeers of the crowd!]

GM: What the...?! There was no cause for that! No reason for it at all!

[An angry Sweet Daddy Williams rolls back in, popping up to charge after Velikov but Jim Watkins steps in...

...and then shakes his head, waving Williams on!]

BW: WHAT THE-?!

[The crowd ROARS as Sweet Daddy Williams lays right hand after right hand onto the large skull of Velikov, forcing him back against the neutral corner. He grabs the big Russian by the arm, firing him across the ring where he smashes into the buckles!]

GM: HARD TO THE CORNER!!

BW: Watkins is as crooked as my mama's gardener's back! He let that idiot in there to-

[Velikov stumbles out, Williams ducking down to launch the Russian up and over with a high backdrop!]

GM: DOWN TO THE CANVAS GOES VELIKOV!!

[The Hotlanta fan favorite, having whipped the crowd into a frenzy, spins back towards the Russians' corner, pointing at his former friend and shouting "GET IN HERE, YOU PIECE OF TRASH!"]

GM: Whooooa my!

[Sullivan seems ready to oblige when Jim Watkins throws himself between the two, shaking it off, shouting for both men to get back to their respective corners.]

GM: Haha! I love it! Velikov brought that on himself so "Big" Jim Watkins let it happen but just long enough to keep things from spinning out of control. Now he's re-taking control of the match and getting these men back to their corners.

[Williams angrily steps out to the apron, still shouting at Sullivan as Redneck Royalty grits his teeth, huddling up with Ivan Kostovich. A hurting Kolya Sudakov and Vladimir Velikov quickly make their way to their corners.]

GM: Sweet Daddy Williams is in on the tag...

[And after a moment, Velikov does the same.]

GM: ...oh my! And so is Dick Sullivan!

[Sullivan steps through the ropes, reaching up to wipe a stream of chewing tobacco juice off his chin as he shouts across the ring at his former partner. Ivan Kostovich gives Sullivan an earful of instructions as the Southerner edges out of the corner towards his former friend...

...who suddenly spins, smacking his rear end to the cheers of the crowd!]

GM: Hahah! Sweet Daddy Williams just told his old friend exactly what he thinks of him!

[An angry Sullivan responds by rushing across the ring, clubbing his former friend with a forearm behind the ear. Williams fires back with a right hand to the jaw.]

GM: Here we go! Two former friends taking each other to town!

[The crowd roars for both men as they trade haymakers, lighting up the center of the ring with a throwdown of fists.]

GM: THEY'RE BEATING THE HECK OUT OF EACH OTHER!

BW: I love this, Gordo! Two former friends who are out to kick the crap out of each other. There ain't nothin' better than this!

[With the crowd on their feet, the veteran Sullivan sticks a thumb in the eye of his former friend, temporarily blinding him.]

GM: Ohh! To the eyes he goes!

[Sullivan winds up his arm, smashing an overhead elbow across the skull of Williams, knocking him back against the ropes. Redneck Royalty pulls the Hotlanta fan favorite into a side headlock, slamming a fist into the skull of Williams.]

GM: Hard right hand to the head... ohhhh! He FIRES him out to the floor!

[Williams hits the floor hard, smashing into the barely-padded concrete floor. A fired-up Sullivan steps through the ropes to the apron, dropping down to the floor as well. He leans down, dragging Williams up by the arm...]

“CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!”

“OHLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL!”

GM: SULLIVAN SENDS HIM INTO THE STEEL!!

[The fan favorite’s arms sling back over the metal railing, the fans reaching over to slap him on the shoulders in support as an angry Sullivan approaches, chomping away on his mouth of chaw. He lashes out, connecting with a stinging right jab on the jaw, snapping Williams’ head back before connecting with another overhead elbow smash to the crown of the skull. From the apron, Kostovich shouts at Sullivan who turns with a short nod before pasting Williams with a right hand, knocking him down to a knee out on the floor.]

GM: Good grief! What a shot from Dick Sullivan there!

[Sullivan turns his former friend around, pushing his face against the steel railing. He then puts his own knee against the back of the head, pressing the flesh against the steel. Williams cries out in pain as Sullivan grips the steel with white knuckles, screaming at his former partner.]

GM: Get in there, Jim!

[Stepping out to the apron, Jim Watkins fires off a few words in Sullivan’s direction who breaks his grip, allowing Williams to slump down to the floor. Sullivan fires a response in Watkins’ direction before smashing a stomp down on the forehead. He shouts again at Watkins before stomping the fan favorite again.]

GM: Jim Watkins is ordering Sullivan to get this fight back in the ring.

BW: Why? He should be counting! He can’t just order stuff to happen! He’s not in charge anymore!

GM: He’s the referee of record for this match so for this match, he IS in charge!

[Sullivan drags Williams up by the head, dragging him towards the apron where Watkins is standing...

...and SLAMS the fan favorite’s skull into the apron!]

GM: Ohh!

[An irate Jim Watkins lets loose a barrage of shouting at Sullivan who shakes his head...

...and spits a wad of tobacco juice on Watkins’ boots.]

“OHLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL!”

GM: What a blatant show of disrespect, Bucky!

BW: Dick Sullivan just showed Jim Watkins what he thinks of his authority! Watkins can stand up there and shout all he wants but Dick Sullivan just don't give a damn, daddy!

[Sullivan smirks as he shoves Williams under the ropes into the ring. He grabs the ropes, pulling himself onto the apron where he glares right at Jim Watkins.]

GM: Uh oh... this might get ugly in a hurry.

BW: Dick Sullivan ain't the kind of guy who likes to take orders from anyone, Gordo.

GM: He certainly isn't.

[Sullivan and Watkins exchange a brief staredown, the crowd buzzing at what might happen...

...but Watkins breaks away, stepping back into the ring and waving for the match to continue. A smirking Sullivan nods before stomping a crawling Sweet Daddy Williams a few times. He grabs his former partner by the ankle, hauling him back across the ring where he slaps the hand of Vladimir Velikov.]

GM: The big Russian's in on the exchange...

[Velikov and Sullivan work together for a bit, both raining down stomps on the downed Sweet Daddy Williams as Jim Watkins tries to restore order.]

GM: Watkins is ordering Sullivan to get out of there! He's trying to-

[The crowd roars as Kolya Sudakov comes rushing in, charging at Sullivan and Velikov...

...and Watkins sidesteps, allowing Sudakov to drill Velikov from behind with a forearm smash to the back of the head!]

BW: Again! Watkins is again showing a bias towards Sudakov and Williams!

[Sudakov swings around, catching Sullivan with a right hand that knocks the Redneck Royalty down to the mat, rolling out to the floor. With Velikov stunned, Jim Watkins intervenes, pushing Sudakov back to the corner...

...which allows Ivan Kostovich to slip in, repeatedly stomping Williams while the referee's back is turned.]

GM: The referee is distracted and Ivan Kostovich is doing the damage on Williams!

[The booing crowd gets Watkins' attention as he swings around, spotting Kostovich. He promptly marches across the ring, shouting at the Russian manager...

...and then drilling him with a two-handed shove, knocking Kostovich down to his rear to a big cheer!]

BW: The referee - this supposed unbiased official - just DIRECTLY put his hands on one of the competitors in the match, Gordo! You tell me - you explain to me how that's fair at all!

GM: Kostovich was in there illegally!

BW: Yeah, but Watkins is supposed to warn him or count or something. He's NEVER supposed to put his hands on a wrestler!

[An embarrassed Kostovich rolls out to the floor, regrouping with Dick Sullivan as an angry Vladimir Velikov hauls Williams back to his feet, laying in a pair of boots before firing him off the ropes...

...where Williams ducks underneath a Sickle attempt!]

GM: Ducks the Sickle!

[The fan favorite hits the far side, rebounding back...

...and leaping up, throwing his hind quarters squarely into the face of an off-balance Velikov!]

GM: OHHH! HE GOT ALL OF THAT!!!

[With both men down on the mat, the crowd begins to roar, trying to rally Williams to get to the corner and tag in the waiting and ready Kolya Sudakov who is slapping the turnbuckle in rhythm, trying to inspire his partner to crawl across the ring and make the tag to him!]

GM: The crowd wants the tag! Kolya wants the tag!

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

GM: We've reached the halfway point in the time limit but Sweet Daddy Williams is a man on a mission! He sees his partner... he sees that hand outstretched... and he's heading for him! He's trying to get there! He's-

[BIG CHEER!]

GM: TAG!!

[The Russian War Machine steps through the ropes, barreling across the ring, and knocking Dick Sullivan off the apron with a right hand.]

GM: Down goes Sullivan!

[Sudakov swings to the side, ready to coldcock Kostovich who deftly dives to the floor, shaking a finger at a frustrated Sudakov...

...who is distracted long enough to take a knee to the kidneys from his Uncle!]

GM: Ohh! Velikov caught him from behind!

[Velikov swings his nephew around, firing him to the ropes...]

GM: Sends him in... ducks the clothesline...

[The former National Champion bounces off the far side, leaping into the air on the rebound...

...and knocking Velikov flat with a leaping shoulder tackle! HUUUUGE CHEER!]

GM: OH MY!! WHAT A TACKLE BY SUDAKOV!!!

[The Russian War Machine springs to his feet, reaching down with both hands to smash them into the canvas, and throws his arms back with a roar as he stalks to the corner, crouching down...]

GM: He's calling for the Sickle! Sudakov's got his Uncle in his sights and he's calling for the Sickle!

[A dazed Vladimir Velikov staggers off the canvas to his feet...

...which is Dick Sullivan's cue to reach under the bottom rope, grabbing Sudakov by the ankle and ripping his legs out from under him!]

GM: Ohh! Come on, Jim!

[Jim Watkins again marches across the ring, shouting at Dick Sullivan who pays him no regard as he drags Sudakov under the ropes to the floor.]

GM: Sullivan's got him out on the floor!

[But the crowd roars again as Sudakov drops Sullivan with a right hand!]

GM: The Russian War Machine will NOT be denied tonight in Memphis!

[Sudakov rolls back into the ring, setting for the Sickle again...

...and stampedes across the ring towards his Uncle!]

GM: SICKLE!

[But Velikov dives to the side, allowing Sudakov to steam past him...

...right into Ivan Kostovich who lashes out with a right hand to the jaw at the last moment, sending Sudakov flailing backwards!]

GM: What the-?! Kostovich hit him with something!

BW: Yeah, he did! His fist! What a right hand!

GM: No, no! He had something in his fist! He had something in his hand!

[Jim Watkins seems to believe the same, moving to check Kostovich as he turns his back on the ring. But a stunned Sudakov gets pulled down into a rollup by Velikov, forcing Watkins to drop down to count...]

GM: No, not like this!

BW: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEE-

GM: NO! NO, IT WASN'T!

[The shoulder of Kolya Sudakov just BARELY got off the canvas before the three count, sending the crowd into a roar and causing both Kostovich and Velikov to shout at the official in Russian. Watkins shouts at both men in response, trying again to get a glimpse at Kostovich's hand that he's holding behind his back...]

GM: Can we get a camera around there and take a look at that hand? I could swear he had something in-

[The cameraman does exactly that, revealing a small metal chain wrapped around the fist of Ivan Kostovich.]

GM: Aha! See there? A chain! I knew it, Bucky! I knew it!

BW: Well, bully for you. Watkins doesn't know anything so Kostovich got away with one there.

[An angry Velikov pulls Sudakov off the mat...

...and then slaps the hand of Ivan Kostovich who tags into the matchup.]

GM: Kostovich is coming in again... watch that hand, fans...

[Kostovich dances back and forth like a boxer as Velikov pulls Sudakov's arms back, leaving him exposed...

...and CRACKS Sudakov upside the jaw with the right hand again!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot! He got him with that chain again!

[Sudakov collapses on the mat as Velikov steps to the apron, shouting at his manager to make the cover.]

GM: Kostovich is going for the cover now!

[Watkins reluctantly drops down, slapping the mat once... twice...]

GM: TWO! TWO COUNT ONLY!

[A furious Kostovich slams his fists on the canvas over and over, shouting at Jim Watkins...

...when a shiny metal object flies out of his hand and onto the mat.]

GM: There! There is it! The chain flew out of his hand!

BW: What?! What are you talking about?! I didn't see a thing!

GM: You didn't but-

[The crowd ROARS as Jim Watkins points to the metal chain.]

GM: JIM WATKINS DID!

[Watkins marches across the ring, leaning down and holding the chain out for one and all to see...]

GM: Kolya Sudakov got cracked with that metal chain but Jim Watkins just saw it! Now HE'S got the chain!

[Watkins angrily throws the chain aside, pointing a finger at Kostovich who gets up, begging for mercy...

...and backs right into Sweet Daddy Williams who swings him around, decking him with a right hand that knocks him down!]

GM: Big right hand straight outta Hotlanta!

[Kostovich stumbles back to his feet, struggling to get across the ring towards the corner where Vladimir Velikov and Dick Sullivan are waiting...

...and gets tripped up by Kolya Sudakov!]

GM: Uh oh!

[The Russian War Machine shakes his head defiantly, dragging Kostovich off the mat and shoving him into a neutral corner.]

GM: Kostovich is in trouble!

BW: Get in there, guys! Help him!

[A screaming Kostovich shouts at Sullivan who tries to get in...

...but Jim Watkins throws himself at Sullivan, wrapping his arms around his torso and shoving him back into the corner!]

GM: OH MY!

[A smirking Sudakov grabs the top rope, throwing pulverizing side kicks into the ribs of Kostovich.]

GM: KICK! KICK! KICK!

[The barrage of body kicks chops Kostovich down, taking him down to a knee where Sudakov grabs the Muay Thai clinch...

...and SMASHES his knee up into the face of Kostovich!]

GM: OHHHHHHHH!

[Using the Thai clinch, Sudakov flings him from the corner down to the canvas...

...and then jumps up, stomping both feet as he sets for the Sickle!]

GM: Sudakov's calling for the Sickle! He wants to put Kostovich out of the AWA for a year!

[The Russian War Machine sets, waiting for Kostovich to regain his feet...

...when suddenly, Vladimir Velikov rushes in, throwing himself in front of his manager as Sudakov rushes forward!]

GM: SICKLE! SICKLE! SICKLE!

[Velikov drops like a rock under the running clothesline, flailing through the ropes and out to the floor. The former National Champion lets loose a shout as he turns to find Kostovich trying to flee...

...and grabs him by the back of the pants, pulling him into a side waistlock before powering him up into the air, and dumping him down on the back of the head!]

GM: OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

BW: No, no, no! Kostovich needs help! This isn't fair!

[Sudakov pushes up to his knees, glaring down at the motionless Kostovich...

...and then takes a look at the corner where Dick Sullivan is struggling against Jim Watkins.]

GM: Sudakov with a cover!

[Watkins breaks away from Sullivan, diving to the mat...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE- OHHHH! SULLIVAN BREAKS UP THE PIN!!!

[Dick Sullivan, having dropped an elbow on the back of the head of the Russian War Machine, gets to his feet and rains down stomps on Sudakov...

...when Sweet Daddy Williams rushes across the ring, drilling him with a right hand, shoving him back to the corner to hammer him with haymakers!]

“FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY! FIVE MINUTES REMAIN!!”

[Sullivan buckles under the barrage of right hands...

...and with a shout, Williams hooks the side headlock on his former friend!]

GM: Oh my stars!

[With a swing of his arm in the air, Williams charges out of the corner, leaping into the air...

...and DRIVING his former partner's face into the canvas!]

GM: RILEY ROUNDUP! THE BULLDOG CONNECTS!!

[Williams springs to his feet, shouting to the crowd, and then turns to his partner...

...and points at the downed Kostovich.]

GM: Yes! Yes! Do it!

[Sudakov climbs to his feet, dragging Kostovich up as well by the arm. With a grin, he flings him to the corner buckles...

...and then tears across the ring, DRILLING the manager with the running clothesline!]

GM: SICKLE! SICKLE!!

[Sudakov plants both fists squarely in the chest of the downed Kostovich, sticking out his tongue as he pushes up into a lateral press.]

GM: ONE! TWO! THREEEEEEEEEE!

“DING! DING! DING!”

[The crowd ERUPTS as Sudakov rolls off to his knees, burying his head in his hands at the long torture of a year being at long last over.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... your winners of the match... the team of SWEET DADDY WILLIAMS... and KOOOOOLLLLLYAAAAA SUUUUUUUDAAAAKOOOOOV!

[A grinning Sweet Daddy Williams stands behind his triumphant tag team partner, patting Sudakov on the back. The Russian War Machine slowly gets to his feet, nodding his head as he embraces the Hotlanta native.]

GM: After one long year of hell for Kolya Sudakov, the Russian War Machine, the former National Champion... he has done it. It's over! He has defeated his Uncle... he has defeated Ivan Kostovich. And now, Ivan Kostovich is OUT of the AWA for an entire year! Ivan Kostovich can not return to the AWA until SuperClash IV! My stars, what a moment for Kolya Sudakov!

[Sudakov stands, shaking his head in disbelief that it's finally over as he watches Dick Sullivan angrily march up the aisle towards the locker room, leaving Vladimir Velikov and Ivan Kostovich behind.]

GM: And for 2012, the sky is the limit for Kolya Sudakov! Sudakov with the world completely open to him and with no one telling him what he can and can't do. Incredible.

BW: This is awful, Gordo. What an awful way to start the first AWA Internet Pay Per View. Ivan Kostovich was just robbed... he was just robbed and railroaded out of the AWA! What the heck else can happen here tonight?

GM: We're just getting started, Bucky. Coming up next, we've got what I'd have to call one of the most anticipated match-ups on this entire show if for no other reason, we don't have the slightest clue what we're getting ourselves into. Of course, I'm talking about The Master's Mercy - this showdown between Eric Preston and Anton Layton.

BW: See, Gordo... if your sources included the Prince of Darkness, maybe you would know a little something about the rules to this match.

GM: Are you saying that you do?

BW: I certainly do. Anton tells me that it's a Spin The Wheel match... with a twist.

GM: What's the twist?

BW: I think I'll let him explain that one, Gordo.

GM: Our own Mark Stegglet is standing by the Prince of Darkness himself, Anton Layton. Mark?

[We crossfade away from the ring where Kolya Sudakov and Sweet Daddy Williams are still celebrating to the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing alongside a cloaked Anton Layton, a SuperClash III backdrop behind them.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. In mere moments, Anton Layton, you will head to the ring for a match of your own design. Can you tell us now - what is the Master's Mercy?

[Layton twitches visibly.]

AL: The match is not of MY design, Stegglet... it is of HIS.

MS: Who?

AL: My Master has reached forth from the depths and delivered unto us on this day of giving thanks a match that we should all be grateful for. It is filled with the very darkness that the promotional savants that work for this company like to put in their Press Releases.

MS: But what are the rules?

AL: Rules?

MS: There ARE rules, right?

AL: At times, yes.

MS: I don't- Bucky Wilde says it's a Spin The Wheel match with a twist.

[Layton pauses, stroking his chin.]

AL: A fair description.

MS: Well, what's the twist?

AL: The twist is where the Master's Mercy comes into play, Stegglet. And I do not question my Master... nor should you.

MS: I'm so confused.

AL: Confusion is serenity to those who shouldn't seek clarity. All you need to know is that in moments, I walk through the gates of Hell to seek battle with my Master's greatest prize. We will clash like titans, destroying all who are in our path. We will seek the answer to the eternal question of why. And when the carnage is complete, we will stand amongst the wreckage united as brothers with a common cause - to serve OUR Master.

[Layton spins around, striding out of view.]

MS: Sorry, guys... couldn't get much out of that. Back to you at ringside.

[We crossfade back to the ringside area where we see a Spin The Wheel device has been rolled out and placed next to the announce table. The Wheel has a large black metal box on the bottom of it - quite ominous - and a large wooden box, almost the size of a casket, next to it.]

GM: Thanks, Mark... here you can see the Wheel, fans... but what's with the box?

BW: No clue.

GM: We're about to find out though so let's go up to Phil Watson!

[Crossfade to the ring.]

PW: The following contest is our MASTER'S MERCY encounter!

[The crowd cheers with a bit of hesitation. Even they don't know quite what to expect.]

PW: The rules for the match are as follows - when both men have entered the ring, the Wheel at ringside will automatically spin using the auto-spinner attached.

GM: Guess that explains the metal box.

BW: Shush!

PW: The two men will compete under the rules of whatever match the Master's Mercy decides upon.

GM: Seems simple enough. Where's the twist?

PW: However, during the match, the box will randomly spin the wheel again... and once it has, the match will continue under whatever new set of rules has been selected.

[The crowd cheers a bit more at the idea of that. A quick cut to ringside shows some of the options on the Wheel - No Disqualification, Submission, Falls Count Anywhere, Strap Match, Coal Miner's Glove On A Pole, First Blood, and several others.]

PW: The man who achieves victory under the set of rules currently in play will be your winner!

[Another cheer!]

PW: And now, the combatants... first, he hails from the Edge of Darkness... weighing in at 262 pounds... he is the Prince of Darkness...

ANNNNNNNNTONNNNNN LAAAAAAAAYTON!

[A shrill and blood-curdling woman's scream is heard over the PA system for a few moments before turning into the sounds of Nine Inch Nails' "Meet Your Master." Another few moments pass before Anton Layton emerges from the shadows. Cloaked in his velvet-like black hooded robe, Layton throws back the hood immediately, casting his dark gaze over the ringside fans. He strides down the aisle with quickness, ignoring the jeering crowd.]

GM: This guy is sick, Bucky.

BW: Well, duh.

GM: I mean he's certifiably mentally ill in my estimation. He needs to be locked up somewhere alongside Monosso.

BW: That's why they get along so well.

GM: Do they? I haven't seen Layton alongside the Unholy Alliance in a while now. I've heard rumors that Layton's pursuit of Eric Preston has really caused some tensions with Percy Childes who wants no part of Preston after the Stampede Cup.

[Layton reaches ringside, looking up at the Wheel approvingly. He lightly pats the large wooden box before rolling under the ropes into the ring, staying on all fours in the center of the squared circle as he looks down the aisle.]

GM: Look at that guy... look at him and tell me he's not sick in the head, Bucky.

BW: I wouldn't say that so loud, Gordo.

GM: What's with this big wooden box out here?

BW: Who knows with this guy? Could be a chainsaw.

GM: It almost looks like a casket.

BW: Open it up and take a peek... maybe it's someone dearly - or not so dearly - departed.

GM: That just gives me the chills to think about it. I'll stay right here - thank you very much.

[With Layton still kneeling, the opening chords to "Slither" by Velvet Revolver start to play in the DeSoto Civic Center as the fans erupt in cheers.]

PW: And his opponent... from Greenville, South Carolina and weighing in at 251 pounds...

ERRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRIC PRESSSSSSSSSSSTON!

[The fans turn towards the entrance as the song kicks into high gear, and erupt again as Eric Preston trots out into the entrance way. Preston throws up a fist to the crowd, and then zig zags down the aisle, slapping hands and exchanging war whoops. The chiseled Preston wears dark green tights with a white and silver diamond pattern at the waistline, white boots with black laces that have the outline of a star on the outside of each in red. A thick black elbow pad is on his right arm. His wrists are heavily wrapped in white athletic tape as he pauses just before the ring, glaring over at the Wheel. With a shake of his head, he looks in at Layton who hasn't budged an inch...

...and then dives under the bottom rope, a bad decision as Layton just throws himself over Preston's back like a blanket, flailing about with rights and lefts! Referee Mickey Meekly quickly signals for the bell to start the match as the crowd roars one more time.]

GM: The bell has rung, we're underway, and Anton Layton is starting this one off quickly!

BW: This Wheel is starting to spin, Gordo - on its own! That's creepy!

GM: It's obviously programmed and controlled with that metal box.

BW: Right but who the heck is controlling it? Is Layton's Master in charge?

[The Wheel spins around and around several times as Layton continues to hammer away at the on-all-fours Preston...

...and then comes to a stop.]

PW: The Master's Wheel has selected... FIRST BLOOD!

[The crowd cheers as Layton's eyes go wild, flipping Preston onto his back and grabbing him by the hair. He promptly DRILLS Preston between the eyes with a clenched fist.]

GM: Ohh!

BW: Layton's trying to win this one early. He's trying to-

[He lands a second shot to the forehead...

...and then breaks away, grabbing his temples as he climbs to his feet, shaking his head violently back and forth.]

GM: What in the world...?

BW: He may be breaking down right here. Layton was trying to split Preston's head open to win this match but he just fell apart in the middle of that.

[Still shaking his head, Layton approaches the kneeling Preston, burying a boot into the ribs that sends Preston out to the apron. The Prince Of Darkness drops down to his back, rolling under the ropes to the floor.]

GM: Anton Layton is wasting no time in taking this thing out to his playground - out to the dangerous ringside area.

BW: And in a First Blood match, there's no telling what he'll do to try and split Preston's head open.

[Once on the floor, Layton's first plan of attack to try and bust his opponent open? A chokehold.]

GM: He's choking him! He's choking the man out on the apron!

BW: He can't make him bleed like that!

[The referee steps in, counting to four at which point Layton breaks the choke...

...and slams the point of his elbow down onto the throat!]

GM: Ohh!

[Preston recoils away, gasping for air as he rolls back under the ropes into the ring. Layton grabs the middle rope, pulling himself up on the apron. He ignores the protesting official as he steps back into the ring, stalking towards Preston at all times...]

GM: Layton's a source of constant motion - constantly moving forward - like a horror movie monster who just keeps on coming until the good guy... blows him up or something.

BW: Wow. Did you really just suggest that Eric Preston try explosion as a strategy?

GM: No! No, I didn't mean that. Although... it might be necessary by the end of this one.

[Layton leans down, grabbing two hands full of hair to haul his opponent back up to his feet...

...where Preston buries a right hand to the midsection to a big cheer!]

GM: Preston's fighting back!

[A second right hand connects, knocking Layton a couple steps back. Preston climbs up to his feet, grabbing Layton by the hair and steering him towards the buckles...

...where Layton simply reaches up, digging his taped fingers into the eyes and raking across, leaving Preston blinded!]

GM: I think Preston was going to smash his head into the buckles. A sound strategy when you're trying to split someone's forehead open. And I'll be surprised if Anton Layton doesn't do exactly that right now.

[Layton lives up to Gordon's expectations, grabbing a handful of hair...

...and then falling backwards, clutching his head again.]

GM: What the heck? What is wrong with Anton Layton tonight?

BW: I have no idea. That's like asking why does Hannibal Lecter feel like eating a person for a midnight snack. If I knew the answer to that question, I might be terrified.

[Layton lets loose an anguished shout as he tries to shake it off, wobbling back in towards the corner where Preston is leaning on the buckles...

...and SLAMS his elbow back into the jaw of Preston, causing his legs to slip out from under him as he drops to his rear in the corner.]

GM: Preston's down in the corner and you do NOT want to be there against Anton Layton.

[Grabbing the top rope, Layton plants his foot on the throat of Preston!]

GM: Choke! He's choking him, ref!

[Mickey Meekly rushes in, immediately starting the five count. Layton, of course, holds until four at which point he breaks...

...and STOMPS the sternum of Preston hard before spinning away!]

GM: Where's he going?

[Layton strides across the ring, throwing his head back into the air. He can be seen speaking but no one can hear the words.]

GM: Layton's talking to someone... himself perhaps?

[Shaking it off again, he grabs Preston by the foot, dragging him from the corner, and dropping a big elbow across the chest...

...and then wrapping his hands around the throat again!]

GM: Come on, ref! Get in there!

BW: Can you disqualify someone in a First Blood match?

GM: I would think that's at the referee's discretion, isn't it?

BW: I asked you first.

[Layton again breaks at four, slapping his open palm down across Preston's chest before climbing to his feet. He lays in a few stomps to the chest and midsection before turning to stare at the Wheel.]

GM: What's going on here?

BW: I think Layton wants the match rules to change. Maybe he's not a big fan of First Blood.

GM: It would seem to be right up his alley to me.

BW: You'd think so, yeah.

[The Wheel stares back, unmoving. With a grimace, Layton turns back towards Preston who has gotten back to his knees...

...and catches Layton coming in with a right hand to the gut!]

GM: Preston caught him!

[The former Combat Corner student gets to his feet, smashing a right hand on the jaw of Layton, sending him falling back to the ropes.]

GM: He's fighting back and- he sends Layton across!

[Preston throws a big right hand that Layton ducks under.]

GM: Layton ducks the right hand, off the far side...

[Preston drops his head, setting for a backdrop...

...but gets a hard forearm to the back of the head instead!]

GM: Ohh! He caught Preston setting too early!

BW: A youthful mistake by Eric Preston and Layton took advantage of it!

[With Preston down on his knees, Layton creams him with a double axehandle across the back of the head, putting him down facefirst on the mat.]

BW: He should stomp the back of the head - see if he can bust the nose.

[Layton stares down at Preston for a moment, almost as if pondering what to do next...

...and settles for an elbowdrop down on the kidneys.]

BW: I don't get it. He's not gonna bust Preston open with something like that.

GM: He certainly isn't. Perhaps Layton wants to punish Eric Preston... maybe he doesn't want to win this thing yet. Maybe he-

BW: The Wheel's spinning!

[The camera cuts to ringside where the Wheel has begun spinning on its own...]

GM: Goodbye First Blood, Hello...?

[The Wheel comes to a stop...]

PW: The Wheel has selected... COAL MINER'S GLOVE ON A POLE!

[The ring crew that was seated at ringside quickly gets up, trying to get a metal pole attached to the one of the ringposts in a hurry.]

GM: A Coal Miner's Glove On A Pole! When's the last time you saw one of these, Bucky?

BW: It's been years for sure.

GM: The rules of this one, as I recall, is that the first man to retrieve that Coal Miner's Glove off the top of the pole is the man who can use it. From there, you must pin the man or make him submit to win.

[Anton Layton, who was watching the Wheel, seems relieved as he turns back around towards Preston who has made his way back to his feet. Layton goes to grab him but Preston swings it around, throwing Layton back into the corner...]

GM: Right hand! Right hand! Right hand!

[The crowd is roaring for the Combat Corner graduate as he tears into the Prince of Darkness with haymakers. In the opposite corner, the ring crew has gotten the pole attached and is now scaling it to put the metal-studded glove on top of it.]

GM: They're getting that Coal Miner's Glove in position right now.

[Preston looks back, checking on the progress of the pole...

...which gives Layton an opening to jab his extended fingers into the throat of Preston, leaving him gasping for air.]

GM: Ohh! Layton takes a page out of Ebola Zaire's playbook there!

[Grabbing a handful of Preston's hair, Layton SLAMS his face into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: HARD INTO THE BUCKLES!!

BW: That's what he should've done a few minutes ago during the First Blood match!

GM: I agree with you on that one, Bucky.

[Layton grabs Preston by the arm, firing him across the ring into the opposite buckles, narrowly missing a ring crew member who was standing there.]

GM: Look out now! If you're a member of the ring crew, this is a good time to get the heck out of there, Bucky!

[The ring crew member putting the glove on the pole is halfway back down the pole when Layton reaches up, yanking him down by the back of the pants where he sails down off the pole, crashing down hard on the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Come on! There's no reason for that! Anton Layton just attacked a member of the ring crew for absolutely no reason at all!

BW: He was taking too long, Gordo. He was in his way!

GM: That's ridiculous! This guy should be fined and suspended for doing something like that. That man is NOT a competitor in this matchup.

[The other ring crew members quickly get their fallen comrade out of the ring as Layton again wraps his hands around the throat of Preston, throttling him as he shoves him down against the middle buckle.]

GM: Layton's a madman in there! Just blatantly choking the man repeatedly. I don't even know if he wants to win this match, Bucky. I sure haven't seen any signs of it.

BW: You might right now cause he's going for the Glove!

[Layton steps up on the buckles, reaching up to grab the metal pole as he steps up to the middle rope.]

GM: This is an area of the ring that Anton Layton isn't used to. He's not a high flyer, he does not climb the ropes very frequently.

BW: And you can tell. He looks very uncomfortable up there, Gordo.

GM: He certainly does.

[Layton grabs the pole with both hands as he steps to the top rope, again looking up at the Glove to see how far away it is...]

GM: He's on the top buckle but now he has to climb the pole, fans. Anton Layton has got to climb that pole if he hopes to get the Glove down from there and use it on Eric Preston.

BW: And if the Master designed this match, he sure didn't do Layton any favors by putting a match like this one it. Anton Layton looks very uneasy about even attempting this.

GM: You have to wonder if he wouldn't be better off playing defense here - just preventing Preston from getting to the Glove and waiting out the clock for the Wheel to spin again.

BW: But the thing about this match is you don't know when - or IF - the Wheel will spin again. It could be done for the night, Gordo.

GM: I suppose you're right.

[Layton grits his teeth as he tries to pull himself up a couple feet...

...and slides back down, drawing laughter from the fans.]

GM: He can't do it, Bucky! He just can't do it!

[An angry Layton tries it again...

...to the same results, sliding back down to the buckles.]

GM: Anton Layton's having trouble getting up on top of that pole and-

[The crowd roars as Eric Preston steps out of the corner, turning as he steps up to the middle rope, slamming a forearm across the kidneys of Layton!]

GM: And now it's Eric Preston who is trying to scale the buckles up there with the Prince of Darkness!

[Preston gets to the top rope where a sharp back elbow by Layton catches him right in the face.]

GM: Ohh! What a shot!

BW: Preston's hanging onto the pole now too! Layton needs to knock him down from there!

[Layton throws a second elbow, this time grazing the temple of Preston who recoils away from the blow...

...and grabs Layton by the hair!]

GM: Oh no! He's gonna-

[BOOM! The crowd ROARS as Preston SLAMS Layton's head into the steel pole!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF! HEADFIRST INTO THE STEEL!

[Layton's skull bounces off the unforgiving steel, a glazed look in his eyes as Preston keeps ahold of the hair...

...and SMASHES his head into the steel a second time!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LAYTON CRASHES DOWN TO THE CANVAS!!

[And with a nod to the cheering crowd, Preston starts to scale the pole.]

GM: Look at the athleticism of Eric Preston, having absolutely no trouble in climbing that metal pole...

[Preston shimmys up the pole...

...and grabs the Glove, sliding back down to the top turnbuckle!]

GM: HE'S GOT THE COAL MINER'S GLOVE!

[The crowd roars as Preston slides the steel-studded leather glove over his hand, dropping down off the ropes. He stands over the downed Layton, waving for him to get up.]

GM: Layton's in trouble here, fans! Preston's got that Glove on and-

"GET UP, YOU SON OF A BITCH!"

[The crowd "oooohs" at that.]

GM: Fans, we apologize for the language of Eric Preston.

BW: This is Pay Per View, daddy! We can say whatever we want!

GM: We most certainly can not!

[A dazed Layton pushes up to his knees, looking up at the glove-wearing Preston...

...and cracks a grin.]

GM: Look at him! He's sick! He's twisted!

[The camera catches Layton saying, "Do it. Embrace your destiny."]

GM: He actually thinks this is part of Preston's destiny! He thinks if Preston goes dark enough to win this thing, he'll fall into whatever twisted world that Layton and his Master have created!

[An angry Preston shakes his head...

...and DRILLS Layton in the skull with the Coal Miner's Glove, knocking him flat!]

GM: OHHH! A KNOCKOUT BLOW BY PRESTON!!

[The crowd roars as Preston pulls the Glove off, throwing it aside, and then dives into a lateral press...]

GM: ONE!!

BW: Uhh, Gordo?

GM: TWO!!!

BW: The Wheel is spinning!

[As the Wheel stops, Phil Watson makes the announcement.]

PW: The Wheel has selected... LIGHTS OUT MATCH!

[The crowd buzzes at the announcement as Preston climbs to his feet, hands on his hips with disgust.]

GM: A Lights Out match! That means no rules, everything is legal - but you have to render your opponent unable to answer a ten count!

BW: Layton might be out, Gordo! We might get a ten count right now!

GM: We might. The referee is forcing Preston back to a neutral corner so he can make the ten count. Eric Preston had this match won with the shot from the Coal Miner's Glove. This thing should be over right now. He had the man pinned.

BW: The Wheel sees all! The Wheel knows all!

GM: Give me a break. I wouldn't be surprised if Layton himself is controlling this Wheel somehow.

[Preston backs off, waving at the official to count Layton down.]

GM: Remember, Anton Layton's got a ten count to get back to his feet or this match will end right now with Eric Preston as the winner.

[The referee starts his count, slow and deliberate.]

GM: Layton hasn't moved a bit since Preston hit him with that Glove. He may be done here.

BW: That's what I said!

[The official's count hits three as Anton Layton's leg starts to move, his knee slowly pulling up towards his midsection as he looks for a way back to his feet.]

GM: Preston's just gotta stand there and wait... can Layton answer the ten count in time or did that knockout punch do exactly that?

[The count hits five as Layton slides an arm to his side, rolling himself onto his stomach. He pulls his arms up, trying to push up off the mat as the count goes to six.]

GM: The count is at six... Layton still trying to get up and face the music.

[The crowd is roaring at this point, hoping Layton stays down as Preston tugs at the ropes, trying to keep himself from attacking the downed Layton and breaking the ten count attempt.]

GM: We're up to eight now! Layton's desperately trying to get up! Desperately trying to get back to his feet!

[As the nine count comes down, Layton pushes up with all his strength, getting to all fours...

...and then shoving himself the rest of the way to his feet, just before the ten count comes down. A wobbly Layton stands before Preston, barely able to keep his balance as he smiles at the man he hopes to mentor.]

GM: Layton is smiling, Bucky! This maniac is actually smiling!

BW: Maybe he likes what he's seeing out of Eric Preston tonight.

[Layton waves an arm at himself, asking Preston to give him more.]

GM: Layton's actually asking for more punishment! He wants Preston to bring the fight to him right now.

[Not one to need an engraved invitation, Preston surges out of the corner, drilling Layton with right hands to the skull. A series of them sends him backpedaling towards the ropes.]

GM: He's got Layton staggered, fans!

[Preston winds up his right hand again, spitting on it for extra "oomph" and then SMASHES him with another haymaker, sending Layton sailing through the ropes and out to the floor below.]

GM: What a right hand and Eric Preston has taken this fight out to the floor!

BW: It's not exactly where Preston wants this fight... or is it?

GM: What is that supposed to mean?

BW: We know that Anton Layton has been trying to draw the darkness out of Eric Preston for months now. His every action has been designed to make Preston throw aside his goody-two-shoes side and embrace Layton and his Master. Layton wants an apprentice at his side and he believes that Eric Preston is that man.

GM: And?

BW: And now he's got Preston taking the fight to the floor... on his own!

[Preston indeed steps through the ropes to the apron, measuring a rising Layton for a moment before jumping off, smashing a forearm across the back of the neck that pitches Layton forward, crashing into the wooden box at ringside.]

GM: Remember, fans, we're under Lights Out rules here so anything goes out here on the floor...

[Preston approaches the Prince of Darkness, grabbing him by the hair to pull him off the box...

...and gets a taped thumb JAMMED into his windpipe!]

GM: Ohh!

[The crowd buzzes as Preston stumbles away, hands at his throat as he gasps for air. A sneering Layton grabs Preston before he can escape, dragging him back to the box...

...and SLAMMING his upper body down onto the wooden box, Preston's skull bouncing off the hard wood.]

GM: Good grief!

[Layton uses Preston's hair to throw him back off the box, dropping him to a knee right next to him as he grabs the lid of the box, opening it wide.]

GM: Finally, we get to see what's inside that box.

[The cameraman hops up on the apron, getting a shot inside the box that reveals a wide variety of weaponry that might be needed in a Spin The Wheel affair - we can see a leather strap, a steel chain, a few steel chairs, a metal trash can, and several other items.]

BW: Christmas has come early for the Prince of Darkness, daddy!

[A gleeful Layton reaches into the wooden bin, retrieving the metal trash can that he holds high above his head to a big cheer...

...and promptly SLAMS it down over the skull of the kneeling Preston!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Preston collapses in a heap on the floor from the headshot as the official shouts at Layton from inside the ring. With a nod, Layton flings the now-dented metal can over the ropes, narrowly missing the official as it clangs to a stop. He reaches down, dragging Preston off the floor and firing him under the ropes, rolling in after him.]

GM: Layton absolutely creamed Eric Preston with that metal trash can! Good grief, what a shot it was!

BW: Preston's done.

GM: He absolutely could be. Layton fires him back and now he's telling the referee to count him down...

[The official's count is already at three by the time Gordon finishes speaking.]

GM: The count is up to three... the referee's every count taking us closer to the end of this match.

BW: But Preston's showing some signs of life, Gordo. He may not be done yet.

[The crowd buzzes as Preston rolls over to his stomach, slipping his arms underneath him. As the count hits five, he pushes up to his knees...]

“CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Good god!

[Crashing down over the skull again, the metal trash can earns another dent as a gleeful Anton Layton stands over Preston, watching as he crumples back down to the canvas.]

GM: Another one! Another brutal shot with that metal can!

BW: Preston tried to get his hands up on that one but I'm not sure he got 'em there, Gordo.

GM: Neither am I.

[Layton suddenly drops the trash can, reaching up to grab at his temples with both hands. He lets loose a horrific scream as he falls back against the buckles, writhing back and forth as a shocked official moves to his side.]

GM: What in the world is wrong with Anton Layton?!

[The howls of pain from Layton brings everything to a halt as the official leans in next to the Prince of Darkness, checking to see if he's okay. The crowd buzzes with confusion as Layton shoves the official aside, screaming "GET AWAY FROM ME!" just before he slams his own head into the turnbuckles... again and again.]

GM: Anton Layton has snapped, fans! We always knew Layton wasn't playing with a full deck but he may have just lost the last card!

[Layton waves the referee back towards Preston but a concerned official is right on top of him, checking for signs of... whoops.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LAYTON SHOVES DOWN THE REFEREE!!

[Screaming in agony, Layton grabs the discarded trash can off the mat, raising it over his head again...

...and letting loose another howl, collapsing to his own knees as he drops the trash can.]

GM: He tried to hit Preston again but... he couldn't do it. For some reason, he couldn't do it, Bucky!

BW: Gordo, I hate to be "that guy" but... do you think The Master is preventing Layton from hurting Eric Preston?!

GM: That's crazy!

BW: I don't know if you've noticed but we've got crazy in overabundance tonight, daddy. I think that's EXACTLY what we're seeing here! I think The Master is keeping Layton from winning this thing until Eric Preston's darkness is unleashed!

[Staggering back to his feet, Preston grabs the badly-dented metal trash can at his feet, raising it high overhead...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Preston flings the trash can down on Layton's now-prone body...

...and then leaps into the air, dropping all his weight down across the dented trash can in a body splash!]

GM: OHHHHH! HE SPLASHED THE TRASH CAN ON LAYTON!!

[An angry Preston stumbles to his feet, falling back into the corner and waving for the official to start his ten count.]

GM: The referee is going to start the count on Layton. Is that enough? Is the-

BW: The Wheel, Gordo! The Wheel!

[Without warning, the Wheel starts spinning at ringside, the camera shot cutting to show it to the world...

...and then it comes to a stop.]

PW: The Wheel has chosen... FALLS COUNT ANYWHERE!

[Preston shakes his head...

...and then slaps his right knee hard! The crowd cheers!]

GM: Preston's calling for that kneelift! The one he calls the Dream Machine!

[Preston slaps the knee again, the crowd clapping along with him. Another slap, another clap. The rhythm continues as Preston prepares to charge the rising Layton...

...and then breaks into a sprint, bringing his knee up HARD into the chin of Layton, snapping his head back and knocking him back down to the canvas!]

GM: DREAM MACHINE!! DREAM MACHINE!!

[Preston dives across the chest of Layton, reaching back for a leg...]

GM: ONE!!!

BW: THE WHEEL!

GM: TWO!! THR-

PW: The Wheel has chosen... SUBMISSION MATCH!

[The referee's hand hits the canvas a third time... but then he waves it off, pointing at the Wheel to a furious Eric Preston. Preston angrily gets to his feet, stepping through the ropes where he drops back down to the floor.]

GM: Preston's out on the floor... I have no clue why he's out here but-

[An angry Preston swings open the wooden box, reaching in...

...and pulling out the leather strap.]

GM: Oh my stars. Preston's got the strap!

BW: It's a submission match, you idiot... not a strap match!

GM: I'm not sure Eric Preston cares at this point! He's been robbed of victory in this match TWICE already and after everything that Anton Layton has done to Eric Preston, the young lion may be looking for more than just a victory right now.

[Preston rolls back into the ring, holding onto the leather strap...

...and LASHES it down across the exposed back of Anton Layton, causing the Prince of Darkness to howl in pain.]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!! YOU COULD HEAR THAT BACK IN DALLAS!!

[Preston winds up, lashing down across the flesh again, leaving a nasty red welt behind. A third blow with the leather connects, cutting into the skin of Layton as a trickle of crimson escapes his upper back.]

GM: Eric Preston is taking the hide off Anton Layton! He's whipping him like a dog out here in Memphis!

BW: Southaven.

GM: Whatever!

[A fourth and fifth blow land, Layton attempting to drag himself across the ring, desperately trying to escape Preston's wrath at this point...

...but Preston grabs Layton by the ankle, dragging him back to the center of the ring. Preston tosses the strap aside, leaning down to grab Layton by the hair...]

GM: He's pulling Layton off the-

[The crowd GASPS as a cloud of powder envelops Eric Preston!]

GM: POWDER! Layton flung powder into the eyes of Eric Preston!

[A desperate Layton gets back to his knees, flinging himself at the back of Preston's legs, knocking the Combat Corner graduate down to the canvas. Layton promptly wraps his hands around the throat of the blinded Preston, screaming madly as he digs his fingers into the flesh.]

GM: He's choking him! He's trying to strangle the life out of Preston!

BW: Think he can make Preston submit to this?

[Layton suddenly breaks away, grabbing the leather strap off the mat. He wraps it around his fist, pulling Preston to a seated position and with a howl, he lets loose a series of clenched fists, driving the leather strap into the forehead over and over again.]

GM: He's beating the hell out of him, Bucky!

BW: Anton Layton's losing it! I didn't know he had anything left to lose but we're seeing him fully fall apart here tonight at SuperClash III!

[Layton breaks off the attack again, leaping into the air, and DRIVING both of his feet squarely down in the midsection of Preston. The Prince of Darkness hooks the strap around the throat of Preston, jamming his knee into the back of the head and neck, and YANKING back with all his strength!]

GM: HE'S TRYING TO CHOKE THE LIFE OUT OF PRESTON!!

[The referee drops to all fours, asking Preston if he wants to submit.]

GM: Preston's trying to hang on! He's trying to get his fingers between his throat and that strap - trying to buy himself some time to figure a way out of this, Bucky.

BW: He'd better think fast, Gordo, 'cause Layton's trying to turn his lights out for good right here and now!

[Preston pushes up off the mat, taking some of Layton's leverage away from him. The Prince of Darkness is still standing behind Preston, still clinging to the leather strap as it digs into the throat of his opponent...

...when Preston suddenly SLAMS his foot backwards, directly connecting with the groin of Anton Layton!]

GM: OHHH! HE KICKED HIM! PRESTON KICKED HIM LOW!!

[Gasping for air, Preston grabs a handful of Layton's trunks, racing across the ring...

...and HURLS him over the top rope, sending him flying through the air!]

“CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!”

“OOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: HE HIT THE WHEEL!! LAYTON LANDED ON THE WHEEL!!

[The camera cuts to ringside where a downed Prince Of Darkness lies flat on the floor, the now-broken Wheel underneath him.]

GM: Layton's body cracked the Wheel in half! That Wheel will spin no more tonight and it looks like this match will be decided by submission!

BW: Preston did that on purpose!

GM: You may be right, Bucky.

[Still rubbing his neck where the skin is red and raw from the leather strap, Preston steps out on the apron, looking down at the motionless Layton...

...and then breaks into a sprint, charging down the length of the apron, HURLING himself into the air!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ELBOW!! MY GOD, WHAT AN ELBOW!! ERIC PRESTON JUST DOVE OFF THE APRON WITH AN ELBOWDROP ON ANTON LAYTON!!!

[Preston lies motionless on the even more broken wooden Wheel now. Both men are unmoving, chests heaving as the crowd roars for the self-punishing dive onto the floor that Preston just performed.]

GM: Eric Preston wanted to take out Anton Layton so badly, he just put himself through a physical wreck to do it! It looks like a car wreck out here at ringside, fans!

[With both men down, the fans slowly begin to chant, filling the air of the DeSoto Civic Center.]

“PRES-TON!” “PRES-TON!” “PRES-TON!”

GM: The fans are roaring here at SuperClash, showing their support for Eric Preston - the man who just put it all on the line to try and finish off Anton Layton once and for all. Eric Preston has been through physical and mental hell since Day One here in the AWA - James Monosso, Percy Childe, Anton Layton - three of the most diabolical men in the history of this sport have sought to make Preston's life a living hell. Tonight, he gets the chance to end ALL of that. He has vanquished Childe. He has broken Monosso. And tonight, he gets the chance to end Anton Layton as well!

BW: But he's gotta get in that ring and ultimately, Gordo, he's gotta make the Prince of Darkness quit!

GM: Which is much easier said than done in my opinion, Bucky.

[In a daze, Eric Preston pushes himself up to his feet, wincing with every movement as he uses the apron to steady himself. The crowd roars as he leans over, pulling a still motionless Layton to his feet, flinging him under the ropes.]

GM: Preston puts him back in... rolling back in behind him...

[An exhausted Preston leans down, pulling a facedown Layton off the canvas by the hair. He slips his left arm under Layton's, reaching around to hook him behind the neck before grabbing Layton's left wrist in his right hand...

...and then flattens him out, yanking back hard!]

GM: The cobra clutch crossface! We saw this at the Cup! We saw this slapped on James Monosso at the Cup! Monosso passed out from the pain from the hold that Todd Michaelson and Eric Preston created and mastered together and...

[Layton screams in pain, shouting loudly for all to hear, "MASTER!! HELP ME!! HELP!"]

GM: Layton's screaming for his Master's aid! He needs it now more than ever! Eric Preston's got this hold locked on deep in the middle of the ring and I don't know if Layton can get out of this.]

[Again, he cries... "MAAAAAASTER! PLEASE! HELP ME!"]

BW: Where is the Master?! Where is Anton Layton's Master when he needs him most?!

[And then...]

GM: HE QUIT! HE QUIT!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd EXPLODES!]

GM: Oh my stars, Anton Layton just gave up to that crossface! Can you believe it?

[After a few more moments to make sure, Preston releases the hold, collapsing backwards in a show of exhaustion. The crowd is roaring for him as the referee lifts his arm, pointing to his tired form.]

GM: Eric Preston just made Anton Layton submit! I'm in shock, fans! I'm absolutely in shock over this. The Prince of Darkness just gave up in the center of the ring here at SuperClash III! Eric Preston has finally... FINALLY... ended his torment!

BW: Preston just beat Anton Layton with the same hold that he used to beat James Monosso. And if that hold can beat Monosso... AND it can make Anton Layton... it just might make Eric Preston unstoppable, Gordo.

GM: The future is bright for Eric Preston and who knows what 2012 holds in store for this young man, fans. What a night it's already been here at SuperClash III with two big matches and we've still got a lot more to come. Kolya Sudakov is free, Eric Preston has vanquished his demons, and now coming up next, Travis Lynch is going to try to win the PCW World Title here tonight in Memphis! Earlier tonight, we caught up with the challenger as he looks tonight to restore some pride and dignity to the championship belt that is eternally linked to his family. Let's hear what's on his mind as he prepares to challenge for the gold!

[We crossfade from Eric Preston still celebrating his triumph to the backstage area. The camera focuses in upon a lone figure sitting on a wooden bench in front of a series of steel lockers. The figure's face is covered with curly dirty blonde hair, as it is lowered, watching as he tapes his left wrist with athletic tape. As the figure begins to speak, the voice is instantly recognized as that of Travis Lynch.]

TL: Over the past few weeks people have been asking me what I think of the man who calls himself Red Hot, Rex Summers. All I can say is they tried to hang him, but the rope broke.

[Travis raises his head and looks into the camera. He smiles for a split second as he tosses the tape to the side.]

TL: For those of you outside of Texas that means he's one of the luckiest people in the world. Every single time I have a chance to knock a few teeth loose from his smug smile he slithers into the grass from which he came. He did it when he hid in the back before I stepped into the ring with Rick Marley, he slithered away two weeks ago when AWA security forced me back into the corner and held me there as Buddy Morton rushed him up the aisleway.

[Travis swings his right arm backwards and slams it into the steel locker. Travis continues to speak, ignoring the fact he punched the locker.]

TL: You held the PCW Championship high into the air as each and every member of security wrapped their arms around me making sure the snake would live to SuperClash. I know in your mind you believed that you were taunting me... showing me... showing the Lynches you still possessed their legacy. But Rex, this has gone well beyond business!

[Travis stands up quickly and begins to pace back and forth in the locker room. The pace and intensity of his breathing has increased.]

TL: At Homecoming you couldn't handle my brothers and myself, so you decided to get into our heads and pull our father over the guardrail.

[Travis pauses and spins around and slams both his palms into the steel locker. He slams then again and one more time before stopping and exhaling deeply.]

TL: And then... then you decided to hit him and stomp away at him...

[Slowly Travis turns around and exhales deeply.]

TL: And even there the AWA security arrived in time to keep you breathing...

[Travis runs his hands through his curly blonde hair.]

TL: Week after week though you hid from me... hid from the wrath you knew was coming... you hid from the Claw!

[Travis grabs his left wrist with his right hand and stares at the claw for a few moments.]

TL: Yet, you found the courage for a brief moment to climb out of the high weeds and cost me a victory against Rick Marley, a victory that would have thrust my name into contender conversations for the AWA National Championship... but that Rex... that wasn't the stinging blow. You stole a revolting kiss from my sister!

[Travis again spins around and just drives his right hand into the steel locker, a dent forms from the impact but Travis continues to speak.]

TL: You continue to put your hands on my FAMILY! And then you come out and claim you love Samantha?

[Travis slams his right hand into the locker three more times before finally turning around, with anger in his eyes.]

TL: Be thankful security was there to pull me away Rex... be thankful security kept me from embarrassing you the way you did to Samantha...

Rex, tonight I finally get the revenge the Lynch family deserves... is demanding! Tonight, inside that squared circle I'm going to take that PCW Championship belt back HOME!

[Travis balls his left fist and quickly kisses it.]

TL: And I won't be the least bit surprised if you spend the rest of the night having dentures placed into your jaw.

[With Lynch glaring at the camera, we crossfade back to live action inside the DeSoto Civic Center where we have a panning shot of the crowd that is ready and waiting for more action.]

GM: Coming up right now, we have the PCW World Heavyweight Championship match as "Red Hot" Rex Summers defends the title against Travis Lynch. Summers retained the belt by getting disqualified at the Stampede Cup.

BW: He outsmarted Travis Lynch. Outsmarting a Lynch is about as difficult as taking candy from a baby.

[A loud growl comes over the PA system, and right after it is Janet Jackson's "Black Cat". The crowd responds by booing at the top of their lungs, and soon the curtains part as "Red Hot" Rex Summers and Buddy Morton come through into the arena.]

GM: Here comes the PCW World Heavyweight Champion. Buddy Morton is right behind his charge.

[Summers is dressed in a full length red robe with white sequins running down both lapels and in a zig zag formation across the front. He walks slowly down to the ring, a cocky strut shows his arrogance and disdain for his opponent. The always talking

Morton shouts at the camera and nearby fans, talking up his managerial charge. Summers simply smirks as he approaches ringside, and we catch the words "Red Hot" are spelled out in more sequins on the back of the robe. Summers and Morton climb into the ring. Summers asks for the mic from Phil Watson.]

BW: This is why women bring their cameras to the arena.

RS: Cut the music. Alright, you lazy tubs of goo in the crowd here are about to get the lesson of a lifetime. Fat... people...

["Tom Sawyer" by Rush hits the speakers interrupting Rex Summers. Summers and Morton glare at the entrance portal as the crowd erupts into cheers.]

GM: Apparently Travis Lynch isn't going to give Rex Summers the chance to go through his standard pre-match speech.

[The curtain pulls back to reveal the youngest of the Lynch brothers and as it does so the screams of the ladies in attendance nearly drown out his entrance music. The youngster is, as always, dressed in his classic white wrestling trunks with a yellow and black stripe along the top of them. His two knee pads and wrestling boots are also white. He comes to the ring in a slight jog as the fans reach over the barricade and slap his arms and shoulders. He breaks into a charge, diving headfirst under the bottom rope and pointing a threatening finger across the ring as the referee makes sure that the challenger doesn't charge across the ring.]

BW: Just goes to show how disrespectful the Lynch family is.

[Phil Watson steps to the center of the ring, mic in hand.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is for the PCW World Heavyweight Championship!

[Cheers from the crowd.]

PW: Introducing first, he is the challenger! Weighing in at two-hundred and sixty pounds and standing six feet, three inches tall. From Dallas, Texas...
TRAAAAAAAAAAAAAVIS LYNNNNNNNNNNCH!

[Lynch raises his arms in the air to cheers from the fans and screams from the females.]

PW: In the opposite corner. Weighing two-hundred and fifty one pounds, standing six feet, three inches tall. He hails from St. Paul, Minnesota and is accompanied by his manager Buddy Morton... he is the last man to wear the PCW World Heavyweight Championship...

"RED HOT"
REEEEEEEEEX SUMMMMMMMERRRRRRRS!

[Summers waves the fans off as they boo him. He tugs off his robe, revealing the trunks with Samantha Lynch on the front. Lynch again has to be restrained from charging across the ring at his rival who simply smirks in response.]

GM: Simply disgusting. Fans, this is a rematch from their encounter at the Stampede Cup. Travis Lynch took the win that night by disqualification but the PCW World Championship can't change hands on a disqualification or a countout.

BW: Rex Summers is a ring general, Gordo. This match is going to go very different than their last match.

[AWA Senior Official Johnny Jagger signals for the bell. "DING, DING, DING."]

GM: Jagger calls for the bell. This match is officially underway, Bucky.

BW: Sit back and watch what a REAL man can do in a wrestling ring, Gordo.

[Summers and Lynch come out of their respective corners and meet in the middle of the ring. Summers starts running his mouth pointing at himself and then pointing at Lynch.]

GM: Summers and Lynch with an exchange of words right now.

BW: Summers is telling Travis, "Head back to the locker room. Take the countout loss. Do yourself a favor and don't get humiliated out here tonight."

[Summers simply smirks and strikes a bicep flex. The crowd boos while Buddy Morton claps politely on the outside of the ring. Summers drops the flex. He flexes his left arm and points to it with his right arm.]

BW: Look at the definition there! This man could be a professional bodybuilder to this day, Gordo!

[Travis Lynch's smile broadens just before he strikes a bicep flex of his own. The crowd cheers, especially the female fans who scream. Lynch drops the bicep flex and flexes his left arm, pointing to it with his right hand. The screams get louder. Summers looks none too happy.]

GM: Summers and Lynch are having a pose-down in the middle of the ring. The fans are letting Summers know they appreciate Lynch's form much more than his.

BW: That's like comparin' filet mignon to dog food, Gordo. Rex Summers is the perfect human specimen.

[Summers strikes another bicep flex for a moment. He puts his hands on the back of his head and starts gyrating his hips in a lewd and suggestive manner. Summers is picked up saying, "This drives Samantha crazy." As he says the line, he runs his hands up his abdomen and chest before flinging sweat into Lynch's face. The crowd boos heatedly for that.]

GM: Summers taking this to a very personal level, Bucky. That may not be the best idea, especially with how hot-headed the youngest Lynch brother is.

BW: Hot-headed and dumb as firewood, Gordo. Summers has nothing to worry about.

[Lynch blinks and wipes the sweat from his face. He looks at the crowd as Summers steps closer, mugging at the youngest Lynch. The crowd cheers wildly as Lynch responds with a left hand to Summer's jaw.]

GM: Yeah! Give it to him, Travis!

[Summers hits the mat, a shocked expression on his face. Lynch moves forward, left hand balled up, shouting at Summers. Summers scampers out of the ring to the safety of the floor and is immediately attended to by Buddy Morton.]

GM: Travis responds with a hard left hand to Summers' jaw and Summers immediately bails out of the ring. Things between Lynch and Summers took a turn to the personal when Summers involved Samantha Lynch. I can't believe he's wearing those tights tonight, Bucky.

BW: Summers can't help it. It's his curse. All women have that "love at first sight" thing happen when they get a good look at the Minnesota Adonis.

GM: Summers is a very impressive physical specimen, but his attitude leaves a lot to be desired. Knowing the Lynch family, Samantha puts more stock in attitude than looks, Bucky.

BW: Even that sow, Samantha Lynch - she happened to look up while grazing out in the field at the Lynch Ranch as Summers drove by. Love at first sight, Gordo. Love at first sight.

GM: Would you stop, Bucky?!

[Morton and Summers complain to Jagger about the closed-fist. A ringside fans yells some insult towards Summers, who spins on his heel and points to the man yelling back at him. Lynch seizes the opportunity and grabs Summers by the hair, pulling him up onto the ring apron.]

GM: Travis caught him! He's gonna bring him back in the hard way!

[With the crowd roaring and Morton protesting to the official, Summers grabs Lynch by the head, dropping off the apron, and SNAPPING Lynch's throat down over the top rope. The younger Lynch brother falls back on the canvas, clutching his windpipe as Jagger warns Summers for the action. Summers pays the referee no mind as he dives under the ropes into the ring.]

BW: I love it, Gordo! That big goof Stench thought he had Red Hot Rex in trouble but Rex Summers is too good for him and made him pay.

[Back in the ring, Summers grabs a handful of Travis' hair and pulls him up before shoving him back into the ropes. He quickly grabs an arm, firing him across.]

GM: Summers with a whip across to the opposite of the ring.

BW: Just watch, Gordo. Summers has Lynch right where he wants him.

[But not quite as Summers sets for a backdrop too early. Lynch pulls up short and drops to a knee, popping Summers in the face with a left hand to the cheers of the fans.]

GM: A great counter by Travis - and now who's got their opponent right where they want him, Bucky?

BW: It's still early.

[Having fallen back to the mat, Summers scoots back to the corner as Lynch approaches, both hands balled into fists as he moves in. Reaching the buckles, he finds Summers on his feet and opens fire.]

GM: Lynch with another left hand to Summers' face! Summers has Lynch fired up tonight, Bucky.

BW: That's how Summers wants him. Get Lynch fired up and not thinking. Summers can then capitalize on any mistake Lynch makes. Like right now, Summers is controlling the pace of the match. He's keeping things slow, keeping the momentum on his side.

[Lynch steps back for a second, giving Summers a chance to demand that Johnny Jagger back the Texan away. Jagger steps in, pushing Lynch back to give the PCW Champion some room. Summers winces as he checks his jaw, glaring at Lynch. Standing in the center of the ring, the Texan waves Summers out of the corner.]

GM: Travis Lynch is all go, go, go here tonight at SuperClash. He doesn't want to let up for a single second against this man who has brought his family such disgrace over the past several months.

[Summers leans down, huddling up with Buddy Morton for a moment as the crowd boos with disgust. After a bit, Summers climbs to his feet, nodding confidently as he strides to the center of the ring, locking up with Lynch.]

GM: Collar and elbow in the center of the ring... both men jockeying for position... both men incredibly strong so I'm not sure who has the advantage in a battle like this, Bucky.

[Summers says something to the referee, drawing him out of position for a moment...

...and then yanks the hair of Lynch, throwing him down to the mat. The crowd jeers as Summers strikes a big double bicep pose.]

BW: There's that power, Gordo!

GM: Summers used a handful of hair to take Travis Lynch to the mat, Bucky!

BW: Hair. Lock-up. Whatever. Lynch ended up on the mat. That's what matters, daddy.

[Lynch rushes back to his feet, growing angrier with every moment of action, diving into another lockup as the two men jostle back and forth, looking for an edge...

...and with a roar, Lynch HURLS Summers down to the mat where he flips backwards, rolling to his knees with a look of shock on his face as Lynch strikes the big double bicep pose.]

GM: Travis with the power that time!

BW: I think he pulled the hair.

[A now-angry Summers springs to his feet, charging at Lynch...

...who sidesteps and takes Summers down with a hiptoss! Big cheer!]

GM: Down goes Summers... but quickly back up... and right back down again! A pair of hiptosses by the challenger has got the champion reeling!

[Summers grabs the top rope, yanking himself to his feet. He swings around...

...and finds Travis Lynch waiting for him, fist balled up and winding up for a haymaker. Summers quickly drops to the mat, rolling out under the ropes to the jeers of the crowd and the reprimands of Johnny Jagger. Lynch holds his ground, left hand still clenched into a fist.]

GM: Lynch gets the advantage on that exchange and Summers quickly bails from the ring for the second time in this match.

BW: It's strategy, Gordo. Summers is too smart to let Lynch get the better of him. Not only is the St. Paul Stud the perfect physical specimen, he's also a smart, smart man.

GM: So far, Summers has kept control of this pace. Any time Lynch gets an advantage, Summers is quick to leave the ring and regroup.

[Summers gets near a TV camera. He points at Lynch and says, "Watch this!" Summers turns to the TV camera and plants a kiss right on the lens. He strikes his pose and then starts to gyrate, "That's for you, sweet sweet Samantha! I'll be home to take care of business, baby. Once I'm done with my business in the ring."]

GM: There is NO call for that!

BW: Hahahaha! In case Samantha didn't get it, I'll translate to her native tongue. MOOO!

GM: BUCKTHORN WILDE!

[And that kicks Lynch's anger into another gear as he slides out to the floor, chasing after the PCW World Champion who sees him coming and makes a run for it.]

GM: We've got a footrace on the floor!

[Lynch chases Summers halfway around the ring before the champion slides under the bottom rope, quickly getting to his feet...

...and catching Lynch with a diving double axehandle between the shoulderblades as the Texan slides back in!]

GM: Ohh! Cheap shot by Summers!

BW: Cheap shot?! It's not Summers' fault that Lynch is dumber than that piece of paper you're holding.

[Summers winds up, dropping a second double axehandle between the shoulderblades to the jeers of the crowd and the encouragement of a beaming Buddy Morton.]

BW: See that, Gordo? That's Summers' vastly superior intellect coming into play. He suckered Travis Lynch right into a trap.

GM: I don't deny that, Bucky. Rex Summers has Travis Lynch in a good position right now. Travis Lynch is as famous for his temper as he is for the Iron Claw and Rex Summers took advantage of that.

[Lynch pushes himself up to all fours just before Summers fires down with a forearm to the shoulders. Summers fires down with another forearm and follows it up with a third. Satisfied, Summers grabs Lynch by his hair and pulls Lynch to his feet and towards the middle of the ring.]

GM: What's he got in mind here?

[The ring rattles as Summers powers Lynch up, dropping him down with a vertical suplex. A smirking Summers rolls to a knee, looking down at his prone challenger before grabbing his head with his left hand and firing down at it with right hands.]

BW: Look at that. Lynch's left hands from earlier aren't going unanswered, Gordo. Rex Summers ain't afraid to mix it up with fists when he needs it.

GM: Rex Summers has taken control of the match, Bucky. Summers is a great technical wrestler, but you're right. Summers is quite capable of mixing it up with fists.

BW: Rex Summers wastes no motion, Gordo. Everything is planned. Inside that ring, is like a game of human chess to Rex Summers. Only, he knows what move his opponent will make before his opponent does.

[Johnny Jagger warns Rex Summers about the closed fists but Summers pays him no attention while getting to his feet. He quickly drags Lynch up to his feet as well, hooking him around the waist with his right arm before hoisting him up, dropping him down on with a big suplex!]

GM: Ohh! That'll rattle you from head to toe!

BW: Lynch can feel that one in his teeth, Gordo!

GM: Summers rolls into a lateral press! He's got one! He's got two! But that's all - the shoulder is up at two! It was a textbook gutwrench suplex by the PCW World Champion but he only got a two count out of it.

BW: He's not looking to put him away with that move, Gordo. He's making him expend energy by having to kick out of the pin attempt.

[Summers pushes up to a knee, looking out to Buddy Morton who shouts some instructions. With a nod, Summers looks down at Lynch who has managed to push himself up to all fours. He grabs a handful of the Texan's hair, helping him the rest of the way up before shoving him back into the corner, draping Lynch's left arm over the top rope. He measures the challenger up and sends an echo through the arena with a knife-edge chop. Lynch quickly covers up, grabbing at his chest.]

GM: Goodness! You can hear that chop echo through the arena!

BW: Summers isn't just out to win tonight. He's out to punish the pretty boy pretender.

[Summers pulls Lynch's left arm away and drapes it over the top rope again. He fires in with a second knife-edge chop. Lynch tries to cover up again, but Summers grabs the arm and moves it again. Summers chops Lynch across the chest for a third time.]

GM: Brutal, brutal knife-edge chops from the PCW World Champion, Bucky.

BW: Those chops hurt me just lookin' at 'em, daddy.

[Content with the chops, Summers grabs the middle rope with both hands and drives a shoulder into Lynch's midsection. He pulls back and drives a second shoulder into Lynch's midsection before repeating it one more time.]

GM: Three crushing shoulders to the midsection of Travis Lynch!

BW: And those can do all sorts of damage, Gordo. They could bust up some ribs, they could give Lynch internal injuries, even if they just knock the wind out of him, it's still gonna take some time to recover from them.

GM: And time is something Travis Lynch doesn't have right now.

[Summers grabs Lynch, whipping him to the opposite corner. Lynch hits and doesn't have time to react as Summers crushes him in the corner.]

GM: Ohh! Big running splash into the buckles! Travis Lynch has been on the defensive for the past few minutes. He needs to find an opening in order to turn things around here.

BW: Rex Summers is too smart for that. Summers doesn't make mistakes. He just capitalizes on them.

[Summers backs up, grabbing Lynch's left arm, yanking the Texan off his knee towards the middle of the ropes where he flings him across the ring...

...and DRIVES the rebounding Lynch into the canvas with a crushing spinebuster!]

BW: BEAUTIFUL SPINEBUSTER SLAM, DADDY!

GM: He just powered Lynch up and over, Bucky. And now, he's got Travis Lynch right where he wants him.]

BW: No doubt about that. This is where Rex Summers is at his most dangerous. He's got everything under control. He's got Travis Lynch on the defensive. THIS is why Rex Summers is the PCW World Champion. This is why he hasn't been defeated for the gold, daddy.

[Summers floats over into a lateral press hooking the far leg. Jagger drops into position and administers a two count before Lynch is able to get his shoulder off the mat.]

GM: Another two count for Summers. Travis Lynch has a lot of heart. It's going to take a lot more punishment from Summers to keep Lynch down for three.

BW: Summers has a lot more punishment where that came from.

[Back on his feet, Summers scoops Lynch off the canvas into a sidewalk slam position, taking a few steps before dropping Lynch's back across his knee.]

GM: Ohh! Between the shoulder tackles, the spinebuster, and now-

[Shaking his head, Summers powers Lynch back up, dropping him into a pendulum backbreaker a second time!]

GM: Again! Rex Summers with two devastating backbreakers and-

[Summers shouts, "HOW 'BOUT A THIRD?!" to the jeers of the crowd before he does exactly that, smashing Lynch spinefirst across his knee for a third time and simply holding him there.]

GM: Three big backbreakers and now... oh, give me a break.

BW: Haha! I love it!

[The crowd jeers as Summers strikes the double bicep pose with Lynch still strung out across his bent knee.]

GM: There's no call for this, Bucky. Summers takes any chance he can to showboat. This will come back around and to haunt him.

BW: I doubt it. Travis Lynch is gonna need three back surgeries after those three backbreakers. He's gonna need help to even walk after this! Somebody call his daddy!

GM: That's not funny at all.

"TEN MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED IN THE TIME LIMIT! TWENTY MINUTES REMAIN!"

[Summers smirks and then drives his elbow into Lynch's midsection. He brings his arm back up and strikes the single bicep pose only to drive the point of the elbow into the midsection a second time before finally shoving the Texan off his knee and climbing to his feet.]

GM: Travis Lynch is in a whole lot of pain down there on the canvas right now, fans. We may be reaching the end of this one for the challenger.

[Standing over the hurting Lynch, Summers strikes a double bicep pose again before sliding his hands behind his head and gyrating his hips to the boos of (most) of the crowd. He runs his hands up over his sweaty torso, flinging the sweat down onto his hurting challenger to even more boos from the crowd. The champion responds with a "SHUT YOUR MOUTHS!" to the fans which just gets even more boos fired off in his direction as Buddy Morton claps his approval on the outside.]

GM: Rex Summers is certainly not going to win any popularity contests here tonight at SuperClash, Bucky.

BW: But he IS going to win the PCW World Title contest and nobody gives a damn about anything other than that, daddy!

GM: Rex Summers is getting a bit too comfortable in there, in my opinion. Travis Lynch has the heart of a lion. Summers needs to press his attack.

BW: Travis Stench is all but defeated, Gordo. Rex is just toying around with him now before he puts him away. Like a big cat slapping around his prey before delivering the killshot.

[The PCW World Champion reaches down, hauling Lynch back to his feet again...

...and getting surprised with a small package as the crowd roars and Morton screams in horror.]

GM: ROLLUP! OUT OF NOWHERE!

[Jagger drops to the canvas, slapping the mat once... twice... but Summers fires a shoulder JUST before a three count comes down.]

BW: Whew! Don't do that to me, Rex! Almost gave me a ticker attack!

[Summers is the first back to his feet though. Lynch manages to get to one knee before a big kneelift catches him under the chin, knocking him back down to the mat.]

GM: Ohh! Summers cuts him off before he can get up. And despite the scare of the inside cradle, Rex Summers remains in control of this title matchup.

[The champion pulls Lynch into a seated position, slapping on a reverse chinlock.]

BW: Just like that, Gordo. Just like that he's back in control. Now he's starting to work on Lynch's neck. He's scouted out a few body parts he wants to work over and keeps at it. When his opponent figures out his plan of attack, Summers switches up to the other body part.

GM: Rex Summers is really looking to wear down Lynch with this chinlock. He stalled at the opening moments of the match, trying to keep Travis Lynch from going on the offense early. His plan has worked well, Bucky. Summers has controlled the pace of the match, keeping Lynch from being able to get energized by this crowd and mount a comeback.

BW: That's half the game right there. Wrestling is as much mental as it is physical. Rex Summers is a World Champion for a reason.

[Summers continues grinding away on the chinlock, taking Lynch down to the mat. Jagger gets into position, asking Lynch if he's ready to give up. Lynch shakes his head no. Summers, seeing Jagger's position, puts his two feet up on the middle rope for added leverage. The front row fans start screaming at Jagger.]

GM: Rex Summers is taking advantage of the rules, Bucky!

BW: Summers knows where he's at in that ring at all times, daddy. That's all that is.

[Sensing something's wrong, Jagger looks up right after Summers removes his feet from the middle ropes. Jagger looks around before going back and asking Lynch if he's ready to give up. Summers puts his feet back onto the middle ropes for the added leverage. The ringside fans start screaming at the official again. Jagger looks up and sees the middle ropes moving. He asks Summers if he was using the middle ropes. Summers shakes his head.]

BW: These fans need to mind their own darn business, Gordo.

GM: These fans are trying to let Johnny Jagger know Rex Summers is cheating.

BW: I don't see them in an official AWA official shirt. They just need to boo Travis Lynch and cheer Rex Summers.

GM: I don't see that happening.

[Jagger goes back into position and Summers puts his feet back on the middle ropes getting the ringside fans to scream at Jagger. Jagger quickly sneaks around Lynch and pushes Summers' feet off the rope. He demands Summers break the hold and starts a five count. Summers breaks the hold and gets to his feet. Summers makes a few choice comments at Jagger before grabbing Lynch and pulling him to his feet.]

GM: Johnny Jagger was paying attention that time and caught Rex Summers in the act!

BW: It's all right, daddy. The title can't change hands on disqualifications, which means Travis Lynch has to pin Rex Summers to win the title.

[Summers pushes Lynch back to the corner and then whips him to the other turnbuckle.]

GM: Lynch goes HARD to the corner again... and here comes Summers!

[The muscular Summers charges across, leaping into the air...

...and comes up empty, crashing chestfirst into the buckles as Travis Lynch dove out of the way just in time.]

GM: Oh yeah! Summers misses the charge in the corner! And this is Travis Lynch's chance! This is his opportunity!

[Summers staggers out backwards, falling right into the waiting arms of Travis Lynch who wraps his powerful limbs around Summers' waist, ducking his head under the left arm and powering him up into the air, dropping him down on the back of his head and neck!]

GM: BIG BACK SUPLEX BY THE CHALLENGER!!

[The crowd ROARS their support for the Texan!]

GM: And this is it, Bucky! This is Travis Lynch's moment! He needs to stay on the attack and get himself back into this match right here and right now!

BW: Lynch has taken too much of a beating during the match. He's not getting up that fast, Gordo.

[Lynch and Summers are both down on the mat as Jagger starts his ten count. Summers stirs first and crawls to the ropes. He uses it to slowly get to his feet. Lynch is on one knee by the time Summers is up and on his feet.]

BW: Rex Summers gets up and to his feet first, Gordo. You can see the damage done to Lynch since Summers has controlled most of this match.

[Summers moves over and fires a right hand at Lynch...

...who blocks it and responds with a right hand to the midsection! Big cheer!]

GM: Lynch is fighting back from a knee!

[A second right hand comes aimed at Lynch's skull but he blocks it again, throwing another shot to the midsection as the crowd starts to rally behind the challenger, cheering him on.]

GM: A second shot to the midsection! Lynch is blocking those shots from the champion and replying with some of his own!

BW: This is like the movie Rocky! Summers is Apollo Creed. He's going to go the distance and win by decision!

GM: Wrestling isn't like boxing, Bucky!

[Changing tactics, Summers tries for a double axehandle but Lynch beats him to the punch with a left hand to the midsection! The challenger climbs to his feet, throwing the same left hand but this time, he connects solidly with the jaw of the champion, sending him falling back a couple steps.]

BW: Those are closed fists, Gordo!

GM: They certainly are!

[Lynch pursues his opponent, throwing another left... and another.]

GM: Travis Lynch seems to be drawing strength from the cheers of these fans as he batters Summers back towards the ropes!

BW: Summers is taking the Rocky approach! He's letting Lynch punch himself tired!

GM: You do know Rocky beat Apollo Creed for the title in Rocky II right?

BW: What!?

GM: Then in Rocky III, Rocky and Apollo became friends?

BW: Lies!

GM: In Rocky IV, Apollo dies.

BW: AH! SPOILERS! Fine, bad comparison! Rex Summers is NOT Apollo Creed. He and Travis Lynch would never be friends. Rex Summers is like Godzilla and Lynch is Mothra.

GM: Did you just compare these two men to a Godzilla movie?

BW: Don't mock a cinema classic, Gordo.

[Summers finally responds with a wild right hand of his own that Lynch ducks. He catches the spinning Summers, lifting him up and sending him crashing into the turnbuckle with an atomic drop!]

GM: HIGH ATOMIC DROP SENDS SUMMERS TO THE BUCKLES!! These fans are getting behind the youngest Lynch brother. They're giving him a second wind, Bucky.

BW: That's probably why the temperature has gone up in the building, daddy! Too many idiots blowing hot air!

[Lynch turns around, waving an arm to the cheering crowd as he walks a few steps out of the corner, swinging around just as Summers turns around in the corner...

...and charges back in, crushing Summers in the buckles with a running clothesline!]

“FIFTEEN MINUTES. FIFTEEN MINUTES. FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY!”

GM: We're at the halfway point in the time limit and Travis Lynch is bringing the thunder to the PCW World Champion!

[The fans continues to cheer their approval and the cheers only get louder as Lynch climbs to the middle turnbuckle and holds a balled up left fist in the air.]

BW: Get in there and do your job, Jagger!

GM: Lynch is about to unload on Rex Summers.

[Travis Lynch starts punching as the crowd counts along, "ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, FIVE, SIX, SEVEN, EIGHT, NINE, TEN!"]

GM: Ten big blows to the skull of the champion! Lynch has got him reeling!

[Lynch hops down off the midbuckle as the official gestures for him to bring the champion out of the corner. With a handful of hair, Lynch pulls him from the corner.]

BW: About time. These stupid Stenches cheat with the worst of 'em, Gordo.

GM: That doesn't sound right at all.

[Lynch pauses, looking out at the cheering crowd...

...and then shakes his head, shoving Summers back into the buckles, and SLAMS Summers' head into the top turnbuckle! The crowd starts counting again, "ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, FIVE, SIX, SEVEN, EIGHT, NINE, TEN!"]

BW: He can't do that, Gordo! Call for the disqualification! Jagger told that slack-jawed yokel to get Summers out of the corner!

GM: He just did that, Bucky! The fans are LOVING it!

[Lynch backs off, getting an earful from Johnny Jagger who threatens to disqualify Lynch if he does it again. The challenger nods, backing away as a dazed Summers shows some signs of life, checking his face before he staggers backwards out of the buckles...

...and Lynch charges back in, throwing a dropkick squarely between the shoulderblades, sending Summers face-first into the buckles again! The crowd ROARS!]

GM: Travis Lynch is not letting Rex Summers out of that corner! Travis Lynch is fired up!

BW: He can't do this! Stench can't do this!

[Collapsed in the corner, Summers is only held up by his arms being draped over the top rope. Travis Lynch gets back to his feet, pumping a fist to the cheering crowd as he approaches Summers from the back side. He reaches down, grabbing the champion's feet, and steps back, putting Summers horizontal with the mat.]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: Illegal! Illegal! Ring the bell, Jagger! Do your job for a change!

[Lynch looks out at the cheering crowd, threatening a kick as the crowd roars their approval...

...and the Texan puts one through the uprights with a hard boot to the midsection of the champion!]

BW: He kicked him too low. I seen it! I seen it!

GM: A well-placed kick from Lynch. I think this thing has taken a turn for the worse for Rex Summers, Bucky.

[Lynch nods to the cheering crowd, dragging Summers out of the corner to the middle of the ring, reaching down to scoop him up...

...and then presses him straight up into the air in a military press! The crowd roars for this display of strength.]

GM: Look at that strength, Bucky! Look at that! Travis Lynch is pressing over two-hundred and fifty pounds over his head like it's nothing!

BW: Rex Summers needs to get out of the ring. He needs a timeout to discuss strategy with Buddy Morton.

GM: There aren't any timeouts in the world of professional wrestling, Bucky.

BW: Rex Summers can have anything he wants. Right now, he wants a timeout.

[Lynch holds Summers up for a few seconds before turning and dropping Summers backfirst to the mat. Summers sits up and grabs at his back. Lynch looks out at the cheering fans and strikes a pose similar to Summers. The crowd totally eats it up and cheers their approval. Lynch mockingly gyrates in the same manner as Summers.]

BW: There's no call for this, Gordo. He's mocking Rex Summers. Travis Lynch is mocking the PCW World Champion. This is unprofessional.

GM: Rex Summers having Samantha Lynch's face airbrushed across his tights isn't unprofessional!?

BW: Not when he's advertising her new Mary Kay's products.

GM: Can't he wear a shirt?

BW: Ask Rex Summers to wear a shirt!? That's like asking Bucky Wilde not to work miracles! Besides, Rex needs to show off his million dollar abs. The women only look down from there.

GM: BUCKY!?

BW: What? Have you seen how small Rex's waist is!?

[Lynch continues to mock Summers by dragging his hands from his abs up to his chest, drawing screams from the female fans, before he flicks his sweat at Summers. Summers pushes himself back, shaking his head, and asking for a reprieve from Lynch.]

GM: Travis Lynch is fully in control of this match and he's got plenty of time left to put Rex Summers away.

BW: Rex Summers is just laying out another trap. Lynch will blindly charge right into it.

[Travis Lynch will not give Summers the break he wants, moving in and pulling the champion off the mat. He quickly ducks down, scooping Summers up, and slamming him down with authority again!]

GM: A big bodyslam there! Summers' back is taking a pounding at this point and-

[Lynch measures the champion, backing into the ropes, bouncing off, and dropping a big knee on the forehead!]

GM: Kneedrop! And there's a cover for the challenger! He's got one! He's got two! HE'S GOT- no! No! Just a two count there for Travis Lynch! He just gets the two count but the pendulum has swung in the opposition direction now as the challenger is in full control of this one!

BW: All it takes is one mistake. That's all Rex Summers needs to capitalize and put this idiot away.

[Lynch climbs to his feet, dropping a couple stomps on the head of the champion before dragging him back to his feet. He hooks a front facelock, slinging Summers' arm over his neck to the cheers of the crowd before Lynch takes him up and over with a vertical suplex!]

GM: High impact suplex by the challenger! Take a look at this youngster as he gets back to his feet now, Bucky. You talk about Rocky, this young man has the Eye of the Tiger! He wants the PCW World Championship! He wants to restore some honor to that title that is so closely linked to his family! He can feel this moment coming to him. He can feel that title coming to him.

BW: He better slip out of the ring and touch the belt now, Gordo, cause that's as close as he'll ever come to it.

[Lynch wastes no time in getting back to his feet and bringing Summers back to his feet as well. He shoves the champion back to the nearest set of buckles before using his powerful arms to fire Summers across the ring, smashing into the opposite corner. With a pump of his muscular arm, Lynch charges across, crushing Summers in the corner with another clothesline!]

GM: Big running clothesline by the challenger!

[Not wasting a second, not giving Summers a moment to breathe and recover, Lynch hooks a side headlock, charging from the corner...

...and SMASHES Summers' face into the canvas!]

GM: Bulldog headlock by the challenger! That might do it, Bucky! He's picking up the pace! He can sense the victory! These fans are going wild for Travis, pushing him farther and farther, closer and closer to the title belt he's been chasing for months now.

BW: C'mon, Rex. Don't lose in Mississippi! You'll never hear the end of it.

GM: It looks like Lynch is not going to attempt a cover off the bulldog headlock. That might be a mistake, Bucky. Summers looks out!

BW: That's just when he strikes!

[The challenger drags Summers back to his feet again, steadying him as Summers almost falls back down. He wraps his arms around the waist in a bearhug...

...and pops his hips, taking Summers over to the canvas with a belly-to-belly suplex!]

GM: BELLY-TO-BELLY!! THERE'S A COVER!!

[Lynch reaches back, hooking the far leg as Jagger dives into position to make the count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

“AWWWWWWWWWWWWW!”

GM: He almost had him! These fans thought he had him and I have to admit, I thought he did as well!

BW: So close, but no luck, redneck!

GM: We almost had a new champion right there, Bucky. Travis Lynch was so close. So close.

BW: So close only wins you heartbreaks and leftovers, Gordo.

“TWENTY MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED IN THE TIME LIMIT! TEN MINUTES REMAIN!”

[Lynch pounds the mat in frustration before climbing back to his feet, pulling Summers up with him.]

GM: Travis heard the announcement. Ten minutes to go. And now, that brings a sense of urgency to every move from both of these great competitors. Travis sends him to the ropes...

[BIG CHEER!]

GM: SLEEPERHOLD!

[The crowd ROARS at the sight of Rex Summers trapped in the powerful arms of Travis Lynch, bearing down on the head and neck in a sleeperhold.]

GM: Sleeperhold applied in the middle of the ring!

[Rex Summers flails his arms frantically, looking for an escape. He tries to step to Lynch's side, but Lynch keeps Summers in front of him.]

GM: Rex Summers has gotta find a way out of this and he's gotta do it quickly if he wants to stand a chance of keeping that title belt!

BW: Buddy! Do something!

[Summers continues to flail his arms, but the flailing gets slower and slower. The crowd cheers as Summers visibly starts to fade. Suddenly, Buddy Morton hops up onto the ring apron, drawing Johnny Jagger's attention to himself.]

GM: Ask and you shall receive apparently, Bucky. Buddy Morton interjects himself in this match. Johnny Jagger needs to get that man down on the arena floor where he belongs!

BW: That's the benefit of having a manager, Gordo. You got some extra help when you need it.

[With the official distracted by Morton's protestations, Summers DRIVES his leg back into the groin of Travis Lynch, breaking the sleeperhold.]

GM: Low blow! Summers goes low on the challenger to escape that hold!

[Lynch sinks to his knees, clutching his undercarriage as Summers grabs the top rope to stay on his feet, smiling like the cat that just ate the canary.]

BW: Right there, Gordo. Right there is why Travis Lynch will NEVER beat Rex Summers for the belt. Rex Summers is too smart for him.

GM: Some underhanded tactics from Summers. The distraction from Morton provided the opportunity.

BW: Morton is telling Jagger he's doing a terrible job officiating this match! Can you deny that?

GM: I certainly can! The AWA's Senior Official is doing an EXCELLENT job in this match!

BW: Besides, Summers kicked Lynch in the stomach. I don't know what you saw, but you need to get your vision checked.

[Satisfied with his job, Morton climbs off the ring apron and turns to jaw with the fans.]

GM: Summers takes control back. He brought Travis Lynch's offense to a screeching halt.

BW: That's why he's the champ, Gordo. I don't know how many times I've got to repeat that.

[With Lynch still down on his knees, Summers drags himself using the ropes to the corner, climbing up to the second buckle. He nods at the jeering crowd, sitting down on the top buckle as he waits for Travis Lynch to get back to his feet.]

GM: Summers is measuring his man... sitting and waiting...

[The dazed Texan pushes up to his feet as Summers stands, leaping off his perch with a double axehandle!]

GM: Summers leaps!

[The crowd ERUPTS into cheers]

GM: IRON CLAW! IRON CLAW! TRAVIS LYNCH HAS THE IRON CLAW APPLIED!

BW: What!? NO!

GM: Rex Summers leapt off that turnbuckle and right into Travis Lynch's Iron Claw!

[Summers flails his arms about wildly and stomps his feet as Lynch applies pressure to the skull with his left hand. Lynch pushes Summers away from him to keep the champion out of reach.]

GM: How long can Rex Summers resist the Iron Claw, Bucky? That's the question.

BW: Get up there and do something, Buddy Morton!

[Morton apparently hears Bucky, or the cheers from the crowd alert him to something being wrong. Morton turns around and freaks out when he sees Rex Summers locked in the Iron Claw. Morton climbs back up onto the ring apron and waves frantically trying to get Johnny Jagger's attention.]

GM: Morton's on the ring apron again! Get him down from there, referee!

BW: Buddy's gotta have a plan, right? I know he does! Whatever you're gonna do, Buddy, do it fast!

[Summers' flailing gets slower and slower, allowing Lynch to move in closer to apply more pressure by grabbing his left wrist with his right hand, forcing Summers down to a knee.]

GM: The champion's down to a knee! The Iron Claw is turning out the lights on Rex Summers' reign as the PCW World Champion! That belt is about to come home where it belongs!

[A weakened Summers reaches up, grabbing Lynch's wrist and trying to pry it away from his head.]

GM: He's fighting the Claw as best as he can but- I don't know if it's going to be enough, Bucky!

BW: It's gotta be enough! Come on, Rex!

GM: He's down on his knees, the strength being sapped out of him with the dreaded Lynch Iron Claw!

BW: Don't count Summers out just yet, daddy! He's one of the smartest men in wrestling!

[Johnny Jagger shows great composure, completely ignoring Buddy Morton to keep his attention on Summers as he repeatedly asks the champion if he wants to submit.]

GM: Summers is hanging on! I can't believe he's still hanging on!

[But the arms go slack, Jagger quickly moving forward to check to see if Summers has lost consciousness...]

GM: I think he's out, Bucky!

[So does Johnny Jagger but when he gets within reach, Summers suddenly reaches up, grabbing him by the shirt...

...and YANKING Jagger into Travis Lynch as hard as he possibly can, causing Travis and the AWA's Senior Official to smash heads together, breaking the hold and sending Jagger down to the canvas. The crowd ERUPTS in boos for the cowardly action.]

GM: Summers just used Johnny Jagger to break the Claw! What a disgusting- what an absolutely cowardly move there by Rex Summers to try and save his title! That man makes me sick, Bucky!

BW: I... I'm getting short of breath over here. This... isn't the time limit up yet?! Ring the bell! Come on!

GM: We're getting close to the twenty-five minute mark in this match, fans! We're creeping up on panic time for both of these tremendous grapplers who have given us their all here tonight in this PCW World Title match!

[The camera shows a wide shot of the ring - Travis Lynch down on one knee, Johnny Jagger laid out on the canvas motionless, Buddy Morton giving one final shout to his charge before dropping down to the floor, and Rex Summers pushing himself off his knees to seize the opportunity.]

GM: Summers is back to his feet, trying to take advantage of-

[But as soon as he grabs Lynch, Lynch hooks him and drags him down to the mat!]

GM: SMALL PACKAGE!! SMALL PACKAGE!! ONE!! TWO!! THREE!!!!

BW: Hey, Texan - you got a problem! There's no referee!

[Johnny Jagger still lies facedown on the canvas, unable to make any count. The fans counting along could count up to six before Summers finally kicks out of the pin attempt.]

GM: This match should be over! Travis Lynch should be the new PCW World Champion! He just pinned the man in the middle of the ring!

BW: If the ref can't count, the win don't count!

GM: He should've won this match right here!

BW: Should've, would've, could've, Gordo.

[A disgusted Travis Lynch gets to his feet, looking around pleading for an official just before he spots Johnny Jagger lying flat on his face still. Lynch leans over, trying to shake some life into the AWA's Senior Official as Summers gets back to his feet, charging from the blind side...]

GM: CLOTHESLI- ducked by Lynch!

[The challenger blindly reaches back, hooking Summers' arms and pulling the off-balance champion down to the canvas!]

GM: BACKSLIDE BY THE CHALLENGER!

BW: But again, there's no referee!

[Jagger is still out. The fans count to three again. A second later, Summers kicks out.]

GM: This is terrible! Can we get another referee out here or something?!

[Lynch quickly gets back to his feet, moving in on Summers...

...and gets DRILLED with another low blow!]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: Haha! I love it, Gordo! There ain't a ref in sight so Rex Summers can do whatever the heck he wants to little Stench!

[Rex Summers wobbles back to his feet, looking down at Lynch who is again on the canvas clutching his marbles. The PCW World Champion looks around as if trying to figure out what to do next. He spots Johnny Jagger starting to stir, pushing up to all fours...]

BW: Rex Summers has control again. This is what a ring general does, Gordo. He surveys the ring to asses the situation.

GM: Summers moving over towards a downed Jagger to check on him.

[Not quite. As he stands over Jagger, Summers cocks his right arm, and drops a big elbow to the back of the head!]

BW: AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

GM: THERE IS NO CALL FOR THAT!

[The crowd explodes in jeers as a smirking Summers points to his head.]

GM: What's the reason for that, Bucky?! Tell me!

BW: Obviously he didn't want Jagger back in this match yet so he made sure to neutralize him.

GM: That's sickening. Summers should be fined and suspended for that!

[Summers slowly gets to his feet, making sure that Jagger is out of it. He signals to Morton who digs into his jacket pocket.]

GM: Now what is this?

"TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! FIVE MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: Five minutes to go in this one... I don't like the looks of this at all.

[Morton pulls out a roll of coins, tossing it into a waiting Rex Summers.]

BW: Rex Summers came prepared with a backup plan!

GM: That's a- he's got a roll of coins in his hand! He's gonna knock Lynch out like a-

[Summers winds up, ready to throw the right hand as Lynch staggers to a knee.]

GM: RIGHT HAN-

[But Lynch raises his left hand, blocking the punch. He throws a right hand of his own... and another... and another... and another...]

GM: Lynch is hammering away on the champion!

[Summers tries to throw another right hand with the roll of coins but Lynch swats his hand away, sending the roll of coins to the mat where it breaks apart, sending coins everywhere. Summers' eyes go wide as Lynch grabs him around the torso, hoisting him up, and dropping him down in an inverted atomic drop!]

GM: Oh yeah! Oh yeah!

[Summers pushes his knees together and the look of pain on his face is intense. Seeing his opportunity, Lynch bounces back off the ropes and starts to spin.]

GM: Travis Lynch is going for his Discus Punch!

[Buddy Morton reaches in and trips Lynch up causing him to stumble.]

GM: Oh, come on! Give me a break, Bucky!

BW: Morton's too smart for Lynch!

[Lynch swings around, pointing at Morton. He ducks through the ropes, trying to make a grab for the portly manager but Morton ducks away just in time.]

GM: Morton gets away from Lynch and-

[The crowd ERUPTS!]

GM: Look! Look!

BW: NO!

[The sight of "Big" Jim Watkins rushing down the aisle, still in his referee's gear sends the crowd into a roar!]

GM: HERE COMES JIM WATKINS!

BW: WHAT!? HE'S NOT THE OFFICIAL FOR THIS MATCH!

[Unaware that an official is coming in, Lynch turns around from his attempt to get Morton, right into a boot to the midsection from the champion.]

GM: Summers caught him...

[Watkins slides into the ring just as Summers grabs Lynch in a front facelock, reaching under to hook one arm...]

GM: He's going for the Heat Check! That double-arm DDT!

[But before he can secure it, Lynch breaks free, pulling Summers down into an inside cradle yet again!]

GM: CRADLE! CRADLE!! ONE!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

[Watkins springs to his feet, pointing to Travis Lynch as the DeSoto Civic Center ERUPTS into a roar of cheers!]

BW: NO! NONONONONO!

GM: HE DID IT! TRAVIS LYNCH PINNED REX SUMMERS!

“DING! DING! DING!”

[Rex Summers goes straight to his knees, his eyes wide as he stares up at Jim Watkins. His arms are out, almost as if questioning what just happened. Buddy Morton pulls himself up on the ring apron, reading Watkins the riot act as the referee moves over to talk to Phil Watson as he grabs the PCW World Title belt from the timekeeper.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, your winner of the match...

[Dramatic pause.]

PW: And... NEEEEEEEEEEW PCW WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION...

[The cheers get louder!]

PW: TRAAAAAAAAAAAAVIS LYNNNNNNNNNNNNNCH!

[Watkins hands the PCW World Title belt to Travis Lynch who has just regained his feet. Lynch elatedly thrusts the title belt into the air, soaking up the cheers of the crowd as he embraces the gold title belt tightly against his chest. Rush’s “Tom Sawyer” starts to play over the PA system as Buddy Morton climbs into the ring. He and Morton begin protesting to Jim Watkins who isn’t having any of it, ignoring both men and moving to check on Johnny Jagger who is starting to stir.]

GM: We’ve got a new PCW World Champion and if the rumors we’ve heard this week are true, you have to believe the Championship Committee AND Travis Lynch will be watching the National Title match later tonight between Calisto Dufresne and Supernova with great interest!

BW: This is a travesty of justice! Jim Watkins was NOT the official of record in this match, Gordo! He shouldn’t be allowed to just come out here and referee any match he wants!

GM: Jim Watkins is serving tonight as a referee - he already officiated one match so why couldn’t he do this one as well?

[Lynch moves to the corner, climbing to the middle turnbuckle. He thrusts the title belt over his head to the cheers of the crowd.]

GM: Enjoy this moment, young man! You EARNED this title tonight!

[As Lynch celebrates his victory, Jim Watkins helps Johnny Jagger to his feet. Rex Summers and Buddy Morton turn their protests to Jagger, shouting at him. Jagger shakes his head, trying to clear the cobwebs as he shoves past Morton. The AWA’s Senior Official leans through the ropes, speaking to the ring announcer.]

GM: Now, what in the world is this about, Bucky?

BW: I’m not sure.

[Travis Lynch hops down from the buckles, walking across the ring to the opposite corner where he climbs to that buckle, holding the title belt above his head again to even more cheers.]

GM: Travis Lynch continues to celebrate but there's something going on out here at ringside. Johnny Jagger, the original referee for this match is speaking to Phil Watson. I can't hear what they're saying but-

BW: Jagger didn't see the pinfall! He wants to restart the match!

GM: I suppose that could be...

[Gordon's voice trails off as the music suddenly cuts off. Lynch looks around, jumping down off the buckles. He walks over to Johnny Jagger who is now talking to Jim Watkins who is shaking his head, pointing at Lynch.]

GM: What is going on here?

[Jagger nods his head at Watson who raises the mic.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... the referee of record for this match is AWA Senior Official Johnny Jagger. Mr. Jagger has changed the result of this match and has declared that the winner of this match...

[Pause.]

PW: As a result of a DISQUALIFICATION...

[The crowd begins to buzz with concern and confusion.]

PW: TRAVIS LYNCH!

[A shocked Lynch looks puzzled as Jagger snatches the title belt out of his hand, walking across the ring with it...

...and hands the title belt back to Rex Summers who looks overjoyed.]

PW: The PCW World Title can NOT change hands on a disqualification therefore STILL the PCW World Heavyweight champion...

[The boos get louder.]

BW: AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA! Rex Summers managed to outsmart the dumb Texas redneck!

PW: ..."RED HOT" REX SUMMERS!

[Summers and Morton quickly bail out of the ring as Lynch looks on in shock. He takes up his argument with Jim Watkins who nods in agreement. Johnny Jagger shakes his head, gesturing to his own skull. A ringside camera picks up Jagger's voice saying, "Travis, I'm sorry. He was disqualified when he put his hands on me and pulled me into you to break the Claw." The crowd jeers as Lynch falls back to the buckles, burying his head in his hands.]

GM: Incredible. Johnny Jagger, the official of record as we know, just changed the decision. He has disqualified Rex Summers for pulling the official into Travis Lynch to break the hold. In his opinion, the match ended at that point and the pinfall that Jim Watkins counted did NOT take place. Fans, I... I really don't know what else to say.

BW: Say the better man walked out with the belt, Gordo!

GM: That is not the case, Bucky. For a second time, Rex Summers is able to retain the belt by underhanded means. He intentionally got himself disqualified again!

BW: That's why he's the PCW champ. He doesn't have to beat you. You have to beat him.

[Summers pauses just before the entrance curtain, holding the title belt over his head as the crowd begins to boo wildly.]

BW: And now it'll be Rex Summers who will be watching the AWA National Title match later tonight with vested interest. We all know Calisto Dufresne's gonna walk out of that match still as the champion and since they're both gentlemen, they'll each represent their title with honor!

GM: Gentlemen? Don't you mean thieves?

BW: Are you calling Dufresne and Summers thieves, Gordo?

GM: After what we just saw and the Stampede Cup, yes, Rex Summers a thief. Remember how Calisto Dufresne won the AWA National Title? I'd say they're both men of questionable character and it's a dark day when they're the two men representing their promotions.

[Lynch kicks the bottom rope in frustration, shouting something in Summers' direction...

...and then exiting the ring, tearing down the aisle after the dastardly duo who waste no time in getting the heck out of there before the angry Texan gets to them.]

GM: A miscarriage of justice just went down here in Memphis, fans, but this show is really just getting started. Coming up next, we've got tag team action as two teams collide with the Number One contendership on the line. Moments ago, we caught up with The Aces - so let's find out what's on their minds just before they meet the Blonde Bombers!

[We cut backstage to where Mark Stegglet is standing with the Aces, "Sweet" Stevie Childes and "Delicious" Danny Tyler. The Aces are dressed in their wrestling and ring attire. Stegglet looks fashionable wearing his usual attire.]

MS: Tonight, the Aces face the Blonde Bombers in a number one contenders match. After being pinned on Saturday Night Wrestling, Stevie, how do you think the Aces fare in the match against the Bombers? That pinfall has given them a confidence boost going into this match.

[Childes shakes his head at the question.]

SC: What do you want me to say, Mark? I took my eye off the ball. My mind was elsewhere after what happened to Scott Von Braun. The Bombers saw an opportunity, and they capitalized on it. The Aces were lucky. We were lucky two Saturdays ago wasn't where the number one contendership was on the line.

MS: Is your head in the game tonight?

[Childes hesitates with his answer.]

SC: You better believe that, Mark.

[Tyler focuses his attention on his partner. He crosses his arms over his chest and snorts. Stegglet picks up on the body language and turns to Tyler.]

MS: You disagree with your partner?

[Tyler nods.]

DT: Yeah. All he's thought about these past two weeks are Scott Von Braun and what happened. Replaying that dive in his head over, and over, and over, and over again and then looking back and seeing a sixty-something year old man laying on the ground with a pain-wracked face.

[Childes tilts his head to the side, trying to pop his neck.]

DT: I already told you, Stevie. That old man shouldn't have been on the outside, waving you off. What you did was PERFECTLY legal.

[Tyler turns towards Stegglet.]

DT: Before I got to the arena tonight, I put in a DVD at the hotel room, Mark. I sat down and watched Any Given Sunday. I'm a huge Al Pacino fan. Any Given Sunday is my favorite movie of his. It's a movie full of great quotes.

[Tyler looks back at his partner.]

DT: I can think of one that's appropriate for right now. I'm going to change it, so it makes sense.

[Childes looks away from Tyler.]

DT: "I don't really know what to say to you, Stevie. We're not too far away from the biggest battle of our AWA careers. All comes down to our match tonight. And either you heal as a person and let what happened go, or we'll crumble as a team. Inch by inch. Move by move. Until we're finished."

You're in hell right now, Stevie. Believe me, I know it. And you can stay there, and get your teeth kicked in tonight. Or you can fight your way back to the light, come to terms with what happened. We, as the Aces, can climb out of hell... one inch at a time. I can't do it for you. I'm not you. I'm only your partner. I need you to look at me.

[Childes looks at Tyler.]

DT: Look at my face. I've made my fair share of mistakes. I'll make more. You've done the same. Right now, you can't even stand the face you see in the mirror. The career of Scott Von Braun was taken from him when you dove. There's no doubt about that. You've had things taken from you. I've had things taken from me. That's a part of life. You really only figure that out when you start losing things. Life? Life's a game of inches and so is wrestling. We both know how small that margin of error is. One half-step too late, and you eat a standing side kick to the face. One half-step too early and you dive into the ropes instead of over them. One half-second too slow, and the match is over. One-half second too fast, and your partner eats a dropkick from the top.

The inches we need are everywhere around us, Stevie. They're in every move in a match, every minute, every second. In this team, we tear ourselves and everyone around us to pieces for that inch. We claw with our fingernails for that inch, because we

know all those inches add up to make the fricking difference between winning and losing. I'll tell you this, Stevie. In any fight, it's the guy who's willing to fight harder that's going to win that inch. And I know, if the Aces are going to be the number one contenders, it's because I'm willing to fight as hard as I can to win that inch.

I can't make you do it. You have to look at me, look in my eyes. You know you see a guy who will go that inch with you. You see a guy who will sacrifice himself for his team because he knows when it comes down to it, you're going to do the same. That's a team, Stevie. And either you heal now, so tonight the Aces are a team, or we will lose as individuals. That's tag team wrestling, Stevie. That's all it is. Now what are you going to do?

[Tyler turns and walks out of view of the camera. Mark Stegglet turns and looks at Stevie.]

MS: Any comments for what your partner just said?

[Childes glares at Stegglet for a moment and then walks off camera. Stegglet shrugs.]

MS: Let's go back to the ring for more action!

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

PW: The following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall with a twenty minute time limit and is for the Number One contendership to the AWA National Tag Team Titles. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... accompanied to the ring by Larry Doyle... they are the team of "Ravishing" Robert Baldwin and "The Machine" Johann Avalon...

THE BLONNNNNNNNNNDE BOMMMMMMMMBERRRRRRRS!

[Doyle shouts, "That's right, baby! The Bombers are here!" to the jeers of the crowd as Watson continues.]

PW: And their opponents...

[The beginning to "Airplanes" by B.O.B. and featuring Hayley Williams starts up as the crowd cheers.]

PW: Hailing from Jacksonville, Florida and weighing in at a total combined weight of four-hundred and fifteen pounds. Here are "Sweet" Stevie Childes and "Delicious" Danny Tyler... THE ACES!

[Childes and Tyler appear from the back and stop at the start of the aisle. Both men raise their hands in the air.

Stevie Childes has short brown hair that hangs to his shoulders. Two stands of bangs curl down to his face. His body is a bit stalky for a lightweight. His muscle distribution is rather even. Cut upper body with decent sized trapezius muscles and six-pack abs. His legs are thick for his size.

Danny Tyler has isn't as muscular as Childes is or as built. Tyler has definition to him and muscles, but he's more athletic in appearance and well-proportioned. Tyler has spiked brown hair and hazel eyes. There's no visible scars or tattoos. Tyler has a "babyface".

Both wear standard purple trunks with a black "A" on the side of the trunks. Both wear neoprene knee braces that are black with the actual kneepad over the brace part a purple color, black boots with a purple stripe running over the front portion of their shin and foreleg and down the front part of their foot. It's basically outlining that area. Both also sport black wrist tape and standard, light pink elbowpads. Both are also sporting a pair of light pink armbands that circle just above his bicep. To the ring, each also wears a sequenced purple tuxedo jacket, with matching purple bowtie. To complete the ensemble is a black top hat.

The Aces make their way to the ring to a decent sized cheer from the crowd. They climb into the ring and each man takes to a middle turnbuckle and pose. They hop off the middle turnbuckle and shed their jackets, top hats, and bowties.]

GM: These two teams are both looking to make their way a little bit further up the ladder of contention as they try to land themselves in the National Tag Team Title picture. A win here will make them the Number One contenders in the eyes of the Championship Committee which should put them right at the top of the line to face the winners of the Lynches and Violence Unlimited match later tonight.

[Tyler and Childes huddle up, Childes very obviously looking past Danny Tyler to the ringside area. Tyler's voice raises as he pulls his partner's attention back to him for a moment. Childes nods before stepping out to the apron as Johann Avalon does the same on the opposite side of the ring, leaving Robert Baldwin in with Tyler.]

GM: Referee Marty Meekly with some words for both teams and there's the bell! Here we go!

[Danny Tyler turns to look at his partner one more time...

...and gets assaulted from the blind side, a series of forearms to the back of the head that knocks Tyler back against the ropes. Baldwin tees off, slamming right hands into the ribs of Tyler before firing him into the ropes.]

GM: Irish whip by Baldwin...

[But Tyler comes charging off hard, throwing himself into a cross body block that knocks Baldwin flat. Johann Avalon quickly dashes into the ring, looking to help his partner, but Tyler takes him down with an armdrag!]

GM: Tyler takes down Avalon!

[Springing back to his feet, Tyler catches the incoming Baldwin with a right hand to the jaw. He grabs a handful of Baldwin's hair and a handful of Avalon's hair, slamming their skull together to a big cheer!]

GM: Ohh! The Bombers got rocked right there!

[And both members of the Bombers roll out to the floor, huddling up at ringside with Larry Doyle...

...which is Danny Tyler's cue to grab the top rope, yanking hard to slingshot himself into a somersault on top of all three members of the Bombers!]

GM: OH MY!! BIG MOVE BY DANNY TYLER TO TAKE OUT THE BOMBERS!!

["Delicious" Danny rolls back into the ring, climbing to his feet to a big cheer from the crowd. Tyler walks to the corner, slapping Stevie Childes hand. Childes, almost reluctantly, steps through the ropes. The crowd begins to buzz, anticipating a big Childes dive to the floor.]

GM: These fans want to see Stevie Childes take to the sky! One of the biggest daredevils in the entire AWA, Childes has an arsenal of high flying moves that would put most Air Stunt Shows to shame!

[Childes looks around at the cheering crowd, then out to Tyler who is encouraging his partner to go for it. But Stevie Childes is very obviously lacking his usual confidence, looking around nervously as he approaches the ropes nearest the Bombers who are getting back to their feet...

...and instead, drops down to the mat, rolling out to the floor to a shocked reaction from the crowd.]

GM: I don't understand. Stevie Childes had them right where he wanted them, fans. But instead, he goes out to the floor... putting Baldwin back into the ring now.

[Childes climbs back up on the apron, grabbing the top rope with both hands. The crowd begins to cheer again, waiting for a slingshot move into the ring...

...but before Childes can make a decision one way or the other, Johann Avalon grabs him by the back of the trunks, tugging him down to the floor.]

GM: Oh, come on! Referee, get in there and-

[Avalon uses the back of the trunks, pulling Childes backwards by them...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OHH! INTO THE STEEL GOES CHILDES!

[The crowd groans at the sight of Stevie Childes, his back pressed up against the steel barricade, arms draped over it. Danny Tyler shouts at the official, pointing out what just happened to his partner but the referee lets Avalon off with a warning. Outside the ring, Larry Doyle gets in the face of Childes, shouting at the fan favorite to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: And adding insult to injury, Stevie Childes has to take a verbal beating from that loudmouth Larry Doyle.

[Baldwin rolls back out to the floor, grabbing Childes off the railing, and rolling him back under the ropes into the ring. The Ravishing One rolls back in as well, pulling Childes off the mat and dragging him into the corner where he slaps the hand of the Machine.]

GM: The tag is made to Avalon...

BW: And here's where you'll see the Bombers at their best, working in tandem on some poor schlub.

[Each Bomber grabs an arm, firing Childes across the ring...

...and launching him high overhead with a double backdrop, Childes sailing over ten feet in the air before crashing down to the canvas below. Danny Tyler can be seen cringing at the impact, shouting encouragement to his partner as Baldwin buries a few stomps to the ribs before exiting the ring.]

GM: Johann Avalon, the Machine, is the legal man now, stomping and kicking at the downed Stevie Childes.

[Pulling Childes off the mat, Avalon tugs him into a side waistlock before hoisting the smaller man into the air, dropping him down in a back suplex.]

GM: Avalon with a cover! He gets one! He gets two!

[But an incoming Danny Tyler plants a boot in the back of Avalon's head, breaking up the pin attempt.]

GM: Just a two count there.

BW: Thanks to Tyler.

[Tyler returns to his corner, slapping the buckles and shouting at Stevie Childes to get back into the match.]

GM: Avalon makes the tag...

[Keeping the fresh man in, Robert Baldwin steps back into the ring as Avalon pulls Childes up, holding his arms back...]

GM: Baldwin with a right hand to the midsection and the Bombers are firmly in control of this one at this early stage of the matchup.

[Shoving Childes back into a neutral corner, Baldwin lays in the heavy blows, raining down right hand after right hand into the ribcage of the smaller competitor. He grabs an arm, firing Childes across the ring...]

GM: Irish whi-

[Childes leaps up to the middle rope instinctively as Baldwin charges in behind him...

...but "Sweet" Stevie hesitates for a moment, allowing Baldwin to throw himself into a clip to the back of the knee, causing Childes to fall backwards to the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! I thought we were going to see some of that dazzling offense out of Stevie Childes there but he had a moment's pause and it just cost him, fans.

[Baldwin sneers as he delivers a trio of stomps to the chest of the downed Childes before slapping the hand of "The Machine."]

GM: Another tag for the Bombers and they're working together quite well at this stage of the contest.

[Baldwin pulls Childes up by the arm, firing him into the ropes...

...and burying a boot into the gut on the rebound, doubling him up for a running kneelift from Johann Avalon!]

GM: Ohh! Another nice doubleteam by the Bombers!

[Avalon applies a lateral press but the count cuts off at two when Danny Tyler comes rushing in to make the save. An angry Avalon gets to his feet, shouting at the official who backs Tyler out of the ring.]

GM: Danny Tyler makes another save for his partner... and we both saw that interview moments ago, Bucky. Things just don't look quite right for Stevie Childes in this one. He seems to be lacking... something.

BW: He's afraid, Gordo. He's afraid to do the things he's used to doing inside that ring because of what happened to Scott Von Braun. And that means he can fight on instinct. When you're over-thinking every move you do inside the ring, you're just begging for trouble.

[Avalon pulls Childes up by the hair, scooping him up, and slamming him down in the center of the ring. He backs to the ropes, rebounding off, and dropping a crushing kneedrop to the skull!]

GM: Ohh! Big kneedrop!

[Avalon makes another lateral press but Danny Tyler is again in the ring to make the save, this time before a single count lands. The referee backs him off, warning him against the incessant interference. Tyler nods as Avalon drags Childes to the corner, slapping the hand of Robert Baldwin.]

GM: The Aces are in some serious trouble here as Stevie Childes just can't seem to get going and Danny Tyler just can't seem to get in the ring on a tag to try and get them back on track.

[Avalon holds down the legs of Childes as Baldwin bounces off the ropes, leaping sky high to drop a big leg down across the chest of Childes!]

GM: Ohh! The legdrop from way up high!

[Baldwin rolls to a knee, glaring over at Tyler. He taunts "Delicious" Danny, gesturing to the downed Childes and mocking making a tag. A fuming Danny Tyler paces back and forth, shouting at Childes.]

GM: Danny Tyler really wants inside that ring, fans. He wants in there at the Bombers so badly.

[Baldwin pulls up Childes by the hair, turning him towards the corner where Tyler has his hand outstretched...

...and then SNAPS him back to the mat with a side Russian legsweep. Baldwin rolls to his knees, throwing his arms apart in a "it's over" gesture as he applies a cover.]

GM: ONE! TWO!! TH-

[This time, when Danny Tyler tries to come in, Johann Avalon is ready for him, sprinting across the ring and leveling Tyler with a clothesline!]

GM: OHH!

[The referee breaks the count, distracted by the extra men in the ring. He shouts at Tyler and Avalon, trying to clear them out as Avalon pulls Tyler into the corner, laying in chops to the chest as Childes ends up cornered by Baldwin.]

GM: The Bombers have got both of the Aces in the ring at this point, laying in some hard shots to both men...

[Each Bomber grabs an arm, ready to throw the two men together...]

GM: Double whi-

[But Childes drops into a slide, ducking under as Danny Tyler leaves his feet with a flying forearm to the jaw of Robert Baldwin, knocking him flat!]

GM: Ohhh!

[Childes pops to his feet, throwing a series of forearms to the jaw of the stunned Avalon. Avalon backs off a couple steps, giving Stevie enough room to throw a side thrust kick to the gut.]

GM: Ohh! Savate kick to the midsection! And another!

[And a third kick, this one landing on the jaw of Avalon sends him spinning away into a waiting Danny Tyler who leaps up, lashing out with his boot to the back of Avalon's head, causing the Machine to do a full front flip forward before crashing down to his back to the cheers of the crowd!]

GM: HEAD KICK!!

BW: The enzugiri by Danny Tyler connects and now it's the Bombers who are in a bit of trouble perhaps!

[Tyler strides across the ring, shoving his partner hard in the chest, pointing to the top turnbuckle. Big cheer!]

GM: And again! Again, Danny Tyler wants Stevie Childes to fly! He wants him to come off the top rope on the downed Baldwin and Avalon and-

[Tyler steps out to the apron, shouting at his partner to come off the top...

...but instead, Childes slaps Tyler's hand with a shake of his head. A disgusted Danny Tyler steps in, pulling Baldwin off the mat by the arm, and firing him across the ring.]

GM: Whip on Baldwin... HIIIIIGH back body drop by Tyler!

[Tyler promptly goes to the corner, hopping up to the middle rope...

...and leaps off, crashing down with an elbowdrop across the chest to the cheers of the crowd!]

GM: Elbow! On target! Tyler with a cover for one! He gets two! He gets-

[A diving save by Johann Avalon breaks the pin attempt. An angry Tyler gets to his feet, hammering away on Avalon with right hands to the jaw, backing him down to the corner. As Baldwin stumbles to his feet, Tyler fires Avalon across the ring...

...and the two Bombers collide, both crashing down to the canvas with a thud!]

GM: The Bombers have a meeting of the minds in the middle of the ring and they BOTH go down, Bucky!

BW: Larry Doyle is losing his mind out here on the floor. He wants these Bombers to get back into this in the worst possible way. He wants that Number One contender slot and more importantly, he wants a shot at the National Tag Team Titles.

GM: The Bombers are still trying to recover from that humiliating defeat they suffered at SuperClash one year ago and another loss here tonight just might be too much for them to come back from.

[Tyler measures both Bombers as they struggle back to their feet.]

GM: “Delicious” Danny is setting them up for something...

[He breaks into a sprint, charging across the ring...

...and gets hoisted up in unison by the Bombers who drop him facefirst on the canvas!]

GM: FLAPJACK! FLAPJACK!!

[Baldwin quickly flips Tyler to his back, throwing himself into a cover.]

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

[Tyler’s shoulder fires off the canvas at the last possible moment.]

GM: Danny Tyler gets the shoulder up but... where the heck was Stevie Childes there?! His team almost lost the match right there and he’s standing out on the apron pacing back and forth.

[The camera catches Childes staring down at ringside.]

GM: What is he looking at?

BW: I know exactly WHO he’s looking at, Gordo. He’s looking at the Von Braun family!

GM: Are you- you’re right, Bucky! The Von Braun family is here at ringside tonight for a special ceremony for their patriarch, Scott Von Braun, and Stevie Childes is staring right at them.

[Childes is completely unaware of anything going on inside the ring as he stares down at ringside, looking at the family of the man whose career he ended...

...which makes him easy prey to a running back elbow to the back of the head from Baldwin, a blow that knocks “Sweet” Stevie off the apron, crashing down to the barely-padded floor in a heap.]

GM: Ohh, come on!

[The referee corners Baldwin, reading him the riot act, but Baldwin just nudges past the official, catching a rising Tyler with a right hand on the jaw that sends him spiraling back into the Bombers’ corner.]

GM: Another tag for the Bombers.

[Avalon leans over, grabbing the middle rope, and slamming his shoulder repeatedly into the kidneys of Danny Tyler...

...when suddenly the crowd bursts into jeers.]

GM: What in the world...?

[The camera goes to the aisleway where the devious Collector of Oddities, Percy Childes, is slowly walking down the length of the aisle towards the ringside area.]

GM: What the heck is HE doing out here?

BW: I have no idea but it's good to see him! I wasn't even sure if he'd be here tonight with just Monosso representing him on the show.

[Percy walks slowly, staring intently down the aisle towards the ring as he lightly taps the crystal on the top of his cane.]

GM: Percy Childes, one of the most diabolical men I've ever had the displeasure of meeting, is on his way to the ring... and I haven't the slightest clue why.

[Larry Doyle seems to be wondering the same thing, confronting Childes in the aisle. The two men exchange some words as Childes uses his cane to push Doyle aside, walking into the ringside area as Johann Avalon drops Tyler on the back of his head with a backdrop suplex.]

GM: Back to the action and Tyler just got put down hard again!

[Avalon taunts the jeering crowd, earning more boos as the Collector of Oddities walks around the ring, pausing next to a downed "Sweet" Stevie.]

GM: Look out here... there's no telling what Percy will do...

[But the manager simply kneels down next to the Jacksonville fan favorite, whispering something to him and then quickly getting back up, moving away from the tag team grappler as the referee shouts at the manager.]

GM: I have no idea what's going on here but Johann Avalon doesn't like it either.

[Avalon leans over the ropes, shouting at the manager. He turns to Larry Doyle who frantically shouts at him to stay focused on Danny Tyler who is starting to get back to his feet. An annoyed Avalon moves back in on Tyler who suddenly leaps up, throwing a forearm to the jaw!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot!

[The crowd roars as Tyler throws a boot to the gut of Avalon, doubling him up, and then SPIKING him skullfirst to the canvas!]

GM: DDT! DDT! HE DRILLED HIM!!

[And "Delicious" Danny rolls over to all fours, trying to get across the ring to make a tag...

...but there's no partner waiting for him.]

GM: Come on, Stevie! Get back up on the apron!

[The downed partner of Danny Tyler slowly pulls himself to his knees, looking down at the floor as Tyler inches closer and closer to the corner. On the opposite side of the ring, Robert Baldwin and Larry Doyle are SCREAMING for Avalon to get to his own corner and make a tag.]

“TEN MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! TEN MINUTES REMAIN!”

[Tyler crawls another few inches, pushing up to his knees, looking for his partner's outstretched hand...

...but finds none as Stevie is still on the floor, finally using the ring apron to drag himself back to his feet.]

GM: There's no one there to make the tag! There's no one there to-

[Larry Doyle pulls himself on the apron, drawing the referee's attention as Robert Baldwin slides in, grabbing his partner by the arm, and dragging him closer to the Bombers' corner. He steps back out as Doyle drops down, allowing Baldwin to reach over the ropes and slap Avalon's hand, charging the exposed back of Danny Tyler...

...and DRILLING him with a diving forearm smash to the back of the head!]

GM: Ohh! Baldwin cuts off the tag for Tyler!

BW: What tag? Stevie wasn't even out there waiting for him!

[The camera cuts to Percy again, who is tapping his cane on the apron as he looks on. Nearby, Stevie grabs the bottom rope, pulling himself to his feet and then up onto the apron.]

GM: Now he's there!

BW: Now it's too late! Baldwin's got Tyler back in the neutral corner.

[The Ravishing One scoops Tyler up off the mat, dropping him down in a seated position on the top rope. Baldwin throws a pair of right hands to the jaw before climbing the ropes, stepping up next to Tyler...]

GM: Uh oh. Look out here.

[Baldwin hooks a front facelock, slinging Tyler's arm over his neck...]

GM: He's going for a superplex! He's gonna end this right now!

[But Tyler throws a series of short right hands to the ribs, breaking Baldwin's grip on him. A well-placed headbutt sends Baldwin sailing backwards off the ropes, smashing down to the canvas below!]

GM: OHHHH! DOWN GOES BALDWIN!!

[With the crowd roaring, Tyler stands up on the middle rope...

...and THROWS himself off, catching a rising Baldwin on the chin with a dropkick off the middle rope!]

GM: DROPKICK! DROPKICK!

[Tyler hits the canvas hard, immediately sitting up, reaching out an arm towards the corner where his partner is now waiting but Tyler's half a ring away from him. The crowd buzzes, shouting encouragement as Danny Tyler rolls to his knees, inching himself closer and closer across the ring again.]

GM: Come on, kid! Get there!

[Danny Tyler is a few feet away now, staring up at his partner whose arm is stretched out as far as it possibly can be.]

GM: He's almooooooooost-

[BIG CHEER!]

GM: TAG!

["Sweet" Stevie slingshots himself over the ropes into the ring, rushing across the ring where he drops an incoming Avalon with a forearm smash on the jaw. He grabs the top rope, stomping the heck out of the Machine, forcing him under the ropes to the floor.]

GM: Avalon's forced to the floor...

[Swinging around, Stevie spots Baldwin up to a knee...

...and charges across, throwing a dropkick into the jaw of Baldwin, a blow that knocks him flat on his back where he promptly rolls out to the safety of the floor.]

GM: Stevie just cleared the ring of the Bombers!

[Larry Doyle races to Robert Baldwin's side as the Jacksonville fan favorite pursues, stepping through the ropes and dropping out to the floor. He approaches the area where the Bombers are...

...and then freezes in his tracks.]

GM: What in the world is he-

BW: It's the Von Brauns! The Von Brauns are right there!

[The camera catches a shot of Paul Von Braun standing up, glaring at Stevie, a gaze that freezes the fan favorite in his tracks. He shakes his head, rolling back into the ring to a scattering of jeers from the crowd.]

GM: I don't understand! He refuses to go after the Bombers with the Von Brauns standing right there, fans!

[A hurting and angry Danny Tyler turns towards his partner, shouting at him.]

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING?! GET YOUR HEAD IN THE DAMN GAME! ONE INCH! THAT'S ALL WE NEED!"

[The crowd roars at Tyler's peptalk, Stevie nodding as he grabs the incoming Baldwin by the hair, stopping him short on the apron. Stevie throws a pair of forearms to the jaw before hooking a front facelock...]

GM: He's gonna bring Baldwin in the hard way!

[Stevie hoists Baldwin into the air in a suplex...

...when Larry Doyle suddenly breaks into action, grabbing the ankle of the Jacksonville native, tripping him up and causing Baldwin to fall on top of him!]

GM: OHHHH! DOYLE TRIPPED HIM!!

[The referee, having not seen Doyle's actions, drops down to count as Doyle holds the ankle down, preventing a kickout.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

[The crowd gasps as Larry Doyle goes falling down to the floor, his hold broken which allows Stevie to kick out just in time.]

GM: Doyle got dropped!

[And why did Doyle get dropped? A smirking Percy Chides walloped him between the eyes with his cane!]

GM: Oh my stars! Percy Chides just hit Larry Doyle with his cane!

BW: What in the heck is going on here, Gordo?

GM: I'm not sure I understand either!

[Baldwin leans through the ropes, shouting at Doyle as Stevie Chides pulls himself back to his feet, grabbing the referee by the arm to complain about Doyle's actions...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

GM: PERCY HIT BALDWIN WITH THE CANE!!

[Baldwin staggers backwards into Stevie's waiting arms, leaping into the air, and jamming Baldwin's jaw into Stevie's shoulder, a blow that leaves him flattened. Stevie pops back to his feet, the crowd still cheering as Percy shouts at him, "NOW'S THE TIME!"]

GM: What the-?

BW: Percy just told him now's the time!

GM: The time for what?!

[With a nod, Stevie Chides rushes to the corner, deadleaping to the top rope, the crowd roaring for him...

...and then leaps off, tucking his arms and legs, and CRASHING down across the chest of Robert Baldwin!]

GM: LAP DANCE!!

[Childes hooks the leg as Tyler steps in, stampeding Johann Avalon before he can help his partner as the referee slaps the canvas once, twice, and three times.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

[Childes springs to his feet, arms held high as the confused crowd still is cheering.]

PW: Here are your winners and new Number One contenders... Danny and Stevie...

THE AAAAAAAAAAACES!

[With a grin and a few silent claps, Percy Childes turns his back on the ring, making his way back up the aisle towards the locker room area.]

GM: And just like that, Percy Childes is walking out of here but you cannot deny that he had a DIRECT influence on the outcome of this match, fans. Percy Childes may not have gift-wrapped the victory for the Aces but it wasn't far from that!

BW: I still want to know what “the time” was. All match long, Stevie Childes seemed afraid to come off the ropes but when Percy told him it was time, he had no problem with ENDING Robert Baldwin with that frog splash.

GM: I still can't believe that Childes brained Larry Doyle with that cane! What the heck is going on here, fans?

[The Aces celebrate their victory, quickly making their exit from the ring as the fans cheer.]

GM: The Aces are the Number One contenders... but what did they just stoop to to make that happen?

BW: You do what you gotta do to win, Gordo. Always remember that.

GM: But... Percy Childes? Fans, there's more to this situation than meets the eye, I have a feeling. But later on tonight, we're going to see the annual Steal The Spotlight elimination showdown. Remember, the winner of that match will receive the match of their choice any time before SuperClash IV. Ten tremendous talents will step into this ring, all trying to be the sole survivor. One of the men who believes he will be that sole survivor is the man who was the first to hold the AWA National Title, the San Jose Shark, Marcus Broussard. We caught up with the Shark earlier today to get his thoughts on this big match.

[We crossfade from the aisle where the Aces are making their exit to Jason Dane, dressed proper in a dark blue AWA sport coat with white dress shirt and red tie underneath, stands in front of the AWA Interview Center, microphone in hand. He appears to be checking his watch and then looking off camera, expecting someone.]

JD: Folks, Jason Dane here, just hours before SuperClash is set to begin, and according to our schedule we were expecting Marcus Broussard. Broussard, as you know, will be captaining a team in the big Steal the Spotlight match, with the winner getting to name his shot at a time and date of his convenience. An interesting subplot to

that match is the burgeoning war of words, and possibly more, between two of the most decorated men the AWA has ever seen.

[Fill, baby, fill! Dane looks off camera again, to no avail, and continues to talk.]

JD: On one side, you've got Marcus Broussard, the San Jose Shark, the first AWA National champion. A man who has been in some of the biggest matches the AWA has ever seen, although since he left following his initial run of domination a few years ago, he has never quite managed to capture the same lightning in a bottle he did in the spring and summer of 2008.

And some might say that the spot Marcus left in the AWA, that of the central catalyst and dominant personality, was not filled until the emergence of...

MB: Stevie Scott.

[Dane turns his head at the arriving Broussard, who walks into the picture in a top of the line dark blue pinstriped suit, light blue shirt and shimmering gold tie. He takes off the sunglasses he's wearing and tosses them off screen with a flick of his wrist, and addresses the camera.]

MB: I'm sick and tired of hearing about Stevie Scott. Sick and tired of hearing about his two title victories, about how he filled my spot, about the stranglehold he had on the AWA. With Ben Waterson by your side, I should hope you could do something of note. But without Waterson giving him direction, he's a different person, it's a different world. With that scraggly hair and bermuda shorts, Stevie Scott looks like he should be hawking free surf lessons or trying to get people to buy fake watches.

Without Ben Waterson telling him what to do, it's quite obvious that Stevie Scott is _exactly_ what I've said he is for two years now.

Second rate.

[Broussard brushes off the arm of his suit and continues.]

MB: Second rate, Stevie, and maybe worse than that. You'd be picking up my dry cleaning and shining my shoes if Ben Waterson didn't pick you up out of the gutter and rehabilitate you. But before I really got started, let's talk about me for a second.

I apologize for my disheveled look, Dane, but it turns out that a town filled with people who've got more toes than teeth aren't real good with things like punctuality. Or telling time off a clock without Mickey Mouse on it.

But the suit, Dane, this suit is one of a kind, from the finest tailor in Manhattan, who, by the way, you should think about contacting immediately.

[Broussard disgustedly pulls at the lapel of Dane's blazer.]

MB: This suit costs more than your car, Jason, and I've got a walk in wardrobe filled with 'em. Never wear the same one twice. And if you threw in the designer shoes and the Rolex, I might be able to lease you out a loft or a studio apartment, depending on rent control. And these cufflinks, my friend, have bigger diamonds in them than most of the engagement rings you'll see.

The lesson is simple, simpleton. Anyone can get lucky, anyone can aspire to be something they see on TV, but the real thing comes along once a generation.

[Shoot the cuffs, baby.]

MB: What you're looking at is the genuine article, my friend, a champion through and through, from the way I dress to the way I talk to the way I walk. Often imitated, never duplicated, Stevie Scott included. And we can sit here and talk about who was better in their heyday, but we all know that "remember when" is the lowest form of conversation. I prefer to look to the future.

SuperClash, Steal the Spotlight. A great opportunity to shape my future. I can't say I'm a huge fan of allowing other people to play a part in determining my own fortune, but these are the rules we operate under. I put my team together by taking into account what those men excel at, and putting myself in the shoes of the men across from them. There is no one in the match with as rugged and as physical a straight ahead style of Raphael Rhodes. No one in the contest can dream to match Skywalker Jones in a battle of fast paced, up tempo wrestling. Pedro Perez, as a former student of mine and as someone under the tutelage of Ben Waterson, has expertly meshed together the technical mastery taught by myself, and the high risk style that his physical skills allow.

When looking at my squad, not to mention that a mystery partner allows for no prior planning whatsoever, you have to think that Stevie's squad will be forced to put themselves at risk to beat them. Nick Anton, Jeff Jagger, the Sultan, Dick Bass, these are men who can't hope to match up to the competitors on my squad. To not get totally wiped out, they're going to have to take chances and take risks, and open themselves up to high risk/high reward situations.

When they don't pay off?

[Broussard shrugs.]

MB: Elimination.

When they do pay off?

[Broussard nods, confident in his plan.]

MB: I'll be there to make sure that success is short lived.

And at the end of the day, when Stevie's team falls apart, and all the King's horses and all the King's men can't put Stevie's team back together again, I will be there to-

[Jason Dane finishes the sentence, seeing where Broussard is going.]

JD: To steal the spotlight?

MB: Wrong. I'll be there to put the spotlight back to where it has belonged all along. On the first rate, first class, first ever champion of the AWA, custom made from head to toe, and tailor made to regain my throne.

Marcus Broussard. Learn to love it, Jason.

[And with that, Broussard leaves the set as we fade back to live action where Gordon Myers is standing in the middle of the ring alone.]

GM: Ladies and gentlemen, before we proceed with the action, the American Wrestling Alliance wanted to take the time to pay tribute to a true legend of our sport. Earlier this week, we found out that due to a freak injury suffered at the hands of Stevie Childes two weeks ago, his lengthy and storied career in this sport has come to an end. Tonight, we would like to honor the career who helped paved the way for a lot of the younger stars today.

[Cheers from the crowd.]

GM: Without any further delays, please welcome... SCOTT VON BRAUN!

[Cue up Skynyrd's "Sweet Home Alabama." The crowd cheers as the veteran makes his way down the aisle. Von Braun is wearing his best suit, which is the plaid style that was popular back in the late 70's. He stops and waves to the crowd. He can't help but smile his biggest smile. He slaps hands with any fans who are reaching for him. Von Braun gets to the ring and slowly navigates the ringsteps. He winces a bit as he climbs into the ring between the top and middle rope. His music stops as he stands next to Myers in the ring and adjusts his sports coat.]

GM: No one wants to have their career ended by injury. Not many have a storied career as yourself, Scott. The AWA Championship Committee wanted to say "Thank you" for all of your contributions to wrestling. They wanted to say thank you with a plaque.

[The crowd applauds. Myers produces a plaque and hands it to Von Braun. SVB's grin goes from big to huge. He holds the plaque high above his head and shows it off to the audience. Cut to a shot of the Von Braun family (yes, there's a lot of them!) We cut to a close up of an old woman, her eyes tearing up. She's Liz Von Braun, Scott's wife. She has her hands clasped together. To her left is Paul Von Braun, who is clapping and cheering his father on. To her right stands Brian Von Braun, who is clapping. We cut back to Scott Von Braun in the ring. Myers holds the mic in front of him.]

SVB: It ain't a way fer a career ta stop, but yer right, Gordon. Ah've had me a great career in rasslin'. I ain't got nothin' ta ashamed of. Ah'm jus' glad fer tha recognition Ah'm gittin' tanight. As many fond memories as Ah've got in rasslin', my three greatest days was tha day I met Lizzy down there. An' tha two days my boys was born.

[More cheers from the crowd. We cut back to a shot of the Von Brauns. We see Paul Von Braun flanked by his son Tommy. Behind Tommy sits both Tony Thomas and Dan Thomas.]

SVB: Ta stand up here an' git recognized in front of my boys an' family. It means tha world ta me. It feels almost as good as watchin' my boys, nephews, nieces, an' grandson rasslin'. As one career fer a Von Braun comes to a close, another Von Braun done startin' lacin' up tha boots.

PC: Well, we'll take care of that, Von Braun.

SVB: Wha?

[Everyone turns to the entranceway, and the boos begin to rain down as the fans see exactly who is coming down the aisle... "The Collector Of Oddities" Percy Childes.

Percy is clad in a black tuxedo for the occasion, immaculately pressed and tailored to fit his short, rotund frame. The bald man with the black mustache and van Dyke is strolling down the aisle with his crystal-tipped cane, a microphone in one hand and a hideous grin in the other.]

PC: It truly is a night to celebrate your retirement, Scott Von Braun. I made sure to get my finest tuxedo and to spring for some Dom Perignon to mark the occasion. And I have a gift for you, Von Braun, from the very bottom of my heart.

The gift of clarity.

[Percy now reaches ringside. He cautiously moves to one side, avoiding being in the vicinity of the section of crowd where the Von Brauns are gathered, angrily standing and shouting over the barricade.]

PC: You see, Scott Von Braun... THIS WAS YOUR LIFE!

[Some cheesy theme music plays as 'THIS WAS YOUR LIFE' appears in cursive letters on the Jumbotron.]

PC: Yes, Scott Von Braun, your career was long and you had some memorable moments. Like the time you met THIS man. Do you remember this voice?

[As Percy has waddled down the aisle, some attendants that he has apparently paid have drawn a white curtain into the aisle, and backlit it with a spotlight. We see a short silhouette behind the curtain, leaning heavily on a walker. A weary old voice is then heard over the PA.]

Voice: I remember Scott Von Braun. How could I forget him? He ended my livelihood.

[A close-up of Scott shows horrified recognition in his eyes.]

PC: I'll take it from the uncontrollable blanching that you know exactly who that is. Well, let me introduce the man whose career you ended with your Von Braun Leglock, Scott. His name...

...is Simon Childes!

[The curtain parts, and we see a short elderly man dressed in a threadbare brown suit and tie. He has grey hair pulled back into pigtails, and a long grey beard with dark streaks in it. Notably, he's under five feet tall. WAY under five feet tall.]

SVB: Aw, but...

PC: But nothing, Scott Von Braun. That man is my brother. You thought it would be amusing to apply your leglock to him, some twenty-plus years ago. He was a manager and a wrestler... in the, ah, lightweight division.

SVB: I remember! He was Lord Childes, the midget wrestling cham...

PC: LIGHTWEIGHT DIVISION. And you, a two-hundred seventy pound HEAVYWEIGHT, decided to abuse him for your own entertainment. Lord Childes was the manager of the man you were feuding with throughout the late 70s, and... well, you lost one too many times, didn't you, Scott? You had to get HIM in the ring!

SVB: He interfered and cost me the match! Time and again! I was... I was just mad! I didn't mean to...

PC: You didn't MEAN TO? You accidentally put a midg... a much smaller man in a figure four leglock? How exactly do you accidentally do that, Scott Von Braun? How

exactly do you not realize how quickly and... drastically... that hold would snap a man's leg if his legs were much shorter, much thinner...

SVB: Look, I feel terrible about...

PC: No, you don't. Because you moved on and never addressed it. And you went on to have a career full of futility, battling midgets when you didn't get your way, didn't you? Your more talented relatives attained glory and reknown before their bitter ends. But Scott Von Braun? His career highlight was crippling a midget. Oh, and out of pity, they used their influence to get you a job once the promoters wouldn't hire you to wrestle, didn't they? Hence your stint as a referee... and possibly the worst referee this sport has seen. How many times were you cited for bad calls this year, Scott? Oh, don't bother, I have the data. Fifty-five. Twice as much as anyone on the payroll. Oh, but we can't fire Scott Von Braun... his FAMILY might get upset!

You're the hanger-on, Scott. You always were, and you always will be. And that's why you lashed out and crippled my brother! The man I idolized growing up! My big... my elder brother, and you crushed his hopes and dreams because you couldn't live up to your own name!

[SVB looks heart broken as the words hit him. He looks down at the mat, keeping the plaque by his side. After a moment, he looks up at Percy Childes, tears starting to stroll down his cheeks. The Von Braun family can be seen behind him. None of them seem to know how to react. Each face shown in horror, aside from Liz Von Braun, who is crying, hands over her mouth. By this point, Myers is back at the broadcast table.]

GM: This is disgusting, Bucky! This is DISRESPECTFUL!

BW: Ya can't say Percy ain't tellin' the truth. The truth hurts, Gordo.

PC: And now you have the NERVE to cry about it? Don't play that 'innocent' act with me, Von Braun! You knew EXACTLY what you were doing! Those fifty-five citations have an interesting pattern to them.

They include the night you deliberately cost Nenshou the Longhorn Heritage Title. MY Nenshou. Coincidence?

In fact, Scott Von Braun, I remember you costing another member of my family a critical match... do you remember THIS voice?

[Percy turns to the aisle, where a silhouette stands. And a voice is speaking over the PA... a familiar, younger voice.]

Voice: Don't bother guessing, old man. By the time you figure this out, it'll be too late.

[The crowd buzzes as Stevie Childes simply hops the barricade from the opposite side of the arena that the aisle is on. Danny Tyler isn't far behind his partner. Both men slide into the ring, Tyler getting to his feet first.]

GM: Hold on here one second! This isn't-

[Von Braun, whose back was turned to look at the curtain, wheels around at the sound of people in the ring. Too late! The Aces are surrounding him!]

GM: No, no, no! Somebody stop this!

[A desperate Scott Von Braun swings the plaque at the nearest man, Danny Tyler, who ducks the wild swing, reaching back with both hands and DROPPING the eldest Von Braun with a reverse neckbreaker!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The crowd falls silent at the sight of Von Braun’s injured neck being JAMMED into the canvas at a sickening impact.]

BW: RAZZLE DAZZLE, DADDY!

[Percy Childes climbs the ringsteps to get into the squared circle. A quick camera cut shows the Von Braun clan surging towards the barricade, ready to charge the ring as a swarm of security comes rushing into view.]

GM: There's no call for this! They're adding insult to injury! Get security out here!

[As we already know, security has arrived but instead of stopping the proceedings in the ring, they seem more concerned with keeping the first three rows on one side of the ring from hopping the barricade.]

GM: The Von Brauns are trying to get in the ring! The Von Brauns want blood and who the heck can blame ‘em!

[A sneering Percy Childes turns so that the Von Brauns can see him clearly, lifting his cane overhead...

...and SLAMS the metal tip of the weapon into the left shoulder socket of Scott Von Braun!]

GM: OHHH!

[Childes nods his head at the Von Brauns, gesturing to the downed patriarch and SLAMS the metal tip into the shoulder again... and again... and again...]

GM: DAMN HIM! DAMN YOU, PERCY CHILDES!

[The shot cuts to ringside again where security has their hands full trying to keep the Von Brauns back.]

GM: TURN ‘EM LOOSE, DAMN IT! LET ‘EM FIGHT!

[Childes slams the cane into the shoulder again as a laughing Stevie Childes slowly climbs to the top turnbuckle. Percy slams the cane home again before backing away, allowing Danny Tyler to stretch out the left arm...]

GM: NO! NO!

[Childes flings himself off the top rope, sticking out his knee...

...and SLAMMING it down onto the shoulder socket! Scott Von Braun cries out in pain, flailing around on the canvas as Stevie gets back to his feet.]

GM: They're going after his arm! It's not enough Stevie Childes ended this man's career with his dive two weeks ago! This was premeditated, Bucky!

BW: Percy is an evil and sick man. He is a genius, Gordo. He is a genius.

[Stevie quickly rolls the elder Von Braun onto his stomach and applies a scissored armbar, forcing Von Braun onto his side to face his family. Childes really cranks back on the hold, pulling for all he's worth. Percy and Tyler take turns stomping and delivering cane shots to the left shoulder.]

BW: He's looking to break that arm, Gordo!

GM: Scott Von Braun does not deserve this!

[Finally, Von Braun starts flailing and screaming at the top of his lungs. Stevie Childes releases the scissored armbar and rolls to his knees, with a warped look of pleasure from what he just did. More security and EMTs come rushing down the aisle. The Aces and Percy Childes stand over Scott Von Braun's downed form as the elder Von Braun grabs at his left shoulder and flails around on the mat. The rest of the Von Braun family stands there in silence, having given up their trying to hop the guardrail.]

GM: This is sick! This is DISGUSTING! GO TO COMMERCIAL!

BW: We're on Pay Per Vi-

GM: I don't care. Cut to something!

[The camera shot abruptly cuts to 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 our announcers are seated at their table. Bucky Wilde has a big dopey grin on his face while Gordon Myers looks quite solemn.]

GM: Fans, what we just witnessed was just another low in a recent string. Scott Von Braun was attended to and taken to the back. He suffered a broken shoulder as a result of that double armbar applied by Stevie Childes. Bucky, I just don't know what to say. I don't know how the Aces - a team the AWA fans loved and embraced, could fall so far down into darkness.

BW: I think the answer is simple, Gordo. They opened their eyes up. I think the Aces and Percy Childes will have more to say about the matter tonight.

GM: Fans, we're sorry you had to witness that assault. After the brutal assault on Juan Vasquez months ago, we witness a man... a man who had to retire get brutally assaulted when tonight was to be the crowning point of his career.

BW: You reap what you sow, Gordo. Thirty years ago, Scott Von Braun planted some very bad seeds. They just came back to get him tonight.

GM: I don't know what to say to that, Bucky. I truly don't. Fans, let's... let's just go back to the ring for more action.

["The Lonely Shepherd" by Zamfir starts off very quietly, the sounds of the panflute giving off a beautiful, almost haunting sound as smoke trails out from behind the entrance curtain.

As the rest of the song kicks in, Lori Dane emerges from the curtain, standing amidst the smoke in a set of skin-tight yellow vinyl pants and top that appears to be made of the same material. The front of the top is slit dramatically to reveal the lovely Ms. Dane's assets. Her dark brown hair is pulled back in a ponytail and she appears to be all business. Melissa Cannon is out right behind Dane, wearing a similar outfit but a bit more conservative in nature.]

PW: This match is scheduled for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first. Hailing from Los Angeles, California and Dallas, Texas respectively. Weighing in at total combined weight of two-hundred and ninety-five pounds...

BW: Liars.

[Gordon sighs.]

PW: Here are... LORI DANE AND MELISSA CANNON!

[The crowd cheers as the duo make their way down to the ring, slapping hands with any fans who are reaching for them. The duo get to the ring and enter it. Dane walks around the ring, surveying the crowd. Cannon climbs to the middle turnbuckle and raises both arms in the air.]

GM: The past few weeks have seen tensions escalate between Holly Hotbody and Melissa Cannon. It was Lori Dane who saved Melissa from an attack at the hands of Hotbody.

BW: Lori's like every other woman I know, fickle. At first, she was mad at Melissa for being only a ring announcer. Now they're best friends again. I won't ever understand these two.

GM: After your statement, it's no surprise you're single.

BW: Who said I was single? Just because you ain't been introduced to "Bucky Wilde's Dirty Dozen" don't mean they don't exist.

GM: I can't believe you.

BW: What can't you believe? The Dirty Dozen or how dirty them ladies really are? Hahaha!

GM: You're a real piece of work, Bucky.

BW: I know, that's why I'm such a hit with the ladies.

PW: Their opponents! Introducing first, from Malibu, California and weighing in at...

[Phil Watson stares at his notes and looks up confused.]

PW: ... A REAL MAN, ah never asks a woman her, um... weight... ah, here is...
HOLLLLLLY HOTBODYYYYY!

["Milkshake" by Kelis begins to play and Holly Hotbody steps from behind the curtains to boos mixed with some catcalls. Holly wears a low-cut, cropped, white tank top, barely containing her ample cleavage. The words "Club Holly" written across the front in red, varsity-style letters. She also wears a pair of white, high-rise, boy-cut shorts, red lacing along the sides. She completes the look with white, vinyl, knee-length, platform boots and her auburn hair falls straight down her back. She surveys the crowd with a grin before sauntering to ringside.]

GM: Holly Hotbody has competed all over the world. She's wrestled some of the best such as Andrea Chandler, Tiffany Lane, Medusa Rage to name a few. She is future Hall of Fame material for sure with her resume of accomplishments.

BW: I'd say Holly Hotbody is the PREMIERE women's wrestler today, Gordo.

GM: That's a hard point to argue, Bucky.

[Along the way, she ignores the outstretched hands of the fans, treating the aisle like her own personal catwalk. She gingerly walks up the ringside stairs before making a show of seductively entering the ring through the top and middle ropes.]

GM: Who is her mystery partner? We know it is the woman we saw assault Melissa Cannon a few weeks ago but we know nothing about her. We don't even know her

name right now. And that has to put the team of Dane and Cannon at a serious disadvantage.

BW: No doubt about that, Gordo, but the question is about to be answered right now, I think.

PW: And her partner!

[The crowd starts to buzz with anticipation.]

PW: Hailing from Minneapolis, Minnesota and weighing in at... ah. "None of your business".

[Phil shrugs as Saliva's "Ladies and Gentlemen" starts up.]

PW: Here is... "THE MODERN DAY MIRACLE" MELANIE BROWN!

["The Modern Day Miracle" Melanie Brown walks out through the entranceway. She is dressed in a baby blue singlet and white wrestling boots. She is fiercely chewing bubble gum and has a smirk on her face. Brown heads to the ring, blowing a bubble once in a while. Upon reaching the ring, she climbs onto the apron, ducks between the ropes, then mounts the second rope and raises her arms to the crowd, then spits out her gum and swats it away.]

GM: Marty Meekly is explaining the rules to the two teams. Lori Dane and Melissa Cannon move to their corner and Lori steps out onto the ring apron.

BW: I guess Melissa wants to get her hands on Holly but she's too smart for that. She's going to make Melissa wait to get her.

[Melanie and Holly have a last minute discussion and then Melanie steps out onto the ring apron.]

GM: It looks like Holly is going to start this one out for her team.

BW: See there? That's how smart Holly is. She just outsmarted Bucky Wilde. Only the smartest of the smart are able to outsmart a future Senator. I think Holly needs to be part of my future brain trust and think tank when I'm in office.

GM: Ah, haha, sure.

BW: Smart and gorgeous. Holly's doubly dangerous, Gordo.

[Melissa Cannon and Holly Hotbody walk to the center of the ring where Hotbody has a big smirk across her face. Cannon stares a hole through her opponent as Marty Meekly signals to the time keeper. "DING, DING, DING."]

GM: Meekly has officially signaled for this match to begin, Bucky. And Melissa Cannon is starting off for her team.

BW: Melissa Cannon should've just kept herself as a ring announcer. She's gonna get shown up on the biggest stage of them all, daddy.

[Holly Hotbody and Melissa Cannon continue to stare at each other in the center of the ring. Hotbody starts running her mouth, prompting a response from Cannon who moves

in for a lock up, but Hotbody reaches back and slaps Cannon across the face sending an echo through the arena.]

GM: My stars! Holly Hotbody just slapped the taste right out of Melissa Cannon's mouth!

[Cannon's head turns with the slap. She reaches out and touches her cheek for a moment as Hotbody starts to mug in front of her but as Cannon comes charging, Hotbody makes a run for it, backpedaling across the ring where she ducks between the ropes to try and avoid Melissa's wrath. Hotbody quickly calls Marty Meekly over to back Cannon off.]

BW: Get that harlot away from Holly!

GM: Oh come on, Bucky. Holly just slapped the woman across the face!

[Marty Meekly backs a protesting Melissa Cannon away from Holly Hotbody. Once she feels safe, Hotbody slowly gets out from between the ropes and back into the ring. Cannon wastes no time. She shoves Meekly aside and rocks Hotbody with a forearm shot to the face, knocking her back into the corner. Cannon presses the attack, rocking Hotbody with forearm shot after forearm shot.]

BW: Get in there, Marty! Melissa Cannon is going to destroy a beautiful piece of work if you don't stop her!

GM: Melissa Cannon was pushed TOO far by Holly Hotbody and now she is getting her payback in full!

[After one last forearm shot, Cannon grabs Hotbody by the head and snap mares her to the mat. Cannon keeps control by straddling Hotbody and throwing right hands at her skull. Cheers from the crowd push Cannon to continue throwing punches. Marty Meekly steps in and gets Cannon off of Hotbody. Meekly puts himself between Cannon and Hotbody, allowing the Malibu native to slide out of the ring for a breather.]

GM: So far, it's been all Melissa Cannon. She's just been throwing down on the former Women's champion in there, Bucky.

BW: Don't count out Holly Hotbody just yet, Gordo. She's much more seasoned than Melissa Cannon. She's a former champion the world over. Holly knows EXACTLY what she's doing in that ring.

GM: I won't disagree there. Melissa has her frustrated. She's been all over Holly and hasn't let up until Marty Meekly stepped in.

[Cannon pushes past Meekly again and reaches over the top rope, grabbing the auburn mane of Hotbody much to the delight of the crowd as she uses it to pull her up on the apron with Holly facing the crowd. Cannon delivers another forearm strike to the back of Hotbody's head and then spins Holly around. She gets a good grip on Holly's auburn hair and pulls Holly over the top rope and into the ring, getting a cheer from the crowd. Meekly admonishes Cannon for grabbing Holly's hair.]

BW: Marty needs to really step in and do his job, Gordo. Melissa Cannon isn't out there bending rules, she's outright breaking them!

GM: Holly Hotbody brought this on herself. She's done nothing but antagonize Melissa Cannon the past couple of months. Lori Dane can tell you, you can only push Melissa Cannon too far.

[Cannon brings Hotbody to her feet, pulling her head right into a vicious knee strike. She follows up with another knee strike, dropping Hotbody to one knee. Keeping her hold on the hair, she drags her to the corner where Lori Dane is waiting.]

GM: In comes the Queen of Extreme!

BW: She really needs to watch how far she takes things. This is a standard match, Gordo. Lori can't get down like she likes to.

[Dane enters into the ring as Cannon picks Hotbody up into a bearhug. Cannon takes a few steps away from Lori and squats down, putting her head underneath Hotbody's arm. Dane bounces off the ropes, stepping up onto Cannon's thigh and delivers a brutal shinning wizard to Hotbody.]

GM: Oh my! BRUTAL knee to Holly Hotbody!

[Cannon releases Hotbody who crumples to the mat. Hotbody grabs her jaw, pushing herself away from an oncoming Dane. Holly puts up both hands, begging and pleading for a break.]

BW: If Lori was a nice woman, she'd let Holly take a bit of a breather. Dane ain't no kind or professional woman. She's gonna take this one any way she can.

GM: So far it's been all Melissa Cannon and Lori Dane in this match. Melanie Brown is standing on the ring apron, shouting encouragement to her partner.

[Dane refuses to let up, grabbing Holly by her hair and pulling her to a vertical base. Seeing an opportunity, Holly quickly pokes Dane in the eye. Dane grabs at her eye and backs off.]

GM: Oh come on! A cheap shot from Holly right there, Bucky.

BW: Melissa Cannon has been breaking rules since the opening bell, Gordo. Turn about is fair play.

[Hotbody rushes forward, pushing Dane down to the mat. Holly presses her offense, stomping on Dane as much as she can. Marty Meekly steps in and backs Holly off, allowing Dane to roll to her stomach and push herself up to her hands and knees. Hotbody sees her opportunity and pushes past Meekly, pulling back and kicking Dane's ribs. Dane flips onto her back and grabs at her left side.]

BW: KICKS UP! IT'S GOOD!

GM: A hard shot to Lori's ribs puts her right on her back. Holly has gained control of this one for her team.

BW: She's a multi-time Women's Champion, Gordo. Holly Hotbody has wrestled the VERY best women the sport of professional wrestling has to offer.

GM: I take nothing away from her ability or accomplishments, Bucky. I take issue with her methods.

[Lori Dane sits up and gets a spin kick straight into her face for her troubles. Hotbody pulls Dane up with two handfuls of hair. She pulls Lori towards her partner and then throws Lori by her hair towards the corner. Holly makes the tag to Melanie Brown.]

BW: Here comes a future Hall of Famer, Gordo. Just wait. This girl has superstar written all over her.

GM: Are you serious? We just found out the woman's name a few minutes ago! We know almost nothing about her!

BW: Just watch, Gordo. Teaming with a current Hall of Famer is going to do wonders for Melanie.

GM: Holly Hotbody is not in the Hall of Fame, Bucky. She's certainly a **STRONG** candidate for the future.

BW: Holly's in the Bucky Wilde Hall of Fame. That's the only one that counts.

GM: Oh please.

[Brown steps between the ropes as Dane gets whipped into the ropes before being taken down with a double clothesline. Hotbody and Brown stand over her and drop dual elbows on the Queen of Extreme.]

BW: Good double team moves from Holly and Melanie. Looks like these two were training together for this match, Gordo.

GM: Todd told me earlier Lori and Melissa were training hard today before the show.

BW: Today!? Who cooked the turkey dinner at the Michaelson house then?

GM: Bucky!

[Holly exits to the ring apron as Brown pulls Dane off the mat. Brown scoops Dane up and quickly drops her with a backbreaker. Brown makes a cover but only gets a two count.]

GM: A two count off the backbreaker but that's all. It'll take more than that to put down a former Women's Champion in her own right in Lori Dane.

[Brown gets to her feet quickly as Lori struggles to find her footing. Brown backs off and charges in at the right moment with a kneelift staggering Dane. Brown follows up with a dropkick sending Dane back into Holly's corner.]

GM: Lori Dane is in the wrong part of town for sure here. This is not where she wants to be in that ring.

BW: Watch this, Gordo.

[Brown turns and taunts Melissa Cannon bringing Cannon through the ropes. Meekly quickly cuts Cannon off allowing Holly to wrap the tag rope around Dane's throat and choke her.]

BW: Precision team work, Gordo. That's what that is.

GM: Holly has the tag rope wrapped around Lori's throat, Bucky! She's choking her!

BW: That's not a choke, Gordo. That's how they apply a chinlock in Malibu. Thankfully Holly ain't from Long Beach, otherwise she'd be using steel rebar.

[Holly releases her "Malibu Chinlock" a second before Marty Meekly turns around. Cannon protests from the ring apron to no avail as Brown lands a couple of right hands to Lori's jaw before pulling her out of the corner and bringing her to the mat with a snap suplex. Brown floats over for another cover, but only gets two.]

GM: A suplex only gets Melanie Brown a two count. Don't underestimate the skills and toughness of Lori Dane. Lori really knows her way around the ring.

BW: I agree with that. Lori knows her way around the ring almost as well as she knows her way around the kitchen! HAHAAHAHAHAHAHA!

GM: You're horrible, Bucky!

[Brown pulls Dane up and pushes Dane into a neutral corner. She softens Dane up with a few chops, and then sends Dane to the other corner. Dane hits back first, but is able to raise her feet to meet a charging Brown getting a cheer from the crowd.]

GM: Brown followed in, but Lori got her feet up in time!

BW: Only a minor setback, Gordo. Only a minor setback.

[Brown staggers out of the corner, holding her jaw. She turns to face Dane, who charges out and almost takes Brown out of her boots with a spear tackle getting a bigger cheer from the crowd.]

GM: Lori Dane rushes out of the corner and DRILLS Melanie Brown in the ribs with a diving tackle!

BW: Look at this, Gordo! More rule breaking from the Cannon and Dane team!

[Dane grabs a handful of hair in each hand and starts slamming the back of Brown's head into the mat over and over. Dane finally stops as Brown tries to roll over to protect herself. Dane rolls Brown onto her back and makes a cover only getting a two count from Meekly.]

GM: Dane was looking for a win there. Melanie Brown kicked out at two.

BW: Lori needs a bigger impact move, Gordo. Repeatedly slamming Melanie's head into the mat isn't gonna cut it for a win. She's gonna have to hit one of her big moves.

[Dane gets to her feet, dragging Brown up by the hair with her where she pulls her into the corner to tag in Melissa. Cannon enters the ring and quickly climbs up to the middle turnbuckle as Dane pulls Brown's arms behind her, and Cannon comes off the middle turnbuckle landing a knee to the side of Brown's head.]

BW: Double team moves is what tag team wrestling is about, Gordo. Utilize those tags every chance you get.

GM: Good observations, Bucky. Neither team is making quick use of tags. Brown has been in there for a few minutes.

[Cannon takes the mount position. Brown tries to cover up as best she can from Cannon's elbow strikes. Cannon lands one last elbow before reaching back and making the tag to Lori Dane again.]

BW: I guess they heard me. Not exactly who I was talking to.

GM: Dane and Cannon seem to be on the same page.

[Holly Hotbody tries to rally the crowd behind Melanie Brown, but gets a round of jeers from the fans near her. Dane steps back into the ring as Cannon has Brown pulled up and her arms pulled behind her. She holds Brown as Dane bounces off the ropes, spins around one time, and knocks Brown to the mat with an elbow to the jaw. Dane quickly makes a cover and hooks the far leg. Right before the three, Holly Hotbody rushes in and breaks up the pin attempt.]

BW: Good team work right there. Holly rushed in and made the save. That's the experience of a veteran, Gordo.

GM: I don't think Melissa Cannon liked that at all, Bucky!

[Cannon enters the ring and points at Hotbody, who shakes her head. Hotbody starts backing away, shaking her head. The crowd cheers as Cannon rushes forward taking Holly to the mat with a Thesz press. Cannon starts firing down on Holly with forearm shots to skull.]

GM: Melissa Cannon has Holly Hotbody down and is just laying waste to her with those forearm shots!

BW: This isn't fair, Gordo! It's about to be a two-on-one in there!

[Sure enough is! Dane gets to her feet. She quickly pulls Brown up and tosses her out of the ring before calling out to Cannon. Melissa stands up and helps Holly Hotbody to her feet whipping her towards Dane, who scoops Holly up into a fireman's carry. Dane starts spinning around in circles.]

GM: Marty Meekly has lost control of this one! Holly Hotbody is up in an airplane spin right now, she's not even the legal man... ah, woman!

BW: Marty Meekly needs a formal review of his officiating abilities! He can't keep control in there!

[Dane finishes spinning and sets Hotbody down on her feet. Holly staggers around, dizzy, before finally getting to a corner and grabbing onto the turnbuckle to keep her balance. Cannon charges across the ring and hits an avalanche.]

BW: What is this, Gordo!?

GM: Good double teaming, Bucky! That's what this is!

BW: It ain't good double teaming. It's illegal!

[Meekly completely protests the five count has expired but Cannon pays him no mind. She turns Hotbody around in the corner and then lifts her up to the top turnbuckle. Brown has recovered on the outside but Dane doesn't notice her as she watches her pupil head up to the top turnbuckle.]

GM: Melanie Brown has recovered on the outside of the ring! She's about to see some bad things happen to her partner on the inside of the ring!

BW: I don't think so!

[Brown seizes the opportunity and reaches into the ring to trip Dane. Dane crashes to the mat face-first and then gets yanked out, landing face-first on the arena padding.]

BW: Lori Dane gets a facial makeover courtesy of The Modern Day Miracle, daddy!

[Cannon stands on the top rope next to Hotbody and raises her fist in the air. Cannon hops onto Holly's shoulders, scissoring Holly's head, and brings her to the mat from the top turnbuckle the hardway! The crowd erupts into cheers for the move.]

GM: OH MY STARS!

BW: Well, I hope Holly knows a good plastic surgeon after that one!

GM: A beautiful headscissors takedown from the top turnbuckle, Bucky! I don't even know what to call that move! Some influence from Melissa Cannon's former trainer, Juvenil Inferno!

BW: Influence or not, that had to hurt!

[Hotbody lays on the mat as Cannon crawls over to make a cover, but Meekly waves her off. Cannon gets to her knees and shoots at glare up at Meekly, telling him to make the three count.]

GM: Melissa Cannon was going for the win, but Meekly is telling her Holly isn't the legal woman in the match.

BW: Gotta pin the legal man, Gordo. Or woman in this case.

[On the outside, Brown lights up Dane with a third chop. Brown pulls Dane away from the ring apron and whips her towards the guardrail at the entranceway. Dane reverses the whip, sending Brown spine-first against the metal getting a cheer from the crowd. Dane rests against the ring apron, checking her nose for bleeding.]

GM: Lori reversed the whip towards the guardrail. This is where Lori is at her most dangerous!

PW: TEN MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! TEN MINUTES REMAIN! TEN MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! TEN MINUTES REMAIN!

BW: We're halfway through this match, and I'm even more lost than Marty Meekly at the grocery store!

[On the inside of the ring, Cannon is on her feet arguing with Marty Meekly. Holly Hotbody takes the opportunity to roll out of the ring. Melanie Brown moves over towards her partner, holding her back. Holly looks at Cannon in the ring and then waves Cannon off. Hotbody and Brown turn and start heading towards the entrance portal.]

GM: What are they doing? Holly Hotbody and Melanie Brown are walking out on this match!

BW: I would too with Marty Meekly's crooked officiating! He's not even able to keep control of things in there! Lori Dane and Melissa Cannon are doing whatever they want.

GM: Melissa Cannon can't believe it! Look at the look on her face. Holly Hotbody instigates and escalated things between the two of them until it comes to this! And now Holly's simply walking out!

[The crowd erupts into cheers as Cannon dashes out of the ring, and Lori dashes around the ring giving chase to their opponents. Halfway up the aisle, Dane and Cannon catch up to Hotbody and Brown. Dane and Cannon grab each of their opponents by the hair and deliver a noggin knocker to the two women.]

BW: They can't do that!

GM: Holly Hotbody and Melanie Brown just collided thanks to the efforts of Dane and Cannon!

[A second noggin knocker later and Dane and Cannon are bringing Hotbody and Brown back towards the ring with the crowd's cheering approval.]

GM: Dane and Melissa aren't done yet! They're not letting these two off the hook that easy.

BW: I bet ya Lori paid off Marty before the match! She STOLE Todd's money and gave it to that ingrate!

[Dane pulls Holly all the way to the ring and tosses her in under the bottom rope. Cannon stops short, deciding to whip Brown into the ring apron. It's Brown who reverses the whip this time. Cannon hits the apron backfirst and grabs at her back in pain. Dane rolls in under the bottom rope, only to have a waiting Holly Hotbody drop a knee on the back of her skull.]

BW: And how quickly the tide has changed!

GM: And how quickly your attitude has changed!

BW: I'm a very manic man, Gordo!

[Holly Hotbody continues to drop knees on the back of Lori's skull. Dane rolls further into the ring and onto her back, allowing Holly Hotbody to put her shin right across Lori's throat. On the outside, Brown and Cannon are slugging it out with fists and forearm shots.]

GM: Marty Meekly has totally lost control on this one, Bucky! We have Lori Dane in the ring. She's the legal woman for her team. Melanie Brown in on the outside of the ring, she's the legal woman for her team!

BW: HEY, GIRLS! SWAP UP!

GM: They can't hear you!

[As Cannon and Brown continue to slug it out at ringside, we catch a glimpse of Bucky Wilde in the back. He gets to his feet and starts making gestures like a third base coach.]

GM: WHAT IN THE WORLD ARE YOU DOING!?

BW: SIGN LANGUAGE! TELLIN' THEM GIRLS TO SWAP UP PARTNERS!

GM: SIT DOWN, BUCKY!

[Marty Meekly starts a count, but quickly has it interrupted as Holly Hotbody grabs his hand. She's not picked up on camera, but her body language conveys a flirtatious nature with the official. Dane struggles against Holly's shin, gasping for air.]

BW: HAHAAHAHAHA! Look at that! There's the PURE GENIUS of Holly Hotbody! HAHAAHAHAHA!

GM: Is she flirting with Marty Meekly!?

[Cannon and Brown continue slugging it out on the outside, with Cannon getting the advantage on the rookie. Cannon drives two forearm shots into the side of Brown's head. Brown ducks the third one, sending Cannon staggering forward. We see Bucky sit down, clapping his hands.]

BW: I love this! It's total chaos out there!

GM: Marty Meekly is completely distracted, Bucky.

BW: As would any other man, Gordo. Don't hate him for giving into his baser nature.

[Holly Hotbody continues the flirting and starts pulling on her top a bit, still choking Lori Dane with her shin.]

BW: OH MY STARS!

GM: WOULD YOU SIT DOWN, BUCKY!

BW: HECK NO! I CAN'T SEE THAT GOOD SITTING DOWN!

[Marty Meekly tugs at his collar and visibly gulps. Holly winks at the AWA official as Lori Dane puts one hand on Holly's knee and the other on her foot. Holly tugs at her top a bit more, more concerned with keeping Marty distracted as she chokes her opponent. On the outside, Cannon is back-first against the guardrail with Melanie Brown driving in forearm shot after forearm shot.]

GM: Melanie Brown has turned the tables on Melissa Cannon!

BW: Heck yeah! She's dishing out forearm shots to show Melissa how it feels, baby.

[Holly feels Lori push up on her shin and realizes Dane is about to break free. She reaches down and rakes Lori's eyes. Marty realizes what's happened and starts threatening Holly with a disqualification. Holly ignores the official and gets to her feet. She takes a few steps, pointing to her head to let the fans know how smart she is.]

BW: HAHAAHAHAHAHA! It was all a ploy! BRILLIANT! Holly Hotbody is gonna have a bright future in the AWA, Gordon.

GM: That's cheating, Bucky! She was blatantly choking Lori Dane in front of the official and used her bo... ah, appeal in order to distract him!

[Brown grabs Cannon's head and tries to ram her into the ring post. Cannon puts out her hands, grabbing the ring post. She fires back with an elbow that dazes Brown. A second elbow connects as well. Brown ducks a third elbow, which spins Cannon around. Brown grabs Cannon around the waist and pushes her back first into the ring post.]

GM: Melissa Cannon and Melanie Brown are no strangers to action outside of the ring, Bucky.

BW: Someone better call the Mississippi National Guard to separate these two.

[Inside the ring, Holly picks up Dane and brings her to a vertical base. She scoops Dane up, but Dane floats over and lands on her feet. She grabs Holly around the waist and pushes her forward to the ropes.]

BW: Hold onto the top rope, Holly!

GM: Lori Dane avoids a slam attempt! She pushes Holly into the ropes, perhaps looking for a cradle!

[You're right, Gordon. Holly hits the ropes, but isn't able to hold onto the top rope. Lori rolls Holly back and into a reverse cradle. Holly rolls through putting Lori's shoulders on the mat. Holly grabs a handful of tights for good measure.]

BW: Holly Hotbody reverses the cradle!

GM: She has a handful of tights!

BW: I don't see nothin'!

[Marty Meekly misses the handful of tights and dives into position. Melissa Cannon tries to slide into the ring, but gets stopped by Melanie Brown. Marty's hand hits the mat once, twice, and three times. The crowd erupts into boos. Marty signals to the time keeper. "DING, DING."]

GM: Holly Hotbody STOLE this match from Melissa Cannon and Lori Dane!

[Holly lets go of Lori's tights and is out of a ring like thief in the night. Brown lets go of Cannon who scurries into the ring. Brown retreats around the ring, keeping her eyes on her opponents. Holly Hotbody and Melanie Brown meet on the outside of the ring right at the aisle.]

PW: The winners of the match... HOLLY HOTBODY AND "THE MODERN DAY MIRACLE" MELANIE BROWN!

[The crowd's boos get louder as Holly and Melanie raise their arms in victory. Holly points to her head, and the camera picks up her saying, "I'm smarter than you two bimbos." Dane is on her feet protesting the decision, telling Marty her tights were held. Marty puts his hands up. Cannon and Dane continue to protest.]

BW: See what I mean? Not only is she smart, but she's a VERY powerful woman, Gordon. She's got all sorts of contacts around Hollywood.

GM: That doesn't matter, Bucky. What matters is she stole the victory tonight for her team. One day, it won't matter WHO she knows. She'll get what's coming to her.

BW: I wouldn't say that too loud, Gordo. If Holly hears you, you may be looking for work. I mean, I'll put in a good word and all. I've already owe Holly a huge favor for my book deal.

GM: Your book deal?

BW: Yeah. I'm publishing my memoirs. It's gonna be called "Into the Bucky Wilde Yonder."

GM: Would you stop?

BW: I'm not kidding. It's time ALL of my fans found out the True Hollywood Story. I'm still in negotiations for movie rights. Of course, I'm going to star in it. Think Holly Hotbody would be interested in playing my romantic interest?

GM: Oh please.

BW: Don't be such a sour puss. You know I won't forget you, Gordo.

[Holly and Melanie continue backing up the aisle, arms raised in the air. Dane and Cannon move towards that part of the ring and motion for the two women to come back to the ring.]

GM: Lori Dane and Melissa Cannon want this fight to continue but I don't think that's going to happen. Not tonight at least. Fans, earlier tonight, we saw the shocking actions of The Aces alongside a man who I could never imagine them aligning themselves with in Percy Childes. But now... I can't even believe I'm saying this... but let's go backstage where I understand we're going to try to get comments from all three men who are holed up in a locker room together. Let's hear what possible excuse they could have for their actions tonight.

[We cut backstage. Jason Dane is standing outside of a locker room. He knocks on the door and Percy Childes answers it. Childes looks less than thrilled at being bothered.]

JD: Percy, I'm here to get some comments about what transpired earlier.

[The elder Childes motions for Dane to come in. Dane and the camera man move into the locker room. We find the Aces dressed in blue jeans with jackets on. Their bags are on the bench in front of their lockers. Dane immediately moves towards "Sweet" Stevie Childes.]

JD: After that _henious_ assault on Scott Von Braun, people are asking why? Was it planned? Was that revenge for what Scott Von Braun did to your father over thirty years ago?

[Childes looks at Dane with disdain. He snorts. "Delicious" Danny Tyler smirks and moves in to the mic to answer for his partner.]

DT: We'll answer any questions, but only when Bucky Wilde asks them. Convince Bucky to host a Call of the Wilde at the next Saturday Night Wrestling. And the Aces and Percy Childes will show up and answer that all consuming question... "Why?"

JD: I can't convince...

[Stevie Childes grabs the mic.]

SC: I'm tired of it, Jason. I'm tired of ALL of it! I'm tired of watching the Von Braun family trounce around the AWA like they built the place. I'm tired of second rate wrestlers with a third rate last name getting all the credit in the world for things they've never done. You shouldn't be asking why we did what we did tonight. You should be warning someone about what EVERYONE saw. Did you see the Von Braun family!? DID YOU!?

[Dane blinks a few times at the uncharacteristic anger from Childes. Percy stands in the background, beaming.]

SC: Go and warn the Lynches. Warn Jack, James, and Travis. What happened to Scott Von Braun and the Von Braun family was a message to THEM! Blackjack Lynch, the beloved Texan.

[Childes spits in disgust.]

SC: James. Jack. Travis. The favored sons of Texas. I guess it's good to be a favorite son of this cesspool dustbowl. People make a big deal when Blackjack's boys sign with the AWA. "We scored the biggest catch in Texas" they said. Blackjack parades himself around on camera because his sons are here. I'm sick of seeing it. I'm sick of the Von Brauns. I'm sick of those inbred, Texas rednecks. All they do is parade around here while everyone kisses the ground they walk on because of their "contributions" to wrestling. What about us? HUH!? WHAT ABOUT THE CHILDES FAMILY!?

[Childes gets in closer to Dane.]

SC: No one talks about us. No one talks about our contributions to wrestling. I'm sick of it. Do you know what I heard and was asked most by the female AWA fans while I was out nursing my injury!? How beautiful and sexy Travis Lynch is! I see so many young girls go googly-eyed over him any time he walks down the aisle. Since he's a favorite son of Texas, he doesn't have to comply with the part of Megan's Law that says he must register. Do you know why? Because he's too pretty to go to jail, and his daddy knows it. As pretty as he thinks he is, he's nowhere near as pretty or as beautiful as Danny or me.

[A nod from Tyler.]

SC: Jack and James? They're the twinkle of their daddy's eye. They win the Stampede Cup and get a shot at the National Tag Team titles. They're the sons of the great Blackjack Lynch! Oi! Blackjack Lynch is an accomplished wrestler!

[Childes hooks a thumb at himself.]

SC: What about my father? HUH!? What about LORD CHILDES!? ANSWER ME THAT, JASON!

JD: Your father was a midget...

[Childes cuts him off, screaming at Dane.]

SC: LITTLE PERSON! THE CORRECT TERM IS LITTLE PERSON!

[Childes collects himself.]

SC: He's a man tall in stature...

[Dane's eyes go wide and his stifles a laugh as best as possible. It still makes a noise in the back of his throat. Childes stops talking and snaps to face Dane. He gets in very close to Dane.]

SC: Don't you dare laugh, Jason. Don't you dare make a quip about people not knowing who my father is because he can't look over the guardrail. Or I swear in front of Christ Almighty, I will DRAG you out to that ring and emasculate you in front of the nine-thousand fans out there!

[Percy Childes pulls his nephew back. Tyler steps in.]

DT: Let me put it to you like this, Jason. I saw the battle going on inside my partner. I saw him struggling with what he did. Earlier, people saw my comments about fighting for that inch. It wasn't a pep talk to come to terms with doing what he did. It was a pep talk to embrace it. Frankly? I'm tired of slapping hands with this grubby, disgusting Texas kids. Why do you think I've gone through so much Purell!? DO YOU KNOW WHERE THEIR HANDS HAVE BEEN!? NEITHER DO I!

[Tyler visible shudders.]

DT: KISSING BABIES!? I just hope the Listerine killed whatever it was these germ-infested Texas babies carry. I don't want to end up dying from an unknown disease thanks to those ingrates. You know? I think back to two weeks ago and I smile, Jason. I smile, because what Stevie did to Scott Von Braun was beautiful. Just. Beautiful. These fans? They never learned to appreciate such beauty. All I can say is, if these fans can't appreciate that beauty, then they won't be able to look at the two MOST beautiful people in the AWA. How can you demand beauty when you don't know what to do with it.

[Stevie steps forward to the mic again.]

SC: The Von Brauns and Lynches are like a hydra. You cut off one of their heads and thirty more sprout up. You cut out their heart and soul. Like we did tonight with the Von Brauns, they die off slowly because they don't know what to do. James? Jack? Travis? Keep daddy far, far away from the arena. Enjoy your Thanksgiving weekend. After this, the Aces are gunning for you. We aim to cut out your heart and soul.

[Stevie looks back to his uncle.]

SC: You got anything to say, Uncle Percy?

PC: You've said it all, Steven. I had high hopes that you and Daniel would accept my offer in the end. I respect that you wanted to do it all on your own; I know you have the talent and skill to defeat any tag team living or dead. But there are other aspects to this business. Jealousy. Agendas. Political games. And now you've found that out the hard way, just as I did long ago. But now, you have support. You have family and friends in positions of power... don't be afraid to use them; your enemies obviously aren't. You have connections. And now...

...you have an Alliance.

[Percy grins that twisted grin, and Tyler steps forward.]

DT: But the Lynches are three strong, Stevie. You and I both know someone who hates Blackjack Lynch more than we do. He's fought the favored sons of Texas all over that God-forsaken state.

[Stevie simply smiles and nods.]

DT: I'll make the call. Soon, the Aces will be three strong. Leave, Jason. We have a battle plan our genius manager needs to discuss.

JD: You haven't exactly answered my questions.

[Stevie steps forward.]

SC: Then have Bucky ask the questions.

[Dane is more or less pushed out of the locker room and the door closed in his face. We cut back to the ringside area.]

GM: Are you kidding me? The Aces and Percy Childes are now together and they're gunning for the Lynches?!

BW: It's about time! The Childes Family has done more than their share of great things in professional wrestling but you never hear about them. Heck, we hear more about the Jagers and the Meeklys than we do the Childes family! After tonight, I'm guessing that's about to change.

GM: If nothing else, I'd say that's very, very true. And if the Aces are truly now a part of the Unholy Alliance, who knows what the future holds for them? Fans, earlier tonight, we were a whisker away from seeing one title change hands... and now, we're about to see our second title match of the night. The Longhorn Heritage Title will be on the line when Robert Donovan defends the gold against MAMMOTH Mizusawa. Moments ago, we caught up with the giant and his manager. Let's hear what's on their minds just before bell time!

[Crossfade to the back where Jason Dane is standing by with Louis Matsui, who is dressed in a dark blue suit, a lavender shirt and red tie, and MAMMOTH Mizusawa, dressed to compete in a black singlet.]

JD: We are minutes away from the Longhorn Heritage title match and I am standing by with the contender, MAMMOTH Mizusawa. Now, Louis Matsui, an added stipulation to the match is that if your client loses, Robert Donovan gets five minutes alone in the ring with you. Does that possibility scare you at all?

LM: Jason! This man has only been defeated ONCE in a one-on-one match! Robert Donovan is nowhere near the man that did that and you've seen what we've done to that man. Donovan tried to slam my client. He tried to chokeslam him! But you've also seen my client can do to the champion, or soon-to-be former champion. Tell me, Jason, why should I be scared of the impossible?

JD: Impossible? Robert Do-

LM: Robert Donovan could barely deal with a Japanese athlete a third the size of my client and a manager who is ninety-eight percent sausage stuffing. He has no chance against the talent of MAMMOTH Mizusawa and the intelligence of one Louis Matsui.

JD: I don't know, Louis, the Longhorn Heritage title seems to be more than just-

LM: The Longhorn Heritage title and all it signifies belong in the past, Jay-Dee! And if that's all Donovan's interested in, then he needs to stand aside... Step aside for the

TRUE present and future of this sport... Your NEW TELEVISION champion, MAMMOTH Mizusawa!!!

[And with that, we cut back to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit and it is the LONGHORN HERITAGE TITLE versus FIVE MINUTES WITH LOUIS MATSUI!

[BIG CHEER!]

PW: Introducing first... he is the challenger...

[Tomoyasu Hotei's "Battle Without Honor or Humanity" starts to play over the arena speakers. Louis Matsui emerges with a smirk from the entranceway. He is followed closely by the scowling seven-footer, MAMMOTH Mizusawa, dressed in a black singlet, black knee pads and a pair of black boots. Matsui points with his thumb over his shoulders at Mizusawa, who raises both his arms in the air. Both men start to make their way down the aisle.]

PW: Hailing from Tokyo, Japan; weighing in at 420 pounds and being accompanied to the ring by LOUIS MATSUI, he is MAMMOTH...

MIIIIIIZUUUUUSAAAAWAAAAAAAAA!

[As Matsui walks to the ring, he pays little attention to the fans sitting on either side of the aisle, although he is still smirking. The towering Mizusawa, on the other hand, walks slowly behind his manager, glaring at the crowd.]

Reaching the ringside area, MAMMOTH Mizusawa grabs the top rope and pulls himself onto the ring apron, then steps over the ropes and into the ring. He heads to his corner, where he is joined by Matsui, who has climbed onto the ring apron but staying on the outside. As the music starts to fade, he is giving some instructions to Mizusawa, before climbing back down to the ringside area and leaving his charge in the ring to await the start of the match.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The sounds of Metallica's "Turn The Page" starts up to a big reaction from the AWA faithful.]

PW: From Pensacola, Florida... weighing 345 pounds... he is the AWA LONGHORN HERITAGE CHAMPION...

ROOOOOOOOOBERRRRRRRT DONNNNNNOOOOOVAAAAAN!

[Donovan strides through the entrance curtain to a huge reaction from the Southaven, Mississippi crowd. The big man slowly raises his right arm, the title belt held in his massive hand to an even bigger cheer.]

GM: Robert Donovan eats, drinks, lives, and dies Longhorn Heritage and I can't think of a better man to wear that title around his waist, Bucky.

BW: He might die Longhorn Heritage right here in the middle of the ring tonight if Louis Matsui has his way.

GM: And if he doesn't, it might be Louis Matsui doing some living and dying in the middle of the ring at the hands of Donovan at the next Saturday Night Wrestling!

[Donovan walks the aisle in his usual black boots and black jeans, topped off with a white tank-top. His fists are evidently taped in white tape and his hair is tied back as he steps over the top rope, swinging his other leg over as well.]

GM: Good heavens, look at the size of these two men! When the AWA announced this as a battle of the giants, they were NOT kidding, fans. Robert Donovan is seven foot two, 345 pounds... actually two inches taller than the man from Japan who tips the scales at an even seven feet but packs 420 pounds under that massive waistline. Two absolutely gigantic human beings are about to square off, the Longhorn Heritage Title on the line.

BW: The Television Title, you mean.

GM: I most certainly do not. Louis Matsui can call it that all he wants but that belt carries the heritage of the Longhorn Wrestling Council on it until we're told otherwise.

[Donovan and Mizusawa stand toe-to-toe in the center of the ring for several moments, glaring at one another as the much smaller Mickey Meekly speaks to both men, giving some final instructions. The two giants back away from one another, Donovan hands the title belt off to Meekly who holds it high overhead to the cheers of the crowd. The big man from Florida pulls off his tank-top, turning to toss it over the ropes to the ringside attendant...

...when the giant lumbers across the ring towards his exposed back!]

GM: Uh oh! Look out!

[The referee calls for the bell as Mizusawa smashes a heavy forearm down across the back of Donovan's head and neck.]

GM: Remember, there's only a ten minute time limit in Longhorn Heritage Title matches unless changed by the Championship Committee so both of these men need to hit the ground running and keep the pedal to the metal.

[Mizusawa swings Donovan around, pushing him back against the ropes, winding up his right hand...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd grimaces as Donovan has a giant palm-sized welt deposited on his broad chest. Mizusawa promptly grabs Donovan by the arm, firing him across the ring.]

GM: Gigantic Irish whip by the challenger...

[The Japanese giant attempts a big knife edge chop but Donovan ducks under the swing, bouncing off the far ropes...

...and lifting his long leg, catching Mizusawa under the chin, and sending him staggering backwards!]

GM: BIG BOOT CONNECTS!

[With a staggered giant in front of him, Donovan nods, looking out to the roaring crowd, and mimics picking up Mizusawa for a bodyslam!]

GM: He's calling for the slam! Donovan wants the slam!

[Striding across the ring, Donovan grabs the giant by the hair, throwing a big right hand to the jaw... and a second... and a third bounces off the temple of the big man, staggering him even more.]

GM: He's gonna do it! Donovan's gonna go for it!

[Ducking down, the fan favorite slips an arm up between the legs of Mizusawa, trying to hoist the giant off the mat...

...but falling short... actually falling backwards as the giant comes crashing down on top of him, smashing Donovan under four hundred and twenty pounds!]

GM: OHHHHHHHHH!

BW: THAT'S IT, GORDO!

[Meekly dives to the canvas as Donovan's shoulders are pressed to the mat.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEE- NO! NO! DONOVAN GOT A SHOULDER UP!

BW: He did not! That was a three count! We've got a new champion!

GM: Two count only.

BW: Was that two or was that three?!

[There's a moment of confusion as everyone looks to Mickey Meekly who very clears waves his arms back and forth, holding up two fingers, and pointing to the left shoulder of Robert Donovan which apparently just narrowly escaped the canvas before the third slap of the mat happened.]

BW: That was incredibly close, Gordo! That looked like a three count to me and I think we should be crowning a new champion right now!

GM: It was very close but the referee says it was a two count.

BW: Mickey Meekly is as incompetent as the rest of his family.

[MAMMOTH Mizusawa slowly gets back to his feet, shaking his head at the official as he holds up three very large fingers. Mickey Meekly shakes his head, holding up two in response. Outside the ring, Louis Matsui is enraged, screaming and shouting at anyone who'll listen.]

GM: MAMMOTH Mizusawa believes it was a three count as well but it was n-

[The voice of Louis Matsui suddenly is heard over the ringside mics.]

"IT WAS A THREE, MYERS! DON'T LIE TO THE PEOPLE!"

GM: It was NOT a three count, Mr. Matsui!

[Mizusawa slowly reaches down, hauling a barely-moving Robert Donovan back to his feet. A big knife-edge chop sends Donovan falling back into the buckles, grabbing the top rope to stay on his feet.]

GM: The Japanese giant is back on the attack.

BW: There's blood in the water and you've never seen a shark the size of Mizusawa, daddy!

[Mizusawa moves in on Donovan, winding up his right hand...]

“SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Another big overhead chop!

BW: It's like getting smacked in the chest with a frying pan, Gordo.

GM: What's he going for here?

[Grabbing Donovan by the hair, Mizusawa lets loose a “HAAAA!” and smashes his skull into Donovan's, knocking the taller man down to a knee.]

GM: A thunderous headbutt by the Japanese giant!

BW: Godzilla ain't got nothin' on MAMMOTH Mizusawa!

[The giant grabs Donovan by the arm, winging him across the ring to the opposite corner where the champion hits the buckles hard.]

GM: Hard into the corner goes Donovan... look out here...

[With a “DUUUUUUUU!”, the Japanese giant stampedes across the ring, looking to crush Donovan into the corner with a running avalanche splash...

...but Donovan tugs the ropes hard at the last moment, pulling himself aside!]

GM: OHHH! MIZUSAWA SMASHES HIMSELF INTO THE BUCKLES!!

[Donovan moves back in, trying to seize the moment with a barrage of heavy forearms to the back of the head and neck. He swings the giant around in the corner, continuing the attack with haymakers to the head as Meekly tries to intervene.]

GM: Mickey Meekly's trying to back Donovan down but if I were him, I'd stay the heck away from these two warring monsters!

[Grabbing the giant's arm, Donovan wheels him across the ring to the opposite corner, charging in himself...

...and SMASHING Mizusawa with a corner avalanche! The crowd roars as Louis Matsui pitches a fit outside the ring, smashing his fists into the canvas over and over as he screams at his man.]

GM: Louis Matsui is losing all control out here! He's obviously more concerned with getting into the ring with Robert Donovan at Saturday Night Wrestling than he's letting on!

BW: He's a smart man, Gordo. He's confident in his giant's chances of winning this match but at the same time, he knows what's at stake if he doesn't. Robert Donovan + Louis Matsui in the ring together does not equal a good night for the Matsui Corporation.

GM: But can Robert Donovan do what only one other man has done to MAMMOTH Mizusawa so far? Can he pin the giant's shoulders to the mat for a three count and walk out of here as the Longhorn Heritage Champion?

[With Mizusawa dazed, Donovan steps up to the second rope, holding his well-taped right hand high for one and all to see...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Donovan drops down, looking into the eyes of the staggered Japanese giant. He grabs a handful of hair, pulling him out of the corner towards the center of the ring...]

...and hooks his massive hand around the giant's throat!]

GM: DONOVAN HOOKS HIM! HE'S GONNA CHOKESLAM THE GIANT!

BW: The heck he is, Gordo. There's no chance of that!

[Donovan grits his teeth, bettering his grip as the crowd buzzes with anticipation of the biggest chokeslam in AWA history...]

...and gets a knife-edge chop in the throat for his efforts, sending him staggering back, clutching his neck.]

GM: Ohhh, this crowd could practically taste that chokeslam, Bucky! They wanted to see it happen so badly!

BW: They can forget about it cause it ain't happening here tonight at SuperClash!

[Mizusawa swings Donovan around violently and hooks him by the throat!]

GM: Uh oh! Look out here!

[The Japanese giant braces himself...]

...and powers the 345 pounder into the air, DRIVING him down to the canvas with a chokeslam that shakes the entire ring!]

GM: CHOKESLAM!! CHOKESLAM!! MIZUSAWA CHOKESLAM DONOVAN!!

[Mizusawa drops to a knee, planting his palm in the center of the champion's chest as Mickey Meekly hits the canvas to count. Outside the ring, Louis Matsui can be heard screaming, "IT'S OVER! IT'S OVER! IT'S OVER!"]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[HUGE CHEER!]

GM: MY GOD, DONOVAN GOT THE SHOULDER UP!! ROBERT DONOVAN JUST KICKED OUT OF A CHOKESLAM!!

BW: Meekly counted slow again! It had to be a slow count!

GM: It was not! Robert Donovan just refuses to stay down! That Longhorn Heritage Title means everything to him and he refuses to see it end up in the hands of a man like Louis Matsui!

[MAMMOTH Mizusawa stays on a knee, glaring at the official who backs a few feet away, holding up two fingers safely out of the Japanese giant's reach. Mizusawa climbs to his feet, absolutely seething as he looks down at Donovan who is trying to use the ropes to pull himself off the mat before the 420 pounder can strike again...]

GM: Donovan's up to a knee...

"FIVE MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! FIVE MINUTES REMAIN!"

[Mizusawa approaches the kneeling Donovan from behind...

...and hooks his head between his two massive hands, pushing in from both sides!]

GM: MAMMOTH Crunch! He's crushing Donovan's head between those gigantic hands!

BW: Give up, Donovan! Call it a night!

[But Donovan will do no such thing, grabbing the top rope with both hands and pulling himself towards the ropes.]

GM: He's in the ropes, ref! Call the break!

[The official promptly does exactly that but Mizusawa isn't swift to break the hold, waiting for the official to start a five count.]

GM: Come on, ref! Break it!

BW: He's counting the man - what more do you want?

GM: I want the hold broken! I want-

[Donovan decides to take matters into his own hands, reaching over the ropes to grab the middle rope and pulling hard...

...pulling both himself and Mizusawa over the ropes, both men crashing down to the barely-padded floor in a heap!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: My stars, a very hard fall over the ropes to the floor for both of these gigantic individuals!

[Louis Matsui races around the corner of the ring, shouting at his man to get up.]

GM: That was a pretty bad fall, Bucky.

BW: That's a hard fall for a guy two hundred pounds to take. For these two big men, that's a REAL hard fall to take. Their bodies don't like big falls like that cause it takes a long damn time to get back up.

[With Matsui standing nearby, screaming at his man, Robert Donovan is actually the first to stir, using the ring apron to drag himself to a knee. Matsui shouts at Donovan, telling him to stay down but the seven foot two big man grabs the ropes, tugging himself to his feet. He points a finger at Matsui who quickly retreats, leaving Donovan to turn his attention towards a kneeling Mizusawa.]

GM: Donovan pulls the giant up... big right hand to the skull!

[Grabbing the giant by the back of the head, Donovan SLAMS his skull into the edge of the ring apron to a big cheer!]

GM: And MAMMOTH Mizusawa may be about to find out the hard way that you do NOT want to be outside the ring with a man who made his reputation brawling his way up and down the Texas/Mexico border!

BW: You can take the man out of South Laredo...

[Spinning Mizusawa around, Donovan grabs him by the arm, making a wide sweeping gesture towards the crowd with his off arm...]

GM: Oh my stars... don't do it, Rob!

[With a mighty roar, Donovan rockets Mizusawa from the ring apron towards the steel barricade...

...which immediately becomes unhitched upon impact, the barricade falling over into the front row as fans go scurrying away!]

GM: OH! MY! STARS!

BW: The entire front row just traded their tickets for the nose bleed seats, daddy! Holy cow!

GM: DONOVAN THREW MIZUSAWA THROUGH THE BARRICADE!! INCREDIBLE!!

[Matsui rushes to his man's side, frantically fanning him with his jacket as Donovan leans against the ring apron, soaking up a second wind as the referee slides to the floor, rushing over to see if Mizusawa can continue.]

GM: Mickey Meekly's out here at ringside now... trying to see if the giant will rise again and continue the fight...

[Pushing off the apron, Donovan shakes his head as he approaches the wrecked ringside barricade. He reaches over, grabbing Meekly by the shirt and yanking him away.]

“AIN’T NO ONE STOPPIN’ THIS BUT ME!”

[Meekly backs off, sliding back into the ring as Donovan reaches down, yanking hard on Mizusawa’s arm to drag him out of the wreckage, pulling him back towards the ring where he shoves the giant under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Donovan puts Mizusawa back in... he steps up on the apron...

[Louis Matsui rushes forward, grabbing Donovan by the leg, trying to slow him down and prevent any further attack...

...and he EATS a boot to the chest, sending him toppling backwards to the floor. Donovan slowly turns, shaking his head and pointing a warning finger at Matsui as he steps over the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Matsui’s down and the champion’s looking to end this right now!

[Donovan stands over Mizusawa’s prone form for a moment, looking out to the roaring crowd...

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

GM: LEGDROP! LEGDROP FROM DONOVAN!!

[The seven foot two inch Donovan rolls over into a lateral press, reaching back to hook a leg...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: SHOULDER UP! MIZUSAWA GOT A SHOULDER UP!! MY STARS!

[Donovan pushes up to his knees, burying his head in his hands for a moment before throwing his head back with a roar.]

GM: Donovan thought he had him there! The big man knows he’s going to have a heck of a time slamming the giant - the chokeslam and the gutwrench powerbomb are almost certainly not gonna happen. So what? What can he do, Bucky?

BW: He can tap out, give the belt to the giant, and go home! He won the title - he should be proud of himself. Now retire and call it a day.

“THREE MINUTES REMAIN! THREE MINUTES!”

GM: Three minutes left! Whatever he’s gonna do, he needs to do it fast! He needs to-

[Suddenly, Louis Matsui is up on the apron, steel chair in hand!]

GM: Get him down from there!

[Donovan pushes up to his feet, completely ignoring Matsui who is wielding the chair out on the apron...

...and points to the corner.]

GM: What the...?

BW: There's no way.

[Nodding his head, Donovan strides across the ring, stepping over the ropes to the ring apron.]

BW: THERE'S NO WAY!

[The seven footer shakes his head, almost in disbelief about what he's thinking of doing. He puts a foot on the bottom rope, slowly moving as if he's trying to convince himself to keep going.]

GM: Robert Donovan is climbing the ropes!

BW: Not yet he's not! The seven foot two beast is scared!

GM: This is completely out of his usual arsenal, Bucky. I don't know what he's thinking of doing out there but this is the sign of a desperate man! He's used to using his big power moves to finish an opponent but that's not gonna work against Mizusawa!

[The crowd is roaring for the big man as he steps to the middle rope, pausing to adjust his footing as he stares into the ring at Mizusawa...

...and then slowly moves his left foot to the top rope, trying to steady himself!]

GM: DONOVAN'S UP TOP!! ROBERT DONOVAN IS ON THE TOP ROPE!!

[The seven footer is clinging to the ropes like a man absolutely terrified to be where he is, trying to keep his balance. The fear on his face is easily seen as he slowly releases his grip on the ropes...]

GM: ROBERT DONOVAN IS GONNA FLY!!

[And the seven foot two beast **THROWS** himself off the top rope, sailing through the air to the absolutely deafening roars of the crowd, launching himself towards a downed Mizusawa!]

GM: OFF THE TOOOOOOOOOOOP!

[The crowd **EXPLODES** as Donovan lands, his lower leg bouncing across the upper body of Mizusawa in the world's biggest flying legdrop!]

GM: LEGDROP OFF THE TOP!! MY GOD IN HEAVEN, WHAT DID WE JUST SEE?!?

BW: He didn't hit it all but he may have gotten enough of it!

[Donovan grabs his tailbone, wincing in pain as he throws himself across the chest of the downed Mizusawa. Mickey Meekly, having heard the impact, swings around to make the count...

...but a desperate Louis Matsui wraps his arms around the upper body of Meekly, preventing him from making the count!]

GM: What the-?! Get him down! Somebody get him down!

BW: Matsui's saving himself right here!

“TWO MINUTES LEFT!”

[Donovan pushes himself to his knees, looking over to spot Matsui keeping Meekly from making the count. He strides across the ring...

...and wraps his hand around Matsui's throat!]

GM: DONOVAN'S GOT MATSUI!!

[The manager struggles against the big man's grip, swatting the arm that is gripping his throat. Donovan is shouting at Matsui, shaking him back and forth like a ragdoll.]

BW: THE GIANT! THE GIANT IS RISING!

[Staggered but not beaten, MAMMOTH Mizusawa slowly climbs to his feet, shaking off the effects of the not-completely-hit flying legdrop. He staggers towards the ropes where he sees the champion tormenting his manager.]

GM: Mizusawa's coming up from behind!

[A big double axehandle across the back breaks Donovan's grip on Matsui. The manager, gasping for air, leans down and picks up the steel chair he had earlier as Mizusawa leans against the ropes, trying to steady himself as Donovan stumbles back to the middle of the ring.]

GM: Matsui's trying to give Mizusawa a chair! He's trying to get him to use the chair on Donovan!

[An angry Mizusawa snatches the chair out of Matsui's hands, shouting something in Japanese in his direction. Matsui looks shocked, dropping down off the apron with a glare at his charge who turns around, chair in hand...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

GM: DONOVAN KICKED THE CHAIR INTO HIS FACE!! HE KICKED THE CHAIR INTO THE GIANT'S FACE!!!

[The big boot connected for a second time in the match, smashing the steel chair into the mush of MAMMOTH Mizusawa, a blow that sends the chair sailing over the ropes to the floor as Mizusawa stumbles forward...

...and Donovan winds his right arm back, SLAMMING his fist into the chest of Mizusawa, causing the giant to topple down to the canvas!]

GM: BLACKHEART PUNCH! BLACKHEART PUNCH!

[Donovan dives across the huge chest of his opponent, reaching back for a leg.]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEEEEE!!!!

“DING! DING! DING!”

[An exhausted Donovan rolls off the downed Mizusawa, raising his taped fist in the air.]

BW: HE HIT HIM WITH A TAPED FIST! AND A CHAIR!

GM: He certainly did! And Robert Donovan has done what only one other man has done! He's defeated the giant! Robert Donovan has walked into SuperClash III as the Longhorn Heritage Champion and he's walking OUT of SuperClash III still the Longhorn Heritage Champion! The big man is on top of the world!

BW: This isn't right! This isn't fair! The AWA continues to let animals like Donovan do whatever the heck they want in there! Can you deny he used a steel chair, Gordo?

GM: He did not USE a chair! He defended himself against an opponent who had a chair in his hands!

BW: Well, you at least can't deny he's in there with taped fists.

GM: That much is true but the official didn't seem to mind it so I'm assuming he was approved by the Championship Committee to have his fists taped.

BW: That's what I'm saying! The Committee has screwed over Louis Matsui here tonight in Southaven!

[The camera cuts outside the ring where Louis Matsui's face has gone white with shock.]

GM: And that man, Louis Matsui, is going to have to climb inside the ring with Robert Donovan at the next Saturday Night Wrestling! Hahah! I love it!

[A tired Donovan smiles as the Longhorn Heritage Title belt is given back to him while Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Your winner of the match... and STILL LONGHORN HERITAGE CHAMPION...

ROOOOOOOBERRRRRT DONNNNNNNNOOOVAAAAAN!

[Donovan pushes up to his feet, leaning against the buckles tiredly as he raises the title belt high over his head.]

GM: Robert Donovan retains the title in one heck of a Battle of the Giants, fans, and he's gonna get five minutes with Matsui! Incredible!

[A freaked out Louis Matsui walks from the ringside area, looking down in shock at the floor. He's silent, almost stoic as he heads back up the aisle towards the locker room as Donovan celebrates his victory in front of the roaring crowd.]

GM: This has been one heck of a night so far, fans, and we're only at the halfway point. We've still got five big matches yet to come and coming up next, we've got a match that could be the most personal of the night. Recently, we found that "Showtime" Rick Marley's father, Sean, had a past connection to the madman, James Monosso. In fact, it was Monosso who was responsible for ending Sean Marley's career - a feat he has promised to repeat right here tonight with Rick. Now, I understand we got some words

from James Monosso... god knows who would agree to interview him... but let's run that right now...

[We cut to the backstage interview area. Here, we see the burly form of James Monosso, resident psychotic. The tall, stringy black-but-greying haired wildman is wearing a cutoff orange "SYRACUSE" T-Shirt over his usual one-strap black singlet with silver trim, black electrical tape wristbands, and his usual wild-eyed expression. He is alone; Jason Dane is not present.]

JM: Dane wouldn't interview me, so I'm gonna interview myself.

[He's not kidding. He puts a blue clip-on tie on his T-Shirt, steps to the left, and interrogates empty air.]

JM: James Monosso, what do you think about Rick Marley's so-called righteous indignation?

[And then he yanks off the tie, steps to the right, and answers the empty air.]

JM: Well, James Monosso, I think it's a crock of s...

[James takes an abrupt mid-word quick step, holds the tie up to his chest, and interrupts himself.]

JM: DON'T SAY THAT WORD, JAMES MONOSSO!

[Then he goes back to the right. And since you get the gist of what he's doing now, I'll stop denoting it every time.]

JM: ...herpes! It's a crock of herpes!

JM: I don't think those come in crocks, James Monosso!

JM: Well, James Monosso, I don't know what comes in crocks, but I'll tell you what's going to come in a box! And that's Rick Marley, because I can't stand his selfish anger. What are you mad about, Marley? 'Cause I crippled your old man? No, no, let me tell you what crippled your old man. This sport crippled your old man. His spine was already basically torn to ribbons, and I just gave it the final snap!

I sure didn't see you cryin' about breakin' a kid's neck in Arizona two years ago. "It happens", you said. An' you were right! It happens! Broken backs happen in this sport. Broken necks happen in this sport. Sudden deaths in a hotel room happen in this sport. Who do you think you are to single me out? What I did, I did in a match. I didn't do it to cripple the guy; I did it to win! I don't see you cryin' about what they did to Vasquez, or to Weaver, or to Von Braun, or to Riley, or to Houston, or to anybody else who got took out outside a match around this place. That blood is fresh! It's still cryin' for vengeance! But no, you single ME out, 'cause it's YOUR daddy who couldn't take care of himself in a match against me!

He knew the risks by that time; he wasn't like one of these idiots that Michaelson suckers in with illusions of grandeur. He knew he was an invalid-in-waiting, and by now, you know it too. Your body ain't in all that great of a shape, either! You talk about all the big dangerous lunatics you fought in the past... an' you know what? You tried to cripple THEM! You tried to break their knees and fingers and end their careers, all because you knew they were bigger and more violent, and they'd crush you if you didn't. So then you threaten me?

HYPOCRITE!

[Monosso lashes out in anger, kicking the mic stand over.]

JM: IDIOT!

[Then he smashes the 'SuperClash' backdrop. Well, really, he just knocks it over because it wasn't affixed to anything. The director breathes a sigh of relief at not having to replace that thing mid-show.]

JM: You threaten me?! You hypocritical little prick, I'm going to pull your arms off and shove them up your...

JM: YOU CAN'T SAY THAT WORD EITHER, JAMES MO...

[*WHACK* That's right... he punched himself.]

JM: YOUR ASS! I WILL SHOVE THEM UP YOUR ASS, AND I DON'T EVEN CARE THAT THIS ISN'T REALLY POSSIBLE! I'LL GET AS FAR AS I CAN BEFORE THEY TASE ME!

[Rant over... the rage goes back under again. Back to a simmer, and a hard glare.]

JM: And you'd have to be INSANE to think otherwise.

[He throws the mic off-screen and strides towards the entranceway. Immediately following that, Percy Childes waddles onscreen. He just stares at the knocked-over backdrop and shakes his head.]

PC: And that's why I wouldn't interview him either.

[Percy follows his charge, and we cut back to the arena.]

BW: That interviewer forgot to throw it back down, Gordo. He needs trainin'. I volunteer you.

GM: No thank you.

BW: Wonder if he's gonna get fined for punching an interviewer...

[The shrill piano of "The Theme From Halloween" starts up, and the fans stand and boo mightily.]

*DING*DING*

PW: The following Special Challenge match is set for one fall, and a thirty-minute time limit!

Coming down the aisle... introducing first the manager... "The Collector Of Oddities" Percy Childes!

[BOO!]

PW: He represents... from The State Of Confusion... weighing two-hundred eighty-eight pounds...

...JAMES MONOSSO !!

[There is a roar of boos from the crowd. Though he wasn't present for the interview, Percy Childes enters first. Tonight, Childes is clad formally, in a black tuxedo, white undershirt, and black pants. The bald, short, pudgy manager is bearing the ever-present crystal-tipped cane, and has a knowing smirk on his face.]

GM: Childes still wearing that tuxedo from his attendance of Scott Von Braun's retirement ceremony, which he turned into a nightmare.

BW: He might turn this match into Rick Marley's nightmare. And if he don't, Monosso will, daddy.

[Behind him walks Monosso, stepping through a thin grey mist against which the house spotlights are playing. The madman is slowly moving with a hunched-over posture as if he's trying to sneak up on the ring. We can now see that, besides the orange T-Shirt and singlet, he's wearing black boots.]

BW: I wonder if he learned any dynamic new offense in Japan?

GM: I think we all know the answer to that one. The more pertinent question is Monosso's motive in this match. Rick Marley is highly motivated to defeat him... or worse. Does Monosso have the same drive?

BW: Didn't you hear what he just said? Monosso hates hypocrites...

GM: Self-loathing isn't uncommon among psychiatric ward inmates.

BW: ...and especially when they single him out! He's right! Rick Marley tried to make his big flashy entrance to the AWA by embarrassing Monosso, and now he's got the nerve to be mad about something that happened, what, fourteen years ago? Who does he think he is?

GM: Fourteen or four-hundred, Bucky. Blood is thicker than water, and Monosso ended his father's career. He never knew who did it until Percy Childes told Monosso... who didn't even remember himself!

[By now, Monosso has reached the ring. He slowly ascends the ring steps, enters the ring... and now he's standing straight and powerwalking in the ring, readying himself mentally (uh, yes?) for his opponent. Childes remains at ringside, waiting patiently in his corner.]

BW: Oh sure. Blame Percy.

GM: Percy Childes does nothing without reason. I wonder why he decided to up the ante here?

[The music has stopped, and the fans rise in anticipation...]

PW: And his opponent...

[Cheer!]

Father... Forgive me the wrongs I have done... and those... I am about to do.

[The arena lights dim as laser lights begin to play around the roof of the arena for a five count. Suddenly, a pair of white pyro bursts set in time with the bass drum light up the entryway as the remainder of "Saints of Los Angeles" by Motley Crue floods the PA system. As the audience's eyes adjust to the light level again, they see "Showtime" Rick Marley making his way to the ring. The fair skinned light heavyweight has his long dark hair pulled back in a pony tail and wears a midnight blue set of long legged trunks with the word "Showtime" stitched across the butt. White spotlights trail up from his black boots and cascade up the pant legs.

Marley slaps hands with the fans at ringside until he is about 15 feet from the ring, at which point he sprints the distance. Normally, he slides under the bottom rope. But this time, he stops himself at the apron, glaring at Monosso with a cautious posture.]

PW: From Allentown, Pennsylvania... weighing in at two hundred and twenty-one pounds...

..."SHOWTIME" RICK MARLEY !!

[Marley slides cautiously into the ring, but Monosso isn't lunging wildly to the attack. The maniac is in center ring, waving his much smaller foe on.]

GM: Monosso wanting Marley to bring the fight to him! He's wearing that Syracuse shirt as a reminder, Bucky... a reminder of what James Monosso did to his father, "High Flying" Sean Marley, in Syracuse, New York, in 1997. Will Marley take the bait?

[As his music dies down, Rick Marley goes to his corner. He's glaring, but not rushing in.]

*DING*DING*DING*

GM: Marty Meekly calls for the bell, and we are underway! Rick Marley showing very wise restraint here. A direct frontal assault against James Monosso would likely be suicidal.

BW: Demandin' this match was already suicidal, if ya ask me.

GM: Marley circling Monosso, who is standing in the center of the ring. And... collar-and-elbow lock-up.

[Being much stronger, James easily starts forcing Marley back towards a corner. But Marley is able to use the momentum to whip Monosso to the canvas with a quick armdrag!]

BW: Marley can take him down, Gordo. But we know that. The question is, how to keep him down.

GM: Eric Preston showed us that it can be done.

BW: Eric Preston also showed us the price ya gotta pay to pull that off. Marley's got a lot more years on the odometer than Preston does; he might not have the funds ta pay that price.

GM: They lock up again, and this time Monosso takes a side headlock! Using that power to wrench on Marley's head. Rick Marley wrestling at a bit above his normal weight here, having put on some extra muscle to help him get out of his enemy's grasp. But he's still no match for Monosso in the power department.

BW: Well, that's gonna hurt. But if you're Marley, you gotta be thankin' whatever ya worship that Monosso is tryin' ta wrestle him for some reason.

GM: He does seem to be keeping it civil for now. Marley backing Monosso up to the ropes, and now pushing him off... no sir. Monosso far too strong to be shoved off like that.

BW: It was worth tryin', because James ain't exactly a technical wizard. He might not cinch up tight in a hold, even a basic one.

GM: And we see it there, as Marley able to use a single-leg takedown to escape the hold. Monosso down, and Marley applying a headscissors... controlling the arm... he's applied an armbar-headscissors combination! Monosso struggling a bit in the hold.

BW: Dislocatin' James' shoulder wouldn't be a bad move. That's what this hold could do. That headscissors is meant ta hyperextend the shoulder.

GM: Monosso able to use his free arm to pry the headscissors off! Now he stands up... and a shortarm clothesline by Monosso! He just stood up, yanked Marley off the mat, and clotheslined him! Raw power!

BW: Tried ta hold the armbar a bit too long. Shoulda let go when Monosso started gettin' up.

GM: Monosso with an elbow to the back of the head as Marley is up quickly. He picks his man up for a body slam, and plants him into the canvas with it! Going to drop the elbow... and Marley with a legscissor takedown before James can do that, sending the big man to his back! Marley corralling the leg, and applies a kneebar!

BW: This might be safer than armholds, Gordo. Marley already has a huge mobility advantage, but workin' on a leg could help him escape better if James gets hold of him.

GM: We are seeing, so far, a shockingly clean wrestling match. Rick Marley is using mat wrestling, and James Monosso is trying to apply his strength and power in a legal manner. I was not expecting this.

BW: Monosso is... talkin' to him, Gordo. That might be more disturbin' than anything else he might have done in there.

[Indeed, James has sat up, and though he is gritting his teeth at the contortion of his left leg, he is nonetheless apparently telling Marley something. Marley's facial expression goes from 'focused' to 'irate' in short order.]

GM: Uh oh. Rick Marley is a hardened veteran, and should really know better.

BW: Some emotions go beyond logic, Gordo.

GM: The burly veteran Monosso uses his free leg to kick Marley in the face! Now trying to pry Rick's grip loose... and does so. James Monosso stands up, and he's grabbed one of Marley's legs. Rick tries to roll away... and Monosso with another shortarm clothesline, using the leg this time!

BW: That'd be a shortLEG clothesline! James Monosso isn't gonna let Rick Marley run around the ring and play keepaway!

GM: It was a heavy, heavy blow. Marley is stunned, and Monosso is hammering away at him! Marley is on the mat, and Monosso has straddled him and is throwing punches! Blatant closed fists!

BW: The funny thing is, that's still a lot cleaner than normal James Monosso.

GM: That doesn't excuse it. Relativism has no place here. Marley defending himself with blocking, but the madman is throwing combinations and getting some clean hits past the defense! Finally, Rick Marley slides out from underneath!

[Not only that, but he gets to his feet so quickly that he circles behind his lunatic foe before he can stand! Monosso looks around, and by the time he locates his quarry, the Allentown native has already launched a dropkick!]

GM: DROPKICK BY MARLEY!

BW: Staggers him, but no effect.

GM: And another!

BW: Waste of time and energy.

GM: A third dropkick!

BW: Ain't veterans supposed to scout?

GM: AND MONOSSO HAMMERS HIM WITH A HEAVY DOUBLE AXEHANDLE TO THE STERNUM, KNOCKING HIM FLAT!

BW: Someone take dictation. "Dear World: Do Not Strike James Monosso. It Does Not Help. Love, Senator Wilde."

GM: The blows were hurting him, Bucky!

[Monosso puts his knee in Marley's esophagus and uses the ropes to push down. Meekly puts on the count... Monosso breaks at four, then does it again. As he does, Bucky gives some analysis:]

BW: Yes. But they weren't injuring him. You ain't gonna beat Monosso that way unless you're a monster yourself, an' go back an' see how Alex Martinez fared when he tried it. He darn near lost, and was never the same after that match! Monosso told everyone, told the whole world, that was exactly what was going to happen... and look how it all played out. Exactly what Monosso said. They'll drive in the final nail on Martinez' coffin tonight, but James Monosso dug th' hole for it. So what hope does Rick Marley have?

GM: People have discounted and underestimated Rick Marley for his entire career. I can't believe that it is still happening!

[After choking Marley, James knees him in the ribs as he stands, and smashes him in the side of the head with a swift, hard haymaker. That drops Marley to his back... but not _flat_ on his back. Rather, he tucks and does a backwards roll all the way to his feet, gets a quick two-step start, and barrels into Monosso with a spinning leg lariat! The stunning move floors the psycho! The crowd cheers as the momentum turns in an instant!]

GM: AND WE JUST SAW WHY RIGHT THERE! Monosso let his guard down and Marley recovered into a beautiful offensive maneuver!

BW: His guard's never up, Gordo. He never guards!

GM: "Showtime" is to his feet, and off the ropes as the big maniac stands... dropkick to the left knee! Monosso drops to a knee, and Marley boots him right in the face!

[The hard kick is met with a death glare, and Monosso lunges, only to be sidestepped with ease. He turns, and is promptly hiptossed by the Pennsylvanian technician.]

GM: Blind lunge gets nowhere, and Marley with the hiptoss to put Monosso down! Rick Marley moving around after every attack, to keep Monosso off-balance and unaware! A lightning-fast dropkick to the back of the head, and that dropped James Monosso to his knees! Hit and run tactics are in full effect now!

BW: The problem with hit and run is the hitting isn't going to matter. The only thing this can do for Marley is get Monosso tired eventually, and that takes a lot longer than you'd think. You can't nickel-and-dime him like this unless you have a plan to beat him; this looks a lot more effective than it really is.

GM: Marley with a beautiful tumbling clothesline, taking Monosso off his feet again! Both men up, and another hiptoss...

JM: AAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHH!

[Whoa. That hiptoss sees Monosso land with a thud, and suddenly, he flips over to his stomach, holding his back and screaming!]

JM: AAAHHHH! MY BACK! IT FINALLY GAVE! AAAAAH! REFEREE!

[Marty Meekly descends, asking Monosso if he is forfeiting.]

GM: What... what just happened? That was just a hiptoss! Did... did all these years of abuse finally catch up with James Monosso?!

[Marley's eyes bulge as he is totally taken offguard by this. Monosso crawls... emitting a pained, muted cry with each move, until he gets to Marley's feet...]

JM: ...HELP... HELP ME...

[Looking down at the madman, Rick hesitates...]

JM: ...HELP ME UP... MY SON!

[Beat.]

JM: ...AHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

[And then he starts laughing. Percy Childes slaps his knee laughing. Bucky Wilde... well...]

BW: HA HA HA HA HA! THAT WAS CLASSIC!

[The fans are INFURIATED, booing madly! And even their rage doesn't match the other man in the ring; Rick Marley snarls with rage, and jumps down on Monosso throwing punches wildly!]

GM: THAT WAS SICKENING! THAT WAS... I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT! MARLEY HAS SNAPPED, AND WHO COULD POSSIBLY BLAME HIM! I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THAT! HOW LOW CAN YOU GO?!

BW: Not very, if you're Sean Marley! He sucks at Limbo nowadays! HA HA HA HA!

GM: Monosso is being punched in the face, and he's STILL laughing! He's as sick as ever!

BW: Well, let's see. Going directly at Monosso... check.

GM: Monosso stands up, and Marley is choking him!

[Well, he was. Once Monosso gets to his feet, he reaches a big meaty hand out and snatches Marley's windpipe. His jovial laughing smile twists into a nasty grin, and he hoists Marley up a short distance before blasting him back down, dropping to his knees to drive him into the canvas with authority!]

GM: There's that short chokeslam of James Monosso, and Rick Marley walked right into it!

BW: What's that Marley's saying? "HELP ME UP, MY DADDY!" HA HA HA HA HA!

GM: Horrible! What a horrible, evil...

BW: Brilliant.

GM: ...it was, actually. Now I'm even more disturbed. THAT is not like James Monosso.

BW: No, but this is! He's got Marley up off the mat...

[*T H U D*]

BW: ...POWERSLAM, DADDY!

[The camera gets a shot of Percy Childes, who has gotten off of his chair, and is now calling in instructions to Monosso. "PIN HIM", he is yelling. James was about to get up, but hears Percy and goes back down, hooking a leg.]

GM: Childes...

BW: Yeah, he told James to go for a pin, and he got two! That was closer than you'd think you could get Marley so early in a match.

GM: That's it! Bucky... it's Percy Childes!

BW: Uhhhh... yes, Gordo. Yes, it is. He's been there the whole time.

[Monosso pulls off his Syracuse shirt. His one-strap black singlet with silver trim has something extra on the front. SUPERCLASH 2012 is written in small block letters in silver, above a silver logo... an outline of a section of ring barricade. Marley sees this,

and lunges for him again, only to get the shirt jammed into his throat and wrapped around for a choke!]

GM: No, no, no... this whole strategy. Not just in the match, but this whole Marley vs Monosso feud! Who reminded Monosso that he's the one who injured Sean Marley?

BW: Childes.

GM: Why?

BW: ...uh, I dunno.

GM: And now this strategy? This mind manipulation? This is classic Percy Childes! We've already seen it tonight with the Von Braun situation! James Monosso would never do this on his own; this is all Percy Childes! Childes has some sort of agenda here, and this whole feud is part of it! But what?

[Monosso picks up Marley by the shirt, starts to Irish-whip him with it... and then YANKS back abruptly with a whiplash-inducing move that causes Marley to crash to the ground holding his neck! Meekly gets hold of the shirt and throws it into the crowd as Monosso drops a short non-King Kong version of a kneedrop into the neck of Rick Marley.]

BW: Well, for now, why don't we watch it happen? Because James just unveiled a classy homage to Sean Marley on his singlet, choked Marley, and is now tryin' ta pull his head off.

GM: Monosso with a neck wrench! Pushing down on the head while pulling up on the chin! About as technical as it gets for Monosso, this is a hold that is all about using your power to pull a man's head off. Monosso is focusing his offense, and that just shows me that Percy Childes has meticulously planned this! None of us gave a thought to Childes in this whole situation, Bucky!

BW: He's a genius, Gordo. Didn't I tell you that earlier?

GM: When he was out here making an old man cry?

BW: Yup.

GM: Disgusting. Marley is getting to his feet, and... twists his body around to escape the grip of Monosso! But a European Uppercut by the madman staggers "Showtime"!

BW: Percy is yelling in to go for the submission!

GM: Monosso grabs Marley, hooks his head... HE IS TRYING TO TURN HIM OVER INTO THE SANITY CHECK! IF HE DOES THAT, IT IS OVER!

BW: The Hangman neckbreaker hold! And it really does break necks!

GM: HE'S GOT HIM UP...

[He does, but the Hangman isn't that effective against small, agile wrestlers with a lot of body control. Before James can straighten up to get Marley's body weight off his back, Rick kicks up, flipping over James' head to land in front of him! The crowd cheers the escape!]

GM: Marley escapes! Monosso with a boot to the... no! Rick Marley catches his foot... legdrag takedown! That "dragon screw" can do some damage to the knee!

BW: And THAT is the kind of offense you want against Monosso!

GM: Marley pulling that strap on Monosso's trunks, and choking him with it!

BW: We've seen James choked into unconsciousness before! This can work!

GM: Not if he breaks at the count, and he does. Then choking again... Marley turning around Monosso... REVERSE NECKBREAKER USING THE STRAP AROUND THE NECK!

BW: Ow!

GM: Fire being fought with fire right there! "Showtime" Rick Marley dropping an elbow... and another... and another! Three quick elbowdrops to the neck area, and he scoops the legs... HE IS GOING FOR THE SHOWSTOPPER! HIS VERSION OF THE SCORPION DEATHLOCK!

BW: Way too early! Monosso kicked him off!

GM: I doubt Monosso could escape that hold if it were applied, and Marley knows it! But he was far too premature in going for it; his anger has clouded his judgement!

BW: If Monosso had landed that shot, it would have clouded his vision!

["That shot" refers to a big right hand uppercut that Marley dodges. The athletic superstar rushes to the ropes and careens off with a clip to the leg! He then goes to the turnbuckles, ascending them in a hurry!]

GM: Rick Marley using the high-risk maneuvers...

[*W H A C K!*

GM: ...AND THE RISK BACKFIRED!

[The capacity crowd boos as Monosso counters the attempted missile dropkick by swatting Marley's feet to the side, and hammering him with a brutal clubbing forearm as his upper body swung around!]

BW: He turned him around in mid-air and spiked him down like a volleyball, daddy! HA HA!

GM: Rick Marley has been manipulated into being too aggressive, and he has paid for it! James Monosso picking up Marley... he has him up in the fireman's lift! Running towards the corner...

[As the crowd boos, Monosso runs Marley's head into the top turnbuckle, then uses the recoil of that to toss his upper body up and all the way over, slamming him onto his back! Percy is yelling, "FINISH IT! PUT HIM AWAY!".]

BW: HAPPY VALLEY DRIVER!

GM: What an impact, and this could be moments away from a stunning victory! Marley is hurt! Monosso lifting him up... side waistlock... HE'S GOING FOR THE DESCENT INTO MADNESS TO END IT!

[But it is not to be, as Rick Marley still has plenty of reserve. He flips all the way over Monosso with a floatover counter, landing on his feet behind him! The crowd cheers!]

GM: Countered!

BW: But Monosso elbowed him in the face! He wasn't taken off-guard by the counter! An' he's goin' for it again, Gordo!

GM: A second attempt! DESCENT INTO... NO! Marley flips up and over again, and this time Marley immediately launches himself up at Monosso, wrapping his legs around his head and twisting into a satellite headscissors takedown to the approval of this great crowd!

BW: This 'great crowd' is getting on my nerves!

GM: I think they're getting on Monosso's nerves as well! The maniac is up, but he is monkey-flipped back down immediately! Marley is re-establishing his strategy! The danger he was in seems to have called attention to what Monosso was doing, and he is re-focused on the match!

BW: But was the damage done?

GM: We'll see. Marley with a slide-step in, and a brilliant headlock takedown... and some quick kneesmashes thrown by "Showtime" on the mat! He stands up, scoops a leg... kicked away by Monosso! Monosso gets up, and headbutts him! Waistlock... is he trying again?!

BW: He tried again, but Marley went sideways and armdragged him across the ring! Monosso is gonna have to break him back down if he wants that Descent Into Madness!

GM: Look at James Monosso!

[Oh, yes, look at him. The eyes have gone wild, and he's back to his usual posture and glare. Percy seems to sense that something is wrong, and yells "Stick to the plan!" at Monosso. The response is a bullrush into Marley.]

GM: Monosso rushes Marley... drop-toe-hold takes down the big man! It looks like Monosso is now the one losing focus!

BW: He's crazy, Gordo! He don't have no patience, and he can't remember things for long! If he got frustrated with the plan, he'll throw it out the window and Marley with it!

GM: Marley tries to maintain the toehold, but Monosso uses the ropes to pull himself up! Rick gets to his feet, and... eyerake by Monosso! James Monosso boots Rick Marley in the chest, runs after him... OH MY WORD!

[The lunatic launches a clothesline, driving Marley back into the ropes. James tumbles over the top rope, bringing Marley over with him! Monosso lands on his feet on the floor... not being in control of the flip-over-the-ropes, Rick lands on his back! The crowd reacts loudly to this development, and so does Childes.]

PC: No, JAMES! KEEP IT IN THE RING! WE NEED TO WIN THE MATCH!

GM: Childes is upset, and Monosso is out of control! He's pulling the mats to expose the concrete floor!

BW: I don't see what Percy's so upset about! Rick Marley's in a world of trouble, daddy!

GM: Monosso picking up Marley... BRUTAL BODYSLAM ON THE CONCRETE! THAT WAS SICK!

[After the body slam, Monosso clutches his ears as the boos of the crowd are deafening. He takes a swipe at a group of young men sitting ringside as they are badmouthing him. Then he goes back to stomping on Marley.]

BW: Just in time, Gordo. Monosso's focus is startin' to fade. But after slammin' Marley on the concrete, it might not matter.

GM: That should be a disqualification... and if not, THIS WILL BE! MONOSSO IS GOING FOR THE PILEDRIVER! THIS MOVE IS BANNED IN MEMPHIS!

BW: On the concrete! IN MEMPHIS! I think this really is against state law!

GM: OH, NO! NO!

[The fans, already standing to see the outside-the-ring action, scream and shout as Monosso lifts Marley upside down for the piledriver over that spot of bare concrete! He holds him up for less than a second, but that seems like an eternity... and then...

...Marley kicks his legs wildly, and manages to free himself from that predicament! His legs go back down to the ground, and he straightens up abruptly with a back body drop that sends his psychopathic opponent up and over onto the concrete! The fans roar in relief and approval!]

GM: HE COUNTERED!

BW: OH, NO! NO!

GM: RICK MARLEY SENT MONOSSO INTO THE CONCRETE FLOOR THAT TIME!
The complexion of the match may have just changed!

BW: That was illegal in Memphis too! Where is that dumb referee?

[That 'dumb referee' is currently having a chat with Percy Childes. Childes, sensing that the countout was near, has just gotten up on the apron to offer some valuable insight to Marty Meekly, stopping his count.]

GM: Percy Childes trying to get Meekly to stop counting, and I guess he did! Marley rolling into the ring now, and Childes beating a retreat!

BW: Stay away from him, Percy! He's a dangerous egomaniac!

["Showtime" grabs the top rope, and points down at a recovering Monosso... looking at the crowd to inspire more cheering. They urge him to 'do it'! So he does, leaning way back and slingshotting himself over the top rope with a somersault pescado! The crowd goes crazy!]

GM: WHAT A SPECTACULAR MANEUVER! MARLEY SMASHED INTO MONOSSO AND SENT HIM RIGHT BACK DOWN INTO THE CONCRETE FLOOR!

BW: This is what Percy was afraid of! Rick's too mobile for him out there on the floor! Yeah, Monosso can do the heavy damage, but a guy like Marley can withstand some of that long enough to turn the tables in just this way.

GM: Marley now rolling Monosso into the ring! The man from Allentown, a champion all over the world, is fighting possibly his most personal battle ever, and he will not be intimidated! He is going up to the top rope! MARLEY LEAPS!

[Flashbulbs pop all over the colosseum as "Showtime" Rick Marley soars gracefully through the air, his legs arcing upwards as his upper body points down at the mat, until he makes a sharp tuck at the end to smash with his upper back into the ribcage of Monosso... all of his weight going vertically into him with the senton bomb. The fans continue loudly cheering!]

BW: NO! THAT'S THE HIGHLIGHT REEL!

GM: THAT COULD DO IT! MARLEY WITH THE PIN! ONE!

[And then the cheers suddenly stop, as James Monosso kicks out at one... by snatching Marley by the throat with one hand and choking him!]

BW: You ain't gonna kill a monster that easy, daddy!

GM: Monosso standing up! He's got Marley by the neck... headbutt! A second headbutt! And a big left hook! All while choking Rick Marley blatantly!

[Monosso then uses his other hand to grasp Marley's abdomen, and presses him straight overhead with ease! He looks around for the best spot, finds it, and sprints towards the ropes!]

JM: GET OUT OF HERE!

GM: MARLEY SLIPPED OUT THE BACK DOOR JUST IN TIME!

[The Gorilla Press throw over the top rope is avoided at the last instant, and the madman from the State Of Confusion stops, momentarily as confused as his fictional hometown would imply. Thus, he doesn't even turn around in time as Marley throws his weight forward into a dropkick to the upper back, sending Monosso tumbling head-over-heels over the top rope to the floor! The fans love it!]

BW: And this time it's the big man who takes the big fall! And that's the kind o' big offense that will have a big effect even on Monosso! He can't take too many of those!

GM: Monosso is stunned on the floor! Marley pumping up the crowd, but I think inside he's deciding whether to press the attack out there! It's dangerous to go after Monosso on the floor!

BW: If he goes straight at him, yeah! But if you get Monosso hurt, it don't matter where it is, daddy! You GOT to go get him, because he recovers too quick!

GM: Marley runs towards the corner... JUMPS TO THE SECOND TURNBUCKLE... OVER THE TOP...

BW: MONOSSO CAUGHT HIM, GORDO! LOOK AT THAT!

[Indeed, a beautiful springboard from the second turnbuckle into a graceful flying bodypress is stopped cold as a now-standing James Monosso catches Rick Marley in mid-air! He presses him overhead... and glares at the nearby barricade! Quickly figuring what is on his mind, that section starts to move away...]

GM: Oh, no. He wouldn't!

BW: Really, Gordo?

GM: ...of course he would! LOOK OUT!

JM: I TOLD YOU TO GET OUT OF HERE!

[And with that, Monosso throws Rick Marley over the barricade with a Gorilla Press throw, wiping out several now-empty chairs! Percy Childe is speed-waddling over to that side of the ring, yelling "GET BACK IN THE RING", but Monosso ignores him and steps over the railing!]

GM: James Monosso has no sense of responsibility! He could have hit or injured a fan by throwing Rick Marley into the crowd, and he's going in after him! Michael Meekly has abandoned the count to go try and get order!

BW: It's breakin' down in Memphis! We might need the cops, Gordo!

GM: Monosso shoved a man out of his way, and Rick Marley took advantage of the opening! He hit him with that superkick! The Casting Call! Monosso is staggered!

BW: But he didn't drop him! How many times in his life has Rick Marley hit a man with the Casting Call and he didn't go down!

GM: Not many! Marley jumps over a row of chairs, and waves Monosso on! James Monosso stepping over... he can't negotiate the terrain as easily as the much faster Marley! Rick Marley is peppering Monosso with blows at will, because the steps and the chairs and the fans and all of the other obstacles are far more of an impediment to Monosso than to Marley!

BW: But those punches are useless, Gordo! They're not gonna affect Monosso, they're just gonna make him madder. Which, well, might not be that useless after all! James made a big mistake goin' out there!

GM: A SECOND CASTING CALL! Monosso was stepping over a row of chairs and had no way to defend himself at that moment!

BW: And that made him fall into the chairs... but he's already back up! It was just a stumble! What does Marley have to do to put him down, Gordo?

[Marley gets to the corner area, where there's three steps that lead to the elevated club seating. He climbs the steps, takes a few steps back... and when Monosso climbs the steps, he rushes him... jumping and burying both knees into the madman's chest! Monosso falls back, down the steps, and onto the floor! Marley lands with his knees on Monosso, before bouncing off with the impact!]

GM: WHAT A DEVASTATING MOVE!

BW: HE COULD PIN HIM RIGHT THERE IF THIS WAS FALLS COUNT ANYWHERE, GORDO!

GM: Marty Meekly now getting in there and ordering Marley back to the ring! He decided not to count them out, but to go try and steer them towards the ring. And that's the best move for the safety of these fans, Bucky. Had he just counted them out, they would have kept fighting!

BW: And no one wants ta see a double countout on a big show if we can help it! Sometimes ya can't avoid it, but even I gotta say Meekly made the right call. After all... he ain't Scott Von Braun.

GM: Will you stop it? Rick Marley stepping back over the barricade, and James Monosso gets up. Now that Meekly's back in the ring, he is putting on the count. Marley rolls back in. Monosso... he has a chair! And he threw it into the ring! Come on, get control of him, Childes!

BW: He's tryin'!

[Percy Childes is trying to calm down Monosso, who throws another unfolded chair over the barricade and into the ring. This one, Marley straightens up and sits in, waving Monosso back in. The crowd cheers the showmanship, and Monosso bites. He steps over the barricade, ignoring his manager's protests, and slides into the ring... where Marley is waiting with a running baseball slide dropkick, sending James' head and upper body sliding back out of the ring.]

GM: The sliding dropkick had a lot of force, and... Marley's grabbed Monosso's legs! He's got him in position for the old slingshot, Bucky!

[With Monosso's head on the apron and the rest of him laying on the other side of the bottom rope, Marley is in position for the old slingshot-into-the-bottom-rope move. He falls backwards with Monosso's legs tucked in his arms. Marley's knees force Monosso's back up, sending his upper body up, which sends his throat into the bottom rope! Monosso bounces straight back down, clutching his throat and rolling around on the mat!]

BW: It don't matter how bad you are! That move is vicious... straight vicious, daddy! Rick Marley ain't no Boy Scout, no matter how much the fans cheer him. He knows how ta hurt a man, by whatever means necessary!

GM: And we saw it right there.

BW: So you agree with Monosso. He's a hypocrite. Because that's just the kind o' tactic that James put Sean Marley to pasture with!

GM: It is not! Rick Marley with a spinning toehold on a stunned Monosso! And... drives his knee down into Monosso's knee! Using his other leg under the foot to try and bend that knee the wrong way!

BW: Trying to cripple him, like I said!

GM: Rick Marley may be setting up the Showstopper! He told me that he had originally decided not to use that move in the AWA out of respect for Supernova and his Solar Flare, which is a similar technique... Marley has the equally deadly Snake Eyes Submission, learned from his brother Judd whom we saw at the Stampede Cup. But he

felt that he may need the maneuver against Monosso, and so he seems to be setting it up! A tumbling hamstring pull by Marley, trying to strain or sprain the hamstring!

BW: That's just dumb, holdin' back on one of your top moves because somebody else does it. Who cares! He should go beat up Supernova for doin' HIS move... that's the mentality you need in the AWA! Well... honestly, I just want to see Supernova get beat up.

GM: Monosso getting to his feet, but Marley scoops the leg... another legdrag takedown! The "dragon screw", they call it.

BW: Kinky.

GM: Bucky!

BW: We ain't on WKIK! I can say that!

GM: And now... Rick has the legs! He's in center ring! Stepping through... Monosso blocks it! Monosso grabbed the step-through leg... and he's biting it! And he kicks Marley down, using his strength to escape!

BW: And still biting his shin! He'll do anything, won't he?

GM: James Monosso is at once exudes both domination and desperation. He goes out desperate every time out, and it shows! He's getting up, but Marley is much faster. Another pickup, and another... no! Monosso pulled in his leg and nailed Marley in the face with a hard front-elbow shot! And a straight right to the ribs, and a left uppercut follows that up! Marley is dazed!

BW: Back and forth we go again!

GM: Monosso hooking Marley for the suplex! Lifts... AND MARLEY COUNTERS IT INTO AN INVERTED DDT AS HE GOES OVER! THAT'S THE REWRITE!

BW: You can't vertical suplex Rick Marley! Every... single... time, he'll counter it with that Rewrite, or some variation of it! I know Percy scouted him, and I know he told Monosso, but James is as flighty as a bumblebee!

GM: Indeed, his counter to the suplex is almost instinctual at this point! Rick Marley has snatched full control of the match! Marley with the Irish-Whip... reversed by Monosso! Monosso with the clothesline... Marley ducks it! Marley back off the ropes, and a leapfrog of Monosso!

BW: Ah, but he got him the third time... HEY!

[Monosso turns his shoulder, letting Marley run into the back of his arm so that he could lift him into a side suplex! But Marley uses the momentum to flip all the way up and over, grabbing the head of the maniac as he does and planting him with a Tornado DDT counter! The crowd once again goes wild!]

GM: SPECTACULAR TORNADO DDT, AND THAT MUST BE IT!

BW: I dunno... he might have had too much momentum, and flipped him too far to really land it with finishing-level impact! But it was still a devastatin' move, and even Monosso can't shrug that off like nothin', daddy!

GM: Marley hooks the leg! ONE! TWO!

BW: He got two! That's a sign that he's got Monosso hurt! James kicks out immediately if he ain't hurt real bad!

GM: Marley going out to the apron! He is waiting for Monosso to rise! High-risk moves have been both good and bad for Marley in this match alone!

[Clutching the top-rope tightly, Rick waits for the right moment. And then, he leans back, uses the top rope to help propel himself up onto said rope, and springboards off with a flying legdrop to the back of Monosso's neck while he is crouched over on his way to his feet. But the madman's instincts are equal to the task, and he straightens up quickly, catching his extended legs as he flies in and planting him down with a quick-and-dirty version of a powerbomb! The fans' cheers suddenly turn to shrieks as Marley is wiped out!]

BW: CRASH AND BURN, DADDY!

GM: THE SPRINGBOARD LEG DROP WAS TURNED INTO A HARD SLAM INTO THE CANVAS! Marley is stunned, and Monosso has an opening!

PC: PIN HIM! PIN HIM!

BW: Percy's goin' nuts out here, but James ain't listenin'! What's he doin'?!]

[Monosso points over the top rope... to the ring barricade! Uh, oh!]

GM: He wants to do to Rick Marley what he did to Sean! No!

BW: Well, that'd win him the match, wouldn't it? Percy might wanna just take a pill... he hadda know that he could only control Monosso so long!

GM: Monosso with Marley by the ears... and throws him through the ropes to the floor! Now he's following after, and we all know what his intentions are!

BW: Bad.

GM: Obviously. He's... he's detaching the barricade!

[James goes to the steel barricade and lifts the right side of a section out of its mooring. He then carries that side towards the ring, so that the barricade section is now running across the ringside area.]

BW: Givin' himself plenty of room!

GM: Marley to his feet, but Monosso blasts him with a double axehandle. And a kick to the face... holding his knee a bit there. Monosso picks up Marley... and slams him on the floor!

BW: That'll stun him enough to line this up, daddy! Move over, Sean! You got company comin' home for the holidays! Hope you got a basement he can live in!

GM: MONOSSO HAS MARLEY UP! HE'S GOING TO TRY AND BREAK HIS BACK OVER THE RAILING!

[James moves up to the railing, to the boos of the crowd! But in desperation, Marley rakes his face! Monosso drops Marley, who lands on his feet, gets two-handfuls of hair, and slams Monosso's head into the barricade!]

GM: BUT IT IS MONOSSO'S HEAD THAT HITS THE STEEL!

[The cheers are loud, as "Showtime" has escaped the certain destruction set before him. Rage in his eyes, he winds up, and smashes Monosso's head to the steel again!]

BW: A second shot to the steel! That'll scramble anyone's brains!

[The angry gleam still foremost in his eyes, Marley hops over the barricade. He reaches back, grabs Monosso's head, and pulls it down into a front facelock... over the barricade.]

GM: Oh, no. No! He's... IS HE GOING TO LIMELIGHT MONOSSO'S THROAT INTO THE BARRICADE?!

BW: That's pretty much how he broke that kid's neck in Tucson! He'll do it! He's a hypocrite!

GM: You're better than this, Rick!

[For a long moment, Rick Marley considers using his finisher, the Limelight, to smash Monosso's windpipe and neck against the unforgiving steel of the barricade. His free arm shakes, clenched in a fist, as he fights the temptation to pay back blood for blood...

...he starts!

...and then stops. And with a look of disgust on his face, he lets go, and simply slams Monosso's face into the railing one more time...

...well, he would have, but Monosso blocks!]

GM: MONOSSO BLOCKS! And a big haymaker sends Marley to his back! Rick Marley was tempted to sink to Monosso's level, but he resisted!

BW: Still, he was tempted! He was gonna do it! How dare he judge anybody after that!

GM: We're all tempted by evil, Bucky. The measure of a man is what he acts on, not what he's tempted about! Whether Monosso would have blocked that as he did the last attempt to ram his head in, I don't know, but Marley didn't go all the way with it!

[James has to move the barricade out of his way to pursue Marley, who rolls back into the ring. Monosso climbs up on the apron...]

GM: CASTING CALL! Marley using the third superkick of the match to try and send Monosso off the apron, but the madman holds on! He doesn't fall!

BW: Ya might should have Limelighted him while you had the chance, Rick!

GM: Marley backs up, and rushes... Monosso catches him in the ribs with a shoulder block! Marley doubles over, and Monosso pulls his head out through the ropes... and steps off the apron with a heavy elbow to the back of Rick Marley's head!

BW: OW! James can't normally hit a 'flying' move, but that was really just falling.

[With Rick Marley in the ring, but bent over the second rope, Monosso climbs back up on the apron. He drags Marley towards the corner, punching him twice in the back of the head as he does... and puts his head next to the ringpost! The fans scream, knowing what THIS is!]

BW: CONCUSSIONIZER!

GM: NO, NOT THIS!

[Monosso takes three steps back, and kicks the... ringpost! Marley moved!]

GM: Marley escaped that one! Rake to the eyes by Rick Marley, and he is now dragging Monosso's head through the ropes!

[Pulling the big man through the second rope, Marley backs up. He applies a front facelock, and backs up until he has dragged Monosso's legs up onto the second rope from the apron.

With this precarious elevated position on his side, Marley swings around and drills Monosso with a swinging Ace Crusher, sending him hard into the mat! The crowd explodes!]

GM: __LIMELIGHT__! ELEVATED FROM THE APRON! WHAT A MOVE!

BW: OH, NO! THAT HAS TO BE IT!

GM: THE COVER! ONE... TWO... THREE... FOUR... WHERE IS MICHAEL MEEKLY?!

[Why, arguing with Percy Childes, of course! Childes is apparently claiming that Marley is in violation of some rule and that Meekly shouldn't be another SCott Von Braun. Yes, he actually says that. Meekly is admonishing Percy to get off the apron.

Before long, Rick Marley helps Percy Childes get off the apron. By giving him a Casting Call! Unlike Monosso, Percy hits the floor quite directly!]

BW: PERCY! Oh, man, Marley is gonna die for that!

GM: Rick Marley putting the badmouth on... MONOSSO!

[Suddenly, James Monosso crushes Marley in the back of the head with a big boot! Marley hits the ropes chest-first and bounces backwards into Monosso, who clotheslines him in the back of the head!]

GM: HOW DID HE RECOVER SO QUICKLY?!

BW: It's what he DOES! Haven't you been watching his matches?

[Monosso looks down at his fallen manager, and slaps his own forehead. He looks like he's just remembered something.

So he wastes no time... running off the ropes, lifting his knee as high as he can with a big jump, and bringing it down like an axe into Rick Marley's neck to the boos of the crowd!]

GM: KING KONG KNEEDROP!

BW: And Monosso hooks the legs!

[Actually, he grabs Marley's legs in sort of a modified schoolboy rollup, jackknifing him over onto his shoulders... and after Meekly starts counting, he puts his foot on the second rope, hooks the tights, and presses down with all of his weight and strength! The crowd screams and tries to alert Meekly!]

GM: HE'S GOT THE ROPES! HE'S GOT THE TIGHTS!

...

BW: HE'S GOT THE THREE COUNT!

[*DING*DING*DING*]

[The crowd erupts into boos as Monosso has resorted to the type of cheap heel tactics he is not normally known for, and stolen it! Monosso rolls out of the ring as Marley sits up in shock!]

GM: I DON'T BELIEVE IT! I CAN'T BELIEVE... AFTER ALL THAT, JAMES MONOSSO PULLED A CALISTO DUFRESNE!

BW: Exactly: he won!

GM: Rick Marley took it to the monster, and the monster took the easy way out!

BW: To quote a very wise man: "WIN-NING!"

GM: Charlie Sheen is NOT a very wise man!

BW: His accountant disagrees.

GM: *sigh* Let's get the official word.

PW: The time of the match... twenty-two minutes and eleven seconds. Here is your winner...

... J A M E S M O N O S S O ! !

[BOOOOOOOOO! And if that's not enough, Monosso interrupts Marley's impassioned plea to Michael Meekly that his opponent had his trunks by cracking Marley in the head with a running front elbow smash, and then diving on him with a headbutt.]

GM: AND MONOSSO IS ASSAULTING MARLEY AFTER THE MATCH!

BW: That's what he gets for putting his hands on Percy! Plus, now that James has done what Percy wanted, he's free to do what HE wants!

GM: MONOSSO HAS A CHAIR! Percy Childes slid that chair into the ring just now!

BW: What a heroic effort! Percy is half-unconscious, but still soldiering on.

GM: MONOSSO WITH THE CHAIR...

[* W H A M ! ! *]

GM: ...BUT MARLEY DROPKICKED IT INTO HIS HEAD!

[The fans roar for blood as Rick Marley catches Monosso with the surprise dropkick into the chair, sending him flat on his back! Marley then descends upon him, hooking the arm between his legs and wrenching back on Monosso's head and neck with a crossface submission!]

GM: __SNAKE EYES SUBMISSION__! HE'S GOT IT LOCKED ON!

BW: PERCY! DO SOMETHING!

[Unfortunately, sliding in a chair was about the limit for Percy's physical activity after getting superkicked off the apron. He slowly pulls himself up and into the ring, and stumbles over to use his crystal-tipped cane to break up the hold. Marley ignores the shot, holding on tenaciously. But the second one was aimed at the neck as Percy shakes off the cobwebs a bit more, and that breaks the hold.]

GM: Childes using that cane to break the hold, but he'd better hope for backup!

BW: Nenshou and Ebola Zaire are still in Japan!

GM: THE ACES!

[Stevie Childes and Danny Tyler have run to the ring, and each one grabs one of Percy's legs, pulling Stevie's portly uncle out before Marley can get ahold of him. Percy quickly gives them instructions, and they go to do the same to Monosso... who is already up and trying to get back at Marley!]

BW: Good job, guys! Teamwork!

GM: James Monosso shoves The Aces aside! He wants to get back at Marley... what is Percy doing now?

[Percy holds that crystal ball that's at the end of his cane in front of Monosso's face. James yells in frustration, turning and punching at air in anger, and he starts to stalk off, limping on his left leg (using it for the King Kong Kneedrop didn't do him any favors).]

BW: That crystal ball on his cane! Percy... I dunno, controls him with it somehow!

[Rick Marley is standing on the second rope, calling out to Monosso... waving him back to the ring and taunting him for being afraid of a cane. And of him.]

GM: Percy wanted for Monosso to get a win over Marley here at SuperClash... and he has done it. But why was it so important to Childes that he set all of this up?! Why go to this length for this match?!

BW: Ain't it obvious, Gordo?

GM: No.

BW: Rick Marley is one of the best wrestlers in the world. Gotta say it; it's true. He's been a champion everywhere; he's a borderline case for the Hall Of Fame already. If Monosso has a win over him, and is already so highly ranked...

GM: A National Title shot! Percy Childes is sending Monosso for the National Title!

BW: And I don't think Calisto Dufrense or Supern... HA HA. I don't think Calisto is gonna sleep too well at night knowin' that.

GM: James Monosso is going for the National Title. I shudder at the possibility. Fans, what a night of action we've seen and we've still got four more matches to go. The National Title match, the National Tag Team Title match, the All-Star Showdown, and coming up next, the Steal The Spotlight Showcase! Ten men all going at it at the hopes of being the sole survivor and the man who will earn the opportunity to take any match in the next year that he chooses. It's gonna be a wild one but right now, let's go backstage where one of the teams is standing by!

[Mark Stegglet is backstage, standing in front of an AWA banner alongside the members of Stevie Scott's Steal the Spotlight team. Besides the team captain, standing to one side of him are the Combat Corner alums Jeff Jagger, already clad in his royal blue wrestling gear and wearing no shirt alongside Nick Anton, who is rocking the purple-and-white Northwestern letterman jacket over his wrestling attire. On the other side of Stegglet and Scott are Playboy Enterprises member Dick Bass wearing the usual black wrestling attire, black Stetson, leather vest and the coiled bullwhip "Delilah" coiled up in a heavily taped right hand and Sultan Azam Sharif, who is oddly without his manager, Count Adrian Bathwaite. Sharif is decked out in his rust-red bisht, white kaffiyeh, black agal, and is shouldering a large Iranian flag.]

MS: Minutes away from the Steal the Spotlight match and could there be a stranger assemblage of men than the ones I'm standing by with right now?

HSS: You know what they say about strange bedfellows, though, don't ya Steggy?

[Stevie scrunches up his face.]

HSS: Actually, you probably don't know anything about any bedfellows, so never you mind.

[Steviesmirk~!]

HSS: A strange assemblage though it may be, Steggasaurus, I have complete confidence in this team. When I picked these guys, it wasn't some random procedure. No, there was a purpose. See, while we have five men here who all want to steal to spotlight...

[Stevie looks around at his teammates.]

HSS: ..._all_ of us understand without the _team_, there will be no spotlight to steal. There are no glory-hounds on this side like Skywalker Jones. Just five men ready to do some business.

[A point at Dick Bass.]

HSS: Right there, you got Dick Bass...a man ready to kick some...

[Steviegrin~!]

HSS: He doesn't care _who_ is across the ring from him, just as long as he gets to shove his teeth down his throat.

[A point to Nick Anton.]

HSS: Right here, you got Nick Anton. Dude is built like a brick craphouse. Seriously, who on the other side of the ring is gonna be strong enough to handle _this_ guy, huh?

[A point to Jeff Jagger.]

HSS: Right here, you got Jeff Jagger. A young lion who's got hunger, heart, and a world of ability. This is his chance on the big stage, and he's ready to step up to the challenge.

[And a point to the Sultan.]

HSS: And then...there's _this_ guy. Tell 'em, Sulty!

[Sharif nods. His face is barely visible under the shadow cast by the kaffiyeh, but he's clearly wide-eyed with anticipation.]

SAS: Mistair Steefie Scott, you know dot the Sultan always vas ready! Olympic shampwon, Ashun Game shampwon, Battail Royal shampwon! BUT REMEMBAH! Mistair Mark Stegglut, ve all come here to Steal Deh Spotlight! But to do dot, ve got to vin as team, un if we diddunt do dot den ve all fail. Un I diddunt come all deh vay, ten tousun mile from Shiraz Iran, oldest country in deh vurld, to lose to anyone! I hod Mistair Culista Dafrensy in deh Camail Clutch, un I would be AWA shampwon right now if dot jehbronie Lonset diddunt cheat me of my shampwonship motch! All of deh opponunts... Mistair Mahrcus Brusair, Mistair Skyvakker Jone, Mistair Rafwall Rhoades, Mistair Publo Pairez, un whoevair else diddunt vant to show his face! I raspec you all, but none of you are deh best wrastlair in deh vurld. I am.

[Stegglet raises his eye at that matter-of-fact statement by Sharif.]

SAS: Un I know dot some of you, un some of my partnairs, dey all think dot dey are deh best wrastlair in deh vurld. If you diddunt think dot, you hod no businuss to be in deh ring! But I'm gunna prove it deh old-fashion vay. Deh vay ve always do it in Iran. I'm gunna stand up an' wrastail anybody, anyvhere, anytime, until all deh tousan-tousan peepell in Mumphas Tennessee, dey gunna know! All ontollEgunt AmerEcun, dey gunna know! Un Mistair Brusair, Jone, Rhoades, Pairez, an dot cowaird who hide, you all gunna know...

...IRAN! IRAN, NUMBAH WON!

[Following this, Nick Anton speaks up.]

NA: Stevie! I know you've run with a less ragtag bunch than the men assembled here but I'll take the rough, and, yes, that includes you, Bass, over a bunch of spoiled, entitled whiners any day of the week. You see, Stegglet, while Jagger and I were working our butts off in the Combat Corner, our paths crossed that of a loudmouthed punk. Yes, he is talented. Yes, he's got athleticism. But between keeping himself to himself and his many demands, I'm not sure, when push comes to shove, if Skywalker Jones can handle himself around the likes of the Carolina Crusher or a Wildcat like Nick Anton. And, Pedro Perez, whatever happened to you, when you chose to throw your lot with the likes of Ben Waterson, when you turn to the likes of Marcus Broussard, when you choose to lie with trash like Skywalker, well, it's up to the Combat Corner Cleaning Crew, Jagger and me, to take you out!

Sultan Azam Shariff! I might not understand the words coming out of your mouth, but I can respect what you do in the ring. And, Bass, I might not like you, but there's going to

be five men standing across the ring whom I could not care less about! So, if you're wondering if we can get along, at least long enough to eliminate the members of the other team? Well, I'd rather take my chances with these guys. After all...

[Nick Anton actually breaks into a smile.]

NA: After we get rid of the other guys, I'm pretty sure I could take any of you in a fight.

[Jagger leans over to the microphone.]

JJ: Not all of us here may see eye to eye. In fact, I wouldn't be surprised if half o' you guys would club me over the head from behind the second I finish off the last man standin' on the other side o' that ring.

[A shrug.]

JJ: Frankly, that's A-OK by me, so long as I get my hands on Skywalker Jones first. I know for a fact that Nick here can't stand that loudmouth punk anymore than I can, so we'll likely be trippin' over one another to get our hands on him an' ole' Pedro Perez.

[Jagger looks over at Bass and Sharif.]

JJ: Now normally we got different outlooks on how to go about our business in this industry, fellas, but allow me to just say right now, that if you boys wanna take a crack at Skywalker with Delilah or those crazy lookin' boots you got on, don't let me get in your way.

The rest o' you boys may be here to Steal the Spotlight. But me...

[A stoic look plays across Jagger's face.]

JJ: ...I'm just here for a pound o' flesh.

[Bass moves center place. He scowls at his team mates a second before addressing everyone.]

Bass: This is how it goes. Every single one of you know I could give a rat's tail less for any of ya' and I know you all feel the same- cause ya' said it.

[rubs his handlebar moustache]

Bass: So now that were on the same page with that. It's time for us to roll up our sleeves and fight as a unit no matter how much we hate or don't respect tha' guy standin' next to ya'. We have to work a darn team to get tha' job done and I'll tell ya all right now, if we lose cause some punk wanted to be a glory hog, you can bet yer' right eye I'm gonna darken the left!

[points a finger at the camera.]

Bass: As for Broussard, Walker, Perez and the rest. [shrugs] I have nothing personal against you except for the fact you were picked for the wrong team boys. I *hate* losin'. I won't sugar coat it, I plan on runnin' over whoever it is I have ta', to get the job done. If i have to rip someone's eye out of their socket...

[shrugs]

Bass: I'm gonna do it.

If I have to get my beautiful Delilah involved

[the other members take a step back as Bass raises the coiled bullwhip.]

Bass: Then I have no problem doing that either. This is a winner take all, a good ole fashion fight and when were done wiping out the other team boys...

[snarls]

Bass: I have no problem knocking any of yer' teeth down yer' throats to be the winner of the Steal the Spotlight! Now get outta' my damn way and let's do this!

[Bass walks off screen obviously fired up.]

MS: You seem to be correct, Stevie. Your team certainly sounds ready.

HSS: As soon as it was announced that Marco and I would be picking the teams, I knew I had the advantage because Broussard is too dumb to think for himself, and Waterson is too dumb to wipe his own butt.

I'm sure Rhodes is going to want a shot at me. Don't care. I've taken you out before, and I'll do it again.

And as for you, Broussard?

[Stevie grins a confident grin. Not a Steviegrin, yet.]

HSS: I've been where you are right now. I've had that little weasel Waterboy at my side, whispering in my ear, telling me how great we're all going to be.

[A shake o' the head.]

HSS: All lies.

That man can't do _crap_ for you other than burn your bank account and get you into more trouble that you can get out of. But as dumb as you are, I figure you'll just have to learn the hard way.

Which tonight, is gonna involve me shoving my foot straight up your-

[STEVIEGRIN~! And when the world-famous Steviegrin comes out, Sharif immediately points at it and commands...]

SAS: CAMARAMAN, ZOOM IT!

[We zoom in on Stevie's left front tooth until all we can see is white, and then cut back to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated and have been joined by a third man at the booth, instantly recognizable as "Playboy" Johnny Casanova.

GM: Thanks for that, Mark. Fans, as you can see, we have been joined out here tonight by the man who won the pre-show Battle Royal earlier this evening, "Playboy" Johnny Casanova. Welcome to SuperClash, sir.

PJC: Thanks a bunch, Gordo. The pleasure is all yours for sure though.

GM: Congratulations on your win earlier tonight.

PJC: A win's a win, baby, but when it comes down to it, this whole night is a loss for all those great fans sitting at home watching on their computers 'cause they didn't get to see good ol' "Playboy" Johnny C compete but now you get to hear me talk so I guess that's close enough.

GM: You're going to be joining us on commentary for this big Steal The Spotlight matchup. Your predictions?

PJC: What a dumb question, Gordy. Who else would I go for but my Playboy Enterprises partner in crime, "Dirty" Dick Bass, you ninny?

GM: My apologies.

BW: Hey, Playboy... where is Big Mama tonight?

PJC: Big Mama is right where she's supposed to be. She's back in the hotel kitchen cookin' up a Thanksgiving dinner for me and Dicky. When he wins this, we're heading back there for some turkey and stuffing and all the rest... and it better be good too. She burned the 4th of July B-B-Q and I was fit to be tied, baby.

GM: Bucky, you want to add your predictions to this one?

BW: I hate to go against our guest here but I've got my eyes on the San Jose Shark walking out of here with that spotlight PERMANENTLY on him, daddy.

GM: We're about to find out just who will Steal The Spotlight and with all the introductions, let's go up to Phil Watson!

[Crossfade to the ring where Phil is standing.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a one hour time limit and is the STEAL THE SPOTLIGHT SHOWCASE! Two teams of five will come to the ring and compete in an elimination tag team match. You can be eliminated by pinfall, submission, countout, or disqualification. The match will continue until one team has been fully eliminated at which point the winning team will continue the match under the same rules until there is one SOLE SURVIVOR! The Sole Survivor will win the right to participate in their choice of match at any point in the next year.

Introducing first...Team Broussard...

[The sounds of Soul Coughing's "Super Bon Bon" kicks in to a big explosion of jeers from the capacity crowd in the DeSoto Civic Center.]

PW: They are the team of...

RAAAPHAEEL RHOOODES!

[The surly Brit strides through the curtain, ignoring the jeering crowd as he swiftly makes his way down the aisle towards the ring.]

PW: Being accompanied to the ring by the "Agent To The Stars" Ben Waterson...

PEEEEEEDROOOO PERRRREZ!

[Waterson walks through first in a stylish suit as Pedro Perez comes out after him, clad in a full length white sequined robe. The words "THE FUTURE" are written across the back in blue script. Perez is all smiles as he slowly makes his way down the aisle towards the ring.

PW: Introducing now, Skywalker Jones' personal announcer...Buford P. Higgins!

[A huge chorus of boos greet Buford P. Higgins, as he's introduced to the crowd. The ring announcer takes it with a smile, as he speaks into his gold microphone.]

BPH: My o' my, I know it's gotta' be Thanksgiving, 'cause just look at all the TURKEYS we got out here!

[Big time boos!]

BPH: I'm just messin' with you, people! Calm yourselves, 'cause now it's time to introduce THE MAN! Up on your feet, playas', 'cause here he comes! Accompanied to the ring by the chin checka'! The body wrecka'! Hercules! Hercules! HERCULEEEEESSSS!!! HAMMONDS! He weighs in at a mighty, mighty, mighty MIND-BOGGLING and UNBELIEVABLY DIVINE TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY POUNDS! He is the man that gravity forgot! The undefeated, untied, unchallenged, uncanny and unparalleled king of the skies! He ain't here to steal the spotlight, because he IS the spotlight! From Hot Coffee, Mississippi!

Sky. Walker.

[Deep breath now!]

JOOONNNNN
NNNNNNNNNEEEEESSS!!!!

["All I Do Is Win" by DJ Khalid, plays as a throng of cheerleaders burst through from the entrance, cheering on the man that emerges from dressed in a full-length furcoat, worn over his well-chisled, bare torso. Standing behind him with his arms crossed over his chest is his "insurance policy", the massive Hercules Hammonds. Jones stops at the top of the aisle and "makes it rain", tossing a large handful of dollars into the air as it floats back down into the crowd. Jones is a lean, well-muscled, athletically built African-American male with a mini-fro and goatee. He has a swagger in his step as he passes through the crowd of cheerleaders, making his way down to the ring. Higgins is there to greet him, taking his furcoat and personal effects, before holding open the ropes for him. However, Jones waves him off, choosing instead to grab onto the top rope and leap onto the top turnbuckle. From there, he backflips into the ring! Jones drops to his knees and performs "The Tebow" pose as his entourage cheers him on.]

PW: The next member of Team Broussard is the team captain...

He is the SAN JOSE SHARK...

MAAAAAARRRRRCUS BROUUUUUSSSAAAAARRRD!

[The San Jose Shark strides through the curtain in a gold robe that hangs down to the floor with his Shark logo splashed across the back. He shouts at a few ringside fans as he heads down the aisle towards the ring.]

PW: And the final member of Team Broussard... he is the MYSTERY PARTNER...

[Dramatic pause. The voice of Ian McKellan from X-Men is heard.]

“Because there is no land of tolerance. There is no peace. Not here, or anywhere else.”

[Then, strobe lights start to flicker around the entrance area just as the famous “Halloween Theme” by John Carpenter starts to play.]

GM: Wait a second... I know this music.

BW: So do I! But it can't be... can it?

[After a few moments of the haunting tune playing over the PA, a massive form strides proudly into view, the crowd roaring in recognition of the man.]

PW: He is... BRUUUUUUUNOOOOO VERRRRRRHOOOOOEVENNNN!

[The crowd ERUPTS in jeers as the young German's eyes wander around the arena, disgust obvious on his face. He spits on the ground once before heading towards the ring, no longer looking at the crowd. His movements are tense, almost rigid, his jaw working all the time as he heads towards the ring.]

GM: Bruno Verhoeven has returned to the AWA! How long has it been, Bucky? Can you recall?

BW: Three years, I think! It's been a long time, Gordo!

GM: The alleged son of Otto Verhoeven has returned to the American Wrestling Alliance and what a place to do it! SuperClash III, Steal The Spotlight - and the big German has returned!

[Clad in an awkward looking brown jumpsuit, Verhoeven slowly climbs the ringsteps, pushing down the top rope and climbing over it into the ring. He glares at the other members of his team before raising a gloved fist above his head to even more jeers from the crowd as the music fades.]

GM: Team Broussard seems shocked! They obviously had no idea who the partner was as well! So, it'll be Marcus Broussard, Skywalker Jones, Raphael Rhodes, Bruno Verhoeven, and Pedro Perez on one side of the ring. Let's see the other team now.

[Phil Watson tries to avoid the rulebreakers all loosening up in the ring as he continues.]

PW: And their opponents...

[Ugly Kid Joe's “Everything About You” kicks in to a HUGE reaction from the Mississippi crowd.]

PW: NICK ANTON!

[The Wildcat charges through the curtain with a roar, all jacked up and ready for a fight. He slaps his hand across his muscular pectoral, shouting “YEAAAAH, BABY!” to the cheers of the crowd before making his way to the barricade, slapping the hands of the ringside fans as he heads down the aisle.]

PW: The Carolina Crusher... JEFF JAGGER!

[The Combat Corner graduate breaks into view with a whoop, moving to the aisleway to slap hands on the other side of the railing from where Nick Anton is standing.]

PW: Representing Playboy Enterprises... DIIIIICK BAAAAASS!

[A loud "CRACK!" is heard as "Dirty" Dick Bass snaps Delilah while walking through the curtain. The crowd jeers the arrival of the Playboy Enterprises member as he strides down the aisle towards the ring.]

PW: Being accompanied to the ring by Count Adrian Bathwaite...

SULLLLTAAAN AAAAAZAM SHAAAAAARIF!

["Saz O Avaz Mahdor" plays over the PA, and immediately, the bisht-clad form of Sultan Azam Sharif starts down the aisle, waving his huge Iranian flag. He gets a mixed reaction, probably about 75% boos to the 25% that realizes that he's not the evil one here.

Behind him walks Count Adrian Bathwaite. Mysteriously absent from the team promo, Bathwaite looks upon this crowd with undisguised disgust. He's wearing a black sequin dress shirt with paisley tie, and brown slacks. The Eurasian manager with the British teeth and Asian eyes is carrying his cane, along with a black satchel.]

GM: There's Sultan Azam Sharif, Bucky, and... what does Count Adrian Bathwaite have in that bag?

BW: Oh, nothing important, probably.

GM: Nobody carries around a bag for no reason, Bucky...

[Sharif hits the ring, shedding his bisht immediately to reveal his white baggy sirwal tucked into his golden hooked galesh-shaped boots. A gold sash is wrapped around his battle-scarred waist. The neatly groomed black-haired Persian awaits, as his music drops out and is replaced by Ugly Kid Joe picking back up.]

PW: And the team captain...

"HOTSHOT"..
STEEEEEEEEEEEEVIE SCOTT!

[The former two-time National Champion walks through the curtain, arms spread as he soaks up the cheers of the roaring crowd. He points a finger down the aisle at the San Jose Shark who has mounted the middle rope, shouting insults in the direction of... well, the majority of the opposing team actually. With a shake of the head, a smirking "Hotshot" Stevie Scott comes trotting down the aisle towards the ring. Upon reaching ringside, he huddle up with his team for a moment...

...a moment too long as Skywalker Jones shoves Raphael Rhodes aside, charging across the ring, deadleaping to the top rope where he pauses for a split second before HURLING himself off the top in a death-defying somersault plancha into the aisle, landing on the entirety of Team Hotshot in a move that causes the crowd to respond with a giant mixed reaction.]

GM: OH MY STAAAAARS!

BW: WHAT A DIVE!! SKYWALKER JONES HAS TAKEN IT TO THE AIR BEFORE THE OPENING BELL!

[A shocked Johnny Jagger waves his arms frantically, shouting at Buford P. Higgins who just shrugs his shoulders and shouts back, "YOU WANTED SOMEONE TO STEAL THE SPOTLIGHT!" as Hercules Hammonds slowly makes his way to the other side of the ring, making sure no one takes a cheap shot at Skywalker Jones as the young high-flyer climbs back to his feet, racing away from the dogpile as he slaps the hands of any fan who has a hand anywhere near the ringside barricade.]

GM: And look at this young man hotdogging it all the way around the ringside area.

[Reaching the other side of the ring where Buford P. Higgins is standing, Jones leaps up, slapping a "high" five on a waiting Higgins before letting loose a "OHHHH MAAAAAH STAAAAAAHHHS!"]

BW: Hey, he delivers that line better than you, Gordo. But I guess that's no surprise. Skywalker Jones delivers most things better than most people. This kid truly is the cream of the crop of the next generation of superstars in this industry.

[A grinning Jones pulls himself up on the apron alongside Bruno Verhoeven who he nudges with his elbow, gesturing at the recovering Team Hotshot outside the ring. Trying to take advantage of the moment, Pedro Perez informs his team's captain that he'll be starting the match, sliding out to the floor as the rest of Team Broussard exits out to the apron and the bell rings.]

GM: There's the bell to OFFICIALLY start this match although Skywalker Jones certainly got us off to a hot start even before the bell rang - and now it looks like his fellow former Combat Corner student, Pedro Perez, will be starting things off for their squad.

[Perez promptly pulls Nick Anton from a knee to his feet, shoving him under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Perez perhaps looking for a quick win here.

[And he quickly applies a cover, shouting at Jagger to "Make a count, ref!" Jagger quickly dives to the mat but only gets a one count before Nick Anton shows off his tremendous power, hurling Perez off of him.]

GM: Whoa my!

[The crowd cheers the impressive strength as a wide-eyed Perez looks out to Ben Waterson for some advice. Waterson shouts a few things in, Perez nodding the whole while as he pulls Anton up, delivering a European uppercut under the chin that sends Anton falling back into the rulebreaker corner. Perez quickly slaps the hand of Raphael Rhodes who steps in, shoving Perez aside...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A big chop across the chest of Nick Anton nearly knocks him off his feet, the Wildcat grabbing the top rope with both arms to stay on his feet. A surly Rhodes piefaces Anton, shoving him down to a knee.]

GM: What a bully Raphael Rhodes is, Bucky. He just loves pushing people around.

[Grabbing two hands full of Anton's hair, Rhodes CREAMS him with a headbutt, knocking the Chicago native down to his back.]

GM: Rhodes has got Anton down in the corner...

[The Brit grabs the top rope with both hands, raining down stomps all over the head and chest of the 275 pounder. The referee steps in, forcing Rhodes back.]

BW: Get out of the man's way, Jagger! He's trying to win this match, steal this spotlight, and get another National Title shot that the front office will never let him cash in!

GM: I don't think that's a fair description of the situation, Bucky. The man was injured when it was time to cash in his shot.

BW: How long ago was that, Gordo? It's been almost two years! You telling me that the Championship Committee can't find a chance for Raphael Rhodes to challenge for the National Title for TWO YEARS?!

GM: Well, I-

BW: That's what I thought.

[Rhodes nudges past the official, catching a rising Anton with a knee to the sternum, knocking the powerhouse back into the corner. The Brit grabs Anton by the arm, dragging him out to the middle of the ropes, firing him across the ring, and catches him with a knee on the rebound, causing Anton to flip over onto the canvas.]

GM: Ohh! He caught him in the breadbasket with that one!

[A hard kick to the ribs leaves Anton wincing on the canvas before Rhodes back to the corner, waving for Anton to get up...

...and Pedro Perez slaps his shoulder, tagging himself back into the match!]

GM: Perez is in off the blind tag... and Rhodes doesn't look happy about that at all.

[Rhodes fires off a few words in Perez' direction before stepping out to the apron. Perez quickly rushes in, throwing kick after kick to the midsection of the rising Anton before moving behind, hooking a rear waistlock.]

GM: What is this all about?

[Perez shouts out, "LOOK, MARCUS! I GOT HIM!"]

GM: Pedro Perez is apparently trying to impress his former trainer from the Combat Corner with his rear waistlock on Nick Anton.

BW: I'd be careful with this if I was Perez. He may be the Future but Anton's one heck of a former amateur wrestler, Gordo.

[Perez hangs on for a few moments before Anton, seemingly at will, reverses into a waistlock of his own. The Future looks shocked, grabbing at the wrists, trying to free himself...

...and then getting powered high into the air, flung down to the canvas to a big cheer from the crowd!]

GM: Ohhh my! Huge waistlock takedown by Nick Anton! What do you think of that, Playboy?

PJC: The kid's got muscles in places most people ain't got places. That don't mean he can steal this spotlight, jack-o.

GM: How about Pedro Perez, a young man who has taken to calling himself The Future - do you believe he's the future of this sport?

PJC: A whole lot of people say a whole lot of things, Gordy. The kid's got potential but the real future of this business is Playboy Enterprises. Now, if this kid's really got what it takes, maybe he should give me a call and see if there's a spot in the hottest-growing entity in this business for him!

GM: Are you trying to lure Pedro Perez away from Waterson Incorporated?

PJC: Whoa, whoa, whoa, daddy-o. Let's not get ahead of ourselves and start spreading rumors.

[Pedro Perez is quickly back to his feet, slapping his own chest and shouting in Nick Anton's direction. Anton smirks at Perez, waving him forward.]

GM: I think Anton's gonna give Perez his best shot here at trying to take him down.

[Perez shakes out his arms, trying to loosen up as he looks for a way in as Anton holds firm, feet planted in a wide base as he waits. Perez looks to Broussard who nods approvingly...

...and lunges in, wrapping his arms around a leg.]

GM: Single leg takedown attempt by-

[Anton suddenly SLAMS a forearm down across the back of Perez, stopping him short before the Wildcat hooks his powerful arms around the waist of his opponent in a gutwrench...

...and HURLS him through the air, tossing him effortlessly down to the canvas to another big cheer!]

GM: Nick Anton just threw this kid like he was nothing!

BW: Very impressive.

GM: Perez is back up...

[A frantic-looking Pedro Perez strides across the ring, sticking out his hand in the direction of Bruno Verhoeven who just glares at him. Perez looks shocked and then swings around, slapping the hand of the San Jose Shark.]

GM: There's the tag to the team captain, the first man to ever wear the AWA National Title and the man who believes he should be the next one to wear the same 15 pounds of gold.

[Broussard steps through the ropes, glaring at Nick Anton who shows absolutely no fear. Jeff Jagger shouts some encouragement to Anton, egging him on as he slowly edges out to the middle of the ring where the San Jose Shark locks up in a collar and elbow.]

GM: Anton's power should allow him to push the Shark around at will.

[But Anton uses the leverage against him, slipping in behind in a rear waistlock. He drops down, grabbing the ankles of the Wildcat, tripping him up. The Shark quickly floats through, hooking a side headlock.]

GM: Nice takedown by the Shark, hooking in that headlock.

[Broussard bears down, sitting on the canvas as he forces Anton facefirst down to the mat. Pedro Perez cheers on his mentor, applauding him from the corner as the rest of the team looks on with little reaction.]

GM: Anton's going to need to find a way out of this one.

[With his powerful arms snaking around the waist of Broussard, Anton rolls to his side, rolling the San Jose Shark's shoulders down to the canvas.]

GM: One! Two!

[But Broussard rolls back the other way, Anton getting his knees underneath him this time. The powerhouse battles up to his feet...

...and Broussard counters by slamming a left hand into the skull!]

GM: Ohh!

[Grabbing Anton by the hair, the first National Champion hauls him to the corner, slamming his skull into the top turnbuckle.]

GM: Oh! Into the buckles!

[Anton staggers back into the waiting arms of the San Jose Shark who hoists the young man off the canvas, pauses...

...and DUMPS him down on the back of his head and neck!]

GM: Big backdrop suplex by the San Jose Shark!

BW: And that's what I love to see, Gordo. This kid, Anton, comes in all full of himself because he can flex his muscles and throw some people around. But when you get a ring general like Marcus Broussard in the ring with him, the Shark shows everyone how to cut that off REAL quick. That's experience. That's wisdom. And that's the difference between a pretender, a contender, and a champion, daddy. Ain't that right, Playboy?

PJC: Bucky speaks the truth, baby. Marcus Broussard's a heck of a competitor and a damn good wrestler. He's someone that Playboy Enterprises has got their eyes on for sure.

GM: Playboy Enterprises is going to a hundred strong if you sign everyone you've got your eyes on.

[Broussard buries a few stomps on the downed Anton before tagging his protege back into the ring, gesturing angrily at Anton. A nodding Perez leaps into action, stomping Anton several times before rushing to the ropes, rebounding off...

...and DRILLING Anton with a sliding dropkick to the temple!]

GM: Ohh! Nice move by the man who claims he is the future of this sport!

[Perez promptly dives into a lateral press, reaching back to hook a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But Anton fires a shoulder off the mat, breaking the pin attempt. Perez promptly gets back up, racing to the ropes...

...where Skywalker Jones slaps him on the shoulder, tagging himself in!]

GM: Another blind tag by Team Broussard. It looks like these men aren't getting along so well out there.

[Grabbing the top rope, Jones catapults himself into a somersault over the ropes, moving into a little spin upon landing. He races across the ring, leaping as high as his legs will take him (which is pretty high), and drops a big leg down across the chest!]

GM: Sky high legdrop by Jones!

[Buford P. Higgins can be heard giving some encouragement to Jones who pops back up, wagging his finger at the official who was about to start a count.]

GM: I think Skywalker Jones isn't done here, Bucky.

[Jones takes a standing spot next to the downed Anton, tucking his legs together. He licks a finger, holding it up...]

BW: Smart move here. Gotta check the wind for these high flying moves.

GM: Wind?! We're indoors!

[Nodding his head, Jones HURLS himself into the air, flipping backwards while sailing forwards...

...and SMASHING down across the chest of Anton, promptly hooking both legs tightly!]

GM: ZERO-G!

BW: The standing Shooting Star Press connects! Count him, Jagger!

[The AWA's Senior Official dives to the canvas.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But again, Nick Anton fires the shoulder off the canvas, breaking the count in time. An angry Skywalker Jones jumps up, holding two fingers in the face of Johnny Jagger.]

BW: That was a three count!

GM: Not according to our Senior Official.

[Jones wildly gestures at Jeff Jagger standing out on the apron, screaming, "DID HE SAY IT WASN'T THREE?! IS THT WHY IT AIN'T THREE?!"]

BW: That's a good point, Gordo. Why the heck is Johnny Jagger the referee for a match where his son is involved?!

GM: Well, the Championship Committee assigns all the officials so I'm assuming they have their reasons, Bucky.

BW: Of course they have their reasons! The Championship Committee is trying to giftwrap this one for another one of Michaelson's golden boys!

GM: That's not how I see it at all.

PJC: I don't know how you see a thing with those coke bottles on your head, Gordy.

[An angry Skywalker Jones is pacing around the ring, totally losing his focus as he shouts at everyone in sight. Buford P. Higgins is just as irate, shouting at the ringside fans while a stoic Hercules Hammonds points an intimidating finger at Johnny Jagger which earns him a threat from Jeff Jagger.]

GM: Things are getting ugly out here in a hurry, fans.

[Jones waves off Johnny Jagger, marching to the corner where he slaps the hand of Raphael Rhodes who rushes in. He pulls Anton to his knees, digging his fingers into the corner of his mouth, yanking back hard!]

GM: Oh, come on! That's a fish hook, referee!

PJC: Heh. I've always liked that move.

[From the corner, Dick Bass gives a shout at Nick Anton who shouts out in pain at having his mouth pulled on.]

GM: Did Dick Bass just tell Anton to quit his crying and make a tag?

PJC: Sounds like good advice.

[Rhodes breaks up the fish hook, pulling Anton off the mat before delivering a skin-blistering chop that sends Anton falling back against the ropes. The Brit delivers a crushing headbutt again...

...and then simply shoves Anton to the corner, waving for someone else to get into the ring.]

GM: What in the world?

BW: Nick Anton was too beat up. It was too easy for Rhodes. He wasn't fresh bait in there to slap around.

[Not just any fresh bait though as Rhodes is very clearly pointing at Stevie Scott, shouting at him.]

GM: Uh oh. Raphael Rhodes and Stevie Scott have a history that is well-known and it looks like Rhodes wants to add another page to that history right now, fans.

[Smiling, the two-time National Champion slaps the hand of Nick Anton and climbs through the ropes...

...where Rhodes rushes him, shoving him back into his own corner.]

GM: Whoa! Look out here!

[Grabbing the middle rope, Rhodes throws a trio of shoulders into the ribcage before straightening up, blasting his long-time rival across the chest with a big chop. A second chop connects as well before Rhodes grabs the arm of the Hotshot, flinging him into the rulebreakers' corner.]

GM: Scott hits the corner hard and - whooooooooa nellie!

[The crowd EXPLODES in jeers as Perez, Jones, and Broussard assault the Hotshot in the buckles.]

GM: Get in there, referee!

[The attack in the corner brings Jeff Jagger, Nick Anton, and surprisingly, Sultan Azam Sharif charging into the ring. The crowd EXPLODES as Perez, Jones, and the San Jose Shark come in to meet them!]

GM: We've got a fight breaking down! All heck is breaking loose here in Memphis!

[The AWA's Senior Official wades into the center of it, trying to get some control as bodies get tangled up and flung all over the ring. Jeff Jagger somehow manages to corner Skywalker Jones, peppering him with haymakers to the jaw as Sultan Azam Sharif sends Pedro Perez flying with an overhead belly to belly throw that sends Perez rolling out to the floor.]

GM: It's complete bedlam out here. The only two people who didn't rush into the fight is Bruno Verhoeven and Dick Bass. What's the story there, Mr. Casanova?

PJC: It's all part of the plan, baby. Dickie knows what we need to do to come away with the win tonight and he knows what NOT to do also.

GM: What shouldn't he do?

PJC: He shouldn't run into stupid fights like that. His job tonight is to win - not to beat people up. If you get to beat people up AND win, that's just a bonus.

[Jagger and Sharif turn their attention to working on Skywalker Jones in unison, firing him into the ropes with a double whip...

...and sending him sailing through the air with a double backdrop. Hercules Hammonds promptly reaches in, dragging Jones out to the floor before any further damage can occur as Jagger and Sharif step back out to the apron. Still in the ring, Stevie Scott is hammering Raphael Rhodes with right hands in one corner while Nick Anton does the same to Marcus Broussard in the opposite neutral corner.]

GM: Anton and Broussard on one side of the ring! Scott and Rhodes on the other!

[Each of the fan favorites grabs an arm, firing the two rulebreakers towards one another where they collide in a big crash, the crowd going nuts as both men topple down to the canvas. Nick Anton pumps a powerful arm in the air to even more cheers as he leans down, pulling Raphael Rhodes off the mat...

...at which point Johnny Jagger steps in, forcing Anton back to his corner and out of the ring.]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: HEATSEEKER! HEATSEEKER!

[Scott dives across the freshly-superkicked Raphael Rhodes’ chest.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE!!

“DING! DING! DING!”

PW: Raphael Rhodes has been ELIMINATED!

[The crowd cheers Johnny Jagger helps roll the surly Brit out of the ring and out to the floor as Skywalker Jones rushes in, nailing Stevie Scott from behind with a forearm to the back of the head that knocks him down to his knees.]

GM: Ohh! Sneak attack from the blind side by Skywalker Jones! Team Broussard is down to four men after the elimination of Raphael Rhodes right there.

BW: They gotta get on the board right now, Gordo. Skywalker Jones is a good man to turn to to do exactly that.

[Jones throws a pair of clubbing forearms to the back of the neck, knocking Scott down to his chest on the canvas. The arrogant former Combat Corner student points at Jeff Jagger and then deadleaps high into the air...

...DROPPING a high impact elbow down on the back of Scott’s skull!]

GM: Oh my! High flying elbowdrop by the man from Hot Coffee, Mississippi!

BW: When you got a 40 inch vertical, you might as well show it off, daddy! The NBA may be taking their sweet time in playing some games this year but Skywalker Jones’ leap can put all those suckers to shame!

PJC: The kid’s impressive - no doubt.

BW: You taking notes over there, Playboy?

PJC: Always, baby, always. You never know when the next great member of Playboy Enterprises will step into that ring. It could be any of these guys.

GM: How about the return of Bruno Verhoeven?

PJC: The big German’s shown in the past that he don’t play well with others but I’m always willin’ to give someone a second chance. We could take the son of a legend and take him straight to the top, baby!

[Skywalker Jones finishes trash-talking Jeff Jagger, rolling Stevie Scott to his back and planting a boot in his chest, throwing two “victory” signs in the air with his hands.]

GM: Arrogant cover by Jones for one! For two!

[But Scott easily fires a shoulder out from under the sloppy cover to the cheers of the crowd. A seemingly shocked Skywalker Jones again lets Johnny Jagger have it for a possible slow count.]

BW: That’s right, Skywalker. You tell ‘em. That idiot’s trying to rob you here tonight and giftwrap this one as an early Christmas gift for his boy out there on the apron but you’re too good for that!

[Buford P. Higgins also voices his disapproval on the floor as Hercules Hammonds glares inside the ring while Skywalker Jones pulls Scott up off the mat, drilling him with a backhand chop that knocks him back towards the ropes.]

GM: He’s got the former champion stunned here and-

[Jones leaps up, spinning back to throw a kick into the chest of the Hotshot, knocking him back into the ropes.]

GM: Ohh! Leaping spin kick connects!

[Grabbing the top rope, Jones throws a series of high impact kicks to the chest of Stevie Scott, earning jeers from the fans for each one delivered before he grabs the former two-time champion by the arm, winging him across to the far ropes...]

GM: Irish whip by Skywalker...

[Jones leapfrogs the rebounding Scott, clearing him with ease.]

GM: Big leapfrog there! Scott off the far side!

[Jones leaps up again, this time blindly with his back to the incoming Hotshot, and again clears him with ease.]

GM: Wow!

[As Scott comes off the ropes a third time... or is about to... Jones leaps up for a dropkick...

...which brings him crashing down on the back of his head when the veteran grabs the top rope, preventing his own rebound. Big cheer! Scott quickly moves in, grabbing both legs, and flipping over the top in a double leg cradle!]

GM: CRADLE!! ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Jones kicks out of the pin attempt in time... just as Hercules Hammonds had stepped up on the apron, ready to help...

...which brings Stevie Scott rushing towards Hammonds.]

GM: Get him, Stevie!

[The former National Champion uncorks a series of right hands, bouncing each one off the skull of the big second generation star...

...and then stopping short when he realizes that his blows seem to be having no effect. A pumped-up Hammonds shakes his head, letting loose a roar as he throws back his powerful arms. A shocked Stevie Scott is seemingly in awe of the big man.]

BW: No effect! Stevie Scott threw a whole lot of shots at Hercules Hammonds to no effect!

[And as Scott spins around to find Jones back on his feet, the Hot Coffee native leaps up, grabbing a handful of hair, and SMASHES Scott's face down into his raised knee as they fall back down to the mat!]

GM: OHHHH! WHAT THE HECK WAS THAT?!

[Jones scampers into a lateral press on the captain of Team Hotshot.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But again, Scott fires a shoulder off the canvas, breaking the pin attempt. This time, Jones throws a bit of a tantrum, slamming his open palms into the canvas a few times before springing back up to his feet. He marches across the ring, slapping the hand of Pedro Perez.]

BW: Awww yeah. We're about to see a Combat Corner Connection the likes of which Todd Michaelson has never been able to get done!

GM: Give me a break.

[Perez helps pull Scott to his feet, both men backing him into the ropes where they fire him across the ring...]

GM: Double clothesli- ducked by the Hotshot!

[Scott hits the far ropes, catching a slap on the shoulder from Dick Bass.]

GM: Blind tag!

[Scott rebounds off, leaping slightly into the air to bowl over both members of Team Broussard with a leaping double clothesline of his own to the roars of the crowd!]

GM: Oh yeah! The Hotshot levels 'em both!

PJC: Look out now!

[Bass steps through the ropes, snarling at Scott and telling him to get out of "his ring."]

PJC: Hahah! I love it!

GM: Apparently Dick Bass wants no part of working together with Stevie Scott. He wants these two all by himself.

[Bass yanks Skywalker Jones up by the hair...

...and HURLS him over the ropes to the floor to the protests of both Higgins and Hammonds out on the floor. He swings around, turning his attention to a rising Perez with a big haymaker across the jaw.]

GM: Good grief, what a shot!

PJC: Kinda makes your dentures hurt, hey, Gordy?

[Bass lays in a second one, knocking Perez down into a seated position against the buckles. Ben Waterson can be heard shouting instructions to his charge as a sneering Bass plants his boot against Perez' windpipe.]

GM: He's choking him, fans! Dick Bass is choking Pedro Perez down on the mat!

[Marcus Broussard fires off a few words in Bass' direction which earns him the threat of a backhand. The San Jose Shark shakes his head, slinking back down the apron to the corner where he exchanges words with Ben Waterson.]

BW: Looks like your boy ain't makin' any friends in there, Playboy.

PJC: Dickie's my best friend in this business these days and he still don't like me some days. I've seen the back side of that left hand more than a few times during training. Trust me... you don't want to feel it.

[Bass reaches down, dragging Perez to his feet by the arm. He yanks him into a front facelock, slinging Perez' arm over his neck...

...and hoists him up, dropping him with a hard vertical suplex!]

PJC: Cover 'im, Dickie.

[Bass does indeed roll over into a lateral press, earning a two count before Marcus Broussard breaks it up with a boot to the back of the head. Johnny Jagger forces the San Jose Shark out of the ring as "Dirty" Dick climbs to his feet...

...and rushes the corner, knocking Broussard off the apron with a right hand! The crowd actually cheers this... and then gets louder as Bass drills Skywalker Jones and Bruno Verhoeven, knocking them both off the apron as well!]

GM: Dick Bass is going after an entire team, fans!

PJC: Damn it, Dickie. Keep your cool, boy.

[A sneering Bass peels away, grabbing a rising Perez in a front facelock, slinging his arm over his neck again, taking him down with another hard suplex.]

GM: Two big suplexes by Dick Bass!

[Bass rolls into another cover, planting the bone of his forearm into the jaw of Perez as he orders a count.]

GM: One! Two! TH-

[Perez fires a shoulder off the mat, breaking the count. Bass counters by grabbing a handful of Perez' hair and pounding away, attempting to break Perez' jaw.]

GM: We're about fifteen minutes into this match, fans, and we've only seen one person eliminated from it - Raphael Rhodes.

[Waterson shouts at Bass from the outside as he finally breaks up the series of punches, dragging Perez up by the hair. A hard boot to the gut doubles him up before Bass grabs a handful of trunks, hurling Perez through the ropes and out to the barely-padded floor.]

GM: Ohh! Out to the floor goes Pedro Perez... Ben Waterson rushes to his charge's side.

PJC: Look out, Uncle Ben. "Dirty" Dick's a-comin'.

[Bass steps out to the apron, smirking as he drops down to the floor, promptly pulling Perez up by the hair...

...and SLAMMING his skull into the edge of the ring apron!]

GM: Headfirst to the hardest part of the ring!

[Bass swings Perez around, pushing his back against the edge of the apron. He leans over, placing his hands on the apron...

...and SLAMS his shoulder into the ribs of Perez, smashing his back against the apron!]

GM: Good grief!

[Bass wraps his arms around Perez' torso, taking a few steps back...

...and SLAMMING his spine into the edge of the apron again!]

GM: Twice! Two times into the apron!

[Straightening up, Bass casts a threatening look in Ben Waterson's direction before grabbing Perez by the arm...]

GM: Uh oh, look out here!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

GM: INTO THE STEEL!

[Perez crumples to a heap on the floor as Bass rolls back in, gesturing for the referee to count him out.]

GM: Dick Bass wants Johnny Jagger to count Pedro Perez out of the ring.

PJC: You can eliminate a guy from this one in a whole heap'a ways. This is just one of 'em, Gordy.

GM: Johnny Jagger starts counting...

[Ben Waterson kneels next to his charge, shouting encouragement as Jagger reaches two... then three.]

GM: I'm not sure if Perez can get up from this, Bucky. He's taken a lot of punishment at the hands of Dick Bass already in this one.

BW: Dick Bass is one of the toughest, roughest bad men on the planet.

GM: We're up to five already.

[The San Jose Shark drops down off the apron, moving around the ring to his protege...

...and pulls him up by the arm, dragging him over to the ring where he shoves him back in.]

GM: Marcus Broussard had seen enough! Broussard wasn't about to let his former student in the Combat Corner get counted out of this matchup.

BW: And drop down to a five on three disadvantage? I would think not.

[A dazed Perez gets quickly pulled up by the hair, tugged into a scoop...

...and dropped across the knee in a backbreaker!]

GM: Backbreaker! He got all of that!

[Bass drops into a lateral press, reaching back for a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But again, the San Jose Shark will not allow his former student to be eliminated, breaking up the pin with a boot to the back of the head. Johnny Jagger immediately gets in Broussard's face, shouting at him...

...and gets a two-handed shove to the chest for it!]

GM: Oh, come-

[BIG CHEER!]

GM: JEFF JAGGER! JEFF JAGGER!

[The Carolina native rushes in, throwing haymakers to the jaw of Marcus Broussard, chasing him back into the corner where the Shark bails out through the ropes, rubbing his chin as he walks away from the ring. An angry Jeff Jagger starts to go after him but the official holds him back.]

GM: Jeff Jagger just ran in there to defend his father!

BW: He should be disqualified for it too. More bias by the referee!

[An angry Dick Bass pulls Perez to his feet, scooping him up again, and walking to the corner where he hangs him out to dry in the Tree of Woe.]

GM: Uh oh - Perez is in some trouble here.

[Bass lays in a pair of knees to the midsection of the trapped Perez, knocking him back down to the mat...

...before Nick Anton suddenly tags himself back into the match.]

GM: Nick Anton just slapped the shoulder of Bass! He tagged himself back in!

PJC: That little punk's got no business doing that! Dickie had this one under control.

[Bass seems to be saying exactly that to Nick Anton - very loudly and angrily. Anton shouts back at Bass.]

GM: It looks like Team Hotshot's got a problem here.

BW: That twerp Anton shouldn't even be here if you ask me, Gordo. That's the Playboy's spot.

PJC: You got that right, Bucky. It should be all Playboy Enterprises, all the time up in this but those little collegiate punks got in our way.

[Bass decides he's heard enough, decking Anton with a right hand on the jaw, sending him staggering backwards...

...and then rushing forward, CREAMING Anton with a big lariat that sends him falling back into a Perez schoolboy rollup!]

GM: OHHHH! ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEE!!!

[The crowd boos the elimination of one of their favorites.]

PW: Nick Anton has been ELIMINATED!

[A smirking Dick Bass is mocking the now-eliminated Nick Anton, wiping his eyes and pretending to cry.]

GM: Dick Bass just directly caused the elimination of one of his teammates in this match and- why do you think this is so funny, Johnny Casanova?

[A cackling Casanova finally quiets down.]

PJC: He had it comin', Myers. Nick Anton and his dopey brother are the reason that Playboy Enterprises ain't runnin' wild over this whole match and believe me, we ain't forgot about that. Dickie just delivered message #1 and... well, I think I've got a note of my own to hand him.

[A loud "CLUNK!" is heard as Casanova puts down his headset, climbing to his feet. He grabs Nick Anton by the ankle, dragging him out to the floor. He quickly grabs the hair of the young man, slapping him across the face a few times...

...and then SLAMMING him skullfirst into the steel ringpost!]

GM: OHHHH! COME ON!!!

[The crowd ROARS as Alex Anton comes tearing down the aisleway, racing down to ringside where Johnny Casanova quickly beats a retreat, leaving Alex to kneel down next to his brother, checking his condition as Bass continues to taunt him from inside the ring...

...which sends Alex Anton into a frenzy, tearing under the ropes where Bass immediately starts stomping him!]

GM: Bass is all over him! He's stomping the heck out of Alex Anton!

[But Anton is quick to fight back, battling to a knee where he throws a pair of big right hands to the midsection. He gets to his feet, ducking under a wild right from Bass...

...and hooks a powerful waistlock on the Playboy Enterprises member, launching him up and overhead!]

GM: SUPLEX!

[Bass SLAMS him down hard on the back of the head and neck with a released German Suplex, a powerful toss that leaves Bass motionless on the canvas...

...where Skywalker Jones quickly scales the ropes, standing tall, and hurls himself off the top with a somersault, smashing down with a splash across the chest!]

BW: IN YOUR FACE DISGRACE!!

[Jones reaches back, hooking a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Dick Bass has been ELIMINATED!

[Big cheer! Even Stevie Scott, Bass' team Captain, doesn't seem too upset by it, simply shrugging his shoulders to his teammates.]

GM: And just like that, Team Broussard has a four on three advantage.

BW: Have you noticed that two of the competitors in this match haven't even been legally in the ring yet, Gordo?

GM: Bruno Verhoeven and Sultan Azam Sharif have indeed not been in the match at this point. And Count Adrian Bathwaite seems most pleased about that, continuing to speak to his client on the apron.

BW: Whaddya think Adrian's got in that bag, Gordo?

GM: Whatever it is, it can't be good news for anyone.

[Skywalker Jones dances around in the corner, waving for the next man to come in. Jeff Jagger seems on the verge of climbing in with him but Sultan Azam Sharif stops him, jerking a thumb to himself.]

GM: And it looks like the Sultan's about to check in for the first time in this one. Perhaps he can make Skywalker Jones humble.

[Sharif steps in, slapping his pectorals with an open hand before striking a double bicep pose...

...and eating a running dropkick to the mush from Skywalker Jones!]

GM: Ohh! Jones wastes no time in taking the fight to Sharif!

[Jones pops back to his feet, throwing right hands to the jaw of the cornered Sharif. Stevie Scott and Jeff Jagger take a couple steps back, leaving the duo some room to work.]

GM: Big knife-edge chop by Jones! And there's a second which looks dangerously close to the throat, fans.

BW: Punch a guy in the throat and his eyes tear up, he has trouble breathing, and doing much of anything.

[Grabbing Sharif by the arm, Jones fires him across to the other corner where Broussard and Perez reach in, grabbing Sharif by the arms. Jones rushes across...

...and runs right up the chest of Sharif, backflipping out of the corner and landing on his feet to a few cheers!]

GM: Showboating Skywalker Jones in action here.

[Sharif promptly breaks his left arm free of Pedro Perez' grip, throwing a forearm to the jaw of Marcus Broussard which breaks his right arm loose as well. A hard back elbow to Perez' jaw sends him falling off the apron and a matching one does the same to the San Jose Shark, freeing up Sharif to charge out of the corner, and bowl over a surprised Jones with a clothesline!]

GM: Oh yeah! Down goes Jones!

[Sharif swings around, shouting something at the downed Jones that no one can understand - even if it was in English. He grabs Jones by the hair, yanking him off the canvas...

...and hooking both of Jones' arms under his own.]

GM: What in the...?

[Showing incredible power and leverage, Sharif uses Jones' own arms to hurl him up over his head, sending him sailing halfway across the ring!]

GM: Big suplex by Sharif!

[Sharif gets up, striking the double bicep pose again as he stalks across the ring towards Jones who is now crawling towards the ropes. He throws himself over the middle rope, shouting at Hercules Hammonds...

...which leaves him horribly exposed as Sharif dashes across the ring, leaping into the air, and landing solidly on the upper back and neck of Jones, clotheslining him over the middle rope!]

GM: Sharif's got this crowd buzzing!

BW: Jones is in trouble. Sharif may be looking for the Clutch!

[Grabbing Jones by the arm, Sharif pulls him into a side waistlock, powering him into the air and down hard in an awkward position on his head and neck!]

GM: Ohh! Brutal side suplex by Sharif and-

[A big chunk of the crowd cheers as Sharif flips Jones onto his stomach, turning him around and looking to settle in for the Camel Clutch.]

GM: Sharif's going for the Clutch and-

[He doesn't get anywhere close to applying it before Broussard slips in, smashing him with a knee to the kidneys to break up the hold before it can be locked in. The San Jose Shark ignores the referee's cries, swinging Sharif around and throwing a boot into the midsection. He quickly hooks a front facelock...

...and SPIKES Sharif skullfirst into the canvas!]

GM: DDT! BROUSSARD HITS A DDT!!

[The San Jose Shark rolls out to the floor, shouting "COME ON!" to Skywalker Jones who tiredly rolls over, throwing an arm across Sharif's chest.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[A diving save from Jeff Jagger breaks up the pin attempt. Jagger climbs to his feet, wagging a finger at Marcus Broussard as he backs across the ring, stepping back out to the apron.]

GM: A LUNGING SAVE BY JAGGER TO BREAK THE COUNT!

BW: Illegal! Illegal!

[Skywalker Jones immediately rolls to his back, shaking his fists at the sky as Buford P. Higgins shouts to him from the floor. Jones rolls to the side, reaching up and slapping the hand of Marcus Broussard who comes dashing in, dropping a hard elbow into the throat of Sharif before applying a cover, earning just a two count before Sharif kicks out.]

GM: We're over twenty minutes into this contest and seven men remain in the match at this point!

[From outside the ring, Waterson shouts something to a nodding Broussard. The San Jose Shark pulls Sharif up...

...and promptly hooks his arms around the torso in a bearhug!]

GM: He's going for the belly-to-belly!

[But Sharif lowers his own arms, grabbing Broussard's arms and using his power edge to break the Shark's grip...

...and then HURLING him overhead with a double arm throw!]

GM: Another one of those double-arm throws! Sharif just laid out a former National Champion with that and-

[Sharif stalks across the ring, pulling Broussard from the corner and right into a gutwrench...

...and then hurls Broussard halfway across the ring in the other direction!]

GM: Two big suplexes by Sultan Azam Sharif!

[He grabs a fleeing Broussard by the ankle, dragging him to the middle of the ring where he drops a big elbow in the kidneys. Sharif repeats the process, a second elbow rattling the lower back of the Shark. He gets up, shouts something in another tongue, and then leaps high in the air, burying an elbow in the spine!]

GM: A series of high impact elbowdrops by Sharif to the lower back of the former National Champion and you know what that means!

BW: He's looking for the Clutch on the Shark!

[But as soon as he turns Broussard around, Pedro Perez rushes in, smashing Sharif with a forearm to the back of the head to knock him off-balance...

...which brings Stevie Scott barreling into the ring, tackling Perez down to the canvas where he begins hammering away at him with rights and lefts to the roar of the crowd! Johnny Jagger rushes to the corner, trying to break up the fight as Ben Waterson scales the apron, shouting at Broussard...]

GM: Wait a second! Get Waterson down from there! Get him off the apron!

[On the other side of the ring, Count Adrian Bathwaite gets up...

...and opens up his bag with him, pulling a handful of cash and shoving it in the direction of Bruno Verhoeven!]

GM: What the-?!

BW: Bathwaite's trying to buy off Verhoeven!

[The son of the legend, who has yet to move in this match into the ring, turns to stare at the giant wad of greenbacks being waved at him, his eyes going wide.]

GM: Bathwaite's trying to make Verhoeven an offer he can't refuse!

[Across the ring, Ben Waterson's eyes go wide as well, staring at the money.]

GM: I think Waterson's in shock! Did he just get outmaneuvered by the Count?

[Sharif is the first to ride, looking confused at his manager. He turns to Bathwaite, asking him what he's doing.]

GM: Sharif's puzzled! He doesn't understand!

BW: If he figures it out, he ain't gonna be happy, Gordo!

GM: He certainly isn't!

[But before he gets a chance to comprehend, Marcus Broussard hammers him with a double axehandle to the back of the neck. He hooks a front facelock, dragging Sharif back to the corner where he holds the arms back, offering him up to Verhoeven...

...who does not move.]

BW: What the heck is going on with Verhoeven?

GM: I have not a clue, Bucky.

[Verhoven simply glares at the trapped Sharif...

...which gives Sharif time to power out of the hold, slamming the back of his head into Broussard's face. He quickly hooks a side waistlock, lifting Broussard off the canvas...]

GM: ATOMIC DROP!!

[The impact of which sends the San Jose Shark sailing into his advisor, knocking Waterson off the apron to the floor. Broussard staggers back out to the middle of the ring where Sharif buries a boot into his midsection. He grabs a rear waistlock on Broussard, trying to take him over with a suplex but the Shark is fighting it, trying desperately to escape.]

GM: Sharif's trying to get the Shark in that suplex... perhaps a big waistlock suplex but Broussard doesn't want to go up for it...

[Grabbing the ropes, the San Jose Shark drags himself towards his corner, frantically taking a swipe at Skywalker Jones just before Sharif pulls him free, launching Broussard up and over in a waistlock suplex...

...just as Skywalker Jones deadleaps to the top rope, flipping over into a somersault senton!]

BW: SKYWALKERRRRRRR JOOOOOOOO-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

GM: KNEES UP! KNEES UP! SHARIF GOT THE KNEES UP!

[A slightly dazed Sharif gets up again... and again calls for the Camel Clutch, flipping Jones onto his stomach. He loops the arms over his legs and sits back, cupping his hands underneath the highflyer's chin!]

GM: HE'S GOT IT ON!!! SHARIF'S GOT IT ON!!!

[Jones immediately cries out in pain and on cue, Hercules Hammonds pulls himself up on the apron. The referee breaks away, shouting at Hammonds to get down... and then moving to get him down...

...which allows Higgins to roll under the ropes, racing halfway across the ring and digging his fingers into the eyes of Sharif!]

GM: OHHH! CHEAPSHOT BY HIGGINS!!

[Jeff Jagger promptly charges down the apron, connecting with a low dropkick to the knee of Hammonds, causing him to smash jawfirst on the apron as he falls to the floor. Jagger points out Higgins' actions to his father who shrugs them off, having seen nothing but a now-blinded Sharif staggering around by the ropes. Skywalker Jones promptly drags himself across the ring to the corner, pulling himself to his feet...

...where he slaps the shoulder of Bruno Verhoeven.]

GM: Uh oh! He tags in the big man and here comes trouble for Sharif!

BW: Uhhh, Gordo? Verhoeven ain't moving yet.

[Skywalker Jones shakes his head, looking up, and slaps the shoulder a second time, gesturing for Verhoeven to "get in there!"]

GM: A second tag - but still no movement!

[An irate Jones stands, hands on hips, glaring at Verhoeven...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE JUST SLAPPED VERHOEVEN!!

[A smirking Jones throws his arms apart in a "did you see that?" gesture to the fans...

...which means he doesn't see a pissed-off German stepping over the ropes into the ring until he spins back around, immediately throwing his hands up to beg off.]

GM: Verhoeven is hot! He's boiling over here in the middle of Memphis!

[But just when you think he's going to drill Skywalker Jones, Verhoeven peels away, grabbing the blinded Sharif by the throat...

...and hoisting him into the air, DRIVING him down to the canvas with a thunderous chokeslam!]

GM: CHOKESLAM!! CHOKESLAM ON SHARIF!!

[The crowd responds with a shocked reaction as Verhoven steps away, dragging a thumb across his throat. Jeff Jagger steps through the ropes, charging Verhoeven...

...and eating a big boot to the jaw, knocking the Carolina Crusher flat!]

GM: Good grief! Bruno Verhoeven is taking out the entire opposing team!

[Stevie Scott steps into the ring, full of piss and vinegar as he storms towards Verhoeven, wrapping his arms around the waist and bullying him back into the corner. The Hotshot straightens up, throwing rights and lefts to the midsection of the big German...

...who responds by smashing a knee into Scott's midsection, doubling him up.]

GM: Look out!

[Verhoeven grabs Scott around the waist, hoisting him up into the air...

...and DRIVING him down to the canvas with a thunderous powerbomb!]

GM: OHHHHHHHHHHH! HE JUST PLANTED THE FORMER NATIONAL CHAMPION!

[An overjoyed Marcus Broussard is shouting praise for the powerful German from the apron, waving for him to cover the downed Sharif...

...when suddenly Verhoeven spins around, putting his crosshairs on the San Jose Shark before grabbing him by the hair, flinging him over the ropes into the ring!]

BW: WHAT THE HELL?!

[Verhoeven rips Broussard off the mat, tugging him into a full nelson.]

GM: He's got the San Jose Shark hooked!

[The crowd roars as Verhoeven hoists the first National Champion into the air, HURLING him down to the canvas with a thunderous slam!]

GM: FULL NELSON SLAM!! Oh my stars! Bruno Verhoeven has laid out man after man after man in the center of the ring at SuperClash and now...

[Verhoeven slowly turns, his eyes coming to rest on Skywalker Jones who is standing in shock at what he sees...

...and gets DRILLED with a right hook before he can respond, sending Jones falling back to the corner. The powerful German grabs him by the throat, physically yanking him from the buckles.]

GM: He's got Skywalker Jones as well!

[Verhoeven suddenly lifts Jones high into the air, swinging around...

...and DRIVES him down to the canvas!]

GM: Another chokeslam! Jones just got-

[The crowd erupts at the sight of Pedro Perez rushing in, slamming forearm after forearm in the wide back of Verhoeven...

...who slowly turns around, an unamused glare on his face as he reaches out, grabbing Perez by the throat!]

GM: No, no, no!

[Without hesitation, Verhoeven hoists Perez as high as he possibly can, twisting around, and DRIVING him down across his bent knee. The crowd ERUPTS in a shocked (and sickened) reaction to the devastating move.]

GM: SLAUGHTERSLAM!! SLAUGHTERSLAM ON PEREZ!

[Bruno Verhoeven shoves the limp form of Pedro Perez off his knee, slowly rising to his feet. The mighty German lets loose a mighty bellow before simply stepping over the top rope, walking up the aisle to the locker room area as Johnny Jagger starts a ten count.]

GM: Bruno Verhoeven is walking out on this match, Bucky!

BW: The big German makes his returns, lays out everyone in sight on BOTH teams, and now he's leaving?! I don't get it.

GM: The fans are stunned, the guys on both teams are certainly stunned or worse - the count is up to five... now six...

[The fans along the aisle respond with a mixture of cheers and boos for the destructive force that just struck the ring, leaving six bodies lying as the German juggernaut vanishes through the curtain as the count hits eight... then nine... then...]

“DING! DING! DING!”

PW: BRUNO VERHOEVEN HAS BEEN COUNTED OUT AND ELIMINATED!

GM: We're down to three on three!

BW: Yeah, but can anyone keep going after what Verhoeven just did to them all?

GM: We're about to find that out! This match is about to hit the thirty minute mark - the halfway point in the time limit for this match. For Team Hotshot, Sharif is still the legal man but who is going to step up next for Team Broussard?

[Sharif is slow to get to his feet...

...but when he does, his eyes light up at the sight of so many floored bodies. With Count Adrian Bathwaite shouting, Sharif reaches down and grabs a downed Pedro Perez by the arm...]

GM: Sharif's going for Perez! He might be the legal man by default!

[But a nervous Ben Waterson reaches under the ropes, grabbing Pedro Perez by the ankle...]

GM: Waterson's trying to prevent Sharif from getting Perez in the Camel Clutch! He knows that if Sharif locks it on, it's over!

[Bathwaite shouts at Sharif, gesturing wildly...

...and Sharif responds by dropping Perez to the mat, walking over the ropes, and smashing a hooked boot into the bottom rope, forcing Waterson to break his grip, backing away as Sharif shouts a warning in his direction.]

GM: Uh oh. I think Ben Waterson might be legitimately terrified of Sultan Azam Sharif!

BW: Can you blame him? Sharif's a crazy man!

[Sharif moves back in on Perez who is now trying to push himself up to all fours. In the meantime, all four of the other competitors still in the match have rolled out of the ring and are trying to recover on the floor...]

GM: It's down to six men - one of these men will Steal The Spotlight and earn the match of this choice any time in the next year!

[The former Olympian settles in on the back of Perez, hooking the arms over his legs, sitting down on the back as he reaches around to cup the chin, yanking back hard to the screams of the former Combat Corner grappler.]

GM: Sharif's got the Camel Clutch applied! No one can help him now!

[And soon...]

“DING! DING! DING!”

PW: PEDRO PEREZ IS ELIMINATED BY SUBMISSION!

[An irate Ben Waterson is screaming at this point - first at Sharif, then at Bathwaite who shrugs off Waterson's complaints, ordering Sharif to keep the fight going. But Sharif gets to his feet, nodding his head in salute to Perez before walking to the corner, tagging in Jeff Jagger...

...who rushes across the ring, grabbing the top rope with both hands and slingshotting Jones over the ropes into the ring!]

GM: Jeff Jagger brings in Skywalker Jones the hard way! We're down to five men striving to Steal The Spotlight and no one would like to do it more than these two in my estimation, Bucky.

[Jagger pulls Jones off the mat, hooking him under the armpit, and launching the highflyer out of the corner with a big hiptoss!]

GM: High into the air and HARD down on the mat!

[As Jones staggers back to his feet, he finds Jagger waiting for him with boot to the gut. He quickly hooks a front facelock, slinging Jones arm over his neck, and snapping him over with a hard suplex!]

GM: Ohh! He nearly took Skywalker Jones out of his boots right there!

[Jagger backs off, heading to the corner where he hops up to the middle rope, and leaps off, driving the point of his elbow into the chest!]

GM: Big elbow! Jagger covers for one! He gets two! He gets-

[A frantic Marcus Broussard staggers in, stomping the back of Jagger's head.]

GM: Broussard makes the save there!

BW: He had to, Gordo. Marcus Broussard is one of the smartest men in the sport and he knows that if he falls down to a three on one, his night is going to be over for sure.

[But Broussard doesn't get far, falling victim to Jeff Jagger grabbing him in a side waistlock, hoisting him up...

...and tossing him all the way over, dropping him stomachfirst across the downed Skywalker Jones!]

GM: OHHHH! What a move by Jeff Jagger!

[Jagger grabs Broussard by the arm, firing him to the corner. The Carolina Crusher quickly mounts the midbuckle, holding up a fist to the cheers of the crowd.]

“ONE!”

“TWO!”

“THREE!”

“FOUR!”

“FIVE!”
“SIX!”
“SEVEN!”
“EIGHT!”
“NINE!”
“TEN!”

[The Carolina native drops down off the middle rope, delivering a hard chop across the chest of the San Jose Shark. He grabs Broussard by the arm, firing him across to the opposite corner...]

GM: Corner to corner goes the former National Champion...

[Jagger walks to the corner, slapping the hand of Stevie Scott who rushes in, charging in with a running tackle to the ribs of Broussard, smashing him in the corner. Scott straightens up, throwing rights and lefts to the ribs of a dazed Broussard. He grabs the Shark by the arm...

...but gets caught from behind with a knee to the kidneys!]

GM: Ohh! Skywalker Jones caught him!

[Swinging Scott around by the arm, he yanks him in...

...and OBLITERATES him with a standing Yakuza Kick!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!!

BW: A short-arm Yakuza Kick by Skywalker Jones! And we've seen someone else do that, Gordo. A guy who was pretty good at stealing the spotlight in his own right.

GM: Of course, you're talking about former World Champion and one of the greatest in-ring performers of his generation, Devon Case. I'm told that Skywalker Jones was paying close attention in class at the Combat Corner when Todd Michaelson showed some of Case's matches and we may have just witnessed that firsthand here tonight at SuperClash.

[The downed Scott takes a barrage of stomps from both Jones and Broussard, the crowd jeering before Johnny Jagger forces the San Jose Shark out of the ring. Jones pulls Scott up, dancing around a bit in front of him.]

GM: Skywalker Jones is one of the arrogant son of a guns I've ever seen, Bucky.

BW: It's not arrogance if you can back it up.

GM: I don't agree with that one bit.

[Scott throws a dazed right hand that Jones avoids... and a left... and a right... Jones ducks or dodges them all with ease, before snapping off a big right hand of his own that sends Scott falling back into the buckles. Jones grabs him by the arm, winging him from corner to corner before charging in behind him...]

GM: Here comes Jones!

[Jones rushes the corner and then suddenly throws himself in the air, attempting a high corner splash...

...and catches it all! He bounces back, cupping his hands to his mouth and letting loose a howl to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: And if I had to guess, I'd say that's a direct insult to the Number One contender and the man who will challenge for the National Title later tonight, Supernova, Bucky.

BW: Maybe Skywalker Jones is letting the whole world know who he's gonna challenge when he wins this match here tonight, Gordo.

GM: You could very well be right about that.

[Jones drags Scott from the corner, hooking a front facelock...]

GM: He's calling for the brainbuster here! And if he hits this, I bet he's going back to the top rope to look for the kill on the Hotshot.

[But before Jones can hoist him into the air, Scott drops down to the mat, dragging Jones into an inside cradle!]

GM: SMALL PACKAGE!! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Jones kicks out at the last possible second, narrowly avoiding a pinfall...]

...as Scott LUNGES to the corner, slapping the outstretched hand of Jeff Jagger!]

GM: Jagger's back in!

[The Carolina native grabs a rising Jones by the hair, DRILLING him with a European uppercut, knocking Jones back a step or two. He grabs Jones by the arm, yanking him in...

...and hoisting him up, dropping him facefirst on the mat with a one-man flapjack!]

GM: OHHHH! Big move by Jagger!

[Jagger pumps a fist, getting the crowd into a roar as he stands behind the rising Jones, waving his arms...]

GM: I think he's going for the sleeper, Bucky! He's looking for that Carolina Clutch!

[And as Jones struggles to his feet...]

GM: SLEEPER!

[The crowd erupts as Jagger hooks in the Carolina Clutch on a dazed Skywalker Jones, looking to eliminate his rival from the match and take it down to a three on one situation.]

GM: Jagger's got it in deep! He's got that sleeperhold locked on!

[Buford P. Higgins shouts encouragement to Jones as he battles against the hold, trying to find a way out of it. Hercules Hammonds looks a little nervous, a hand on the middle rope as he eyes the situation carefully.]

GM: Can he escape? Can he find a way out?

[Jones buries an elbow back into the ribs a few times, earning himself a little bit of space which allows him to twist his body to the left, ending up with an arm snaked behind Jagger, tucking it between his legs like he's about to lift for a torture rack...

...and swings Jagger up, over, and DOWN HARD on the canvas!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: He calls that the Razzle Dazzle! A swinging fireman's carry slam! Right on the back of the head and neck! Unreal, daddy! This man is a human highlight reel and a one man show!

[Jones pushes up off the mat, throwing both arms in the air from a seated position on the canvas...

...and then leans back, reaching for a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[Suddenly, Jagger reaches up, hooking Jones' left arm with his arms and Jones' right arm with his legs, dragging him down in a crucifix!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEE!!! JAGGER PINS JONES! JAGGER PINS JONES!

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: SKYWALKER JONES HAS BEEN EEEEEELIMINATED!

[Jones pops up, immediately screaming and shouting at Johnny Jagger. He grabs Jagger by the shirt, backing him into the corner...]

GM: Get away from the referee, Jones! You lost fair and square! You let that enormous ego get the better of you and-

[Suddenly, Jeff Jagger is up, spinning Jones around and dropping him with a right hand on the jaw! Jagger stands over him, shouting at the downed Jones...

...which leaves him distracted as Hercules Hammonds slides in, charging the corner, and smashing Jeff Jagger with a flying body attack, smashing his powerful arms together on the back of Jagger's head, knocking him flat!]

GM: OHH! Come on! What's HE doing in there?

[Hercules Hammonds promptly grabs Jagger by the back of the trunks, yanking him physically back up to his feet. He swings him around, pulling him into a standing headscissors...]

GM: No, no, no! Somebody's gotta stop this!

[Outside the ring, Buford P. Higgins is hanging onto the leg of Stevie Scott, preventing him from getting involved and a very vocal Count Adrian Bathwaite keeps Sharif at bay as Hammonds lifts Jagger up, turning out to the middle of the ring...

...as Skywalker Jones gets a running start, leaping up to plant his knees into the back of Jones as Hammonds brings him down in a powerbomb!]

GM: OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

BW: Hammonds hit the powerbomb and Skywalker Jones hit that flying double knee - some people call it a Lungblower - all at the same time. Jagger's done!

[A furious Jones leans over, slapping Jagger across the face before making his exit alongside Hammonds then joined at ringside by Higgins as the trio walks out together, leaving a motionless Jagger behind...

...a motionless Jagger that is easy pickings for Marcus Broussard who slips through the ropes, diving into a lateral press.]

GM: Oh, come on. Not like this!

[But a disappointed Johnny Jagger is forced to count his son's shoulders to the canvas before signaling for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: JEFF JAGGER HAS BEEN ELIMINATED!

GM: We're down to the three! It's the San Jose Shark, Marcus Broussard taking on both Stevie Scott and the Sultan Azam Sharif! Three men left, only one can Steal The Spotlight in this one.

BW: And Gordo, this match is creeping up on forty minutes long! Even as an elimination match, you've gotta think these guys may be starting to run low on fuel.

GM: Perhaps but remember, it was Marcus Broussard who was one-half of the only one hour draw in the AWA's history when he battled Adam Rogers to a sixty minute time limit. We know he's got the endurance and the stamina to go the distance any time he needs to.

[Stevie Scott wastes no time in charging in through the ropes, shoving Broussard back into the corner. He hammers away, a series of right hands into the ribs of the San Jose Shark before he grabs the arm, firing him across the ring...

...and charging across, scoring with a big running clothesline!]

GM: The Hotshot connects right there on Broussard!

[And as the San Jose Shark staggers out of the corner, the Hotshot takes him up and over with a backdrop!]

GM: BIIIIIIIG BACK BODY DROP!!

[Scott leans down, slapping the canvas with a "YEAAAAAAAH!" before he squares his shoulders, ready to snap off another Heatseeker superkick...

...but Ben Waterson reaches in under the ropes, grabbing his former charge by the ankle!]

GM: Look at that! DQ him, referee!

[Johnny Jagger moves over, shouting at Waterson who releases his grip, begging off. Scott spins around, shouting at his former manager as well...

...which leaves him badly exposed when Broussard rushes the corner, leaping up with a high knee to the back, smashing the Hotshot into the buckles, and then yanking him down in a schoolboy!]

GM: No! No!

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

...and the San Jose Shark slips his feet over the middle rope to add leverage, earning an easy three count to the jeers of the crowd!]

“DING! DING! DING!”

PW: STEVIE SCOTT HAS BEEN EEEEEEEELIMINATED!

GM: The San Jose Shark picks up another elimination and just like that, we're down to one on one! It'll be Marcus Broussard and Sultan Azam Sharif fighting it out to see just who is going to steal this spotlight here tonight and earn a match of their choice any time in the next year! Who is it going to be, fans?

[Sharif quickly moves into the ring, catching a rising Broussard with a hooked boot to the ribs. A second one follows suit before Sharif shoves Broussard back into the corner...

...and HAMMERS him with a meaty forearm across the sternum!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot by Sharif!

[A second hard forearm to the chest leaves Broussard reeling, clutching his chest in the corner. From the floor, an anxious-looking Bathwaite shouts instructions to his charge who grabs Broussard under the arm, looking for a hiptoss.]

GM: Sharif's gonna take the Shark out of the corn- no, reversed!

[And it's Sharif who hits the canvas hard with the hiptoss throw! Wincing as he grabs his chest, Broussard wobbles towards the downed Sharif who suddenly lunges forward from his knees, grabbing the first National Champion in a double leg takedown, pulling his legs out from under him and putting him down on the canvas.]

GM: Wow! Big takedown by Sharif!

[Still holding the legs, Sharif looks to turn the San Jose Shark onto his stomach to apply a Boston Crab but Broussard is wiggling and flailing from the start, trying to find a way to free himself...]

GM: Broussard's fighting it!

[Sharif gives up on the Crab, shoving the legs aside and attempting an elbowdrop but Broussard rolls out of the way, causing Sharif to slam down hard on the canvas.]

GM: Oh! Sharif misses the elbow!

[Which is Broussard's cue to spring to his feet, driving his own elbow into the throat of the former Olympian. He cradles Sharif by the back of the head, hammering away with clenched fists to the dismay of Johnny Jagger.]

GM: Jagger forces Broussard to his feet... forcing him to break up the attack there...

[An angry Broussard backs away, gesturing at the downed Sharif. He nudges Jagger aside, approaching once more as he shouts, "YOU THINK YOU CAN THROW A SUPLEX?!"]

BW: Awww yeah. It's time for the Shark to take Sharif to school!

[Broussard pulls Sharif into a front facelock, slinging the Iranian's arm over his neck, and promptly snaps him over in a bone-rattling suplex!]

GM: All impact on that snap suplex, Bucky! That'll do a number on your spine!

BW: Marcus ain't done either.

[Retaking his feet, he hauls Sharif back up, tugging him into a side waistlock, hoisting Sharif into the air...

...and dropping him down hard on the back of the head and neck!]

GM: Oh my! Big side suplex as well! That might do it right there, Bucky.

BW: It might but Marcus is going for the kill here. He wants to make damn sure that when he goes for that cover, this guy ain't getting up.

GM: Ben Waterson with some words of advice for his ally out here on the floor... and Broussard is indeed pulling Sharif up by the back of the trunks... waistlock!

[The crowd buzzes as Broussard hooks the rear waistlock, a rarity for him, just before he powers Sharif into the air...

...and lets go in mid-flight, causing Sharif to CRASH down hard on the back of the head and neck, flipping all the way over onto his stomach!]

GM: OH MY STARS!

BW: A released German suplex - all impact, no bridge! He took a page right out of the playbook of his old friend and rival, Adam Rogers, right there.

GM: We'll be seeing Adam Rogers in action later tonight but right now, Marcus Broussard may be on the verge of victory, Bucky Wilde.

[The San Jose Shark retakes his feet, "dusting off" his shoulders as he sneers at the jeering crowd. He shares a confident nod with Waterson as he approaches the prone Sharif, nudging him onto his back with his toe. The first National Champion slowly drops to his knees...]

GM: Broussard is certainly taking his time here, Bucky.

BW: Sharif looks out to me, Gordo. I think he's got all the time in the world.

GM: There's a cover!

[Johnny Jagger dives to the canvas, lifting his arm and slapping the mat once... twice...]

GM: NO! NO! SHARIF KICKS OUT!!

BW: WHAT?!

[Ben Waterson and Marcus Broussard share Bucky's shock which quickly turns into outrage, a verbal barrage being fired at the AWA's Senior Official who waves it off, ordering the match to continue.]

GM: The big waistlock suplex comes very close to a three count but it wasn't quite enough, Bucky.

BW: I don't know what match you or Jagger are watching 'cause that was a three, daddy!

GM: The official says it's a two and the match continues!

[An angry Broussard lays in a few kicks to the ribs, forcing Sharif onto his stomach. He takes aim, dropping a big knee into the kidneys which causes Sharif to howl out in pain. With a wicked grin on his face, Broussard stands up...

...and places a foot on either side of Sharif's torso.]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

BW: Is he gonna-

GM: It certainly looks that way! Marcus Broussard, the very first man to ever wear the AWA National Title, is going to apply Sharif's own finisher to him! He's going for the Camel Clutch!

[The crowd begins to buzz with anticipation, more and more boos landing on Broussard as the match goes on. The San Jose Shark stands over Sharif, mockingly slapping each of his pectorals before he moves in for the kill, reaching down to grab the arms of the former Olympian, slipping them over his bent legs...

...but takes just a second too long once again to taunt the crowd, a second that allows Sharif to use his deceptive power to YANK Broussard's legs out from under him, depositing him on his back on the canvas!]

GM: Sharif counters the Clutch!

BW: When you're the master of a hold like that, you also know every way out of it, I suppose.

[Sharif pushes to his feet, Broussard's legs still trapped under his armpits...

...and then he steps over Broussard's torso, placing a foot on either side of the legs, still holding the ankles under his armpits as the San Jose Shark is now trapped on his stomach, flailing at the canvas.]

GM: What is Sharif going for here? I can't even- it's some kind of reverse Boston Crab!

BW: Maybe a Tehran Crab?

[Sharif steps forward, pushing down on the legs as much as he can, shoving Broussard's chest into the mat and bending his spine...]

GM: AHHHH! LOOK AT THE TORQUE ON THE BACK!! LOOK AT-

[Broussard is screaming in pain now, shouting and begging for help. Ben Waterson quickly hops up on the apron, ready to intervene...]

...but it's too late!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, Marcus Broussard has been ELIMINATED!

[Big cheer!]

PW: Therefore, your winner... and SOLE SURVIVOR...

SULLLLLTAAAAAN AAAAZAAAAAM SHAAAAAARIIIIIF!

[The crowd actually cheers the announcement as Sharif holds up his arms in triumph, having released the hold as soon as the bell sounded. He stands in the center of the ring, the referee raising his hand.]

GM: After over forty minutes of grueling action, Sultan Azam Sharif has stolen the spotlight at this year's SuperClash and now - now he has one year to cash that in on any match he desires. And you and I both know what match he desires, Bucky.

BW: I'm afraid we do.

GM: He wants another shot at the National Title! He wants a shot at Calisto Dufresne or Supernova!

BW: Hey, if it's Supernova - which we all know it won't be - he should get all the shots at that face-painted goof that he wants. But if it's the Ladykiller, he should graciously step aside and take a shot at someone else... Robert Donovan or one of those idiot Lynch boys maybe.

GM: I have a feeling it's the National Title or bust for Sharif... and what a disappointing loss this has to be for Marcus Broussard. He was so close, Bucky. So close to earning another opportunity at the title that he's wanted back around his waist for three years now.

BW: There'll be another day for the San Jose Shark, Gordo. Bet on it.

[Suddenly, Jason Dane enters the ring where a jubilant Sharif is still celebrating his triumph.]

JD: Sultan Azam Sharif, you have stolen the spotlight here at SuperClash! You can now name any match you want... I think we know the answer, but for the record, what will it be?

SAS: Mistair Jahsun Dane, dank you, you are ontollEgunt AmerEcun because you already know! All deh tousan-tousan peepell in Mahmphus Tennusee, dey saw vat happun! Un now dot I hof prove to AWA dot I am deh best in deh vurld like I said, I...

[Uh, oh. Count Adrian Bathwaite arrives on the scene. Like Sharif, he is smiling. But his smile lacks the innocent joy of his client. It is a devious grin, and he cuts into his charge's statement.]

CAB: Sultan, pardon, but this needle-necked serf is trying to get us to reveal our strategies to our enemies. Dane, you try to trick the Sultan into divulging classified information one more time, and I'll have you hung!

JD: But everyone knows that he wants to...

CAB: His Spotlight Match will be... taken under managerial advisement. As per his contract, I am the one who has the legal authority to make this decision. And I will do what is best for my man, regardless of sentiment. Come on, Sultan. We're going to catch the first flight to Hong Kong and celebrate with civilized people.

SAS: IRAN! IRAN, NUMBAH WON! CAMARAMAN, ZOOM IN ON DEH SPOTLIGHT SHAMPWON!

[Sharif flexes his impressive muscles as Dane takes the microphone back.]

JD: Alright, Count Adrian Bathwaite says that he'll be the one to make the call! Gordon, back to you.

[We cut back to the ringside announce table.]

GM: I... something about this is bothering me. We know that Sharif wants another National Title match, after basically winning the title three months ago and being cheated out of it. But... why is Bathwaite being so evasive? He wouldn't...

BW: Gordo, Gordo, Gordo... ya gotta learn to trust your betters. They're better at thinking than you, so they know what they're doing.

GM: If Adrian Bathwaite uses that Spotlight Match on anything other than a National Title shot, I have to believe that Sharif would drop him immediately. Any sane man would. Right?

BW: He didn't say he wasn't going to use it on a title match! He's probably going to pick a favorable match type and date.

GM: Yes, that makes sense. Perhaps I read too much into that. Anyway, arguably the biggest victory in the pro wrestling career of Sultan Azam Sharif has just happened before our very eyes. It was a brutal match to overcome the odds and congratulations to the man from Iran for his hard-fought victory. But fans, we've still got three big matches to come here tonight. Coming up next, we're going to see that All-Star Showdown - a match that could Main Event any show on the planet - between the team of Caleb Temple and Jeff Matthews and the team of Adam Rogers and Alex Martinez. It's going to be something else to behold, fans. And I understand that we actually have a little surprise to announce before that match gets started. But before that, let's go backstage where I understand Mark Stegglet has caught up with Bruno Verhoeven! Mark?

[Cut to the backstage area where Bruno Verhoeven towers over a very intimidated Mark Stegglet. Stegglet is shakily holding a microphone in his hands while Bruno, his boyish face flushed red, casts a glare of disgust at the camera.]

MS: Bruno Verhoeven... I cannot believe. After years, you have returned to AWA in a fashion that will cause an uproar in the locker room. You just wasted your chance to win the "Steal the Spotlight" match... why?

BV (in a thick German accent): Vinning... vinning is not important to me. Vat is vant is... fear. (Through clenched teeth): Pain. Suffering.

MS: Why?

BV: AWA... zere is never respect for me. No faith. No one believed that I vas Otto's son. But you will believe, ja? Soon. When I break more men, just like him. Break... zem... all.

MS: But... but... where have you been all this time? What happened to you?

[Bruno looks at him for a moment, then, with an abrupt move, tears off the right sleeve of the jump suit to reveal a heavily tattooed arm, featuring crosses, Stars of David, an angel and a demon at each other's throat ...]

MS: Wait a second. I recognize those tattoos. You were... Oh my gosh... you were Brother Cain?

[Verhoeven's jaw works so hard he might grind his teeth down to their roots as his eyes seem to be locked on his own tattoos before he speaks.]

BV: I vas... lost. I vas... bruzer. Not anymore.

Now, I am only a Butcher...

[Dramatic pause.]

BV: ...like my father before me.

[Abruptly, his right hand closes around the throat of Mark Stegglet. There is a half-choked shriek from the young man as the camera drops the floor. We see a dozen boots rush into view, obviously trying to prevent more harm being done to Stegglet before we cut back to ringside.]

GM: A Butcher indeed. Bruno Verhoeven returns to the AWA as a man on a very clear mission. He is here to deliver fear to the entire AWA. He wants their respect. And he wants them to believe, as he does, that he truly is the son of the legendary Otto Verhoeven, Bucky.

BW: I ain't gonna argue with the man. He can tell me he's the son of the Pope if he wants and I'm a-noddin' my melon at him.

[The camera cuts to a panning shot of the DeSoto Civic Center.]

GM: Take a look at this crowd, Bucky. What a show they've seen already and we're nowhere near the finish line yet. As I said, three big matches - HUGE matches - still to come. Two titles still to be determined and will we find out - who is the Dragon? All of that to come still here tonight at SuperClash III. But right now, let's go backstage where one of the teams in this All-Star Showdown are standing by!

[Cut to the locker room backstage. Alex Martinez sits on a wooden bench, slowly wrapping white tape around his right hand. Aware of the camera, he looks up, his eyes, for once, not covered by his usual sunglasses.]

AM: Last year, at SuperClash, I was in the main event. Not wrestlin', but playin' special enforcer. I thought that would be the start of somethin' special. I thought it'd be the first step towards securin' my legacy. I said it before, I came to the AWA to achieve immortality.

But to say I've been derailed is to put it mildly...

[Martinez' eyes narrow.]

AM: Its been a long road from that SuperClash to this one. And I've hit every speed bump on the way. Monosso, Bombers, Langseth, Matthews, Temple. But ya know somethin'? I'm feelin' somethin' I haven't felt in a long time.

I feel happy.

[As if to prove his point, a faint grin crosses the Badboy's lips.]

AM: Because tonight? It ends. Tonight, the demons are put to rest, and the Dragon gets slain. Tonight is about closin' the book. On everythin' that's happened since that masked idiot first interrupted me.

Its been a long, blood trail. And more than once, I didn't know how I was gonna see the light of day. But I see it now. And the truth is, its all down to this man right here...

[Martinez turns his head, and the camera moves with him, to reveal Adam Rogers, standing off to the side.]

AM: One more match, and it ends. One match with a man that has my back. One match with the perfect partner. One match, and then the Dragon comes out.

Tell 'em Adam, tell 'em all how it ends.

[The last-ever EMWC World Champion smiles wryly.]

AR: What a long road it's been to get to tonight, right, Alex? Four careers that have intertwined at various points for the last twelve years. Maybe even longer than that. And those four roads converge tonight in Southaven, Mississippi, just a few miles south of where my father, George Rogers, made his name in the business.

Those four roads converge for one final showdown, and for some involved in tonight's match?

It's the end of the road.

[Adam nods.]

AR: For Alex, tonight is about ending a year-long ordeal that I know has been eating at him day after day, night after night. And when the dust clears, when we've had our arms raised in victory, he will finally get the closure he needs.

But for me? Tonight is about paybacks.

[Rogers pauses, glancing down his body.]

AR: See, all up and down my body, I have scars...scars that remind me of that one fateful night, Caleb Temple. It's been seven long years since that happened. And I have never forgotten. Not one day goes by where I don't remember it like it was yesterday.

Seven long years, I've been waiting to get in the ring with you.

[Another smile.]

AR: Tonight, I finally the chance for revenge.

After tonight...it's finally over.

After tonight...it ends.

[Adam glares hard into the camera.]

AR: It's a moment I've been waiting for for a long, long time.

[Cut back to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a one hour time limit...

[Dramatic pause.]

PW: ...and is a NO DISQUALIFICATION MATCH!

[HUUUUUGE CHEER!]

GM: There it is, fans. The surprise about this match we were told to look for. We had heard rumors all week that both sides of the match were petitioning for this rules change. They both wanted it to be anything goes without worrying about the referee's discretion and now they've got it.

BW: This match just got even more dangerous, Gordo. You're talking about four men whose legacies are dripping with the land of Extreme. You've seen the matches. You know what they're capable of.

GM: I certainly do. And this might be a good time to mention that we ARE on Internet Pay Per View, fans, and parental discretion is most certainly advised - ESPECIALLY for a match like this.

[Watson continues as the buzz still pours over the DeSoto Civic Center.]

PW: Intro-

[But before Watson can utter syllable, he drops his mic, taking up a defensive posture as someone enters the ring.

A young man shoves Watson aside, standing in the center of the ring before immediately dropping to his knees. He's wearing a grungy looking "OCCUPY SUPERCLASH" t-shirt, blue jeans, and tennis shoes.]

GM: Sorry, folks, but an overzealous fan has jumped into the ring here. We here at the AWA encourage audience participation but never to this degree.

[As a trio of arena security hit the ring, we can see the young man has a piece of silver electrical tape over his mouth. He quickly unfolds a piece of cardboard, hoisting it high for everyone to see his homemade scrawlings - "LET PETROW SPEAK!" The few fans who have time to see the sign before security swarms him start to boo loudly...

...and we abruptly cut to ringside where our announce team is seated. Gordon Myers quickly turns towards the camera but Bucky Wilde is staring confused up at the ring.]

GM: We apologize for that, fans. You just never know what'll happen at an AWA event as we've seen already here tonight, Bucky.

[Bucky Wilde finally snaps out of it, also turning to the camera.]

BW: That's right, Gordo. It's been a crazy night here in Memphis and you can bet it's only gonna get crazier before we're done.

[Gordon casts a glance up to the ring before speaking again.]

GM: We've still got two titles on the line. We haven't seen a title change tonight and you can bet that somewhere in the DeSoto Civic Center, both Calisto Dufresne and Violence Unlimited are wondering if the seconds with them holding championship gold here in the AWA are drifting away from them. Could we see new champions crowned here in just a short while?

BW: The Stench Brothers as champions? I feel sick already.

[Another quick look to the ring which occurs just as the sounds of "O Fortuna" start to play over the PA system, the lights falling to black.]

GM: Let's go back up to Phil!

[The voice of Phil Watson booms out through the darkness.]

PW: Introducing first...

[The music suddenly shifts to Slayer's "South Of Heaven" to a huge reaction from the crowd. Mostly boos but some cheer at the mere thought of seeing the Hall of Fame legend - the King of the Death Match himself - compete in person.]

GM: I never thought we'd see this, Bucky. The AWA - live on Internet Pay Per View - about to welcome to the ring one of the greatest competitors in the history of our sport. One of the most dangerous men that I've ever seen compete is about to step through that curtain.

PW: From Trinity, South Carolina... weighing in at 244 pounds...

He is the KING of the Death Match...

CAAAAAAAAAAAAALEB TEMMMMMMMMMPLLLLLLE!

[A figure steps out from behind the curtain and into the aisle. He begins to walk slowly towards the ring. The figure... is Caleb Temple. He is wearing black tights and boots, and his dark, stringy hair hangs in damp straggles over his pale face. His body is a mass of scar tissue and tattoos. Around his neck hangs a bleached white finger bone on a black bootlace. His boots have three silver buckles, and he is wearing fingerless black gloves. He takes his time going down the aisle, enjoying the response from the fans,

and then slides into the ring and slumps into a corner, resting his back on the pads, arms outstretched on the ropes.]

GM: Forty-two years old and as dangerous as they come... for wrestling fans all over the world, this is truly an honor to be able to see this man step into the ring once more - perhaps for the final time.

BW: You could say that about all four of the men climbing into the ring tonight, Gordo. Three Hall of Famers and one man you could make a damn strong case for - all perhaps stepping into the squared circle for the final time. We talk about SuperClash as a place where legends are made - these four men are already legends, they're already icons, they're already the best there ever has been - but tonight, they're all looking to add one more page to their epic story.

[Temple's music starts to fade as it is replaced by a series of loud gunshots - the staccato of machine gun fire quickly sucked by the rotor blades of a helicopter. The iconic guitar intro to Metallica's "One" begins to play to yet another massive mixed reaction from the AWA faithful.]

PW: And his tag team partner... from Durham, North Carolina... weighing in tonight at 259 pounds... he is the Madfox...

JEEEEEEEEEEEEFFFF MAAAAAAAATHEWWWS!

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!"

[A huge explosion of pyrotechnics goes off in the top of the arena, drawing a big collective gasp from the crowd for the expensive effect. A single spotlight tears through the darkened arena, holding on the entrance as the voice of lead singer James Hetfield is heard.]

#I can't remember anything, can't tell if this is true or dream.
#Deep down inside I feel the scream, this terrible silence stops me.
#Now that the war is through with me, I'm waking up I can not see.
#That there's not much left of me, nothing is real but pain now

[And as they have for years, the split crowd joins in on...]

#HOLD MY BREATH AS I WISH FOR DEATH... OH PLEASE GOD WAKE ME!!#

[The curtain parts and out steps Jeff Matthews into the spotlight, his arms spread wide to another big shower of mixed cheers and boos. The former World Champion is decked out in crimson colored wrestling tights and high, laced-up black boots. His upper torso is covered with the same tattoos that cover his partner's body, remnants of a time when the Madfox masqueraded as the King of the Death Match. Matthews tugs a set of black elbowpads in place before slowly making his way down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: This is incredible, Bucky. Two former World Champions, two Hall of Famers, two of the greatest of all time - and two men, who until very recently, shared one of the bloodiest rivalries in the history of our sport between them. Now, they are united - united with one cause - the total and utter destruction of the Last American Badboy, Alex Martinez.

BW: It could happen right here tonight, Gordo.

GM: It certainly could.

[Matthews reaches the ring, pulling himself up on the apron where he steps into the ring. He settles back against the ropes, not moving to say a word to his partner as the lights start to come up.]

PW: And their opponents... first...

[The heavy opening guitar chords of "Smoke on the Water" by Deep Purple rip out over the PA system, signaling the entrance of former World Champion "The Natural" Adam Rogers.]

PW: From Naples, Florida... weighing in tonight at 243 pounds... he is the man known as the Natural...

AAAAAAAAAADAAAAAM ROOOOOOGERRRRS!

[The curtain parts to a big cheer as the Natural strides through the curtain. Clad in a set of white trunks and boots, Rogers' upper body is exposed to show off his impressive physique to the Memphis crowd. He raises an arm, saluting the same fans who once cheered on his father, George Rogers, in Mid-South Wrestling. Adam runs a hand through his blond hair as he steps to the side, waiting for his partner.]

GM: Adam Rogers' mother raised no fool. He will NOT charge down here and get himself into trouble without his partner here to stand by his side. He knows these two men all too well.

BW: He mentioned the bloody feud with Caleb Temple but what about Jeff Matthews? Rogers and Matthews were ALLIES the last time I checked. But they're not allies tonight, Gordo.

GM: They certainly aren't.

[The classic rock song fades to be replaced by some very familiar words.]

#It's alright...#

PW: And his tag team partner...

#It's alright....#

PW: From Los Angeles, California...

#It's alright....#

PW: Weighing in at 350 pounds... he is the LAST AMERICAN BADBOY...

#It's alright, I'm just a little crazy!#

[And as "Little Crazy" by Fight kicks in, the place goes nuts as a fired-up Alex Martinez tears through the curtain with a roar!]

GM: Oh yeah! You talk about a man with something to prove here tonight... you talk about a man who wants to put the past 365 days behind him and move on to bigger and better things - that man is Alex Martinez!

BW: Martinez may want to forget the past year but I've got a feeling that Caleb Temple, Jeff Matthews, and the Dragon ain't about to let that happen, Gordo!

GM: One way or another, I have a feeling this saga with the Dragon ends here tonight. Either Martinez and Rogers put down their demons and this mysterious Dragon FINALLY reveals himself or Temple and Matthews finish off Martinez right here tonight in the center of the ring.

[Martinez stands alongside his partner, Adam Rogers, his gaze burning a hole on the two men in the ring. The seven footer is covered in scars and we can see a very obvious knee brace that reveals a knee in constant pain. There is some taping on Martinez' arm and shoulder as well along with a black fingerless glove on both hands. This is a man who has been through a solid year of Hell but has somehow manage to walk through the flames... until now.]

GM: Here they come!

[The big man and the Natural stride down the aisle with purpose, heading towards the ring where Caleb Temple and Jeff Matthews have squared up, ready for the fight to come. Martinez promptly grabs the middle rope, hauling himself up onto the apron where Caleb Temple rushes forward, bringing the attack before the bell even sounds.]

GM: Here we go! Here we go!

[Temple throws a series of right hands to the skull...

...but Martinez blocks the last of them, grabbing a handful of hair and smashing home a headbutt that sends Temple stumbling backwards. Martinez swings a leg over the ropes, climbing into the ring as Jeff Matthews gets dragged under the ropes and out to the floor by Adam Rogers as referee Mickey Meekly signals for the bell to start the match!]

GM: The bell has sounded - this no-disqualification matchup is underway!

[The camera cuts to the floor where Adam Rogers grabs hammers Jeff Matthews with right hands to the skull up against the ring apron as the nearby fans scream with glee at the Madfox taking a pummeling. The Natural grabs his former teammate by the hair, dragging him around the ringside area...

...and SMASHES his skull into the timekeeper's table, sending both the timekeeper and the ring announcer scurrying away.]

GM: If you're an AWA employee here at ringside, I'd be careful in this one. Knowing the history and temperament of these four men, I'd expect they're fit to be tied and ready to use anything and everything they need to use to win this thing.

BW: What you're saying is that they may bust out everything INCLUDING the kitchen sink in this one?

GM: That sounds about right.

BW: But Gordo, WE'RE AWA employees here at ringside!

GM: Well, I'd be ready to move, Bucky.

[The camera cuts inside the ring where Alex Martinez has Caleb Temple down on the mat, his back against the buckles as the big man places his boot on the throat, choking the air out of his most hated rival.]

GM: The seven footer is strangling the air out of the King of the Death Match!

BW: And Meekly can't do a thing but stand there and watch. This one is no-disqualification, Gordo. Anything goes!

GM: That's exactly right.

[We cut again out to the floor where Rogers has thrown Matthews up onto the small timekeeper's table and is hammering away at him with right hands to the skull to the roar of the crowd.]

GM: The Natural's all over the Madfox out on the floor - right up on that wooden table!

[Cut back to the ring where Martinez has released his choke, reaching down to pull the King of the Death Match up by his stringy hair, shoving him back into the buckles.]

GM: Backed into the corner... ohh! Hard back elbow to the jaw!

[He follows up with two more, leaving Temple clinging to the top rope, desperately trying to stay on his feet. The big man grabs his rival by the arm, firing him across the ring, sending him crashing hard into the corner.]

GM: Martinez sent him across the ring - and he's coming after him, Bucky!

[The seven footer lumbers across the ring, obviously a bit slowly because of the banged up left knee...

...and SMASHES home a clothesline!]

GM: Ohh! Big clothesline by Martinez!

[We cut to the floor where Rogers has hooked both hands around the throat of Matthews, blatantly choking his former partner-in-crime...

...who violently swings his right leg up, his shin catching Rogers on the the temple, and sending him falling away.]

BW: Oh! He kicked 'im away, Gordo!

GM: He certainly did! Jeff Matthews just kicked out of that chokehold.

[The Madfox sits up on the table, grabbing at his neck as he uses the ropes behind him to pull himself to his feet...

...and throws himself off in a somersault dive, crashing onto a stunned Adam Rogers and knocking him down to the barely-padded floor!]

GM: OHHHH! BIG DIVE OFF THE TABLE BY MATTHEWS!!

[We cut back into the ring where Martinez drags Temple out of the corner by the throat, holding his windpipe under his clenched right hand...

...and then swings the left hand over, grabbing his rival in his dreaded double choke!]

GM: HE'S GOING FOR THE FIREBOMB!!!

[The crowd erupts at the sight of Martinez preparing to drive Caleb Temple into the canvas and ending the match quickly...

...but a resourceful King of the Death Match simply reaches up, raking his fingers across the eyes of the Los Angeles native!]

GM: Ohh! Temple goes to the eyes!

[Temple falls back into the ropes, rubbing his neck as Martinez staggers away from him, rubbing his eyes to try to restore his vision...

...and Temple suddenly charges forward, throwing his shoulder at the back of his rival's knee!]

GM: HE CLIPPED HIM! TEMPLE CLIPPED HIM!

[Martinez crumples to the canvas, reaching down with both hands to grab his nearly always injured left knee. He cries out between clenched teeth, wincing in pain as a smirking Temple kneels next to the Last American Badboy, lightly patting his rival on the chest with his hand.]

GM: Caleb Temple, ever the in-ring tactician, just went right after the knee that Alex Martinez has favored for years now. Temple knows the history of the knee. He knows what kind of shape it's in. He knows that Martinez continues to fight through injuries. And now he's taking advantage of it.

[Still kneeling on the canvas, Temple crawls a few feet towards the feet of Martinez, putting his own knee on the shin of the seven footer, pinning his leg to the canvas...

...and then SLAMS a hammerfist down on the kneecap!]

GM: A hard shot to the knee! And another! And another!

BW: That's a perfect example of Temple's savage nature, Gordo. He's just hammering away at the knee like some kind of an animal!

GM: But even though he'll do something like that - savage as you say - there's not a single moment that Caleb Temple doesn't know EXACTLY what he's doing out there. He's cold, he's calculating, and he's very, very effective.

[With the leg still pinned, Jeff Matthews rolls back into the ring, immediately going after Martinez with a series of stomps to the upper body of the Last American Badboy to the jeers of the crowd. He drops down to his knees, wrapping his hands around the throat of his former friend.]

GM: And now it's Matthews choking Martinez!

[Temple climbs back to his feet, walking away from the middle of the ring, stepping out to the apron. The King of the Death Match drops down off the apron, dropping down to a knee.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: Temple's going for the hardware already, Gordo!

GM: The King of the Death Match is digging under the ring and with him involved, there's no telling what he's going to come out from under there with, Bucky.

[But before Temple can pull anything into sight, Adam Rogers slips around the ring, and with a running start...

...SLAMS his foot into the ribcage of Caleb Temple!]

GM: OHHHH! GOOD GRIEF!

[Rogers glares down at Temple before rolling under the ropes, striding in behind Matthews and pulling him off Martinez by the hair. He HURLS the Madfox backfirst into the corner, snapping his head and neck with a whiplash effect. The Natural grabs the top rope, laying in a boot to the ribs... and a second... and a third... and a fourth... and a fifth!]

GM: Rogers is kicking the heck out of the Madfox!

[The Natural grabs Matthews by the arm, turning to make sure that the Last American Badboy is back to his feet before firing him across with an Irish whip...

...right into the waiting arms of Alex Martinez who presses the Madfox straight up high overhead!]

GM: OH MY!! MILITARY PRESS BY THE SEVEN FOOTER!!

[Martinez walks around the ring, holding Matthews high over his head, his arms at full extension as he shows off his rival to the roaring crowd...

...and then rushes towards the ropes!]

GM: NO, NO, NOOOOOOOO!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Martinez HURLS Matthews over the top rope, sending him sailing through the air...

...and CRASHING down onto a stunned Caleb Temple who had just gotten back to his feet!]

GM: OH MY STARS!! MARTINEZ JUST THREW MATTHEWS ONTO TEMPLE!!!

[The crowd is roaring for the fired-up Martinez who slams his arms down on the top rope, shouting something in the direction of his enemies. Adam Rogers hops up to the midbuckle, saluting the cheering crowd as Martinez steps over the ropes, slowly making his way to the ringsteps where he tenderly walks down the metal staircase to the barely-padded floor.]

GM: Caleb Temple is down! Jeff Matthews is down! And Alex Martinez is coming out there after them both!

[Martinez walks around the corner...

...and grabs one of the abandoned steel chairs from the timekeeper's table, folding it up, and SLAMMING it down on the floor to the roar of the crowd.]

GM: The big man's got a steel chair and he's coming after both of his most hated enemies out there on the floor!

BW: Martinez may be flashing back to his days in Los Angeles right about now.

GM: You could be right about that, Bucky. Caleb Temple's not the only man with a history of Death Matches, fans. Alex Martinez' entire body is littered with scars from going through tables and onto thumbtacks and broken glass. It is not the style of wrestling we condone here in the American Wrestling Alliance but in the land of Extreme, it was a way of life for all four of these men! Who could be surprised to see them resort to that very style right here tonight?!

[Martinez walks around the ring, slamming the chair into the edge of the ring apron... then into the ring post... getting even angrier with every step.]

"WHO'S THE DRAGON, MADFOX?!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sight of Martinez SMASHING the steel chair down across the back of Jeff Matthews who was up to all fours. The Madfox flattens out, his face pressed against the barely-padded floor as Martinez turns his attention towards Caleb Temple who is crawling, trying to get away from the stalking seven footer.]

GM: Martinez just laid into Matthews FULL FORCE with that steel chair! And now he's coming after Caleb Temple as well!

[Temple gets further and further away from the stalking Martinez, fury in his eyes as he gets takes step after step...

...but the King of the Death Match rolls under the ropes into the ring where Adam Rogers is waiting, dropping an elbow down into the throat of Temple!]

GM: Ohh! Rogers was waiting for him! And the Natural snapped off a perfectly executed elbowsmash to the throat area!

[Grabbing Temple by the arm, the Natural drags him up to his feet. He ducks down, scooping Temple into his arms where he slams him down hard to the canvas, instantly dropping an elbow into the chest right after he hits the mat!]

GM: Nice elbow!

[Rogers rolls into a lateral press, reaching back for a leg as Mickey Meekly hits the mat to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But that's not enough to keep the Hall of Famer down as he fires a shoulder off the canvas. Outside the ring, we see Martinez slide his chair under the ropes as he reaches up for the middle rope.]

GM: Rogers pulls Temple up again... drags him into a front facelock...

[As soon as the facelock is applied, Temple rushes forward, his arms wrapped around Rogers' torso...

...and SLAMS into Alex Martinez, the impact of which sends the seven footer SAILING off the apron and CRASHING down to the thinly-padded concrete floor below!]

GM: OHHHHHHHHH! DOWN GOES THE BIG MAN!!

[The crowd buzzes with concern for the seven footer who hit the floor very awkwardly as Temple grabs the middle rope, slamming his shoulder into the midsection once... twice... three times. Temple straightens up, cracking Rogers with a headbutt that puts the Natural down to a knee.]

GM: Caleb Temple's got Rogers down to a knee... wait a second...

[The former World Champion turns around, grabbing the steel chair that Alex Martinez slid under the ropes. He scoops it up, turning back to the kneeling Rogers as he winds up with it...]

GM: NO!

[Temple violently swings the chair down, aiming for the skull of the Natural...

...but Rogers turns away from the blow, taking the swing squarely on the left arm, sending him sprawling chestfirst over the middle rope.]

GM: Ohh! Temple tried to crown Rogers over the skull with the chair but Adam Rogers just narrowly got his head out of the way! We know the kind of damage Caleb Temple can do with a chairshot to the head, Bucky!

BW: And if we know it, you know Adam Rogers knows it as well.

[The King of the Death Match shakes his head, still gripping the chair in his hands as Rogers lies over the middle rope. Temple throws down the chair before stepping through the ropes to the apron...]

GM: What does Caleb Temple have in mind out here, Bucky?

BW: I don't think I want to know.

[Measuring his man, Temple backs to the ringpost...

...and then takes three big steps before leaping into the air, smashing his leg down across the back of Rogers' neck, dropping down to the floor as Rogers hangs motionless over the middle rope, his upper body completely out of the ring at this point.]

GM: Nice move by Caleb Temple to hang Rogers out over that middle rope.

[Temple leans against the ringside timekeeper's table for a few moment, a sick smirk on his face. Suddenly, he turns to the side, looking under the ring apron again...

...and then slips out, a wooden broom in his hand.]

GM: A broom?!

BW: In the hands of a maniac like Caleb Temple, even a broom is a dangerous weapon.

[Temple pushes up to his feet, winding up with the broom...]

“CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”
“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Good grief! Big shot across the back with that wooden broom!

[Temple winds up again...]

“CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”
“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Another one!

BW: Look at that red welt forming on the back of Adam Rogers! His back is completely exposed and Caleb Temple is wearing him out with that-

“CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”
“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Gaaaaah! That’s getting hard to watch! He’s just hammering him with that wooden broom and-

“CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”
“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: HE BROKE IT! HE BROKE THE WOODEN BROOM HANDLE ACROSS THE BACK OF ADAM ROGERS!!

[The wooden broom cracks in half, visibly breaking in Caleb Temple’s hands. Temple looks annoyed until he pulls the two halves apart...

...and holds up the uglier end, revealing nasty splintered wood at the end of the broken piece of lumber.]

GM: Oh my stars. Look at that!

BW: Who the heck could have thought a piece of broken wood would be so dangerous?

[Temple grabs a handful of Rogers’ hair, pulling his head back...

...and JABS the splintered wood into the forehead!]

GM: AHHHHHHH!

[The camera shot quickly cuts away to a shot of the crowd - an especially horrified woman and child looking on. The woman has her hands over her mouth in shock, pulling her small child close to her as the crowd jeers loudly.]

GM: Keep that camera shot off of this madman! This is NOT what the AWA is all about, fans!

BW: Caleb Temple doesn’t give a damn what the AWA is about - this is EXACTLY what he’s about!

GM: Temple is driving that sharp, splintered wood into the forehead of Adam Rogers and-

[As the camera finally cuts back, we see Temple throw the broken broom handle aside, leaving a bloodied Adam Rogers hanging over the middle rope.]

GM: Fans, as we said at the start of this match, this IS Pay Per View! This IS No Disqualification! And we certainly do remind you that Parental Discretion is advised! Caleb Temple has no regard for what you or your children might see him do to another human being. If you have a weak stomach, this may be a good time to look away because this man has no morals at all!

[Temple grabs two hands full of Rogers' hair, dragging him over the ropes where he drops hard to the floor. The King of the Death Match hauls him closer to the timekeeper's table...

...and SMASHES his bloodied face into the wooden table, leaving a crimson smear behind as Rogers slumps down to the floor.]

GM: And if this isn't bad enough... look at this, Jeff Matthews is coming in to help his partner work over Adam Rogers!

[An angry Matthews clutches his lower back as he delivers a trio of kicks to the ribs of the downed Rogers. The Madfox leans over, dragging a bloody Rogers up to his feet. He slaps Rogers across the face a few times before each man grabs an arm on the Natural...]

GM: LOOK OUT!!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE STEEL GOES ADAM ROGERS!!!

[As the bloodied Rogers slumps down to the barely-padded concrete floor in a heap, Matthews nudges Temple on the shoulder, gesturing to the other side of the ring.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: I love it, Gordo! They've taken Adam Rogers out of the picture and now they're moving on to Alex Martinez! Divide and conquer at its finest!

[The two men slowly make their way around the ring where they find Alex Martinez leaning against the steel barricade, trying to steady himself. The big man's face reveals all the pain that his body is in after a year of steady abuse by some of the most dangerous men in the sport. He lashes out with a right hand at the approaching Temple, knocking him back. A right hand to the skull of Jeff Matthews knocks him back as well...

...but the Madfox rushes back in, throwing himself at the legs of Martinez, absorbing blow after blow to the back of the head and neck as Caleb Temple moves back in, throwing haymakers to the skull of Martinez!]

GM: This is a mugging, Bucky! A two on one mugging at ringside!

[At a shout from his partner, Temple wraps his arms around the head, neck, and arms of Martinez, holding him steady as Matthews switches his grip to the injured left leg, pulling it away from the barricade...

...and then SLAMMING it back into the steel!]

GM: Good grief! He just smashed Martinez' injured knee into the railing at ringside!

[Martinez howls with pain as he sinks down onto the injured knee, leaning against the steel as Temple hooks a loose side headlock, hammering him with right hands to the skull. He gestures to Matthews who rises, hopping over the railing. Reaching back, he grabs Martinez in a front facelock, pushing his throat down on the steel as Temple walks away, pulling himself up on the apron...

...and begins climbing the ropes.]

GM: Oh my stars. What in the world are they trying to do here?

[The crowd begins to buzz as the King of the Death Match scales the ropes, reaching the top turnbuckle...]

BW: Gordo, I've watched those old tapes from Los Angeles. I've seen this before!

GM: The former World Champion is up top... he's poised...

[And the Hall of Famer leaps off the top, sailing down from the turnbuckles, plummeting towards the trapped Martinez...

...and SMASHING a double axehandle down across the back of the neck, smashing the Last American Badboy's throat into the steel railing!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Martinez crumples backwards to the thinly-padded floor, clutching his throat with both hands. The big man is gasping for air, coughing violently as he tries to pull oxygen into his lungs.]

GM: My stars! Alex Martinez is in serious jeopardy here, fans! We may need some medical help out here for him. He's... his throat was smashed into the steel railing. He could have suffered severe neck or throat injuries as a result of that blow, Bucky.

BW: He can't breathe, Gordo! The man can't breathe at all!

GM: Can we get some help out here for Alex Martinez?

[Referee Mickey Meekly slides out to the floor, rushing to the side of the big man. He kneels down next to the seven footer, trying to check on his condition. Meekly rises, waving his arms back and forth.]

GM: The official is calling for medical help. This match may be over right now, Bucky.

BW: It should be over. Ring the bell and carry Martinez out of here. He's done. He's finished.

[The camera cuts to the aisle where a pair of AWA medical staff members are rushing down the aisle towards the ringside area. They quickly move to the side of the downed Martinez, trying to pry his hands away from his throat.]

GM: The medical team is down here trying to check on Alex. This is what Jon Steggle was afraid of, Bucky. This is what we ALL were afraid of. Alex Martinez was in no condition to accept a match like this. With all the injuries he's piled up in the past year fighting off the Dragon's henchmen, he just should not be competing in something like this tonight.

BW: He was warned over and over, Gordo. So many times they told him not to compete... to give it up and go home. But he's too damn stubborn. He wouldn't give up. He wouldn't back down. And this is what he gets as a result.

GM: Dr. Bob Ponavitch is out here... he's the Head Trainer for the AWA. He looks very concerned right now, Bucky.

[Jeff Matthews and Caleb Temple stand a few feet back, watching the medical team tend to Alex Martinez...

...who very abruptly leans up, shoving one of the doctors down to the floor to the cheers of the crowd!]

GM: Oh! Alex Martinez just shoved down a doctor!

BW: See, Gordo? He's too dumb to stay down!

GM: Would you stop?

[Martinez grabs the railing, trying to drag himself back to his feet...

...which is Caleb Temple's cue to shove Dr. Ponavitch down to the floor, drawing jeers from the crowd as he clubs Martinez across the back with a forearm. A few more follow, knocking Martinez back down to a knee...]

GM: Get Temple off of him!

BW: Why? Martinez tried to get up! That makes him fair game!

GM: It does not! Dr. Ponavitch was trying to determine if Martinez could even continue and-

[The crowd gasps as Temple leans over, sinking his teeth into the forehead of the Last American Badboy as a taunting Jeff Matthews stands nearby, shouting at his injured former friend. Matthews drags Martinez away from Temple, shoving him under the ropes into the ring as Temple rolls in.]

GM: The action's back inside the ring... but I'm not even sure if this match should continue at this point.

[The Madfox rolls back in as well just as Temple drops a leg across the throat of Martinez, again causing the big man to flail about, clutching his windpipe as Temple shoves his arms away from his throat and applies a lateral press.]

GM: Temple covers for one! For two! For three- what?!

[The crowd roars as Martinez fires a shoulder off the canvas, breaking the count just before the three comes down.]

GM: I can't believe it!

BW: I can. That idiot is too stupid to stay down! He could be risking more than just his career now, Gordo... he could be risking his very life in there at this point and he just doesn't care!

[Temple grabs the throat with both hands, digging his thumbs into the windpipe with a crazed look on his face as Jeff Matthews stomps the injured left knee.]

GM: And while Temple goes wild, strangling the air out of his enemy, Jeff Matthews takes a more surgical approach, going after the knee.

[Matthews gives Temple a shout, causing the wildman to break away from the choke. He glares at Matthews who lifts the foot of Martinez, twisting the injured leg around his own...

...and drops back in the Foxtrap!]

GM: Figure four! He's got the Foxtrap applied!

[The Last American Badboy instantly cries out in pain, his injured left knee being torqued in an unnatural direction. Caleb Temple stands over Martinez, stomping him repeatedly to make sure he can't get a chance to counter the hold.]

GM: Referee Mickey Meekly is instantly in there, checking for a submission. He wants to see if Martinez wants to quit but considering he's still in there after getting his windpipe smashed into the steel, I'm starting to think you might have to rip Martinez' leg off and beat him down with it to get a submission.

BW: And even then it might not happen. But that's not what this is about, Gordo. Jeff Matthews doesn't want a submission. He wants to break the leg... he wants to tear the knee. He wants to put Alex Martinez in a hospital bed somewhere, staring at the ceiling and thinking about everything he did to put him there.

[The Madfox shouts at Temple who backs away, measuring the downed Martinez...

...and dashes out towards him, leaping up, and dropping his weight down on the chest of the big man in a senton!]

GM: Ohh! Well, that oughta keep the big man down!

[Meekly leans in again, asking Martinez if he wants to quit...

...and gets shoved down to the mat by an angry Temple who points a threatening finger at the official.]

BW: See?! I told you they don't want a submission! They don't even want Meekly to ask him if he wants to quit. They want to snap that leg... or the throat... or the arm... whatever they get a shot at breaking!

[Temple walks over to the corner, picking up the chair he discarded earlier. The crowd begins to buzz as a smiling Temple turns around, staring at the trapped leg of Alex Martinez.]

GM: My god, he's gonna hit the leg with the chair!

BW: He sure is! That leg's gonna snap!

GM: Somebody's gotta stop this!

[Temple raises the chair high over his head, slowly walking towards the downed Martinez with it...

...as a bloodied Adam Rogers rolls back in, springing to his feet and grabbing the chair with both hands before it can be brought down!]

GM: Ohh! Rogers grabbed the chair!

[The Natural snatches the chair away, driving the edge of it into the midsection of Temple as he turns around. Rogers spikes the chair to the mat before whipping Temple in to the ropes...

...and SNAPPING him over with a powerslam on the steel chair!]

GM: OHHHHHH! MY STARS, WHAT A POWERSLAM!!!

[Rogers pops back up to his feet, turning towards the center of the ring where the Madfox still has the figure four locked in...

...and DIVES onto Matthews, throwing right hands as quickly as he can!]

GM: ROGERS IS ALL OVER HIM!!

[Suddenly, the Madfox releases the hold, rolling out of the figure four attempt. He tries to get to his feet but Rogers cuts him off with a knee to the midsection before slamming an elbow down on the back of the neck. He hooks a front facelock, slinging Matthews' arm over his neck...

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

GM: He snaps him out of his boots!

[The Natural pops back to his feet, angrily looking down at the prone Temple. He moves away from Matthews, moving to Temple where he reaches down, grabbing the King of the Death Match's legs, crossing them up...

...and flipping Temple onto his stomach!]

GM: Rogers hooks the Natural Selection!

BW: The Natural Selection?! This is Temple's Last Rites! Rogers stole it from him!

GM: And now he's using it on the master of the very hold!

[The crowd roars as the bloodied Rogers leans back with the hold applied, wrenching the legs and back of the man who once set him ablaze. The Natural lets loose a roar, pulling back hard as Temple cries out in pain, clawing at the canvas...

...when suddenly Jeff Matthews springs off all fours, hooking a shocked Rogers in a three-quarter nelson, and SPIKES his skull into the canvas!]

GM: FOXDEN!! FOXDEN!! HE DRILLED IT!

[The crowd ROARS with shock at Matthews who throws his arms apart, a twisted smirk on his face as the crowd jeers him.]

GM: Jeff Matthews just played an excellent game of possum right there and just caught Adam Rogers with the Foxden out of nowhere...

[A series of kicks to the ribs forces the bloodied Rogers under the ropes, sending him back down to the floor. Matthews turns again towards Martinez who has now managed to push himself up to his knees, wincing with pain as he does so...]

GM: Get up, Alex! Get up!

[Matthews leans down, grabbing the fallen steel chair.]

GM: Oh no... please... no.

[The Madfox lifts the weapon up, pointing it straight at the kneeling Martinez. Matthews rears back with it over his head, slowly walking towards his victim...

...and brings the chair down quickly and violently towards the skull of his rival!]

GM: NO!

[But the crowd ERUPTS as Martinez lifts his powerful arms at the last moment, grabbing the chair with both hands and stopping the swing with his raw power!]

GM: My stars!

BW: How the heck did he do that?!

GM: Martinez just blocked a steel chair swing with his strength!

[The big man powers up to his feet, his left knee buckling a bit as he gets there, and slams his right knee into the gut of Matthews. Martinez snatches the chair away, wheeling around...

...and HURLS the steel chair into the face of a rising Caleb Temple, knocking him back down to the canvas!]

GM: OHHHHH!

BW: Holy... did that really just happen?!

GM: We said they might take this thing to the extreme and I think that's exactly what we're seeing right now!

[Grabbing Matthews by the hair, Martinez drags him to the corner, slamming his skull into the top turnbuckle. He wheels the Madfox around, firing him HARD into the opposite corner where Matthews staggers out...

...and gets CREAMED with a big boot under the chin that knocks him flat!]

GM: BOOT! BIG BOOT ON THE JAW!!

[Martinez drops to his knees, planting both palms on the chest of Matthews.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE- NO! NO! SHOULDER UP!!

[An angry Last American Badboy grabs a handful of hair, hammering the Madfox with a right hand to the skull... and another... and another... and another... the crowd EXPLODES as Martinez just rains down blows to the head for several moments.]

GM: Martinez has snapped!

[The big man climbs back to his feet, dragging Matthews up by the hair. He tugs the Madfox into a standing headscissors...

...and points outside the ring where the announcers are seated.]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: Hey, Gordo... I think it's time to heed your own advice and "look out!"

GM: You don't think-

BW: I'm out of here!

[The seven footer powers Matthews up into the air, his hands slipping under the armpits of the Madfox to hold him up in crucifix position...]

GM: What in the world does Alex Martinez have in mind here, Bucky? BUCKY?!

[But the color man apparently has decided to make a run for it as Martinez steadies himself, taking a deep breath...

...and charges across the ring, looking to send Matthews over the top rope, and through the ringside announce table!]

GM: LOOOOOOK OUUUUUUUU-

[But at the last moment, Martinez' knee buckles under him, falling to a knee as Matthews lands safely behind him. The Madfox unleashes a barrage of right forearms to the back of the head and neck before yanking Martinez up, hooking a quick rear waistlock...

...and catching three elbows firmly on the jaw, sending Matthews stumbling away!]

GM: Martinez had some evil intentions right there but-

[The Madfox charges back in...

...and gets elevated over the top rope, hanging onto the top rope and landing on his feet on the apron!]

GM: Matthews lands on the apron! He saved himself again!

[Martinez throws a haymaker to the skull of the Madfox... and a second... and a third. He grabs Matthews' head with both hands, smashing him with a headbutt that knocks the Madfox to a knee. Martinez steps through the ropes, moving to join his former friend out on the ring apron...

...and pulls him into a standing headscissors again!]

GM: Good grief! Not again!

[Again, Martinez hoists Matthews up, looking to powerbomb him through the announce table at ringside...

...but at the peak of the lift, Matthews throws a series of right hands to the skull of the big man, causing Matthews to fall back down on the apron, immediately reaching up to hook a three-quarter nelson, and leaping into the air, dropping to the floor but not before he SMASHES Martinez' skull into the edge of the apron with a Foxden!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Martinez promptly rolls off the apron to the floor, a huge gash now in the middle of his forehead, crimson pouring out of the wound.]

GM: My stars... look at that... Alex Martinez just got hit with that Foxden on the hardest part of the ring. That's solid metal right there covered by just the thinnest piece of canvas and Martinez' skull got split wide open on it. That's a horrible wound... they may need staples to close something like that.

[Matthews lies motionless on the floor a couple feet away, having taken a hard fall off the apron onto a barely-padded concrete floor. Referee Mickey Meekly slides under the ropes to the floor to check on both men.]

GM: We may need Dr. Ponavitch over here again to take a look at both of these men - they both suffered greatly off that Foxden on the edge of the ring right there.

BW: And don't forget about Caleb Temple! He got a danged steel chair flung at his noggin!

GM: Oh, welcome back.

BW: With everyone laid out, it looked safe... for the moment at least.

[The crowd settles down for a moment as all four competitors in the battle are laid out in various parts of the ring and surrounding areas. A bloodied Adam Rogers is out on the floor, still barely able to move after eating the Jeff Matthews Foxden. Caleb Temple is facedown on the canvas - the only man still inside the ring after getting a metal chair hurled at his head. Jeff Matthews has managed to roll to his side, reaching around to hold his back from the impact he took on the barely-padded concrete floor. And Alex Martinez, bloodied and wounded, is flat on his back on the floor, blood pouring from his skull and starting to pool around his head on the ringside floor. As predicted, Dr. Bob Ponavitch quickly makes his way around the ringside area, pausing to check on each competitor. He kneels next to Martinez, examining the depth of the cut on the forehead.]

GM: Take a long look at that, doc. I think this match should be stopped right now. There's a possibility of severe blood loss here at this point because of that wound on the skull of Martinez.

BW: There was a possibility of severe blood loss as soon as they agreed to this match, Gordo.

GM: Without a doubt but now that possibility has actually occurred and I think this match should be stopped for the future health of the Last American Badboy...

[Inside the ring, we see Caleb Temple pushing himself off the canvas to all fours...

...and spot a steady flow of blood dripping from his head onto the white mat as well.]

GM: Oh my stars.

BW: Caleb Temple's been split open too! Three of the four men in this match have got their skulls split wide open, blood streaming all over the place. It looks like a butcher shop on delivery day in that ring right now! Just sheer carnage!

[Temple pushes to his knees, reaching up to wipe his eyes clear with his hand. The crimson he wipes away is quickly replaced though by new life's blood pouring from the wound.]

GM: That steel chair to the head - the thrown chair from Martinez - has split the forehead of Caleb Temple.

[Temple looks at his hand, covered in blood, and gets a twisted grin on his face.]

BW: Uh oh.

GM: The bloodlust has come alive in the King of the Death Match! He's bleeding profusely and I think he likes it, Bucky!

BW: Caleb Temple is sporting the proverbial crimson mask and he looks overjoyed at that! This man has not stepped into the ring for a match like this in years and to me, it looks like this madman is home once more!

[With great effort, the Hall of Famer struggles to his feet, wobbling back against the ropes. He leans against the ropes, trying to stay standing as he plots his next assault.]

GM: What's next in this one? What else can they possibly do to one another?

BW: Do you really want to ask that, Gordo?

[From outside the ring, the bloodied Adam Rogers reaches in, grabbing the ankle and tripping up Temple, taking him down to the mat. The Natural quickly rolls back in.]

GM: And now it's Adam Rogers who suddenly gets himself back into the match.

[Rogers grabs Temple by the arm, hauling him back to his feet into an armtwist that he immediately turns into a short-arm clothesline!]

GM: Ohh! Hard clothesline takes the Hall of Famer off his feet!

[The Natural promptly pulls Temple right back up, tugging him into yet another clothesline, knocking Temple back down to the canvas. The bloodied fan favorite nods to the cheering crowd, dragging Temple back up again...]

GM: Back to back clotheslines by Adam Rogers and-

[This time, when he pulls Temple towards him, he slips his right arm under Temple's left armpit and throws his left arm around the right side of Temple's neck, joining his hands behind him...]

GM: He hooks him!

[And with a pop of the hips, Rogers HURLS Temple over his head, sending him crashing down to the canvas in a heap!]

GM: OH MY STARS, WHAT A SUPLEX!!

[Rogers pops back up to his feet, letting loose a roar out from under his proverbial crimson mask. He throws back his arms with a shout, the crowd going wild as he turns around, moving in on Temple who has pushed himself back into the buckles. The Natural places his foot against the face of the King of the Death Match...

...and RAKES the boot across the cut forehead of Temple!]

GM: Ohh!

[Rogers repeats the bootscape over and over, ripping at the flesh of the Hall of Famer until he suddenly breaks away, running to the ropes where he rebounds off at top speed...

...and SLAMS his knee into the side of Temple's head, nearly knocking him through the ropes to the floor. The Natural grabs Temple by the ankle, dragging him back into the ring and diving across him.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[But the shoulder FLIES up at the last moment!]

GM: Two count! Just a two count there for the Natural!

[An irate Rogers grabs Temple by the hair, hammering away at the skull of his long-time rival.]

GM: Rogers is beating the heck out of him!

[The Natural flips him to his stomach, grabbing his blood-soaked hair...

...and SMASHES his face into the canvas, leaving a bloody faceprint on the canvas!]

GM: Good grief!

[A rage-filled Rogers pulls Temple's head up off the mat...

...and SLAMS it back down! He rolls Temple to his back, diving across his chest again as he reaches back for a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[But again, the shoulder pops loose, breaking the pin attempt. An angry Rogers pushes up to his knees, glaring at the official who holds up two fingers, shaking his head.]

GM: Adam Rogers just can't seem to hold Caleb Temple down, fans!

BW: The King of the Death Match has been through Hell and back in his career. It's gonna take more than this Boy Scout offense that Adam Rogers specializes in to finish him off, daddy!

[Perhaps sensing the same thing, Rogers rises to his feet...

...and picks up the discarded steel chair that Caleb Temple used earlier.]

GM: Uh oh. This can't be good, Bucky.

BW: Rogers has got the chair, daddy! It's time to kick things up a notch!

[Rogers unfolds the chair, setting it up in sitting position on the mat. He slaps a hand on the seat of the chair before moving back in on Temple who has managed to get to a knee, throwing a right hand into the Natural's midsection!]

GM: Temple goes downstairs! Trying to fight back here!

[But Rogers delivers a hard boot to the face, knocking Temple flat!]

GM: Ohh! Rogers returns fire in kind! What a boot to the mush!

[The Natural drags the bloodied Temple to his feet by the hair, pulling him closer to the set up steel chair...

...and yanks him into a side waistlock.]

GM: Oh no.

BW: He's gonna do it, Gordo! He's gonna drop Temple right on that chair and really do a number on him!

GM: He can't do this! He'll break the man's back for sure!

[Rogers, holding the side waistlock, tries to hoist Temple into the air...

...but Temple fights back, throwing right hand after right hand to the skull, trying to break Rogers' grip. The Natural releases the hold, hammering Temple with forearms to the back of the head!]

GM: We've got a struggle in there! A battle to see who'll be able to get to use that chair first! Whoever does it just might end this match right here and now. We're approaching the half hour mark in this one and-

[With Temple dazed, Rogers hooks a rear waistlock...]

GM: NO!

[The Natural struggles, trying to take Temple up and over with a German Suplex onto the set-up chair...]

GM: He's trying to suplex him on the chair! He can't-

[Temple grabs the wrists of his opponent, trying to break his grip. Suddenly, he drops down to a knee, reaching for the canvas as Rogers holds on tight, trying to pull him back to his feet.]

GM: Temple's trying to fight it! He's trying to-

[Suddenly, Rogers lets loose a howl of pain, recoiling away in agony as he grabs at his hand.]

GM: What in the...?

[Temple suddenly swings around, a crazed look in his eyes...

...and in his hands, a shiny metal fork.]

GM: Oh my stars! He's got a fork! He's got-

BW: One of his favorite weapons!

[Temple approaches Rogers from the blind side, yanking the Natural's head back and pulling him into a seat on the chair...

...and JAMS the prongs of the fork into the forehead of Adam Rogers!]

GM: AHHHHHHH!

[The crowd ROARS in horrified shock as Temple drives the sharp metal points into the already-bloodied forehead of the former World Champion, fresh blood streaming from the torn flesh of the Natural.]

GM: He's ripping and tearing at the skin of Adam Rogers!

[Rogers is fighting to block the fork, his hands reaching up to grab at the wrist of his attacker, trying to free himself from his grip.]

GM: Rogers is- can we cut away from that shot please?

[The shot quickly and abruptly cuts to a crowd shot, this time to a fan in an Alex Martinez t-shirt who is howling his disdain in the direction of Caleb Temple. After a moment, we cut back to the ring where Temple throws Rogers down to the canvas, kicking him repeatedly in the ribs to force him under the ropes out to the apron...

...and then dashes to the far ropes, rebounding off with a baseball slide kick that knocks him down to the floor!]

GM: OHHHHHHHHH!

[Temple swings around manically, almost as if on the hunt for his next victim, the now-bloody fork still gripped in his hands...

...and his eyes come to rest on Alex Martinez who has managed to get to his feet, blood pouring from his skull as he clings to the ropes to stay standing.]

GM: Temple's going after Martinez!

BW: I'm getting out of here again!

GM: Sit down, you coward!

[The King of the Death Match leans through the ropes, grabbing Martinez by the hair. He yanks and pulls at the blood-soaked mane, dragging the Last American Badboy up onto the announce table, turning him around to face his attacker...

...and swings the fork down!]

GM: NO!

[But the crowd ROARS as Martinez lifts his powerful arms, blocking the fork swing. Temple struggles against him, trying to swing the weapon down but the big man's having no part of it...

...and suddenly hooks his left hand around the throat of Temple!]

GM: Whoa! Whoa!

[The seven footer pulls hard, yanking his long-time enemy over the ropes onto the small wooden table with him!]

GM: Uh oh! Fans, I may have to join Bucky here in a moment. I'm gonna take a couple steps back here and-

[Temple swings a knee up into the midsection of Martinez, doubling him up.]

GM: Temple's trying to figh- whoa! No!

[Temple yanks Martinez into a standing headscissors!]

GM: NO! HE'S GOING FOR A PILEDRIIVER THROUGH THE TABLE! HE'S-

[But the seven footer is having none of that, standing up straight and sending Temple sailing overhead...

...and CRASHING down onto the thinly-padded concrete floor below!]

GM: OHHHHHHHHHHH!

[A fired-up Martinez drops to his knees, letting loose a roar before rolling off the table to stand on the floor...

...where Jeff Matthews is waiting, throwing himself into Martinez and bowling him over the table. The Madfox flails at his former friend, hammering away with rights and lefts at him.

Matthews grabs Martinez on the arm, trying to put him into the steel but Martinez holds his ground, flinging Matthews over the table to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: The action has spilled WAY too close for my tastes here...

[Martinez pushes Matthews down to the wooden table, hammering away at him with right hands to the skull. The seven footer throws heavy forearms down on the chest over and over and over, pinning the Madfox down to the table before turning away, dropping to a knee to dig under the apron...]

GM: Really? What else could possibly be under there that they could use in this one? I don't think we can-

[And suddenly, the crowd EXPLODES!]

GM: OH MY STARS!! ALEX MARTINEZ HAS GOT A LADDER!! HE'S GOT A LADDER!!!

[Martinez lifts the metal and wood ladder over his head...

...and SLAMS it down on the torso of Jeff Matthews!]

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!!

[The camera catches a shot of Bucky Wilde staring wide-mouthed as Martinez picks the ladder up, setting it down on the floor...

...and then opening it up, setting it up standing.]

GM: Oh my stars... what in the world is Alex Martinez thinking?!

[It quickly becomes quite evident what the Last American Badboy is thinking as he starts to scale the ten foot ladder. The seven footer slowly scales the wooden and metal ladder, wincing with every step as he gets closer and closer to the top...]

GM: ALEX MARTINEZ IS CLIMBING THE LADDER! HE'S CLIMBING THE LADDER!

[The ladder is visibly wobbling as the big man tries to get higher and higher upon it, Jeff Matthews still lying motionless on the wooden table.]

GM: The Madfox is sprawled out on our table here next to us. The announce table and Jeff Matthews' very body is in jeopardy right here tonight! Martinez has some evil intentions as he scales the ladder here at ringside... almost to the top now...

[Martinez stands on the second rung to the top, his seven feet towering above the ten foot ladder as he stares down at his former friend who is still motionless on the table at ringside...

...failing to notice Caleb Temple pulling himself up on the apron!]

GM: Martinez is almost to the top of this ladder... can he balance on top of a ten foot ladder? What is he- wait a second!

[The bloodied and crazed Caleb Temple quickly drags himself to the top rope, steadying himself for a moment...

...just barely getting caught in the gaze of Alex Martinez before Temple blindly HURLS himself backwards off the top rope, crashing across the torso of his most hated rival, sending them both crashing down off the ladder and down to the concrete floor!]

GM: OHHHHHHHH MY STAAAAAAAARRRRS!

[The crowd ROARS at the daredevil dive by Caleb Temple, a move that leaves both Martinez and Temple sprawled out on the barely-padded floor, blood pouring from the heads of both men, nearly motionless on the floor.]

GM: A DIVE!! A SUICIDAL DIVE BY THE MAN WHO HAS DONE SO MANY SUCH DIVES IN HIS CAREER!! A DAREDEVIL BACKFLIP FROM THE TOP ROPE THAT KNOCKED ALEX MARTINEZ RIGHT OFF THAT LADDER! INCREDIBLE! ABSOLUTELY INCREDIBLE!

[The camera shot cuts out to a panning view of the audience, the fans collectively on their feet, still in shock at the crazy scene they just witnessed.]

GM: Bucky... BUCKY, get back over here!

BW: I'm here, I'm here. What the heck was that, Gordo?! Caleb Temple is 42 years old! He should NOT be moonsaulting off the top rope onto the concrete floor - knocking a guy off a ladder... I can't even believe I just saw that! That's a man who has given everything in his career - in his life - to this business and we just saw the perfect example of that.

GM: Can either of these guys even get back to their feet after that?! It was an incredible move. An absolutely death-defying leap to the floor. And like you said, Bucky, I can't believe we just saw that either.

[The referee slides out to the floor, kneeling next to both men, checking to see if either man will be able to continue. Meekly lifts Caleb Temple's arm, watching it drop back down to the floor.]

BW: I don't know if these guys can keep going, Gordo, but this has been one heck of a fight. All four of these guys are veterans - they've been around awhile - but they keep on bringing the fight night after night inside - and outside - that squared circle.

GM: An All-Star Showdown... that's what this match was billed as... and I don't believe they've disappointed in the slightest, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely not. We've still got two title matches to come but I'd hate to go on after these four have torn the house down tonight at SuperClash, daddy!

[Slowly, Caleb Temple uses the somehow still-standing ladder to pull himself to his knees. He leans against the steel rungs, breathing heavily, blood continuing to pour from his skull as he tries to find the energy to keep going.]

GM: Jeff Matthews is laid out across our table still. Adam Rogers is still down at ringside as well. Alex Martinez isn't moving a bit. But somehow, somehow, Caleb Temple - the King of the Death Match - is rising from the ashes like a phoenix and is trying to find a way to end this war here tonight.

[Temple drags himself to a standing position using the ladder, leaning against it as the referee holds it, keeping the ladder from falling.]

GM: Temple is standing! Caleb Temple is up!

[A weary King of the Death Match reaches down, hauling his seven foot rival's torso off the floor by the hair, literally dragging Martinez towards the squared circle. The crowd buzzes with anticipation as the referee slides back into the ring, waving for the match to continue.]

GM: Caleb Temple is physically pulling Alex Martinez to his feet - it's like lifting dead weight!

BW: Martinez is 350 pounds and Temple is just trying to muscle him up enough to shove him into the ring.

[Temple does exactly that, somehow rolling Martinez under the ropes. He rolls in behind the seven footer, throwing an arm across his chest.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[HUUUUUUGE CHEER!]

GM: HE KICKED OUT! HE KICKED OUT! ALEX MARTINEZ KICKED OUT!

[The crowd is roaring now as an irate Caleb Temple pushes up to his feet, kicking the bottom rope in frustration. He stalks across the ring, snatching up the folding chair that has been used throughout the match.]

GM: He's go the chair again and this can't be good news for the Last American Badboy, Bucky!

BW: I wouldn't think so.

[As Temple walks forward, he leaps into the air, tucking the chair underneath his legs...

...and CRASHES down on a prone Martinez!]

GM: OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

BW: ARABIAN FACEBUSTER!!

[Temple rolls off, tossing the chair aside as he dives across Martinez again.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!!! THREEEEEEEEE-

[AN EVEN BIGGER CHEER!]

GM: MY STARS, HE KICKED OUT AGAIN!!

BW: What the HELL is wrong with this guy?!

GM: Alex Martinez will not stay down! Alex Martinez will not give up! This man has the biggest heart and fighting spirit that I believe I've ever seen before! But can he find it, Bucky? Can he find that little bit more left in his body to somehow carry him and his team to victory?

[Temple grabs the chair again, using it to push himself up to his feet. He shouts "GET UP!" at Martinez, gesturing for the seven footer to climb back up off the mat.]

GM: Temple wants Martinez up... he's standing there, waiting for him with that steel chair in hand...

[The seven footer sits up off the canvas, rolling to his side and getting to his knees. He looks up at Temple, dried blood caked to his face as he glares at his greatest rival...

...and waves for Temple to hit him with the chair.]

GM: Martinez... he's asking for it! He WANTS that shot to the head!

BW: I think he's done, Gordo. He wants Temple to end it and put him out of his misery once and for all!

GM: That can't be! That can't be what he wants!

[Temple, a surprised look on his face, slowly raises the chair back as far as he can reach with it, pausing to measure his enemy...

...and gets a right hand slammed into his midsection!

GM: Ohh! Martinez lured him into opening himself up!

[A second punch lands, staggering Temple long enough for Martinez to get to his feet. Temple swings the chair back again, ready to swing it...

...and gets CAUGHT with a big boot to the jaw!]

GM: OHHH! BOOT CONNECTS!!

[With Temple suddenly down, Alex Martinez picks up the steel chair. He holds it in his hands, staring at it through blood-stung eyes...

...and raises it high for the crowd to see, the AWA faithful roaring in response.]

GM: MARTINEZ HAS GOT THE CHAIR!!

[The Los Angeles native pauses, waiting as Temple pushes up to his knees...

...and then slowly raises his arms, extending them to his sides in a Jesus Christ pose, fully accepting what is about to come.]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The steel chair crumples from the force of the impact, leaving a badly-dented weapon in the hands of the seven footer who throws it down to the canvas with anger. Temple slumps down to the canvas, unmoving.]

GM: That's it, Bucky. That'll do it! A steel chair to the skull is no laughing matter and it just spelled the end of this-

[Shaking his head, Martinez reaches down with his right hand, grabbing Temple by the throat and hauling him back to his feet. He stares his most hated enemy dead in the eyes, speaking unheard words to him...

...and then brings up the left hand, applying a double choke to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM HOOKED!!!

[The seven footer hoists Caleb Temple as high as he can into the sky...

...and then brings him CRASHING down to the canvas in a thunderous powerbomb!]

GM: FIREBOMB! FIREBOMB!!

[Martinez collapses on top of Temple, reaching back for a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

“DING! DING! DING!”

[The crowd ERUPTS in elation as Meekly springs to his feet, pointing to the still-downed Alex Martinez.]

GM: He's done it, fans! He's done it! Alex Martinez has conquered his demons right here at SuperClash! Men who have haunted him for over a decade have been defeated here in Memphis, Tennessee!

BW: Southaven.

GM: Whatever! And now, Bucky... you know what this means.

BW: At long last, we're gonna see the Dragon, daddy!

GM: That's right. The Minion said if Martinez survived tonight, he'd get to find out the identity of the Dragon! And I know that as much as all of us want to see it, there's one person in the building who wants to find out even more and that's Alex Martinez.

[The camera pulls back, showing the bulk of the crowd on their feet applauding as Adam Rogers rolls back in, raising an arm to the cheering fans as he smiles at his downed partner.]

GM: Alex Martinez and Adam Rogers just won one heck of a fight, Bucky.

BW: They did. I gotta give Rogers some credit. I never thought that goody-two-shoes would be able to fight dirty enough to be of value to Martinez in this match but he proved me wrong.

GM: I think he proved a lot of people wrong.

[Rogers leans down, offering his hand to his partner. An exhausted and relieved Martinez happily accepts, getting aided to his feet by the Natural to another big cheer!]

GM: Martinez is on his feet! Martinez has survived this grueling battle! Listen to this crowd, Bucky! What a win tonight for Alex Martinez, getting a pinfall over the man he had never pinned before tonight!

[As Martinez steadies himself, Rogers raises his hand in the air as the noise from the cheering gets even louder...

...but then, it abruptly stops.]

GM: NO! NOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[But despite Myers' denial, it did happen.]

GM: IT CAN'T...HE DIDN'T...NO! NOT NOW! NOT NOW!

BW: HE DID, GORDO! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

[Yes he did. Adam Rogers did it. He just grabbed his partner and SLAMMED him to the mat with his signature stiff-as-crap release German suplex. Alex Martinez, with no time or energy to defend or brace himself, lays unmoving in the middle of the ring, feet over his head.]

GM: ROGERS..ADAM ROGERS...IS HE THE DRAGON?!? WAS HE BEHIND THIS ALL ALONG?

BW: If so, it's damned brilliant, Gordo! Brilliant!

[The shock of the attack now over, and the crowd coming to a full realization of what has just happened, the boos begin in earnest as does the throwing of debris into the ring. Martinez struggles to get to his knees, but collapses to the mat in exhaustion and pain. Adam Rogers is smiling from ear to ear as he gets a microphone from the ringside attendant. Slowly, he paces over to the fallen Martinez and smirks down at him.]

AR: Come on, Alex. You mean to tell me you didn't see this coming?

[The heel heat continues to grow, but Rogers doesn't notice.]

AR: Oh, I've been waiting a loooong time...a damn long time for this moment. I've got to say, Alex...it's pretty satisfying.

So I bet I'm the _last_ person you expected to see turn out to be against you in this whole Dragon ordeal. It's really turned into a "This Is Your Life, Alex Martinez" type of thing. And by the looks of it?

Your life SUCKS.

[More heel poppage. Again, Martinez tries to rise but cannot.]

AR: Stay down and save your energy. You're gonna need it later, hot stuff.

[Smart mark pop!]

AR: I bet you're wondering right now, why? Why, Adam? Why did you join ranks with the likes of Jeff Matthews, Mark Langseth, Joe Petrow, Caleb Temple, et al, in this masterful plot to put you down and out once and for all? It's pretty simple, really. Though we shared a common goal, we did have one difference.

Those guys? They just _hate_ you.

[Rogers abruptly drops down onto all fours, putting his face right up in Martinez's personal space, and holds the microphone close enough for it to pick up Alex's heavy breathing.]

AR: But me? I _OWE_ you, punk!

[The last reigning EMWC World Champion stands back up, sneering down at Martinez as he does.]

AR: You know why, don't you, Alex? If the people here tonight and the people watching at home, and those two buffoons over there at the broadcast table were smart? They'd know too. But since I've been waiting _years_ for this moment...I'm going to explain it for you and everyone else.

[He takes a few steps away from the downed legend.]

AR: Remember back to 2004, Alex? Oh, I bet you do. The worst year of your life. Well guess what, slick?

It wasn't exactly a banner year for me either.

[Rogers scowls.]

AR: In case you've forgotten anything that didn't happen directly to _you_, here's a recap. I went to war with Caleb Temple in an effort to save your marriage. Rhoni didn't listen, I got in over my head, and guess how it ended?

He lit me on fire, Alex, because I was doing what you wouldn't. Because _I_ was fighting for _your_ marriage...

HE LIT ME ON FIRE!!!

[The last word literally echoes throughout the arena, which has now gone nearly dead quiet at the anger, the rage, the raw emotion shown by the once-popular fan favorite.]

AR: And all the while, as I laid there in the hospital for weeks on end, sleepless night after sleepless night because I couldn't get comfortable with second and third degree burns all over my body...do you remember what you did for me?

DO YOU?!?

[In a fit of rage, Rogers dashes across the ring and delivers a stiff stomp right into the ribs of Alex Martinez. The boos start back up.]

AR: NOTHING!

Not one visit!

[Stomp!]

AR: Not one phone call!

[Stomp!]

AR: Not even a nice little greeting card that said, "Hey, thanks for trying to save my marriage for me, seeing as I was too much of a wuss to do it myself!"

[Adam pauses, as if he is trying to figure out what he's going to do next...which, after a couple of seconds, is yet another boot into the ribs.]

AR: You were supposed to be my friend, Alex. When I got to Los Angeles, I remember asking you to not give me any help. I wanted to make it on my own merit, not because I had a connection with the company's number one superstar. And you did just that. You stayed out of my way as I worked my butt off to make a name for myself in what was, at the time, the number one wrestling organization on the planet.

But I learned something about you a little too late in the process, Martinez. I found out that you didn't stay out of my way because I asked you to.

You did it because you didn't give a _damn_ about me.

[Rogers leans over, shoving a finger toward Alex's face.]

AR: You only cared about _YOU_, Alex! Your World Title and your feuds with Temple and Mark Langseth and all your adoring fans.

You were one selfish SOB. You never paid attention to what was going on around you. If it wasn't directly related to your success, nothing else..._no one_ else mattered.

[The Floridian raises back up, a smug grin coming across his face as he shakes his head.]

AR: And you wonder why Rhoni left you?

[Heel pop for the low blow.]

AR: What you did to me, Alex...making me think that we had a two-way friendship...it was worse than anything Temple ever did. Because with Temple, at least you know what you're going to get. But with you? It was a complete surprise.

[Another smug grin.]

AR: So how's that working out for you now, you big piece of crap? Not so fun when the shoe's on the other foot, is it?

[Rogers laughs.]

AR: But hey, this party's just getting started.

["When You're Evil" by Voltaire plays as the gas-masked, trench-coat wearing man of mystery known as the Minion skulks from the back.]

GM: Oh, come on! Not this guy!

[The Minion swiftly makes his way to the aisle, stepping up the ringsteps into the ring, mic in hand as he shakes his head.]

MINION: You truly believed you had gathered a single friend unto your breast, Mighty Martinez? On this, the eve of your destruction, you had found a single thread to hold back the sword of Damocles.

[Another shake of the head.]

MINION: Do you feel the hot breath of the Dragon at your neck, Alex?

[An artificially deep chortle escapes the Minion. He gestures to both Matthews and Temple, a move that has them both exit the ring, walking up the aisle towards the locker room.]

MINION: My master's Harbingers of Hell have accomplished their goal. They have left you bloody and broken. You are beaten, Mighty Martinez.

[The Minion turns to the crowd, gesturing to the downed Last American Badboy.]

MINION: Mortals, look now upon your "Legend" and WEEP! For this is the last time you shall lay eyes upon him in the flesh. Now is the day of reckoning. Fear the future for the end is nigh!

[Like a crazed cult leader, the Minion raises his free hand towards the ceiling as if to invoke some higher power.]

MINION: On this eve, the Dragon, my _master_ arrives ... and the AWA will never be the same.

[The gas-masked mystery man gestures grandly, gesticulating in a kind of wild frenzy usually reserved only for cultists in the throes of some near-death ecstasy.]

Minion: How now, Mighty Martinez? Your final friend has flown having laid waste what shred of dignity you had dangling from your heart laid bare! Come, come and rise! See what you have wrought! You must be as I am, a witness to the glory of what must be!

GM: Unbelievable! It looks like, after all of this, the one man to come to Alex Martinez' aid was the one behind the conspiracy to end his career!

BW: It all makes sense! It all fits!

GM: How does this fit? Why would he step up to be Martinez' partner tonight at all if he just wanted to destroy him?

BW: Sometimes you have to build something up a little bigger to break it down that much lower, Gordo!

[But the Minion's not done. As Rogers himself lingers, staring down at the fallen giant, the Minion draws closer to his fallen form.]

Minion: RISE! You've brought this on yourself! _I_ tried to save you, but you showed me nothing but the back of your hand. Now as always you are proud, you are too blunt, lacking the means to think critically. When warned of impending doom you called out for it to crash down upon you; sure of your ability to withstand. Tell me now, Mighty Martinez ... have you withstood?

BW: No he has not! Ha-ha! Now this is entertainment. It's not every day you see an overrated, so-called legend get buried six feet down.

GM: Rogers hovering, ready to strike Martinez down again at any moment. Minion in the ring now... Someone should really do something about this.

BW: Like what? If security gets involved I bet you'll see Temple and Matthews back out here in half a heartbeat. They know they'd be laid to waste before they even hit the ring.

[All is quiet for a moment as the Minion edges towards the broken Martinez. Still unsure of Alex' physical state he is ginger as he continues to hector the big man.]

Minion: Are you ready, Mighty Minion? Raise your eyes... The revelation is at hand!

[Defiant to the last, Martinez gets to his feet, resting most of his weight on the top rope as he collapses against them. A bloody mess, he prepares to absorb yet more punishment from the man who was to help him stand against the Dragon's onslaught. Meanwhile, the house lights dim as the crowd grows hushed.]

BW: He's about to get his! Finish him off, Rogers! He's had his moment in the sun, he's got his name in the Hall of Fame, send him on his way!

GM: Bucky, wait, be quiet! Something else is going on here...

[His frenzy unabated, the Minion gets ever closer to Martinez as the beating of a horrible heart reverberates throughout the arena. Almost as a single entity, everyone in the arena seems to turn--

Minion: And there appeared another wonder in the heavens ... a great red dragon...

#I'M OVER IT!!!#

["Forsaken" by David Draiman explodes over the PA as a shadowy figure appears in the entrance portal. The crowd erupts in disbelief as Minion and Rogers vacate the ring.]

GM: Good lord, it can't be!

BW: Who is it!? That music--

[What emerges could barely be called human but is definitely familiar to the AWA faithful. Inked green, tongue surgically split and with teeth sharpened to points, his face twists into the most obscene of shark-toothed smiles as he stalks to the ring.]

BW: JESUS CHRIST!

GM: WILLIAM CRAVEN IS IN THE AWA! WILLIAM CRAVEN IS THE DRAGON!

BW: The Green Beast! Hell on Earth! Think back, Gordo, the Memorial Day Rumble! He was there! He eliminated Martinez on that night!

GM: I don't understand! Why?! WHY?!

[Craven pauses upon reaching the ring, looking up through tightly slit eyes at the scene unfolding before him. With a nod, Adam Rogers drops to the mat, rolling under the ropes to exit the ring, leaving only the Minion behind. The Minion is overjoyed, shouting off-mic, throwing his arms in the air like a man who has seen the Second Coming in person...

...and then William Craven climbs the steps, moving through the ropes to stand in the ring before the stunned crowd.]

GM: My stars, I can't believe it, fans! I can not believe my eyes! We'd all heard the whispers for months. We'd seen people speculating about who the Dragon might be. We heard names from Martinez' past - men you couldn't imagine seeing in the AWA. But never... NEVER.. did I hear William Craven's name mentioned at all!

BW: This guy is a monster come to life, Gordo! It like someone went to a swamp somewhere and drowned only to re-emerge as a force of nature, a beast beyond measure, a creature of darkness! And he's HERE?! He's in the AWA?!

GM: I'm disturbed, fans. In fact, you might even say I'm frightened. I have no idea what this man intends to do to Alex Martinez... and I haven't the slightest clue as to why he's come for Martinez to begin with!

[Craven stands in the center of the ring, staring with an amused smile at the cornered Martinez. The Last American Badboy reaches up, wiping blood from his eyes as he looks on in shock. He is able to utter a single, "You?" before Craven lunges forward...

...and SLAMS a kick into the heart of Martinez!]

GM: Ohh! What a kick!

BW: A mafia kick straight to the heart! CRAVEN! HAS! STRUCK!

[The big man crumples to his knees, clutching at his chest as Craven stands over him. The six foot five, 320 pound beast reaches down to grab a handful of hair, pulling Martinez back sharply so he can stare at him...

...and then violently slaps him across the face!]

GM: Good grief!

[Craven delivers a second slap, his sharpened teeth clenched as he stares into the eyes of the very man he's tormented for nearly a year.]

GM: Craven is taunting him! Craven is daring the man to get up!

[Martinez reaches back, grabbing the middle rope...

...but Craven grabs the top rope, delivering a crushing knee to the face of the kneeling Martinez, knocking him back into a seated position against the buckles. Craven backs away as the Minion races in.]

MINION: It is your endtime, Mighty Martinez! It is the moment you have feared for years!

[A weary Martinez reaches out with his right hand, grabbing the masked man by the throat...

...but Craven surges back into the corner, throwing a kick to the chest that breaks his grip. A second kick follows and then a third, each making a loud sound on impact like someone slamming their hand into a watermelon over and over. Martinez winces from every blow, falling limp into the corner.]

MINION: RISE, MARTINEZ!! RISE AND FACE YOUR FATE!!

[The Minion coughs violently as he steps away, waiting to see what Martinez will do next. Craven does the same, standing several feet back, crouched over with his hands on his knees as he eyes the downed big man.]

GM: Alex Martinez... I don't know if I want him to stand and fight or stay down, Bucky.

BW: He's too stupid to stay down. I said that all night long. I don't expect this to be any different. He's going to have to be destroyed before he stays down.

[Breathing heavily, Martinez raises his right arm, looking to grasp the ropes as the crowd cheers. Craven straightens up, a slight smile on his twisted face. He lifts a lone hand, waving for Martinez to come to him... to bring the fight to him...]

GM: Martinez is trying to pull himself up! He's trying to get back into this fight!

[The seven footer gets to his feet, slumping back in the buckles for a moment before pushing himself out, staggering across the ring...]

GM: He can barely walk, Bucky!

BW: By the time Craven is finished, that may change permanently!

[Martinez stumbles towards his attacker, throwing a wild right hand that Craven easily avoids, allowing Martinez to fall down to the mat.]

GM: Oh.

BW: He can't even fight! Stay down, you loon!

GM: He lost his balance there and-

[Standing over Martinez, Craven lets loose a hellish scream as he raises his powerful right leg...

...and SLAMS his heel down into the kidneys of Martinez in an axe kick!]

GM: GOOD GOD! GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!!

BW: He's gonna break him in half! Craven's going to finish this job once and for all! He is going to finish the job that he started nearly a year ago when he started sending people after Martinez!

GM: I still don't understand this. Do these two have a past? Are they connected at all in any way?

[Martinez is motionless, completely unmoving as a cold-blooded Craven stands over him once more. The man from the Motor City slowly reaches down...

...and SLAPS Martinez in the back of the head!]

GM: Oh, come on! Enough is enough! You've proven your point, Craven!

BW: I'm not sure he has. His point is to show the world that Alex Martinez is FINISHED and as long as the First American Nimrod keeps getting up, that point has not been proven yet!

[The Minion steps out to the apron, dropping down to the floor. He leans under the bottom rope, shouting off-mic at Martinez.]

GM: And this masked idiot keeps mocking the man! Think of him what you will, Alex Martinez is a former multiple time World Champion, he added his name to the Professional Wrestling Hall of Fame earlier today, and he is one of the all-time greats in our sport! He does NOT deserve this!

BW: Maybe, maybe not.

GM: What the heck does THAT mean?

BW: It means that just maybe you're wrong about him, Gordo. Maybe all those accolades are true but at the end of the day, there's been a whole lot of people saying a whole lot of bad stuff about this man over the past year. Ego, self-centered, a traitorous friend, only cares about himself and his glory, selfish, arrogant. All of those things hit the mark pretty well in my view.

GM: Not in my mind.

BW: But if so many people are saying it, ain't there a chance you're wrong and that Alex Martinez is getting EXACTLY what he has to coming to him right now?

GM: I don't believe that for a single second, Bucky.

[The Last American Badboy inches closer to the sound of The Minion's distorted voice, crawling and dragging himself towards it until his upper body is underneath the bottom rope at which point the masked man rears back...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: OH, COME ON! GIVE ME A BREAK, BUCKY WILDE!

BW: The Minion's been assaulted by Martinez on more than one occasion! Now it's his turn to get a little bit back, daddy!

[The Minion continues to taunt Martinez from his spot on the floor...

...until he again gets a hand wrapped around his throat from the still-fighting Martinez!]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM! HE'S GOT HIM!

[But not for long as Craven steps out to the apron, cocks his head sideways as if he's appraising his next move...

...and then leaps up, bringing all his three hundred plus pounds down on a double stomp on the back of Martinez' head, SMASHING his skull into the edge of the ring apron!]

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!!

BW: That's it! That's it, Gordo! Ain't no one getting up from that!

[Craven drops down to the floor, grabbing Martinez by the blood-soaked hair...

...and YANKS him under the ropes, dropping him down to the barely-padded concrete floor below in a heap!]

GM: I don't- is Craven not finished?!

BW: This beating is done when Craven says it's done! And I'm tellin' ya, as long as Martinez is still moving, William Craven is not finished with him.

GM: Fans, it wasn't long ago that Jon Stegglet talked about Alex Martinez not doing any favors for himself here in the AWA. He has no friends. He has no allies. The Hall of Famer is an island to himself here in the American Wrestling Alliance.

BW: That's right, Gordo. Ain't a soul back there in the locker room that is gonna risk the wrath of William Craven to try and help this moron.

[Craven stands over Martinez on the floor, staring down at him, standing tall as he almost dares Martinez to try to rise again. The crowd buzzes at the scene, watching Martinez as he lies prone facefirst on the thin padding...

...and then suddenly reaches forward, hooking his hand around Craven's ankle! The buzz changes into something almost unrecognizable - a mixture of elation that Martinez is still fighting yet pure terror that he will not just stay down and end this physical destruction. Craven's eyes go wide at Martinez' movement.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: I think he made him mad, Gordo!

[Craven reaches down, grabbing a handful of hair to yank the seven footer off the floor, slinging him over his shoulder as he waves the Minion out of the way...]

GM: No, no, no! Don't do this!

[The unleashed beast rampages across the ringside area, taking the longest route possible before DRIVING Martinez spinefirst into the steel ringpost, the crowd gasping in shock as the destructive act!]

GM: ...

BW: Cat got your tongue, Gordo?

GM: I can't believe what we're seeing here! I've- we've both followed Alex Martinez' career - both here in the AWA and elsewhere - for a long, long time and I've NEVER seen him physically manhandled like this, Bucky. Have you?

BW: Not a chance, Gordo. I've seen Martinez bloodied, I've seen him beaten up, and I've seen him defeated. But I've NEVER seen him dominated like he's being destroyed right now by William Craven! NEVER!

[Craven swings away from the ringpost, Martinez still slung limply over his shoulder...

...and then without warning, he simply FLINGS the seven footer bodily towards the steel barricade, sending the seven footer crashing into the metal railing, the impact of which actually snaps a hinge, knocking the barricade partially over as the front row fans run for it!]

GM: No regard for the fans at ringside! And ABSOLUTELY no regard for the physical well-being of Alex Martinez!

BW: He threw him THROUGH the railing, Gordo! He actually broke the dangd railing!

GM: The steel barricade had one of its hinges broken there, it's just dangling from the other ones.

[The camera zooms in on Martinez, leaning on the remnants of the hanging barricade, still covered in blood. His face tells the entire story - a solid year of physical dissection and torment being capped off with this unmerciful beating. He is beaten...

...but he is not broken.]

GM: Come on, Alex. Stay down... please stay down...

[Craven stands near the railing, looking out at the fleeing fans. He lets loose a crazed bellow, one that sends more of the AWA faithful running for it.]

BW: It looks like a damn horror movie out here! The fans are running from the monster before he turns their attention on them!

GM: He'd better not! That better not happen or William Craven will find himself with a one way ticket right back to... wherever the hell he came from!

BW: That sounds pretty accurate actually. William Craven is a monster that just strode out of the gates of Hell and kicked Alex Martinez right in the face!

[Craven turns his gaze down on Martinez, a defiant stare - waiting to see just what the big man will do next...

...and when the seven footer raises his right arm in equal defiance in a gesture fitting of his days in Los Angeles, Craven's eyes flash with fire!]

GM: Oh my god.

BW: You want to go out a hero, Martinez? You're about to go out on a slab right now!

[Craven leans down, flinging Martinez off the steel barricade and back down onto the floor at ringside. He turns back to the railing, gripping it between his fingers...

...and with a mighty scream, he RIPS the barricade off its remaining hinges!]

GM: What the HELL?! How did that just happen?!

BW: The railing was damaged but that takes an incredible feat of strength! William Craven is PURE POWER from head to toe!

[Craven muscles the barricade away from its former resting place as AWA security rushes to plug the hole where it stood...

...and suddenly, a new face is on the scene.]

GM: Jon Stegglet! Jon Stegglet is out here!

BW: The one friend that Martinez has left!

GM: Stegglet's trying to reason with Craven, I think!

BW: Good luck with that.

[The ringside camera catches Stegglet shouting at Craven.]

"You've proved your point, Craven! Put that down!"

[Craven doesn't respond, simply powering the railing over his head to the shock of the crowd. He walks forward slowly, keeping the railing pressed over his skull as he inches closer to the prone Martinez...]

GM: Somebody's gotta stop this!

[Stegglet can be heard pleading for the mercy of Craven, begging for the health of his long-time friend.]

BW: I'm actually starting to agree with you here, Gordo. Look at all this chaos around us. The fans are running, Martinez is broken - he's done, Craven! He's done!

[Craven actually seems to hear Bucky, cocking his head again as he looks down at Martinez to see if it's true. In the background of the shot, we see Gordon Myers standing, gesturing wildly at Martinez.]

GM: LOOK AT HIM! HE'S DONE! YOU WON, OKAY?!

[Bucky Wilde looks on next to Myers, obvious concern on his face as Craven stands stoic, the metal railing still pressed over his head...

...and then coldly SLAMS it down on the spine of the on-all-fours Martinez, stopping him dead in his tracks as the crowd falls to a stunned hush!

A swarm of security rushes Craven, Jon Stegglet leading the pack as he gets right in the face of the Motor City Madman, screaming at him.

“YOU'RE FINISHED HERE! YOU'LL NEVER WORK HERE! GET YOUR ASS OUT OF MY BUILDING, YOU PIECE OF SH-”

The audio abruptly cuts out, leaving a haunting silent shot of ringside fans silently screaming their rage towards William Craven who is now engulfed in AWA officials and security, trying to push him away from the downed Martinez...

...as we abruptly fade to black.

Cut to backstage to footage marked “EARLIER TONIGHT”, where The Lynch Brothers, James and Jack, stand flanking Jason Dane. James is ready for battle as he has on his burnt orange Texan rights with a Lynch Family t-shirt, while Jack stands dressed in his ring gear, his cowboy hat slung low over his eyes.]

JD: Tonight, the men I am standing with will receive the title shot they asked for. Tonight, these two men, two thirds of a family that has taken the AWA by storm, will be vying for the chance to reach the pinnacle in tag team wrestling. The National Tag Team Titles. Jack, my question for you is...

[Jack shakes his head.]

Jack: Jason, Jimmy and I? We ain't answerin' questions tonight. See? We've already answered all of 'em.

When we came to the AWA, people wanted to know. What does the Lynch family have? Have they got what it takes? Can they succeed?

Well, Jason... look at the record. Jimmy and I? We ain't lost a tag match yet in the AWA.

People asked, can them Lynches compete in the best tag team division in wrestling history?

Well Jason, we won the Stampede Cup. And unless somethin' has happened to my memory, that means we either pinned the best teams, or pinned the men that pinned the best teams. And that includes the men we're facin' tonight. Against us... Violence Unlimited has a _losing_ record. That ain't no opinion, that's a stone cold fact.

So me and Jimmy? We're done answerin' questions. We're done provin' ourselves. Tonight ain't about questions, its about statements. In fact? Its about one statement in particular.

James and Jack Lynch are the _best_ tag team today.

Ever since Jimmy, Trav, and I got here, we've faced the questions, and answered 'em all. By the end of tonight? We're gonna have the silver cup AND the gold belts to prove that we are the very best.

So Jason, I'm done answerin' questions, and hell... I'm done talkin'. Jimmy? You got somethin' to say... lay it on 'em.

[James stands there soaking up the moment ...]

James: All we have heard, is that Violence Unlimited is tough. And that our win at the Cup was a fluke ...

[Jack shakes his head again, as big Texan smile forms across Jimmy's face.]

James: I guess we are going to find out!

While, being _tough_ is your guys backbone ... Having heart and family honor is ours. Violence Unlimited in Japan you said something that couldn't be any more true.

[Smile is gone and James is glaring into the camera.]

James: The time for talking is over.

[James nods in agreement.]

JL: Tonight, there will be no more talking ... No more debates about who is the tougher man ... No more bragging about who has won what...

The only thing that is left ... mano-a-mano ...

Winner takes all, and we will find out who leaves with those AWA Natonal Tag Team titles.

[We fade from a shot of the focused and determined Lynch Brothers to more footage recorded earlier in the day - still in the backstage area, where we see the AWA National Tag Team champions, Violence Unlimited, standing by with Jason Dane. Jackson Haynes is dressed in a black, leather duster over his wrestling gear, a tri-cornered beat-up looking cowboy hat and red Confederate flag-style wrestling tights. Around his waist, is his half of the National titles. Danny Morton is dressed in a black boxing robe, with the title belt slung over his shoulder. The two look ready and focused for their title defense.]

JD: Violence Unlimited, tonight at SuperClash 3, the rematch the world has been waiting for is here! Violence Unlimited vs The Lynch Brothers for the National Tag Team titles! You two have had an intense rivalry with the reigning Stampede Cup champions

going into tonight's match, culminating in a wild press conference brawl in Japan two weeks ago. Gentlemen, your thoughts on tonight?

[Haynes who removes his hat and stares down Dane, before beginning to speak.]

JH: Lets get one thing straight! It wasn't hate or anger or any stupid rivalry that started that brawl in Tokyo, Dane...

[An unsettling grin forms on Haynes' face.]

JH: ...it was FEAR.

JD: Fear? The Lynches have shown anything BUT fear since their arriva-

[Haynes puts up a hand, cutting Dane off.]

JH: I ain't sayin' he's afraid of us, boy! What I'm sayin' is that he's afraid that what we said 'bout him and his brother was true!

[The madman from Moscow, Tennessee, rubs his jaw.]

JH: When Jack Lynch punched me at that press conference, I felt it! NOT the punch... 'cause ya' better believe I'm tough enough to take a shot from that boy with a smile... nah, what I felt behind that punch was DOUBT! What I felt was URGENCY! What I felt was Jack Lynch's DESPERATION! 'Cause my words cut right through him and stabbed him right in the heart!

'Cause deep down, The Lynches don't know if they can rise to the occasion again! They don't know if they're capable of repeatin' what they did at the Stampede Cup! They weren't wrasslin' on that level before and haven't wrassled at that level since! They might not wanna' admit it, but they don't know if the Stampede Cup was where they finally became what their daddy always meant them to be or if it was nothin' more than the sun deciding to finally shine on a dog's ass!

[Morton places a hand on Haynes' shoulder.]

DM: Woah, Jack...just settle down, there...

[Haynes places the cowboy hat back atop his head to cool off as Morton chuckles to himself.]

DM: Don't get us wrong, Dane, we respect what The Lynches have been able to accomplish! They came to the AWA and were successful from day one and it takes one heck of a tag team to go toe-to-toe with Violence Unlimited like they've been doing! For the last two months, we've fought and we've bled and we've fought and we've bled and not a single thing was settled! The Lynch Brothers have without doubt, EARNED our respect! But tonight...

...all that respect doesn't mean a damn thing!

[A dangerous-looking smile forms on Morton's face.]

DM: Ever since we came out of Atlanta as losers, THIS MATCH is all we've thought about! Me and Jack've lived, breathed, slept and thought about nothing BUT redeeming ourselves against The Lynches! So yeah, we may respect the hell out of them, but RESPECT cost us the Stampede Cup! RESPECT, holds us back from doing exactly

what we need to do to prove once and for all that we're the greatest tag team in the world!

[He shakes his head.]

DM: So as far we're concerned, respect has no place inside that ring tonight!

[Haynes then raises his head, as the familiar wild-eyed, crazed look forms on his face.]

JH: Bottom line, boys...

[He unstraps the title from around his waist and holds it up to the camera.]

JH: ...you want this?

Then don't expect mercy and don't expect compassion. The only way you're becoming' champions tonight is by being what you always claim to be.

THE BEST.

[A chuckle.]

JH: We'll see ya' in the ring.

[And with that, the tag team champions walk off, preparing themselves for the war to come as we fade back to a panning shot of the interior of the DeSoto Civic Center where it appears order has been restored. The shot cuts to one of Phil Watson standing in the center of the ring.]

PW: The following contest is a tag team match scheduled for one fall with a sixty minute time limit and it is for the AWA NATIONAL TAG TEAM TITLES!

[The crowd cheers but it's not as loud as you might expect considering what just went down moments ago.]

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

[There's a dramatic pause, the crowd buzzing with anticipation as we wait...

...and the sounds of Ted Nugent's "Stranglehold" fills the air to a big cheer from the AWA faithful!]

PW: Introducing first... from Dallas, Texas... at a total combined weight of 485 pounds... representing the world famous Lynch family... they are the reigning 2011 Stampede Cup Champions...

JAMES... JACK...

THE LYNNNNNNNNNNCH BOOOOOOOOOOYS!

[The crowd cheers again as the curtain parts and the heroes of Texas step into view. James Lynch is first, a light grey zipped jacket over the trunks we saw moments ago in the pre-taped video. His bare feet are evident as he does a few big hops, keeping his legs loose. He raises an arm in tribute to the crowd as he turns towards the curtain.

His big brother, Jack Lynch, steps through the curtain to another cheer. He immediately pulls off his long black coat, spiking to down to the floor with a loud shout to the crowd that they echo in response. He's wearing black trunks and a black kneepad on his right knee. He throws his black-gloved right hand into the air to another big cheer before the brothers start the walk down the aisle.]

GM: The Lynch Brothers walked into the AWA earlier this year with a ton of pressure on their large shoulders, fans. They are the sons of the legendary Blackjack Lynch and until the AWA arrived, they literally CARRIED professional wrestling in the great state of Texas on their backs. But the questions persisted - could they adapt? Could they make the switch to the big time after being the big fish in a small pond for so long? Those questions were answered in a big way at the Stampede Cup when Jack and James Lynch defeated Violence Unlimited in the Finals to take home that big silver cup...

BW: AND a million dollars.

GM: Absolutely. With that win, they earned the right to call themselves the best tag team in the world... however, when Violence Unlimited won the titles a few weeks later at AWA Homecoming, that discussion became one of the hottest debates in the business. Who IS the best tag team in the sport? We're about to find out here at SuperClash, fans.

[The Lynch brothers take their time walking down the aisle, slapping the hands of the fans along the barricade, occasionally leaning in for a hug or kiss from them as well. Eventually, they reach the ring. James is the first on the apron, slingshotting over the ropes into the ring. He immediately mounts the midbuckle, tearing off his jacket and throwing it out into the crowd who race to retrieve it. He stands there for a moment, looking out at the roaring fans before hopping down to the ring as his brother steps in, throwing his glove-covered right hand into the air in the shape of the Iron Claw to a huge cheer from the crowd.]

PW: And their opponents...

[The sounds of Motley Crue's "Shout At The Devil" fills the air.]

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT AT THE DEVIL!"

[The crowd ROARS to life as Danny Morton and Jackson Haynes stride into view, the gold National Tag Team Title belts slung over their shoulders.]

PW: From Moscow, Tennessee and Tulsa, Oklahoma respectively... weighing in tonight at 595 pounds... they are the 2010 Stampede Cup Tournament Champions and the current reigning and defending AWA NATIONAL TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS...

"THE HAMMER" JACKSON HAYNES...

DANNY MORTON...

VIIIIIOOOOOLENNNNNNNNNNNCE UNNNNNNNNNLIMITEDDDDDDD!

[The roars of the crowd grow stronger as Morton and Haynes storm down the aisle towards the ring, completely ignoring the fans lining the ringside barricade as they head towards the squared circle...

...and roll into the ring, popping to their feet as the crowd explodes again! Mickey Meekly races to stand between the two teams, arms outstretched to make sure the fight doesn't break out before he can get control of it.]

GM: Mickey Meekly is right there on the scene, trying to get some control of this situation. He knows how volatile these two teams are - he's seen the footage of the Tokyo Press Conference, I'm sure. It's very important for Mickey Meekly to keep this match under control or who knows what'll happen.

[Morton and Haynes huddle up, removing their entrance gear as they discuss last-minute strategy. Across the ring, Jack Lynch jerks a thumb at himself repeatedly.]

GM: It looks like Jack Lynch is insisting to his little brother that he wants to start this match off. Remember, James Lynch took a major pounding - a ton of punishment - at the hands of the National Tag Team Champions back at the Cup.

BW: It was one of the worst beatings I've ever seen one man take in a match, Gordo.

GM: James Lynch showed incredible heart that night to survive that beating and win the Cup for he and his big brother... but tonight, it looks like Jack Lynch is trying to keep himself in here to start this off. Maybe hoping to put in a little damage early in this one. Jack's gonna be the heavy hitter for the challengers, Bucky.

BW: He will be, yeah. James Lynch has a lot of high flying and speed on his side but the high impact shots is gonna come from Jack.

[James nods his head, slapping a high ten with his brother before stepping out to the apron. Across the ring, Danny Morton shares a quick bash of forearms with his partner who steps out.]

GM: So, it's gonna be Danny Morton starting this thing off with Jack Lynch.

[The official gives both teams some final instructions before calling for the bell.]

GM: Here we go! Sixty minute time limit for the National Tag Team Titles - perhaps the biggest tag team showdown in the history of this company, fans.

[Morton walks out to the center of the ring, smashing himself in the pectorals with a clenched fist, and then shouting at Lynch, gesturing angrily at him. Jack Lynch doesn't waste a second in meeting Professor Pain right there, jabbing a finger into the chest as he returns the shouts...

...which turns into Morton dropping down, EXPLODING into a double leg takedown that rips Lynch clean off his feet, dumping him down to the mat.]

GM: Ohh! Big double leg!

BW: You think that's how Morton did it on the mats back at college?

GM: I think that's EXACTLY how he did it!

[Morton quickly slips to the mount, throwing clenched fists at the skull of Lynch.]

GM: So much for any kind of feeling out period.

[The crowd roars as the champion hammers away on Lynch...

...and soon finds himself switched over, pressed down to his back as Jack Lynch takes his turn at throwing clenched fists to the skull!]

GM: This is how we left them in Tokyo! Throwing haymakers like there's no tomorrow!

BW: You're talking about the National Tag Team Titles, Gordo. There IS no tomorrow when the big gold is on the line, daddy.

[Mickey Meekly reads Jack Lynch the riot act, forcing the lanky Texan to climb back to his feet with a whoop to the crowd...

...and a wad of spit right in the center of the chest from Jackson Haynes!]

GM: Ohh! Jackson Haynes just SPAT at Jack Lyn-

[The crowd ERUPTS as a fired up Jack Lynch rushes towards "The Hammer", leaping into the air and throwing a right hand at a shocked Haynes, knocking him down off the apron to the floor. Lynch leans through the ropes, trying to grab Haynes by the stringy hair...

...which leaves him exposed to a big double axehandle across the kidneys by Morton!]

GM: OHH! Morton caught Lynch from behind!

[Grabbing a handful of trunks, Morton drags Lynch away from the ropes. Morton swings Lynch around, scooping him up, and SLAMMING him down hard to the canvas!]

GM: Big impact! The near-three hundred pound Danny Morton is arguably the strongest man in our sport, Bucky.

BW: If there's someone stronger than Danny Morton, I ain't seen 'em yet.

[With Lynch down on the mat, Morton backs into the ropes. He walks out of the ropes, measuring his man...

...and leaves his feet, dropping a heavy elbow down into the chest of Lynch!]

GM: Danny Morton just dropped that big ol' elbow right in the heart of Jack Lynch - the Texas-sized heart, I might add.

BW: Must you?

[Morton drags Jack Lynch up off the mat by the hair, reaching back to slap the hand of Jackson Haynes.]

GM: In comes the Hammer...

[Centering Lynch between them, Morton and Haynes take turns throwing heavy forearms down on the upper back of Lynch, swinging those beefy arms down and down and down and down, battering Lynch all the way down to all fours...]

GM: Wow!

[And with Lynch down, Haynes DRILLS him in the ribs with a big boot!]

GM: Ohh! What a kick!

[Haynes drops down to his knees, sinking in a front facelock on Lynch, pushing his face down into the canvas.]

GM: Into the front facelock goes Haynes, trying to wear Jack Lynch down...

BW: He's gonna make Lynch sit there with 310 pounds sitting on his neck. Make that man carry him. That'll wear down anyone, Gordo.

GM: It certainly will.

[Haynes leans in on the hold, pushing down on the neck with a "ASK HIM!" directed at the referee.]

BW: I think that says something right there, Gordo. Jackson Haynes is mere minutes into this match and he's already looking for a win. Violence Unlimited may have taken these Lynches too lightly back at the Cup. They may have toyed around with them too much. But that ain't gonna happen here tonight. From Minute One, VU is looking to finish off the challengers and walk out of Memphis with the gold.

[A large portion of the crowd starts to rally behind Lynch, trying to inspire him to get back to his feet as Haynes continues to bear down on him, trying to grind him out.]

GM: James Lynch is over there in the corner, shouting at his big brother, trying to get him back to his feet...

[It isn't long before Jack Lynch battles to a knee, throwing a right hand to the midsection. Then a second... then a third...

...but Jackson Haynes responds with a series of big knees up into the head and chest of Lynch, dazing him enough to push him back into the VU corner where Haynes slaps Morton's hand.]

GM: Quick tag by the champions, trying to keep the fresh man in at all times.

[The big Oklahoma native steps through the ropes, grabbing an arm as Haynes does the same.]

GM: Double whip by Violence Unlimited...

[The two men drop into side-by-side three-point stances...

...and then barrel over Jack Lynch with a double shoulderblock!]

GM: Ohh! That size and strength advantage coming into play right there as Lynch just got run over by two three hundred pound heavyweights!

[Morton drops into a lateral press as Meekly hits the mat.]

GM: One! Two! But that's all. Jack Lynch kicks out at two right there.

[Morton is quick to get back to his feet, staying right on top of Lynch by pulling him back to his feet...

...where Lynch throws a right hand to the jaw!]

GM: Jack Lynch with a right!

[A second one connects as well and a third sends Morton staggering backwards. Lynch turns, reaching for his corner...

...and SLAPPING the hand of his younger brother!]

GM: Tag!

[James Lynch slingshots himself over the ropes into the ring, catching the incoming Morton with a foot to the chest that sends Morton stumbling back. Lynch charges him, leaping up and hooking a side headlock as he throws a series of right hands to the skull of the American Murder Machine.]

GM: James Lynch is all over him, fans!

[Lynch breaks the headlock, grabbing Morton by the arm, and flinging him towards the ropes. The big Oklahoman grabs the top rope, preventing himself from rebounding back.]

GM: Morton hangs on but Lynch is coming for him!

[A running James Lynch leaps up, throwing a barefoot dropkick...

...that Morton simply sidesteps, batting Lynch aside and down to the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! No dice on the dropkick and-

[Morton backs to the middle of the ring, waving for James Lynch to get back to his feet, and then runs in, throwing a dropkick of his own that catches Lynch squarely in the chest, sending him SAILING through the ropes and down to the thinly-padded concrete floor below!]

GM: OHHH! WHAT A DROPKICK BY MORTON!!

BW: You wouldn't expect a big dropkick like that from someone the size of Danny Morton but he's an amazing physical specimen and you just never know what he's going to be capable of doing inside that ring.

[And Danny Morton doesn't waste a second in stepping out to the apron, dropping down to the floor where Lynch is crawling towards the timekeeper's table, trying to get back to his feet.]

GM: Morton's out on the floor and that is not where James Lynch wants to be right now, Bucky.

BW: It's not. The Lynches did an okay job of handling themselves in the brawling department back at the Cup but it's certainly not where you WANT to be against them if you can get your choice.

[Morton reaches down, dragging James Lynch to his feet. He turns him towards the timekeeper's table, waving everyone away...]

GM: Look out here!

[Morton attempts to slam Lynch's head into the wooden table...

...but Lynch gets his arms up at full extension, blocking the slam. He quickly slams his left elbow back into the gut, breaking Morton's hold on his head, and then SLAMS Morton's head into the wooden table!]

GM: OHHH! MORTON GOES INTO THE TABLE!!

[Lynch quickly dives back into the ring, popping back to his feet where he waggles a finger at Danny Morton who runs a hand over his forehead before taking a quick glance at it.]

GM: Danny Morton checks his hand for blood. We know he needed a huge amount of stitches to close the wound he suffered back at the Cup and who knows what might open that cut back up, Bucky.

BW: I know this is gonna make me sound like a savage son of a gun, Gordo, but the Lynches should do everything in their power to split Morton's head open like a melon. Bleed him out right here in the middle of the ring and you stand a heck of a better chance of walking out of here with the National Tag Team Titles.

GM: It's a sound strategy but I don't have to like it.

[Morton glares up into the ring for a few moments before pulling himself up on the apron with the assist of the ropes. A fired up James Lynch moves back in, throwing a right hand to the jaw of Danny Morton. The Oklahoma native returns the favor, swinging his right hand on target, knocking Lynch several feet back.]

GM: Morton steps back in and-

[The big man throws a heavy forearm smash to the back of the head, knocking Lynch down to his knees. Morton grabs Lynch around the neck, hooking the Texan under the chin, and hammers away at the forehead of the younger Lynch with clenched fists!]

GM: Morton's hammering away at him! He's really taking it to James Lynch!

[Grabbing two hands full of Lynch's hair, Morton pulls him up to his feet, and then grabs him by the throat, powering him up in a double-handed chokelift!]

GM: Oh my!

[But with Lynch that high up in the air, he's able to swing his leg up, smashing his knee into the face of Morton, forcing the American Murder Machine to drop him back down to the mat. Lynch immediately leaps back up, hooking his legs around the head of Morton, snapping him down with a rana!]

GM: OHHHHH! ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Morton powers out of the tight cradle, forcing his shoulder off the mat before the count of three!]

GM: Danny Morton narrowly got out of that! James Lynch and that headscissors is a VERY dangerous move for the champions, Bucky.

BW: That's the very move he used back at the Cup to win the whole thing for he and his brother. He hooks those legs so tight and usually catches the opponent completely by surprise with it. Those two elements make him almost a lock to get at least close to a three count when he hooks it in.

GM: James quickly up to his feet...

[He slaps his big brother's hand before grabbing a rising Danny Morton by the arm, firing him into the ropes...]

GM: Irish whi-

[James Lynch drops down, allowing Morton to rebound over him...

...and runs right into a big dropkick by Jack Lynch, taking him down to the canvas. Jack quickly goes for a cover, earning a two count before Morton powers out of the pin attempt.]

GM: Another two count there for the challengers - and just like the champions, you can see these teams are going fast, they're going hard, and they're going for the win at every opportunity.

[Jack Lynch grabs Morton by the back of the head as he climbs back to his feet, slamming him facefirst into the neutral corner turnbuckle. He swings Morton around in the corner, laying in kick after kick to the ribs.]

GM: Jack Lynch is firing away in the corner...

[Lynch grabs Morton by the arm, winging him across the ring to the opposite corner.]

GM: Here comes Lynch!

[A big running clothesline to the corner brings a roar from the crowd as the challengers inch closer and closer towards the titles that they're struggling for. Lynch grabs the arm again, firing Morton across...

...and charges across again, scoring a second big running clothesline in the opposite corner!]

GM: BACK TO BACK CLOTHESLINES BY JACK LYNCH!!

[A dazed Morton staggers out of the corner into the waiting arms of Jack Lynch who hoists Professor Pain into the air, spinning around a couple times, and SLAMS him down hard on the canvas. Lynch backs towards the ropes, looking to bounce off them...

...but Jackson Haynes delivers a big forearm smash to the back of Lynch's head!]

GM: Ohh! Haynes hit him from the apron!

[Lynch swings around, throwing a right hand to the jaw of Haynes that knocks him off the apron to the floor to another big cheer from the crowd. Lynch fires off a few words at the downed Haynes before turning back around, backing to the ropes...

...where Haynes reaches under the bottom rope, yanking Lynch's legs out from under him!]

GM: Oh! Tripped up from the outside by the Hammer!

[Haynes grabs the feet of Jack Lynch, swinging him all the way around so that his upper body is hanging out under the bottom rope...

...and then SLAMS his knee up into the jaw of Jack Lynch!]

GM: KNEELIFT FROM THE FLOOR!! GOOD GRIEF!

[Haynes immediately lives up to his nickname, smashing his elbow down on the back of Lynch's neck, knocking him from the ring and down to the floor. An irate James Lynch comes tearing around the ring, shouting at Jackson Haynes but Mickey Meekly slides to the floor, blocking Lynch from approaching.]

GM: Whoa! Whoa! It almost broke down here on the floor but Mickey Meekly is doing his best to keep things under control here!

[The camera shot is out on the floor, James Lynch screaming at Jackson Haynes who is waving him on, ready for the fight as Danny Morton rolls out to the floor.]

GM: We've got both members of the National Tag Team Champions out here on the floor at ringside. I don't know what-

[Morton pulls Jack Lynch to his feet, grabbing an arm as Haynes grabs the other...

...and SLAM Lynch spinefirst into the ring apron!]

GM: OHHH! INTO THE APRON GOES JACK LYNCH!! Spinefirst into the hardest part of the ring!

BW: Violence Unlimited is showing what it takes to BE the National Tag Team Champions. You can't always be the nice guy. You can't always care if the fans are happy about what you're doing. Sometimes you gotta bust someone right in the mouth!

GM: Or throw them into the apron in this case.

BW: Exactly.

[With the referee still arguing with James Lynch, Danny Morton hooks Lynch around the waist...

...and SLAMS his spine back into the ring apron again!]

GM: Good grief, fans! Jack Lynch's spine is being slammed repeatedly into the ring apron by Violence Unlimited, the National Tag Team Champions.

[Morton drags Jack Lynch off the apron by the hair, shoving him under the ropes into the ring. The Oklahoman grabs the middle rope, pulling himself up onto the apron, and steps back into the ring. Jackson Haynes shouts a few more words in James Lynch's direction before making his way over to his spot on the apron.]

GM: And it looks like Mickey Meekly has managed to avoid a total breakdown so far in this one. He's got both Haynes and James Lynch back up on the apron and the action back inside the ring.

[Morton leans down, dragging Jack Lynch back to his feet. He stares into the Texan's eyes, shouting a few words at him...

...and EATING a right hand to the jaw! Big cheer!]

GM: Lynch fires back!

[A second haymaker connects! And a third! And a fourth!]

GM: LYNCH IS TAKING IT TO HIM!

[Grabbing an arm, Lynch attempts an Irish whip...

...but gets yanked right back in, his head nearly removed from his body with a thunderous short-arm clothesline!]

GM: OHHHHH!

BW: That might do it, Gordo!

[Morton drops down to all fours into a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Lynch fires a shoulder off the canvas to the cheers of the crowd!]

GM: No! Just a two count there! A devastating clothesline but just a two count!

"TEN MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! TEN MINUTES!"

GM: Ten minutes gone in this one. There's a whole lot of time left in the time limit of this match. These two teams could go a heck of a long time tonight if they've got in them.

BW: But they're fighting so hard right now, I don't know if any of them will have anything left, Gordo.

GM: You could be right.

[Morton hauls Lynch off the mat again, shoving him back into the champions' corner where he slaps the hand of his partner.]

GM: The tag is made to Jackson Haynes and in comes the Hammer...

[Haynes promptly slams his elbow back into the jaw of Jack Lynch. He grabs a handful of hair, throwing measured right hand after right hand between the eyes of the lanky Texan...

...and then grabs the arm, whipping Lynch from the corner...]

GM: Whoa! Hang on!

[And puts on the brakes as Lynch gets to full extension, WHIPPING him hard back into the VU corner buckles!]

GM: Goodness. A lot of impact right there, Bucky.

BW: That's what VU specializes in... pure impact.

[Grabbing Lynch around the head and neck, Haynes snapmares him out of the corner into a seated position...

...and then CREAMS him with a crossface blow across the bridge of the nose!]

GM: OHHHH!

[Haynes dives atop the now-downed Lynch, reaching back for a leg but only earning a two count before Lynch kicks out. Haynes springs to his feet, uncorking a series of stomps to the upper body of the downed Lynch...

...and then deadleaps into the air, dropping a heavy leg across the chest!]

GM: OH!

BW: Haynes has got Jack Lynch in a whole heap 'o trouble, Gordo.

[Haynes reaches back, hooking a leg again but again only gaining a two count before the shoulder pops free.]

GM: Another two count for the champions!

[The Hammer grabs a handful of Lynch's hair, hammering away with right hands to the skull. He flips Lynch to his stomach, using the hair to SLAM Lynch's skull into the mat... and again... and again... and again... and again... and again... and again... and again... and again... and again!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!!

[Haynes flips Lynch to his back again, diving across in a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But the crowd gives a big cheer of relief as Jack Lynch fires a shoulder off the mat!]

GM: Jack Lynch, just like his little brother at the Stampede Cup, will NOT stay down!

[An angry Haynes drags Jack Lynch off the mat, tugging him into a standing headscissors.]

GM: Uh oh! Haynes is looking for that powerbomb!

[The big man from Tennessee tries to hoist Jack Lynch into the air but the Texan drops down to a knee, refusing to go up for it.]

GM: Lynch blocks the powerbomb! Trying to avoid the lift!

[Haynes breaks his grip, straightening up and opening fire...]

“WHAAAAAAP!”
“WHAAAAAAP!”
“WHAAAAAAP!”
“WHAAAAAAP!”
“WHAAAAAAP!”

[The crowd groans from the sound of the blows to the back by Haynes. He tugs Jack Lynch into the standing headscissors again, this time powering the Texan up into the air with ease...

...where Lynch tees off, throwing right hands to the skull of Haynes!]

GM: LYNCH IS FIGHTING IT!!

[Lynch wriggles free, landing on his feet in front of Haynes, and immediately lifts his right hand...]

GM: CLAW!!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Haynes raises his hands, grabbing the right wrist of Jack Lynch to try and avoid the Iron Claw being locked onto his skull!]

GM: HE’S FIGHTING IT!! HAYNES IS TRYING TO KEEP THE CLAW AT BAY!!

[Haynes slips a knee into the midsection, cutting off the clawhold. He reaches back blindly, slapping the hand of Danny Morton.]

GM: The tag is made to Morton...

[Morton rushes in, throwing right hands to the jaw of Jack Lynch before uncorking a knife-edge chop that sends him falling back into the ropes. The American Murder Machine waves for his partner to come over...]

GM: Another doubleteam by the champions here...

[Each man grabs an arm, firing Jack Lynch across the ring.]

GM: Double whip by the champions... double clothesli- ducked by Lynch!

[The lanky Lynch hits the far ropes, rebounding back...

...and hurls himself into the air, taking down both members of the National Tag Team Champions with a hanging double clothesline!]

GM: OHHH! HE FLOORS ‘EM BOTH!!!

[The crowd ERUPTS for the big counter that manages to leave Jack Lynch and BOTH members of Violence Unlimited all laid out in the ring at the same time.]

GM: We’ve got all three men down and James Lynch is trying to encourage his brother to get to the corner and make the tag! James Lynch wants to get in there and get into this fight as well!

[James Lynch slaps the top turnbuckle repeatedly, shouting for Jack to get up and get to the corner where he awaits the tag.]

GM: James Lynch knows his brother is in big trouble. He knows how badly he needs to get into this match.

[Jack Lynch slowly rolls over to all fours, pushing up to his knees. He looks across the ring where his younger brother's arm is outstretched, desperately looking for a tag to get into the match. Jackson Haynes rolls to his side, rolling right out of the ring to the floor as Lynch crawls a couple feet closer to where James is waiting for him. The crowd is roaring, trying to encourage one of their favorites into making the tag...]

GM: James Lynch is ready! James Lynch is waiting! James Lynch wants the tag!

BW: Can Jack get there though?

GM: He's trying, Bucky! The man with a heart as big as the state of Texas is trying with all he's got to get across that ring and make the tag to his little brother!

[James Lynch's arm is stretched out as far as it'll go, James shouting encouragement to his big brother who continues to inch closer and closer...]

...when suddenly Danny Morton shoves himself up to his feet, stumbling after Jack Lynch.]

GM: Morton's coming for him! Morton is-

[Jack Lynch rolls to his back, lashing up with a kick into the midsection of Danny Morton.]

GM: Ohh! Lynch is fighting back!

[Morton stumbles forward again as Lynch pushes up to a knee, throwing a right hand to the midsection!]

GM: Big shot down to the gut!

[Lynch throws another one!]

GM: A second shot and-

[Morton grabs Lynch by the hair, SLAMMING his skull into Lynch's!]

GM: OHHH! Headbutt by Danny Morton!

[Keeping his grip on the hair, Morton yanks Jack Lynch to his feet, reaching to grab an arm, and FLINGING Lynch into the nearest neutral corner...]

...and charges in after him!]

GM: CLOTHESLI- OHHHHHH!

BW: LYNCH GOT THE BOOTS UP! RIGHT IN THE JAW!!

[Danny Morton stumbles backwards, dropping to a knee as Jack Lynch pushes himself up onto the middle rope, leaping off...]

GM: Double axehand-

[Morton brings his powerful arms up, blocking the double axehandle attempt...

...and then quickly hooks his arms around the waist of Jack Lynch in a bearhug!]

GM: BELLY TO BELL- no!

[Lynch promptly SLAMS his arms together, smashing them on the ears of Danny Morton, forcing him to break his grip and spin away from Jack Lynch, wincing in pain as Lynch hooks a side waistlock, hoisting Morton off the mat...

...and DROPPING him down on the back of his head and neck!]

GM: OHHHH! BACK SUPLEX!! WHAT A MOVE BY JACK LYNCH!!

[Lynch immediately rolls to his stomach, reaching to grab for the ropes, pulling himself around to face his corner where James Lynch, clinging to the tag rope, is still awaiting that tag to bring him into the match...]

GM: Listen to these fans in support of the challengers! They want to see that tag! They want to see James Lynch get back into this matchup! Jack Lynch needs to get there though to make that happen!

BW: He's crawling, dragging himself along the ropes...

[James Lynch is stretching himself to as much extension as is humanly possible, his arm and hand aimed at his crawling brother...

...as Jackson Haynes rushes in, trying to cut off the tag!]

GM: He's getting close! He's-

[BIG CHEER!]

GM: TAG!

[James Lynch slingshots himself over the ropes, greeting a charging Jackson Haynes with a dropkick right on the chin!]

GM: DOWN GOES HAYNES!!

[Lynch scampers back to his feet, catching a rising Danny Morton with a forearm smash across the chest. A second one knocks him back against the ropes where Lynch grabs Morton by the arm...]

GM: Big whip by James Lynch...

[Lynch ducks down, elevating Danny Morton high over his head, dumping him to the canvas!]

GM: HIIIIIGH BACK BODYDROP!

[Lynch pumps a fist as he turns back around, sidestepping a charging Jackson Haynes and HURLING him over the ropes and down to the floor!]

GM: OHHHHHH! HAYNES GOES OVER THE TOP!!

BW: This is it, Gordo! This is his chance! The kid needs to lock the Claw on right now!

GM: You may be right, Bucky! Jack Lynch is down, Jackson Haynes just got taken out of the picture! If James Lynch hooks the Iron Claw on Danny Morton right now, this thing might be over!

[A fired-up James Lynch reaches down, slapping the canvas with both hands as he raises his right hand in the Iron Claw position...]

GM: He's calling for it! He's ready and waiting for it!

[A dazed Danny Morton gets up to his feet as Lynch gets set...

...and as soon as Morton turns around, he sinks it in, hooking his hand around the skull of the man from Tulsa, Oklahoma!]

GM: CLAW!! CLAW!!

[The crowd ERUPTS at the idea that the titles may be about to change hands!]

GM: LYNCH HAS GOT THE IRON CLAW LOCKED IN!! THIS MIGHT BE IT!!

[Danny Morton immediately starts flailing his arms, trying to find a way to escape the dreaded submission hold. The crowd is roaring - certainly mixed between cheers trying to get Morton to escape and cheers trying to get Lynch to increase the pressure. Morton throws a pair of right hands to the midsection of Lynch, trying to battle free.]

GM: Morton's trying to find a way out! He's trying to escape this dangerous hold and-

[A desperate Morton suddenly raises his right leg...

...and SLAMS his foot down on the bare foot of James Lynch!]

GM: OHHH!

[Morton repeats the act a few more times, finally causing Lynch to break the hold as he hobbles away.]

GM: Danny Morton just stomped the bare foot of James Lynch!

BW: Perfectly legal, Gordo.

GM: It certainly was - a smart counter to be honest. James Lynch chooses to compete without protective footwear and he just paid the price for it. And that price just might be the National Tag Team Titles!

[A shaken Morton raises both of his muscular arms, SLAMMING them down between the shoulderblades of James Lynch, knocking him down to his knees.]

GM: Ohh! A heavy double axehandle knocks Lynch down!

[Morton hooks Lynch's arms behind him in a double chickenwing...

...and POWERS Lynch up into the air, propelling him through the air and DOWN onto the back of his head and neck!]

GM: OHHH! WHAT A SUPLEX!! WHAT A THROW!!

BW: A released Tiger suplex by Danny Morton!

[Morton rolls to all fours, crawling across the ring and throwing himself across a prone James Lynch.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Lynch fires a shoulder off the canvas, breaking the pin attempt!]

GM: Two count only! James Lynch kicks out at two!

[Morton pushes up to his knees, glaring at Mickey Meekly who holds up the two fingers again to make sure we know it was just a two count. The American Murder Machine pushes the rest of the way up to his feet, leaning down to drag James Lynch to his feet by the hair...

...and then scoops James Lynch up, pressing him straight up above his head!]

GM: MILITARY PRESS!!

[The crowd roars at the show of power of Danny Morton as he does a full turn, showing off James Lynch to the entire DeSoto Civic Center...

...and then slowly lowers Lynch so that his stomach touches the top of Morton's head just before he presses him back up!]

GM: PURE! POWER!

[Morton lowers him again...

...and presses him up again!]

GM: That's two!

[The crowd counts along as Morton continues to lower and press James Lynch back into the air... three times... four times... five times... six times... but at this point, James Lynch is starting to struggle, trying to free himself from Morton's powerful grip...

...and then suddenly gets DROPPED straight down onto Morton's bent knee!]

GM: GUTBUSTER! GORILLA PRESS GUTBUSTER BY THE CHAMPION!!

[Morton flips James Lynch to his back, diving across his chest in a cover!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[BIG CHEER!]

GM: KICKOUT!! KICKOUT AT TWO!!

BW: That was close, Gordo!

GM: It certainly was! Violence Unlimited was a half count away from retaining the National Tag Team Titles right here tonight at SuperClash!

[Danny Morton immediately gets back to his feet, dragging James Lynch up with him by the arm.]

GM: Morton fires him into the ropes... backdr-

[The crowd ROARS as Lynch leaps over the top, attempting to pull Morton down in a sunset flip...]

GM: SUNSET FLIP! HE'S TRYING TO BRING HIM DOWN!

[Jackson Haynes pulls himself back into the ring, trying to get in but Mickey Meekly throws himself in front of the Hammer, keeping him at bay...

...which allows Jack Lynch to rush across the ring, LEAPING into the air and smashing his knee into the jaw of Danny Morton, sending him crashing down to the mat in James' sunset flip!]

GM: JAMES HAS GOT HIM DOWN!! JAMES HAS GOT HIM!!!

[The referee spins around, trying to force Jack Lynch out of the ring, ignoring the pin attempt in the middle of the ring...

...which allows Jackson Haynes to rush back into the fray!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KICK TO THE FACE!! HAYNES KICKED JAMES LYNCH RIGHT IN THE FACE!!

BW: As well he should, Gordo! Jack Lynch put Morton into the sunset flip and Jackson Haynes just knocked him right out of it!

GM: You're absolutely right, Bucky. That was an illegal exchange on both parts. The referee is letting both sides have it now! He's trying to get Jackson Haynes out of the ring again...

BW: Which leaves Jack Lynch to cheat his head off!

[Jack Lynch rushes back in, pulling Danny Morton up and shoving him back into the corner. Lynch mounts the middle buckles, holding his big gloved right hand to the cheers of the crowd...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[A heavy forearm from Jackson Haynes bounces off the back of Jack Lynch, stunning him. Two more heavy blows connect before Haynes ducks under, hoisting Lynch up onto his shoulders as he backs out of the corner...

...which allows a dazed Danny Morton to hop up to the middle rope.]

GM: What in the world?!

[A wary Morton steps up, placing a foot on the top rope... and then pushes up with both feet, trying to keep his balance as he stands atop the ropes.]

GM: MY STARS! DANNY MORTON'S ON THE TOP ROPE!! DANNY MORTON IS GONNA FLY!!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Morton takes flight, connecting with a flying shoulder tackle that propels Jack Lynch off the shoulders of Jackson Haynes, sending the Texan sailing through the air and CRASHING down to the canvas!]

GM: OHHHH MY STARS AND GARTERS!!! WHAT A MOVE BY VIOLENCE UNLIMITED!!!

[Haynes throws himself across the chest of Jack Lynch, waving for the referee to count...

...but Mickey Meekly waves it off, pointing at James Lynch who is back on his feet as Danny Morton rushes towards him, bullrushing Lynch back into the corner, driving shoulder after shoulder into the ribs of James Lynch!]

GM: James Lynch is the legal man!

BW: It don't matter! They're gonna do it to him too!

"TWENTY MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! TWENTY MINUTES!"

[But this time, it's Danny Morton who hoists James Lynch upon his shoulders in an electric chair lift as Jackson Haynes scales the ropes from outside the ring, stepping up to the middle rope...

...and then giving a whoop to the crowd as he puts a foot on the top rope, slapping his right arm!]

GM: Oh my stars! He can't do this, Bucky! He can't do this!

BW: YOU tell him that!

[Lynch starts throwing clenched fists to the skull of Danny Morton, trying to knock him off balance...

...and just as Jackson Haynes comes sailing off the top rope, awkwardly throwing his right arm out for a clothesline, James Lynch tucks his head, leaning forward...]

GM: THEY MISSED! THEY MISSED!

[BIG CHEER!]

GM: ROLLUP BY LYNCH!!

[The referee dives to the mat.]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! THREEEEE-

[But at the last possible moment, Danny Morton FIRES a shoulder off the canvas, breaking the tight cradle!]

GM: NO! NO! NO! MORTON'S OUT AT TWO!!

[A shocked James Lynch pushes up to his feet, backing Mickey Meekly in the corner with three fingers held high.]

GM: James Lynch thought it was a three! I don't blame him! I think half the building thought it was a three count, Bucky.

BW: It was just about as close as you can get, Gordo. We almost saw the titles change hands right there.

[Lynch drags Morton off the mat, throwing a right hand to the jaw... and another... and another. He grabs Morton by the arm, firing him into the ropes...

...where a dazed Jackson Haynes slaps Morton on the shoulder, blind tagging himself into the match.]

GM: Haynes with the tag!

BW: What the heck is he thinking?! He just hit the mat incredibly hard off that missed top rope move! He shouldn't be back in the ring yet!

[Lynch leapfrogs over Morton, turning his back on the incoming Haynes who DRILLS him in the back of the head with a clothesline!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!!

BW: It's like getting clubbed in the skull with a baseball bat, Gordo!

[An irate Haynes doesn't go for a pin attempt, instead pulling Lynch back to his feet. He grabs him by the arm, firing him towards the corner...

...where Lynch leaps up to the midbuckle, blinding leaping backwards and turning into a crossbody!]

GM: CROSSBODY!! ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Haynes kicks out at two, causing a "ohhhhhh" to echo through the arena.]

GM: He almost got him there!

[Now it's Lynch's turn to pull Jackson Haynes off the mat, grabbing him by the arm.]

GM: Lynch with a whip- no, reversed by Haynes!

[Lynch grabs the top rope, kicking his legs up to avoid the charging Haynes...

...who slams on the brakes, spinning around to catch Lynch's legs over his shoulders.]

GM: What the-?!

[With both legs trapped, Haynes SWINGS Lynch down over his head, SLAMMING him down to the canvas with a double-legged slam!]

GM: OHHHHHHHHH!

[Haynes collapses atop the downed Lynch.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The crowd ROARS as James Lynch slips a foot over the bottom rope, breaking up the pin attempt.]

GM: Foot on the ropes! Foot on the ropes! James Lynch just barely escaped the pinfall right there again!

[A frustrated Haynes pushes up to his knees, grabbing Lynch by the hair and hammering him with clenched fists to the skull!]

GM: James Lynch just narrowly avoided the three count there but Jackson Haynes isn't done with him, Bucky!

[Haynes glares at the referee before pulling Lynch into a standing headscissors. He nods to the crowd, reaching down to hook the younger Lynch brother around the torso. With a shout, Haynes hoists Lynch up...]

GM: He's going for the powerbomb! This is what he tried to do to James Lynch at the Stampede Cup!

BW: If he hits it, it's over!

GM: HAYNES LIFTS!!!

[But in a scene reminiscent of the Stampede Cup, James Lynch somehow uses Haynes' own momentum against up, dragging him down into a cradled rana!]

GM: CRADLE! CRADLE!! ONE!! TWO!! THR- OHHHHHH!

[The crowd echoes Gordon's cry as Danny Morton nearly rips James Lynch's head off his shoulders with a diving clothesline to break up the pin attempt!]

GM: We almost saw a replay of the Stampede Cup right there but Danny Morton wasn't about to let that happen, Bucky! Morton with the diving save and-

[The crowd ERUPTS as Jack Lynch rushes across the ring, catching Morton with a clothesline that causes both men to topple over the ropes. Morton sails all the way down to the floor while Lynch manages to smash down onto the ring apron!]

GM: JACK LYNCH CLEARS OUT DANNY MORTON! MY STARS!

[James Lynch pushes up to his feet, looking out to where his big brother is laid out on the apron. He shakes his head, turning to grab Jackson Haynes by the hair...

...and gets a right hand to the gut!]

GM: Ohh! Right hand by Haynes!

[The Hammer throws a second haymaker... and a third, battering Lynch back into the corner. The Tennessee grabs Lynch by the arm...]

GM: Cross-corner whip!

[Haynes fires him across the ring, slamming into the buckles.]

GM: Ohh! Lynch hits the corner hard!

[With a shout, Haynes tears across the ring, throwing his leg up...]

GM: OHHHH! BIG BOOT TO THE JAW!!

[Out on the apron, we spot Jack Lynch dragging himself to his feet using the ropes just as Danny Morton does the same thing on the floor.]

GM: Haynes just nailed that big boot to the- OHHHH MY STARS!!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Jack Lynch runs down the apron, throwing himself off the apron to connect with a flying knee to the jaw of Danny Morton, knocking both men flat on the canvas!]

GM: LYNCH TAKES OUT MORTON AGAIN!! MY GOODNESS, BUCKY!!

[Jackson Haynes turns to the outside, looking out over the ropes at his partner who is laid out on the floor. The Hammer slams an arm down on the ropes, turning back towards James Lynch who is leaning against the buckles...

...and the Tennessee native charges across the ring towards the corner!]

GM: CLOTHESLI- FEET UP!! FEET UP!!

[The two feet in the mush sends Haynes staggering backwards as Lynch hops up on the midbuckle...

...and leaps off, cracking Haynes in the jaw again!]

GM: DROPKICK OFF THE MIDDLE ROPE!!

[Lynch pushes up to his knees, crawling towards the downed Haynes, diving across him.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: SO CLOSE!! JAMES LYNCH WAS A HALF COUNT AWAY FROM THE NATIONAL TAG TEAM TITLES!!

[The younger Lynch brother pushes up to his knees, burying his head in his hands as the crowd buzzes at close the challengers came to a title victory. He slams his open palm on the canvas a few times before dragging himself up to his feet just as his big brother rolls under the ropes.]

GM: Jack Lynch is back in as well! Morton's still down on the floor!

[James and Jack Lynch each grab Haynes by the arm, firing him into the ropes.]

GM: Double whip by the Lynches...

[And as Haynes rebounds off, he gets caught with a double back elbow that sends him staggering back towards the ropes. Jack signals to his brother as he moves in on Haynes.]

GM: Jack's got Haynes... scoop slam!

[James steps out to the apron, grabbing the top rope...

...as his brother yanks on it, catapulting James over the ropes, and squarely down across the chest of a prone Jackson Haynes!]

GM: SLINGSHOT SPLASH!!!

[James reaches back, hooking a leg as Jack Lynch takes up a defensive posture, making sure Danny Morton doesn't rush in and break up the pin.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[Again, the crowd deflates as Jackson Haynes slips a leg over the bottom rope.]

GM: AGAIN! AGAIN, A FOOT ON THE ROPES SAVES THE NATIONAL TAG TEAM TITLES!

[Jack Lynch kicks the ropes in frustration, swinging to turn his attention towards the floor where Danny Morton is pulling himself up on the apron. Lynch moves in to stop him from getting into the ring, throwing a right hand to the skull.]

GM: Morton and Lynch are fighting it out! Lynch is hammering away!

[But Morton fires back, throwing a forearm to the jaw. He grabs Lynch by the hair, dragging him into a front facelock...]

GM: Oh no... no, no, no!

[Morton slings Jack Lynch's arm over his neck, looking to suplex him over the ropes to the floor.]

GM: Danny Morton is trying to suplex him to the floor!

[As Professor Pain struggles to get Lynch up into the air and over the ropes, James Lynch gets back to his feet, again hammering away with right hands, finishing up with a thrust kick to the chest that puts Jackson Haynes back against the buckles. Lynch leans over, hoisting the Hammer up to sit him down on the top turnbuckle.]

GM: James Lynch has set him up top!

[The crowd buzzes as Lynch starts to climb. A quick camera cut shows Jack Lynch fighting off Morton, stepping out to the apron where the two men continue to trade blows...

...until Lynch blocks a right hand and then sinks his fingers into the skull of Morton!]

GM: CLAW! JACK'S GOT THE CLAW ON MORTON!

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sight of the Iron Claw slapped on Danny Morton's head. Again, the crowd seems split as they equally cheer Morton to break the hold and Lynch to tighten his grip.]

GM: JACK LYNCH IS FORCING MORTON DOWN TO HIS KNEES ON THE APRON!! THAT CLAW IS IN DEEP!

[The camera cuts back to the ring as James Lynch steps up to the top rope, trying to balance himself, the crowd buzzing with anticipation...

...and then leaps up, hooking Haynes' head with his legs!]

GM: HEADSCISSORS OFF THE TOOO-

[But the crowd's buzzing suddenly becomes louder as Jackson Haynes, holding on for his life, prevents the rana!]

GM: OH MY STARS!! OH MY STARS!!

[The crowd grows louder still as Haynes pulls Lynch up, holding him up upon his shoulders...]

GM: HAYNES HAS GOT HIM UP!! HAYNES HAS GOT-

[Haynes suddenly leaps, sailing through the air, and DRIVES Lynch to the canvas with a thunderous sit-out super powerbomb!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The crowd is absolutely roaring now as Haynes throws himself across Lynch's chest!]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEE-

[But at the last possible instant, Jack Lynch throws himself onto Jackson Haynes, breaking the pin to the ROAR of the crowd!]

GM: MY STARS AND GARTERS, WHAT A NEARFALL FOR THE CHAMPIONS!!

[Suddenly, Jack Lynch's attention jerks back to the apron where someone has jumped up onto it.]

GM: Wait a second! Someone is on the apron! Who the-

[The camera cuts, showing quite clearly who is on the apron drawing Jack Lynch's attention in his direction...]

GM: THAT'S DUANE HENRY BISHOP! WHAT THE HELL?!

BW: WE HAVEN'T SEEN HIM IN A YEAR!

GM: THE BISHOPS WERE SUSPENDED INDEFINITELY A YEAR AGO! HE CAN'T BE HERE!

[The referee and the sudden sea of security at ringside seem to agree, rushing to the ropes where Jack Lynch is angrily shouting at Duane Henry Bishop, trying to keep the two men away from one another. Jackson Haynes climbs to his feet, hands on hips as he looks at the fracas unfolding on the other side of the ring...

...which makes him completely unaware as yet another individual arrives on the scene, a very large man diving headfirst under the bottom rope before getting to his feet.]

GM: NO! NO!

BW: CLETUS LEE BISHOP IS IN THE RING!! HE'S IN THE RING!!

GM: HAYNES DOESN'T SEE HIM!

[And as soon as the Hammer turns around, Cletus Lee Bishop dashes across the ring, EXPLODING with a charging big boot under the chin, flipping Haynes backwards and down to the canvas...

...where Cletus Lee throws a dazed James Lynch on top of him before stepping out to the apron, dropping down to the floor where the crowd greets him with a barrage of hatred as Duane Henry grabs Jack Lynch by the arm on the other side of the ring, absorbing a series of punches as the referee spins around!]

GM: NO! IT WAS BISHOP! YOU CAN'T COUNT IT, MICKEY!

[But completely unaware of what happened, Mickey Meekly drops to the canvas...]

GM: NO!

[Meekly raises his hand and slaps the canvas once... twice...]

GM: NO!

[And a third time seals the deal as Meekly springs to his feet, signaling for the bell.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

PW: Your winners... annnnd NEEEEEEEW AWA NATIONAL TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS...

THE LYNNNNNNNNCH BROOOOOTHERRRRS!

[The crowd explodes with a mixed reaction, unsure of what to think about the title change. An also unaware (and slightly confused) Jack Lynch raises an arm in triumph as Duane Henry Bishop makes his exit through the crowd alongside Cletus Lee, leaving a shocked crowd behind.]

GM: The Lynches are the new National Tag Team Champions but... but when they find out HOW it happened, you know they're not going to be happy about it.

[Lynch helps his little brother to his feet, raising his hand as Meekly brings the title belts to them. Danny Morton rolls under the ropes into the ring, kneeling next to his unmoving partner with a look of disbelief on his face. He questions the official who points to the Lynch brothers.]

GM: The Lynch Brothers have struck gold here tonight at SuperClash but what in the heck were the Bishops doing out here, Bucky? They've been gone for a year!

BW: It was last year at SuperClash where they got into a big post-match skirmish and got slapped with an indefinite suspension... but from where I'm sitting, I think that suspension might be over, daddy!

GM: It certainly appears that way. We'll try to find out more about that but... well, Violence Unlimited's Danny Morton is in shock. I'm not sure if he saw any of that.

BW: I don't think he did. If he did, he'd be hot on the trail of the Bishops right now, chasing 'em all the way back to wherever the heck they came from!

GM: Nevertheless, by hook or by crook, we do have new National Tag Team Champions in James and Jack Lynch. Congratulations to the favorite sons of Texas for that. And somewhere in that locker room, you've gotta believe that Supernova is sitting and watching... he's wondering, "Could it be me? Could I become the next National Champion in a short, short while?"

BW: Not a chance, Gordo.

GM: Oh, there's a very good chance, Bucky. It's Main Event time here at SuperClash III! The National Title will be on the line in mere moments and earlier tonight, we caught up with the challenger in this epic showdown.

[We cut to backstage where Jason Dane is standing next to Supernova, who already has his face painted and wears his "OCCUPY SUPER CLASH" T-shirt and blue jeans.]

JD: Fans, tonight, this man here, Supernova, is set to take on Calisto Dufresne for the AWA National title. Supernova, you heard what Calisto had to say on the last Saturday Night Wrestling. He said that you don't want the championship belt he holds as bad as he does. What do you have to say about that?

S: Jason, my argument all along hasn't been about who really wants the belt the most. I can remember growing up around people in high school who were talking about how badly they wanted a car or how badly they wanted a designer pair of jeans... but the difference was between those who wanted it so badly, that they would get themselves a part-time job or find whatever work they could to earn money toward it, and those who simply went to their Moms and Dads and begged their way into getting what they wanted.

And as I've said before, I don't fault anybody who wants something so badly, they work hard for it and earn it, even if they had far more money and resources available to get it. What I take issue with are those who want to look for the easy way out to getting what they want so badly.

JD: Yet you are aware about how long Calisto Dufresne had been waiting to get himself a title shot.

S: And Jason, you are aware of how it went down, right?

JD: Well, yes, but I don't believe that was what Calisto Dufresne was trying to get to?

S: Oh, you want to talk about his path to the top, don't you? Hey, I don't doubt the man got the finest training he could get from Todd Michaelson. I don't doubt the man worked

the smaller shows like I did and had to take a seat behind Stevie Scott at one point... but there's a big difference between Stevie and Calisto.

With Stevie, you may not have liked the way he won the National title, but at least he can say he went into a 20-plus-minute match against his opponent and didn't have somebody else set up the champion for an ambush by nearly the entire roster, then just walk in to hit one move and get the pinfall for the title!

[His eyes now grow wide as the tone of his voice rises.]

S: Meanwhile, after I went through 29 other men to win the Memorial Day Rumble, I had myself a title shot, and although I could have just taken it right there... after realizing I had left something unfinished, I finished that first. Then, when that was completed, I had my chance to ask for that shot again, but when a couple of others stepped forward, I again reassessed the situation and decided I needed to be patient and let things get sorted out.

And once that was addressed, I now can get focused on the match ahead.

But most of all, when I did secure that title shot, I didn't go into hiding ... unlike Calisto Dufresne, who watched as the man he gave the eye injury delivered the greatest bruising of an ego ever known in the AWA. I was out there, continuing to wrestle and continuing to prove myself, ensuring all the loose ends were tied up, so then I knew I could be focused on the ultimate goal of every wrestler who comes to the AWA!

JD: But you know what happened at the end of the last Saturday Night Wrestling. You know Calisto Dufresne can be a very dangerous man... and perhaps that is the biggest reason for concern given how badly he wants to retain the title.

S: Jason, I'm not gonna deny that Calisto can be a very crafty man... that there's no telling what he might try to pull... and, yeah, despite my issues with his methods, I know the man is as talented as they come. But what went down last Saturday Night Wrestling... well, let's just say this...

[He now leans right toward the camera, a crazed look in his eyes.]

S: I CAN BE A PRETTY DANGEROUS MAN MYSELF!

[He then pulls back, a slight laugh following.]

S: Just ask anyone who has been in the ring with me what happens when you push my buttons too hard... the more you did, the more dangerous I can become!

So if I were Calisto Dufresne, while I understand he's gonna do whatever it takes to get the job done tonight, he better be careful just how far he goes, because it could come right back to haunt him!

JD: Does this mean you are predicting a victory tonight?

S: The only things I will predict are two things... number one, that Occupy Super Clash is going to be in full effect and I am going to dedicate this match to every man, woman and child out there who understands the importance of earning everything you got and remaining patient until you get there!

And number two, Calisto Dufresne...

[He gets that crazed look on his face again.]

S: YOU ARE GONNA FEEL THE HEAT!

[With that, he cups his hands to his mouths and howls loudly, before walking off camera.]

JD: There you have it, fans, Supernova is geared up for tonight's title match with Calisto Dufresne... the question is, can this young man get past the National Champion? Let's go back to ringside and find out!

[We crossfade back to the ringside area where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a sixty minute time limit and is your MAIN EVENT of the evening!

[HUGE CHEER!]

PW: It is for the American Wrestling Alliance National Championship!

[HUGER CHEER!]

PW: Introducing first... he is the challenger...

[The opening riffs of Judas Priest's "You Got Another Thing Comin'" kick in over the PA system, causing the crowd to stir. As the tempo picks up, the blonde, crew-cut wrestler known as Supernova comes out from the entranceway.]

PW: Introducing, 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. Underneath the vest is one of the "Occupy SuperClash" t-shirts that we can see all around the arena on the backs of the AWA faithful. And most notable is his face paint, black and yellow, resembling a flame.

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.]

GM: You can see these fans all over the building wearing their "Occupy SuperClash" t-shirts. The fan support in this one will be solidly behind the challenger, Bucky.

BW: It will without a doubt. But at the end of the day, the question is: can Supernova find a way to channel that fan support into being good enough on this night in Southaven, Mississippi to beat the greatest professional wrestler in our sport? I don't think he can, Gordo.

GM: We're about to find out.

[Supernova stands in the aisle, throwing back his head in a howl...

...which quickly turns into a howl of pain as Calisto Dufresne tears through the entrance curtain, physically ripping part of it down in his haste to get through it, hurling himself down to the floor, and SMASHING his shoulder into the back of Supernova's knee!]

GM: OH MY STARS!! A sneak attack by the National Champion!

[Dufresne quickly gets to his feet, immediately launching into an assault on the leg. He stomps the knee he just attacked repeatedly, driving it into the exposed concrete floor.]

GM: Fans, down at that part of the entryway, there is no padding. The ringside area has this thin padding covering the concrete to provide a little bit of cushion for competitors falling down onto it but back there, there is NO padding at all.

[Dufresne, ignoring the rabid jeering fans, grabs the steel barricade with both hands and SLAMS his foot down onto the knee, crushing it against the cold, unforgiving concrete floor.]

GM: We need to get some help out here or there's not going to be a National Title match! The champion has come from the back before this match even got close to getting started and he's assaulted the Number One contender! What a cowardly-

BW: I think the word you're looking for is "brilliant."

GM: BRILLIANT?! This is disgusting, Bucky! This is poor sportsmanship at its absolute worst!

BW: For weeks, the Ladykiller has told the entire world that Supernova would not win the National Title tonight here at SuperClash because he wouldn't be willing to do what it takes to win. He wouldn't be willing to go to the depths that Dufresne is willing to go to. And that's EXACTLY what we're seeing right now, Gordo.

GM: Dufresne is a coward. He's a cheat. And he's a despicable human being.

BW: All of those things may be true but it's a decision like this that just might keep that big beautiful golden belt around his waist tonight.

[Flipping Supernova onto his stomach, Dufresne slowly lifts the leg off the floor...

...and SLAMS the kneecap down onto the concrete floor! Supernova screams out in pain as Dufresne stands over him, a cold gaze on his face. The National Title belt lays a few feet behind him, having been dropped to the floor in the sneak attack.]

GM: It's the ultimate in Pearl Harbor jobs... and finally, we get some security out here.

[The security is led by Bobby Taylor who has a few choice words for Dufresne, forcing him back as the security makes a path for Dr. Bob Ponavitch who races to a knee next to Supernova who is visibly in pain, wincing as he clutches his leg.]

GM: Dr. Ponavitch is out here again, trying to examine the leg.

BW: He could have torn ligaments - ACL, PCL, MCL... maybe a broken leg?

GM: A ruptured patella is a possibility too, Bucky. Supernova's knee hit that concrete floor at an obscene velocity!

[Dr. Ponavitch can be heard repeatedly asking Supernova questions, trying to find out if the young lion will be able to compete...

...when suddenly Calisto Dufresne has heard enough, shoving a pair of security guards to the floor before drilling a third with a right hand. He shoves past a protesting Bobby Taylor, grabbing Supernova by the arm, and dragging him to his feet.]

GM: Oh, come on! The man can't even stand on his own! He can't even put full weight on both of those legs, Bucky!

BW: I think the champion intends to defend his title here tonight whether or not the challenger is ready.

[Despite Supernova trying to keep his weight on one leg, Dufresne drags him down the aisle, past a sea of protesting AWA officials and Dr. Bob Ponavitch before hurling him under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Dufresne puts Supernova under the ropes... referee Johnny Jagger looks puzzled in there but...

[Dufresne rolls in as well, climbing to his feet. He grabs Jagger by the shirt, backing him against the ropes...

...where after a few strong words, a reluctant Johnny Jagger signals for the bell!]

GM: Are you kidding me?! The AWA's Senior Official just started this title match! I can't even believe he'd do that considering what we've just seen. He didn't even stop to check on Supernova before starting the match.

BW: Like it or not, Gordo, the title match is on, daddy!

GM: I don't like it, Bucky. I don't like it one bit. After the attack on the knee that we just saw, Supernova's health could be in jeopardy. There would be another shot at the title for this young man but this is his very career on the line now!

[Dufresne promptly spins away from Jagger, stomping the knee a few times before he leans down, grabbing the ankle...

...and twists the leg into a spinning toe hold!]

GM: Ohh! Look at the torque! Look at the pressure on the knee and the ankle of the challenger!

[The Ladykiller leans in, trashtalking his challenger.]

BW: I love it, Gordo! Dufresne just told him to quit and save his career.

GM: That might very well be the case here tonight. Calisto Dufresne has put this match in a situation where it's not just about the National Title anymore. This could very well be about the career of Supernova!

[Dufresne breaks the toe hold and then reapplies it, cranking on the ankle with both hands as Supernova sits up, screaming in pain...

...and POPS Dufresne in the jaw with a right hand, sending him staggering out of the submission hold!]

GM: Oh yeah! Big right hand by the challenger! Fight him off, kid!

BW: I guess any chance of you being impartial in this match just flew out the window, huh?

GM: I guess so. The man is trying to cripple this kid. You think I can be impartial at that?

[An angry Dufresne moves back in, stomping the knee again before Supernova has a chance to get off the mat. He extends the leg fully, pinning it to the canvas by stepping on the ankle with his left foot...

...and then STOMPS the knee with his right foot, punctuating it with a "QUIT!"]

GM: Dufresne is stomping the heck out of that injured knee... and from the sound of things, he'd really like a submission in this one.

BW: The Ladykiller would love to make this young punk give up his shot at the title but make no mistake, he'll hit the Wham Bam and close this one out in a heartbeat if he gets the chance to do it.

[Dufresne backs away from the downed Supernova, measuring his victim as he bounces off the ropes...

...and drops a big rolling kneedrop across the knee, rolling back to a seated position on the mat where he smirks at the jeering crowd.]

GM: Calisto Dufresne is one of the most arrogant men I've ever run across in all my years in this business and he completely believes he's got this match well in hand at this point, Bucky.

BW: Doesn't he?

GM: It's still REAL early to start thinking that though. He may have the advantage right now but Supernova is a tough young man and is capable of staging a comeback at any point in the match.

[The champion slowly gets to his feet, pausing to say a few words to an attractive young lady at ringside.]

GM: What did he just say?!

BW: He offered to let her polish his belt back in the room tonight.

GM: That man makes me sick!

[With that same arrogant smirk on his face, Dufresne leans down to pull Supernova up off the mat, shoving him back into the corner. He leans over, looping the challenger's leg over the middle rope...

....and kicks the knee area repeatedly, driving his foot in over and over as the official starts a five count.]

GM: Back him off, Johnny! Get the man out of the corner!

[Dufresne breaks at the count of four, stepping out and pleading his innocence to Johnny Jagger...

...before stepping back in, rearing back his right hand.]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The crowd roars for the big chop across the chest, impressed by the impact (and sound) that it leaves behind as it splashes across the pectorals of the challenger. He lands two big right hands to the jaw before grabbing ‘Nova by the arm...]

GM: Whip out of the corner coming up...

[But Supernova only gets a few feet out of the corner before stumbling, falling down to his knees on the canvas...]

GM: Oh! He couldn’t even stay on his feet, Bucky!

BW: I hope these people got those t-shirts cheap ‘cause in about five minutes, they ain’t gonna be worth nothin’!

GM: You’re as arrogant about this match as Dufresne is!

BW: I just know things, Gordo. And I know that if Dufresne can’t finish him early off that pre-match attack... well, let’s just say he’s got other plans as well.

GM: What are you talking about?

BW: Calisto told me earlier today that in case of trouble, he’s got a secret weapon here tonight. Something that would put the match in the bag for him.

GM: A secret weapon?

BW: That’s what he said.

[Dufresne approaches from behind, walking around the kneeling Supernova. He leans in, doing a little more trashtalk...

...and getting another right hand on the jaw for his efforts!]

GM: Ohh! Big shot by the challenger!

[Wincing in pain, Supernova pushes up to his feet...

...and THROWS a second big right hand, this one sending Dufresne staggering backwards to the corner. The Venice Beach native moves in after him, winding up as he walks...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Big chop by the challenger!

[A second and third chop follow before Supernova switches to looping right hands that repeatedly bounce off the skull of the Ladykiller.]

GM: Right hand! Right hand! He's all over the National Champion!

[He reaches under with his right arm, hooking Dufresne under the armpit...

...and HURLS him out of the corner, sending him crashing down to the mat with a king-sized hiptoss!]

GM: OHHHH, WHAT A THROW!!!

[Dufresne staggers back to his feet, getting promptly smashed with a standing clothesline by Supernova that knocks him back down to the mat.]

GM: Big clothesline by Supernova!

BW: There wasn't a lot on it though. He couldn't get any movement and momentum behind it.

[Dufresne stumbles back up and gets dropped again, this time with a back elbow under the chin!]

GM: The champion goes down again!

[And the crowd roars as Supernova throws his head back, beating on his chest with his fists, and then lets loose one of those patented howls before leaning down, grabbing Dufresne by the hair...

...where the champion promptly lashes out with an upkick, smashing it into the kneecap!]

GM: Ohh! Right back to the knee!

[Dufresne throws an uppercut to the chin of the stunned Supernova, knocking him back a couple steps. The Ladykiller promptly gets up, reaching to secure a front facelock...

...which causes Supernova to surge forward, smashing his opponent's back against the buckles!]

GM: He felt the front facelock! He knew exactly what it meant and exactly what was coming!

[Supernova grabs the middle rope, driving his shoulder into the ribcage over and over again as the referee counts him. At the four count, he backs away, straightening up and grabbing the champion by the hair.]

GM: Big right hand by the challenger! And there's a second one on the mark!

[He grabs the arm, firing Dufresne across the ring to the opposite corner...]

GM: Corner to corner whip...

[The challenger throws himself back to the buckles, taking a deep breath as he eyes the champion from across the ring...]

...and hobbles out of the corner, trying to force his way through the pain to charge across, throw himself into the air, and connect with the Heat Wave corner splash!]

GM: HERE COMES SUPERNOVA!!

[But he can't get enough strength in his legs, instead scoring with a running clothesline in the corner. As Dufresne stumbles out, Supernova ducks down...

...and presses the National Champion high overhead in a gorilla press!]

GM: PRESS! PRESS!!

[The challenger holds his opponent high overhead, looking to throw him down to the canvas...

...but before he can, his injured knee buckles underneath him, forcing him to fall to the mat in pain as Dufresne quickly applies a press off the fall.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But a stunned Supernova throws his shoulder off the canvas, breaking the pin attempt.]

GM: Ohh! Too close there for the challenger!

[Dufresne tries to take advantage of the mistake, grabbing a handful of hair and hammering away with clenched fists to the skull of the face-painted young lion. He quickly switches his attack, grabbing the ankle again...

...and again twisting the leg around into a spinning toehold!]

GM: Back to the leglock for the champion, trying to worsen the damage done to the knee of Supernova.

[Dufresne leans in, shouting at Supernova to give up but the challenger refuses, shaking his head back and forth. As the Ladykiller keeps the hold applied, trying to further the damage being done, the crowd begins a chant.]

"SU-PER-NO-VA!"
CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP
"SU-PER-NO-VA!"
CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP
"SU-PER-NO-VA!"
CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP
"SU-PER-NO-VA!"
CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP

GM: The fans are rallying behind the challenger, trying to inspire him to action here in the biggest match of his life!

[Supernova begins to flail about on the mat, trying to free himself...

...and lashes out with an upkick on the chin of Dufresne, knocking him down to the canvas!]

GM: Yeah! Now get up and take the fight to him, kid!

[But as Supernova gets his feet underneath him, Dufresne throws himself at the legs of Supernova, wrapping them up and causing the off-balance challenger to fall back down to the canvas. The Ladykiller quickly gets up, stomping the injured knee again as Supernova tries to roll aside, trying to cover up from the attack...

...and rolls right under the ropes to the floor!]

GM: Supernova, the challenger, rolls out to the floor to escape the attack on his legs right there.

[Dufresne promptly steps out to the apron, holding the top rope as he lays in a pair of boots to the skull of Supernova, knocking him down to a kneeling position on the floor. The champion sits down on the apron...

...and PASTES Supernova with a right hand between the eyes, knocking the challenger down to the floor.]

GM: Ohh! What a shot by Dufresne and Supernova goes all the way down on the outside!

[The National Champion steps to the floor, grabbing Supernova by the arm and dragging him over towards the steel ringside railing...]

GM: Where the heck is he taking the challenger, Bucky?

BW: I have no idea but I can't think it's a good thing for Supernova.

GM: No, I wouldn't think so.

[Grabbing Supernova's foot, Dufresne pauses for a moment...

...and then SLAMS the injured leg into the steel barricade to the jeers of the crowd!]

GM: Oh, come on! There's no call for that! Absolutely no call for that!

[The AWA's Senior Official, Johnny Jagger, slides out to the floor, shouting at Dufresne for the brutal move and ordering him to get the fight back into the ring.]

GM: The referee wants this thing back inside the squared circle and who can blame him, Bucky?

BW: I have no problem with Calisto crippling this punk kid out here on the floor.

GM: Are you kidding me? What in the world is the matter with you?

BW: This kid got too big for his britches, Gordo. What the heck has he EVER done to deserve a shot at the National Title?

GM: He won the Memorial Day Rumble! He won the same match that men like Ron Houston, Stevie Scott, and Raphael Rhodes has won! That win put this kid in an elite class of competitors and it means he DESERVES this shot at the National Title!

BW: My eye it does. It means the kid got lucky in a match he had no business winning! He's a good wrestler, don't get me wrong. But my mama throws a heck of a spiral pass and she don't think she's better than Tim Tebow.

GM: Tim Te... what?!

[Dufresne takes the time to throw a few more kicks into the knee of Supernova before hauling him up to his feet by the back of the hair...

...and SLAMS his skull into the edge of the ring apron!]

GM: Ohh! Another cheap shot by Dufresne!

BW: Cheap shot?! By whose definition? We've seen things like that done all night long, Gordo. You can't start crying about it now because one of your favorites is getting taken to school by a superior wrestler AND a TRUE champion... not a champion like Donovan or those god-forsaken Lynches.

[Dufresne shoves Supernova under the ropes into the ring before pulling himself up on the apron...

...and pointing to the corner.]

GM: What the-?

BW: It looks like the Ladykiller's got some new pages in the playbook for this big match, daddy!

GM: Dufresne is not a top rope kind of guy. I'm not sure what he's thinking right here honestly.

BW: Maybe he saw Skywalker Jones doing some of that flip floppin' earlier tonight and realized he could do it just as well as the man from Hot Coffee can.

[The Ladykiller slowly makes his way to the middle rope, reaching up to drag a thumb across his throat to the jeers of the crowd before he steps up to the top rope, reaching down to grab the rope to steady himself...

...and slowly stands up, raising his arms above his head!]

GM: Supernova's still down and Calisto Dufresne is gonna fly!

[With a shout, Dufresne hurls himself off the top, sailing sloppily through the air with a big splash...

....right DOWN on the raised knees of the challenger! HUGE CHEER!]

GM: SUPERNOVA GOT THE KNEES UP!! HE BLOCKS THE BIG SPLASH OFF THE TOP!!!

[Supernova rolls to the side, clutching his injured knee.]

BW: What an idiot! He used his injured leg to block the top rope dive!

GM: He had to, Bucky! What heart this kid has to raise those legs to save himself from the splash knowing full well how much it was going to hurt him to do it! And listen to these fans! These fans are DYING to see a title change here tonight! They want to see that National Title back in the hands of a man they respect and admire!

BW: And that's THIS guy? These people are more pathetic than I thought.

[Dufresne rolls away, clutching his now-hurting ribs from the countered splash attempt. Wincing in pain, the National Champion rolls out to the floor.]

GM: Dufresne's back out to the floor.

BW: Smart move. You can't lose the title out on the floor.

GM: Not tonight you can't.

[Supernova crawls to the ropes, using them to pull himself to his feet. He leans against them for a moment, trying to recover as he looks down at Dufresne who is pushing up off his knees to his feet..]

GM: The National Champion is back up on his feet on the flo- OHHHHHHH!

[The crowd ERUPTS alongside Gordon as Supernova slingshots himself over the ropes, crashing down on a shocked Dufresne with a cross body!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF, BUCKY WILDE, DID YOU SEE THAT?!

BW: Of course I saw it! You don't have to yell!

[The crowd is still roaring as the camera cuts to a shot at ringside which reveals both men laid out on the floor, barely moving after the impact of the big dive to the floor...

...when suddenly, the fans begin booing loudly.]

GM: A high flying dive by Supernova and he may have put himself back into this- wait a second! What's HE doing out here?

[The "HE" that Gordon so vehemently refers to is the Agent To The Stars, Ben Waterson, who is now making his way down the aisle...

...a tell-tale metal briefcase clutched in his right hand.]

GM: Ben Waterson is coming out here!

BW: Of course he is! The secret weapon, Gordo!

GM: HE'S the secret weapon?!

BW: Ben Waterson is the most brilliant managerial mind in our business! What better man can you have at ringside in a big match situation? Remember, Waterson led that fraud Stevie Scott to the National Title TWICE. If he can take a lump of coal like "No Shot" Stevie Scott to the promised land, he can certainly lead a real champion like the Ladykiller over this chump Supernova.

GM: I don't even know where to start with that one. But like it or not, fans, it appears that Ben Waterson is heading to the ring... and I would have to assume that he's coming out here in support of the National Champion.

"TEN MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! TEN MINUTES!"

GM: Ten minutes gone in this one. Plenty of time to go in the time limit if it's needed.

[Supernova is the first to his feet, dragging himself up using the ring apron. He grabs the bottom rope with both hands, gritting his teeth to try and keep his balance. It's at this point that Supernova spots Waterson and shouts in his direction, pointing him out to the official who approaches the ropes, questioning Waterson about his presence at ringside.]

BW: Jagger's got no right to get on the case of Waterson out here.

GM: Why not? Ben Waterson is NOT the official manager of record for Calisto Dufresne. He's got no business being out here.

BW: How do you know that, Gordo? These two have a previous managerial relationship. It's very possible that Dufresne never revoked that. Ben Waterson might very well be out here as his manager of record.

GM: There's no way to confirm that at this point in the match... but unfortunately for Supernova, I'm guessing there's no way to challenge it right now either.

[Which seems to be exactly what Waterson is pointing out to Johnny Jagger as Supernova pulls Dufresne off the floor, rolling him under the ropes before rolling back in himself.]

GM: Both men are back in the ring now...

[Supernova drags himself off the floor with the ropes, turning to find Calisto Dufresne backpedaling to the corner, leaning against the buckles. He raises his hands, begging for mercy as the challenger approaches...]

GM: Dufresne wants mercy but I'm guessing he will receive none from the challenger tonight!

[Supernova steps closer, winding up his right arm...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The half dozen chops leaves Dufresne dangling in the corner, clutching the top rope with right arm to stay on his feet. A fired-up Supernova grabs the left arm, flinging Dufresne violently from corner to corner where the champion SLAMS into the buckles. Nodding his head to the cheering crowd, Supernova marches across the ring, stepping up to the middle rope...]

GM: Here we go!

[Supernova slams his balled up fist into Dufresne's skull as the crowd counts along.]

“ONE!”
“TWO!”
“THREE!”
“FOUR!”
“FIVE!”
“SIX!”
“SEVEN!”
“EIGHT!”
“NINE!”
“TEN!”

[Supernova gingerly drops down, wincing as he does so. He grabs the arm of Dufresne again, firing him across the ring...]

GM: HE'S CALLING FOR THE HEAT WAVE!!

[The challenger winces, gritting his teeth as he prepares to charge across the ring...

...but only gets a few feet out of the corner before he stops, reaching down to grab at his knee.]

GM: He can't do it, Bucky!

BW: No, he can't! And if he can't hit the Heat Wave, you have to wonder if he can get him in the Solar Flare! And if he can't get him in the Solar Flare, does Supernova have something else in the playbook that might defeat the greatest professional athlete in the world today?

GM: That's an excellent question, Bucky. Supernova, for all the talent he has, is still relatively new to this sport. He doesn't have the big match experience that someone like Dufresne has - a man who has already held the AWA National Tag Team Titles, won the Stampede Cup, and been in countless big matches. Could that be the difference in this one?

[Supernova pushes himself forward, reaching the corner where Dufresne promptly sticks a thumb into his eye.]

GM: Ohh! Cheapshot!

[Ignoring the protesting official, Dufresne grabs a handful of hair, SLAMMING Supernova's head into the top turnbuckle...

...and then tugging him down into a schoolboy rollup!]

GM: ONE!!!

[Dufresne pops his feet up, placing them on the middle rope.]

GM: ON THE ROPES!! ON THE ROPES!!

[The referee continues to count, hitting the canvas a second time. He raises his hand to hit it a third time...

...and then stops short, spotting the feet on the ropes. He shouts at Dufresne, waving off the pin attempt.]

GM: Good job, Johnny Jagger!

[Dufresne breaks the pin attempt, angrily getting to his feet and shoving Jagger hard in the chest with both hands...

...and getting shoved right down to the mat in response! An equally-irate Jagger points to the AWA Official patch on his shirt.]

GM: That's right, Johnny! You're an AWA official! You don't have to put up with his stuff!

BW: Oh yeah. Just ring the bell and DQ him, Jagger.

GM: You'd like that, wouldn't you?

BW: Calisto would walk out the champion so you're damn right, I would.

[Dufresne scrambles to his feet, even more angry now as he drives an elbow to the back of the head and neck of a recovering Supernova, knocking him back down to the canvas. Dufresne balls up his fist, slamming it down on the ear of Supernova repeatedly as the referee complains and the fans boo. Ben Waterson shouts advice to Dufresne who nods in his former manager's direction, climbing to his feet and letting loose a series of stomps to the ribs that forces the challenger under the ropes to the apron.]

GM: Oh, come on! Get him off the man, ref!

[The Ladykiller steps back, arguing with the referee as Supernova lies on the apron...]

"SMAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE HIT THE KNEE WITH THE CASE!! HE HIT IT WITH THE METAL BRIEFCASE!!

[Dufresne is all grins as he shoves past Jagger, dragging Supernova away from the ropes into another lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But the young lion fires a shoulder off the canvas at the count of two, breaking up the pin attempt.]

GM: No! Just a two count there! Supernova got the shoulder up off the mat at two!

[An angry Dufresne grabs Supernova by the hair, hammering away with right hands to the skull to the jeers of the crowd. He slowly climbs to his feet...

...and SLAMS his foot down on the injured knee to a howl of pain from Supernova!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: And right back to the knee. Calisto Dufresne told the entire world that he was willing to do whatever it takes to keep that title belt and we're seeing that tonight. We saw the sneak attack and now the secret weapon arrives. The Ladykiller is walking out

of Memphis... Southaven, wherever the HELL we are tonight with the AWA National Title belt around his waist... GUARANTEED!

GM: Guaranteed?!

BW: You heard me, Gordo. I didn't stutter, stammer, or mumble. The champ is here and he ain't goin' away anytime soon!

[Dufresne leans over, grabbing the leg again. He wraps it into a spinning toehold once more...

...and then leans down for the other leg, attempting a figure four leglock.]

GM: FIGURE FOU-

[But the champion gets plucked into a small package rollup!]

GM: CRADLE! CRADLE!! ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

GM: MY STARS, HOW CLOSE WAS THAT?! Supernova was perhaps a half a second away from becoming the AWA National Champion! Incredible, fans! Absolutely incredible!

BW: I once heard a wise man say that close only counts in horseshoes and hand grenades, daddy. Tonight, that rings true! Supernova can be as close to winning the title as he dares to dream but that don't mean he's leaving with the gold!

[Supernova smashes a hand into the mat in frustration as Dufresne scrambles to his feet, dropping a fist to the temple, knocking the challenger to his back. The Ladykiller gets right back up, planting a kiss on his clenched fist...

...and DROPS it down between the eyes of the Venice Beach native!]

GM: Ohh! Fistdrop! Right between the eyes!

[Dufresne applies another cover in North-South position.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But again, Supernova fires the shoulder off the canvas.]

“FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY!”

GM: We've reached the fifteen minute mark in this one - a quarter of the way to the time limit.

BW: Plenty of time but the champ ain't gonna need it, Gordo.

GM: We'll see about that.

[Dufresne reaches down, hauling Supernova off the mat. He leans down, scooping him up, and slamming him down to the canvas in the middle of the ring.]

GM: Big slam by the champ - he looks like he's setting him up for something here...

[Reaching down with a big grin on his face, Dufresne pulls up both of his challenger's legs, folding them over one another...]

GM: HE'S GOING FOR THE SOLAR FLARE!! HE'S TRYING TO LOCK SUPERNOVA IN HIS OWN HOLD!!

[The challenger immediately begins struggling, trying to wriggle free as Dufresne tries to flip him over to his stomach where he can put on the full pressure. With a surge of strength, Supernova manages to use his good leg to shove Dufresne off, knocking him back into the corner...

...and Dufresne simply marches back out, dropping a big elbow down into the chest of Supernova, promptly flipping over into another lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Supernova kicks out again!]

GM: The young lion refuses to stay down! The challenger is showing Calisto Dufresne right here tonight just how badly he wants this National Title.

BW: If he wanted to show how badly he wants the title, HE'D have Ben Waterson in his corner. He'd have the secret weapon!

GM: Supernova would never stoop that low. He'd never do that. He's too good of a man for that.

BW: What are you saying about Stevie Scott then?

[Dufresne pushes up to his knees, hammering a series of right hands into the skull of the challenger. The referee's count reaches four before Dufresne breaks off the attack, glaring at Johnny Jagger. He climbs to his feet, throwing a few stomps down on the injured knee before leaning over, grabbing the legs of the challenger...]

GM: Catapult coming up!

[The Ladykiller falls back, using his momentum to launch Supernova into the air, sending him CRASHING chestfirst into the corner!]

GM: Into the buckles goes the young man from Venice Beach!

[Dufresne gets back to his feet, throwing a series of forearms into the kidneys of Supernova, hammering the lower back relentlessly as the referee tries to back him out of the corner...

...but he shoves Jagger aside, rushing back in, and leaps up, jamming his knee into the spine of Supernova!]

GM: Ohh! Shades of Marcus Broussard with that leaping knee attack!

[Dufresne grabs Supernova by the trunks, dragging him out of the buckles. He wraps his arms around the waist, hooking a side waistlock as he hoists the Venice Beach native into the air...]

GM: Belly to baaaaaa-

[The crowd cheers as Supernova goes all the way over the top, falling down to his knees behind the champion. He winces on impact as his injured knee slams into the mat but sucks it up to grab a waistlock of his own, rushing forward to slam Dufresne's chest into the buckles, rolling back into a rolling reverse cradle!]

GM: ROLLING CRADLE!! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But Dufresne's fresher legs allows him to kick out hard, sending Supernova rocketing towards the corner...

...where he sails THROUGH the ropes, smashing his shoulder into the steel ringpost!]

GM: OHHH! INTO THE POST!!

[Dufresne again reaches up for a handful of trunks, dragging Supernova down into a schoolboy rollup...

...and as the count hits one, he again slips his feet over the second rope for leverage!]

GM: HIS FEET ARE ON THE ROPES, REF!

[The count hits two before Jagger again spots the feet on the ropes. He simply stands up this time, shaking his head defiantly to the cheers of the crowd. Dufresne suddenly realizes the count has stopped, breaking the pin to climb to his feet where he glares at Jagger.]

GM: Calisto Dufresne fires off a few words in the Senior Official's direction- threatening words no doubt, Bucky.

BW: This Jagger is really getting under my skin. Who the HELL does he think he is, Gordo?

GM: He's the AWA Senior Official who has been assigned the duties of officiating the National Title match on the biggest night of the year, Bucky! And he's doing a damn fine job if you ask me.

BW: Well, it's a good thing no one asked you, Gordo, 'cause I don't think so.

[Dufresne continues to badmouth the referee as he reaches down, grabbing Supernova by the hair...

...and yanks him into a front facelock!]

GM: He's got him hooked!

[The crowd buzzes with concern as Dufresne prepares to deliver the Wham, Bam, Thank You Ma'am DDT - a move sure to finish off the title hopes of Supernova - but is taking his time as he continues to run his mouth.]

GM: Dufresne's still on Johnny Jagger's case, Bucky. That's a big mistake in my book!

BW: Your book has pop-up animals and scratch and sniff stickers, Myers.

GM: It's Myers now, is it?

BW: I've been out here for too long with you right now. Feels like a month. I'm sick of you and your blatant cheerleading for this baby-kissin', hand-slappin' goofs like the Lynches and Donovan and this idiot Supernova.

[Dufresne reaches down, hooking a handful of trunks to give him easier hoist on the DDT...

...when Supernova suddenly stands up, backdropping Dufresne over his head and down to the canvas to a big cheer from the crowd!]

GM: BACKDROP! HE'S OUTTA THE DDT!

[Supernova immediately falls to his knees, obvious pain all over his face as he kneels on the injured wheel and reaches up with his left hand to grab at his right shoulder that went into the ringpost.]

GM: The challenger's knee has been hurting him from the onset of this one and now that right shoulder went into the ringpost as well.

BW: The champ's physically dissecting him here. Limb by limb until there ain't a single piece of him left that ain't hurting.

[Dufresne grabs the ropes, pulling himself off the mat. He raises his arms over his head, looking for a double axehandle...

...and getting caught with a right hand to the gut by a kneeling Supernova!]

GM: Big shot downstairs!

[Dufresne doubles up but soon shakes it off, raising both arms again...

...and gets hit with another shot in the midsection! Supernova promptly follows up with an uppercut to the doubled-up champion, sending him falling back into the ropes. The challenger struggles to get to his feet, gingerly walking across the ring towards Dufresne.]

GM: Supernova is having a hard time taking advantage of moments like this because of the knee. That injured knee that Dufresne went after in the aisle before this match had even started!

[Standing near the ropes, Supernova lays in a pair of big forearms to the chest of Dufresne, leaving the champion clinging to the top rope to stay on his feet...

...and with a crowd-thrilling howl, Supernova delivers a brutal standing clothesline that sends Dufresne flipping over the ropes, crashing down on the ring apron with a thud!]

GM: OHHHH MY!! What a clothesline by the challenger!

[Supernova grabs the top rope, lifting his injured leg off the mat to relieve the pressure on it. He leans over the ropes, trying to grab the champion who is laid out on the apron off the clothesline.]

GM: And now the challenger is trying to get at the champion, trying to take advantage of the clothesline...

[Grabbing Dufresne by the arm, Supernova hauls him back up to his feet, tugging him into a front facelock. He slings the Ladykiller's arm over his neck, looking out to the crowd...

...and hoists Dufresne up into the air, slamming him down hard to the canvas with a vertical suplex!]

GM: BIG SUPLEX BY THE CHALLENGER!!

[The crowd roars as Dufresne lies motionless on the canvas as Supernova lies a few feet away on his back as well.]

GM: The challenger needs to make a cover but can he get there? Can he get the cover in time?

[Pumping his arms in the air once, Supernova rolls to all fours, wincing as his knee hits the mat, dragging himself forward...

...and throws an arm over the chest as the official dives to the canvas.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But Dufresne FIRES the shoulder off the mat, breaking the pin attempt!]

GM: Just a two count!

BW: Supernova couldn't get enough weight across the shoulders there to have a chance to pin the champion. It just wasn't enough of a cover to get the win.

[Supernova rolls off to his back, staring up at the lights as the crowd buzzes with disappointment at the two count.]

"TWENTY MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! FORTY MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: You hear the announcement here in the DeSoto Civic Center. Forty minutes remain in the time limit. We're a third of the way there as these two tremendous athletes have battled over the greatest prize in our sport for twenty grueling minutes so far.

[Dufresne rolls to the ropes, grabbing on to pull himself off the mat. Across the ring, Supernova is back on his knees, trying to get to his feet as well...]

GM: Supernova... up to his feet now...

[The young lion breaks into a few step dash, fighting the pain in his knee as he leaps in the air off his good leg, throwing a one-legged dropkick into the chest of Dufresne, sending the champion through the ropes, crashing down to the thinly-padded concrete floor below!]

GM: How in the world did he get up for the dropkick with that injured knee?!

BW: It's instinct. It's the realization that he's fighting for the National Title in the biggest match of his life. He's gotta do it. He's gotta choke down the pain, the misery, the agony, and find a way to overcome it all if he wants to walk out of Southaven, Mississippi with the AWA National Title around his waist.

[The camera cuts to the floor when Ben Waterson is kneeling next to the downed National Champion, whispering words of wisdom to his former charge as Supernova uses the ropes to drag himself back to his feet. He slowly steps through the ropes, shouting at Waterson who quickly backpedals away. The challenger leans against the ropes, waving for Dufresne to get back to his feet...]

GM: Supernova's staying on the apron, measuring his man as he waits for him to get back to his feet...

[A few moments later, the Ladykiller pushes up to his feet, looking up at a waiting challenger...]

...and makes a LUNGE for the legs, throwing his right arm into the side of the injured knee in a leg sweeping clothesline, the impact of which knocks Supernova off his feet and sends him crashing down on the apron!]

GM: Ohh! What a move by the champion!

[Dufresne grabs Supernova by the hair, hammering his head with right hands to the jeers of the crowd. He drags the challenger off the apron by the hair, dragging him to the timekeeper's table...]

GM: Look out, Phil Watson!

[The ring announcer scurries away as Dufresne SLAMS Supernova's head into the wooden table at ringside. Johnny Jagger can be heard reprimanding the champion from inside the ring as Dufresne lifts the head off the table and SLAMS it down into the wood again!]

GM: Twice! Supernova's head just got SLAMMED into that table at ringside twice!

[Dufresne drags him away from the table, grabbing Supernova by the arm...]

GM: Irish wh- reversed!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

[The crowd ROARS as Dufresne smashes into the steel barricade at ringside.]

GM: He goes HARD into the steel right there! The challenger sends him crashing into the metal railing at ringside and now can Supernova take advantage of this moment? Can he find some way to turn this into a National Title victory?

[The young lion drags Dufresne off the railing...]

...and with a howl, he tugs him into another front facelock.]

GM: Oh no!

BW: Ben! Ben! Stop him!

[With the champion hooked, Supernova SNAPS him over, bringing him down on the thinly-padded concrete with a spine-rattling suplex!]

GM: SUPLEX ON THE FLOOR!! THE CHAMPION JUST GOT ROCKED!!

BW: That's gotta be illegal! Ring the bell, Jagger! Do your job!

[Supernova slowly sits up on the floor, a slight smile on his face at the roaring crowd's reaction to the suplex. Ben Waterson stands wide-eyed a few feet away, shaking his head in disbelief as the young challenger gets back to his feet.]

GM: Supernova's dragging the champion up... shoving him back under the ropes into the ring...

[But instead of going in after him, the young lion points to the corner, heading to the buckles...]

GM: Oh my stars, Bucky. Supernova's gonna fly!

[The challenger gingerly steps up to the middle rope, waiting for a few moments for Dufresne to stir. As soon as the champion starts to recover a bit, Supernova steps a foot onto the top rope, leaning over to steady himself. We can hear Ben Waterson SCREAMING warnings to the National Champion as he pulls himself to his feet in a daze, staggering out to the middle of the ring...]

...where Supernova HURLS himself off the top rope, crashing down across the chest of Dufresne with a crossbody!]

GM: OHHHHHHHHH!!!

[Supernova reaches back, tightly hooking a leg as the referee dives to the mat.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEE!! HE GOT HIM! HE GOT HIM!!!

[But the official leaps up, showing two fingers, pantomiming Dufresne lifting a shoulder off the canvas just before the three count!]

BW: No, he didn't! Keep your pants on, Myers, cause this ain't over yet!

GM: Why would I take my pants off?

BW: As excited as you sounded right there, it was a natural assumption.

[Supernova pushes up to his knees, burying his head in his hands in disappointment as the crowd buzzes with the same emotion. He looks up at Jagger questioningly but Jagger points out that Dufresne just barely got the shoulder off the canvas in time.]

BW: Myers, you've gone on and on about the heart of Supernova in this one but what about the resiliency of the National Champion? Give Calisto Dufresne some credit out here tonight.

GM: I give Dufresne all the credit in the world. He's one heck of a professional wrestling - perhaps the greatest in the world like he claims. That National Title around his waist, no matter how he won it, means he's the vest in the business and I will not refute that. But Supernova is pushing him to the limit here tonight... and he just might push him further than he's ever gone before!

[Supernova slowly gets to his feet, nearly tumbling over before catching his balance. He glares at the official before leaning down, dragging Dufresne to his feet by the arm. The challenger HURLS Dufresne into the nearest set of buckles, his back slamming into the corner.]

GM: Dufresne gets ROCKETED to the corner! Supernova may be looking for the kill here tonight at SuperClash!

[Moving in on the champion, Supernova winds up his right arm...

...and again gets a thumb jabbed into his eye!]

GM: Oh! Cheapshot again by the National Champion!

[Dufresne swings Supernova around, pushing him back into the corner.]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

[After a half dozen stinging chops in the corner, Dufresne gets forced back by the referee...

...and as he steps back in, he is greeted with a howl before Supernova grabs him by the head, swinging him back to the corner.]

GM: RIGHT HAND! RIGHT HAND! RIGHT HAND! HE’S ALL OVER HIM!

[The crowd ROARS as Supernova unleashes a series of shots to the head - punches with both hands, backfists, forearms, back elbows, finishing it off with a discus punch that leaves Dufresne clinging to the top rope to stay on his feet.]

GM: Supernova’s got him rocked!

[Grabbing Dufresne by the arm, Supernova fires him from one corner to the other, sending the champion crashing into the buckles.]

GM: Here it comes!

[The challenger throws himself back in the corner, letting loose another wild howl before charging across the ring...

...where he stumbles about halfway across, falling to a knee to grab his injured leg.]

BW: Haha! He can’t do it, Myers! He can’t hit the Heat Wave!

[A determined Supernova pushes up to his feet, charges the few feet remaining and throws himself into a low impact version of the Heat Wave. The crowd still cheers for it even as the challenger himself looks disappointed.]

GM: He didn’t get much on that but he DID hit the Heat Wave, Bucky.

BW: Bah. That was about as effective as a Bayou mosquito landin’ on the champ’s chest back home in Louisiana.

[Shaking his head, Supernova leans over, grabbing the champion around the waist and powering him up to a sitting position on the top turnbuckle.]

GM: Uh oh. What in the world does Supernova have in mind here, fans?

BW: That knee won't support it. Whatever in the heck he's thinking about doing, that knee is gonna give way on him.

GM: We're about to find out if that's the case.

[Nodding his head to the fans, Supernova steps up to the middle rope. He hooks a front facelock once there, slinging the arm of the champion over his neck...]

GM: He's going for a superplex off that middle rope!

[The challenger pauses, steadying himself. As the camera zooms in on his face, the facepaint in shambles by this point, there is an obvious look of pain on Supernova's face as he looks to strike hard.]

GM: Can he get the man up? Can he hit this devastating maneuver?

BW: There's no way, Gordo! No way!

GM: Come on, kid!

[The crowd is roaring as Supernova grabs a handful of trunks for leverage and with a determined look on his face, he powers Dufresne into the air...

...and brings him CRASHING down to the canvas to a THUNDEROUS OVATION!]

GM: SUPERPLEX! SUPERPLEX!!

BW: I can't believe it!

GM: Cover him, kid! Get on top!

[A tired Supernova rolls over to his stomach, again just able to throw an arm across the chest as the official dives to the canvas.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOULDER UP! SHOULDER UP! THE CHAMPION LIVES TO FIGHT AGAIN!

BW: What a war these two are having, Gordon Myers!

GM: It absolutely is! We're over twenty-five grueling minutes into this battle and neither man seems prepared to go down! Neither of these men want to be the one who loses the Main Event on the biggest night of the year - SuperClash 3 right here in Memphis!

BW: Southaven.

GM: Whatever! The superplex by Supernova came as close as one could humanly come to winning the National Title for him but Calisto Dufresne - somehow, someway - found a way to kick out of the pin attempt again.

[A frustrated and hurting challenger forces his way to his feet, looking out at the fans who are imploring him to keep trying - to come up with something that is capable of keeping Calisto Dufresne's shoulder on the canvas for a three count. Supernova leans down, dragging Dufresne off the mat by the arm. He wheels him around, firing him to the far corner...]

GM: Dufresne hits the corner hard - and he's going for it again!

BW: This idiot just won't learn!

[Supernova again backs to the corner. He pauses for a moment, nodding his head to the cheers of the crowd. He starts jumping up and down, shaking his arms, ignoring the shooting pain in his knee...

...and breaks into a charge across the ring, letting loose a howl as he LEAPS into the air, CRUSHING Dufresne against the buckles!]

GM: HEAT WAVE! HEAT WAVE!

BW: Incredible!

GM: Supernova has hit the Heat Wave - that leaping splash in the corner - and now he's- you know what comes next!

[Supernova steps back, instantly grabbing his knee as Dufresne stumbles out of the corner, falling facefirst down to the canvas to the roar of the crowd. The challenger looks to the roaring fans, nodding his head as he hobbles out of the corner towards the downed Dufresne. Ben Waterson is completely irate outside the ring, screaming and shouting at anyone in sight as Supernova leans over to grab the legs, flipping the National Champion to his back.]

GM: He's going for it, Bucky!

BW: This can't be happening! Somebody's gotta stop this!

[Supernova, still holding the legs, ties them up...

...and flips Dufresne onto his stomach, slapping on the Texas Cloverleaf!]

GM: SOLAR FLARE!! SOLAR FLARE IS ON!!!

[Calisto Dufresne IMMEDIATELY cries out in pain, clawing at the canvas, searching for a way to escape the punishing submission hold.]

GM: Dufresne is trapped in the Solar Flare and he's NOWHERE near the ropes, fans! The National Champion is trapped in the center of the squared circle!

BW: The Ladykiller knew this might happen. He knew this moment might occur. He's GOT to have a counter up his sleeve! He's GOT to know a way out of this hold!

GM: If he knows one, he'd better use it quickly!

[A frantic Ben Waterson leaps up on the apron, shouting at Johnny Jagger. The AWA Senior Official ignores him, staying kneeling next to a screaming Dufresne.]

GM: Johnny Jagger knows where this match will be decided! He's not going to let Ben Waterson get in-

[A desperate Waterson steps into the ring, rushing forward with the metal briefcase over his head...

...but Johnny Jagger springs out of a crouch, grabbing Waterson around the waist and shoving him back into the ropes!]

GM: WATERSON WAS GOING FOR THE DISQUALIFICATION! HE WAS TRYING TO SAVE THE TITLE!

BW: What the HELL is Jagger doing?!

GM: He's saving the match from ending like that! He's saving Supernova's chance to become the National Champion!

BW: That's not his job, Myers!

GM: On this night, he has decided that it is and I applaud him for it!

[The crowd is roaring as Jagger struggles against Waterson, trying to prevent the Agent To The Stars from interfering...

...when a pain-wracked Calisto Dufresne slaps the canvas repeatedly, screaming "I QUIT!"]

GM: HE GAVE UP! HE GAVE UP!

BW: But Jagger's tied up with Waterson!

GM: Supernova just made Dufresne submit! We should have a new National Champion right here at SuperClash! Come on, Johnny! Get back in there! Get back-

[A furious Supernova suddenly breaks the hold, marching across the ring...

...and LAYS OUT Ben Waterson with a right hand to the jaw!]

GM: OHHH! WHAT A RIGHT HAND!!

[Jagger wheels around, ordering Supernova back into the match. Supernova points at the downed Dufresne, shouting at the official "HE QUIT!" Jagger points to his eyes, saying he didn't see it.]

BW: He didn't see it and he can't call what he didn't see, Myers!

GM: He must have HEARD it! We all HEARD it!

[Jagger again points, ordering Supernova back into the match as he drops to all fours, trying to wheel Waterson out of the ring. The exhausted challenger turns around, walking back towards Dufresne who has forced himself to his knees, facing away from Supernova...]

GM: The match continues but... this match should be over, Bucky.

BW: It ain't so quit your crying about it.

GM: We are closing in on the thirty minute mark of this matchup. Supernova grabs Dufresne by the hair, turning him around-

[But a desperate National Champion has other ideas...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: LOW BLOW! LOW BLOW!

[Dufresne promptly pushes to his feet, hooking a front facelock on his challenger just as Johnny Jagger gets back to his feet...]

GM: NO!

[The Ladykiller hoists Supernova horizontally off the canvas...

...and SPIKES his skull into the mat!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: WHAM, BAM, THANK YOU MA'AM!

[Dufresne quickly flips Supernova onto his back, hooking both legs in a cradle as he shouts at the official.]

GM: Not like this!

[Johnny Jagger raises his arm, slapping the mat once...]

GM: Come on, kid!

[Twice.]

GM: It can't end like-

[And a third time as Jagger swings to signal for the bell.]

GM: Unbelievable.

[The crowd ERUPTS in jeers at the sound of the bell as Johnny Jagger walks over to the downed Dufresne, pointing at him.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, here is your winner...

[Pause.]

PW: ...and STILL AWA NATIONAL CHAMPION...

“THE LADYKILLER”

CAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAALISTOOOOOO DUUUUUUUUFRESNNNNNNNE!

[Dufresne raises his arms in triumph, sitting on the canvas when Jagger hands the title belt back to him.]

GM: Calisto Dufresne, by hook or by crook, is still your AWA National Champion. I can't believe it, Bucky.

BW: I can! I told you all along! I told the world all along that Calisto Dufresne would NOT lose the gold here tonight... not to this face-painted goof or to anyone else! The champion keeps the gold and he IS the greatest professional athlete in the world today!

GM: Dufresne keeps the title through some questionable mean-

BW: Questionable means?! He hit the Wham Bam right in the center of the ring and pinned the man! It was as clean as can be!

GM: You tell that story but I'll tell the truth. You don't mention the low blow. You don't mention the blatant interference of the Agent To The Stars, Ben Waterson. That's the real story, Bucky. That's the truth of what happened here tonight. A complete and total miscarriage of justice!

BW: You're making excuses for this punk kid already! The fact of the matter is - he got outclassed, he got outthought, he got outwrestled, and he just plain and simply got BEAT, Gordon Myers.

[Dufresne pushes up to his feet, raising the title belt over his head.]

BW: There he is, Myers! The best in the world! The greatest professional wrestler to lace the boots! He is the man!

GM: You're unbelievable. Absolutely unbelievable.

[Ben Waterson rolls into the ring, embracing the Ladykiller who still holds the title belt high over his head. The crowd is jeering the duo as they celebrate their triumph, moving to leave the ring...

...but Dufresne, taking a look back at the barely-moving Supernova, pauses in his tracks. He rubs his chin for a moment, turning back to his defeated challenger...]

GM: What's this all about?

[Dufresne approaches the downed Supernova, cocking his head at the recovering young lion...

...and lashes out with a hard kick to the ribs! The crowd EXPLODES in jeers as a grinning Ben Waterson joins in, throwing kicks of his own into the ribs.]

GM: Come on! Get in there, referee!

[Johnny Jagger rushes in, trying to prevent the assault...

...but Ben Waterson flattens Jagger with a right hand to the jaw, drawing a "ohhhh!" from the crowd!]

GM: Waterson clocked the referee!

[And a fired-up Ben Waterson starts waving his arms to the locker room area.]

GM: What is going on...?

[The crowd ERUPTS in an explosion of loud boos as the aisle quickly fills - we instantly spot Marcus Broussard and Pedro Perez hauling tail down the aisle, diving under the ropes into the ring and joining in the fray.]

GM: We've got a four-on-one on Supernova!

BW: Hey, Myers? This seem the slightest bit familiar to you?

GM: It unfortunately does. This seems like Calisto Dufresne and Ben Waterson had a plan here tonight and we're seeing it unfold in devastating fashion!

[The San Jose Shark flattens out, holding down the legs of Supernova as Pedro Perez mounts the buckles...

...and throws himself off the top, crushing the ribcage of the young lion with a frog splash!]

GM: OHHHH! What a splash off the top by Perez!

[The crowd is jeering as Dufresne drops a knee to the ribs... then a second... and a third. The San Jose Shark takes his turn, dropping elbow after elbow into the torso of the downed Supernova...

...when the crowd ERUPTS in cheers!]

GM: IT'S STEVIE SCOTT!

[The Hotshot wastes no time in sprinting the length of the aisle, diving headfirst under the bottom rope. He throws himself into a tackle, knocking Marcus Broussard off his feet where he promptly begins hammering him with right hands.]

GM: THE HOTSHOT'S TRYING TO HELP SUPERNOVA!!

[But Pedro Perez is having none of that, grabbing Scott from behind by the hair. He drags the former National Champion to his feet...

...and promptly gets cracked with a right hand to the jaw!]

GM: OHH! HE FLOORS PEREZ!

[Scott turns, spotting Ben Waterson with the metal briefcase pulled back, ready to swing it at the back of Stevie Scott...

...and grabs Waterson by the throat, forcing him back into the corner.]

GM: The Hotshot's got Waterson by the throat! He's choking-

[But not for long as Calisto Dufresne slams a knee into the kidneys of the Hotshot. He swings him around, hooking a front facelock...

...and Scott rushes forward, slamming the National Champion back into the corner!]

GM: Stevie Scott is fighting off four men, Bucky!

[Scott hops up on the middle rope, raining down right hands to the skull of the Ladykiller...

...which gives the San Jose Shark a wide open chance to scoop up Waterson's metal briefcase, winding up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE SMASHES HIM OVER THE BACK!!!

[Scott crumples to the canvas, easy prey to another big overhead briefcase shot to the skull!]

GM: OHHH! RIGHT TO THE HEAD!!

BW: This is great, Myers! They're going to finish off all those thorns in their side right here and now!

[Suddenly, the crowd ERUPTS again!]

GM: DONOVAN!

[The seven footer, looking as pissed as you might imagine, comes walking down the aisle, a steel chair gripped in his hands as he heads towards the ring. He steps over the ropes, looking straight at Pedro Perez...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BIG SHOT ACROSS THE BACK ON PEREZ!

[Perez stumbles across the ring, falling through the ropes to the floor. Waterson, Broussard, and Dufresne pull back as Donovan takes up a protective stance over both Supernova and Stevie Scott, still wielding the steel chair.]

GM: Donovan says if you want a fight, he's got a fight for ya! He's got that chair and-

[Waterson waves his arms again towards the locker room area...

...which results in, moments later, Percy Childes at the top of the entrance, waving his crystal-topped cane like a madman.]

GM: What the...

[Almost instantly, the Aces and James Monosso come charging out of the entryway, racing down the aisle.]

BW: I got one of yours here, Myers - HERE COMES THE CAVALRY!

GM: Oh, you're a real riot!

[James Monosso dives under the ring, racing at Robert Donovan who raises the chair back to swing it...

...but doesn't get a chance to do it as Monosso barrels into him with a barrage of rights and lefts, knocking him back to the corner. The Aces take their chance to join in, throwing kicks to the body of Donovan.]

GM: We've got a three-on-one on Donovan in the corner! This is a set-up! This is out of control!

BW: I love it! These goody-two-shoes thought they could come out here and save the day but that ain't about to happen, Myers! They're gonna put all these guys on the shelf!

[Suddenly, the crowd ERUPTS again!]

GM: VIOLENCE UNLIMITED! THE LYNCHES! JEFF JAGGER! YUMA WEAVER! BUCKY WILDE, _HERE_ COMES THE CAVALRY!

[The sea of fan favorites swarm the ring, fists a-flyin' in every direction as they try to get some semblance of control over the situation.]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands! All hell is breaking loose at SuperClash!

[A double clothesline from Haynes and Morton sends Danny Tyler over the ropes to the floor. A wild-eyed Haynes goes out after him as James Lynch takes Stevie Childes over the ropes with a rana, taking both men out of the ring. Jeff Jagger goes after Marcus Broussard with a double leg takedown, hammering away at him until a recovering Pedro Perez rolls back in, smashing Jagger with a forearm to the back of the head.

The camera pulls back to show the entire ring, the crowd roaring at the wild battle going on in the middle of the squared circle.]

GM: Can you believe this?! The locker room is emptying, bodies all over the place!

[The wide camera shot catches glimpses of more AWA competitors - Sweet Daddy Williams, Vladimir Velikov, Dick Sullivan, Johnny Casanova, The Rave, The Hive - along with AWA officials like Jon Stegglet and Bobby Taylor trying to restore order. Bodies continue to sail over the ropes, some tumbling over the railing into the crowd where the fight continues!]

GM: The brawl is in the crowd! It's all over ringside! It's up the aisle! This is INSANE! The crowd is going nuts, Bucky!

BW: We've got the biggest fight I've ever seen on our hands!

[More bodies rush into the fray - the Antons, Eric Preston, Skywalker Jones, Travis Lynch, Rex Summers - all instantly getting tangled up in the huge fight going on all over the DeSoto Civic Center.

We cut to a shot in the aisle where Travis Lynch is hammering Rex Summers with right hands when Johnny Casanova intervenes, kicking Lynch low.

Another cut reveals the Hive and the Rave tangling it up before getting thrown into Dick Bass who starts laying out the smaller men with haymakers.

Another cut shows Vladimir Velikov with his boot on the throat of a downed Eric Preston, strangling the air out of him.

And as we cut back to the ring, we find that everyone has spilled out of sight...

...except for Calisto Dufresne who is huddled in the corner with Ben Waterson, watching as Supernova slowly drags himself off the mat, looking out over the chaos surrounding the ringside area!]

GM: Supernova's on his feet and-

[But just as the young lion turns, he gets DRILLED between the eyes with the National Title belt by the Ladykiller!]

GM: OHHHH! HE CLUBBED HIS SKULL WITH THE BELT!! GOOD GRIEF!!

[Dufresne throws the title belt down, angrily shouting at the downed Supernova. He gestures to the brawling all over the building shouting, "THIS IS ALL ON YOU! THIS IS YOU!" before leaning down, dragging the young lion over the ropes, pushing back into the ropes where he ties up the fan favorite's arms in the ropes...]

GM: What in the world is he doing, Bucky?

BW: I have no idea.

GM: Supernova's tied up in the ropes... at the mercy of Calisto Dufresne...

[The Ladykiller kneels down, reaching into his boot...]

GM: He's going into his boot! What's he looking for?

[And as the National Champion rises to his feet, he lifts his hand, revealing a silver Zippo lighter...]

GM: Oh my god.

BW: Oh wow! I love this, Myers! He's gonna burn up Supernova! How ironic!

GM: That's not funny at all, Bucky. That's not the slightest bit funny! We've seen this before. We've seen Calisto Dufresne use fire on an enemy before!

BW: The last time he did it, he put someone on the shelf for a year! And that guy had to RETIRE not long after that! I hope you enjoyed your career, Supernova, because it's about to go UP! IN! FLAMES! AHAHAHHA!

GM: You make me sick! You absolutely disgust me!

[Dufresne inches closer to Supernova who is struggling against the ropes, trying to get himself loose as the Ladykiller holds the flickering flame just a few feet away, moving closer and closer all the time...]

GM: He's got the lighter lit! He's gonna throw that fire! He's gonna-

[Suddenly, the lights go out.]

GM: What the-?

BW: Who turned out the lights? What the hell is going on here, Myers?

GM: I have no idea! I have no clue what is going on out here! I haven't the slightest clue what in the world is-

[With the crowd roaring with anticipating, wondering what is about to happen... it is not a sight that clues them in. Not a vision. Not a view of someone unexpected.]

It is a sound.

It is a very familiar sound.]

GM: WAIT A SECOND!

BW: NO WAY!

GM: THAT MUSIC! I KNOW THAT MUSIC! THE ENTIRE _WORLD_ KNOWS THAT MUSIC!

[And the fans make sure everyone knows that THEY know that music, losing their collective minds in one of the loudest roars in AWA history.]

GM: MY STARS, CAN IT BE?!

[The music?

“They Reminisce Over You.”

And as the lights come on... we see, Gordon Myers, that it most certainly CAN be.]

GM: MY GOD!! MY GOD!!!

[With sudden illumination lighting up the DeSoto Civic Center, the crowd ERUPTS at the sight before them.

Calisto Dufresne, lighter still in hand, a few feet away from his victim.

Supernova, arms still trapped in the ropes, completely helpless.

And between the two men, Juan Vasquez staring dead in the eyes of the man who helped orchestrate perhaps the most violent assault in the history of professional wrestling.

The man who capped off that beating, putting Vasquez in a hospital and taking him out of the AWA for months.

The man who is currently wearing HIS National Title belt.

The man who looks to be filled with the same fire that is in the hand of the Ladykiller.

The staredown lasts for what seems like forever, flashbulbs firing from all around...

...and then Vasquez breaks it, slapping the wrist of Dufresne to send the lighter sailing away.

A shocked Dufresne doesn't have a chance to react before he gets rocked with a right hand! The crowd ERUPTS for the first blow thrown by Juan Vasquez since the 4th of July. A second one lands on the jaw, sending Dufresne stumbling backwards. A third connects as well, knocking the National Champion back into the ropes.

A desperate Dufresne fires back, throwing a sloppy right hand that Vasquez easily ducks under, hooking the Ladykiller under the armpit...

...and flinging him down the canvas in one of his trademark moves!]

GM: HIPTOSS! HE THROWS DUFRESNE DOWN THE CANVAS!!

[Vasquez throws his arms up, ordering the National Champion back to his feet as the crowd absolutely roars. The former champion leans down, slapping the canvas with two clenched fists, balling them up in front of him as he approaches the Ladykiller who is scooting backwards on his rear, hands up to beg for mercy. Vasquez slowly approaches, shaking his head at the retreating Dufresne...

...and holds up his right hand!]

GM: Oh my stars! He's calling for the right cross! He's knocked people out cold with that! He's busted people open with that! He's-

[Vasquez gives that right hand a big kiss...

...and the moment's pause gives the always-resourceful Dufresne the chance to slam his own right hand into the midsection of Vasquez, doubling up his attacker.]

GM: Ohh!

BW: He caught Vasquez coming in! That gloryhog was trying to milk it and he paid the price!

[Dufresne gets to his feet, hooking the front facelock...]

BW: YES! YES! DO IT!

[But before he can even think about spiking Vasquez' head into the mat, Juan stands up, backdropping the Ladykiller down to the canvas!]

GM: BACKDROP! HE BACKDROPS OUT OF IT!!

[A fired-up Vasquez slams his arms down on the top rope, swinging around, throwing his arms wide apart as Dufresne struggles back up to his feet...

...and gets Vasquez' thumb JAMMED into the side of this throat!]

GM: SPIKE! THE ASSASSIN'S SPIKE!!

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sight of Dufresne trapped in the signature move of the West Memphis Assassin...

...but not at the sight of a chair-wielding Ben Waterson slinking up behind Vasquez, rearing back with the weapon...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Waterson spins around, throwing the chair down, shouting "THAT'S HOW YOU DO IT!" before turning around...

...and finding Juan Vasquez staring him dead in the eye!]

GM: OH MY STARS!!

BW: What the HELL, Myers?! WHAT THE HELL?!

[Vasquez raises his right hand, pointing a threatening finger at Ben Waterson who instantly raises his hands, shaking his head as he backs away from the man he helped put on the shelf for months.]

GM: VASQUEZ IS COMING FOR WATERSON! GET HIM, JUAN!

[In the chaos, Calisto Dufresne bails out of the ring, snatching up the National Title belt in his arms and hugging it tightly to his chest as he quickly jogs up the aisle, not looking back at the crazed atmosphere he helped cause...]

GM: Dufresne is making a run for it! He's had enough for this night!

[Vasquez backs Waterson down to the corner, winding up his right hand again...

...as Pedro Perez slides back in, picking up the steel chair in his hands.]

GM: Perez has got the chair now!

[The former Combat Corner student smacks the chair down on the mat a couple times to get ready, winding up, as he comes in for the killshot...

...when Vasquez suddenly wheels around, right hand swinging for the chair!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: HE PUNCHED THE CHAIR INTO HIS FACE!! THE RIGHT CROSS INTO THE CHAIR!!

[Perez collapses from the impact, the steel chair clattering harmlessly away from him. Vasquez lets loose a shout as he throws his arms apart again, giving Waterson pause as he leans against the buckles. Vasquez points a finger at Waterson as he drags Perez off the mat by the hair, slinging him over his shoulder. He reaches back with his off-arm, cradling Perez' head and neck...

...and DROPS down to the mat, smashing the back of Perez' head into the mat!]

GM: CITY OF ANGELS! MY STARS AND GARTERS!!

[Vasquez instantly pops back up to his feet, turning back towards Waterson who tries to make a run for it, racing across the ring...

...where Supernova hooks him by the back of the slacks, shaking his head!]

GM: SUPERNOVA STOPS WATERSON!! OH YEAH!!

[Supernova swings the Agent To The Stars around, ignoring his pleas...

...and shoves him back towards Vasquez who scoops him up, slamming him down to the canvas!]

GM: Big slam on Waterson! YEAH!

[Vasquez steps back...

...and points to Supernova, gesturing towards Waterson.]

GM: Oh yeah! Do it, kid!

[A smirking Supernova grabs the legs of Waterson, folding them up, and flipping him over onto his stomach!]

GM: SOLAR FLARE! HE'S GOT THE SOLAR FLARE HOOKED ON WATERSON!!

[Waterson cries out in pain, clawing at the canvas, screaming his head off for mercy...

...and after several moments, a grinning Supernova releases the hold, allowing a returning Marcus Broussard to drag his advisor out of the ring, leaving Supernova and Vasquez behind. Leaning down, Vasquez grabs the chair off the mat, and angrily spikes it over the ropes to the floor, shouting at the retreating Marcus Broussard as Supernova applauds what he's seeing.]

GM: MY STARS, JUAN VASQUEZ HAS RETURNED AND HE HAS RETURNED IN VIOLENT FASHION HERE TONIGHT AT SUPERCLASH!!

[Vasquez swings around, facing Supernova...

...and lifts the young lion's arm in the air, gesturing to him.]

GM: How about that, fans?! Juan Vasquez and Supernova are standing tall in the middle of the ring here in Southaven! Juan Vasquez and Supernova are walking tall at SuperClash!

BW: But Calisto Dufresne is still the National Champion! Vasquez can raise Supernova's arm all he wants but at the end of the day, the Ladykiller keeps the title around his waist! He's the winner!

GM: In the eyes of the fans, these two men are the REAL winners, Bucky! Fans, it has been an INCREDIBLE night of action here tonight at SuperClash! It has been a very long night and we want to thank you all for staying with us for one of the greatest nights of action that I can recall! For Bucky Wilde, Jason Dane, and Mark Stegglet, I'm Gordon Myers wishing you farewell for the very first time on PAY PER VIEW! So long everybody!

[Vasquez leans over the ropes, still shouting at any of the targets of his rage in sight as Supernova mounts the midbuckle, soaking up cheers from the AWA faithful...

...as we fade to black.]