

Saturday Night Wrestling

October 26, 2013

Crockett Coliseum

Dallas, Texas

[We fade up from black on the sounds of Bachman Turner Overdrive's "You Ain't Seen Nothin' Yet" as we get shots from past AWA action:

Juan Vasquez smashing the Right Cross across the jaw of MAMMOTH Mizusawa.

Calisto Dufresne throwing a fireball in the face of City Jack. The Dragon revealing himself as William Craven.

The Bishop Boys landing Doc Allen's Miracle Headache Elixir on a helpless foe.

Grant Stone and Bobby Taylor trading haymakers from their war in the early days of the AWA.

Marcus Broussard hitting belly-to-belly suplexes on a range of opponents over and over again.

Stevie Scott smashing the metal briefcase over the skull of Kolya Sudakov.

Alex Martinez dropping a bloodied William Craven in a Firebomb chokeslam.

Ryan Martinez and Gunnar Gaines using the Splashbuster to great effectiveness at the Stampede Cup

Dave Cooper gets a montage of spinebusters executed to perfection over the years.

Nenshou spews mist into the eyes of Jason Dane.

And more footage flashes by - Violence Unlimited, the Lynches, Kevin Slater, Raphael Rhodes, Eric Preston, The Shane Gang, Ron Houston, Tumaffi, and more... and more... and more...

Until finally, the footage is all a blur of motion, shots flying by so fast, it's almost impossible to pick out who is who - Buddy Lambert, Ricky Royal, the Rockstar Express, Gary Bright, Glenn Hudson, Alphonse Green, The Rave, The Hive...

The footage freezes on a clip of Dave Bryant snapping Glenn Hudson's head back with a Call Me In The Morning to regain the World Television Title

before cutting to the Blonde Bombers winning the World Tag Team Titles at the Stampede Cup with the springboard flying clothesline.

And then finally to "The Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne raising a steel chair over his head, rearing back as far as he physically can before SLAMMING the weapon down over the skull of James Monosso, capturing the World Heavyweight Title at Memorial Day Mayhem...

...and EXPLODES into the panning live shot of the exterior of the Crockett Coliseum, a converted warehouse on the outskirts of Dallas, Texas. Big steel letters with the name of the building stand tall over the entrance - a giant gleaming marquee that reads "AWA SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING" in large black print. There are still lines of fans streaming into the building as the voice of Gordon Myers is heard over the footage.]

GM: Ladies and gentlemen... WE! ARE! LIVE! from the Crockett Coliseum in Dallas, Texas, for yet another edition of AWA Saturday Night Wrestling! We are just about a month away from SuperClash and everyone is talking about The Chase For The Clash Tournament. Johnny Detson and Supreme Wright have made it to the Semifinals where they will face each other in two weeks' time but right here tonight, we'll find out what the other Semifinal will be when the World Television Champion Dave Bryant takes on the Asian Assassin, Nenshou.

BW: Nenshou's a desperate man, Gordo. He knows that Percy Childes has sworn to not sign a contract for another shot at the World Heavyweight Title for him so if he doesn't win this tournament, he may NEVER get another shot at the title.

GM: And in the other half of tonight's tournament matches, it is the showdown that many have called the biggest rematch in AWA history as we see former enemies, current allies Juan Vasquez and "Hotshot" Stevie Scott collide!

BW: Those two Main Evented TWO SuperClashes in a row against each other. It takes a special kind of rivalry to do something like that, Gordo.

GM: SuperClash I and II both saw Stevie Scott and Juan Vasquez on top but tonight, they're going to fight it out to see who will advance to two weeks from tonight with a shot to become the World Champion still intact. That one is going to be for the ages, fans.

[As Gordon speaks, we crossfade into the building where first, we get a shot of the Wall Of Fame, the lengthy wall that the AWA uses to pay tribute to stars of professional wrestling past. We see the Hall of Fame plaques for men like John Wesley Hardin, Caleb Temple, and "Crimson" Joe Reed along with tons of old wrestling photographs, posters, and even a handful of memorabilia like the trunks Tommy Fierro was wearing when he beat Hamilton Graham for the World Heavyweight Title and what appears to be a piece of the iconic Bulldog Brown table.]

GM: In addition to that, we're going to see Curt Sawyer - the oldest rookie in the AWA - stepping up to the next level when he challenges one of the Beale Street Bullies inside that ring!

BW: The bar maid's bitten off more than he can chew tonight. We've seen what the Bullies are capable of over the past couple months - ending James Lynch's career, chokeslamming an old man. You think they'll blink twice before ending the career of some 35 year old rookie?

GM: Speaking of rookies, young Justin Gaines is in for the fight of his life as he meets Ryan Martinez. Gaines puts his young career on the line against Martinez' hair... and Gunnar Gaines is BANNED from ringside!

BW: That's not fair to Justin! He's just 18 years old, Gordo! He needs his father's guidance!

GM: That guidance ends at the entrance ramp tonight... and so might Justin Gaines' career!

[A second fade gets us into the arena bowl where five thousand fans have jammed into the Hot Tin Box to get a glimpse of the best pro wrestling action on the planet. Steel chairs are set up all over the ringside area, surrounding the red, white, and blue roped ring that has black mats laid out at ringside and a steel barricade to keep the masses at bay. Towards the back of the sections of chairs are wooden bleachers that seat the majority of the crowd.]

GM: With all that going on, we're still going to be looking ahead to Thanksgiving night in the American Airline Center - just down the road in Dallas, Texas. Tickets are on sale now and they are going fast! If you want to join us in Dallas and be a part of the biggest crowd in AWA history, buy your tickets now... but if you can't make it to Dallas, you can join us LIVE for the very first time on Pay Per View! Check with your local cable or dish operators for availability!

[One side of the building houses a small entrance stage with a long elevated wooden platform that leads the distance to the ring. We can also spot an elevated interview platform off to the side of the stage.

A cut down to ringside shows the timekeeper's table before the cameraman rounds the corner to find Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde standing in front of the announce table. Myers, the Dean of professional wrestling announcing, is standing in a plain salt and pepper sportscoat, black slacks, white dress shirt, and a stars and strips flag tie. Wilde, a former multiple time Southern Manager of the Year, is in a bright white sportscoat, sunburst yellow dress slacks, bright orange dress shirt, and a tie that seems to have every color in the rainbow and then some. He's also holding a metal briefcase in his hand with "BIG BUCKS" bedazzled on the side that he gestures to as Gordon begins to speak again.]

GM: As we went off the air two weeks ago, we saw a showdown between Royalty and Chris Blue's organization. In fact, we've seen a LOT of

showdowns involving Royalty as of late. Many in the front office have been very concerned that after this fantastic tournament to crown a Number One Contender that Calisto Dufresne would use his usual tricks at SuperClash V to try and keep the title. But we understand now that that will NOT be a concern thanks to a very special outside-the-ring enforcer that the AWA has hired to bring law and order to the SuperClash Main Event. Let's go to the ring right now and find out more about it!

[We cut to the ring where AWA President Karl O'Connor is standing. He's in a dark grey suit and white dress shirt along with a navy blue tie. He's leaning heavily on his black cane as he raises the microphone.]

KOC: It gives me great pleasure to be here tonight with all of you just about a month away from SuperClash V. And I want all of you to know that everyone in my office - and everyone associated with the AWA on the whole - is working around the clock to try and make sure that this SuperClash is the best one ever!

[Big cheer!]

KOC: To that end, as I watched the last few months of AWA television, it became quite obvious to me that something needed to be done. I went back to May and watched Memorial Day Mayhem to see how Calisto Dufresne won the World Title. I considered the actions of Royalty over and over again. I looked at groups like the Unholy Alliance and Chris Blue's organization and the Shane Gang... and one thing became clear.

The odds of the World Title match happening without some kind of chicanery were NOT good.

[O'Connor grimaces.]

KOC: I knew there was a chance that SuperClash's Main Event would end with someone... Royalty or whoever... running down the aisle and trying to prevent the World Title from changing hands.

And I also knew that I had to do something about it.

[The crowd buzzes.]

KOC: I thought long and hard, trying to figure out my best choice and ultimately, I decided that we needed an outside-the-ring enforcer. Someone known to be fair... someone with no agenda other than to watch a fair match unfold... someone known to be tough, to be a fighter... and someone who wasn't afraid to get their hands dirty if they needed to.

I found that someone... and he's here tonight!

Ladies and gentlemen... please welcome the special outside-the-ring enforcer for the Main Event of SuperClash V...

[Dramatic pause...]

...and then for the first time in a long time, "Ricochet" by Faith No More hits. All eyes turn towards the entrance, waiting and watching when suddenly...]

GM: OH MY STARS!

BW: HIM!? WHAT THE HECK IS HE DOING HERE?!

[The crowd ERUPTS as former World Champion Steve Spector steps onto the aisleway.]

GM: My stars, fans! Steve Spector is here! Steve Spector is the enforcer!

[Wasting little time, Spector makes his way down the aisle, occasionally looking out over the crowd with a big grin on his face. Spector's wearing street clothes, a pair of faded jeans, sneakers, and a blue "Ramblers" hoodie, with the hood up. He steps through the ropes, lowering the hood once he gets in the ring. Spector walks over to O'Connor, and shakes his hand. O'Connor hands Spector the mic, giving him the opportunity to address the crowd for the first time in a long time.]

SS: Thank you, Karl.

[Spector looks out over the crowd, amazed at the reaction he's getting.]

GM: The sold out crowd showing their appreciation for one of the all time greats in this sport, Bucky.

BW: I'm surprised that out of anyone that O'Connor could bring in here to watch over the World Title Match at SuperClash, they bring in Steve Spector of all people!

[Spector flashes the kind of smile that would be very difficult to remove from his face as the chants grow louder.]

SS: Thank you, thank you.

[Spector pauses, waiting for the cheers to die down. Instead, a section of the crowd starts a "One More Match!" chant, which is quickly picked up by the rest of the crowd. Spector chuckles, surprised at the chants.]

SS: You know, I would honestly love to oblige, but.. you know between the back surgery I got that effectively ended my career, on top of not even being on a televised wrestling program for the better part of.. what? Eight, nine, ten years? I don't know if I would be able to give you the final match you all deserve.

[The crowd boos in disapproval. Spector shrugs, but doesn't mind the negative reaction.]

SS: Believe me, I'm as disappointed as you are, but while I look and feel great, keepin' myself in shape and everything, you gotta understand, Father

Time comes and claims us all at some point, and I'm no exception to that. Heck, I even admit I don't know the last time I laced my boots up. Hopefully it's not all those hits to the dang head I suffered over the years. Those.. hurt.

[Spector pauses, his eyes shifting.]

SS: Speaking of Father Time, time really does have a funny way of flyin', doesn't it? One minute you're stepping into your first match in the big time, wet behind the ears rookie, dreaming of one day closing out a pay-per-view, World Championship Title in your hands.. next minute, you're tossing a football in the backyard with your five year old son, when suddenly your phone blows up and Karl O'Connor's on the other end talking you into making a special appearance.

[Spector nods in O'Connor's direction, and O'Connor returns the nod.]

SS: At first, I was not willing to do it, to be perfectly honest with you. I walked away from this business once I got the back surgery. I decided that it was time to go home for good, start a family, and give back to the community I grew up in. I got my degree, got a job coaching football at my local high school, and everything's going great. I pretty much told Karl that I was happy where I was, that I've done all I could for this industry.

That is, until he hit my sense of justice and fair play, and hit it hard. You see, he brought up my history with factions over the years, Team Langseth, Redemption.. and a whole host of others! He brought up the man Calisto Dufresne replaced in Royalty, Mark Langseth, a man we all know very well. Men, with all the talent in the world, squandering that talent while hiding behind goons.

[Spector shakes his head.]

SS: O'Connor and the rest of the AWA brass, they racked their brains for quite awhile, wanting to find the right man to make sure that not only Calisto Dufresne fights the good fight on his very own.. but to find the right man that can make sure no other factions stick their noses in. He told me that there are a lot of people invested in this World Title match at SuperClash, not just enemies of Dufresne.. but enemies of his possible opponent. You've got Royalty, of course.. you also have guys like the Unholy Alliance.. the Wise Men.. the Shane Gang.. each and every...

[And then...

....there's static.]

GM: Oh my, Bucky!

BW: Looks like the meet and greet is over.

[Sergei Prokofiev's classical masterpiece, "Dance of the Knights" drifts over the airwaves as it has done so many times before. The dark, eerie notes

blast, instantly creating a dark and foreboding mood that looms over the arena. The loud noises are then replaced with pianissimo and soft strokes of string instruments just as a figure emerges from the entrance portal.]

GM: It's Miss Sandra Hayes! What business does the Siren have out here?!

BW: Does it matter, Gordo?! Look at her! When you look like that you don't need reason!

[The Siren is wrapped up tight in a black spaghetti strapped dress. It stretches down to mid-hip level and gives little room for the imagination of her figure. Her tar colored hair is whipped up into a braid and hangs over her left shoulder. She playfully twirls her florescent pink branding iron around and then points it towards the entrance portal where she is joined by two hulking figures clad in spiked shoulder pads, facial war paint, crazy haircuts, and some pretty killer airbrushed green and black tights. Yes we are talking about the Ring Warriors. Behind them with platinum blonde hair spiking out of his black scalp is the "Last of the Mohawks" Donnie White, clad in his sleeveless leather trench coat that hangs to the floor.]

GM: Miss Sandra Hayes is being joined by her Ring Warriors and Donnie White and I can't imagine what REAL purpose they might have out here, Bucky. Steve Spector has been gone and absent from the wrestling world for nearly a decade...they can't possibly have beef with him or even Karl O'Connor for that matter!

BW: They might not but --

[Bucky's voice instantly trails off as a familiar face comes waltzing out of the back. No bright colors, no sky high mohawk, no spiked pads or anything else that his colleagues seem to fancy themselves with...]

GM: It's Shane! Terry Shane the Third is back, Bucky! Something tells me HE might have business with this World Title situation!

BW: What gave it away, the fact that we haven't seen him in two months and he is nonchalantly walking out here now?

[The Ring Leader, Terry Shane III. Black jeans. Gunmetal colored shirt with, "Salience" on the front and "Look It Up ____" scribbled on the back steps out for the first time since his epic encounter with Hannibal Carver at Homecoming and he picks up right where he left off...his notorious spin, arms wide, jet black hair slowly whipping around with a strong pivot and a swirl. The Gang march down to the ring, single file line style, with Miss Sandra Hayes leading the way and Terry Shane III bringing up the rear.]

GM: We haven't seen Shane in two months and suddenly he reappears...no warning, no reason.

BW: Yet. I'm sure we're about to find out what --

GM: What could be so important that he feels the need to interrupt Steve Spector of all people?

[The Shane Gang hit the ring. Miss Sandra Hayes leans into the ropes, sitting over the middle rope. She waits patiently as Aaron Anderson, Lenny Strong, and Donnie White move down the steps, circling around the ring and it is Shane and Shane alone who follows her up to the ring and ducks through the ropes.]

SS: Well...

[Spector looks less than enthused at the intrusion, most likely due to Shane glaring a hole right THROUGH him.]

SS: Ladies and gentlemen, Terry Shane.. the Third!

[Spector, looking awkward, motions for the crowd to give Shane his due after the battle he had with Hannibal Carver. However, the crowd doesn't oblige, showering the third generation superstar with boos.]

GM: Spector, ever the sportsman, trying to recognize the war that Shane went through at Homecoming but these AWA fans aren't having it!

BW: Tasteless.

SS [smirking]: I.. don't think they're very happy to see you come back.

[No response from Shane, who isn't taking his glare off of Spector for one second. Spector, realizing the situation he's in, ponders how he can get out of it. Hoping to get a laugh out of the Ring Leader, he spots the Ring Warriors..]

SS: ...I'm sorry guys, I didn't bring any Halloween candy. Lovin' the Mad Max gear, really! Lord Humungus would be proud.

[The Ring Warriors shout in protest and try to climb onto the apron. Hayes halts their advance. Shane's glare, however, is unchanged.]

SS: Oookkaaayyyy. Ya know, from the looks of things, I guess I really don't really want to overstay my welcome here. You... probably have something to get off your chest, so the floor is all yours. Let it all out, man, if it'll make ya feel better.

[Spector extends the mic to Shane...

...and Shane RIPS it from his hands. Spector's eyes go wide and he backs off with his palms in the air. The mic picks up Spector going "Easy, man. I got no problem with you."]

TS3: Steve...

[Shane stares at him and Spector just waves him off and tries to step past him.]

TS3: You look like HELL.

[Spector grins, almost agreeing.]

TS3: Now I understand Father Time, being away from the ring, having children, baking cookies, and being a soccer mom can take a toll on a man...

...but something is not adding up here, Steve. Something tells me there is a LITTLE more than meets the eye. Something tells me that during the last ten years while your wife has been putting on her pants one leg at a time every morning and putting bread on the table for the Spectors that you have been having a hard time.

[Spector mouths, "Watch it."]

TS3: I get it, Steve. I saw my old man go through it, I saw Karl's boy here go through it when Cameron had to walk away from one too many blows to the head, and I see it every night I show up here and Hamilton Graham is roaming around begging people to give him HIS autograph. I see the same thing in you, I hear it in your voice. Suddenly you are NOT the man in the household and you feel lost. Confused. Weak.

But it makes perfect sense, Steve.

What you are going through now...

...it basically mirrors your SAD career.

GM: Shane better watch what he says here.

TS3: You never were THE man, were you Steve? You never were the REAL headliner. Despite everything you sacrificed...

...Your dignity. Your pride. Your honor. You GAVE UP on all of it and traded it in for a fast ticket to the Show and a fluke World Title win in the EMWC. You were once a WRESTLER, Steve. A real grind it out, balls to the wall, snap your arm, catch-as-catch-can wrestler. But even in those days you never made it to the TOP of the mountain. No matter whether you were the Edge or the Armitage.

It did. NOT. Matter.

[Spector's attention is now fully on Terry Shane III. The grin, the smirk, the smile...all gone.]

TS3: Call it jealousy, envy, passion....

...I called it cowardly.

[Shane moves towards Spector.]

TS3: I called it DESPERATE.

[And shoves his finger into his chest.]

TS3: I called it PATHETIC.

I saw a man with all the drive, heart, and passion that promoters near and far would sell their soul for...

...but it was YOU who sold out, Steve.

You got tired of being overlooked and forgotten. Tired of playing second fiddle to the Dreamlovers, the Claws, the Blackhearts and you became angry. And when those names were replaced by Courtade, and Gremlin, and Justice....

...YOU SNAPPED.

Steve Spector...THE WRESTLER...was dead.

[Shane shakes his head, Spector shoves his finger away and it draws a wry smile from the Ring Leader.]

TS3: Born again was a monster.

A deviant.

A tyrant.

Hellbent on smashing young men's skulls with chairs, ladders, baseball bats...

...and light tubes.

[There's a loud cheer at the mention of light tubes. It even draws a sneer from Spector and a foul look from Shane.]

TS3: That is WHY I can not stand in the back and watch this charade anymore. I will not let YOU, Steve...

...do to the AWA World Title what you did to the gold in the EMWC.

I will not let you mess on it with your pathetic legacy.

[Spector appears to be mouthing something in protest , but the mic doesn't pick it up. Shane brushes whatever Spector said off, to prove his point.]

TS3: I will not let YOU defend it or even stand by and enforce its' merit.

The AWA World Title deserves better than THAT.

It deserves better than Steve Spector.

It deserves ME.

[Shane eyes are fixated on those of Spector. The stare is returned. Solid. Cold.]

TS3: So if you want to ruin something, Steve...

...I suggest you go home.

Go home to your wife.

Go home to little Stevie.

GM: Spector is irate! You don't talk about a man's family! Shane has crossed the line, Bucky!

TS3: Go home and show them what you FAILED to show these people for over ten years.

Go home and SHOW THEM that Steve Spector can be THE man. Go home and show them that Steve Spector can be A man!

[The crowd "ooooohs" as Spector seethes.]

TS3: Because the Steve Spector who is standing in front of me? He's not a man at all. The Steve Spector in front of me is nothing but a-

[But just before whatever final insult he's got in store falls from the mouth of Shane, Spector shoves his boot into the Ring Leader's gut...

...buckling him over.]

GM: Spector with a front facelock!

BW: He wouldn't!

GM: He is!

[Spector lifts Shane vertically up into the air, pushing him up as high as he can as the crowd buzzes with anticipation...

...and then snaps Shane's body downward and DRIVES his shoulders and back into the canvas!]

GM: CHERRY BLOSSOM BOMBER! HE NAILED HIM! WE HAVEN'T SEEN THAT IN YEARS!

BW: Injustice!

GM: Shane got exactly what he deserved!

BW: And now Spector is going to get his! Here comes the Gang!

[Anderson, Strong, and White dive into the ring and the veteran quickly rolls to his feet. Donnie White lunges for Spector...

...and Steve slides out underneath the bottom rope!]

BW: He's running!

GM: He's smart.

BW: Run, you coward! Run back to retirement!

[Miss Sandra Hayes kneels beside Shane and peppers his cheek with her palm trying to stir Shane back to consciousness. Anderson and Strong yell out towards Spector who backpedals and waves goodbye to the Ring Warriors.]

GM: Spector laid him out! Terry Shane III was, at one point, the Number One Contender to the World Heavyweight Title this summer - and in fact, he's STILL got a guaranteed World Title shot in his pocket but Steve Spector just dropped him!

BW: Nobody expected it! Shane wasn't ready for it! He didn't think some retired old man would try and attack him!

GM: Oh, he didn't TRY and attack him, Bucky. He got him up in the air and he put him down hard with one of the most devastating and recognizable moves ever - the Cherry Blossom Bomber!

[Spector disappears through the curtain to a tremendous roar from the crowd as Hayes and White pull Shane to a seated position on the mat. Shane blinks several times, grabbing at the back of his head, mumbling something to his crew who surrounds him.]

GM: Terry Shane just walked out here tonight, fresh off a concussion that he suffered in that brutal matchup at Homecoming against Hannibal Carver... and he got dropped on the back of his head again!

BW: That's nothing to celebrate, Gordo! The man could be seriously injured!

[With the aid of his cohorts, Shane gets dragged up to his feet, his eyes widen and dart around the ring, looking for his attacker who has fled the scene.]

GM: Oh boy, Bucky! Shane is livid! I haven't seen this look in his eyes since the night he wrapped Hannibal Carver's neck up in chains and tried to strangle his last breath away!

[Shane snaps and Karl O'Connor who had been standing to the side smartens up and exits the ring...promptly. Shane goes towards the corner and TEARS the turnbuckle padding off and throws it into the crowd.]

GM: Karl O'Connor wisely got the heck out of there and Terry Shane has snapped!

[Shane slams his arm into the metal turnbuckle, screaming out at O'Connor who nearly stumbles over as he tries to steady his aging body. Shane steps through the ropes, hopping down to the floor where he grabs the ring apron with the AWA logo splashed across it, yanking hard and ripping it down to the barely-padded floor!]

GM: Shane has lost it!

BW: Can you blame him?!

GM: He did this to himself! HE came out here, Bucky! HE interrupted Steve Spector! HE shoved his finger into his chest and talked about his family!

[Shane heaves the banner to the side, storming to the side where he promptly grabs the end of the timekeeper's table, lifting up and upending the table, sending stuff all over the place. Phil Watson dives aside as the table flips in his direction. Watson gives a shout at Shane who snatches up the ringbell, throwing it into the side of the wooden entrance ramp to a loud clang!]

GM: Look out, Phil! This guy doesn't care who he hurts right now!

[Shane doesn't have a mic on him but he's easily heard.]

"O'CONNOR!"

[But it's no use as the AWA President has opted to vacate the premises during the chaos, slowly making his way back up the aisle towards the locker room area! Cane in hand, he's working his way towards the back when Shane spots him...

...and promptly tears up the ringsteps, shouting again at the AWA President before he stalks after him!]

GM: Terry Shane is in hot pursuit of the AWA President, fans! What a wild way to start Saturday Night Wrestling but we're going to take a quick break and clean up out here! We'll be right back with the night's opening matchup!

[Cut to a head and torso shot of a sharply dressed Stevie Scott, who stands alone in the ring in an empty WKIK studio, looking directly at YOU, the home viewer!]

HSS: Hey, you there!

[He taps the air, and inexplicably, a "plink plink" sound is heard, as if he is tapping the inside of your TV set...and your TV set were still one of those old-fashioned models from the 80's.]

HSS: This is the Hotshot talking to ya! Did you miss out on the Heat Wave tour, or do you just want to experience all the HOT action one more time? Well, you're in luck...

[From out of camera sight, Stevie Scott picks his arm up and reveals a DVD, with many small pictures of action surrounding one large picture of AWA World Champion Calisto Dufresne in a pose.]

HSS: ...because the new 2013 Heat Wave tour DVD is now available on AWAShop.com! Whoo, check it out!

[Stevie flicks the DVD towards the camera...which, through the wonders of post-production, starts spinning rapidly at the screen for a second, until it morphs into a shot of Miss Sandra Hayes leading her charge to the ring.]

HSS: Nine matches, over three hours of action from all over the southern states that was just too HOT for television!

[Cut to a shot of BC Da Mastah MC trying a diving splash into the corner...and MISSING, as Yuma Weaver gets out of the way, and comes back with a THUNDEROUS chop.]

HSS: You'll see BC Da Mastah MC and Yuma Weaver in a hellacious Indian Strap Match!

[Manny Imbragno has Dave Bryant up in his patented extended Airplane Spin.]

HSS: The World Television title is up for grabs as Dave Bryant defends against the enigmatic Manny Imbragno!

[In what looks to be shallow center field of a minor league baseball stadium, Juan Vasquez is slugging it out with...something slimy.]

HSS: The best of two eras collide, as Juan Vasquez engages in a no-holds barred brawl with The Mud Monster!

[Kenny Stanton and Brad Jacobs slump in opposite corners, as The Rave hits a running double dropkick on Stanton...then kip up and do the same to Jacobs, as Larry Doyle pounds the mat in frustration.]

HSS: The Rave try to fulfill their destiny twenty years early, as they take on The Blonde Bombers for the World Tag Team Championships!

[Cut to a shot of Calisto Dufresne and Supernova eyeing each other in the ring...followed a shot of Dufresne getting press-slammed off the top rope...followed by a bloody Dufresne trapped in Supernova's Solar Flare leglock.]

HSS: And that's right, it was a SuperClash III rematch as Supernova got his shot at Calisto Dufresne for the big one, the twenty pounds of gold, the World Heavyweight Championship! All this action, plus much, much more!

[Cut to a shot of a screen featuring a DVD player, a screen on the right showing other wrestling action, and a screen on the left back to showing a well-dressed Stevie in the ring, talking directly to the home viewer.]

HSS: Who won? Who lost? My lips are sealed! The only way to find out is to order the DVD from AWAShop.com, right now!

[The URL appears on the bottom of the screen for a second, before fading out...

...and then back up to live action where a wide shot of the ring shows a handful of ring crew members trying to re-attach the ring apron as Phil Watson takes center stage.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Already in the ring at this weight in at 219 pounds. Hailing from Oakland, California here is... MATT ROGERS!

[Rogers ascends the corner turnbuckle and pumps both hands into the air. He has messy black hair that unravels down to the center of his back as well as a tightly groomed mustache and goatee. Rogers wears black trunks with a red circle-A anarchist symbol on each leg, black ankle supports, wrist and finger tape.]

GM: Matt Rogers, no relation to the Beale Street Bully of the same name, has been nipping at the verge of breaking out here in the AWA for a little while now. He's a good striker and proven time and time that he can fly but a win here tonight could elevate him to that next level.

BW: He might be able to fly, but nothing like this guy we are about to see.

[The screen dissolves...

...it re-opens on a computer screen with a list of popular videos; Homeless Veteran Time-lapse Transformation. Kitten vs. Alligator. Justin Dusscher "Say Hey" stage dive. Super Typhoon Haiyan hits Philippines. But the mouse scrolls over another video, one with 465,573 hits. Jumpin' Internet Sensation.

Click.

"Fly" by Sugar Ray plays as a young man, no more than 20 years of age, leaps from the air, contorting his body around in a rapid double corkscrew, and splashing his body over a prone wrestler. The same man moonsaults from the top rope and narrowly misses an opponent, however he lands on his feet and instantly springs around again with a standing moonsault and his body smashes over another man. The young man snaps his body around

in air with a spinning heel kick and before he lands his other leg whips around and cracks the skull of the same opponent. Finally the man races across the ring and leaps onto the top rope, springs up, and flips his body backwards while propelling it forwards and crashing over three men on the outside of the ring. The camera cuts to a small crowd of no more than 55 fans screaming. The image fades.]

PW: And his opponent, hailing from Dayton, Ohio weighing in at 183 pounds making his AWA debut here is...

[Mark McGrath's voice booms over the loud speakers as he belts out...]

I JUST WANNA FLY

PW: JUMPIN'! JOHNNY! SKYYYYYYYYYYYYE!"

[There's a loud ovation for the internet high flying sensation. Skye comes BURSTING through the back, leaping wildly into the air and somersaulting through the air before landing back on his feet. He has wavy brown hair that hangs just below ear length. He brushes it away from his light blue eyes and points out to the crowd who cheer him on.]

GM: We've been hearing about this kid for awhile now, Bucky. It's time to see what if he has what it takes to make in the business. He has been one of the most watched wrestlers online for six months straight and finally... FINALLY the AWA Talent Relations department was able to reach an agreement with him and come to terms with a nice deal to yet again deliver the best free agents around to our AWA fans.

BW: I ain't buyin' in, Gordo. This isn't YouTube. This isn't his best buds backyard ring. This is THE AWA. This is the home of some of the greatest talent the wrestling world has ever seen. If you ask me, this kid is all smoke and mirrors.

GM: Well, he's going to get a chance to prove you and all the other doubters wrong right now.

[Johnny Skye high fives fans as he makes his first few steps down the aisle. His slender and athletic physique is evident in his ripped midsection. He wears baggy yellow ring pants that are tucked into knee high black boots and knee pads. The word "HIGHLIGHT REEL" is written down his left.]

GM: I'm not gonna lie, Bucky. I've had my doubts as well but I can't help but to be excited for this young kid's debut. The Committee keeps lining up star after star for us and rarely do they get it wrong. Rarely do they ever disappoint the AWA fans.

[Suddenly the cheers turn into utter disbelief...

...as one man comes SPRINTING out of the back, hellbent on spoiling this party. Determined to take his aggression out on, well, anyone.]

BW: SHANE!

GM: What is he-

[Shane charges forward, barreling down the aisle towards the unsuspecting Johnny Skye. The wild-eye and heated Ring Leader throws himself into a tackle...

...taking Skye down to the elevated platform where Skye quickly rolls off, landing hard on the barely-padded floor!]

GM: MY STARS! WHAT IS TERRY SHANE III DOING OUT HERE?!

BW: He's taking back the streets!

[Shane straddles Skye, unloading with a flurry of fists that find home across the face of Johnny Skye. Terry Shane III continues the onslaught, now driving forearms through Skye's shielding arms that catch him again and again across the jaw, nose, and forehead. Shane rolls off, grabbing Skye by the head and arm...

...and FLINGS him into the railing!]

GM: Shane has lost it! First he comes out and disrespects Steve Spector and now this! What has come over him?!

BW: Going through the hell that Hannibal Carver put him through at Homecoming, Gordo. Surviving something like that will change a man.

GM: This is absurd! This kid has done nothing to him!

[Shane holds Skye up against the railing and DRILLS him with a backhanded chop. He does it a second time and Skye's chest turns beat red! He drags Skye towards the ring and hurls him into the apron where his legs buckle upon impact. Shane shoves him back up, rolling him onto the apron as he DEMANDS Matt Rogers to leave.]

GM: Rogers wants no part of Terry Shane III and really...who can blame him? Shane has lost it!

[Shane ascends the ring steps and pulls Skye back up to his feet. He hooks his arm and TOSSES him into the ring.]

BW: Not exactly the high flying entrance Skye was probably hoping for into the AWA ring.

[Skye rolls into the ring, desperately trying to get to his feet as he pulls himself up to all fours...

...but opens himself up for the running Terry Shane III who sprints forward, plants his left foot, and then UNLEASHES a brutal soccer kick to the skull that snaps Skye's head back and flips him over!]

GM: OH MY! WHAT A KICK! WHAT A SOCCER KICK TO THE SKULL!

[An irate Shane yells down at Johnny Skye mouthing, "You are no wrestler! You do not belong here!". Shane SPITS down at Skye and kicks his right leg. He then yanks Skye's right boot up and stomps repeatedly on the inside of his knee.]

GM: He's targeting the leg! He's going to try and break the young high flyer's leg, Bucky!

[Shane drops down, driving an elbow into the inside of the leg. He shoots back and then does a second time...then a third...and a fourth...fifth. Sixth. Seventh. Eight. Ninth. And then stands over, spinning himself around the prone leg of Johnny Skye.]

GM: Spinning Toe Hold! He's got that patented Shane family leg hold on Skye! He is, Bucky! He is trying to end Skye's career before it ever starts! We need some help out here!

[Shane lets up for a moment, only to spin around the leg several times before wrapping it around his own leg again, squeezing tighter and tighter as the boos rain down on Shane...

...boos that ERUPT into cheers at the sight of one man running down the aisle!]

GM: IT'S HIM! IT'S STEVE SPECTOR!

[The fans go absolutely berserk as Spector, still dressed in street clothes, sprints towards the ring, narrowing in on Terry Shane III who turns towards the aisle after hearing the thunderous ovation and knowing quite well it is not for the thought of him breaking Johnny Skye's leg!]

GM: Shane sees him! He's letting go of Skye and calling out towards Spector! This is what he wants! Shane is BEGGING him on!

[Spector hits the ring, sliding underneath the bottom rope and Shane holds up both fists, almost shaking with anticipation...

...only to become enraged when Spector grabs Johnny Skye by the leg and drags him out of the ring!]

GM: Spector is leaving! He came to save Johnny Skye and he's taking the poor kid back down the aisle!

BW: Get in there and fight you coward!

GM: Spector wants no part of him! He could care less about Terry Shane III and his temper tantrum!

BW: He's afraid, Gordo! He ain't got nothin' left in the tank!

GM: Steve Spector has been through WARS, Bucky. You know it, I know, and these people know it! That's why they cheer his name so loudly. That man is a hero to these people still after all these years! And THAT man, Terry Shane III, he has no right to call out Steve Spector. He has done nothing to merit it!

[Shane leans over the ropes, screaming back towards Spector who back pedals away from the ring with Johnny Skye's arm wrapped over his shoulder as we cut to backstage where Jason Dane stands beside Curt Sawyer. Curt wears brown boots, faded jeans, and a black and red Rusty Spur promotional t-shirt. In one hand, he holds his trusty cherry-red axe handle. With the other, he runs a hand through his shaggy brown hair and scratches at his trimmed beard.]

JD: Tonight, Curt Sawyer, you have a chance to get a piece of the Beale Street Bullies, who drew your ire when they were involved in a bar room brawl with the Lynches in your establishment, the Rusty Spur.

CS: That's right, Jason, my ire is a-fire, and the Bullies are gonna feel the heat. I don't care which one of those three knuckleheads shows up tonight, but there's a thumping due, and I'm here to collect.

Rogers, Donovan, Wyatt... I feel bad for whoever drew the short straw.

[He slaps the axe handle against his hand.]

CS: Junie, darling, this one's for you.

[From the right walks in the youngest Lynch, Travis. He is wearing a super smedium black AWA Texas Born t-shirt, as usual, to show off the guns and a pair of grey sweatpants. He nods at Jason Dane and looks at Curt Sawyer. Travis extends his hand towards Sawyer and the two men shake hands.]

TL: Curt, I want to apologize for coming out here and interrupting your time but I need to say something to you. After Homecoming, Jack and I... well to say we were as hot as a billy goat in a pepper patch, is a bit of an understatement.

[Travis pauses.]

TL: Our heads were with Jimmy and well... we owe you an apology for what happened at the Rusty Spur.

[Curt nods without hesitation.]

CS: I appreciate that, Travis. You and I got no beef. Lord knows I've gotten into a bar fight or three in my day. Hell, they were usually in the Rusty Spur! The Lynches are always welcome in my establishment. Just don't touch the new flat screen, got it?

[They share a laugh.]

TL: Now that that has been taken care of, I need a favor.

[Curt looks a bit surprised.]

CS: What's that?

[Travis pauses, bracing himself for what he's about to ask.]

TL: Tonight, you're supposed to step into the ring with one of the Beale Street Bullies.

[Curt nods. Travis takes a long exhale before continuing.]

TL: I'm asking you to step aside and let me enter that ring instead. I don't care which one enters that ring, I just need to be able to...

[Travis raises his left hand.]

TL: ...lock the claw on and listen to a Bully squeal like a stuck pig!

[Curt looks down, shaking his head.]

CS: Those Bullies disrespected me and my family, Travis. I know your issues with them run deep, but I can't just sit idle and let them walk free for what they did.

[Travis nods as he raises a hand.]

TL: I get that this match means a lot to you. Trust me, I get it. But these three pieces of trash... well, we've tried to hang 'em but the ropes broke. So tonight, their luck needs to run out.

Tonight, one of 'em needs to step into that ring with me and pay for what they've done to Jimmy and the pain they've caused the family, Curt.

[Travis takes another deep breath.]

TL: Curt, I'm beggin' ya. I'm beggin' ya, let me be the one to beat whatever Beale Street Bully decides to walk down that aisle, pillar to post!

[Curt gives a heavy sigh. He scratches at his beard again, thinking.]

CS: I tell you what, tough guy. Since I like you... and I respect you... I'm gonna step aside this time and let you take care of business. I'm not done with them, but I'll give ya first dibs.

Now, if those Bullies try to pull a fast one and get around the ban...

[Curt holds up his axe handle.]

CS: Me and mine will be there to watch your back. If you need the Rusty Spur Roughneck, just holler. But you warn those Bullies... if there's anything left of them when you're through, I got next.

[Curt extends his hand and the two shake again before Sawyer walks off.]

JD: Well, fans, it appears we have a change in plans here tonight as now it will be Travis Lynch taking on one of the Bullies!

[Travis grins with a nod, holding up a clenched fist as we fade from backstage.]

Ring announcer Phil Watson is standing in the ring. Also in the ring is an athletically-built young man, with a toned physique. He has light brown skin and straight, shoulder-length, black hair. His face is painted like a skull and he is wearing red pants over a pair of black boots. The young man is seated in the corner, with his back against the turnbuckles.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall, with a ten minute time limit. In the ring, hailing from parts unknown and weighing in at 235 pounds, he is EL MUCHACHO...CALAAAVERRRAAA!!!

[Muchacho Calavera does not react, just staring straight ahead with a faraway look in his eyes.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The Pogues' "The Rocky Road to Dublin" starts to play over the arena speakers. Ten seconds in, an athletically-built man, with a sandy blond crew cut and lightly-tanned skin, strides through the entranceway. He is dressed in a black singlet, with bright green bands down the side, and the image of a brown bear, standing on its hind legs, across the front. In addition, he has on black knee pads and black laceless boots.]

'T WAS IN THE MERRY MONTH OF JUNE FROM ME HOME I STARTED #
LEFT THE GIRLS IN TUAM NEARLY BROKEN-HEARTED #
SALUTED FATHER DEAR, KISSED ME DARLING MOTHER #
DRANK A PINT OF BEER, ME GRIEF AND TEARS TO SMOTHER #
THEN OFF TO REAP THE CORN, LEAVE WHERE I WAS BORN #
CUT A STOUT BLACKTHORN TO BANISH GHOSTS AND GOBLINS #
BRAND NEW PAIR OF BROGUES RATTLED O'ER THE BOGS #
FRIGHTENED ALL THE DOGS ON THE ROCKY ROAD TO DUBLIN

[As he makes his way to the ring, we see the man's mouth moving, but we are not quite able to catch what he is saying to the fans on either side of the aisle. At some point, it appears as if he is singing along to his entrance theme.]

ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, FIVE #
HUNT THE HARE AND TURN HER DOWN THE ROCKY ROAD #
AND ALL THE WAY TO DUBLIN, WHACK FOLLLOL DE DAH!

PW: Hailing from County Cork, Ireland and weighing in at 240 pounds, he is...

CALLUM MAAAHONEEEY!!!

[Reaching the ring, Mahoney steps through the ropes. As the music fades, he paces the ring, awaiting the start of the match. A decent portion of the fans begin to chant "FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!"]

"DING! DING!"

[At the ring of the bell, Muchacho Calavera immediately gets to his feet and in Mahoney's face. There is an exchange of words, as both men are literally forehead to forehead, before Mahoney shoves the facepainted young man into the ropes. He piefaces Muchacho Calavera, holding him against the ropes, as referee Ricky Longfellow starts the count. Mahoney releases on four, yelling at Muchacho Calavera as he steps away.]

GM: Caught! Muchacho Calavera with a kick to the gut! Knife edge chop!

BW: Mahoney's holding his ground... In fact, Mahoney is asking Muchacho Calavera for another one!

GM: And Muchacho Calavera obliges!

[With Mahoney still yelling at him, Muchacho Calavera hits the ropes, going for a spinning heel kick on the rebound, but Mahoney ducks and Muchacho Calavera crashes to the mat. He scrambles to his feet, but gets knocked down by a running clubbing forearm to the back by Mahoney.]

GM: And Mahoney tosses Muchacho Calavera over the top ropes... Mahoney goes after the facepainted young man...

BW: What do you think of the look, Gordo?

GM: Just in time for Halloween, I suppose.

"KLAAANG!!!"

GM: Whipped into the ringside barricade! And Mahoney sends the kid back first into the ring apron.

[Another clubbing forearm to the back of the head staggers Muchacho Calavera. Mahoney grabs hold of him and throws him back under the bottom rope. Mahoney follows him into the ring and drops another clubbing forearm to the back of Muchacho Calavera's neck.]

GM: He picks him up... Body slam! Callum Mahoney is just wearing his opponent down.

BW: Stiff, stiff kick to the back of Muchacho Calavera!

GM: Mahoney hooks both of Muchacho Calavera's arms behind him. Some sort of double chickenwing hold being applied here.

BW: He's pushing him up off the mat, too, Gordo. That puts a lot of pressure on the arms and shoulders. He's softening him up for the armbar!

[With the elevated double chickenwing applied, the referee asks Muchacho Calavera if he wants to submit. The newcomer does not get a chance to reply before Mahoney releases the hold and drops him face-first to the mat.]

GM: Mahoney pulls his opponent to his feet... Hard whip into the corner!

BW: Here he comes!

GM: Caught! Muchacho Calavera caught him with a boot to the face! And now he's going up top...

[The luchador hurls himself off the top, hindquarters first. The tail end of Mexico smashes Mahoney in the face, knocking him off his feet and down to the mat.]

GM: Mahoney gets sent down hard to the mat... and this time, it's Calavera dragging Mahoney to his feet.

BW: Wow! He thinks it's over, Gordo.

[He certainly does as he drags a thumb across his throat.]

GM: That's a mistake if you ask me.

[Mahoney proves Gordon correct as he uses the momentary showboating to break out of the luchador's grip, grabbing his wrist, twisting it around, and YANKING him into a short-arm clothesline!]

GM: Ohh! Big clothesline out of Mahoney... and a big elbow down across the chest as well!

[The Irishman climbs to his feet, bringing Calavera up with him as he grabs a handful of trunks...

...and ROCKETS him shoulder-first into the ringpost!]

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE STEEL!

[Calavera staggers backwards, trying to shake some feeling back into his left arm as Mahoney grabs it, leaping up to scissor it with his legs, and drags Muchacho Calavera down to the mat in the trappings of the armbar!]

GM: And the Armbar Assassin has the armbar locked on!

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: It's purely academic, Gordo. Muchacho Calavera submits and the armbar guy claims yet another victim!

PW: Here is your winner, by submission... CALLUM MAAAHONEEEY!!!

[The Pogues' "The Rocky Road to Dublin" starts to play, as Mahoney releases the hold and gets to his feet. Longfellow tries to raise his hand, but Mahoney very quickly pulls it away. Instead, he holds both his arms up, to a mixed reaction from the crowd. He looks directly into the camera and we hear him say, "Bloody young punks want to come in here and run their mouths and steal MY spotlight? They'd better be prepared to deal with me!" before stepping through the ropes and exiting the ring.]

GM: You heard what he had to say right there. I've gotta say that as I walked the locker room today, there are more than a couple people upset by what's happening with this year's Steal The Spotlight match at SuperClash. Remember, the winner of that match earns the right to call their shot - name the match of this choice anytime in the next year. Last time, we found out that not only will one team be made up completely of competitors who are new to the AWA but also that the opposing team will be Chris Blue's organization.

BW: Except for that precious final spot.

GM: Indeed. The spot that Blue intends to sell to the highest bidder... and we don't believe it's cash he's looking for.

BW: Information. Power. Influence. It means more than money to that man.

GM: Later tonight, Chris Blue will be introducing his team to the world as well as addressing just who will be filling that final spot on his team. In addition, throughout the night, we will also be finding out who will be making up the opposing team - the team of brand new competitors who've never stepped foot in the AWA. Right now, let's find out the first name on that team who is standing by with our own Jason Dane. Jason?

[Cut to backstage, where we find Jason Dane standing next to a large man that some die-hard wrestling fans may have a vague "Don't I know you from somewhere?" familiarity towards. He stands at about 6'6", with broad shoulders and his dirty blonde hair is pulled back into a neat ponytail. He wears a grey sports coat, jeans, a white oxford shirt and a tie with Snoopy as the World War I Flying Ace on it. He gives Jason a respectful nod.]

JD: Thanks, Gordon. With me right now will be one of the participants in the Steal the Spotlight match at SuperClash...Mister Tony Sunn! [A beat] You've actually been out of the spotlight for a few years now...what prompted you to sign on for this?

TS: Heh... [a lopsided smile pops up on his face.] Well, it's always nice to be remembered by someone, for starters. So when I got the invite from the AWA brass, admittedly I was kinda surprised! AWA has such a dynamic legacy that to be given this opportunity to become a part of it, who am I to say no?! But really, the main...the main motivation was--

[Tony's expression suddenly falters as his voice catches in his throat.]

TS: ...excuse me. [He tries to compose himself with a weak, brief smile, but it fades fast.] My dad...I lost him back in February. He's the reason why I got into this sport! He was always my biggest supporter, my biggest fan. Every promotion closing on me, every setback, all the moving around...he kept pushing me and cheering me on. To never quit, never give up on your dreams. [Tony nods to himself, a distant look in his eyes.] I'm doing this for HIM. Nothing would mean more to me than to have my arm raised in victory at Steal The Spotlight and say "We did it, Dad. WE DID IT!"

JD: Emotional words, Tony. Of course, you're not going to be the only competitor in that ring.

TS: Yeah. I don't know who my teammates are yet. As for Chris Blue and his team... [Tony's gaze hardens in determination.] ...I don't know what your game is, Blue. Stacking one side of the deck with your guys, selling a spot to the highest bidder -- it STINKS. It's the way of a coward! But I've come too far and been forgotten for too long just to be a pawn in someone else's agenda! And I. Will. NOT. BACK. DOWN!

[A smile finally forms on Tony's lips, strong and sure.]

TS: Jason, after SuperClash, I guarantee that Tony Sunn WILL be a name to be remembered in AWA...

[Sunn claps Dane on the shoulder before walking out of the shot.]

JD: Tony Sunn... competitor #1 to be announced for that mysterious Steal The Spotlight team! Who will his four partners be? We're going to find out throughout the night but right now, let's go back down to the ring for more action!

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

PW: This tag team match is scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Currently in the ring... the team of Madhouse McWesson and The South Philly Phighter!

[Both men raise their arms to the boos of the crowd and then challenge the entire arena to a fight as "Can't Hold Us" by Macklemore and Ryan Lewis begins to play and Cody Mertz and Michael Aarons come racing out of the back to the cheers from the crowd.]

PW: Weighing in at a total of four hundred twenty pounds, Michael Aarons and Cody Mertz... the team of... AIIIIIIIR STRIIIIIIKE!

[All smiles and sprinting down the aisle, Air Strike slap the hands of all the fans that stick their arms out. Aarons has a well-toned, tanned small size frame with shoulder length brown hair. He is wearing long purple tights with a yellow vertical stripe going down the leg; Mertz is a similar size if not a little smaller with short, messy dirty blonde hair. Mertz has on long black tights with a purple vertical stripe going down each leg. Each is wearing the brand new Air Strike tee shirt! ON SALE NOW!]

BW: Here comes Team "Biting Off More Than They Can Chew"!

GM: Stop that, Bucky. Air Strike is a high flying up and coming team and has moved up in the rankings all the way to Number Six. Another couple of wins and they're going to pop right into the Top Five.

BW: And right in front of the Longhorn Riders, who have been here longer AND are undefeated!

GM: WERE undefeated. Until Air Strike came down two weeks ago and righted a severe injustice that the Riders were trying to pull!

BW: Ridiculous! I refuse to acknowledge that biased ref's decision. Who does he think he is overturning that match?

GM: The official.

BW: Yeah exactly who does that official think he is?

GM: No he is the *sigh* let's just go to the match as Cody Mertz is going to start things off against Madhouse.

[The two competitors lock up in the center as Mertz quickly moves behind into a rear waistlock. McWesson looks for a way to escape, grabbing the wrists, looking for a back elbow opportunity...]

BW: Mertz tucks his chin nicely... maybe he DID learn something from Michaelson.

[McWesson suddenly rushes towards the ropes, hooking onto them as he bucks off Mertz, sending him down to the mat where he rolls through, getting back to his feet as McWesson charges, arm outstretched for a clothesline...]

GM: Clothesli- whoa!

BW: He leapfrogged OVER a standing man!

GM: Very impressive leaping ability out of Mertz.

[McWesson hits the far ropes, rebounding back as Mertz blindly leaps up and over again to a big cheer!]

GM: Wow! Another one - this one without even looking at his opponent!

[The bigger man hits the ropes for the second time, rebounding back...

...and getting taken down to the mat with an armdrag!]

GM: Nicely executed armdrag... but McWesson's right back up...

[The crowd cheers as Mertz takes him down again, releasing and sending McWesson sprawling across the ring. The angry brawler slaps the mat, rage filling his eyes as he gets back up, charging in again...]

GM: Oh my! He runs right into a side headlock takeover by Mertz! These guys are so fast, so agile... and so good as a team, Bucky. For a team who hasn't been together very long, they've really impressed me so far.

BW: Alright, Gordo... that's enough of all that jabber about these two goofs. Let's talk about what the Colts are going to do to these twerps after they get their hands on them. Jim was none too pleased about being embarrassed like that on TV! He has a legacy to live up to, and he vowed to me that he will get his revenge on Fred and Ethel's grandkid over here.

GM: Fred and Ethel?

BW: Yeah... from... never mind.

[Fighting up off the mat, McWesson backs Mertz into the ropes before throwing him off and across the ring where Mertz rebounds off, charging back towards McWesson who looks for another clothesline.]

GM: Mertz ducks the clothesline... off the far side...

[McWesson sets a wide base as he winds up for a haymaker and Mertz drops down, sliding right between the legs...]

GM: So quick!

[The off-balance brawler swings around again just as Mertz leaps up, hooking his head between his legs, and dragging him down to the mat with a textbook huracanrana!]

GM: OHHH MY Beautiful maneuver by Mertz to send Madhouse down to the mat... and there's the tag!

[The first tag of the match brings squeals from the females in the crowd, getting louder as Michael Aarons tags himself into the match. He smiles at the reaction before using the ropes to slingshot himself over the top rope into the squared circle.]

GM: Aarons is in and here comes the double team...

BW: Illegal double team!

GM: They've got a five count to get it in.

[Mertz and Aarons each grab an arm, twisting the arms in unison before whipping McWesson across, catching him on the rebound with a double hip toss that draws a cheer from the fans!]

GM: They take the big man down...

[The South Philly Phighter has suddenly seen enough, rushing through the ropes to charge Air Strike...

...who are ready and waiting, taking McWesson over in a second double hip toss that sends him crashing down on top of his own partner to a BIG cheer from the fans!]

GM: These Texas fans are liking what they're seeing out of Mertz and Aarons - tag team specialists if I've ever seen them, Bucky.

BW: Oh, give me a break.

GM: Hey, that's my line!

BW: Yeah, but I'm the one who needs one. Air Strike's beaten some gas station attendants and baristas... that's for sure but let's see what happens when they get in there with some real competition like the Longhorn Riders or Dichotomy.

[As the Phighter rolls out of the ring, Aarons pulls McWesson off the mat, backing him into the corner with a pair of European Uppercuts that leaves the bigger man reeling.]

GM: Michael Aarons taking over on Madhouse McWesson now... and Bucky, you've gotta be a little bit impressed with Air Strike.

BW: I do? To me, they're just like the rest of these do-gooders that have infested the tag team division. The Northern Lights... those Young Bloods... and these punks? Ugh. I haven't been so sickened by the tag division since the Stenches were on top of it.

GM: Speaking of the Sten- err, the Lynches... Travis Lynch will be in action later tonight, fans... and you don't want to miss it when he takes on one of the Beale Street Bullies!

BW: Yup. The oldest rookie in the business decided he wanted no part of the Bullies and quickly bailed out of that match at the first chance.

GM: That's not what happened at all, Bucky. That match is coming up in a short while, fans, so stay tuned for that but right now, we're watching Air Strike take on Madhouse McWesson and the South Philly Phighter.

[While the announcers chattered, Aarons went to rocket McWesson across to the opposite neutral corner but Madhouse reversed, sending Aarons in as he charged behind him...]

GM: Both men heading in... ohh! Aarons leaps up and over and McWesson hits the corner hard!

BW: Nice move. They definitely have the quickness edge against these two. Which is kinda like saying Dallas has a Super Bowl edge over the Eagles... it's not even close!

GM: I'm going to tell the Phighter you said that.

[McWesson staggers out of the corner before being spun around into a boot to the gut by Aarons, doubling him over. Aarons grabs him in a front chancery, but quickly reverses course after a slight hesitation. He tags in Mertz.]

GM: Another tag by Air Strike... Aarons twists the arm around...

[And Mertz comes off the top with a double axehandle across the twisted arm!]

GM: Mertz hits the arm off the top... and now goes right back to the arm, twisting it around in the arm wringer...

[McWesson again starts looking for an escape, trying to grab the ropes. Finding them out of reach as Mertz gives the arm a hard yank, McWesson looks for the easy way out, sticking his thumb into the eye of the young man!]

GM: Oh! Cheap shot by McWesson!

[Mertz stumbles away, rubbing at his eyes as McWesson throws himself into a powerful forearm between the shoulderblades, knocking Mertz down to the mat. He keeps him there with a few hard stomps to the back before looking over to his corner. The Phighter mimics throwing a right hand to a nod from McWesson.]

GM: I would think McWesson would want to make the tag right now but the Phighter seems to have talked him out of it for the moment as McWesson pulls the youngster off the mat...

[Grabbing the arm, Madhouse fires Mertz into the ropes...]

GM: Clothesli- ducked again by Mertz!

[He hits the ropes, bouncing off and gaining speed as he ducks right under a second clothesline attempt...]

GM: To the ropes again! Off the far side... CROSS BOD-

BW: CAUGHT! HAHA!

[Mertz finds himself trapped in the arms of the bigger man who holds him across his chest, turning to show his partner who cheers him on. But as McWesson turns back the other way, Michael Aarons takes the opportunity to run into the ring, throwing a dropkick to his own partner's back, knocking Madhouse down to the mat into a pinning predicament!]

GM: Oh my! Nicely done by Air Strike!

BW: Nicely done?! That was blatantly illegal, Gordo!

GM: Just a two count though off the doubleteam... and Mertz quickly regains his feet, tagging in his partner...

[Michael Aarons again comes in over the ropes, setting up near the ropes with his partner as McWesson climbs back to his feet...

...but gets knocked flat with synchronized running dropkicks that sends McWesson down to the mat, sprawled back into his corner where the Phighter finally tags himself in!]

GM: In comes the brawler from South Philly... what in the world?

[The crowd jeers the Phighter as he doesn't immediately engage physically with Air Strike, instead pausing to shout at both men. He waves them forward towards him. Mertz and Aarons look at each other with a bemused look on their face, but Aarons insists to Mertz that he has this.]

GM: Mertz steps out and- here comes the Phighter!

[The brawler rushes Michael Aarons with a huge right haymaker that Aarons ducks to avoid. A left hand is swung right behind it but Aarons ducks again. Right ducked again. Left ducked again.]

GM: Aarons is just too quick for the Phighter!

[The punches are coming slower and more telegraphed now as the Phigher starts to wear himself out without landing a single punch.]

GM: Big slow left by the man from South Philly and- oh! Aarons returns fire with a stiff right jab to the jaw!

[A right hand returns fire from the Phighter but Aarons ducks again, throwing a left jab this time that catches the Phighter right on the nose. The brawler angrily stalks away, kicking the bottom rope before turning back to Aarons...]

GM: Left... left... left!

[With the brawler dazed, Aarons curls his right arm, showing off for the crowd before kissing his bicep and sending Phighter down to the canvas with a right hand.]

BW: Rocky Balboa this guy's not.

[Aarons signals to the crowd as he motions for the Phighter to get up. He hits the ropes behind the Phighter as he struggles to get up; Aarons hits the ropes in front of him and charging in.]

GM: OH MY! Flying forearm connects to the jaw of the Phighter! That might do it and-

[The crowd jeers as McWesson comes charging back in!]

GM: Madhouse from behind!

[Seeing his partner in trouble, Mertz jumps up on the top rope in a single leap, throwing himself towards Aarons who sees him and instinctively ducks.]

GM: OH MY STARS! CROSSBODY OFF THE TOP!

[The crowd roars for Mertz saving his partner with the high flying move. A surprised Aarons grins as he gets back up, watching as his partner rushes to the opposite corner, leaping up to the midbuckle, and springing back off, grabbing the rising McWesson around the head with his legs, flipping him through the ropes and down to the floor!]

GM: HEAD SCISSOR TAKEDOWN THROUGH THE ROPES!

BW: It's a hurrcanrana, you ignorant wretch.

GM: Whatever you want to call it, it was very effective as Aarons pulls up the Phighter... ohh! Inverted atomic drop... and we've seen this before, fans!

[With a signal, Aarons and Mertz hit the ropes at the same time. They come crashing into a dazed Phighter with Mertz going high with a leaping shoulder tackle as Aarons takes out the legs with a chopblock!]

GM: OH MY! What a move by Air Strike!

[The duo exchanges a high five before signaling to the crowd. They head to opposite corner and with a single leap, both men perch themselves up top. They point to one another...]

GM: Here it comes!

[And in tandem, they leap off the opposite corners, sailing through the air and connecting with picture perfect top rope elbows down on the chest of the Phighter! Aarons quickly covers as the referee drops down.]

GM: ONE! TWO!! THREE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And another impressive win for Air Strike, fans!

BW: They may have knocked off Madhouse and the Phighter but you better believe it's all going to come crashing down for them for getting involved with the Longhorn Riders.

GM: Mertz and Aarons, just two more of the young superstars hoping to wind up with a spot on the SuperClash V card. It's a tough battle for the remaining spots and every match counts at this stage of SuperClash season, Bucky.

BW: You better believe it. Every year some very talented competitors get left off the lineup and it's a bitter pill to swallow... something that will haunt you for a whole year.

GM: Fans, we've got take a quick break but when we come back, it'll be Travis Lynch taking on a member of the Beale Street Bullies! You do NOT want to miss that!

[Fade to black.

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

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

...and then back up to live action where we find a furious Terry Shane III marching through the backstage area. He swats at a stack of plastic cups, sending them scattering all over the floor as he storms past the cameraman. He suddenly stops, turning back towards the focused lens.]

TS3: You.

[The cameraman takes a step back.]

TS3: You seen Karl O'Connor?

[A voice from behind the camera is heard.]

V: Me? No... no, not at all.

[Shane pauses, glaring at him.]

TS3: Are you sure?

V: Yeah, totally.

[Shane angrily spins away, letting loose a shout as he upends a wooden table, knocking over a pot of coffee that pours hot brown liquid all over the floor. He shouts again before stalking off out of view.

Fade back to the ringside area to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Terry Shane sure seems to be in a bad mood after what we saw happen at the start of tonight's show.

BW: Can you blame him? He got a punk card pulled on him by a guy who has been essentially retired for years now. And then Spector bails on him when he challenges him to a fight! What kind of a coward does that!

GM: Coward?! He's a former World Champion! A legend in this industry! A potential Hall of Famer! How dare you-

BW: Oh, give the outrage a rest, Gordo. I'm just saying that if he's some tough guy with a light bulb that everyone says he is, he should be for a fight with one of the best wrestlers in the world today.

GM: Well, Terry Shane certainly appears to be looking for a fight back in the locker room and if he's not careful, he's going to find one. As we came on the air tonight, we were anticipating seeing one of the Beale Street Bullies taking on Curt Sawyer but Travis Lynch begged Mr. Sawyer to step aside and that's exactly what he's done. But which of the Bullies will be facing him? Mark Stegglet's got the answer to that question for us and it's time to find out! Mark?

[Crossfade back to the locker room area where Mark Stegglet is standing alongside one of the Beale Street Bullies.]

MS: Ladies and gentleman, the one and only member of the Beale Street Bullies in the building tonight - we hope - is this man, former World Champion Adam Rogers!

[It is indeed Adam Rogers standing in a very unkempt beard and long hair somewhat slicked back. He is a far cry from the babyfaced good guy that longtime wrestling fans remember. The curvy Sunshine hangs from his arm, stroking her hand down his bare chest as he speaks.]

AR: You hope. You hope. Of course I'm the only member of the Bullies in the building tonight! You think we'd actually go against the rules set down by this fine organization?

MS: I sense the sarcasm but I have to ask the question, how do you deal with this sudden change from Curt Sawyer to Travis Lynch as your opponent here tonight?

[Rogers shakes his head.]

AR: It's typical, Stegglet. A typical move by those backjumping, cheating Stench boys to pull a trick like this... and it's just as typical that the AWA would bend over backwards to let Texas' favorite sons pull off some shenanigans like this. Heck, I wouldn't be surprised if they've got Jack Lynch stuck in a closet somewhere tonight ready to run out there and jump me from behind.

MS: My understanding is that Jack Lynch is home on the family ranch tonight and we'll be hearing from him later.

AR: Oh, I can't wait for that. I can't wait to hear Jackypoo crying and whining about the Bullies sent his brother to the hospital. Well, Jack, I hope you're watching carefully 'cause I'm about to do the same thing to the runt of the litter, Travis, in just a few minutes... ain't that right, Sunshine?

[Sunshine leans into the mic.]

S: That's right, baby. You're more of a man than Travis Lynch will ever dream of being.

[Rogers grins as Sunshine goes back to stroking his chest.]

AR: Ain't no doubt about that, Stegglet. But you know the real shame in all this?

MS: What's that?

AR: This should be a great match. A top level, Main Event attraction! In one corner, you've got Travis Lynch... one of the guys this industry is counting on to prop it up in the years to come. A former World Champion... handpicked by his papa... but still a World Champion!

And then you've got me. The man they used to call the Natural. One of the greatest in-ring technicians of a generation. And a former World Champion in my own right. Not just a former World Champion though... the last man to wear the EMWC World Heavyweight Title around his waist. The eternal EMWC World Champion!

Two World Champions? It should be a hell of a fight.

[Stegglet leans in.]

MS: I'm sensing a...

[Rogers interrupts.]

AR: BUT... at the end of the day, Mark... he's still... just...a Lynch.

[The Bully from Beale Street grins as he nudges Sunshine to walk off camera, leaving Mark Stegglet behind.]

MS: That man certainly is dripping with confidence, fans. Let's go down to the ring to see if there's a good reason for that!

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

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first...

[The horrific sounds of the Bullies' "studio version" of Texas Stinks brings the Dallas fans to their feet, burning up their voices with the boos they're pouring down.]

PW: He hails from Beale Street... weighing in at 260 pounds... he is accompanied to the ring by Sunshine...

AAAAAADAAAAAM ROOOOOGERRRRRS!

[Rogers slips through the curtain, a big grin on his face at the reaction of the crowd as he walks down the ramp, Sunshine trailing behind him. His long dirty blonde hair is hanging down to his shoulders at this point as he breaks into a little bit of a strutting jog if you can picture such a thing. Rogers seems to have let himself go, physically, a bit since becoming a Bully. Sharp-eyed viewers would notice a lack of muscular definition in his upper body that he once had.]

GM: The 39 year old veteran of the mat game may be downplaying the idea of facing Travis Lynch here tonight but you better believe he's got his work cut out for him against the youngest member of the Lynch family.

BW: Man, look at Sunshine. Doesn't she look great?

GM: She certainly does - the Jezebel of the AWA who betrayed James Lynch back at Unholy War in September to side up against these Bullies. Remember, fans, the Beale Street Bullies will meet Jack, Travis, and a partner of their choice at SuperClash on Thanksgiving Night. The rumors are running wild over who their partner might be and I'm told that many believe Jack Lynch will make that announcement here tonight.

[Sunshine holds the ropes open for Rogers who steps through, shrugging out of his glittering red and white robe as Sunshine folds it over her arm. The music fades and is replaced by "Tom Sawyer" by Rush to the squeals of the women in the building.]

PW: And his opponent... from Dallas, Texas...

[HUGE hometown response!]

PW: Weighing in at 260 pounds...

TRAAAAAAVISSSS LYNNNNNNNNNCH!

[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 the music.]

GM: Wow! Listen to that reaction for Travis Lynch!

BW: WHAT?!

GM: It's so loud in here, I can barely hear myself. The Lynch brothers - and their legendary father, Blackjack Lynch - are heroic figures through the state of Texas. When Blackjack wrestled in his retirement match several years back, they sold out one of the biggest outdoor stadiums in the area as the fans came out in droves to say goodbye to a true Texas icon. His sons are just about as popular as the fans pour out wherever we go in Texas to see them compete.

[Travis 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, eyes focused on the ring where Rogers is pacing back and forth, waiting for his opponent to get to him.]

GM: You can feel the tension in the air between these two, fans. The Beale Street Bullies and the Lynches are set for a collision at SuperClash V and this is just a preview of what we're going to see... THERE GOES TRAVIS!

[Suddenly barreling down the aisle, Travis steps through the ropes as Rogers rushes to meet him, clubbing a forearm down across the back of the head and neck as referee Ricky Longfellow signals for the bell.]

GM: The bell has rung and we're underway and in the midst of a cheapshot attack by Adam Rogers as he continues to hammer Travis Lynch up against the ropes... ohh!

[The crowd cheers as Lynch fires back with a right hand to the gut.]

GM: Big right hand goes downstairs by Travis!

[A second and a third has Rogers backing down as Lynch battles out from under him.]

GM: He's hammering away at the midsection, trying to create some space!

[Rogers backs off as Lynch straightens up, moving in on him...

...and catching a surprise knee into the abdomen, doubling him up.]

GM: Oh! Hard knee right into the solar plexus. Rogers grabs the arm, looking for the whip...

[But the powerful Lynch reverses it, shooting Rogers into the ropes instead. The former World Champion rebounds off fast as Lynch ducks down, elevating him sky high before dumping him down to the canvas!]

GM: OH MY!! HIIIIIGH BACK BODYDROP BY TRAVIS LYNCH!!

[Lynch hits the ropes, building some momentum of his own as Rogers staggers up, getting dropped with a big running shoulder tackle!]

GM: Lynch takes him down hard right there!

[Travis spins around, rushing to the ropes again...]

GM: Off the ropes a second time... and another big tackle takes Rogers off his feet!

[Looking out at the cheering fans, Travis gives a nod as he hits the ropes again.]

GM: He's going again...

[But this time, the wily veteran drops down to the mat, forcing Lynch to leap over him, continuing on into the ropes where he rebounds back. As he comes back, Rogers sidesteps, hooking a rear waistlock and running right with Lynch towards the ropes...]

GM: Rogers looking for that trademark cradle! But Travis hangs on!

[Rogers bounces back, rolling up to his feet...

...where Lynch drops him with a running clothesline!]

GM: Ohh! Big clothesline by Travis Lynch!

[Rogers scrambles back up before getting taken down again!]

GM: A pair of clotheslines has Rogers in trouble... and he rolls right out to the floor this time. He's had enough of that for the time being, fans.

[Down on the floor, Rogers lifts his hands, making a "T."]

BW: Smart move. He's calling for the timeout.

GM: There are no timeouts in the world of professional wrestling... and he's about to learn that 'cause Travis is coming out after him!

[The fired-up youngster slides under the ropes, circling the ring towards Adam Rogers who beats a retreat, forcing Travis to chase him before rolling back under the ropes...

...and SLAMMING the point of his elbow down into the back of Travis' head as he slides back in!]

BW: Hah! Travis Stench may be the youngest of the family but he's also the dumbest! And that's saying a whole lot!

GM: Travis let his youthful enthusiasm get the better of him right there as Rogers lured him into a pursuit and then lowered the boom on him when he tried to get back inside the squared circle. Rogers is viciously stomping the man now as he tries to soften him up.

[Dragging Lynch off the mat by the arm, Rogers quickly ducks in, scooping him up and throwing him down with a hard bodyslam before dropping a lightning fast elbow into the chest!]

GM: Ohh! Nice combination by Adam Rogers who looks for the first cover of the match. He gets one... he gets two... but Travis slips out the back door at two.

[Rogers is quickly back to his feet, again stomping the downed Travis a few times before dropping down, burying his fist between the eyes!]

GM: That was a closed fist on the fistdrop, referee!

[The referee admonishes Rogers who shakes his head, showing an open hand.]

BW: Nope, nope... open hand, Gordo.

GM: I don't think so, Bucky. Adam Rogers is a third-generation competitor in this sport... a former three-time Florida State champion in high school and a former National Champion at the 206 pound weight class as a student at Florida State. He's been a professional wrestler for eighteen years now and certainly knows how to take advantage of any situation he comes across inside that squared circle.

[Lifting Travis off the mat under his armpit, Rogers turns slightly and then SLAMS him down across his bent knee in a pendulum backbreaker. He grins, using his arms to push down on the chin and upper thigh, bending Lynch across his knee. The official lunges in, asking Travis if he wants to submit but when Travis refuses, Rogers shoves him off his knee with disgust, wiping his hands on the referee's shirt as he gets to his feet.]

GM: What a jerk this guy has turned into. When you think of the Adam Rogers who was in the AWA several years ago and this Adam Rogers, it's like they're two totally different people, Bucky.

BW: Rogers found his calling... his family. Donovan and Wyatt are like blood to him and he's showing the world his true nature now.

GM: I just find it hard to believe that he was hiding this... this thing he is now... for all those years where he was adored by the fans and the wrestling media alike for his talents inside that ring.

BW: He's still got talent, Gordo. He's still the last man to hold the EMWC World Title... but he's just using them a little differently now.

[Rogers rains down some more stomps on Travis who rolls to his stomach, trying to avoid getting kicked in the face. The Beale Street Bully nods, winding up his right arm and dropping an elbow into the small of the back which causes Travis to howl in pain.]

GM: Rogers goes right after the back.

BW: Travis Lynch continues to show what an idiot he is as he rolls to his stomach to protect his precious face but exposes the back that Rogers has already hit with a few offensive moves. Travis is one of those guys who'd rather look good and lose than get bloodied up and win, Gordo.

GM: I don't believe that for a second.

[Rogers hauls Lynch to his feet by the hair, pasting him with a pair of short right hands that sends him stumbling back into the corner. The former World Champion grabs an arm...]

GM: Big whip coming up!

[Rogers puts some extra mustard on it, falling to his knees as he rockets Lynch across the ring and sends him CRASHING into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Good grief! What a jolt that must've sent down the spine of Travis Lynch!

[Lynch is laid up in the corner, arms draped over the top rope to try and stay on his feet as Rogers pushes up off the mat, slowly approaching with some nasty intentions...]

GM: And you can see the look on Rogers' face. He senses that he's got this match in hand and he may start to look towards possibly injuring this young man about one month from that big six man tag team showdown at the American Airlines Center just down the road in Dallas on what is arguably the biggest night in AWA history!

[Rogers grabs Lynch by the hair, dragging him from the corner to the middle of the ring...

...where he pulls him into a standing headscissors!]

GM: Oh no!

BW: Just like they did to James! They're gonna put this punk kid on ice next to his brother, daddy!

GM: He can't do this! Somebody needs to stop this! Somebody needs to-

[Suddenly, Lynch rips the legs out from under Rogers, taking him down to his back. In one quick motion, Lynch leaps over, hanging on tightly to both legs for a double leg cradle...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Lynch wins! Lynch wins!

[Travis bails out of the ring in a hurry, just getting to the floor as an outraged Rogers chases after him, kicking the ropes in frustration!]

GM: Travis Lynch with the big time counter at the right moment and he's defeated Adam Rogers in the center of the ring as we head towards SuperClash!

BW: He must've held the tights, Gordo!

GM: I didn't see that, you didn't see that, and the referee DEFINITELY didn't see that. But what I DID see was Adam Rogers getting his shoulders pinned

for the three count and Travis Lynch gain some much needed momentum as we head towards SuperClash V and the big showdown with the Bullies!

[Rogers is still throwing a fit in the ring as we cut to Travis Lynch walking back down the ramp, arm raised in victory...

...and then cut to Gordon and Bucky at ringside.]

GM: A big win there, fans, for one of the AWA's biggest fan favorites. But speaking of one of the most popular men in the AWA, another man who holds that distinction is Supernova who was brutally assaulted two weeks ago in the parking lot. Supernova's head and face were driven into a car windshield - much like we saw happen to Louis Matsui and Duane Henry Bishop before that. We wanted to take this time to give you a brief medical update on the condition of Supernova. As we had speculated last time out, Supernova DID indeed suffer a fractured orbital bone in addition to several other minor lacerations and a couple major lacerations that required staples to close. He is expected to return to action at some point in 2014 however the medical staff has warned him to be patient and to take it slow in his return efforts.

[Gordon pauses.]

GM: We wish Supernova the best of luck in his recovery and we hope he knows that the thoughts and prayers of all of us as well as the AWA faithful are with him. Now, speaking of parking lots, it was also two weeks ago when Todd Michaelson, one of the owners of this company, challenged Rick Marley to a fight in the parking lot here tonight. Michaelson, along with many others, believes that Marley and his Unholy Alliance comrade, Johnny Detson, was responsible for the assault on Supernova. You take that and add in Marley's blatant show of disrespect for the Chase For The Clash tournament and the AWA World Title and Michaelson is steamed at Marley. But is that enough to warrant a fight in the parking lot?

BW: Michaelson's always been a bit nutty, Gordo. He's always thought he's the picture of good health when we all know the history of his back. He's a bad shot away from a wheelchair and you better believe that Rick Marley knows it. Michaelson might walk into the parking lot tonight looking for a fight... but he might get CARRIED out of it!

GM: We're being told that Todd Michaelson is in the parking lot right now, waiting for the arrival of Rick Marley who is allegedly on his way to meet him. Let's go to our cameras out there right now, fans.

[The camera cuts to reveal Unholy Alliance member "Showtime" Rick Marley walking through the hallways in the back of the arena towards the parking lot exit. The dark haired cruiserweight is wearing a pair of blue jeans, black sneakers and a black t shirt with "It's Showtime" in purplish white lettering across the front...his long hair is pulled back in a ponytail and he sports a close cropped beard...and an amused expression as he pushes the door open.

The camera tracks Marley as he walks through row after row of cars, looking down each for Michaelson...and shaking his head and laughing quietly every time he's not there..

Finally, after the seventh row, he stops, startling a bit and shaking his head.

There, backlit by one of the parking lot lights, the executive is waiting, his arms crossed as Marley slowly walks towards him, shaking his head.]

RM: You know, Michaelson, you're a special kind of stupid, aren't you? I mean...credit where it's due: I didn't think you'd have the guts to actually show up out there and take a beating like a man...but here you are.

[He golf claps as he continues to approach.]

RM: So I guess now you get beaten down...unless you want to take a moment to apologize and give me the title match that we BOTH know I should have already had...

And I'm feeling charitable, so you can do 'em in any order that you like...

[Michaelson smiles in response.]

TM: There are many things people have called me over the years, Marley. But not too many of 'em have called me "stupid."

There's a pretty good reason for that too.

See, the AWA's medical insurance is pretty good. I've got excellent doctors - all of who've told me that it is in my best interest to leave my wrestling boots... or in your case, my tail-kicking boots... in my closet at home.

[He rubs his hands together.]

TM: They tell me that my best chance of being able to walk through the front door and hug my wife is to fight down my instincts to ball up my fist and shove it down your throat.

[He clenches his fist.]

TM: So, no matter how badly I'd love to ignore them and see how many of your pretty teeth I can break with one punch...

...it's a good thing that I have a whole locker room of guys willing to do that exact thing for me.

[A big grin crosses Michaelson's face as Marley freezes in his tracks, looking around wildly...

...when suddenly a car door comes flying open, smashing Marley in the back and knocking him down on the asphalt. Michaelson chuckles.]

TM: Have some fun with it. Just... stay away from my car.

[Michaelson turns to walk away as the man who kicked the door open appears in the light of the parking lot.]

GM: IT'S HANNIBAL CARVER! OH MY STARS!!

[A big grin crosses Carver's face as Marley rolls over, his eyes coming to rest on the Boston Brawler. Marley begins crawling backwards, sliding on his rear as he raises a hand, begging off...]

RM: Hey... hey... this has nothing to do with you! We don't have to do this!

[Carver lunges forward, yanking Marley off the asphalt by the t-shirt. He muscles him up into the air, throwing him over the nearest automobile hood!]

GM: Oh my... Carver's on the warpath in the parking lot!

[The brawler steps up on the hood, looking to stomp Marley but Marley rolls out of the way, avoiding the stomp. He rolls off the hood, rushing towards freedom...

...but Carver hurls himself off the hood, tackling him down to the asphalt!]

GM: CARVER DIVES ON HIM!! He's going to town on Marley!

[Fist after fist lands on Marley, the Unholy Alliance member trying desperately to cover up as the bare knuckles bounce off his head!]

GM: Marley's in trouble!

BW: Get help out there! Get some help out there for Ricky Marley!

[Marley sticks a thumb in Carver's eye, scrambling out from under him. He grabs Carver by the back of the head, looking to slam his head into the hood of the car...

...but Carver extends his arms, blocking Marley's efforts!]

GM: Carver blocks it!

[A sharp back elbow to the gut breaks down Marley, allowing Carver to grab two hands full of hair and SMASH Marley's upper body down over the car hood!]

GM: Ohh!

[Marley stumbles away, catching a glimpse of the entrance to the arena as he wobbles towards it. Carver pursues as a flood of AWA security personnel and officials race into view, getting in between the two men.]

GM: Marley's making a run for it! He wants no part of Hannibal Carver here tonight!

[We see Marley disappear into the building as a fuming Carver stands in the parking lot, wanting more of a fight as we slowly fade to black. The commercial opens to what looks like the inside of some old industrial warehouse. Boxes and rows of computer technology line the walls, as do psychedelic multi-colored lighting.

In front of this is The Rave. Jerby Jezz, a pale red-skinned fellow, is wearing what looks like a Lycra suit jacket in banana yellow and neon green, with a bright red undershirt and an LED-covered tie which changes color every few seconds. He's wearing emerald green safety glasses with a purple frame, and white pants with orange jagged vertical stripes. Jerby's hair is done in three small ponytails... one red, one yellow, and one blue, which lead to orange, purple, and green patches of hair. Next to him is Shizz Dawg OG, the very pale brown-skinned member of the Rave. The Dawg is wearing a violet leisure suit top with forest-green trim, open to expose his chest which sports a flamingo pink cutoff tee with aqua tiger-stripping. He's wearing brown and red pants, blue fingerless gloves, and orange-and-grey goggles. His hair is a poofy afro which is half-red and half-white.

When they speak, they are subtitled.]

JJ: Greetings, protosheep! The Rave are in the flippety floppety floo, so satellate your earlobes while we distribute the upload!

SUBTITLE: "Greetings, primitive person with little knowledge! The Rave are here, so listen while we explain things to you!"

SDOG: Our mission from 2032 to defend the timestream from translitization by a gyzzrus roilspur needs your slapback! Wildstyling is only one of the niques we use to regulate the timeflow; we also have to make sure timegularities flow the way they were in the history holovids.

SUBTITLE: "Our mission from 2032 to protect history from being changed by an evil time traveller needs your help! Wrestling is only one way we keep history safe; we also have to make sure specific historic events happen the way our history books say."

JJ: And that takes creds, jaggos! We can't snarf 2032 megatech and scoopit to the futurepast, because we'd flutz the timeflow! We gotta possback, and we can only shill with our futurefax so much without vascabrating the credservers.

SUBTITLE: "That takes money, good people. We can't bring much future technology to the present because that would damage the timeline. We must procure on site, and we can only use our future knowledge for gambling so much without destabilizing the economy."

SDOG: But The Creed Of The Rainbow Warrior makes the demandment that all credflips must be a rawkus deal! So we're hayesing out the most winhaving hempshreds that the teens ever plotted!

SUBTITLE: "Our belief system requires that all money transfers be fair deals. So we are selling the best clothing this decade has ever seen."

[Jerby pulls open a crate, and multicolor shirts can be seen inside. They all read RAVE AGAINST THE DYING OF THE BORSCHT in various glow-in-the-dark colors.]

JJ: Frally! Each bodsheath is rainbowlderized with a codecation of no less than eight distinct shades! In 2032 that is sircebezz!

SUBTITLE: "Really! Each shirt is randomly colorized with a guarantee of having at least eight distinct colors. In 2032, that is SERIOUS BUSINESS."

SDOG: We have them in every fit from shrump to quintuple-gyzzrus fatbody! Because we flow that this era has a lot of shrumps and a lot of fatbodies.

SUBTITLE: "We have them in every size from extra small to 5XL! Because we know that this era has a lot of midgets and a lot of obese people."

JJ: And if that wasn't buhdass enough for everyhumie, we also satellated to the primitates' teargriefing about your scrap inability to flow with our winhaving vocalingo. So we amadably decided to use frackish 2D media, just for you, and producted an official Rave 2032 vocalinganary!

SUBTITLE: "And if that wasn't awesome enough for everybody, we also heard the primitive people whining about their inability to understand our great 2032 language. So we kindly decided to use outdated 2D media, just for you, and created an official Rave 2032 language dictionary!"

[Shizz reaches into another box with a pair of tongs, and pulls out a softcover book. It reads "OFFICIAL RAVE 2032 VOCALINGANARY" in multi-colored print.]

SDOG: Snarf these rawkus deals now from the Intersquib at AWAShop.com! Do your duty to the Creed Of The Rainbow Warrior, and give the slapback so we can RAVE!

SUBTITLE: Get these great deals now from the Internet at AWAShop.com! Do your duty to our belief system, and help us so we can...

RAVE: RAVE AGAINST THE DYING OF THE BORSCHT!

SUBTITLE: ...we're still not sure what that's supposed to mean.

[And we cut to black before fading back up to a shot of Mark Stegglet in the backstage area in front of a SuperClash V banner.]

MS: Welcome back to AWA Saturday Night Wrestling, fans, where throughout the night we're going to be bringing you the introduction of the team of brand new AWA competitors who will be a part of Steal The Spotlight at SuperClash V. Earlier tonight, we learned that Tony Sunn would be the first member of that team and now it's time to meet the second.

[We fade from Mark Stegglet.

Grainy home camera footage shows a man in a yellow track suit with yellow Onitsuka trainers delivering a fierce kick to the gut followed by bulldog in a small gymnasium.]

Voice: Sai Fong has fought across the small federations in Hong Kong.

[More footage - Sai Fong, a lanky man who moves with deliberate purpose, takes a wicked backhand to the face before delivering a brutal front kick in retaliation.]

Voice: The Little Phoenix burns bright; able to withstand the fury and thunder while striking light lightning.

[Sai Fong slingshots into the ring to deliver a leg drop. Sai Fong is power slammed on the canvas, hit with a punishing spine buster, and finally a missile drop kick. Footage of a standing moonsault and soccer style headbutt follow.]

Voice: He has risen, back from the brink of nothingness. Chosen this one place, this one time, to place his marker.

[A dark room, then a spotlight shines just beyond two men. One is around 6 feet tall, clad in yellow. The other is shorter, stooped over.]

Voice: He is the action, the movement, then truth. I am but his voice. Together, we shall claim the spotlight as ours.

[And we slowly fade back to Jason Dane.]

MS: The mysterious Sai Fong, fighting out of the Orient, is the second man on the team I've come to call the First Night Fighters. He'll be teaming with Tony Sunn in the biggest match of their lives on Thanksgiving Night, fans. We know what those two men will be doing at SuperClash V... but there are a whole lot of others in the AWA that we DON'T know what they'll be doing. For instance, the man we're about see in action... Demetrius Lake who is standing by with my friend, Jason Dane. Jason?

[We go over to the broadcast position, where stands Jason Dane along with Percy Childes, Radiant Raven, and the "Black Tiger" Demetrius Lake.

The "Collector Of Oddities" is garbed in a brown-and-tan jacket, black bow tie, black slacks, and white undershirt. He's sporting his crystal-tipped cane, and has a smirk on his face.

The nearly six foot tall Raven, pale skinned and appropriately raven-haired, is wearing a brown leather backless evening gown with matching heels: two straps hold up the top, a strap around the neck and a thin strap around the back. Her makeup is overdone, in shades of orange that are shaped like cat claws.

And despite how tall she is, she (and everyone else) is dwarfed by the six-nine "Black Tiger". A tall, athletic black man with a large afro, mustache, and a very prominent black beard which extends over an inch down from his chin, Demetrius is wearing a white ring jacket, red trunks, kneepads, and boots with his initials in white, and a black fedora parked atop his rather wide hairstyle. Lake has a sour, mean look on his face as Dane begins.]

JD: With me at this time, the "Collector Of Oddities" Percy Childes, along with his charge, the "Black Tiger" Demetrius Lake, accompanied by Radiant Raven. Mr. Lake, as I understand it, tonight you've requested a matchup against not one, but two men!

[Lake shakes his head, and begins in his gravelly voice with a distinctive Midwestern accent.]

DL: Mister TV Announcer, all you need to understand is to hold that microphone and tell these Mexans to shut up!

[BOO!]

DL: I am a fine-tuned athlete, and I demand complete silence when I am wrestling. My wrestling is like fine art, and these people need to be quiet and let me work in peace.

[The boos get louder.]

DL: Secondly, yes. I came to the AWA because my manager, the great Percy Childes, got me a big fat money contract. But that contract and that money came at the price of me having to stoop to fighting a bunch of bums and worthless people. So I told the management that I need a proper warm-up for when I fight a real athlete. I came here to fight real tough athletes like Calisto Dufresne. Like Terry Shane the Third. Like one of the Beale Street Bullies. Real men. Not like these yellow cowards the fans cheer for. So if I'm going to fight a real good wrestler, I want a warm-up first so I can keep this finely-tuned body in perfect fighting form.

JD: Well, you got your wish.

DL: Don't you cut me off with lies, Mister TV Announcer! They didn't give me the match I wanted. I wanted a warm-up match. I wanted Sweet Daddy Williams and Soup Bone Samson; or as I like to call them, Porky Pig and Elmer Fudd. That's who I wanted. Or maybe I could warm up on those two rhyming fools, Bisquick.

JD: You mean BCIQ.

DL: Don't you correct me! I will slap the foolish right out of your face and leave you with nothing to say. But if the people want rhymes, I'll give them one: roses are red, violets are blue, God gave me talent, but what happened to you?

[BOO!]

DL: Or maybe I'll fight that woman's tag team we got, runnin' around with the colorful hair and talkin' about they come from the future. I would grant their wish and knock them right into 2032, but they won't wake up until 2045.

RR: They're not women. They're androgynous.

JD: What is your problem with tag teams?

DL: I don't have a problem with tag teams, but one man alone is not enough to give me a good warm-up. At least, not the kinds of men we have in the AWA. Look at these egg-suckin' dogs they got in the ring.

[We cut up to the ring, where we see a burly competitor in a black two-strap full-length singlet, shaggy black hair, and black boots. He has a protruding gut and a scraggly beard. His partner is a small wrestler with yellow trunks, kneepads, and orange boots. The man has light reddish-brown hair and a pale skintone.]

DL: Take a look! We got a pot-belly hobo teamin' up with a stick figure. It looks like a little kid drew the skinny one right there into the ring, and then the fat one ate the kid. I can assure you that these men were sent out here by the AWA, because they're afraid of the humiliation that would happen to their fan-favorite heroes if I got any of them in the ring. I would run every one of those stinky bums out of Mexas, no doubt about it. Except for one thing; if I did that, they might end up in the United States, and I don't want that mess to be any worse than it is. So I'll just bury them here in Mexas, the landfill of the Western Hemisphere.

[The crowd boos, and Lake heads down the aisle as "Mack The Knife" by Louis Armstrong opens up on the PA.]

GM: Once again, Demetrius Lake talking an absurd amount of trash.

BW: All that counts is backing it up, daddy, and he's undefeated.

GM: Against largely outmatched opposition, though I suppose that is why he wanted a handicap match. Let's go up to Phil Watson for the introduction.

[*DING*DING*]

PW: The following contest, set for one fall and a twenty minute time limit, is a handicap match!

Introducing first, to my left. At a total combined weight of four hundred seventy pounds; introducing first, from Abilene, Texas... JOHN NANCE!

[The hefty fellow in black raises his arms to tepid cheers.]

PW: And his partner, from Oakland, California... CRAIG COLLINS!

[The skinny one in yellow jumps up in the air, to equally tepid cheers. At this point, Lake steps over the top rope into the ring, as Raven leans back on the ropes casually, letting them down for her charge. Upon entering the ring, Lake steps down on the bottom rope and pulls up the top two strands to clear the way in for Raven. Childes doesn't bother entering the ring, instead descending the steps from the elevated entrance ramp and heading to the corner.]

PW: Their opponent... introducing first, the manager, the "Collector Of Oddities" Percy Childes!

[BOO! Childes merely chuckles.]

PW: He represents, accompanied by Radiant Raven...

[BOO! Raven turns to give the fans a cold, emotionless stare.]

PW: From Kansas City, Missouri... weighing in at three hundred seventeen pounds... "BLACK TIGER" DEMETRIUS LAKE!

[BOO! Lake waggles a finger right in Watson's chest, allowing us a good look at his heavily taped left thumb. He berates Watson, until the announcer sighs as resumes the introduction.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, I stand corrected. From Kansas City, Missouri... weighing in at three hundred seventeen pounds... the King Of Wrestling... "BLACK TIGER" DEMETRIUS LAKE!

[There is a very loud jeering that accompanies Lake's insistence on the re-introduction, and he stretches his arms out wide and waves at them to bring it on.]

GM: I wonder what Royalty thinks of Lake calling himself a king.

BW: I'm pretty sure that Lake doesn't care either way. He won that tournament, so he earned his title.

GM: That tournament was in the Saint Louis territory, and this is Dallas. Mr. Lake would be well-advised to start over with his resume; despite his inflammatory remarks about AWA competition, this is the highest level of competition in the world today, bar none.

[*DING*DING*DING*]

BW: Lettin' the Black Tiger get under your skin, are you, Gordo?

GM: It's difficult not to be baited by this man's words. In the meantime, once again Lake taking an exorbitant amount of time to get his ring jacket off.

BW: It's them big muscles.

GM: Please. Demetrius Lake calls for a handicap match, berates and degrades his competition, and then stalls after the opening bell. These two young men should go after him.

BW: With Raven there taking the jacket off? Are you advocating them attacking a woman?

GM: Raven shouldn't be in the ring, and she's hardly helpless. Had Joshua Dusscher called her out, he'd probably be eating through a straw.

BW: Ha. Can't argue with that... HA HA! Dummies never learn!

GM: Nance and Collins took their eyes off of Lake, and the "Black Tiger" waylaid them! Brutal clubbing forearm to level Collins, and now savaging Nance with rights and lefts.

BW: And he threw the potbellied hobo right out of the ring!

GM: Bucky!

BW: That's what Demetrius called him!

GM: I don't think we want to refer to anyone by the disrespectful names that Demetrius Lake uses. He makes "Mister TV Announcer" sound like the most condescending thing in the world. Huge leaping forearm blast by Lake!

BW: The "Black Tiger" is so athletic! It's like he's coming down off the top when he does a standing broad jump.

GM: Indeed. He breaks the mold of most men his size. Lifting Craig Collins like a toy, and hurling him across the ring with a bodyslam. That slam was more like a throw.

BW: Collins is about two-ten. To Demetrius, that's like throwing a football.

GM: The former LSU Tiger All-American didn't throw footballs, but he brutalized the men who did just as he is brutalizing Craig Collins here. A series of knees to the sternum of Collins, who is flat on his back. And now Lake is kneeling on this young man's throat! Ricky Longfellow is going to have his hands full with Demetrius Lake, as always.

BW: Hey! Illegal cheap shot!

GM: John Nance from behind with an axehandle blow, trying to save his partner. This is not a tornado handicap match, so the team of Nance and Collins will have to tag. Longfellow trying to get Nance out of the ring...

[*WHAP*]

BW: HA HA! Lake did his job for him!

GM: A brutal boot, right to the forehead! Demetrius Lake uses those long legs and plants the heel to the forehead, which is such a nasty attack. Longfellow trying to roll Nance out onto the apron...

BW: He's definitely rollable.

GM: COME ON! Demetrius Lake fishing in his trunks for a foreign object! He does this every single match!

BW: He seriously needs to see if he has a mild spandex allergy. Might have to wear wool trunks.

GM: Demetrius Lake has loaded up that taped thumb of his again! He picks up Collins, and jams the thumb to the throat!

[The audience boos vehemently, and Lake starts to shush them. He shouts out that he demands silence when he wrestles, and they scream ever louder.]

BW: That looked like a nerve strike under the chin, daddy. The flabby area on the underside of the jaw. That's what that was. There's a nerve cluster there.

GM: It's called an Adam's apple!

BW: No, no, watch. He's about to do it again.

GM: A second shot to the throat with the thumb! He keeps putting his body in between himself and Longfellow, who is finally demanding to see the thumb!

[Alas, as Lake begs off the referee's request, we see his left hand go into the back of his trunks, as he discards the illegal object.]

BW: Well, all he's gonna find is that Lake's thumb is injured, and that he's a brave man for even competing with such an injury.

GM: Stomp by Lake... this is absurd!

[While Demetrius holds his left hand out away from himself so Longfellow can check his thumb, his right foot is solidly on the prone Collins' throat, choking him.]

BW: No, what's absurd is that the potbellied hobo keeps running in to help the stick man.

GM: Nance is back in, and throwing some solid punches to the midsection of Lake. Irish-whip... reversed by the self-professed King... OH MY STARS!

[*THUMP*]

BW: HA HA! That'll teach him to run in illegally!

GM: A brutal power slam, right on top of Collins! Nance and Collins are laid out on top of one another, and Lake with the high jumping legdrop on Nance! His neck was elevated slightly off the mat due to being atop his partner, making that move extra brutal!

BW: I think the Tiger's done playing.

GM: Indeed. He exits the ring, and ascends the ropes!

[The crowd stands, and screams at Lake as he takes a moment on the top rope to mock them. The Tiger leaps, soaring and smashing down atop the piled-up adversaries with a big splash to a huge reaction from the fans.]

GM: _BIG CAT POUNCE_!

BW: You can count all night, these guys are done!

GM: And Lake pins them both, one hand in each chest.

[*DING*DING*DING*]

GM: Another dominant performance by the "Black Tiger", who had better rein in those insane claims of his if he wants to stay undefeated.

BW: You gotta admit, Gordo. This wasn't even a warmup.

[Lake stands and makes an exaggerated "knock dust off the hands" pose as "Mack The Knife" starts back up on the PA.]

PW: Here is your winner... "BLACK TIGER" DEMETRIUS LAKE!

GM: This man has just destroyed two men at once, no matter how crooked his tactics may have been. It is impossible to categorize him as anything other than dominant right now, Bucky, but I am more than sure that the AWA superstars are not going to have to form teams to give him the fight he claims to want.

BW: We'll see about that.

GM: We certainly will but coming up nex-

[Gordon pauses abruptly in mid-sentence as the camera cuts to him.]

GM: Fans, I'm being told that... hold on.

[Gordon is making a curious face as he puts a hand to his headset. Bucky turns to look at him quizzically.]

BW: We're rollin', Gordo. What's going on?

GM: There... there's a commotion in the production booth.

BW: What? Lemme hear!

[Bucky tries to grab Gordon's headset, but Myers pulls away.]

BW: I dunno why you're always the one they open a line to, anyhow.

GM: It seems that... our production personnel are being instructed to play some footage. Fans, this is completely unexpected. I...

[Gordon is cut off, as the scene shifts to some pre-recorded footage.

We're presented with a dimly-lit room, with pale brown walls of some kind and dark-colored furnishings and the camera seems to be laying atop a table. Seated at the other end of the table, illuminated only by a small lamp (tinted somewhat reddish by the lampshade) is a familiar face, obscured by familiar facepaint. But what is totally unfamiliar is the context.

This is Nenshou. His black/red/gold facepaint and brushcut hair are unmistakable. But Percy Childes is nowhere in sight.

And then, he starts speaking. In Japanese. Another voice overlays his, dubbing his comments into English.]

Nenshou: I have chosen this day to make a statement of my own.

Until now, I have never had any interest or desire to address wrestling fans. That is one of the reasons for which I employ Mr. Percy Childes. However, given recent events, I have no choice but to conclude that Mr. Childes has been compromised.

In order to explain this, I must divulge information that I had desired to keep secret. I am the son of a criminal. My father was a professional wrestler, but was involved in organized crime from his youth. I only say this to instruct you that I am aware of the methods employed by organized crime. I have now seen a similar group, in terms of methodology.

This group is the Wise Men.

You are certainly aware that Mr. Childes often alludes to this group by stating that some course of action is 'wise' or 'unwise', or alluding to 'wisdom'. I have discovered that the Wise Men are influencing and controlling his actions

through coercion. His statements regarding wisdom are messages to these Wise Men.

I have my own message to these Wise Men, which is the purpose of this recording.

I have learned that these men wish to control the World Championship. They want to determine who may and may not have access to this title based on bribery and financial influence. This is why Mr. Childes has recklessly stated that he will not sign a World Championship match on my behalf. I believe that he paid his fee, and when that dotard Juan Vasquez cost me the World Title through selective incompetence, this group went to the next bidder, blocking me from taking what is mine.

I did not come to the United States to accept this state of affairs. I came to the United States to become the greatest wrestler in the world. I will not accept any boundary or obstacle in this pursuit. Therefore, the Wise Men have made themselves my enemy. They will stand aside or I will destroy them.

Therefore, I announce that no interference in this tournament will be tolerated. Unlike the alleged heroes of wrestling, I have no use for weak-minded moral constraint. Anyone who conspires against me will be punished, whether in the ring or outside of it. Mr. Childes will take no action, because the Wise Men have compromised him. He is clearly afraid to oppose their will. But I fear nothing.

Mr. Dave Bryant, your eleventh hour career resurgence speaks of a strong will. However, I climbed the peaks on which you now stand long ago, and your skills, although highly respectable, hold no terror for me. You must fall. For if Mr. Childes is cowed by these criminals, then I have only one path to my destiny. You must fall, by any means necessary.

As to the creatures known as Royalty, who are engaged in a vendetta against Mr. Bryant... I have not forgotten your impertinent attack on me at WarGames. If you decide to pursue your vendetta against Mr. Bryant tonight, then I promise that the first one of you to approach the ring will receive as Mr. Luke Kinsey received at WarGames. I never forget and I never forgive. Mr. Childes has instructed me to do both of these things, which further proves that he has been compromised.

Therefore, my last message is to my manager, Mr. Percy Childes.

Your cowardice offends me, and you have become a hinderance to my goals. Your services are no longer required.

I have nothing further to say.

[And with that, we cut back to the ringside area, where both Gordon and Bucky are wide-eyed.]

BW: Did he just...?

GM: He did! He just FIRED Percy Childes! Nenshou not only just spoke for the very first time since we've seen him but he just FIRED the man who brought him to the AWA to begin with!

BW: That can't have just happened! That didn't just happen!

[Gordon and Bucky still look stunned as we fade to black.

The screen is completely black, and over the darkness, can be heard a voice familiar to all movie goers - Liam Neeson's.]

"We've been through this before. I don't know why you can't learn."

[On screen, as two women are grabbed, lifted by the waist, thrown into the back of a van, the van's tires screeching and throwing up sparks, as Neeson steps onto the street, watching it speed away.]

"But let me tell you one more time."

[Close up on Neeson's face, contorted in anger, as he speaks into a cell phone.]

"I'm a man with a very particular set of skills. Skills I have acquired over a very long career."

[There's a rapid succession of shots, all of them of Neeson killing various bad guys with his bare hands.]

"Skills that made me a nightmare for people like you."

[Neeson begins moving forward, following the tire tracks laid down by the van, moving past a long line of cars parked on the street. Then, there is a quick cut to a sinister looking Eastern European man, also holding a cell phone to his ear.]

"You're wrong, Mr. Mills. We know exactly who you are."

[There's a sudden explosion, as one of the cars erupts into flames. Neeson is thrown back, landing on his back.]

"You're a man with a problem."

[From the shadows emerges a man. A very tall man, dressed all in black. The camera doesn't show his face, only his broad back. He leans over Neeson, lifts him by his collar, and tosses him against another car, the window shattering from the impact.]

"A very, very big problem."

[The camera circles around, and we see the face of Neeson's big problem. Angry, with a scar running diagonally across his face. A face every AWA fan

knows - the face of Alex Martinez. The Hall of Famer lifts his hand, curls his fingers into a fist, and drives that fist repeatedly into Neeson's face. With the final punch, Neeson slumps down, and the screen goes black again. Red text fills the screen.

MARTINEZ

NEESON

TAKEN 3

SUMMER 2014

There's a sudden, loud cheer that comes from the live AWA audience, the black screen dissolving into a shot of the ring. And there, in the center of the ring is Jason Dane, and with him, one of the featured men in the trailer. None other than Alex Martinez himself. Martinez wears his trademark black leather jacket, as well as a pair of black jeans, and a white T-shirt. His hair is slicked back, held in a ponytail, and the lights above the ring reflect brilliantly off his mirrored sunglasses.]

JD: Alex Martinez... welcome back!

[Martinez opens his mouth to thank Jason, only to be drowned out by the cheers of the fans. With the faintest smile on his face, Martinez lifts his chin and brings his arms up, soaking in the adulation.]

AM: Thanks Jason. Lemme just say... it's good to be back.

JD: And I am sure that the AWA faithful are happy to have you back too! Let's talk, for a moment, about what we just saw. As was widely reported, after your loss to Supreme Wright at Opportunity Knocks, you took a leave of absence. This, I take it, is what you were up to while you were on hiatus?

AM: I ain't ashamed to say that Wright beat me up, but good. I needed time to recover. And I thought, well hell, why not try my hand at somethin' else while I was gone? And next summer, you can see the fruits of my labor.

JD: And you aren't the only Martinez with a big night tonight.

AM: Yep, and you can bet that I'm gonna be backstage, watchin' Ryan put an end to that little punk kid's career before it ever gets started.

JD: I'm sure you've been keeping a close eye on what is happening between your son and his former tag team partner...

AM: You're damn right I've been.

JD: So then you must be aware that Gunnar Gaines has been demanding that you join forces with your son, to take he and his son on. Tell us, are you planning on giving Gunnar Gaines what he's been demanding?

[Martinez pauses a moment, drawing in a breath and exhaling slowly.]

AM: Listen. Ryan is my son. I'm proud of him, and I'm proud of all that he's accomplished. But you know what I am most proud of? That the kid has his own mind. That he does things the way he wants to do them. He's got his own moral compass, and his own code.

And Ryan has made it clear that he doesn't want the old man's help.

Ryan needs me? I'm there, no doubt about it. But Ryan has always fought his own battles, and found his own way. He's not Justin Gaines. He doesn't need his daddy handin' him things. Not when he can achieve it on his own.

Ryan wants to take out Gunnar and Justin himself? That makes me proud. So no, Gunnar ain't gettin' what he wants.

JD: So you have no plans to team up with your son?

AM: Not unless I'm asked.

JD: Let's move on then. Rumors have been flying that, in the wake of your first role for a Hollywood production, numerous offers are coming to you for other roles. Is that true?

AM: It is. Just this mornin' I received an offer that I'd love to tell ya about. But the lawyers say I gotta keep my mouth shut. For once, I'm gonna listen.

JD: And so, I suppose, the next question is, since you're not going to help your son against the Gaines family, why are you here tonight? Is it to come back?

Or is it to say goodbye?

[Hesitation from the gigantic Hall of Famer.]

AM: I came back to talk to the AWA brass. And to discuss that very question. But I ain't had that discussion yet.

I promise you, that you'll all know what my next move is just as soon as its all been figured out.

Until then, all I'm askin' is that you join me in watchin' Ryan Martinez beat the hell out of a snotty nosed punk kid who's got it comin'. And if ya wanna know the future? Well, I'm sure The Rave will be out later to tell ya.

JD: Just one more question about your future in the AWA...

AM: No, no more questions. When there's somethin' to tell, I'll tell it.

[Abruptly, Martinez moves past Dane, exiting the ring. The ambiguity of Martinez' future seemingly leaving the fans in a state of shocked silence, one

shared by Dane, as we cut back to Bucky and Gordon in the announcer's booth.]

GM: It's... well, it's certainly been a night of surprises here so far, Bucky. Steve Spector's return to the world of wrestling. Nenshou fired Percy Childes. And now... is Alex Martinez' career inside that ring over?

BW: Hey, I've heard the rumors about that gig he got offered this morning. If I was him and I could earn that kind of paycheck WITHOUT getting my butt kicked for a living, it's a hard thing to turn down, Gordo.

GM: You think back on the last couple of years for Alex Martinez in the AWA. Think back to the saga with William Craven, the Dragon. Think about the physical and mental punishment that Martinez went through, capping it off with that brutal and bloody Barbed Wire match at SuperClash IV in Los Angeles last year. Then you look at the battles he had this year with the likes of Supreme Wright. The man has done his time in this sport. He's made his legend insurmountable. He's won every title that there is to win - almost - and he's already in the Hall of Fame. You have to wonder - what does Alex Martinez have left to prove, fans?

BW: And when you answer that question with the correct answer - absolutely nothing... then you have to wonder if we've seen Martinez inside the squared circle for the last time. It may be time for a new Martinez to step up and take his father's place.

GM: It's been an exciting night and it feels like we're just barely getting started, fans. Let's go right back up to the ring for more action!

[*DING*DING*]

[We go up to the ring to see Phil Watson standing by with a brown haired, brown-eyed man with muscle definition in his arms, neck, and chest. His ring attire consists of standard tan wrestling trunks with "Down Under" airbrushed across the back in white. He wears white kneepads and tan boots with white laces and trim, as well as a tan sleeveless "outback" vest and a hat that would make Paul Hogan proud. The crowd gives him some tepid cheers.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall and a ten minute time limit.

Introducing first, to my left. From Wagga Wagga, Australia... weighing two-hundred forty-seven pounds... OUTBACK ZACK KELLY!

[Kelly swooshes his arm in a circle to show off, and the crowd is fairly meh about it. Then the opening chords of "Sakura Sakura", played on a lone unaccompanied koto, resound over the PA. This gets a reaction from the crowd; they boo quite heavily.]

PW: His opponent, about to make his way down the aisle... from Tokyo, Japan... weighing two-hundred fifty-one pounds... MR. SADISUTO!

[From the back, the short, pudgy, unassuming form of Mr. Sadisuto enters the ring area. He smiles widely as if the fans were cheering him, and bows gracefully. Then he marches to the ring, idly stretching his arms and taking a few warm-up swipes into the air at an almost leisurely pace. Mr. Sadisuto is a middle-aged Japanese man with slick black hair, a thin mustache and Fu Manchu beard, and bushy black eyebrows. He wears midnight-blue full length tights with the Japanese flag on the waistband and "NIPPON" written down the sides in red and white. He wrestles barefoot, with some athletic tape for ankle support. His wrists and fingers are also heavily taped.]

GM: Mr. Sadisuto is in action this week. His quest for a shot at the Television Championship hasn't gone unfulfilled, though perhaps his words have. He has faced Dave Bryant at several area events, and though he's come close, he has not been able to capture the title.

BW: Well, Gordo, it's called the TELEVISION title, right? What's Bryant doing defending it off of TV anyway?

GM: He's a fighting champion!

BW: You know who else is a fighter who takes unnecessary challenges? Ryan Martinez. But he took on more of a load than he could __shoulder__, didn't he?

[Upon reaching ringside, Mr. Sadisuto climbs the steps, turns to the crowd, and bows again to the fans. He then enters the ring and offers a bow to his opponent as well as the referee.]

GM: Ugh, that's terrible, Bucky.

BW: You're right, we should be more supportive of lemmings like Ryan Martinez. Lemme give him some encouragement. "Right arm, man!"

GM: ...

BW: Don't worry, Ryan... if Gunnar and Justin Gaines break off your left arm... you'll be all right! Ha ha ha ha!

GM: ...

["Sakura Sakura" quiets into silence, and Sadisuto offers a deep bow and handshake to Kelly.]

BW: Look, another move that Ryan won't be able to do when the Baddest Thangs Running get done with him; a handshake.

GM: ...

[*DING*DING*DING*]

GM: Oh! A cheapshot by Sadisuto, shoulderthrowing Kelly as soon as the bell rang!

BW: That wasn't a cheap shot! The bell rang! It just shows Sadisuto has better reflexes.

GM: He was extending the handshake just to do that. Taking advantage of a man's sportsmanship.

BW: I consider it a favor. Teach him to forget that baby-kissin' stuff and get serious. Kelly should have expected it. Anybody should have expected it. Except Ryan Martinez; he would have been completely disarmed by a move like that.

GM: ...

[Sadisuto plants some painful side kicks into Kelly as he tries to rise, battering him. After the fourth kick, Kelly lies hurt and Sadisuto mockingly bows to him.]

BW: Why do the fans boo every time Sadisuto shows someone respect?

GM: Because he's not showing respect, he's mocking them.

BW: So bowing is a respectful greeting in Japan, unless Mr. Sadisuto does it in which case it's mockery?

GM: He's completely disingenuous. Sadisuto straightens Kelly up and hammers him with a two-palm tiger strike, if I have the term correct, absolutely leveling Zack Kelly as it would anyone. It is very difficult to go hand-to-hand with Sadisuto, despite his unassuming appearance.

BW: Unless you're Gordon Myers, who claims to be able to read Mr. Sadisuto's mind and tell when he's being disingenuous.

GM: Winds up the arm, and a crescent kick finding the mark on Zack Kelly. And then a side martial arts throw of some kind... holds the arm into a scissored armbar. Punishing combination of moves by Mr. Sadisuto.

BW: "Martial arts throw of some kind". Great play by play, Gordo. Very descriptive.

GM: I admit that I do not know the technical name for every martial arts move that a man like Sadisuto could use. I know some of them. But he uses maneuvers that we don't often see in this sport. Sadisuto has transitioned into a keylock on the left arm of Zack Kelly, and is doing so with one arm while applying a nervehold with the other!

BW: Ha. Outback Zack might look like Ryan Martinez when Sadisuto gets done with him. They could team up. Dress like thieves from Vegas and call themselves the One-Armed Bandits. Ha ha ha.

GM: ...

BW: Sadisuto is just torturing the dumb Aussie now. Bet he's glad there's only a ten minute time limit.

GM: You know, Ryan's shoulder has healed.

BW: So he says. I bet that the Baddest Thangs Running will unheal it. If they don't want to bother, they could hire Sadisuto like Larry Doyle did.

GM: Gunnar's negative attitude towards Sadisuto is likely lingering from matches they had many years ago. Mister Sadisuto is a ring veteran, and he has now manipulated Kelly onto his stomach, moving the arm into a hammerlock. What is he going to do here?

[What he does is gets one of his feet in the crook of the elbow and one on the other side of the arm, and stands up... the hammerlock is basically being applied by Sadisuto's ankles at this point. He laughs, bows to the crowd, and falls backwards, wrenching the arm of Zack Kelly up violently!]

BW: OUCH! You know, Sadisuto is such a vet, he could charge somebody an arm and a leg for wrestling lessons. But he's so generous that he's giving Kelly a lesson for half price!

GM: ...

BW: Come on, Gordo. You're gonna crack a smile eventually.

GM: And you're going to run out of arm jokes eventually.

BW: I can't help it! I find them humerus!

GM: ...you win, I quit.

[There's a thump as Gordon puts down his headset and buries his head in his hands, as Bucky laughs. Zack Kelly is not laughing, though, as Sadisuto stands him up, twists the arm, and uses this pain to bend him down... into a kick right into the windpipe! The extra momentum from Kelly ducking down makes this really nasty, and the Australian drops to the mat clutching his arm and his neck. Referee Marty Meekly shoves a finger in Sadisuto's chest about a throat shot, but Sadisuto spreads his arms out wide and points at his sternum to indicate the impact point. He then crosses his heart to show sincerity, all the while with his usual wide smile.]

BW: Man, you should hear Gordo cryin' about that kick. Too bad. I finally broke his mind. Maybe next week we can get Dichotomy or the Gaines' to do permanent commentary with me to replace him.

[More rustling noises as Myers puts his headset back on. Sadisuto picks up Kelly, faces the corner, and bodyslams him. Kicking his legs so that they're apart, Sadisuto walks to the corner and hops up on the top rope.]

GM: Alright, enough tomfoolery. Sadisuto with the match well in hand, and I wonder which version of the Kotei no Ken we're going to see here.

BW: Whaddya mean, "version"? It's just a flying headbutt.

GM: You know better, and so does Marty Meekly. Meekly warning Sadisuto that a flying headbutt to the groin will be a disqualification.

[Bowing and nodding, Sadisuto flies off the top rope into a flying headbutt, driving down into the abdomen of Zack Kelly. He rolls upon landing, directly into a cover.]

BW: See? Nice legal move, and there is a three count.

[*DING*DING*DING*]

GM: It was legally done because Meekly was watching. Impressive victory for Mr. Sadisuto.

BW: Who still hasn't gotten a real Television Title match.

GM: What?

BW: It wasn't on television!

["Sakura Sakura" starts back up. Sadisuto stands, with a big smile on his face, and bows as Meekly raises his hand.]

GM: Well, that sounds like a typical Sadisuto excuse. Nonetheless, he's been impressive even in his losses, and remains a contender to the Television Title. And speaking of contenders for the World Television Title, let's talk about Shadoe Rage, Bucky.

BW: If we must.

GM: Shadoe Rage was out here two weeks ago and became the victim of a most violent assault by the Shane Gang... as usual. And as a result, Rage suffered an ankle injury the extent of which is unknown as he REFUSED to allow the medical team to give us an update. Because of that, we dispatched Jason Dane to go to Rage's home in New York City earlier this week to attempt to get some news. Let's run that footage right now and when we come back, MAMMOTH Maximus will be in action!

[We fade to black and then the shot opens with Jason Dane in Brooklyn, New York, a telltale reading: PREVIOUSLY RECORDED. He stands outside a solid classic Brooklyn brownstone. Being out of Texas he is forced to wear an overcoat over his AWA crested blazer.]

JD: This is Jason Dane for the AWA. Last week, we saw Shadoe Rage suffer an ankle injury at the hands of Ms Sandra Hayes and the Shane Gang when Sandra Hayes struck Rage in the ankle with her branding iron. As a result of this vicious attack, we are told that Shadoe Rage is not able to compete and his return date to the ring is unclear. I recently went to the home of Shadoe Rage to see if we could get an update from the athlete himself.

Dane knocks on the front door of the brownstone, waiting patiently. After an awkward moment the door opens and Dane is forced to look way up at the 6'6 woman who answers. Wrestling fans will recognize this woman as Marissa Monet, Shadoc Rage's longtime paramour and one of the most dominant and successful women's wrestlers in the industry. She's dressed in a vintage dashiki dress, casually belted at the waist. Her hair is puffed into a soft afro around her handsome face. She regards the cameras and Dane before she angles herself into the door enough to block any access.

JD: Ms. Monet, I'm Jason Dane from the AWA. I was hoping to be able to speak with Shadoc Rage after the events that happened on the last Saturday Night Wars.

[Marissa's expression gets a little stony at the memory.]

MM: He isn't taking any visitors right now and he isn't issuing any statements to the press. You'll have to bear with him. This is a serious time for us. He's dealing with his injury and I need him one hundred percent focused on the physical process of recovery. If there's anything he needs to say to the press I'll make sure you're the first to know.

[She moves to close the door before Dane interrupts again.]

JD: Please, Ms. Monet, can we get anything? Anything at all?

[Marissa leans against the doorframe. She considers the request.]

MM: I will not disclose the nature of the injury, but we're treating it non surgically with aggressive rehabilitation.

JD: I notice you keep using the word 'we.'

MM: Shadoc and I are in this together. We've been up and down this road or some time now. He's suffered a physical setback on his quest to be AWA World Champion. I'm going to be there every step of the way to help him return to the ring.

JD: Stand by your man?

MM: (smiling) Exactly. He was there every important moment of my career. Now it's his turn to be taken care of. Lord knows he doesn't do it himself.

JD: Well, how are his spirits?

MM: His spirits? Like any professional athlete he's staying positive. He will be back in the ring. He knows that. He's just miserable being separated from doing what he loves. Injuries are part of the game. He's just not happy with how he was put on the shelf. I'm not happy with it, either, to be honest. But that's the nature of this sport. I'm just going to make sure that he's able to settle the score with Sandra Hayes and her crew. Anything else?

JD: Yes. Will he be ready for SuperClash?

MM: Well, I was really being polite. I have to get back to Shadoe. Expect a statement from him in the coming weeks.

JD: Ms. Monet, please.

[Marissa draws a deep breath.]

MM: We're aiming for some time after SuperClash. His ankle has been immobilized and there was significant swelling. They did a number on him, Jason. But he'll be back. If there's any message you want to get across to Sandra Hayes and the Shane Gang it is that Shadoe Rage will be back sooner or later. And he will ... 'resolve' ... this discrepancy.

[Marissa was smiling as she delivered the phrase, but there is steel in her eyes as she looks towards the cameras.]

MM: Thank you.

[With that, she shuts the door.]

JD: (turning to the cameras) Well, there we have something from Marissa Monet regarding the status of Shadoe Rage. It looks like he's eliminated from SuperClash but Shadoe Rage will be back. And if I were the Shane Gang, I would watch my back.

[Fade to black...

...and then back up to Phil Watson in the ring.]

PW: The following tag team match is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit! Introducing, already in the ring, at a combined weight of 515lbs...

...THE DESPERADOES!

[Two familiar men in ponchos and Lone Ranger style masks, same as last week, jeer and bellow at jeering ringside fans, pretending to shoot guns into the air upon their introduction.]

PW: And their opponents...

[The methodical clapping and stomping sounds of "God's Gonna Cut You Down" begin to echo throughout the arena, followed shortly thereafter by the signature guitar riff.]

PW: Weighing in at a combined weight of 498 pounds here are the team of... LARRY WALLACE and BOBBY O'CONNOR....

I give you, the YOUNG BLOOOOOOOOOOODS!!!

[Larry Wallace, the tanned physical specimen, steps out first with swagger dripping out of every pore in his body. He has piercing blue eyes, sculpted facial stubble, and he quickly combs his fingers through his ruffled coffee brown hair. Behind him comes O'Connor. Bobby, lesser the showman, more of the imposing force, walks out with little bravado as he steps in line behind Wallace. His auburn hair is flat, neatly parted, and his brown eyes might as well have blinder's on them as his gaze never leaves the ring that lies ahead of them.]

Go tell that long tongue liar
Go and tell that midnight rider
Tell the rambler, the gambler, the back biter
Tell 'em that God's gonna cut 'em down
Tell 'em that God's gonna cut 'em down #

[Wallace and O'Connor favor their usual attire. Cardinal red club jackets buttoned to the middle of their chests, matching ring trunks, boots, and knee pads. All of it is lined with golden trim and their team emblem on the left breast of their jacket. On the backside of each of these jackets, much like an athletic jersey, is their last name scripted in big, bold font.

Wallace and O'Connor scale up the ring steps to the apron. Wallace catapults himself into the ring, bouncing several times as he lands, while O'Connor just bends through the ropes, slapping his hands together. Both Young Bloods unbutton their jackets and sling them over the rope which draws a nice pop from the fans.]

GM: The Young Bloods missed last show due to a Wallace flu, but they return this week ready for action!

BW: Let's see what the Moonshiners have to say about that.

GM: Knowing those madmen, they could definitely show up at any time.

[And with the bell rung, the teams single out in the ring, Bobby O'Connor starting against one of the twin Desperadoes.]

GM: Bobby O'Connor, a third generation wrestler is in there against one of these Desperadoes to start. Lock up, headlock by O'Connor and he's grinding it in.

[The masked Desperado pushes O'Connor off the ropes only to be leveled by a shoulder block!]

GM: Down goes the Desperado, O'Connor hits the ropes again, over the top of the masked man... and another shoulder block!

[O'Connor stands there smiling, calling on Desperado #2 to come in and get a piece. He does so, going to hit the ropes in a challenge answer, but stops, turns and decks Bobby with a punch to the jaw!]

BW: That'll do it! You can wrestle or you can get punched right in the teeth!

GM: Another stuns the Young Blood!

[O'Connor staggers to the ropes and is tagged on the shoulder by his partner. The Desperado whips him, but is reversed! O'Connor meets him in the middle of the ring with a punch to the stomach that bends him over.]

GM: Larry Wallace is the legal man, in and... BIG running knee lift puts the masked man down!

[And Wallace goes for a cover, the Desperado escaping a loss as his partner breaks it up with a stomp to the back.]

BW: It's a tag team match, kid, you have to watch the other guy too!

GM: Larry Wallace is keeping the Desperado grounded, holding his arm to the ground...

[...and goes up into a handstand annnnnnd down onto the arm with a knee!]

GM: Wallace attacking the arm, holding it tight, up and tags in Bobby O'Connor now!

[Who climbs the ropes and comes off with an elbow to the Desperado's forearm. The masked man wrenches away in pain, shaking off his arm. O'Connor grabs it and twists it before shifting around and bouncing it off his shoulder once, twice and a third time before reaching out and tagging Wallace in again.]

BW: Come on ref! You can't show favoritism just because Gran'poppy is your boss!

GM: And here comes Larry Wallace with an arm wrench of his own, arm drag and holds on!

[And while he does he reaches out and tags in O'Connor again. Before his partner comes in, he drops a knee to the elbow of the Desperado. He rolls away from the masked man but continues to hold the wrist and arm flat. O'Connor comes in, hits the ropes and leaps, coming down with an elbow right into the joint!]

GM: Fantastic team work shown by the Young Bloods tonight! They've obviously been in the gym working out, working on their team work and it's really showing here. We could be seeing the genesis of a fantastic new tag team in the AWA.

BW: Or, another flash in the pan.

GM: With their pedigree that would be highly disappointing.

BW: But not impossible.

GM: But not impossible, true.

[O'Connor keeps a hold on the Desperado, putting him into a corner. The referee warns him to let go and he does, backing off...

...and coming back in with a thunderous chop!]

GW: What a knife edge chop to the chest! That will split skin! Wow!

[And another, this one even louder!]

GM: OH MY!

BW: Youch!

GM: Front facelock by O'Connor as he drags his opponent from the corner...

[And lifts him up before dropping him on the top rope thigh first, using the elasticity to bounce him back into the middle of the ring.]

GM: Slingshot suplex! Great move... COVER!

[The crowd pops for the move, but the masked man still kicks out at two!]

BW: Not enough!

GM: O'Connor pulling the Desperado up and tags in Wallace again.

[Who slingshots over the top rope and into the ring, lacing an axehandle to the spine. The masked man arches in pain, Wallace grabbing him and hitting a quick snap suplex, rolling into the cover.]

GM: Roll over! One! Two! Not enough!

BW: They have some flash, but need to hit just a bit harder if they want to finish someone.

[Another tag follows, O'Connor coming in. The bigger Young Blood slams a forearm into the chest of the masked man, dragging him into the corner. He again tags in Wallace before dragging the masked man into the middle of the ring.]

GM: More team work here by the Young Bloods. Atomic drop by O'Connor...

[...followed by a leaping neckbreaker from Wallace, planting the Desperado!]

GM: MY STARS! What a double team move! Cover!

BW: Only a two!

GM: Wallace pulling him up and into another facelock.

[But the masked man grabs some energy and pushes forward, slamming Wallace into the corner! Wallace fights back, hitting a back elbow on the apron masked man. The one in the ring steps back and charges in...]

GM: Right into a boot to the face!

[The in ring Desperado stumbles away. Wallace goes to charge out but is slammed backwards as the one on the apron reaches in and grabs him by his short hair, pulling him down to boots!]

BW: THAT is some team work!

GM: Both of them in now and laying the boots to Larry Wallace, the second generation star!

[The referee finally gets some control, ordering one out. The other tags him right back in and they grab the stunned Young Blood, whipping him off the ropes and taking him down with a double back elbow!]

GM: Cover on Wallace... and a kickout at two! He is definitely stunned right now, not able to get his bearings.

BW: Another tag by the Desperadoes. This is smart work. Keep him in a corner and wear him down!

GM: Wait... what? Why weren't you saying that when the Young Bloods used the same tactic?

BW: Because I hate Daddy's boys.

[The second Desperado comes in and kicks Wallace in the gut. He whips him off the ropes, going for a hiptoss, only Wallace stops, countering and goes back to back, taking the Matadore down in a backslide, running on the spot for extra leverage!]

GM: PIN!

[And only gets a two count! He pops up, turning back to get advantage only to be leveled by a spinning heel kick!]

BW: That's how you do it right there!

GM: Wallace just about had him but is down and we have another tag.

[With one holding Wallace's arm up, the other Desperado hits a lifting kick to the ribs.]

GM: More team work here, snap mare and into a chinlock!

[And he holds him there, snarling at the crowd as he wrenches on the hold. The referee looks in, but Wallace refuses to give up, holding a hand up to

show as much. On the apron Bobby O'Connor paces back and forth urging the crowd to get into it with claps and stomps... and they do!]

BW: This cheering isn't going to work!

GM: Or isn't it! Wallace is fighting with everything he has, trying to get his feet under him and get up!

[And he continues to fight, swinging his arms in cadence with the clapping. He finally does get to his feet and hits an elbow to the stomach... and a second... but a third is stopped by a forearm to the spine!]

BW: I told you!

GM: The masked man with a boot... RIGHT TO THE FACE! That has GOT to hurt!

BW: He'll be talking with a lisp after that one!

GM: Tag into his partner and now both of the Desperadoes are in the ring and pounding Larry Wallace again in the corner!

[One goes and taunts O'Connor into the ring, bringing him in. The referee steps in and the two, behind his back, go to town on Wallace some more with stomps and punches to loud booing!]

GM: The referee needs to turn around! Larry Wallace is being mugged in there!

BW: He'd have to have a spare dime to be mugged. This kid is new to the business and it's showing!

GM: He's young, but he knows what he is doing in there. Wrestling is in his blood!

BW: Wrestling might be all over the mat soon.

[Control finally established, one Desperado remains in the ring. He grabs Wallace and pulls him up, only to be PASTED with a big left uppercut... and then another!]

GM: OH MY! What a shot by Larry Wallace! He has some fight left in... OH! A kick to the gut stops that!

BW: It always does.

GM: He's got Wallace. Irish whip... baseball slide!

[Wallace does indeed baseball slide under, but instead of going through, he grabs on and pulls the Matadore down!]

GM: ROLL UP OUT OF NOWHERE!

[ONE! TWO! NO!]

GM: Kickout at two and he's quickly back up and swings... DUCKED!

[POP!]

GM: WHAT A DROPKICK BY LARRY WALLACE! When have you ever seen ANYONE with a dropkick like Larry Wallace!? Incredible!

[The crowd urges him on at the behest of Bobby O'Connor to make the tag. Weary, he starts crawling to the corner, trying to get up and make the tag. The other Desperado sees it and charges in at the on-the-apron O'Connor...

...only O'Connor pulls the rope down, sending him flying to the floor!]

GM: This match has suddenly changed, Bucky! The momentum has drastically changed!

[Wallace gets up to his feet, leaping to tag in O'Connor. In a spectacular scene, O'Connor charges in with a spear on the in ring Desperado while at the same time Wallace charges between the ropes with a headfirst dive into the other one! The crowd goes WILD with a BIG POP at the tandem insanity!]

GM: OH! MY! STARS! DID YOU SEE THAT! DID YOU SEE THAT?!

BW: Who didn't!

[The crowd is still on their feet as O'Connor pops to his feet, fire in his eyes! He motions for the downed Desperado to get up, waiting to finish him off!]

GM: Bodies are down everywhere but the Desperado is slowly getting up... BIG running elbow by O'Connor... another!

[The masked man bounces up a second time and stumbles towards O'Connor. The third gen spins, clutching his hands together...]

GM: POLISH HAMMER! PIN!

[The referee slides in... for one... and two... and the masked man somehow kicks out!]

BW: Still some fight in that guy!

GM: After that impact it can't be much!

[O'Connor grabs his downed opponent, only to stop as the other one slides in. He comes up behind... but so does Larry Wallace, grabbing him by the trunks and bieling him right back out of the ring. He grabs the other Desperado, lifting him up belly to back, O'Connor charging towards, leaping

and hitting a hooking/bulldog style clothesline as Wallace drops the masked man! BIG POP!]

GM: BIG DOUBLE TEAM MOVE! COVER!

[ONE! TWO! THREE!]

GM: And THAT is that!

PW: Your winners... THE YOUNG BLOOOOOOOOOOODS!

[The crowd cheers again as the referee lifts their arms in victory. The Desperadoes slink away as the two tired wrestlers celebrate with a high five and back pat. O'Connor beckons for a microphone, grabbing it and turning towards the hard cam.]

BO: While we may have won right here tonight, we still have a bone to pick with someone. So 'Shiners, if you're listen', and I know ya are..

[Many of the crowd boo at just the mention of their name.]

BO: We ain't finished with ya yet, nah, not even close. We may be young, we may be new to the AWA but we've been around this business a long, long time. We've seen guys like you come and go and quite frankly Wallace and I don't want to drag this out any longer than it needs too.

[Wallace takes the microphone, getting a some distinct cheers from the women in the crowd.]

LW: So here's the deal. Moonshiners? Any time... Any place. Anywhere.

BO: Believe that!

LW: You have no respect for us, for this business, for wrestling. Simple as that. What you did to those Tiger Paw Pro guys was a disgrace and THOSE days are over fellas. THOSE days and THOSE kind of actions don't belong in THIS ring right here. So when you're ready to come back out of hiding... we'll be right here. Waiting.

BO: Ready.

LW: And prepared for WHATEVER you got. 'Cause Bobby and I represent a new breed, fellas. A new era of wrestling and we'll defend it... Till the day we die.

["God's Gonna Cut You Down" hits again as the two slide out of the ring, Wallace jogging around to high five all the fans he can before the two head up the aisle in victory.]

GM: Some big words from the Young Bloods for the Moonshiners.

BW: If you ask me, they're biting off way more then they can chew.

GM: Fans, we've got to take another break but we'll be right back so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.

Cut to a head and torso shot of a sharply dressed Stevie Scott, who stands alone in the ring in an empty WKIK studio, looking directly at YOU, the home viewer!]

HSS: Hey, you there!

[He taps the air, and inexplicably, a "plink plink" sound is heard, as if he is tapping the inside of your TV set...and your TV set were still one of those old-fashioned models from the 80's.]

HSS: This is the Hotshot talking to ya! Did you miss out on the Heat Wave tour, or do you just want to experience all the HOT action one more time? Well, you're in luck...

[From out of camera sight, Stevie Scott picks his arm up and reveals a DVD, with many small pictures of action surrounding one large picture of AWA World Champion Calisto Dufresne in a pose.]

HSS: ...because the new 2013 Heat Wave tour DVD is now available on AWAShop.com! Whoo, check it out!

[Stevie flicks the DVD towards the camera...which, through the wonders of post-production, starts spinning rapidly at the screen for a second, until it morphs into a shot of Miss Sandra Hayes leading her charge to the ring.]

HSS: Nine matches, over three hours of action from all over the southern states that was just too HOT for television!

[Cut to a shot of BC Da Mastah MC trying a diving splash into the corner...and MISSING, as Yuma Weaver gets out of the way, and comes back with a THUNDEROUS chop.]

HSS: You'll see BC Da Mastah MC and Yuma Weaver in a hellacious Indian Strap Match!

[Manny Imbragno has Dave Bryant up in his patented extended Airplane Spin.]

HSS: The World Television title is up for grabs as Dave Bryant defends against the enigmatic Manny Imbragno!

[In what looks to be shallow center field of a minor league baseball stadium, Juan Vasquez is slugging it out with...something slimy.]

HSS: The best of two eras collide, as Juan Vasquez engages in a no-holds barred brawl with The Mud Monster!

[Kenny Stanton and Brad Jacobs slump in opposite corners, as The Rave hits a running double dropkick on Stanton...then kip up and do the same to Jacobs, as Larry Doyle pounds the mat in frustration.]

HSS: The Rave try to fulfill their destiny twenty years early, as they take on The Blonde Bombers for the World Tag Team Championships!

[Cut to a shot of Calisto Dufresne and Supernova eyeing each other in the ring...followed a shot of Dufresne getting press-slammed off the top rope...followed by a bloody Dufresne trapped in Supernova's Solar Flare leglock.]

HSS: And that's right, it was a SuperClash III rematch as Supernova got his shot at Calisto Dufresne for the big one, the twenty pounds of gold, the World Heavyweight Championship! All this action, plus much, much more!

[Cut to a shot of a screen featuring a DVD player, a screen on the right showing other wrestling action, and a screen on the left back to showing a well-dressed Stevie in the ring, talking directly to the home viewer.]

HSS: Who won? Who lost? My lips are sealed! The only way to find out is to order the DVD from AWAShop.com, right now!

[The URL appears on the bottom of the screen for a second, before fading out...

We fade back up to the interview area, where Percy Childe is standing next to Jason Dane with an annoyed look on his face. The fans are booing Percy, but many are cheering because he's visibly upset after being fired by Nenshou.]

JD: Fans, I am here with a man who has many questions to answer, Percy Ch...

[Percy cuts off Dane.]

PC: Mister Dane, I am not here to answer your questions. I am here only to address Nenshou, and only because I can't find him. He is a master of stealth, as you know; if he does not wish to be found, he cannot be found. But he will hear me. He understands English perfectly well, as you've deduced.

Nenshou, you do not have all of the facts. You acted rashly in firing me. I can see how you would have drawn the conclusions you came to; with the information available to you, the conclusion makes sense. But you know that you can't fire me.

JD: Another Monosso-style contract?

PC: Not... exactly. Only one party may terminate this contract. It is not Nenshou and it is not me. I am not at liberty to say more. But it is vitally important that Nenshou comes and speaks to me. For all of our sakes.

JD: The Wise Men. I had thought you were one of...

PC: Your theories are irrelevant. Nenshou has endangered many people by speaking the way he has. I...

JD: Should grow a spine and tell us what you know.

[That sets Childes off. He sticks the business end of his cane up against Dane's Adam's apple and glares.]

PC: Don't you dare tell me what I should and should not do! You know nothing! You're simply a busybody who wants to feel important by uncovering painful secrets. Didn't Nenshou teach you what happens when you stick your nose in dangerous business?!

JD: He did, and it taught me that it's worth it to stand up to bullies!

[The fans cheer Dane, and Percy averts his eyes suddenly, as if that somehow hits home.]

PC: I am still Nenshou's manager, and I still intend to lead him to the World Title someday. This tournament is indeed a golden opportunity to do this in a... wise manner. So I'm wasting my time with you, Dane.

Nenshou! Come speak with me. We need to talk this over like adults.

That's all I have to say.

[Childes hustles away as Dane rubs his neck.]

JD: No matter what he says, Percy Childes is hiding far too much. And it looks like that's all biting him in his expansive aaaa...asteroids. Back to you, Gordon and Bucky.

BW: Heh, I guess we found where the button is to make Dane forget about our TV rating.

GM: Ever since Nenshou has come to the AWA, he's been shrouded with secrecy. Childes has repeatedly alluded to outside forces with an interest in Nenshou's career. Nenshou mentioned organized crime in his statement. Do you think?

BW: What, that the Wise Men are the Yakuza? No, that makes no sense.

GM: No, that's not what I was saying. He said the Wise Men used tactics similar to... well, we can only make speculation. Bucky, it's probably not WISE to talk about organized crime groups when someone may really be involved with them.

BW: *gulp* I... er... good point. Anyway, let's change the subject and talk about somebody else, ok?

GM: I'm sure Percy Childes would like that. And in fact, we can do just that as I've just been told that there's been some sort of incident just minutes ago involving an AWA wrestler. Let's take a look, courtesy of this footage sent in by AWA fan KillCarverKill on Twitter.

[Cut to blurry footage shot on a camera phone in what looks to be the dimly-lit interior of the Rusty Spur. We see a blurry mass of people and we hear people chanting, "FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT" The person holding the phone gets closer to the crowd and, as the camera's auto focus kicks in, we see that in the middle of a ring of people is AWA wrestler, Callum Mahoney, dressed in a black T-shirt and dark blue jeans, beer mug in hand, standing off against two men: one of them is bald and burly, in a red-and-white plaid shirt and faded jeans, and the other has long, lanky hair, and is wearing a black Members Only jacket over a white T-shirt and blue jeans. Judging by the way Mahoney is nonchalantly leaning against a nearby bar stool and not really looking at the two men as he speaks, the beer he has in hand probably isn't his first. We pick up his words in mid-sentence.]

CM: -and I'm not in Steal the Spotlight thanks to Chris Blue and a bunch of punks from God-knows-where, so if you two punks want a shot at me, I'd like to see you try...

[The crowd continues to chant, as the two men look a bit unsure what to do. Mahoney lets go of the bar stool and holds up his balled fists in front of him, one of which is still clutching his beer.]

CM: So, come on then, which one of you two wants to step up and claim the prize?

[We see the long-haired man lean over and whisper something to his bald friend, who smiles and begins slowly approaching Mahoney. The chanting gets louder, although Mahoney has taken no moves towards the man. He tries to steady himself, to prevent spilling any beer.]

At this point, the potential fight is interrupted by the entry of Curt Sawyer, ax handle in hand. He turns to the man holding the camera and tells him to turn it off and we cut back to the Coliseum.]

GM: We're not sure what else went down, so we have dispatched a camera crew to the Rusty Spur to check it out. We hope to bring you an update of the situation later on in the show but right now, let's go to the ring for more action!

[A familiar throaty yell emanates from the arena speakers.]

IT'S MINE...

IT'S MINE...

THE WORLD IS MINE!

[The crowd erupts into a strongly mixed reaction, as Black Sabbath's "Heaven and Hell" starts to play.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall, with a ten minute time limit...

[Twenty-five seconds into the song, a masked mountain of a man, with lightly-tanned skin and brown eyes, emerges from the entranceway. He has on a black mask, with silver markings around the back forming two icy peaks; a black singlet, with a silver M across the front; black tights, black fingerless gloves, black knee pads, and a pair of black boots with silver trim.]

SING ME A SONG, YOU'RE A SINGER #
DO ME A WRONG, YOU'RE A BRINGER OF EVIL #
THE DEVIL IS NEVER A MAKER #
THE LESS THAT YOU GIVE, YOU'RE A MAKER #
SO IT'S ON AND ON AND ON #
IT'S HEAVEN AND HELL #
OH WELL

PW: Hailing from the San Bernardino Mountains, weighing in at 420 pounds, he is...

MAMMOTH MAAAXIIMUSSS!!!

[As he comes down the aisle, the big man pays little attention to the fans on either side of him.]

PW: And his opponent...

[In the ring is a man with short dirty-blond hair, mustache and a bestubbed face. He has on a tan two-strap singlet, black boots and kneepads, and red wrist tape.]

PW: Hailing from Joplin, Missouri, weighing in at 242 pounds, he is...
MICHAEL WEEEAVERRR!!!

[Reaching the ring, Maximus steps through the ropes. He balls up his fists and holds out his arms to either side of him. As the music fades, Maximus brings his fists together in front of him and backs into his corner. He swings his left arm in small circles, trying to loosen up his shoulder, which he seems to be favoring.]

GM: Judging by the look on young Michael Weaver's face, he looks uncertain as to what he's about to face here.

"DING! DING!"

BW: And here we go! It's Michael Weaver taking on the monster of the Matsui Corporation!

GM: You have to appreciate the courage of this young man from Missouri, Bucky, signing on to face the big man.

BW: Courageous but also stupid. Is he trying to lock up with him?

[Weaver dives into a collar-and-elbow tieup, fighting to get an advantage before Maximus simply hurls him away and down to the mat!]

GM: Oh my! Maximus is showing off that size and power that we all know he's got. The same size and power that took him so close to moving on in the Chase For The Clash tournament two weeks ago against Supreme Wright.

BW: It was a heck of a fight for sure but that missed Moonsault cost him everything... and you have to wonder if he even would have gone for that if Louis Matsui had been at ringside.

[Weaver gets back to his feet, marching back in on Maximus who reaches out and paintbrushes him across the face with an open hand to an "OHHH!" from the fans. We can hear Maximus yelling at Weaver, "Look alive, boy! Look alive! Come on!"]

GM: Maximus may be getting more cheers than usual for his stance against Royalty in recent weeks but he's showing us all right now that he certainly hasn't changed his style inside the ring.

[Weaver tries to move in again, but Maximus simply grabs his face with both hands and shoves him into the corner.]

GM: Oof! Maximus with a series of rights and lefts!

BW: He's just destroying the kid.

GM: Headbutt!

[Maximus pulls a dazed Weaver out of the corner by the arm...

...and RIGHT into a short arm clothesline!]

GM: Goodness! That'll take Weaver right out of this thing. He might be finished already, Bucky.

BW: Not if MAMMOTH has anything to say about it. He ain't done with the kid. Not yet.

[Maximus pauses to yell something at the downed Weaver before grabbing a handful of hair and dragging him to his feet. He slaps on a front facelock before powering him into a suplex position where he just throws him down to the mat, not falling with him in the vertical suplex.]

GM: A released suplex out of Maximus, just tossing the young man down to the mat and- he's going up the ropes! He's looking to put Weaver away right here and now!

[Maximus steps up on the middle rope, grabbing the top as he bounces up and down...

...and then kicks his legs out to go parallel to the canvas before CRASHING down on his prone opponent!]

BW: OHHH! PREHISTORIC PLUNGE!!

[Maximus stays atop as the referee drops down to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[The crowd groans as Maximus pushes up, shaking his head as he pulls Weaver off the mat by the hair.]

BW: He's not done with him yet.

GM: Maximus pulls him at a two count. Not ready to finish the man apparently.

[Holding Weaver by a handful of hair, Maximus slaps him, as if trying to revive Weaver. He points directly at one of the ringside cameras and we hear him yell, "Royalty, don't think I'm done with you yet!" Maximus pulls Weaver to his feet and throws his arm across Weaver's chest.]

GM: We know what's coming up next...

BW: URANAGE!

GM: That thunderous chokeslam type move and- Cover... One! Two!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Now he's done.

BW: The monster doesn't have his manager by his side; he's out of the Chase For The Clash, but we know he's still got his sights set on Royalty.

GM: Let's go over to Jason Dane for a few words from MAMMOTH Maximus!

[We cut to the interview platform where Jason Dane is standing by.]

JD: Fans, we just saw him in action, let's see if we can get his thoughts on the outcome of his match with Supreme Wright two weeks ago in the Chase For The Clash tournament as well as Royalty. Maximus, can we get a few words please?

[Having made his way to the interview platform, Maximus steps up to the broadcaster and, in typical Maximus fashion, grabs hold of the mic, along with Dane's hand, with his meaty fingers and pulls it closer to his mouth.]

MM: SUPREME WRIGHT! You did it, man! You put the monster to sleep! I ought to be mad about it but I'm not. Two weeks ago, you WERE the BETTER man and I'm not AFRAID to admit THAT! Supreme Wright beat MAMMOTH Maximus! There! I said it!

[And he gets cheers in response.]

MM: But now... Now, it's back to business as usual for me! Because, even though my plans get derailed OVER and OVER again, I'm still standing and I'm still walking and we've still got a nest of snakes to take care of. After what they did to Mister Matsui, after what Larry Doyle and Bebop and Rocksteady did to Buford Higgins, I'll be damned if I let something like that happen again! So, Royalty, have no doubt that this is NOT OVER! I'm going to be right there each and every time you punks decide to gang up on someone! It might take me a while to get my fat butt there, but, as long as I'm walking, have no doubt that...

I'LL!

BE!

THERE!!!

[Maximus releases Dane's hand, to the broadcaster's relief, and walks off, still yelling to himself, if to nobody else in particular, "BE THERE!" The shot cuts back to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: MAMMOTH Maximus may have lost his shot to compete for the World Title at SuperClash but he's still got his sights set at taking on Royalty.

BW: That goal may take him out of SuperClash altogether though, Gordo. He ain't meeting Dufresne. He ain't meeting the Bombers. Does Maximus think he's getting a shot at Dave Cooper who is still shooting for the World Television Title?

GM: With about a month until SuperClash, the competition for the final slots on the card is fierce just as the competition to become a member of... what was it that Jason called them? The First Night Fighters? That competition has been red hot as well. We now know that Tony Sunn and Sai Fong are the first two members of the team... but what about the third?

BW: Maybe it's some of these bums I saw out in the parking lot tonight. What was the deal with that, Gordo?

GM: I'm not sure-

BW: You saw 'em, right? All those homeless guys out front begging for money and causing a disturbance. I didn't notice them when I pulled in in

my Pink Cadillac but when I got out of the car, I sure noticed that Texas was stinkin' more than usual.

GM: Bucky, let's try and stay on target here. The third member of the First Night Fighters is someone who is no stranger to professional wrestling fans. He is the possessor of one of the most dangerous and deadly knockout blows in all of wrestling - the Don't Trust Eli. Of course, I'm referring to the ever-dangerous Eli Slater.

BW: Slater's wrestled all over the world - a true veteran of the ring... but he's never got a shot at the big time. And there's a real simple reason for it. No one trusts him. Not the fans, not the other wrestlers, and definitely not the promoters. But somehow... somehow, he's convinced the AWA to give him a shot and I can't wait to see what happens next.

GM: Mr. Slater's representatives have said he'll be here later tonight but for right now, they've asked us to show this music video showing Eli Slater in action! Let's take a look...

[We fade in as the opening chords of "Idle Hands" by Murder City Devils start. We see Eli Slater for the first time, standing in what appears to be the Combat Corner. He's leaning in a corner of the ring, standing about 6'5 with shoulder length curly dirty blonde hair, with a thick mustache and a permanent looking five o'clock shadow. He's wearing a white thermal long sleeve shirt, loose faded jeans and brown work boots. He is staring into the camera. Suddenly as the lyrics kick in, we start a series of clips showing the many years of ring wars Eli has been through]

It coulda been any boy, it
It coulda been any girl
I'm glad it was me
I'm glad it was you #

[We roll through different shots of Eli brawling in a series of rings, clips of wild punches, wild swings, and most importantly of Eli and his opponents bleeding heavily from their battles]

Met a girl from Austin, Dallas
Met a girl I won't soon forget her
Sat down to write her a letter
I wrote this song instead #

[The clips now show the more technical side of Eli, he's hitting some decent looking suplexes, some vicious short arm clotheslines and superior looking kneedrops and kneelifts.]

These idle hands
They do the devils work
These idle hands
They do a whole lot worse
These idle hands
They do the devils work

These idle hands
They do a whole lot worse
A whole lot worse #

[Now we are treated to clips edited quickly together of Eli hitting his finisher - the DTE, a three-quarter nelson bulldog - out of almost any conceivable situation. The regular version, the version on a running opponent, the version with the opponent sitting on the top turnbuckle, sliding out of a bodyslam into a DTE, sliding out of a Suplex into the DTE, Just clip after clip of Eli applying this finisher. Finally as the music hits the end of the chorus, we see a masked high flyer attempt some sort of flying bodypress only for Eli to hop up catch his head in mid-air and lay him out with the DTE.]

I bet you got a boy
Back in Austin, baby
But I'm not asking
But I'm not asking #

[The video now shifts to numerous interview segments, inter-cutting shots of Eli looking steely eyed into the camera, while making his point, silent in this video.]

These idle hands
They do the devils work
These idle hands
They do a whole lot worse
These idle hands
They do the devils work
These idle hands
They do a whole lot worse
A whole lot worse #

[Jarringly we cut to the middle of a ring, judging by the Puerto Rican flag style tights of his opponent we can gather Eli is in the 51st unofficial state (Sharp eyed fans will recognize PR mainstay Alonzo Savadol as the man in the flag tights). Both men are covered in blood and throwing the sort of rights and lefts that signal they are almost out of gas. Then out of nowhere in one fluid motion Eli reaches down and throws a fireball right into the face of Alonzo. The hometown hero falls backward clawing at his face as instantaneously the ringside crew and ref attend to his face specifically his eyes, as the shot shifts we see Eli tired, bloody and leaning on the ropes facing the crowd as he holds himself upright, all around him trash flies from the stands as the enraged crowd seems to be boiling over on the verge of something dangerous, all the while Eli leans breathing hard but sort of smiling at the damage he has inflicted and the mayhem that is coming.

Met a girl from Austin, Dallas
Met a girl from Austin, Dallas
Met a girl I won't soon forget #

[This time we look to be in Nova Scotia, Canada, judging by the flags in the background of the shot and as we watch Eli springboards himself from the

inside of the ring to the outside hitting a diving clothesline and taking out his opponent and most of the first row, and the shot cuts as he's smiling sitting on the ground]

It coulda been any boy
It coulda been any girl
I'm glad it was me
I'm glad it was you #

[The shot now cuts to a ring in Nova Scotia where a masked man (Again sharp fans will recognize him as the Acadian Assassin) standing holding a briefcase filled with money as the volume of the song momentarily wanes we hear him speak]

AA: Fifty thousand dollars to the man who takes OUT Alain Pettipas, once and for all.

[The song picks up and we switch shots to a match featuring Eli and - you guessed it - Alain Pettipas]

These idle hands
They do the devils work
These idle hands
They do a whole lot worse
These idle hands
They do the devils work
These idle hands
They do a whole lot worse
A whole lot worse #

[As the final chorus plays, we watch short bursts - moments from the match, wild brawl that it is, until we cut to a shot of Pettipas slouched over sitting on the top rope, with Slater standing on the second rope reading him for a Superplex, a big enough deal until we realize that the spot where Slater is aiming to send Pettipas has a chair, unfolded and open, sitting there.

We watch as in slow motion as the move is attempted...

...and abruptly cut just before it's completed, showing a badly-injured Pettipas down on the mat being worked on by doctors as Slater sits in the corner leaning against the bottom turnbuckle. He is looking at his hands in disbelief at what he has done. As the words "A whole lot worse" echo, we fade back to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: A dangerous man... an untrustworthy man... and a man that I can't imagine anyone else on the First Night Fighters are pleased to hear have joined them. He's going to be out for himself - I promise you that - and who knows what'll happen when he's forced to actually team with four other competitors. So, now we know three members of that team and I'm told we'll hear one more name announced before Chris Blue comes out here to introduce his team later tonight.

BW: I can't wait to see who convinced Blue to hand over that final spot.

GM: I'm right there with you in that. But we now know another man who will be competing at SuperClash - Eli Slater - but how about two men who, as of now, don't appear to be making the lineup for the big show - the tag team known as Dichotomy! Two weeks ago on Saturday Night Wrestling, we saw a fairly disgraceful display by Matt Ginn and Mark Hoefner, the team known as Dichotomy. They came out here to do commentary during a matchup between the Longhorn Riders and the Northern Lights, and they introduced a foreign object into the match in an attempt to cost the Northern Lights the contest.

BW: And then the AWA showed that they were right about how baby-kissin' pretty boys get all the breaks, because Air Strike came out and got the decision reversed for no reason.

GM: Ridiculous. Justice was done. But Dichotomy fled the scene, and if you ask me, their tactics are cowardly and petty. Let's see if they can manage a situation face to face for once... let's go up to the ring.

[Up in the ring, Phil Watson is standing by with two men. One is a dark-skinned black man with long black dreadlocks, grey trunks, grey boots, and white knee and elbow pads. He has a muscular upper body and a solemn look on his face. The other is a smaller pale-skinned man with short brown curly hair, and a decent physique. He wears full length silver tights with a scale pattern, matching boots, and green elbowpads.]

[*DING*DING*]

PW: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit!

Introducing first... from Tampa, Florida and Wichita, Kansas respectively. At a total combined weight of four hundred eighty seven pounds... the team of JP DRIVER and GEORGE TALBOT!

[Driver and Talbot raise their hands.]

GM: We normally see JP Driver team up with Alex Worthey, but Worthey was injured two weeks ago by Cletus Lee Bishop and William Craven, and frankly, everyone's shocked that it wasn't worse than it was. Our thoughts go out to...

#WE! ARE! IN! CON! TROL!

[The techno-rock open of "Vengeance" by The Protomen opens up over the PA as the fans boo.]

GM: Oh my word.

BW: They got new music!

GM: I suppose they do.

PW: And their opponents...

[After a short time, the curtain parts to reveal two figures. The taller of the two, Matt Ginn, stands about six-seven, with a slender build. He has reddish-brown hair in a Caesar style, a thin-cut goatee and mustache. He sports black trunks with large white triangular patterns on each hip, running from waist to legline, and black-and-white boots, elbowpads, and kneepads. The boots, pads, and triangular parts of the trunks feature the three-circle biohazard symbol. He's wearing a black polo shirt (with a blue Blue Sun logo on it) and heavy wrist tape, which he's adjusting. The athletically built man alongside him, Mark Hoefner, has light brown skin and short black hair in a slightly receding hairstyle. His attire is a mirror to his partner, though with red in place of the white. He's wearing a white T-Shirt with WINTER IS COMING in black (and a grey Game Of Thrones logo behind it). The two men stop at the top of the aisle and survey the scene, conversing a bit before proceeding down the aisle.]

PW: Coming down the aisle... from Cambridge, Massachusetts and Shenandoah, Pennsylvania respectively... at a total combined weight of four hundred eighty-seven pounds...

...MATT GINN... MARK HOEFNER... they are DICHOTOMY!

[The duo takes their time proceeding to the ring as the analog-mastered rock of The Protomen kicks into gear. Ginn gives several of the fans disgusted looks and dismissive gestures while Hoefner shouts insults and makes threats. They stop a couple times on the way to do this, taking their sweet time.]

BW: I don't know why you're so down on these guys, Gordo.

GM: I respect their dramatic improvement, but their tactics and behavior is deplorable, and their attitude is beyond awful. It's one thing for a man like Calisto Dufresne or Rick Marley to be dismissive and condescending; they have serious attitude problems, but at least they both have accomplishments which make a swelled ego somewhat understandable. Ginn and Hoefner have literally done nothing yet.

[When they arrive at ringside, Dichotomy heads for the ringsteps. They cautiously ascend the steps, keeping a wary eye out for their opponents. Both men enter the ring from opposite sides of the cornerpost, and proceed to center ring. Ginn immediately starts accosting the referee while Hoefner hops to the second turnbuckle to yell at the booing fans some more.]

BW: No, if they literally had done nothing, they'd be like these fans sitting there in the crowd uselessly. That's doing nothing. They are going for the gold, Gordo, and they might have a long way to go, but they're going for it. It's a heck of a lot more than guys like Driver and Talbot can say.

[The music dies down, and referee Davis Warren goes over to give instructions. Immediately, Ginn and Hoefner flank him and start complaining about his request to search them for weapons. This gets more jeers and catcalls.]

[*DING*DING*DING*]

GM: I will say this for Dichotomy: they certainly learned how to get a reaction from the crowd. They're behaving like children.

BW: Well, why didn't Warren check the other two? Why is he treating them like criminals?!

GM: You were right next to them two weeks ago, Bucky Wilde! That chain was two feet from your face! You know very well why!

[And indeed, Warren finds a foreign object of some kind inside of Ginn's boot! The crowd cheers as Warren berates Dichotomy, who act shocked and start pointing fingers at Driver and Talbot.]

GM: THAT SHOULD BE A PREEMPTIVE DISQUALIFICATION!

BW: Pretty sure you have to USE a weapon to be disqualified! And look, Dichotomy says that Driver and Talbot planted it! I believe them!

GM: Horsehockey!

BW: ...did you just say horsehockey?

[Hoefner is making enraged gesticulations at Driver and Talbot, which infuriates both of them. They get up in Hoefner's face and jaw at him. Hoefner shoves Driver, and then Driver and Talbot both punch him simultaneously, flooring the Pennsylvanian to the approval of the crowd!]

GM: And that's what Hoefner gets for baiting Driver and Talbot!

BW: Come on! They're supposed to stay in their corner!

GM: Ginn attacks, but Driver clips out the legs and he tumbles into a forearm uppercut by Talbot! The makeshift duo sending Matt Ginn off the ropes, and taking the lanky would-be scientist to the mat with a double elbow!

[Driver pumps his fists at the crowd excitedly, and Warren starts to escort him from the ring. This lets Hoefner dig into his boot, pull out something, and sock Talbot with it to the loud boos of the fans!]

BW: What a haymaker!

GM: WHAT ON EARTH WAS THAT?!

BW: A haymaker! Pay attention, Gordo.

GM: Mark Hoefner had a weapon too! That's why he baited Driver and Talbot!

[He indeed had a weapon... a weapon which he has thrown into the crowd before proceeding out of the ring. The crowd is going off, as Ginn gets up and goes at a barely-moving Talbot with a kneedrop.]

BW: To manipulate them into attacking him before Warren searched him? Well, if so, we know who the smartest tag team in the ring is, don't we? But, ah, I don't think you can prove he did that.

GM: For crying out loud! Matt Ginn with a cover... but only a two count. Fortunately, Hoefner didn't get a clean enough shot to knock Talbot unconscious. But Dichotomy solidly in control immediately due to blatant rulebreaking.

BW: Again with the misuse of the word 'blatant'!

GM: Fine, the shameless rulebreaking. Ginn with the scoop slam on Talbot, tag to Hoefner. Hoefner in, and Dichotomy on a double team.

[Ginn picks up Talbot in a side suplex lift, holding him parallel to the mat. Hoefner runs off the ropes, and barrels into Talbot with an elbowdrop as Ginn drops with the side suplex, driving him down with the extra weight.]

BW: Nice doubleteam! These kids are learnin' more every day.

GM: If they'd learn more legal tactics like those, instead of spurious tactics like this illegal chokehold by Hoefner, that would be fine. A _blatant_ chokehold, Bucky.

BW: Ha ha, yeah, this one is pretty blatant.

GM: Hoefner breaking at four and then reapplying the choke, which is a loophole I'd personally like to see removed some day. Finally, he gets up and pulls Talbot up with him. Two handfuls of hair... oh my stars!

BW: He rammed Talbot's face into the top turnbuckle at about ninety miles an hour, then spiked him back-first to the mat! Nasty!

GM: Mark Hoefner is a high-speed competitor capable of some high-impact collision offense, that's for sure. Leaping double axehandle across the back as Talbot tries to get on his hands and knees. Hoefner with another axehandle blow, a knee, and a stomp, my goodness. Pouring it on, and herding Talbot towards the Dichotomy corner. Tag made to Matt Ginn now.

[Ginn leans back and swings his long leg up so that his boot sticks out over the turnbuckle. Hoefner pulls up Talbot and rams his face into the boot. Ginn then steps over the top rope as Hoefner secures Talbot in a side headlock, holding him wide open for Ginn to bury a forearm blow to the kidneys.]

BW: You know, I bet the Northern Lights are backstage right now shaking in their boots.

GM: You've got to be kidding.

BW: They're probably gonna go hide in an electrical closet until Dichotomy leaves. They're known cowards, you know.

GM: Highly unlikely. Ginn with the vertical suplex lift on Talbot, holding George Talbot way up there. At six feet seven inches, Matt Ginn is a very tall man, and he uses that height wherever he can... such as here. The blood flowing to Talbot's head... and down to the canvas with the big delayed suplex!

BW: Can you imagine if he put about twenty pounds on? He could be a monster.

GM: I'm not sure that would necessarily go with his clinical technical style, but yes, he has room to grow. Ginn planting the boot in Talbot's back and lifting the arms... ah, the Review Board! He has that painful hold applied!

[The camera gets a closeup of George Talbot's face, smushed into the canvas as Ginn's boot presses him down. Pain is etched on his face as his arms are being pulled up behind him. The fans near Dichotomy's corner are very agitated, as Hoefner is shouting at them.]

BW: This could wrench both of his arms out of socket, daddy.

GM: George Talbot is a fine technician, and a state high school champion in Kansas. But after that cheap shot with the foreign object to start the match, he's had no chance to get anything going against the oppressive control techniques of Dichotomy. Ginn's meticulous technical wrestling and Hoefner's smothering high-speed assault are very complimentary, and difficult to defend.

BW: And now he's walking him... ha ha, I love this. Rubbing the guy's face into the canvas. Mat burn city.

GM: Ginn taking steps, dragging Talbot as he steps with his right leg, bashing his face to the mat. Tag made to Hoefner, who slingshots himself in with a stomp to the back of the head! And continuing to stomp away as Ginn keeps the hold applied!

BW: Here comes Driver to break it up, and to screw his partner over by givin' Dichotomy more time.

GM: JP Driver with a flying shoulderblock to Ginn! That will break the hold! Miles Warren pushing him back, and that gives Dichotomy the chance to do further damage. Hoefner picking up Talbot in the slam position...

[As the crowd boos the excess doubleteaming, Hoefner carries his man over to Ginn, who is on one knee. He throws Talbot face-down, bashing his chest and throat into the outstretched knee of Ginn!]

BW: I dunno what that was, but it sure looked painful!

GM: Improvised offense by Dichotomy. Ginn finally out and Hoefner in. Talbot looking to regain his feet, and a hard Mongolian Chop levels him!

BW: You'd expect no less from the heir to the Mongolian empire.

GM: Now wait just a minute.

BW: Mark Hoefner's a direct descendant of Genghis Khan!

GM: Perhaps, but many people make that claim, and none of them are heirs to any kind of empire. Talbot whipped off the ropes, back body drop... no! Double forearm smash coming in by Talbot!

[A small cheer goes up as George Talbot staves off his doom with a counter... and then a much bigger one as he leaps forward into a jumping windup clothesline that flattens Hoefner! The leap takes Talbot off his feet and onto his back, and both men are down!]

GM: HUGE CLOTHESLINE! George Talbot's bizarre but devastating clothesline is a move we've seen be very effective in several non-televvised matches, Bucky, and it may give his team a chance if he can make the tag!

BW: Given the drubbing that he's taken, I'm surprised he knew the difference between his arms and his legs!

GM: Hoefner makes the tag... and SO DOES TALBOT! JP Driver is in, and we have a match!

[Filled with energy and with the crowd behind him, JP Driver runs in and hammers Ginn with a clothesline! He then hits Hoefner with one, bowling the Shenandoah native over the second rope and to the floor! Driver gets a head of steam, leaps, grabs two handfuls of Ginn's hair, and slams his face into the canvas!]

GM: Driver is on fire!

BW: Not yet. But it could be arranged.

GM: JP Driver off the ropes, and a swinging neckbreaker on Matt Ginn! Could we have an upset! One, two... no!

BW: It'll take a lot more than that!

GM: Driver off the ropes... oh no!

[As the fans pour on the support, Driver goes full-bore at Ginn, who drops down, pulling the top rope down so that Driver hits it and goes clean over the top! The fans let out an 'awwww' and boo... especially as Hoefner moves right in an attack on the floor!]

BW: You'd think a guy named Driver wouldn't be that reckless. We need the state patrol to write this guy a ticket.

GM: Matt Ginn with the very intelligent move, but Mark Hoefner illegally assaulting JP Driver on the floor!

[*whpCRAAASH*]

GM: Irish-Whip to the barricade!

BW: That's the advantage of bein' home in the Crockett Coliseum, Gordo. Nice steel railings, unlike the ropes we gotta use on the road sometimes.

GM: I highly doubt JP Driver thinks they are very nice. Mark Hoefner sending him back in under the top rope, and Matt Ginn wasting no time taking advantage! He picks up Driver, and a belly-to-back suplex folds the Tampa, Florida native over like an accordion!

BW: There's that height again. It makes the ring shake when a man comes down from that high up. I know when the Northern Lights see an impact like that, it makes them shake too!

GM: I don't think so. Ginn with some rather rude remarks at George Talbot, then back into Driver with a boot to the midsection. Matt Ginn setting up Driver for a reverse neckbreaker... Driver counters into a backslide! One! Two!

[The backslide uses the opponent's height against them, but Ginn manages to get his feet over and twist out of the hold. Popping to his feet quickly, JP Driver runs, hammers Ginn with a hard elbow, and proceeds off the far ropes, where George Talbot slaps him on the back to tag himself in.]

BW: No pin! Driver trying to hit and run, and apparently Talbot's dumb enough to want some more.

GM: Driver with a high cross body! He gets Ginn down, and Talbot in to drop a high jumping front elbow to the face of the Massachusetts native. Driver rolls out, and Talbot furiously stomping away! I know that George Talbot hates cheating and rulebreaking, Bucky; he may have wanted back in the match before he was ready.

BW: We'll see.

GM: Talbot with a snapmare! Off the ropes, and a hard soccer-style kick to the back of Ginn! Off the ropes again... what was that?!

BW: That was Hoefner burying a knee to the kidneys, because the dummy didn't look where he was going.

[An enraged Talbot holds his kidneys with his eyes almost rolling back in pain, but he lurches towards Hoefner, wrapping his hands around Mark's throat with a chokehold. The fans briefly cheer the act of retribution, before booing as Ginn steps up behind him, hooks his head, and takes him straight down with the reverse neckbreaker!]

GM: George Talbot left himself wide, wide open, and Matt Ginn with the crushing neckbreaker!

BW: I guess Dichotomy knew how to bait him, didn't they?

GM: They did. Ginn charging Driver... boot to the face sends Driver off the apron! I can only presume they're going to try and finish this.

BW: That's exactly what they're about to do, daddy! Check this out!

[The fans boo as Ginn pulls up Talbot and crouches under him, getting him on his shoulders in a seated position. He tags Hoefner and then turns away from him. Mark Hoefner climbs to the top rope, gives the crowd the old "Bras d'honneur" gesture, and leaps into a flying bulldog on Talbot, taking him off of Ginn's shoulders and into the mat with a loud BOOM!]

GM: APOCALYPSE NOW!

BW: You can count to a thousand, daddy. It's over.

GM: No question.

[*DING*DING*DING*]

[More boos rain down as Hoefner keeps the pin on Talbot, just to rub it in even more. Ginn arrogantly throws Driver out of the ring from behind as he had re-entered far too late to break up the pinfall.]

GM: Dichotomy is your winner... and apparently, Mark Hoefner does indeed want to count to a thousand.

BW: Well, why not? We could have it be a factor in rankings, kinda like margin of victory in college football. The longer you can pin a guy, the better your win is.

GM: We'd be here all night watching Hoefner pin Talbot. Nobody, and I mean nobody, is getting up after Apocalypse Now. They still have a ways to go as a team, but their finishing move may be the most brutal in the AWA tag team division, possibly just under the Bishop Boys in my opinion.

PW: Here are your winners... MATT GINN and MARK HOFNER...
DICHOTOMY!

#WE! ARE! IN! CON! TROL!

[After Watson makes the announcement, only then does Hoefner get up. "Vengeance" by The Protomen starts up, and Ginn scoops Talbot and dumps him out of the ring with a look of sheer disdain on his face. The two men raise their arms imperiously before heading to the aisle.]

GM: Terrible sportsmanship!

BW: You know how many times people did that to them when they were clueless rookies, ill-trained by the Combat Corner because Michaelson poured all his time and effort into Supreme Wright?

GM: That's a lie and you know it! The reason that Combat Corner graduates have disparate levels of success isn't due to the training; it is due to the talent, motivation, and drive of the individual. Ginn and Hoefner are only now getting their motivation and drive in order; men like Wright had it from the get-go. They all had the same training.

BW: That's not what Eric Preston told me.

GM: Everything Preston says is tainted by bitterness. In any case, Dichotomy is victorious and they are standing by with Jason Dane. Jason?

[Over to the interview position, where Ginn and Hoefner are now arriving. Their music dies down as Jason begins.]

JD: Well, gentlemen, it seems that you can get scheduled interview time after all, when you earn it like everyone else.

MG: Condescending rubbish. Being chastised by you is akin to Steven Hawking being told by a Millennial slacker that he's an idiot for not believing in vampires.

MH: Vampires exist. It was a government project gone wrong with alien DNA splicing back when Watson and Crick were running comparison matching for military soldier enhan...

JD: What?!

[Ginn shoots Hoefner a sideways glance before shaking his head and continuing.]

MG: DON'T get him started!

JD: I didn't! You did!

MG: And just like that revisionist mentality of evading personal accountability, the Northern Lights are claiming that they were victorious two weeks ago, like they claim to have been victorious against us in our first encounter. Sheer revisionist fantasy.

MH: The truth is, every so-called win they get is due to the conspiracy. Everyone's screaming about Wise Men, but that's just a red herring. It's something the suits made up so that everyone would look for the boogeyman somewhere besides where it really is: in the AWA Championship Committee. The Longhorn Riders were right. They pick their favorites, and they'll ram them down everyone's throat until they just accept it. Like the government pacification programs that created subliminal...

MG: I told you not to get him started!

JD: I didn't even say anything!

MG: I could no sooner expect a barely-sapient dolt such as yourself to apprehend simple instructions as I could expect a chipmunk to tie my bootlaces, could I? No, don't answer that, I hear enough drivel from these lackwit sycophants. Their cognitive functioning is even less than your own.

[Ginn dismissively indicates the fans, who boo him vehemently.]

MH: He's trying to sidetrack us, Matt. The focus is the Northern Lights. They're the chosen ones. Them, Air Strike, the Young Bloods... they all fit the pattern. Young, stupid, gullible pretty boys. They take their orders like good little sheep. They're just drones. Like the Hive, but in denial about it, and probably not failed test subjects for chemical enhancers.

JD: What?!

MH: Have you seen their faces?! People don't get that warped and distorted without chemi...

MG: Stop winding him up! I have to ride with him!

JD: I'm not doing anything!

MH: Sure you're not. I can tell that you're trying to get us to spill how much we know. But all you need to know, and all these genetic rejects and mind-controlled sheeple need to know, is that we're going to destroy the plan. Starting with the Northern Lights. Starting with that insufferable Chris Chunetty, and his cuddlebuddy Frenchy LePew. We will not be controlled!

MG: And while I ordinarily do not share my partner's postulates regarding conspiratory elements, in the AWA, we've witnessed it first-hand. We went through everything that Choicenet did, and saw him get hand-picked by the network authorities. That is when we knew what had to be done. That is when we decided to assume control. And from this day forward, we are your freedom fighters.

MH: It's just too bad that you all deserve to be slaves, or we'd free you too.

[Dichotomy marches off, leaving Jason Dane shaking his head.]

JD: Sometimes I wonder if madness is contagious, and you and I are the only ones that took the vaccine, Gordon. Back to you.

BW: HEY!

GM: Bro-THER. Matt Ginn and Mark Hoefner have such a warped perspective that I don't know where to begin.

BW: Begin by telling Dane that I AM NOT CRAZY NOTNOTNOT.

GM: I suppose that when Chris Choynet became the first person in their class to rise from the undercard to achieve success, Ginn and Hoefner decided to blame the entire world because it wasn't them. That attitude of entitlement is so common these days that it makes me weep for the planet.

BW: Yes, the world's goin' to hell in a handbasket, but the REAL news here is that I am perfectly sane. Why do people keep thinkin' I'm crazy just because I keep my Christmas lights on all year and because I watch TV with my grandkids?

GM: Bucky? Why would anyone think you're crazy because...

BW: The My Little Pony stuff on the walls are for the grandkids! And the Adventure Time stuff! And... er, uh... well, let's just chop this bit off the broadcast to save time, and put a commercial here, okay?

[As you wish, Bucky. We cut to commercial.]

After a three second pause, cut to the living room of a house, where two kids are playing an Atari 2600. Some pathetic bleeps and bloops are coming from the screen, as they have in every media portrayal of video games ever. The kids are half-heartedly going through the motions. One of them seems to be having trouble staying awake.]

Kid #1: This is boring.

Kid #2: I wish we had toys that could _really_ fight.

[Suddenly, a body is flung through the large front window with a loud crash. A hard-rock background track plays as the body gets to his feet... wait, is that Rick Marley?]

Kids: *gasp*

[And... is that Stevie Scott running through the broken window to attack him again?!]

Kids: Stevie Scott!

[And... did Dave Cooper just kick down the front door to attack Alex Martinez from behind while he was grappling with Calisto Dufrense in the dining room for no apparent reason?! And is that Supernova leaping down

the staircase at Nenshou? And why are the Blonde Bombers beating up the mailman? Oh, there's the Bishop Boys turning them around and brawling with them on the lawn!]

Kids: WOAH!

[Yes, these two kids are about to have a very badly-acted simultaneous cardiac arrest and orgasm. It happens. Especially when Skywalker Jones is jumping off your kitchen cabinet to hit Chris Staley with a flying clothesline, Juan Vasquez is hiptossing Johnny Detson across your family room, and the Lynches and the Beale Street Bullies are brawling across your driveway.

Percy Childes takes a dish from the china cabinet and breaks it across the back of Danny Morton as he had Stevie Childes in a headlock while Jackson Haynes is ramming Daniel Tyler's head into the sink in the background, Buford P Higgins and Miss Sandra Hayes are in a shouting match, Glenn Hudson tries to dropkick Dave Bryant, who ducks... poor Glenn hits the boys' father who was coming in to check out the noise. Then Alphonse Green wanders by and stomps the poor guy. Because he can.]

Kids: THIS IS AWESOME!

[And cue the sales pitch!]

Announcer: And now you can bring the awesome home with Series Two AWA action figures from Hasbro!

[We cut to the product line, where action figures of all of our favorite AWA characters stand in dramatic action figure poses~!]

Announcer: Relive the greatest matches!

[RyGunn does a double throw to send The Rave over the living room divider into the kitchen! Then we see the kids playing with the RyGunn and Rave action figures.]

Announcer: Create new dream matches never before seen!

[Luke Kinsey tries to smash Terry Shane the Third with a kitchen chair, but shane pulls open the ironing board from the wall to block it! Then we see the kids playing with the Nenshou and Dufrense action figures.]

Announcer: Form brand new alliances and teams that you'd never see live!

[Brian Von Braun and Tully Brawn double-clothesline Vladimir Velikov in the kitchen... then both grab for the paper towels to wipe off their hands with disgusted 'yuck' expressions. Then we see the kids playing with these three action figures.]

Announcer: Perform the great signature moves of the AWA wrestlers, or invent totally new ones!

[The magic of blue-screen editing makes it look like William Craven is doing a double-backflip powerbomb to Alex Martinez. Well, his body is doing flips in the air as if someone were just spinning the footage around (because that's exactly what it is). Then we see the kids do the same 'move' with the action figures.]

Announcer: The base set comes with the Crockett Colosseum ring and four of the top stars in the AWA!

[Cut to a posed shot of Staley, Green, Marley, and BVB. See, you have to buy the ring, and you get some reasonably-popular-but-not-first-choice guys (GLASS CEILING~!) and then you HAVE to spend money to get the popular guys! Clever!]

Announcer: AWA Action Figures... get them today! Because it's the only way to get this close to the action... AND SURVIVE.

[With that, we cut to the post-fight devastation of the house... it looks like a tornado went through here. And exploded.]

Announcer: Ages 8 and up!

[And cut to backstage, where Jason Dane stands with Ryan Martinez. Young Ryan is wearing his wrestling trunks and boots, ready to go to the ring. Over his chest he wears a black T-shirt, with the "OBEY" logo done in red and white across the chest. As is often the case, Ryan isn't still, but instead is in motion, moving back and forth, his hands opening and closing into fists. His brown hair, hair that he might lose in a few minutes, hasn't been cut in several weeks, and looks a bit shaggy.]

JD: Ryan Martinez, in just minutes, you have the opportunity to get rid of a man who twice now has cost you a chance at winning a championship.

RM: I think, Jason, you mean a boy.

JD: Justin Gaines is certainly young.

RM: This isn't about age, Jason. Age is just a number. Justin isn't that much younger than me. This is about maturity. And Justin Gaines, when it comes to maturity? You're nowhere near being a man. That immaturity is why the three of us, you Justin, your father, and myself, are all in this. Because of your immaturity.

JD: What do you mean?

RM: Do you know how you can tell a man from a boy? It's in what they want. And you, Justin, have a boy's desires.

Remember, I rode with you and Gunnar for a year. I watched you both up close. You think you know me? I learned everything I need to know about you during that year. I watched as the jealousy consumed you. I watched as you stood there, at ringside, seeing Gunnar and I gel into a strong team.

I saw the jealousy in your eyes, as you realized that you weren't the ideal partner for your father.

I earned everything you wanted, Justin. I earned victories in the ring. I earned my spot in an AWA ring. And I earned your father's approval. And all you could do was want. Want daddy's approval. Want daddy's love. Want the things I worked for. Because that's what boys do. They want things. A man just wants the opportunity to earn them.

You say I'm ungrateful because I didn't take your father's advice. But I didn't ever want his advice. I don't need it. All I wanted was a partner. All I wanted was a person who would stand by me in the ring, through thick and thin.

Same as I did for him.

You're a weak little boy, Justin Gaines, and the things you want show that. I don't want your father to tell me what to do. I don't want him to lead me by the nose. I don't want to sit quietly in the corner as the great Gunnar Gaines tells me how high to jump. I'm a man. I don't want or need a leader.

But understand, Justin, this isn't your fault. You caused this, but the blame isn't yours.

JD: Then you blame Gunnar Gaines, your former partner?

RM: I do. Because the weakness in Justin Gaines was taught to him by his father. Gunnar, you taught your son that the right thing to do is listen as you go on and on. You taught your son to be weak. You made him the little brat that he is.

You keep mentioning my father. You keep coming up with reasons why I haven't asked him to join me. Let's be clear. My father taught me to stand up for myself. And to fight my own battles.

Alex Martinez taught me to be a man.

Gunnar, you want a little sycophant who hangs on your every word. Justin, you want revenge on someone who showed you that it's better to be a man than a boy. You want to humiliate me. You want my hair.

Time you learned that you don't always get what you want.

JD: And you, Mr. Martinez, what do you want?

RM: Simple.

I want retribution.

You both took from me. You took my opportunities. You took a partnership that meant the world to me. You took my pride and my honor. So Gunnar?

I'm taking your legacy away. I'm going to end the association between the name "Gaines" and the sport of professional wrestling. There will be no more Gaines in wrestling after you. Because I'm taking Justin's career. I'm taking a boy, and I'm stopping him before he ever has a chance to be a man.

Count on it.

[And with those words, Ryan Martinez steps away, prepared to go to war, as we cut to Phil Watson who raises the mic to his lips.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... in the corner to my right... hailing from Apple Springs, Texas...

[There's a nice ovation for the local talent as the camera cuts to a muscular man standing in the corner. A black mullet hangs down to an inch below his shoulders. He has a well manicured goatee and is wearing silver thigh-length trunks with triangular navy blue segments extending from his legs on up to the hip as well as navy blue boots and elbow pads]

PW: Here is RICK SCOTT!

[Scott throws his hands up in the air which draws a nice cheer from the crowd who sense Scott is fired up and rearing to go.]

PW: And his opponent...

[Methodical clapping spills out over the speakers just as the gritty, deep voice of Son House's "Grinnin' In Your Face" calls out. Rumbling out of the entrance way without pause is a monstrous sized man. His glare is unmoving, frightening even, as he begins to truck down towards the ring. Beside him is a tall, wire-thin figure who clings to the massive right shoulder of the beast he guides to the ring.]

GM: My, oh my. Every time I see this...this MONSTER of a man I get chills, Bucky.

BW: He is a sight to be seen, Gordo. One of the largest men to ever step foot into an AWA ring.

[Double wide back. Herculean sized legs. Arms that nearly swallow the red singlet that hugs his gigantic frame. The sides of his head are shaved tight while a one and a half inch flat top sits a top his head.]

PW: Being accompanied by Willoughby Tremblay and tipping the scales at 475 pounds. I present to you...

"THE BIG UNEASY" RICKY! LAAAAAAAAAANE!!!

[Lane reaches the ropes and shoves the middle rope down, forcing his massive body through the ropes and as soon as he steps in...

...Rick Scott comes BURSTING forward and hammers with a running forearm shot to the head!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: It's on, Bucky! We saw El Diablo Guapo try this same strategy two weeks ago and blindly rush in and try to catch the big man off guard and --

BW: Annnd that didn't end too well for him.

[Scott relentlessly throws right hands to the body of Lane who staggers back into the corner. He begins to add in hooking left fists as well, mixing up his attack from the chest to the gut and to the head. Lane shields his face and Scott returns the rapid punches to the body until something in Lane sets off and he explodes forward with both hands...

...SHOVING Scott in the chest and sending him tumbling backwards to the far side of the ring!]

GM: What power! Rick Scott sent for a ride, Bucky!

[Scott dusts himself off as Lane stomps towards the center of the ring. Scott, ever the game, races forward and SHOVES his shoulder into the body of Ricky Lane...

...who doesn't budge.]

GM: It's going to take much more than a running shoulder block to take this man down!

[Scott hits the ropes again, comes back faster, harder, and buries his shoulder into Ricky Lane who stands his ground a second time and the near quarter ton giant's right arm swings back from the collision.]

GM: He rattled him! Rick Scott rattled a man who has proven to be unmovable thus far since joining forces with Willoughby Tremblay!

BW: And since he dropped that dead weight friend of his.

GM: A horrible turn of events if you ask me. Lee Tremors and Lane had traveled the globe together trying to make a name for themselves and as soon as Lane got a sniff of a couple of bucks he dropped his friend within a blink of an eye.

[Scott hits the ropes and bursts forward again, this time leaving his feet as he propels himself into the air, his right shoulder leading the way...

...and Lane snatches him mid-flight, POWER SLAMMING him down to the canvas!]

GM: MY STARS! WHAT A SLAM!

[Lane immediately gets to his feet and leaps into the air...

...dropping a MAMMOTH sized leg drop across the throat of a prone Rick Scott, then rolling into a lateral press.]

GM: One! Two! Scott kicks out at two, showing some heart!

BW: And a whole lot of crazy. This can't be a good idea.

[An enraged Ricky Lane pulls himself up and stomps his big right boot into the chest of Scott and he repeats this several times as Scott winces with each blow. Lane then stops the assault and gingerly places his right boot over the upper chest of Scott and as referee Ricky Longfellow slaps the mat for a count of one Ricky Lane pushes off the ground with his left foot...

...and places his entire four hundred and seventy five pound frame on top of Scott, walking on and over the helpless Rick Scott whose arms and legs flail wildly!]

GM: My stars and garters! Even Longfellow is shocked at what he just saw! He stopped the count mid slap!

BW: A clear violation of the referee handbook. Suspend the man!

[Lane leans against the ropes and the outraged fans let him hear it. He waves them off as Tremblay casually applauds his giant client from the side of the ring. Rick Scott clutches onto his ribs as tells Longfellow he can still go. Lane redirects his attention back to Scott, half amused-half annoyed that Scott is back to one knee. Lane grabs a hold of Scott and whips him into the ropes. Ricky Lane lowers his head...

...and Scott leaps over him, cradling Lane's legs on the way down!]

GM: SUNSET FLIP BY --

BW: Or not.

[Lane sits out...

...SQUASHING Rick Scott and sitting across his chest for a pain!]

GM: He's got one! Two! Thr -- shoulder up! How did he?!

BW: Not the smartest decision of the day, was it?

[Lane, now on his feet, grabs Scott by the mullet and drags him back to his feet. Longfellow quickly warns him about the hair pull and as Lane tells him to "shove it" Rick Scott delivers a big right hand to Lane's gut. A second shot bends Lane over and then Scott thrusts his shoulder into Lane's midsection twice...

...only to have Lane HAMMER him back down to one knee with an overhand right across his back. Lane drives his point of his elbow down into Scott's spine and he tries his best to stay perched up on a single knee. Lane grabs Scott by the head and then DRIVES his knee into Lane's chest which knocks him flat on his back.]

GM: Rick Scott is showing a lot of heart against a man who literally is twice his size. Scott has showed flashes of promise in the handful of times we've seen him in action but he's never faced a man built quite like this.

[Lane walks down Scott and peels him off the canvas. He hurls him across the ring and Scott's back slams into the turnbuckles. Ricky Lane, as only he can do, steam rolls forward...racing across the ring...leaping...

...and SMACKING his own chest into the corner as Scott dives out of the way!]

BW: Lane misses with the body avalanche in the corner!

GM: He tried to crush Rick Scott and came up empty!

BW: That's what I just said, but with proper wrestling verbiage.

[Scott sprints across the ring, bouncing off the ropes, and comes bursting back towards Lane and he extends his right arm...

...clotheslining Ricky Lane!]

GM: He's still on his feet! Lane holding his ground!

[Rick Scott senses this is his opportunity and he bolts towards the corner, pulling himself up to the second turnbuckle. He measures the stirring Lane and leaps, wrapping his fists together mid-air...

..and DRIVES them down over the head of Ricky Lane who begins to wobble!]

GM: This is his chance! Rick Scott on the offense and he's going back up top once more! Do it, kid! Earn your way!

[Scott, standing on the middle turnbuckle pauses, looks to the crowd who is rallying behind him, and then shoves himself up to the TOP turnbuckle. He raises his hands in the air and LEAPS forward, bringing both fists down in a ball...

...only for Lane to CATCH him around the throat!]

GM: Lane caught him! He's choking him! Longfellow get in there and --

[As Longfellow begins to count Lane thrusts Rick Scott into the air with both hands around his throat as Scott's feet dangle helplessly...

...and then SPIKES him down on his back!]

GM: Two handed choke bomb, Bucky! He's out! Rick Scott is out cold!

BW: I wonder at what point Rick Scott realized that was a bad idea.

[Lane stands at the feet of Rick Scott and a big grin stretches from ear to ear. He looks down at Rick Scott...

...who somehow is able to muster the strength to sit back up, arms like jello at his side, eyes glossed over.]

GM: There's still some fight left in --

[But before Gordon Myers can finish his sentence Ricky Lane wraps his massive hands around the right shoulder and neck area of Rick Scott and begins squeezing with all of his might.]

BW: A shoulder clawhold! Ricky Lane has Rick Scott at his mercy!

[Suddenly the crowd is in an uproar.]

GM: Look at Scott's face! He's fading from the pain! Lane is squeezing with everything he's got! The nerve of Ricky Lane to use a shoulder clawhold in the state of Texas!

BW: He's out, daddy! He's out cold!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: My stars! I wouldn't believe it if I didn't see it with my own eyes! Ricky Lane winning with a shoulder claw!

BW: That takes cajones as they saw in El Paso but I guess when you're nearly five hundred pounds you sorta do whatever you want.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Longfellow is calling for the bell again, Lane isn't letting up!

[Scott's body goes limp in the hands of Ricky Lane who stands over him, still squeezing with all of his might. Willoughby Tremblay walks into the ring, applauding his man.]

GM: Someone get in there and break this up! Rick Scott is out cold! Lane is refusing to break the hold and --

[Finally Lane lets up, throwing Scott down onto his back where he lays unmoving.]

GM: Thank God, Bucky. It would have taken an Army to pry Lane off of him. Tremblay has been trying to send a statement with Lane and I think

they did just that out here tonight. I feel like a broken record but we need to get some medical attention down to the ring immediately. He may have popped that shoulder right out of the socket and that may be the least of the injuries.

[We see a small medical crew rolling a stretcher out to the ring. A medic, sprinting ahead, races up the steps and lowers his head into the ring...

...only to have Tremblay shove him to the ground!]

GM: What in the world?! What is he doing? Has Tremblay lost it?! You can't shove a member of the medical crew!

[Tremblay points down at Scott and gives the call to Lane, "FINISH IT! END HIM NOW!"]

GM: No! Not this! You've got to be kidding me!

[Lane stomps at the feet of Scott. Then near his side. Then towards his head. He backs into the ropes near the head of Rick Scott, shoves himself off and races across the ring where his body collapses into those ropes which bend him back the other direction and send him running back towards Rick Scott where he LEAPS into the air...

...and SMASHES his rear end into the ribs of Rick Scott!]

BW: BLACK CRUSH!

GM: OH MY STARS, THIS IS DISGUSTING! Somebody needs to stop this at once!

BW: Where are your hometown heroes now, Gordon?!

GM: I have no idea! Why isn't anyone coming out to save this poor man! Ricky Lane and Willoughby Tremblay are out of control!

[With Ricky Lane still seated on Scott, Tremblay leans against the ropes, now holding into a mic...]

WT: Pardon me...

[The fans scream heavily, shouting obscenities even.]

WT: We warned you. We stood before you two weeks ago and issued the entire AWA roster a notice. Mr. Lane is not to be ignored. He is not to be taken...

[He grins, tipping his hat.]

WT: Lightly. You can only delay this monster an opportunity for so long. Each week that passes and our warnings continue to be ignored another

man will suffer. Another body will be broken. Another helpless soul will be CRUSHED.

[He gestures towards Lane.]

WT: This man deserves better. He will TAKE what is owed to him. Nothing can stop Mr. Lane. NO ONE can stop this man.

A monster has been born right in front of your very eyes and you are too ignorant to notice.

So see him now, Mr. O'Connor.

See what he is capable of.

Mr. Lane is HUNGRY for competition, for chance, for more than what you are offering him. Trust me when I tell you...

[He leans in close to the camera.]

WT: You will not like what happens if this man continues to starve.

Feed us your heroes.

Feed us your saviors.

Or we will hunt you down one by one until there is no one left to save you.

[Tremblay tosses the mic and Lane rolls off of Rick Scott. The medical crew DIVE into the ring and wrap their hands around Scott's neck to stabilize him before we abruptly cut to backstage where Jason Dane is standing.]

JD: With me at this time is a young wrestler who is putting his career on the line so that he can go up against Ryan Martinez. I'm speaking, of course, of 18-year-old Justin Gaines.

[Justin steps into the shot. The lanky youngster is shirtless, oiled and well-muscled ... but not bulky like his father. Rather than tights, he has on a pair of Wrangler jeans and a leather belt. That's the extent of his ring outfit. On his face, Justin has a slight five o'clock shadow that accentuates his smirk. His dirty blonde hair is grown out to about shoulder length in back and is parted down the middle in front. His parted bangs sway in and out of his eyes as Justin bobs back and forth with measured excitement.]

JD: Justin, I know for a fact that you've wanted to be a professional wrestler for all of your life. Now, tonight, you must fight for that dream against your father's former tag team partner, Ryan Martinez. If you lose, your career in the AWA is over — no ifs, ands or buts. Making matters worse, the man you've depended on for knowledge, experience and advice for your entire lifetime is banned from ringside for this match. I'm speaking, of course, of your father, Gunnar Gaines.

Justin ... I have to ask. Tonight, have you bitten off a little bit more than you can chew?

[Justin's bobbing stops. He opens his mouth ... but no words come out. After a pause, he instead sends an uneasy glare Jason's way. So, Dane asks another question.]

JD: You heard Ryan Martinez last week. It was very obvious that he's angry, he's looking for revenge, and tonight, all his efforts will be focused on bringing your career to a premature end. All this because of actions you and your father have taken at Unholy War and in the weeks since. How does that make you feel?

[Justin just looks at Jason.]

JD: Let me elaborate on the question. First, you threw in the towel on Ryan Martinez, costing him a chance at the AWA World Tag Team Championships. Then, two weeks ago, you interfered in his match, costing him a possible victory over the AWA Television Champion, Dave Bryant. That's two opportunities at gold you have cost Ryan Martinez. My question is this. Why shouldn't he want his revenge?

[Justin almost begins to shrug ... then his eyebrows raise as if a light has gone on. He smirks.]

JG: You know, Jason, these are really great questions. I mean, I can't help but notice you're taking his side in all of this ... but that's okay. You see, Ryan Martinez is an angry young man. There's no question about that. You can see it on his face, every minute of every day, how easily all that rage boils to the surface. Clearly, he's got an anger management problem, but in life, the one who complains tends to be the one who gets all the sympathy. So I get it.

But the fact of the matter is simply this. If Ryan Martinez was any good at what he does, he would be the co-holder of the World Tag Team Championship right now. The fact is, he's not. Instead, I had to throw in the towel and save his career. His partner, my dad, was incapacitated. I had no choice. The task fell to me. I saved Ryan's career — and now he wants to end mine. That's some gratitude.

JD: But I understand why Ryan Martinez wants to end your career. It's not just that you threw in the towel. You and your Dad attacked him afterwards, and you've continued to do so. You've been a pest, and I completely understand why he wants you gone.

JG: Really? That's too bad. I would think you'd understand our actions, but I guess I expected too much. Well, let me explain it one more time. You see, the three of us — Ryan, my father and me — we spent a year traveling together. I have never seen my father so happy.

Jason, my Dad spent YEARS waiting on the sidelines while less talented people ran down his name and his reputation, and he did nothing about it.

Why? Because for him, it was never about the talk. It was about the wrestling. It was about playing the game between those four sets of ropes. The fact is, he was one of the best to ever do it. And so when he finally got the chance to do it again? That was all he wanted.

[Justin looks to the camera.]

JG: But the thing about my dad is, he has standards. He believes in family, he believes in tradition, he believes in a certain way of getting things done. And most of all, he's a teacher. That's not something he sought, by the way. It's something in his blood. His father, Larry Gaines, did it. His grandfather before him? He did it as well. The way my dad sees it, it's now his turn to be the teacher and pass that knowledge on.

Ryan likes to blame jealousy, but for the past year, Gunnar was trying to teach BOTH Ryan and me. A teacher can have more than one student, you know, and that's what my Dad was trying to do. I was fine with that. But the thing is, I noticed after a while that only one of those students was listening. And that didn't sit right with me. I saw how it turned a happy man into an unhappy man. My Dad tried to be patient, but after a while, enough was enough.

[Justin turns back to Jason, putting a heavy hand on his shoulder.]

JG: Now, Jason, if you had to pick, wouldn't you put your money on the student who listens to his teacher, over the one who doesn't? I know what I would do. And you know what else? I've actually done it. I've bet not just my money, but my career, that I will get my hand raised against Ryan Martinez tonight.

Crazy? Maybe. But consider this.

In trying to end my career, Ryan Martinez might just MAKE my career, and that would make my day.

[Justin grins at himself.]

JG: Ryan can talk about how I'm just a boy, but he's a man. He even says it's a weakness that I listen to my dad and a strength for him that he doesn't. That might make him feel better, but the plain truth is, he's indulging in wishful thinking. Well, tonight, Ryan Martinez has another think coming, and he's not going to realize it until it's too late. Then, he might just wish his daddy was out there with him.

You see, tonight, I'm going to use the lessons my Dad taught me — lessons that lead to victory. Then, after I shave Ryan Martinez bald as a cueball, he can walk around with a visual reminder of how little he's got going on above eyebrow level.

[Justin raises both eyebrows up, twice, then nods with a smirk.]

JG: You want something to count on, Ryno boy? Count on that.

[The son of the Hall of Famer strides out of view, leaving Jason Dane behind.]

JD: Justin Gaines certainly seems very confident for a young man with such little experience. We heard from Ryan Martinez - as well as his legendary father - earlier tonight but... well, let's take a look at what happened after Ryan spoke to us. Fascinating stuff.

[Fade to another set of footage with a small rider on the screen reading "Moments ago." Ryan Martinez, in his ring gear, is stepping towards the entranceway when a voice is heard behind him.]

"Hey kid, gimme a minute of your time..."

[Ryan turns, as does the camera. There, dressed as he was earlier in the night is Ryan's famous father, Alex Martinez. The Last American Badboy looks Ryan up and down, assessing him.]

AM: Ya know that you're bein' set up, right? I mean yeah, Gunnar might be banned from ringside, but you know this ain't on the level.

[Rather than grateful, Ryan looks angry.]

RM: You think I don't know that? You think it matters? How many times did you walk into danger, knowing chances were good that you were going to end up in a pool of your own blood? When did you start thinking we were any different?

[A complex set of emotions runs across Alex's face. Pride. Concern. And yes, irritation at his son's stubbornness.]

AM: Listen kid. I'm not offerin' to do anything but watch your back. I know you're ready to take on the world. And I know, that in a straight up fight, you and that brat lasts thirty seconds. Just, for once, take the old man's advice and accept the help of someone whose been through what you're goin' through.

[Ryan's answer is to charge forward, at a quick enough pace that Alex Martinez, not a man known to be easily intimidated, takes a step back.]

RM: Listen to me...

[Ryan's face is red with intensity. His entire body shaking, as his anger grows. Not to be outdone, Alex's eyes narrow, as the two men stare at each other.]

RM: This is -MY- fight. Whatever happens? That's mine too. I win, I lose, its me that does it. Not you. You're my father. I respect you. But you stay here in the back, and you stay out of my fights.

I don't need your help. I don't want your help.

Do you understand me?

Under –NO- circumstances are you to come out during my match. I don't care what happens. You stay here. You stay out of it.

We clear?

[Alex and Ryan continue staring at each other, until finally, Alex gives a single nod of his head.]

AM: We're clear.

[Ryan takes a step backwards, only slowly turning around to show his back to his father. The camera pulls back enough that we can see the look of determination on Ryan's face, and the look of concern on his father's as we fade from the pre-taped footage to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a twenty minute time limit and it is a HAIR VERSUS CAREER MATCH!

[Big cheer!]

PW: Introducing first...

[The sounds of the classic rock song "Bad To The Bone" fills the PA system to a very negative reaction from the AWA faithful.]

PW: From Fairbanks, Alaska... weighing in at 231 pounds...

JUSSSSSTIN GAAAAAAAAINES!

[The young son of the former World Champion and Hall of Famer strides through the curtain to an even bigger shower of jeers. Justin is tall and muscled but slender. He sneers at the crowd's reaction, extending his arms to egg them on as he slowly makes his way down the elevated entrance ramp in his cowboy boots, Wranglers, and white t-shirt with a leather vest over it.]

GM: Justin Gaines is an eighteen year old man who has ruffled a whole lot of feathers during his time here in the AWA in his father's corner... and even moreso since he announced that he was joining the roster fulltime back at Homecoming.

BW: This kid's got megastar written all over him, Gordo. The son of a former World Champion. The son of a Hall of Famer.

GM: Are you describing Justin Gaines or Ryan Martinez?

BW: You know the big difference between those two? Justin actually listens to his father, believes in him, follows his advice. As we've seen yet again

here tonight, Ryan may respect his old man but his focus on doing things his way has cost him over and over again. Tonight, it may cost him his hair.

GM: Ryan Martinez is not a vain man by any stretch of the imagination but the Gaines family is just looking to embarrass him here tonight... to humiliate him again.

BW: Unlike Martinez who is trying to end this young man's career before it even gets started, Gordo.

[Gaines steps through the ropes, walking to the center of the ring where he spreads his arms again, soaking up the jeers.]

GM: Justin Gaines, for the first time in the AWA, is all alone out here. Gunnar Gaines has been banned from ringside and we're told that he was given explicit instructions. If Gunnar appears out here, Justin will be immediately disqualified AND Gunnar will be facing disciplinary action as well.

BW: Gunnar's a man of his word, Gordo. If he says he's not going to be out here, he's not going to be out here.

GM: I'm sure he won't be but it's not because of his word, I assure you of that.

[Justin throws a small tantrum, shouting at the referee and kicking the ropes as the music switches to the opening guitar of "Yell Fire" by Michael Franti and Spearhead blaring over the loudspeakers.]

PW: And his opponent... weighing in at 255 pounds... from Los Angeles, California...

RYYYYYYAAAAAAAAN MAAAAARTIIIIINEZ!

[Martinez steps out onto the elevated platform to an enormous reaction from the crowd. He looks out with a nod. Tall and muscular, the young Martinez runs a hand through his slicked back brown hair. He wears long wrestling tights, black with a red inseam, and a pair black and red wrestling boots.]

GM: The AWA is built on the history of this business and the promise of the future stars of tomorrow. This is one man who fits both of those descriptions in one shot. He IS the future of this industry, born and bred in it at the knee of his legendary father.

BW: You talking about Martinez or Justin Gaines?!

GM: It goes both ways to be sure but if you ask the locker room or the wrestling media, the future of this business is men like Ryan Martinez... NOT Justin Gaines.

BW: We'll see about that.

[Martinez is all determination as he glares down the ramp at Justin Gaines who is pacing back and forth in what you have to assume is a show of nerves. The young lion out of Los Angeles reaches the ring very quickly, wiping his boots on the apron before stepping in...

...where Justin Gaines comes for him!]

GM: HERE WE GO!

[Justin Gaines flails his arms furiously, slamming his fists and arms into the back and shoulders of Martinez who hasn't made it through the ropes yet. A hard knee to the side of Martinez' head knocks him through the ropes back out onto the elevated wooden platform.]

GM: Gaines with the attack before the bell and he's heading out onto the platform, pursuing Ryan Martinez with a series of stomps to the head.

[Gaines drops down to his knees, grabbing Martinez' short hair with both hands, lifting his head off the ramp...

...and SLAMMING him facefirst back onto the platform to jeers from the crowd!]

GM: Ohh! Gaines is right out on him on the ramp, going quickly to the illegal tactics.

BW: When your career is on the line, you go for any tactics that you need to!

[Martinez rolls over onto his back as Gaines swings a leg over him, balling up his fist and drawing back...]

GM: Big right hand from the mount... and another... and another...

[The referee starts a ten count from inside the ring, shouting at Gaines to abandon his attack.]

BW: Have they even rang the bell yet? He can't start a count without the match being started!

GM: An excellent point as Marty Meekly steps out on the ramp, trying to get Gaines to back off. Meekly, himself a third generation official, is right on top of Gaines forcing him off.

[Justin Gaines climbs to his feet, dragging Martinez up to his feet by the arm. Using the same arm, Gaines whips him into the ropes, causing him to bounce back into a back elbow under the chin!]

GM: Justin takes him down again. Nice execution on the elbow. I may not like the young man's attitude but that elbow shows some talent in there.

BW: He's the son of Gunnar Gaines! How can he not be talented?! You talk about Meekly being a third-generation referee... Justin Gaines is a fourth-generation wrestler! That's unheard of, Gordo!

[Justin takes a few moments to argue with the referee as Ryan Martinez pushes up off the ramp to his knees, his head still down as he tries to recover from the sneak attack...

...and then suddenly SHOVES himself off his feet, laying out into a spear tackle that knocks Justin through the ropes and back into the ring, Ryan going right through the ropes with him to an enormous reaction!]

GM: OH MY STARS!!

[The crowd is roaring as Martinez quickly takes the mount, hammering down with his elbow at the skull of Gaines, landing vicious shot after vicious shot to the head!]

GM: Ryan's all over him and these fans are loving it!

[The blows have Justin covering his head, trying to defend himself from the onslaught of vicious strikes!]

BW: Where the heck is Meekly now?! Get in there, referee!

GM: Marty Meekly starts a five count, telling Ryan to back off and let his opponent back up.

[Martinez quickly obeys, showing the honor inside the ring that he's become famous for as he climbs to his feet, watching as a stunned Justin Gaines wobbles up to his feet...]

GM: Martinez hooks him from behind... back suplex! That'll rattle him from head to toe, Bucky.

BW: Of course it will but you think he's not ready for it? You think Gunnar didn't drop him on his head plenty to make sure he was ready for this?

GM: I'd imagine he's had plenty of preparation, sure, but it's a very different thing being in there practicing with someone - your father - who doesn't want to hurt you and someone who does.

[Martinez quickly pulls Justin back up, lighting him up with a knife edge chop across the chest, sending Justin staggering back into the buckles. The LA native is quickly in after him, throwing three more chops before a hard forearm shot to the jaw connects!]

GM: Ryan's having his way with Justin Gaines right now... ohh! Another forearm that nearly knocks the youngster off his feet.

[Grabbing an arm, Ryan fires Justin from corner to corner...

...and then charges across the ring, cocking his arm back...]

GM: OHHH! Big clothesline!

[Ryan pumps his fist to a big cheer from the fans as he spins back out of the buckles, turning to watch Justin staggering towards him...

...and lifts the young man up onto his shoulders...]

GM: Samoan Dr- no! Justin rakes the eyes! He did that RIGHT in front of the official and could very easily be disqualified for it!

[The referee gets right into Justin's face but the younger Gaines shoves him aside, trying to take advantage of the situation by grabbing Martinez' hair and SLAMMING his face into the top turnbuckle! The blinded Martinez falls back into the corner where Justin winds up, smashing an overhead slap chop down across the chest!]

GM: Oh! Hard chop out of Gaines!

[He does it again, leaving a red welt on his opponent's chest before turning him back towards the ropes, pushing his throat down on the top rope. Justin leans on the back of the neck, strangling his opponent as the referee starts another count.]

GM: The count quickly to three... to four...

[Using the top rope, Justin snaps Martinez back down to the canvas. A sneering Justin walks away from the ropes, raising his hands innocently as he approaches Martinez who is crawling away from him.]

GM: Justin winds up... big elbow down to the lower back!

[Justin scampers back up, pushing Martinez' torso down to the mat as he falls to a knee, driving the other knee into the lower back. He repeats the falling knee a few times before getting up, again taking a verbal beating from the official.]

GM: The referee's not too fond of Justin's tactics so far and-

[The crowd jeers as Justin leaps high into the air, sending his six foot seven frame way up...

...and then STOMPS down on the lower back!]

GM: A leaping stomp by Justin Gaines right down on the back. Nothing flashy in the arsenal of the fourth-generation competitor so far but it's all been quite effective.

[A second leaping stomp lands between the shoulderblades, forcing Martinez to stay down on the mat. Justin plants a knee into the lower back, grabbing a handful of hair and pulling back.]

GM: Get him off the hair!

[The count of four causes Justin to release his grip, glaring at the downed Martinez. He mimes a pair of scissors with his right hand, chuckling at the outraged crowd's jeers.]

GM: Justin thinks he's going to cut Ryan Martinez' hair here tonight but that remains to be seen.

[Dragging Martinez up by the hair, Justin ducks down, scooping Ryan up off the mat and slamming him down on the mat.]

GM: Hard slam... legdrop!

[But the legdrop comes up empty as Ryan rolls aside, causing Justin's tailbone to SLAM into the canvas!]

GM: He missed the legdrop!

[Both men are slow to get back to his feet but Ryan is ready as he ducks a wild haymaker attempt, hooking him as he goes by, lifting him up high...

...and DROPPING him down on a bent knee with an atomic drop, sending Justin flying facefirst into the corner!]

GM: HIIIIIGH ATOMIC DROP!

[Justin staggers backwards into the waiting arms of Ryan Martinez who hooks the rear waistlock...]

GM: He hooks him!

[But before he can throw Justin overhead with a German Suplex, Justin tugs the referee into him, tangling up with him...

...and mulekicks Ryan right in the groin!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH, COME ON! A low blow by Justin Gaines!

[Justin spins around, grabbing a handful of hair to straighten up Martinez and FLATTENS him with a clothesline!]

GM: Good grief! Somehow, the referee missed that low kick downstairs and Justin Gaines turns this whole thing around like that!

[Justin dives across the chest in a cover.]

GM: He's got one! He's got two! But that's all.

[Justin doesn't hesitate for a moment to wrap his hands around the throat, strangling him...]

GM: Right in front of the referee, he's choking him! Come on, Marty!

[Meekly again forces a break, this time backing Justin Gaines into the corner to warn him about a potential disqualification.]

GM: Justin Gaines is laughing in Marty Meekly's face!

[Justin nudges past the protesting official, moving in on the rising Martinez. He loops a leg over the neck of Ryan, grabbing his arm and straightening it out...]

GM: Looks like a leglace faceslam coming up here...

BW: Pretty sophisticated move for a rookie if you ask me.

[Gaines pauses, taunting the downed Martinez, mocking the fans, even turning to say something to Gordon Myers...

...when Martinez suddenly switches positions, slipping his free arm up around the thigh, powering Gaines up into the air where he frantically waves his arms back and forth before getting DRIVEN down to the canvas in a powerbomb!]

GM: POWERBOMB! POWERBOMB BY MARTINEZ!!

[Martinez keeps his grip on the legs, sliding into a high leverage jackknife cradle...]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOULDER UP!! MY STARS, THE SHOULDER CAME UP! THE SHOULDER CAME UP, FANS! I thought Martinez had him right there!

BW: Whew! That was a close one, Gordo. Justin Gaines was a heartbeat away from having his career ended before it really even got started. Gunnar taught his boy well though, Gordo... he had his shoulder out early and just kept on pushing until it came off the mat.

GM: Martinez looking up at the official. He certainly thought it was a three count as well.

[The younger Martinez climbs to his feet, hands on his hips in frustration as Justin Gaines starts crawling away from him, trying to catch a breather before his opponent can turn back to him...]

GM: Martinez needs to stay on focus, Bucky. He's arguing with the official about the count. There's a lot of pressure in this match... a lot at stake. The career of Justin Gaines versus the hair of Ryan Martinez!

[Martinez angrily turns away from the official, spotting Gaines crawling under the ropes to the safety of the ring apron. He stalks after him, trying to prevent him from rolling to the floor and stopping his momentum.]

GM: The young lion's not done with him, Bucky. He's cut off Gaines, dragging him off the apron by the hair...

[He tugs him into a front facelock to a HUGE cheer!]

GM: Oh my stars! He's calling for the Brainbuster! He's looking to end this right here and now...

[Slinging Gaines' arm over his neck, Martinez grabs a handful of jeans to assist him in getting Gaines up. With a big lift, he brings Gaines vertical to the canvas, holding him straight up and down...

...when suddenly Martinez falls to the mat, Gaines sprawled across him!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

BW: He's down! Count him, ref!

[The referee drops to the mat, slapping the canvas once as we abruptly cut to a different angle, showing an elderly man hanging on to Ryan Martinez' ankle, pulling it down with all his weight as the shocked young lion struggles to get free!]

GM: NO!

[The official hits the mat a second time, raising his hand for the final count...

...and brings it down, slapping the mat to an explosion of shock from the crowd!]

BW: He got him! He pinned Martinez!

GM: I can't believe- who the heck is that?! WHO THE HECK IS THAT?!

BW: I think that's... it is! It's Larry Gaines! It's Justin's grandfather!

GM: What the HELL is he doing here?! What the heck happened out here?! Can we get a replay cued up?!

[The crowd is showering Justin Gaines with jeers as he climbs to his feet, pumping his arms up and down in triumph.]

BW: Wait, wait... it's about to become official!

[Phil Watson raises the mic.]

PW: Your winner of the match... JUSTIN GAINES!

[The boos grow even louder as the official raises Justin's hand.]

PW: And now, as stipulated... Ryan Martinez will have his head SHAVED CLEAN!

[The crowd explodes in jeers again!]

GM: I can't believe what we just saw. Did Ryan Martinez slip? Did he stumble?

BW: He choked! Pure and simple!

GM: He did not choke! He... let's run that replay from the other angle...

[We crossfade to a slow motion instant replay where Martinez lifts Gaines up for the Brainbuster...]

...when the ring apron pops up and the grandfather of Justin Gaines, Larry "Chainsaw" Gaines, appears in view. He hooks Martinez by the ankle, pulling his legs out from under him.]

GM: Look at that! Right there! That's Larry Gaines tripping up Martinez!

[Martinez falls to the mat, Gaines atop him as Larry Gaines switches his grip, pulling down on both ankles to hold Martinez down on the mat.]

GM: And he held the legs! He held the legs to get Justin the three count!

BW: It's brilliant! They said Gunnar couldn't get involved but no one said a word about Larry Gaines being out here!

[We cut back to live action where Justin Gaines is pointing at Martinez, miming shaving his head as Martinez glares at him from his spot sitting up on the mat.]

GM: Martinez can't believe what just happened and who can blame him? The Gaines family has pulled one over on Ryan Martinez and-

BW: And now it's time to say bye-bye to that hair! What a win for Justin Gaines!

GM: If you can even call it that.

BW: Of course you can. The record books will, that's for sure.

[The crowd's boos get even louder as Gunnar Gaines emerges from the entryway, sporting that big ol' Grizzly Grin on his face as he makes his way down the aisle, slapping down a wadded up piece of trash or empty water

bottle being flung his way. He looks every part the proud parent as he approaches the ring, stepping through the ropes. Ryan Martinez quickly gets to his feet, ready for an ambush...

...but none is coming as Gunnar falls into an embrace with his son in the center of the ring to even more jeers.]

BW: What a moment, Gordo! What a great family moment to be a part of... and here comes Grandpa to join them!

[Larry Gaines uses the ringsteps to get into the ring, joining his son and grandson in a big embrace as the boos continue to pour down on the threesome as Martinez stalks back and forth, obviously fuming with rage as the official waves for a chair to be slid into the ring. The referee sets up the chair as a ringside attendant brings in a bag of barber's tools.]

GM: They're setting up in there for the haircut. This can't be happening, can it?

BW: Oh, it's happening, daddy! Get the trimmer ready!

GM: Ryan Martinez would be within his rights to pick up that steel chair and waffle everyone in sight if you ask me.

BW: What?!

GM: He won't do it! He's an honorable man! But... this isn't right, Bucky... and even you know it.

BW: I don't know what you're implying by that, Gordo, but he signed the contract. He made the deal. He knew what happened if he lost... and now that he's lost the match, he's gotta pay the price.

[With Martinez still fuming, he walks to the center of the ring, dropping into the folding chair in a huff. He stares straight ahead, locked in on what's about to happen. He grips the seat of the chair tightly as he waits for what's next. Justin Gaines snatches the clippers from the referee, grinning broadly as he holds it high over his head...

...and then reaches down, running it through Martinez' short hair, leaving clumps of it on the mat as the crowd howls its disapproval.]

GM: Well, there it is, fans. Ryan Martinez taking what he agreed to... his head will be shaved clean by these jackals in the Gaines' family.

[Justin takes a few more swipes down the scalp, leaving a bald strip in the center before handing it off to his chuckling father who picks up where Justin left off.]

GM: And now it's Gunnar pitching in to help. This is disgusting, fans.

[Justin picks up a clump of hair off the mat, grinning as he throws it into the crowd.]

BW: Hey! A souvenir! Justin's so generous.

[Larry Gaines suddenly produces a plastic bag, scooping up clumps of shaved hair into it as Gunnar continues to work on shaving Ryan's head...]

GM: They're shaving this young man bald. Humiliating him in front of the AWA fans here in Dallas, Texas.

[Martinez has his eyes clenched at this point, sitting still as his hated rivals do what they came to do. Gunnar steps back, admiring his work before waving his father over to help out.]

GM: And now even Larry Gaines is going to get a chance to cut some hair.

BW: Makes sense. He was a big part of the night.

GM: Fans, I can't watch any of this. We're going to take a quick break but when we come back, we're going to see-

[Suddenly, Gunnar Gaines throws himself forward, hitting Martinez in the back of the head with a clothesline, knocking the younger Martinez down to the mat.]

GM: OH, COME ON! You've beaten him, you've shaved his head and humiliated him! What more do you want to do to the kid?!

BW: They want to END him, Gordo!

[Justin Gaines launches himself into the air with another leaping stomp to the head as Ryan tries to cover up from Justin and Gunnar stomping and kicking him repeatedly.]

GM: We've got a beatdown in full effect! Marty Meekly's trying to get-

[Larry Gaines grabs Meekly by the hair, hurling him through the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: OH! HE THREW MEEKLY OUT!

[Which leaves his son and grandson to batter Ryan Martinez without anyone to stop them.]

GM: Justin pulls him off.. ohh! Big elbowsmash between the eyes by Gunnar Gaines!

[Justin and Gunnar take turns hammering Martinez with closed fists to the body in the corner. They're battering the younger Martinez with haymakers to the ribcage as Larry Gaines cheers his family members on. Gunnar steps out to the middle as Justin whips him out...]

...and Ryan gets dropped with a big clothesline!]

GM: Ohh! Down goes Martinez again... oh, look out here...

[The crowd begins to buzz with concern as Justin Gaines folds up the steel chair, winding up with it...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DOWN ACROSS THE BACK WITH THE CHAIR!!

[Gunnar smirks as he pulls Martinez up, shouting at him from close range before dragging him into a front facelock, holding him as Justin winds up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: Good grief! Two big shots across the back with the steel chair!

[Gunnar turns, throwing Ryan down to the mat as Justin grabs him by the legs, flipping him into a Boston Crab!]

GM: Boston Crab! Justin hooks it on! And we need some help out here, fans!

BW: Martinez is in serious trouble.

GM: He's trapped in that Boston Crab... and where the heck is Gunnar Gaines going?!

[Gaines points to the metal kneebrace on his leg.]

GM: He's going up top and... my stars, he's gonna drop a knee with that metal brace on Martinez' head... maybe his neck... he can't do this, Bucky.

BW: If he does, Martinez' shaved head is the least of his concerns! Gunnar's looking to put him in a wheelchair!

[The crowd at this point is on their feet, eyes glued to the entranceway to see if someone... anyone... is coming to save the young warrior who is struggling to free himself from the Boston Crab as Gaines puts one foot up on the top rope...]

...when suddenly, the Crockett Coliseum crowd EXPLODES in one of the loudest reactions on record!]

GM: OH MY GOD!

BW: No, no, no!

[Coming down the aisle as quickly as he possibly can is the Hall of Famer himself... the former World Heavyweight Champion, Alex Martinez, heading towards the ring to save his young son.]

GM: ALEX MARTINEZ IS HERE! AND HE'S COMING FOR THE GAINES FAMILY!

[Larry Gaines is the first to spot the incoming, pissed-off seven footer and quickly bails out to the floor. Alex swings a leg over the top rope, first starting towards Gunnar Gaines who bails out, dropping off the ropes to the apron and then again down to the floor. The Last American Badboy swings around...

...and spots Justin Gaines still with the Boston Crab applied, completely unaware that he's got company... pissed-off company.]

GM: Uh oh! Do it, Alex! Do it!

[Martinez snatches up the metal chair off the mat, winding up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT A SHOT!!

[The chairshot across the back sends Justin Gaines sprawling out of the hold, toppling over the ropes and down to the floor where his father quickly moves to help him out of the big man's warpath. Gunnar shouts a few words into the ring as Martinez kneels down to check on his now-bald and beaten son.]

GM: ALEX MARTINEZ HAS CLEARED THE RING!

BW: Yeah, but not until his son had his head shaved and got the tar kicked out of him by the Gaines family!

GM: He promised his son he'd stay out of his business and he did... until he just couldn't anymore. He did what any father would've done right there, Bucky.

BW: I'm not denying that.

GM: Alex is checking on Ryan... he's waving for some medical help. Fans, we're going to take a quick break and when we come back, the Longhorn Riders will be in action!

[Fade to black.

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

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

...and then fade back up to footage inside the dimly-lit Rusty Spur - this time being shot by an AWA camera crew. We can see Callum Mahoney and Curt Sawyer sitting at a table, a pile of empty beer mugs and shot glasses on the table in front of them. A ring of fans surround them, egging them on most likely. Mahoney is in mid-speech, sounding waaaaay drunker than he was earlier.]

CM: Here's... he's.... I don't get it. I... you... we!

[Mahoney slaps Sawyer on the chest.]

CS: I know what you're saying. We've both been fightin' hard... doin' what we're told by the suits. I've been to...

[Sawyer starts counting on his fingers with little luck.]

CS: ...a BUNCH of car dealerships signing... stuff. Don't I deserve to be on the Super... show thing? The Clash thing? Christmas Clash?

[Mahoney shakes his head.]

CM: Forget Christmas! Thanksgiv... the turkey day! That's when we want to fight! I'll fight anyone! I'll fight this guy here...

[The Armbar Assassin grabs a nearby fan by the shirt, pulling him closer.]

CM: I'll... I'll even fight...

[Mahoney's eyes drift onto Curt Sawyer.]

CM: You.

[Sawyer returns the gaze... and then suddenly both guys break up laughing, the fans all around them doing the same as we fade back to the building where Mark Stegglet is standing on the elevated interview platform inside the Crockett Coliseum.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome my guest at this time, if you wish... "Hollywood" Larry Doyle!

[The crowd erupts in boos as Larry Doyle makes his way out to the interview stage, making snide comments to Stegglet the whole time. Doyle wears black pants and a black shirt with a red coat and tails look over top. He slaps Stegglet on the back a little too hard and Mark furrows his brow. Doyle puts his hands up and feigns apologetic, and then looks away laughing.]

MS: Larry Doyle, after the actions of YOUR Blonde Bombers on the last SNW, I'm surprised you don't have an armed guard escorting you in and out of buildings!

LD: To quote Franklin Delano Roosevelt, the only thing we have to fear is fear itself... and steps and soccer and 5K fun runs, in FDR's case.

But if you think I'm gonna go out on a cold night to JC Penney's and buy a pair of boots just to shake in them, you're sadly mistaken, Stegglet. Y'all must have forgotten the doctrine that the Blonde Bombers live by. Maybe you forgot what Royalty is all about.

Survival of the fittest, pal. Law of the jungle. If you're gonna stick your neck into a situation, you have to be okay with the reality that you might get it broken. Reverend Brosephus Willigers-

MS: Buford P. Higgins-

LD: Right, whoever. Buford P. Higgins stuck his crooked honker into a situation where things might not turn out well, and he paid the price. You poke the bear, the bear might EAT you! That's the risk you take, Stegglet, there's a reason they don't let you feed the animals at the zoo. You might lose a hand! What happened to Buford P. Higgins ain't nothin' but natural selection doing what it always does, Mark, nature is smarter than we give it credit for. You put that loud mouthed, good for nothing, ex-carnival barker in the ring with the Blonde Bombers, you let Big Bad Brad get his hands around that stack of dimes he calls a neck, and ICU is the best case scenario. He's LUCKY that it just ended with a hospital visit, better men than that half a man have had their careers ended and their lives destroyed at the hands of "Smooth" Stanton and Brad Jacobs.

So don't cry for me, Argentina, you put yourself in that position and you deal with the consequences!

MS: Aren't you afraid, at all, that Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds are going to seek revenge?

[Doyle chuckles.]

LD: Not at all, brother, and here is why.

We're all born into this world, and we have place. Some of us are born at the top, some of us at the bottom, some of us in the middle. Now it might take someone like Larry Doyle to help people get to their place, like the Bombers, but we are who we are, Stegglet. You can put a top hat and a monocle on a flaming turd, it's still a flamin' turd. SkyHerc is tryin' REAL hard to run with the big dogs, they're talkin' the talk but everybody knows they can't walk the walk.

Those two don't know a damn thing about adverse situations. It's all meaningless bull-o-ney, it's all fur coats and fake dollar bills, it's loud music and ridiculous introductions, because they need to feel good about themselves. Reverend Wiggins is a coddler, he's an enabler. He makes sure lil Skywalker and the Big Dummy always feel good at all times, he deflects all criticism, he says funny things that make people laugh in their introductions, just so they have a fleeting sense of superiority.

So they feel good about themselves.

[Doyle rolls his eyes and shakes his head.]

LD: Because God forbid anyone ever in the world doesn't feel like they have value. God forbid people don't feel like they have worth and are useful to the human race. Y'know, that's what's wrong with the world these days, Stegglet, it's the Buford P. Higgins' of the world that make YOU think that your opinion matters. It's the Buford P. Higgins' of the world who make people think that they're better than they are, that they count, that they're important too.

WELL YOU'RE NOT!

Skywalker Jones, Hercules Hammonds, a few months ago when you were makin' the ham and egggers happy and spewing your filth when it didn't matter, I thought you were kind of amusing. I could stand ya.

But not anymore. People need to learn the dirty fact that NOT everyone can be the best. Not EVERYONE can be first. And no matter how hard you try, no matter how hard you work, no matter what inspirational garbage you work out to at three in the morning, there's ALWAYS a bigger fish. There's ALWAYS someone better.

That's us.

[Doyle hooks a thumb to himself.]

LD: But if you wanna take your shot at the title, we're gonna play the game. We put you in an adverse situation. We put your horn blower into the hospital, so now you got no one callin' your shots. It's different when you're playing make believe with Terry Shane and his Magic Short Bus, but now you're runnin' with the varsity, boys. Now you're throwin' down with the ELITE in professional wrestling.

And now we see how you respond. Now you've got some adversity lookin' at ya in the mirror.

Am I worried about reprisal? Retribution? Revenge? Renumeration?

Heck no. Because we took out the conductor to the train. The driver of that Trans Am just got admitted to the emergency room. Whatever guidance he gave, it's on sabbatical. They don't know WHAT to do.

But WE know EXACTLY what to do. Put people in their place.

Enjoy the brush with greatness, clowns. Curtain's about to fall.

[Doyle grins at Stegglet before walking away.]

MS: The World Tag Team Titles will be on the line in just about one month's time with the Blonde Bombers with that man, Larry Doyle, defending against Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds. But they're not the only tag teams looking towards SuperClash. Gordon, Bucky... back to you at ringside!

[We cut to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: Thanks, Mark. And as you said, the competition to get on the SuperClash lineup is red hot. We know all about those guys down at the Rusty Spur that are more than a little hot under the collar over what Chris Blue has managed to pull in Steal The Spotlight. But you better believe there are even more men back in the locker room trying to scratch and claw their way onto the card.

[As Bucky and Gordon speak, the screen starts to pixelate and become distorted.]

GM: Hm? I'm being told that we're having problems with the signal.

[The girls worse at the time goes on. Screen turns off and the screen goes black, the girls are gone and the screen goes black, the girls are gone and the screen goes black...]

BW: I think it's starting to happen, it's a bit of a mess!

GM: Please stay in, the technician is fixing the problem.

[Sigh, and the screen goes black.]

And then, the audio and visual clear up to show The Rave.

Jerby Jezz and Shizz Dawg OG are standing in front of a black curtain of some kind.

Shizz Dawg OG, the mocha-skinned Raver, is wearing dark green denim baggy pants with patches in various bright neon colors, and banana yellow-and-turquoise laceless 'moon boots'. He has seven bandanas tied around each arm, one for each color of the rainbow (if you count indigo as a color). He sports a sparkly mauve-and-brown vest with various metal devices of some kind attached to the outside; several have LED lights of different colors indicating activity. His wristbands are brass-colored thick metal things, and he is wearing orange goggles. His hair is an afro, presently blue with two concentric orange rings around the end.

His tag team partner, Jerby Jezz, the pale reddish-skinned Raver, is wearing a lime green sportjacket with dark orange 'tiger' striping; the jacket seems to be made half out of lycra and half out of imitation velvet. He has a tan-and-violet undershirt in shiny 'holographic' printing patterns, baggy fire-engine-red denim pants with patches in various dark-but-vivid colors, and deer-hunter-orange-and-violet laceless 'moon boots'. He seems to have wrapped his arm in multi-colored rubber bands, and he wears the same brass-colored thick metal wristbands as his partner. He is wearing sunglasses with triangular rims in opaque colors... checkered orange-and-teal on one side and fuchsia on the other. His hair is presently a very light blue (almost white) with tips that flare out to orange on one side and pink on the other.]

SDOG: Satellite your earlobes, ancient ones of 2013. The Rave is projecting to you from 2032; you are historically the fifth to ever witness a message from your chronological future!

JJ: You'll know what the first four were in...

SDOG: FNORD!

JJ: Anyway, we will try to use anciespeak as much as we can. When those gyzzrus flutztards, the Ring Workers, declared that they were roilspurs, we flowed that it was a setup. Nohumie would ever admit to being a roilspur, because that's grounds for the Interchromometric Variance Alliance to do a full spectrixx timeslag, so that they never willdid exist at all.

SDOG: But we ran the tempochecker and they're not timeshifted. So there's only two distributions for that; either they're making everything up to try and kroll us, or their words were carefully chosen by an actual roilspur to cover for them.

JJ: We now flow that there has been a Class Puce timequake, as this same timeline records us talking about borscht and Senator Wilde when no such things exist in temporalnow 2032. Possibly, the roilspur comes from our relativefuture to...

SDOG: The 2013 protohumies don't need to flow that. They need to flow that there is a criminal hiding that could cause a total timecrash and rixx us all out of the timeflow. We are chonojecting because the timequake has instabilized tacespime and timesliding is dangerous for us all. However, our chronophysicists project that the timequake will be stable enough for 99 percent assured travel by your relative Spectaking Day.

JJ: In anciespeak, that was "thanksgiving". What a primitary concept. But what matters is that we willdid arrive to rocknihilate the Ring WAAAAAAAArriors at that time! If you two scrumunder turdwads really flowed about The Creed Of The Rainbow Warrior, you would flow that you losing a Wildstyle against the Rave would mean that you would delocalize for sixty timecycles! But you keep violating The Creed Of The Rainbow Warrior, and so when you claimed it, you duperviolated it, which is a Level Pi skarggable offense!

SDOG: So we challenge you to a Hyperstyle Wildbrawl! If you're really from 2032, you'll flow with what that means! We challenge you to a Hyperstyle Wildbrawl at SuperClash, to settle this grudgefeud forever! And we will RAVE!

Rave: RAVE AGAINST THE DYING OF THE CHEESE!

[Immediately after saying this, the screen dywonaf tel spqx wwq ib dpq bzqggm.]

GM Arx wx baxx ox?

BW: Ik'k hakk tk tekk.

[Ih aq ipvrrst og wsak hbpzndd bvsprn, tse vpdjo smoqlh cpetra ug.]

BW: Oh, I think we got audio back. Video's still got some interference but is clearin' up.

[We nsw see Bgcky and Gopdon as the lasu of the bizarpe statdc slohly clears ahay.]

GM: I don't know what just happened to our signal, fans. All that we saw was a very colorful type of static that I've never witnessed before, and then The Rave apparently hijacked our feed to challenge the Ring Warriors to something called a Hyperstyle Wildbrawl at SuperClash.

BW: The bigger story is that some evil monster changed history so I'm not a Senator anymore! Those two idiots better get that fixed or they're fired!

GM: ...please. The Rave just committed a felony, and all because they couldn't be bothered to come here in person, so they perpetuated their ridiculous time travel story by hijacking our feed?

BW: Gordo, like I said; the things they do only make sense if they REALLY ARE FROM THE FUTURE! You can't tell me that a couple of wrestlers can just hijack a video feed.

GM: It's been done repeatedly in other territories, always by paying technical people, usually on the inside, to do it. But we digress. The Rave just disputed the Ring Warriors' claim, and now we'll see what they have to say about that. But before we do, let's go back to the interview stage where Jason Dane has another tag team looking to make an impact!

[The scene cuts to the interview stage, where the Longhorn Riders are standing by with Jason Dane.

Pete Colt is a broad-shouldered thickly-built man with reddish brown hair, slightly wavy. He has a muscular barrel chest and a less-muscular barrel gut. He has a thick horseshoe mustache. Jim Colt is a lanky, long-limbed man with a reddish brown mullet. He has a nondescript "wrestler" physique. He has a thin horseshoe mustache.

Both of them wear blue jeans, with a pattern of slots cut into them all over for greater mobility. They're also sporting big brown leather cowboy boots, black elbow pads, brown leather cutoff gloves, long white dusters over black Harley Davidson T-Shirts and black motorcycle helmet with a Longhorn Riders logo on the sides. And notably, they're both carrying brown leather bullwhips. The crowd boos the Longhorn Riders soundly.]

JD: I'm standing by with Pete and Jim Colt, the Longhorn Riders. Gentl...

[*CRACK*]

JD: ...aaaah! Watch it with those whips, you almost got me!

[Jim, the one who cracked his bullwhip, sneers. His voice is low, and carries a menacing edge.]

JC: Almost? Guess I oughta watch more close then. I meant to lay one on you, if you called us 'gentlemen'.

[Pete then erupts, and unlike his brother, he's loud and subtle as a bullhorn.]

PC: Everybody knows we ain't no gentlemen! And we ain't no pretty boys! That's why the AWA don't want no part of us, but we're gonna kick the door down and walk right in! Air Strike, you tried to cost us our undefeated record on television! Well, it didn't work!

JD: Yes it d...

[*CRACK*]

JD: Aaaaah! That was even closer!

JC: I reckon it's a matter of which one of us figures things out first, ain't it?

JD: So, uh, to be clear, what are you claiming?

JC: We still ain't been beat. The world saw us pin down those pretty boys two weeks ago. They can make up lies and excuses after the fact, but it changes nothing. We beat the Northern Lights one, two, three, and anybody who says different is gonna answer to these.

[The Colts hold up the bullwhips.]

PC: And we're sick and tired of lying, two-faced pretty boys! We want a couple of pretty boys in the ring right now!

JC: And when we're done here? Air Strike. You want skin for skin? Boys like you don't know what that entails. You think payback is justice, but let me be the first to tell you that justice is a lie. There is no justice. We did what we wanted to you, and for you to stick up your pretty little noses and even think you could do something about it? That's downright offensive.

PC: What we're gonna do to you, boys, is gonna make the first time look like a pat on the head! We're gonna put you down, beat you to a bloody mess, and take off your skin one whip at a time! Then you won't be the pretty boys that the AWA wants to put above us!

JC: So why don't we just cut to the chase, and get this done? At SuperClash. How does that sound?

JD: I'm sure they'd like th...

[*CRACK*]

JD: OW!

PC: That didn't even hit you, sissy boy!

JD: I think we're out of time!

JC: Keep interrupting us, and someday, you will be.

PC: Now you take a good look, 'cause we demanded some pretty boys to bust up!

JD: Gordon, Bucky, back to you!

[As the camera pans over to the announce booth, "Ride" by Joe Satriani plays over the loudspeaker to the boos of the crowd. The Longhorn Riders march down the aisle towards the ring, where Phil Watson is waiting alongside referee Ricky Longfellow and two other wrestlers. One is a light-brown haired Caucasian man with a slightly receding hairline and mustache. He wears black thigh-length tights and black sneakers, as well as a leather jacket. The other is an African-American man with a flattop afro, clean shaven. He wears full-length black tights with thick red stripes running down each side, black boots, and black athletic gloves that go almost to the elbow.]

GM: Bucky Wilde, the Longhorn Riders are little more than thugs.

BW: Is that the word you automatically resort to when talkin' about men who take what they want, consequences be damned? Because if so, I'd hope my kids grow up to be what you call 'thugs', just like Sam Colt's kids did.

GM: The Longhorn Riders with the challenge to Air Strike for SuperClash! We will hear more on that, I am sure. Time for action; let's go up to the ring.

[*DING*DING*]

PW: The following tag team contest is set for one fall, with a fifteen minute time limit!

[The fans continue to boo, as Longfellow stands in front of the Riders to insist that he will not tolerate or allow their usual pre-match ambush today.]

PW: Introducing first, to my left. At a total combined weight of...

[And then, inexplicably, a blonde wrestler, small with an excellent physique and a pair of airbrushed tights which start at flesh-tone and fade up to yellow (which makes him look like he's nude and suffering from the worst case of jaundice ever, but only in the legs), complete with glittered pink flamingoes and turquoise stars, enters the ring. He has the name "DOLL" on the rear end of his trunks in some purple bizarre 3D font that looks like it came right out of the seventies. He walks up to Phil Watson and takes the mic.]

GM: I have no idea what Kenneth Doll is doing out here.

KD: AHM. Since these disgusting-looking gentlemen have declared that they want to fight 'pretty boys', I am here to officially protest not being

selected to compete in this match. HOW DARE the AWA think that these two men are prettier than I am! I am the prettiest boy in the AWA, if not the world, if not the galaxy. I insist on being entered into this match.

[The black wrestler, longtime AWA preliminary competitor Rashan Hill, sidles up behind Doll and responds.]

RH: Trade places with you for twenty bucks.

KD: What?! I should be in this match by right!

RH: What, you wouldn't pay twenty bucks to be the prettiest boy in the AWA? How much did you spend on that hair gel?

KD: Ah...! Yes, yes, I see. Fine. Fine! Let be known that I will stop at nothing for my art! The money is in my bag, locker 114.

[At this point, Watson yanks the mic out of Doll's hand. Hill hightails it out of there, Meekly just waves his hands in the air in the 'I give up' motion, and we can see Pete Colt mouth 'Did that fancy boy just call us gentlemen'?]

PW: Introducing first, to my left. At a total combined weight of... [Phil has to stop for a half-second to remember Doll's weight and do the math]... four hundred thirty-four pounds... from Dallas, Texas and Beverly Hills, California respectively... the team of BRUCE "WILD AND CRAZY" GUY and KENNETH DOLL!

[The fans give tepid cheers for Guy, and tepid boos for Doll.]

PW: Their opponents, to my right. From Gun Barrel City, Texas... at a total combined weight of five hundred forty two pounds...

..."Texas" Pete Colt and "Slim" Jim Colt...

...THE LONGHORN RIDERS!

[As the crowd boos loudly, the Riders ditch their helmets and dusters.]

GM: That was... unusual. Apparently Kenneth Doll was insulted that the Longhorn Riders demanded pretty boys and he wasn't chosen.

BW: Kenneth Doll is dumber than head cheese, and he might physically resemble it in about five minutes.

GM: I am sure Rashan Hill was happy to scam him, though I question the fortitude and career chances of someone who would sell his way out of a match for twenty dollars. In any event, Ricky Longfellow has done an outstanding job restraining the Longhorn Riders for once. It appears that we're going to get a normal match started instead of a before-the-bell ambush.

[*DING*DING*DING*]

GM: And there we are. Doll starting with Pete Colt, who outweighs him by a hundred pounds. Collar-and-elbow tieup... oh, come on!

[As soon as the men lock up, Jim Colt runs in and knees Doll in the kidneys. Both Colts start pummeling the Beverly Hills native in his beloved face.]

BW: You wanted them to wait for the bell!

GM: But it's the same kind of ambush! Pete Colt lifting doll as if he weighed nothing, and throwing him chest first across the knee of Jim Colt! Here comes Bruce Guy, and he is throwing punches at Jim. But now the Longhorn Riders are double-teaming him as well!

BW: With all four guys in, I think it's fair.

GM: Pete Colt with the Irish-Whip straight into a hard standing elbow shot by Jim Colt! And the Colts throw Bruce Guy out of the ring!

BW: Ken Doll with a dropkick!

GM: Doll's dropkick had little effect on Pete Colt, and Jim Colt sinks his fingers into Doll's face! Just brutally tearing at his face... listen to this.

[As Jim fishhooks Kenneth, the blonde shrieks in abject fear at the potential ruination of his precious face.]

BW: Ha! Well, he wanted to be pretty enough to get picked for the match, but looks like Ken didn't figure on what the Longhorn Riders planned to DO with the pretty boys they wanted!

GM: Pete Colt lines up, and measures a punch right to the face as Jim Colt has the face fishhooked. It has been far over five seconds!

BW: Bruce Guy broke the count when he came in earlier.

GM: Finally, Jim exiting the ring. Kenneth Doll clutching his face, and... well, there goes his enthusiasm for competing today.

[Doll makes some rather high-pitched noises of pain and sorrow as he scrambles on his knees to his corner, tagging a not-ready Guy the instant Guy gets back in the corner from his trip over the top rope earlier.]

BW: I hope Barbie ain't watchin'.

GM: Bruce "Wild And Crazy" Guy in, and throws a shoulderblock to Pete Colt's midsection. Guy is a game competitor, and he plants a haymaker into the jaw of Pete Colt. That's having some effect!

BW: "Some". Not "much".

GM: Guy off the ropes, and a clothesline! Big "Texas" Pete is staggered! Off the ropes again...

BW: HA! Now THAT is a clothesline!

GM: Standing lariat by Pete Colt turning Bruce Guy inside out! And now... tosses his man high in the air!

[Pete plants both hands in the lower abdomen of Guy, crouches down, and explodes into a standing position, throwing Guy straight up like a beach ball. Bruce's limbs thrash about in the air as he plummets down face first to the mat!]

BW: All power, Gordo! Most guys do that from an Irish-Whip, but Pete Colt just threw a near two hundred fifty pound man up in the air from a deadlift.

GM: Pete Colt is one of the strongest men around, in terms of raw power. Tag made to his brother, and the Longhorn Riders going to work.

[Boos fill the air as Pete lifts Guy over his shoulder in position for a powerslam. But instead, he throws him forward facefirst, and Jim Colt nails a running kneelift to the face as Guy descends!]

BW: OW. If Bruce Guy was a pretty boy before, he ain't one now.

[Next, Pete drops to a knee and cups his hands together on the mat. Jim steps into the cupped hands, and Pete stands up, throwing his partner up into the air. Jim uses the extreme elevation to come down on Bruce Guy with a harsh stomp to the face!]

GM: And again, an extended doubleteam by the Longhorn Riders! Pete Colt finally exiting the ring, and Jim Colt with a high jumping legdrop on Guy.

BW: Every time they hit Guy in the face, Doll grabs his face in pain, and gets a little paler.

GM: I'm pretty sure he knows that he's next. Jim Colt being very casual here, stomping at Guy, who is trying to get to his...

[*WHACK*]

BW: Ho-HO! Shoulda stayed down!

GM: BRUTAL FLOAT KICK BY JIM COLT! He may have knocked one of Guy's teeth out there! That man's kicks are devastating, and... Doll has seen enough. He's leaving! He paid twenty dollars to enter the match, and he's running away!

BW: All the same, daddy. This match ain't lastin' much longer anyway.

GM: The Longhorn Riders are dominant, and another tage made. Pete Colt entering the ring, and hoisting up Bruce Guy. He has him on the shoulders... there's no question what is coming next, fans.

[The crowd knows what is next, and boo as Jim Colt ascends to the top rope, and executes a high flying clothesline to flip Guy off of Pete's shoulders in a 270 degree flip, crashing facefirst to the canvas in a heap.]

BW: _COLT REVOLVER_! See ya later, daddy!

GM: Pete Colt kicking Guy over and stepping on his man for the cover. It will not be that easy when these men face Air Strike.

[*DING*DING*DING*]

BW: Says who?

GM: I'm sure Air Strike will have much to say about it.

BW: I'm sure they'll be able to talk a lot until their jaws get broke.

GM: Let's get the official word.

PW: The winners of this match... THE LONGHORN RIDERS!

GM: The Colts having zero problems this week against... oh. Oh, no. You can't let them do this!

[Immediately, Pete and Jim bust out the bullwhips. The crowd boos because they know what is coming.]

BW: They have a point to make, Gordo, and they're gonna make it!

[*CRACK*]

GM: COME ON! THE LONGHORN RIDERS ARE WHIPPING A BEATEN MAN!

[*CRACK*]

BW: Out in LA, I know some guys pay good money for treatment like this.

[*CRACK*]

GM: This isn't funny!

[*CRACK*]

[The crowd boos as both Pete and Jim get two shots on Guy, who is screaming and writhing in pain. Large red welts appear on his back. Finally, the Longhorn Riders turn and point at their victim, with Pete loudly proclaiming that this is the fate in store for Mertz and Aarons.]

GM: We need to get some security out here! Fans, I understand that Mark Stegglet is standing by at the AWA interview area with William Craven.

BW: Craven? He's not suspended?

GM: I think we're about to find out, Bucky.

[Cut over to the raised AWA interview platform where the green man himself stands alongside the AWA's junior reporter. Stegglet seems nervous as he speaks, staring straight into the camera.]

MS: Fans, I'm here alongside William Craven because, I understand, he has a statement to make. That is correct, right, Mr. Craven?

[There's a respectful, almost reverent, tone to Stegglet's voice, likely born from fear of the man. The surgically altered and heavily tattooed powerhouse wears a suit, a tie, sunglasses and a sneer. He's not happy to be here but he at least appears calm.]

WC: You know it is, Stegglet. Don't play coy. Don't damn me with so tepid an introduction. My purpose here is to bow and scrape before the powers that be for the wrong I've done. I laid hands upon an AWA announcer and the threatened suspension that imperils my livelihood, my very purpose for being weighs heavily upon me.

MS: Right, yes, uh, you attacked Jason Dane--

WC: ATTACKED!? Is that what you saw!?

[Craven's arms shoot up in a flailing motion. Stegglet takes a half a step back.]

WC: Had I "attacked" Jason Dane he would not be walking today. He would be in traction at the very best and dead at the worst. I've no illusions about what I am Marcus. I tower over most men, tip the scales at double their weight and have power comparable to a Silverback. Under no circumstances would I assault an announcer, no matter how annoying, for doing his job.

[You'd think that would relax Mark but, no, not really. Craven frowns deeply and shakes his head slightly as he watches the smaller man cringe. Regaining his calm he sighs deeply.]

WC: But then ... I know that my appearance is likewise more alarming even than the aforementioned gorilla. Appearances ... can be deceiving. The moniker that follows me most strongly now, that of "The Dragon", is more than a description of my appearance; I am fearsome.

MS: There's certainly no arguing that, Mr. Craven, but, I have to ask ... what are you trying to say?

[Pained, lowering his chin and setting his jaw, Craven's voice deepens as he struggles with humility.]

WC: I am saying that, as of this moment, I publicly apologize for my actions last week on Saturday Night Wrestling.

MS: Wh-what?

[Clearly that wasn't expected. Mark's caught flat-footed in the moment with someone he thought was just a savage monster, suddenly working within the system.]

WC: What what? The President's office knows they can't fire me, Marcus, but they can certainly take away my purpose for life. I'll not risk suspension, not risk a moment of time when I cannot be at my Emperor's side. So ... I am truly, deeply ... sorry...

Voice: Sorry? Ya'll hear that? He's sorry...

[As Craven and Stegglet turn in shock to see who said that, Judge Parker and his massive protege, The Hangman, walk into the shot, standing on the raised platform.]

JP: After all the crimes this man's committed...after all the lives he's left ruint: He's sorry.

[Craven's eyes turn to fall on Judge Parker and the intimidating Hangman as our cameras do the same. Standing nearly 7 feet tall, Hangman's long reddish brown hair falls to his shoulders from underneath of his wide brimmed hat, while his ankle length duster hides swallows his massive form.. His manager is dressed like an old western judge or preacher with a black wide brimmed hat, a black suit with a shoestring tie and white shirt. His thin white hair falls down and his cheekbones stand out skeletally as he and his protege look towards Craven disapprovingly.]

JP: That's right, William...I'm afraid your life of crime has finally come back to haunt you...and you will at last be held to account for enough sociopathic activity to fill five lifetimes.

[Agape at this intrusion, Craven removes his sunglasses, hanging them from his collar and over his tie before fixing his ice blue eyes on the Hangman, staring from a distance as Judge Parker starts to walk down the steps that will lead to the interview platform where Craven is speaking from.]

WC: You. Last week, you attacked me, dared to lay your hands on me. And just who are you? I entered into this business when you were still in diapers. And this-

[Head whipping towards the Judge, Craven curls his lip, showing off his sharpened teeth.]

WC: -ghoul that haunts your backside he is, what? Your mouthpiece? Some bit of shoe leather that's somehow found an opinion to express. Just

another bystander that has no place in my business, my _kingdom_.
Begone!

[There's silence as Parker climbs the steps to the interview platform, fearlessly stepping before the Dragon as his silent charge seems to glide up the steps behind him, not stepping as an ordinary mortal just... floating up to the steps where he steps between Craven and the Judge, glowering down at Craven who shows no fear as he looks up at the newcomer.]

WC: He is too old, "Hang-Man" and you are too young for me to sully my hands upon you. If he must guide you then perhaps it is more wise that he guide you away ... before one or the both of you get hurt.

[Hangman's response is as simple as it is eloquent...he stares silently at Craven...then uncorks a big right hand at the other big man.]

SMACK!

GM: Oh my!

[Big face pop! Craven staggers back, nearly losing his footing, before spinning back to face The Hangman. Mark Stegklet dives out of the way into safety as The Hangman surges forward and kicks Craven right in the face, sending the green beast headlong off the interview stage!]

BW: Is he crazy!? This is twice in two weeks! Who in the world would decide they want their first test in the AWA to be William Craven?!

[Cut down to show Craven, on one knee on the concrete floor, shaking his head and struggling out of his suit jacket. The Hangman stares down at Craven, raising his gloved hand...]

GM: Parker and Hangman aren't kidding around about making Craven pay.

BW: Good lord... look at that boot did to Craven!

[In close, the camera shows blood streaming from Craven's nose and already badly staining his dress shirt. Gasping, he grits his teeth and chants one word, like a mantra, off-mic but audible by our cameras - "Control... control." Craven stalks back over to the platform but his intentions are never known as The Hangman reaches down, grabbing Craven by the throat...]

GM: What in the-?!

[The Hangman pulls Craven up by the throat, yanking him back up onto the raised platform where his grip forces Craven to look The Hangman dead in the eye. The whole crowd screams in anticipation. Hangman holds his free hand out towards Parker-]

JP: SEND HIM TO HELL!

[--then gives a cut-throat motion and grabs Craven by the belt.]

BW: No way!

[Heaving, with seeming ease, The Hangman immediately has Craven up in the air.]

GM: HE'S GOING TO CHOKESLAM THE DRAGON OFF THE PLATFORM!

[Squirming, Craven claws at Hangman's face, dropping to his feet as The Hangman recoils. Grabbing the taller man by the hair, Craven roars with rage, slamming fists rapidly into his face.]

GM: Craven saved himself!

BW: And look at him going right after the Hangman! He's hammering his head with those fists... like he's trying to punch THROUGH his head!

[The brawling Craven forces The Hangman to back down the platform steps, overwhelming him as he pushes the mysterious Hand of Justice backwards towards the raised entrance platform. Judge Parker pursues, watching from a cautious distance as his man is battered backwards. Up against the entrance ramp, Craven muscles him up onto the walkway before climbing on it himself.]

GM: Craven grabs a martial arts clinch, right around the neck!

BW: I'm not sure I'd want to be this close to the Hangman but Craven's another story. He's sick. He's nuts!

[Hanging onto the clinch up on the platform, Craven slams his knees back and forth into the Hangman's ribs before using the same clinch to HURL The Hangman back down onto the wooden ramp. The Dragon steps back, waiting to see if he's inflicted enough damage to make The Hangman stay down...]

BW: So much for the Hangman, Gordo. He had his first big win two weeks ago and now he's gonna get crippled by the One Man Revolution!

[With The Hangman pushing up off the ramp to his knees, Craven rips off his tie, his fervent breathing spraying blood, Craven wraps it around the Hangman's neck.]

WC: Who's hanging who!? WHO'S HANGING WHO!?

[Craven uses his tie to drag Hangman towards the ring by his neck. Kicking, trying to find his feet, Hangman struggles. Judge Parker follows, barking at the green beast the whole way.]

GM: He's lost it! I hate to say so, Bucky, but things are rapidly looking very bad for one of the newest additions to the AWA roster.

BW: You play with fire, you're gonna get burned. When you play with a fire-breathing Dragon, you're gonna have the skin melted off your body. Wait a second... what's he-?

[Reaching up, Hangman gets ahold of Craven's wrist, ending the pressure long enough to find his feet. Screaming, Craven looms over Hangman, hammering down with clubbing forearms, trying to keep the taller man down on the wooden ramp.]

GM: Craven's hammering with a fury... he knows The Hangman is rising! He knows he's getting back-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Oh my stars! What an uppercut by The Hangman!

[The blow snaps Craven's head back, sending him staggering back into the ropes...

...where a running clothesline from The Hangman puts him over the top and down on the mat to the cheers of the crowd.]

GM: Good grief!

BW: Gordo, I'm afraid to say it... but over the years, a lot has been made out of Craven's ability to withstand pain and punishment but... The Hangman ain't doin' such a bad job of that right now himself.

GM: We don't know where he came from... or really anything at all about him but one thing is abundantly clear, he's not your average kid out of the Combat Corner and someone who's bounced from territory to territory over the years. This guy is something else altogether.

[Whipping his head back and his hair out of his eyes, The Hangman stands upright, the crowd buzzing with surprise at how quickly he's ready to continue the fight. The Judge shouts a few words at him before The Hangman steps over the ropes...]

GM: The Hangman coming in and-

[But a desperate Craven lunges from a knee, frantically trying to wrap up The Hangman's ankle between the ropes. Craven collapses back to the mat, breathing heavily.]

GM: The Hangman's caught in the ropes! What a desperation move by Craven as security is starting to file in! They've got to stop this, Bucky - this isn't even a match!

BW: Ah, let 'em fight! All we need is a referee to make it official.

[Reaching up, Hangman tries to free himself but has difficulty reaching the end of his own very long leg. Meanwhile, Craven brushes a wrist across his

nose and sees, apparently for the first time, the blood that's been streaming from his doubtless broken nose. Seeing this he shrieks.]

GM: My God, that noise! That's not even human!

BW: It's official, Gordo, Hangman woke the sleeping Dragon!

[Scrambling, unathletically, Craven doesn't even try to stand upright, instead leaning heavily on the top rope while repeatedly battering The Hangman with rapid-fire right hands to the skull. After a dozen or so, he releases the ankle from the ropes, allowing The Hangman to fall to the mat. Craven immediately drops on top of him, wrapping his hands around the throat in a stranglehold, shrieking like a madman at him as he does so!]

"PETULANT CHILD! Die! DIE! DIE!!!"

[A stoic Judge Parker climbs the ringsteps, drawing Craven's attention who breaks the choke, lunging at the corner where Parker steps back...

...and smiles.]

BW: What the heck is the old man smiling about? His guy is getting-

[The crowd ERUPTS as The Hangman sits up off the mat, staring at Craven's back.]

BW: He's alive!?

GM: Hangman seemingly unaffected by that brutal assault by Craven! It's ... it's inhuman!

[Craven turns, spotting The Hangman as he stares at the Dragon. The One Man Revolution shakes his head back and forth, refusing to believe what he's seeing.]

GM: Craven can't believe it! He can't believe that The Hangman has risen!

[The Dragon backs off, looking back and forth at the cheering crowd. He shakes his head, more violently this time. He slaps himself across the face, trying to wake himself from this bad dream he's stumbled into. The Hangman rises up off the mat, extending his gloved hand again, almost daring Craven to continue the fight...]

GM: It's your move, Dragon! What's next?!

[Craven again looks back and forth, seemingly furious at the roaring crowd who are rooting for The Hangman to clean his clock. The One Man Revolution suddenly lunges forward, getting cracked with a right hand... and another... and a third that puts Craven back into the ropes where an uppercut knocks Craven back over the ropes and onto the ramp!]

GM: The Hangman batters him back again! Incredible!

[The Hangman turns towards Judge Parker who lifts the noose above his head, nodding widely. The Hangman steps out over the ropes, looking to pursue Craven who suddenly is sliding his way down the ramp...

...when a sea of AWA security comes rushing into view, pouring down the ramp to wedge themselves between The Hangman and William Craven.]

GM: This house is on fire! Today the Hangman took all that William Craven had to give him on this night, took it all and came back swinging!

BW: I'm not even sure what I just saw! What is this guy? Some kind of zombie!? And what in the heck happened to Craven?! He needs to bring the pain! Bring the violence! Bring the bloodshed!

GM: Fans, this one seems far from over in my book! We've got to take a quick break but when we come back, Chris Blue will announce the fifth member of his team for Steal The Spotlight! You do NOT want to miss that!

[The camera stays on the sea of security trying to regain control as we fade to black.

...and then slowly fade to a graphic that reads and is accompanied by a voiceover.]

"THE FOLLOWING ADVERTISEMENT HAS BEEN PAID FOR BY THE AWA."

[Cut to the silhouette of a man sitting on a stool, bathed in shadows, talking to the camera.]

"They say too much of a good thing can ruin it for everyone..."

[The camera zooms in on the now illuminated face of the man sitting on the stool, all short blonde hair and blue eyes, dressed to the nines in a tailor made suit.]

Marcus Broussard: ...but they've never seen this DVD before.

["Super Bon Bon" by Soul Coughing plays in the background as Broussard speaks.]

MB: The AWA is proud to present the AWA Superstar Series. A collection of DVDs that focus on the greatest wrestlers the AWA has ever seen. And it's even prouder that the first volume is all about _me_.

[Broussard points to himself as clips from Broussard's AWA career fly by.]

MB: I'll take you to the first Memorial Day Mayhem with never before seen footage as I win the first ever AWA National title.

[A clip of Broussard celebrating in the ring with the title, and hugging his wife backstage.]

MB: I'll take you to the Broussard Estate, and we'll walk through the state of the art fitness center on the South Wing of the house, where I prepared to go one hour with the "Natural" Adam Rogers.

[A clip of Broussard walking through what looks like a gym in warmup pants, and then to the First Year Anniversary Show, where Broussard and Rogers still stood after a 60 minute draw.]

MB: We'll tour the Combat Corner, where men like Aaron Anderson, Eric Preston and Supreme Wright were trained by yours truly and Todd Michaelson, and we'll go behind the scenes as I returned to take on the Southern Syndicate.

[A clip of Broussard announcing his return to the AWA, with the crowd going crazy in the background.]

MB: We'll go to WarGames on the Bayou, we'll go to WrestleRock. We'll Steal the Spotlight at SuperClash and we'll go one on one with Stevie Scott in my last match ever. Over three hours of the very BEST the AWA has ever seen, blazing trails and setting the standard like only I can do. All handpicked by me, so you know you're getting that Broussard guarantee.

From the early days of feuding with Ron Houston, ruling the roost with the Super Ninja, to coming home to preserve the company I built, it's all here. Marcus Broussard...

[The San Jose Shark hooks a thumb at himself.]

MB: ...you can't be me, but you can be just like me. Learn to love it, my friends.

[The camera fades out to the cover of the DVD collection, as the voice of Mark Stegglet speaks.]

MS: Marcus Broussard: Learn to Love It is available at Wal-Mart, Target and wherever AWA videos are sold!

[We fade from the shot of the DVD back to black...

...and then back up to live action where we find Jason Dane standing at the interview platform with the man who engineered a "hostile takeover" of an entire Steal The Spotlight team, Chris Blue. Blue is dressed in a dark black suit with a royal blue dress shirt and white tie. He looks pretty damn happy as you might expect.]

JD: Welcome back, fans. Joining me now is the man who shocked many in the AWA two weeks ago when he announced that his men - The Bishop Boys, Eric Preston, and William Craven would be making up four-fifths of one of the teams that will compete in one month's time in the annual Steal The Spotlight elimination tag team match. Not only that but he also announced that he would be SELLING the final spot on the team.

[Blue holds up a hand.]

CB: There has been a change of plans, Jason.

JD: Oh?

[Blue nods.]

CB: The moment that I made that announcement two weeks ago, the offers came pouring in. Eternal free drinks at the Rusty Spur? Tempting but no sale. A rugged Armbar Assassin running interference for my boys? Also tempting but I've got my own mindless thug.

[Blue chuckles.]

CB: Intriguing offers all around. The kind of thing that would make the average man accept without pause.

But as we all know, I am FAR from the average man.

[A sinister smile creeps across his face.]

JD: I heard rumors that you had high level meetings with Percy Childes about the spot... perhaps Sandra Hayes as well.

[Blue nods.]

CB: Your sources are well-placed and well-informed, Mr. Dane. I did indeed meet with Mr. Childes for an extended discussion about the final spot on my team. While Miss Hayes was quite... persuasive...

[Blue tugs at his lapels with a pervy looking smile on his face.]

CB: Mr. Childes, by far, had the most intriguing proposal. We had, in fact, reached a deal in principle.

JD: What happened?

[Blue shrugs.]

CB: Things change. Destiny intercedes. I received a phone call. And on the other end of that call, there was a familiar voice. A voice who proclaimed that he wanted... he needed... he DESERVED the final spot on my squad.

At the end of the day, I had to evaluate not only what the final member of the team brought to the table outside of the ring... which Mr. Childes won hands down... but also what they brought to the table INSIDE of the ring. And while Mr. Childes' offer was tempting in both respects, I simply had to go with Door Number Two.

[Dane waits and not hearing what he's looking for, pursues the line of questioning.]

JD: Who was behind Door Number Two?

[Blue turns his head slightly towards Jason.]

CB: Jason Dane, after all the business dealings we've had in regards to the pursuit of the Wise Men's identities... a piece of information that you have in hand as well as I do...

[Dane suddenly flushes red as if he didn't want that revealed.]

CB: You know that I'm not one to overplay my hand. So, as I sit here tonight watching this show, I see names brought to light... Tony Sunn... Sai Fong... Eli Slater...

[Blue holds up a finger for each name he ticks off.]

CB: That's only three, correct?

[Dane nods.]

CB: They know four of my names, correct?

[Dane nods again.]

CB: Fine. I will gather my four and come to the ring at the end of this show. After Juan Vasquez and Stevie Scott have showcased the most anticipated rematch in AWA history, I will walk to the ring with my four announced names and I invite Mistery Sunn, Fong, and Slater to join me. When they announce their fourth... I will announce my fifth.

[Blue arches an eyebrow in Jason's direction.]

CB: I presume this is acceptable.

[The confidence in his voice infers no question at all as Dane nods.]

CB: Excellent. Now, if you excuse me, Mr. Dane... I must find a proper place to watch the two tournament matches to come. Exciting times are upon us here in the AWA, Mr. Dane. It seems hard to believe it's only a year gone by since I arrived here - a year where I've allowed the pieces to fall into place, moving my men into position to strike...

[Blue pauses.]

CB: The Wise Men have suffered losses in this year, Jason. Losses that they dare not discuss in public. Losses that weigh heavy on their minds and spirits.

But the greatest loss of all for them will come following my greatest AWA victory at SuperClash V when one of my men stands victorious, the holder of the Steal The Spotlight contract that guarantees them the match of MY choice for the next year.

And that loss?

[A smirk.]

CB: Will be their anonymity.

[Blue winks at the camera before forcing a handshake on Jason Dane and walking out of view as we crossfade to footage marked "EARLIER TONIGHT" where Mark Stegglet stands, wielding his usual microphone, opposite the current reigning AWA World Television Champion, Dave Bryant. Bryant looks ready to go in that he's in his ring gear, robe, and boots on. Two things are noticeably absent, however -- the television title belt and the usual look of confidence that adorns the champion's features. Bryant looks...nervous. Anxious.]

MS: I'm here with the AWA Television champion who's coming off a tough title defense against Ryan Martinez just two weeks ago, and going into even choppiest waters tonight against the silent assassin of the Unholy Alliance, Nenshou.

[Bryant laughs, a slightly strained laugh but a laugh nonetheless.]

DB: "Choppier waters", huh? Yeah, I suppose you could say that, especially considering what happened two weeks ago, and what happened two weeks before that.

MS: You did look somewhat unhappy about the Gaines' involvement in your title match two weeks ago, not to mention what went on during your contest against Alphonse Green two weeks before that. Is that why you aren't carrying the Television title right now?

[Bryant reflexively reaches up to pat the shoulder he'd normally have the belt, but then stops, shaking his head.]

DB: No, Mark, that's another ball of wax entirely. Let me get something off my chest about the past couple of title defenses, then if you would do me a favor and ask me that question again, I'd appreciate it.

MS: Um, sure.

[Bryant closes his eyes for a second, and when he opens them, there's a distinctly unhappy glint.]

DB: Two weeks ago, I wrestled a young man who's up and coming in this business. I wrestled the son of a Hall of Famer, the son of a man whose name is familiar no matter where your travels through the wrestling world have taken you -- I wrestled Ryan Martinez. He earned a fair shot at this

title, should've gotten it long ago, and was patient enough to bide his time until what he earned finally arrived on his doorstep. When it did...he was ready.

[Bryant reaches down, grimacing slightly as he pats his abdomen, remembering the spear.]

DB: Yet, all his readiness, all that patience didn't mean a damned thing, Mark. It didn't matter because that little pr...because Justin Gaines thought he'd make a name for himself at the expense of his betters, and because the scumbag that Ryan Martinez got in the ring with forgot he's trying to be a better man long enough to take advantage of a cheap shot to secure a win.

It's easy to say that anyone in my shoes would've done the same thing, I guess, but those folks aren't in my shoes. The only one filling my boots is me, so I'm the only one to blame when I do something I'm not proud of after.

[There's a brief silent moment while Bryant ruminates.]

DB: Two weeks before that, Green and I were putting on a classic. A match that should've been a Match of the Year candidate, a match Dave Cooper stuck his nose into and all but ruined. I won that match, too, because Cooper got Green distracted and I took advantage of it, Mark. You remember what Ryan Martinez said about me a couple of weeks ago? He said that he respected the fact that I was a changed man, that I was trying to redeem my sordid past here, but he was wrong. I haven't changed a damned bit, haven't redeemed any of the awful things I've done or said here or in the ten years before I ever got here, Mark.

[Bryant clenches his teeth, seething visibly.]

DB: I almost dropped out of the Chase, Mark, almost dropped out because for once, just once in my career I wanted something clean, something pure, something that I could keep my head high and be proud of, and my past two title defenses aren't anything anybody with an ounce of guts or integrity could be proud of. They're tainted, Mark, tainted by people like Gunnar and Justin Gaines, like Dave Cooper -- and worst of all, tainted by me.

[Bryant stops, an almost sullen look on his face...until he shakes his head, a determined look forming.]

DB: Now, Mark, if you could ask me that question again...

MS: All right. Why aren't you carrying the Television title?

DB: I'm not carrying the belt tonight, Mark, because tonight isn't about the Television championship. It's not on the line, and frankly, against a man like Nenshou, it's a distraction that I don't need...a distraction I can't even begin to afford. I know you're supposed to ask the questions, Mark, but I'm going to spring one on you here. In your honest opinion, in this wrestling promotion, is there any single wrestler more dangerous than the man I'm facing tonight?

[Stegglet hesitates, but not long.]

MS: ...I don't think so, no.

DB: You don't think so because, frankly, there isn't. Nenshou is an anomaly, Mark, a man unlike anybody else I've ever faced, a man unlike anybody I've ever even seen in the ring. There have been face-painted mysterious mist-spitting men from Asia aplenty, but Nenshou isn't like any of them. No matter how terrifying their countenance or intimidating they tried to be, they pale in comparison to Nenshou. He's fast, agile, intelligent, patient, and I haven't even begun to describe the one thing, the one trait that makes him more dangerous than anybody you'll find in this ring or any other right now, Mark Stegglet -- Nenshou is desperate.

[Bryant takes a deep breath.]

DB: If you walk through this locker room right now, no camera, no microphone, you talk to the boys, they'll all tell you the same thing, Mark. We all see it. I don't know what the office or what the fans think, but Nenshou is highly regarded in the locker room as one of the very best in this business. He might even be THE best. He knows it, too, and even if he didn't, despite the apparent tension there, I'm pretty sure Percy Childes would be in his ear to remind him. Between Nenshou being driven to heights beyond even his imagining by his own desperation to be champion and Percy Childes having no depths to which he will not sink to achieve victory for his Unholy Alliance...

[Bryant laughs.]

DB: There's a hell of a lot to be scared of, Mark, and to walk out of this whether I'm the winner or the loser, I have to be at the top of my game, with nothing to take my mind off of Nenshou and Childes. That's why you don't see me with the belt, why I have to forget that I'm the Television Champion until this match is over with. There's no championship advantage to be had here, no time limit to save me from losing, nothing. There's me, there's Nenshou. There's my redemption story versus his desperation to prove that he truly is the greatest of any of us.

[Bryant shakes his head, laughing again.]

DB: It's one hell of a story, Mark, and it's not even the biggest story of the night, but that's all right. I said that I couldn't feel any pride about beating Alphonse Green or Ryan Martinez, but maybe, just maybe, I can salvage something out of going out there and leaving every single bit of myself in that ring tonight, Mark. There's an old expression out there about testing something out in the field, about putting it through its roughest paces before you know for sure that it's really ready. I want to be that new man that Ryan Martinez says he saw, Mark, and if there's a more fitting term for going out and putting everything I have and might have on the line against Nenshou than "baptism by fire", well...you let me know what it is when I walk back in here later tonight.

[With that, Bryant turns and leaves as we crossfade back to Gordon and Bucky seated at ringside.]

GM: Well, obviously that was recorded tonight before the situation between Nenshou and Percy Childes soured. If you're just joining us, Nenshou terminated his relationship with Childes earlier tonight however Mr. Childes seemed less than certain of that. He, in fact, seemed determined to salvage their relationship.

BW: As well he should. Percy would like nothing more than to bring that AWA World Heavyweight Title into the Unholy Alliance. Johnny Detson's already in the Semifinals of the tournament but you better believe he'd love to see Nenshou in there too.

GM: Supreme Wright will face Johnny Detson in two weeks' time and the winner of this match will take on the winner of tonight's Main Event between Juan Vasquez and Stevie Scott. If Percy can get Nenshou back in the fold and into the Semifinals to face either Vasquez or Scott...

BW: Percy's dreaming of an all Alliance Final, Gordo. Bank on that.

[The lights dim and a light mist rolls out from the entryway as "Raijin's Drums" by George Sakalis begins to play over the PA System.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is a first round match in The Chase For The Clash tournament!

Introducing first... from the Land of the Rising Sun... weighing in at 235 pounds...

NENNNNNNNSHOOOOOU!

[After a moment, the mysterious Nenshou appears, wearing a long black robe with the hood pulled down over his painted face. Pausing at the entrance, he begins to walk smoothly and unhurriedly down towards the ring, his steely gaze locked on the squared circle. The crowd boos him roundly...but there are a sprinkling of cheers for the man who publicly dismissed Percy Childes earlier in the night.]

BW: This is what I was afraid of. No Percy. Nenshou's lost it, daddy. Even if he thought Percy sold out to the Wise Men, why fire him NOW? Why not wait until after this match, or after the tournament? Why betray him now?

GM: I do not know. Nonetheless, we have all often wondered about how much of Childes' behavior was his own initiative and how much was dictated by Nenshou. Childes often hinted that Nenshou made many of the decisions; frankly, Bucky, it sounds like he feels that Childes was the one being insubordinate to HIM, not the other way around.

BW: Well, of course he'd say that! He's immature, Gordo. Percy said as much last month.

[Upon entering the ring, Nenshou takes to his corner. The fans are still booing as he removes his robe to reveal baggy black pants, red boots, and a black, red, and gold face paint pattern with various kanji. The Japanese superstar has his hair in a short brushcut with a kanji shaved into his hair. However, it is a new symbol; not the "Darkness" symbol we're used to seeing. He puts two fingers up in front of his face, and adopts his meditative stance.]

GM: I see that Nenshou has a new symbol shaved into his head. I wonder what it means.

BW: Come on, Gordo. Should speaking Japanese be a requirement for a wrestling announcer?

GM: Oh, then enlighten us, wrestling announcer.

BW: I mean play by play guys! Color men only need to analyze the action!

GM: Sure. They're telling me from the booth that it means "destiny". Clearly, his laser focus on his goal is still there.

[The music starts to fade down as the sounds of the opening riff of Metallica's "Bad Seed" hits the PA to big cheers from the AWA fans. This, of course, heralds the arrival of "The Doctor of Love" Dave Bryant, who steps through the curtain in his blue sequined robe, pausing in the entrance to stare down the aisle.]

PW: Coming to the ring...he hails from Las Vegas, Nevada, weighing in at two hundred and twenty-eight pounds... he is the current AWA WORLD TELEVISION CHAMPION...

He is "The Doctor of Love"...

He is... DAAAAAAAAAAAAVE... BRYYYYYYYYYANT!

[With a nod, Bryant starts the walk down the elevated rampway towards the ring.]

GM: When you stop and look back at the AWA career of Dave Bryant, you have to wonder how it came to this. When he first arrived in the AWA as part of the World Title tournament in the summer of 2012, many treated him as an afterthought... a nostalgia act that the front office was using to boost the tournament field's prestige. No one really thought this man still had a serious run left in him. But were we ever wrong.

[Bryant stops about halfway down the ramp, untying his robe and shrugging out of it, letting it pool at his feet as he continues to stare at the waiting Nenshou.]

GM: Bryant, of course, would go on to put his AWA career on the line against Glenn Hudson in a Longhorn Heritage Title match that Bryant won in an

upset. He then defeated Hudson in the first-ever AWA ladder match - an instant classic in the eyes of many. Since then, Bryant has been the World Television Champion every day except for a brief two week period when Hudson won the title back. Nearly a year solid now as the champ, Bucky.

BW: But he'd give all that away for the opportunity to put the World Heavyweight Title around his waist, Gordo.

GM: Dave Bryant has held the top crown in promotions before - in smaller territories running out of places like the Great Lakes. But that was earlier in his career. We went back, looking for Bryant's last shot at the World Heavyweight Title and had a hard time finding such a match. We talk about Nenshou being in a position where this could be his only way to get another shot at the World Title but Dave Bryant is in a similar situation, Bucky.

BW: Bryant's managed to shove his career back out into the sun again but it only one take one devastating loss to put him back in the shadows, scraping to make a paycheck.

[Bryant steps through the ropes quickly, ready for the attack if it comes...

...but it doesn't. Nenshou simply stands at the ready as referee Davis Warren steps between the two, arms extended to prevent any early brouhaha.]

GM: Davis Warren draws the high pressure assignment of this one, trying to ensure that the most deserving competitor advances in this high stakes tournament.

BW: I'm told that the World Champion, Calisto Dufresne, is at home watching this on television tonight. He's decided to skip waiting around for a winner and start his SuperClash preparations early. We've got a video of that we'll be showing a little later.

GM: I can hardly wait.

[The two opponents stand a few feet away, staring each other down as Warren goes over some final instructions. He forces both men back to their respective corners...

...and signals for the bell!]

GM: Here we go! A first round match in The Chase For The Clash tournament pitting the current World Television Champion and the man many consider the de facto Number One Contender to Calisto Dufresne and the World Title against the enigmatic Nenshou, the first man who held the predecessor to Bryant's title - the Longhorn Heritage Title, and the man many have believed to be a future World Champion from the moment they first saw him arrive here in the AWA.

[The two men come together quickly in the center of the ring in a collar and elbow tieup. There's a bit of jostling in the middle before Bryant secures an overhand wristlock.]

GM: Bryant goes to the wristlock. The Doctor of Love has shown vastly improved submission skills in his days here in the AWA, a very different style than his youth.

BW: With age comes wear and with wear comes an inability to do some of the things you once were able to do in there.

[With Bryant pushing down on the arm, Nenshou slips the grip, dropping down with a sweeping back kick, taking Bryant's legs out from under him and dumping him on his back.]

GM: Whoa! Legsweep by Nenshou and-

[The Asian Assassin takes flight, leaping into the air, tucking his legs up, and aiming his feet towards the head of Dave Bryant who narrowly rolls out of the way in time, causing Nenshou to doublestomp the mat.]

GM: Oh my! He tried to cave in his skull with that!

[Bryant pushes up to his knees in time to catch a roundhouse attempt to the skull. The TV Champion reaches out with his other arm, hooking Nenshou around the knee and pulling his legs out from under him.]

GM: Bryant takes out the legs... he's setting up for- CATAPULT!

[Bryant falls back, launching Nenshou into the air, but the ever-prepared Nenshou deftly lands on his feet on the second rope, catching himself. The champion scrambles up as Nenshou blindly leaps backwards, twisting to catch Bryant across the chest with a crossbody...

...but the veteran is ready for him, using Nenshou's own momentum to roll through into a cover of his own!]

GM: ONE!

[Nenshou slips the shoulder at one, not even bothering with a two count. Both men scramble up off the mat to their feet as Nenshou catches a rising Bryant with a thrust kick into the midsection, knocking him back down to a knee.]

BW: They were both on their way up but Nenshou's quicker. And that's going to be a problem for Bryant throughout this match, Gordo.

GM: It certainly will.

[With Bryant on a knee, Nenshou winds up with both arms, bringing them crashing down on the sides of the neck with a Mongolian double chop!]

GM: Ohh! High impact Mongolian chop out of Nenshou... and another one!

[Switching to knife edge chops across the chest, Nenshou soon has Bryant leaning against the ropes, reeling from the impact of the blows. A spinning back kick to the chest connects, knocking Bryant through the ropes and out to the ring apron...]

GM: Bryant gets sent out to the apron...

[Grabbing the top rope, Nenshou hurdles over it in a single leap, bringing an arm down across a prone Bryant's chest!]

GM: Such amazing athleticism out of Nenshou!

[Out on the floor, Nenshou stretches Bryant out over the apron, hammering down with repeated knife edge blows to the ribs!]

GM: Nenshou's going for the abdomen area on Bryant, perhaps with an eye towards hitting that patented Moonsault later on in this one.

[The referee's count doesn't seem to bother Nenshou who strikes with an unorthodox headbutt to the ribcage that has Bryant wincing in pain as he rolls under the ropes back into the ring. The Asian Assassin simply slides back in as well.]

GM: Nenshou had an opening there for more of his high risk offense but chose to be conservative and simply roll back into the ring. Perhaps he didn't want to take a big risk this early in the match.

BW: Maybe choosing to conserve some energy. If there's one thing we know about Bryant is that even at his age, he's got tremendous stamina inside the ring.

[Bryant crawls away from Nenshou, getting to a knee as he approaches...

...and throwing an elbow back into the gut!]

GM: Ohh! Bryant goes downstairs on Nenshou!

[A second back elbow knocks Nenshou back a step, doubled up as Bryant climbs to his feet, winding up his right arm, and burying the point of his elbow into the lower back of Nenshou.]

GM: And it's Dave Bryant's turn to strike - this time going right for the lower back on his opponent.

[The blow knocks Nenshou down to all fours where Bryant clasps his hands together, raining down double axehandle blows across the lower back, battering Nenshou right down to his stomach.]

GM: The referee steps in, forcing Bryant to- check that!

[Bryant rushes forward, raising his leg and viciously stomping the lower back of Nenshou over and over and over with the protesting referee trying to get him to step back.]

GM: Bryant better be careful here. He's risking a disqualification!

[At the count of four, the World Television Champion backs off, raising his hands.]

BW: Bryant may be cheered by these idiot fans now but he's not a whole lot different inside the ring than he's ever been, Gordo. He'll still hit you when he's not supposed to. He'll still keep on a hold when he's supposed to break it.

GM: A lot of people would see that as aggression though.

BW: I'll remember that next time one of my favorites is being "aggressive" against one of your favorites.

GM: Speaking of favorites, fans, don't forget that two of your favorites, Stevie Scott and Juan Vasquez will collide later tonight in one of the most eagerly anticipated rematches in AWA history and the final first round match in this tournament. The winner of that one will face the winner of this one.

[Bryant pulls Nenshou up with a double handful of hair, lashing out with a clubbing forearm across the back, again sending Nenshou down to his knees. Striking a stance similar to his opponent on occasion, Bryant lashes out with a hard kick to the base of the spine!]

GM: Ohh! Big kick by Bryant takes Nenshou back down to the mat.

[Standing over Nenshou, Bryant measures him before dropping an elbow down into the small of the back.]

GM: Elbowdrop by the Doctor of Love!

[Bryant rolls up to his feet, dropping a second elbow... and a third, all landing in the same area. He pushes up to his knees, placing his hands on the mat as he kicks his lower body up into the air, driving a knee into the kidneys!]

GM: Good grief! Bryant's painting a bullseye on the lower back of Nenshou in the early stages of this one, fans!

[Bryant repeats the kneedrop, causing Nenshou to wince through his facepaint. Keeping the knee against the back, driving it into the space between the shoulderblades, Bryant grabs the arms of his opponent, rolling the Asian Assassin into a seated position as he pulls back on the arms.]

GM: A modified version of the ol' surfboard submission here!

BW: And it may not look like much, Gordo, but this hold is incredibly painful. You've got a knee driven up into the middle of your back and then someone pulling back on your arms. This one will take it's toll on the back, the shoulders, the neck.. a whole lot of pressure points in this old school submission hold.

[Bryant cranks back on the arms as the referee kneels down in front of Nenshou, checking for a submission. Nenshou shakes his head as the official informs Bryant of his refusal. Gritting his teeth, Bryant yanks back again, nodding for another check.]

GM: Davis Warren is in the perfect position to check for a submission but I just don't think Bryant's going to get it... not this early in the matchup and not with this particular hold.

[Getting a second refusal from the ref, Bryant stands up, placing his foot between the shoulder blades instead and pulling back on the arms.]

GM: Bryant switches it up to another variation on the surfboard. This is more of the classic surfboard submission here but I'm still not sure if it's enough to pry a submission out of Nenshou considering the stakes of this matchup.

[The official leans in again, checking on the face-painted grappler who shakes his head to clearly state his intention not to give up. The referee signals Bryant who pulls back again, shouting "ASK HIM!" Davis Warren does exactly that yet again... but again comes back with Nenshou refusing to give up. Bryant abruptly breaks the hold, dropping to a knee and driving his other one into the base of Nenshou's neck. A few more falling knee smashes has Nenshou grabbing at the back of the neck as he falls down to the mat.]

GM: Bryant's staying right on top of Nenshou... not showing the slightest bit of frustration at not being able to get a win with that surfboard being applied.

[Grabbing Nenshou by the arm, Bryant hauls him up to his feet, pushing him chestfirst into the ropes. The referee steps in, calling for a break as Bryant makes sure Nenshou stays in one spot...

...and then steps back, slamming the edge of his forearm into the lower back!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot that one was!

[Bryant steps back, getting admonished by the referee for not delivering a clean break...

...and then SLAMS his forearm in again! This time, he steps all the way back, taking a verbal lashing from the referee as he eyes Nenshou from across the ring...]

GM: Bryant's coming fast!

[The champion lowers his shoulder, looking to deliver a tackle into the lower back...

...but Nenshou spins away, causing Bryant to sail through the ropes, his stomach smashing into the middle rope to prevent him from falling to the floor.]

GM: Oh! Bryant almost went to the floor but he hits the ropes and-

[Nenshou goes to work instantly, holding Bryant steady, trapped in the ropes as he slams his knee up into the ribcage repeatedly. The referee is right there, calling for a break as Nenshou connects with a half dozen brutal kneestrikes into the right side of the body.]

GM: He's all over Bryant in the ropes!

BW: Neither of these guys are afraid of bending the rules a bit, Gordo.

GM: Not at all. Nenshou backs off... over the top again!

[The Asian Assassin again catapults himself to the floor where he catches a wounded Bryant with a martial arts thrust to the throat, leaving Bryant gasping for air as he reaches up, dragging him through the ropes...

...and SLAMS him down on the barely-padded concrete floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: A big bodyslam on the floor! And if Bryant's ribs weren't hurting from those knees to the body, you can bet they're in a whole lot of pain after that slam to the floor!

BW: Unorthodox offense out of Nenshou but damn effective!

[Nenshou stares out at the crowd as Bryant breathes heavily on the padded floor, trying to catch his breath. The Asian Assassin seems to be plotting his next move when a stir comes from the crowd closest to the entranceway.]

GM: Uh oh. Here comes trouble, fans.

[The crowd's buzz grows louder as more people catch a glimpse. A quick camera cut reveals the cause of the concern for Dave Bryant.]

GM: Percy Childe is coming out here, fans! The Collector of Oddities and Nenshou's FORMER manager is on his way to the ring!

BW: Former?! Maybe not, Gordo! Maybe this was all a ploy to throw Bryant's game off!

[Nenshou stares down the ramp at the approaching figure, not the slightest hint of what's going through his mind evident on his face.]

GM: This could greatly change the complexion of this match, fans. Can Dave Bryant recover? We'll find out after the break!

[Fade to black.

A black screen slowly fades to a graphic that reads as follows, accompanied by a voiceover.]

"THE FOLLOWING ADVERTISEMENT HAS BEEN PAID FOR BY THE AWA."

[And then we cut to an extreme closeup of a pair of bloodshot, angry eyes. Stringy black hair, greying near the roots, hangs down over the area, which is in letterbox format to keep only the eyes in view. A gruff, menacing voice is heard, coming from the person in the picture.]

Voice: They had to cripple me to stop me.

[We see a black-and-white slow motion replay of Eric Preston piledriving the former World Heavyweight Champion, James Monosso, at Memorial Day Mayhem 2013. Monosso is clearly the one speaking.]

JM: The doctors say there's a ninety-five percent chance I'll never walk again.

Maybe so. But through the AWA Signature Series, the memory lives on.

["The Theme From Halloween"'s shrill piano starts in the background as highlights of Monosso's career flash by in rapid succession.]

JM: The AWA World Heavyweight Championship Tournament; all five matches plus Vasquez, from Wrestlerock to Blood, Sweat, and Tears. There's new footage you ain't seen. Commentaries by me, by some of my opponents, by other wrestlers.

[We see a clip of Monosso training, lifting old-style free weights in a rundown gym.]

M: And there's footage from the days before the AWA. From UVW, and the night I first became a World Champion.

[Rare footage of Monosso, much younger and wearing a VERY different set of ring attire (a black, dark orchid, and yellow-colored bodysuit... yes, that was actually what he wore) in a steel cage match fighting an incredibly muscular blond man wearing blue-and-gold trunks and light grey fur boots.]

JM: This is Monosso. Get it. Keep it. It's the only way you'll remember. Remember what I said. Remember what I did. Remember who I was. This isn't just a collectable; it's a legacy.

[Back to the eyes, and only the eyes. The angry, hateful, bitter eyes.]

JM: And you'd have to be INSANE to think otherwise.

[Fade from the shot of Monosso's eyes to a shot of Nenshou cornering a wounded Dave Bryant, hammering away with knife edge chops across the chest to the disdain of the official who is trying to get him to back off.]

GM: Welcome back, fans, to this Chase For The Clash matchup where Nenshou has dominated throughout our short commercial break. He continues to work on Bryant in the corner...

[Grabbing the Doctor of Love by the arm, Nenshou shoots him across from corner to corner, making Bryant run across the ring before slamming backfirst into the turnbuckles.]

GM: We're a little shy of the ten minute mark in this matchup which has been a fascinating grind 'em out style from both men as they try to physically assert themselves against their opponents.

[Nenshou slowly strides across to where Bryant is reeling in the turnbuckles... but as he draws near...]

GM: Right hand by Bryant!

[The crowd cheers the desperation haymaker.]

GM: And a second right hand finds the mark as well!

[Bryant grabs Nenshou by the hair, looking to smash his face into the top turnbuckle...]

...but Nenshou simply raises his leg, blocking the slam before slamming his elbow back into Bryant's banged-up ribcage.]

GM: Bryant tried to fire back there but Nenshou took advantage of the damage that he's already done in this one, putting Bryant back down on the canvas.

[A few soccer kicks to the ribs forces Bryant to roll from the ring to the elevated platform. Nenshou hears a shout from Percy Childes, something that draws his focus momentarily as he glares at the Collector of Oddities who just as quickly as he spoke falls silent.]

GM: We still do not know what's going on out here between Percy Childes and Nenshou. We know that Childes was summarily dismissed by Nenshou earlier tonight - the first time we've heard Nenshou speak. Childes countered by arguing that Nenshou was making a mistake... a big mistake... and that they needed to discuss matters. Were they able to do so? Are they back on the same page? We have no idea other than Nenshou came out here alone and Percy Childes followed some time later.

BW: I'm hoping it's all part of Percy's master plan, Gordo.

GM: I know you are but I believe Nenshou was sincere in his desire to leave Childes behind... and this is a desperation grab by Percy to get him back in the fold before it's too late. What a story it would be for Nenshou to fire Percy Childes and then wind up with the World Title around his waist at SuperClash V, Bucky.

BW: There's enough new stories in the world to be told - we don't need a re-run!

GM: Of course, Bucky's referring to James Monosso's eerily similar career path last summer where he became the World Champion - and a huge fan favorite - after dropping Childes as his manager.

[Nenshou steps out onto the ramp, moving in on Bryant who is up on all fours...

...and Bryant again fires back with a right hand to the gut!]

GM: Big right hand finds the mark downstairs!

[A second one catches Nenshou on the jaw, sending him spiraling away to a huge cheer!]

GM: Bryant's fighting back again, climbing back to his feet...

[A wobbled Nenshou charges him, ready to strike again...

...but Bryant ducks his head, LAUNCHING Nenshou high into the air...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BACKDROP ON THE RAMP! BACKDROP ON THE RAMP!!

[Bryant crumples to a knee, clutching his ribs in incredible pain from the effort it took to toss Nenshou up and over with that backdrop.]

GM: What a counter by Bryant and that could really turn things around in this one!

[The Doctor of Love staggers up to his feet, falling into the ropes where he leans heavily, trying to recover as Nenshou rolls to his stomach, taking the pressure off his back.]

GM: From almost the opening bell in this one, you could sense a gameplan on the part of both men. Nenshou was going for the ribs, potentially to set up the Moonsault. Bryant was aiming for the back but I'm not sure to what endgame. Between the superkick, the DDT, and the figure four, none of those will take advantage of the work done to the back.

BW: Oh, I beg to differ, Gordo. A back injury completely throws you off your game. It makes you vulnerable to all of the moves you just mentioned. It may not directly lead to a victory but it certainly helps.

[Bryant pushes off the ropes, greeting a rising Nenshou with a boot to the gut. He hooks a front facelock on him, slinging an arm over his neck...]

GM: He's looking for a suplex out on the ramp!

[The Doctor of Love's suplex attempt goes nowhere though as his banged-up ribs prevent him from being able to get Nenshou up for it. He shows some frustration as he breaks off the attempt, throwing Nenshou through the ropes into the ring instead.]

GM: Bryant had to give up on that move and instead puts Nenshou back in to break up the count.

BW: The old Bryant would've waffled him out on the ramp with something solid and taken the countout.

GM: This is not the old Bryant.

BW: Nope. That guy would've won.

[Bryant goes to duck through the ropes when Nenshou springs up, grabbing him by the hair...]

GM: What's he...?

[The crowd groans with sympathy for Bryant as Nenshou unleashes a series of high impact front kicks to the face of Bryant, snapping his head back with every blow. The referee is forced to drag Nenshou off of Bryant after his four count goes ignored. He warns him, pointing a finger in the face.]

GM: Nenshou didn't break at four and the referee's telling him that another action like that will get him disqualified. That disqualification would move Dave Bryant on to the Semifinals to face Juan Vasquez or Stevie Scott.

[Nenshou nudges past the official to move back in on Bryant who has slumped down to a knee on the ramp. He grabs the middle rope with both hands, launching himself through the ropes into a shoulder tackle to the gut of the incoming Nenshou, doubling him up as a dazed Bryant rises...]

GM: OVER THE TOP! SUNSET FLIP!!

[But Nenshou grabs the top rope, not losing his balance and going down for the pin. Instead, he slams his hands down on the sides of Bryant's neck in another Mongolian Chop to break the grip on his upper legs...

...and then launches himself skyward, driving his feet down into the midsection of a stunned Bryant!]

GM: DOUBLE STOMP!! GOOD GRIEF!!

[Nenshou rolls into a cover of the gasping Bryant.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[The referee abruptly breaks the count, climbing to his feet to point out that Bryant has reached out to grab the bottom rope.]

GM: Bryant got to the ropes...

BW: He didn't GET to the ropes. He was already there. Nenshou's ignoring Percy out here, Gordo. Percy was screaming at Nenshou before he went for the cover... you know that he was telling him Bryant was too close to the ropes.

GM: I don't know that because as you pointed out, I don't speak Japanese unlike our colleague Jason Dane.

BW: Dane speaks Japanese AND Mexican!

GM: Spanish.

BW: Whatever. I heard he's also learning Latin in case they develop a time machine and send him back to call some matches in the old Roman Colosseum.

[Nenshou grabs Bryant by the foot, dragging him away from the ropes and out to the middle of the ring. He raises his leg, slamming his heel down into the ribs in an axe kick type blow that has Bryant coughing violently down on the mat.]

GM: Nenshou hauls Bryant up off the mat...

[He ducks in underneath his armpit, muscling him up and dropping him in a back suplex. Popping back up, Nenshou hits the ropes, rebounding back, and snapping off a lightning quick elbow smash to the ribcage!]

GM: One of the trademark elbowdrops out of Nenshou... and another pin attempt!

[This time, Bryant kicks out at two, breaking the pin attempt.]

GM: Two count only for Nenshou as we're past the ten minute mark in the match. Remember, Bryant as the World Television Champion, is typically used to a ten minute time limit so when we go beyond that, we go a little bit out of his usual arena.

BW: That's a good point, Gordo, but you're wrong to not mention all the times that Bryant HAS gone over ten minutes in the past year or so. The matches with Hudson... that ladder match... even the match with Alphonse Green just a few weeks ago.

GM: Also true.

[Nenshou hauls Bryant up off the mat, scooping him up and slamming him down on the canvas.]

GM: Hard slam by Nenshou... and he's heading to the ropes again...

[Nenshou rebounds off, looking to deliver another elbowdrop...

...but Bryant slides his body forward, hooking Nenshou's leg, and rolling off his back into a half Boston Crab!]

GM: What in the...?! What a counter out of Bryant!

[Bryant grits his teeth, screaming at the official to get into position as the crowd surges to their feet, urging Nenshou to give it up and fight another day.]

GM: Bryant's got the half Crab locked in and Nenshou's struggling, trying to find a way out of it!

[Nenshou drags himself towards the ropes, getting closer relatively easily as Bryant's injured ribs prevent him from stopping the escape attempt. Within seconds, Nenshou's arms are wrapped around the bottom ropes as the referee calls for a break...

...and an exasperated Bryant switches his stance, holding the half Crab while raining down stomps to the back of Nenshou's head from the same position! The crowd roars for the outbreak of violence as the referee starts a five count. Bryant hangs on to the last second, getting every possible blow in that he can before releasing and stalking out towards the center of the ring where the referee pursues him.]

GM: Bryant's being reprimanded by the official and-

[The crowd ROARS as Bryant turns around, stomps his foot and shouts, "COME ON!" at a recovering Nenshou...]

GM: He's setting up for the superkick!

[As Nenshou climbs to his feet, Bryant surges forward, lashing out with his signature savate kick...

...but Nenshou sidesteps it, dropping down to a knee and delivering a back elbow to the ribs again!]

GM: Ohh! Back to the ribs!

[Popping up, Nenshou hooks a rear waistlock, spinning around so that his back is facing the biggest empty space in the ring...

...but his back gives out on the lift, forcing him to release, falling to a knee in tremendous pain.]

GM: Nenshou went for the suplex but couldn't manage it!

[Bryant spins around, grabbing the back of Nenshou's tights and YANKS him into a short forearm to the lower back. He quickly ducks in, hooking Nenshou's torso under his left armpit, lifting him up...]

GM: OHH! Quick backbreaker by Bryant!

[Hanging onto the legs, Bryant rolls into a side cradle.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! No! Nenshou slips out!

[Bryant rolls out of the cover as Nenshou rolls to his stomach. The World Television Champion swings a leg over his downed opponent, winding up with his right arm...]

GM: Big forearm to the back... and another... and another!

[The brutal series of forearms has Percy Childes screaming at the referee who starts a count. Bryant again breaks at four, turning to verbally return fire at the Collector of Oddities who is fuming as Bryant pulls Nenshou off the canvas by the back of the tights, wheeling him around and LAUNCHING him chestfirst into the corner!]

GM: Into the buckles... Bryant charges!

[And leaves his feet, driving his knee into the lower back of Nenshou...]

GM: Ohh! Right into the back again!

[Bryant suddenly grabs the staggered Nenshou around the waist, giving a shout as he powers him up, dumping him on the back of his head with a high impact back suplex, folding him in half!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Bryant sits up, clutching at his ribs as he rolls to his knees, inching forward and throwing himself over the folded up Nenshou.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: He almost got him!

BW: Almost don't count, Gordo!

GM: Bryant clutching at his ribs. That took a lot out of him, Bucky. He fought down all the pain in his midsection to get that suplex in.

BW: That might've been a huge mistake, Gordo. When you get injured in a match, you have to learn to fight within yourself. He might've just made a costly mistake.

[With Nenshou down on the mat, Bryant rolls him to his stomach. He looks out at the crowd, nodding as he slaps at his pectorals.]

GM: Wait a second!

[Bryant reaches down, securing a rear chinlock as he loops Nenshou's arms over his legs...

...and sits down, leaning back in a Camel Clutch!]

GM: CAMEL CLUTCH! SHADES OF THE SULTAN!

BW: And don't think for a second that Bryant's not slapping Royalty right across the face with this! This is a direct shot at Dave Cooper and his gang!

[Bryant leans back as Nenshou winces in pain. Percy Childe is quickly up on the apron, shouting at the official who wheels around to deal with him...

...and the crowd ERUPTS in jeers!]

GM: No, no! Get him out of here!

BW: Speak of the devil!

[The crowd is jeering at the sight of Dave Cooper coming quickly down the elevated ramp towards the ring.]

GM: The Professional is coming towards-

[But Cooper doesn't get more than a dozen steps down the ramp before another person dashes out, getting in his path.]

GM: Alphonse Green! Alphonse Green just cut off Cooper!

[A brawl breaks out between Green and Cooper on the ramp with the crowd roaring. Bryant looks around, shouting at the referee who finally untangles himself from Childe.]

GM: The referee's right down there, checking on Nenshou... looking for the submission...

BW: I can't believe this! Nenshou's starting to fade!

GM: If Nenshou passes out, Bryant's going to win it!

[Percy Childe is livid now, screaming at the referee, trying to draw his attention...

...but Davis Warren stays in position, checking to see if Nenshou has passed out or is ready to quit.]

GM: Percy Childes is getting in the ring!

[That's enough for Bryant to break the hold, coming out of it with his fist raised. Childes immediately falls to the mat, perhaps remembering the last time someone with a superkick in their arsenal got their hands - or foot - on him. He scrambles, rolling out of the ring...

...but leaving the crystal-topped cane behind. Bryant snatches it up to a cheer from the crowd. He turns back towards Nenshou as the referee is shouting at Childes for trying to get in.]

GM: Bryant's got the cane!

BW: Turn around, referee!

GM: The referee's tied up with Childes and Bryant's... is he gonna do it?!

[Bryant grabs the cane with both hands, setting his feet as he watches Nenshou struggle to get to his feet off the mat...]

GM: Bryant's going to- NO!

[The World Television Champion reared back with the cane, ready to brain Nenshou with it and move on to the Semifinals of the tournament...

...but pulls up short, cursing at himself and throwing the cane aside. But as he turns back around...]

GM: THRUST KICK! Nenshou scores with a superkick under the chin of his own!

[The Asian Assassin dives across Bryant, hooking both legs...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BRYANT KICKS OUT!! BRYANT KICKS OUT!! We've passed the fifteen minute mark in this match and these two are still bringing everything they've got to try and finish this off!

[Nenshou scrambles up, pulling Bryant off the canvas. He scoops him up, dropping him across a bent knee in a lightning quick backbreaker...]

BW: You know what this sets up!

GM: He's heading towards the corner! He's calling for the Moonsault!

[With Bryant down on the mat, Nenshou steps up to the top rope, not hesitating to flip backwards, sailing gracefully through the air and rocketing down towards an unmoving Bryant...

...until the last possible second when he rolls aside!]

GM: BRYANT MOVES!

BW: But Nenshou lands on his feet! Wow!

GM: What agility on the part of Nenshou! What an incredible ability to adapt in mid-air!

[Bryant rolls up to a knee as Nenshou rushes towards him, springing off the bent knee...]

BW: SHINING WIZ- NO!

[The crowd ROARS as Bryant wraps his arms around Nenshou's leg, twisting around to take Nenshou down to the mat.]

GM: He legwhips him down... he's going for the figure four!

[Bryant spins the leg into a spinning toehold, leaning down to grab the other leg...

...and getting plucked into an inside cradle!]

GM: CRADLE! CRADLE! ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AGAIN! AGAIN, DAVE BRYANT NARROWLY ESCAPES DEFEAT!

[Both men scramble up off the canvas again... but this time, Bryant is a step quicker as he CRACKS Nenshou with a stiff left hand to the jaw!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot!

[The blow spins Nenshou around, allowing Bryant to drop down, pulling him into a schoolboy rollup!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE- AND THIS TIME, IT'S NENSHOU WHO ESCAPES THE PINNING PREDICAMENT!

BW: This is getting close, Gordo! Back and forth, each trying to put the other one down. One of 'em needs to hit their big gun though... the Moonsault, the superkick, the DDT...

[Both men scramble up off the mat again as Bryant sidesteps a thrusting front kick, stepping aside to grab Nenshou around the waist...

...but suddenly shoves Nenshou aside, rushing towards the ropes where Dave Cooper is coming on fast!]

GM: Cooper got past Green somehow and-

[But before Cooper and Bryant can come together, Nenshou grabs Bryant by the arm, jerking him aside...]

GM: Nenshou pulls Bryant out of- MIST! MIST!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Dave Cooper staggers backwards, rubbing at his eyes where Nenshou has unleashed the blinding mist!]

GM: What in the world was that?!

[At ringside, Percy Childe is LOSING HIS MIND!]

GM: Childe can't believe it! I can't believe it! These fans can't believe it! Did Nenshou just SAVE Dave Bryant?!

BW: I think he saved the match for himself! He knew that if Cooper laid his hands on Bryant, Nenshou would get disqualified for it! He's not suddenly some hero to you and these idiot fans, Gordo!

[Bryant stares in shock for a moment before Nenshou BURIES a back kick into the midsection, doubling him up.]

GM: Oh! Nenshou strikes quick! You can't ever be unprepared to fight when you're inside that ring with him!

[Nenshou grabs Bryant by the arm, flinging him into the nearest set of turnbuckles. He moves in quickly after him, throwing a series of rounding kicks into the injured ribcage...

...and then steps out, leaping into the air, and burying his heel back into the ribcage!]

GM: Leaping back kick by Nenshou!

[The Asian Assassin grabs Bryant by the arm again, rocketing him from corner to corner. He backs into the corner himself, cartwheeling into a handspring across the ring...

...and BURIES his elbow up under the chin!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HANDSPRING ELBOW CONNECTS!!

[Nenshou bounces out, dropping to a knee as he grabs at his lower back...

...which gives the slightest of openings for Bryant to charge out of the corner, hooking a side headlock as he leaps...]

GM: BULLDOG!! BULLDOG!!

[The crowd ERUPTS again as Bryant DRIVES Nenshou facefirst into the canvas...

...and then immediately collapses to his back on the mat.]

GM: Oh my! Nenshou was trying to recover after hitting the handspring elbow and Bryant took advantage of it, using every bit of his remaining energy to hit that leaping bulldog!

BW: It's all well and good to hit the move but he can't take advantage of it! He can't make a cover. Both men are down in the middle of the ring and these fans can scream and shout all they want... this match is Nenshou's to win if you ask me!

GM: No one's asking you because these fans are on their feet, cheering on the World Television Champion!

[The referee starts a double count on both men who are still down on the mat.]

GM: The ten count begins and if neither man is able to answer the ten count, then they'll BOTH be eliminated from the tournament and it will come down to Juan Vasquez or Stevie Scott getting a bye right to the Finals.

BW: Oh, and I bet you'd just LOVE that, Myers!

GM: I wouldn't mind seeing either one of those guys getting a shot on Thanksgiving Night against the World Heavyweight Champion, Calisto Dufresne, I'll admit that. But I wouldn't mind seeing Dave Bryant getting that shot either! Or maybe even Nenshou!

BW: You basically just want to see anyone with the World Title EXCEPT Calisto Dufresne.

GM: Well, I wouldn't go that far but there are a lot of people I'd prefer to see as the standard bearer for this industry than that man... that's for sure.

[As the count hits five, the crowd noise level noticeably rises.]

GM: These fans are screaming their lungs out, begging one of these men to get up and let this fantastic matchup continue!

[At the count of six, Dave Bryant, flat on his back, lifts his right arm straight up to an even bigger cheer!]

GM: We've got signs of life out of the Doctor of Love!

BW: Come on, Nenshou!

[Percy Childes echoes Bucky's sentiments, repeatedly slamming his arms into the canvas, trying to inspire his charge... or former charge... to get to his feet and continue the fight. Nenshou slips his arms underneath him at the count of eight, doing a full pushup to his knees.]

GM: Nenshou's on his knees and... Bryant sits up!

[Nenshou suddenly surges into motion, using his left knee as a pivot point as he swings his right foot rapidly towards the seated Bryant, cracking him in the face and knocking him back to the mat as Nenshou falls across him backfirst.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THR-

[Again, Bryant lifts the shoulder to a huge reaction from the Dallas crowd!]

GM: So close! Nenshou was so close to winning this one.

[Nenshou sits up on the mat, burying his facepainted visage into his hands, shaking his head back and forth.]

GM: A rare sign of emotion coming from Nenshou here... perhaps showing a bit of frustration at being unable to put the World Television Champion away.

[The Asian Assassin climbs to his feet, looking out at the roaring crowd as he drags a thumb across his throat, giving a thumbs down to a huge shower of boos before grabbing Bryant by the ankle, dragging him back to the middle of the ring...

...and pointing towards the corner!]

GM: Nenshou's looking for the moonsault again!

[Nenshou steps up to the middle rope, turning to glare at Percy Childes who is shouting in Japanese at him.]

GM: Nenshou's glaring at Childes! His own manager is distracting him and-

[A dazed Bryant pushes up to a knee, looking at the corner...

...and then breaks into a dash!]

GM: What's he-?!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE KICKED PERCY TO THE FLOOR! A BASEBALL SLIDE KICK TO THE CHEST BY BRYANT!!

BW: He just made himself a marked man, Gordo!

GM: Dave Bryant just returned the favor! He didn't want to take advantage of Nenshou being distracted. We knew he wants to win this one on the up and up if he's going to win it!

BW: The Unholy Alliance is going to to tear this guy apart!

[On cue, Demetrius Lake and Johnny Detson come walking down the elevated ramp. Lake is barking at Bryant from the walkway as AWA officials pour into view, trying to keep things from COMPLETELY breaking down!]

GM: Look at the grin on Bryant's face! He LOVED doing that to Childes and-

BW: NENSHOU!

[Nenshou flings himself from the top rope, arm outstretched above his head...

...and gets caught with a left hand to the midsection, flipping Nenshou over and down to the mat!]

GM: Bryant caught him!

[Bryant grabs Nenshou by the hair, tugging him into a front facelock.]

GM: He's looking for the DDT!

[Nenshou suddenly lunges forward, pushing Bryant back against the ropes. He breaks free of the front facelock, teeing off with a knife-edge chop across the chest!]

GM: Big chop!

[A few more chops connect, leaving Bryant reeling against the ropes. Pulling him off the ropes by the hair, Nenshou snapmares him over into a seated position...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Hard kick to the base of the spine... to the ropes...

[Nenshou rebounds back towards the seated Bryant, cocking his arm back...

...and DRILLS Bryant with a sliding elbowstrike, knocking him flat!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF! WHAT A SHOT!!

[The Asian Assassin climbs to his feet...

...and again points to the corner! He slowly approaches the corner, grabbing at his back with every step.]

GM: He's going for the moonsault again! We're passing the twenty minute mark as Nenshou steps to the second rope... now up to the top...

BW: If he hits this, it's over!

GM: But Bryant's getting up! Nenshou took too long!

[The Doctor of Love rushes the corner, running as quickly as his weary body will allow him to. He runs right up the ropes, leaping into the air where he tucks his knees up into the back of Nenshou as he grabs the back of his head from behind...

...and plummets down to the mat, DRIVING his knees up into the back to an enormous reaction from the crowd!]

GM: OH MY STARS!! WHAT THE HECK WAS THAT?!

[A dazed Bryant flips over, throwing an arm across the chest of a stunned Nenshou.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HE DID IT! HE DID IT! THE WORLD TELEVISION CHAMPION ADVANCES IN THE TOURNAMENT!

[Bryant rolls to his back, his chest heaving as the crowd roars in tribute for him.]

GM: Dave Bryant has pulled off what many would consider an upset here tonight by defeating Nenshou and heading into the Semifinals where he'll face either Juan Vasquez or Stevie Scott in two weeks' time.

[A quick cut to the floor shows Percy Childes being helped up by Johnny Detson - an expression of... rage? Annoyance? Shock? The Collector of Oddities is hard to read as his men help him back up the aisle, leaving the defeated Nenshou behind.]

GM: Bryant's moving on to the Semis after a thrilling battle with Nenshou. Both of these men have a lot to be proud of here tonight. Both men could've taken the shortcut and possibly gotten a cheap victory but neither man wanted it that way. Nenshou attacked Dave Cooper when Cooper came to interfere... Bryant attacked Percy Childes when Childes was distracting Nenshou.

BW: They're both nuts, Gordo! Nenshou just put himself in the sights of Royalty and Dave Bryant put himself in the sights of the Unholy Alliance!

GM: You could be right about that. But for now, Dave Bryant is overjoyed at the idea that he's moving on in the Chase For The Clash tournament. But

who will he be facing in two weeks' time in the Semifinals? We'll find out in just a short while but right now, let's go backstage where the AWA President, Karl O'Connor is standing by!

[We crossfade away from Bryant having his hand raised in front of a standing Dallas crowd back to the backstage area where Jason Dane is standing in front of a SuperClash V backdrop.]

JD: It has been quite an evening, folks. We found out at the start of the show that the man with me at this time appointed Steve Spector as the special ring enforcer for Calisto Dufresne's World Title defense at SuperClash. We have just seen Dave Bryant advance in the Chase for the Clash and are on the verge of seeing the epic showdown between Juan Vasquez and Stevie Scott that started out as the match voted on by you, the AWA fans, as the greatest bout in Saturday Night Wrestling history with so much more at stake than anyone ever imagined. President O'Connor, it's been quite an exciting night and even you have to be getting goose bumps as we draw closer and closer to SuperClash V.

[AWA President Karl O'Connor stands to the right of Jason Dane with his trusted cane clutched tightly in his fist. The man once known around the world as the Strangler looks much more business oriented these days as he's cleaned up in a pair of dress slacks and a collared AWA shirt.]

KOC: Mr. Dane, a pleasure as always.

JD: The pleasure is all mine, sir.

[Karl shoots him a glare, something about being called "sir" is still a bit awkward for him even in his old age.]

KOC: It has been a busy few months Jason and I'd be lying if I told you I wasn't excited for my very first SuperClash as the President of this great company. I've seen a lot of amazing talent over my years and some epic battles between some of the greats. I remember watching my good friend Hamilton Graham win the Missouri State Title on Christmas back in '75 and Johnny Oates and Buddy Hayes going the distance in front of sold out crowds. I remember the night my own son submitted Darryl Watters back in July of '81 and it was one of the proudest days of my wrestling career as a fighter or a father.

But with excitement also comes concerns. I am concerned for our company, Jason. I am concerned for Stevie Scott tonight and even though Joshua Dusscher has given me his word that he is out there to support Mr. Scott I still have my --

"O'CONNOR!"

KOC: Who in the...?

[Both Karl O'Connor and Jason Dane's eyes light up as they see the duo racing towards them. Miss Sandra Hayes CLINGS to the hip of Terry Shane

III who literally drags her towards them. Shane, fuming, continues forward and interjects himself right in-between O'Connor and Dane, nearly knocking the prized reporter to the ground.]

MSH: Terry, you need to calm --

TS3 [low, gritty]: GIVE. ME. SPECTOR.

[O'Connor just stares at Shane, shaking his head.]

KOC: Terry, this isn't the place.

TS3: Two words, Karl. Two...Words.

[He holds up two fingers.]

TS3: Super.

[And folds one finger down.]

TS3: Clash.

[And then the other.]

KOC [calmly]: Terry...

[O'Connor extends his hand out, placing it on the shoulder of Shane whose neck slowly grinds towards it.]

KOC: It's not happening. Steve isn't a wrestler anymore, he's retired and he's quite happy about it.

[Shane snaps, throwing O'Connor's hand from shoulder.]

TS3 [seething]: Change him. CHANGE his mind. Give me Spector, Karl. GIVE. HIM...

[He takes a deep breath, his fingers coiling up into a fist.]

TS3: TO. ME.

KOC: Terry, you gotta let this go. It's not an option. Steve Spector isn't here to wrestle you or any one else, Terry. You need to walk away from this. Steve has. There's nothing left for him in this business.

[O'Connor shakes his head, looking into the eyes of a man whose father he battled for years and years back in the late 60's and 70's.]

TS3: There is ALWAYS something left, Karl. Find it.

KOC: Terry...

[O'Connor pauses, shaking his head sadly.]

KOC: ...son. You can't let this eat you up because trust me, it will. This is me talking to you. Not your boss. A friend of your daddy's. Let it go, son.

[Shane looks disgusted.]

TS3: You want to be my... friend?

[Shane snaps, shoving his finger into O'Connor's chest.]

TS3: Then do... Your. Job. Get me Spector, Karl.

[He pulls his finger away.]

TS3: Or at SuperClash, I will come get him myself.

[Miss Sandra Hayes grabs Shane by the wrist and he reluctantly leaves. Walking off set and leaving Dane and O'Connor as they were moments ago.]

JD: Sir? Mr. O'Connor?

[Dane looks up at O'Connor who just shakes his head before looking back up at Jason.]

KOC: Not now, Jason.

[Cane in hand, he walks off the set as we fade to black.

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

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

...and then back up to the interior of the Rusty Spur. It looks... bad. Mahoney's head is down on the table. Most of the fans have wandered off leaving Curt Sawyer drinking out of a beer mug.]

CS: See, what I don't get is why they get the shot and we don't, Callum.

[No response.]

CS: CALLUM.

[A muffled groan is heard.]

CS: We could've gotten in there and fought with Blue's guys. I'm not afraid of Craven... I know you're not afraid of those rednecks with an attitude problem... and Preston?

[Sawyer laughs, spilling beer all over the table.]

CS: But we didn't get the shot... and why?

[Mahoney grunts something.]

CS: Yup. 'Cause we're not new enough. Well... I say the hell with that, Callum! The hell with it!

[Another grunt.]

CS: You're right. You're absolutely right.

[Sawyer squints in the direction of the bar.]

CS: But if we're gonna do something about it...

[Sawyer pauses, then abruptly gets up.]

CS: We gotta go, buddy! Let's go!

[The barkeep grabs Mahoney by the arm, dragging him to his feet. We can hear alcohol-fueled groans from Mahoney as Sawyer drags him past the camera.]

CS: We gotta get back there!

[And as they walk out of view, we abruptly cut back to live action where we find Gordon and Bucky at ringside.]

GM: Welcome back, fans. A few moments ago, we heard Terry Shane III make a very serious challenge for SuperClash V. Remember, he was denied entry into the Chase For The Clash due to his concussion he suffered in the match with Hannibal Carver back at Homecoming. As it stands right now, he is NOT on the SuperClash lineup and as we've seen down at the Rusty Spur all night, that causes some issues for guys who've been working hard to earn their spot on the biggest show of the year. But he wants on the show... and he wants to face Steve Spector on that night.

BW: He doesn't just WANT to face him, Gordo. He just DEMANDED to face him. He just demanded a match with Steve Spector - the retired former World Champion - at SuperClash V. He told Karl O'Connor - the AWA President - to go find something that would tempt Spector into accepting the match.

GM: But what could it be? What could draw a man like Spector out of retirement? What could cause him to risk serious injury at the hands of a man like Terry Shane? From what I'm being told, Spector has already left the building tonight so Terry Shane may be looking for an answer here tonight that just won't come. But he's not the only one looking for an answer tonight, Bucky.

BW: That's right. I want an answer. What idiot is dumb enough to team with the Lynches to take on the Beale Street Bullies at SuperClash?!

GM: From what I hear, the line is out the door of people willing to team with them... but Jack Lynch has the answer for us. Earlier tonight, we saw Travis Lynch defeat Adam Rogers in a one-on-one showdown which means that Jack wasn't allowed in the building to record this interview. Instead, we sent our cameras to him - back home to the Lynch family ranch! Let's take a look at that...

[From the announcers booth, we cut to a video.

The video opens to a wide open expanse of land. A familiar sight to many Texas wrestling fans, as this is the legendary Lynch family ranch.

The camera closes in on a lone figure, drawing closer and closer to him, as he works up a sweat on the ranch, lifting and tossing large bales of hay. The man working up the sweat? None other than Jack Lynch. He wears a black work shirt, the sleeves pushed up to his elbows, and a pair of dusty black jeans. Lynch doesn't seem to be aware of the cameras, as he continues his work. A voice comes over the images of Lynch.]

"The Combat Corner is a good place to learn how to be a wrestler."

[The gravelly voice belongs, not to Jack Lynch, but to his legendary father, Blackjack Lynch. The grizzled veteran and patriarch of the Lynch family is not seen on the screen, only heard in voiceover.]

"But my boys never needed a school, or fancy equipment. My boys learned under the hot sun. They woke up every morning, fed the chickens..."

[Cut to an image of Jack in a circle of chickens, tossing scratch to them.]

"Milked the cows..."

[Jack is seated on a wooden stool, face narrowed in concentration as he milks a cow.]

"Shooed the horses..."

[Jack is seated again, this time using a hammer to apply horseshoes to a foul tempered stallion.]

"Mucked the stables..."

[Covered in sweat, Jack is cleaning out some very dirty looking stables, the work foul, and clearly leaving the eldest Lynch in a fouler mood.]

"And before they learned to wrestle, my boys learned how to fight. I went out and hired the roughest, toughest ranch hands I could find, and I made sure Jack, Travis and James could whip every single one of them."

[A shirtless Jack is seen surrounded by a circle of howling ranch hands, engaging in a bare knuckled brawl with a tall man, a scowl etched deep in his dirty face.]

"Toughness. Meanness. My boys want to beat those Bullies? That's what they need to get back. They need to remember where they came from. They need to remember what being a Lynch is all about."

[Cut back to Jack, sweat soaked, as he tosses his last bale of hay. Pulling a red handkerchief from his pocket, Jack dabs at his face, before looking up at the camera.]

JL: Bullies... you've really done it now. Pick your cliché boys. You woke the sleepin' giant. You kicked over a hornet's nest. You poked the bear. You've

spent about a year runnin' wild. But here on the ranch, we know a little somethin' about reapin' what you've sewn.

Come SuperClash, well, to continue with the clichés, the chickens are comin' home to roost.

[Jack exhales slowly.]

JL: At SuperClash... right here in my hometown of Dallas, its going to me and Travis and one other man against the three of you. Every single person who can hear my voice knows who that third man should be. It should be our brother James. And believe me, we'd love nothing more in the world than to have our brother with us but that ain't gonna happen thanks to you scum-sucking dogs!

Jimmy is recoverin', but he's about a thousand miles away from bein' a hundred percent. But let me tell ya somethin' Bullies. You can't believe just how many people have called, beggin' for the chance to join us at SuperClash.

Sweet Daddy Williams was the first on the phone.

Curt Sawyer? Well, he's made it clear that he wants a piece of the Bullies.

And the people from our own stomping grounds in PCW? Every single one of 'em, even the ones that hate us... they want in on it.

And I was all set to announce that Colin Hayden, the gentleman from England, was gonna be our partner. But then, as I was workin' here on the ranch, bein' put through the paces by my father, well, I realized there's only one person who could join Travis and I.

There's only one man who wants to get his hands on you Bullies more than Trav and I. There's only one man who is mean, tough, and just plain nasty enough to do to you Bullies what you deserve have done to you.

We needed the baddest son of a bitch to ever lace up a pair of wrestlin' boots.

We needed this man right here...

[Jack points to off screen, and the camera follows his finger. What does the camera focus on? A hand. Four rough fingers and a gnarled thumb. Nine knuckles, knotty from being busted, over and over again, against some poor fool's face. Those fingers and that thumb are all curled forward, in the unmistakable shape of the Lynch Iron Claw.]

JL: My dad.

[The camera pulls back, and standing there, in a simple white shirt and a pair of blue jeans is the scarred up, grizzled face of none other than Blackjack Lynch. A man in his early to mid-50's, Blackjack shows signs of

aging, from the crow's feet at the corners of his eyes to his thickening midsection. But age doesn't seem to have mellowed Blackjack out any. He looks, just as Jack described, like the meanest bastard on planet Earth.]

BJL: I'm an old man. You know what that means?

It means I've had a long time to get ornery. It means I've had a long time to study how to break every bone in a man's body, make 'em scream and bleed 'em dry. It means that I've spent a lotta time learnin' how to hate the people in front of me, and learnin' to love it when I kick the snot outta them.

I was content, Bullies, to let my boys fight their own battles. Until you tried to cripple my Jimmy!

You think old Blackjack is going to let that stand? Think again.

You Bullies, you just don't understand who I am. But you will. You will understand why half of Texas loves me and the other half lives in fear of me showin' up on their doorsteps. Jack here? He's a great technical wrestler. My boy Jimmy? He can fly like no other man. And Travis is the best pure athlete that Texas has ever produced.

But I ain't nothin' but a fighter.

Yeah I'm old. But you know what? My two hands still curl up into nice and tight into fists. I can still kick a man's teeth down his throat. I'm not fast, but I don't need to be. All I need to be is angry enough to split a man's lip and knock him the hell out.

And Bullies? You got me plenty angry.

And here's somethin' else? In two weeks' time, I'll be at the Crockett Coliseum. By myself. And I want you Bullies to send someone. Because I got two surprises for ya, and I want to deliver them in person.

[Jack moves to stand behind his father, his hands resting on his father's shoulders.]

JL: You boys don't know what you've started. And let me just make this promise. No one, not our fans, not the Bullies, not anyone in the world, wants to miss my dad's surprise in two weeks!

[We fade away from the determined Lynches and back to live action where Gordon Myers looks around at the SCREAMING fans.]

GM: Oh my! You want to talk about a popular announcement, well, we just heard it! Blackjack Lynch, the legendary hero of Texas himself, is walking into the American Airlines Center in just over a month's time and he's coming to kick the tar out of the Beale Street Bullies!

BW: WHAT?! I CAN'T HEAR YOU!

GM: The Texas fans are going nuts! From state line to state line, the rush to buy up the remaining tickets for SuperClash V is in overdrive! If you haven't bought your tickets yet, now is the time to do it because these Texas fans are dying for the chance to see the man that many of them have only heard the legend of actually in person in that ring!

[We cut to a panning shot of the roaring Crockett Coliseum crowd before slowly crossfading back to the locker room area where "Hotshot" Stevie Scott is standing in a black t-shirt that reads "AWA ORIGINAL" across the front in white block text. Mark Stegglet is by his side.]

MS: Stevie Scott, as the SuperClash V lineup gets closer and closer to completion, you stand on the outside looking in for now. But one thing can change all that. One thing can put you in the Main Event of SuperClash V fighting for the prize that you ALMOST won on the very first night it existed - the AWA World Heavyweight Title. But to do it, you gotta win this tournament... to do it, you gotta beat your friend, Juan Vasquez.

[Scott chuckles.]

HSS: My friend.

You said it all right there, Mark. I might as well pack up my mic and hit the ring because you delivered all the hype that needs to be delivered.

[Scott turns to leave... then pauses, lifting a finger as he turns back.]

HSS: Almost. The more things change in this business, the more they stay the same. When the AWA was the little engine that could, I walked in the door on the very first night and said, "I can shake this place up. I can put it on my back and go straight to the top."

I was right.

You ask anyone who watched the AWA in those first few months what they remember most... it wasn't Marcus Broussard and Ron Houston. It was WarGames.

I put this company on the map from Day One.

[He holds up one finger.]

HSS: Fast forward a bit and "Hotshot" Stevie Scott is the hero of the people. Runnin' alongside Sweet Daddy Williams as one of the most popular tag teams to ever lace 'em up in the AWA - Sweet Heat, chasin' down those nasty Russians.

A swing of a metal briefcase later and a new era was born. The era of the Southern Syndicate.

And THAT'S what people remember about the first SuperClash.

[Scott holds up a second finger.]

HSS: Enter Juan Vasquez. My friend. My enemy.

[He shrugs.]

HSS: Who knows which of those descriptions is the most accurate from day to day? Did I put myself on the line last year when I went out there and stood by his side, convincing him that he wasn't being true to himself, and showing him the light? Yeah, I did. But what followed was one of the most hellacious wars this company has ever seen between me and Juan and the rest and the Unholy Alliance.

[Scott pauses.]

HSS: Juan Vasquez And The Immortals, right?

[Stegglet nods.]

HSS: It was a cute name... and no one wanted to rock a boat when we were getting ready to go to war but when we lined up for battle, it wasn't Juan Vasquez and a gang of nobodies in that cage.

I was there. I was in the spotlight. Just like I always have been.

[Scott is getting worked up a bit now, a sheen of sweat appearing on his forehead.]

HSS: Juan Vasquez and I have been to hell and back in that squared circle. Sometimes, it's with us facing across from each other. Sometimes, it's standing side by side.

And I'd love to tell you that after tonight, we'll shake hands and go back to being the AWA Dream Team...

[Scott shakes his head.]

HSS: But I can't do it. I can't do it, Mark. Because I don't know what's about to happen out there. I've seen a dark side in Juan... a side that few want to see in the ring. I know what he's capable of.

[A STEVIEGRIN~!]

HSS: And he knows REAL well what I'm capable of.

And you're right, Mark. We're on the outside looking in at SuperClash V. We're both standing on the sidelines while guys who haven't done half of what we've done in that ring... in that ring marked "AWA" on the side of it... are already on the show.

[A shrug.]

HSS: That's how it starts sometimes... but you'd better believe that it doesn't end that way. SuperClash V... the biggest event in AWA history... does not go down with Juan Vasquez and Stevie Scott on the outside looking in. It does NOT go down with Juan Vasquez and Stevie Scott on the sidelines while the new kids on the block try to make themselves famous in the house that WE built.

Juan and I walk into that ring tonight with a very clear purpose. Win and move on.

[Stevie nods.]

HSS: It's simple, Mark. I've got no desire to hurt Juan tonight. All I want to do is win and move on. All I want to do is walk into Saturday Night Wrestling in two weeks and win two more matches... then walk into the American Airlines Center on Thanksgiving Night in front of the largest crowd in AWA history and the entire WORLD on Pay Per View.

And on that night, I'll have one goal.

Win... and move on.

[Stevie gestures at his waist.]

HSS: I want the World Heavyweight Title. Make no mistake about it. I've spent the past year getting into grudge matches... bloody wars... spitting matches with pop singers... and where has it gotten me?

On the outside looking in.

So, I walk into that ring tonight with one goal... win... and move on.

[Stevie smiles.]

HSS: I've got no desire to hurt Juan tonight... but I will if I have to.

See you out there... friend.

[A cold expression crosses Stevie's face as he strides out of view.]

MS: Stevie Scott is ready for war in the biggest rematch in AWA history. But what about his opponent? What's going through his mind just moments before the biggest match in a long, long time for him?

[The scene fades backstage, where we see Juan Vasquez, seated inside his dressing room. The former National champion is dressed in his trademark white tracksuit with black trim, ready for tonight's match.]

JV: I don't wanna' make myself seem like an old man, but I've been wrestling for a long, long time, people. I've been making a living inside a wrestling ring ever since I was nineteen years old.

[Juan frowns and a mouths a silent, "Damn." to himself before continuing on.]

JV: And during that time, I've fought and defeated some of the greatest wrestlers this world has ever seen. I've sustained injuries and suffered beatings that would've retired most men. Hell, I had my face put through a windshield before it was even cool.

[A soft chuckle.]

JV: But only once. ONLY once...did I ever face an opponent that made me doubt myself. That made me want to quit. That made me wanna' give it all up and just walk away from this sport.

And that man was Stevie Scott.

[At the mention of Stevie, the look on his face has gone from low-key and subdued to fiercely intense.]

JV: There's been a whole lot of legendary rivalries in this sport: Graham and Fierro. Thunder and Kowalski. Ezra and Tiger Claw. Martinez and Langseth. Temple and Matthews. Hell, I could go on listing names for days...

[He stares directly into the camera with a hardened glare.]

JV: ...but I'll tell you right now that NONE of them set the wrestling world on fire like Juan Vasquez and Stevie Scott did.

[Juan lowers his head and smiles.]

JV: Whenever we've stepped into the ring, it's always been about the biggest prize in this sport...it's always been about the gold...and EVERY single time, the AWA was never the same again.

There ain't no doubt in my mind that this time ain't gonna' be any different.

[He closes his eyes. A deep breath and exhale.]

JV: I don't care who the hell is sitting at ringside and I don't give a damn about anything else right now, because the ONLY thing that matters tonight, is our match. I understand that. The fans understand that. The boys in the back understand that.

And you?

You DAMN well better understand that.

[He looks down, staring at the ground.]

JV: It's been damn near three years since I've stepped into the ring as your opponent, but the feeling's still the same.

I want to beat Stevie Scott.

I want to win this match in the worst possible way.

[He looks back up towards the camera.]

JV: It's electric. It's magical. It's a feeling that makes me feel more alive than I've ever been. Because even though we were enemies...even though we're now "friends"...

...even though we've fought and bled against each other so many times before...

...this rivalry will NEVER end.

[He lets that thought set in for a second.]

JV: For the past month, we've been hearing it during every broadcast, every commercial, every press release, during every minute...of every hour...of EVERY day.

"Juan Vasquez vs Steve Scott...is the biggest rematch in AWA history."

[A smirk.]

JV: You're damn right it is.

[Fade out...

...and then back up to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is a first round match in the Chase For The Clash tournament. The winner of this match will move on to the Semifinals in two weeks' time to face Dave Bryant!

Introducing first...

["Looking Down The Barrel Of A Gun" kicks in to a huge reaction from the AWA crowd.]

PW: Weighing in at 237 pounds... from St. Louis, Missouri...

"HOTSHOT" STEEEEEEEEEVIE SCOOOOOOOOTT!

[There is little fanfare on this night for the former two-time National Champion as he strides through the curtain in the same t-shirt and full-length white tights that we saw on him earlier. Scott gestures at the "AWA ORIGINAL" on his chest before ripping the shirt off, throwing it into the crowd to a big reaction. We spot a little more muscle definition on Scott since his AWA debut way back when - a side effect of his neck injury and subsequent limitations. Scott's dirty blonde hair has been cut above his

shoulders but he's still sporting a nice level of stubble as he marches down the aisle to the ring.]

GM: Stevie Scott is indeed an AWA original. He is a man who was here when the door opened and as he says, he intends to be here when the doors close. Very few men can say they've been here the whole time but Stevie Scott is one of them.

BW: Minus the months he was sidelined when Juan Vasquez spiked him on his head with a piledriver.

GM: Very true. That piledriver resulted in a severe neck injury that required surgery to repair. Two fused vertebrae in his neck has certainly changed the wrestling world for Stevie Scott.

[Scott springs through the ropes, going into a full spin with his arms outstretched to an enormous reaction from the crowd.]

GM: Love him or hate him, and these fans have done a lot of both, Stevie Scott is one of the most successful competitors to ever lace 'em up here in the AWA and tonight, he gets a chance to take a giant step forward towards SuperClash V and a date with Calisto Dufresne.

BW: Speaking of which, Dufresne's workout video is coming up in just a little bit, Gordo! It's almost here!

GM: Scott's in the ring and when we come back, Juan Vasquez will join him there! Fans, we've got to take another break but when we come back, it's Main Event time here on Saturday Night Wrestling so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.

...and then slowly fade to a graphic that reads and is accompanied by a voiceover.]

"THE FOLLOWING ADVERTISEMENT HAS BEEN PAID FOR BY THE AWA."

[Cut to the silhouette of a man sitting on a stool, bathed in shadows, talking to the camera.]

"They say too much of a good thing can ruin it for everyone..."

[The camera zooms in on the now illuminated face of the man sitting on the stool, all short blonde hair and blue eyes, dressed to the nines in a tailor made suit.]

Marcus Broussard: ...but they've never seen this DVD before.

["Super Bon Bon" by Soul Coughing plays in the background as Broussard speaks.]

MB: The AWA is proud to present the AWA Superstar Series. A collection of DVDs that focus on the greatest wrestlers the AWA has ever seen. And it's even prouder that the first volume is all about _me_.

[Broussard points to himself as clips from Broussard's AWA career fly by.]

MB: I'll take you to the first Memorial Day Mayhem with never before seen footage as I win the first ever AWA National title.

[A clip of Broussard celebrating in the ring with the title, and hugging his wife backstage.]

MB: I'll take you to the Broussard Estate, and we'll walk through the state of the art fitness center on the South Wing of the house, where I prepared to go one hour with the "Natural" Adam Rogers.

[A clip of Broussard walking through what looks like a gym in warmup pants, and then to the First Year Anniversary Show, where Broussard and Rogers still stood after a 60 minute draw.]

MB: We'll tour the Combat Corner, where men like Aaron Anderson, Eric Preston and Supreme Wright were trained by yours truly and Todd Michaelson, and we'll go behind the scenes as I returned to take on the Southern Syndicate.

[A clip of Broussard announcing his return to the AWA, with the crowd going crazy in the background.]

MB: We'll go to WarGames on the Bayou, we'll go to WrestleRock. We'll Steal the Spotlight at SuperClash and we'll go one on one with Stevie Scott in my last match ever. Over three hours of the very BEST the AWA has ever seen, blazing trails and setting the standard like only I can do. All handpicked by me, so you know you're getting that Broussard guarantee.

From the early days of feuding with Ron Houston, ruling the roost with the Super Ninja, to coming home to preserve the company I built, it's all here. Marcus Broussard...

[The San Jose Shark hooks a thumb at himself.]

MB: ...you can't be me, but you can be just like me. Learn to love it, my friends.

[The camera fades out to the cover of the DVD collection, as the voice of Mark Stegglet speaks.]

MS: Marcus Broussard: Learn to Love It is available at Wal-Mart, Target and wherever AWA videos are sold!

[We fade from the shot of the DVD back to black...]

...and into a slow-motion montage of some of Calisto Dufresne's greatest AWA moments. In the background, we hear "Gonna Fly Now" by Bill Conti, better known as the Rocky theme, begin to play as we watch Dufresne winning a million dollars at the inaugural Stampede Cup...]

VO: Being the greatest athlete in the world isn't just about the money.

[Staring stoically down at City Jack's burned face after winning the National Tag Team Titles...]

VO: It's not just about winning by any means necessary.

[Hoisting the National Title into the air after "defeating" Juan Vasquez at Wrestlerock...]

VO: It's not just about performing at the most opportune moments.

[Collapsing to his knees, clutching the AWA World Title following a grueling battle with James Monosso.]

VO: It's about hard work. Dedication.

[We fade into a shot of the World Champion himself, the camera zoomed in to Dufresne's face where a determined look plays across his hawkish features.]

CD: And that's why, in preparation for the biggest night of the year... Where Calisto Dufresne always shows up to win... Where the AWA brass continues to do everything in its power to find the most dangerous opponent they can find... I have to be ready.

[We cut to a slow motion video of a sweating Dufresne running, bare-chested. Then to a close up shot of him doing sit-ups. Followed by a shot of Dufresne swimming.]

Trying hard now

It's so hard now

Trying hard now

[We cut back to the original footage of Dufresne running. The camera pans out to see that Dufresne is simply running off to the side of a swimming pool surrounded by bikini-clad women before jumping in, cannon-balling into the water.]

Getting strong now

Won't be long now

Getting strong now

[We fade to the shot of Dufresne doing sit-ups, once again zooming out to where we see he is merely sitting up from a poolside lounge chair to see one of the young ladies feeding him grapes each time he sits up while another fans him with a large palm leaf.]

Gonna fly now #
Flying high now #
Gonna fly, fly, fly

[We fade to the shot of Dufresne swimming, zooming out to where we see that he's actually swimming up to a ladder hanging down from the back of a medium-sized yacht. Dufresne pulls himself up the ladder, standing in front of a bevy of beautiful women who are lounging about the deck as the music fades out as the camera zooms back in on the champion.]

CD: Being the Heavyweight Champion of the world isn't easy. Being the National Champion wasn't easy. Walking out of SuperClash with your hand raised in victory is even harder. But it's something I've done without fail, year in, year out.

So while the rest of you are beating each other within an inch of your lives for a shot at glory, I've already got it. I _live it._ And I'll be damned if it's taken from me.

Good luck, boys. Because whomever wins this Chase, it's a foregone conclusion that your dream of being Heavyweight Champion of the World ends at SuperClash.

Because these are the eyes of a champion.

[A smirk.]

CD: ...And you ain't got 'em.

[Fade from the pre-taped footage...

...and back up to the ring where Stevie Scott is pacing back and forth as Phil Watson speaks again.]

PW: And his opponent...

["They Reminisce over You" by Pete Rock and CL Smooth starts up over the PA system to a big cheer from the AWA crowd.]

PW: From Los Angeles, California... weighing in at 238 pounds...

JUAAAAAAAAAAAAAN VAAAAASSSSQUEZ!

[The curtain parts to reveal the Latino superhero, Juan Vasquez, as he strides into view before the Dallas fans. He does the "belt gesture" right off the bat, making it clear what his intentions are on this night.]

GM: It's been over two years since Juan Vasquez has felt a title belt wrapped around his waist - something he hopes to change on Thanksgiving Night in Dallas, Texas if he can manage to emerge victorious in the Chase For The Clash tournament.

[Vasquez walks the ramp in his standard track suit leaning down to slap the occasional outstretched hand. His eyes are on the ring and on his opponent who is pacing back and forth.]

GM: These two men were enemies... turned friends... and now potential enemies anew. You know they walk into the ring tonight as friends but...

BW: Anything can happen in a match like this. Vasquez might find a moment where to advance, he needs to crack his so-called buddy with a steel chair... and you know he'll do it.

GM: I don't know that at all... and neither does anyone else. But if it comes down to advancing in this tournament and not advancing... I suppose it's a possibility.

[Vasquez steps through the ropes, removing his track suit and standing across from Scott in his ring gear. AWA Senior Official Johnny Jagger steps between the two men, giving both men some final instructions. Their eyes are locked on one another but both manage a nod to the referee before he steps back, allowing the crowd to soak up the moment as the two tentpoles of the American Wrestling Alliance stride out towards one another, coming eye to eye...]

GM: This is a staredown, fans! The very epitome of a moment that may live on forever in the lore of AWA history! Juan Vasquez says that every time these two men have met inside the ring, it has changed the AWA. Tonight could be yet another chapter in this long-standing war that does the same thing!

[Jagger slips an arm between the two, creating a few steps of space...

...and signals for the bell!]

GM: HERE WE GO! The most eagerly-anticipated rematch in AWA history has begun and in the end, only one man can move on to the Semifinals in two weeks to face Dave Bryant with a ticket to the Finals at stake!

[Vasquez looks about to engage in a collar and elbow tieup when Scott drills him with a right hand... and another... and another, backing Vasquez up against the ropes...

...where the former World Champion returns fire, lighting up the Hotshot with a knife edge chop... and another... and another!]

GM: They're trading fire in the center of the ring, trying to get an edge on the other!

[A well-placed Vasquez chop sends Scott spiraling away from him, falling chestfirst into the ropes. Juan goes to grab him from behind and gets a fierce back elbow to the mush for his efforts!]

GM: Oof! Elbow connects and Scott winds up!

[Grabbing Vasquez by the hair, Scott connects with a right hand between the eyes. A second one makes Juan stumble backwards. He winds up for a third but Vasquez sees it coming, blocking it!]

GM: Vasquez blocks the right hand...

[Vasquez goes to return fire with a right hand of his own but the Hotshot blocks it.]

GM: Scott blocks Juan's shot in return!

[Slipping a knee up into the midsection, Scott doubles up the former World Champion and swiftly grabs an arm, swinging him around and sending him into the corner where Juan hits and bounces back out, running down the Hotshot with a clothesline!]

GM: Big clothesline takes Stevie Scott down!

[Scott scampers back up to his feet as Vasquez wheels around, ready to deliver a second one...

...but Scott is ready for it, ducking under it, reaching back to hook one arm and then the other...]

GM: BACKSLIDE OUT OF NOWHERE!! ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Vasquez slips the shoulder out, breaking the pin attempt.]

GM: Vasquez slips out at two! I think he was so surprised by that backslide, he almost got caught down for a three count!

[Both men scramble up to their feet. Vasquez takes a wild swing that Scott ducks under, hooking him as he goes by. He lifts his former enemy into the air, dropping him down in an atomic drop that sends Vasquez stumbling into the ropes!]

GM: Oh! Hard jolt to the tailbone! That sends a shock up your entire spine!

[Vasquez stumbles back towards Scott who lifts him again, dropping him in an inverted atomic drop!]

GM: Back to back atomic drops!

[With the Los Angeles native stunned, Scott gets a three step running start, using his leg to sweep out the legs of Vasquez while using his arm to DRIVE the back of Vasquez' head into the canvas!]

GM: WOW! High impact takedown by the Hotshot!

BW: It's called an STO, you ignorant wretch... and these two are picking up like their last match was two weeks ago and not over two years ago!

[A shocked Vasquez rolls right out to the floor, grabbing at the back of his head. Scott shouts at his fallen friend, kicking the bottom rope and giving a "COME ON!" as he stalks around the ring, watching as Vasquez tries to take a breather on the floor.]

GM: Well, fans, if you were expecting these two to ease into this... maybe work a side headlock or two... try to feel each other out... that is NOT the case in this one. They're bringing the fire fast and furious to one another right out of the gates.

[The referee starts a ten count on Vasquez, keeping a fired-up Hotshot back as Vasquez slowly walks from one side of the ring to the other, trying to get back on track as he again checks the back of his head for blood.]

BW: Juan Vasquez is taking his time in getting back in there... maybe wanting to let Stevie Scott burn himself out a bit. The Hotshot is full of fire and Vasquez might be hoping he tires himself out with that emotion.

GM: Excellent analysis, Bucky. If Stevie Scott wants to win this match, he's going to need to rely on his skill... on his talent... on his abilities... not this raw emotion he's fighting with right now.

BW: It's interesting because it's not anger... it's not rage in my estimation either. It's simply an enthusiasm to get into the ring with the best in the world and see who the best really is.

GM: And don't look now but these two have company!

[The crowd EXPLODES into jeers as six suit-wearing sunglassed bodyguards and a sea of AWA security begin making their way through the crowd, surrounding young Joshua Dusscher who is decked in an early AWA "STEVIE'S HOTSPOT" t-shirt and jeans. He grins, applauding at the action in the ring for the early part of the match as he is escorted to his seat. Stevie Scott throws a glare at Dusscher who gives him a big thumbs up before settling in to his front row spot.]

GM: Joshua Dusscher, Internet music superstar, has joined us here in the Crockett Coliseum as promised - right in the front row where he says he wants to see the best wrestling action in the world up close and personal.

[Vasquez throws what appears to be a glare of disgust at Dusscher as well before he turns back to the ring, nodding at the official's count of seven before pulling himself up on the apron.]

GM: Juan Vasquez steps back in at the count of eight and we start all over again now... with a new fan in the front row.

BW: Hey, he's done nothing wrong tonight, Gordo. Let the man be until he does something worth complaining about.

GM: He's done plenty worth complaining about. Perhaps not tonight but in the weeks leading up to this match, he has degraded and spoken down to AWA fans, AWA wrestlers, and the professional wrestling sport in general. But now is now the time to talk about that. Now is the time to focus on the Chase For The Clash and the most anticipated rematch arguably in AWA history.

[Vasquez and Scott come together, trading a quick high five before lunging into a collar and elbow tieup. They jostle for position for a bit before Scott pulls out into a rear waistlock. Vasquez instantly grabs at the wrists, trying to break the grip...]

GM: Scott hooks in the rear waistlock. The Hotshot since coming back from his neck injury has shown more of a brawling style than anything in the realm of mat wrestling but we know that he's got that in his repertoire as well.

[Bracing his feet, Scott lifts Vasquez up off the mat, swinging him over and dropping him chestfirst on the mat. The Hotshot reaches down, grabbing one of Vasquez' legs, flipping him over onto his back, and quickly looks to secure a figure four leglock...]

...but Vasquez is having none of it, blasting off with his boot in the rear of Scott, sending him sprawling away.]

GM: Scott went for the figure four we saw so much of it during his days with the Southern Syndicate but Vasquez, not surprisingly, knew it was coming and was able to get out of it.

[Scott spins around, rushing Vasquez as he starts to get off the mat...]

...and sidesteps, catching Scott around the waist as he sails by, powering him off the mat and throwing him down chestfirst just as Scott did to him moments earlier!]

GM: Whoa! Turnabout is fair play, I suppose!

[Unlike his ally's attempt to grab a leg, Vasquez lunges in, grabbing the arms of Scott, pulling them into a double chickenwing. He plants a knee between the shoulderblades, rolling Scott into a seated position with a modified surfboard.]

GM: Vasquez throws him down, rolls him around, and ends up with a surfboard applied in the center of the ring!

[Scott cries out as Vasquez pulls hard on the arms, trying to rip them out of their sockets as Scott stretches out with a leg, trying to reach the ropes.]

BW: And just when you think this is going to be a fight, these two twist it around into a scientific battle. This is nutty, Gordo.

GM: There's a wide arsenal of talents between these two men and I'd expect you're going to see it all and then some with stakes this high tonight, Bucky.

[Scott wriggles closer to the ropes, stretching out again as Juan tries to hold him in place, moving closer and closer...]

GM: He's almost there, Bucky...

BW: Vasquez should break it, drag him back, and hook it on again.

[But before Juan can even think about it, Stevie slips a foot over the bottom rope, forcing Jagger to call for a break.]

GM: Into the ropes... and Juan breaks it right away, moving back and giving Scott some room to get back to his feet.

[Scott slowly gets up, swinging each arm around to make sure they're okay. He leans back, bending his back to keep it loose. He gives Juan a nod before slapping each of his biceps and moving away from the ropes, slowly edging towards a tieup...]

GM: Stevie's moving a little slower now... wanting to make sure he doesn't make any mistakes...

[He reaches out into the tieup, Scott grabbing an arm and dragging Vasquez down to the mat.]

GM: Armdrag!

[Both men scamper back up, moving in again, and Scott takes Vasquez down a second time.]

GM: A second one and a beauty!

[Again, both men are up and coming together when Scott whips him down a third time before hooking Vasquez' arm under his armpit, planting a knee into the ribs of the former World Champion.]

GM: Three deep armdrags out of the Hotshot and right into the armbar!

[Scott hangs on for several moments before pinning the wrist to the mat, dropping a pair of quick knees onto the bicep and moving right back into the armbar. Vasquez quickly gets off the mat, sliding a leg underneath him as he forces Scott up to his feet...]

GM: Scott's trying to get the proper leverage to keep the armbar locked in from the standing position...

[Vasquez clenches his fist before burying a right hand into the midsection of his former enemy-turned-ally.]

GM: Big right hand downstairs!

[Climbing back up off the mat, Vasquez swings a knee up into the gut, breaking the armbar. Grabbing the arm, Vasquez fires Scott into the ropes...]

GM: Clothesline ducked by Scott!

[Stevie bounces off the far ropes, throwing himself into the air on the rebound and catching Vasquez across the chest with a crossbody.]

GM: He's got one! He's got two!

[But Vasquez throws Scott off him, rolling him out of the pin. The LA native scrambles to his feet...]

...and THROWS himself backwards as Stevie Scott stands at the ready, hoping to uncork the Heatseeker! Vasquez promptly hits the mat, rolling right out to the floor. He smiles as he looks up at Scott, shaking his head, and pointing to his temple.]

GM: Hehehe... these two friends are having a little fun with one another at this point in the match. Vasquez saying he's too smart to fall for that.

[Scott holds his fingers "thisclose together".]

GM: And Stevie's telling Juan how close he came to turning Vasquez' lights out with that Heatseeker and moving on to the Semifinals to face another master of the superkick, Dave Bryant, two weeks from tonight to see who will face either Johnny Detson or Supreme Wright in the Finals with a SuperClash V World Title match on the line.

[Vasquez again takes his time walking around the ringside area, letting the last few minutes of the match wash over him mentally as he tries to figure out his next step of attack. Inside the ring, Stevie Scott is playing up to the fans, walking to all four sides of the ring and waving for cheers. We catch a glimpse of Joshua Dusscher jumping up and cheering for the Hotshot when his side of the ring is approached. Scott throws a quick look at him, giving a shake of his head before turning around and finding Juan Vasquez sliding back under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Vasquez comes back in at the count of five... and that's a couple of times now that we've seen Vasquez bail out of the ring to regroup. You have to wonder if Scott's just bringing a different plan of attack than Juan expected or maybe Juan just hasn't gotten on track with his own gameplan yet.

[Scott leans over, hands on his knees as he stares at the kneeling Vasquez. He reaches a hand out, waving for Vasquez to "bring it on" as the LA native climbs to his feet.]

GM: Vasquez back up... Scott's up as well...

[They come together in another tieup but Vasquez wastes no time on this occasion, pulling Scott into a front facelock. He swings Scott out to the middle of the ring, landing a pair of clubbing forearms across the back. A well-placed knee seems to stun the Hotshot, knocking him down to a knee as Vasquez backs off, smashing an overhead elbow down between the eyes!]

GM: Big elbow smash out of Vasquez as he pulls Scott off the mat... big scoop... and there's the slam!

[The spine-rattling bodyslam deposits Vasquez on the mat as the Latino fan favorite winds up his right arm to a big cheer, dropping an elbow down across the chest. He scrambles up, dropping a second - a little more quicker this time as he gets up again...]

GM: Elbow after elbow after elbow!

[After a half dozen lightning quick elbows hit the mark, Vasquez rolls up to his feet. He grabs the legs of the downed Scott, flipping over in a double leg cradle.]

GM: Vasquez gets one! He's got two! But that's all as Scott escapes the cradle attempt.

BW: Juan Vasquez is one of the best you'll see at cradles like that, Gordo. He gets them locked in so quickly and tightly... and usually unexpected and out of nowhere... he can get pins you wouldn't expect.

GM: Against many opponents, that's true but you have to wonder if that'll work against someone who knows Vasquez as well as Stevie Scott does.

[With Scott down on all fours, Vasquez slips into a front facelock, hanging on tight as Scott tries to escape. The LA native rolls through, rolling right back up to all fours...

...and SLAMS his knee into the top of Scott's head!]

GM: Ohh! Big knee!

[Hanging on, Vasquez slams his knee repeatedly into the head of the trapped Hotshot!]

GM: Scott's trying to cover up, trying to find a way out...

[A foot loops over the bottom rope, forcing the referee to call for a break as Scott slips out, rolling under the ropes to the apron. Vasquez climbs to his feet, ignoring the referee telling him to stay back.]

GM: Look at that! Juan Vasquez just brushed off the official and continues to move in on Scott.

[Leaning down, Vasquez pulls Scott off the mat, tugging him into a front facelock. He powers him up, holding him high for a couple of seconds before falling back in a vertical suplex!]

GM: He brings Stevie Scott in the hard way with that suplex. A little bit surprising to see Vasquez pushing the issue, ignoring the referee's instructions like that.

BW: Hey, you gotta do what you gotta do, Gordo. This is a shot at the World Heavyweight Title. In my book, all friendships go out the window when that's on the line. And I'm betting Stevie Scott feels the same way.

[Pulling Scott off the mat by the hair, Vasquez tugs him into a side waistlock, lifting the Hotshot up, and dropping him down on his back!]

GM: Nice execution on the back suplex!

[Vasquez rolls to his side, cradling a leg and earning another two count as Scott lifts the shoulder to escape.]

GM: Another two count for Vasquez right there.

[The Los Angeles native climbs to his feet again, waving for the Hotshot to get up...

...and promptly cracks him across the chest with a knife-edge chop!]

GM: Woo! What a shot that was!

[A second chop knocks Scott back into the turnbuckles where Vasquez moves in on him, trapping him in the corner with a trio more of the skin-blistering chops!]

GM: Juan grabs an arm... big whip shoots him across...

[Juan barrels across at top speed, turning his back at the last moment to slam his elbow back into the chest!]

GM: Oof! Big running elbow by Vasquez...

[Waving his hands at Scott, Vasquez grabs the staggered Hotshot around the waist, looking for a Northern Lights Suplex...

...when Scott quickly slips into a butterfly lock, delivering several hard knees to the face and chest of the stunned Vasquez!]

GM: Quick counter by Scott and-

[The Hotshot grits his teeth, taking Vasquez over with a double underhook suplex!]

GM: Vasquez hit a couple of suplexes a few moments ago and now Stevie Scott returns that favor with that textbook butterfly suplex...

[He rolls through the suplex, taking the mount on Vasquez where he hammers away at his head for a four count from the official before backing off, raising his hands.]

GM: And now it's Scott showing a little more aggression than we might've expected against a friend. But like you said, the stakes are sky high for this one and I think we can't be surprised by some of what we see here tonight from these two men as they try to win this match.

[Scott shoves past the official as Vasquez rolls to a knee, grabbing his opponent by the arm, swinging him around into a right hand to the jaw!]

GM: Big right hand by the Hotshot... and there's a second one, sending Vasquez falling back into the corner...

[Grabbing the arm, Scott rockets Vasquez from corner to corner, falling to his knees from the effort behind the Irish whip. The Latino superstar SLAMS backfirst into the buckles, stumbling out as Scott sets himself...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SKY HIGH BACK BODYDROP!

[Vasquez sits up, grabbing at his lower back as Scott quickly pulls him back up by the arm, pushing him back into the corner again...]

GM: Another one perhaps?

[Scott goes for a second whip but Vasquez leaps up to the middle turnbuckle, blindly leaping and twisting as Scott comes charging in...]

GM: Crossbod- no! Stevie rolls through it!

[Both men scramble back to their feet again. Vasquez rushes in, throwing a high kick that Stevie sidesteps, causing Juan to kick the top turnbuckle. Stevie slips in behind him, lacing his arms between Juan's legs, powering him up and dropping him down on the back of his head with a suplex!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: They call that a teardrop suplex, Gordo! You don't see it often but when you do, it can be very, VERY effective!

[Scott dives into a lateral press, reaching back for a leg and earning a two count before Juan lifts the shoulder to escape.]

GM: A two count only right there as we hit the ten minute mark in this time limit. Thirty minutes in the time limit total so they've got plenty of time remaining to try and get the other man down for a three count.

[Stevie climbs back to his feet, dragging Vasquez off the mat by the hair, stomping towards the corner..]

...and SMASHES Juan headfirst into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Ohh! Into the buckles goes Vasquez!

[The Hotshot winds Juan up, slamming his head in a second time... and a third time...]

GM: He's doing a number on Vasquez in the corner!

[Spinning Juan so that his back is against the buckles, Stevie slips a back elbow up under the chin. A second one snaps Juan's head back as Stevie bears down. He spins back around, delivering three hard haymakers to the skull before the official makes him step back...]

GM: Things are getting a little hot in there, Bucky. No more smiles and high fives. It's getting serious.

BW: You knew it would be. At some point, you forget that you're in there with a friend and you remember WHY you're in there with 'em. You're in there to try and win a shot at the World Heavyweight Title which outweighs anything else that you do in the sport.

[Stevie moves back in, grabbing Juan by the arm again...]

GM: Another whip coming up...

[Stevie rockets him coast-to-coast, charging in after him...]

GM: CLOTHESLI- HE MISSED! HE MISSED!!

[Juan spins around, eyes flashing with fire...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: OH MY!! A DOZEN CHOPS IN THE CORNER!!

[With Stevie nearly out on his feet, Juan makes sure he stays that way by BLASTING him between the eyes with a headbutt, causing Stevie to collapse to a seated position in the corner.]

GM: Good grief! A surge of offense out of Juan Vasquez and just like that, the tide has turned in this one again!

BW: This one just keeps going back and forth like a seesaw, Gordo!

GM: It certainly does!

[Grabbing the top rope, Juan begins launching himself forward, repeatedly smashing his knee into the face of the seated Stevie Scott!]

GM: Those kneestrikes are lethal! Over and over!

[Stevie's head snaps back over and over, his body getting limper with each landed kneesmash. The referee steps in, physically pushing Juan Vasquez backwards. The former World Champion stalks across the ring to the opposite corner, giving a bellow as he charges back in...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: RUNNING KNEE CONNECTS!!

[The Hotshot goes completely limp as Vasquez glares out at the crowd who delivers a mixed reaction for the big running kneesmash. He leans down, grabbing Scott by the foot and hauling him away from the corner where he applies a lateral press.]

GM: Vasquez covers! ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[A barely-moving Scott lifts a shoulder off the mat, forcing the pin to break. Vasquez sits up, glaring at the official as Scott rolls over onto his stomach, arms covering his head.]

GM: Juan Vasquez thought he had him there, I think, Bucky.

BW: He should've known better. Those knees are impactful - impressive, for sure - but you gotta know that with stakes this high, it's gonna take everything in your playbook to finish off an opponent as good as Stevie Scott.

[Vasquez climbs to his feet, looking down at his almost-motionless rival as he leans down, grabbing a handful of hair...

...and as he pulls Scott's head off the mat, we see that Scott's forehead has been split open!]

GM: He's busted him open, fans! Juan Vasquez busted Stevie Scott open with those knees to the head!

[The blood is dripping steadily down the face of the Hotshot as Vasquez drags him to his feet by the hair. The former World Champion measures Scott, drilling him right in the cut with a punch, driving the knuckles into the split skin and sending Scott falling back into the corner, his arms draped over the ropes to stay on his feet.]

GM: Scott's barely able to stay on his feet right now, fans. He needs to get a counter in here and get a breather.

BW: Good luck with that. Juan Vasquez - quite literally - smells blood and realizes that a trip to the Semifinals of this tournament may be within his reach.

[Vasquez drills Scott with another punch as a chant of "HOT-SHOT!" starts through the crowd. A quick cut to ringside reveals Joshua Dusscher on his feet, looking concerned as he claps in rhythm with the chant. We cut back to the ring where Vasquez slams the point of his elbow down into the cut forehead.]

GM: Vasquez continues to go after the cut, trying to bust him wide open.

[Grabbing Scott by the hair, Vasquez winds up and SLAMS his skull into the Hotshot's. He does it again... and again... and again...]

GM: Juan Vasquez has one of the hardest heads in the industry, fans! We've seen him match headbutts with men like MAMMOTH Mizusawa, Tumaffi, and Raphael Rhodes! Some of the hardest heads in our sport!

[With the blood pouring down Scott's face now, also smearing onto Vasquez' head, the former World Champion is backed out of the buckles by the referee again. Juan reaches up, wiping his brow before he starts to move back in...

...and gets CRACKED with a right hand by Scott!]

GM: Oh! What a shot!

[Scott winds up again, landing a second big shot. But Vasquez won't fall victim to a third as he buries his knee into the gut, causing Scott to fall back towards the ropes...

...where a second kneelift connects, sending a bloody Scott falling through the ropes and down to the floor!]

GM: Ohh! Scott goes down to the floor... and I think he's not going to be alone out there for long, fans!

[With Stevie Scott down on the floor, Vasquez paces around the ring, listening to the crowd react with a mix of cheers and boos for the AWA hero who is waiting for his rival and friend to rise...]

GM: Juan looks like he's going to do something, fans... I can't tell you what as Stevie Scott tries to get back up on the floor...

[The bloodied Hotshot uses the apron and ropes to pull himself up off the floor, looking up at the ring as Vasquez approaches, grabbing the top rope with both hands...]

GM: SLINGSHOT!

[...and wipes out a dazed and bloodied Stevie Scott with a crossbody!]

GM: Big dive to the floor takes Stevie Scott down again.

[Juan Vasquez slowly climbs to his feet, raising his hand to the mixed cheers of the crowd.]

GM: The fans are solidly split between these two competitors, Bucky. So many fans for Juan Vasquez... so many for Stevie Scott.

BW: Things change in this place in a hurry, Gordo. I remember back at SuperClash I and II when Scott nearly got booed out of the building while you were standing on your chair screaming for Vasquez The Great.

[Vasquez leans down, dragging the bloody Scott off the floor and shoving him under the ropes, revealing that some of the crimson has worked its way down to Scott's white tights, staining them a deep red as Vasquez pulls himself up on the ring apron...

...and points to the corner!]

GM: Vasquez is going up top!

BW: He doesn't do this too often so when he does, you know he thinks he's got the match well in hand.

[The Los Angeles native steps up, putting one foot on the top turnbuckle as he looks down and watches Stevie Scott starting to stir off the mat, leaving blood stains on the canvas as he climbs to his feet...]

GM: Vasquez steps up top! He's gonna fly!

[With a shot, Vasquez leaps off the top, aiming to hit Scott with a flying crossbody, the same crossbody that Scott countered in April of 2010 to regain his National Title...

...but this one isn't rolled through as Scott simply dives out of the way, causing Vasquez to SLAM into the canvas!]

GM: OHH! HE MISSED! HE MISSED!! Vasquez went for the big one and he crashed and burned in a big way right there, fans!

[The bloodied Scott crawls on his knees back into the fray, flipping Vasquez over for a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Vasquez lifts the shoulder to a big cheer from the crowd. Scott slams his palms down on the mat as he pushes back to his feet. He rubs the back of his hand across his eyes, trying to clear the blood away. Pulling Juan into a double underhook again, Scott pauses for a moment to steady himself before muscling him up, flipping him over, and dropping him across a bent knee!]

GM: OHHH! SPINAL TAP BACKBREAKER!!

[Scott attempts another cover, hooking the back leg... but again only gets a two count as Vasquez raises his shoulder off the mat.]

GM: Another two count for Stevie Scott who is trying to increase the pressure here, trying to wrap this thing up as we approach the halfway point in the time limit.

[Scott balls up his fist, raining down punches from the mount on Vasquez, landing a half dozen before the referee breaks it off, pushing him back as Vasquez tries to recover.]

GM: Stevie Scott gets shoved back by Johnny Jagger but he's moving right back in...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Oh my! Big knife edge chop by Scott!

[With Vasquez wobbling on rubber legs, Stevie Scott tucks Vasquez' leg up under him, lifting him into the air...

...and dropping him down on a bent knee!]

GM: SHINBREAKER!

[Scott uses the momentum off the shinbreaker that sends Vasquez back up and snaps him down into a quick back suplex!]

GM: Oh my! Beautiful combination by the Hotshot!

[The Hotshot attempts another lateral press, earning yet another two count before Vasquez kicks out.]

GM: Stevie Scott again fails to put Vasquez down for a three count...

[Scott angrily pulls Vasquez up by the hair, hammering him with a right hand to the skull that sends his friend falling back into the turnbuckles.]

GM: Big whip coming up!

[Scott charges in after Vasquez, looking to deliver a clothesline but Vasquez grabs the top rope as he sails in, kicking his legs up, twisting around, and dragging Scott down in a sunset flip...

...but Scott rolls through it and DRILLS Vasquez with a short thrust kick to the jaw!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Hooking both legs, Scott rolls into a cover with his back pressed to Vasquez' chest.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Again, Vasquez lifts the shoulder just before the three count comes down!]

GM: What a battle these two friends and former foes are going through right now in Dallas, Texas with a possible shot at the World Title on the line. A win here tonight keeps them in the fight... it sends them to the Semifinals where Dave Bryant - who advanced earlier tonight - is waiting for them.

[Scott pulls Vasquez off the mat by the arm, pushing Vasquez back into the corner...]

GM: What's he-?

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: He just slapped his friend across the face!

"COME ON, KID!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: He did it again!

"COME ON!"

GM: He's trying to get Vasquez to fight back!

BW: Why on Earth would anyone WANT that?!

GM: Stevie Scott came for a fight and he wants all that Juan Vasquez can give him and then some!

[Vasquez throws a weak right hand but Scott easily sidesteps it before piefacing Vasquez back against the ropes, giving another "COME ON!" shout at him.]

GM: Scott's just toying with Vasquez now!

[Vasquez winds up, throwing another right hand but this time, as Scott sidesteps, he loops his arm up underneath Vasquez' arm, flipping him over and down to the mat!]

GM: Hiptoss!

[A large part of the crowd jeers as Scott rushes to the ropes, leaping into the air, and falling backfirst across the chest of Vasquez!]

BW: SHADES OF TOMMY STEPHENS!

GM: Not exactly but he's going for a cover anyways. He gets one!

[HUGE CHEER as Vasquez kicks out at one!]

GM: OH MY STARS!

BW: Uh oh!

[Vasquez pushes up to his knees, eyes wide as he glares at Stevie Scott who backpedals a bit, raising a hand as his friend and ally gets to his feet, throwing a flurry of rights and lefts!]

GM: Haymakers all over the Hotshot! Rights and lefts sending him back into the ropes!

[The former World Champion launches him across the ring with an Irish whip, flipping him over with an impactful hiptoss on the rebound!]

GM: HIPTOSS! To the ropes...

[Vasquez leaps into the air, dropping his weight down on Scott's chest!]

GM: SHADES OF TOMMY STEPHENS!

[Climbing back to his feet, Vasquez brings Scott up with him, throwing him bodily into the buckles as he steps up to the second rope, raising a clenched fist to a big reaction!]

GM: And now it's time for Vasquez to rain down the thunder!

[The crowd counts along as Vasquez hammers the bloodied skull of Stevie Scott!]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"
"FOUR!"
"FIVE!"
"SIX!"
"SEVEN!"
"EIGHT!"
"NINE!"
"TEN!"

[Vasquez hops down from the corner, grabbing Scott by the arm...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

[Scott rushes in at top speed, leaping up to DRIIIIIIVE his knee into the jaw of Vasquez!]

GM: OHHH! BIG RUNNING KNEE BY THE HOTSHOT!!

[Still standing on the ropes, Scott raises his own right hand to a huge ovation!]

"ONE!"
"TWO!"
"THREE!"
"FOUR!"
"FIVE!"
"SIX!"
"SEVEN!"
"EIGHT!"
"NINE!"
"TEN!"

[Scott switches his position, hooking a side headlock and charging out of the corner, leaping up...]

GM: RILEY ROUNDUP!

[...and DRIVES Vasquez facefirst into the canvas before flipping him over to his back!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: My stars! Stevie Scott was a half a count away from winning this match and moving on in the tournament right there, fans!

[Scott pushes up to his knees, looking up in disbelief at Johnny Jagger who holds up two fingers.]

GM: Johnny Jagger says it was a two count only and Stevie Scott can't believe it!

[A frustrated Stevie Scott climbs to his feet, clapping his hands together as he looks down at Vasquez, hands on his hips. He again wipes the blood from his eyes before grabbing his friend by the hair, pulling him up...]

GM: Both men on their feet...

[Scott ducks down, lifting Vasquez up for a scoop slam...

...but Vasquez yanks him down in an inside cradle, just as he did to win the National Title in March of 2010!]

GM: INSIDE CRADLE! ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE KICKED OUT!! STEVIE SCOTT KICKED OUT!!

[There's a slow motion scramble between the two battered and weary warriors as they struggle to get to their feet...

...where the Hotshot uncorks his trademark superkick!]

GM: HEATSEEK-

BW: MISSED!

[And the crowd ERUPTS as Vasquez wraps Scott up, jamming his thumb into the side of the Hotshot's throat!]

GM: ASSASSIN'S SPIKE! TAUGHT TO JUAN VASQUEZ BY ADAM ROGERS!

[Scott desperately dives backwards, slamming Vasquez back into the buckles. A second attempt to break the hold the same way yields the same result as he staggers out of the buckles, still trapped in the hold...]

GM: Stevie Scott's in trouble! He's gotta get out of this fast!

BW: This has got to feel a little too familiar for Stevie, Gordo.

GM: It certainly does. Stevie Scott knows this Spike far too well!

[Scott wheels around again, swinging fast and causing Vasquez to slightly lose his balance. The grip loosens enough for Scott to switch his stance, slipping his arm up around Vasquez' head...

...and DROPS down, jamming Vasquez' jaw into his shoulder!]

GM: HOTSHOT HAMMER! WHAT A COUNTER!

[Scott wheels around, ready to cover...

...and sees Vasquez falling through the ropes and out to the elevated rampway. Scott balls up his fist, lunging forward and slamming his hand into the mat.]

GM: So close! Stevie Scott was just out of reach of victory and now he's got Vasquez out on the ramp!

BW: He needs to get out there, get Vasquez back in, and finish this!

[The Hotshot slowly gets back to his feet, approaching the ropes where Vasquez is lying motionless on the elevated wooden ramp. Scott shakes his head as he approaches the ropes, ducking his bloodied head between as he heads out after the former World Champion.]

GM: Scott's heading out after Vasquez... just as you suggested...

[Pulling a limp Vasquez off the mat, Scott scoops him up, holding him across his chest as he approaches the ropes and just kinda nudges him over the ropes, dumping him down to the mat where Vasquez rolls twice before stopping, ending up close to the middle of the ring...

...and a bloodied Stevie Scott, leaning over the top rope, turns his head towards the corner...]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

BW: Why?! Why would you even risk this?!

[Scott seems about to go for it when he suddenly waves it off, stepping through the ropes to some jeers from some parts of the crowd who were looking forward to his high risk attempt...

...until he stops cold and stomps his foot to a THUNDEROUS reaction!]

GM: Oh my stars! He's calling for the Heatseeker!

[Standing near the ropes, Scott nods his head, pumping his fist as he waits for a dazed Vasquez to get to his feet...]

GM: Vasquez is trying to get to his feet... moving very slowly...

[But soon enough, the Los Angeles native is standing as the Hotshot rushes forward...]

GM: HEATSEEK-

[However, Juan Vasquez just knows that move too well, easily sidestepping it as Scott flies past him. The Hotshot quickly turns...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and has his head SNAPPED backwards by a flat-footed right cross!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With Scott dazed and barely able to stand, Vasquez rushes in behind him, securing a half nelson...]

GM: NO!

[...and LAUNCHES Scott up and over, sending him crashing down on the back of his head and neck where he rolls right up onto his knees, completely out of it as Vasquez gets back up...]

GM: Scott's out! He can't-

[Vasquez leans down to jerk his kneepad down, exposing his bare knee. He straightens up before letting loose a wild howl as he dashes to the ropes, rebounding off at top speed...]

GM: Off the-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: RUNNING KNEE!! RUNNING KNEE!!

[Scott collapses backwards in a heap as a weary Vasquez collapses on top of him, reaching back for a leg as the official drops down to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: He did it! Juan Vasquez is moving on to the Semifinals after winning the most anticipated rematch in AWA history!

BW: Dave Bryant's gotta be wondering who the heck he ticked off because in order to even GET to the Finals of this tournament, he's gotta have wins over Nenshou AND Juan Vasquez in his pocket.

GM: We're down to four men! Vasquez, Bryant, Detson, and Wright. One of those four men will receive the shot at the World Title at SuperClash V and I would NOT want to be in Calisto Dufresne's shoes right about now, Bucky.

BW: Those are some tough potential challengers but Dufresne is the best professional athlete in the world, Gordo. He can deal with it.

GM: We'll see about that.

[Vasquez sits up on the mat, smiling at the cheers from the crowd as his hand is raised. He slowly uses the official's aid to get back to his feet, raising his arms again to a big ovation. He moves to the corner, falling back

for a breather as he watches Stevie Scott slowly reach up, grabbing his head where Vasquez' knee connected.]

GM: What a combo of moves Vasquez threw to finish this one off. That devastating right cross... the half nelson suplex... and then that running bare knee to the skull! Absolutely brutal.

[Vasquez pushes back out to where Scott is still lying, his eyes visibly blinking but his body still not moving. The Los Angeles native kneels down next to his ally, patting him lightly on the chest. Scott's reaction is to raise his hand, gripping Vasquez' before a grinning Juan climbs back to his feet, raising his arm and pointing to the Hotshot before turning to make his exit.]

GM: How about that? Even after a brutal war between Stevie Scott and Juan Vasquez, they still manage to stay allies afterwards! Vasquez is walking out of here the winner, moving on to the Semifinals next time but Stevie Scott should be very proud of his performance as well.

[The crowd rises to their feet, saluting both men with a standing ovation as Juan Vasquez makes his way down the ramp, giving one more wave to the crowd before disappearing through the curtain. The cheers continue as Stevie Scott uses the assistance of two referees to climb to his feet, soaking up the adoration of the AWA faithful.]

GM: Quite a moment for two of the men who helped build this company into what it is today - the standard bearer for professional wrestling all over the world. Stevie Scott, after the career he's had, this has to mean a lot to him. He's competed in a lot of promotions over the years but when he arrived here in the AWA in 2008, he found a home. Stevie Scott has AWA blood running through his veins and these people love him for it, Bucky.

BW: That's a beautiful sentiment, Gordo... and it just 'bout makes me puke!

GM: Stevie giving one last wave to the fans before heading back to the locker room. Remember, fans... we've got one more thing to do here tonight before we-

[Suddenly, the crowd's cheers turn to boos as the Dallas fans begin to notice that Joshua Dusscher has somehow managed to get the house mic away from Phil Watson. The camera gets a shot of Joshua looking at the ring before putting mic to mouth:]

JD: Hey! Stevie!

[An annoyed Stevie Scott, just about to exit the ring, turns to face Dusscher. He glares at the Internet pop star, giving a "What the hell do you want" shrug at him. Dusscher raises his hands in a defensive gesture.]

JD: I know that this isn't a great time, but I know now that this world is too hot and heavy for the likes of me, and before I go there are some things that need to be said, and I'd like to look you in the eye when I say it.

[The crowd gives a mixed reaction, as Stevie gives a queer look towards Joshua, pondering for a couple of seconds before throwing his arms up and saying, "Fine, whatever!", before he heads back to the other side of the ring, climbs through the ropes, and stands five feet from Dusscher with a stony glare in his eyes, as Dusscher continues.]

JD: I, and everyone else in this building, just watched you and Juan Vasquez, two warriors, engage in one hell of a fight. And I realized a few things while watching that match.

I realized that you don't need plates of glass or explosives or barbed wire or anything like that to have great wrestling. You didn't have any of that but, as God as my witness, that was the most compelling match that I have ever seen, and it's a damned shame that anyone has to lose..

[The crowd gives some tepid applause, not quite ready to warm to Dusscher's words just yet. Even Joshua himself seems surprised at what he is saying, as he wipes his mouth with his hand and looks up for a second before continuing.]

JD: And...it when it was all over, it kinda hit me all at once just how wrong I've been. How can I defend any of the things that I've been saying about wrestling in the face of the battle that we just witnessed?

[Joshua bites his lip and looks away for a second, before looking Stevie straight in the eye once more.]

JD: I've been a damned fool, and I deserved that punch in the eye that you gave me.

I apologize to every person in the AWA organization that I offended, and I apologize to all of these fine wrestling fans for being such a distraction. And I apologize to the lady Queen Bee for not even giving her a fair match.

[Having lowered himself this much, the applause from the fans becomes a little bit warmer, with Stevie himself still not quite sure how to take all of this.]

JD: And the last thing that I realized is that I **really** don't belong here, and I'm thankful to be getting away from this with nothing more than a black eye.

But you, Stevie...you hang in there. You hang in there with that same attitude you had when you confronted me two weeks ago, and I'm sure that some day, you **will** be the AWA World Champion.

[The biggest cheers yet from the crowd for Mr. Dusscher.]

JD: I don't expect us to be friends, I don't expect you to even like me, but I'd just like to thank you for showing me what **real** wrestling is all about, and wish you the best of luck going forward.

[Joshua Dusscher puts the mic down and holds out his hand for a handshake...which Stevie takes a good hard look at for several seconds, before letting out a deep breath, and taking Joshua's hand in his own.

Joshua mouths the words "thank you", and uses his other hand to cover the back of Stevie's hand...

...and pulls down and holds on for dear life as he stretches Stevie down on the barricade.

It only takes less than a second for Stevie Scott to rip his hand free...but in that time, four of Joshua's guards have barreled over the barricade. To the howls of disbelief from the crowd, the other two quickly join the others in raining down blows on all sides of Stevie.]

GM: My stars, Joshua Dusscher did it again! It was all another setup, and again I believed every damned word he said!

BW: There ain't nothing that this punk wouldn't say to get his way, Gordo. All of that prostrating himself just to get Stevie to lower his guard for one second!

GM: Somebody stop this!

[This is not an artful beatdown, not such a spectacle to see. This is just six large men beating on an already exhausted Stevie Scott with punches, kicks, knees, and elbows, to every exposed area of his body that they can get to.

After about ten seconds of this, Joshua himself jumps the barricade, as the thugs drag Stevie, now bleeding from the nose and mouth, up to a vertical position. As they hold Stevie completely still, Dusscher gets up close to scream RIGHT in his face:]

JD: HOW DARE YOU DISRESPECT ME?! I AM JOSHUA DUSSCHER! WHO THE HELL ARE YOU TO DISRESPECT ME!?

[Joshua backs up a step and barks "Hold him steady" to his brute squad, three of whom already have to divert their attention to holding back an enraged crowd. Of the remaining three, one goes low to hold Stevie around the waist, while the other two grab Stevie by the hair on either side.

Once secured, Joshua quickly shifts into a karate stance, then with a loud "HA!" throws a lunge punch right into the glazed over right eye of Stevie Scott, who is not even able to flinch due to the tight hold of the guards. Joshua then shouts:]

JD: AN EYE FOR AN EYE...WITH INTEREST!

[...as he quickly lays in a knee to the groin of Stevie Scott, after which the guards finally allow him to fall in a heap...as they now have the more urgent issue of getting their master out of the building in one piece as we abruptly cut to black.

Cut to a head and torso shot of a sharply dressed Stevie Scott, who stands alone in the ring in an empty WKIK studio, looking directly at YOU, the home viewer!]

HSS: Hey, you there!

[He taps the air, and inexplicably, a "plink plink" sound is heard, as if he is tapping the inside of your TV set...and your TV set were still one of those old-fashioned models from the 80's.]

HSS: This is the Hotshot talking to ya! Did you miss out on the Heat Wave tour, or do you just want to experience all the HOT action one more time? Well, you're in luck...

[From out of camera sight, Stevie Scott picks his arm up and reveals a DVD, with many small pictures of action surrounding one large picture of AWA World Champion Calisto Dufresne in a pose.]

HSS: ...because the new 2013 Heat Wave tour DVD is now available on AWAShop.com! Whoo, check it out!

[Stevie flicks the DVD towards the camera...which, through the wonders of post-production, starts spinning rapidly at the screen for a second, until it morphs into a shot of Miss Sandra Hayes leading her charge to the ring.]

HSS: Nine matches, over three hours of action from all over the southern states that was just too HOT for television!

[Cut to a shot of BC Da Mastah MC trying a diving splash into the corner...and MISSING, as Yuma Weaver gets out of the way, and comes back with a THUNDEROUS chop.]

HSS: You'll see BC Da Mastah MC and Yuma Weaver in a hellacious Indian Strap Match!

[Manny Imbragno has Dave Bryant up in his patented extended Airplane Spin.]

HSS: The World Television title is up for grabs as Dave Bryant defends against the enigmatic Manny Imbragno!

[In what looks to be shallow center field of a minor league baseball stadium, Juan Vasquez is slugging it out with...something slimy.]

HSS: The best of two eras collide, as Juan Vasquez engages in a no-holds barred brawl with The Mud Monster!

[Kenny Stanton and Brad Jacobs slump in opposite corners, as The Rave hits a running double dropkick on Stanton...then kip up and do the same to Jacobs, as Larry Doyle pounds the mat in frustration.]

HSS: The Rave try to fulfill their destiny twenty years early, as they take on The Blonde Bombers for the World Tag Team Championships!

[Cut to a shot of Calisto Dufresne and Supernova eyeing each other in the ring...followed a shot of Dufresne getting press-slammed off the top rope...followed by a bloody Dufresne trapped in Supernova's Solar Flare leglock.]

HSS: And that's right, it was a SuperClash III rematch as Supernova got his shot at Calisto Dufresne for the big one, the twenty pounds of gold, the World Heavyweight Championship! All this action, plus much, much more!

[Cut to a shot of a screen featuring a DVD player, a screen on the right showing other wrestling action, and a screen on the left back to showing a well-dressed Stevie in the ring, talking directly to the home viewer.]

HSS: Who won? Who lost? My lips are sealed! The only way to find out is to order the DVD from AWAShop.com, right now!

[The URL appears on the bottom of the screen for a second, before fading out...

...and then back up on the tell-tale bank of television monitors that can only mean the SuperClash Control Center is upon us. After a few moments, we cut to Jason Dane standing in front of a super-imposed SuperClash V logo.]

JD: Hello, fans... it is time once again for the SuperClash V Control Center! SuperClash V will be coming to you LIVE from the American Airlines Center in Dallas, Texas on Thanksgiving Night! Tickets are going fast so if you want to be in the building with the biggest crowd in AWA history, buy your tickets today at the AAC box office or online at ticketmaster.com. However, if you can NOT join us in the building, contact your local cable or dish operator today because for the very first time, we will be LIVE on Pay Per View as well! Believe me when I say that you do NOT want to miss what happens Thanksgiving Night in Dallas.

Let's run down the lineup as we know it so far...

[Cut to a shot of the Chase For The Clash brackets.]

JD: The AWA World Heavyweight Title WILL be on the line at SuperClash V when Calisto Dufresne steps into the ring against one of the four men remaining in the tournament. Will it be Juan Vasquez? Will it be the World Television Champion Dave Bryant? Will it be Johnny Detson? Will it Supreme Wright challenging for the title for the second year in a row? We'll find out in two weeks' time but if I'm the Ladykiller, I'm counting every second I have with the title because any of these four men have the ability to make Dufresne a FORMER World Champion in a hurry.

[Fade to a graphic of the Lynches and the Beale Street Bullies.]

JD: It'll be a six man tag team war when Travis, Jack, and as we learned earlier tonight, Blackjack Lynch will be coming out of retirement to team with his sons to face Adam Rogers, Dick Wyatt, and Robert Donovan! Blackjack says he's got a couple of surprises for the Bullies and plans to unveil those surprises right here in two weeks' time!

[Cut to a shot of the Longhorn Riders and Air Strike.]

JD: The AWA Tag Team Division will be showcased as one of the hottest new teams in the company, Air Strike, will take on two veterans of the division, The Longhorn Riders!

[Fade to a shot of the AWA World Tag Team Titles.]

JD: Speaking of the tag team division, the AWA World Tag Team Titles will be on the line when The Blonde Bombers with Larry Doyle will put their championships up against Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds as Jones cashes in the Steal The Spotlight contract!

[Three words appear on the screen "STEAL THE SPOTLIGHT."]

JD: The annual Steal The Spotlight showcase elimination tag team match takes on a bit of a twist this year as one team will be made up completely of Chris Blue's organization and the other will see competitors who have NEVER competed in the AWA before. Throughout the night, we've learned seven of the ten men who will compete in this match... and I'm told right now, we're going to learn the other three! For the Control Center, I'm Jason Dane and we'll see you next time!

[Crossfade to the ring where Chris Blue has organized his men on one side of the ring. Cletus Lee Bishop is stalking back and forth angrily as William Craven and Eric Preston take up flanking positions behind the former owner of the EMWC.]

CB: As you can see... as I have promised, I have brought my team out to showcase them publicly for one and all to see. You may notice the absence of Duane Henry Bishop who has been ordered by the AWA medical staff to not step one foot inside this ring until SuperClash when his clearance kicks in.

Law and order every time... that's us, right, boys?

[Preston smirks, whispering something into Blue's ear that gets a chuckle.]

CB: As you'll also notice, I have not produced the fifth man on my team... not yet. Not until the AWA lives up to their promise to reveal the ENTIRE team that my boys will be facing at SuperClash V.

The ENTIRE team that we will pick off... one by one... eliminating them at will until we have to fight amongst ourselves to crown a winner.

And when we've crowned that winner...

[Blue claps a beaming Preston on the shoulder.]

CB: It will be a historic night for the AWA! It will be a night when we will begin coronation plans for the winner of Steal The Spotlight who will hold in their hand the ability to challenge the World Champion for the title at a time and place of MY choosing.

And it will be a night when I will rip off the veil of secrecy that has covered up this company for far too long. A night where your so-called Wise Men will be cast out of the shadows and into the light for all to see...

[Blue smirks.]

CB: But I don't want to get ahead of myself. So... if you please... bring out our victims for SuperClash...

[Some generic music starts up as the AWA fans cheer the three men who come striding down the aisle - Tony Sunn, Sai Fong, and Eli Slater. The trio step into the ring, eyeing an increasingly-mad Cletus Lee Bishop warily as he begins walking faster.]

GM: Those are the three men we've heard announced so far, Bucky.

BW: Their reputations precede them - especially Slater - but I'm not sure they're any match for the three men standing across from them... and that's without Duane Henry and whoever Blue's mysterious fifth man is.

GM: A name he will NOT reveal apparently until the AWA has revealed his opposition.

[Blue pauses, eyeing the three men.]

CB: Such brave souls.

[He smiles, nodding as Craven clenches and unclenches his fists repeatedly.]

CB: Easy now, my Dragon. Your time will come. All of your times will come at SuperClash. But first...

[Blue spreads his arms, counting with great mockery.]

CB: One... two... three. I only see three men out here, O'Connor. Only three of a promised five. Tony Sunn... big, brave, proud, strong Tony Sunn. You'd make a fine addition to the AWA roster for sure. And I bet your father would be oh-so-proud to see it...

...until Cletus Lee breaks your jaw with his foot.

[Blue smirks as Tony Sunn shouts something off-mic at him.]

CB: Now, now... no need to be unpleasant. You should be silent and menacing like Sai Fong here.

[Blue eyes the masked man from the Orient.]

CB: You know something, Mr. Fong. I consider myself somewhat of an expert in the world of wrestling. For a great many years, it was my job to know EVERYONE in this business... from the Hardins to the Backwoods and everyone in between.

And you...

[The owner of Empire Sports shakes his head.]

CB: You I don't know. Which makes me think...

[Blue pauses, stroking his chin.]

CB: You're hiding something under that mask.

[Sai Fong doesn't move... doesn't react one bit as Blue glares at him. After several tense moments, Blue shrugs.]

CB: Ah well. I enjoy a good mystery as much as anyone. You keep your secret, Mr. Fong. We'll all learn it together at SuperClash, I'd wager, hm?

[Blue walks past Fong, eyes resting on Eli Slater.]

CB: Heard of you.

[Blue smiles.]

CB: In another time... in another place... we might be allies, Mr. Slater. For years, I've heard people say... Don't Trust Eli Slater.

[A nod from Slater.]

CB: I don't have to trust you... to make use of you. Keep that in mind.

[Blue steps back, spreading his arms again...]

CB: But still... only three. Only-

[Blue gets cut off in mid-sentence by the Gipsy Kings' version of "Hotel California." He glares at the entrance ramp as a flashy luchador comes bursting into view, flinging streamers into the crowd. He is clad in a full-length white bodysuit from head to toe. There are small mesh-covered slits for his eyes, nostrils, and mouth and a hole cut up top for his long hair to come through into a ponytail.]

GM: Now, who in the world...?

[The luchador breaks into a sprint, running down the aisle at top speed, and somersaults over the top rope. He rolls to his feet, dashing across where he leaps up to the middle rope, springing back into a backflip, landing on his feet where he points a finger at Blue who abruptly steps back. Preston starts towards him when Blue throws out an arm to keep him at bay.]

CB: Whoa, whoa, whoa! None of that. I promised we'd start nothing out here and I intend to keep that word.

[Settling down, Blue glares at the flashy luchador.]

CB: I don't suppose you have a name...?

[The luchador leans over the offered mic.]

???: Rey Estrellato!

[Blue stares at him.]

CB: Rey Estrellato. Another... mystery man.

[Preston leans closer to Blue, whispering again.]

CB: Gotta admit, Eric. I've never paid much attention to wrestling in Mexico. Seemed like a waste of time.

[The crowd jeers Blue's comment as Estrellato eggs them on.]

CB: Alright... that makes four... anyone else?

[Blue turns to the aisleway, waving a hand.]

CB: No one? This is all you got? This is what you could find? I don't suppose I should be surprised. When word broke that they'd be facing us, I suppose you got lucky to get ANYONE to show up.

[Blue nods at the jeering crowd.]

CB: Well... fine. Maybe it's time to introduce OUR fifth man. Maybe it's time to shut down this whole farce of a match altogether so that these five men can go home and not have to embarrass themselves or their families on Thanksgiving Night.

After all, Thanksgiving is a time for families, right Tony?

[The crowd jeers loudly as Blue takes a jab at Sunn who looks ready for a fight right now.]

CB: Without anything further, allow me to introduce to you the final member of our team... the man who GUARANTEES that we will win Steal The Spotlight because he's stolen more spotlights than any man in the history of this business...

Ladies and gentlemen...

The one... the only...

[Blue pauses, gesturing dramatically as he waits for the music to start. As the music begins, longtime fans of the business instantly react with surprise. It is a song that many believed they'd never hear again.

It's Danzig's "Brand New God."]

BW: Oh. My. God.

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

[The entrance curtain parts and walking into view is an athletically built, well-tanned man with short, jet black hair. He's wearing a black t-shirt with "GOLDEN GOD" written across the front in golden script along with a pair of jeans and a leather jacket over the shirt.

It is the man once known as the Golden God... Mister Match Of The Year... one of the most exciting and innovative professional wrestlers in the history of the sport...

It is Devon Case.]

GM: What in the world...? How in the heck did Blue pull this off?!

BW: Case is here! Spector is here! What the heck did The Rave do?!

[Case looks around at the crowd, nodding at the reaction as flash bulbs fire all over the place. He slowly makes his way down the ramp to the ring where Chris Blue is clapping, applauding his shocking announcement as much as he's applauding the man coming down the aisle.]

GM: If this man is the fifth man on Blue's team, they just might be unstoppable at SuperClash!

[It doesn't take long for Blue to step through the ropes, looking around at everyone else already there. He gives a slight nod before taking an offered mic. Case stands alone in the center of the ring... soaking in the buzz... the cheers, the jeers, the shock... waiting for the moment to die down before he smiles directly at the camera... microphone to his lips.]

DC: I guess there is no needed for an introduction?

[The crowd pops as Case flashes that cocky grin he was known for oh-so-many years ago. He then measures up the heavily contested corners of the ring... a slight nod directed to Chris Blue, who is grinning rather evilly.]

DC: I wish there was a great story... some tabloid-stealing reason why you see a man who denounced the very sport that defined him almost eight

years ago... standing here right now, inside of a squared circle with eight men who I have no past with.

[Case tilts his head toward the corner where the four men just announced prior stand. All four look ready to come to blows right here, right now.]

DC: Gentlemen... I don't know not a single one of you from Adam. You may be some of the best and brightest this industry has to offer... or you may be simple fodder for Blue's boys to chew on and spit out in front of a sold-out crowd at SuperClash. As for you boys, my so-called allies...

[He turns his head to his new allies with which he knows one fairly well... the others...]

DC: There are three of you - one who isn't even here - who I can already tell I simply will not get along with.

[The crowd rumbles.]

DC: And as for you, William Craven. Long time, no see... though I can't say I ever cared to have this moment come to pass...

Fortunately my arrival... my resurrection... has nothing to do with _any_ of you in this ring... you all could be replaced tomorrow and it would not matter one iota to me...

Because I am here to fulfill a duty. A duty to the man who took my career in his hands... the man who helped me live the life inside and outside of the ring that I always dreamed of...

I am here for Chris Blue.

[The crowd roars in disapproval, even as Chris Blue beams with satisfaction. Case waves Blue to meet him in the center of the ring to which he obliges. They shake hands and then Case puts a arm over his former boss' shoulder.]

DC: You see, for years now I have sat back with my family in Vegas... no worries, no cares in the world other than making sure my boys grow up in the right environment... and yet every month or so for the past two years they both ask me why I stopped being "that guy who fights on television." And for a while it was simple to just tell them I'd rather spend time at home with them and their mom rather than be on the road...

Hell, it's not a lie, but it was hardly the whole truth. But you try telling two 8-year-olds the reason Daddy isn't wrestling any more is because the temptations on the road combined with an increasingly extensive medical bill was getting to be too much for their old man.

[Case chuckles. The fans are now very attentive, as is Blue.]

DC: But then I got a call last week. On the other end of the phone was a voice I had not heard since I left Los Angeles barely able to walk... flying to

Vegas for one of two extensive surgeries on my lower back. That man was Chris Blue. And he had quite the proposition for me...

There was this take-no-prisoners company he'd been working in for quite some time now... and he had a free ticket for Case right back into the spotlight... five-on-five... last man standing grabbing a chance of a lifetime. And at first, what did I say?

[Case looks at Blue who simply shakes his head "no" conceding the truth.]

DC: But then I talked to my wife... I gathered my boys for a talk... and then I thought back on my career. The glory, the fame... it was fleeting...

However, the agony of defeat, the backstabblings, and the fact that my name seemingly fell from the history pages as fast as they were inked... those things have eaten away at my psyche to this very day. So, I called Blue the next day and gave him the go-ahead... and I promised him that this moment and everything that followed from here on out?

Nobody was going to forget.

[His arm still grips the shoulder of Blue is nods knowingly, a very proud man he is. Case turns his head to face Blue eye to eye.]

DC: Thing is Chris... before I called you, I did my homework. And I noticed this company was run by a number of people I know very well, in fact one was a very good friend of mine.... you may know him...

Todd Michaelson?

[Crowd pop.]

DC: And after I discussed what _we_ discussed with Todd... we came to a little agreement.

[Chris Blue seems flustered, even slightly agitated, even moreso when he tries to release the grip of Case from his shoulder, to find out that he is stuck. Case won't let go, even as Blue's men seem ready to pounce. Case addresses them, while not taking a single eye off Blue.]

DC: Now gentlemen... don't do anything foolish. You wouldn't want to hurt my old friend, would you?

[Blue dismissively waves them back.]

DC: Friend. Interesting word. Especially when it comes to you and I, isn't it? Friends come to visit you after serious surgeries usually, do they not? Hell, Todd did. A whole bunch of people from the industry did outside my family...

Hell, most even came to see after my second back surgery... I mean even showing up to one of the two would be what a real friend does, right? Or,

how about a phone call in the past eight years? That doesn't seem too tough, too straining a friend's busy schedule.

So... that leaves me wondering, where the Hell were you all this time, Chris? Or was it simply that your commodity ran dry and you left it to rot just like so many others before?

[Case visibly grips harder on the shoulder as Blue tries not to wince. He's obviously pissed off at this point. He retorts off mic something about him having a phone as well.]

DC: What was that? You are right, I could have called you. But see... that is the difference between you and I.

When you called me... you showered me with buddy, and friend, and "remember the old times" as if I was going to forget everything about my time during and after the EMWC. You put on that false, egomaniacal, narcissistic pitchman b.s. that at one point may have worked for you...

But not any more. I see past it... and that is why I never reached out to you to begin with.

[Case glares into the eyes of Blue.]

DC: Because I hate you, you son-of-a-bitch.

[The crowd cheers crazily.]

DC: I hate every single fiber of your being. I hate the way you talk, the way you act, the way you manipulate people and throw them out like yesterday's trash...

And I hate you for still existing in an industry that passed your kind by so long ago.

[Case lets Blue go as Blue bitterly spews venom at Case who sadistically smiles back.]

DC: So consider this your only warning... you, your friends over there... and anyone else you got lined up in the back ready to make you happy... let them know...

As of right now... you are all dinosaurs... you are living on borrowed time... and as long as...

[Case points to the men behind Blue]

DC: ...they have your back... I am coming for them...

I will find them... and like the comet from oh so long ago... I will render them all extinct.

[He points to the quartet opposite Blue's men.]

DC: And it starts at SuperClash... when these four men...

[A smirk crosses Case's face.]

DC: ...and me, with my ironclad Michaelson-approved contract...

[POP!]

DC: Bury your finest.

[Case drops the mic, moving to stand next to Sai Fong, Tony Sunn (who gives a small fist pump), Eli Slater, and Rey Estrellato. The crowd is buzzing as Cletus Lee Bishop seems to be begging to be turned loose on the opposing team. Blue is looking around frantically as if he's searching for some idea... any idea of what to do...

...when suddenly the sounds of "Run Like Hell" by Pink Floyd kicks in!]

GM: What in the world...?

[The crowd cheers as a fairly-toasted Curt Sawyer and Callum Mahoney come wobbling into view. Sawyer's trusty wooden axe handle is draped over his shoulder. He uses the object to point at the ring where Blue has a "What the hell ELSE can happen?" look on his face. With a clap on the shoulder of his drinking buddy, Callum Mahoney suddenly looks stone cold sober as he marches down the aisle to the ring. Sawyer is right behind him.]

BW: What are these two doing out there? They were down the street drinking at the Rusty Spur and now they're back at the building... and interrupting this moment!

[Mahoney steps in, snatching the dropped mic off the mat as Sawyer takes up a protective stance, making sure no one cheapshots Mahoney as he taps on the mic.]

CM: This thing on?

[Sawyer nods to the Irishman.]

CM: Good enough. They tell me that at SuperClash, the spots that me and Curt were wantin' got taken up by the likes of you...

[Mahoney points at Blue and his men.]

CM: ...and the likes of you.

[He gestures at the other team where Case is smirking as he leans over to say something to a silent Sai Fong.]

CM: That... that don't sit right with us.

[Sawyer nods, grabbing the mic.]

CS: And earlier tonight, when were down at the Spur trying to get over all this, we realized just how much it didn't sit right with us. The more we talked about it... and the more we drank about it...

[Sawyer gestures with the axehandle.]

CS: We decided the problem was simple math.

[Sawyer looks across the ring.]

CS: 'Cause I see four of you out here...

[He turns his back.]

CS: And I finally see five of ya.

[A nod.]

CS: But the way I look at it... there's four of us out here too. And that's just as good as either of the numbers you two have got... so WE want in the match too!

[The crowd cheers loudly as Chris Blue, suddenly enraged, interrupts.]

CB: Wait a damn second. I realize you two are drunk as skunks but even you can't possibly think there's more than two of you out here.

[Sawyer looks puzzled as he glances at Mahoney. He holds up one finger. He jerks a thumb at himself.]

CB: Yeah. You and him. There's two of you.

[Sawyer looks behind him, then shakes his head.]

CS: Hey, Callum... did we leave that guy in the back who said he was in?

[Mahoney shrugs, glaring at Blue.]

CB: Who?

[Sawyer smiles a "I was waiting for that" grin and steps back as music hits the PA system.

"Heaven And Hell" by Black Sabbath.]

GM: WHAT IN THE WORLD IS GOING ON?!

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sight of MAMMOTH Maximus walking through the curtain, still dressed in his ring gear. He moves quickly down the aisle,

stepping through the ropes and standing right behind Sawyer. Blue takes three big steps back, suddenly standing behind William Craven who looks ready for a fight if it comes.]

CS: That guy. He must count for at least one and a half guys, right?

[Blue is stunned silent, suddenly realizing he's in more trouble than he had anticipated when the night began.]

CS: So, that makes three... maybe three and a half. Is that enough? Can you deal us in to your little showdown here? Cause if you ask me, if someone in this company's gonna steal a spotlight...

[Sawyer gestures uses the axehandle again.]

CS: It ain't gonna be any of you.

[He points to Blue's squad.]

CS: Or you.

[He points to the newcomer team.]

CS: It's gonna be one of us.

[Blue shakes his head, finally feeling a surge of courage.]

CB: You can play all the games you want out here, Sawyer, but you're still only three guys! You still don't have enough for a team! You still don't-

[Sawyer has heard enough, stepping forward and slapping the mic out of Blue's hand with the axehandle...

...which is the spark to the powderkeg as William Craven rushes forward, sensing a threat to his master as he flails about, hammering Sawyer with both hands!]

GM: WE'VE GOT A FIGHT ON OUR HANDS!

[It doesn't take long for people to pair off as Eli Slater rushes Eric Preston, knocking him back to the corner with a stiff uppercut as Cletus Lee and MAMMOTH Maximus start pounding one another. Sai Fong rushes in, throwing a dropkick to the back of Cletus Lee. The luchador leaps up on the back of Maximus, hammering blindly as Tony Sunn rushes into the mix.]

GM: We've got chaos all over the place! We've got a fight! We've got-

[Suddenly, the lights go out.]

GM: Oh my stars! Are you-

[And when they come back on, The Hangman is standing in the center of the ring!]

GM: THE HANGMAN! THE HANGMAN!

[A well-placed uppercut on Eli Slater snaps his head back, sending him staggering backwards. The Hangman reaches out, grabbing Eric Preston around the throat before launching him skywards in a massive chokeslam!]

GM: It's breaking down in Dallas!

[The Hangman turns to find William Craven bearing down on him, ready for a repeat of their battle earlier in the evening...

...and we abruptly cut to black!]

UPCOMING SHOWS

November 9 - Saturday Night Wrestling - Crockett Coliseum - Dallas, Texas

Chase Semifinals - Johnny Detson vs Supreme Wright

Chase Semifinals - Dave Bryant vs Juan Vasquez

Chase Finals

November 23 - SuperClash Countdown (tentative)

November 28 - SuperClash V - American Airlines Center

World Title Match - Calisto Dufresne vs Chase For The Clash Winner

World Tag Team Titles Match - The Blonde Bombers vs SkyHerc

Six Man Grudge Match - The Lynches vs The Beale Street Bullies

Steal The Spotlight Showcase - Team Blue vs First Night Fighters

Air Strike vs The Longhorn Riders