

Saturday Night Wrestling

October 15, 2016
Chaifetz Arena
St. Louis, Missouri



[We start on a black screen as most shows do. We fade up into a royal blue screen with a glittering silver Fox Sports logo in the center of it. A fanfare plays in the background as a voiceover begins.]

"Home to the World Series. The NFL. The GFC. The Daytona 500. The US Open Championship."

[A quick clip from each sport flashes by during the voiceover.]

"The world's biggest events are on Fox Sports."

[The logo and fanfare fade...

...as a giant robot appears, holding up a different version of the Fox Sports logo with the audio bug...]

"WE ARE... FOX SPORTS!"

[The shot fades from the graphic to another black screen with the AWA logo splashed across a starry field. A barrage of lasers flash in from all sides of the screen, etching along the borders of the letters, illuminating the plain white text into glowing and glittering gold. A deep voiceover begins. The words "American Wrestling Alliance" come up one by one at the bottom of the screen.]

"The recognized symbol of excellence in professional wrestling."

[The logo fades to black...

...and that black slowly fades to the star-filled sky that hung above Minute Maid Park at SuperClash VII. After a moment, the drums to Halestorm's "Scream" kick in along with its signature call at the outset.]

#Ohhh-oh-oh-oh-ohhh!#

[Travis Lynch emerges from behind a curtain, throwing a hand up into the air.]

#Oh-ohohohoh-ohohohohoh!#

[The Gladiator stands at the top of the ramp at SuperClash, his fellow gladiators standing before him.]

#Ohhh-oh-oh-oh-ohhh!#

[Jordan Ohara walking alongside a barricade, slapping all the hands in sight.]

#Oh-ohohohoh!#

[Supernova cups his hands to his mouth, throwing his head back in a howl.]

#The seeds in my head
Visions in red#

["The Professional" Dave Cooper puts the boots to a downed opponent.]

#All that I dream
And all that I've bled#

[Allen Allen uses a three-quarter nelson to roll up Mr. Sadisuto for a three count... right into Derrick Williams using a spinebuster on Callum Mahoney.]

#My mind is a gun
I won't be out done#

[Brian James throws a devastating Blackheart Punch while Brian Lau looks on with pride... right into Kerry Kendrick blindsiding Caspian Abaran, knocking him flat.]

#Say what you want
While I shoot for the sun#

["Flawless" Larry Wallace leaps into the air, landing the "Best Dropkick In The World"... right into Maxim Zharkov and Alex Martinez trading words over a crowd of security and officials.]

#All you doubters and haters#
Actors and fakers
I don't have time for you all#

[Shadoe Rage comes sailing off the top rope, landing a flying elbow on a prone form... right into Michael Aarons dropping a flying elbow of his own onto Danny Morton at SuperClash.]

#You're feeding the fire
That's taking me higher
Coming like a cannonball#

[The Dogs of War use a combination powerbomb/Lungblower on Marcus Broussard in the Combat Corner... right into Rex Summers dropping Cesar Hernandez with the Heat Check DDT.]

#Ohhh-oh-oh-oh-ohhh!#

[Ryan Martinez connects with a running Yakuza kick on a stunned opponent.]

#It's kicking down your door
Kicking down your door#

[Supreme Wright locks the Sugar Hold on Jack Lynch, causing the cowboy to scream in pain.]

#Ohhh-oh-oh-oh-ohhh!#

[Howie Somers and Daniel Harper run down a helpless foe with a double shoulder tackle... right into Mike Sebastian being hurled by Andrew Tucker off the top rope, using a Rocket Launcher on a prone opponent.]

#So what ya waitin' for?
What ya waitin' for?#

[Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan hurl Isaiah Carpenter off the stage at SuperClash.]

#Scream#

#Scream#

[Juan Vasquez puts Hannibal Carver through a table with a piledriver.]

#Scream#

#Until they hear you#

[Juan Vasquez thrusts his newly-won World Title up into the air... and then fades to black as we hear the final lyric.]

#Scream#

[The black screen "shatters" into a live shot outside the Chesapeake Energy Arena - a ground-level shot of fans pouring into the building underneath a digital marquee with the name of the building and the words "AWA SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING" in black block text as "Scream" continues to play. The trademark voice of Gordon Myers interjects.]

GM: Wrestling fans around the world, we are LIVE right here on The X! We are LIVE right here in Oklahoma City! We are LIVE in the Chesapeake Energy Arena! And we are LIVE on the road to SuperClash but this night has one major speed bump.

[Another cut brings us inside the building. It's your standard arena setup with rows upon rows of permanent seating mixed with the steel folding chairs that immediately surround the ring of red, white, and blue ropes from top to bottom. The black mats are down covering the floor and the black metal barricade is up to keep the fans at bay. Two tables can be seen at ringside from this elevated view.

A quick cut takes to a floor level shot of the entranceway which is made up of a small entrance opening covered by black curtains and surrounded by LED lighting that is currently flashing a red and white pattern. There are lights to the left and right of the doorway along with lighting above it. Above the lighting is a decent-sized video screen that has the SNW On The X logo spiraling around it. As the camera pulls back a bit, we see an illuminated ten foot tall version of the AWA logo off to one side. On the other side is a small elevated platform that will serve as an interview "stage." The entranceway leads directly out to a black carpeted ten foot wide aisleway that will take the combatants to the ring.

Another cut gets us down to ringside where we find the ever-present Gordon Myers - the Dean of Professional Wrestling announcing - in a black sportscoat and black slacks. A big smile is on his face as he speaks.]

GM: Hello everybody and welcome to yet another stop on the road to SuperClash! We are LIVE here in the Chaifetz Arena! We are LIVE here in St. Louis, Missouri!

We are LIVE worldwide on Fox Sports X! And we are LIVE for yet another star-studded edition of Saturday Night Wrestling!

[Big cheer!]

GM: And of course, it wouldn't be SNW without the man by my side... Bucky Wilde, welcome to St. Louis!

[The aforementioned Wilde is in a sparking crimson jacket and hot pink dress shirt as he speaks.]

BW: St. Louis is one of the greatest wrestling cities on the planet, Gordo, so it's only fitting to be here considering how much they love me.

GM: Oh, brother. Fans, we have a tremendous show for you here tonight but before we get to the action, let's go to the ring where Mark Stegglet has a very special guest!

[Cut to the squared circle where Mark Stegglet is standing in the center of the ring, microphone in hand. As he looks out over the audience, a smile comes to his face.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen... Ryan Martinez!

[It is the prelude that every AWA fan is familiar with – the soft tinkling of synth music. A faint beat that slowly builds, until it segues into the sound that has filled arenas, not only throughout the country, but all over the world. The sound of thousands of fans stomping their feet and clapping their hands in unison to the opening of Thirty Seconds to Mars' "Vox Populi" and as the spotlight begins to loop and cascade over the enthusiastic audience, they all join their voice to the song's stirring words.]

#This is a call to arms
Gather soldiers
Time to go to war#

[At those words, the curtain at the entranceway is pulled aside, and a figure stand silhouetted in the portal lifting his head up in pride and triumph.]

#This is a battle song
Brothers and sisters
Time to go to war#

[The AWA's White Knight steps out of the shadows and into the shining light, striding forward confidently. He wears a black hoodie, with the words "House Martinez" written over the insignia of a pair of silver swords crossed over a golden shield. Beneath the sigil are the words "Count on being burned!" written in gothic type lettering. As Martinez moves down the aisle, more of the songs lyrics blare.]

Ever want to just stop?
Do you want to surrender?
Or fight for victory?#

[While he normally heads straight for the ring, tonight, Martinez makes a circuit around the ring, pausing to touch every single hand that is stretched out to him. Martinez' smile is warm, and he shouts encouraging words to his fans, who respond with adulation. Finally, Martinez makes his way to the ring steps, entering the ring as the song slowly fades on Jared Leto's promise of a better future.]

#Darkness falls, here comes the rain
To wash away the past and the names

Darkness falls, here comes the rain
To end it all, the blood and the game#

[Stegglet and Martinez exchange nods as the former World Champion moves to stand at Stegglet's side.]

MS: After your victory in the Final Four two weeks ago, what else is there to say but, welcome back!

[Before Martinez can respond, the entire arena erupts in a deafening cheer.]

RM: Thank you, Mark. And thank you everyone.

[Martinez moves slightly off center, taking careful steps until he locates the right spot, his head bends down, as he stares at the mat while talking.]

RM: It was in this spot, right here that Juan Vasquez drove my neck into the mat and nearly drove me right out of this sport.

And ever since that happened, I've felt like I was being crushed by an enormous weight. I could feel it pressing down on me. On my neck, on my shoulders. I could feel the muscles in my arm tearing as I tried to push up against it and get out from under that terrible burden.

Every time I was just about to give up, I thought about two of the men who helped make me the man I am today. The first was Takeshi Mifune, who tortured my body and did his best to break my spirit. But his cruel tutelage taught me one thing.

[Martinez slowly lifts his head, and the camera zooms in on the defiant fire blazing in his eyes.]

RM: There is no fall so great as to be impossible to rise up from.

Every time Mifune-sensai put me down, I had to find it in me to rise. I had to draw upon the power I was given and push through the fear and the pain. I had to rise, and keep rising. And remember that I've been given a great power.

And to remember that it was power given to me.

[Martinez draws in a deep breath, exhaling slowly.]

RM: Given to me by men like Yoshito Katsumura, the man who took me off the streets of Tokyo and first trained me. Given to me by Karl O'Connor, who gave me my first break here in the AWA. And by men like Emerson Gellar, who gave me an opportunity to stand here right now, and to go to New Orleans and challenge for the World Title.

But mostly, the power you all give me.

[As the fans once more cheer, Martinez looks out over the sea of faces.]

RM: The power I have? It comes from you. The power to stand out here and talk to you. The power to compete in front of you. I know where that power comes from, and I know it isn't from me... its from you.

It's the same power you once gave to Juan Vasquez.

[The tide in the audience turns, as cheers for Martinez turn to boos for Vasquez.]

RM: They know what you've forgotten, Vasquez. Because all you see is your power. You don't see the other side of the coin. The thing that the other great man in my life, my father, Alex Martinez taught me. Both of us have great power, but Vasquez, you've forgotten the most important part of power.

Power brings responsibility, and with great power, must come great responsibility!

[Another approving roar from the crowd.]

RM: You've forgotten your responsibilities, Vasquez. But I haven't!

I have a responsibility to my father, who stood for me when I couldn't stand for myself. I have a responsibility to Jordan Ohara, who held the line when I was lying in a hospital bed. I have a responsibility to Jack Lynch, a man you stole the World Title from.

And I have a responsibility to all of the people who once believed in you, Vasquez. All of the people who spend their money and gave their time to you. All of the people who placed their hope and trust in you. All of these people.

People you betrayed, Vasquez.

And believe me.... I will never forget my responsibility. I will fight until my last breath to prove myself worthy of all that I have been given. The day of reckoning is almost here, Vasquez. And in New Orleans, you will pay the price for ignoring your responsibility!

Cou-

[Before Martinez can continue, a dark choir sings...]

#KOR-AHHHHHH

#MAH-TAH

#KOR-AHHHHHH

#RAH-TAH-MAAAAH

[A HUGE roar of boos immediately fills the arena as "Duel of the Fates" by Galactic Empire plays, signaling the arrival of The Axis of Evil. Jackson Hunter is the first to emerge from behind the curtain, followed by his charge, the massive Maxim Zharkov. They are followed by Derrick Williams and Riley Hunter, singing along to the music into his nunchucks.

And bringing up the rear, with "The Suited Savage" MAWAGA standing guard behind him, is the most hated man in all the AWA, the World Heavyweight Champion, Juan Vasquez.

Vasquez walks to the front of the group with microphone in hand and the World Title belt slung over his shoulder. He looks around the arena, as the boos shower down on him and The Axis.]

JV: I couldn't help but hear that you think I'm ignoring my responsibilities.

[A soft chuckle.]

JV: I couldn't help but hear that somehow a pathetic product of nepotism like you thinks that HE can tell Juan Vasquez what it means to have power!

[He turns to his comrades in The Axis.]

JV: You hear that fellas? Ryan Martinez, the man who has literally been our personal punching bag all year long thinks HE knows what it means to have power!

[Juan cackles an incredibly fake and annoying laugh, as the rest of The Axis snickers.]

JV: Thanks for the laugh, amigo. It's nice to know that even after I broke your stupid stinkin' neck, you didn't lose your sense of humor. Take a good look, Ryan, because THIS...

[He gestures to himself and the rest of The Axis.]

JV: ...is power. Unimaginable, infinite, overwhelming POWER. And when you're at the top of the food chain like we are, the only reason thing we have a responsibility towards is ourselves.

[He points to the crowd.]

JV: These people? They gave me NOTHING.

[A loud roar of boos.]

JV: But I gave them EVERYTHING. I graciously shared my power with them. I let them live vicariously through the greatest professional wrestler they'll ever see in their lives. My victories were their victories. My triumphs were their triumphs. And I let them experience an AWA that actually was...

[He looks down at the title on his shoulder and pats it.]

JV: ...and IS great again.

[A big, obnoxious grin forms on his face as the boos grow even louder.]

JV: And it was my power...

[He points to all the members of The Axis.]

JV: ...OUR power that made it possible!

You're welcome.

[The crowd really lets him have it, but Juan ignores them.]

JV: But why am I explaining this to a weakling like you? You don't know what the first thing about holding power. You surround yourself with weaklings just like you. Like Supreme Wright. You think you and Supreme can put your heads together and find a way to stop me?

Ha! Good luck with that.

[Inside the ring, we see Ryan Martinez, staring a hole through Vasquez as the World Champion berates him.]

JV: Or your father.

RM: Don't you dare say a thing about my father! He's a greater man than you'll ever be!

[Juan grins.]

JV: That might be true, kid. Your father WAS a man that had power. At his peak, there might not have been another wrestler in history bigger or badder. And maybe I didn't completely extinguish that fire in him...and because of that, I know that he's still dangerous.

[A smirk.]

JV: Which is exactly why I don't intend to let him make good on his promise to be in your corner at SuperClash!

RM: You son of a...

JV: Ah ah...language, Chico. I know Alex raised you better than that. And I also know your old man ain't the type to turn down a challenge. So what I propose is that daddy dearest gets shown what power truly means and faces one of my Axis tonight.

[The AWA's White Knight smiles at the challenge, nodding his head.]

RM: Just before I came out here, I spoke to my father, and you and I both know that Alex Martinez has never refused a fight.

[The crowd roars! However, Juan simply chuckles in response.]

JV: Famous last words, kid. 'Cause tonight, your papi ain't just facing anyone. He's facing a man whose abilities you know VERY well.

[Juan turns and points to The Axis member that he's chosen to carry out the grim task of ridding him of Alex Martinez.]

JV: ...MAWAGA!

[The Suited Savage has no change in expression, staying stoic behind his dark sunglasses. However, Ryan Martinez' expression changes greatly. He very visibly chews his bottom lip, staring out at the assembled masses.]

GM: Alex Martinez vs MAWAGA?! Are you kiddin-

[Ryan's voice cuts off Gordon.]

RM: My father against your savage?

If you want it...

[But the younger Martinez has a moment of hesitation, as worry comes to his face, an uncertainty that his father can actually stand up to the challenge laid down clouding his thoughts. But that doubt is dismissed, as Martinez continues.]

RM: Then I'm sure my father would be happy to take out another one of your flunkies!

[Martinez throws down the mic to a big cheer as Vasquez smirks, nodding happily.]

GM: Wow! What a match that's going to be, Bucky!

BW: The challenge is laid down and accepted! The Hall of Famer, Alex Martinez, is going one-on-one with the mighty MAWAGA later tonight!

GM: I can't wait for that.

[The Axis stands in the aisle, shouting off-mic at Martinez as we fade to black...

...and then fade back up as the sounds of Jason Aldean's "Lights Go Out" starts to play over various shots of the New Orleans area. A steamboat docked on the shore. A statue in the middle of the city. A twilight overhead shot of cars zipping by on the freeway. An overhead shot of a church cuts to a time lapse shot of the SuperDome - the home of SuperClash VIII as the clouds move swiftly by and the lyrics begin.]

#When the lights come on, everybody's screaming#

[A night time drone shot of the Mercedes-Benz Superdome lights up the screen and then cuts to an interior shot of a crowd celebrating in the 'Dome.]

#Lighters in the sky, yeah, everybody's singing#

[A fan shot of a yellow sign that reads "HOME SWEET DOME" cuts to another crowd shot, this one of a fan gripping a sign that reads "THE DOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS."]

#Every word to every song to a girl to take it home tonight#

[A large crowd shot of a cheering crowd, showing off the immense audience who will be packed into the Dome soon enough.]

#When the lights come on, everybody's feeling#

[Older footage comes up, showing the huge audience that once packed into the Superdome to see Muhammad Ali fight Leon Spinks cuts to a shot of that actual fight.]

#A hallelujah high from the floor to the ceiling#

[A football falls just out of the reach of one of the San Francisco 49ers in a shot from a Super Bowl played in the Dome.]

#Yeah, the drink that we're drinking, the smoke that we're smoking#

[Cut to a shot of Mick Jagger center stage in the Dome at a Rolling Stones concert held there and then to Keith Richards from the same show strumming his guitar.]

#The party we throw, it's going all night long#

[A burst of pyro fills the screen before we see a time lapse of the crowd filing into the stadium for a New Orleans Saints game.]

#When the lights come on#

[Cut to another time lapse shot outside the Superdome as the sun goes down and the lights come on.]

#When the lights come on#

[And we cut to the SuperClash VIII logo with all the information on the show...

...and then to black.

We fade back up from commercial where Mark Stegglet is standing by backstage.]

MS: We are back here LIVE on Saturday Night Wrestling where we just had a gigantic Main Event set for here in St. Louis. The AWA World Champion, Juan Vasquez, has demanded that the father of his SuperClash opponent - Alex Martinez - go one-on-one with the mighty MAWAGA!

[Stegglet eyes dart to the side for a moment and he turns in that direction.]

MS: Mr. Vasquez! Mr. Vasquez, a quick word...

[The World Champion ambles into view, a smirk on his face.]

JV: Sorry, Stegglet... But the days of me wasting my time talking to an AWA camera for free are over. If you wanna know what's on my mind, I suggest you get your uncle's checkbook out and stand in line with the Alanas and Izumis of the world and negotiate the right price for it.

[Stegglet grimaces.]

MS: Mr. Vasquez, I'd like to remind you that we are live.

JV: Don't I know it. I'm just letting anyone interested in the services of the GREATEST WRESTLER THAT EVER EXISTED ...know about my impending free agency.

[A loud clearing of a throat is heard from off-camera as AWA co-owner Jon Stegglet walks into view to stand beside his nephew.]

JS: Maybe you should spend less time worrying about your future employer and more time worrying about your present one.

[Vasquez chuckles, putting a hand on Mark Stegglet's shoulder.]

JV: And they call HIM Mark.

[A shake of the head.]

JS: Very funny, Mr. Vasquez... but what I find funny is that you suddenly think with that World Title comes the authority to make matches out here for the show. Alex Martinez versus MAWAGA?

[Vasquez nods.]

JS: An interesting matchup and one that I wouldn't mind seeing at all. So, I'm going to make that match... not you... me.

JV: Whatever lets you look yourself in the mirror, amigo. Now if you'll excuse me-

[Stegglet reaches out, grabbing Vasquez by the arm, drawing an "oooooh" from inside the arena. Vasquez slowly turns, his eyes burning into his employer.]

JV: I'd take that hand away before I snap it off.

[Stegglet keeps his hand in place for a few more moments before letting go.]

JS: I just wanted to make sure that you didn't miss my next announcement. You see, since it's me who has the authority to make matches around here... I've decided that you're going to be in a match tonight.

Because, champ, I've got a little secret for you.

The network suits may want to see you get your ass kicked at SuperClash.

The fans may want to see you get your ass kicked at SuperClash.

Hell, the whole locker room may want to see you get your ass kicked at SuperClash.

[Stegglet shrugs.]

JS: Me?

[He lowers his voice to a stage whisper.]

JS: I just don't give a damn if you make it there.

[The smirk on Juan's face has completely disappeared. Back to normal volume.]

JS: You see, I learned a thing or two in my days in Los Angeles about making a wrestler who is a thorn in my side go through a living hell. And so, I've decided that every week you show up on SNW - and that'll be all of them to SuperClash... check with your lawyers on that one - that you're going to face an opponent of MY choosing.

[Vasquez shakes his head.]

JV: Are you kidding me? I gotta train for SuperClash.

JS: I know you do... and there's no better way to train than to get in that ring every two weeks and show the world why this is the Juan Vasquez Show Starring Juan Vasquez, right?

[Vasquez begrudgingly nods.]

JS: Perfect. Now, when I came up with this idea, there was one person who - above all others - told me he wanted a chance to get in that ring with you and teach you some respect for those who came before you.

[The camera pulls back a bit to reveal another AWA owner, "The Outlaw" Bobby Taylor, standing behind Vasquez. The crowd ROARS at the implication.]

BT: Ain't life grand... amigo?

[Vasquez wheels around, fists at the ready. Taylor drops back, ready to defend himself.]

JS: Hold on... hold on! Now, as much as I'd love to see Bobby relive his glory days and kick your stinkin' teeth right down your throat... AWA legal advises me that putting one of the owners of the company in there to physically torment you might not be our best strategy.

So, I gave Bobby a compromise...

He got to pick your opponent.

[Big cheer from inside the arena!]

BT: And all it took was one phone call to find someone willing to show up here tonight and beat you bloody.

[The camera pulls back again as the towering image of the seven foot plus Robert Donovan steps into view. The crowd inside the arena ROARS at the sight of the long-time AWA competitor who is standing in faded blue jeans, a black tank top that shows off his scarred arms, and a Singapore Cane draped over his shoulder.]

RD: Hey Juan... been a while...

[Vasquez is slack-jawed in shock at this development, silent as he's surrounded on all sides.]

RD: Guess he's surprised to see me. See you in the ring, champ.

[With a chuckle, Donovan turns and walks away. Stegglet grins, doing the same.]

BT: Oh, and by the way... it's been a while since Rob's been in a ring so I wasn't sure if he remembered the rules.

So I threw them out. It's an Extreme Rules match... just like the old days.

[Taylor winks.]

BT: Enjoy your evening... to the extreme.

[Taylor walks off camera, leaving a shocked Juan Vasquez standing next to a smirking Mark Stegglet as we fade to black...

...and then fade back out to ringside where a grinning Gordon Myers is standing.]

GM: How about that, Bucky? Jon Stegglet making it clear that Juan Vasquez - as long as he works here, he works for Stegglet!

BW: Robert Donovan?! Where the heck did Taylor dig him up?!

GM: I have no idea but I know that Robert Donovan in an Extreme Rules match against Juan Vasquez is potentially bad, bad news for the World Champion. I can't wait for that one. Now, let's go up to the ring with the World Television Title on the line!

[Crossfade from the announce duo back to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing by with referee Scott Ezra.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome the "Voice of Super K Boxing,"

NICHOLAS VAUGHN!!!

[Cheers for the man known as "The Voice," a handsome man in his forties, clean-shaven, with short, neat salt-and-pepper hair, as he steps through the entranceway. Vaughn is dressed in a tuxedo and carries a microphone in his hand.]

TVNV: St. Louis, Missouri, are you ready to break out the next bout?

[In unison, the crowd yells "Yes!"]

TVNV: I said, are you ready to BREAK OUT THE BOOOUUUT!!!

[The crowd goes wild for one of Vaughn's catchphrases.]

TVNV: Then send some vibrations to the foundations, get the Chaifetz Arena shakin' and awakin' and give it up for...

[The Chieftain's "Brian Boru's March" is met with jeering mixed in with some cheers from the fans in attendance.]

TVNV: THE GLOBAL FACE OF AWA TELEVISION!

[Callum Mahoney, sandy-haired with lightly-tanned skin and dressed in a black studded leather jacket, with metallic spikes covering the shoulders and lapels of the jacket, over his wrestling attire, which consists of a black singlet, with the image of a brown bear, standing on its hind legs, across the front, black knee pads and black boots, strides through the entranceway. Draped over his right shoulder is, of course, the World Television title.]

TVNV: For it is time, once again, to put the AWA World Television championship ON THE LINE!

[Mahoney grabs the belt by the strap and holds it up to cheers from the crowd.]

TVNV: WHO will walk out of this match the AWA World Television champion?

[Some of the fans can be heard yelling "MA-HO-NEY!" As he makes his way down the aisle, Mahoney, who would normally regard the AWA faithful with disdain, actually has a smile on his face.]

TVNV: WHO, in ten minutes or less, will make his opponent submit to any number of holds?

[Again, the distinct shout of "MA-HO-NEY!" can be heard.]

TVNV: WHO is the master of the Emerald Cutter?

[Once more, the fans yell "MA-HO-NEY!" Reaching the ring, Mahoney climbs the steps, wiping the soles of his boots on the canvas before stepping through the ropes.]

TVNV: He is the Rowdiest Rebel from the Rebel County, Ireland. He is the Armbar Assassin. He is...

CALLUM MAAAHONEEEY!!!

[Standing in the center of the ring, Mahoney holds the belt aloft once more. He then motions for the microphone from Rebecca Ortiz, who hands it over, as the music fades.]

CM: Time and time again I have proven that it does not matter who management sends out to face me, because whoever it is that steps through that entranceway, the outcome is quite simple: he will have NO CHOICE, but. To. Tap. Out!

[Large parts of the crowd join in shouting "TO! TAP! OUT!"]

CM: So, to the poor soul waiting for the music to hit and for a producer to tell him it's time, HURRY UP and...

[The crowd finishes the sentence for him.]

"GET! IN! HERE!"

[Mahoney hands the mic back to Ortiz, who can now make the actual ring announcement.]

RO: The following contest, scheduled for one fall, with a ten-minute time limit, is for the AWA World Television championship! Introducing first, the champion, hailing from County Cork, Ireland and weighing in at 240 pounds, he is...

CALLUM MAAAHONEEY!!!

[Mahoney plays to the crowd a little, slinging the title belt up into the air again before handing it over to the official.]

RO: Annnnnnd his opponent... from Chicago, Illinois... weighing in at 282 pounds... HEATH POLK!

[An overweight slob of a man in a double-strapped black singlet comes striding down the aisle, pointing at the ring threateningly, doing the "belt gesture," and all that jazz. Mahoney seems unconcerned, jogging in place as his challenger heads towards the ring.]

GM: Heath Polk will be the challenger tonight... and thanks to Nicholas Vaughn for his special appearance here tonight. If you haven't checked out Super K Boxing here on The X yet, you're really missing out. Bucky, what can you tell me about Heath Polk?

BW: He appears to not have missed very many meals, Gordo.

[Gordon softly chuckles as Polk climbs into the ring, giving a big yell as he pounds his fists into his chest. Referee Scott Ezra steps to mid-ring, making sure both men wait until the bell...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And just like that, here we go!

[Polk comes charging out of the corner, barreling across the ring at Mahoney who stares him down...]

...and then sidesteps, whipping Polk chestfirst into the buckles where he hits hard before stumbling backwards. Mahoney seizes him by the arm, running towards the corner where he leaps up to the second rope...]

GM: Unusual offense out of Mahoney... rope-assisted armdrag brings the big man down and-

[...and just like that, the Armbar Assassin lives up to his name twisting the limb into a cross armbreaker!]

GM: THERE IT IS! MAHONEY LOCKS IT IN!

[And a few seconds later, Heath Polk is tapping out like a madman. The bell sounds and Mahoney keeps the hold on for a few more second before he lets it go, rolling backwards to his feet, a grin on his face as Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

RO: Here is your winner... and STILL AWA WORLD TELEVISION CHAMMMMPIONNNN...

CALLLLLLLUMMMMM MAAAAAAHOOOOOONEYYYYYYY!

[Mahoney retrieves the title belt from the official, holding it high.]

GM: And if you blinked, fans, you might've missed that one but you won't want to miss Sweet Lou Blackwell getting some words from the champion and that's going down right after this short break!

[Mahoney continues to celebrate as we fade to black...

...and then fade back up as the sounds of Jason Aldean's "Lights Go Out" starts to play over various shots of the New Orleans area. A steamboat docked on the shore. A statue in the middle of the city. A twilight overhead shot of cars zipping by on the freeway. An overhead shot of a church cuts to a time lapse shot of the SuperDome - the home of SuperClash VIII as the clouds move swiftly by and the lyrics begin.]

#When the lights come on, everybody's screaming#

[A night time drone shot of the Mercedes-Benz Superdome lights up the screen and then cuts to an interior shot of a crowd celebrating in the 'Dome.]

#Lighters in the sky, yeah, everybody's singing#

[A fan shot of a yellow sign that reads "HOME SWEET DOME" cuts to another crowd shot, this one of a fan gripping a sign that reads "THE DOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS."]

#Every word to every song to a girl to take it home tonight#

[A large crowd shot of a cheering crowd, showing off the immense audience who will be packed into the Dome soon enough.]

#When the lights come on, everybody's feeling#

[Older footage comes up, showing the huge audience that once packed into the Superdome to see Muhammad Ali fight Leon Spinks cuts to a shot of that actual fight.]

#A hallelujah high from the floor to the ceiling#

[A football falls just out of the reach of one of the San Francisco 49ers in a shot from a Super Bowl played in the Dome.]

#Yeah, the drink that we're drinking, the smoke that we're smoking#

[Cut to a shot of Mick Jagger center stage in the Dome at a Rolling Stones concert held there and then to Keith Richards from the same show strumming his guitar.]

#The party we throw, it's going all night long#

[A burst of pyro fills the screen before we see a time lapse of the crowd filing into the stadium for a New Orleans Saints game.]

#When the lights come on#

[Cut to another time lapse shot outside the Superdome as the sun goes down and the lights come on.]

#When the lights come on#

[And we cut to the SuperClash VIII logo with all the information on the show...

...and then fade back up to “Sweet” Lou Blackwell who is standing by on the interview platform with Callum Mahoney, still looking fresh despite having just competed, World Television Title draped over his left shoulder.]

SLB: Callum Mahoney, congratulations on another successful title defense of the World Television Championship. Now, two weeks ago on your pal Kerry Kendrick’s Think Tank, Terry Shane challenged you to put the title on the line against him at SuperClash. What have you got to say in response?

CM: Terry Shane... You say YOU are going to make THIS title matter? I don’t know, Sweet Lou, but...

[He holds the title up, to cheers from the crowd.]

CM: Does this look like a title that doesn’t matter to you?

[Shouts of “No!” can be heard from the crowd.]

CM: Does it sound like this is a title that does not matter? No! Not only has it been held by the likes of Kerry Kendrick... By the likes of Supernova... And it is currently being held by the one true GLOBAL FACE OF AWA TELEVISION.

The way I see it, the only person looking for relevancy around here, Terry, is YOU! That’s why you issued the challenge. It’s like walking into the prison yard, looking for the biggest, toughest, meanest-looking fella and slapping him in the face. Well, I heard you, Terry. I felt your slap. You have my attention. More importantly...

[Mahoney sweeps his hand out, pointing to the fans.]

CM: You have their attention. You are not going to make the World Television Championship matter, because it already does. But we all know what you really want is to MAKE TERRY SHANE MATTER AGAIN!

Unfortunately, Terry, nobody’s clamoring for that on a hat. Unfortunately, Terry, it is still MY YARD you’ll be stepping into. Unfortunately, Terry, I am a giving person.

I accept your challenge.

[The crowd cheers the announcement of a SuperClash title match as Mahoney nods.]

CM: I’m giving you the chance to make Terry Shane matter again. More importantly, I am giving the AWA Galaxy what it wants, which is to see me MAKE. HIM. TAP!

MAKE!

HIM!

TAP!

MAKE!

HIM!

TAP!

[The chant is picked up by the crowd, as Mahoney holds the World Television title aloft, pumping his fist along...

...and we slowly fade backstage to the interview area where Shadoe Rage is standing. He's got a microphone in hand, dressed for battle in his black leather ring gear and ragged cotton cowl. He doesn't wear his trademark sunglasses so his crazy, staring eyes are unleashed at full power. The brute hasn't even started speaking, but he already seems overwhelmed by his own intensity. He shakes and tics, twitching and spinning in circles.]

SR: Oh yeah, let's go! Blake Colton, I don't know what's got in your head, boy. You're like an ant watching an elephant with assault on its mind! You think you can step in the ring with me? Naw, man. You're swimming with the sharks now. You think that fake name and fake lineage will match up with a Rage?

NEVER!

[Rage spins in a circle before he stabs his finger at the camera.]

SR: The name Colton might mean something in the bleakest and most remote parts of Western Canada, but that's it. Why do think your little buddy Blackjack pushes those nostalgia commercials so hard? Why do you think that is? Yeah, the checks your family cashes to pretend that they are relevant. You may send money. You may send commercials. We send TALENT. We MAKE money. Shadoe Rage, greatest World Television Champion in history! Lauryn Rage, greatest AWA Women's Champion! And all that was accomplished despite the AWA trying to hold us back.

[A series of twitches cause the powerful muscles on Rage's neck to pop and jump. His head snaps from side to side before he gets himself together enough to speak.]

SR: So now you want to step up? You want to try to show the West is best? Well, the East is in the house! OH MY GOD! And that's danger for you! That's real danger! You've stepped into Rage Country, population everybody except you and the Lynches. Blackjack thinks he can send a muscled up punk like you to take me out? He's too scared to send his children against me! Just like he was too scared to give my father his due!

What did he promise you? The World Television Championship to take me out? Main Event matches? Take my place? Take my spot on the card? Not gonna happen! It's not gonna happen! Jeremiah Colton's seed ain't strong enough! He can't produce a MAN like my father did! Naw man, can't do nuthin' against the Sensation Shadoe Rage! I'm a fighting champion... belt or no belt! The Rage genes are so strong! Too strong for the likes of you! Ask all the Rageoholics out there if I'm not the greatest professional wrestler of all time!

Yes I am! YES I AM!

[Rage lowers the mic as he looks up at the ceiling, drawing in a deep breath and seemingly asking some unseen force for calm before he snaps his attention straight back and through the camera.]

SR: And you Blackjack, don't think I've forgotten about you, the fat old spider at the middle of the web pulling strings! I've done nothing but win around here and all of a sudden I drop out of the World Heavyweight Championship contender rankings! All of a sudden, I'm not one of the top contenders to little Travis Lynch's toy belt. Think I don't know what you're doing? Think I don't know that you're trying to bring me down? Can't be done, man! Can't be done! You think you're going to hold me down long enough for me to shoot myself in the foot like you think my father did! That's your big mistake! All you're doing is bringing the best of him out in me! Blackjack, I'm gonna get you! Think what happened in CCW was bad? Wait til you see what I do to you and your family!

You think Colton is going to embarrass me? I'm going to embarrass you! I'm gonna crush him! Best family in Canada? Are you crazy! Try to keep the Rage name from the top! Try! You're gonna hurt for all your scheming! This boy Colton is gonna hurt for all your scheming, Blackjack! Your whole family is gonna hurt for all your scheming! I'm gonna take this boy's career. No more Coltons! Bye! Bye! And then I'm gonna start erasing the Lynches one by one until you realize the mistakes you made all those years ago have to be paid for! And they'll be paid for in blood! Colton blood! Rage blood! And gallons of Lynch blood!

[Rage stares a hole through the camera.]

SR: Gallons of Lynch blood, Blackjack! It's gonna be beautiful!

[The cameras hold on Rage's insanity for a moment before the shot fades back to the ring where Blake Colton and Curtis Kestrel are huddled up, Kestrel gesturing to the big screen where the live audience just saw Rage's interview. Rebecca Ortiz begins.]

RO: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... in the corner to my right... being accompanied to the ring by Curtis Kestrel... from Calgary, Alberta, Canada... weighing in at 310 pounds... BLAAAAAAAAAKE COLLLLLTONNNNN!

[The powerful young rookie steps away from his corner, throwing back his arms with a roar to cheers from the St. Louis crowd.]

GM: The Coltons, of course, are no strangers to the great wrestling city of St. Louis with many of them appearing here over the years.

BW: They better take a long, hard look at this kid because this may be the last they'll ever see of him.

GM: Shadoe Rage certainly does have an aggressive attitude heading into this one - perhaps even moreso than usual.

BW: I didn't even think that was possible.

[Colton drops back to the corner, right under the learning tree of Curtis Kestrel who talks to his young partner who nods his head repeatedly.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent... from Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada... weighing in at 244 pounds...

"SENSAAAAATIONALLLLLL"
SHAAAAAADOOOOOOOOE
RAAAAAAAGE!

[The simple guitar and clap set the crowd on edge as Shadoe Rage's theme "God's Gonna Cut You Down" plays over the arena's loudspeakers. As the lyrics begin, the crowd parts and Shadoe Rage emerges on stage. The savage bearded and dreadlocked warrior is the man in black: black trunks, black boots, knee pads, single black glove on his right hand, long black sleeve on his right arm, black elbow pads and a ragged black monks cloth cape draped around his shoulders with the hood down. His hazel eyes blaze as he snarls at the crowd. Rage is unusually twitchy even for him. He stalks down the ring, staring a hole through the referee.]

GM: Bucky, Shadoe Rage has never been the most stable wrestler.

BW: You're being generous, Gordo.

GM: Indeed, but now that he has this issue with Blackjack Lynch, he seems even more possessed by the demons that drive him.

BW: Well, Blake Colton has a tough task ahead of him. You're right, Gordo. Shadoe Rage is lost in his own head and that can't be good for anybody.

[Rage takes the ring. He does not preen or pirouette for the people. He simply stares at Colton's corner, muttering to himself, his eyes alight with maniacal glee. Every once in a while he cocks his head, listening to a voice that no one else can hear as he removes his cape and drops it on the apron. He stretches and shakes out his arms, pops his neck and bounces from foot to foot. All the while he is still mumbling to himself and staring a hole through Colton's corner.]

GM: You get the feeling this could be a rough night for the young rookie as referee Andy Dawson steps in there... checking to see if both men are ready to begin...

[The bell sounds as Dawson steps back. Big Blake Colton strides out of the ring, wiggling his fingers as he approaches Rage who sidesteps to his right, trying to stay out of Colton's reach. Colton makes a lunge at Rage who ducks under his grasping arms, dancing away with a waggle of his finger.]

GM: Swing and a miss by Colton... and this seems like the right strategy for Shadoe Rage tonight.

BW: Absolutely. He's gotta stay out of the big kid's reach. Don't let him get his hands on you for those slams, those suplexes, all that. Stick and move.

GM: One might expect that with Rage's mentality going into this that he might not be able to execute a gameplan but we're about to find out, I suppose.

[Colton edges around, eyes on Rage again as Rage's eyes dart around wildly. Colton surges forward, again looking for a tieup, and again Rage ducks under, spinning away with the slightest of smirks.]

GM: Colton comes up empty again and you have to believe this is Rage trying to frustrate the rookie whose experience level so far has had him mostly in tag team matches with Curtis Kestrel.

[Colton throws a glance at his tag partner who gestures downwards with both arms, trying to calm his emotional young friend.]

GM: Kestrel telling Colton to keep his cool in there. Good advice.

BW: Well, Rage isn't going to so I suppose someone should.

[The young man from Calgary takes a few deep breaths before moving towards Rage again. Rage dances back and forth, trying to throw off Colton's timing...]

GM: Colton goes high... Rage goes low, ducking away...

[And this time, as Rage spins around, he sticks a jab into Colton's face... and another... and a third. Colton again lunges at Rage who ducks low, spinning away and crowing Colton with an overhead elbow down between the eyes, knocking Colton backwards into the ropes. Rage steps closer to him, sticking out his chin defiantly as Curtis Kestrel warns his partner from getting too out of control.]

GM: Shadoe Rage is definitely in Blake Colton's head at this stage of the matchup...

[Colton takes a few more deep breaths at his partner's advice, squaring his feet on Rage who fakes dashing in a couple of times, his confidence growing with every moment.]

GM: Here we go again...

[Rage rushes forward, ducking down... but this time, Colton anticipates it, snatching Rage around the waist and tossing him across the ring with ease with a gutwrench suplex!]

GM: Whoa! Look at the power from this young man!

[Rage pops right up, charging in blindly at the young man who steps forward and FLOORS Rage with a massive shoulder tackle, causing Rage to sail backwards, flipping over before coming to rest on the canvas!]

GM: Wow! What a tackle by the young man!

[Colton is fired up now, stomping across the ring towards the corner where Rage has pulled himself to his feet. He tries to step out but Colton shoves him back in with ease before clubbing him across the sternum with a massive forearm shot!]

GM: Good grief!

[With Rage reeling, Colton grabs him under the arm...

...and HURLS him three-quarters of the way across the ring with a king-sized biel!]

GM: OHHHHH MYYYYYY!

[As Rage bounces off the canvas to a big cheer, he rolls right out of the ring to the floor, grabbing at his lower back as he stomps around the ringside area in a huff.]

GM: And just like that, Shadoe Rage's gameplan for the night is thrown askew by big Blake Colton!

[Rage is stalking around ringside, muttering to himself, throwing the occasional glance up at Colton...

...and without paying attention to where he's going, ends up face-to-face with Curtis Kestrel. Rage pulls to an abrupt halt, extending a threatening arm, shouting at Kestrel.]

GM: And this just got even more interesting, fans.

[But Colton isn't about to let his partner get attacked by Rage as he steps out to the apron...

...which is when Shadoe Rage grabs him by the leg, yanking hard on it, causing Colton to faceplant down on the ring apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The maniacal Rage shrieks with delight as he grabs Colton by his mop of dirty blond hair, smashing him facefirst down on the apron again... and again. Rage peels away, arms spread wide as the St. Louis fans jeer his every move. Kestrel stays nearby, speaking softly to Colton as the referee checks to see if the big man can continue.]

GM: Shadoe Rage is right at home out here on the floor - just as his father was... but you have to imagine a young rookie like Blake Colton might not be.

BW: Yeah, this is his habitat, Gordo. Rage is so dangerous outside the ring.

[Rage grabs Colton with two hands full of his unkempt hair, dragging him off the apron...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and flinging him backfirst into the ringside barricade!]

GM: Goodness! Shadoe Rage puts him into the railing... and look at this!

[Rage scrambles up on the apron, quickly stepping to the middle and then to the top rope. He stands tall for all to see, arms extended over his head...]

GM: One of the signature moves of Shadoe Rage as he...

[Rage leaps off the top rope, arms coming together in a double axehandle.]

GM: ...comes all the way down to the floor with Death From Above!

[The blow connects solidly over Colton's head, putting the big man down on the barely-padded ringside floor. Rage stands over him, planting his foot on Colton's chest as he badmouths him from above.]

"You think you can hang with me?! You think the Coltons can hang with me?! You're nothing! Your whole family? Nothing!"

[Rage abruptly spins away from Colton, sliding under the ropes to break the count...

...and then rolls right back out.]

GM: Shadoe Rage breaks up the count, making sure we don't see a double countout here tonight in St. Louis.

[A snarling Rage pulls the struggling Colton off the floor, smashing his face down into the ring apron before shoving him under the bottom rope.]

GM: And now, it's Rage putting Colton back in, perhaps looking to finish off the young rookie from Calgary.

[With Colton down on the mat, Rage climbs up on the ring apron, turning to gloat to the ringside fans before he steps up to the bottom rope... to the middle... and finally, to the top...]

GM: And it looks like Rage is looking to bury the point of his elbow into Colton's Canadian heart!

[Rage stands tall up top again, arms stretched out over his head...

...which is when Colton rolls away, rolling way out of Rage's range. The crowd laughs at Rage as he shouts at Colton from the top. The laughter seems to get to Rage who cups his hands over his ears, shouting "SHUT UP! SHUT UP!" at the mocking crowd before he hops down off the ropes. He charges across the ring, dropping to his knees with a double axehandle across Colton's face!]

GM: Shadoo Rage seems to be having trouble with this St. Louis crowd here tonight...

[Snatching Colton by the hair, Rage measures him and drills him with a right hand between the eyes... and another... and another. A flurry of fists follow, forcing the referee to issue a count to break it. Rage again hops to his feet, his tongue flicking out as he steps on the middle rope, shouting "WHO'S LAUGHING NOW?!" at the ringside fans who jeer him before he drops back down.]

GM: Rage again wasting time berating these fans in St. Louis. I don't understand that, Bucky.

BW: We know he's a volatile guy, Gordo. He's just proving it with stuff like that.

[Dragging Colton off the mat, Rage shoves him back into the corner. He steps forward, trapping the young rookie in the turnbuckles before he throws a vicious back elbow to the jaw... and another... and another. He pivots his body, throwing knees to the ribcage, leaving Colton reeling as Rage steps back at the referee's orders...

...and steps back in for one more blow.]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OHH! He slaps the man across the face! There's no call for that, Bucky! None at all!

BW: I'd have to agree with you there. Just seems like he might tick the big man off.

[Rage snatches Colton's wrist in his hand, looking to pull him out of the corner into a short-arm clothesline...

...but no dice.]

BW: Uh oh.

GM: Colton's hanging on to the ropes! He's refusing to be pulled from the corner!

[The former World Television Champion attempts another big whip...

...and again, Colton holds his ground, defiantly shaking his head at a surprised Rage!]

GM: Colton's refusing to budge! Rage tries it again and- reversed!

[Colton ends up pulling his own arm towards him, yanking Rage in his direction where he hoists him up over his head...]

GM: MILITARY PRESS!

[The 310 pounder strides from the corner, holding Rage aloft for all to see...

...and HURLS him down to the canvas with a thunderous slam!]

GM: OHHHH MY!

[Rage rolls to his side, cradling his lower back...

...and then rolls right back out to the floor. Colton claps his hands together in frustration, glaring at the downed Rage as he hobbles around the ringside area.]

GM: Colton sends Rage scurrying from the ring again and despite some flurries of offense, I believe this match can NOT be going the way that Shadoe Rage was hoping it would.

[Rage is again beside himself outside the ring, loudly muttering to himself as he stomps past the timekeeper's table...

...where he suddenly snatches the ring bell up in his hands, flinging it over the ropes into the ring! The crowd gasps as Colton watches it bounce across the canvas.]

GM: What the-?!

[The timekeeper gets to his feet, scurrying away from Rage who picks up his chair, leaving it unfolded as he HURLS it backwards over his head, again bouncing off the canvas inside the ring.]

GM: Shadoe Rage is throwing things into the ring now! That oughta be a disqualification!

BW: Should it? He hasn't used anything on anyone yet.

GM: It seems like just a matter of time if you ask me.

[Rage picks up Rebecca Ortiz' vacated chair, flinging it like a frisbee into the ring as well, narrowly missing the protesting official who is threatening Rage with a disqualification if he keeps it up. Colton angrily shouts at Rage, approaching the ropes. He ducks through them, snatching Rage by his hair!]

GM: Oh yeah! Get him, kid!

[Rage pivots around, drilling Colton with a right hand to the temple that sends him falling backwards. The former champion scrambles up on the apron, slingshotting through the ropes into a sloppy tackle that takes Colton down, his shoulders on the mat...

...and Rage slips his feet up onto the middle rope for leverage!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But a surprising shout from Curtis Kestrel alerts the referee as to what Rage is doing and he abruptly stops the count, waving off the pin attempt. Rage springs to his feet, getting up in the official's face, backing Dawson across the ring.]

GM: Rage is risking disqualification again right here!

[Colton, back on his feet, grabs Rage from behind, spinning him around...]

GM: BIG RIGHT- NO!

[The crowd gasps as Rage ducks and Colton nearly blasts the referee into oblivion but the big Canadian holds off, apologizing to the official as Rage slinks away...

...and very clearly in view of the camera, sticks his hand down the front of his trunks.]

GM: What in the...?

BW: Cut away! Give the man some privacy for crying out loud!

[Rage smirks as he reveals a piece of metal tucked inside his clenched fist now.]

GM: He's loaded up that right hand! He's got a weapon of some kind! A foreign object!

BW: I mean, he's Canadian. Do we really consider that foreign anymore?

[Colton spins around, grabbing Rage from behind. He hoists the former champion up, dropping him down on a bent knee with an atomic drop that sends Rage flying towards the ropes, flipping over them and landing outside on the ring apron!]

GM: Blake Colton has no idea that Rage has loaded up that right hand... but the big man keeps bringing the fight to him!

[Colton turns to the crowd, giving a shout as he pumps a powerful arm. He stomps towards the ropes, reaching down over them towards a dazed Rage. He grabs a handful of hair, pulling Rage up to his feet...

...when Rage slaps the hand away, swinging a big right hand!]

GM: Colton ducks the loaded right hand! And he's gonna bring in Rage the hard way!

[With Rage's back to the ropes, Colton lifts him up over the top, looking to bring Rage in with a back suplex from outside in...

...and Rage SLAMS his loaded fist down on an unsuspecting Colton's head!]

GM: OHH!

[Colton drops like a rock, Rage sprawled out across his chest.]

GM: No, no! Not like this!

[But the referee counts once... twice... and...]

BW: He got him!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Rage promptly rolls under the ropes to the floor, tossing aside the piece of metal as Curtis Kestrel slides into the ring to check on his downed partner.]

GM: Shadoo Rage - with a fistful of steel - lays out young Blake Colton en route to winning this contest!

[Rage leans against the apron, a manic expression on his face as he throws his arms skyward in victory. Inside the ring, Curtis Kestrel is speaking to the referee, pointing at Rage, and miming throwing a punch.]

GM: Wait a second. Curtis Kestrel is trying to let the referee know what happened!

BW: Keep your beak out of it, Kestrel!

[The crowd's cheers as Kestrel implores the referee to check Rage... and the cheers causes Rage to spin around, looking back inside the ring. The official steps closer, pointing at Rage who shakes his head defiantly.]

GM: The referee's asking Rage if he did it! He's asking him if Kestrel is right!

[Rage backs off, still shaking his head. The referee turns back to Kestrel, discussing the situation with him...

...which is when Rage snatches a chair from the timekeeper's table, recklessly flinging it over the ropes. It bounces across the ring, coming to a halt near the downed Colton. The referee shouts at Rage as Kestrel turns to check on his partner...]

GM: Look out!

[...and Rage slides in, another steel chair gripped in hand!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Rage BASHES Kestrel across the back with the chair, causing him to slump down to his knees. The former World Television Champion yanks Kestrel off the mat by the hair, flinging him through the ropes to the floor!]

GM: Oh, come on!

[The crowd is jeering as Rage spins around, fury in his eyes as he snatches his fallen chair off the canvas, threatening the official with it which causes the referee to bail out to the floor...

...and then HAMMERS it down across the ribs of Colton, keeping him down on the canvas!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: RIGHT DOWN ACROSS THE BODY! OH MY!

[Rage twists the chair around in his hands, facing the edge of the chairback down...

...and then JAMS it down into the throat of Colton!]

GM: OHH!

[He presses the chair into the throat, strangling Colton as he leans on the chair. The crowd is jeering louder now as Rage tries to choke the life out of the young man...

...and then abruptly spins away, leaving Colton coughing and gasping for air down on the canvas.]

GM: Colton's barely able to breathe! This lunatic is out of control, fans!

[Rage snatches the chair up again, twisting it around in his hands...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ACROSS THE SHINS! THE ANKLES!

[Again, he turns the chair, driving the back of the chair into the ankle over... and over... and over...]

GM: He's trying to break the kid's ankle! Come on!

[The chair lands again... and again... and again...

...and then the crowd ROARS at the sight of "Cannonball" Lee Connors jogging down the aisle towards the ring!]

GM: Here comes Lee Connors! Trying to help his friend! Trying to-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A big swinging chairshot to the shoulder catches Connors as he tries to come through the ropes, knocking him right back through the ropes to the floor!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: So long, Cannonball!

"DING! DING! DING!"

"DING! DING! DING!"

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The timekeeper ringing that bell, hoping to restore order...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ANOTHER SHOT ACROSS THE ANKLE!

[Colton cries out, grabbing at his ankle in pain as Rage tosses the chair aside, snatching the young Canadian by the leg...]

GM: What in the world is he doing now?

[Rage twists the leg into a stepover toehold, reaching down to secure a cobra clutch!]

GM: What the-?!

BW: That's his father's old move, Gordo! That's the Constrictor!

[Colton cries out again as Rage wrenches the toehold part of the submission, screaming wildly as he does.]

GM: Rage is out of control! Rage has snapped! Blake Colton's in serious trouble and his friends have been taken out by Rage and that damn steel chair!

[Frantically, the referee is waving for additional help out on the floor.]

GM: We need some help out here and we need it quickly! Get some help out here now, damn it!

[A stream of officials and referees come tearing through the curtain, dashing towards the ring where Rage continues to wrench on the leg, using his father's signature hold to do it!]

GM: Hurry up! Get him off the man! Get him off Blake Colton!

[Hitting the ring, officials like Tommy Fierro and Vernon Riley each grab an arm on Rage, trying to rip him off of the downed Colton as the referees all try to help however they can.]

GM: Pull him off! Get him away from him!

[And after a few more excruciating moments for Colton, Fierro and Riley are able to pull Rage out of the hold, dragging him back towards the corner. The wild-eyed Rage is spitting and frothing, desperately trying to break away so that he can attack Colton once more.]

GM: Get him out of there, damn it! This guy's gone too far this time!

[Rage is pushed back, falling through the ropes to the floor where he lands awkwardly. The officials outside the ring quickly grab him, preventing him from getting back inside the ring.]

GM: We need security! We need police! We need something to keep this lunatic under control!

BW: There's no controlling Shadoc Rage, Gordo. You should know that by now. You can only hope to contain him.

GM: Well, contain him in a jail cell then! Let him cool his heels in the local joint overnight!

[Back on his feet, Rage suddenly stops resisting as they drag him down the aisle, a maniacal grin on his face shouting...]

"YOU WANTED HIM!"

"YOU WANTED HIM!"

[His eyes drift backwards, his eyelids clenching tightly before his next words escape...]

"Adrian lives."

"Adrian lives."

"Adrian lives...."

[...and we fade to black.

...and then back up. We see two young kids - a boy and a girl - standing at the barricade at an AWA live event. They are on their feet, screaming and shouting for the action in the ring. We can hear a bell and soon, Travis Lynch is standing in front of them, giving them both a high five with the AWA National Title belt hanging over his shoulder. The young man turns towards the camera.]

"Wow! I wish I could be the champion!"

[There's a voiceover.]

VO: Now you can!

[And with a flash of light, the young man has a replica of the National Title hanging over his shoulder. The boy yelps with glee, slapping the title belt with a big grin on his face. The voiceover continues as we see the title belts one by one.]

VO: Okay, maybe you can't be the champion but you can own your own version of the same title belts you see on TV each and every week!

The National Title, the World Television Title, the Tag Team Titles, even the World Heavyweight Title can be yours!

Kids sizes and adult sizes available.

[A quick shot of a grown man holding the World Title in the air, smiling broadly.]

VO: Oh, and don't think we forgot about you...

[FLASH!

And now the little girl from the start of the ad is holding her own version of the Women's World Championship.]

"I can be a champion too!"

[Cut to a three shot of the adult and the two kids each holding up their title belts.]

VO: Available now at retail stores everywhere and AWAShop.com!

[Fade to black...

...and as we fade back up, we find Theresa Lynch standing in the backstage area alongside AWA co-owner and acting Director of Operations, Jon Stegglet.]

TL: After a truly wild scene out there with Shadoe Rage, I've gotta say that the road to SuperClash is burning hot asphalt as we're just over a month away from Thanksgiving Night in the SuperDome. And Mr. Stegglet, you're joining me now to turn the heat up even higher.

[Stegglet smiles.]

JS: That's right, Theresa. I don't want to minimize what we just saw out there with Shadoe Rage but... that's a situation for another time. But right now, as longtime AWA fans know, there is an annual tradition that is part of SuperClash and that tradition is known as Steal The Spotlight.

[Big cheer from inside the arena!]

JS: Now, earlier this year, we went through a change in the Steal The Spotlight concept when Emerson Gellar declared that the Spotlight winner would be forced to defend the title throughout the year. So, many have wondered whether or not Steal The Spotlight would be part of this year's event.

I'm here to inform you that we will indeed crown a new holder of the Steal The Spotlight contract on Thanksgiving Night in New Orleans!

[Another big cheer!]

JS: However, this year we will be again experimenting with Steal The Spotlight. This year, the winner will not be the sole survivor of a five-on-five elimination tag team matchup.

This year, the Steal The Spotlight winner will be the man who climbs a ladder and retrieves that contract before the other participants in the match beats him to it!

[Theresa's jaw drops before she speaks.]

TL: Wow! A first-time ever ladder match for Steal The Spotlight?! Can you tell us who will be entered?

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

JS: Not yet, Theresa... because the participants in this year's Steal The Spotlight will EARN their spot in that match in a series of qualifying matches that will kick off in two weeks' time on Saturday Night Wrestling.

And one more thing...

[Stegglet's demeanor visibly shifts.]

JS: While I admire Emerson Gellar's courage and his desire to take risks... to try something different... in fact, this ladder match was his idea... I believe his decision to change Steal The Spotlight last year was an error. I believe that that decision helped set this whole Juan Vasquez situation in motion and as such, I've decided that beginning on Thanksgiving Night, Steal The Spotlight will return to its roots. One winner per year, calling their shot for the world to hear.

Thanks, Theresa.

[And with that, the AWA co-owner exits.]

TL: Huge news all around for Steal The Spotlight... and...

[Lynch's words trail off as someone else has joined her. That someone is Erica Toughill who is brooding and acting oblivious to her.]

TL: Erica Tou-

[Toughill's head snaps to one side, glaring Lynch down.]

TL: -Toughill. After the actions of two weeks ago on Saturday Night Wrestling, you were challenged by the team of "Lady Lightning" Lori Wilson and Kayla "The Pistol" Cristol to a tag team match with any partner of your choice, except for Lauryn Rage. What are...

[Toughill inflates a pink sphere a bubblegum from her mouth. The intimidated Lynch uses the pause to come up with a question that won't provoke the notoriously temperamental Toughill.]

TL: ...Your thoughts?

ET: I don't think any more, Theresa. I just want. Lori Wilson has the nerve to get into my face and my business to scold me about how I'm making sure every woman who steps into the ring pays their dues; well, where was she when I was getting the innocence and joy trampled out of me by every corrupt promoter and every bitter vet and every trainer who put me through hell to toughen me up?

Where was she when I walked into the AWA and was treated as disposable and your buddy The Pistol, the little honorary Lynch sister got treated like a star? The last time I stepped into the ring with her, I left her half for dead!

All I want is Julie Somers in the streets, where there are no rules to hide behind and no disqualifications to save her. I've left a trail of broken bodies in my wake, and I don't need anyone watching my back to take out two more women who want to step in front of me.

In fact, with Wilson being so friendly with Julie, and The Pistol being so friendly with you, Theresa...

[Toughill cracks her knuckles and inches threateningly closer to Lynch, who begins to cringe away.]

ET: ...Why don't pass this along to your little clique of-

[She interrupted by an off-putting, friendly female voice.]

"Hey, Ricki!"

[Jet black hair...a killer glare... powdered face and bright red lipstick. "Unholy" Roxy Roller glides in front of Erica Toughill in a black mini skirt, ragged panty-hose, and a black crop top.]

RR: You weren't thinking of going out there without your partner, were you?

[Toughill slouches and exhales, irritated as the nattering Derby Diva orbits her on skates.]

RR: I'm the hottest star to cross over from the flat track to the ring, Ricki, and fresh meat like me can't go out there and jam without her blocker, can she?

[Toughill folds her arms and sulks.]

ET: It wasn't my idea.

RR: Heck no! But now I'm stuck with ya, Ricki, and we're partners whether you like it or not.

[Roller twirls around and faces Toughill in the most patronizing way possible.]

RR: So see ya later, alligator!

[Toughill responds with a grouchy pink bubble. Roxy Roller propels herself backwards off-camera and Toughill follows, shooting a menacing glare at Theresa Lynch as she leaves.]

TL: Looks like Erica Toughill's got herself a partner... whether she likes it or not.

[Lynch smirks as we fade out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing. "Light of Day" by Joan Jett and the Blackhearts is playing over the PA. Kayla Cristol and Lori Wilson have been watching the big screen. The Pistol bounces up and down, while Lady Lightning does a few last minute stretches.]

RO: The following is an AWA Women's Division tag team contest, set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first, already in the ring...

From Fouke, Arkansas... weighing in 138 pounds... KAYLA... THE PISTOL... CRISTOL!

[Cristol mimes firing off a pair of handguns, before placing them back into the invisible holsters on her hips.]

RO: Her partner, from Jacksonville, Florida... she weighs in 125 pounds... LADY LIGHTNING... LORI WILSON!

[Wilson exchanges a high five with Cristol.]

GM: Lori Wilson becoming something of a mentor in the Women's Division; she's been training with both Kayla Cristol and "Spitfire" Julie Somers. I was speaking with our former colleague Melissa Cannon earlier this week and most of the locker room considers Lori Wilson to be the heart and soul of the AWA Women's roster.

BW: Oh, you said "most," Gordo. Here's a couple of exceptions.

[The arena fills with the sound of an ominous synth as a sullen presence appears in the entry way. As "Another One" by Night Club kicks in, Erica Toughill makes her way down the aisle, a pair of roller skates dangling from around her neck. Roxy Roller suddenly cuts her off, gliding in front of her. Toughill rolls her eyes, snapping a wad of pink bubble gum.]

RO: Their opponents... First... the Bad Girl from the Badlands... "UNHOLY" ROXY ROLLER... Her partner, from Rochester, New York... weighing 170 pounds... ERICAAAA TOUGHILL!

[Ricki Toughill rolls into the ring under the ropes, and throws the skates aside carelessly. They land in front of Roller, who evidently was hoping that she would have a skating partner.]

GM: Something has gotten into Erica Toughill that has sent her on a path of destruction. She seems to be Lori Wilson's antipodal counterpart. Where Lady Lightning is trying to create a positive environment and leave a legacy, this Tigress seems more concerned about causing as much pain and misery as possible.

[Toughill wears a black neoprene crop top, long black tights accented with (tasteful) mesh cutouts around the hip and upper thigh, and shiny knee-length black boots. Her attire is also decorated with designs in bright turquoise and neon orange, the symbol for the clubs playing card suit on her chest. Most prominent among her half-dozen tattoos is the large octopus occupying her right shoulder. She prowls the ring opposite from Wilson and Cristol, and blows another pink bubble.]

BW: Well, it's not Ricki's fault, it's Julie Somers'!

GM: How in the world is it Julie Somers' fault?

BW: If Julie Somers would just sign off on facing Toughill in a Street Fight, this could all be over.

GM: Bucky, you and I both know putting any wrestler in a situation like that with a bloodthirsty sadist like Ricki Toughill would be tantamount to a death sentence for the Spitfire's career.

[Toughill eyes up her opponents, both of which look they're about to pounce. Just as Toughill is about to charge, Roxy Roller rolls into the ring oblivious to the powderkeg she is stepping into, and does an overdramatic over-the-shoulder pin-up pose for the camera between them.]

GM: And last we saw this young lady, she upset Skyler Swift in... unusual circumstances. Erica Toughill doesn't exactly look pleased with having to be paired with this raucous young lady.

BW: Doesn't mean they can't make a great team. They don't have to like each other. I mean, how long have you and I been working with each other, Gordo?

GM: What are you implying by that, Bucky?

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: Never mind; match started!

[Toughill shoves her way past Roxy Roller and is met by both the Pistol and Lady Lightning. They rain strikes down onto Toughill, who responds with a few balled up fists of her own to slow the assault.]

GM: And it's a fight here in St. Louis off the bat!

BW: Swamp Rat and Busybody are trying to get the jump on Toughill!

[Roller tries to intercede on her partner's behalf, but eats an elbow strike from Cristol. The Derby Diva stumbles backward, and a dropkick from The Pistol sends her ricocheting backwards through the ropes and to the floor. Toughill takes a wild swing at Wilson, who ducks and catches her.]

GM: Deeeep armdrag from Lady Lightning! And both Toughill and Roller hit the floor!

[Toughill rolls to the floor to regroup beside Roxy Roller.]

GM: What are they doing here...?

[Wilson pats Cristol on the shoulder and they both start running the ropes, going into a skid on the rebound.]

GM: Stereo baseball sliding dropkicks to both Erica Toughill and Roxy Roller!

[Roller lurches into the barricade, and Toughill staggers slightly, but only gets madder.]

GM: Wilson and Cristol coming out of the gate hot! They've only been tagging together a short time but they are cleaning house!

[Wilson pumps her fist in the air to the appreciation of the crowd and Cristol hollers with a loud 'whoop.']

BW: Get one of 'em out of there, ref! This is supposed to be a TAG team match!

ET: "kh-HAH!"

[Toughill rages back into the ring and tackles Cristol from behind, using a handful of hair to slam her face into the mat while the referee's attention is diverted between the in-ring action and making sure Lori Wilson remains on the apron.]

BW: Nothin' can stop this big alley cat, Gordo!

[Toughill snakes an arm under the Pistol's chin and clasps her hand together.]

GM: Toughill with a chinlock applied, trying to reassert control of this match.

BW: Gordo, do you still think Ricki Toughill and the Swamp Rat hate each other?

GM: I would say there is no love lost between them: they did both debut for the AWA last year at this time against each other and there has been a long-standing grudge between them that reached its apex with that heinous baseball bat attack a

few months ago that put The Pistol on the shelf for several weeks... Although knowing what we know Erica Toughill's disposition, I wouldn't be surprised if she bears the same amount of animus to just about every man, woman or child, save for maybe Lauryn Rage and Kerry Kendrick.

BW: I don't blame her, Gordo: she's seen just about everyone in the Women's locker room promoted ahead of her and I think she's got every right to act a little bitter.

[In the corner, Wilson tries to rally the crowd. There are a few claps.]

GM: Erica Toughill has that arm of her snaked firmly under The Pistol's jaw. Referee Scott Ezra in position making sure it isn't a chokehold—I wouldn't put it past this banshee to try and bully... hey ref!

[With the referee not looking, Toughill rests her feet on nearby bottom rope.]

GM: She's got her feet on the ropes! Everyone can see it except the man in the striped shirt.

[Lori Wilson sees it too, so she rounds the ring post and kicks Toughill's ankles off the rope.]

BW: Hey! That's an illegal doubleteam!

[A surprised Toughill releases the hold and glares up at the corner, where Lori Wilson shakes her head in disgust.]

GM: There you go: a heads up play by Lori Wilson!

BW: Come on, Gordo. Miss Locker Room Leader is trying to intimidate Ricky Toughill like she's got everyone else intimidated.

[Toughill sits Cristol upright and throws a few knees into The Pistol's skull, but doesn't take her eyes off of Lori Wilson.]

GM: And Toughill has a handful of hair... there's the count.

[On "four," Toughill disengages her fingers from Cristol's scalp and advances on the referee, to the point where he instinctively backs off her.]

GM: My stars, talk about 'intimidating' and 'rule bending'... Erica Toughill belongs in any line up of the AWA's top reprobates.

[Toughill then turns back to her opponent, but doesn't press the attack.]

ET: "TAG HER, PISTOL!"

[Cristol heads to her corner, using the ropes to steady herself.]

ET: "COME ON, LORI! TEACH ME A LESSON, LORI!"

GM: Tag is made, and both women are ready for action.

[Wilson enters the ring in a fighting stance in front of Toughill, who has her arms outstretched, egging Lady Lightning on.]

GM: I'm not used to hearing that much trash talk out of Erica Toughill.

BW: She's using her words.

GM: There is some very deep hostility between Erica Toughill and Lori Wilson too.

ET: "DID JULIE AND KAYLA CALL FOR MOMMY?"

SMACK

"OHHHHHH!"

GM: Oh, good gosh!

BW: How disrespectful is that?!

[The slap across Toughill's jaw wasn't intended to cause damage; the frown on Wilson's face implies it was to smarten her opponent up.]

GM: And would you look at Ricki Toughill's face!

[Toughill's eyes widen like saucers, and she seems to blank, almost like being slapped by a veteran is something triggering for her.]

BM: What a bully!

[Toughill lunges at Wilson, but Wilson maneuvers her into a lockup.]

GM: Into a collar-and-elbow tie-up... Lady Lightning giving up a distinct power advantage to the Queen of Clubs.

[Toughill plows Lori Wilson into the nearest corner.]

ET: "hh-YAHH!"

GM: Ricki Toughill with a wild swing... No one home!

[Unbeknownst to Toughill, she is her friendly corner, and Roxy Roller takes it upon herself to tag in.]

GM: Tag is made, and I don't think Ricki Toughill even knows about it!

[Toughill tries to lunge at Wilson again, but the referee blocks her.]

GM: Scott Ezra with the heads-up call there.

BW: Oh yeah, Gordo! Watch this rising star--

[Roller runs straight into a flying headscissor from Wilson.]

BW: [beat] --Get completely schooled by her veteran opponent. Hey, Busy Body has a handful of hair there!

GM: A handful of... I have never heard of a hairpull in a flying headscissor take down, Bucky.

BW: Very rare. Lori Wilson is an innovator in cheating. Expect to see it in every match from Julie Somers and Kayla Swamp Rat from now on.

[Toughill stews on the apron, frowning.]

GM: Erica Toughill is already looking for an opening back into this match, but Lori Wilson has tremendous expertise in tag team wrestling and she knows instinctively how to cut the ring in half.

[Roxy Roller tries for an Irish whip, but Wilson has it scouted and reverses, firing the Derby Diva into friendly territory. Wilson lays in some kicks to the cornered Roller.]

GM: Lady Lightning had that well scouted, and the tag is made to The Pistol.

BW: That's a blatant double-team, Gordo.

GM: Lady Lightning and The Pistol aren't doing anything when they aren't the legal woman, Bucky.

BM: You haven't seen Roxy Roller and Ricki Toughill doing any blatant double-teams like that, have you Gordo?

GM: I get the impression Erica Toughill has no interest in collaborating with her ersatz tag team partner.

[Cristol mounts the middle rope in front of Roller, and appeals to the crowd as Wilson looks on approvingly.]

GM: Here comes the six shooter!

[Cristol rains down forearm strikes to Roxy Roller as the crowd counts along.]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

BW: One for each toe Kayla Cristol has!

[Roller stumbles out of the corner in a daze, but Cristol pulls her back, and tags out again.]

GM: Unbelievable fluid tags from between Kayla Cristol and Lori Wilson.

[Wilson hops into the ring; she, Roller, and Cristol all stand astride each other. Cristol and Wilson lace their inside legs around Roller's.]

GM: Double Russian Legsweep! Perfectly executed, and The Pistol and Lady Lightning are really taking control of this match.

[Cristol and Wilson exchange glances and nod to each other. Roller gets bundled back into the corner by Wilson, while Cristol mounts the middle rope again.]

GM: They've got something planned here.

BM: Come on! Ricki Toughill was clearly expecting a handicap match tonight and instead she gets saddled with Rollerina!

[Wilson unleashes a superkick to Roller...]

GM: Lightning Strike!

[...who falls backward into Cristol's knee as she dives off the rope, planting her face-first on the mat.]

GM: ...Into a Boggy Creek Buster! Lady Lightning with an inside cradle and you can count to ten on that!

[Toughill surges through the ropes, a second too late to break the pinfall. Cristol pulls Wilson out of harm's way after the three-count and both women escape to the floor.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

[Roller sits up, stunned at the result.]

GM: Take nothing away from the expertise of Lady Lightning and Kayla Cristol, but it really looks like Roxy Roller's reach has exceeded her grasp tonight. She has promise as a competitor, and from what we've seen, I'm sure she'll get there soon.

[Cristol can't resist taunting Toughill on her way up the aisle. Wilson just shakes her head and points at the Queen of Clubs.]

BW: Oh boy. Look at that look on Ricki's face, daddy.

[Toughill scowls at Roxy Roller with seething rage. For her part, Roller is sincerely contrite.]

RR: “I-I'm sorry! I'm s-so sorry!”

[Roller's jaw quivers, frozen under Toughill's glare.]

GM: Okay, she made a mistake; I think she's learned her lesson, Erica.

[Toughill pats Roller on the shoulder and nods.]

BW: Oh, now see, these two are actually like peas in a pod! Not a drop of melanin between them, so that bonds them.

[As Toughill raises Roller's arm for the crowd, the Derby Diva's smirk returns to her ruby-lipped face.]

GM: Well, there you have it: a rare display of sportsmanship from Erica--

[Toughill wipes the smirk off her tag partner's face with a short-arm lariat, ragdolling Roxy Roller to the canvas.]

GM: Oh my! That's unprovoked!

BW: Well, I suppose I should have seen that coming.

[Toughill drops to her knees, grabs a handful of silky black hair, and rabbit-punches Roller's porcelain face in a blur of closed fists.]

“DING! DING! DING! DING! DING!”

GM: For goodness sake, like Roxy Roller or not, she offered to be Erica Toughill's tag team partner in good faith!

[Toughill peels Roller off the mat, and hurls her through the ropes to the floor, grabbing a roller skate on the way out after.]

GM: And now this temperamental Tigress is throwing another tantrum!

[Toughill scatters the advancing ringside officials with the skate. Roller tries to crawl away from the melee, but Toughill stomps on her calf. The derby girl emits a blood-curdling howl.]

"IIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII!"

GM: My... stars. This shrieking banshee has gone mental on her own partner!

BW: Let her get it out of her system!

[Toughill throws the skate down onto Roller petulantly, then pulls her upright. Roller's face is contorted in sobs of pain and fear, rivulets of blood flowing from her nose.]

GM: Oh god. Please don't...

[Erica Toughill doubles Roller over into a standing headscissor...]

GM: NO, NOT THIS AGAIN!

[...And hosts her up into a powerbomb, dropping Roxy Roller across the ring apron. The crowd falls silent as Toughill stands stoic, watching as Roller crumples to the floor in agony...]

...and then EXPLODES into cheers as Julie Somers comes sprinting from the entrance!]

GM: HERE COMES THE SPITFIRE! SHE HAS SEEN ENOUGH!

BW: More than enough, I'm guessing!

[Hot on her heels come the triumphant Cristol and Wilson but Somers is blur as she dives under the ropes into the ring...]

...but Toughill escapes over the railing and into the crowd before Somers can get her hands on her. A frustrated Somers stands at the barricade, shouting at Toughill as Cristol and Wilson each grab an arm, trying to keep her back.]

JS: "COME ON! COME ON, YOU WITCH--I'M RIGHT HERE!"

[Cristol and Wilson struggle to restrain the Spitfire from going after Toughill and further exacerbating the situation. Toughill just frowns back at the trio in the ring.]

ET: "Her blood is on your hands, Julie! You're not giving me my fight, so her blood is on your hands!"

[Toughill sneers at the angry Somers as she backs through the jeering crowd...]

GM: The situation between these two, fans, continues to heat up... and you just have to wonder - will Julie Somers have to give in? With all the damage that Toughill is doing in her name, will Somers have to give in and give her the Street Fight she's been looking for?

BW: It's going to be a massacre if she does, Gordo.

GM: Fans, we've got to take another break. We'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling action!

[Fade to black.]

We fade up on the logo for the television network known by its fans as "The X" - Fox Sports X. Standing next to it is Terrence Howard of "Empire" fame.]

"They tell me that Lucious Lyon ain't the toughest man on Fox anymore. Hah! I'll believe that when I see it!"

[Cut to a shot from SWLL's LUCHA LUCHA LUCHA where El Caliente snaps off a death-defying dive over the top rope, over the corner ringpost, and onto a prone figure. A voiceover not belonging to Terrence Howard provides the hype.]

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

[Then to a shot of the GFC - a recent shot with Ivan Petrov knocking Rufus Harris out to win the GFC Heavyweight Title.]

"Or maybe you prefer a little bit of MMA!"

[On to Tiger Paw Pro's WrestleGalaxy as Yoshinari Taguchi exchanges stiff slaps with the man AWA fans would know as Nenshou.]

"Travel to the Land of the Rising Sun for some puroresu action!"

[A highlight reel level head kick from a European looking kickboxer drops a Japanese one.]

"The hottest new action on The X belongs to SKB - Super K Boxing!"

[And finally to a shot of Ryan Martinez lighting up Supreme Wright's chest with a series of machine gun chops.]

"Saturday nights bring you all the action of the American Wrestling Alliance!"

[We cut back to Terrence Howard, wincing and rubbing his own chest as if he could feel Martinez' chops.]

"Alright, alright... those boys are pretty bad too. But can they sing?"

[Howard laughs as we cut back to the logo for The X. Howard delivers the closing line.]

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

[The "come get some" slogan fills the screen as we fade to black...

...and then fade back up on a panning shot of the St. Louis crowd.]

GM: We are back here LIVE in St. Louis on the road to SuperClash and that road has been bumpy as can be here tonight already. The return of Steal The Spotlight. Rage and Toughill both looking for blood. Callum Mahoney agreeing to defend the title against Terry Shane on Thanksgiving Night. Whew. What else can happen here tonight?

BW: And we're just getting started. We've got Alex Martinez versus MAWAGA later tonight and Juan Vasquez against Robert Donovan in an Extreme Rules match!

GM: Incredible. But now, let's go to the ring for more action.

[Crossfade from the crowd shot to a ring shot of Rebecca Ortiz, ready to get down to business.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first...already in the ring at this time... from St. Louis, Missouri... weighing 275 pounds... here is...

“THE HEIR OF THE AIRPLANE SPIN” JIMMY BOURGEOIS!!!

[A nice resounding pop for the local boy!]

GM: Jimmy Bourgeois, what a treat, Bucky!

BW: Who?

GM: Jimmy’s grandfather “Dizzy” Danny Bourgeois... not to be confused with famed St. Louis Cardinals pitcher Dizzy Dean... though that’s another topic for another day...

BW: Because we are going to talk about this again at what time?

GM: ...is the innovator of the airplane spin, Bucky! He is well known throughout the St. Louis Office for going toe to toe with some of the great family names of not only our industry but whose names bare great importance here in the AWA. O’Connor, Shane, Graham... you name em’, his grandfather went toe to toe with them all and at some point spun em’ around and around with his patent finishing maneuver!

BW: Well, his grandson looks as though he could hurl a man or two around at whim. I don’t doubt he inherited some of the Bourgeois gene pool and is priming to spin some poor sap around like his old man.

RO: And his opponent...

[“Give Him Everything You’ve Got” by Craig Armstrong strikes a chord...building slowly, methodically, eerily...before building momentum behind a chorus of violins and escalating beats!]

BW: I stand corrected.

RO: Hailing from STRONG ISLAND...Weighing in at 287 pounds..he is the MONSTA MUSCLE...THE KING OF TWISTED STEEL AND SEX APPEAL... THE QUUUUUUADRASAURS! THE LONG ISLAND LOOSE CANNON KNOWN AS...

FLEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEX FERRRRRRRIGNOOOOOO!!!

[The man with the muscle peaks the size of Mt. Everest bursts through the entrance portal. The crowd rains down the boo-birds, shouting out at the Monsta Muscle who emphatically stomps out into view. Bleached hair, gun metal mirrored shades, crisp sun- kissed tan, a metal headdress draped down his head and shoulders, and a summer glow brought to you by the wonders of baby oil. He’s here, he’s huge, and he’s as yolked as ever.]

BW: When God created Flex, Gordo... he sure got it right! This wrecking ball might have something to say about the heir of the whirly bird or whatever this kid claims to be. He’s about to have his world spun around and split into two and yes..I’m talking about his head when Ferrigno drives him down with one of his patent suplexes or makes his head explode with the fiercest headlock in the history of wrestling!

GM: I'd love to dispute that fact but, well -

BW: Ya can't! Look at those arms! Soak em' in, Gordo. Some guys got python's, some have bowling ball arms... Flex puts new meaning in the term tank top because he's got cannonballs shooting out of those shoulders.

[Flex points down at his shirt, now available at AWAOnline.com for a penny below \$30.. "GUNS N' POSES". What's left of the shirt barely covers his upper body as his muscular frame spits out of every nook and cranny of the shirt. Ferrigno banters with the crowd on the way, going so far as to knock a soda out of a fan in the front row's hands as he laughs his way up to the ring. He plants one foot onto the steel steps, stops for a moment...

...and then gestures back down the aisle and as he does so the lights dim as "I Want It All" by Queen blares to life over the PA system as a young man emerges from the back. Well built with a bleached blond buzzcut, he's a good looking guy with a tan, wearing midnight green trunks with platinum detailing, and matching kneepads and boots, covered with a matching midnight green satin robe. Pausing at the top of the ramp he extends both arms out to either side, palms pointed at the sky.]

GM: What's HE doing out here?!

BW: Kendrick? I invited him, Gordo. I'm a bit tired of your derogatory comments on Flex and his feud on social...everything...with David Ortiz and we needed an unbiased third party to come down and join us to keep it even steven!

GM: Unbiased? Kerry Kendrick? Please.

[Kendrick walks through the curtain with a distinct sneer on his face. Arriving at the commentator booth, he fist bumps Bucky Wilde and extends the same offering to Gordon Myers but before Gordo can straighten his arm up, Kendrick pulls his fist away and laughs off Gordo before gesturing back out at Ferrigno who pumps his fist into the air.]

KK: Well not only do I call out hypocrisy and corruption whenever I see it, I'm also here to support what I think the AWA should be promoting, and that's a man like Flex Ferrigno. And speaking of promotion, later tonight, we still have the Think Tank coming up with Derrick Williams and Jordan Ohara, Myers, and I'm going to blow the lid off of one of the biggest scams going on in the AWA.

GM: Well. My heart will be in my throat.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Jimmy Bourgeois paws out at Ferrigno who just stands still, staring him down. Bourgeois feints in and out, dropping down to one knee as if to shoot for a single leg takedown and as he pops back up Ferrigno plants his big boot forward right into his jaw and knocks him across the ring and into the corner.]

BW: You see that? No wasted movement! Ferrigno isn't about the flash and flips... he's 100% man-stick of dynamite ready to explode at any moment.

GM: I -

BW [interrupting]: Ain't that right, Kerry?

KK: That's what a wrestler is supposed to look like, fellas. Not some waif like Jordan Ohara, or a clown like Supernova.

[Bourgeois scampers to get back to his feet as Ferrigno walks him down, taking the center of the ring and pressing forward as the near three hundred pounder lunges at him with a swooping right hand that catches Flex in the jaw. Ferrigno grins and returns the strike, clubbing Bourgeois across the neck and knocking him back to one knee. He hooks him around the neck and rifles him up from a downed knee straight into the air and holds him up straight.]

BW: Look at that raw power, Gordo. How can you say this man doesn't represent the AWA? How can you say he isn't a poster superhuman for our sport?!

[Flex, now holding the large Bourgeois up with one arm, strikes a bicep pose with his other arm as the crowd moans and yells at the sight of it.]

GM: I'm not doubting his abilities or strength, Bucky, I never have. But he's a poor human with poor taste in manners and even poorer taste in friends.

KK: Ewww, that hurts, Gordo. It really gets me right here in the ole ticker right next to the spot I have saved for later tonight for your daughter.

BW: You never told me you had a daughter.

[Finally Ferrigno drops back and Bourgeois' body THUMPS into the canvas. Ferrigno rolls over him for a quick two count but Jimmy is able to push a shoulder up to break up the count. Ferrigno peels him and shoves him into the corner where his back hits the corner hard and he staggers forward into the arms of Flex who FLINGS him up with an overhead belly to belly suplex and sends him crashing down in the far corner! Bourgeois' body is concocted into an accordion over the bottom buckle and Ferrigno belts out, "GET UP YA FAT SLOB!"]

GM: That's unnecessary.

BW: He's encouraging him to get up, Gordo. That's good sportsmanship if you ask me.

[Just as Bourgeois begins to rise up Ferrigno rushes forward, leaps, and hurls his own body forward...SANDWICHING Jimmy Bourgeois against the buckles!]

GM: Was that...a Heat Wave?!

KK: That was more like a tsunami swallowing a small city, Myers.

GM: No, what I mean --

KK: I know what you're implying. That move is wasted on that underachieving kabuki actor; watch a real man do it!

[Flex hovers over Bourgeois and screams down at him, "IS THIS THE BEST YA GOT?!" He pokes at him with the tip of his shoe, peppering him with lame kicks in the head and chest as he tries to get up. Jimmy grabs Flex by the trunks to try and pull himself up and Ferrigno hooks him up around the arms, jerks him up, and flings him overhead!]

BW: Tiger Suplex by Ferrigno! He's barely broken a sweat muscling this hunk of jerky around the ring.

[Ferrigno drops down to his chest, finger tips pressed into the mat, and begins rep'ing off push up after push up.]

KK: Look at that technique. It's flawless.

GM: It's a waste of our time. It's going to come back to bite him.

BW: Doubtful, Gordo.

[The crowd boos as Ferrigno pauses for a moment, still in push up form, and then cranks out another five push ups before hopping to his feet and brushing off his hands. He walks over to Bourgeois, belting out, "IT'S OVER!" and reaches down to pick him up...]

GM: BOURGEOIS WITH AN INSIDE CRADLE! ONE! TWO!

BW: NOT A CHANCE!

GM: NEAR UPSET BY JIMMY BOURGEOIS!

[Both men shoot up and Bourgeois lowers his head and scoops up a rising Ferrigno up and over his shoulders!]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM UP! MY STARS! AIRPLANE SPIN! HE'S SPINNING HIM --

[But before Bourgeois can even spin Ferrigno around a single time, Flex wraps his arm around the neck of Bourgeois like a boa constrictor coiling around its prey and squeezes with the force of a runaway train.]

BW: HEADLOCK! FERRIGNO HAS HIM IN THE HEADLOCK!

[Bourgeois instantly collapses down to his knees and Ferrigno stands beside him, his teeth gritting hard as he continues to squeeze the neck of Jimmy Bourgeois!]

KK: Feel Flex's pecs, cupcake.

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: Another bites the dust at the hands of Ferrigno. What were you saying about his antics coming back to bite him, Gordo?

GM: I'm just saying those pointless shenanigans will come back around against the elite level talent we have here in the AWA. You can't do that against the Martinezes, the Supreme Wrights of the world, the Super --

KK: You shut your mouth. Better yet...

[Kendrick stands up from the booth, dropping his headset down. He mouths to Gordo, "we'll do it for you" and begins walking to the ring where Ferrigno stands with one foot mounted on top of the unconscious Jimmy Bourgeois while he strikes a double bicep pose.]

BW: Now you went and ticked him off, Gordo. Nice. Real nice.

[Kendrick slides into the ring and as he does so Flex steps off of Bourgeois and the took exchange a quick fist bump and Kendrick, mic in hand, takes the center of the ring.]

KK: Ya know...

[Flex leans into the mic.]

FLEX: Nah nah nah. Kerry, it's...

YA KNOOOOOOOOOOOWWWW...

[They both chuckle.]

KK: Oh right... Supernova challenged us for SuperClash VIII in New Orleans. Well, pal... where's the money in that? Where's the intrigue? Where's the buzz in watching you get Jurass-kicked by the Quadrasaurus and the Self Made Man?

Doesn't Supernova get beaten up every year around election time? Isn't that the annual tradition? You know after a while of losing, maybe as a candidate you should be serving up a new platform instead of losing in a landslide every year. The people want change, 'Nova.

And if you think that I'm too indignant about our place in the AWA, 'Nova... Maybe if you stood up for yourself and made a little noise yourself you'd be challenging Juan Vasquez for the World Title. Instead, you were polite and respectful about it, and got thrown into a lottery where Flex and myself could pick you off.

Point being, there's nothing to gain by beating up Supernova again. Where the money is... Where the mainstream attention is... Where the SuperClash-stealing moment is...

...Is a match with Big Papi.

[The crowd ROARS at the suggestion!]

GM: WHAT?!

[Kendrick smirks at the crowd's reaction before continuing.]

KK: Looks like Cleveland took care of your other commitments, Ortiz! You're such a big fan of the AWA...

What do you say to actually stepping into the ring at SuperClash, Ortiz?

[Kendrick's challenge is addressed directly into the camera before he lowers the mic, allowing Gordon to speak, as the dastardly duo makes their exit.]

GM: Incredible. Are these two miscreants actually challenging David Ortiz of the Boston Red Sox to a match?

BW: It's all about the money! It's all about making history! And like it or not, Gordo, Kendrick and Ferrigno beating Ortiz would DEFINITELY make history and it would damn sure make money!

GM: They've turned down the challenge from Supernova, a top notch pro wrestler, and instead want a match with a pro baseball player! I think that tells us EXACTLY What we need to know about these two, Bucky. Fans, before we send it back to the ring for tag team action, we'd like to show you an incident that happened before the show. As you can see entering the ring..

[The camera shows the familiar lovable loser Hugh Jenner, waving to the crowd as he enters the ring. The man accompanying him is a pretty lean man, fairly tall but with little muscle tone.]

GM: This team was supposed to be Hugh Jenner and "Outback" Zack Kelly. Kelly put his and Jenner's names on a contract for a match against the Soldiers of Fortune, after Kelly couldn't get an explanation why the Soldiers of Fortune did what they did two weeks ago.

BW: Hey, they said through their press secretary they will explain matters on their own time. The Soldiers of Fortune don't owe Zack Kelly anything.

GM: Yeah, but as you're about to see, what happened to Kelly was just terrible. "Sweet" Lou Blackwell was hoping to get pre-recorded comments when the Soldiers arrived tonight, and then this happened. Let's roll the footage.

[Fade to the parking lot outside of the arena, with the words "Earlier Tonight" fading in the corner of the screen. We see the members of the Soldiers of Fortune, Joe Flint and Charlie Stephens, leaning against a car. An open cooler is on the ground, opened, and Stephens is seen drinking something from a black can. Suddenly, the voice of "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is heard.]

SLB: Guys! Guys! If I may get a word with you two, really quick.

[Blackwell quickly approaches the duo, who look really annoyed at being interrupted doing whatever it is they're doing. Stephens sighs and crumples up his can.]

SLB: The world wants to know -

CS: Ain't capitalism a beautiful thing?

["Sweet" Lou pauses, seemingly confused.]

CS: Thanks to it, man, ain't she a beaut? '78 Trans Am, perfect condition, not a scratch on 'er. That beautiful eagle on the hood. Blackwell, if you get your grimy mitts on my car.. well, they're still gonna call ya "Sweet" because you're gonna be drinkin' and eatin' a lot of sweet things through a straw.

[Stephens laughs as Blackwell cringes. Flint steps forward, towering over Blackwell, who gulps.]

JF: I thought our press secretary told ya no interviews. Looks like the press secretary failed ta do his job, an' it looks like we need to fire the puke, eh?

I knew he was too much of a wimp to handle the job if he can't even shake down ol' Blackwell over here.

[Stephens shrugs.]

CS: Eh, what can ya do, he works cheap.

[Flint nods his head in agreement.]

CS: But, yeah, Blackwell, we ain't talking to you. We set the time and place, tonight, in the ring. You're gonna have to wait like the rest of the world

Hey Joe, gimme another Monster, will ya? Didn't get much of a kick out of that last one.

JF: Man, that stuff's gonna kill ya, but if ya say so.

[Flint reaches into the cooler and tosses another can to Stephens. Stephens catches it and opens it.]

CS: Tonight's beatdown of two punks brought to ya by Monster Energy Drink. They're sponsorin' this whether they like it or not, and..

[Suddenly, a shout is heard.]

?: Charlie! Charlie!

[The camera pans over to see "Outback" Zack Kelly marching onto the scene.]

ZK: C'mon mate, please, explain...

[Suddenly, an object quickly appears on the screen at a very high speed, and makes contact with Kelly's lower midsection. On contact, it looks like a large amount of liquid splashes all over the place, and Kelly falls to the ground in pain. The voice of Flint is heard, laughing.]

JF: Heh, got 'em!

[The object appears to be a once full can of the energy drink that Stephens was about to drink. The camera turns and we see the horrified face of "Sweet" Lou, as the Soldiers of Fortune walk off camera. The camera turns to follow the two men, as Flint is heard talking to Stephens.]

JF: He ain't even worth stompin', let's save it for the maggots we're facin' tonight.

[Both men step over the injured Kelly, as they disappear into the arena. Blackwell races towards Kelly, kneeling down and waving for medical attention.]

SLB: We need some help out here! He's hurt!

[As Blackwell continues to shout for help, the camera fades back to Gordon and Bucky. Bucky is laughing at what happened to poor Zack Kelly.]

BW: The can! His groin! It works on so many levels!

[Bucky stops to catch his breath, with a wide grin on his face.]

BW: Roll it again!

GM: Good grief, Bucky! Have some sympathy!

[Gordin sighs.]

GM: We hope to get some word on the condition of Zack Kelly, who took a full can of Monster Energy drink..

BW: Right to the groin!

[Bucky's laughter starts up again, as Gordon rolls his eyes.]

GM: I tell you, I don't know what the Soldiers are thinking lately, but they're going to get theirs sooner or later, maybe even tonight in that very ring, let's send it down to Rebecca.

[The camera fades to Rebecca Ortiz, as Hugh Jenner and his partner are waiting for the match to start.]

RO: The following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall. Introducing first, in the ring to my left, they have a total combined weight of 451 pounds. First, from Chesterfield, Missouri, here is Kent Coleman!

[The lean man from earlier has a long red mullet, and looks to barely be above 200 pounds, despite being about 6'2. He wears a pair of long white tights and black

boots. Despite being from Missouri, he doesn't get much of a reaction from the crowd.]

RO: His partner, from Wheeling, West Virginia.. Hugh Jenner!

[A polite cheer from the crowd as Jenner waves. He turns and blows a kiss into the crowd.]

GM: Looks like Jenner's wife is here, Bucky, she's been watching his matches for a long, long time now.

BW: Gordo, you said that you hope the Soldiers get theirs tonight, but Hugh Jenner hasn't won a match since the Macarena topped the Billboard Hot 100, and this guy.. oh boy. He looks like the before example in a Charles Atlas comic. I think even the Blue Brothers would kick sand in his face!

GM: You never know...

[Before Gordon can finish the sentence, a loud crackling noise is heard, slowly fading into a piercing buzz, as a distorted voice is heard shouting out partial lyrics to "My Country 'Tis of Thee"]

Land where my fathers died!
Land of the pilgrim's pride!
From every mountain side,
Let freedom ring!

[The 'ring' starts echoing, and it starts resembling an actual ringing sound. Suddenly, the ringing sound fades perfectly into the opening guitar riff by Ted Nugent of the Damn Yankees, as "Don't Tread on Me" by the early 90s super group Nugent played guitar for starts playing over the PA to a loud chorus of boos.]

RO: Their opponents, at a total combined weight of 522 pounds...

..."CAPTAIN" JOE FLINT....

...CHARLIE STEPHENS....

...THE SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE!

[Jack Blades' vocals start up, and the duo known as the Soldiers of Fortune step into view, soaking up the loud boos from the crowd. Any sympathizers that may be in the crowd to the Soldiers of Fortune are easily drowned out.]

[Flint is a big, burly fellow. His barrel-chested physique isn't a picture of rock-solid conditioning, but it is a battle-scarred picture of toughness and raw power. The Captain keeps his hair in a military high-and-tight, and his prominent jaw and nose are the primary features of a face that strongly resembles a famous American actor of long ago... which is the reason many call him "The Duke". He wears camo fatigue pants and black combat boots, his hands are taped up, and he sports a single elbow pad on his left arm. The elbow pad is black, with the Soldiers of Fortune American-Flag colored Punisher skull logo on it.

Stephens is wearing a pair of dark blue jeans, with a rip above the left knee, and a black t-shirt with the same Soldiers of Fortune logo across the chest. He wears a pair of black boots underneath the jeans. In his right hand is a flagpole, with the American flag draped along the top.

As the boos continue, Flint barks out "Forrrrwaaarrrrd MARCH!", and the Soldiers of Fortune decide to rush the ring. Stephens drops the flag at ringside as both men

slide into the ring. Before the referee can ring the bell to begin the match, the Soldiers are all over Coleman and Jenner!]

GM: Goodness! The Soldiers are wasting no time and are taking it to these two!

BW: It's a war, Gordo, you don't give the enemy time to prepare!

[Flint muscles Coleman into the corner and swings his beefy right arm into the side of Coleman's head. Stephens drives knees into Jenner's midsection until Jenner backs into the ropes, and Jenner falls through the middle opening to the outside.]

GM: Jenner takes a nasty spill to the outside, and Stephens is going right after him!

[Now that Stephens and Jenner are outside, the bell sounds to begin the match. Flint toys with Coleman, picking him up and driving Coleman's gut right into his knee, Stephens is on the outside and takes Jenner down with a side.. well, American leg sweep to the boos of the crowd!]

GM: Good grief...

BW: May I remind you to never call that a side Russian Leg Sweep?

GM: We know, we know. Jenner may have injured the back of his head after taking that Side Rus...

[Bucky clears his throat.]

GM: American leg sweep to the floor.

BW: I'm just looking out for ya.

[Meanwhile, in the ring, Coleman is trying to escape Flint, and tries to go through the ropes. Flint, however, catches him and balls his fist. He grins as the crowd boos.]

GM: C'mon, Joe, let him go.. NO!

[Flint buries his fist into the temple of Coleman, and starts grinding.]

GM: Ref! Get them out of there! He's got that noogie on Coleman, who's trapped in the ropes and has nowhere to go!

BW: Flint's got until five!

[The ref starts counting, and Flint backs off, smiling the whole way. He jaws at the ref, telling him that he's letting him go..only to charge Coleman and deliver another atomic noogie. The referee barks a warning, so Flint yanks Coleman away from the ropes by the waistband of his tights. Flint spins Coleman around, and then starts winding up his fist. He nails Coleman right between the eyes with his famous wind up punch!]

BW: Coleman's gonna be counting stars AND stripes, that thing must hit like a freight train.

GM: Many of Flint's opponents have said that wind up punch feels like getting hit by a cinder block. I think Flint count end this right now if he wanted to. Meanwhile.. no! Not in front of Jenner's wife!

[The camera cuts to Stephens biel throwing Jenner into the ringside safety barrier, as Hugh Jenner's wife looks on horrified. In the background, Flint rushes Coleman,

who's standing on spaghetti legs in the corner and nearly takes his head off with a Howitzer lariat.]

GM: Stephens staring daggers right at Hugh Jenner's lovely wife. He doesn't need to do this!

[Stephens, with a look of fury on his face, yanks Jenner into a pump handle position. In the background, Flint does a second Howtizer lariat to Coleman in the corner, and doesn't let him fall down. Stephens quickly lifts Jenner into the air, and drops him down straight into an outstretched knee. He glares into the crowd as Jenner falls to the floor.]

GM: I think he may have crushed Jenner's back with that devastating backbreaker, Bucky.

BW: Stephens is a changed man, I think him and Flint may be putting everyone on notice here right now. I'd watch out if I was the rest of the AWA. Look at Flint! He's been dropping the Heavy Artillery on this schmuck!

[Back in the ring, Flint crushes Coleman against the corner with a third Howitzer lariat. This time, Flint lets Coleman fall face first to the mat. He turns his head and barks something at his partner.]

JF: Quit playin' around out there, Charlie, let's finish this off.

[The camera fades back towards Stephens, who snaps out of his glare, and turns back towards the ring. He rushes and hops up to the corner. In the meantime, Flint picks up Coleman and drags him towards the Soldiers of Fortune's corner. He tags in Stephens, and lifts up Coleman.]

GM: We've seen this finish off a number of teams in the past.

[Stephens steps into the ring and leans up against the ropes.]

BW: They ain't calling this the Patriot Missile anymore, daddy.

[Stephens runs towards the opposite ropes, and as he hits the ropes, Flint starts lowering himself and Coleman, bracing for impact.]

BW: Here comes.. THE SECOND AMENDMENT! Don't tread on them, Gordo.

[Stephens leaps, kicking out his legs, catching Coleman on the chin with his extended right arm, driving the back of Coleman's head into the mat. Flint backs off and steps through the ropes as Stephens slides onto Coleman's unconscious form. The referee drops down and counts to three as the crowd boos.]

GM: A very convincing win here tonight, and we may be needing medical attention for Hugh Jenner at ringside as he took several hard shots to the spine and the back of the head on the outside courtesy of Charlie Stephens.

BW: Jenner's as durable as they come, but ya gotta think that he can't take much more of this.

GM: Sad, but true. Let's hear the word from Rebecca Ortiz..

RO: Here are your winners...

[Before Ortiz can finish, Stephens is in the ring, leaning over the ropes and frantically gesturing for the mic. Ortiz hesitates, but approaches the ring, and gives Stephens the mic as the crowd continues booing.]

CS: Let me get this straight. You're booing REAL AMERICANS? You're booing PATRIOTS?

[Stephens pauses, as the crowd continues to boo.]

CS: NONE OF YOU ARE FREE FROM SIN!!

[Stephens points frantically at the booing crowd.]

CS: How about I boo you instead? Boo each and every one of you as you go on the bus heading for work as your car breaks down for the third time in a month because you can't afford to take it to a mechanic? I'll even go to your work and boo you as you download spreadsheets or clean the bathroom! BOOOOOOOOOO!!!! BBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Flint gestures for the mic as Stephens continues to boo the crowd. Stephens pauses his own booing, and gives Flint the mic.]

JF: Ya know, Charlie's got a point. Yer all booin' us fer what we've done, but y'all were never for us to begin with. Yet all of ya precious snowflakes out there have been whinin' and cryin' all over the place about what we did.

[Stephens is heard shouting "NO SUPPORT" behind Flint.]

JF: Have y'all ever heard yerselves speak? This is what I hear when you people try to talk.

WWWAAAAAAHHHHHHHH!!!! WWWWWHHHHHHHHYYYYYYYYYYYYY????

[Flint rubs his prominent chin.]

JF: No one appreciates REAL Americans like us anymore. In yer eyes, we were nothin' but relics of a bygone era, somethin' stuck in the year 1988. We were a joke because we loved our country. We're not 'cool' like your precious masked idiots from south of the border flippin' around the ring. We don't leave people pickin' up their jaws off the floor like a bunch of Japanese dudes that'll cripple themselves before they turn 50.

Hell, to the pukes in Oklahoma City we weren't as cool as a coupla tea drinkin', biscuit eatin' jackanapes! Two men with million dollar bodies an' a ten cent brains.. heh, speakin' of relics, how about that royal family, huh?

[Stephens shouts 'IRRELEVANT' in the background.]

JF: We, as a country shouldn't give a crap about a queen in a diaper, her Dumbo eared son, and her inbred grandchild marryin' some brainless bimbo lookin' for the royal jewels. We beat their butts almost two and a half centuries ago, an' saved them from speakin' German once they begged us for forgiveness! Yet, we still follow every minute detail of that stupid family, right on down to the bowel movements of their snot-nosed kids.

[Flint scoffs.]

JF: On top of that, each and every one of ya didn't blink when the rumors of a Japanese company buying the _AMERICAN_ Wrestlin' Alliance were runnin' hot and heavy.

[Flint shakes his head again as Stephens shouts his objections in the background.]

JF: We very nearly had a dark age fall upon this company! We nearly handed over an institution to a company from a country that...

[Flint shakes his head.]

JF: Well, if I have to explain to you all the history between our country and Japan, then why don't all of ya St. Louis rednecks pick up a book if y'all still even know how to read thanks to our gutted educational system!

[Stephens steps forward.]

CS: You're asking too much of these people! I'm surprised these people even know how to read a welfare application!

[Stephens laughs as the crowd continues to boo, and Flint hands him the microphone.]

CS: Truth hurts, don't it? Most people in my generation are why this country is in trouble. Filthy millennials, can't do any sort of good for this country. D students who can barely read, workin' at McDonalds, asking us if we want fries with that and wanting 15 bucks an hour? Ya know, maybe if you idiots knew the value of hard work and good education instead of drooling like mindless zombies over yet another picture of that dumb prince and Kate whatshername suckin' face over their yellowed buck teeth we wouldn't be in this mess, and...

[Suddenly, a very loud roar is heard from the crowd, as two figures streak towards the ring, followed by a third.]

GM: It's the British Bashers, and they've heard enough!

[Both Bashers are dressed in blue jeans and white polo T-shirts with the Battle Knights Wrestling logo on the left side of the chest. Robbie Storm is first to hit the ring, sliding under the bottom rope, and immediately lunging forward, throwing himself shoulder-first into Charlie Stephens' midsection. Joe Flint sees his partner go down, but, in the confusion, fails to notice Rory Smythe climb into the ring. Flint turns around just in time to be knocked down by a clothesline to cheers from the fans.]

GM: HERE WE GO! THE BASHERS ARE ON THE SCENE!

[Having tumbled out to the floor, Robbie Storm grabs Charlie Stephens...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

[...and HURLS him into the barricade in front of a cheering Mrs. Jenner!]

GM: We've got fighting on the floor! And inside the ring, the two big men are trading bombs in the middle of the ring!

[We see Rory Smythe and Joe Flint doing exactly that as Storm grabs Stephens off the floor, whipping him into the ringpost where Stephens catches his head on it while leaving his feet, swinging around it.]

GM: Goodness! And of course, "Prince" Colin Hayden is out here shouting instructions to the Bashers! He said he'd back here with them and he lived up to that word!

[With Stephens stumbling over towards the ringsteps, we see Flint reaching up, fingers extended towards the eyes of Smythe...]

...but Her Majesty's Might - at a shouted warning from Hayden - blocks it with a defiant shake of the head to big cheers!]

GM: Oh my! Look at the strength of Rory Smythe! Look at-

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

[The crowd groans as Stephens sidesteps a charging Storm, sending Storm crashing into the ringsteps. Stephens hangs on to the apron, stumbling around as he tries to get away from the British highflyer.

Back inside the ring, Smythe drives his skull into Flint's, knocking the American down to his knees.]

GM: These two teams are fighting all over the ring and around it here in St. Louis! Stephens is stumbling right past us here, trying to put some distance between himself and Robbie Storm...

BW: I think he's got something else in mind, Gordo!

[Indeed, we see Stephens half stumbling and half crawling towards the flagpole that he had left at ringside before the start of their match.]

GM: You're right, Bucky! He's making a move for the flagpole!

[But before he can get there, Stephens finds Colin Hayden blocking his path, brandishing his lion's head tipped cane in front of him. A defiant Stephens gets to his feet, a bit wobbly as he cocks his fist, threatening to deck the manager of the British Bashers.]

GM: Stephens is on his feet but Colin Hayden is not backing down. Charlie Stephens had some wicked intent for the flag, or, more likely, the flagpole, but Hayden is standing between it and Stephens.

[A smirk crosses Hayden's face as he points with the cane behind Stephens.]

BW: Turn around, Charlie!

[Stephens turns around to see Robbie Storm advancing slowly with a folded metal chair grasped in his hands.]

GM: Uh oh! Robbie Storm's looking for a bit of payback from two weeks ago with that steel chair!

[Stephens takes a step back, hands held out in front of him...

...but before Storm can do anything, Flint's body drops down between them, having been clotheslined over the top rope by Smythe!]

GM: OHHH! Smythe sends Flint to the floor!

[Stephens swiftly pulls his partner to his feet, looking panicked as he realizes that Storm is on one side of them with the steel chair as Hayden stands behind them with his cane. Her Majesty's Might has the crowd fired up, motioning for the Soliders of Fortune to get back in the ring...]

BW: Flint and Stephens are trapped, Gordo! They're going to have to fight their way out of this one... I say they go after Hayden. He's the weak link and that way they can get to the flag...

[Stephens and Flint stand with their backs against each other, appraising the situation. Suddenly, Stephens makes a dash for it, hurdling over the barricade, into the crowd. Before the Bashers or their manager can react, Flint follows close behind to the jeers of the fans.]

GM: The Soldiers having to jostle their way clear of some of the fans at ringside, which, given what happened recently, I am sure the front office would not appreciate, but they have ultimately decided that, for tonight at least, discretion is the better part of valor.

[Smythe is joined by Storm and Hayden in the ring, as they motion for the retreating Soldiers of Fortune to come back and fight, as the crowd roars in approval of the Bashers standing their ground as the Soliders retreat.]

GM: Wow. What a throwdown that was... and fans, don't you dare go away because when we come back, it'll be Supernova responding to what we heard from Kendrick and Ferrigno earlier tonight!

[The camera shot cuts to the crowd where a fuming Stephens and Flint are working their way through some angry fans as we fade to black...

And fade back up on a rising sun coming up over a crystal blue lake. A voiceover begins.]

"The future."

[The sun continues to climb via time lapse footage.]

"It is said that the future belongs to those who believe in the beauty of their dreams."

[The sun reaches its peak, dazzling as it lights up the water below.]

"At the Korugun Corporation, our dreams are the same as yours."

[Cut to a shot of children playing in a very green meadow.]

"To live... to love..."

[To a shot of two elderly people smiling as they hold hands.]

"To make the most out of every moment we are blessed with."

[To the crack of a baseball bat and a cheering crowd.]

"To the joys of community... of family... of kinship..."

[To a young toddler walking out into the surf on a beach only to be scooped up by a nervous father who lifts him high in the air.]

"To all of life's promise... and potential."

[To a spaceship rocketing off its launchpad towards the sky.]

"To pushing the boundaries of what is expected..."

[To a space shot of Earth below.]

"To bringing our futures into the present."

[The Korugun Corporation logo slowly crawls over the curvature of the Earth.]

"Korugun. To life and all that it offers."

[And we slowly fade to black,..

...and come back up backstage with Mark Stegglet standing in front of an AWA backdrop. Next to him is Supernova, who is dressed in a black Supernova T-shirt with yellow lettering, blue jeans, and his face is painted black and yellow, resembling a sun.]

MS: Supernova, we heard from Kerry Kendrick and Flex Ferrigno earlier, that they have rejected your challenge for SuperClash. I can guess what you think about that, but as always, I want to hear it straight from the source himself.

[Supernova's eyes grow wide and agitation is clear in his voice.]

S: Mark, let's sum up a few things. First, Flex and Kerry crash the party at Fenway Park. Second, they decide to attack me backstage and cost me a chance to wrestle for the AWA World Title at SuperClash. Third, they thumb their noses at me when I dare them to get into the ring and face me.

That makes it clear that the two are nothing but cowards! And that makes it clear that they are never going to get the respect they believe they deserve!

But I can promise you, Mark, that there is no chance that I'm going to just forget about them! Just like I couldn't leave things unfinished with others I've faced before, I won't leave things unfinished with those two! Somewhere, down the line, the heat is gonna catch up with them, and the more they try to run from it, the more likely it's gonna burn them alive!

[Supernova takes a deep breath.]

S: Look, forgive me, Mark, but it gets me so aggravated that those two cowards want to talk the talk but refuse to walk the walk. You take it, Mark!

MS: Well, the question that now must be asked, Supernova, is what could be in store for you this year at SuperClash. You've competed for the National Title, been in Steal the Spotlight and won your first championship, the World Television title, at the big event of the year. And you have referred to yourself on more than one occasion as the franchise of the AWA. So what happens next for you?

S: You're right, Mark, it's not like me to not be a part of the AWA's biggest show of the year. Ryan Martinez has his shot at the World Title and I'm rooting for him. Jack Lynch and Bobby O'Connor, two good friends of mine, hopefully they'll have their chance at the World Tag Team Titles. And I know another good friend, Travis Lynch, will be there looking to defend his championship. Then there's going to be Steal the Spotlight, and that's always been a big match.

But as for what exactly I have in mind for SuperClash now...

[A pause, then a slight smile and a slight laugh.]

S: Let's just say I have Plan B in mind.

[He walks off the set.]

MS: Plan B... I wonder what he could be referring to.

[Stegglet shrugs.]

MS: Let's go back down to the ring.

[We cut from the backstage area out to the ring where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing alongside the brains behind the Kings of Wrestling, Brian Lau. Lau looks agitated already, glaring at Blackwell as the announcer begins to speak.]

SLB: Ladies and gentleman, the man next to me needs no introduction...

BL: Then why don't you do us all a favor and get out of the ring, Blackwell!

[An outraged Blackwell stares at Lau, but all Lau does is wave his hand dismissively. The waving becomes more insistent and forceful until finally an incredulous Blackwell makes his exit.]

BL: You're gone because you couldn't even start off saying something true, Blackwell. Because the fact of the matter is, I do need an introduction.

Because a lot of people around here seem to have forgotten who I am!

Too many of you have started to think that the Kings of Wrestling are the "other group in the AWA, the one that isn't the Axis" and too many of you have begun to think of me "as the manager who isn't Jackson Hunter."

And that is not who I am, and it is not who the Kings of Wrestling are!

[A seething Lau stares out over the audience, many of whom are yelling jeers and taunts.]

BL: I am the manager of the year! I am the only manager in the Hall of Fame! I am Brian Lau, and if you forgot who I am, you're about to find out!

Just ask Shane Taylor.

[More boos from the audience.]

BL: That was step one in my next project. A project you are going to watch play out from now until SuperClash. And what's that project? Well, just like Michael Corleone, I'm going to settle all of the Kings' business.

And that brings me to tonight, and to two men in particular. The two men who should be standing shoulder to shoulder, dominating this entire company, but who instead have spent too long at each other's throats.

I'm talking about Brian James and Johnny Detson. And though I hate doing business in public, this has gone on too long.

So Brian, Johnny... come on out!

[Bruce Dickinson's cover of "The Zoo" blares over the loudspeakers, as the AWA's Engine of Destruction, Brian James is the first one out. The Son of the Blackheart is bare-chested, wearing a pair of black workout pants and black boots. A white towel covers his face. James stalks towards the ring and enters, moving to the center. He stands in front of Lau and pulls the towel off his head, staring at his manager. Lau stares straight back, unflinching. At last, James nods, taking a step to the side.]

GM: There's seemingly been tension between Brian James and Johnny Detson since this group formed back at the start of the year. And tonight, Brian Lau apparently believes he can resolve the issue.

BW: Of course he can! You know why?

GM: Because the Kings are fine?

BW: Finally, you admit it.

[There's a momentary pause until "Kashmir" by Led Zeppelin starts playing, heralding the arrival of the former World Champion, Johnny Detson. Detson is dressed in black slacks and black shoes with a light yellow shirt sans tie with the top two buttons undone. He climbs up the ring steps and into the ring. He apprehensively stays near the ropes as he stops on the other side of Lau. He casually leans against the ropes looking at Lau to get things started. As the music fades, Lau raises the mic once more.]

BL: You two...

[Lau shakes his head and then turns to look at Brian James.]

BL: This started with you. When it was the James Gang. When it was you and your brothers. When I watched you destroy the Dogs of War, something no one else, not even Alex Martinez and Juan Vasquez could do!

And then came you, Johnny. And a Gang became Kings.

And now, here we are...

[Lau lets out an exasperated sigh.]

BL: We are all Kings of Wrestling. But what I am seeing is that things can't continue the way they are. You two are going to destroy each other, and everything we've built. So while we're all Kings, I can see now that we need something else.

One King above all the others.

[As Detson and James stare at each other, Lau steps between them.]

BL: So here it is – at SuperClash, the two of you will get what you've been wanting for the better part of a year.

It will be Brian James versus Johnny Detson, and the winner is THE King of Wrestling! The winner will be the leader of the Kings of Wrestling, and the loser must walk across the ring, shake the winner's hand, and acknowledge that they are in charge.

What do you say?

[There's a long moment with James and Detson staring each other down.]

GM: A bold solution proposed by Brian Lau. A clash of Kings one might say.

BW: Clever, Gordo... but even more clever is this move by Brian Lau! Of course this how we resolve it! Of course!

GM: No one's agreed to it yet, Bucky.

[James reaches up, stroking his chin for a moment... and then gives the slightest of nods. Lau grins at his charge's acceptance of his proposal...]

...and then turns towards Detson.]

GM: One man's in. Will Detson agree?

[Detson waits... and waits... and waits... milking the moment as he looks over at Lau... then back to James... then back to Lau. With a deep inhale, he closes his eyes...

...and nods as well.]

BL: Excellent! We've reached an accord!

[Detson opens his eyes, locking his gaze with Brian James' as the crowd buzzes at the newest addition to SuperClash.]

BL: Now, let's make it official. Shake on it!

[Lau steps back, urging his clients forward. James slowly closes the distance to mid-ring, his eyes locked on Detson as the former World Champion cautiously moves to the center of the ring as well...]

GM: There's a tense scene here in St. Louis. Lau's looking for a handshake but...

[A glowering James slowly extends his hand...]

GM: James offering his hand, looking to cement this challenge.

[...and Detson slowly brings up his own hand as well, clasping his "brother's" hand in his own.]

BW: There it is! There's the handshake! We've got an agreement!

[For the first time since reaching the ring, Brian Lau smiles at what he's seeing. Detson looks over to Lau, smiling as well...]

GM: Well, smiles all around for the Kings of Wrestling but they won't be smiling on Thanksgiving Night in New Orleans at SuperCla-

[...and suddenly, Detson yanks James' arm with the handshake, burying a boot into the midsection. He snatches a double underhook, wasting no time as he leaps into the air, driving James facefirst into the canvas as the fans roar and Lau shouts in dismay!]

BW: Umm...uhhh... WILDE DRIVER!

GM: My obviously torn colleague can see that this didn't end nearly as well as Lau had hoped for.

[Lau starts screaming at Detson, "What are you doing?" "Why?" and giving him the business. Detson just stares down at James before looking up at Lau and smirking.]

GM: Johnny Detson with the sneak attack! Detson showing his true colors here tonight in St. Louis and-

[Detson walks over to Lau, placing a hand on his shoulder...]

"God save the King."

[...and with a chuckle, the former World Champion ducks through the ropes, exiting the ring. He raises his arms to the jeers of the crowd, making his way back up the aisle.]

GM: God save the King? Not if Brian James gets his way in New Orleans! Johnny Detson may have just made the biggest mistake of his legendary career. Fans, we'll be right back.

[A smirking Detson is sauntering down the aisle, leaving Lau to kneel next to Brian James inside the ring as we fade to black...

...and then back up on the exterior of a fast food restaurant that looks quite familiar to fans of delicious, mouth-watering, artery-clogging fried chicken. Yes, it is the Mecca Of Fried Chicken, KFC.

We cut inside where a friendly young man is working the counter, smiling at the customers he aids.]

FYM: Thank you and have a fantastic day!

[The next person steps up to the counter wearing a black trenchcoat, dark sunglasses, and a hat. We see him from the front.]

FYM: Good afternoon, sir, and welcome to KFC! What can I get for you today?

[The customer lifts his head slightly to look at the menu and responds.]

C: Three piece meal. Original recipe. Breasts and legs... heh... breasts and leg, oh yeah.

[The employee raises an eyebrow in recognition.]

FYM: I'm sorry. But aren't you former World Champion and Pro Wrestling Hall of Famer Eddie Van Gibson?!

[The sunglasses come down to reveal an angry EVG.]

EVG: How did you know?!

[We cut behind him to see the back of his trenchcoat is covered in a large maple leaf with the words MISTER MAPLE LEAF surrounding it. Cut back to the friendly young man who smiles.]

FYM: I had a hunch.

[We cut to a shot of the chicken, glimmering and golden in all its glory. A voiceover begins.]

"Come into your local KFC today and not only can you get our three piece combo meal for the low price for \$4 but you can also pick up these special souvenir cups featuring some of the greatest pro wrestling stars of all time!"

[Cut to a young boy showing his cup.]

"I got Ryan Martinez!"

[To an older lady.]

"Hamilton Graham? I remember him!"

[To a family of four, all showing different cups.]

“Collect them all!”

[We cut back to Eddie Van Gibson sitting at a table, groaning as he eats a piece of chicken. He looks up, his eyes locking on a pair of twins in their early twenties. The two blondes giggle as they look at the Hall of Famer.]

EVG: If I were to LET you suck on my...

[He looks down invitingly.]

EVG: ...Original Recipe chicken from KFC...

[And then into the camera.]

EVG: Would you be grateful?

[Cut to the end graphic advertising the promotion. Another voiceover.]

“Get your KFC today! As good as it’s always been!”

[Fade to black...

...and then back up to the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing alongside the man known as the Prodigy, Jayden Jericho. The athletic young man stands in street clothes - blue jeans and a “vintage” EMWC t-shirt.]

MS: Alright, fans... we are backstage here with Jayden Jericho who looks to be in a reflective mood by the look of that t-shirt.

[Jericho smiles.]

JJ: You could say that, Mr. Stegglet. Because earlier tonight, I heard your legendary uncle announce that this year at SuperClash, there would be a ladder match with that Steal The Spotlight contract hanging from the ceiling.

MS: That’s right. Are you hoping to be a part of that match?

JJ: Well, I don’t know if you’re aware but my father was in his share of ladder matches back in the day... so I think success in those matches is in my blood, Mr. Stegglet. I think that-

[A voice shouts out from off-camera.]

“HISSSSSSTORRRRRYYYYY!”

[And in strides “Playboy” Ronnie D in red leather pants with a matching vest. There’s nothing under the vest but a well-tanned torso that could use a little more gym time. His golden mirrored sunglasses are on his face as he reaches the interview area.]

D: Sorry, kid. Had to see a guy about a thing.

[Jericho smiles at his father, nodding.]

D: What were we talking about here?

[Stegglet goes to respond when D cuts him off immediately.]

D: HISTORY! You see, Mark Stegglet... as your Uncle knows, "Playboy" Ronnie D was once in one of the biggest ladder matches in the history of this sport.

Oh, I can still picture the marquee...

[He points to his son's faded t-shirt.]

D: The EMWC presenting No Imitations Accepted in the Toronto Skydome! "Playboy" Ronnie D! "Dreamlover" Trey Porter! Climbing ladders and jumping off them!

It was a glorious night, Mark Stegglet. Have you seen it?

[Stegglet again starts to respond before being interrupted.]

D: Pssssh. Of course you have. After all, it's one of the most legendary matches of all time... and your Uncle? He was right there ringside watching it! That's why I have no doubt - NO DOUBT - in my mind that he's going to do the right thing and add my son, Jayden Jericho, to the Steal The Spotlight match at SuperClash.

Because if there is one thing that the fruit of my loins was born to do...

...it's Steal The Spotlight.

[Stegglet finally speaks up.]

MS: The only one who seems to be stealing any spotlight around here right now is YOU! This was your son's interview time!

[Jericho shakes his head.]

JJ: Now, Mr. Stegglet, I've shown you nothing but respect. I won't have you disrespecting my father.

[Stegglet looks at Jericho, his jaw slack.]

D: You heard the boy. Now shut your mouth before one of these St. Louis horseflies gets in there.

[D swats at an imaginary fly or two.]

D: Jon Stegglet, you've got my number. Do the right thing. I'll be waiting. Come on, kid. Let's go watch that ladder match.

[Jericho sighs.]

JJ: Again?

[D grins as he grabs his son by the arm, pulling him from view as we fade to another part of the backstage area. As we do, we see a face new to many AWA fans, but familiar to the CCW audience, Harvey Sutton, as he stands backstage. Next to him is a face familiar to all wrestling fans, across several generations. The legendary patriarch of one of the greatest wrestling dynasties, Blackjack Lynch.]

HS: Hello AWA Galaxy! Emerson Gellar has kindly granted us this time to catch you up on the exciting happenings in CCW! Exciting things that my guest here found himself involved in, even though I know he would have preferred to leave the action to the next generation of superstars.

[Lynch nods.]

BJL: Well, you know Harvey, most of the kids we've got in CCW are fine young men and women.

HS: I am guessing that Odin Gunn is not on the list of "fine young men."

[Lynch laughs.]

BJL: No, he isn't, Harvey.

But I don't want to spend too much time talking about the rotten apples like Gunn. Not when we've got people like Japanese sensation Fujin Oda, or blue chippers like Whaitiri, or innovators like Gabriel Cordova!

HS: Don't forget your biggest fan, Sid Osborne...

BJL: You know what Harvey? I know that Sid sees me as part of the establishment, but I can appreciate a spirited young wrestler. As far as I'm concerned, CCW is happy to have Sid Osborne.

And fans? Let me tell you that if these names are unfamiliar to you, then you need to start paying attention. Last week's Power Hour was just the first round of the Brass Ring tournament, and next week, if you tune in, I guarantee you'll get a glimpse of the men who'll one day be in the SuperClash main event.

HS: And of course, AWA fans will get to see a preview on this year's SuperClash, as the winner of the Brass Ring tournament will compete in New Orleans!

[Lynch nods. Just as Sutton is about to ask another question, a pair of current, rather than future, AWA superstars walks in.]

HS: Well, this is a welcome surprise!

[Who has joined Sutton and Lynch? None other than the TexMo connection, "Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor, and his partner and Blackjack's son, Jack Lynch. The elder Lynch looks from one member of TexMo to the other.]

BJL: Bobby... son...

[There is an awkwardness between father and son that Sutton is quick to pick up on.]

HS: I would have expected this to be a happier occasion. But Mr. Lynch, Jack I mean, I sense there's something on your mind.

[The former World Champion nods his head, as he looks at his father.]

JL: Yeah, there is. And I woulda been happy to talk about it in private, if you ever answered your phone.

[Blackjack offers a shrug.]

BJL: You know how it is, son, when you've got commitments.

[That seems to upset Jack further.]

JL: Commitments. I seem to recall that you're supposed to be retired, old man, and that your "commitment" is to cleanin' out the rain gutters. You bein' commissioner of CCW was somethin' you were supposed to do in your spare time, not make a full time commitment out of.

But it seems like everywhere I look, you're in a damn wrestlin' ring.

First, there was that business with Rage. And then, you're out there gettin' in the face of Odin Gunn. That's twice you've gotten yourself involved in somethin' physical. There ain't gonna be no third time.

Now I know you got your pride, but I ain't forgotten the promise you made to mom. You promised that you were done with fightin'. And I'm here to tell you that if you won't keep your promise, I will.

I came to give you a simple message. You need to swallow your pride, and let your sons do the fightin' you're not able to anymore.

Even if I gotta do it at SuperClash.

[The camera cuts to a shocked O'Connor, who was clearly not expecting that.]

BOC: Now wait a second, Jack. We already challenged-

[Before he can continue, Blackjack holds up his hand.]

BJL: Don't worry, Bobby.

[Blackjack draws in a breath and exhales slowly.]

BJL: Listen son, I know your heart is in the right place. But you don't worry. Gunn ain't gonna be a problem. And as for Rage? Well, like I said before, I've been dealin' with Rages since you were in diapers. I know how to take care of them.

And speakin' of promises.

[Blackjack's eyes narrow as he looks at his son.]

BJL: Your promise is to that man right there. Your tag team partner. A man who's your brother as much as Travis and Jimmy.

You take care of winning those tag belts again. And I'll deal with my problems myself. We clear?

[Reluctantly, Lynch nods. With another nod to O'Connor, Lynch and his partner step off.]

HS: Well, that is about all the time we have.

BJL: Sorry about that, Sutton. But fans, don't miss this coming Power Hour. I promise you that you won't regret it!

[We fade away from the CCW connection back out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is already standing.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... in the corner to my right... from Glen Falls, New York... weighing in at 272 pounds... BONESAW BATES!

[A rugged looking tough guy with a nasty black beard and tangled hair to match shouts at a ringside fan, threatening to "MESS YOU UP!" to jeers from the St. Louis crowd.]

RO: Annnnnnd his opponent...

[The lights fade partially, the entrance illuminated to almost a sunrise-like effect. Moments later...]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

[Sounds of gunfire reverberate throughout the arena as the opening guitar solo to "One" by Metallica begins. The AWA fans respond appropriately for the Pro Wrestling Hall of Famer and former World Champion as the spotlight hits the entranceway, focused there as James Hetfield's voice rings out.]

#I can't remember anything, can't tell if this is true or dream.
#Deep down inside I feel the scream, this terrible silence stops me.
#Now that the war is through with me, I'm waking up I can not see.
#That there's not much left of me, nothing is real but pain now...

[And as so many wrestling crowds have done over the years, the St. Louis crowd plays their part, joining in on...]

#HOLD MY BREATH AS I WISH FOR DEATH... OH PLEASE GOD WAKE ME!

[And with that, Jeff Matthews makes his appearance to a large reaction from the AWA faithful. His crimson colored tights and high, laced-up black boots are the first thing we see but as the light catches his body, we can also make out the littering of tattoos all over his bare torso from his days masquerading as Caleb Temple and the scars put on his body throughout a career spent in the Land of Extreme. Matthews tugs his black elbowpads into place, methodically making his way down the aisle, occasionally looking out to the cheering crowd.]

GM: Jeff Matthews, one of the all-time greats in our sport, competing here tonight in one of the all-time great CITIES in our sport. More recently, fans talk about the days of River City Wrestling and names like Kinsey, Vasquez, Case, Courtade, Destiny... but you also go back to the legendary days of the St. Louis Wrestling Office to names like Shane Senior and Junior, Hamilton Graham, Cameron and Karl O'Connor and so many others.

[Matthews reaches the ring, rolling in under the bottom rope. He takes a knee, eyes locked on the pacing Bonesaw Bates who looks like he's ready to tear a limb off the Hall of Famer.]

GM: In recent weeks, we've seen Matthews start to shake off some of that ring rust and really begin making some noise inside that squared circle to the point where you have to wonder if there will be a spot for the legendary Madfox on the big stage known as SuperClash.

BW: Think about that for a second, Gordo. This roster is so good... so filled with talent... that on the biggest show of the year, we're just not sure if we can find room to showcase a guy with the resume of Jeff Matthews. A Hall of Famer. A former World Champion. A guy whose feuds with the likes of Temple and Martinez and so many others is the stuff that history books are written of. And we're not sure he's on the show.

GM: You said it yourself, Bucky. The roster is so full of talented competitors and everyone wants their shot to be under the big lights in New Orleans. Heck, we've even got guys internationally trying to get on the show... guys down in CCW... guys from AWA and pro wrestling past! It's a wild time of year and if Jeff Matthews is going to be at SuperClash, he's going to have to show the front office that he deserves that spot over someone else.

[The lights come back up as Matthews gives the ropes a few quick tugs, preparing for action...

...and as the bell sounds, Bonesaw Bates comes charging across the ring, letting loose a horrid battlecry as he looks for a big running haymaker. Matthews sidesteps, throwing a dropkick to the back of Bates, sending him crashing chestfirst into the buckles.]

GM: Matthews knocks him to the corner... schoolboy rollup out of the corner!

[A quick two count follows before Bates kicks out.]

GM: Two count there for Matthews. Bates to his feet and-

[Matthews uncoils from a kneeling position, springing into the air, snatching a three-quarter nelson on his burly opponent...

...and DRIVES him facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: FOXDEN! FOXDEN OUT OF NOWHERE! HOLY...

[Matthews emphatically flips Bates onto his back, applying a lateral press, nodding along with the referee as he counts one... two...]

BW: Forget about it.

[...and three.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Goodness! I think the entrances took longer than the match itself right there, Bucky... and you talk about a guy who is trying to send the front office... the locker room... the fans a message that he's right here where he belongs with the very best pro wrestlers in the world... you gotta be talking about Jeff Matthews.

BW: He's so dangerous in there. So quick to finish someone off... and you just never know where it'll come from. He's got the Foxden that we saw tonight... that Foxtrap figure four... and of course, the dreaded Fujiwara Armbar that he used to end the careers of so many competitors back in his days in Los Angeles.

[Matthews rises to his feet, allowing the referee to raise his hand as Rebecca Ortiz steps back in, mic in hand.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen, here is your winner...

JEEEEEEFF "MADFOOOOOOX" MATTTTTTTHEWWWWWS!

[Matthews gives a nod of acknowledgement to the cheering fans before requesting the mic from Ortiz who grants it, handing it over. Matthews takes a deep breath, looking down at the mat for a moment before he begins speaking.]

JMM: That felt good.

[The crowd cheers as a smile crosses the face of the Madfox.]

JMM: I won't lie to all of you and say that I haven't been questioning my return to wrestling lately.

Sometimes you feel out of sorts after being gone for so long.

[A fan yells out from the front row...]

"WE LOVE YOU, MADFOX!"

[Jeff points over with a smile to the fan.]

JMM: Back at ya, kid.

[He pauses, letting some more fans shout their love his way.]

JMM: Sometimes when you're gone a while, you kinda forget that people move on from you, you know?

There's always someone younger, faster and better. It's the way of the land. Survival of the fittest.

[Matthews nods.]

JMM: But match by match since I've come back, I've been proving something...

Ya see, they may be younger and they might be faster.

[He shakes his head, wagging a finger.]

JMM: But they're not better.

[Another big cheer rings out!]

JMM: See, I proved that to you all when I beat Jayden Jericho not once... but twice!

[Another cheer!]

JMM: I proved it the last time I was out here... and I proved it again tonight!

[The fans continue to cheer as Matthews runs his hands through his hair, brushing the few droplets of sweat from his forehead.]

JMM: I proved it to them... I proved it to you... and most importantly, I proved it to myself.

And hopefully, I've proved it to some other people too.

Because Jeff Matthews is here.

[The St. Louis crowd cheers that.]

JMM: Jeff Matthews is ready for a fight.

[Cheer!]

JMM: Jeff Matthews is here to make a stand. Jeff Matthews is here to fight for all of you...

[On this, he points to the fans, drawing an even bigger reaction.]

JMM: ...and for all of you.

[He points to the camera, nodding his head.]

JMM: For all of you in the back, I'll fight the fight that you can't or won't.

[Matthews pauses, almost as if reconsidering his next words. He grins a bit, shrugging with a “here goes nothing” expression.]

JMM: And Supreme Wright...

[The crowd ROARS at the mention of the former World Champion.]

JMM: I'll fight the fight by YOUR side too.

[The fans buzz at what Matthews is implying.]

JMM: You got it right, kid. If you need a partner for SuperClash against Casey James and Tiger Claw...

[Dramatic pause.]

JMM: ...then I'm your man!

[HUGE CHEER! Matthews grins before dropping the mic, throwing his arms up over his head once in triumph before ducking through the ropes to the apron and making his exit.]

GM: Wow! A bold statement there from Jeff Matthews! He's offering to team with Supreme Wright at SuperClash to take on the Syndicate!

BW: He's crazier than I thought... and considering he once spent over a year pretending to be someone else, that's saying something, Gordo.

GM: I guess we'll just have to wait and see if Wright will accept that offer. But right now, let's go backstage where Mark Stegglet is standing by! Mark?

[We cut to backstage where Mark Stegglet stands between Chris Choynet and Cesar Hernandez. Choynet, to Stegglet's right, is dressed in a white and blue University of Maine letterman jacket, blue trunks with white stripes on the sides and waistband, plus white wrestling boots. Hernandez, to Stegglet's left, is dressed white wrestling trunks, matching kneepads and wrestling boots, and a stylish jacket with pleated sleeves and frills along the torso.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. Chris Choynet, you will be facing your former tag team partner Rene Rousseau in just a few minutes. And in your corner, you have your more recent tag team partner, Cesar Hernandez. After Rousseau left you behind after that match with the Samoan Hit Squad, then joined them in the Lion's Den, I'd say you have plenty of motivation for payback.

CC: That's an understatement, Mark! Rene, I trusted you, I put a lot of faith in you, and I considered you one of my best friends in the wrestling business! And then, you threw it all away!

[He takes a deep breath, then runs a hand across his face.]

CC: That's what hurts the most, Mark... when I said he was one of my best friends in the business, I meant it! I don't know what on earth could have made Rene join up with the Lion's Den, but I guess when I thought Rene was a man of integrity, I was wrong. Well, Rene, those days of friendship are over between us, but the good news is that I have another man I consider one of my best friends who has proven to be a man of integrity!

[He motions to Hernandez, who nods.]

CH: Chris Choynet, just as I stood by your side so you wouldn't have to go it alone against the Samoan Hit Squad, I am standing by your side so you won't have to go it alone against Rene Rousseau and Dave Cooper! I'm warning you, Cooper, that you better leave this match between Chris and Rene, or you'll answer to me! And unlike you and Rene, I will never throw my friends and partners aside! I'm with Chris all the way, win or lose, because that's what it means to be an example for all the young talent!

CC: And while I appreciate those words, I don't plan on it being a loss tonight! Rene, I'm going to show you that the student is about to become your master!

[Choynet exchanges a high five with Hernandez and the two walk off the set.]

MS: Fans, that match is coming up shortly... now, let's send it over to Colt Patterson!

[We cut to another set, where Colt Patterson stands between "The Professional" Dave Cooper and Rene Rousseau. Cooper is dressed in a pair of khakis and a black, button-down shirt. Rousseau is dressed in a long, royal blue robe adorned with white fleur-de-lis. He also wears sunglasses and smirks arrogantly.]

CP: Tonight, we're going to find out who really was the better member of the former tag team known as the Northern Lights! And with me is one of those members of that former tag team, Rene Rousseau, and a man who knows a lot about what it means to be in a top tag team, Dave Cooper! Now, Cooper, I must say I'm impressed with how you ultimately convinced Rousseau to join up with the Lion's Den, but I have to ask you... do you believe your newest member can prove he was the better half of the Northern Lights?

DC: Colt, there is no doubt in my mind that Rene Rousseau will prove he was the better half... or better yet, he'll prove he's better off as his own man, rather than hanging around with somebody who's too stubborn to realize he has a great deal right in front of him and he won't take it! I can't tell you how proud I am to have Rousseau as part of the Lion's Den, and I can promise you he won't disappoint me!

CP: So tell me what it is that you see in Rene Rousseau, still to this day, that you no longer see in Chris Choynet? Let's not forget, Dave Cooper, that you originally wanted both men to be part of the Lion's Den!

DC: It's as simple as this, Colt... Rene Rousseau was willing to listen to reason while Chris Choynet was too stubborn for his own good. And when somebody just doesn't want to listen to reason, there's no sense in negotiating any longer! But that's done and over with. What matters tonight, Colt, is that Rousseau is going to prove not only that he's better than Chris Choynet, but that he's destined to head the top of the wrestling business, now that he's part of the Lion's Den!

CP: Rene Rousseau, I have to ask you this... certainly you know what your former partner Chris Choynet can do in that ring, but would you believe the same could be said for him knowing what you can do?

[Rousseau chuckles.]

RR: Colt, I know you're just doing your job here, but let's look at the facts. Like Dave said, Chris is too stubborn for his own good. He's too busy whining about how I dumped him, about why I joined the Lion's Den, that he's not going to be able to concentrate on a match. He's not going to be able to focus on getting ready for what I can do. Meanwhile, I most certainly am. Because this is my chance to prove that I'm better off without Chris... that I'm better off as a part of the Lion's Den... that I'm better off forming my own legacy as a singles wrestler. My focus is entirely on that, while all Chris wants to think about is silly little things like revenge.

CP: What about Cesar Hernandez, though... I'm no fan of the guy, but he's a veteran who knows the ring inside and out.

RR: [scoffs] Cesar Hernandez shouldn't even be out there tonight... this isn't his concern. A veteran like him should realize when somebody younger isn't willing to listen, but Cesar concerns himself too much about friendship rather than being the best. That's why I still have the advantage, Cesar Hernandez or no Cesar Hernandez, because the only thing I concern myself with now is being the best.

DC: And having me by his side is only going to ensure that Rene Rousseau will become the best. After all, my influence has allowed everyone I have worked alongside or represented to reach their full potential. Without me, they're just another footnote... and that's what Choynet will be after tonight's match, I promise you that, Colt.

Now, if you'll excuse us, but we need to be on our way.

[Cooper and Rousseau walk off the set.]

CP: I'm not a betting man, but if I were, I'd place my money on Rousseau, because you should always bet on the veteran, especially somebody as confident as Rousseau is! Gordon and Bucky, let's send it back to you!

[We cut to ringside with Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde.]

BW: See, I can appreciate Colt... he remembers to send it back to me, too!

GM: Even though he gave you second billing, Bucky?

BW: It's equal billing and you know it, Gordo!

GM: If you say so. Let's go up to the ring!

[The instrumental rock piece "Those Who Fight", composed by Nobuo Uemastu, plays over the PA, drawing cheers.]

RO: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a 15-minute time limit! Introducing first, accompanied to the ring by Cesar Hernandez, from Portland, Maine, and weighing in at 221 pounds...

CHRIS CHOISNET!

[Chris Choynet briskly walks out from the back. The dark brown-haired grappler is wearing a pair of bright blue trunks with white striping down the sides and the waistband, white wrestling boots with his initials embossed on the sides in an interlocking font, blue kneepads and blue elbow pads. Over this, he has a University Of Maine letterman jacket; white and blue.

Right behind him is Cesar Hernandez, a tall, rangy, dusty-skinned man with shoulder-length black hair and dressed in a pair of white wrestling trunks with his initials monogrammed on them, plus matching kneepads and wrestling boots. Hernandez also wears a stylish jacket with pleated sleeves and frills along the torso.]

GM: Chris Choynet with a score to settle with his former tag team partner... and he's not alone tonight!

BW: What business does Cesar Hernandez have being out here? He's not a licensed manager!

GM: He's been allowed to be at ringside per Choynet's request, Bucky.

BW: Oh, so Shawnee's passing money under the table to get an unfair advantage! No wonder his former partner dumped him. You can't trust anybody from Maine!

GM: Will you stop it, Bucky?

[Hernandez is more than happy to slap the outstretched hands of fans. Choynet does the same, though he never smiles. When they reach the ring, Choynet climbs onto the apron and ducks between the ropes, where he removes his letter jacket. Hernandez takes his place at ringside, pumping his fist once more.]

GM: Chris Choynet is ready to go... now we await the man who stabbed him in the back...

BW: Now you stop it, Gordo! It was Shawnee who dumped Rousseau for another partner.

GM: That's not how it happened and you know it, Bucky.

["Bolero" by Maurice Revel starts up over the PA. "The Professional" Dave Cooper steps out from behind the curtain first. Right behind him is Rene Rousseau, who is dressed in a long, royal blue robe adorned with white fluer-de-lys and his name on the back in white. Rousseau also wears sunglasses and has an arrogant smirk on his face.]

RO: His opponent, accompanied to the ring by his manager, "The Professional" Dave Cooper... from Montreal, Quebec... weighing in at 227 pounds... he is a member of the Lion's Den...

...RENE ROUSSEAU!

GM: Rousseau not getting a good reception from these fans tonight.

BW: Like Rousseau says, these fans have no class! How dare they boo a premier athlete and a top veteran like Rousseau!

GM: It's not his experience or his athleticism they dislike, Bucky. It's his attitude.

BW: So they don't like a winning attitude? No wonder these fans get stuck in dead-end jobs and blame it on people like Rousseau and Cooper!

[Cooper, who wears khakis and a black, button-down shirt, leads Rousseau down the aisle, Cooper with a smirk that resembles Rousseau's. The French Canadian scoffs at the fans who are leaning over the railing, waving them off and mouthing the words "no class." The two reach ringside and Cooper ascends the steps first, followed by Rousseau.

They duck between the ropes and Cooper stands behind Rousseau, who undoes his robe. Cooper pulls it off to reveal Rousseau's wrestling attire, consisting of royal blue trunks with three white fluer-de-lys on the back, with matching wristbands, kneepads and boots.]

GM: This is it, fans... the Northern Lights, once a promising tag team in the AWA, are set to face each other one-on-one.

BW: And tonight, we'll learn that there are cases when the student doesn't become the master!

GM: As Bucky alluded to, Rousseau was once Choisnet's mentor and... oh my, look at this staredown we've got.

[Rousseau and Choisnet come face to face in the center of the ring. Rousseau says something that the camera doesn't pick up, while Choisnet meets Rousseau with a hard stare.]

GM: The intensity already building -- I can only imagine what Rousseau is saying.

BW: Not hard to figure out it isn't complimentary, Gordo!

GM: I won't argue that point.

[Rousseau raises a finger toward Choisnet, who reaches up with his hands and swats it away.]

GM: Oh my! Choisnet taking exception to that and...

[That's when Rousseau hauls off with a slap right across Choisnet's face.]

BW: And Rousseau took exception as well!

GM: And Choisnet not happy about that slap!

[Choisnet hauls off and nails Rousseau upside the face with a forearm smash. He fires off several more forearms and the referee frantically waves to the timekeeper.]

GM: And the referee calls for the bell! This one is underway!

BW: Oh, sure, do it when Shawnee has the advantage! Tell me again these referees aren't biased toward the locker room favorites!

[Choisnet has backed Rousseau into the corner, where he fires off a kick to the midsection.]

GM: Choisnet doubles over Rousseau! An Irish whip to the opposite corner!

[Choisnet sends Rousseau across the ring. As Rousseau staggers out of the corner, Choisnet ducks down and sends Rousseau up and over.]

GM: Choisnet with a back body drop! The youngster from Maine takes the early advantage!

BW: Yeah, because the referee gave it to him, Gordo!

GM: Rousseau getting to his feet... and Choisnet is waiting for him!

[Rousseau staggers toward Choisnet, who hooks his former partner by the arm and takes him over to the canvas.]

GM: An armdrag takedown into an armbar! Choisnet staying right on top of his ex-partner!

[Outside the ring, Cooper points an accusing finger at the referee.]

BW: You hear Cooper? He says Choisnet pulled the hair!

GM: He did no such thing, Bucky.

BW: Oh, so you think Cooper is a liar?

GM: I think Cooper is looking for any reason to complain that Choynet is controlling this match.

BW: Like I said, Gordo, the referee let him have the advantage by calling for the bell when Shawnee cheap shot Rousseau! Deny that, Gordo!

[Choynet wrenches Rousseau's right arm, but the veteran manages to push himself to his feet.]

GM: Rousseau trying to get leverage... he's pushing his free hand against Choynet's face.

[Rousseau manages to back Choynet into the corner, where the official calls for the break.]

GM: Referee wanting a clean break here... Choynet lifting his hands away and...

[And that's the opening Rousseau needed, as he drives a kick into Choynet's midsection.]

GM: And it's Rousseau taking advantage with a cheap shot of his own!

BW: Turnabout is fair play, Gordo!

GM: Rousseau with a forearm smash right across the jaw! Now he's got Choynet by the arm!

[An Irish whip attempt by Rousseau, however, is reversed by Choynet.]

GM: Irish whip reversed! Here comes Choynet!

[Rousseau is able to sidestep him, laughs and brags to the crowd...

...but he doesn't notice that Choynet stopped himself in time.]

GM: Choynet avoids hitting the corner! Rousseau doesn't realize it!

[When Rousseau turns around, Choynet greets him with a dropkick.]

GM: Dropkick takes Rousseau down! He gets back to his feet... back down he goes!

[A second dropkick forces Rousseau to roll underneath the ropes to the floor. He slaps the apron in frustration and Cooper comes over to calm him down.]

GM: Rousseau made the mistake of turning his back on Choynet and he's none too happy!

BW: Okay, so Shawnee got one up on Rousseau, but this one's far from over.

[Choynet goes toward his corner, where he exchanges a quick high five with Hernandez, then turns back to Rousseau and motions for him to get back into the ring.]

GM: Choynet wanting to keep this match going... and considering he's got the advantage, you can't blame him.

[Rousseau paces outside the ring, turning to a fan and saying, "Shut up! You have no class!" Cooper pats Rousseau on the shoulder and points back to the ring, speaking to his charge:

"You know you're the better wrestler. Now go in there and prove it!"]

GM: Cooper encouraging Rousseau... now the French Canadian climbs onto the apron...

[Choisnet approaches him, but Rousseau points at him and tells him to back off.]

GM: Rousseau wanting Choisnet to step away.

BW: As he should! And why isn't the referee getting in front of Shawnee?

[Rousseau, however, turns toward the crowd, jawing at a fan...

...and that's the opening for Choisnet, who grabs the top rope and yanks on it, sending Rousseau flying into the ring.]

GM: And Choisnet brings Rousseau into the ring the hard way!

BW: Why is that referee letting him do that? Is that referee Shawnee's second cousin twice removed or something?

[Rousseau arches his back in pain and Choisnet goes right after him, pulling him to his feet.]

GM: Choisnet scooping Rousseau up... he bodyslams him to the mat!

[Choisnet runs into the ropes and drops a quick elbow on his former partner.]

GM: Elbowdrop finds the mark! A cover... one... two... and only a two count!

[Choisnet drags Rousseau off the canvas again, hooking him into a front chancery.]

GM: Choisnet controlling this match so far... a nice vertical suplex!

[Outside the ring, Cooper pounds on the apron. That draws a pointed finger from Choisnet.]

BW: If I were you, Shawnee, I wouldn't be antagonizing Cooper! He'll wipe the smile right off your face!

GM: Choisnet isn't exactly smiling, Bucky, though I can imagine he's feeling good about staying in control of the match.

[Choisnet's motion prompts Cooper to hop onto the apron, drawing the referee's attention, and that of Hernandez, who runs around the ring.]

GM: And Cooper trying to get involved!

BW: Get Hernandez out of there!

[Hernandez and Cooper jaw at one another, the referee trying to get the latter down from the apron. Meanwhile, Choisnet turns back to Rousseau, who has gotten to his knees.]

GM: Choisnet grabs Rousseau... what could he set him up for...

[But it's Rousseau who is setting up Choisnet, as he drives his right arm up into Choisnet's groin.]

GM: Oh no! Low blow by Rousseau!

BW: See, that's what you get for antagonizing Cooper! Shawnee isn't feeling so good now, is he, Gordo?

[Cooper climbs down from the apron and the referee orders Hernandez back to his corner. Meanwhile, Rousseau stands up and grabs a doubled-over Choisnet.]

GM: And Rousseau now has Choisnet dead to rights! A scoop and a powerslam!

[Rousseau smirks as he pulls Choisnet off the canvas, then tosses him through the ropes to the outside.]

GM: And now he sends Choisnet out of the ring! The referee trying to keep him from going after him!

[That gives Cooper the opening to approach Choisnet. He grabs the youngster from Maine by the hair and slams him face first into the apron.]

GM: Cooper attacking Choisnet and the referee never saw it!

BW: Like I said, Cooper wiped the smile right off Shawnee's face!

GM: And here comes Hernandez!

[The Mexican wrestler dashes around the ring, prompting Cooper to run away. The referee slips outside the ring, ordering Hernandez back to his corner.]

GM: And the referee is losing control of this one.

BW: That's what happens when you hire one of Shawnee's relatives! I can only imagine how chaotic it gets during Thanksgiving dinner at the Shawnee household!

GM: Bucky!

[Rousseau slides out of the ring, grabbing a dazed Choisnet and throwing him back under the ropes. The referee gives Rousseau a warning, who ignores it and slides back under the ropes himself.]

GM: This match finally back in the ring and Rousseau with the clear advantage now!

[Rousseau drags Choisnet to his feet and sends him into the ropes, then bounces off the other side.]

GM: OH MY! That patented necktie clothesline by Rousseau! Choisnet goes down hard!

[Rousseau kips up to his feet and smirks, then does a backflip.]

GM: And look at Rousseau bragging about it.

BW: Hey, I'd say he's earned the right to brag. After all, the teacher is showing his former student he still has a lot to learn.

[Rousseau turns his attentions back to Choisnet, pulls him off the mat, then lifts him up in front of him.]

GM: Rousseau with a bodyslam, perhaps... no, a backbreaker!

[Rousseau steps forward and bends his right knee, dropping Choisnet's back across the knee.]

GM: Rousseau with a cover... one... two... but a kickout by Choisnet!

BW: And look at Rousseau with that kick right to the back as Shawnee rolls over! You can tell what Rousseau is setting him up for!

GM: Indeed, Rousseau will be looking for that Quebec crab.

[Outside the ring, Cooper applauds his charge, while Hernandez pounds the apron, shouting encouragement at Choisnet.]

GM: Rousseau bringing Choisnet to his feet again... a kick to the midsection doubles him over.

[Rousseau pulls Choisnet forward, hooking his arms around Choisnet's waist.]

GM: And Rousseau with a gutwrench suplex! He rolls on top of him... one... two... but another kickout by Choisnet!

[Rousseau holds up three fingers, but the referee shakes his head. Outside the ring, Cooper says, "Hey, stop counting so slow!"]

GM: Rousseau and Cooper think that was a slow count, but I beg to differ.

BW: Well, you're outvoted two to one, Gordo.

GM: Bucky, that's enough.

BW: You're right. It should be three to one, because I agree with Cooper and Rousseau.

[Rousseau drags Choisnet off the mat again, this time using a vertical suplex to take over his former tag team partner.]

GM: Rousseau with a nice vertical suplex... now he grabs Choisnet by the legs!

BW: Here it comes, Gordo!

[Rousseau takes Choisnet's legs and tries to turn him over, but Choisnet squirms, his hands flailing.]

GM: Choisnet is near the ropes, though! But can he get there?

[Hernandez slaps the apron several times, encouraging his friend Choisnet.]

BW: Hey, get Hernandez to stop doing that!

GM: What exactly is wrong with Hernandez giving his friend encouragement?

BW: He's shaking the ropes so they get closer to Choisnet, Gordo!

GM: You are out of your mind, Bucky.

[Rousseau starts to turn Choisnet over, Choisnet trying to edge Rousseau over closer to the side of the ring.]

GM: Rousseau nearly has the Quebec Crab locked on!

BW: You mean, he's got it locked on, Gordo!

[But at the same moment Rousseau turns Choisnet over, Choisnet stretches out his right hand and snares the bottom rope.]

GM: But Choisnet has the ropes! The referee calling for the break!

BW: Of course Shawnee takes the easy way out!

[Rousseau releases Choisnet's legs and jaws at the referee.]

GM: Rousseau none too pleased that Choisnet forced the break, but he still has the upper hand.

[Rousseau lifts Choisnet up once more, then drives him into the canvas with a powerslam.]

GM: And Rousseau with the slam... now he's headed to the corner!

[Hernandez pounds the apron again as Rousseau climbs the ropes. Rousseau takes a moment to point a finger at Hernandez and tells him to be quiet.]

GM: Rousseau wasting valuable time here!

BW: Only because Hernandez is distracting him!

[Choisnet staggers to his feet as Rousseau gets to the top rope.]

GM: Rousseau measuring up Choisnet... and he leaps!

[Rousseau positions his hands for an axhandle and comes off the top rope...

...but Choisnet is waiting for him, driving a fist into Rousseau's midsection.]

GM: OH MY! Choisnet caught Rousseau!

[Rousseau falls to his knees and Choisnet stumbles into the ropes.]

GM: But can Choisnet capitalize?

[Rousseau pulls himself to his feet and turns to Choisnet, lifting a forearm.]

GM: Choisnet blocks the forearm! And he delivers one of his own!

[Choisnet follows that with two more forearm smashes, then runs into the ropes.]

GM: Flying forearm! Rousseau goes down!

[Choisnet pulls himself to his knees and takes a deep breath. He clenches a fist and pumps it.]

GM: Choisnet finding new life! He's got Rousseau from behind!

[Choisnet gets behind Rousseau, then drives him backwards into the mat with a side Russian legsweep.]

GM: And Choisnet with a Russian legsweep! He's going for the cover... one... two... and that's all he'll get!

[Choisnet shakes his head, but goes right back after Rousseau.]

GM: Choisnet grabbing Rousseau around the waist... lifts him up and over into a belly-to-belly suplex!

BW: He's going for the cover again, Gordo!

GM: One... two... thr... no, shoulder up!

[Now it's Choisnet's turn to complain to the referee. Hernandez, outside the ring, shouts at his friend: "Stay on him, brother!"]

GM: Choisnet thought he had the three count... this delay could cost him!

BW: Hold on, Gordo... we have company!

[Fans turn their attention to the aisle, where Mafu and Scola, the Samoan Hit Squad, appear. Choisnet glances toward them, pointing a warning finger.]

GM: The Samoan Hit Squad has no business being out here!

BW: Well, Hernandez is out here.

GM: But he was approved to be out here when the contract was signed!

BW: And you know that the Samoans weren't?

[The referee points to the Samoans and warns them, then Cooper walks over to the aisle and holds up his hands.]

GM: Is Cooper telling the Samoans to return to the back?

BW: It sure looks like it, Gordo! He wants this match to be decided fairly!

[Back in the ring, Choisnet grabs Rousseau and backs him up against the ropes.]

GM: Choisnet with the Irish whip... but it's reversed by Rousseau!

BW: Rousseau with a clothesline... Shawnee ducks!

GM: And Choisnet coming back at Rousseau... cross body block...

[But Rousseau is able to roll with Choisnet's momentum and turn him over.]

GM: Rousseau with a cover... he's got the tights!

BW: The referee doesn't see it!

GM: One... two... three! Oh, come on, now!

[The bell rings and Rousseau quickly slides out of the ring. Cooper is there to greet him with a high five.]

RO: The winner of the match... RENE ROUSSEAU!

[Hernandez slides into the ring, joining Choisnet in arguing with the official. Hernandez motions around his waist, signaling the tights being pulled, while Choisnet points up the aisle, where the Samoans are still standing.]

GM: Choisnet and Hernandez not happy about this one! First, the Samoans distract Choisnet, and then, Rousseau grabs the tights!

BW: The Samoans just wanted a closer look at the match, Gordo.

GM: Give me a break, Bucky! They planned to distract Choynet all along!

BW: You ever seen those monitors in the back, Gordo? Such poor quality, you can't get a good look at the match!

GM: Bucky, that's enough!

[Rousseau turns back to the ring for a moment and smirks, waving off Choynet and Hernandez.

"You couldn't beat me! You never will!"

Cooper slaps Rousseau on the shoulder and the two join the Samoans up the aisle. Mafu exchanges a high five with Rousseau while Scola slaps Rousseau on the shoulder and nods.

Back in the ring, Choynet has his hands on his hips and stares back at the Lion's Den. Hernandez continues to plead his case with the referee, who shrugs his shoulders.]

GM: A tough loss here for Chris Choynet tonight and... well, you get the feeling we may not have seen the end of this particular rivalry quite yet, fans. We've got to take a break but when we come back, it'll be tag team action with the TexMo Connection taking on the American Idols!

[We fade to black...

...and then fade back up as the sounds of Jason Aldean's "Lights Go Out" starts to play over various shots of the New Orleans area. A steamboat docked on the shore. A statue in the middle of the city. A twilight overhead shot of cars zipping by on the freeway. An overhead shot of a church cuts to a time lapse shot of the SuperDome - the home of SuperClash VII as the clouds move swiftly by and the lyrics begin.]

#When the lights come on, everybody's screaming#

[A night time drone shot of the Mercedes-Benz Superdome lights up the screen and then cuts to an interior shot of a crowd celebrating in the 'Dome.]

#Lighters in the sky, yeah, everybody's singing#

[A fan shot of a yellow sign that reads "HOME SWEET DOME" cuts to another crowd shot, this one of a fan gripping a sign that reads "THE DOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS."]

#Every word to every song to a girl to take it home tonight#

[A large crowd shot of a cheering crowd, showing off the immense audience who will be packed into the Dome soon enough.]

#When the lights come on, everybody's feeling#

[Older footage comes up, showing the huge audience that once packed into the Superdome to see Muhammad Ali fight Leon Spinks cuts to a shot of that actual fight.]

#A hallelujah high from the floor to the ceiling#

[A football falls just out of the reach of one of the San Francisco 49ers in a shot from a Super Bowl played in the Dome.]

#Yeah, the drink that we're drinking, the smoke that we're smoking#

[Cut to a shot of Mick Jagger center stage in the Dome at a Rolling Stones concert held there and then to Keith Richards from the same show strumming his guitar.]

#The party we throw, it's going all night long#

[A burst of pyro fills the screen before we see a time lapse of the crowd filing into the stadium for a New Orleans Saints game.]

#When the lights come on#

[Cut to another time lapse shot outside the Superdome as the sun goes down and the lights come on.]

#When the lights come on#

[And we cut to the SuperClash VIII logo with all the information on the show...

...and then we come back on the backstage area where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing between the Bedazzled Brigade themselves - Chaz and Chet Wallace aka the American Idols. Both are in long red tights with black bedazzled bandanas tied around various spots on their legs. Chaz is wearing a black "IDOL CHATTER" t-shirt with the sleeves cut off and another bandana tied around his neck. Chet is wearing a black vest with no shirt underneath, showing off his oiled-up abs.]

SLB: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling and as you can see...

Chet: As you can see, mere mortals, we've done Blackwell here the solid of making his night! Heck, this might even be a career highlight for him. Sweet Lou, you're welcome, my friend.

SLB: Thanks?

Chaz: Sweet Lou, I know you've been up for days trying to figure out what to ask the Idols - the one thing to ask that'll get you trending on social media - that's #SweetLouAsksTheIdols. So, let's hear it... what have you come up with?

[The Idols wait, hands cupped to their ears on either side of Blackwell.]

SLB: Well, I suppose I want to know your thoughts heading into this match with the TexMo Connection.

[Chet and Chaz slowly straighten up in tandem, a look on both of their faces like something stinky just crossed their paths.]

Chet: That's what you came up with?

Chaz: That's what you want to know?

Chet/Chaz: THAT'S WHAT'LL GET YOU TRENDING?!

[Blackwell shrugs.]

Chet: Shockingly, you apparently don't watch our weekly Internet series that is shaking the nation - Idol Chatter - because if you did, you'd already know what we thought about this match tonight.

Chaz: And since we're the gracious guys that we are, we've arranged to do your investigative work for you. Roll it!

[A star-shaped graphic splashes on the screen with "IDOL CHATTER" scripted in the middle of it. A voiceover is heard that sounds suspiciously like one of the Wallaces with a put-on deep voice.]

"THIS WEEK ON IDOL CHATTER..."

[As the graphic spins out, we see Chaz and Chet sitting on a leather couch, their feet propped up on a coffee table as their older sibling, "Flawless" Larry Wallace is styling his hair in a mirror. In the background, we can also see Jackson and Riley Hunter engaged in a conversation that is unheard.]

Chaz: There's gotta be something we can do to get noticed by AWA management.

Chet: I know. It seems like it would be easy to do. I mean...

[Chet looks over his shoulder at the Hunters.]

Chet: Should we talk to Vasquez?

[Chaz grimaces.]

Chaz: Nah. If there's one thing I can't stand, it's someone with a huge ego.

[The Wallaces grin at the camera.]

Chet: Maybe we should do one of those Ancestry tests. Maybe we're actually a Martinez or a Lynch.

[Chaz jumps from his seat on the couch, throwing his arms apart.]

Chaz: YOU WANT MY BLOOD?! TAKE MY BLOOD!

[Chaz grins as he flops back down.]

Chaz: Samuel Jackson. The Negotiator.

Chet: Classic.

Chaz: Soooooooo...

[Suddenly, the sounds of Hanson's "MmmmBop" are heard. Chet looks embarrassed, quickly digging into his pocket to pull his iPhone into view. He looks up, seeing all eyes on him.]

Chet: It's ironic.

[A series of "Ahhhhhs" are heard as Chet answers his phone.]

Chet: You're on with Chet. Lemme hear ya.

[Chet listens intently.]

Chet: Mmhmm.

[And more.]

Chet: Okay.

[And more.]

Chet: Yeah, I get it.

Chaz: This is riveting TV. No wonder Jay wouldn't take us with him.

[Chet shushes his brother.]

Chet: No, no... yeah, we accept. Oh yeah. We'll be there.

[Chet hangs up the phone, sliding it back into his pocket.]

Chaz: Well?

Chet: Hmm?

Chaz: What was that about?

Chet: Oh, we've got a match for Saturday.

Chaz: Against who?

[Chet suddenly leaps up, landing on the coffee table.]

Chet: THE FREAKIN' TEXMO CONNECTION, BAAAAAYBEEEEEE!

[Chaz jumps up, landing on the couch.]

Chaz: OHHH YEAH! WE GOT 'IM! WE GOT 'IM!

[The Wallaces engage in a brief air guitar session as we cut back to the Idol Chatter graphic...

...and then back to the Wallaces with Blackwell.]

Chaz: So, as you can see, Lou... we're excited.

Chet: Correction. We WERE excited.

[Blackwell looks confused.]

SLB: Were?

Chet: You heard me. We got here to the building tonight excited about this match but it seems like we were the only ones, Lou. In fact, it seems like we were the only ones who cared about the match at all.

Chaz: Because Jack Lynch and Bobby O'Connor sure don't seem to care about us. In fact, they haven't mentioned us at all.

Chet: They get one shot. One match to prove that they deserve a shot at the World Tag Team Titles. And all they can do is argue with old man Blackjack about whatever family drama they're going through this week.

[Chaz puts on a deep voice that sounds similar to the voiceover guy on Idol Chatter.]

Chaz: THIS WEEK ON AS THE LYNCH TURNS... TRAVIS IS A BAD SEED... THERESA EMBARRASSES THE FAMILY... AND BLACKJACK PROFITS OFF IT ALL!

[The Wallaces laugh briefly.]

SLB: I don't understand. You feel slighted?

Chet: Of course we feel slighted. Because the TexMo Connection should be focused on us... instead, they're focused on each other... instead, they're focused on SuperClash... instead, they're focused on the World Tag Team Champions.

Chaz: And tonight, when we beat them... when WE... beat THEM... then there's going to be nothing left for them to be focused on because the only way they're going to SuperClash...

[Chaz grins.]

Chaz: ...is with a ticket.

And that, Sweet Lou... is your scoop.

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

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

[The sounds of Calvin Harris' "This Is What You Came For" rings out over the PA system as the house lights start to flash in rhythm to the music creating a dance party atmosphere.]

RO: From the Shibuya area of Tokyo, Japan... at a total combined weight of 342 pounds... Chaz and Chet Wallace...

THE AMERRRRRRRICAN IIIIIIDOLLLLLLS!

[The Wallaces spring through the curtain, trading a leaping high five before heading down the aisle towards the ring. They taunt the occasional fan with a crotch chop or insulting comment as they head to the ring.]

GM: Well, the American Idols may be going into this match tonight feeling slighted but you'd never know it to see them right now.

BW: Hey, they gotta focus on the matter at hand.

GM: Beating the TexMo Connection?

BW: Sure, that's important too... but shutting the TexMo Connection OUT of SuperClash! That's the goal!

[Climbing up on the apron, Chaz and Chet grab the top rope, using a double slingshot to go over the top, landing on their feet and striking a double bicep pose with Chet kneeling in front of Chaz.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd their opponents...

[The sounds of "Who Do You Love?" by George Thorogood kick in to a big cheer from the AWA faithful.]

RO: At a total combined weight of 530 pounds... the team of Jack Lynch and Bobby O'Connor...

THE TEXMOOOOOOOOOO CONNECTIONNNNNNNNN!

[The crowd gets even louder as the popular duo comes barnstorming through the entranceway. Bobby O'Connor has a big grin on his face, reaching out to slap the hands of the ringside fans but Jack Lynch seems more focused on the match, heading straight down the aisle, shedding his ring coat as he does...

...and dives under the bottom rope alone as the Wallaces swarm him!]

GM: Oh! Jack Lynch went in and the Wallaces were waiting for him!

[The crowd jeers as Chaz and Chet stomp Jack Lynch into the canvas over and over again. The referee signals for the bell as the duo puts the boots to the Iron Cowboy.]

GM: Jack Lynch has always been known for having a bit of a temper and that temper may have gotten the better of him here tonight in St. Louis, fans.

BW: Well, these St. Louis fans certainly know all about Lynch's temper. Remember, he worked here for quite some time before his AWA days and-

[The crowd ROARS as Bobby O'Connor slides in to join his partner. The Missouri native climbs to his feet, dishing out a jab to Chet... then to Chaz... then to Chet... then to Chaz...

...and a BOOMING Bunkhouse Elbow down between the eyes lifts Chet off his feet, knocking him halfway across the ring.]

GM: Ohhh! Big elbow connects!

[O'Connor twists around, sizing up Chaz before delivering a second big elbow, lifting him into the air and dropping him down to the cheers of the crowd.]

GM: O'Connor drops Chaz Wallace as well! Bunkhouse Bobby is on a roll straight out of the gate in this one!

[O'Connor pumps a fist, celebrating the downed Wallaces...

...and as Chet gets to his feet, O'Connor tears across the ring, landing a clothesline that takes Chet over the top rope, dumping him down to the floor below!]

GM: O'Connor clears out Chet Wallace!

[A fired-up O'Connor grabs a rising Chaz Wallace by the arm, twisting his limb around into an armwringer as the referee forces Jack Lynch to vacate the ring.]

GM: O'Connor grabs hold of Chaz Wallace, working on that arm... gives it a yank or two to put pressure on the wrist and elbow.

[Extending the limb, O'Connor slams his elbow down across the arm once... twice... and then pulls it back into an armbar.]

BW: Hey, I'm never one to protest someone working a bodypart but I think O'Connor's barking up the wrong tree here. The Wallaces' strength comes from their legs - not their arms.

[Wallace grimaces as he walks around the ring, looking for an escape. He reaches out, grabbing the top rope with his free hand. He sets his feet underneath him, snapping off a standing backflip, flipping away from the pressure...

...but O'Connor takes him right down with an armdrag, putting him down on the canvas trapped in an armbar as the Missouri native secures the limb under his armpit to the cheers of the fans.]

GM: Nice counterwrestling by Bobby O'Connor who really has struggled to get his feet underneath him since making his return from an arm injury earlier this year. Boy, would he love to get a win under their belts here tonight and secure a title shot against the tag champs at SuperClash.

BW: Is that guaranteed? I never heard that officially announced.

GM: The Championship Committee set up this match as a test for the TexMo Connection - to see where they're at after a pretty lengthy layoff.

BW: Well, you can bet the Idols are going to give them a stiff test because the Wallaces would love to find themselves in the tag title picture in the near future as well.

GM: Absolutely. The tag team division here in the AWA continues to heat up and this is just the latest clash of teams looking to earn themselves a shot at Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan - the current World Tag Team Champions.

[In the meantime, Chaz Wallace works his way back to his feet, grabbing at his shoulder as O'Connor gives the arm a couple of yanks again. Securing the wrist, O'Connor backs to the corner, allowing Jack Lynch to tag himself in.]

GM: And in comes the former World Champion... ohh! What a right uppercut!

[O'Connor steps out as Wallace wobbles away, shaking out his freed arm as Lynch pursues him, grabbing a handful of tights. He yanks Wallace back towards him, elevating him high, and leaping up for extra oomph on a back suplex!]

GM: Oh my! Big suplex and Lynch rolls right into a cov- no, scratch that!

[The crowd roars as the big Texan takes a loose mount on Chaz Wallace and begins hammering a gloved right hand into his skull!]

GM: Lynch taking the fight to the American Idols early on in this one, fans!

[The referee's count forces Lynch to get up off the mat at the count of four, bristling a bit at the official as he leans down, dragging Wallace back to his feet. O'Connor gives a shout, telling his partner to go back after the limb and Lynch obliges, twisting the arm around into an armwringer...

...which is when Wallace front flips away from the pressure, kips up to his feet, and then leaps straight up, snapping his knee up under the chin of Lynch!]

GM: OHH! Leaping kneestrike by Wallace!

[Chaz Wallace steps back, dropping into the ropes, and rebounds off with a low dropkick that connects with Lynch's kneecap, taking him down to a knee as Wallace scrambles up, hitting the ropes again, and lands a second low dropkick to the chest that knocks Lynch down to the canvas.]

GM: Chaz Wallace, a blur of motion inside that ring, goes for a cover!

[A two count follows before the Iron Cowboy kicks out, breaking the pin. O'Connor has a few words for his partner from the corner as Chaz gets to his feet, grabs Lynch by the arms, and drags him across the ring to where Chet reaches over the top, slapping his brother's back.]

GM: Tag by the Idols!

[Chaz straightens up, pushing his back against the turnbuckles as Chet scrambles up the corner, reaching out to grab his brother's hands...

...and Chet leaps into the air, flipping forward as Chaz provides a little extra!]

GM: Assisted somersault backspl- ohhh! Lynch rolls out of the way!

BW: I didn't think they'd done enough to keep Lynch down and that was a huge mistake early by the Idols as they looked to finish them too quickly.

[Lynch climbs back to his feet, pulling Chet off the mat before landing two well-placed right hands that puts Chet against the ropes. Chaz is trash-talking from the apron as Lynch whips Chet across...

...and buries a right hand into his midsection as he rebounds, causing Chet to do a full flip before crashing down to the mat.]

GM: Lynch drops him with the right hand... oh! Hard stomp down to the midsection... and another...

[Lynch glowers at the downed Chet Wallace before walking across the ring, pointing a threatening finger at the trash-talking Chaz. Bobby O'Connor gives a shout, telling his partner to keep his focus on Chet Wallace and Lynch obliges, pulling Chet to his feet and putting a knee into his gut before backing him into the ropes again.]

GM: Lynch is obviously experiencing some frustration in recent weeks and you've gotta wonder if that's getting to him a little bit...

[Snatching a side headlock, Lynch twists Chet around with it and buries his right hand between the eyes once... twice... three times... four times... five times. The referee's count again causes Lynch to break off his attack, raising his hands as Chet slumps down to his knees on the mat...]

GM: The Iron Cowboy grabbing Chet by the hair, bringing him up to his feet... hard back elbow up under the chin!

[Wallace stumbles back, leaning against the ropes as Lynch grabs him by the arm...]

GM: Lynch with a swing of his arm! He might be looking to end this one early!

[The big Texan shoots Wallace across the ring, throwing himself back into the ropes. He rebounds off towards Wallace, leaping into the air, extending his arm...

...and crashes and burns as Wallace drops into a baseball slide, avoiding Lynch's lariat attempt!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Lynch's effort ends with him rolling under the ropes to the floor as Chet Wallace gets to his feet, looking a little surprised by what just happened. Chet stumbles back to his corner where Chaz tags in.]

GM: Quick tag by the Idols...

[Chaz runs down the apron, slingshotting over the top rope into the ring. He dashes across the ring, leaping into the air, and sends his legs through the ropes in a flying dropkick on Lynch, sailing out to the floor as Lynch goes flying backwards into the ringside barricade!]

GM: Baseball slide dropkick out to the floor!

[Chaz steps up to the big Texan, lashing out with a big chop across the chest.]

GM: Chop out on the floor by Wallace...

[Grabbing Lynch by the hair, Wallace walks the Texan across the ringside area, smashing him headfirst into the ring apron before shoving him back inside.]

GM: The American Idols - Bucky, if they could pick up a win here tonight, would you consider that an upset?

BW: An upset?! The Idols - when they were in Japan as Youth In Asia - were one of the hottest tag teams on the planet! When they became free agents, they were hot in demand! The only upset here is that you think the Redneck Express might stand a chance in this one.

[Chaz Wallace crawls under the ropes as well, getting to his feet and throwing a glance over to Chet who nods.]

GM: Chaz pulling Lynch to his feet... backhand chop...

[A short backfist to the jaw follows before Chaz uses a snapmare to take Jack up and over into a seated position...

...and then dashes to the ropes, rebounding back with another baseball slide dropkick!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: WALLACE GOES LOW AGAIN!

[Chaz rolls into a lateral press, earning a two count before the Iron Cowboy kicks out. An annoyed Chaz gets to his feet, grabbing Lynch by a boot and drags him across the ring near the ropes.]

GM: The Wallaces trying to work in tandem here.

[Chaz reaches out, slapping his brother's hand. Chet moves halfway down the apron, turning to grab the top rope. As he slingshots over into a somersault senton, Chaz uses his grip on the ropes to slide underneath the bottom, springing to his feet...]

GM: Big splash inside the ring!

[Chet pops up to his feet, twisting around to grab the rising Chaz from behind...

...and lifts him into the air, flipping him over with a back suplex...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...where Chaz over-rotates into a moonsault splash on Lynch!]

GM: Could that be enough?!

[The referee drops down to count.]

GM: ONNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO! THRE-

[But Lynch's shoulder pops off the canvas in time, breaking the three count. In the background, we see Bobby O'Connor halfway through the ropes when Lynch kicks out. He nods, dropping back out on the apron as Chet Wallace points him out to the referee who moves to talk to Bunkhouse Bobby.]

GM: Lynch popped that shoulder clear but it's clear that the Wallaces are in control at this point in the contest, fans.

[A sneering Chaz Wallace regains his feet, putting the boots to Jack Lynch for a moment before he walks to the corner, slapping his brother's hand.]

GM: Another quick tag by the American Idols brings Chet Wallace back inside the ring.

[The duo lifts Lynch off the mat, putting him back in their corner. A double back elbow finds the mark as does a double hiptoss...]

GM: The Wallaces working to-GETHERRRRR!

[Gordon's elevated volume comes from a double low dropkick that puts Lynch back down to the mat as Chet attempts a cover of his own.]

GM: Now it's Chet with the cover... and Chet with another two count as Lynch kicks out again!

[The St. Louis crowd is cheering on the Iron Cowboy as Chet Wallace lands a few pieces of shoe leather upside the head of the Texan.]

GM: Chet Wallace bringing Lynch to his feet, pushing him back into the corner again...

[Wallace wraps his hands around the throat of Lynch, strangling him as the referee starts a five count...]

GM: Come on! Let the man out of the corner!

[At the four count, Chet backs off...

...and Chaz moves in behind the referee's back, looping the tag rope around Lynch's throat, pulling hard as O'Connor points it out from across the ring. The referee though is tied up with Chet Wallace.]

GM: Come on, ref! They're breaking every rule in the book in there!

BW: Exaggeration will get you nowhere, daddy.

[Finally, Bobby O'Connor has seen enough, storming into the ring, rushing across...

...and the referee peels away from Chet Wallace to block O'Connor. The crowd jeers loudly as O'Connor protests... and then gets even louder as the Wallaces make an illegal exchange behind the referee's back, whipping Lynch across the ring, and dropping him facefirst to the mat with a flapjack!]

GM: FLAPJACK BY THE IDOLS!

[Chet rolls out as Chaz goes for another pin attempt, the referee diving to the mat to count...]

GM: ONNNNNNE! TWOOOOOO! THR-

[...and the crowd ROARS as Bobby O'Connor rushes into the ring, throwing himself on top of Chaz Wallace to break the pin!]

GM: OHHH! And Bobby O'Connor makes the save for the TexMo Connection!

[The referee walks O'Connor across the ring as Chaz Wallace gets back to his feet, grabbing at the back of his head. He shouts something off-mic (and off-color) at O'Connor before reaching out to tag his partner.]

GM: Both Wallaces back inside the ring now...

[They pull big Jack Lynch back to his feet, backing him into the ropes.]

GM: Double whip on the way...

[Clasping hands, the Wallaces set for a double clothesline on the Iron Cowboy who hits the ropes, building up steam...]

GM: OH! HE BARRELS RIGHT THROUGH IT!

[The shocked Wallaces stand mid-ring as Lynch hits the next set of ropes, rebounding back even faster...]

...and leaps into the air, extending both arms and taking both Wallaces down with a double clothesline!]

GM: CLOTHESLINE WIPES 'EM BOTH OUT! OH MY!

[With the St. Louis crowd roaring, Lynch lies facefirst on the canvas for several moments, pulling air into his body as he tries to find the will to keep the fight going.]

GM: Chet Wallace is the legal man... Chaz now back out on the floor...

[Lynch reaches out his arm, planting it underneath him to an even bigger cheer. He does the same with the other and begins pushing his torso up off the mat.]

GM: Lynch is trying to get up! Jack Lynch is trying to get to his feet!

BW: If he makes it, he's going to find a fired-up O'Connor waiting for him!

GM: And a fired-up crowd here in St. Louis that desperately wants to see this TexMo Connection fight for the tag team titles at SuperClash! The Championship Committee says this is the first hurdle to making that happen!

[With the roaring crowd cheering him on, Jack Lynch pushes to his feet, stumbling across the ring towards O'Connor's outstretched hand.]

GM: Lynch inching closer and closer! Getting within reach!

[Lynch tiredly reaches out his hand, stretching out his arm...]

...and suddenly, O'Connor's hand isn't there!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[The crowd groans as they realize that Chaz Wallace has pulled O'Connor down off the apron, flinging him backwards into the ringside barricade!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE STEEL GOES BOBBY O'CONNOR!

[Lynch collapses against his own turnbuckles, shock on his face as he reaches out a hand towards his partner...

...right when Chet Wallace lands a running dropkick to the back of Lynch's head!]

GM: OHH! Dropkick in the corner!

[Chet scrambles up to his feet, running in a second time to land a dropkick to the head!]

GM: Chet Wallace throwing his own Dropkick Party for Jack Lynch as Chaz Wallace scampers across the ringside area, getting back to his own corner while the referee lets him have it for that attack on O'Connor...

[Chet grabs Lynch by the hair, walking him across the ring towards the opposite corner where he pushes past the referee to slap his brother's hand.]

GM: Tag! And the Idols have Jack Lynch in serious jeopardy right about now, fans.

[Chaz quickly steps up to the middle rope as Chet lifts Lynch up in a fireman's carry, slinging him down near the corner. Chet steps forward, leaping up to the second rope... then springing up to the top...]

GM: MOONSAULT!

[...and CRASHES down across the prone Lynch with a breathtaking moonsault! Chet rolls clear, taking a knee and pointing up with both hands towards Chaz as he steps to the top rope, standing tall, smirking at the downed Texan...]

GM: Now what in the world does Chaz Wallace have in mind way up there on the top rope?

[Chaz leaps into the air, flipping forward fast...]

BW: 450 SPLAAAAAAAAASH!

[...and comes down HARD across a pair of raised knees from the former World Champion!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KNEES! JACK LYNCH GETS THE KNEES UP IN TIME! OH MY STARS!

[Chet Wallace goes to intervene but the referee cuts him off, forcing him out of the ring as Chaz rolls onto his back, kicking his legs in the air as the Iron Cowboy rolls back to his stomach and slowly begins crawling the distance of the ring...]

GM: Lynch is crawling once more, trying to get to his partner!

BW: But his partner isn't even there! He's still down on the floor!

GM: Lynch is hoping... begging... praying that Bobby O'Connor will be there when the Iron Cowboy arrives!

[The St. Louis crowd is on their feet at this point, shouting and screaming for Jack Lynch as he makes the effort to get across the ring to make the much-needed tag...]

GM: Jack Lynch with every breath inches closer and closer to his partner... closer and closer to relief...

BW: O'Connor's starting to stir on the floor!

GM: He sees his partner in trouble! He knows he needs to be there for his friend... his brother... just like Jack Lynch would be there for him!

[Lynch is a few feet away from the corner, the crowd still cheering loudly as O'Connor manages to drag himself up on the apron, wearily sticking his arm in to a HUUUUUGE reaction!]

GM: And listen to these fans now! O'Connor's there! Lynch is almost there!

[Gasping for air, Chaz Wallace gets to his feet, falling back to the corner to slap his brother's hand. Chet Wallace slingshots over the top rope, charging across the ring as Lynch straightens up...]

GM: TAG!

[The crowd EXPLODES in cheers as Wallace slams on the brakes, coming to a total halt as O'Connor steps through the ropes, shouting to the fans, arms pumping in a war dance...]

...and lights up Wallace with a knife edge chop across the chest that takes Wallace down to the canvas!]

GM: Big chop by O'Connor!

[Wallace stumbles back up, taking a second one that knocks him back down!]

GM: Down goes Wallace a second time!

[Wallace scrambles back to his feet...

...and this time, he gets a jab to the jaw that causes the crowd to roar with a "HOOOOH!"

GM: Big left!

[A second jab lands, a second "HOOOOH!"

GM: Another!

[A third and a fourth bring two more shouts from the crowd...

...and the big Bunkhouse Elbow sends Wallace flying through the air, crashing down to the canvas to a huge roar!]

GM: Wallace is down again and O'Connor's got this crowd rocking here in his homestate of Missouri!

[O'Connor approaches the downed Chaz Wallace...

...and pivots to BLAST Chet Wallace off the apron with a big right hand, drawing an admonition from the referee and a cheer from the crowd!]

GM: O'Connor clears out the other Wallace... bringing Chaz to his feet in the corner...

[A big whip sends Chaz Wallace SLAMMING into the empty turnbuckles as O'Connor steams in behind him with a running clothesline. Twisting his body, he snatches a side headlock, throwing an arm into the air to a big cheer...

...and charges out of the corner, leaping into the air, and driving Chaz' face into the canvas!]

GM: BULLDOG OUT OF THE CORNER! THAT MIGHT DO IT!

[O'Connor flips Chaz over, applying a lateral press.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO! THR-

[But a DIVING Chet Wallace crashes down on O'Connor, breaking up the pin!]

GM: Ohhh! Chet Wallace makes the save!

[The referee forces Chet Wallace out of the ring as O'Connor slowly gets up, glaring at the corner as he pulls Chaz off the mat. He swings his right arm around, getting another big reaction...]

GM: He's calling for Fear The Reaper! He's looking for that running lariat!

[The Missouri native dashes to the ropes, building up momentum...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and runs right into a picture-perfect standing dropkick from Chaz Wallace!]

GM: DROPKICK! DROPKICK! CHAZ WITH THE COVER!

[The referee dives to the mat to count.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AND THIS TIME, IT'S JACK LYNCH BREAKING UP THE PIN!

[A frustrated Chet Wallace comes charging in on the Iron Cowboy who sees him coming and...]

GM: CLAW!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Jack Lynch wraps his white-gloved hand around the skull of the incoming Chet Wallace!]

GM: He's got the Iron Claw locked on Chet Wallace!

[Chet staggers back towards the ropes...

...and falls through them, dragging Lynch out to the floor with him where the hold is broken by the impact of falling on the barely-padded concrete. The crowd grumbles with concern for Jack Lynch as Chaz Wallace gets back up, pulling Bobby O'Connor off his knees to his feet.]

GM: Wallace with the whip...

[But a rebounding O'Connor ducks under a clothesline attempt, rebounding back off the far ropes...]

GM: FEAR THE REAPER! FEAR THE REAPER!

[...and sends Wallace flipping through the air before crashing down on the canvas, courtesy of his crooked-arm lariat!]

GM: O'Connor with the cover, hooks the leg! ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: THEY DID IT! THEY DID- WHAT THE HELL?!

BW: THE CHAMPS ARE HERE!

[The crowd EXPLODES in jeers as Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan hit the ring, assaulting Bobby O'Connor before he can even get off the downed Chaz Wallace.]

GM: The champions are indeed here and they're attacking Bobby O'Connor! Those cowards! Those pieces of trash!

[Dressed in street clothes, the champions do a quick number stomping on O'Connor. A smirking Taylor pulls O'Connor up, shoving him towards Tony Donovan who SMASHES him over the head with the title belt!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES! OH MY!

[Taylor drops a fist down between O'Connor's eyes, grabbing the hair as he pistons his right hand into the skull repeatedly...

...when suddenly, the crowd ROARS to life again!]

GM: JACK LYNCH IS IN! AND HE'S GOT AN EQUALIZER!

[The Iron Cowboy is on his feet, wildly swinging a steel chair at Donovan who bails out, just barely avoiding it. Lynch turns his attention to Taylor who promptly rolls to the floor as Lynch SLAMS the chair down on the ropes. He angrily throws the chair over the ropes, bouncing it off the floor near Taylor as Taylor moves to regroup with Donovan.]

GM: And look at 'em run!

BW: The man's got a steel chair! Of course they ran! They'd be idiots not to!

GM: Taylor and Donovan backing down that aisle, sneaking out of here like thieves in the night and... wow.

[A fuming Lynch is standing over his partner, glaring after Taylor and Donovan as they backpedal down the aisle...]

GM: The TexMo Connection wins this one, defeating the American Idols and ultimately, they send the World Tag Team Champions running for their lives! Fans, we've got to take a quick break but we'll be right back!

[Hold on a pissed-off Jack Lynch, eyes locked on the World Tag Team Champions...
...as we fade to black.

...and then back up. We see two young kids - a boy and a girl - standing at the barricade at an AWA live event. They are on their feet, screaming and shouting for the action in the ring. We can hear a bell and soon, Travis Lynch is standing in front of them, giving them both a high five with the AWA National Title belt hanging over his shoulder. The young man turns towards the camera.]

"Wow! I wish I could be the champion!"

[There's a voiceover.]

VO: Now you can!

[And with a flash of light, the young man has a replica of the National Title hanging over his shoulder. The boy yelps with glee, slapping the title belt with a big grin on his face. The voiceover continues as we see the title belts one by one.]

VO: Okay, maybe you can't be the champion but you can own your own version of the same title belts you see on TV each and every week!

The National Title, the World Television Title, the Tag Team Titles, even the World Heavyweight Title can be yours!

Kids sizes and adult sizes available.

[A quick shot of a grown man holding the World Title in the air, smiling broadly.]

VO: Oh, and don't think we forgot about you...

[FLASH!

And now the little girl from the start of the ad is holding her own version of the Women's World Championship.]

"I can be a champion too!"

[Cut to a three shot of the adult and the two kids each holding up their title belts.]

VO: Available now at retail stores everywhere and AWAShop.com!

[Fade to black...

...and then back up on the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing.]

MS: Fans, welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling right here LIVE on The X and-

[Suddenly, a loud commotion breaks out off-camera. Stegglet looks agitated for a moment, his gaze drifting towards the source of the sound and then looks hopeful as he raises his mic.]

MS: Gentlemen! Gentlemen, over here for a moment if you would...

[A moment later, two men enter the frame and the source of the chaos is unveiled. It's the World Tag Team Champions - Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan - red-faced and flustered.]

MS: Gentlemen, I've gotta-

WT: NO! YOU DON'T GOTTA NOTHING, STEGGLET!

[Taylor shouts loudly, smashing an open hand into the wall behind Stegglet, causing the interviewer to jump.]

TD: What you saw out there, Stegglet, was a sham. The TexMo Connection beats one contender and we're supposed to fall over and give them a shot at the big show? What about the Samoans? What about Next Gen? What about the Slaughterhouse?

MS: Just a few weeks ago, you were saying those teams were no challenge at all! That you'd cleaned out the division!

TD: We have! There's no one in this division that stands a chance of taking these titles from us, Stegglet, and that includes Lynch and O'Connor - you understand me?! DO YOU?!

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: I hear you... but I think there's a lot of people who would beg to differ after what they just saw out there. They sent you two running with your tails between your legs!

[Taylor sneers as he rounds back on Stegglet.]

WT: The only thing between my legs isn't fit to be discussed on television, Stegglet. But let's make one thing clear... Lynch and O'Connor are looking to make a name for the TexMo Connection at OUR expense. They're looking to cash a ticket to the big show... a ticket they haven't EARNED, I might add, at our expense. But I suppose that comes as no shock to anyone because Lynch and O'Connor haven't EARNED a damn thing in their lives, Stegglet. Everything they've ever done or been in this business has been HANDED to them!

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

MS: Are you really trying to say that Jack Lynch's World Title reign was handed to him? That his two reigns as World Tag Team Champion were handed to him?

WT: YES!

TD: And I guess it just goes to show that ol' Blackjack is a lot better at handing things to his kids than the O'Connor clan 'cause all these years in the AWA and Bunkhouse Bobby's got nothin' to show for it other than a lack of tan from being in Jack Lynch's shadow and a sponsorship for Omaha Steaks!

WT: Stegglet, you and Lynch and O'Connor probably get along just fine because you've had everything in your career handed to you by good ol' Uncle Jon... but we're not about to play that game.

Lynch. O'Connor. You want a shot at us? You want a shot at these?

[He holds up his half of the World Tag Team Titles.]

WT: Well, you got it.

[The crowd inside the arena ROARS!]

WT: We're going to hand you the gift of a shot at these titles... but what we're NOT handing you two... is a shot at SuperClash.

[Taylor smirks.]

TD: That's right. If you two want to be the champs so badly, you're going to have to beat us in two weeks on Saturday Night Wrestling.

WT: Maybe then Blackjack can convince someone to get you a ticket to New Orleans.

[A wink from the son of the Outlaw.]

WT: We'll see you in Memphis.

[Taylor and Donovan storm out of view, leaving Mark Stegglet behind.]

MS: Well, there you have it, fans. The World Tag Team Titles on the line two weeks from tonight in Memphis with the Kings of Wrestling - Taylor and Donovan - defending against the TexMo Connection! That promises to be a hot one but right now, let's go back to the ring for more action!

[We cut from Mark Stegglet out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring... from Chicago, Illinois... weighing 265 pounds... ANDRE WHEELER!

[A young, muscular African-American man strikes a double bicep pose, grinning to the jeering crowd.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

[The classic 80's guitar riff of Accept's "Balls to the Wall" brings the St. Louis crowd to their feet.]

RO: From Kawasaki, Japan... weighing in at 240 pounds...

He is the IIRRRRRRRRRIRON BADGER...

MAAAAAAAAAANZOOOOOOO KAAAWAAAAJIIIRIIIIIII!

[As the song continues, out steps a man who is, frankly, not all that impressive looking. Five foot ten, bald head, a physique that resembles an egg or a bowling pin. And yet, as the camera focus on his snarling, determined face, the fans erupt in a deafening chant.]

"I-YURN BAD-GER!"

"I-YURN BAD-GER!"

"I-YURN BAD-GER!"

"I-YURN BAD-GER!"

"I-YURN BAD-GER!"

[Manzo Kawajiri strides forward, stopping in the center of the aisle to raise his hands, encouraging the chant...]

...and then twists around, running across the ring to smash the surprised Andre Wheeler with a forearm to the chest, sending him falling back into the corner. The referee quickly signals for the bell to officially start the match.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

[Kawajiri shoves his left hand into Wheeler’s face, pushing his head back as he winds up his right arm...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAP!”

“WHAAAAAAAAAAP!”

“WHAAAAAAAAAAP!”

[...and lands a trio of open-handed overhand chops down across the pectorals!]

“CANIBAAAAAAL!”

[Kawajiri lands another chop.]

“BRING ME CANIBAAAAAAL!”

[And another. Wheeler is slumped in the corner as Kawajiri stomps out to mid-ring, shedding his black t-shirt with “#PBK” written across the chest in red letters. He flings the shirt at Wheeler, hitting him in the face before tearing back in, twisting to drive his hindquarters into Wheeler’s midsection, forcing the Chicago native to drop down to a seated position in the corner.]

GM: Manzo Kawajiri, the Iron Badger, off to a very aggressive start here tonight in St. Louis.

BW: He wants to get his hands on Canibal.

GM: After the last month or so of clashes between those two, can you blame him?

BW: Can I blame him for wanting to get involved with a creepy psychopath who just might be a vampire? A little bit, yeah.

[Kawajiri charges back in, smashing his rear into Wheeler’s face this time. He grabs Wheeler by the leg, dragging him out to the middle of the ring. He cocks his right arm, looking towards the camera...]

“CANNNNIBAAAAAAL!”

[...and drops an elbow down across the chest! He flips over, applying a lateral press, muttering Canibal’s name again as a two count follows. Kawajiri glowers at the official as he gets up off the mat.]

BW: If I was Wheeler, I might’ve just called it a night right there, Gordo.

GM: If you were Wheeler, you might still be in the locker room.

BW: A valid point.

[Kawajiri hauls the larger man to his feet, turning him into a knife edge chop across the chest...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Wheeler staggers backwards, falling against the ropes as he clutches his chest in pain. Kawajiri grabs an arm, flinging him across the ring...]

GM: HEADBUTT!

[...and DROPS the rebounding Wheeler with a well-placed headbutt to the sternum. Wheeler is down on the mat, gasping for air as Kawajiri lifts his right arm, spinning it around and around...]

“CAAAAAANNNNNIIIIIBAAAAAAL!”

[He dashes to the ropes, rebounding off as Wheeler sits up on the canvas...

...and drops down into a slide, BLASTING Wheeler with a lariat!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: That’s it.

[Kawajiri flips over, applying the press. He nods his head with each count which comes immediately.]

GM: One... two... and three.

“DING! DING! DING!”

[Kawajiri immediately gets to his feet, jerking his arm away from the official as he tries to raise it to signal the victory. He shakes his head at the referee, approaching the ropes. The Iron Badger steps to the middle rope, shouting Canibal’s name once again.]

GM: A victory here in St. Louis for the Iron Badger but he’s not satisfied, Bucky. He’s got his mind on something else... on someone else.

BW: He should take the winner’s paycheck, buy a Budweiser, and call it a day. No one should willingly be looking for Canibal unless they like getting hurt and hurt badly.

GM: Well, we’ll see about that as-

[Gordon’s words get cut off by the arena lights flickering. They do not go off... just flicker ominously as Kawajiri looks around confused, shouting in Japanese at a ringside official who shrugs in response.]

GM: Looks like we’re having some kind of power issue here in the arena, fans. Bear with us while-

BW: Seriously? A power issue? We’ve been doing this for eight years and every time the lights go out, you think it’s a power issue! Has it EVER been a power issue?!

[Bucky is soon proved correct as the evil, haunting voice of Canibal rings out over the PA system.]

“Where is Canibal?”

[Kawajiri’s head jerks towards the entryway, looking for his target.]

“Where is Canibal?”

[The sound seems to come from another part of the arena this time as a confused Kawajiri turns around, arms spread, inviting Canibal to join him inside the ring.]

"The Hunger is... everywhere."

[The lights continue to flicker but a booming bright spotlight hits the entranceway, revealing a shocking scene.]

GM: What in the world...?

[The crowd buzzes with confusion as a group of cloaked men with their faces all painted like Canibal walk out to the top of the aisle.]

GM: Canibal coming out to confront the Iron Badger...

BW: But which one is he?!

[Kawajiri stands on the middle rope, shouting something in Japanese down the aisle as the twenty or so men stand in formation at the top of the aisle.]

"Here I am, Badger..."

[A dark and ominous laugh booms across the PA system.]

"Come and find me."

[The taunting Canibal finds a willing victim in Kawajiri who steps through the ropes, dropping off the apron, and stomping determinedly down the aisle towards the entranceway.]

GM: Well, if Canibal was hoping to intimidate the Iron Badger, no such luck! Kawajiri is coming for him... or them... or everyone!

BW: Kawajiri might be crazier than Canibal, Gordo! He's willingly walking into what HAS to be a trap. I mean... what if all these guys are as skilled of fighters as Canibal?! Kawajiri is walking into a twenty on one situation!

GM: I don't know if anyone is as crazy as Canibal.

[As he nears the formation of face-painted fighters, Kawajiri slows down. He's appraising the individuals one by one, trying to determine which one is the real Canibal.]

GM: Smart move here by Kawajiri, trying to figure out the mystery.

BW: Yeah, but he's not exactly making sandwiches with a full loaf of bread if you get my meaning, Gordo.

[Kawajiri edges closer, his eyes locked on one specific individual. The formation of men stands stoic, looking dead ahead, not changing their stance or their expression as the Iron Badger nears them.]

GM: A haunting scene here in St. Louis as Canibal plays mindgames with Kawajiri...

[Kawajiri suddenly turns to the side, grabbing one of the cloaked individuals by his cloak, shaking him a few times before tossing him down to the floor but as the cloak falls back, we can see this individual has bleached blonde hair.]

GM: Whoa! Whoa! Hang on! That's not him!

[The other cloaked individuals don't budge during the ruckus, leaving Kawajiri to stare down at the man he attacked. He shakes his head, turning back to the group with a grimace...]

BW: Strike one, ya big dummy.

GM: Oh, I'd like to see you do better.

BW: Can't do any worse! Your wife looks more like Canibal than that guy does!

GM: Would you stop?!

[Kawajiri wades deeper into the formation, eyeing the people in the second row... and the third...]

...and then suddenly grabs another person from the third row, jerking him clear of the group and dropping him with a stiff headbutt!]

GM: OH!

[The cloaked man falls to the floor, his cloak falling back to reveal that he too is not Canibal.]

BW: Strike two! One more and he's out of here!

[Kawajiri shouts something sharply in Japanese, stomping out of the group, fists at the ready in case someone attacks him. He steps back, taking in the entire group once more...]

GM: Kawajiri not having any luck finding Canibal yet - who knows, Bucky... Canibal might not even be in there!

BW: That's a good point, Gordo. That would totally fit his M.O.

GM: Kawajiri eyeing all of these men... which one is it? Which one is Canibal?

[An agitated Kawajiri suddenly turns to his left, snatching the blonde off the floor.]

GM: What in the-?!

BW: It's not him! It's not him!

GM: He knows that but-

[The crowd roars as Kawajiri presses the blonde over his head...]

...and HURLS him into the pile, wiping out the entire formation!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KAWAJIRI TAKES 'EM ALL DOWN!

[The wild-eyed Kawajiri wades into the pile, looking left... looking right.]

"CANIBAL! SHOW YOURSELF, YOU PUNK BIT-"

[The audio cuts out momentarily as Kawajiri searches for his tormentor, shouting "CANIBAL!" over and over again...]

...when suddenly, sharp-eyed viewers notice a new figure standing atop the ten foot high letters that make up the AWA logo near the entranceway!]

GM: OH MY STARS! CANIBAL! CANIBAL! HE'S ON THE LETTERS!

[A sick grin crosses Canibal's painted face for a moment before he flings himself into a somersault dive off the letters, sailing through the air, and crashing down onto a shocked Kawajiri, taking the Iron Badger down!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CANIBAL WIPES OUT KAWAJIRI! HE TAKES DOWN THE BADGER!

[Canibal is quickly to his feet, signaling to the others to form a ring around the action. The luchador pulls Kawajiri up off the floor, twisting him around...

...and SMASHES him headfirst into the steel railing protecting the crowd!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE STEEL!

[Kawajiri falls to his knee, allowing Canibal to step in from behind, cradling his chin in his hand as he clubs fists down between the eyes!]

GM: Canibal's battering Kawajiri! We're going to need some help out here!

[Pulling Kawajiri off his knee, Canibal walks the Iron Badger towards the entrance as their "ring" of cloaked individuals moves along with them...

...and he SLAMS Kawajiri's skull into the steel framing surrounding the entranceway!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AGAIN! KAWAJIRI'S HEAD HITS SOLID STEEL!

[A gleeful expression crosses Canibal's face as he drags Kawajiri down the aisle a bit, heading towards the interview platform. Canibal winds him up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: FACEFIRST INTO THE WOODEN PLATFORM!

[Kawajiri is slumped over the platform, his face resting on it as Canibal grabs him by the head, pulling him up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and one more time, staring the dazed Kawajiri right in the eyes as he does...]

GM: Enough is enough, damn it!

[...he DRIVES Kawajiri's skull into the wooden platform a final time, leaving him motionless. Canibal scrambles up on the platform, planting his boot between the shoulderblades of Kawajiri, pinning his torso to the platform as Canibal raises his arm, soaking up the jeers of the crowd with a dark expression on his face.]

GM: This guy is out of control! Let's go... let's go to break, damn it!

[Canibal stands, looking out on the crowd, the expression on his face cold as he continues to pin Kawajiri down on the platform and we fade to black...]

We fade up on the logo for the television network known by its fans as "The X" - Fox Sports X. Standing next to it is Terrence Howard of "Empire" fame.]

"They tell me that Lucious Lyon ain't the toughest man on Fox anymore. Hah! I'll believe that when I see it!"

[Cut to a shot from SWLL's LUCHA LUCHA LUCHA where El Caliente snaps off a death-defying dive over the top rope, over the corner ringpost, and onto a prone figure. A voiceover not belonging to Terrence Howard provides the hype.]

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

[Then to a shot of the GFC - a recent shot with Ivan Petrov knocking Rufus Harris out to win the GFC Heavyweight Title.]

"Or maybe you prefer a little bit of MMA!"

[On to Tiger Paw Pro's WrestleGalaxy as Yoshinari Taguchi exchanges stiff slaps with the man AWA fans would know as Nenshou.]

"Travel to the Land of the Rising Sun for some puroresu action!"

[A highlight reel level head kick from a European looking kickboxer drops a Japanese one.]

"The hottest new action on The X belongs to SKB - Super K Boxing!"

[And finally to a shot of Ryan Martinez lighting up Supreme Wright's chest with a series of machine gun chops.]

"Saturday nights bring you all the action of the American Wrestling Alliance!"

[We cut back to Terrence Howard, wincing and rubbing his own chest as if he could feel Martinez' chops.]

"Alright, alright... those boys are pretty bad too. But can they sing?"

[Howard laughs as we cut back to the logo for The X. Howard delivers the closing line.]

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

[The "come get some" slogan fills the screen as we fade to black...]

...and then fade back up to the elevated interview platform where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing, looking around with a shake of his head as AWA officials rush to clear the carnage that was there moments ago. He raises his head with a sigh, forcing a smile before speaking.]

SLB: Ladies and gentlemen... wrestling fans of the great city of St. Louis... allow me to introduce my guest at this time, the mayor of your fine city... the honorable Francis Slay!

[The crowd cheers as the grinning mayor jogs up the steps to the platform, clutching a leather folder in his hand as he waves to the crowd.]

SLB: Mr. Slay, welcome to Saturday Night Wrestling!

[The mayor grins again.]

FS: Thank you, Lou. It's a great honor and privilege to be here tonight in front of all these great fans - the people of St. Louis!

[Another big cheer!]

SLB: Mr. Slay, as you count down the months here in what you've said will be your final term as the longest-running mayor of this great city, I'm told you wanted to be here tonight to pay tribute to the past.

FS: That's right, Lou. In all my time here in St. Louis, I've learned a lot... but one of the things I've learned is that St. Louis loves its sports and more importantly tonight, it loves its pro wrestling!

[The crowd cheers again.]

FS: Growing up in this city, I had the overwhelming honor to be a part of the link between St. Louis and professional wrestling every step of the way. From the days of River City Wrestling to way back when with the St. Louis Wrestling Office... and it's those days long ago that I'm here to talk about tonight.

Because when the AWA booked this stop in St. Louis on the road to SuperClash, I knew it was going to be a special night and I knew I wanted to play a part in it.

So, it is my great honor tonight to announce that today has been decreed Terry Shane Junior Day here in St. Louis!

[Another cheer rings out!]

SLB: Wow! A great honor for Terry Shane Junior for sure... of course, he's a former World Champion... one of the all-time greats in our sport... and most of all tonight, one of the all-time legends in one of pro wrestling's greatest cities - St. Louis!

Terry Shane, come on out here!

[A moment passes before Terry Shane Junior emerges from the curtain. Dressed in a navy blue suit with a white dress shirt and red tie underneath, Shane waves to the fans with a smile as he makes his way towards the interview platform. He jogs up the steps, showing that he's still in good shape as he joins the mayor and Blackwell, giving both men a strong handshake upon his arrival.]

SLB: Congratulations, Mr. Shane!

[Shane again waves to the cheering fans, a large grin on his face as the mayor presents him with a document in the leather folder. The elder Shane grins as he looks at the certificate, holding it up for the fans to see.]

TSJ: Wow! You know... all those years ago, when I was in St. Louis fighting every night with the likes of men like Jack Stein...

[Cheers!]

TSJ: ...Gran Kedamono...

[Boos for the former foreign menace!]

TSL: ...my old friend Cameron O'Connor...

[Bigger cheers!]

TSJ: ...and of course, perhaps my greatest rival, Hamilton Graham.

[More boos! Shane chuckles.]

TSJ: Oh, ol' Hammy isn't so bad once you get to know him. But as I was saying, all those years ago when I was fighting those guys in front of all of you great fans, I never dreamed that a day would come when the city of St. Louis would be thanking ME for what I'd done. Because the way I see it, I should be thanking you!

[Cheers from the St. Louis fans being flattered.]

TSJ: Because for many years, this city provided a great home for me... and for my family. It was a tremendous place to raise a family and I'm proud to say that my boys were raised right here in St. Louis.

[Another cheer!]

TSJ: And on that note, if you don't mind, I'd like to bring one of my boys out here right now. Terry?

[Static.]

GM: Looks like the eldest Shane son... torch carrier of the honoree's legacy and his namesake is on his way out here.

[There's a mild buzz in the crowd as the ghastly sounds of Ture Rangstrom's Symphony No. 4 begins resonating throughout the arena. The shadowy expressions are soon uplifted by a rapid drum beat and the heavenly screams of an organ blasting over the airwaves. Spiraling spotlights marry into a single glow on the man standing in the entrance way.]

GM: Terry Shane III has arrived.

BW: Color me unimpressed.

GM: Towards what in particular?

BW: The son, the father, the psycho brother, the whole lot of them! Where's the parade for my family? Where's Bucky Wilde's key to the city?!

GM: You told me earlier that you hated this town.

BW: That's besides the point.

[Shane's jet black hair is groomed tight; parted into an angular fringe on the top, and trimmed down to a freshened up look along the jaw-line. He's wearing a dark green sleeveless hoody which is zipped half way up, dark green wrestling tights with white and gold patterns air-brushed up the legs, and white wrestling boots with a gold swoosh on them.]

Shane steps up onto the platform where his father awaits him and greets him with a firm handshake that is pulled into an even tighter hug. Shane III raises his father's arm much to the admiration of the crowd and slaps his father across the chest as his grin stretches from ear to ear.]

TSJ: And of course, my other son-

[TS3 quickly intervenes.]

TS3: -could not be with us here tonight but he sends his best to you!

[Shane the Elder throws a questioning gaze at his son whose responding look waves him off. With a nod, the honoree begins speaking again.]

TSJ: Son, I'm honored to have you out here with me tonight. Honored to be in front of all of you...the people and great fans of St. Louis who supported me every single time I stepped through the ropes. It's you...all of you...that carried me through my wars with Jack Stein. Through battles with the other royal members of the wrestling heritage deeply rooted in this state. Without you, there would be no Terry Shane Jr. No Technical Wizard. No former IWA World Heavyweight Championships still hung proudly in my home on the Ranch.

Without all of you, I'd be just another man walking the city streets dreaming of what might have been. What could have been. But you made me believe. You made me leave every drop of blood in my body on this mat and never settle for anything less than 110% every single time I laced up my boots. But most of all, without each and every single one of you, I never would have met my beautiful wife...

[He pauses, pointing out to the front row.]

TSJ: Carol... the love of my life...

[The crowd cheers.]

TSJ: Stand up honey, you deserve this more than any of us.

[Carol Shane, a bit nervous, stands up slowly. The applause turns into more of a roar and her son Terry shouts out to his mother while thunder clapping his hands together.]

TSJ: And without you? I'd never been blessed to have this punk over here standing next to me on a night like this.

[TS3 nods, pointing his fingers out at his dad.]

TSJ: I gave everything I had to you all and you accepted me as one of your own. You asked me to be the hero to your sons and daughters and I wore that ask as a badge of honor. Now though... now I have an ask of you, Mayor Francis.

[The mayor grasps at his chest, looking puzzled. The elder Shane nods and then points to the crowd.]

TSJ: And you...all of you... I have one request for you all too.

[The crowd murmurs as Shane loops his arm around his son's shoulders.]

TSJ: This city took a chance on me so many years ago... and I'm hoping that not a single one of you regrets the choice you made to support me. And now I need you to show that same love and support to my son here.

[There's a scattering of cheers as Shane the Elder smiles.]

TSJ: That's right. And there's a lot of other cities I could have asked for their support for my son but you... you all mean the world to me... your support means the world to me. And if my son can feel the same love and support that you showed to me, it'll mean all the difference in the world.

[The cheers intensify as Shane III shakes his head.]

TS3: Dad, this night isn't about me. It's about-

TSJ: That's where you're wrong, kid. This night is about family. And I'm not just talking about me and your grandpa... your mom... your brother... but all of these people here in St. Louis, they're part of our family too!

[Big cheer!]

TSJ: And I want you to be as big a part of their family now as I was back then.

[The younger Shane looks embarrassed by his dad's appeal, his head down as his father looks at him.]

TSJ: Look, my boy isn't perfect... and he knows it...

[Shane raises his head, meeting his father's eyes and nodding.]

TSJ: He's made some mistakes that took him away from his family... but he's found his way back. He's come back for his family... for his friends... and he's fought the good fight. And while he might not stand out here and ask you to forgive him for all the stuff he's done... I will.

[Shane III again moves to protest but his father cuts him off.]

TSJ: I'm going to ask all of you out there... to forgive my son like you did me back in the day. Open your minds and hearts and take him in... just like you did to me. My days inside that ring are behind me... but my son's career is just getting started. And I know that this city needs a hero to stand in this ring and fight for them.

[Shane the Elder pats his son on the back.]

TSJ: Here's your hero... here's your guy. This boy... MY boy... can be that man for you if you let him!

[The cheers pick up again, the St. Louis fans showing their long-standing respect for the Shane family. Shane III again has his head down, shaking it in disbelief at his father's words... and suddenly, he has the house mic thrust into his hands. His father steps back, clapping for his son who looks out at the crowd. He turns towards his father, shaking his head again.]

TS3: Dad, that wasn't necessary. This is YOUR night... not mine. And these are YOUR people...

[Shane pauses.]

TS3: And maybe someday they'll find it in them to be my people too but that's not going to happen because you asked them to do it... it's going to happen because I EARNED their respect. Because I EARNED their love and support.

[Another cheer. Shane nods as his father claps.]

TS3: And heck, it might not ever happen, Dad, because these people have every right to be hesitant to throw their support behind me after all the things I've done in the past. But I promise you here and now, St. Louis... if you can find it in your hearts to give me a tenth of the loyalty and trust you give this old fella right here, I will give you EVERY bit of myself inside that ring.

[Shane grins as the fans roar with support.]

TS3: In fact, I've got a match coming up... a big one...

[The crowd cheers with anticipation.]

TS3: SuperClash VIII.

[Another big cheer!]

TS3: Against a certain Irishman.

[There's a mixed response from the crowd for the reigning World Television Champion. Shane nods.]

TS3: Now, I wish that match was taking place right here in St. Louis... but on Thanksgiving Night in New Orleans, I'm going to climb inside that ring against Callum Mahoney...

...and I'm going to WIN that World Television Title!

And when I do, I'm coming right back here to St. Louis to show you all what I did for myself...

[Shane turns towards his father.]

TS3: ...for him...

[And then turns to the crowd, gesturing at them.]

TS3: ...and to all of you!

[Another big cheer from the St. Louis crowd!]

TS3: Now, I know it's not going to be easy. I know that Callum Mahoney and that Armbar is dangerous... but I also know that that Armbar... is no match...

[Shane turns towards his father again.]

TS3: ...for the Spinning Toe Hold!

[Shane the Elder grins, nodding his head in agreement.]

TS3: The Spinning Toe Hold is my family legacy... just like the Claw for the Lynches or the Sleeperhold for the O'Connors. And I can't think of a better way to honor my father and all of you than to slap that hold on - the hold my father taught me - in the middle of the ring at SuperClash...

...and make Callum Mahoney...

[Some in the crowd get what's coming and shout "TAP! OUT!" on cue. Shane grins as he lowers the mic, turning to embrace his father once more as the crowd roars with support for both men. The hug breaks apart with Shane III holding his

father's arm up into the air, soaking up the cheers of the crowd as we fade to black...

...and then back up on the exterior of a fast food restaurant that looks quite familiar to fans of delicious, mouth-watering, artery-clogging fried chicken. Yes, it is the Mecca Of Fried Chicken, KFC.

We cut inside where a friendly young man is working the counter, smiling at the customers he aids.]

FYM: Thank you and have a fantastic day!

[The next person steps up to the counter wearing a black trenchcoat, dark sunglasses, and a hat. We see him from the front.]

FYM: Good afternoon, sir, and welcome to KFC! What can I get for you today?

[The customer lifts his head slightly to look at the menu and responds.]

C: Three piece meal. Original recipe. Breasts and legs... heh... breasts and leg, oh yeah.

[The employee raises an eyebrow in recognition.]

FYM: I'm sorry. But aren't you former World Champion and Pro Wrestling Hall of Famer Eddie Van Gibson?!

[The sunglasses come down to reveal an angry EVG.]

EVG: How did you know?!

[We cut behind him to see the back of his trenchcoat is covered in a large maple leaf with the words MISTER MAPLE LEAF surrounding it. Cut back to the friendly young man who smiles.]

FYM: I had a hunch.

[We cut to a shot of the chicken, glimmering and golden in all its glory. A voiceover begins.]

"Come into your local KFC today and not only can you get our three piece combo meal for the low price for \$4 but you can also pick up these special souvenir cups featuring some of the greatest pro wrestling stars of all time!"

[Cut to a young boy showing his cup.]

"I got Ryan Martinez!"

[To an older lady.]

"Hamilton Graham? I remember him!"

[To a family of four, all showing different cups.]

"Collect them all!"

[We cut back to Eddie Van Gibson sitting at a table, groaning as he eats a piece of chicken. He looks up, his eyes locking on a pair of twins in their early twenties. The two blondes giggle as they look at the Hall of Famer.]

EVG: If I were to LET you suck on my...

[He looks down invitingly.]

EVG: ...Original Recipe chicken from KFC...

[And then into the camera.]

EVG: Would you be grateful?

[Cut to the end graphic advertising the promotion. Another voiceover.]

"Get your KFC today! As good as it's always been!"

[Fade to black...

...and then back up to the backstage area where the AWA National Champion is slowly walking towards the entrance way. The champion is attired in his trademark super smedium T-shirt, which has the image of Texas, colored like the Texas state flag, upon it and the word HEARTTHROB written diagonally over the image of Texas in black lettering. A silver crucifix rests on top of the T-shirt. He is also wearing black chaps, with silver studding forming the belt and along the edging and around his waist is the AWA National Championship belt.

As Travis stares up at the sky for a moment. the classic riffs of "Tom Sawyer" by Rush begin to play throughout the arena and Travis makes his way through the entrance. A loud chorus of cheers erupts as Travis jogs down the aisleway, slapping the hands of the fans as he does so.]

GM: Listen to these fans, Bucky. They just love this young man!

BW: Sadly, taste is not something a parent is able to instill into their children... especially in this city after that disgusting display we just saw with the Shanes.

GM: Come on, Bucky! The great fans of the AWA deserve your respect and honestly so does the National Champion.

BW: When Stench can count to ten without using his fingers, then I'll show him some respect, till then can we have a real champion come out and address the fans?

GM: You know Travis is a real champion and the longest reigning National Champion in the history of the AWA.

BW: The fans may love him, Gordo, but you and I both know that title reign is made all the longer by his ducking and dodging of top challengers.

GM: Like who?

BW: When's the last time he faced someone like a Rex Summers? Like a Kerry Kendrick? Like anyone from the Axis or the Kings?

GM: Travis Lynch defeated Juan Vasquez with the title on the line!

BW: A year ago! Lynch is a paper champion. The locker room knows it. The Internet knows it. Even he knows it, Gordo. And if these fans would pay attention, they'd know it too.

[Travis slides under the bottom rope and thrusts his hands into the air.]

GM: I strongly disagree with that statement... but even if it were true, even you can't deny that Travis Lynch has been facing some of the best in the world lately with this Open Challenge Series he's been going through. And tonight, he wants to add an AWA legend to that list in "Hotshot" Stevie Scott.

BW: Who no one even knows if he's here! Lynch threw out this challenge but my sources are telling me that Stevie's not even here tonight!

GM: I've heard otherwise but we're about to find out.

[Lynch soaks up the cheers for a few moments before reaching over the top rope and taking a microphone.]

TL: Thank you... thank you everybody.

[Lynch enjoys a few more moments of cheers before addressing the crowd.]

TL: Since my return from injury, I've spent night after night, entering this squared circle and defending the AWA National Championship belt against any and all comers. Guys like Larry Wallace and Ultra Commando 3 stepped up to the challenge but I needed more...

[Lynch pauses.]

BW: What an ego on this guy.

[And then continues.]

TL: No, no... YOU fans needed more. You DESERVED more. You deserved more defenses of that title... against tougher competition. And since I told everyone that I'd do whatever it takes to make the AWA National Title the most coveted title in the AWA, I went out two weeks ago in Oklahoma City and brought in a former National Champion... the second man to ever hold this title... Ron Houston.

[Travis nods his head in respect to Houston as the crowd cheers the former champion.]

TL: After that match, I issued a challenge to defend the title here in St. Louis, Missouri...

[Classic hometown mention cheers erupt from the crowd.]

TL: ...against the two-time AWA National Champion, a man whose combined reigns totaled 497 days...

St. Louis' own... "Hotshot" Stevie Scott!

[There's a HUGE ROAR from the St. Louis crowd for one of their greatest hometown athletes! Travis grins, nodding approvingly.]

TL: Stevie Scott is one of the greatest to ever lace a pair of boots. He's one of the pillars that this company was built on!

[Another big cheer!]

TL: And that's why I wanted to face him here tonight! That's why I wanted to defend this title against him! That's why I wanted the world to see him get a chance to become a three-time National Champion... before I beat him and stretched out my record-setting reign just a little bit longer...

[Travis grins despite a few boos for that comment from those who were cheering Stevie a moment earlier.]

TL: I'm giving Stevie a shot of a lifetime here... and yet surprisingly, in the last fourteen days, I haven't heard a single word about this challenge. Nothing from the front office saying Stevie's accepted and he's ready. Not even a Tweet from the Hotshot telling me to bring the best I've got to take him on. Nothing.

[The crowd jeers as it sounds like Travis is about to deliver bad news but he holds up a finger.]

TL: BUT... I do know that Stevie Scott is in the back here tonight!

[HUGE CHEER!]

BW: I guess my sources were wrong.

GM: And mine were right.

BW: Even a stopped clock is right twice a day, daddy.

[Travis continues.]

TL: And if the first thing my dad taught me about this business is that if you're going to a building, you better bring your gear. So, Stevie Scott... since you're back there... and I'm sure you've got your gear... whaddya say? Why don't you come out here and take a shot at the champ?

[Travis lowers the mic, turning to face the aisleway.]

GM: The challenge has been re-issued here tonight in St. Louis. Travis Lynch wants to defend that National Title against Stevie Scott... and he says he knows that the Hotshot is here!

BW: If that's true and Stevie's in the building, it's hard to imagine him turning down a challenge-

[And suddenly, "Everything About You" by Ugly Kid Joe kicks in over the PA system to a DEAFENING ROAR from the St. Louis crowd.]

GM: Oh my! Can it be?! Is it time for Stevietainment once more?!

[A few moments pass before "Hotshot" Stevie Scott strides through the curtain, standing at the top of the aisle. However, he's not dressed in ring gear opting instead for blue jeans and a wild Hawaiian shirt. Stevie walks down the aisle, a smile on his face as he greets the fans alongside the aisleway.]

GM: Stevie Scott is here in St. Louis! But he doesn't look like he's come to wrestle, Bucky!

BW: Sure doesn't. He's not in his ring gear so I can't imagine he's here to challenge for the title.

[Stevie quickly makes his way to the ring, climbing up the ringsteps and ducking through the ropes. He waves an arm towards the cheering fans which only makes them cheer louder to a big smile from the former National Champion. Stevie looks around for a moment and finds Travis Lynch, confusion on his face as he offers the mic to the Hotshot. Scott pauses a moment and then nods, taking the mic.]

HSS: Thank you, St. Louis!

[Big cheer!]

HSS: It's been a long time since I've been able to come out here in front of all of you here in my hometown and say thanks so I appreciate having the chance to do that again. The opportunity to do this again.

And in a way, I suppose that's what this moment is about, right?

Opportunity.

[Scott gestures to Travis.]

HSS: Travis Lynch, the longest reigning National Champion this company's ever seen, called me out because of opportunities. He wanted to give me an opportunity to have one more shot in the sun...

[The St. Louis crowd cheers, bringing another Steviegrin to the former champ.]

HSS: I appreciate that more than you'll ever know. He also wanted to give me an opportunity to be the first person to wear that title THREE times. And of course, he wanted to give me an opportunity to be the one to break his streak on top.

Those are all great things, and again, Travis, I appreciate it more than you'll ever know.

[Respectful applause.]

HSS: But kid, when you're standing in that ring, looking across at someone whose best days died in the ring one night at SuperClash on the business end of a Juan Vasquez piledriver... I'm telling you that I don't deserve the opportunity you're offering me. I don't deserve this shot... and after that little tussle with Juan this summer, I know my body can't handle this shot.

So, Travis... as much as I appreciate it, I gotta say thanks but no thanks.

[Travis looks disappointed as many in the crowd boo the decision.]

HSS: I'm sorry to all the fans who wanted to see this happen but it's not going to. Travis, best of luck to you, kid... and I'm sure you're going to do us all proud.

[Scott turns, waving to the crowd. He turns back around, sticking out his hand to Travis...

...but the National Champion does not accept, gesturing instead for the mic. Stevie shrugs, handing it over.]

TL: "Do you proud." That's the real problem, isn't it? The real problem is that no matter how many days I stand out here with this title around my waist... no matter how many times I beat Rob Driscoll or Juan Vasquez or Larry Wallace or whoever else... no matter how many records I break, I still have to hear it. From some of these fans... from the Internet... from the so-called experts... and yeah, from the boys in the back...

"Travis is a paper champion."

"Travis hasn't beaten anyone."

"Travis only got this shot because of his old man."

[Lynch pauses, looking at the sloppy makeshift title over his shoulder.]

TL: "Travis couldn't even keep his hands on the title belt."

The lack of respect that so many people have shown me... especially since that incident in Europe where the title belt went...

[Travis trails off.]

TL: So, I suppose it's only fitting that you're out here disrespecting me now.

[The crowd "oooooooohs" as Stevie glares at Travis... and then gestures for the mic. Travis obliges.]

HSS: I don't mean any disrespect at all for you, Travis. In fact, I've got all the respect in the world for you, kid. You and your family... when you came into the AWA, there was a lot of grumbling in that locker room about nepotism and favoritism but you and your brothers did things the RIGHT way. You EARNED everything that you got.

[Applause from the fans for that.]

HSS: When they say you're the greatest National Champion of all time, that's not a numbers thing - you earned that too. The proof is in the pudding and you're standing here right now as the champion so I say, "Here here! You're the greatest National Champion of all time."

And you don't have to prove anything to me to get me to say it.

[Travis turns away again, this time gesturing to Rebecca Ortiz who hands over a house mic.]

TL: But that's where you're wrong, Hotshot. Maybe I don't have to prove anything to you. But every week it seems, I've got to prove something to them...

[He gestures to the fans.]

TL: ...and them...

[He gestures towards the locker room.]

TL: ...and hell, Stevie... maybe I've gotta prove something to myself as well.

[Stevie shrugs.]

HSS: That sounds like business between you and your therapist, kid. All I'm saying is that-

TL: You're saying that I've made this title mean so little that you don't even want a shot at it... that you don't want this opportunity I'm handing to you that you even admit you don't deserve.

[Stevie pauses, glaring at Travis.]

HSS: Alright, I tried to do this nicely... but apparently, you need a reality check, kid.

Because you come out here talking about the opportunity you're giving me... but the fact of the matter is that you're out here because of the opportunity you've giving yourself.

[The crowd "oooooooohs."]

HSS: You're giving yourself the chance to pad that resume of yours a little more... add another legend to your list... be able to stand out here in front of these fans and say, "I beat Ron Houston! I beat Stevie Scott!"

"Sure, I pulled Houston off a bar stool to do it but hey!"

[Lynch glares daggers at Scott.]

HSS: You want to say you beat Stevie Scott? Fine. You get your old man to dust the cobwebs off that wallet of his, build us a time machine, take us back to when I was the man in this joint - not Vasquez - and you and I will have one hell of a match, kid! We'll have 'em hangin' from the rafters, baby, and when it's all over...

...I'll be wearing that gold and you'll be staring at the lights.

Well, not THAT gold.

[Scott gestures to the title.]

HSS: Because on my WORST day in the bar, I'd never... NEVER... leave my title behind.

[Another "oooooooooh!"]

HSS: That's what happened, isn't it? Travis had a few too many... drinks... women... whatever. You enjoyed being champion so much after the show, you forgot what it means to be the champion DURING the show.

I guess even daddy couldn't teach you that.

[Scott is all up in Travis' face now.]

HSS: So, as someone who knows what it's like to be a champion... from someone who knows what it's like to live your life... every second... every moment as the champion. The big cars... the beautiful women... the custom-made suits... the big house down on the lake!

Take some advice, kid.

You're not going to win their respect (he gestures towards the locker room) by beating Stevie Scott in 2016.

You're going to win their respect by showing up... every week... and beating the best in the world. By showing the world that Travis Lynch isn't a punchline... he isn't another story on TMZ... he isn't daddy's golden boy...

He's a pro wrestler. The best in the world.

And more importantly, he's a champion... a standard-bearer. The best in the world.

That's what you've gotta do, son... not this crap.

[Stevie pauses, backing away from Lynch.]

HSS: School's out.

[He winks at Travis before turning away, handing the mic out to Rebecca Ortiz.]

TL: Don't call me son.

[And before Stevie Scott can turn around, Travis Lynch comes charging across the ring, smashing him between the shoulderblades with the title belt. The blow knocks Scott through the ropes, putting him down on the barely-padded floor.]

GM: OH!

BW: WHOA!

GM: Travis Lynch just assaulted Stevie Scott! He hit him with the title belt on that neck... that neck that has undergone multiple surgeries over the years! The neck that caused the end of Stevie's career!

BW: I never knew he had it in him, Gordo.

GM: I am shocked, Bucky! Shocked at the actions of Travis Lynch!

[Lynch seems surprised himself, freezing in his tracks. He looks at the makeshift title belt he just used as a weapon. Lynch seems upset with himself as he looks out at the crowd - many of which are booing the Texan for his assault on one of their hometown heroes.]

GM: I can't believe what I just saw, fans.

[The boos get louder as Lynch exits the ring, shaking his head in disbelief. Absentmindedly, Lynch lowers his arms, looking down at the floor as he slowly walks up the aisle...

...dragging the makeshift National Title belt behind him as we fade to black...

...and we fade up on the logo for the television network known by its fans as "The X" - Fox Sports X. Standing next to it is Terrence Howard of "Empire" fame.]

"They tell me that Lucious Lyon ain't the toughest man on Fox anymore. Hah! I'll believe that when I see it!"

[Cut to a shot from SWLL's LUCHA LUCHA LUCHA where El Caliente snaps off a death-defying dive over the top rope, over the corner ringpost, and onto a prone figure. A voiceover not belonging to Terrence Howard provides the hype.]

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

[Then to a shot of the GFC - a recent shot with Ivan Petrov knocking Rufus Harris out to win the GFC Heavyweight Title.]

"Or maybe you prefer a little bit of MMA!"

[On to Tiger Paw Pro's WrestleGalaxy as Yoshinari Taguchi exchanges stiff slaps with the man AWA fans would know as Nenshou.]

"Travel to the Land of the Rising Sun for some puroresu action!"

[A highlight reel level head kick from a European looking kickboxer drops a Japanese one.]

"The hottest new action on The X belongs to SKB - Super K Boxing!"

[And finally to a shot of Ryan Martinez lighting up Supreme Wright's chest with a series of machine gun chops.]

"Saturday nights bring you all the action of the American Wrestling Alliance!"

[We cut back to Terrence Howard, wincing and rubbing his own chest as if he could feel Martinez' chops.]

"Alright, alright... those boys are pretty bad too. But can they sing?"

[Howard laughs as we cut back to the logo for The X. Howard delivers the closing line.]

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

[The "come get some" slogan fills the screen as we fade to black...

...and then fade back up as the sounds of Jason Aldean's "Lights Go Out" starts to play over various shots of the New Orleans area. A steamboat docked on the shore. A statue in the middle of the city. A twilight overhead shot of cars zipping by on the freeway. An overhead shot of a church cuts to a time lapse shot of the SuperDome - the home of SuperClash VII as the clouds move swiftly by and the lyrics begin.]

#When the lights come on, everybody's screaming#

[A night time drone shot of the Mercedes-Benz Superdome lights up the screen and then cuts to an interior shot of a crowd celebrating in the 'Dome.]

#Lighters in the sky, yeah, everybody's singing#

[A fan shot of a yellow sign that reads "HOME SWEET DOME" cuts to another crowd shot, this one of a fan gripping a sign that reads "THE DOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS."]

#Every word to every song to a girl to take it home tonight#

[A large crowd shot of a cheering crowd, showing off the immense audience who will be packed into the Dome soon enough.]

#When the lights come on, everybody's feeling#

[Older footage comes up, showing the huge audience that once packed into the Superdome to see Muhammad Ali fight Leon Spinks cuts to a shot of that actual fight.]

#A hallelujah high from the floor to the ceiling#

[A football falls just out of the reach of one of the San Francisco 49ers in a shot from a Super Bowl played in the Dome.]

#Yeah, the drink that we're drinking, the smoke that we're smoking#

[Cut to a shot of Mick Jagger center stage in the Dome at a Rolling Stones concert held there and then to Keith Richards from the same show strumming his guitar.]

#The party we throw, it's going all night long#

[A burst of pyro fills the screen before we see a time lapse of the crowd filing into the stadium for a New Orleans Saints game.]

#When the lights come on#

[Cut to another time lapse shot outside the Superdome as the sun goes down and the lights come on.]

#When the lights come on#

[And we cut to the SuperClash VIII logo with all the information on the show...

...and fade back up on an ominous scene. The arena is darkened with the slightest of illumination on the ring. Four towers of old rusted metal are in each corner of the ring, mounted to the ringposts.

Disturbingly dark orchestral music is playing over the PA system, peppered with some type of chanting. Surrounding the ring are individuals in hooded black cloaks, their identities hidden from the curious.]

GM: Fans, we're back here on Saturday Night Wrestling and-

BW: Shhh! There's a ceremony about to begin!

GM: Apparently. During the break, these hooded individuals made their way out here to set up this... well, as you called it, Bucky... this ceremony. And as you can see, they're not alone.

[A black carpet lays over the ring canvas with a red circle in the middle of it. In the midst of that circle stands something about six feet tall, also covered in a cloak but this one is a deep crimson. Three men stand behind the circle - easily identifiable as The Hangman, The Lost Boy, and Porter Crowley - however they too are wearing cloaks, deep red like the one before them.

And right in front of the circle stands Anton Layton in his typical hooded silky looking robe. On this night, a burning crescent moon is on the back of it. The music drops down a bit as Layton raises a microphone.]

AL: What was once done in only shadow tonight is done in the light of day.

[Layton pauses.]

AL: For centuries, the welcoming of man into the embrace of Tyr has only been witnessed by those who took part.

On this night, all of you are to bear witness because amongst you... amongst all of you...

[He gestures towards the entryway.]

AL: ...there are non-believers! There are those who doubt the power that I wield... that I fought so hard and suffered for so long to wield.

And yet there are also those who seek to usurp my power. Men who come to this battlefield in disguise, hiding their true purpose behind a mask.

The Eye sees all who come and tells me of their true nature.

[Layton slides the hood back, his eyes locked onto the camera.]

AL: Draco Romero... my Eye has come to rest upon you.

[The crowd buzzes at that as the corner of Layton's mouth twists into an evil smirk.]

AL: But that is for another time.

Tonight is for celebration!

[Layton throws up his arms as a cheer goes up from the assembled masses around the ring watching. Layton looks upon them with a nod, gesturing to them.]

AL: Tonight is also a demonstration. For those who think my power is limited to the believers you've met... Crowley... the animal... the Hand of Justice. They stand in spotlight...

...while many still stand in shadow, waiting to be called to action.

Tonight, one comes to action... tonight, one is brought into the light.

[Layton throws his arms up again, this time causing a shocked reaction from the crowd as the structures attached to the four ringposts burst into flames, staying that way as towering torches lighting up the ring. Layton chuckles softly.]

AL: Howie Somers was introduced to the light by my hand. He felt the shadow on his heart and mind lift as the flames burned away his hiding place until all that was left was his true self, exposed for the world to see.

The burns will heal, young Somers... but the awakening will last an eternity.

And now, all that remains is for you to cast off the chains that these people hold on you...

[He gestures to the fans who boo in response.]

AL: All that remains is to cast off the chains that your family holds on you!

[More boos!]

AL: All that remains is to cast off the chains that your young friend Harper holds on you!

[Even louder boos!]

AL: Come to me, young Somers. Come to the light...

[He gestures to an empty space next to him.]

AL: ...and find your true purpose by my side.

Find your true purpose... in the gaze of the Eye...

[He turns quickly, jerking the crimson cloth off the stand behind him as a spotlight hits the crystal known as the Eye of Tyr. The crowd "oooohs" as the light causes the crystal to glimmer and shimmer for all to see.]

On cue, the Slaughterhouse drop to their knees inside the ring, kneeling to both Layton and the Eye. Outside the ring, the assembled hooded individuals mirror their movements, showing their obedience to the Eye. Layton nods approvingly as he lovingly runs a finger across the crystal.]

AL: It looks for you, young Somers. The Eye looks for you!

GM: He can't be serious. There is no way that...

[At that moment, another individual comes out from the back and down the aisle.

It's Howie Somers, dressed all in black. His brown eyes are hardened, revealing no emotion. His brown hair is in a crew cut, revealing more of his face than last we saw him. And the right side of his face, from the top of his forehead, around the right side of his eye and down to his cheek, is red, evidence that the burns haven't yet healed.

The crowd becomes silent for a moment, though a few scattered boos are heard. Somers ignores the crowd, his head slightly lowered, his pace deliberate.]

GM: I... I don't believe this. Please tell me that Howie Somers hasn't fallen under the influence of the Eye of Tyr.

BW: It sure looks like it, Gordo! And look at his face... I heard he had second degree burns from that fireball and is lucky it wasn't worse! His skin still hasn't healed!

GM: Somers does look worse for wear, but why on earth would he abandon his best friend and tag team partner?

BW: It's the power of the Eye of Tyr! Nobody can escape its influence, just as Layton has proclaimed!

GM: You know, Bucky... we've heard about this crystal for years.- back to the days when Percy Childes used it to control Nenshou and the first AWA World Champion, James Monosso. And honestly, I've always thought it was some kind of a gimmick, you know? Monosso used to claim that the crystal held a reminder of his days in a mental hospital and Childes' power to return him to that life. But... I'm starting to wonder...

BW: The non-believers are seeing the way!

GM: Would you stop with all that?!

[Layton has a twisted grin on his face as Somers walks toward the ring, where he ascends the steps and ducks between the ropes. He stands there for a moment, then takes a few steps forward.

...and that's when somebody comes running down the aisle and into the ring.]

GM: Daniel Harper is here!

BW: What a dumb kid! He's outnumbered! You can imagine what Layton will have planned for him!

[Harper walks right up to Somers, looking him square in the eye and we can hear him say, "What are you doing, Howie?"

Somers glances at Harper for a moment, then back to Layton.]

AL: Your friend is blind, young Somers! Blind to the path you are setting out onto! Blind to what your future holds for you! Blind to the power of the Eye as it rests upon you! Come! Come, young Somers! Embrace the Eye!

[Somers glances back and forth to Harper and Layton. Harper shakes his head and we can hear him say, "Don't do it!"

But Somers steps toward Layton and Harper's jaw slackens.]

BW: Look, Gordo! It's just as Layton prophesied!

GM: This cannot be happening, fans. I don't know what to make of this... I just don't.

[Layton cackles and motions for Somers to turn around. He does so and Layton drapes the crimson robe around his shoulders. After that, Somers turns toward the Eye of Tyr, dropping down to one knee and lowers his head. Harper is frozen in the corner, his eyes widened.]

AL: Witness it, young Harper! Witness the truth of your reality! Witness your friend embrace his destiny! Witness his first steps onto a new path!

[But as Layton steps toward Somers, the member of Next Gen raises his head up...

...and in one swift motion, extends his arm and catches Layton off guard with a wicked clothesline!]

GM: OH MY STARS! HOWIE SOMERS SET UP ANTON LAYTON!

BW: NO! IT CAN'T BE!

[The fans are cheering as Harper snaps from his gaze and rushes out of the corner. Porter Crowley's head has snapped up, but just as he gets to a standing position, he's caught off guard by a dropkick from Harper that sends him sprawling.]

GM: NEXT GEN IS TAKING THE FIGHT TO THE SLAUGHTERHOUSE!

[Lost Boy rushes to his feet and charges Somers, but he ducks down and sends Lost Boy up and over with a back body drop.]

GM: Howie Somers never fell under the influence of the Eye! He and Daniel Harper used this moment to take the fight to Layton, who never expected this!

BW: And look who's gonna make them pay for it!

[Somers grabs Crowley and throws him over the ropes, sending him flying into several of the hooded individuals at ringside. Harper does the same to Lost Boy, but he doesn't notice The Hangman coming up from behind, grabbing him by the throat.]

GM: The Hangman has Harper!

BW: Harper's at the end of his rope, Gordo!

[But before Hangman can make a move, Somers rushes him from behind, diving to the canvas and clipping Hangman's knees, forcing the nearly seven-foot tall wrestler to release his grasp on Harper.]

GM: Somers strikes! It's two on one now!

BW: But is it going to matter against The Hangman?

[Hangman regains his footing and takes a swipe at Somers, forcing him to step backward. Harper, however, unleashes several kicks to Hangman's knees, staggering the big man.]

The Next Gen members look at each other, nod, then run backwards into the ropes, linking their arms...

...and a double clothesline sends Hangman tumbling over the ropes, where he lands on his feet on the floor, but shows traces of disbelief in his eyes.]

GM: Hangman is out of there!

BW: But still on his feet! Look at that!

[Layton, meanwhile, has risen to his feet, but upon seeing Hangman knocked from the ring, he is quick to scramble between the ropes and to the floor. He gazes into the ring, his face a mixture of shock and anger.

Somers stares back at the Eye of Tyr, which remains in the ring. Then his eyes meet the microphone that Layton dropped. He reaches down to pick it up, then points a finger at Layton.]

HS: You said I could cast off the chains that hold me back... the chains of my family... the chains of these people out here... the chains of my best friend and tag team partner. You said I could come to the light.

Well, I say...

[He glances at the Eye once more, then back to Layton. Somers' once emotionless eyes are filled with anger.]

HS: LIKE HELL!

[Harper slaps his partner on the shoulder and Somers returns the gesture. Harper then pulls the mic toward him.]

DH: Layton! We're gonna settle this once and for all, I promise you that! I don't know when and I don't know where but my partner and I are coming for you... we're coming for all of you!

[Harper throws the mic down as well, both men gesturing as they call the Slaughterhouse back into the ring. Layton stands out on the floor, keeping his army in check, refusing to run back into another brawl... for now... as we fade to black.

Open to a wide shot of former AWA tag team champion, City Jack, in front of a green-screened "A" and some swirly designs. Jack's wearing a "Bluegrass Kentucky Fed" t-shirt, jeans, and black knee brace. Beside him on the screen are the following words:

Knee Pain?

Back Pain?

Call Toll Free! 800.555.1548!]

CJ: Hey my wrestlin' family, ol' City Jack here to let you all in on a little somethin' special!

[Jack, very excitedly, pumps his fists.]

CJ: Have any ya'll had some pain recently? You know, in them there knees?

[Jack points to the knee-braced knee.]

CJ: Or maybe that back of yours been hurtin' after slavin' away so long on the docks, right?

[Jack flashes a smile as he lifts up his t-shirt a bit to show a back brace that's straining against his girth.]

CJ: Well this ol' sob says don't let it get ya! You call this here number?

[Jack thumbs over to his left where the 800 number is.]

CJ: And you tell 'em you got some pain, but ol' Docter CJ sent ya to get some RELIEF! And my friends here at the Medical Warnin' Center will send ya some good stuff to cure what ails ya! And hey!

[Jack wags his finger over for the camera to close in, like Jack's got a secret to tell.]

CJ: Ya got Medicare? Well, got some good news cause all them relief? My friends could get ya a brace for just some pennies or even no cash needed! Just like me!

[Jack points to both braces that he wears.]

CJ: So make the call, will ya? It's just a couple numbers on ya cell phone - 1-800-555-1548! And hey, tell 'em City Jack sent ya!

[Jack winks at the camera before the shot fades...

...and then fades back up to the ringside area where Gordon and Bucky are standing.]

GM: Whew! Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling, fans! And what a wild night it's been. Just over a month away from SuperClash VIII and chaos is reigning here in St. Louis. We've seen so much action and we're not done yet. We've still got those two big co-Main Events with Donovan vs Vasquez and Martinez vs MAWAGA plus so much more.

[The shot cuts to the ring.]

GM: You can see the aftermath of that bizarre scene we just saw with Next Gen and the Slaughterhouse. During the break, some of those individuals who were with Anton Layton... those hooded men out at ringside... they recovered the Eye of Tyr and... well, you've gotta be impressed by Howie Somers, Bucky. He resisted the Eye!

BW: I... I'm not sure about that, Gordo.

GM: What do you mean?

BW: I mean... Layton never wielded it. He never held it. Does the Eye have powers when it's just standing there or does someone have to use it like a weapon?

GM: I have no idea but Somers stood tall! He refused to give in!

BW: Well, that he did and-

[Bucky is cut off as many start booing loudly.]

GM: What in the world...?

[Gordon looks confused for a moment and then our camera shot cuts, revealing Travis Lynch walking through the entranceway. The National Title is draped over his shoulder as he walks, head lowered, towards the ring.]

GM: Apparently Travis Lynch is heading back out here... I'm not sure why... and honestly, this St. Louis has no desire to see him again.

[The boos grow louder as Lynch comes further into view. He doesn't react to them... doesn't respond at all as he walks towards the ring.]

GM: And I can honestly say I've NEVER heard this type of reaction for Travis Lynch in his career.

BW: This is the reaction he deserves, Gordo! I have been telling you for years that kid is a no good, dirty, snake in the grass and tonight he showed the world I was right! Every single member of the Stench family has that dark side to them and Jack and Travis there have just been trying to bury it, but the AWA fans have seen both of their true colors in recent times.

GM: I don't know about that. It's hard for me to believe that the men we've known and respected for all these years-

BW: The men YOU'VE known and respected, Gordo - I've seen the light for a long time.

GM: I see.

[Lynch stops by the timekeeper's table, picking up the microphone as he scales the ringsteps, still being booed by a large portion of the crowd.]

GM: In another city, Travis Lynch's actions tonight might've gotten a pass but when he attacked one of St. Louis' favorite sons from behind, he obviously crossed a line for many in this arena tonight.

[The National Champion ducks through the ropes, taking a spot in mid-ring, his head still bowed as he's battered by boos.]

BW: I just wonder what he's gonna do for an encore, Gordo - challenge that old lady in the third row and then swipe her dentures?

GM: Bucky!

[With a deep exhale, the Texan slowly begins to speak.]

TL: Earlier tonight, I came out here to to do somethin' Jack has done many times in the past. Step into the ring here in St. Louis and bring the house down.

To have a match that you fans would brag about bein' in the arena for, a match that would be remembered for years to come.

Two AWA National Champions battlin' for fifteen pounds of gold to prove who is the best...

[Travis pauses unlike the boos which have yet to let up.]

TL: But that... that didn't happen.

Instead... tonight will likely be remembered by each and every one of you as the night I...

[The champion's words trail off as he reaches up, running his right hand through his dirty blonde hair.]

TL: The night that I let you all down.

[Travis' remorse is evident as he raises his head, staring into the camera for the first time since coming back out into the arena.]

TL: What I did tonight was absolutely deplorable.

[There's a cheer! Travis actually smiles for a moment.]

TL: No. You're right. It was. We agree on that. What I did to Stevie Scott - a damn legend in this business and one of the people whose back this company was built on - it was uncalled for... and to be honest, I'm disgusted with myself and what I did.

I... Mom's always talked about the Lynch family temper being our worst enemy and she's right. I let my emotions get the better of me... I got hot in the head and instead of being a man out here... instead of acting like the champion you deserved... I acted like a spoiled brat who didn't get what he wanted for Christmas.

[There's some more cheers in the crowd, agreeing with Travis' self-assessment. He nods again.]

TL: I wanted to defend the National Championship so bad against a legend in this sport and when I was told it wouldn't happen...

[Travis shakes his head in disgust with himself.]

TL: I reacted like I was someone like Taylor or Donovan and I blindsided Stevie Scott from behind.

[The crowd jeers again at the reminder.]

TL: You're absolutely right! Boo me! I deserve it! Because more times than I can count I've been on the receivin' end of a beatin' like that and I just can't believe that I did the same damn thing so many of these weasels and cowards and... I did the same thing they did.

And I did it... as crazy as this sounds... I did it for all of you.

[The boos let up a bit as the crowd is puzzled at this declaration.]

TL: Yeah... I did it for all of you... all cause I didn't want to let any of you down. More than anything I wanted to keep my promise to each and everyone of you. To do my best to uphold the legacy of the AWA National Championship belt and instead, instead I dragged it through the mud. I'm sure I could have just shook Stevie's hand and given the opportunity to any of the boys in the back and still givin' y'all a great memory but...

[Travis pauses and looks up to the ceiling of the arena, he mouths something that the microphone isn't able to pick up.]

TL: I let my emotions and my ego get the best of me and for that... for that Stevie... I'm sorry, man. You deserve better than my actions tonight and I can hope that you and the fans can forgive me. I'm sorry everyone and I promise to do and be better... I promise to be the National Champion y'all deserve.

[Travis drops the microphone onto the mat and exits the ring. There are still some boos from the St. Louis crowd but there are more cheers than when Travis entered as some of the arena crowd begins to forgive the National Champion who walks back up the aisle, slapping some offered hands as we cut to Gordon and Bucky at ringside.]

GM: A contrite Travis Lynch, begging forgiveness from the fans and from Stevie Scott for his actions, Bucky.

BW: Well, it's a heck of a cover story, Gordo. And by the sound of this crowd, some of these idiots are actually buying it.

GM: It's been a hard time for Travis Lynch over the past several months and I certainly could believe he might have a momentary break... a snap... when something he built up in his mind for a couple of weeks didn't come to fruition.

BW: Ugh. You're as much of a sucker as these idiot fans, Gordo.

GM: Perhaps I am... and perhaps Travis Lynch will get another opportunity two weeks from tonight to give the fans that match he wanted to give them here tonight when we head to Memphis. Not against Stevie Scott but against another top flight AWA competitor looking to make history and end the record-setting title reign of the Texas Heartthrob. Right now, we're headed backstage to Sweet Lou! Lou?

[We fade to the backstage area where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing.]

SLB: Thanks, Gordon... I'm here in the backstage area to try and get some answers of my own. Earlier tonight, we heard interim AWA Director of Operations Jon Stegglet proclaim that Steal The Spotlight would indeed return to SuperClash this year... in the form of a LADDER MATCH! Now, all we know so far is that whoever wins that contract will NOT have to defend it. That rule set forth by Emerson Gellar earlier this year is one and done. But what we don't know is how many people will be involved in the match... AND we don't know who will be in it! We know that-

[Blackwell's words are cut off.]

"CORRECTION, SWEET LOU!"

[Blackwell's brow furrows as he turns towards the source of the shout. A moment passes before "Flawless" Larry Wallace strides into view. Wallace is in black slacks but is shirtless, showing off a well-toned and oiled-up physique. A gold chain hangs around his neck and Hamilton Graham, grinning all the while, is by his side.]

FLW: You DO know who is going to be in it!

[Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: Wait a second! Wait one second now! Are you telling me - Larry Wallace - that you've been officially added to Steal The Spotlight?!

[Wallace throws a dismissive gesture at Blackwell.]

FLW: Officially... pssssh. There's nothing official about it, Blackwell, but Jon Stegglet would have to be a bigger idiot than his no-account nephew to keep the Flawless One out of a match that determines who is going to Steal The Spotlight for 2017. You see, Blackwell... 2016 didn't go the way I wanted it to for the most part.

Sure, I retired Dave Bryant, and hey, that's gotta make some of those Flawless Fanatics out there stand up and shout... but it wasn't enough.

Because, Blackwell... the only thing that can make this...

[Wallace gestures to his oiled-up torso.]

FLW: ...look any better... is a piece of championship gold!

And on Thanksgiving Night, when I win Steal The Spotlight and lock down a future championship match, I'm putting the entire AWA on notice. I don't care if you're Juan Vasquez... if you're Travis Lynch... if you're Callum Mahoney... even Taylor and Donovan.

Because when I've got that contract in hand, I'm comin' for you... and I'm bringing the BEST... DAMN... DROPKICK IN THE WORLD... with me.

[Applause is heard from off-camera. Blackwell and Wallace turn towards the source of it...

...and find "Cannonball" Lee Connors approaching.]

LC: Impressive. Most impressive.

[Wallace mockingly bows.]

LC: I mean it. I haven't seen someone run their mouth that impressively since...

[Connors checks a watch that isn't there.]

LC: Oh, just about every other blowhard around the AWA who can talk the talk but not walk the walk inside that ring.

FLW: Oh, I can walk the walk, junior.

[Connors steps closer.]

LC: We'll see about that. Because Jon Stegglet says there are going to be qualifying matches to see who gets into Steal The Spotlight this year and I'm not about to waste my opportunity to show the whole world what I can do when the spotlight is on me!

[Connors and Wallace start trading words, too quickly and over each other to be clearly heard...

"THE SPOTLIGHT HAS BEEN STOLEN BY A NINJA!"

[Connors and Wallace both turn to the third voice shouting over them. Riley Hunter.]

RH: Are you a bad enough dude to Steal the Spotlight? Youuuuu...

[He extends his his index finger into the Cannonball's face.]

RH: You and I still have a score to settle. You failed our team in the European tour, busta. And it goes further back than that. Me and my cousin were blackballed from ever wrestling in Calgary by your beloved Colton family. Well, I've been visiting with Shadoe Rage—good guy, a little high strung, suggested he might try a little herbal tea to take care of that raspy voice of his—and he gave me a little souvenir from earlier tonight.

[Hunter rolls up the sleeve of his pleather coat. Wrapped around his forearm like a wristband is Blake Colton's trademark blue "rising sun" bandana.]

RH: They tried to break us, so Shadoe Rage decided to break him... like I'll break YOU!

[Hunter places his thumb on the side of his nose and snorts, then turns to Larry Wallace.]

RH: And you Lawrence...

FLW: What about me, Riley? Something tells me you aren't here for more Idol Chatter.

RH: No no, Lawrence. Remember our games over the past months on Idol Chatter? Time to raise the stakes again.

FLW: Best 15 out of 29?

RH: Yeah. This'll settle it once and for all. Do you like heights, Lawrence?

FLW: Dizzying.

RH: Have you ever gone skydiving?

FLW: TWICE.

[They simultaneously turn their heads to one side and spit on the ground like gunslingers.]

RH: [thrusting his finger into Wallace's face] Then I guess I'll see you out there at SuperClash.

FLW: [grabbing Hunter by the wrist] Then I guess you'll see me UP there at SuperClash.

[They stare dramatic daggers into each other.]

RH: Cramping up a little bit here.

FLW: Oh. Sorry.

[Wallace releases Hunter, who flexes his hand, trying to loosen it up.]

RH: Nah, it's cool. I think I tied this bandana too tight.

[From off camera, a familiar throaty chuckle can be heard. The camera pans to the right showing the source of the chuckle, "Red Hot" Rex Summers. Summers is decked out in a pair of black dress shoes and a red button down shirt. The top three buttons of the shirt are unbuttoned and the sleeves are rolled up.]

RS: I'm sorry... am I hearing you three correctly? Do you honestly believe that any of you will actually walk out of SuperClash with the spotlight shining brightly upon you and the coveted Steal the Spotlight contract?

[All three men nod their heads and once again Summers lets forth a throaty chuckle.]

RS: Come, come gentlemen...

[Summers looks at Connors, Hunter and Wallace once again.]

RS: And I am being generous with that word. Now, you see there is only one man who will walk out of SuperClash with that contract, and that man is the one who had the Steal the Spotlight contract STOLEN from him in the first place, "Red Hot" Rex Summers!

When I walked out of SuperClash last year, I was the man who was bringing the AWA into it's golden age and Emerson Gellar couldn't handle that. He couldn't handle that the face of the PCW would soon be the face of the AWA.

[Summers pauses for a second and before anyone can interject, he begins to speak again.]

RS: So he threw everything he could at me in the attempts to wrest the Steal the Spotlight contract from my hands and to the dismay of everyone, he succeeded when he sent that lunatic in my path. And unfortunately, instead of focusing on the AWA championships, I focused on that gibberish speaking freak.

[Summers shakes his head.]

RS: But I did something no one else in the AWA could do, I forced The Gladiator into permanent retirement.

[Summers smirks and unbuttons his shirt and tosses it to the floor.]

RS: And now it's time to focus on this waist by surrounding it with fifteen pounds of gold and if it takes climbing the ladder rung by rung, I will do just that. I will reach the apex and when the match reaches it's climax, I will come out on top and once again have the Steal the Spotlight contract in my hands!

[Another voice is shouting from off-camera.]

???: "DREAMERS!"

[We pan accordingly and find "Playboy" Ronnie D leading his son, Jayden Jericho, into the mix.]

D: Dreamers with delusions - that's what the lot of you are! Because, you see, there's only one man in this company who has what it takes to climb that ladder and stall taller than the rest. Only one man who has the charisma... the looks... the God-given genetic ability to shine brighter than any other. And that man, boys...

[D slides his red heart-shaped mirrored sunglasses down to the tip of his nose.]

D: ...is me.

But since I'm retired, I'm going to grace the AWA... New Orleans... SuperClash... the whole world with the next best thing...

My son, Jayden Jericho.

[Summers snorts.]

RS: Your son is nothing but an overhyped green as grass rookie who is one Heat Check away from spending Thanksgiving Night in a deep sleep that ISN'T caused by turkey.

[Jericho steps up, shouting at Summers. The whole scene breaks down into a mess of shouts and threats as Blackwell shakes his head...

...and we fade out to the ring where the slimy Draco Romero is glaring up the aisle, obviously agitated about something. Behind him is the massive form of Ebola Zaire, leaning against the buckles with a black hood over his head. The masked Golden Tiger is out on the apron, clutching the hood in place.]

RO: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a-

[Ortiz is cut off as Romero angrily snatches the microphone from the hand of the lovely ring announcer. The jeers pour down on him as he wipes his sweat-covered brow with a dark cloth.]

DR: Boo all you want, people of St. Louis.

[They do.]

DR: History has shown that the truth is rarely popular... and believe me when I say that I stand before you to speak the truth.

Words are weapons. Sharp. Biting. Able to cut to the quick and bury themselves in your very heart.

Anton Layton knows this better than anyone... and he knows that I would hear his words and respond accordingly.

[Romero pauses, again dabbing at his forehead.]

DR: Mr. Layton and I are... were... associates at one time. We shared common interests... an equal hunger for the unusual... the mysterious... and the powers that hide within.

But those days have long since passed, it appears.

[Romero raises a long arm, extending an equally-long thin finger to stab at the nearest camera lens.]

DR: So, in the interest of our history, Anton, I issue you a warning.

You know me. I know you.

[He arches an eyebrow.]

DR: And I believe you know why I'm here as well as those who I serve...

[The corners of his mouth twist up into a wicked grin.]

DR: ...who also have great interest in your... unique skills and... unusual assets.

[Romero chuckles.]

DR: Anton, this is a business. And we are businessmen.

And believe me, old friend, I would much rather handle this as business with you.

[Romero's grin fades as a look we've yet to see from him crosses his face - cold and menacing.]

DR: Because if it becomes personal... the streets of the AWA will run red with your blood... I promise you that.

[Romero goes to hand the mic back to Ortiz...

...and then pivots, gesturing quickly to the masked Golden Tiger who yanks the hood off Ebola Zaire. The African Madman barrels across the ring as Rebecca Ortiz runs for it and Andy Dawson signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Whoa! We're off and running in- ohh!

[The crowd groans along with Gordon as Zaire drops one of his unnamed opponents with a stiff-fingered strike to the throat, knocking him through the ropes to the floor. The other is quickly overwhelmed with a sea of clubbing forearms to the head, neck, and back followed by a downward elbowsmash to the back of the neck, putting him down on the canvas.]

GM: Ebola Zaire not wasting any time in this one thanks to his partner, the Blue Tiger, and his manager... guide... whatever you want to call him in Draco Romero.

BW: Whatever you want to call him? I want to call him crazy after what we just heard, Gordo! He just threatened Anton Layton! He threatened to make the... what did he say?

GM: "The streets of the AWA will run red with your blood." Bold words from a very mysterious individual.

BW: Gordo, there's more to this guy than meets the eye. I made a phone call to this week to a former AWA manager... someone who my sources say knows this guy VERY well.

GM: A former...? Who is that?

BW: Well, he didn't want to be named on air... which I think is a very WISE decision if you catch my drift.

GM: You mean?

BW: That's not the important part, Gordo. The important part is we know that man's connections. We know his power and his interests in the bizarre. And he tells me that Romero is very similar in a lot of respects. That they used to travel in the same social circles. That they used to have similar allies. He tells me this man is quite dangerous and that even he wouldn't trust him.

[While Bucky was going on, Zaire bodily yanked the unnamed victim off the mat, shoving him into the buckles where he laid him into with a trio of overhand chops, leaving a red welt on the chest before a headbutt from the badly-scarred flesh of Zaire takes him down.]

GM: Zaire is all over this young man - who we're being told is local competitor Max Ryan... the boot on the throat now!

[His eyes wide with bloodthirst, Zaire plants that hooked boot on the windpipe, hanging onto the ropes as he strangles the air out of the much-smaller competitor. He grins, showing off some pretty nasty looking teeth as he waits until the referee's count hits four before breaking. The official warns Zaire... who returns the favor with the threat of a backhand before the referee scampers away.]

GM: Whoooo! Gotta be careful there.

BW: That's right. Dawson's teeth almost ended up in the third row.

GM: I meant that Zaire needs to be careful. He throws that right hand and he risks a disqualification!

BW: Hah! You think this savage gives a damn about being disqualified?!

[Zaire stomps across the ring at the shouts of Draco Romero, extending his arm to tag in the masked Golden Tiger who steps through the ropes, charging across the ring at full speed...

...and BLASTS the seated Ryan with a running basement dropkick!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The Tiger scrambles off the mat, grabbing Ryan by the legs and pulling him from the corner. He holds the legs up, looking at the official who warns him...

...and then STOMPS down hard on the belt line!]

GM: Ohh! Ring the bell! That blow was low!

BW: No, no, no! It was legal! Totally legal!

[The referee and Romero trade words for a moment before the referee waves for the match to continue.]

GM: Apparently the referee agrees but if it was legal, it was just BARELY legal.

[The Golden Tiger steps forward, dropping a hard elbow down across the collarbone of the opposition. He rolls to a knee, snatching a handful of hair and delivering three stiff palm strikes to the cheekbone.]

GM: And you go from the unbridled savagery of Ebola Zaire to the cold, calculating, and precise brutality of the Golden Tiger.

BW: An import from the Land of the Rising Sun.

GM: And it still remains to be seen if this Golden Tiger is the same man who wore this hood in Japan - a man we believed had retired.

[Golden Tiger pulls the man off the mat, walking him towards the ropes where he rockets him through them, bouncing him hard off the ringside mats.]

GM: Ohhh! A hard fall out to the floor for Max Ryan!

[As Ryan hits the floor, an eager Ebola Zaire drops down off the apron, waddling around the ringpost towards him.]

GM: Ryan better look out here... this isn't where you want to be with the African Nightmare.

[Zaire grabs Ryan by the hair, pulling him to his feet where he promptly flings him into the ringside barricade!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

[The crowd grumbles as Zaire loops a flabby arm around Ryan's head and neck, twisting him around as he jams a taped finger up into the windpipe, leaving the St. Louis native gasping for air...

...and then shoves him over the railing, depositing him into the front row of seats.]

GM: Zaire savaging the man outside the ring - the referee again warning the team of Zaire and Tiger led by the mysterious Draco Romero.

BW: I'm telling you, Gordo, bit by bit we're clearing up some of that mystery and discovering this guy isn't the pencil-necked stooge a lot of us thought he was.

GM: Us? I'm telling him you said that.

BW: That's not what I meant!

[As Zaire stumbles away from the ringside railing, the Golden Tiger drops to the mat, rolling out to the floor to take his partner's place. The masked man reaches over the railing, snatching Ryan by his sloppy black mop of hair, pulling him to his feet...]

GM: What's he going to do here?

[The Tiger lifts Ryan up for a belly to back suplex...

...and DROPS him groinfirst across the top of the ringside barricade!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ILLEGAL! ILLEGAL!

[The referee shouts - first at the Tiger and then at Romero who smirks in response, gesturing for his team to continue their attack. The masked Tiger obliges, climbing over the railing and planting his foot on the seat of a vacated chair.]

GM: The Golden Tiger out there in the front row, standing on that chair...

[The masked man launches himself forward, connecting with a flying clothesline that flips Ryan off the railing, dumping him facefirst on the barely-padded floor to a groan from the St. Louis crowd.]

GM: A devastating clothesline by the Golden Tiger and you get the feeling that the end may be near for Max Ryan, Bucky.

BW: If he's lucky.

[The Tiger regains his feet, dragging Ryan by the hair towards the ring. He tosses him in under the bottom rope before rolling back in himself. The Tiger circles the downed Ryan, reaching out to slap the hand of an eager Ebola Zaire.]

GM: The tag once more... in comes the butcher...

[And with a running start, Zaire drops a heavy elbow down into the chest, his four hundred plus pounds coming down across the sternum!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: That's it, Bucky.

[Zaire stays seated on the mat, his massive body draped over Ryan for the easy three count.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

[Zaire pushes up to a knee, snatching Ryan by the hair as he digs into one of the pockets of his loose-fitting pants...]

GM: Uh oh.

[...and pulls a sharpened wooden pencil into view!]

GM: Oh! No, no!

[Holding the hair with one hand, Zaire’s tongue disturbingly lolls out of the side of his mouth as he raises the pencil high, ignoring the cries of the protesting official and the concern of the buzzing crowd...]

...and JAMS the sharpened point down into the forehead!]

GM: AHHH!

[And again...]

GM: STOP THIS MADMAN!

[...and again...]

GM: WE NEED HELP OUT HERE!

[...and again. The Golden Tiger shields Zaire from the official, preventing him from intervening as Draco Romero climbs into the ring, slowly walking towards Zaire, a twisted grin on his face.]

GM: Romero is in now... saying something to Zaire and-

[Abruptly, the bloodthirsty savage cuts off his attack, rising to his feet as Ryan slumps back to the mat, streams of blood coming from his forehead.]

BW: Well, that’s not going to make the streets of the AWA run red, Gordo, but it might fill the gutters!

GM: Disgusting. Let’s get away from this monster. Let’s go to commercial.

[And on cue, we do, fading to black...]

...and then fade back up as the sounds of Jason Aldean’s “Lights Go Out” starts to play over various shots of the New Orleans area. A steamboat docked on the shore. A statue in the middle of the city. A twilight overhead shot of cars zipping by on the freeway. An overhead shot of a church cuts to a time lapse shot of the SuperDome - the home of SuperClash VII as the clouds move swiftly by and the lyrics begin.]

#When the lights come on, everybody's screaming#

[A night time drone shot of the Mercedes-Benz Superdome lights up the screen and then cuts to an interior shot of a crowd celebrating in the 'Dome.]

#Lighters in the sky, yeah, everybody's singing#

[A fan shot of a yellow sign that reads "HOME SWEET DOME" cuts to another crowd shot, this one of a fan gripping a sign that reads "THE DOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS."]

#Every word to every song to a girl to take it home tonight#

[A large crowd shot of a cheering crowd, showing off the immense audience who will be packed into the Dome soon enough.]

#When the lights come on, everybody's feeling#

[Older footage comes up, showing the huge audience that once packed into the Superdome to see Muhammad Ali fight Leon Spinks cuts to a shot of that actual fight.]

#A hallelujah high from the floor to the ceiling#

[A football falls just out of the reach of one of the San Francisco 49ers in a shot from a Super Bowl played in the Dome.]

#Yeah, the drink that we're drinking, the smoke that we're smoking#

[Cut to a shot of Mick Jagger center stage in the Dome at a Rolling Stones concert held there and then to Keith Richards from the same show strumming his guitar.]

#The party we throw, it's going all night long#

[A burst of pyro fills the screen before we see a time lapse of the crowd filing into the stadium for a New Orleans Saints game.]

#When the lights come on#

[Cut to another time lapse shot outside the Superdome as the sun goes down and the lights come on.]

#When the lights come on#

[And we cut to the SuperClash VIII logo with all the information on the show...

...before fading back up to backstage where Theresa Lynch is standing next to "Lady Lightning" Lori Wilson. Wilson is still dressed in her wrestling attire, sans her headband.]

TL: Lori Wilson, we all saw what happened after tonight's tag team match. After you and Kayla Cristol defeated Erica Toughill and Roxy Roller, Toughill attacked her own tag team partner. I know you wanted this match tonight as a means to get your hands on Toughill, but it appears that things are far from settled.

LW: Theresa, you are correct that things are far from settled. Erica, this whole ordeal with you taking out your frustrations on other women just trying to catch a break, all because you think you got a raw deal, and because you think women should just face you on your terms... it's gone far enough.

Since it's clear that a tag match isn't enough to get that attitude of yours in check, I want you one on one, in two weeks on the next Saturday Night Wrestling. And, believe me, you aren't going to be able to push me around. Not somebody who has seen it all in this business, faced women who were bigger, stronger and even tougher than me, but still knew what it took to get the job done... and even teach those women some manners along the way.

So if you think you can just get into the ring with me and push me around, then why don't you put your name on the dotted line and let me teach you the lessons that you should have learned a long time ago.

TL: Well, there you have it, fans, Lori Wilson has challenged...

"Hey, wait a minute!"

[The woman who said that walks onto the set. It's Julie Somers, who wears a Supergirl T-shirt and blue jeans. Her brown hair hangs down her shoulders and she has an incensed look on her face.]

JS: Listen, Lori, you've told me I need to be patient and study more, especially from what you do against the likes of Erica Toughill, but my patience has run out! For nearly two months, I've sat back, watched Erica beat up one wrestler after another, took your advice to study her more before taking a match on her terms, even bit my tongue, thinking that if I said the wrong thing, I'd be in over my head.

But now? I can't wait any longer!

Roxy Roller surprised everyone two weeks ago with a win over Skylar Swift and it was her time to shine. Then she gets another opportunity, this time to team with Erica, and all Erica showed was what an ungrateful...

[Somers' mouth opens, but she stops there and takes a deep breath.]

JS: I don't think it's a secret the word I'd use to describe Erica right now. Regardless, you're right that Erica's tactics have gone far enough, Lori. But it's clear the reason why she keeps doing these things is because I'm the one she wants. I don't want to see anybody get hurt at my expense again... especially somebody like you, who has done more for me than I could ever imagine.

And truth be told, I've made a mistake by ignoring her for too long... and I'm the one who really needs to step into that ring to shut her up once and for all!

So, I'm begging you, my friend... let me face Erica. Let me face her on her terms. Let me settle this for good.

Because the last thing I want is to have another injured woman weighing on my conscience.

[Somers takes another deep breath.]

TL: Lori, what about it? Will you step aside to let your friend Julie face Erica, something that Erica has demanded for weeks now?

[Wilson places a hand on Somers' shoulder.]

LW: Julie, listen to me. I get that all the women Erica has injured weighs on your mind a lot. But you're not the only one who feels responsible.

When I came to the AWA, I made it a point to be the example that the women in this company needed. Somebody they could turn to for advice and learn about what it takes to make it in this business. And every woman that Erica has injured... well, several of those girls came up to me, asking for advice, and I did whatever I could to help them. So what Erica has done, it bothers me as much as it bothers you.

But I'm asking you, Julie, to let me handle this. Because if anybody should be held accountable for what Erica did to those women, it should be me. After all, I'm the one who came to the AWA to provide that leadership role and to be a mentor to

anyone, not just yourself. So I failed those women who Erica hurt and I'm the one who needs to hold her accountable.

And once I'm done with Erica, you won't have to worry about her. You already proved to Erica you can hang with her and she can't just walk all over you. You don't need a street fight to prove it.

Instead, you can focus on what I know is your ultimate goal... to be the AWA Women's World Champion.

So I'm asking you as a friend and mentor... allow me to settle this with Erica.

[Somers takes another deep breath and pushes strands of hair back behind her head.]

JS: All right, fair enough, Lori. You want her in the ring, you got her. But I'm going to say one thing... if I'm going to get my focus back where it needs to be, I can't promise that I won't get in the ring with Erica again, even on her terms.

If you think you can settle this, Lori, I'll back you.

But if I see anything that happens in that match that tells me Erica hasn't learned a damn thing... then I hope you will respect me enough to make my own decision about what I need to do next.

[Wilson stares at Somers for a moment, then nods.]

LW: Fair enough, my friend.

[She extends her hand, which Somers grasps.]

TL: Fans, once again, Lori Wilson challenging Erica Toughill to a match the next SNW. But what will it mean for Julie Somers down the road? Gordon, let's get back to you.

[We fade back out to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are standing.]

GM: Thanks, Theresa and-

[Bucky audibly and obnoxiously clears his throat.]

GM: What?

[Bucky gestures with his head towards the ring.]

GM: Yes, I know he's there but-

[And now, there's someone shouting off-mic towards Gordon who sighs. We cut to a new shot, revealing the ring where Brian Lau, Hall of Fame manager for the Kings of Wrestling, is standing once again.]

GM: Haven't we heard enough from this guy for one night?

BW: Quiet, Gordo! Mr. Lau doesn't get paid by the hour so he doesn't have time for your insolent prattle.

GM: My insolent... did he tell you to say that?

BW: Uhhh... no.

GM: What's that index card?! Let me see that!

BW: Hands off the merchandise, Gordo - let's go to the ring!

[Brian Lau, looking more more confident than he did earlier in the evening, stands mid-ring looking as only he can look. He raises the mic.]

BL: Earlier tonight, I accomplished one piece of Kings of Wrestling business. And it looks like Misterys Taylor and Donovan have accomplished another on their own. Bright young men. Self-starters.

[Lau nods approvingly.]

BL: But there's one more piece of Kings' business to take care of here tonight in St. Louis and this one... well, this one needed to be taken care of personally.

Two weeks ago, with the help of YOUR World Tag Team Champions, I got rid of a parasite that was clinging to the Kings of Wrestling for far too long.

And tonight, it's time to deal with another.

[Lau grimaces.]

BL: And I believe this matter must be dealt with face-to-face. So, old friend... Doctor Harrison Fawcett... if you would please join me inside this very ring.

[Lau lowers the mic, waiting for a moment. And after a few moments pass, "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett emerges from the entranceway. He's dressed in a bright white suit, a shocking departure for him, with a blood red dress shirt underneath. Fawcett is lightly dabbing at a sweat-covered forehead with an equally red handkerchief as he heads towards the ring.]

GM: Now this one I've been looking forward to, Bucky.

BW: Why is that?

GM: Well, if you flash back a year, many would've called these two the most powerful managers in the entire AWA. Fawcett had powerful clients. Dangerous clients. Clients who seemed on the verge of overtaking the entire company. And in one night - SuperClash VII - last year, it all came tumbling down for him. He lost everything and as 2016 begin, Fawcett was completely gone from the AWA. It was Brian Lau who brought him back, giving him some power within the Kings, and seemed to have reinvigorated Fawcett. But now?

BW: What?

GM: Bucky, it's pretty obvious what's about to happen here, isn't it? He failed Lau... just like Shane Taylor failed Lau in his mind. And we saw what happened to Shane Taylor.

BW: Shane Taylor was a worthless slug! A parasite like Brian Lau said! I'd never call Doctor Harrison Fawcett a parasite, Gordo.

GM: We'll see if Brian Lau agrees.

[Fawcett climbs the ringsteps, slowly ducking through the ropes. He moves cautiously to mid-ring, extending his hand towards his friend who stares at it.]

BL: Hmm.

[Lau lets Fawcett dangle for a long moment before he accepts the offered handshake. Fawcett lets a smile cross his face, reaching up to wipe his brow again.]

BL: My dear friend...

[Lau shakes his head.]

BL: They say that you should never mix business with friendship... and maybe they're right. Because look at us now. What do I do, Harrison? What do I do with you?

Two weeks ago, I let Shane Taylor have a small taste of what it means to fail the Kings of Wrestling.

Do you deserve a similar taste?

[A look of horror crosses Fawcett's face as the fans cheer.]

BL: In many ways, Harrison, your failure was worse than his... because I trusted you. I never trusted Shane Taylor. I hired Shane Taylor as a favor to his family and when he failed me, I wasn't the least bit surprised.

[Lau shrugs.]

BL: But you...

[Another shake of the head.]

BL: I expected more of you. I expected better. When I came to find you in your Manor earlier this year, you were a shell of yourself. A broken down, shattered shell of yourself. You were down on your knees...

...and I gave you my hand, lifted you up, and showed the world who Harrison Fawcett was.

And you failed me.

[Lau pauses.]

BL: Never mix business with friendship.

These people out here - the pundits online - they'll say that's exactly what I did. I lifted you up because you were my friend. I gave you money because you were my friend. I gave you power because you were my friend.

[Lau shakes his head.]

BL: They'd be wrong.

I didn't do any of those things because you were my friend, Harrison... because the fact is we've NEVER been friends.

[Fawcett looks shocked at this... almost struck. The crowd buzzes with the revelation as Lau's eyes flash with anger.]

BL: I used you, Fawcett. I struck an alliance with you last year because the last thing I wanted was for you to sic your monsters on my Kings. There was more value you as an ally than as an enemy.

An ally. Not a friend.

And when you were at your bottom earlier this year, I could've let you waste away... but I knew there was a chance you'd come back. A chance you could return to your former strength and be better... be stronger... be more dangerous than ever before.

And I couldn't let that happen.

[Lau extends his hand mockingly.]

BL: So, I offered you my hand... I offered to lift you up... and I pulled you from your knees...

[He slowly extends his thumb.]

BL: ...right under my thumb. You were so grateful! "Yes, Mr. Lau!" "Of course, Mr. Lau!" "Whatever you say, Mr. Lau!"

[Lau sneers.]

BL: It was all so... pathetic.

[And this time, it's Fawcett's eyes that flash.]

BL: Because it's clear to me now that I never needed to worry about you. Whatever happened to you last year at SuperClash... whatever THEY did to you...

[Fawcett's eyes again flash at the "THEY."]

BL: It broke you, Fawcett. It took a man that everyone feared... and made him one that everyone laughed at.

[The corner of Lau's mouth twists up into a cruel smile.]

BL: And that... my so-called friend... is business.

[Lau suddenly surges forward, throwing a makeshift version of a Blackheart Punch that catches Fawcett in his flabby torso.]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[Fawcett crumples back, sinking to a knee as Lau grabs him by two handfuls of hair.]

GM: What in the world is he...?!

[Lau swings his leg up, a knee catching Fawcett in the chin... a second one lands on his cheek... and a third one SPLATTERS Fawcett's own nose like a burst tomato. Lau drops back, watching as Fawcett falls to his back, his chest heaving as the life's blood pours from his nose onto his white suit. Lau wipes his hands on his slacks in disgust, shouting at Fawcett.]

"YOU'RE DONE! YOU'RE FINISHED, YOU HEAR ME?! FINISHED!"

[An enraged Lau surges forward again, stomping Fawcett once... twice... three times... four times...

...and then drops to his knees, sinking his fingers around the fleshy throat of Fawcett, violently throttling him as Fawcett kicks his feet in helpless terror.]

GM: This is terrible! Fawcett's done some awful things in the past but does he really deserve this?!

BW: Breaking up is hard to do, Gordo. This is a friendship that has reached a painful end!

GM: It's not a friendship at all! Lau just admitted that he's been USING Harrison Fawcett for months! Years!

[Lau continues to dig his fingers into Fawcett's throat when suddenly...]

GM: WHAT THE... CODY MERTZ?!

[The fan favorite dashes down the aisle towards the ring, diving under the bottom ropes to a shocked reaction. Lau also seems surprised, breaking the choke, stumbling backwards and falling on his rear as Mertz points a threatening finger at him.]

GM: First it was Shane Taylor two weeks ago and now it's Harrison Fawcett?! Cody Mertz is saving everyone here in the AWA from the likes of the Kings of Wrestling!

[Mertz shouts at Lau as the manager rolls under the ropes to the floor, backpedaling away from Mertz, shouting some threats of his own as he walks down the aisle. Mertz takes a knee next to Fawcett, shaking his head with disgust as he looks down on him.]

GM: I can't believe that Cody Mertz would come out here and SAVE Harrison Fawcett... I just can't. Mertz is a tremendous person... a good sportsman... but... wow. Fans, we'll be right back and hopefully we can find out what in the world Mertz was thinking.

[Fade to black.]

In stark, high contrast black and white, a large curtain with the words "SuperClash VII" written large across it cascades to the ground like a falling leaf. Behind it is a slow-motion montage of similarly stark monochrome clips, slowly fading in to each other. Leonard Cohen's rumbling, deep voice plays over top the minimalist orchestration of "You Want It Darker.')

[Brian Lau raises the hands of Wes Taylor and Tony Donavon...]

If you are the dealer
I'm out of the game #

[...Lau shakes the hand of "Dr." Harrison Fawcett...]

If you are the healer
It means I'm broken and lame #

[...Brian James looks over his shoulder as Lau raises the arm of Johnny Detson...]

If thine is the glory then
Mine must be the shame #

[...Summers, Mahoney and Kendrick all triple teaming the Gladiator...]

You want it darker
We kill the flame #

[...Shadove Rage looking around the ring with maniacal eyes ...]

Magnified, sanctified, be thy holy name

[...The Hangman, shot from below, slowly tightens his noose around an invisible neck...]

Vilified, crucified, in the human frame

[...Flex Ferrigno with some poor victim's skull trapped in a powerful headlock...]

A million candles burning for the help that never came

[..."Flawless" Larry Wallace and his Best Damn Dropkick In The World in magnificent slow motion...]

You want it darker

[...Lauryn Rage makes her way down the aisle, Women's World Championship belt in one arm, phone extended at arm's length in the other...]

There's a lover in the story
But the story's still the same #

[...Erica Toughill cracks her knuckles, a slow-motion bubble emerging from between her lips...]

There's a lullaby for suffering
And a paradox to blame #

[...Another woman in a darkened space, the light forming a halo around her: the silhouette is in the general shape of Charisma Knight...]

But it's written in the scriptures
And it's not some idle claim #

[...Anton Layton fondles the Eye of Tyr, visibly giggling between Porter Crowley and The Lost Boy.]

You want it darker
We kill the flame #

[...Derrick Williams nailing Jordan Ohara with a Blackout, fading to Riley Hunter similarly betraying Ohara with an Instant Karma...]

They're lining up the prisoners
and the guards are taking aim #

[...Jackson Hunter trying to pull the Suited Savage MAWAGA off his prey...]

I struggled with some demons
They were middle class and tame #

[...Maxim Zharkov applying the Gorynych to a chained Kolya Sudakov...]

I didn't know I had permission
to murder and to maim #

[...Juan Vasquez piledriving Ryan Martinez, fading to a smile on Vasquez's face...]

You want it darker

[The stark monochrome montage is suddenly bathed in a golden light. A solitary figure is seen in the distance, standing tall.]

I'm ready, my lord...

[Before we get a good look at him or her, a metallic font splashes on screen.]

"SUPERCLASH VIII."

"The American Wrestling Alliance presents: SuperClash VIII: Thursday, November 24th, live from New Orleans."

[Fade to black...

...and then back up from black on the backstage area just beyond the entranceway at the Chimpanzee Position where Theresa Lynch stands alongside Cody Mertz.]

TL: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling, fans. Cody Mertz, I've gotta say that you are just absolutely full of surprises!

[Mertz shakes his head.]

CM: Theresa, it shouldn't come as any surprise to anyone that I'm a man who is ALWAYS going to stand up for what's right... even if it means standing up for someone who is very, very wrong.

Two weeks ago, Brian Lau and his jackals stabbed Shane Taylor in the back. That was wrong, Theresa... and being there to stop them was the right thing to do.

And tonight?

[Mertz whistles.]

CM: Harrison Fawcett is not a good man. He's a man who has done horrible things. He's a man who is just about as evil as it comes.

But he's still a man. And he deserved better than to have his so-called friend stab him in the back.

He deserved better than to lay on his back like a bleeding pig while Lau tries to choke him out.

So, I went out there and I stopped it.

[Mertz raises a hand.]

CM: Now, some may not agree with that decision. Some might think that men like Taylor and Fawcett deserve everything they get... and heck, maybe they're right. They laid with dogs, woke up with fleas, and can't stop scratching.

But I think it's wrong. I think the Kings are wrong. And I think Brian Lau is wrong. And I'm not about to stop getting in their face and telling them so until I get my hands on them. I'm...

[Mertz trails off as Harrison Fawcett, blood streaming down his face and being carried between two AWA officials, comes into view.]

"D"HF: Stop. STOP!

[The officials pause, allowing Fawcett to momentarily straighten up, staring at Mertz with blood all over him as he speaks, pausing every few words for deep breaths.]

"D"HF: I believe... I owe you... a thank you.

[Mertz waves a dismissive hand.]

"D"HF: Nevertheless, Mr. Mertz... I thank you. As they say... I owe you one... and that is a debt... that shall be...

[He angrily spits a wad of blood on the floor as Theresa jumps back in disgust. Fawcett takes a deep breath, forcing out one final word.]

"D"HF: ...repaid.

[And Fawcett slumps back into the arms of the officials, being dragged out of Mertz and Lynch's view as we fade back out to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are standing.]

GM: Cody Mertz is a man who will not rest, Bucky, until he gets his hands on the Kings of Wrestling and Brian Lau for what they did to he and Michael Aarons way back at the start of the year.

BW: You know what they say, Gordo - be careful what you wish for because you just might get it.

GM: Well, one man who is getting something tonight that he DIDN'T want is the World Champion Juan Vasquez. Vasquez would've been perfectly happy to not compete in action at all until SuperClash but Jon Stegglet... well, he had other ideas. And that's what we're about to see. Former AWA competitor Robert Donovan taking on the World Champion in an Extreme Rules matchup. This should be a good one. Rebecca, take it away.

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

RO: The following non-title contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and will be conducted under EXTREME RULES!

[Big cheer!]

RO: That means there are no countouts, no disqualifications, and ANYTHING GOES!

[Another big cheer!]

RO: Introducing first...

[The opening notes of the Metallica cover of "Turn the Page" hit the PA...and a few moments later, the looming figure of Robert Donovan steps into the aisle to a tremendous ovation from the St. Louis crowd who has some history with the Donovan family.]

RO: From Pensacola, Florida... he stands seven foot two inches tall... weighing in at 347 pounds...

ROBERRRRRRRRRRRT DONNNNNNNNNNOOOOOOVANNNNNN!

[On this night, Robert Donovan has foregone the ring gear we've seen him in in years gone by and is sporting a pair of blue jeans that have seen better days along with a white tanktop. He's got his ever-present heavy brace on his left elbow as he

walks down the aisle, a Singapore cane dangling over his shoulder and a smile on his face.]

GM: Robert Donovan has been out of action in the world of pro wrestling for quite some time now but he is here tonight - a favor to his old friend Bobby Taylor - to take his shot at the AWA World Champion in this non-title match that will be held under Extreme Rules.

BW: And Jon Stegglet practically admitted earlier tonight that he's hoping Donovan injures Vasquez and takes him out of SuperClash! I can understand feeling that way but what kind of authority figure actually SAYS it?!

GM: Jon Stegglet cut his teeth in this business in the Land of Extreme and you may love that place or you may hate it but you can't deny that the man in charge there made no secret of his feelings on any given night.

BW: Of all the people to use as an inspiration, I sure as hell wouldn't pick that guy.

[Donovan reaches the ring, climbing up on the ring apron before swinging a leg over the top rope, clearing them with ease as he walks to mid-ring, thrusting the Singapore cane up into the air to a big cheer from the St. Louis crowd.]

GM: And as much as these fans want to see Ryan Martinez win the World Title at SuperClash, they just might want to see Robert Donovan take a pound of flesh from Juan Vasquez just as much here tonight in St. Louis!

[Donovan squares up on the aisle, waving the cane and calling Vasquez towards the ring as the music fades.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

#KOR-AHHHHHH

#MAH-TAH

#KOR-AHHHHHH

#RAH-TAH-MAAAAH

[A HUGE roar of boos immediately fills the arena as "Duel of the Fates" by Galactic Empire plays, signaling the arrival of The Axis of Evil. Jackson Hunter is the first to emerge from behind the curtain, followed by his charge, the massive Maxim Zharkov. They are followed by Derrick Williams and Riley Hunter, singing along to the music into his nunchucks.

And bringing up the rear, with "The Suited Savage" MAWAGA standing guard behind him, is the most hated man in all the AWA, the World Heavyweight Champion, Juan Vasquez.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: The champ is here... but he ain't comin' alone, daddy!

GM: He certainly isn't. The entirety of the Axis of Evil is in the aisle heading towards the ring... and I'm not sure Robert Donovan was expecting this, fans.

[Vasquez has a huge grin on his face as Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

RO: From Los Angeles, California... weighing in at 238 pounds... he is accompanied to the ring by the Axis... he is the AWA WORRRRRRRRLD CHAMMMMPIONNNNN...

JUAAAAAAAAAAAAAN VASSSSSSSQUEZZZZZ!

[Vasquez raises an arm, clutching the World Title in his hand as the St. Louis fans let him have it. He doesn't acknowledge the crowd, keeping his eyes locked on Donovan as he makes a silent gesture in Jackson Hunter's direction.]

GM: What's this all about?

[A smirking Hunter calls the rest of the Axis into a huddle and then sends them out, each of the four men taking up a spot on one side of the ring. Hunter stays with Zharkov, nodding to Vasquez who waits for his allies to get into position before approaching the ring. Donovan looks back and forth, making sure no one's going to come at him from behind...

...and when Riley Hunter reaches up to grab the middle rope, the seven foot Donovan steps forward and SLAMS the cane down on Hunter's hand! Hunter yelps, jumping backwards and grabbing at his hand as Donovan smirks and the crowd cheers.]

GM: Robert Donovan's got one heck of an equalizer in there, trying to keep the Axis at bay here tonight...

[Vasquez edges forward, keeping Zharkov on his left shoulder as Donovan wheels around, moving back to mid-ring. Derrick Williams is next, hopping up on the apron and JUST barely dropping off as Donovan tries to take his head off with a giant swing of his cane.]

GM: Whoa!

BW: That was a close one.

GM: Derrick Williams nearly got knocked right off the Think Tank with Kerry Kendrick later tonight. Of course, we're also slated to see MAWAGA take on Alex Martinez in tonight's Main Event as well.

BW: Well, that's just a cover for his real reason being out there which is making sure the Last American Badass is nowhere to be seen at SuperClash.

GM: Speaking of which, you're a paid stooge for Jackson Hunter...

BW: Hey!

GM: ...why haven't Hunter and Zharkov answered Alex Martinez' challenge for SuperClash?!

BW: Maybe they're waiting to see if Martinez survives against MAWAGA. How should I know?

GM: I thought he might've told you during one of those lunches he pays for to get you to give him good press.

BW: You are disparaging my good name as a journalist!

GM: A journalist? Hah! Give me a break.

[Vasquez huddles up with Jackson Hunter for a moment on the floor, whispering to his manager. Hunter nods a few times and then breaks away, moving to MAWAGA's side. He whispers to MAWAGA...

...and the Suited Savage fearlessly steps up on the apron, not even flinching as Donovan comes at him...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and BLASTS MAWAGA between the eyes with the Singapore cane!]

GM: WHAT A SHOT!

[But MAWAGA does not budge, instead his eyes bulging and his tongue sticking out as he roars at a shocked Donovan who steps back...

...which allows Juan Vasquez to roll under the bottom rope, rushing across the ring, and SMASHING the World Title belt into the back of Donovan's head, knocking the seven footer down to the canvas! Vasquez grins, tossing the belt aside as he stomps the downed Donovan as the bell sounds!]

GM: What a setup that was!

BW: Absolutely brilliant! Did you see Juan Vasquez quarterback that gameplan? Brilliant!

[Vasquez stomps Donovan a few more times before backing off, measuring the big man...]

GM: Vasquez drops the elbow down across the back of the head... and again... and again...

[The crowd jeers the World Champion as he drops elbow after elbow down on his opponent. He climbs back to his feet, smirking at the downed Donovan as the big man rolls to his back...

...and then plants his boot down on the eye area, twisting around to rake his boot across the eye!]

GM: Ohhh! And that'll do some damage to the vision of Robert Donovan... for the moment at least.

[Vasquez turns towards Derrick Williams, giving "The Future" a wave of the arm. In response, Williams shoves the timekeeper out of his seat, snatching his chair away and sliding it in to the World Champion.]

GM: Did you see that? What a jerk Derrick Williams has turned into since joining the Axis!

[Williams turns towards the jeering ringside fans, giving them a piece of his mind as Vasquez retrieves the steel chair off the mat, gripping it in his hands as Donovan struggles to get up off the mat...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: STEEL CHAIR ACROSS THE BACK!

[The blow staggers the seven footer but it doesn't take him down as he stumbles into the ropes, grabbing hold of the top with both hands. Vasquez sneers as he winds up a second time...]

GM: He's gonna do it again!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Donovan slumps down to a knee as Vasquez stands over him, chair in hand. The World Champion looks down at Donovan, an evil expression on his face as he taps the chair on the mat a few times...]

GM: He's gonna club him over the head?!

BW: Donovan's got no business here, Gordo! He's got no business stepping up to the World Champion!

[Vasquez swings the chair back, ready to crown Donovan with it.]

GM: No, no! Don't do it! Don't do it!

[The World Champion brings the chair rapidly down, splitting the air as he looks to drive it into the big man's skull...

...until the seven footer brings up both arms, catching the chair in his taped hands!]

GM: CAUGHT!

[The crowd roars and Vasquez' eyes go wide as Donovan pushes up from a knee to his feet with a roar, still grasping the chair that Vasquez clings to in his white-knuckled hands...]

GM: Vasquez was trying to end him but Donovan had other ideas!

[The seven footer buries a boot in Vasquez' midsection, breaking his grip on the chair. Donovan flings the chair aside as he pulls the doubled-up Vasquez' hair, straightening him up for a pair of taped-fist haymakers - the second of which sends the World Champion flying through the air before crashing down on the canvas!]

GM: Good grief! What a right hand by the big man!

[Coming swiftly to his feet, Vasquez charges Donovan who simply sidesteps and flattens him with a standing lariat!]

GM: Ohh! Down goes the World Champion again!

[Outside the ring, Jackson Hunter is pacing, grabbing at his hair in frustration as Derrick Williams can be heard shouting encouragement to his mentor. Donovan retrieves Vasquez off the mat by the arm, flinging him into the ropes...

...and dropping the champion once more, this time with a big boot up under the chin!]

GM: And just like that, Bucky, Robert Donovan is battering Juan Vasquez all over this ring!

[With Vasquez down, a smiling Donovan leans down...

...and lifts the discarded steel chair for one and all to see! A huge cheer erupts as Donovan spits on both hands, gripping the chair tightly as Vasquez struggles to get up to his feet...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HARD SHOT ACROSS THE BACK!

[Vasquez staggers across the ring, arching his back in pain as he stumbles near the ropes, catching himself on them before falling to the mat.]

GM: Donovan's still got the chair... maybe getting ready to take another swing with it...

[Derrick Williams hops up on the apron, shouting at Donovan. The seven footer lumbers towards him, taking a big swing with the chair that "The Future" narrowly avoids as he jumps to the floor. Donovan shouts something down in Williams' direction as Vasquez pushes off the ropes, rushing at Donovan...

...who jams the end of the chair into Vasquez' stomach, doubling him up...]

GM: Look out here!

[With the World Champion doubled up in front of him, Donovan rears waaaaaaay back with the chair...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF! Like a carpenter hammering the heck out of a nail, Donovan DRIVES that chair down across the back!

[Vasquez writhes about in pain on the mat as Donovan slams the chair down on the canvas, looking out on the cheering crowd.]

GM: The chair's down on the mat in the middle of the ring! He might be looking to slam the champion on top of it!

[Donovan slowly raises his right arm, two of his fingers extended as the crowd goes wild!]

GM: He's calling for it! He's calling for Vengeance - that mandible claw chokeslam that was his signature maneuver for so many years!

[Donovan waves the other arm, calling Vasquez back to his feet, begging him to rise as the crowd also urges the champion to get up. Jackson Hunter can be heard SCREAMING at Vasquez, shouting a warning to him as he struggles to get back to his feet...

...and wobbles right into the mandible claw to a HUUUUUGE ROAR from the St. Louis crowd!]

GM: He's got him! He's got it hooked right in the middle of the ring!

[Donovan drags Vasquez into position, looking down on the folded-up chair on the canvas...

...which is when Riley Hunter dives under the bottom rope, making a grab for the leg of the seven footer. The crowd jeers as Donovan lets go of Vasquez, allowing him to slump down to a knee as the big man reaches down...]

GM: Riley Hunter just saved Vasquez but he can't save himself!

[The crowd EXPLODES as Donovan yanks Hunter off the canvas in a two-handed choke!]

GM: HE'S GOT RILEY HUNTER! HE'S GOING TO SEE HOW MANY STARS HE GETS IF HE PUTS HUNTER THROUGH THE CANVAS!

[Hunter gasps and chokes, his legs flailing...

...and Donovan hurls him down to the mat, a disdainful look on his face.]

GM: Remember, fans... this match is under Extreme Rules - no disqualifications and anything goes in this one!

[Donovan, his focus on Hunter now, snatches the struggling Seven Star Athlete off the mat before he can crawl from the ring...

...and PRESSES HIM OVERHEAD WITH EASE!]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM UP! HE'S GOT HUNTER UP!

[The crowd is roaring once more as Donovan walks across the ring with him...

...and HURLS him over the top rope down onto a surprised Derrick Williams!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Williams and Hunter are in a pile on the floor as a satisfied Robert Donovan dusts off his hands. He turns, looking to get back to business...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES WITH THE SINGAPORE CANE! GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!

[Donovan stumbles back, falling into the ropes as Vasquez winds up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: A second blow to the head with that wooden cane! Goodness!

[Donovan slumps to a knee from that blow as Vasquez winds up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The three mighty shots from the World Champion leave Donovan kneeling on the mat, a stream of blood now escaping the massive collection of scar tissue that he's gained on his forehead over the years. Vasquez spins away, angrily talking up a storm as he walks around the ring, shouting at the fans... at Donovan... at the announcers... at anyone who has drawn his ire...

...and then gets a running start towards Donovan, winding up one more time...]

GM: RUNNING CANE SHO- NO!

[...and the seven footer surges to his feet, locking his hand around Vasquez' throat for a split second before lifting him into the air and HURLING him down to the canvas with a massive chokeslam!]

GM: CHOKESLAM! CHOKESLAM BY THE SEVEN FOOTER!

[Donovan collapses to his knees, reaching up to check his wound before sliding into a cover on the World Champion.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO! TH-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOULDER UP! THE CHAMP GETS THE SHOULDER UP!

[Donovan slams a clenched fist down into the mat in frustration, reaching up to grab at his head as Jackson Hunter shouts in to Vasquez.]

GM: Donovan slowly but surely, climbing back to his feet... and listen to this St. Louis crowd cheer him on! They want to see him put a world-class hurting on Juan Vasquez in the WORST possible way, Bucky.

BW: Savages.

[The seven footer angrily reaches down, dragging Vasquez off the mat by the hair. He pulls him up, looking into the World Champion's eyes...

...and buries a big boot in the gut, doubling him up before he steps forward, locking his arms around the torso of Vasquez!]

GM: Donovan's going for the gutwrench powerbomb! He's looking to end this right now! He's looking to-

[Sliding into the ring, Jackson Hunter retrieves the Singapore cane off the canvas, winding up with it...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ACROSS THE BACK OF DONOVAN!

[The big blow causes Donovan to lose his hold on Vasquez who falls down to all fours...

...and as Donovan slowly turns to face the Axis' manager, that's when the floodgates open!]

GM: Oh no... no, no, no!

[Maxim Zharkov is the first one in, SLAMMING his clasped hands onto the back of Donovan's head and neck with a double axehandle... and another... and another, battering him down to all fours...

...and then jerking his head back, holding it in place as Hunter winds up again![]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[This time, the cane splinters on impact, sending shards of wood flying as Donovan flops over on his stomach. Hunter grins at the damage done, waving his arms in a call for the rest of the Axis to hit the ring.]

GM: Oh, here we go...

[Derrick Williams slides in first, launching into a series of stomps and kicks to the big man's head and neck. Riley Hunter comes in after him, still shaking off the slam to the floor but calling for his partner to get Donovan off the mat.]

GM: Zharkov and Williams pulling the big man up...

[And with Donovan being held up between the Russian and The Future, Hunter runs across the ring, leaping up to jam his knee up into the jaw of the seven footer!]

GM: OHHH! INSTANT KARMA!

[Hunter takes his partner's place in aiding Zharkov in keeping Donovan vertical as Williams winds up, spinning around to SLAM the point of his elbow into the back of Donovan's skull!]

GM: Good grief!

[With Donovan being held up by the Axis, Zharkov takes his turn, handing him over to Williams and Hunter as he goes into a spin...

...and they shove Donovan into the discus lariat known as the Peacemaker!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Donovan is prone on the canvas as the Axis trade high fives all around him. MAWAGA stays out on the floor, his services unneeded as the trio of Zharkov, Hunter, and Williams stomp and kick the big man...

...which is when Juan Vasquez climbs to his feet.]

GM: The World Champion's on his feet...

[Vasquez shouts "GET HIM UP!" at his allies who oblige, dragging the bloodied and beaten Donovan to his knees. Vasquez nods, grabbing Donovan by the chin, forcing the big man to look into his eyes...

...and then SNAPS Donovan's head back with a devastating Right Cross!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Donovan slumps backwards, falling motionless to the canvas as Vasquez dives on top of him and the referee delivers a swift three count.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Well... you don't have to like the way they went about it, fans, but Juan Vasquez with the aid of the Axis takes this victory here in St. Louis.

BW: Totally legal! Anything goes! Extreme Rules! There was nothing that said that the Axis couldn't get involved and when they did, they did so with perfect precision and teamwork and put the seven footer out to pasture.

[Vasquez climbs up off the mat, looking down disdainfully at Donovan as Jackson Hunter slaps the World Champion on the back.]

GM: The World Champion with a very important victory on the road to SuperClash, earning some much-needed momentum as he heads towards that World Title showdown against Ryan Martinez... Vasquez' final match here in the AWA win, lose, or draw.

[The Axis exchanges some high fives and back slaps as they look to exit the ring...
...when suddenly, Vasquez pulls up to a halt.]

GM: What's going on here?

[A sneering Vasquez turns back towards Donovan again...

...and then suddenly rushes forward, retrieving the banged-up steel chair off the canvas, flinging it down to the mat in a different spot.]

GM: What is THIS all about?!

[Vasquez grabs Donovan by the arms, dragging him towards the chair where he flips him over, the big man's face pressed against the steel...]

GM: Oh, I don't like the looks of this! Not one bit!

[Vasquez grabs both arms on the seven footer, pulling back to lift his torso up off the canvas...

...and then plants his boot on the back of Donovan's head.]

GM: NO! NO!

[Vasquez lets go of the arms and DRIVES Donovan's face down onto the chair with a curbstomp!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: CURBSTOMP RIGHT DOWN ON THE CHAIR!

GM: This is ridiculous, fans! There's no call for this! For any of this!

BW: Hey, Donovan got himself involved in this situation! He gets what he has coming to him!

[The World Champion stands over Donovan, looking out on the rabidly jeering crowd. He smirks at their reaction and then slowly lifts his arm, cupping his hand to his ear.]

"MORE?! DID YOU SAY YOU WANTED MORE?!"

GM: This is too much!

BW: The fans are calling for more!

GM: They absolutely are NOT! This is Vasquez playing some kind of a sick game with all of us! You've made your point, Vasquez!

BW: Has he?!

[Pulling the chair out from under Donovan, he places it on the back of the seven footer's head.]

BW: He's not done.

GM: That much is evident.

[With Donovan laid out, Vasquez turns and ducks through the ropes, gesturing for Riley Hunter to hold the chair in place. The Seven Star Athlete obliges, cackling as Vasquez scales the ropes in the corner...]

GM: What the hell? What in the hell is he doing, Bucky?!

BW: Sending a message to that entire locker room! He doesn't care who you are... if you get in the way of he and the Axis, it's open season on ya!

[Vasquez steps to the middle rope... then places one foot up top as he looks out at the crowd again, cupping his hand to his ear once more. The boos intensify as does Vasquez' smile as he steps to the top, stands tall, and then leaps off, dropping all his weight down on the steel chair with a top rope senton splash!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GAAAAAAAH!

[Vasquez winces, rolling off as he clutches at his back.]

GM: Vasquez hurts himself in the process of delivering that backsplash but...

BW: But he hurt Donovan more and in Vasquez' eyes, it was all worth it.

[Donovan is completely motionless on the canvas as Jackson Hunter helps Vasquez to his feet, a gleeful expression on his face. Vasquez stands up, staring down at Donovan again...]

...and then with a word to Zharkov and Williams, the trio goes to pick Donovan up off the canvas.]

GM: What in the-?!

BW: They're pulling Donovan off the mat... it's like picking up dead weight at this point. He ain't movin' at all, Gordo!

[But as they get the seven footer to his feet, their evil plans become apparent as Williams and Zharkov shove the doubled up Donovan towards Vasquez who catches him in piledriver position. The crowd immediately begins to buzz.]

GM: Wait a second! They can't do this!

BW: Oh, I beg to differ! They're going to spike Donovan on his head and REALLY send him into retirement!

[The fans are buzzing with concern for Donovan as Williams and Zharkov reach down, grabbing the seven footer's legs, trying to muscle him into position...]

GM: Somebody's gotta stop this! Somebody's got to save Robert Donovan! Somebody's got to-

[And suddenly, someone appears in the aisle sprinting at top speed towards the ring...]

GM: Wait a second! Wait a second!

[The figure slides headfirst under the bottom rope, popping up to his feet...

...and leaps into the air, snapping a superkick up under the chin of Riley Hunter!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: THAT'S TONY DONOVAN! TONY DONOVAN HAS COME TO THE RING TO SAVE HIS FATHER! HE COULDN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE!

[Donovan wheels around as Derrick Williams rushes at him...

...and ducks down, pulling the top rope with him, sending Williams tumbling over the ropes to the floor!]

GM: Donovan clears out Williams as well! Tony Donovan and his father haven't been on the best of terms for years but blood is blood!

[Zharkov is the next one in, grabbing Donovan by the arm, pulling him off the ropes...

...and Donovan lands a big right hand... and another... and another! The crowd is actually rallying behind Donovan as he lights up the big Russian with haymakers to the jaw!]

GM: Donovan's holding his own! Donovan is-

[But Juan Vasquez throws himself at the back of Donovan's knee, clipping it out from under the young man!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE CLIPPED HIM! VASQUEZ CLIPPED DONOVAN FROM BEHIND!

[The younger Donovan collapses to the canvas, clutching his knee as Jackson Hunter waves MAWAGA into the ring. The Suited Savage slides in, popping up to his feet and promptly delivers a brutal axe kick to Donovan as he struggles to get up off the mat!]

GM: OHH!

[The crowd erupts in jeers as the Axis encircles the hurting Tony Donovan, stomping and kicking one-half of the World Tag Team Champions...]

GM: And now Tony Donovan finds himself under the boots of the Axis! He took a chance, putting his body on the line to help his father and now he's the one that's in trouble!

BW: And just two weeks before he puts the tag titles on the line against the TexMo Connection!

GM: Donovan getting stomped viciously by Williams... by Riley Hunter... by-

[Suddenly, two more figures come tearing down the aisle...

...and for once, the crowd EXPLODES at the sight of them!]

GM: WES TAYLOR! BRIAN JAMES! THE JAMES GANG RIDES AGAIN!

[Taylor and James waste no time in sprinting down the aisle, both men diving headfirst under the bottom rope. Hunter peels off to attack Taylor but as the son of the Outlaw gets to his feet, he's throwing a flurry of haymakers to the body that backs Hunter up until a well-placed uppercut snaps his head back, sending him flying through the air!]

GM: OH MY!

[Brian James deftly snaps off a standing side kick to the ribs of Derrick Williams before uncorking a roundhouse that knocks Williams through the ropes and out to the floor...

...but as he turns around, the son of the Blackheart finds himself face to face with the massive Russian Maxim Zharkov.]

GM: Uh oh!

[The crowd is ROARING at the sight of Zharkov and James staring one another down as Jackson Hunter shouts at his men to pull back. MAWAGA obliges, ducking through the ropes and dropping to the floor as Wes Taylor throws himself on top of his partner, shielding Tony Donovan from any further attack.

But Zharkov holds his ground, seething with anger as he and James stand toe to toe...

...which is when Juan Vasquez strikes again, SMASHING the World Title belt into the back of James' head, knocking him flat!]

GM: OHHH! VASQUEZ FROM THE BLIND SIDE!

[A fuming Vasquez starts putting the boots to Brian James, stomping and kicking the Engine of Destruction as Jackson Hunter looks panicked out on the floor. He can be heard shouting at the World Champion, begging him to pull out of the ring as Zharkov joins Vasquez in stomping James repeatedly into the canvas.]

GM: We've got one heck of a fight on our hands, fans! We've got-

[And suddenly, Wes Taylor peels off his fallen partner, throwing himself onto Vasquez' back, wrapping his left arm around Vasquez' throat and slamming his right arm across the face repeatedly! The crowd ROARS at the sight of Taylor assaulting the World Champion. Zharkov spins around, yanking Taylor off of Vasquez who staggers away, a smear of blood under his nostril. Zharkov throws Taylor to the ropes, rearing back his right arm...

...but Taylor hangs on to the ropes, standing up defiantly and flashing a middle finger at the fuming Russian!]

GM: Hello!

[The crowd ROARS at the sign language and when Zharkov rushes Taylor, Taylor sidesteps, flinging Zharkov through the ropes to the apron. The big Russian climbs to his feet, ready to get back into the mix...

...when Brian James comes sailing through the air, driving his knee up under the chin and sending the Last Son of the Soviet Union sailing off the apron and down to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: THE KINGS OF WRESTLING HAVE CLEARED THE RING OF THE AXIS!

[The Axis' members are out on the floor, fuming with rage, trying to get back into the ring but Jackson Hunter is screaming at his charges to back off - and with the physical aid of MAWAGA - he is able to get the foursome to start backing down the aisle...]

GM: Actually, I'm going to correct myself there, Bucky. Because there's no sign of Johnny Detson ANYWHERE to be seen. These aren't the Kings of Wrestling! This is the James Gang reborn!

[Taylor and James stand at the ready, moving to a protective stance over the downed Tony Donovan as Vasquez screams down the aisle, wiping the blood from his nose as Hunter physically pushes him back from the ring as the crowd continues to roar their approval for the brief battle they just saw!]

GM: Wow! We just saw one heck of a fight and unexpected is the only way to describe it! Tension is in the air and this one - you feel like this one could break down again at any moment! Fans, we've gotta take a quick break! We'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling so don't you dare go away!

[Hold on Vasquez in the aisle, wiping blood from his upper lip as he shouts at the assembled James Gang up in the ring and we fade to black.]

And fade back up on a rising sun coming up over a crystal blue lake. A voiceover begins.]

"The future."

[The sun continues to climb via time lapse footage.]

"It is said that the future belongs to those who believe in the beauty of their dreams."

[The sun reaches its peak, dazzling as it lights up the water below.]

"At the Korugun Corporation, our dreams are the same as yours."

[Cut to a shot of children playing in a very green meadow.]

"To live... to love..."

[To a shot of two elderly people smiling as they hold hands.]

"To make the most out of every moment we are blessed with."

[To the crack of a baseball bat and a cheering crowd.]

"To the joys of community... of family... of kinship..."

[To a young toddler walking out into the surf on a beach only to be scooped up by a nervous father who lifts him high in the air.]

"To all of life's promise... and potential."

[To a spaceship rocketing off its launchpad towards the sky.]

"To pushing the boundaries of what is expected..."

[To a space shot of Earth below.]

"To bringing our futures into the present."

[The Korugun Corporation logo slowly crawls over the curvature of the Earth.]

"Korugun. To life and all that it offers."

[And we slowly fade to black...

...and then back up on a backstage scene that reads "MOMENTS AGO." It is Mark Stegglet camped out at the Chimpanzee Position as Brian James and Wes Taylor come through, carrying Tony Donovan between them.]

MS: Gentlemen? Gentlemen! A few words?

WT: The kind of words I've got for you right now, Stegglet, might get us kicked off the air!

MS: I understand. Can you tell us what happened out there?

WT: I thought it was pretty clear. One of our brothers got himself into a situation where he was over his head and we went out there to help him out.

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: Did you agree with his decision to-

BJ: That doesn't matter. It wasn't discussed. It wasn't planned out. But Tony's my brother and I'll be damned if we're going to let him face those guys by hims-

[A voice - loud and angry - shouts from off-camera.]

"WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?!"

[The camera pans to reveal a steaming mad Brian Lau flanked by Johnny Detson approaching.]

BL: We've discussed this before! The Axis is NONE of our business!

[Taylor and James seem to be ignoring Lau as they continue to move Donovan down the walkway.]

WT: There wasn't time to discuss this in committee.

BL: Is this how this works now?! You three just go jump into whatever mess you see fit?! Do you even know what you just got us into?! We've got enough on our plates! We don't need to deal with the damn Axis too! We don't need-

JD: You see, Brian? You see? This is the perfect example of what happens when HE (points a stabbing finger at James' chest) is in charge. He gets us into trouble! We had no business being out there! You put the entire Kings agenda at risk! And for what? For some broken down old man who-

[Suddenly, Tony Donovan BURSTS out of the grip of James and Taylor, grabbing Johnny Detson by the lapels on his designer dress shirt.]

TD: THAT'S...MY... FATHER... YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT, YOU SON OF A-

[Lau intervenes, wedging himself between Donovan and Detson.]

BL: Knock it off! All of you! For God's sake... we're just a few weeks from SuperClash and all of you are... I don't even know!

[Lau shoves Detson in the chest.]

BL: Go! Get back to the locker room! All of you!

[Detson grimaces at Lau and then shrugs, turning to lead the way down the locker room. Lau glares at James and Taylor.]

BL: ALL...OF... YOU!

[Taylor's gaze burns a hole through Lau as he passes him. Brian James takes up the rear, reaching out an arm towards Donovan.]

TD: I'm fine. I'll catch up.

[James nods, shrugging as he turns back to Lau, joining his manager in the walk towards the locker room. Donovan stands for a moment, leaning against an equipment case...

...and then SLAMS his fist down on it with a loud "DAMN IT!" that echoes through the backstage area for a moment.

And as the echo stops, Donovan lowers his head, resting it on the case for several silent moments until a voice rings out.]

"You okay?"

[Donovan's head snaps up, his eyes still hard with anger...

...and they slowly start to melt into something softer as his gaze lands on Xenia Sonova.]

TD: I'll be fine.

[Sonova looks at Donovan, the duo sharing a quiet moment.]

XS: Good.

[And with that, she exits as Donovan watches her leave...

...and we fade to another part of the backstage area where we open to a shot of Supreme Wright, standing by with Theresa Lynch. Wright is dressed in a dark blue, square-patterned slim fit French Connection tweed blazer, with matching waistcoat and trousers, a cream-colored skinny tie, along with a pair of black-rimmed glasses. The crowd inside the arena greets the former two-time AWA World Heavyweight Champion with a roar of cheers as Theresa begins to speak.]

TL: Supreme Wright, it's been a turbulent couple of weeks, as you've lost Mason as your tag team partner at SuperClash and have been forced to find a new partner to face the legendary and always dangerous duo of Tiger Claw and Casey James, The Syndicate. The question burning on everyone's mind is..."Have you found a new partner?"

[Wright, stone faced and stoic as ever, answers in his usual blunt fashion.]

SW: No. I have not, Miss Lynch.

TL: But I'm sure there has to be dozens of wrestlers that are jumping at the opportunity to face two hall-of-famers on the biggest wrestling show of the year. Why the delay?

SW: It's not that simple, Miss Lynch. I can't just choose any geek off the street. The man that will choose to be my partner in this fight...this WAR against The Syndicate not only has to be ready and willing, but ABLE. That means he not only has to be someone I deem capable of fighting The Syndicate, but someone I deem capable of fighting alongside ME.

And I'm not going to sugarcoat it.

That's not a lot of men in this world.

[Wright holds up his right hand.]

SW: You could probably count the number of people in this world that I even begin to believe worthy or capable of facing The Syndicate with me on one hand. And out of those people, someone that I actually trust? Even less. I haven't exactly been a perfect little angel these last few years, Miss Lynch and I am aware that I have made MANY enemies in my time. So, you must understand, that leaves my options extremely limited.

TL: Well, what about Jeff Matthews?

[Wright stares at Theresa like she has three heads.]

SW: Pardon?

TL: Jeff Matthews. Earlier tonight, The Madfox threw his hat in the ring and said he would be willing to be your partner.

[Almost as if a lightbulb has gone off in his head, Wright's eyes slightly open wide.]

SW: Well, Miss Lynch, I...

[Suddenly, Theresa holds her earpiece and cuts Wright off.]

TL: I'm sorry to interrupt you Supreme, but I'm receiving word that we've just received some very important footage.

[Wright grimaces as we cut to a picture in picture shot - the new footage taking up the majority of the screen. The new footage shows a scene of a night time shot. We're outside of a gym - your typical generic gym filled with housewives looking to shed a few pounds and frat boys looking to lift a few.

But the scene is a little different thanks to the presence of a pair of police cars and an ambulance. All three have their lights flashing, lighting up the scene.

A voice is heard... and I'll be damned if it doesn't sound like Casey James putting on a "serious voice."]

"Coming through! Coming through! Press on the scene! Coming through!"

[And now we see a large man - yes, much like Casey James in size and shape - pushing through the assembled masses, nudging past a pair of shapely young ladies in yoga gear.]

"Oh... hey there, ladies... how'd you like to go work up another sweat?"

[A stern voice behind the camera sounds out. The man turns to look at the source of the voice... and oh yes, it IS Casey James in an ill-fitted cheap suit and spectacles with no lenses.]

CJ: Killjoy. For twenty friggin' years, you've done nothin' but spoil my good time.

[The cameraman speaks in a voice that "shockingly" sounds like Tiger Claw.]

"Keep moving, fat ass."

[James tries to twist around, making an effort to see his rear end as he walks further into the crowd. He breaks through the final pair of bodybuilder looking guys, making room for the camera as well. A police officer holds up a hand, blocking James' path.]

"No further."

[James flips open a wallet, flashing a badge.]

CJ: Press on the scene! James Jividen, San Francisco Chronicle.

[The police officer arches an eyebrow.]

P: Did you just show me a badge?

[The cameraman chuckles.]

"Moron."

[James throws a glare over his shoulder.]

CJ: So... uhhh... what do we have here, officer?

[The police officer eyes James for a moment before shrugging.]

P: Someone got jumped. Big guy too so there must have been a couple of them.

CJ: Maybe. Or one really jacked-up badass and a scrawny little twerp who just watched as the other one used a lead pipe to beat his ass.

[The police officer arches an eyebrow again.]

CJ: Just speculating. Seen it a million times, am I right?

[The police officer shakes his head.]

P: Not this time. Turns out this guy is a pro wrestler.

CJ: Oh really? How exciting!

[The cameraman slides over a little bit, zooming in to where the medics are working on a very large individual. And as the shot clears up a little bit, the victim of the unseen attack becomes clear as day.

It's Cain Jackson, former Team Supreme member and ally of Supreme Wright.]

CJ: Oh. He looks hurt pretty bad, doesn't he? I mean... there's no way he'd be able to wrestle say... on Thanksgiving Night.

P: How the hell would you know that?

CJ: Just a hunch. Thanks for the time, porky.

[The police officer looks like he's going to say something but a hard look from James seems to convince him otherwise.]

CJ: And there you have it, folks. Another one down... another one down...

[The camera shot zooms in on Cain Jackson's prone form once more.]

CJ: ...another one bites the dust. Back to you, Samantha the shapely weather girl!

[We cut away from the pre-taped footage...

...and back to Theresa and Supreme Wright. Theresa seems disturbed by the footage, but Wright's look is the complete opposite: A look of absolute rage.]

TL: Supreme, that was extremely disturbing footage. I know you and Cain Jackson are close...

[An incensed Wright doesn't even wait for Theresa to finish, before angrily stomping off-camera. Theresa futilely calls out to him.]

TL: Supreme!

[She shakes her head, before turning back to the camera.]

TL: As you can see, The Syndicate continue to torment Supreme Wright, this time striking at one of his closest allies, Cain Jackson. But the question remains, who will Wright choose to be his partner at SuperClash? Back to you guys.

[We fade back out to the ring where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing alongside a special guest.]

SLB: Thanks, Theresa. St. Louis! Please welcome my special guest at this time...
SKYLAR SWIFT!

[There's a pretty good reaction for Skylar Swift. She smiles politely but doesn't seem to be her usual jubilant self.]

SS: Thanks, Sweet Lou.

SLB: Skylar, you asked for this time here tonight to address all the craziness that's been going on surrounding you for the past several weeks.

[Swift nods.]

SS: That's right. Lemme tell ya something, Lou. When I got into this business, I was told to expect the unexpected. Expect to have to figure out how to break a losing streak when you've done nothing different. Expect to win matches you were considered a lock to lose and to lose matches you thought were in the bag.

Expect the unexpected.

[She sighs.]

SS: But no one ever told me to expect what's been going on here...

[She gestures at the ring.]

SS: ...or here...

[She gestures to her own head.]

SS: ...as of late. And really, Lou... I wish I had answers. I wish I was out here to explain to the world what's been going on and why my life has been a living hell for weeks but I can't! I can't explain it! I've been to the police... they say I'm imagining things! I've been to doctors... they say it's all in my head!

But it's not. I know she's out there. And I know she's doing everything she can to make me crazy.

I'm not crazy, Lou.

[Blackwell shrugs.]

SLB: No one said that you-

SS: I'M NOT CRAZY, LOU!

[Blackwell steps back a couple of steps. Swift sighs again.]

SS: I'm sorry, Lou. I just don't-

[And without warning, the lights begin to flicker in a strobe-like fashion. Joining the lighting is music. Creepy, dark instrumental music that puts Swift on edge as her eyes go wide and she looks around the ringside area frantically.]

SS: YOU!

[Swift grabs the mic from Blackwell, approaching the ropes.]

SS: I KNOW IT'S YOU!

[She points to nowhere in particular, accusing a section of the crowd.]

SS: SHOW YOURSELF!

[And with that, the lights drop completely to black. The crowd "ooooohs" at the sudden lack of illumination.]

GM: What in the world...?

[A laugh rings out over the PA system - a female laugh... dark, troubled, and evil... yet somehow familiar as it sounds out throughout the arena with a digital echo.]

BW: Who was that, Gordo?

GM: I don't know. It sounds familiar but I can't put my finger on it. I can't-

[Suddenly, a spotlight slices through the darkness, reaching out to illuminate a previously darkened and cordoned off section of the upper deck of the arena. All we can see is the back of a large chair with a solid back. The person sitting in the chair has their feet up on something, revealing a pair of Doc Martens on crossed legs wearing pinstripe blue pants. The person's left arm is visible but is covered in some grey glove or gauntlet type garment on their hand. The laughing voice speaks at last.]

"Gotta hand it to ya, Skylar... you got spunk."

[There's a ripple of recognition that washes over the crowd.]

GM: Wait a second. Is that-

[Gordon's question gets cut off before he can finish.]

"But it's really going to get you into trouble, girl."

[The chair spins around, revealing a female sitting in the chair. A white shirt and red tie finish her ensemble. She puts her legs up on the railing like they were, before. Her face is covered with a Greek Comedy mask... half black-half white... with long hair worn loose on her head, the left half dyed jet black, the right blood red.]

"I mean, with the way you're carrying on, you'd think someone were screwing with your head for the last 2 months, heh heh heh heh heh."

[She reaches up and pulls off the mask, slowly pulling it down to reveal the face of Charisma Knight, her eyes darker, circled in black liner, lips deep red, looking a little paler than usual.]

GM: Charisma Knight?!

BW: Oh holy hell. This just got REAL interesting, Gordo!

[Knight speaks again, a taunting tone to her voice as Swift shouts at her from off-mic inside the ring.]

CK: Sweet, sweet, little Skylar.

[A soft chuckle, dripping with bad intentions.]

CK: Have you been having as much fun as I have the last couple of months? I know it's been a blast for me.

[She leans forward.]

CK: So much revealed about you, my dear, and quite a bit of revelation for me as well. These... toys I've gotten...

[She eyes the gauntlet on her hand.]

CK: ...have shown so much potential.

Now, I know you've probably got some questions, but really, are the answers going to be worth it? Answers hardly ever give you everlasting satisfaction. Sometimes you just need to brace yourself for disappointment.

Think of your favorite TV show. You've been through it all, the ups, the downs, and then boom, they tell you what it's all about. Were you happy? Was it worth it?

[She shrugs, a laugh coming over her again.]

CK: See, sometimes there was no real grand plan.

No reason. Nothing but good, old fashioned chaos for the sake of it.

[The corner of her mouth twists into an evil grin.]

CK: A gift was given to me. And I only found it fitting to pay it forward and bring those gifts to someone else... and you, Skylar Swift, are the one who the fates decided should receive them.

You see, Skylar... it was no great mystery... no grand plan... no years-long backstory to explain why I wanted to break you.

Just chance. Just random chance and luck.

[Knight shrugs.]

CK: But you served your purpose well... and now, my generosity grows. I'm going to leave you alone, Skylar... and move on to bigger fish in this pond.

You're free to go about your life.

[Knight smirks.]

CK: Well, what's left of it after I've left your psyche shattered and your spirit in shambles.

[A cackle. Knight literally throws back her head in laughter.]

CK: Sometimes bad things happen to good people, Skylar.

Really, you should be thanking me. Just think of all the days to come when you can use this experience to tell everyone how you always overcome the odds to triumph. How your mind was broken down to dust and how you somehow managed to rebuild it.

If you can.

[Another shrugs.]

CK: It matters to little to me just like YOU matter little to me. Because I've got other names on my list, girl... and my time spent with you is at a close.

[Swift shouts off-mic again, threatening Knight.]

CK: There's that spunk again. That spirit that makes you the hero to so many.

The problem with heroes, girl... is that they attract villains.

I make my offer once more.

[Knight points a finger down to Swift.]

CK: Walk away. Walk away now. Walk away while you can.

[But before Swift can respond, another figure makes their way through the entranceway...]

GM: Is that...?

BW: It's Anton Layton!

[The AWA's Prince of Darkness looks up into the upper deck, eyes locked on Charisma Knight. His mouth hangs slightly open, muttering something to himself as he raises the Eye of Tyr into view. The crystal glitters in the night as Layton looks at Knight. Knight returns the gaze...]

...and with a wild laugh, billows of smoke fill the air around the area where she's sitting, covering up any sight of her as the lights flicker again.]

GM: What in the...?

[And before long, the lights are on, the smoke is gone...

...and so is Charisma Knight. Skylar Swift is inside the ring, glaring up at the spot where Knight once was. Anton Layton's eyes are on the same spot but it is no glare from the Prince of Darkness... something else is there as we fade to black...

...and then fade back up as the sounds of Jason Aldean's "Lights Go Out" starts to play over various shots of the New Orleans area. A steamboat docked on the shore. A statue in the middle of the city. A twilight overhead shot of cars zipping by on the freeway. An overhead shot of a church cuts to a time lapse shot of the SuperDome - the home of SuperClash VII as the clouds move swiftly by and the lyrics begin.]

#When the lights come on, everybody's screaming#

[A night time drone shot of the Mercedes-Benz Superdome lights up the screen and then cuts to an interior shot of a crowd celebrating in the 'Dome.]

#Lighters in the sky, yeah, everybody's singing#

[A fan shot of a yellow sign that reads "HOME SWEET DOME" cuts to another crowd shot, this one of a fan gripping a sign that reads "THE DOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS."]

#Every word to every song to a girl to take it home tonight#

[A large crowd shot of a cheering crowd, showing off the immense audience who will be packed into the Dome soon enough.]

#When the lights come on, everybody's feeling#

[Older footage comes up, showing the huge audience that once packed into the Superdome to see Muhammad Ali fight Leon Spinks cuts to a shot of that actual fight.]

#A hallelujah high from the floor to the ceiling#

[A football falls just out of the reach of one of the San Francisco 49ers in a shot from a Super Bowl played in the Dome.]

#Yeah, the drink that we're drinking, the smoke that we're smoking#

[Cut to a shot of Mick Jagger center stage in the Dome at a Rolling Stones concert held there and then to Keith Richards from the same show strumming his guitar.]

#The party we throw, it's going all night long#

[A burst of pyro fills the screen before we see a time lapse of the crowd filing into the stadium for a New Orleans Saints game.]

#When the lights come on#

[Cut to another time lapse shot outside the Superdome as the sun goes down and the lights come on.]

#When the lights come on#

[And we cut to the SuperClash VIII logo with all the information on the show...

...and then fade back up to the ring where Ayako Fujiwara is standing. Fujiwara is dressed in street clothes- a leather bomber jacket and a pink chiffon dress. She has a solemn expression on her face as the camera rests upon her.]

Ayako: I'm out here, because I've made a terrible mistake. Two weeks ago, I allowed that treacherous devil woman, Lauryn Rage, to attack me and trick me. She fooled me into accusing Melissa Cannon of being responsible for her cowardly behavior! But now I've seen the footage and I'm not too proud to admit that I was wrong. So Melissa-san, if you would honor us with your presence...

...I would like to officially make my apology.

[Fujiwara lowers the mic, looking expectantly down the aisle. A few anxious moments pass as the crowd stands, staring at the entranceway alongside Fujiwara.]

GM: Well, Ayako Fujiwara says she wants to apologize for what happened here two weeks ago when Lauryn Rage essentially lured Fujiwara into attacking Melissa Cannon... but will Cannon accept?

BW: I don't know if she'll accept or not but you'd better believe she'll be out here soon enough. Melissa Cannon - like her mentors before her - isn't about to let the opportunity to pass to have the spotlight on her.

[And almost on cue, "Battle Without Honor Or Humanity" starts to play over the PA system to cheers from the AWA faithful. A few more moments pass before Cannon, dressed in street clothes of blue jeans and a white t-shirt with the AWA logo drawn in the style of the American flag comes out into the arena to cheers. Cannon smiles, waving to the St. Louis crowd, and starts making her way down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: Well, whatever her motivations are, fans, Melissa Cannon is heading to the ring to talk to Ayako Fujiwara in front of this capacity crowd here in St. Louis as we stand here just weeks away from Fujiwara and Cannon challenging Lauryn Rage for the AWA Women's World Title in a three way dance.

[Cannon reaches out, slapping the fans of young girls along the barricade as she heads towards the ring. She pauses, taking a selfie with a pair of tweens that look over the moon, jumping up and down after the photo is taken.]

GM: Arguably the most popular female competitor in the entire Division, Melissa Cannon is never one to turn down a chance to take a photo with a fan.

[Cannon reaches the ring, jogging up the ringsteps, taking an offered mic, and ducking through the ropes. Her eyes go to Fujiwara, making sure there's no sneak attack coming. Cannon nods as she walks across the ring, again waving to the cheering fans as her music starts to fade.]

MC: Ayako... it takes a big person to be willing to admit they're wrong... and that's exactly what you just did. You said you were wrong two weeks ago... and that's enough for me.

As far as I'm concerned, we're square...

[The crowd applauds as Cannon reaches out, shaking the hand of Fujiwara who looks almost relieved as she accepts the gesture...

...but as Fujiwara attempts to break the handshake and pull away, Cannon hangs on, pulling Fujiwara towards her.]

MC: ...for now.

[Fujiwara locks eyes with Cannon as Cannon lets go, allowing Fujiwara to step back a pair of paces.]

MC: But I DO want you to know that come SuperClash... there's not a damn thing that's going to get between me and that World Title.

Last year, I helped put women's wrestling in North America back on the map. That's not ego - that's a fact!

[Big cheer from the St. Louis crowd! Cannon looks around with a proud nod.]

MC: And the thanks I got for that was refereeing a match while my girl Julie and Charisma Knight tore the house down.

Now, Julie Somers is one of my closest friends... and I've got all the respect in the world for Charisma inside this ring. But I don't think there's many people who would say I'm wrong when I say that I DESERVED that spot last year... and I didn't get it.

So, this year... now that I've got it? There's nothing getting in my way of showing the world that Melissa Cannon is the Number One Women's Wrestler on this planet. Nothing.

And no one.

[Cannon steps back towards Fujiwara, locking eyes with her.]

MC: Including you.

[The usually cheerful and upbeat Fujiwara has a look on her face that we're not exactly used to... annoyance.]

Ayako: Melissa-san, I asked you out here because I wanted to apologize to you. Not to discuss about how resentful you are about the opportunities you didn't receive.

[Ayako frowns.]

Ayako: And certainly not for you to THREATEN me.

[She furrows her brow.]

Ayako: But If we want to reminisce about last year...if we are talking about resentment...and if we are making threats...

...then allow me my rebuttal.

[There's an almost surprised look on Cannon's face at Ayako's reaction.]

Ayako: You failed to mention what happened AFTER SuperClash, last year. You were invited to the most prestigious tournament in women's professional wrestling, The Empress Cup. And not only did you excel in the tournament, but you WON. One of the greatest achievements that we can attain in this sport you did it! And did you forget who you defeated to gain such an honor?

[Ayako grins.]

Ayako: You defeated a MONSTER, Melissa-san. The only woman ever to win The Empress Cup TWICE. An Olympic gold medalist. A woman that quite frankly, everyone expected to steamroll right over you. Well...

...if you rewatch the match, I guess she kinda did steamroll right over you.

[An impish smirk from Ayako.]

Ayako: But the heavens shined down on you that night, Melissa-san and somehow, you found a way to defeat me. Or should I say...SURVIVE me.

[This time, it's Melissa's turn to look annoyed.]

Ayako: I've carried that defeat on my fighting spirit for nearly a year, Melissa-san. And it's exactly why I'm here right now. I did not only come to the AWA to prove the strength of my wrestling. I did not only come here to conquer and win the AWA Women's Title. I came here to avenge the most shameful defeat in my fighting career.

I came here for YOU.

[Ayako points a finger at Cannon. The crowd "oooohs" at that one.]

Ayako: So you say that nothing will get in your way? That no one will stop you from winning the AWA Women's Title and proving that you're the best in the world? No one... including me?

[Ayako takes one step forward and suddenly her and Melissa Cannon are uncomfortably close. The tension so thick, you can cut it with a knife.]

Ayako: I highly suggest you reconsider your words.

[As this powder keg is about to explode, suddenly...]

V/O: Ah-ha ha ha haaaaaaa...oooooooooweeeeeeee...ha ha ha!

[The mocking grating laugh belongs to none other than Da Kid, the reigning AWA Women's World champion, Lauryn Rage. The champ emerges from behind the curtain in scandalously tight leggings, thigh high boots and a crop top that leaves very little to the imagination. She carries the title over her shoulder.]

LR: Girls, please. What is this even? You jealous birds think you can co-exist when you both want MY title? I mean sure y'all can co-exist to talk in the ring, but c'mon now, Ayako, you really that dumb to think this glory hog over there wouldn't hesitate to stab you in the back when it suits her to get MY Women's World Championship? I mean, dang, wasn't she trying to throw you out the ring when I tossed you both to win at Madison Square Gardens? Wasn't that what happened?

[Lauryn pulls a face.]

LR: C'mon, Ayako, don't let her play you like that. Cannon has wanted one thing since she came back to active competition. And that's to be relevant. [Turning to Cannon.] Sorry, Boo Boo, but cha ain't, ya dig?

[Lauryn smacks her lips.]

LR: But back to you, Ayako, dear. I mean I know you damn sure is smarter than that. Hell, wasn't you trained by Miyuki? And ain't she the queen of backstabbing?

[Lauryn pantomimes considering this as she addresses Cannon.]

LR: Pretty sure you know she is. So, Melissa, girl, please. Please. You been around this sport what eighty, eighty-five years? I know you done seen all the tricks, trick. I know you damn sure ain't buying this bird's "no speaka de English good" act. Just because you can't recite Shakespeare don't mean you ain't smart. I mean, she's probably a genius in her native land. Hell, isn't she an Olympian? You think she climbed to the top of that mountain by accident? C'mon now. There's some bodies buried out there.

So this little love in is sweet still, but when it comes time for you both to try to win MY World championship, y'all'll do whatever it takes to knock each other out cuz only one of y'all can win. So, I'm a tell you what I know, ya dig? Da Kid don't trust nan of you. Uh uh. So I'm a watch you beat the brakes of each other tryin' to get to me. And then I'm gonna knock the taste out tha mouth of whoever left standin', ya dig? Hahhahahahahahahahaha.

[Melissa jaws a few inaudible words at Rage.]

LR: Baby girl, please. You embarrassing yourself like you was Lori Dane tryin' ta make a comeback, ya dig? I'm steps ahead of you... again. Dang, I already been talked to Stegglet about some competition. And for once, he ain't Stegglet it up. Soooooooo...

[She pops her lips.]

LR: In two weeks... in that very ring... it's gonna be you and Ayako versus the Serpentes! And I'm'a be right there watchin' you two implode, Boo boo. Bet on that! Ah ha! Da Kid out!

[Lauryn drops the microphone and holds up her championship to the crowd. She waves it over her head in time and in the opposite direction of her swinging hips before she spins on her heels and shows the crowd exactly where they can kiss before she swaggers out.]

GM: A tag match on the books - two weeks from tonight it'll be the Serpentes teaming up to take on Ayako Fujiwara and Melissa Cannon just weeks before Cannon and Fujiwara collide WITH Lauryn Rage with the Women's World Title on the line!

[Cannon and Fujiwara have turned their attention towards each other now, reading one another the riot act off-mic as Rage struts out of view and we fade to black.

In stark, high contrast black and white, a large curtain with the words "SuperClash VII" written large across it cascades to the ground like a falling leaf. Behind it is a slow-motion montage of similarly stark monochrome clips, slowly fading in to each other. Leonard Cohen's rumbling, deep voice plays over top the minimalist orchestration of "You Want It Darker.')

[Brian Lau raises the hands of Wes Taylor and Tony Donavon...]

If you are the dealer
I'm out of the game #

[...Lau shakes the hand of "Dr." Harrison Fawcett...]

If you are the healer
It means I'm broken and lame #

[...Brian James looks over his shoulder as Lau raises the arm of Johnny Detson...]

If thine is the glory then
Mine must be the shame #

[...Summers, Mahoney and Kendrick all triple teaming the Gladiator...]

You want it darker
We kill the flame #

[...Shadoe Rage looking around the ring with maniacal eyes ...]

Magnified, sanctified, be thy holy name

[...The Hangman, shot from below, slowly tightens his noose around an invisible neck...]

Vilified, crucified, in the human frame

[...Flex Ferrigno with some poor victim's skull trapped in a powerful headlock...]

A million candles burning for the help that never came

[..."Flawless" Larry Wallace and his Best Damn Dropkick In The World in magnificent slow motion...]

You want it darker

[...Lauryn Rage makes her way down the aisle, Women's World Championship belt in one arm, phone extended at arm's length in the other...]

There's a lover in the story
But the story's still the same #

[...Erica Toughill cracks her knuckles, a slow-motion bubble emerging from between her lips...]

There's a lullaby for suffering
And a paradox to blame #

[...Another woman in a darkened space, the light forming a halo around her: the silhouette is in the general shape of Charisma Knight...]

But it's written in the scriptures
And it's not some idle claim #

[...Anton Layton fondles the Eye of Tyr, visibly giggling between Porter Crowley and The Lost Boy.]

You want it darker
We kill the flame #

[...Derrick Williams nailing Jordan Ohara with a Blackout, fading to Riley Hunter similarly betraying Ohara with an Instant Karma...]

They're lining up the prisoners
and the guards are taking aim #

[...Jackson Hunter trying to pull the Suited Savage MAWAGA off his prey...]

I struggled with some demons
They were middle class and tame #

[...Maxim Zharkov applying the Gorynych to a chained Kolya Sudakov...]

I didn't know I had permission
to murder and to maim #

[...Juan Vasquez piledriving Ryan Martinez, fading to a smile on Vasquez's face...]

You want it darker

[The stark monochrome montage is suddenly bathed in a golden light. A solitary figure is seen in the distance, standing tall.]

I'm ready, my lord...

[Before we get a good look at him or her, a metallic font splashes on screen.]

"SUPERCLASH VIII."

"The American Wrestling Alliance presents: SuperClash VIII: Thursday, November 24th, live from New Orleans."

[Fade to black...

...and then fade back up to the arena, where "I Want It All" by Queen is midway through playing. The ring has been covered in midnight green carpet. In the foreground is Kerry Kendrick in suspenders and a white dress shirt that is unbuttoned one or two buttons too low. Behind him is Erica Toughill, a pair of bloodied roller skates dangling from around her neck.]

KK: This... is the Think Tank.

I am Kerry Kendrick. I am a Self Made Man. I am the longest tenured member of the AWA roster...

...And the sad fact of life is I always will be.

[He chuckles to himself.]

KK: Unless you count this old-timer!

[He pats the table behind him. It is a familiar trapezoidal shape, with tape and extra pieces of wood stapled to it. The letters spray-painted on to it are a little faded but still legibly read "T..O..P." There is a cheer through some of the more devoted members of the crowd.]

KK: You like that? You like seeing the Table of Peace again? Well, guess what I found stored with it!

[Erica Toughill appears beside him with a canvas sack full of junk. She hands him items from it one by one.]

KK: A ball chain necklace! The perfect accessory for when you're trying to impress girls dancing to the Crystal Method while drinking Smirnoff Ice!

Black cargo pants! A dress shirt with flames on it! From a time when everyone dressed like Guy Fieri.

[Toughill hands him a stack of CD cases.]

KK: Macy Gray's debut album! You know, now that she's so huge, it sure is great to see her humble origins.

Oh look, Mambo Number 5. The culmination of Mambos One through Four.

Significant... Other.

[The sarcastic disdain in Kendrick's voice is almost toxic as he hands the CDs back to his bodyguard.]

KK: That was a thing you people liked. You all act embarrassed by it now, but sales records are forever.

[Kendrick turns back to go through the sack full of artifacts. Toughill furtively jams the Limp Bizkit CD into her jacket pocket like a teenage shoplifter before anyone sees her.]

KK: What else? What else? God, there's thousands of laser pointers in here. EMWC security must've been real busy. No wonder half those old timers can't see anything.

Okay, double VHS of "American Beauty." So deep... so meaningful... so pretentious.

"She's All That." Don't remember that movie. Who is this squarehead? Who the hell is Freddie Prinze Junior?

[Toughill's eyes dart left and right; she pockets that one too when Kendrick isn't looking.]

KK: A book of Bill Clinton jokes. You know, it's true: it's tough to imagine anyone after him being anything but an improvement, am I right?

And finally about a dozen jpegs from an Angelfire site printed on a cheap color inkjet printer of the "Sexual Outlaw" Jessie James.

And that's it. You know, it's fun to be nostalgic, but when you look back into past with a scientific eye and a critical mind like mine, you realize that a lot of this stuff from 1999 is embarrassing today. So if you were hoping to see me in the ring tonight, sorry, I have to take tonight off: going back into the past and retrieving the Table of Peace from the time of Deathbringer and Alex Martinez has given me a terrible case of DOUCHE CHILLS.

So let's stop revisiting the past and get to two competing visions of the future. And with talk of another Steal The Spotlight match at SuperClash VIII in the air, tonight the "Think Tank" is going to host two of my opponents from last year's SuperClash. Last year, they were on the same hot mess of a team.

This year? Well, tonight, they'll be occupying opposite sides of this Table of Peace. So without further ado, let's stop living in the past and bring out our first guest...

The Phoenix...

JORDAN OHARA.

[Nas' "I Can" sets the fans cheering as Jordan Ohara makes his way from backstage. The young Tiger has his hair pulled back in a short top knot with two wavy bangs, framing his face. He is dressed in tight faded jeans, Air Jordan 13s in Carolina Blue and a new Ohara T-shirt with the phrase "KNOCKED DOWN. RISE UP" on the front and his Phoenix emblem on the back. He stares at the set in a calculating manner, taking in his surroundings before he slaps hands with the ringside fans and makes his way towards the set.]

GM: Young Jordan Ohara showing some caution here as he approaches the ring. That's smart. Who knows what Kendrick will do.

BW: Ask him questions like he's supposed to. That's it!

GM: But this could be another of the Axis' setups. Derrick Williams has been stabbing Ohara in the back for months now.

BW: He has done no such thing! All he's done is cut loose the dead weight!

[Toughill pulls out the leftmost of the three chairs behind the Table of Peace for Ohara. He eyes her up, nods in gratitude and seats himself, making sure to have a firm grip on the chair's arm. It's almost as though he anticipated that Ricki Toughill might try to yank the chair out from underneath him and took steps to prevent her from doing so...]

KK: Welcome, Jordan.

[Kendrick takes the center seat of the Table of Peace. Ohara picks up the microphone in front of him, but before he can say anything...]

KK: And before we bring out "The Future," I gotta say, you seem to me to be the luckiest man in wrestling. A lot of people are even saying you're jumping the queue, Phoenix. Some people who have been around here longer than you have been getting a little restless. In fact, you've been around about twelve months and look...

[Toughill puts an action figure, still in its package with the receipt stapled to the top, on the Table of Peace.]

KK: ...You already have an action figure, Jordan. And from what I've been hearing from my contact in the office, they're selling like crazy.

[Kendrick is about to continue, but fans cheering seems to cut him off.]

KK: Yeah, you're popular! These people are saying, "Take my money," Phoenix. And you're getting it. Check out that receipt.

[Toughill holds up the receipt for the benefit of the camera. It looks like a typical receipt, with the line reading "AWAFIG-OHARA."]

KK: But I thought something was up, so I sent Rick out to buy a few other action figures. 'Cause I'm not buying dolls like a loser. Check out this one: Derrick Williams.

[Toughill puts another action figure, still in its package with the receipt stapled to the top, on the Table of Peace. The camera tracks in on it, and the receipt.]

KK: See that? When Rick bought it, it came up as your action figure.

[The receipt reads "AWAFIG-OHARA."]

KK: It's coming up as yours, Jordan. Check these out.

[Toughill puts a few more action figures, still in their packages with the receipts stapled to the top, on the Table of Peace. Ohara grabs one, clearly not quite sure he believes what he's seeing.]

KK: Those are my action figures, Jordan. My merch. Check out the receipts. They all have your name on it. They're all coming up as YOUR merch, Jordan. My money going into your pocket, Jordan. Why? Why do you think that is, Phoenix?

JO: I don't know, Mr. Kendrick, I'm surprised that something like that would happen, but I guess I'm not surprised that you're out there buying your own action figures.

[Derisive laughter from the fans.]

JO: I'm not even surprised that Ms. Toughill there could find a bunch of unsold Kerry Kendrick action figures, either. I see them in the discount bin all the time.

KK: Oh shaddup. Let's see how tough you are when you're staring across the Table of Peace at the man no less than Juan Vasquez has dubbed... The Future. He called for this summit one-on-one, without any Axis back-up... which I think is a mistake, because there's no one more deserving of an Axis stomping than this guy... He is for the AWA first... DERRICK WILLIAMS!

[And the crowd rains down their boos as "Radioactive" by Imagine Dragons starts playing throughout the arena. As the piano opening stops and the synthesizer kicks in, out from the curtain steps "The Future" Derrick Williams, dressed not for a fight but to the nines, wearing a very well fitting gray suit cut Italian style, with brown shoes and belt, and his hair not in it's usual worn down style, but up in what's commonly called a man-bun. He walks with a bit of a swagger, calm and collected.]

GM: And there's Derrick Williams...

BW: THE FUTURE, Gordo.

GM: Yes, Bucky, "The Future" Derrick Williams, looking confident, although it's been some time since we've seen him walking to the ring solo.

BW: Well, he's a man of his word, Gordo. He said it would just be him and Ohara, and that's how he showed up.

[Williams gets to the ring, stepping in and producing a microphone, holding a hand up as the music fades out]

DW: Now Jordan, I said I was here solo, and I am. I'm here to talk, not to fight. If I were here to fight, I wouldn't have worn a \$5000 bespoke suit.

[The crowd boos.]

DW: Oh what? I start dressing different and it offends you? Give me a break. [Back to Ohara] But seriously Jordan, what I wanted to bring you out here for, is to tell you face to face, that everything that's happened in the past few months between us, is all business, nothing personal.

[Ohara interrupts.]

JO: That's where you're wrong, Derrick. There's nothing more personal than our business. You were my best friend in all of wrestling, a guy I thought would have

my back and a guy whose back I had. We were going to be the young Tigers of the AWA like me, Kinoshita and Maeda were in Tokyo. But you... you sold out. You betrayed us to be Juan's lackey. That makes it personal, Derrick. The way you kept jumping me... that makes it personal. And you think I don't know you want a little revenge because the last time I saw you, I was suplexing you off the stage! It's personal, Derrick. Everybody here knows that!

[Williams shakes his head, pretty much pacing.]

DW: Jordan. Jordan, Jordan, you're wrong. It's really not personal, I assure you. Because for it to be personal...

[Williams takes steps toward Ohara so he's pretty much in his face.]

DW: ...I'd have had to give a damn about you in the first place.

[He takes a couple steps back.]

DW: The Truth, Jordan? We were never friends. You were a means to an end for me. A tag partner that I thought shared my views and didn't carry the banners of Houses Lynch and Martinez. Someone that gave me a hand when I needed backup. It's not my fault you somehow took it like we were suddenly BFF's and going to take on the world. It could've been something, but first chance you got you went running to Ryan Martinez for help and look how that turned out.

[Crowd boos]

DW: Eh, it's the truth. I was fighting two guys off of Jordan's back while the glory hog was waiting for the "right time" to help. Stuff that. Jumping you, not personal. It's my job, what I'm here for, to keep YOU away from Juan Vasquez, and more importantly, the World Title. And I've done just that. Juan's lackey? You're damn right I am, and I'm proud of it. Because at the end of the day, there's no illusions where I stand. I know that if I don't do my job, I'm out, as does everyone else. We know the score, and we're not having smoke blown in our face about how we're all equals when we all know there are only three guys on that side of the locker room that matter. But we're done, Jordan.

JO: You think we're finished, Derrick? Not by a long shot!

DW: No, we are. My job is done, you aren't going to SuperClash, not getting another shot at the belt, you won't be coming near Juan. My job as far as you go, is done. You can go off, get yourself into that Steal the Spotlight match, meanwhile I'm going to go, grab Messers Riley and Jackson Hunter, and go to Stegklet and wonder why in the Seven Kingdoms a team that hasn't had a match together in over a year get a Tag Title shot, other than one's last name is Lynch, over a team that hasn't been beaten yet. Because what I really want is my cut of Ten Steaks.

[Ohara pushes to his feet.]

JO: You want a cut of ten steaks? And you wonder why you haven't gone anywhere in this sport?

[Jordan reaches into his pocket and fishes out his wallet. He reaches in and pulls out a wad of cash. He throws it down on the Table of Peace. Kendrick's eyes flash at the sight of the cash.]

JO: Win some damn matches and you could afford your own steaks, Derrick!

[The crowd oohs.]

JO: You know something, Juan picked right when he recruited you. You're the perfect tool for someone like Vasquez. Derrick, you're weak and pathetic. You have all the talent. You have the body for this sport. But you don't have the brains and you don't have the heart. You think Juan made it to where he was playing toady to some egomaniac? Hell no! He honed his craft! He worked his butt off to be the best! He outsmarted, outwrestled and outlasted all his opponents until everybody believed his hype! Then he found foolish minions like you to be his cannon fodder while he sits back on his perch!

[Ohara's eyes blaze.]

JO: Williams, I've made a ton of mistakes in my young career, but I learn from them. And I've earned enough respect from the office and these fans because I stand on my own two feet. You like to say that I jumped the line. There is no line, Derrick. You just want things handed to you. So how about this? At SuperClash let me hand you something.

DW: Oh really? What are you gonna hand me?

JO: Let me hand you the asswhooping of your life! No Axis, no help, just you and me. If you can beat me then I'll buy you twenty damn steaks, Williams.

[Ohara snatches his money off the table as he senses Kendrick starting to reach for it.]

JO: Bring back the old Derrick Williams. Because if you come to the ring like you are now I know my money is safe!

[Williams is almost... smiling as he raises the mic]

DW: You want me at SuperCash? If you think that I'm not the same person I was a year ago? You think all this time that this *isn't* who I really am? Why, because I'm not doing things the "right" way? Why should I, Jordan? You just want revenge on me, right? I have better prospects on the horizon than giving you the satisfaction. Why should I give you a shot for your "revenge"? It's so much better if I just deny you that.

JO: Is it, Derrick? Is it better to be the guy that ran away from Jordan Ohara? Ask yourself this. How does that make you look in the Axis? You think Juan would run if he had the chance to finish me off once and for all? You think Zharkov would turn down a challenge? MAWAGA sure as hell wouldn't run from a fight, Derrick. I don't even think that coward Riley Hunter would run. So, let me ask you, do you really want to be the one who ran or do you want to be the one that put Jordan Ohara in his place?

You and me at SuperClash ... don't do it for me, Derrick. Don't do it for these people who deserve to see us settle our problems once and for all. Do it for Juan. Do it for yourself. What do you say?

[Jordan holds out his hand.]

DW: I say... I say I'll think about it.

[Williams grins and drops the mic, and bails from the ring, yelling up "Not today J!" as he starts backing down the aisle to the boos of the crowd.]

KK: There it is, people. The challenge is laid down, but I think you just overplayed your hand, Phoenix, and--

[Kendrick suddenly finds the microphone jerked out of his hand... by a camera tech?]

GM: What... what is going on?

BW: You got me.

CAMERA OPERATOR: I've got something to say to Mr. Ohara. Smile for the camera...

[The camera operator puts on a visored mask, the word "AXIS" written on the forehead.]

BW: Gordo! It's Nick Axis!

NA: ...Before you bend the kneeeeee!

[Axis drops the microphone and holds the camera at his side, pointed like a minigun at Jordan Ohara.]

GM: Oh no, what has the Axis planned for--

[The camera lens erupts into flames in a visually impressive...

...But totally harmless and tragically short-ranged pyrotechnic display.]

GM: Oh. I don't think Nick Axis actually planned anything.

[Axis looks nervously up the aisle at Williams. "The Future" replies with a shrug and disappears through the curtain. Not his problem.]

BW: Well, just you wait, Gordo, it'll... well, something is bound to happen.

[Axis decides to hurl the camera at Ohara instead. Ohara swats it down like he's rejecting three-pointer.]

NA: ny-AAAAH!

[Axis, out of options, howls a war cry and charges Jordan Ohara, who effortlessly sidesteps him, and uses his momentum against him, picking Axis up into the air...]

BW: NO! THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE THE TABLE OF PEACE!

[...And throws him into the Table of Peace, which shatters into a satisfying fountain of splintered particle board and action figures, bringing the AWA Galaxy to its feet!]

GM: Jordan Ohara with a Bolt Buster! Oh my stars, fans! Through the Table of Peace!

[Ohara rolls to his feet and pumps his fists into the air for the St. Louis crowd. As he rolls out of the ring, Kerry Kendrick protests to him.]

KK: Hey! Hey Ohara, get back in here! You broke the Table of Peace! You made this mess, you better come back in here and clean this up!

BW: Well, I'll give the "Think Tank" this: the Table of Peace stayed intact longer than it usually does.

[Zoom in on the motionless form of the Axis mascot, surrounded by broken wood and twisted metal.]

GM: It was an Axis ambush gone horribly wrong. Derrick Williams likes to talk about being the Future, but could we be seeing the future for Derrick Williams at SuperClash?

[We fade through black...

...before fading to the bank of television monitors that can only mean the return - once again - of the Control Center. Cue the cheesy 80's synth music. Good, good. Now the voiceover?]

"With your SuperClash Control Center, here's Sweet Lou Blackwell!"

[The SuperClash VIII logo spins away, the synth begins to fade, and now we've got Sweet Lou standing in front of the television monitors.]

SLB: Hello, AWA fans, and welcome to the Control Center! We are counting the days - just 41 days and counting from the biggest night on the calendar for the AWA every year - SuperClash! Of course, SuperClash VIII will be coming to you LIVE on Pay Per View on Thanksgiving night from the world-famous SuperDome in Louisiana for what promises to be an event the likes of which we'll never forget. [The synth is completely gone by this point as Blackwell continues.]

SLB: This tremendous card continues to take shape so let's take a look at what we've got on tap so far.

[A graphic appears with a ladder and the words "STEAL THE SPOTLIGHT."]

SLB: Steal The Spotlight is back for 2016 and this time, it's coming to you in the form of a multi-man ladder match! We don't know who's going to be in this thing... we don't even know how many people are going to be in there yet. What we do know is that starting on the next SNW, we'll be seeing a series of qualifying matches to get into the big SuperClash showcase - and we know that whoever wins it will NOT have to defend it. That stipulation from this year is out the window as we move into 2017. A whole lot of competitors looking to get into this match... looking to make their impact and start the new year off as one of the stars to watch in the AWA.

[The graphic changes to show Callum Mahoney and Terry Shane.]

SLB: The World Television Title will be on the line when Callum Mahoney, the current champion, defends the gold against Terry Shane III. We heard from both men earlier tonight and Terry Shane says he's going to use his family legacy - that spinning toe hold his father taught him - to snatch that title off the waist of the Armbar Assassin. That remains to be seen but it should be a very interesting matchup in New Orleans.

[Another change of the graphic.]

SLB: How about this one, fans? Agreed to here earlier tonight - a Clash of Kings as Brian James and Johnny Detson go to war! Now, according to Brian Lau, the loser of this one will need to walk across the ring, shake the winner's hand, and accept the winner as the leader of the Kings of Wrestling. Can you imagine one of these egomaniacs actually doing that? Neither can I!

[Three people appear on the graphic this time.]

SLB: The AWA Women's World Title will up for grabs in a historic Three Way Dance when Lauryn Rage defends the title against both Melissa Cannon and Ayako Fujiwara! Now, remember... to win this one, you must be the last woman standing.

No first fall wins this one. This is under elimination rules. Who is walking out of the SuperDome as champion? My money is on anyone NOT named Lauryn Rage.

[The graphic changes again - now showing Supreme Wright on one side of the screen and the Syndicate on the other.]

SLB: Supreme Wright finds himself in a bit of trouble just over a month out from SuperClash. He's agreed to this tag team showdown with Casey James and Tiger Claw... yet he doesn't have a partner! Mason is out! Cain Jackson is down! We've heard Jeff Matthews offer his services but Wright has yet to accept that offer... so for now, we're looking at a handicap match which could be the most dangerous situation that Wright has ever found himself in. However, earlier today, we were given the stipulations for this match that were agreed upon by AWA legal and the Syndicate's lawyers.

[The graphic changes to show the slips as Blackwell reads them off.]

SLB: If Supreme Wright wins, James and Claw will sign documents legally barring them from EVER appearing at an AWA event again. However, if the Syndicate wins, the AWA will grant them the first-ever AWA "Legends" contracts which - in layman's terms - essentially pays them a large sum of money for doing absolutely nothing... and with a special clause that allows them to show up whenever they want and do whatever they want. A very dangerous situation there to be certain which means it's more important than ever for Wright to find himself a partner heading into the big event in New Orleans.

[The graphic fades, taking us back to Blackwell in the studio.]

SLB: Now, those are matches that are official. Let's talk about some challenges yet to be answered or some matches yet to be made. First, we've got Erica Toughill who has left a trail of broken bodies behind her as she attempts to get Julie Somers to agree to a SuperClash Street Fight. Somers has seemed very close to accepting the challenge on multiple occasions now but her friend, Lori Wilson, keeps talking her out of it. But in two weeks in Memphis, Erica Toughill will get the chance to get Lori Wilson in the ring as well. Julie Somers is sure to have her eyes peeled for that one.

[Blackwell grins.]

SLB: We've heard the challenge! We know it's out there! The Last American Badass, Alex Martinez, wants the Last Son of the Soviet Union, Maxim Zharkov inside that ring at SuperClash. Jackson Hunter has been surprisingly mute on the situation... perhaps waiting to see if there's anything left of Martinez following his match with MAWAGA in just a few moments. If this one goes down, fans, it'll be one for the ages, I assure you.

[Blackwell nods.]

SLB: And what about the World Tag Team Titles? We know the TexMo Connection is looking to take their shot at SuperClash but the champs - Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan - say no. They're giving O'Connor and Lynch a shot at the gold two weeks from tonight in Memphis instead! What happens if TexMo wins the gold in Memphis? Would we see a SuperClash rematch? Who knows what's going to happen in this one, fans.

[Blackwell raises his hand, pointing at the camera.]

SLB: And we can't forget the challenge issued by Kerry Kendrick and Flex Ferrigno. They want MLB superstar and future Hall of Famer David Ortiz inside that ring at SuperClash! And now, we've been told that Mr. Ortiz is coming to Memphis two

weeks from tonight where he will answer this challenge once and for all. Could we see it happen? Keep your cameras out, fans, because we just might see another major media moment in Memphis!

[Blackwell pauses.]

SLB: Now, before we talk about the Main Event of SuperClash VIII... let's talk about the future host city for SuperClash IX! Over the past several weeks, we've been whittling down the list of potential host sites, trying to get down to the final possibilities. Of course, tonight, we are down to the final three cities. Let's take a look...

[The graphic comes up showing the three remaining choices.]

SLB: We're down to the Rogers Centre in Toronto, Canada... the Memorial Coliseum in Los Angeles... and the Georgia Dome in Atlanta.

Three very strong candidates. Three very deserving cities. But after tonight, there can be only two...

[The graphic stays up on the screen for a moment and then a line appears, crossing out Los Angeles.]

SLB: Los Angeles is out! We're down to two! Will it be Toronto? Will it be Atlanta? We're going to find out on Thanksgiving Night at SuperClash!

[The graphic disappears.]

SLB: It's Main Event time here on SNW so let's head down to the ring one more time tonight as Alex Martinez goes one-on-one with the Suited Savage himself, the mighty MAWAGA! And I'll see you next time... in the Control Center!

[We fade from the Control Center...

...back out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is your MAIN EVENT of the evening! It is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit!

Introducing first...

[The lights in the Chaifetz Arena go dark, as the grim face of MAWAGA can be seen on the video wall in extreme close-up. The Tongan speaks in his native tongue.]

MAWAGA: Tateo tae goy!

[At the bottom of the screen, the words are finally translated...

"I'M GOING TO KILL YOU"

...and the video wall fades out, leaving us in complete darkness as "Duel of the Fates" by Galactic Empire begins to play.]

#KOR-AHHHHHH

#MAH-TAH

#KOR-AHHHHHH

#RAH-TAH-MAAAAH

[The crowd immediately ROARS with boos at the sight of Jackson Hunter stepping out from behind the curtains, followed closely behind by the monstrous MAWAGA.]

RO: Introducing now...accompanied to the ring by Jackson Hunter...he hails from the Polynesian Islands...weighing in at 290 pounds...

MAAAAAAAAAAWWWAAAAAAAAAGGGGAAAAAAAA!!!

[As MAWAGA emerges from behind the smoke, he executes a short kata at the top of the aisle and upon completion, lets loose a primal roar. He is a bulky, dark-skinned Polynesian male with a stony face and a wicked Jheri curl hairdo tied back into a ponytail. To the ring, he wears an open black and gold satin robe over black Hakama pants. He throws shadow punches on his way to the ring, shouting at the camera in indecipherable Tongan, as he passes by.]

GM: The Suited Savage... the mighty MAWAGA is headed towards the ring.

BW: And this is a rare treat, Gordo. It's not often that the Axis feels the need to unleash MAWAGA inside an actual sanctioned match.

GM: We saw him out here earlier backing up Juan Vasquez in that match with Robert Donovan... but you've gotta be impressed that MAWAGA walks alone for this one.

BW: MAWAGA doesn't need backup. He doesn't need allies. He just needs victims, daddy. And tonight, he's got the biggest victim of all.

GM: That remains to be seen.

[Hunter climbs the ringsteps, ducking through the ropes as he hypes up the arrival of MAWAGA who enters the ring right behind him. MAWAGA launches into a wild kata, throwing kicks and punches at the air, causing Rebecca Ortiz to take a few steps back. The music fades and Ortiz continues.]

RO: Annnnnnnnnnd his opponent...

[Cue one of the most legendary lines in all of pro wrestling entrance music history.]

#It's all right...#

RO: From Los Angeles, California... weighing in at 350 pounds...

[There's a buzzing in the crowd, as eyes turn towards the entranceway.]

#It's all right...#

[The buzz begins to build into a roar.]

#It's all right, I'm just a...#

[And then the crowd gets...]

#LITTLE CRAZY#

RO: ALEX MARTINEZ!!!!

[The curtain is pulled aside, and out steps Alex Martinez. His expression calm but intense, Alex Martinez pauses a moment, and then steps forward. All around him, fans cheer and scream, hands reaching out to touch him, though the stoic Martinez doesn't appear to be aware. He wears a black leather jacket, as well as his long black wrestling leggings and his wrestling boots, which look more like biker boots

than "proper" gear. Both of Martinez' fists are covered in black fingerless gloves, and his right elbow is covered in a black pad.]

GM: Former World Champion. Pro Wrestling Hall of Famer. One of the toughest men to ever lace a pair of boots and climb inside a wrestling ring.

BW: Hollywood sellout.

GM: You want him to hear you say that?

BW: Hard pass.

[Martinez throws one long leg and then the other over the top rope. He steps to the middle of the ring, eyes locked on MAWAGA as Jackson Hunter keeps a hand on his man's shoulder, keeping him from storming Martinez too soon.]

GM: And on this night, we see Alex Martinez climb into this ring looking to deliver a blow to the Axis just over a month from SuperClash.

BW: Nah, nah... on this night, we see MAWAGA climb into this ring looking to deliver a knockout blow to Ryan Martinez' chances of regaining the World Title!

GM: We know that Alex Martinez has pledged to be in his son's corner in New Orleans, looking to keep the Axis in check when Ryan challenges Juan Vasquez for the World Title... and we know that Juan Vasquez says he'd love to take that option away from the Last American Badass here tonight. That's why MAWAGA is making a rare in-ring appearance... in an effort to take Alex Martinez out of SuperClash.

[Referee Ricky Longfellow steps to the middle of the ring, giving final instructions to both men as MAWAGA strides from the corner, standing toe to toe with the seven foot Hall of Famer.]

GM: MAWAGA might not be as tall as Alex Martinez... he might not be as heavy as Alex Martinez... he might not be as polished of a pro wrestler as Alex Martinez... but there are many who would say that MAWAGA IS as tough as Alex Martinez.

BW: Maybe tougher.

GM: Again, that remains to be-

[Longfellow signals for the bell, bringing a bow from MAWAGA...

....and the two brawling bastards launch into one another, a flurry of fists from Martinez meeting a cacophony of chops from MAWAGA. The crowd is ROARING for the mid-ring showdown as Jackson Hunter gleefully looks on from the floor.]

GM: AND HERE! WE! GO!

[Martinez' looping blows land, one after another but MAWAGA is throwing quicker blows. Chops to the side of the neck... palm strikes to the chest... stiff-fingered thrusts into the abdomen.]

GM: WE'VE GOT A FIGHT ON OUR HANDS, FANS!

[Martinez steps to the side, swinging his long leg up to drive a knee into the midsection of the mighty MAWAGA. He grabs him by the hair, walking across the ring to SLAM MAWAGA's skull into the top turnbuckle...

...but MAWAGA snaps his head right back up, staring defiantly at Martinez!]

GM: No effect off that slam to the buckles!

[Martinez grabs the hair again, smashing his head into the top turnbuckle a second time...

...and again, MAWAGA snaps his head up, his tongue lolling out as he shouts something in his native language at Martinez before stepping sideways into a headbutt to the sternum, sending Martinez stumbling back grabbing at his chest.]

GM: Ohh! What a headbutt by MAWAGA! He grabs Martinez, throwing him back into the corner...

[With the seven footer cornered, MAWAGA squares up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and delivers a skin-blistering knife edge chop that knocks Martinez off his feet, falling down to a seated position in the corner!]

GM: Wow! And how often do you see Alex Martinez dropped with one single blow like that?!

[A shouting MAWAGA plants his foot on Martinez' throat, leaning into a choke as the referee delivers his count in the corner.]

GM: MAWAGA trying to choke the life out of Martinez... and it's amazing to see ANYONE taking the fight to Alex Martinez - let alone a virtual unknown like MAWAGA.

[Stepping back to break the count, MAWAGA takes aim and delivers a running kick to the sternum!]

GM: Goodness! MAWAGA's not letting Martinez up!

[Standing over him, MAWAGA lands a few short kicks to the chest, earning a reprimand from the official before he finally steps out. Hunter can be heard shouting instructions a mile a minute on the floor as MAWAGA moves back in, grabbing Martinez by the hair and hauling him up to his feet...

...where Martinez reaches out, locking his massive hands around the throat of MAWAGA to a DEAFENING ROAR from the St. Louis crowd!]

GM: FIREBOMB! FIREBOMB!

[But MAWAGA responds by slapping the arms away and driving home another headbutt right up the middle between the arms, sending Martinez falling back into the corner...

...where MAWAGA raises both arms over his head and with a harsh shout, brings them down on the sides of Martinez' neck with a Mongolian chop!]

GM: Mongolian chop! And another! And a third!

[The double chops come down time and time again, chopping the seven footer right off his feet and putting him down on his rear in the corner, sitting back against the turnbuckles.]

GM: MAWAGA chops him down in the corner!

[Grabbing the top rope with both hands, MAWAGA swings his knee up into the chin once... twice... three times... and again, the referee backs him out.]

GM: MAWAGA channeling his inner Juan Vasquez with those kneestrikes in the corner...

[As MAWAGA stalks across the ring, Martinez uses the ropes, dragging himself back up to his feet...]

...and the mighty MAWAGA tears across the ring, twisting his body to slam backfirst into the Last American Badass!]

GM: Ohhh! Reverse avalanche of sorts and-

[MAWAGA takes two steps out and then leaps up, twisting around to score with his foot to the side of Martinez' head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MAWAGA hits the target flush! Martinez is stunned!

[Grabbing Martinez by the arm, MAWAGA whips him across, sending him crashing hard into the buckles again. With a mighty bellow, the gift from the Korugun Corporation charges across, again turning his body...]

...and just when he turns, charging blindly, Martinez steps forward, locking his powerful arms around MAWAGA's waist!]

GM: WAISTLOCK!

[Martinez twists around, his back to mid-ring...]

...and LAUNCHES MAWAGA halfway across the ring with a high impact released German Suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Martinez climbing back to his feet - what a massive German Suplex by the seven footer!

[The Last American Badass lumbers across the ring towards a recovering MAWAGA, connecting with a big running clothesline in the corner!]

GM: Ohhh! Martinez shoots him across!

[MAWAGA slams into the buckles chestfirst, staggering backwards into another waistlock...]

GM: WAISTLOCK!

[...and Martinez HURLS MAWAGA through the air a second time, dumping him down on the back of his head and neck!]

GM: A SECOND GERMAN SUPLEX!! OHHH MY! Look at Jackson Hunter out there! His entire world is collapsing all around him!

[The seven footer climbs off the mat...]

...and raises both arms over his head with a roar to a tremendous reaction from the crowd!]

GM: He's calling for the Firebomb! Martinez looking to end it early!

[Martinez waits... and waits... and waits...

...and as a dazed MAWAGA gets to his feet, Martinez extends his arms, wrapping his powerful hands around the mighty MAWAGA's throat!]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM! HE'S GOT HIM HOOKED! HE'S GOT-

[The crowd ERUPTS in jeers at the sight of two men tearing down the aisle towards the ring. The smaller man dives under the bottom rope and comes up swinging his right arm...

...which is when Martinez shoves MAWAGA aside, twisting to meet the new threat by wrapping his hands around HIS throat!]

GM: MARTINEZ HAS GOT VASQUEZ! HE'S GONNA SEND HIM TO HELL!

[But the larger man slides in as well, steel chair in hand thanks to Jackson Hunter...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: STEEL CHAIR ACROSS THE BACK!

[The blow from Maxim Zharkov causes Martinez to release the hold, staggering forward as Zharkov winds up a second time...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and connects solidly, causing Martinez to slump down to his knees on the canvas. Jackson Hunter rolls under the ropes, climbing to his feet and stomping around the ring as MAWAGA steps forward and DRILLS Martinez with a thrust kick, snapping his head back and putting him down on the canvas!]

GM: Good grief! What a kick to the mouth by MAWAGA!

[With Martinez down, Vasquez, Zharkov, Hunter, and MAWAGA are all putting the boots to him...

...when suddenly, the crowd ROARS TO LIFE once more!]

GM: MARTINEZ! RYAN MARTINEZ!

[The AWA's White Knight comes barreling down the aisle, diving under the ropes. He comes up in a hurry, throwing himself into a double leg takedown, knocking Juan Vasquez off his feet! The crowd roars for that as the younger Martinez starts pounding Vasquez with closed fists.]

GM: Martinez has got his hands on Vasquez a month or so early! He's taking the fight to him and-

[The crowd roars a warning as MAWAGA steps up behind Ryan Martinez, swinging his arms around in a wild kata...

...and then swings Martinez around, reaching out to grasp his windpipe between his fingers!]

GM: TONGAN DEATH GRIP! TONGAN DEATH GRIP!

[The younger Martinez frantically tries to free himself, slapping the arm of MAWAGA as Vasquez pulls himself off the mat...

...and BASHES Martinez between the eyes with the title belt, leaving him prone on the canvas!]

GM: MAWAGA and Vasquez dropped the son... and look at this now! Look at this!

[With Alex Martinez down on the mat, Zharkov muscles him up into the Gorynych, twisting his neck as he shakes the full nelson back and forth. A sneering Jackson Hunter leans over.]

JH: YOU WANTED AN ANSWER, BIG MAN?! YOU WANTED AN ANSWER?!

[Hunter lashes out...]

“SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

[...and delivers a slap hard enough that Hunter backs off, shaking out his own hand.]

JH: YOU’RE DAMN RIGHT WE ACCEPT YOUR CHALLENGE! WE’LL SEE YOU AT SUPERCLASH!

[MAWAGA and Vasquez pull Ryan Martinez off the mat, each holding an arm as the former AWA champion struggles to get free...

...but he’s helpless as Hunter and Zharkov shoves the elder Martinez back into the ropes, tying him arms up in the ropes.]

GM: What the-?! They’re trying to tie Alex Martinez up in the ropes!

BW: They sure are... but why?!

[With both father and son struggling to get free, Maxim Zharkov picks up the discarded steel chair. He stands between them, eyeing both men...]

GM: No, no!

BW: We’ve seen this before in a mirror, daddy! Remember last year when-

[...and then surges forward, pulling the chair back and letting it fly!]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Zharkov delivers a devastating chairshot across the skull of Alex Martinez, a blow that Martinez is unable to defend himself against as he takes the full force of the impact. His head slumps forward as his body goes limp against the ropes. Ryan Martinez, forced to watch the whole scene, has some harsh words for the World Champion who continues to hold him in place...]

GM: And what a sick son of a bitch Vasquez is! He made him watch! He made him watch, damn it!

[The emotions on Ryan Martinez’ face are evident - concern for his father, rage at the men who’ve perpetrated this vile act upon both of them. Hunter unties the

elder Martinez from the ropes, watching him slump down to his stomach on the canvas beside his son. Hunter grabs Zharkov by the wrist, lifting his arm in triumph as the crowd jeers loudly. MAWAGA keeps a grip on Ryan Martinez, allowing Vasquez to slide around his rival, shoving the World Title belt in his face as he talks trash to him.]

“THIS IS THE CLOSEST YOU’RE EVER GOING TO GET TO IT! IT’S MINE! THIS WHOLE PLACE IS MINE! YOU’RE NOTHING! NOTHING BUT A DUMB KID WHO FOOLED HIMSELF INTO THINKING YOU RAN THIS TOWN! I RUN THIS TOWN! I RUN THS TOWN! I RUN THIS TOWN! I RUN THIS WHOLE PLACE! I RUN THIS WHOLE BUSINESS, YOU LITTLE SH-”

[The audio cuts out but Vasquez is still running his mouth in Ryan Martinez’ direction. The AWA’s White Knight struggles to get free from MAWAGA’s mighty grip but is unable to as the Axis stands tall, the fans jeering wildly...

...as we fade to black.]